Dearly beloved

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11490639.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category: M/M
Fandom: Yuri!!! on Ice (Anime)
Relationship: Katsuki Yuuri/Victor Nikiforov
Character: Katsuki Yuuri, Victor Nikiforov, Victor Nikiforov's Mother, Victor Nikiforov's Father, Katsuki Hiroko, Katsuki Toshiya, Katsuki Mari, Yakov Feltsman, Okukawa Minako, Georgi Popovich, Nishigori Yuuko, Nishigori Takeshi, Original Characters, Christophe Giacometti
Additional Tags: Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Soulmates, True Mates, Love, Fluff, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Alpha Victor Nikiforov, Omega Katsuki Yuuri, Protectiveness, Young Victor and Yuuri, (They will grow up eventually), Mutual Pining, Happy Ending, True Love, Vicchan Lives, Makkachin Lives, Everybody Lives, Rutting, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Teenage Rebellion, Confident Katsuki Yuuri, Shy Katsuki Yuuri, Victor will die of cuteness-overload, Protective Victor Nikiforov, Protective Katsuki Yuuri, Jealousy, (The good kind), Too much fluff, A little angst, Slow Build, like really slow build... Seriously the built is so slow they won't be adults until the 100 chapter, First Kiss, Age Difference, age appropriate, Mating Bond, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Eventual Smut, Fluff and Smut, Mutual Masturbation
Stats: Published: 2017-07-13 Updated: 2019-06-15 Chapters: 262/? Words: 559070

Dearly beloved

by Sophia96

Summary

This is the story about unconditional love between true mates. When they are destined to be together, there will be nothing standing in their way. Not even language barriers or great distances. As long as they have each other, they will never need anything else.

Notes

Hi.

Welcome to my attempt to write fluff.
I've already made a fanfic with alpha/beta/omega dynamics, and it's very political and angsty. This will probably be more fluffy than anything else.

Hopefully, you'll like it! <3

See the end of the work for more notes.
Reaching out

When Victor was three years old, he felt something warm and unfamiliar vibrate through his entire body. Almost like a shiver but it was also associated with a vague scent of vanilla.

His father told him that it meant that his true mate reached out to him from somewhere in the world.

A true mate is a person’s second half, their soulmate.

True mates are very uncommon, but those who has them, would usually meet each other when they come of age, if not later…

It was inevitably up to fate. True mates will meet when both parts are ready, and not one second earlier.

Victor didn’t mind waiting. But he couldn’t help the curiosity. What would his mate be like?

Victor was born an alpha, the most common one of the secondary genders. Alphas are mostly known for being the protectors and providers in the society. Most of them gain high positions, and acts as the leaders. A typical alpha is driven and never completely satisfied. They strive for the best and would never settle for anything else.

Betas are more bound to earth. They are able to appreciate what they have and not lose their heads to the clouds. They prioritize family above all. And will do everything in their power to protect their own.

Then there is the third and most uncommon secondary gender. Omegas.

Omegas are known for their kind spirits and good hearts. And they are easily loved and cherished for it. They prioritize everyone but themselves. Which is why it’s so important for an omega to have a mate that would never take advantage of them.

Victor didn’t care which secondary gender his true mate was. He didn’t even care about his mate’s first gender. Boy or girl didn’t matter. He would love them, no matter what.

…………………………

“Congratulations, Hiroko. He is an omega.” The nurse said gently and handed over the bundled baby to the exhausted mother.

Hiroko smiled tiredly. “Oh, he’s so beautiful.”

“He is.” The nurse agreed. “And I think he reached out to his true mate when we cleaned him up.”

“He has a true mate?” Hiroko asked. Looking at her newborn in awe.

The nurse nodded thoughtfully. “I have never heard about a baby reaching out before. I’ve heard about young children or even teens, but never a baby. So I might be mistaken…”

“What makes you think he reached out?” Hiroko asked.

“He made the full-body shiver.” The nurse explained. “Babies normally don’t do that.”

Hiroko looked at her baby questioningly.
“Honey? Mari wants to meet her brand new little brother.” Toshiya said cheerfully. He was smiling widely as he had his hand was wrapped around his six-year-old daughter’s.

The nurse stepped aside. “I will give you some privacy.” She smiled gently, before quietly disappearing into the hallway.

Hiroko beamed at her daughter. “Mari, come say hello to him.” She urged and sat up straighter so her daughter could sneak a peek of her little brother.

Mari stood on the tip of her toes but refused to walk closer. “Why is he so red?” She asked in disgust.

Toshiya chuckled. “He just got here, doll.” He explained. “He’s very tired from the journey.”

“Like when you run really fast?” Mari asked.

Toshiya nodded.

Mari took a tentative step forward.

“He won’t bite you, dear.” Hiroko encouraged.

“I know.” Mari said and continued all the way there, before sniffing the baby in greeting. “He smells like vanilla.”

“He’s an omega.” Hiroko explained. “They usually smell sweeter than the rest of us.”

“He’s an omega?” Toshiya asked and moved forwards to see for himself. “Oh, he’s so little.”

Hiroko nodded in agreement. “He looks like a Yuuri, don’t you think?”

“He does!” Mari agreed, loudly.

Yuuri’s face scrunched up in discomfort and he released a loud wail that echoed through the entire maternity section of the hospital.

Mari backed away and looked up to her parents apologetically. “Whops…”

“Mama.” Victor said thoughtfully. “I think my mate is sad.”

Victoria placed her book aside so she could focus on her son. “What makes you think that, love?” She asked gently.

Victor frowned and placed his hand on his heart. “They’re crying.” He sniffled. “What if my mate is in pain?”

Victoria’s felt her heart shatter for her son, as she looked into his giant, tear-filled eyes.

“Vitya…” She cooed. “Your mate is still little. People cry a lot when they’re little, for a lot of different reasons. And it’s usually nothing.” Her guess would be that her son’s mate was around Victor’s age. The mate that reaches out is always the youngest.
“But what if there is?” Victor prodded. “I don’t want my mate to cry.”

Victoria remembered when she felt her husband’s emotions for the first time. She was in her early teens and she felt the heartbreak from when his grandmother died.

But Victor was only three.

How was it possible that he could sense his mate already?

“Your mate has parents that will take care of them. So you shouldn’t worry.” Victoria assured.

Victor sniffled but nodded.

“Try sending happy thoughts to your mate.” Victoria suggested. “It might make them feel better.”

Victor’s eyes widened. “Will that work?”

Victoria nodded. “It works for me and your papa.”

Victor lit up, as a smile broke across his face. “I will send them the happiest thoughts I’ve got!” He declared and ran away.

Victoria smiled after her son, but something was nagging in the back of her head. She had never heard of a bond between mates that has been this early to develop. And she briefly wondered how far it would go before they would finally be able to meet each other.

…………………..

Hiroko had just finished getting Yuuri back to sleep. Mari had fallen asleep a long time ago. Oddly enough lulled to sleep by her brother’s crying.

“Toshiya, I have something I want to tell you.” Hiroko said finally.


“No, no.” Hiroko assured. “It was just something the nurse said…”

Toshiya nodded. Indicating that she should go on.

“Yuuri has a true mate.”

Toshiya looked to his sleeping son. “Already? He’s just a couple of hours old. Is it even possible?”

“I don’t know.” Hiroko admitted. “You have to think of your mate in order to call out for them.”

“And Yuuri did that?” Toshiya asked in disbelief.

“Apparently. The nurse told me he did it while they cleaned him, so I don’t know if it’s true, But…” Before Hiroko could finish her sentence, Yuuri shivered.

“He’s calling out.” She gasped.

“Or maybe his mate is calling back?” Toshiya suggested.

Yuuri stopped shivering after a few seconds and sighed in content, snuggling closer to his mother and falling back asleep with a soft smile.
Hiroko frowned “I hope he has a good mate.” She said thoughtfully. “If he’s this eager to leave us for them.”

“I don’t think he wants to leave us. He’s just excited.” Toshiya assured.

Hiroko nodded. “You’re probably right, but I worry for him. Omegas are usually too kind for their own good. I don’t want anyone to take advantage of that.”

“If they really are true mates, we won’t have to worry about that.” Toshiya explained. “True mates share one soul. It’s impossible for one of them to allow the other one to be unhappy.”

Hiroko knew that he was right, but there was a long time before Yuuri would meet his true mate. He had a life to get through before then.

“He will be fine.” Toshiya promised. “We will keep him safe.”

“We will.” Hiroko agreed. “I just wish it would be this easy forever.”

“He will always have people to look out for him. I’m sure even Mari will rise to the challenge.” Toshiya chuckled.

“With her alpha-temper, I will pity anyone who even tries to mess with her little brother.” Hiroko said fondly, looking to the sleeping girl in her husband’s embrace.

“So will I.” Toshiya mused. “So will I...”

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Victor was ecstatic. His happy thoughts seemed to have worked. He no longer felt the crying from his second half. His mate was happy and so was he.

He made up his mind there and then.

“Mama.” He said. “I’m going to be the best mate ever.”

His mother laughed warmly. “I’m sure you will be, my Vitya.”

“I mean it.” Victor pouted. “I will never let my mate be hurt or sad. They will be the happiest person in the world. I’m going to make sure of that.”

“They are very lucky to have you.” Victoria mused.

“No.” Victor argued, as his face grew as serious as a boy his age would allow. “We are lucky to have each other.”
Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor find a way to communicate with each other.

Chapter Notes

Okay! <3 I got so excited over all the comments I’ve received yesterday, and I knew that I had to continue this, as soon as possible! <3<3

So I hope you like this new chapter and how the story progresses! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Yuuri was five years old, he was well attuned with his true mate. He knew that his mate was a boy, but he didn’t know his name or what he looked like. They had learned to communicate with images and emotions. Yuuri had also heard his voice but he couldn’t understand it due to the fact that they spoke different languages.

Yuuri had tried to ask his parents about the words, but his pronunciation was far from good and his parents had no way of deciphering it.

But as the bond between Yuuri and his mate grew stronger, Hiroko and Toshiya became more and more worried about it. They didn’t know if it was healthy for their five-year-old to be speaking with a foreign stranger with his mind, true mate or not.

Victor had learned a lot about his mate in five years. And he was finally able to communicate with him. Only in images, but it was still the best thing he had ever experienced.

His mate often responded in a simple way, usually with happy faces, or hearts. Victor would smile into space for hours after receiving them. Nothing made him as happy as feeling and hearing from his mate. Whenever his mate called out for him, Victor would drop whatever he was doing, in order to focus solely on him.

It drove his parents crazy from time to time. Not to mention his new coach, Yakov.

His new coach was a bit on the grumpy side, but Victor knew that he was secretly a very happy and kind person, even though he would never admit it.

But even Yakov would have to learn that Victor would always prioritize his mate above all. Even figure skating.

“Yuuri?” Hiroko asked gently, seeing as her son was staring into space with a longing look on his face. “What are you doing?”
Yuuri smiled happily. “My mate is telling me about his day.” He explained. “There is a lot of snow where he lives. Much more than we have.”

“That’s nice, love.” Hiroko said before looking to her husband for support.

“Yuuri? What do you and your mate talk about?” Toshiya asked.

Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully. “Everything.” He said. “He’s a figure skater, like me. But he can do more things and he is a lot better.”

“Do you know how old he is?” Hiroko prodded. She doubted that Yuuri’s mate was an adult, but she still had to make sure.

“He’s bigger than me.” Yuuri explained. “But he’s still little…”

“How do you know?” Toshiya asked.

Yuuri thought for a few seconds before finding the right words. “He gets to do things that I’m too small for, but he doesn’t have a dark voice like old men does.”

Hiroko laughed at that. Relieved that her son’s mate was in a reasonable age and she wouldn’t have to worry about Yuuri being bonded to an adult creep. “How do you talk to each other? Can you hear his voice?” She asked.

“Sometimes…” Yuuri admitted. “But I don’t understand him. So we use pictures instead.”

“Pictures?” Toshiya questioned.

Yuuri nodded. “Like stick figures and… symbols.” He exclaimed as the right words fell into place. “But I see them best when I close my eyes. If I look like normal, I see through them.”

Hiroko and Toshiya couldn’t help but to be curious for more. “What is he like then?” Toshiya asked. “Your mate…?”

Yuuri smiled. “He’s the best. He is nice and funny and he loves me.”

Hiroko felt her heart skip a beat at the serious declaration. “Did he tell you that?”

“I feel it.” Yuuri admitted. “In my heart.”

Hiroko had to grasp her chest, in order to calm her own heart down.

Toshiya felt the same way, he had never heard about something so honest and pure as the love between his five-year-old and his mate. It was too precious. “And do you love him back?” He asked.

Yuuri’s face grew serious. “I love him the most.”

Victor happily reread the assignment for his class. They were going to stand in front of everyone and talk about someone who was important to them. He didn’t have to think too hard about whom that would be. Most of his classmates whispered among themselves that they were going to choose a family member or a close friend. But they didn’t have a true mate like Victor did.

But they had to present the person by name, which meant that Victor would have to ask for it. And even though he was dying to know the name of his beloved mate, he had no idea how to ask. Words were out of question, since his mate clearly wasn’t Russian. One option was to ask in every single
language until his mate recognized one. And then Victor would also know where his mate lived. But how did you ask for someone’s name in all the different languages? There must be hundreds…

“Victor, the bell just rang.” Georgi pointed out.

Georgi was one of Victor’s closest friends. They were in the same class and also rink-mates.

“I know…” Victor said. “I’m thinking.”

Georgi looked around the empty classroom. “About what?”

“How do you ask for someone’s name, in every single language?” Victor asked.

Georgi sighed. “Is this something about your ‘true mate’ again?”

Victor frowned at the use of air-quotes, but decided to ignore it. “It is.” He declared. “I’m going to make my assignment about him, but I need to know his name.”

“Aren’t you too old to have an imaginary friend?” Georgi asked.

“He’s not imaginary.” Victor protested. How could Georgi even suggest that?

“My mama says that true mates aren’t real.” Georgi claimed. “She says that they’re just something people make up, instead of settling for a normal person.”

“She is wrong.” Victor said seriously. “My parents are true mates. And my mate is just as real as I am.”

“How come we haven’t seen him, then?” Georgi questioned.

“Because he’s not from here.” Victor explained. He felt bad for his friend, who clearly didn’t have a true mate himself. But he didn’t like the fact that Georgi took out his own insecurities over him. “I will meet him one day.” He assured.

Georgi shrugged dismissively. “If you say so…”

“I do.” Victor was confident in that. “But right now, I just need to know his name.”

“Why don’t you just look up the most popular languages and start there?” Georgi suggested. “Or English is like, the world’s language, everyone speaks it.”

“I think my mate is too little for a second language.” Victor said thoughtfully. He knew his mate was younger than him, since he was the one calling out. And if Victor barely understood English himself, he doubted that his mate would. “But narrowing it down by popularity sounds like a good idea…”

Yuuri was startled when he heard his mate speaking to him again. But it didn’t sound harsh and cheerful like the first time, now he sounded insecure and hesitant. He stuttered the words out and Yuuri had no idea what he was trying to say…

“What’s wrong?” Mari asked, seeing how her little brother changed from being deep in concentration with his puzzle, into looking confused and lost.

“I think my mate is trying to tell me something. But he won’t use pictures and I don’t understand him.” Yuuri said as he tried to listen carefully to the words his mate was saying.
The words sounded uncomfortable, and not fluent at all.

“What is he saying, exactly?” Mari asked.

“Ni ja sheme mingsi.” Yuuri repeated to the best of his ability.

Mari frowned. “I have no idea.” She said in defeat.

“What if it’s important?” Yuuri asked desperately.

“Then he will probably try and make more sense.” Mari assured.

Yuuri wasn’t so sure, and even though he kept telling his mate that he didn’t understand, his mate told him to wait.

……………

Victor was trying to read the list his dad had helped him with. They used their computer and searched down the ways of asking for a name, in twenty of the most popular languages in the world.

Victor had no idea how to pronounce most of them, and he wondered if it was a lost cause. His mate didn’t understand. He kept sending him question marks and confused expressions.

Victor didn’t want his mate to be confused, and he could tell that it was upsetting him. Victor had to take a break after the third language in order to calm him down.

If this didn’t work, or if his mate became more upset, Victor would stop. But he really wanted to know his name, and which language he spoke. If he knew, then he would be able to ask him even more. How old he was, what he liked, what he disliked and all in between.

So after his mate calmed down and understood somewhat what Victor was trying to do, he continued with his list, begging that he would eventually get it right.

……………………..

“What’s going on between you two?” Mari asked in concern. Yuuri was just sitting in the middle of the floor with his eyes closed. Patiently waiting for something.

“He wants me to listen, and tell him if I know what he means.” Yuuri explained.

Mari raised her eyebrows but said nothing.

Instead, she continued to watch her brother’s intense concentration as he listened to his mate. She was always wary about her little brother’s interactions with the world. Especially now, when he spoke to someone she couldn’t monitor. Yuuri’s mate could say anything to him, and she couldn’t trust Yuuri’s word either.

Yuuri was far too naïve, he believed that everyone had good intentions and that no one would ever do anything to hurt him. And even though she had a hard time believing that Yuuri’s true mate would do anything to him, she still wouldn’t take any chances. Yuuri was her only brother, and he definitely needed to be protected, especially now, when he was still so young and vulnerable.

She was just about to ask him again, when Yuuri suddenly opened his eyes and shot to his feet.

“Yuuri?” Mari asked.

Yuuri looked like he wanted to run but he didn’t know which way. “He-… He...” He stuttered.
“Calm down.” Mari coached and sat down eye-leveled with her little brother. “What did he do?”

A giant smile broke across the five-year-old’s face, and tears began to form in his eyes. “He asked me for my name.” He cheered. “And I understood him!”

Victor went through the list in deep concentration. He wanted his mate to understand him. He didn’t want miscommunication to arise because he was horrible at languages. He spoke out the sentence to the room before attempting to say it over the bond, but it still didn’t sound right.

Thankfully, his mate was patient. Victor asked him to give him thumbs up if he understood or thumbs down if he didn’t. And after receiving about ten thumbs down, Victor was ready to give up. His mate probably lived somewhere where they had their own super-cool language that wasn’t available to the rest of them. Maybe he could even teach Victor one day. But he figured that he might as well make it through the list.

Then he came to one of the longest word he had ever seen. He checked the language, Japanese.

He read it out as carefully as he could. “Onamahandasadauska?” It sounded awfully wrong. “Onamae…hanan… desuka?” He continued to practice until it sounded somewhat right from his tongue, before he tried it over the bond.

The reaction was far from what he expected. He expected his mate to maybe feel a little bit happy and send him a thumb up if he understood. But his mate practically exploded with joy.

And Victor couldn’t help but smile himself.

Then came about a hundred happy faces and positive thumbs, along with hearts.

Victor felt his heart soar with joy. He loved his mate so much.

Then came the cutest voice Victor had ever heard in his entire life.

~Yuuri~

Victor’s eyes widened at the response. He knew his name. He knew his mate’s name. It was Yuuri. The most beautiful name he could ever imagine. It was as if someone would take all the love and happiness in the world, and then place it into a name. It would definitely be ‘Yuuri’.

“Yuuri…” He tried it out for himself. It was perfect.

After receiving an entire ocean of love from his mate, Yuuri finally received a response as well.

~Victor~

Victor? It took a few seconds before Yuuri understood what it meant. It was a name, his mate’s name.

“Mari!” Yuuri called. “My mate’s name is Victor!”

“That’s nice…” Mari barely finished before Yuuri darted away from her.

“Mama, papa! My mate’s name is Victor!” He yelled across the house.

Mari went back to her TV show. Yuuri would probably be fine. At least for now…
Victor had never been this excited over a school assignment before. He had written his speech with as much love and care he could muster, until it was finally perfect.

Victor also decided to learn Japanese, in order to communicate more with his Yuuri. He had gotten help from his dad in order to translate a few questions. He found out that his mate was only five years old. That he liked dogs, the color blue, his family and most importantly, Victor.

But he needed to know more. He wanted to know everything.

“Victor?” His teacher asked. “Do you want to present your assignment?”

Victor nodded happily and almost stumbled on his own two feet, in his rush to get to the front of the class.

He cleared his throat and smiled widely. “A person who is important to me is my true mate. His name is Yuuri, and I love him, with all my heart…”

Chapter End Notes

Did I over-do it with the fluff? I hate to sound so desperae, but comments mean the world to me, and they are basically the reason why I write, so I would love to know your thoughts about this! <3<3 Thank you and I love you! <3
Yuuri was six years old. And he was going to his first day of elementary school. He was incredibly nervous. He looked up to the threatening building and wondered why he had to go. His mother was holding his hand, but it didn’t make it any easier. Yuuri didn’t know anyone there. His parents kept him at home instead of sending him to kindergarten. They told him that they wanted him to stay safe for as long as possible.

Yuuri suspected it had something to do with the fact that he was an omega. Apparently, it was very rare. His parents wanted him to come to terms with it on his own, before anyone else would throw their opinions onto him.

Yuuri understood the logic in that, but he still wished that he had a familiar face to rely on today.

“Are you ready?” Hiroko asked her son.

Yuuri swallowed thickly and shook his head.

“We can go and see your teacher?” Hiroko suggested. “You might feel better afterwards.”

Yuuri didn’t believe that, but his mother pulled him along anyway.

Victor woke up in the middle of the night, when he suddenly sensed his mate’s fear. Something was wrong. He knew his mate was starting elementary school today, and he was nervous about it yesterday, but he shouldn’t be scared. He should never be scared.

Victor had school in the morning, but his mate was more important than sleep.

His teachers would probably understand…

Yuuri peeked into the classroom nervously. The kids were throwing papers and pens at each other,
while running around the tables like wild animals. His eyes widened, he didn’t want to go in there.

~Yuuri?~

The sound of Victor’s voice was soothing. But Yuuri frowned as he realized that it was night wherever his mate was. So what was he doing?

Victor asked him what was wrong, and Yuuri immediately felt guilty. He must have woken his mate up with all of his worrying. He tried to tell him that everything was fine and he should go back to sleep. But Victor wouldn’t have any of that.

“What is he doing?” The teacher asked, noticing how Yuuri was just standing with his eyes closed.

“Oh…” Hiroko said in surprise. “Yuuri is talking to his true mate. He does that sometimes.”

“He has a true mate? Already?” The teacher asked in disbelief.

Hiroko smiled to her son. “Yuuri? Why don’t you tell your teacher about Victor?”

Yuuri looked up and saw how his teacher was looking down at him expectantly. He didn’t want to tell her about Victor. Victor was his, and he didn’t want to share his true mate’s existence with strangers.

“Youuri?” Hiroko prodded.

“No.” Yuuri said determinately. “Victor is mine.”

The teacher laughed gently. “Yuuri. I’m not going to take your mate away from you…”

Yuuri glared at her suspiciously. “You better not.”

“He’s quite protective.” The teacher mused. “Is he an alpha?”

Hiroko frowned in concern as she looked down at Yuuri. “Omega, actually…”

The teacher gasped. “Omega?” She repeated in awe.

Yuuri tightened his hold on his mother’s hand.

“I’m sorry.” The teacher quickly assured. “I’ve just never met someone who’s an omega before.”

“He’s not that different from anyone else.” Hiroko pointed out. “He’s very shy and doesn’t like to play violently, but he’s a great kid.”

“I’m sure he is.” The teacher smiled gently. “So, do you want to go inside and meet your new classmates?”

……………………

“Vitya. What are you doing awake?” Victoria scolded as she heard her son speaking Japanese phrases in the middle of the night. “Do you know what time it is?”

Victor smiled sheepishly and placed his Japanese dictionary aside. “Well, Yuuri starts school today, and he needed me.”

Victoria felt her heart soften at that, but Victor still had to learn to take care of himself.
“Vitya…” She started. “You can’t stay up all night like this. You have school too.”

“But Yuuri is only six, and he doesn’t know anyone in his new class.” Victor protested. “I needed to be there for him, I still am.”

“You need to take care of yourself.” Victoria explained. “Yuuri cares about you, just as much as you do for him, and what would you do, if he stopped taking care of himself for you?”

Victor felt his eyes widen in horror. “No, that’s different.” He claimed. “I’m older than him, it’s my job to look out for him. Not the other way around.”

“He won’t see it that way.” Victoria pointed out. “Especially not if this is the example you lead with. The more you give him, the more he will give back. And there will come a day when you will need him, and he will be there. And if you don’t take care of yourself now, he won’t take care of himself then…”

Victor didn’t want that. But he couldn’t stand by when Yuuri needed him. “I can’t sleep if he’s scared.” Victor said, hoping that his mother would understand that.

“I know.” Victoria nodded. “Whenever your father is upset, I can’t sleep either.”

“So what do I do?” Victor asked.

“Take care of him, but you also need to take care of yourself. If he doesn’t immediately need you, you have to trust that he has people around him that can help.”

Victor nodded thoughtfully.

“Does he need you, right now?” Victoria asked after a moment.

Victor reached over the bond. Yuuri wasn’t scared anymore. “I don’t think so…”

“Then I think you should go back to sleep…”

Victor would have to agree. He would still be there if Yuuri called out. But he also needed to live by a good example. Hopefully Yuuri would do the same, if their situations ever got reversed.

Yuuri didn’t think that school was so scary anymore. Even though his mother had left him there, alone.

He immediately made a deal with himself that he would avoid the boys in his class. All they wanted to do was fight everything and each other.

But the girls were all really nice. They taught him how to braid. And even though he only knew a few of their names, it seemed like all of them already knew his.

He couldn’t wait to tell Victor about it.

Yuuri sensed that his mate was asleep, which made him happy. Victor also had school to think about, and it made him feel better that he didn’t keep Victor from getting his nightly rest.

“Yuuri? Why are you so nice?” A red-haired girl named Tina, asked him. “All the other boys are always so mean to us, just because we’re girls…”

Yuuri didn’t even have time to answer before another girl spoke up. “I think Yuuri is an angel.” She
Yuuri felt his face go red by that comment. He wasn’t used to praise, especially praise that didn’t come from Victor.

“I think Yuuri is a lost prince from a magical kingdom.” Another one named Kimi, stated determinately.

“It’s nothing like that.” Yuuri defended quickly. “I’m just like anyone else…”

Yuuri realized that he had somehow ended up in the middle of the group of girls. He was completely surrounded and he had no idea how it happened.

“I want Yuuri to be my husband.” Kimi claimed.

Yuuri flinched at that statement, he wasn’t ready to marry anyone.

“No… I want him to be my husband.” Tina pouted.

“I asked him first.” Kimi argued.

“I can’t marry anyone.” Yuuri stopped their crazy line of thought. “I have a true mate.”

Yuuri could literally feel the hearts being broken around him. “But… why?” One of them asked.

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri apologized. “But I love my mate. And I want to marry him one day.”

“My moms are true mates.” Kimi stated. “And one of my moms had me with my dad before she met her. You could marry one of us until you’re a grown-up and meet him.”

“I don’t want that.” Yuuri declared. But the girls were still looking at him with wide eyes. “Don’t you want to marry someone for love too? And have them love you more than anything?”

The girls nodded in sync.

“Then you don’t want to marry me. I won’t be able to love you. Not like I love him.” Yuuri explained.

“What is he like, then?” Tina asked. “Your mate…”

“Yes.” Kimi agreed. “We deserve to know who we’re losing you to.”

Yuuri smiled as he thought about his true mate. But he still didn’t want to share too much about him. He liked being the only one to really know Victor.

“He’s amazing.” Yuuri said. Keeping it simple. “He always tells me how much he loves me, and he’s learning Japanese for me.”

“That’s so romantic!” Tina gasped.

“What’s his secondary gender?” A dark-haired girl asked.

Yuuri frowned. Suddenly realizing that he didn’t know. He didn’t think it mattered, but now it made him curious. He suspected that Victor was an alpha, because he was very emotional like his sister about small things. Victor described his favorite food with fireworks, rainbows and hearts. Just like Mari described her favorite band with a crazy fire in her eyes.
“Yuuri?”

Yuuri realized that he had lost himself in thought. “Sorry, I don’t know. I haven’t asked.”

“But you’re an omega, right?” Kimi asked, as she smelled him.

Yuuri moved away a little. “I am.” He admitted.

“Is that why you don’t like to fight? Because you’re not as strong as an alpha?” Another one of the girls asked.

“I don’t like to fight because I don’t see the point in hurting others for fun.” Yuuri explained. “I don’t think it has anything to do with me being an omega.”

“Do you think your mate likes to fight?” Kimi asked.

Yuuri didn’t know that either. He thought he knew everything about Victor. How could he be so wrong?

“I don’t know…” He admitted.

“Kimi, you’re making him sad.” A blond girl scolded. Yuuri didn’t know her name.

“I’m so sorry, Yuuri.” Kimi apologized. “I was only curious.”

“It’s fine.” Yuuri assured, he smiled at Kimi. So his new friend wouldn’t feel bad for him. “I guess I will have to ask him…”

“Recess is over!” The teacher called.

“Come on, Yuuri.” Tina said and grabbed his hand. “You can sit next to me in class.”

………………

When Victor woke up he immediately reached out to Yuuri. And he was happy to find that his mate reached back within seconds. He was okay.

Victor let out a breath of relief as he decided that he could start his day. Yuuri was probably going home from school soon. Victor could save his questions until then. His mate was probably busy making new friends and having a good time. He seemed happy, which was a giant relief off of Victor’s heart. If Yuuri was happy, he was happy.

So he ate his breakfast and got ready for school. It was weird to not chat with Yuuri all the way there. Giving his mate his space was much harder than he thought. Yuuri was normally drawing or watching TV at this time, now he was spending time with kids at his own age. Playing and talking and being close to them… Instead of communicating with Victor…

Victor was completely crazy and irrational for being jealous. And he knew it. Of course Yuuri was going to meet people other than him. They had to grow up apart. That was the rules. But he couldn’t wait to grow up. So his and Yuuri’s life could finally begin.

Until then, Victor was just going to have to suck it up. And accept the fact that Yuuri would have other people around him.

………………

The bell rang out again, and it was time for the last recess of the day. The day had gone a lot better than Yuuri would have thought. He had even made new friends. And it wasn’t until the boys in his
class confronted him on the schoolyard, that his day took a turn for the worse.

“Why are you playing with the girls? Haven’t you heard of girl-germs?” One of the boys asked as he walked up to him.

Yuuri backed away until his back hit another boy. Why were they surrounding him?

“I haven’t.” Yuuri said. Girl-germs, sounded very made-up. He grew up with Mari. He would have caught it by now.

“He probably already has it. And he’s slowly turning into a girl.” One of them mocked.

“Yuuri!” One of the girls called from the benches. “Come over here!”

Yuuri tried to walk past the boys when they shoved him back.

“You won’t talk to them again.” One of the boys ordered. “Not if you don’t want trouble.”

The last thing Yuuri wanted was trouble, but he didn’t have anyone else to play with. He didn’t want to be alone and he certainly didn’t want to play with them. They were mean.

“I’ve heard that all omegas are just like girls, we should let him be with his own kind.” One of them laughed.

That hurt… Not that he was like a girl. He would rather be a girl than a jerk. But he hated being laughed at.

~Yuuri?~

Yuuri didn’t want to answer Victor. He didn’t want him to worry. And he didn’t know how he was going to explain this. Not without upsetting him.

~Yuuri? What’s wrong?~

Yuuri looked at the people surrounding him. “Let me go.” He pleaded. And made another attempt to get past them.

They shoved him back again and laughed.

“If you get past us, we won’t bother you.” One of the boys challenged.

~Yuuri?~ Victor tried again. He sounded worried.

Yuuri felt tears sting his eyes. He wanted to get out.

“Let him go.” Tina demanded, all of the other girls where standing gathered behind her, like an army.

“Look, the girls are coming to save their omega.” One of the boys snorted.

“We’ll tell the teacher.” Kimi threatened. “And you’ll be in big trouble.”

“Or the police.” Another girl added. “Holding someone against their will is a crime. My dad is a police officer. He can arrest you for this.”

“You’re lying.” The boys snarled.
“Test me.” The girl retorted.

Yuuri looked to the boys, as they stepped aside reluctantly. But as soon as Yuuri took a step to get out, they violently shoved him to the ground.

“Hey!” Kimi snapped. But the boys were already running away.

“Yuuri, you’re bleeding!” Tina gasped and sat down on the ground to help Yuuri back up.

Yuuri felt tears starting to fill in his eyes as he looked down to his dirty and bloody hands.

He also felt Victor across the bond, he was downright furious. Yuuri didn’t want that. He didn’t want to be the reason his mate was upset.

“Come on.” Tina said gently. “We will help you…”

Chapter End Notes

Victor's reaction is in the next chapter! <3 Along with recovery and other fluffiness... <3

And Yuuri is surrounded by friends! <3 Always! <3

Anyway, I hope you like this story so far! <3<3 I'm just going to polish chapter 4 a little more, before publishing it! <3<3

Let me know what you think! <3<3 #CommentsFuelMe #CommentsMakesMeHappy #LoveComments (Why am I so desperate?)
Chapter Notes

So here is the second part of Yuuri's first day of school! <3

I really hope you'll like it! <3<3

“Victor?” His teacher asked in concern.

Victor didn’t hear her. He didn’t hear anything besides his own growling. His entire body was shaking with fury.

They hurt him. Those little bastards hurt his Yuuri. They were going to pay. Victor would make his way to Japan and rip their stupid heads off.

How could they?

“Victor. Sit down.” His teacher said sternly.

Victor decided to make good on his plan, he’d walk to Japan if he had to. He stormed out of the classroom and grabbed his jacket. It was September so he didn’t want to risk getting a cold. There was a long walk to Japan… Probably… He should get a map.

“Victor Nikiforov. Stop this second.” His teacher snapped and grabbed ahold of his arm.

Victor glared at her. Her eyes widened in fear, before she released him. She was scared of him.

Good.

She should be.

“Victor. What do you think you’re doing? Stop this growling right now and explain yourself.” His teacher ordered, leaving no room for arguments.

Victor tried to calm himself. But it was far from easy. He could sense Yuuri’s sadness, and it made him furious.

“They hurt my mate.” Victor bit out. “And I’m going to kill them.”

“Who hurt your mate?” His teacher asked in confusion.

“I don’t know…” Victor admitted. “But I’m going to find out.”

………………

Yuuri couldn’t help but blush as all the girls and his teacher fussed over him. They helped him with cleaning out his scrapes and put bandage on his palms. It didn’t hurt that much anymore. It only stung a little when he curled his fists, but it wasn’t that bad.

His teacher vowed to call the boys parents and make sure that something like this never happened
Yuuri was grateful for that, but this was still going down as one of the worst days of his life.

During his first day of school he had managed upset his mate, make enemies with half of his class and getting himself hurt...

But the day was finally coming to an end and it wouldn’t be long until his mom would come to pick him up. The girls all offered to be his new bodyguards from now on. Yuuri only hoped that he wouldn’t need them, and that the boys would leave him alone for the rest of his school time. But he probably wouldn’t be that lucky.

Was this all because he was an omega? Is this why his parents tried to keep him safe for as long as possible? Would this be his life from now on? And most importantly, how would Victor react if he found out? Would he also judge him?

He wanted to know. And there was only one way to find out.

Victor’s teacher had somehow managed to calm the young alpha down, enough for him to return to his seat and continue with class. But Victor was still fuming. He tried to go over the events in his head so he didn’t misjudge the entire situation.

Yuuri had been scared. His heart rate had gone up and he was feeling threatened. Then he got hurt. Then he cried. And Victor lost it.

Victor didn’t have his pen anymore. It was broken in half during his outburst. And all of his classmates seemed to have moved further away from him. Even Georgi kept sending him worried glances, like Victor would explode again.

He might. If someone would even dare to harm his Yuuri again, he would lose it. Forever.

Victor knew he was still angry, which is why he didn’t want to reach out to his mate. He might take Victor’s emotions the wrong way and believe that he was mad at him. And that definitely wasn’t the case.

It wasn’t until lunch break that Victor could feel Yuuri reach out to him.

Victor couldn’t ignore that.

If Yuuri needed him, he would be there.

~Victor?~

Yuuri sounded so small, and Victor felt his heart break again. How could anyone want to hurt that little voice? Yuuri was only six years old...

Victor pushed his anger away. Yuuri deserved to be greeted with love. He had been through enough today.

~Yes, love?~

Yuuri could feel the mixture of emotions coming from his mate. He could sense the anger that Victor seemed to press away. And the feelings were quickly replaced with everlasting love. But he still felt
like he should ask Victor if he was mad, before he continued.

~Of course not~

Victor had gotten surprisingly good at Japanese, and Yuuri was grateful for it.

............... 

~Do you like me? No matter what?~

What kind of question was that? Of course Victor would love him no matter what. If Yuuri turned out to have murdered those bastards who hurt him, Victor would definitely break him out of jail.

............... 

~Of course! I love you. No matter what~

Yuuri smiled slightly. Victor sounded so honest. His mate was incredibly talented. He had only been studying Japanese for a year, and he could already speak a lot. When Yuuri got older, he would definitely learn Russian. That was the least he could do.

He only hoped that Victor’s knowledge was good enough to understand his question. He didn’t know how to ask it with pictures.

............... 

~Do you love me, even if I’m an omega?~

Victor forgot how to breathe. His mate was an omega? His mate belonged into the category of the kindest and most selfless people of all? Victor had to keep himself from squealing in delight.

Of course Yuuri would be an omega. He was the sweetest kid in the world. And Victor had smelled that wonderful sweet scent of vanilla for almost six years. Omegas smelled sweeter. And Yuuri was no exception. Why Victor hadn’t made the assumption earlier, he had no good answer for.

But then a horrible thought struck him.

Did those bastards hurt Yuuri because he was an omega?

Victor was so going to kill them. But not until Yuuri knew how loved he was.

............... 

~Of course! I’m alpha. I love you!~

Yuuri felt his heart skip a beat. Victor still loved him. And he was an alpha like Mari. He was right.

He sent as many hearts as he could. Hopefully it would make Victor feel better as well.

“Yuuri?” Hiroko called.

Yuuri opened his eyes and saw his mother’s worried expression as she came to greet him.

Yuuri jumped off his chair and ran to throw himself in his mother’s arms. He was ready to go home.

............... 

Yuuri was happy again, and Victor could finally breathe. He smiled slightly as Yuuri sent him hearts and told him that his mother had come to get him.

Victor used to believe that he didn’t care what secondary gender his true mate was. But now that he
knew, he was ecstatic about it. Maybe it was just the fact that he knew more about Yuuri. Everything he learned about his true mate made him happy. This was just another one of those things.

He would probably be just as happy to find out that Yuuri was a beta or an alpha. But right now, nothing could make this moment better.

Yuuri was an omega, and he loved him.

“Yuuri, what happened to your hands, why are they bandaged?” Mari asked as she caught sight of her little brother. She was already home. Casually sitting in the couch before springing to her feet.

“Yuuri made it through his first day of school.” Hiroko said instead.

Mari didn’t care about that. “Yuuri. Did you fall? Did someone do this to you?” She crouched down in front of Yuuri to get a closer look at the bandages.

“Mari. Yuuri had a tough day. He doesn’t need you to yell at him, even though you mean well…” Hiroko said gently.

“I’m not yelling. I’m just asking a question.” Mari protested.

“Mari.” Hiroko warned.

“I want names.” Mari said seriously.

Yuuri couldn’t help but smile. “Victor is an alpha like you.” He said.

Mari didn’t know how to respond. She was completely taken off guard by the statement.

“How nice.” Hiroko cheered.

“And he didn’t care that I was an omega.” Yuuri continued. “He was happy about it.”

“Of course, Yuuri.” Hiroko smiled. “He’s your true mate. He will love you no matter what.”

Yuuri beamed.

“You should go and tell your dad about Victor. I’m sure he would be thrilled to know.” Hiroko said.

Yuuri nodded and ran away to find his dad.

“Who hurt him?” Mari asked once her brother was out of earshot.

Hiroko sighed. “The boys, apparently. They all got together in a group.”

“Why?” Mari questioned. “Are they suicidal?”

“I talked to Yuuri’s teacher. They became upset after Yuuri got popular with the girls.”

Mari snorted. “Are you kidding? Are they really that pitiful?”

Hiroko shook her head in annoyance. “Why is it so hard for kids to mind their own business?”

Mari didn’t have a good answer. She hated all kids besides Yuuri. “Does Yuuri have a contact-sheet? With his classmates addresses and phone numbers?” She asked, trying to keep her voice as casual as possible.
Hiroko patted her daughter’s head lovingly and pressed a kiss to her temple. “He does, but you’re not getting it.” She said cheerfully.

Hiroko knew perfectly well what her daughter intended to do with it. And even though she wanted those mean boys to be taught a lesson. She still wanted her oldest daughter to stay out of it. The boys had parents that would hopefully talk some sense into their children.

Mari made a noncommittal sound as she pulled away. “Where’s the trust in this family? Maybe I just wanted to see how many they are, and learn the name of Yuuri’s teacher?”

Hiroko laughed. “If that was truly your intentions, I would know…” She stated.

Mari narrowed her gaze. She would get that contact-sheet, with or without her mother’s permission.

“Will you help me with dinner?” Hiroko asked and handed a grocery bag to her daughter. “We’re having katsudon.”

………..

When Victor’s school day was over, Yuuri was fast asleep.

Victor didn't want to risk accidentally waking him up, so when his teacher told his parents about his outburst, Victor made no attempt to defend himself. His parents had luckily taken his side, but he still received a warning for bad behavior. Victor could take it. It was not as anyone got hurt. Sure, Georgi claimed to be traumatized, but he was just being dramatic…

When Victor was back at home, he decided to study some more Japanese before dinner. He still had a lot to learn. He wanted Yuuri to be able to speak with him just as freely as he would with his own family. And just as he got to a particular hard word, his father, Igor knocked gently on his door.

“Come in.” Victor said and placed his Japanese dictionary aside.

“Do you want to tell me what happened?” His father asked worriedly.

Victor felt a new streak of anger run through him as he recalled the events. But he quickly pushed it aside.

“Someone hurt Yuuri.” Victor said, trying to keep all of his emotions at bay. “And I got mad.” That was at least the short version.

“Okay…” Igor agreed. “Was that worth crushing your pen and claiming that you wanted to travel abroad to commit murder?”

Victor snorted. “Of course. I wish I could have replaced my pen with their heads.”

Igor sighed. “I was afraid for this… I think we need to have a talk.”

Victor frowned. “A talk?”

Igor nodded. “You are ten years old. And your bond with Yuuri is one of the strongest I have ever even heard off, and I’m worried about the lengths you might go to protect him.”

“He’s my true mate.” Victor stated. “There is nothing I wouldn’t do for him.”

“So, if Yuuri asked you to jump off a cliff, would you do it?”

“Yuuri would never ask me to do that.” Victor protested. “But if it was to save his life, I would
gladly jump.”

Igor closed his eyes and tried to gain strength. “Victor. My point is, that you need to think of yourself.”

“So you wouldn’t jump off a cliff to save mom?” Victor questioned. “Or me?”

Igor sighed in defeat. Wondering how he had just lost an argument to a ten-year-old. “Yes.” He admitted. “But I want you to be better than me. You’re my little boy. And I don’t ever want to see you jump off a cliff.”

Victor shook his head in disbelief.

“Can you at least promise not to commit murder?” Igor pleaded

“I can try…” Victor agreed. But if he really needed to, there was not a single life in the world that he would deem more important than Yuuri’s

Igor smiled gently. “That’s all I ask…”

The next day Mari decided that she would take Yuuri to school. After spending almost the entire night searching for the contact-sheet. She realized it to be futile. But that didn’t mean that she couldn’t put the fear of god into Yuuri’s classmates in person.

“What are you going to do?” Yuuri asked carefully. He knew his sister, and she wouldn’t simply offer to take him to school without an agenda.

Mari chuckled. “What makes you think I’m going to do anything?” She asked.

Yuuri tugged on his sister’s jacket. “Please don’t hurt anyone. I don’t want people to hate me more than they already do.”

“Hey.” Mari snapped. “They don’t hate you. They are just morons. And I’m going to give them the benefit of functioning a brain.”

“How are you going to do that?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

Mari smirked. “You’ll see, little brother… You’ll see…”

Let’s just say…

No one messed with Yuuri, after that…

Chapter End Notes

I’m just letting the ending speak for itself... XD

Don't mess with Mari's little brother. XD

Anyway, I really hope you like this fluffy story! And the next chapter will probably come later in the week or next weekend. I'm working all week, so we'll see if I have time to write... <3
Love you all, and please, keep leaving comments with your opinions! <3<3 It fills my heart with joy! <3<3 I love every single comment and I hope it never stops! <3<3

As long as the comments keep coming, chapters will keep coming! <3<3 #Law #I'm2ObsessedWithComments #LeaveACommentEvenIfYouOnlyWantToSayHi (I'm losing my dignity here) XD
Chapter Summary

Something is wrong with Yuuri. And Victor will do whatever he can to fix it.

Chapter Notes

This turned out a lot longer than I wanted it to be... XD So once again I had to split it up in two parts... XD But I'll publish the other one right away! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

Victor had never been angry with Yuuri. He hadn’t even been annoyed, but now… He was downright furious.

Yuuri was a stubborn, stubborn seven-year-old, who promptly refused to tell anyone that he was hurting.

It started with a headache one morning. Victor insisted that he should stay home and rest. Yuuri didn’t listen and continued as if nothing was wrong. As if Victor couldn’t feel exactly how bad he was feeling.

Four days had passed. And Victor’s frustration was only growing by the seconds.

~Yuuri. Tell someone~ Victor was practically snapping at this point.

Yuuri was fine.

Sure, his head was pounding a little and it was harder and harder to concentrate in class. His head hurt whenever he was trying to read something. But he was fine. Victor was just blowing everything out of proportion.

~Yuuri. You’re not fine~

“Yuuri?” Mari asked. “You’re not eating, what’s wrong?”

“N-nothing…” Yuuri smiled and gently pushed away his food. “I’m just not that hungry…”

Hiroko frowned in concern. “You’re not sick, are you?” She placed her palm on Yuuri’s forehead.

“I’m fine.” Yuuri protested and pulled away.

“You’re not warm.” Hiroko observed.

“But he does look a little pale.” Toshiya pointed out.
Yuuri looked away, and took a bite of his sandwich. “See? I’m fine.” He stated with his mouthful.

It seemed to calm his family down as they continued eating.

“Are you skating today?” Hiroko asked. “You should take it easy if you’re not feeling well.”

Yuuri could NOT skip his skating practice. Victor was already competing, only local competitions, but he still won gold. Yuuri had to be good too. He had to be good enough so that he and Victor could meet on the ice one day. As equals.

And he only had the weekends to practice.

“I’m fine.” Yuuri said. Hoping that he wouldn’t have to say it again. It was starting to sound very repetitive, even to him.

~Yuuri~ Victor warned.

He was fine.

…………………

Victor was going crazy. Why was Yuuri doing this? What could possibly be more important than his health?

“Victor! Focus.” Yakov snapped.

Victor had an upcoming competition in a few days. It was held in Moscow and Yakov wanted him to claim another gold for himself. But Victor had more important things to worry about.

A stubborn seven-year-old, for example…

“Victor!” Yakov repeated.

“In a minute.” Victor called back. “Worry about Georgi for a change, he can’t even do a double toe loop yet.”

“Hey!” Georgi gasped as he skated past him. “I’m not even competing…”

“Exactly.” Yakov agreed. “Now, get out on the ice or go home.”

Victor let out a frustrated growl. He needed to practice. He needed to be the best figure skater in the world. He needed to make Yuuri proud. But he also needed Yuuri to be okay. He needed him to let go of his stupid stubbornness and ask someone for help. Victor couldn’t do anything from Russia. Well, except nagging him about it.

“Coming.” Victor agreed and took the ice.

This argument wasn’t over.

…………………

~Don’t make me walk to Japan and drag you to a doctor~ Victor threatened.

That was crazy. Victor couldn’t walk to Japan. It was too far and it was freezing outside. It was probably even colder in Russia. Victor could get sick. Or lost. Or both.

“Yuuri?” Yuuko, his rink mate asked him worriedly. “Are you okay?”
“I’m fine.” Yuuri assured. “My mate is just being silly.”

“Are you sure? You’re kind of… squinting…” Yuuko pointed out.

Yuuri blinked. “My head kind of hurts. But it’s fine.”

“If you say so…” Yuuko said, unconvinced.

“I mean it.” Yuuri stated. “Can we please just skate?”

Yuuko frowned. “Mari asked me to keep an eye on you. Are you sure you’re okay?”

Yuuri didn’t have time to keep explaining himself. Sunday was almost over. He only had a few hours left to practice. And now his practice time was running out because everyone wanted to play doctor with him.

It was only a normal headache, and he was even starting to get used to it by now. He would be fine.

“I’m sure.”

………………

“Excellent.” Yakov praised as Victor landed his triple salchow perfectly for the fifth time.

Victor barely registered the praise. Yuuri was straining himself. Victor could feel his exhaustion and pain. It was distracting him from paying attention to his coach.

It was still early in Russia, but it was almost time for Yuuri to go to sleep. So what could he possibly be doing this late?

“Victor. Water break.” Yakov told him and waved him over to the rink wall.

Victor sighed but did as told. But he also used the opportunity to reach over the bond in order to see what his mate was up to.

~I’m fine. I’m just skating~ Yuuri said.

Victor clenched the rink wall in frustration. Skating? Really? Yuuri should be in bed, resting, or preferably letting a doctor to look him over. But he should not, under any circumstances skate while not being one hundred percent healthy. It was dangerous. How could his family allow that?

Victor had never taken the time to reflect over Yuuri’s family. He knew he had a mom, a dad and an older sister. But what were they like? Did they really look after him, or did they let Yuuri roam around Japan as he pleased? Feeling bad and hurt while no one raised a finger to make sure he was all right?

“Victor? Where is your head today?” Yakov questioned.

“It’s not my fault.” Victor snapped. He was starting to run out of patience, and since he couldn’t yell at Yuuri, Yakov made a good substitute. “I have to take care of my mate. He won’t listen to reason, and he’s being stubborn and reckless.”

“You don’t think that sounds familiar?” Yakov asked. He didn’t know much about true mates, but Victor just described himself.

“What do you mean?” Victor asked.
“You can’t be a hypocrite with your mate.” Yakov clarified. “You can’t tell him to do something you wouldn’t do.”

“If I felt bad, I would see a doctor, or tell someone. Yuuri won’t.” Victor argued. “How do I get him to take care of himself?”

“Put yourself in his shoes.” Yakov suggested.

“But his shoes are in Japan.” Victor pointed out.

Yakov mentally face palmed. “Think like him.” He corrected himself. “What would make you want to keep something hidden? Or refuse to see a doctor.”

“I don’t know…” Victor said thoughtfully.

“Figure that out.” Yakov stated. “Until then, you’re off the ice.”

Victor’s eyes widened. “But I’m competing this Friday. I need to practice.”

“You’re not practicing if you’re not focused. And you’re not competing if you haven’t practiced.” Yakov said, leaving no room for arguments. “So go home, solve your relationship troubles and return once you’re able to focus again.”

Victor glared at his coach. He couldn’t be serious. Victor was his star. How was he going to survive if Victor didn’t compete?

“Georgi, come on.” Yakov called. “I’m driving you two home.”

Yuuri was ready to collapse by the time he got home. His head was buzzing and his vision was much worse than it had been for the past days. He could barely see where he was going.

“Yuuri?” Mari asked as Yuuri knocked over the footstool on his way to the couch. “Are you okay?”

Yuuri only saw her as a blurry shape and it was terrifying.

~Yuuri? What’s going on?~

Yuuri decided that he just needed a good night’s rest. He would probably feel better in the morning.

~Your heart beats fast.~ Victor said thoughtfully. ~Do you feel worse? Does anything hurt?~

Yuuri decided that he just needed a good night’s rest. He would probably feel better in the morning.
I'm going to sleep.~ Yuuri announced

Victor’s eye twitched. Yuuri was going to give him a stroke if he kept this up.

“Victor?” Victoria asked. “What are you doing home already? I thought you were practicing until later this afternoon.”

“Yakov drove me home.” Victor explained and dropped his skating gear on the floor.

“What’s wrong?” She asked. Victor was practically pacing the floor.

“Can I go to Japan?” Victor asked. “Yuuri is trying to kill me.”

Victoria sighed and gestured for Victor to sit down in the couch across from her.

Victor flopped down on his stomach and let out a groan into the pillows. He was going crazy.

“Would you like to elaborate on that?” Victoria asked.

Victor sat up with a raging fire in his eyes. “He’s still sick, and I think he’s getting worse. He won’t speak to me and he won’t ask anyone around him for help.”

Victoria frowned in concern. “Have you tried talking to him from your perspective?” She asked. “Letting him know that, by hurting himself, he is also hurting you.”

“I told him that he is hurting himself by hurting himself, and that’s the main problem here.” Victor claimed.

“He’s your other half, Victor.” Victoria explained. “He is just as stubborn as you are. If you want to reach him, you need to tell him in a way that would convince even you.”

Victor blinked uncomprehendingly.

“You always say that you would do anything for him.” Victoria clarified. “He will do the same for you. Let him know that his actions has a negative impact on you, and he will stop.”

“You think so?” Victor questioned.

“If your actions had a negative impact on him, wouldn’t you stop?” Victoria asked.

Victor knew she was right, but he would have to wait until tomorrow. If Yuuri was sleeping he needed to do so. And who knew? Maybe everything would be better once he woke up.

All Victor could do for now, was to hope for the best.

Yuuri woke up in the morning. His mother was calling for him to let him that breakfast was ready.
Yuuri sat up and looked around his room, he rubbed his eyes multiple times but it did nothing to clear his blurry vision. He felt his heart speed up, and his breath came out shaky.

He was going to be in so much trouble.

“Mama!” He cried. He didn’t know what else to do. He couldn’t see.
“Yuuri?” Hiroko came rushing into his room. “What’s wrong?”

“I- I can’t see…” Yuuri’s eyes filled with tears as his world came crashing down around him. He was going to lose his eyes.

“What do you mean?” Hiroko asked. Her voice was tinted with a hint of panic. “You can’t see?”

Yuuri shook his head. “Everything is blurry.”

Hiroko closed the distance between herself and her son, in order to take a closer look at his eyes. “Can you see me now?” She asked.

Yuuri nodded. “But not well.”

Hiroko let out a breath of relief before turning serious again. “I’m taking you to the hospital.” She declared and grabbed his hand.

Yuuri quickly jerked it away. “No.” He said.

“Yuuri?” Hiroko asked in disbelief. “If you can’t see, you need to see a doctor.”

“I don’t want to.” Yuuri argued and sat down on the floor in reluctance.

“Why?”

Yuuri sniffled.

“Yuuri?” Hiroko tried.

Yuuri looked away.

“Yuuri, come on.”

“No.” Yuuri sniffled and wiped away his tears.

“You need to see a doctor.” Hiroko argued. “I don’t know what’s wrong.”

“I don’t want to see a doctor.” Yuuri protested. “What if…?” He trailed off.

“What if what?” Hiroko prodded. “You need to tell me what’s wrong.”

“I don’t want them to do anything to me.” Yuuri sniffled. “I don’t want them to take away my bond with Victor.”

Hiroko frowned worriedly. “Why would they do that?”

“It hurts my head, and now I can’t see.” More tears fell as he spoke.

Hiroko felt her heart break for her son. So did the only thing she could think of. She picked up her son, and hugged him close.

“Everything is going to be fine.” She assured. “I will be with you. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

Yuuri hugged her back tightly. “Promise?” He sniffled.

Hiroko nodded against him. “I promise.”
Chapter Notes

As promised, here's the second part! <3<3

I hope you'll like this! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~Victor?~

Victor was sleeping deeply. But the sound of Yuuri’s voice made him frown in his sleep. He sounded scared and sad. Victor wasn’t sure if he was dreaming, or if it really was Yuuri reaching out to him.

A vibration shot through his body, causing Victor to sit up straight in bed. He looked around his room in disorientation. What time was it? Why was he awake?

~Victor… Please, I’m scared…~

Victor was immediately wide-awake and to his mate’s assistance. He reached over the bond and felt how Yuuri was practically shaking in fear.

What was going on? Why was he so scared? Did something happen? Something serious?

~I’m in the hospital.~ Yuuri said.

Victor felt his heart stop beating. It was definitely serious.

~I… I can’t see… Please don’t be mad at me.~

Can’t see? CAN’T SEE? What did that even mean? Was he blind? Please, no!

Victor swallowed nervously. And why would Victor be mad? Of course he wasn’t. He was however terrified. His mate was hurt, sad and scared. The combination Victor couldn’t allow. He had to fix this. Now.

………………

~Of course I’m not mad. What’s wrong? What happened?~ Victor asked.

Yuuri could sense Victor’s fear and it did nothing to calm his own. But he told Victor how his eyesight was getting worse yesterday, and how he woke up with everything completely blurry.

~Is there a doctor looking at you now? What are they saying?~

Yuuri told him that they were still in the waiting room. And he could feel how Victor went from scared to angry.

~Why aren’t they examining you? How long have you been waiting? What’s the name of the hospital? I will sue them~
Did Victor even know how to do that?

“Katsuki Yuuri?” A nurse called from the reception.

Yuuri grabbed his mother’s hand.

“It’s going to be okay, Yuuri.” Hiroko said gently. “You’ll see…”

Stupid hospitals. How could they not prioritize Yuuri? Victor would literally push all the other patients aside until he was fixed. He was so little. He had to be okay. He just had to…

“Victor?” Victoria asked and opened his bedroom door. “What are you doing up?”

Victor sniffled angrily behind his Japanese dictionary.

“What’s wrong?” Victoria asked, immediately on edge. She walked over to her son’s bed and lowered the heavy book that had been more or less attached to Victor for the past years.

As soon as she got a good look at her heartbroken child, she almost wanted to curse Victor’s true mate. How could he do this to her son?

“Yuuri is in the hospital…” Victor said. His voice cracked slightly at the end. “But he’s really scared. He thinks it might be our bond.”

Victoria closed her eyes and tried to gain strength.

“That’s why he wouldn’t tell anyone.” Victor explained. “He was scared that they might take it away to make him feel better.”

“Honey, they can’t do that.” Victoria assured. “The bond between true mates can not be removed.”

“It can’t?” Victor asked and wiped away his tears.

Victoria shook her head. “The bond comes from the soul. And the soul cannot be touched or altered. It’s forever.”

Victor let out a breath of relief and quickly passed the information to Yuuri. Hoping that it would calm his mate down a little.

But then a horrible thought struck him. “Does that mean he will feel this bad forever? Will he lose his sight completely because of the bond?”

“A bond between true mates won’t take someone’s sight away. It has to be something else.” Victoria declared.

“Like what?”

Victoria knew a lot of diseases that could interfere with the vision. Cancer, strokes and infections, but telling Victor about that would only upset him more. And if Victor got upset, he would also upset a scared seven-year-old across the world.

Victoria didn’t want to be responsible for that. “Let’s wait until the doctor examines him.” She said. “I really don’t know…”

……………….
“Good morning, Yuuri. How are you feeling today?” The doctor asked him cheerfully.

Yuuri could barely see her. She was more or less a white blob floating around. And he didn’t want to talk to her. He didn’t know her.

“Yuuri has apparently been dealing with a headache for the past five days.” Hiroko said in annoyance after the newly gained piece of information. “And he woke up this morning with blurry eyesight.”

“I see.” The doctor said. “Yuuri. Can you read the letters on that painting over there?” She asked.

Yuuri squinted. “B, G… K?” He tried but it seemed more or less futile.

“That’s really god.” The doctor praised. “Can you tell me when your head started to hurt?”

“It was in the morning, I woke up and my room was too bright.” Yuuri explained. “I… I was talking to my true mate.” He said more quietly.

“True mate?” The doctor repeated. “Do you have a true mate?”

Yuuri nodded. “You can’t take our bond away, so don’t even think about it.” He stated. If Victor said that the bond couldn’t be removed, Yuuri believed him. “You can take my eyes if you need to, but you can’t touch our bond.”

“Take your eyes?” The doctor asked. She sounded amused, but Yuuri couldn’t make out her facial expression to figure out if he was right or not. “I’m not going to take your eyes, or touch your bond, I am however going to send you to a optometrist.”

“Opto… what?” Yuuri asked.

“Optometrist.” The doctor repeated. “I think you need glasses, little man.”

Victor could have made a quad axel out of joy. Yuuri was going to be okay. He only needed glasses, and he was already feeling better after testing a pair. He was apparently very nearsighted,

“He’s going to be okay.” Victor couldn’t help but to smile. Everything was finally the way it should be again. His mate was happy and he wasn’t sick. He wasn’t blind and nothing would hurt their bond. Everything was finally as it should.

Victoria was almost nodding off. She stayed awake with Victor. And even though Yuuri had been cleared from anything serious almost an hour ago, Victor still insisted that he should be with Yuuri throughout his entire eye examination.

“That’s good.” She yawned. “Will you go to sleep now?”

Victor chuckled. “I really should.” He agreed. “What time is it?”

Victoria looked at her watch, her eyes widened in horror. “You really don’t want to know.” She stated. “But you better go to sleep now.”

Victor nodded and crawled under his duvet.

~Goodnight, Victor~

………………
“Yuuri! You look so good in glasses!” Tina cheered as Yuuri stepped into the classroom the next day.

“Wow!” Kimi gasped. “You look so handsome!”

Yuuri felt his cheeks burn in embarrassment. Everyone was looking at him.

“Yuuri, welcome back.” His teacher greeted. “Cool glasses.”

“Thank you.” Yuuri said quietly and made his way to his seat.

Yuuri still had no idea what Mari told the boys in his class one year ago, but they still moved away from him in fear, almost as if they thought he was poisonous.

“Is that why you didn’t come to school yesterday?” Tina asked. “We were worried about you.”

“I’m sorry for worrying you.” Yuuri apologized and adjusted his glasses. “Everything happened so fast, and I had to take a day to get used to them.”

“What did your mate say?” Kimi asked excitedly.

“He is just happy that I can see again.” Yuuri smiled fondly. “And he told me that he would deliver something that sounded very Russian, to anyone who told me anything bad about them.”

Yuuri could hear the boy next to him swallow thickly.

Yuuri looked to him worriedly before his teacher cleared her voice.

“Good morning, class.” She greeted. “Let’s start, shall we?”

“Vitya!” Yakov snapped. “I told you that you are not allowed to do any quads. Not until you are at least fifteen!”

Victor was smiling from ear to ear. “But Yakov…” He drawled. “I’m so happy. I can’t help but to spin faster when I’m happy.”

Yakov let out a string of curses. “Why is it so hard for you to do as your told?” He muttered, more to himself than to Victor.

“I don’t know.” Victor admitted as he gained speed in order to do another quad. “I guess I just like to skate my own way.”

Yakov groaned. And he felt the top of his head started to itch. He scratched his thick hair thoughtfully.

This was only temporary. Victor would soon let go of this childish behavior and start acting like a responsible adult. Maybe he would even miss this…

Yakov grabbed ahold of his hair in panic, as Victor almost stumbled on his jump.

“I’m okay!” Victor announced with a giant grin plastered to his face. He then continued on with his routine.

Yakov looked down on his hand and frowned at the strands of hair caught between his fingers.
This wasn’t going to end well…

Chapter End Notes

Yuuri only needed glasses! <3<3 Like I promised all the fluffiness... <3<3 But poor Yakov's hair... XD

So what did you think? <3<3 Two chapters at once. Yay or nay? XD

Anyway, I always appriciate your comments! <3<3 They mean the world to me! <3<3 Thank you so much for reading! <3<3 And I truly hope that you enjoy this!! <3<3
Hitting puberty

Chapter Summary

It's not easy growing up.

Chapter Notes

Make a dentist appointment if you haven't... XD

This chapter is purely fluff. I hope you'll like it!! <3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor was twelve years old when something horrible happened. He was calling his mother to ask her when lunch was ready. And his voice betrayed him. He sounded like a combination between a donkey and a rooster.

His mother wheezed as she laughed. She walked into the living room where Victor sat and looked at him with amusement. “My… Vitya… Can’t breathe…” She was grasping her stomach while Victor’s face turned red with embarrassment.

“I think I have a cold.” Victor said quietly and grasped his throat.

“No you don’t.” Victoria laughed as she tried to get ahold of herself.

“You’re growing up.” His father smiled at him. “Before you know it, you’re going to sound like your papa.”

Victor’s eyes widened. “Why?” He questioned. “My voice is fine the way it is.”

“You are an alpha.” His father stated. “Your voice will grow darker so you will be able to use alpha commands one day.”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. “But why would I want to use alpha commands? Isn’t it nicer to just ask?”

“It is.” Igor agreed. “But alpha commands can come in handy if there’s an emergency. Alphas are leaders. And a leader has to be able to lead.”

“Who am I going to lead? I’m twelve.” Victor pointed out.

“You won’t be twelve forever.” Igor said. “You’re entering puberty and a lot of things are going to change…”

Victoria blushed. “I need to check on the pancakes.” She said quickly and rushed back into the kitchen.
Victor looked after his mother worriedly before turning back to his father.

“Victor.” Igor said seriously. “I think it’s time for us to have ‘the talk’.”

Victor swallowed nervously.

Yuuri felt how Victor was growing more and more embarrassed by the seconds but he refused to tell him why. He told him that he was speaking to his dad, but that was all. Yuuri just hoped everything was all right with his mate.

“Yuuri, you’re slacking off.” Minako scolded.

Yuuri realized that he was just standing there. While his ballet teacher, Minako stared at him expectantly.

“What’s going on?” Yuuri protested and tried again.

“That’s good.” Minako praised. “One more time.”

Yuuri sighed but did as told. There was a local skating competition held in Hasetsu in a couple of days. And Yuuri intended to win.

Minako was strict but her methods never failed. Yuuri used to do nothing but ballet when he was younger. And even though his true passion was figure skating, he still considered ballet to be the reason to why his skating was so good.

And he had decided that he was going to use all of his resources in order to win.

He was going to make Victor proud.

Victor wasn’t sure what he did wrong in his life, to deserve this very long and completely unnecessary lecture about puberty and sexual intercourse from his father.

He wasn’t ready for any of this.

~Victor, what’s going on?~

There was no way in this world, that he was going to tell Yuuri about this. He would protect his mate’s innocence with his life.

“And that’s how babies are made.” Igor finished.

Victor was completely red and mortified.

“Do you have any questions?” Igor asked with an uncomfortable smile that looked just as strained as Victor’s breathing.

“No.” Victor squeaked out.
His father laughed awkwardly. “Let’s eat, then, shall we.”

Victor’s appetite left with the rest of his dignity. He would never recover from this.

~Please, don’t feel embarrassed. I will love you no matter what~ Yuuri declared.

Victor could have sworn that his heart just made a quad. Yuuri had so much power over his fragile little heart.

And he would never want it any other way.

………………

“How did practice go?” Toshiya asked Yuuri, as he stepped into the kitchen tiredly.

“Minako is relentless.” Yuuri stated and flopped down on a chair. He put his legs up on the chair next to him and let out a breath of relief. “I can’t feel my toes.”

Mari stomped into the kitchen and pulled the chair away so her little brother’s feet fell to the floor.

“Hey…” Yuuri protested. “My legs are hurting.”

“Find a footstool or something. This is my chair.” Mari snapped angrily and sat down.

Yuuri’s eyes widened slightly. Why was she so mad?

“Mari?” Hiroko asked worriedly. “Is everything okay?”

Mari was fuming. “I’m fine.” She muttered and violently stabbed the tomato on her plate.

Hiroko and Toshiya exchanged looks.

“Honey.” Hiroko prodded.

“What is your fucking problem?” Mari barked and stood up from her chair.

Yuuri backed away in fear. There was definitely something wrong. Mari never acted out like this. And she smelled funny.

“Mari? Are you… in rut?” Hiroko asked carefully.

Yuuri frowned in confusion. “What’s rut?”

“None of your damn business!” Mari growled.

Yuuri flinched.

“Yuuri. Can you go to your room for a minute?” Toshiya asked gently.

Yuuri could feel his eyes fill with tears. Did he do something wrong?

“Just for a minute.” Toshiya added and squeezed Yuuri’s shoulder in assurance.

Yuuri nodded carefully and walked away into his room.

~Yuuri? What’s wrong? Why are you sad?~

………………
~Mari is mad at me~

Victor frowned in concern. How could she possibly be mad at his Yuuri?

~I’m not even sure what I did wrong~

Yuuri could do nothing wrong. Whatever Mari’s problem was, it definitely wasn’t Yuuri.

There had to be something else.

~My mom said something about ‘rut’, but that only made her angrier~

Victor’s eyes widened in realization, Yuuri’s sister was in rut. No wonder she was mad.

~What’s a rut?~ Yuuri asked.

Oh, the innocence. Victor didn’t even know how to answer that. He didn’t even want to. The rut was sexual frustration for an alpha. It was apparently nice if the alpha had a mate. But without one, the alpha would be in constant anger for about the entire week.

But the important thing is that Yuuri was not to blame.

............... 

~It’s an alpha thing. She will be mad at everything for about a week. But it’s not your fault~

Yuuri knew he did the right thing by asking Victor. His mate knew just what to say to make him feel better again. But then he thought of something…

Victor was an alpha as well. Would he also be mad at him, once he got the rut?

“Leave me the hell alone!” Mari shouted and slammed her bedroom door.

Yuuri swallowed nervously. He never wanted Victor to be that mad at him.

~What’s on your mind, love?~

Yuuri didn’t even know how to phrase the question. But he knew that Victor wouldn’t stop until he had gotten to the bottom of it. No one was as stubborn as Victor whenever something was wrong. He could ask the same question constantly for two days straight, until Yuuri finally gave in. And still he claimed Yuuri to be the stubborn one.

So in order to avoid being interrogated by his mate for the rest of time, he simply asked the question.

~I would rather jump off a cliff than be mad at you~ Victor promised. ~I will never make you sad or scared~

Yuuri smiled. He couldn’t believe how lucky he was. How did he manage to get the best true mate in the world?

........................

~I love you. I will never scare or hurt you either.~ Yuuri promised.

Victor couldn’t keep himself from smiling. How could Yuuri be so incredibly adorable? Everything he said, made Victor want to shower him with love and feed him candy.

“What’s so funny?” Victoria asked in amusement.
“My mate is too cUte!” Victor cheered but he quieted down immediately, once he realized that his had voice betrayed him again.

Victoria immediately started to laugh. “Your voice is the funniest thing in the world!” She claimed.

Victor glared at her. “Yuuri wouldn’t laugh at me.” He stated.

“I’m sure he wouldn’t.” She agreed and took a shaky breath in order to try and calm herself down.

“You’re so mean to me.” Victor pouted.

“Oh, Victor. I’m laughing out of love.” Victoria assured. “It’s just like when your father tried to make his grey hair white and…” She started laughing again. “And it turned yellow!”

Igor patted his son’s back in sympathy. “Your mom’s sense of humor is something I’ve questioned many times.” He said seriously. “But I can’t help but to love it.” He then started to laugh as well.

Victor felt betrayed by his parents. They had turned on him. Just like his voice had. They were both amused by his suffering.

“I’ll be in my room until you’re ready to apologize.” Victor said and stormed off.

Yuuri felt how Victor turned embarrassed again. So he quickly asked him what was wrong.

~My parents are making fun of me because my voice is changing~ Victor explained.

Yuuri gasped. How dared they? No one should make fun of his mate, especially not his parents.

Yuuri got angry on his mate’s behalf. He decided that he would send them an angry letter. He grabbed a nearby paper and pen. Then he angrily wrote down what he thought about them. And what he would do if they ever made fun of Victor again. Halfway through the letter he remembered that Victor’s parents were Russian and probably wouldn’t understand him.

He briefly wondered if he could have Victor translate for him. But they also had different letters. Yuuri had tried to learn but he only knew a few words and only how to say them.

“Yuuri?” Hiroko knocked on his door gently before opening it. “You can come back to the kitchen now. Mari is eating in her room.”

Yuuri jumped off his desk chair and followed his mother. He would set his mate’s parents straight one day. Until then, he would do whatever he could to comfort Victor. He should never feel sad. Not as long as Yuuri was around.

Victor was watching a Japanese cartoon, when his parents finally came crawling back for forgiveness. Victor considered himself the bigger person, so he decided to hear them out.

“I’m sorry for laughing at you.” Victoria apologized. She almost started to laugh again. But she swallowed her amusement back down.

“And I’m sorry for laughing with her.” Igor said.

Victor narrowed his eyes. They really didn’t look that sorry. “I don’t believe you.”

“We are.” Igor assured. “In fact. We are so sorry that we’re going to give you a peace offering.”
Victor perked up at that. He loved presents. “What?” He asked.

A small bark from outside had Victor flying out of his bed. “A puppy?” He asked in disbelief.

His parents nodded in sync. “We thought that it would be good for you to have someone that would never laugh at you.” Igor said.

Victoria nodded. “And we also thought that you needed someone you can care for, who isn’t in Japan. And little Makkachin looked so lonely in the animal shelter.”

Victor rushed past his parents and noticed the little brown ball of fluff with a wagging tail, sitting happily on the floor in the hallway.

“Wow!” Victor cheered. “So cute!”

Makkachin barked in agreement.

Victor sat down on the floor and Makkachin immediately jumped into his lap.

“Do you forgive us?” Victoria asked.

“Absolutely!” Victor exclaimed.

Both of his parents broke down in laughter again. But Victor didn’t care. Makkachin wasn’t laughing at him.

And he wasn’t an only child anymore. He couldn’t wait to tell Yuuri about his new fluffy sibling. His mate was going to be so surprised.

Yuuri almost choked on his food when Victor told him that his parents gave him a puppy.

“Yuuri?” Hiroko asked worriedly.

“Victor got a puppy!” Yuuri exclaimed in between coughs.

“Oh.” Hiroko said in surprise.

“He’s so happy.” Yuuri smiled.

It took a few seconds, but once Hiroko knew what was coming it was already too late.

“Mommy, can I have a puppy?” Yuuri asked.

If Yuuri hadn’t been an omega, saying no would have been easy. But omegas possessed a special power. They didn’t know about it themselves, since they so rarely asked for things. But when they really wanted something, their eyes turned bigger and their voice became a little softer. Which practically made it impossible to say no to them.

Hiroko swallowed nervously as she couldn’t find her words.

Toshiya looked intently at his food. Pretending that he didn’t even hear the question.

Yuuri knew he had his mother’s attention. “Pretty please…?” He prodded.

Hiroko cursed herself and her weak will. “We’ll see…” She squeaked out.
Yuuri smiled. He didn’t really have that many friends outside of school. He had Yuuko, but she was two years older than him, and they didn’t have that much in common besides figure skating. A dog would change that. He could have a friend through everything.

At least until he and Victor could finally meet for real. Then they could all be a big happy family.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? <3<3 Fluffy enough? Maybe I should throw in a couple of rainbows and pink clouds? XD

I'm sorry... I have a bad sense of humor... XD But I really hope you like it! <3<3 I'm completely in love with the response I recieve from this fic, and it makes me so excited to continue writing! <3<3 So please, keep it coming! <3<3

And all love to you! <3<3
Victor’s debut part 1

Chapter Summary

Victor makes his debut on the Junior Grand Prix, and Yuuri has his first panic attack.

Chapter Notes

Yo! <3 This will have to be two chapters, once again... XD Sorry, but I had to keep on writing. I literally couldn't stop. XD

I hope you'll like it! <3<3 There is sliiiight angst. But Yuuri's anxiety is a part of his character, and I love him for it. I wish I could take it away from him, since he doesn't deserve it. But I also don't want to change him. I love both him and Victor, with all their imperfections. <3<3

I'm rambling... XD Anyway, I'll post part 2 of this, as soon as I can! <3

---

Victor was thirteen years old and he was making his debut in the Junior Grand Prix of figure skating. He had made it to the final that was being broadcasted on TV.

His program was of course dedicated to his true mate. He knew Yuuri liked figure skating, but he didn’t know if he watched it. Yuuri was competing, and he actually won. But Victor wasn’t sure about the length of his dedication.

He wondered if he should ask Yuuri to watch the broadcast, to watch him. But he was afraid that it might be considered as cheating. He wanted that magical moment when their eyes would meet across the room and they would run into each other’s embrace and just know that they were meant for each other.

If Yuuri knew what he looked like, wouldn’t the magic be ruined?

“I hope you’re thinking about your short-program.” Yakov grumbled.

“I’m actually thinking about Yuuri. Do you think I can ask him to watch the live-broadcast? Or would that be considered cheating?” Victor asked.

Yakov groaned. “Do whatever you like.”

“Well, I would, but I really don’t want to upset fate. If the rules is that you have to wait until you’re adults, wouldn’t it be wrong to get a head-start?” Victor questioned.

“Isn’t it the rules that mates won’t come in contact with each other until they’re teenagers?” Yakov quipped. “How old were you? Five?”

“Four.” Victor corrected. “And Yuuri was only a few minutes old.”
“I think you already broke that rule then, so why does it matter if you break another one?”

Victor thought about that. He had never really reflected over how early he and Yuuri had actually come in contact with each other. How Yuuri reached out to him only as a baby. Then the he started to think about baby Yuuri, and that thought alone made his heart flutter with love. And he suddenly forgot what he was thinking about.

“Mr. Nikiforov, you’re on in thirty minutes.” A man with headphones told him.

Victor nodded.

“Are you ready for this?” Yakov asked. “You’re not nervous, are you?”

Victor appreciated Yakov’s concern. His coach tried to put up a façade of tough love, but Victor could see right through it. And he would never forget how high-pitched Yakov’s voice became, when he met Makkachin for the first time.

Victor was never going to let him live it down, that big old softie.

“I’m not nervous.” Victor promised. “Just excited.”

It was the truth.

He couldn’t wait to show his love for Yuuri to the world.

“………..

“You’re really getting better.” Yuuko praised as they were unlacing their skates after a hard day of practice.

“Thank you.” Yuuri blushed. “But you are really amazing. Why aren’t you competing?”

Yuuko shrugged. “I’ll make my debut on the Grand Prix in a couple of years.” She winked. “I really don’t want to leave any spoilers until then.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “The other girls won’t know what hit them.”

Yuuko chuckled. “How’s your mate by the way? You haven’t mentioned him in a while…”

Yuuri rarely spoke about Victor. He still preferred to keep him to himself as much as possible. But that didn’t mean that he didn’t speak to Victor himself. They spoke to each other every single day, and he spoke to him earlier today. Victor was going to practice, so Yuuri didn’t want to bother him too much.

But just when he was about to tell Yuuko that, Victor reached out.

~I love you, Yuuri~ Victor stated.

Yuuri smiled. Victor and his random declarations of love…

“He’s fine.” Yuuri said. “He’s happy.”

“I’m glad.” Yuuko smiled. “How is it? Having a true mate? Don’t you ever get sick of him?”

“No.” Yuuri said without hesitation. “But it’s hard to know that he’s out there and I’m not able to see him. That I won’t be able to see him until I grow up.”
“Why don’t you just ask him to come here? Give him your address and buy him a plane ticket?” Yuuko asked.

“My mate and I decided to leave it to fate. We don’t want to stress anything. We are meant to be together. It’s just a question of time.” Yuuri said confidently.

“That’s so romantic!” Yuuko swooned.

“That’s bullshit.” Takeshi spoke up. He was also a figure skater. But he wasn’t that serious about it. Yuuri suspected that he only took up the sport to get closer to Yuuko. “I don’t even think he’s real.” He claimed.

Yuuri glared at the older boy and felt a streak of anger surge through him. “Of course he is!” He snapped. “My mate is just as real as I am. And he is the most amazing person in this world.”

Takeshi scoffed. “Right…”

“He is!” Yuuri said louder.

“I think you made him up, since you don’t have any real friends.” Takeshi mocked. “I wouldn’t even be surprised if we find you in a nuthouse in a couple of years. Calling for the mate you never had.”

Yuuri didn’t know from where he got his courage, but without thinking it through, he stepped forward and shoved the older boy to the ground. “You’re wrong…” He seethed.

“Look. He even shows a tendency to violence.” Takeshi exclaimed. “Why don’t you just admit that you’re crazy?”

“Takeshi!” Yuuko snapped. “You’re being an idiot.” She turned to Yuuri. “Don’t listen to him. He’s just sad because he’s going to die alone and unloved.”

Takeshi made a sound of protest but no words came out.


Yuuri wiped away the traitorous tears that rolled down his cheeks.

“Yuuri?” Yuuko said carefully and reached for him.

Yuuri backed away.

~Yuuri. Please talk to me.~ Victor pleaded.

Yuuri couldn’t get Takeshi’s words out of his head. What if he really was crazy? What if Victor was a fragment of his imagination? Someone he made up so he wouldn’t feel alone. Victor was too perfect. How could he possibly be real?

“Please don’t cry.” Yuuko tried.

Yuuri looked to Takeshi, and the older boy looked away in shame.

“Yuuri?” Yuuko prodded.

“I- I need to go…” Yuuri said and grabbed his skates. He couldn’t be there anymore. He needed to get away.
“Yuuri?”

Yuuri ran.

Victor had no idea what happened. He was standing in his ending position and the audience roared in awe. Victor waved at them proudly, when he suddenly felt something twist inside of him. Something was wrong with Yuuri.

He decided to get off the ice as quick as possible so he could focus fully on his mate. But Yuuri didn’t answer him when he asked him what was wrong. And Victor’s worry increased. Yuuri only refused to tell him what was wrong when someone had hurt him.

So who was responsible this time? Victor kept a list on everyone in Japan who deserved a beating for hurting his mate in one way or another. So far, it was all the boys in Yuuri’s class, the evil babysitter who placed Yuuri’s teddy bear on the top shelf to keep it out of his reach, the mean old lady who called Yuuri fat and Yuuri’s rink-mate Takeshi, who shoved Yuuri on the ice and made him bruise his knee.

But Victor was more than willing to add more names to that list, if Yuuri would only answer him.

“That was amazing, Vitya.” Yakov praised. “You’re going to get a really high score after a performance like that.”

“Okay.” Victor said and refocused on Yuuri. His mate needed him right now.

“We need to go to the kiss and cry.” Yakov stated.

Victor let out a breath of annoyance. “Fine.” He said and followed Yakov. He was only growing more and more anxious as Yuuri kept up his silence.

He needed to find out what was wrong, and fast.

“Yuuri?” Mari asked, as the front door was slammed shut and a very angry child stormed past her. “What’s wrong?”

“Leave me alone.” Yuuri sniffled and practically ran into his bedroom and slammed the door.

“What’s going on?” Hiroko asked.

Mari looked at her brother’s closed door. “I have no idea…”

“Victor Nikiforov has crushed the world’s record in the Junior Grand Prix final and reached first place with ten whole points, His wonderful short-program dedicated to his true mate had us all in awe. This thirteen-year-old is looking to a very bright future.” The announcer said.

“Vitya, you just beat the world’s record.” Yakov gasped and looked down to his protégé.

Victor looked up at the scoreboard in disinterest. “Oh.”

“Vitya.” Yakov scolded. “Do you know what this means?”

Victor shrugged and continued to reach for his mate. Yuuri was crying, a lot. And he had no idea how to make him feel better. Yuuri ignored him. What if he was mad at him? What if he saw Victor
on TV and hated him?

“Vitya?” Yakov sounded more concerned now.

Victor looked up at him questioningly.

Yakov frowned and placed his arm around Victor’s shoulders. “Come on.” He said. “Let’s get you out of here.”

“Yuuri?” Mari called softly as she knocked on Yuuri’s door. “Can I come in?”

Yuuri hugged his pillow tighter to his chest. It felt so empty and hurt. It was as if he was spiraling down into a void of darkness, where not even Victor would be able to reach him.

Mari took the lack of answer as a yes, and carefully stepped inside.

Her heart broke as she laid her eyes on Yuuri, curled up on his bed in the darkness. She felt the immediate need to make something right, so she turned on the light on Yuuri’s desk.

Yuuri turned over so he was facing the wall.

“Yuuri…” Mari cooed. “What happened?”

Yuuri just cried harder and curled in tighter on himself.

“Was it Victor?” Mari questioned. “Did he tell you something?”

Yuuri shook his head and tried to inhale but his lungs seemed to clench in his chest.

“Was it someone at the rink? Yuuko? Kimi? Takeshi?”

Yuuri felt panic creep onto him as he realized that he couldn’t breathe. He sat up in bed and tried to take a breath but it didn’t work it was if the air stopped in his throat.

“Yuuri?” Mari asked and quickly closed the distance between herself and her brother.

“Mom!” She called.

“I- I…” Yuuri tried between painful coughs.

“Shh…” Mari said gently and patted Yuuri’s back. “Try to calm down. You’re okay. Just try to breathe.”

Yuuri’s mind jumped to the worst-case scenario. He was going to die. And he hadn’t even had the chance to meet Victor yet.

“We’ll just get you to the hotel-room, so you can calm down and talk to your mate in peace and quiet.” Yakov said as he led Victor through the corridor of the giant ice rink in Norway.

Victor barely heard him. All of his thoughts revolved around his mate. He didn’t know what had happened. But he felt how Yuuri’s sadness started to transform into something else, something similar to panic.

~Victor. I’m sorry we never got to meet~ Yuuri whispered across the bond.
Victor’s eyes widened and his legs refused to move. What? What did he just say?

~I’m dying and I’m sorry. Please forgive me~

“Victor?” Yakov asked.

Victor couldn’t breathe and he was pretty sure that his heart stopped beating. What did he mean? Yuuri couldn’t be dying. They hadn’t even met yet. This couldn’t be happening…

“Victor!”

Victor didn’t register anything else, everything shifted around him and he suddenly fell into dark void of oblivion.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be 90% fluff... <3 So don't freak out. Everything will be fine! <3

Let me know what you thought about this! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading!! <3<3
Victor’s debut part 2

Chapter Summary

Mari assures Yuuri. And Victor performs his free-skate.

Chapter Notes

Here’s part 2! <3<3 I hope you'll like it as well! <3<3

“You’re doing great, Yuuri.” Mari praised. “One more deep breath.”

Yuuri did as she said and exhaled shakily.

“What’s wrong?” Hiroko asked.

“I think he’s having a panic attack.” Mari said thoughtfully. “My friend Suki had one during a test a couple of weeks ago. She told us about how she usually handles them.”

“Is he okay now?”

Mari looked at her brother. “Yuuri?”

Yuuri nodded.

“He’s getting there.” Mari said thoughtfully.

“Yuuri? Do you want to talk to us?” Hiroko prodded.

Yuuri shook his head. He didn’t want to talk to anyone right now. He could finally breathe again. He wasn’t ready to lose that.

“I’ll stay here with you.” Mari declared. “If you need anything. I’m right here, okay?”

Yuuri looked up to his sister and allowed her to wipe away his tears. Victor didn’t answer him, and Yuuri had to brace himself for the possibility that everything he had ever known had been an illusion.

He wasn’t sure how he would be able to move on without Victor. But at least he would always have Mari.

"Is he okay?"

"Did he faint?"

“He must be overworked.”
“Maybe he was nervous?”

“Vitya?” Yakov’s voice cut through the others, like a lighthouse in a storming sea.

Victor’s eyes fluttered open and he came face to face with his terrified coach.

“Victor. For the love of god, talk to me.”

Victor’s mind began to catch up to him and he remembered all the events that resulted in why he was suddenly on the floor.

Yuuri!

He quickly reached over the bond and felt his breathing return to him, as he realized that Yuuri was alive and seemingly okay. He was still upset, but not nearly as upset as was. But the fact that he was alive was more important than anything. Victor could deal with everything else.

“Victor? What’s going on? Do I need to call an ambulance?” Yakov questioned.

Victor shook his head. “I’m fine. Just, please take me out of here.”

Yakov nodded and helped Victor to his feet.

The distance from their hotel had never seemed further.

………………………..

After Yuuri finally calmed down, he immediately began to feel guilty. Victor was terrified, and it was his fault. Yuuri didn’t mean to scare him. He really thought that he was going to die, and Victor was the one person he wanted to spend his dying moment with.

It was selfish of him to reach out like that. He knew it. But he was scared. And he needed Victor to tell him that everything would be okay. But his mate stopped answering. And he hadn’t said anything since.

So maybe he wasn’t real, or maybe he just didn’t care.

“I can hear the wheels turning in your head.” Mari spoke quietly. “Are you ready to talk about it?”

Yuuri was half-asleep in his sister’s embrace. She petted his hair and told him stories about their childhood in order to get Yuuri to relax. It worked.

Yuuri felt exhausted, it was late and he was tired. But he more than anything, he was sad. And his mind wouldn’t be quiet enough for him to sleep. So he needed to talk to someone.

“Is… Is Victor real?” Yuuri asked carefully. As soon as the question was out, he started to dread the answer.

“Of course.” Mari stated. “Why? Did he tell you that he wasn’t?”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “Takeshi told me that he was imaginary.”

“Oh.” Mari said.

Yuuri could feel how Mari’s body became tense.

“What else did he say?” Mari questioned. Her tone was soft, but Yuuri heard the hint of danger
underneath it.

“Nothing.” Yuuri promised. “But what if he’s right? What if I made Victor up?” He could feel his voice crack, as another wave of sadness hit him.

“Well, in that case I think you should aim for a career in writing.” Mari said jokingly. “If you were able to come up with the idea of a true mate within your first minutes alive, you might have the best imagination known to man.”

“What if I’m just crazy?” Yuuri asked. “What if I get thrown into the nuthouse for being insane?”

“I don’t even think we have nuthouses anymore… And if you were actually crazy, wouldn’t Victor be like, I don’t know, a space ninja? Why make him into a Russian boy who likes figure skating and poodles? Why make him ordinary? Isn’t that waste of craziness?”

Yuuri chuckled at the idea of Victor as a space ninja. “I don’t know…” Yuuri admitted. “But he’s too perfect. It’s hard to believe that he’s a real person.”

“You do know that a true mate is supposed to be perfect…” Mari stated. “At least for you. I would have gone crazy with a mate like Victor. He’s too dramatic and reckless. Didn’t he try to walk here, once?”

Yuuri laughed at that.

“He’s only perfect for you.” Mari continued. “Just as you are perfect for him.”

“I’m not perfect…” Yuuri protested.

“No, you’re not. You’re an annoying little shit sometimes… But you’re perfect to him.”

Yuuri blushed. Before he suddenly shivered. He felt the scent of roses surrounding him. The scent of Victor

“That would be Victor…” Mari stated. “But if you turn out to be crazy, you have to teach me how to communicate with imaginary people like that. I’d love to learn telepathy.”

Yuuri smiled and reached back to his true mate, that’s when he felt his fear.

“Mari. I don’t know how to tell Victor about this… I think I scared him… a lot.” Yuuri said anxiously.

Mari ruffled Yuuri’s hair fondly. “I’ll help you.” She declared. “That’s what big sister’s are for, right?”

A panic attack… It was only a panic attack. It was horrible but it wasn’t fatal. Thank god.

Victor released a breath of relief. Yuuri was going to be fine. Takeshi on the other hand… Let’s just say that he just moved to the top of Victor’s list.

How dared he make Yuuri doubt Victor’s existence? How dared he make Yuuri doubt his own sanity?

Thank heaven for Mari. Yuuri’s sister had made it on and off the list at different times during the past nine years. But now, Victor would have to grant her immunity. She had helped Yuuri through one of the hardest things of his life, while Victor was as useful as a sack of potatoes.
“Drink.” Yakov ordered and handed Victor a water bottle.

Victor accepted it without any arguments, but he didn’t lose focus on Yuuri. Yuuri couldn’t fall asleep without Victor being there with him. And since he couldn’t be there physically, he still did what he could.

“What happened?” Yakov barked.

Victor shrugged. “Yuuri had a panic attack, and I panicked with him.” He admitted. It almost sounded ridiculous when he thought about it.

“A panic attack?” Yakov questioned. “Why would he have a panic attack?”

Victor’s face turned dark. “Because some idiot kid had the nerve to tell him that I wasn’t real.”

Yakov scoffed in annoyance. “Kids are the worst.”

“Hey.” Victor gasped. “I’m a kid.”

“And I can’t wait until you grow up…” Yakov sighed “You’re making me bald with your childish behavior.” He patted the top of his head. His hair had grown remarkable thinner during the past years.

“I’m not childish.” Victor protested. “My teacher says I’m very mature for my age.”

“Well, your teacher wasn’t with you, when you and Georgi poured soap on the ice, in order to go faster.” Yakov quipped.

Victor chuckled. “It worked.”

Yakov frowned. “Next time you’re planning on fainting, at least give me a warning. And I need to know if you’re feeling good enough to perform your free-skate tomorrow. If you as much as wobble tomorrow, you’re out.”

“I’ll be good.” Victor promised. “And I need to send Yuuri a message.”

……………………

“Yuuri. I’m so glad you came.” Yuuko cheered as she laid eyes on her friend, but her face fell slightly, as she also laid her eyes on Yuuri’s angry sister.

“Where’s Takeshi?” Mari asked. “I need to talk to him.”

Yuuko didn’t find the words, so she simply pointed.

Mari immediately stormed in that direction.

“Mari, stop.” Yuuri called after her. “I’m fine.”

Yuuko hurried off the ice and removed her skates. She kept up the pace so she could follow the Katsukis into the locker room, where Takeshi was preparing to skate.

“You little bastard.” Mari snarled as she caught sight of Takeshi.

Takeshi’s eyes widened slightly, right before Mari reached him.

“Mari let him go.” Yuuri pleaded.
“Go, Mari.” Yuuko cheered. But she said nothing else as Yuuri shot her a glare.

“I’m so sorry!” Takeshi frantically apologized as Mari tightened her grip of his shirt.

“Why the hell are you apologizing to me for?” Mari questioned angrily. “Apologize to my brother and I might not knock your teeth out.”

Takeshi’s eyes widened. “Yuuri, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean it.” He all but shouted.

Mari shoved him back. Not hard enough to actually hurt him, but hard enough to make a point. “And don’t you ever dare to question the existence of my brother’s true mate again. Or I’ll come back. And I’ll be pissed”

Takeshi nodded helplessly.

“Good.”

Yuuri let out a breath of relief, as Mari calmed down. They were just about to head back into the rink, when the TV hanging on the wall in the locker room, captured Yuuri’s attention. It showed the Junior Grand Prix final.

Yuuri had completely forgotten to figure skating this season. Since practice and school kept him from doing anything much other but sleep, he was now completely behind, and had no idea who was even competing.

“And now, the boy who made everyone gasp in awe, as he crushed the world’s record with his short-program yesterday. Victor Nikiforov has quickly earned the title as Russia’s pride, and his theme of ‘true love’ kept everyone crying out for more. His program is dedicated to his true mate and he intended that….”

The announcer on the TV continued, but Yuuri no longer heard him. His eyes were completely glued to the screen. It wasn’t just any boy. It was Victor, Yuuri’s Victor.

Mari turned to the TV as well. “Wait, did he say Victor as in… Victor?” She asked.

Yuuri walked closer to the screen, he needed to get a better look. He could barely believe it. His mate was an angel. His silver hair was beautifully braided, and his blue costume was perfectly matching to his stunning blue eyes.

Yuuri was captivated. His heart fluttered and he knew. His true mate stood before him on the ice. And suddenly he reached for him.

Yuuri saw Victor shiver before he felt it in himself.

~Fell my emotions, my love~

Yuuri did. As the music played on the screen, he felt everything, and he saw everything. He was perfect, and he was stunning, and beautiful, and he moved in complete sync with the music. His body language told a story Yuuri couldn’t even begin to understand, but in a way it made perfect sense.

It was their story.

……………………..

Victor focused more on Yuuri, than his actual program. He allowed his feelings and the music to
steer him. He felt Yuuri’s happiness and it pushed him to be better. He knew that Yuuri probably couldn’t see him. His mate was heading to practice, but he could still feel him. The way he always had. The way he always would.

Yuuri was his inspiration for everything, and in skating above all. And as he thought about yesterday’s events, he couldn’t help but to hear that looming ‘what if?’ What if something had been actually wrong with Yuuri? What if he lost him yesterday?

They had been granted all this extra time. Where they stupid not to use it? Anything could happen before they grew up. They could get hit by cars, catch an incurable illness, fall of cliffs, anything…

Right now, they had time. Sure, the age difference was bigger now, but why should they have to wait until they were fully-grown? They should seize whatever time they had together. No matter if it would be a year or the rest of their lives.

Victor was ready to start his life with Yuuri.

He just needed to know if Yuuri felt the same way.

………………

Victor skated to a halt and the audience roared.

Yuuri’s smile increased. Victor was amazing, his skating flawless, his smile dashing. Everything about him was simply perfect.

“Yuuri!” Yuuko shrieked. “How could you not tell me that your true mate is Victor flipping Nikiforov? He’s one of my favorite skaters of all time!”

“So that’s your mate?” Mari asked. “He’s good.”

“That’s Victor…” Yuuri admitted. He watched as the camera showed Victor sitting at the kiss and cry, chatting happily with an older man. That had to be Yakov, Victor’s grumpy but lovable coach. He looked really angry, even though he was smiling.

But Victor was so beautiful. Yuuri almost had a hard time catching his breath. He needed to tell him. This one-sided meeting was not something he wanted to keep from his mate.

It was a moment for both of them.

………………

“Do you think he liked it?” Victor asked his coach.

“It was a perfect performance.” Yakov stated.

“But do you think that he liked it?” Victor drawled.

Yakov sighed. “I’m sure he did.”

Victor smiled. “I hope so.”

~Victor, I… I can see you~

Victor almost flinched and quickly looked to the camera. His Yuuri was watching him.

………………

Yuuri felt his heart stop as Victor looked right at him, smile perfectly in place.
“I love you, Yuuri!” Victor said on the TV. “And we will meet someday soon, okay?”

“YUUKO?” Takeshi shouted. “Your nose is bleeding like a faucet!”

Victor winked and Yuuri felt his knees tremble. “And please don’t doubt my existence again.” He said, his tone joking, but Yuuri could hear his sincerity.

…………………

~I won’t~ Yuuri promised.

Victor smiled. Yuuri was actually watching him right now. He briefly wondered if he could climb through the camera in order to reach his mate. Then he realized how crazy that was. They would meet someday, soon. Victor would make sure of that.

“Victor lands a score of 183.7 and it’s a new world’s record. His total score is now 263.4, another world’s record.” The announcer said in disbelief.

Victor threw his arms around his coach.

“I made Yuuri proud.” He cheered.

Yakov smiled and patted his protégé’s back. “You sure did Victor… You sure did.”

...............

Yuuko was squealing on the floor as the next contender took the ice.

Yuuri was silently asking the TV to go back. He wanted to see more of Victor. He needed to see him again.

“Yuuko? Are you okay?” Mari asked.

Yuuri snapped out of his trance and turned to see his friend on the floor. She was crying out of joy while clenching her bleeding nose. “This is the best day of my life.” She stated.

Yuuri smiled and couldn’t help but agree. He had just seen his mate for the first time. And he was absolutely perfect.

He couldn’t wait to meet him in real life.

Whenever that would be...

__________________________________________________________

Fan art


art by @xMy_Serenade (Twitter)

Chapter End Notes

As you can tell, they won't have to wait until they're adults to meet, they will meet sooner... <3<3
I hope you liked this chapter! <3<3 And please tell me your thoughts! <3<3 Your comments gives me life!! <3<3
Yuuri had just turned ten. And he had been offered to participate in a charity skating event for the Childhood Cancer Foundation. It was held in Tokyo and it was one of the biggest competitions in the world, at least for children who were too young to compete in the Junior Grand Prix.

The winner would get to deliver a check for one million yen to the Children’s Hospital of Tokyo. Yuuri had no idea why he had been invited to such a large event. Sure, he had been in a few local competitions in Hasetsu, but this event was for the whole world. Thousands of people were going to be there, and about twenty of the world’s best figure skaters under the age of thirteen. And Yuuri.

Yuuri was far from the best. He was fine, but he would never place himself among the world’s greatest. Victor was one of the greatest. And he was amazing. But he was too old to participate.

Yuuri couldn’t stop his heart from fluttering at the though of Victor. How beautiful he was on the ice. And how sad it was, that he would have to wait another two months until Victor would compete in the Junior Grand Prix again. He was definitely going to watch every single one of his competitions. Until then, he would have to settle for his Victor-related merchandise. He didn’t have that much, only a couple of posters and a pillowcase. But it was enough for now.

Yuuri smelled the familiar scent of roses, before he suddenly shivered. Victor reached out to him.

~Yuuri, what are you doing?~ Victor asked him cheerfully

Yuuri smiled at the sound of his mate’s voice. Victor didn’t know that Yuuri was going to compete in a couple of days. The event was being broadcasted on TV, and Yuuri wanted to give Victor a response, much like the way he did for him.

But in order to do so, he needed to keep it a secret.

Victor was going to be so surprised.

.....................

~I’m getting ready for bed~
That made sense. It was starting to get late in Japan. Victor had to scold him multiple times from neglecting sleep during this past week. Yuuri had gotten a new hobby. Video games. It made him lose track of time.

Not healthy…

But at least he was getting ready to sleep now.

Unless…

~Without your Gameboy, right?~ Victor questioned.

Yuuri looked at the console resting at his bedside table. He was going to play. And Victor would just have to deal with it.

~No, I need to beat the boss~

Victor sighed. Why couldn’t Yuuri prioritize his health for once?

“Why the face?” Victoria asked him. “Is the math hard?”

Victor didn’t want to tell his mom that he was speaking with Yuuri instead of doing his homework, so he nodded.

Victoria sat down next to him. “I’ll help you, then.” She offered with a smile.

Victor smiled back nervously. Suddenly wishing he had the correct page open in his book. They hadn’t even started on equations yet.

“How’s Yuuri, by the way?” Victoria asked.

Victor released a breath of relief, at the changed line of topic. “He’s good.” Victor declared. “He should be asleep, but he’s good.”

“That’s good.” Victoria stated. “Have you told him that you’re going to Japan?”

Victor shook his head. “I’m not going to see him. He lives a town called Hasetsu, and I’m going to Tokyo. They’re pretty far away from each other. I don’t want to get his hopes up. I’m not going to have time for anything but the event.”

“Are you sure he’s not competing?” Victoria asked. “You might meet him there…”

“He would have mentioned it.” Victor pointed out. “He tells me about all of his competitions, so far, he’s only been performing in local ones. If he had been offered to compete in the biggest skating event for his age group, he would definitely let me know.”

“I’m sure you’re right.” Victoria agreed. “So what time are you leaving?”

“Yakov will pick me up this Friday afternoon.” Victor said and carefully tried to find the correct page for his homework without his mom noticing what he was doing. “But we won’t be there until late this Saturday. The event is on Sunday.”

“Is everything all right with Yakov?” Victoria asked, changing the topic again. “I’ve noticed he’s wearing more… hats.”
“Maybe he just thinks they’re fashionable?” Victor smirked.

Victoria laughed. “Well, I suppose I know what to get him for his birthday then.”

“Can you please get him one with feathers?” Victor asked hopefully. “Oh, or glitter!”

Victoria smiled fondly. “I’ll see what I can do.”

The time had come for Yuuri to leave for Tokyo. He was going with his mom and Minako. While his sister and father stayed behind to run the hot spring.

“Are you excited?” Minako asked happily. “You’re totally going to kick the other skaters butts.”

“Minako, the important thing isn’t to win.” Hiroko pointed out. “The most important thing is to have fun.”

Minako smirked. “Well, I’m confident in Yuuri’s abilities. He’s going to be great.”

“Yuuri?” Hiroko asked.

Yuuri snapped out of whatever trance he had been in. “What?”

“Are you excited to skate?” Hiroko repeated.

Yuuri nodded. “Sure, just a little nervous…”

“That’s completely normal.” Minako assured. “But you have nothing to be nervous about. You’re only ten, there is no pressure at all.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “But I’m competing against the world’s greatest figure skaters…”

“You’re all kids.” Minako stated. “And you’re only doing this for fun and for a good cause.”

“But I only get one chance to prove how good I am. And what if Victor is watching? What if I make the worst performance ever, and embarrass him?” Yuuri asked. “I really want to make him proud…”

“You will.” Hiroko promised. “No matter how it goes, you will still help a lot of children, and that’s not something to feel embarrassed about. Victor should be proud, or he doesn’t know what’s truly important.”

Yuuri smiled, grateful for his mother’s words. It made him feel a little bit better at least.

And she was right, he should be focused on having fun, or at least on making as good of a performance as possible, for the sake of the sick children.

The woman in charge of the event said that many of them were skating fans, but most of them couldn’t skate due to their illness.

Yuuri wished that his skating would be able to cure them, but hopefully, it might at least give them the strength to continue fighting until they won the battle. Cancer should lose, always.

Maybe he would even skate against one of the kids someday. Maybe they’ll even win. He hoped so.

“Can you please lower the volume on that thing?” Yakov pleaded.
“What?” Victor took off his headphones. “Did you say something?”

“We’re on a flight, people are trying to sleep,” Yakov stated. “And you should too. There’s almost twenty hours until we’re there.”

Victor groaned. “But I’m not tired. Yuuri is awake and we’re playing tic-tac-toe.”

Yakov did a double take. “How does that even work?”

“Images.” Victor smiled. “We can also play four-in-a-row and rock, paper, scissors.”

Yakov raised his eyebrows. “Okay then…” He said dumbly. “Well, I’m sleeping. If you’re smart you’ll get some rest before the event. There will be bad publicity if you fall asleep among sick kids.”

“I won’t do that.” Victor protested before releasing a sigh of defeat. “I’ll sleep once this set is over.”

Yakov cherished in the rare moment of victory. Before he closed his eyes and allowed sleep to claim him.

………………………

“Are you checking in?” The receptionist asked as the two women and Yuuri stepped into the hotel’s lobby.

“Yes.” Minako said. “We have a room booked for the skating event.”

The receptionist checked his computer. “Last name?”

“Katsuki.” Hiroko chimed in.

The receptionist nodded. “Yes, we have you right here.” He turned around and got out a key. “You’re in room 503. Enjoy your stay.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but notice a lot of other children down in the reception. They had to be skaters, if their huge suitcases were anything to judge them by. They all spoke different languages and there was even a boy a little bit younger than him who stood in the center of a small group of kids and told a story about his skates in English.

“Do you want to say hello?” Hiroko asked carefully.

Yuuri barely knew English and he didn’t know how to approach them. So he shook his head determinately.

“Come on, then.” Hiroko placed a supportive hand on her son’s shoulder. “Let’s get you ready for bed. Tomorrow will be a long day.”

Yuuri nodded. She was right.

He would have a chance to meet the other kids in the morning, hopefully someone Japanese, someone he could have a conversation with.

Until then, he would just stay close to his mom and Minako. It was safest that way.

……………………

“Do you need to announce the fact that you know Japanese to the whole world?” Yakov questioned as Victor kept speaking to strangers about the weather.
Victor grinned. “Jealous?”

Yakov huffed in annoyance as they stepped into the lobby of their hotel.

“Oh my god! That’s Victor Nikiforov!” A child screamed as soon as she laid her eyes on the Russian skater.

Victor beamed. “Hi there!” He waved. “Yakov, can I please go and talk to them?”

“Sure.” Yakov grumbled. “But then you need to go to… sleep…”

Victor had already left him alone by the reception, in favor of greeting his fans.

Yakov allowed himself to smile at his protégés happiness. There was nothing Victor loved more than meeting fellow skaters and to share his love for the sport with them. That was something admirable. Yakov only wished that he didn’t throw around his tips and tricks to everyone he met, there was no need to make the competition harder than it already was.

“Wow, are you gonna skate with us?” A boy asked in awe.

Victor smiled. “I’m afraid I’m too old for that. I’m here to watch the competition with the children from the hospital.”

“Are you going to watch us skate?” A little British girl asked.

Victor nodded. “I really look forward to it.”

The girl squealed in delight.

Victor smiled fondly.

“I’m going to win!” A boy declared.

“No. I am!” Another boy snapped.

Victor chuckled. “It doesn’t matter who wins, as long as you do your best and have fun, you’re already a winner.”

“You’re so smart!” The British girl cheered. “And your hair is so beautiful.”

Victor laughed. “Thank you.”

“Have you seen my skates?” Another boy asked. “I have golden blades, just like you.”

“Wow! That’s amazing!” Victor gasped.

The boy chuckled proudly.

“Vitya. Time to go.” Yakov barked.

Victor nodded in agreement. “I’ll see you tomorrow.” He told the young skaters.

“Victor please don’t go…” They all whined.

“He needs to sleep.” Yakov snapped and pulled Victor along.

“Good luck tomorrow!” Victor called, as his coach pulled him into the elevator and pressed the
“Weren’t the adorable?” Victor asked cheerfully.

Yakov made a non-committal sound. “They were kids.”

“So grumpy…” Victor said in disapproval.

The elevator stopped and Victor got out first. “What room do we have?”

Yakov checked the keycard. “504.”

Victor went in the direction of the numbers, but just as he spotted their door, he smelled something familiar. It smelled just like… Yuuri?

“Victor. Go.” Yakov scolded as Victor stopped abruptly enough for Yakov to almost crash into him.

Victor shook off his line of thought. Maybe Yuuri was just reaching out to him? He didn’t shiver, but maybe he missed it?

~Yuuri?~

Yuuri was in the midst of listening to the soundtrack he was performing to tomorrow and trying to get in character. He didn’t expect Victor to be reaching out at this time. It was Saturday and he was usually at practice right now.

~What are you doing?~

Yuuri was just about to answer when his mother took out one of his earphones.

“Time to sleep.” She said.

Yuuri nodded. “I’m just going to say goodnight to Victor.”

Hiroko smiled. “Sure, honey.”

~I’m just listening to music~ Yuuri said.

Victor frowned thoughtfully. It didn’t seem like Yuuri reached out for any particular reason. Maybe he was just thinking about him subconsciously. Or what if…? What if Yuuri was actually here?

“Vitya. Brush your teeth and get to bed. We need to get up early and go the hospital. There will be no time for you to sleep in tomorrow.” Yakov said and placed their suitcases aside.

“Sure.” Victor muttered and went into the bathroom. Yuuri would tell him if he was in this competition, right? He wouldn’t keep it a secret. Not to him. They told each other everything. Even completely unnecessary things like what they had for breakfast.

~I’m going to sleep now. I’ll talk to you tomorrow~

Victor remembered that all the other skaters were socializing downstairs. If Yuuri really was here, wouldn’t he be with them?

Victor had to be imagining things. Or maybe it was just wishful thinking. Right now, he was closer
to Yuuri than he had ever been in his entire life. It had to be it. He didn’t want to get his hopes up.

If Yuuri was here however…

Well, tomorrow he would know…

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun dun dun... XD I can't believe I've written almost 70 pages in less than three weeks... XD This is going so fast... XD But I hope you like this story so far, and you might guess what's coming... ;) #TheMeeting #FateDecides #TrueLove

But please tell me what you thought!! <3<3 Your comments make me so happy and they spin my imagination like a quad axel... ;)

Anyway, thank you so much for reading! <3<3 And kudos to you all! <3<3
First meeting

Chapter Summary

Yuuri is ready for his performance and Victor is determined to motivate the sick children.

Chapter Notes

Boy, that was really hard to write... XD

I had to write each scene down, they all came to me at different times, and I spent the past 4 hours trying to bring them all together into a somewhat concrete chapter... XD (It might be full of mistakes, so please let me know if you find any! <3)

I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuuri.” Hiroko called carefully. “Wake up.”

Yuuri shot out of bed like a bullet. “What time is it?”

“It’s 8.00am.” Minako called from the small hotel bathroom, as she brushed her teeth with little to none enthusiasm.

Yuuri let out a breath of relief. He was on time. The competitions started at noon, and he himself was performing at one, which left him with plenty of time to practice and preparing for his number.

Unlike official figure skating competitions, this one wasn’t based on the scores of a short-program and a free-skate. Instead, they squished them together into one number and one chance to prove what they were worth.

Yuuri had been planning for that, ever since he received his letter. He made his number as difficult as possible, while still trying to keep it simple. He knew all of his step sequences in his sleep. He was more worried about the jumps. He had the hardest one as his grand finale. And he was about 90% sure that he would fail it completely.

“You’re going to be fine.” Minako assured. “And you know what they said, failing makes you better in the long run…”

Yuuri hated that saying. It didn’t make sense. Whenever he failed something, it only made it harder for him to succeed.

“Just relax and do your best.” Hiroko said gently. “We’re already proud of you for making it this far.”

Yuuri only wished that Victor felt the same way. All he wanted, was for his mate to be proud of him.
Which is why he couldn’t afford to fail. Victor was counting on him.

And Yuuri would never let him down.

Never.

“Vitya. I’m not leaving until you get out of that bed.” Yakov declared.

Victor tried to muffle his voice out with his pillow. He had spent most of the night pondering on whether he should go up and knock on their neighbor’s door or not. He had definitely smelled Yuuri, and his gut feeling told him that his true mate was around. But he was terrified of the possibility that Yuuri wouldn’t be there and that the disappointment would be too hard for him to handle.

That would mean that he would have to cancel his appearance at the children’s hospital and let down dozens of sick children. He didn’t want that. How would he ever be able to explain that to Yuuri?

“Vitya.” Yakov warned. “You’re supposed to be there in an hour. And god knows that half of that time will be untangling that bird nest of yours, that you call hair.”

“You’re mean in the mornings…” Victor complained.

Yakov groaned in annoyance. “I’ll give you to the count of ten. If you’re not up before then, I’ll call the hospital and cancel this whole thing…” He threatened. “One…”

Victor’s eyes widened. “I’m up!” He exclaimed and stood up wobbly. “I’m up…” He repeated with a yawn.

“Good, get ready. The taxi leaves in fifty minutes.”

Yuuri felt confident, which was a feeling he was almost unfamiliar with by this point. But he had nailed every single one of his triple salchows, and the step sequence was in perfect sync with the music. He had chosen an instrumental song that didn’t distract from his number. He didn’t want people to sing along or lose the attention that should be reserved for him and only him. He didn’t want Victor to look away, not for a second.

His costume was pretty much a copy of Victor’s but mirrored. He wanted Victor to know just how inspiring he was, and he wanted him to know that Yuuri was his second half. That they belonged together like two pieces from a puzzle.

Hopefully Victor would see the connection and know that he was his true mate, and not sue him for copying his costume. That would be sad…

And hopefully Victor wouldn’t be disappointed with Yuuri. Yuuri didn’t live in some kind of illusion. Victor was beautiful, probably the most beautiful man in the universe, while Yuuri was plain and average looking. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea after all…

“Yuuri? Why are you stopping?” Minako called across the small rink.

“I… I don’t think I’m ready for this…” Yuuri called back. “Maybe I should just cancel and go home and practice for another year?”

“Nonsense.” Minako waved off. “Come on, one more time. From the top.”
Victor had no idea how it happened, but all the sudden he was surrounded by children. And he couldn’t help but feel an ache in his chest, every time they smiled at him or asked him a question about figure skating. They all looked so fragile, and Victor wanted nothing else but to wrap them in blankets and fight this horrible disease for them.

How was cancer allowed to exist? It should crawl back to hell where it belonged.

“Victor?” A little girl asked shyly.

“Yes?” Victor smiled gently at her.

“How did you learn Japanese?” She asked.

Victor felt his heart flutter at the question, or more accurately, the thought of Yuuri. “My true mate is from here.” He explained. “I learned so I could speak to him, and he could speak to me.”

The girl smiled at that. “Do you love him very much?”

“I do.” Victor declared. “I love him more than I can describe.”

“Then why aren’t you with him?” A boy asked. “If I had a true mate, I would be with them all the time.”

“I want to.” Victor said. “But there are rules. We need to wait until fate brings us together. Or it could affect our bond. We don’t want that.”

All the children nodded in sync.

“You have really pretty hair.” Another boy said suddenly. “When I get well, I will get long hair just like yours.”

“I’d like that.” Victor said. “We can even compete, see who can grow it longer.”

The boy’s eyes widened. “But that’s not fair. You already have a head start.”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “If you contact me when you’re well, I will cut off my hair. Then we can compete fairly. How does that sound?”

The boy nodded excitedly. “I will kick your butt.”

Victor chuckled. “I’m sure you will. And I can’t wait for it…”

Yuuri and his company made it to the rink where the competition was held, half an hour before they started.

Yuuri didn’t talk to anyone. He had his song on repeat on his mp3-player. He glanced to the other children a few times but he was thankful that they all seemed to give him his space. All of them had different rituals, all from stretching to trying out the moves on the floor. Yuuri preferred to go into his music and perform his number mentally.

He allowed for the bond between him and Victor to remain open. All of Victor’s feelings were transferred over to him and he used every single one of them to make himself better.

“Yuuri.” Hiroko said after a while. “It’s almost your turn.”
Yuuri looked to the ice with determination. He was ready.

................................

Victor was seated right next to Yakov and an entire row of children from the hospital.

Victor was completely geeking out when he saw the performances of the young skaters. He even turned it into a private commentary for himself and his company. He got so emerged that he barely registered what was going on around him.

Which is probably why the commenter’s announcement came as a shock to the Russian boy.

“And now, give a warm welcome to the new uprising star of Japan, ten-year-old Katsuki Yuuri. He has been an all-time favorite in his hometown, Hasetsu and he will...” The commenter spoke. He said more but it turned to meaningless static in Victor's ears.

Yuuri skated out and Victor’s eyes widened as he stood up from his seat. It was him, it was actually him. He was right. Yuuri was here. He had to take a step forward to get a better look at him.

The music started and Yuuri moved.

Oh, and he was so cute. Victor had a mental image of how he thought Yuuri would look like, but it literally faded into nothing, as the real Yuuri took its place.

Yuuri was definitely the cutest little boy Victor had ever seen. And he moved with such grace and talent, so Victor didn’t know if he should squeal or simply just faint. He was too amazing for the human eye. Victor was almost blinded by his beauty.

“Victor?” Yakov asked. “Is that...?”

“That’s my true mate.” Victor breathed out as he smiled widely. “That’s my Yuuri.”

“Wow. That’s Victor’s true mate.” The little girl explained to the other children.

Yakov looked between his fourteen-year old protégé and the boy performing his heart out. He knew he had to interfere. Both of them were just kids. There was no way that they were ready for a serious permanent relationship.

If they met face to face, no one would ever be able to tear them apart. That couldn’t happen. They both lived separate lives. Victor couldn’t move to Japan, he had his career, family and friends in Russia. And he seriously doubted that the ten-year-old omega boy would be able to do such a thing as move to Russia either.

Which left him with one choice. Get Victor out of there before things would spiral out of control. He grabbed the younger man’s wrist and began to pull him out. Luckily enough, Victor was too enthralled with watching the younger boy’s performance, so he barely even realized what Yakov was doing.

It was first when Yuuri disappeared from his line of view that reality came crashing back on Victor. Yakov was trying to take him away. He quickly ripped his arm free.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Victor growled and backed away from his coach.

Yakov paled at Victor growling at him. “I’m getting you out of here.” He declared. “You’re not ready to meet yet. You’re just a kid. And he’s even more so...”
Victor glared at him. “That’s my true mate. And it doesn’t matter how young we are. Fate clearly wants us to be together.”

Yakov shook his head in disagreement. “You don’t know what’s best for you. And you need to get out of here before he sees you.”

~Victor, what’s going on?~ Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor turned his attention back to the rink. Yuuri’s performance was almost over. He couldn’t afford to be distracted. Victor could see how obviously talented Yuuri was. He was going to win. And Victor refused to do anything that might keep him from doing so.

“I need to focus on my mate.” Victor told his grumpy coach and left him there.

“Vitya.” Yakov snapped. “Get back here.”

Victor promptly ignored him, as he made his way closer. Yuuri was magical, he was in the latter half of his performance and he wasn’t slowing down the slightest, nor did he show any signs of tiredness.

And just when Victor thought he was going to skate to a halt and end his performance, the music grew stronger and he made a jump, a triple salchow.

Victor gasped. He was only ten, Jesus Christ. And almost at the end of his program…

Not even Victor would have dared to try something so bold when he was around Yuuri’s age.

The audience seemed to appreciate the jump as well, as they more or less roared in awe.

Victor smiled proudly.

Eventually, the music finally began to subdue and Yuuri stopped in the middle of the rink with his face turned to Victor.

Victor froze. He was looking right at him.

~Victor?~

…………………………

Victor seemed to be completely frozen in shock, before he suddenly smiled at him and nodded.

Yuuri couldn’t believe his eyes. Was he hallucinating? Was this something new to their bond? Could they make themselves appear and disappear as they wished?

It wasn’t until Victor’s coach began pulling at Victor’s arm, that Yuuri realized that this was actually happening. Victor was here, less than ten meters away from him. But as his coach tugged on him, the distance grew further. He was going away. He was going to leave.

Yuuri couldn’t let that happen. “Victor!” He called and hurried forwards. He almost stumbled over flowers and stuffed toys that people had thrown to him, but he managed to get past them until he reached the edge of the ice. But by that time, Victor and his coach was almost by the exit.

Yuuri ripped off his skates and continued. He was barefoot and the floor was cold under his feet, but all he could focus on was reaching his mate. Getting to Victor, before it was too late was more important than anything.
There was a crowd with reporters and journalists that Yuuri practically pushed aside in his rush. He heard them murmuring behind him but they quickly faded once he heard the voice that he had been listening to his entire life, the voice that meant more to him than anything, the voice of his mate, the voice of Victor.

“Victor?” He called again, a little bit quieter as they were now so close to each other.

Victor stopped and so did his coach.

As their eyes met, Yuuri could see his entire life with Victor flash before his eyes. He remembered all times that Victor used to sing him lullabies when he was younger, he remembered all the times that Victor gave him strength whenever his life was weighing him down too hard, he remembered all the times Victor had reminded him how loved he was, and how he would always be there for him. No matter what...

And for a moment they just stood there in silence. It was as if the world suddenly stopped spinning around them if only for a few seconds.

And after what seemed like an eternity, Victor smiled to him again, brighter than ever. Yuuri could even feel his happiness over the bond. Or maybe it was just his own? Either way, it made him soar.

Victor took the first step towards him before he stopped again. “Hi, Yuuri.” He greeted in Japanese.

Yuuri felt his eyes fill with tears as he allowed himself to run the final steps and close the distance between himself and his mate.

Victor was ready to greet him with open arms before he curled them around him and held him close.

Yuuri breathed in the scent of roses, the scent he had known ever since his first day alive. It was filling him up with the sense of security and familiarity. It was as if he after one hundred years of searching, finally found his home. And it wasn’t a place, it was a person. It was his Victor.

“I told you we would meet soon.” Victor whispered against him.

Yuuri smiled and nodded against his shoulder. “Thank you.” He said. ”For everything..."

Chapter End Notes

There you have it... <3<3 They finally met... Now is the question, what happens next...? ;) <3 (Answer: A lot)

I have so many ideas for this fic, and they strike at the weirdest times... XD

But I love to know your thoughts!! <3<3 Your comments brings me constant joy, so thank you so much for showering this fic with so much love! <3<3<3 It makes it so fun to write! <3<3<3

Love to you all! <3<3<3
Staying together?

Chapter Summary

They boys are bonding.

Chapter Notes

Keep your eyes open for mistakes, it's 3:00 am here, and I can barely read straight anymore... XD I'm almost done with the next part, but I'll probably finish it tomorrow and upload it then. Meanwhile you can enjoy this little piece of fluffyness... ;) <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor couldn’t believe that it was actually him. It was Yuuri. His Yuuri. His true mate, his everything…
And he was right here, in Victor’s embrace.
“I can’t believe that you’re actually here.” Yuuri whispered, as if he had just read Victor’s mind.
“I suppose fate decided that it was finally our time.” Victor whispered back.
They suddenly realized that they were no longer alone, the tiny hallway was suddenly filling up with reporters and journalists, along with a few guards and people responsible for the event, all wondering why the ten-year-old skater disappeared in such a haste.
“Yuuri?” Hiroko called suddenly, making Yuuri pull away from Victor.
“Mom?” Yuuri asked in confusion.
Hiroko looked to the older boy who had her son in his arms. “Victor?”
Victor nodded. “Nice to meet you.”
Yakov shifted on his feet awkwardly. “I tried to get Victor away, but I’m afraid his stubbornness was too strong.” He said in English, trying to find a way to communicate with this other adult.
Hiroko’s English was very limited. So she nodded politely and turned her attention back to the two boys that were more or less attached to each other. “Victor, is that your father?”
Victor laughed. “Only while I’m away on official events, kind of my skating dad, but not really. He’s my coach but he likes to act like a dad when he finds it suiting.”
“Oh…” Hiroko said in confusion. “And he doesn’t speak Japanese?”
“Nah, only Russian and some bad English but I’ll be happy to translate for you.” Victor offered.
Hiroko smiled at her son’s mate’s politeness. “Can you ask him how long you’re allowed to stay here?”

Victor nodded and turned to Yakov. “Yuuri’s mom wants to know how long I’m allowed to stay here.”

“Our flight leaves tomorrow.” Yakov said sternly.

Victor frowned in displeasure at the response. “I can’t leave.” He claimed. “I won’t go anywhere without Yuuri.”

Yakov sighed. “Victor, you’re both kids. But you’re old enough to know that you can’t be together. Your life is in Russia and Yuuri’s life is here.”

“What is he saying?” Yuuri asked.

Victor looked down on his mate. Yakov must be out of his mind if he believed that Victor would be able to leave him. “He says that I can stay for as long as I want to.”

Yuuri lit up. “That’s amazing!”

Victor almost had a heart attack over how cute Yuuri was when he was happy. His eyes sparkled like a million stars, and Victor could just drown in them.

“Victor?” Yakov warned.

“I’ll just leave my life in Russia. I can go to school here and live with Yuuri.” Victor said matter-of-factly.

“Victor, listen to yourself. You’re acting crazy.”

Victor shook his head in denial. If crazy would keep him and Yuuri together, that was exactly what he would be.

“Victor.” Yakov repeated.

“Did you get your points?” Victor asked Yuuri. The conversation between him and Yakov was now over.

“Points?” Yuuri repeated.

“From your performance?” Victor clarified.

A light blush spread across Yuuri’s cheeks and Victor couldn’t help but to stare at his mate’s face in fascination. How could he possibly be any cuter?

“I- I think I missed them…” Yuuri explained. “I had to run…”

That’s when Victor noticed that Yuuri wasn’t wearing any shoes or skates. His feet were completely bare, and slowly turning red from the cold.

“Yuuri…” Victor scolded and reached into his pockets to get out his gloves. Luckily, Yuuri’s feet were about the same size as his hands. “You shouldn’t take off your shoes in an ice rink. It’s cold in here.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile when Victor placed his gloves onto his feet. It wasn’t as if he was
freezing to death or anything, but he had to admit that it felt nice to have Victor care for him like he did.

“Better?” Victor asked. His blue eyes filled with concern made Yuuri feel all warm and fuzzy inside. He nodded gratefully which made Victor beam with pride.

Victor relished in the feeling of finally being able to help Yuuri. He was no longer a completely useless sack of potatoes across the world. Now he could finally make a difference that would keep his mate safe.

“Come on…” Victor said and reached out his hand to Yuuri. “Let’s see your score.”

Yuuri had to blink multiple times to make sure that his name at the top of the scoreboard was actually correct, and not a symptom of his bad eyesight.

Victor however, didn’t even need to glance at it a second time. His Yuuri was definitely the best, and if he weren’t in the lead, something would definitely be wrong. “Yuuri, you did amazing. You’re going to win.” He cheered.

Yuuri felt stunned as Victor hugged him. Was he actually in the lead?

“Yuuri.” Minako called. “Where did you go?”

As soon as she laid her eyes on Victor, she understood. After having Yuuri showing her his collection of Victor-related merchandise, there was really no way to be mistaken. That was definitely Victor.

Yuuri looked between his dance teacher and true mate before realizing that he should probably introduce the two.

“Victor, this is Minako, my ballet teacher. And Minako, this is Victor. My true mate.” Yuuri said and looked up at Victor to see his reaction.

Victor almost lost himself when Yuuri referred to him as his true mate. It was his most treasured title.

“It’s nice to finally meet you.” Minako said and extended her hand. “Yuuri speaks very fondly of you.”

Victor was fairly certain that his face was going to burst from the smile that kept growing. Yuuri spoke of him when he wasn’t around? That’s so cute!

Victor reached out his hand without letting go of Yuuri. “It’s nice to meet you too, you made an excellent job in coaching Yuuri. He might be the best figure skater I’ve ever seen.”

Yuuri felt his face burn from the intruding blush. It was one thing to hear Victor’s praise through their bond, but an entirely different thing for everyone else to hear it.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked cheerfully. “Why are you embarrassed? I always tell you how great you are.”

Yuuri didn’t know how he would answer that, so he decided on hiding his face in Victor’s chest.

Victor chuckled fondly. Yuuri just kept getting cuter and cuter.

But once he was able to rip his eyes away from the wonderful boy in his arms, he noticed that the adults had gathered together and they were talking about something. Minako looked like she knew
English since she and Yakov chatted away.

Victor only hoped that those Japanese women would talk some sense into his bull-minded coach.

If they didn’t, Victor would turn to his parents. Surely they would understand. Adults are supposed to be smarter than children, yet they seemed completely incapable of understanding the simple concept of love.

“Are they going to keep us apart?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor realized that Yuuri had also noticed how the adults were talking to each other and seemingly trying to keep them out of it.

Victor shook his head. “They can’t.” He stated. “They have to come up with a solution for us to be together.”

“What if they don’t?” Yuuri prodded. “What if they’re trying to come up with a plan to keep us separated forever?”

Victor could feel Yuuri’s worries and all of his instincts practically screamed at him to make them go away.

“It’s going to be fine.” Victor promised. “I won’t allow them to separate us.”

Yuuri tightened his grip on Victor’s shirt in assurance. “Me neither.” He declared. “Does this mean that you’ll come to Hasetsu with me? After the competition?”

Victor nodded. “And maybe we can go to St. Petersburg over the holidays? You can meet my parents, oh, and Makkachin.”

“I’d love that!” Yuuri beamed.

“Victor?”

Victor turned around and saw the entire group of children standing behind him. The group he and Yakov were currently responsible for. He almost forgot about them.

“Oh, have you met Yuuri?” Victor asked lamely. “He’s the one who’s going to win this, and he’s also my true mate.”

Yuuri felt his face turn into a horribly shade of red as they all looked at him with giant eyes.

“Your skating was the best thing ever!” A little four-year-old boy cheered. “Can I have your autograph?” He reached out a notepad and a pen as he bowed politely.

Yuuri felt stunned as he accepted the pen uncertainly. “S-sure…” He stuttered out. “What’s your name?”

“Kenjirou.” The boy smiled proudly. “And when I grow up, I’ll be a skater, just like you.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I’m sure you will.”

Kenjirou squealed in delight. “Of course, it has to be when I’m no longer sick. My doctor needs to make sure that my blood is good, but then, I will take over the world with my skates.” He explained.

Yuuri finished his autograph and handed the notepad back to the younger boy. “I can’t wait for it. I
really look forward to skating with you.”

Kenjiro blushed. “I look forward to skating with you too.” He admitted sheepishly.

“Minami is in love…” A little girl singsonged.

Kenjiro went from blushing to completely bright red. “You’re in love with Victor!” He quipped.

“Am not!” The girl protested.

“Why are you wearing gloves on your feet?” Another child suddenly asked.

Yuuri glanced down. “Oh, they’re Victor’s.”

Victor chuckled. “Aren’t they nice? Maybe I’ll start a new fashion trend?”

Yuuri laughed.

Victor had never heard anything more angelic. And once again, he found himself unable to do anything but to stare at his mate and admire his beauty.

“I should probably go and get my skates…” Yuuri said while glancing at his feet self-consciously. “And maybe find my shoes.”

“I’ll help you.” Victor offered.

“Shouldn’t you… you know…? Watch them?” Yuuri asked and looked at the children worriedly.

“Yakov!” Victor called.

Yakov looked at him in annoyance.

“Watch the kids, I’m going to help Yuuri find his skates.” Victor said in Russian, so his coach wouldn’t make any mistakes.

“I’m busy over here.” Yakov called back.

Victor frowned. “You’re my coach, and my parents aren’t paying you to chat with other adults. So do your job or I’ll find someone better.”

“Victor?” Yuuri gasped. “There’s really no need for you to yell at your coach.”

“What?” Victor asked innocently. Heart shaped smile perfectly in place. “That wasn’t yelling. I simply asked him to watch the children for a while. But the Russian language can seem harsh sometimes, so that’s a common mistake.”

Yuuri looked to Yakov who was practically fuming with anger. “He seems kind of upset…” He pointed out.

Victor shrugged. “He always looks upset, you shouldn’t worry about it… So, where did you take off your skates?”

Yuuri decided to take Victor’s word for it. He was older, and Mari always says that age brings wisdom, which is why she knew everything. “By the edge of the rink.” He admitted.

“Okay, guys. Yakov will watch out for you until we return. And if you misbehave you won’t see my
exclusive pictures of Makkachin.” Victor declared.

The children nodded solemnly.

Victor smiled. “Come on Yuuri. Let’s find your skates.”

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? <3<3<3 They are two “Overly attached husbands” They just
doesn't know it yet... :) <3<3

And Yakov is only grumpy because he cares... <3 It is known... XD

In the next chapter you will find out what the grownup's decision is...
#InTheNextEpisodeOfDearlyBeloved XD Sorry, my jokes are bad when it's this late...
XD (That wasn't even a joke, what am I even doing?)

Anyway, I hope you liked this chapter! <3<3 And kudos to all of you! <3<3
Yuuri and Victor gets to spend more time with each other. And the adults decide on a plan of action.

That took... Longer than expected... XD Anyway, here you go! <3<3

As soon as they had gathered Yuuri’s skates, they immediately got distracted from the other skaters performances.

Yuuri looked at them with amazement, while Victor analyzed them more critically. They weren’t even close to being as amazing as Yuuri. And Victor was happy to tell his mate just that.

When Yuuri refused to believe him, Victor began to take apart the other skaters programs and techniques, so that Yuuri would have absolute proof of his talent.

And once everyone was finally done. Yuuri’s name still remained at the top of the scoreboard.

“I told you so…” Victor grinned.

Yuuri smiled shyly as Victor took him to claim his prize, which was basically receiving a giant check and then passing it along to the person responsible for the hospital. Victor couldn’t remember her name. But he loved to see Yuuri’s expression when he shook hands with her.

He looked so little in comparison and so happy and proud. Victor almost cursed himself that he hadn’t gone to Japan earlier in his life and gotten more of these moments with Yuuri.

But he made a vow to himself to go to every single one of Yuuri’s future competitions. Even if it so was a contest between his friends on who was able to skate the fastest.

Victor didn’t want to miss a single moment like this, ever again.

“Look Victor!” Yuuri cheered as he got off the stage. “I even got a medal.”

Victor beamed with pride. “That’s amazing!”

Yuuri threw himself in Victor’s arms out of joy. “Thank you for believing in me.”

“Of course, Yuuri.” Victor couldn’t imagine doing anything else. “I’ll always believe in you.”

“Pfft… The only reason Yuuri won is because he’s an omega.” The over-confident American kid from the day before claimed.
Victor immediately stiffened. The kid was speaking to his friend, but he was still standing close enough so that anyone could hear exactly what he was saying. Okay, not anyone. Yuuri.

"Yeah. I heard the judges are nicer with their points when it comes to omegas. He wouldn’t have had any chance if he was an alpha.” The other boy agreed.

Victor had heard enough. And he wouldn’t risk Yuuri hearing them and feel bad about this amazing achievement. So he pulled away from his true mate and turned to the insolent boys. “Did you say something?” He questioned.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked as he noticed his mate’s sudden change of demeanor.

The boys took a step back. “No…” One of them said.

Yuuri had no idea what was going on. His English was limited to polite introductions and game buttons.

“Do you think Yuuri won just because he’s an omega? Not because he literally kicked your ass with his incredible performance? Are you that sore of a loser?” Victor questioned. “I’d like to see you pull off a triple salchow almost at the end of your program, or at all for that matter.”

Yuuri only understood bits and pieces. It was something about his performance. And Victor said something about him being an omega and kicking their ass but also something about a sore loser and triple salchow…?

The American boy shook his hands frantically. “We didn’t mean…”

“Apologize to him.” Victor demanded.

“Sorry, Yuuri.” They both said in sync.

“It’s okay…?” Yuuri said in confusion, and glanced to Victor in hope of an explanation.

Victor just glared at the kids. “Now, get out of my sight. And if I ever catch you trying to insult my mate’s abilities again, you will be truly sorry, understood?”

The boys nodded in fear.

Yuuri cursed the fact that he didn’t pay more attention in English class. He had absolutely no idea what Victor had just told them. But before he got a chance to ask, they were practically running for their lives.

“I’m so sorry you had to hear that, my love.” Victor declared, now speaking Japanese again. “They really shouldn’t have said that. They had no idea what they were talking about. You won fair and square.”

“Is that what that was about?” Yuuri asked. “I barely understood a thing…”

“You don’t speak English?” Victor asked in surprise.

“I only speak a little.” Yuuri admitted. “I’m trying to learn and be better, but I’m really not that good with languages.”

“You will be.” Victor promised. “Until then, I can be your translator.”

“You’d do that?” Yuuri asked.
“Of course.” Victor declared. “There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you.”

Yuuri blushed slightly, as he could literally feel the conviction behind his mate’s words. “There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you either.”

Victor had to keep himself from squealing. “Yuuri!” He exclaimed instead. “You’re too sweet!”

Yuuri’s blush intensified. “Maybe we should go and check on the children?” He suggested. Mostly to get Victor’s attention directed somewhere else before his face burned up. “There were a lot of them. And I don’t think that your coach… Uhm… Yakov, will be able to keep an eye on all of them…”

“He’ll manage.” Victor waved off. “He’s the one who dragged me into this, he can take some responsibility for it.”

Yuuri did a double take. “Did you not want to be here?” He asked in surprise.

Victor felt as he had just been slapped by the question. “Of course I did.” He exclaimed.

“B-but… You just said…?”

“I say stupid things sometimes.” Victor admitted. “I don’t even know why…”

“But did he really drag you here?” Yuuri questioned.

“Well, I did get on the plane voluntarily… But Yakov was the one who had to convince me to do so. I had a test on Thursday and I wanted to spend my weekend sleeping in and watching bad movies. But he convinced me that helping sick children would be more rewarding in the long run…” Victor explained.

“I’m glad he managed to convince you.” Yuuri smiled. “Or we might not have met each other…”

Victor felt those words sinking in and he realized just how right he was. He should probably apologize for snapping at his coach and thank him for bringing him there. Yakov had made his life so much better after all.

He was finally with Yuuri.

And Victor was eternally grateful for that. “I’m glad too.” He admitted. “And come to think of it. Didn’t I promise the children to show them exclusive pictures of Makkachin?”

Yuuri nodded. “You did.”

“Oh, and they also need to see your medal.” Victor exclaimed. “Come on, Yuuri. We can’t let them down.”

Back at the hotel, the grownups had apparently decided on a plan of action.

“You’ll have one week together.” Hiroko stated. “Then we will help you to adjust back to your normal lives. Victor can come and visit you, and you can visit him from time to time. But we believe that the best thing for both of you is to grow up separately”

“What?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “You’re really going to separate us?”

“We’re not separating you.” Minako chimed in. “We’re just… Allowing you to grow up, apart from
each other… At least until you’re old enough to make adult decisions for yourselves.”

“You can’t do this.” Victor snapped while glaring at his coach accusingly. Did Yakov make this happen because he was annoyed with Victor for snapping at him? “We just found each other.” He practically yelled.

“Victor, he’s a kid and you’re a teenager. You will soon go into rut for the first time. Do you really want to be around Yuuri then?” Yakov questioned. “Or do you want to be around him when he goes into heat and won’t be able to make decisions for himself?”

Victor couldn’t think of a good comeback. “I would never hurt him.” He said instead.

“And how will you control that, when your instincts have the upper hand?” Yakov quipped more harshly than intended.

Victor glared daggers at the floor. He didn’t know.

“Look…” Yakov said more gently. “We want to protect both of you. And we believe that the best way to do so, is to keep you apart… At least for a little while longer.”

“Victor? What is he saying?” Yuuri asked in concern but when Victor didn’t answer he turned to his mom. “Mom, you can’t do this. I want to be with Victor.”

“Yuuri, you’re ten years old.” Hiroko said seriously. “And until you’re old enough to know what you want in life, you need to grow up apart from your mate.”

“But I already know what I want in life.” Yuuri argued. “I want to be a figure skater.”

“You can’t be a figure skater forever.” Minako explained. “And your life is long. You will have time to be together. But it’s too early for you right now. You still need to finish school. Go to collage, live a little…”

“Why?”

“Because if we let you grow up together right now, you will inevitably become codependent.” Minako said seriously.

Yuuri looked to Victor for clarification. “Codependent basically means that we won’t be able to survive apart from each other…”

“But why would we ever want to be apart?” Yuuri asked. “I want to be with Victor for the rest of my life.”

“Yuuri…” Hiroko tried. “Victor will be eighteen in four years, then he could even move to Japan if he wants to. And once you’re eighteen, you can do just what you want. But we’re adults right now, and we know what’s best for you…”

“No.” Yuuri protested. “You’re not the one who has to spend four years with half a soul, so you don’t get to decide this.”

“Yuuri, I don’t want to be apart from you either…” Victor chimed in. “But…”

“No. No buts.” Yuuri declared.

“They have some points, Yuuri.” Victor said gently. “I want you to bloom. And it would kill me if I stood in your way of achieving greatness.”
“I don’t care about greatness. I don’t want to bloom. I just want to be with you.” Yuuri frantically tried to explain.

“We’ll still be able to see each other.” Victor continued. “I can come visit you in Hasetsu, and you can come to Russia. We’ll make it work.”

Yuuri felt tears sting his eyes.

Victor pulled Yuuri into his embrace. “Please don’t cry, my love. Four years isn’t that long. We’ll be together before you know it.”

“I don’t want to wait four years…” Yuuri sniffled. “I want to be with you now.”

Victor took a deep breath in order to keep himself from crying. Seeing Yuuri this sad broke his heart. He knew that he could probably threaten and demand that they’d be together from now on and forever. But Yakov was right. Victor didn’t know how he would react once his instincts kicked in and he had an omega around. And he would never want to risk anything with Yuuri.

And he also didn’t want to get on bad terms with Yuuri’s family by threatening them. They might believe that he was a horrible manipulative person, and that would probably make future family dinners very awkward.

“Please don’t leave…” Yuuri pleaded.

Victor’s eyes widened at the sound of Yuuri’s plead. It was so soft, and in combination with his mate’s giant eyes, Victor suddenly felt himself dangerously captivated and unable to form any coherent sentences.

“Yuuri, you’ll still have a week from today.” Hiroko said gently. “And you won’t be unable to visit each other, we can even go to Russia over the holidays, how does that sound?”

Yuuri hugged Victor close and cried into his true mate’s chest.

Victor couldn’t stand Yuuri crying. He had to fix it. “Hey…” He said gently and angled Yuuri’s face up so he could look him in the eyes. “Our bond won’t disappear just because we’re not in the same room anymore. I’ll always be with you. No matter how far away we are from each other.”

Yuuri’s bottom lip quivered as Victor brushed away his tears. “I will go to all of your competitions, and we will see each other for birthdays and holidays. It won’t be that bad.” He promised.

Yuuri smiled slightly as he could feel Victor reaching out to him through their bond. They both shivered almost at the exact same time. And Yuuri couldn’t keep himself from letting out a wet chuckle.

“There is my little ray of sunshine.” Victor mused with a soft smile, causing Yuuri to blush tremendously. “And we will make it through this. We survived ten years apart. What’s another four years?”

Yuuri supposed he was right. They did manage to live apart for a long time. And if the distance would be too hard for either of them, their parents would probably allow them to visit each other more often. And they would always have their bond.

They would be together eventually.

It was only a matter of time.
I hope you liked this compromise. <3<3<3 And I know that Victor is disrespectful AF sometimes... XD But It will work in Yuuri's favor, Eventually... ;) #Yakov'sFavorite <3

But yeah, we have a week for the boys in Hasetsu! <3<3 Let me know what you think should happen! <3<3<3 Using your feedback to write is basically like having free advisors, I'll just pay you in chapters... ;) <3

Anyway, thank you so much for your continued support! <3<3 It really means the world to me! <3<3<3

Kudos to all!! <3<3
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor arrives to Hasetsu.

Chapter Notes

Eyes open for mistakes... XD #Tired

This is as usually, a giant ball of fluff, mostly from Yuuri's POV I hope you'll like it!
<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri hated how nervous he was feeling, as the train grew closer and closer to his hometown.

Hasetsu was humble. They didn’t have a lot of fancy shops or a lot to do. There was the ice castle, Hasetsu castle, also known as the ninja house, and of course, Yu-Topia.

But would Victor like it?

From the images Yuuri had seen from St. Petersburg, it seemed like the most amazing city in the world. It was both grand and magical. It suited Victor perfectly.

Speaking of Victor, he was probably the most excited person on the train. He constantly looked out the window and asked Yuuri about the towns in which they stopped.

Yuuri didn’t know that much, but he was happy to tell Victor what little information he had. Victor seemed to take in every single one of Yuuri’s words with an unrealistic amount of interest, nodding along and smiling brighter than the sun itself.

Eventually, they reached their station and Victor grabbed ahold of Yuuri’s hand before the younger boy could even process what was happening. And they were out of the train in the blink of an eye.

Leaving the adults to deal with their luggage.

“Wow.” Victor gasped. “This is where you grew up?”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly. “Well, not in the train station, but this is my hometown, Hasetsu.”

Victor chuckled. “You’re always so funny.” He looked around for a few more seconds before locking eyes with Yuuri. His blue eyes reflected the Hasetsu River perfectly. “Please, be my tour-guide?” He asked and made his all too famous heart-shaped smile.

How could Yuuri possibly say no?

..........................
“And this is a trashcan where I usually throw my gum.” Yuuri pointed. Victor said he wanted to see everything.

And the adults said that they had to walk straight home so they could have dinner.

They would have time to see more of Hasetsu in the morning. So Yuuri did whatever he could with what he had. The walk from the train station to Yu-Topia was mostly plain.

Victor, however, didn’t feel the same way. “That’s a very beautiful trashcan.” Victor nodded in approval. “Oh, and what is that?” He pointed to a bench.

Yuuri tried to come up with a memory associated with the bench, but he really couldn’t think of any. “Uhm… That’s a bench where people sometimes sit…”

“Okay, you two.” Minako chuckled fondly. “Focus on the road instead.”

“But Victor has never been here.” Yuuri pointed out. “And I want to show him everything.”

“You can always show him your room when you get home…” Minako mused.

Yuuri froze, his posters, his pillows with Victor’s face on them. They were all out in the open. Victor would see them. And Yuuri would die of humiliation.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked in concern. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri could see Yu-Topia now. There was only a matter of minutes before they were home and Victor would find out what an obsessive crazy person he was.

“Promise me that you won’t go inside my room before I say so?” Yuuri pleaded. “Please?”

Victor’s eyes widened. “Of course. I promise.”

Yuuri released a breath of relief.

“Yuuri, what’s this about?” Victor questioned while glancing to the house nervously.

“It’s just… My room is really messy…” Yuuri lied. His face always grew red when he lied. But Victor didn’t know that. Yuuri could just blame it on embarrassment.

Victor smiled. “Yuuri… I don’t care if your room is messy.” He declared.

“Well, I do.” Yuuri said determinately.

He could see his mom and Minako laughing it out in the background. They knew exactly what Yuuri was trying to hide. Luckily, they didn’t seem eager to tell Victor about it.

Yakov only looked confused.

“Oh, okay then.” Victor agreed. “I won’t go into your room until you say so.”

Yuuri smiled gratefully. “Thank you.”

……………………………..

“So this is Victor, huh?” Mari asked, as her little brother and his mate stepped into her line of sight. Yuuri saw the perfect opportunity for a distraction. “Victor, that’s Mari, my sister.” He introduced.
“Mari?” Victor beamed. “I been wanting to meet you for so long now…”

“Why don’t you get to know each other for a bit?” Yuuri suggested. “And I’ll just… clean up my room.”

Mari snorted. “Didn’t you clean it right before you left?” She questioned, but Yuuri was already out of earshot. So she turned her attention back to the silver-haired boy.

“So you’re the person who’s been whispering in my brother’s ear for the past ten years?” She questioned.

Victor visibly shrank.

Yuuri felt all kinds of panic. The glue he had used to attach his posters to the wall wouldn’t come off. And he refused to rip them to pieces.

So he did the second best thing. He took paintings from the guest rooms, took out the pictures, taped them over his posters and got rid of the frames. So now Victor would probably assume that he was a big fan of sunflowers and landscapes but at least he didn’t come off as crazy.

He hid the rest of his merchandise under his bed. Victor surely wouldn’t look under his bed, right?

Well, just in case, he pushed them in, as far as he could and took other objects from his room and placed them in front of them. Better safe than sorry.

~Yuuri? Are you almost done? I don’t think I will last much longer. Mari doesn’t seem to like me…~

How long had he been gone? He took one final look at his room, only to make sure that it was truly Victor-free. Once he was certain that it was. He went back to where he last saw Victor, to make sure he was okay.

Yuuri hadn’t felt any signs of distress or fear. But Victor was also one of the bravest people in the world. It would take a lot more than Mari to scare him.

“But you do understand why I’m telling you this, right?” Mari questioned.

Yuuri stopped. Were they talking about him?

Victor smiled nervously. “Of, course. And I’ll always be grateful for everything you’ve done and do for Yuuri. But I want you to trust me. I would never do anything to hurt him.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at the declaration.

“Trust is earned.” Mari pointed out. “And if you ever do anything to hurt him… Not even Russia will be big enough for you to hide in…”

Was that a threat?


“Yuuri. It’s okay.” Victor assured.

“No.” Yuuri protested. “Mari just crossed the line. You do not get to threaten my true mate.”
Mari smiled in amusement. “Seriously?”

Yuuri glared at her. “Say you’re sorry.”

Mari rolled her eyes. “Sorry for threatening you, Victor.” It didn’t sound genuine but Yuuri would take it.

Hopefully she wouldn’t do it again.

Yuuri turned to Victor. “Are you okay?”

Victor’s normally pale skin was completely pink. And a giant heart-shaped smile decorated his face. “Yuuri!” He squealed. “My beautiful, adorable, amazing hero.” He threw his arms around the younger boy and hugged him tight.

Mari snorted. “Dorks…”

“Wow! Is this Katsudon?” Victor asked excitedly as Hiroko placed the dish in front of him.

Yuuri nodded proudly. “It’s my favorite.”

“I always cook it on special occasions.” Hiroko declared. “And today is no different.”

“It looks amazing.” Victor declared. “You really made a wonderful job Mrs. Katsuki.”

Hiroko blushed as she smiled. “Thank you.”

“You should taste it.” Yuuri said excitedly. His eyes were completely glued to Victor, as he moved in to take his first bite.

Victor smiled as he tried to work the chopsticks. After wrestling with them for a while, he finally managed to catch a piece of fried pork. And he took a bite, as slowly as he could, with Yuuri tracing every single one of his movements.

And once the flavor finally reached his taste buds, his eyes widened. “Vkusno!” He exclaimed.

Yuuri smiled. “Did you like it?”

“I love it!” Victor corrected. “It’s probably the most delicious thing I’ve ever eaten.” He took a few more bites before suddenly realizing something. “Please don’t say that to my mom.”

“I promise.” Yuuri declared and started on his own meal.

After eating a few bites he realized that Victor was no longer eating and was instead looking at him.

“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked in concern.

Victor smiled. “I’m just admiring the view.” He stated. “And I’m also trying to figure out how you got so good at eating with those chopsticks.”

Yuuri looked at his own hand in question. He didn’t even realize that it was a skill some people didn’t possess. “I could get you a fork if you want?” He asked. “Or a spoon?”

Victor shook his head. “No, no… I’d rather you teach me.”
Yuuri was happy to do so.

“Okay… Before you judge me, I just want you to know, that I’m not the most organized person.” Yuuri explained. Both he and Victor stood outside Yuuri’s closed door. And Victor was almost bursting with curiosity. “My room has always been kind of a disaster. And I still have some toys that I haven’t been able to get rid of yet… And…”

“Yuuri.” Victor interrupted. “I won’t judge you. And I will love you even if you have paintings of clowns.”

Yuuri raised his eyebrows at the very specific choice of decoration. “Why would I have paintings of clowns?”

“I don’t know but they freak me out…” Victor admitted. “But I will love you no matter what.”

Yuuri almost felt bad that he had hidden his most treasured belongings from Victor. But then again, he didn’t want to die from embarrassment. Victor would probably understand that…

“Oh, and I love your picture of the sunflower.” Victor said and pointed to the picture Yuuri used to cover up his Victor-poster. “It kind of reminds me of an artwork made by Van Gogh… It’s kind of crooked, but that’s fixable…”

“No!” Yuuri gasped.

Victor immediately retreated his hands. “Sorry.” He apologized. “My mother always says that I’m a perfectionist. But if you want it crooked. Of course it should stay that way…”

Yuuri shook his head. “It’s just…” He couldn’t find the words to make Victor understand. “I’m a horrible person…” He said instead.

“What? Of course not!” Victor protested. “You’re the most amazing person in this world.”

“No, I’m not.” Yuuri sniffled. “I’m mean and a liar and you deserve so much better…”

“Youuri.” Victor cooed and immediately brought Yuuri into his embrace. “You’re neither of those things.”

“But I am!” Yuuri cried. “I’ve been lying to you ever since we arrived.”

Victor looked at him in concern. “About what?”

Yuuri looked to the crooked picture of the sunflower.
Victor looked at it too. “I’m not sure I understand…” He said in confusion.

Yuuri pulled away from Victor and went over to the wall. “Do you promise to love me, no matter what?”

Victor smiled reassuringly. “I made you that promise years ago… Have I ever let you down?”

“No.” Yuuri agreed.

“Then trust me now.”

Yuuri trusted Victor with his own life, so why was this so hard? He gently peeled away the tape from the picture and carefully took it down.

Victor snorted once he saw what was hidden behind those flowers. It was a poster of him. “That’s not my best side.” He mused.

“You’re no mad at me?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

“I could never be mad at you for this.” Victor stated. “In fact, I don’t think I’ve ever been this flattered.”

“Flattered?” Yuuri repeated as if Victor was speaking a foreign language to him.

“That you chose to have my face plastered to your beautiful wall. It’s an amazing honor and a privilege.” Victor declared.

Yuuri blinked at him, trying to process all of Victor’s words. “So you like it?”

Victor nodded. “Even though I do like the other official poster better. You know, the one where I spin…”

Yuuri looked to his wall and ripped away the picture of the landscape to reveal his other poster, the one Victor just described.

Victor lit up like a star. “Yuuri!” He squealed. “You have two posters of me?”

Yuuri nodded.

Victor walked over to Yuuri and hugged him again. “I could never ask for a better soulmate.”

After Victor had finished admiring Yuuri’s posters, Yuuri decided that he could show Victor the rest of his treasure.

Victor smiled brighter at each object, and Yuuri couldn’t help but feel happy about his mate’s reaction. So he continued on giving him more to admire. Victor laughed at his pillowcase, and wondered why anyone would even make it.

Yuuri didn’t have a good answer, so he just continued his show and tell about all of his merchandise. He didn’t even realize how tired he was. And before he knew it, he had fallen asleep, surrounded by all of his Victors.

And the one that meant most to him.

The real one…
“Aren’t they adorable?” Minako asked.

Yakov had left to check on the children but he never returned. But after seeing what he’d seen, Minako understood why it was so hard to look away.

Both of the children had fallen asleep in a heap of toys and pillows. Victor’s arm was comfortably draped around Yuuri and Yuuri was hugging his arm.

Yakov nodded. “I suppose.”

“They fell asleep together yesterday as well…” Minako continued. “It’s funny. Yuuri’s is always such an uneasy sleeper, but when he’s with Victor… I don’t know, he just looks so peaceful…”

Yakov frowned in concern. “It’s going to be hard for Victor to go back to Russia without him.”

“It’s going to be hard for Yuuri to watch him go.” Minako added. “I wish we didn’t have to split them up. If they were both the same secondary gender, it would have been easier to keep them together. But with the alpha and omega combination, it will be hard enough for them to deal with it once they’re adults. All those hormones wouldn’t be good for either of them, especially not at such a young age. Short visits and long distance is just what they need.”

“It’s going to be hard for them no matter what.” Yakov sighed. “We can only hope that this is the best solution.

“We will try it… But if it doesn’t work, I can always bring Yuuri to Russia, so he can be close to Victor… Hopefully it won’t come to that, but at least it’s an option.” Minako said thoughtfully.

“It would be easier to bring Victor here. He’s older and he knows the language.”

Minako smiled. “Let’s just hope that this works out. They have a week together to get the honeymoon phase out of their systems. They’re both adults in eight years, it’s not that long…”

“It’s long enough for me to go bald, with Victor’s constant nagging.” Yakov grumbled.

Minako chuckled. “At least you’ll save money on shampoo.”

Yakov looked unimpressed.

“Do you want calming cup of tea, Mr. Feltsman?” Hiroko asked quietly as to not disturb the sleeping children.

“That sounds lovely, Mrs. Katsuki.” Yakov said gratefully.

“Please, call me Hiroko.” Hiroko pleaded. “We going to speak a lot about our children. Let’s be on friendly level.”

Yakov nodded politely. “I’d like that. You can call me Yakov.”

Hiroko smiled. “This way, Yakov.”

Minako patted the Russian along so he’d keep up the pace. They had a lot of years ahead of them, with a lot of teenage drama and other things to deal with. It would be very exhausting.

They just had to hope that they would have enough tea…
Chapter End Notes

So, first day, done! ✓

The next day will be more sightseeing around Hasetsu, and Victor's POV. Prepare for a lot of Victor fawning over Yuuri XD

Let me know what you think about this little "stop". Do you want all seven days in Hasetsu, or do you want a time jump to Christmas, or a time jump to "one year later"? Let me know your thoughts! <3<3<3

Thank you so much for reading!! <3<3
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Yuuri shows Victor around Hasetsu.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all of your feedback from last chapter!! <3<3 It really helped me to make up my mind in how I wanted to play this! <3<3 I hope you'll like it. And I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

It's late... (As usual) So keep your eyes open for mistakes, if you find them, just leave a comment so I can edit them out!<3<3<3

All love! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor was the first one to wake up the next day. The first thing he realized was that he couldn’t move.

Yuuri was asleep right next to him. And he was hugging his arm.

Victor felt his heart melt. Just when he thought he couldn’t fall any deeper in love, Yuuri did something like this, something so unreasonable cute, that all of Victor’s defenses got crushed into dust.

Luckily, Yuuri was turned away from him. If he saw his face right now, Victor was certain he wouldn’t live to tell the tale. He would die from cuteness-overload.

In the middle of Victor planning his funeral, Yuuri stirred and squeezed his arm tighter.

Victor gasped.

And suddenly, Yuuri was awake.

He released Victor’s arm and turned to him.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked in disorientation. His heavy eyelids and tousled hair was a fatal combination for the love-induced Russian.

If cupid was real, wouldn’t he been running out of arrows soon?

“How long have you been awake?” Yuuri asked as he rubbed his eyes.

How cliché would it be to ask if he was still dreaming?
“Not that long…” Victor admitted.

Yuuri sat up and Victor had to keep himself from whine at the sudden loss of contact.

“It’s sunny outside.” Yuuri smiled as he pulled away the curtain.

Okay, it was official. Yuuri was a god. The way the sunrays danced across his skin was just magical. And the way he smiled, it could literally bring the dead back to life.

Sure, there is a possibility that Victor only found him this beautiful because Yuuri was his true mate. Ever since two days ago, when Victor saw Yuuri for the first time. It was as if every single person had suddenly turned into a grey blob in comparison, while Yuuri was just bursting with an infinite spectrum of colors.

“Where do you want to go first?” Yuuri asked excitedly and gazed to Victor with his striking, glittering, brown eyes.

Victor had to lie back down. Yuuri was too overwhelming.

“Victor?”

………………

Eventually they managed to get up and out in the world. Yuuri was holding his hand while leading Victor through the streets if Hasetsu. They were walking towards their first destination. Yuuri’s ice rink, ‘The ice castle’.

“It’s probably not going to be a lot of people there, since it’s a Tuesday.” Yuuri explained.

Victor nodded. “I really wonder what our parents told our schools to get us out for a week… This is all... Very strange circumstances.”

Yuuri looked thoughtful. “They probably told the truth… I mean, why would they lie about this?”

Victor laughed. “I’m sure you’re right, lyubov moya…” He said fondly. He didn’t even register the Russian until Yuuri shot him a questioning look.

“Lybo, what?” The younger boy asked carefully.

“Lyubov moya.” Victor repeated with a slight smile. “It means ‘my love’…”

“Oh.” Yuuri blushed while looking like he was thinking of something. “The Russian language is very pretty…” He admitted. “Can you teach me more?”

Victor lit up. “Of course, solnechnyy. Anything for you.”

………………

The ice rink was mostly empty. Just like they expected. There were a few old people on the ice, and a young woman who seemed to be training.

“Wow! I can’t believe that I’m actually in Yuuri Katsuki’s home rink.” Victor exclaimed.

Yuuri smiled proudly. “My friend Yuuko’s family opened this when I was little, and they’ve done a great job.” He stated. “It used to be an abandoned shoe factory.”

Victor looked around. He really couldn’t tell. Yuuko’s family had really done an amazing job on renovating the place. “It’s really beautiful.”
Yuuri looked up to him with adoring eyes and somehow, the rink turned even more beautiful. “I’m really glad you think so.”

Victor’s heart jumped violently in his chest. Yuuri would be the death of him.

“Oh, I have to show you the penguins that the children use.” Yuuri exclaimed. “I think you’ll like them.”

Victor continued to admire the rink. He got to see everything from the bathrooms to the candy-machine at the reception.

“This is the last thing I want to show you.” Yuuri declared as he stopped in front of a very old-looking TV.

“That’s a very beautiful TV.” Victor mused.

Yuuri chuckled softly before turning back to the television. “This the TV, where I saw you for the first time.” He said with sparkling eyes. “It’s still one of my favorite memories.”

Victor’s eyes widened. So Yuuri was here, the first time he saw him?

“I was actually planning on doing something like that for you, in Tokyo.” Yuuri admitted. “But seeing you in real life, that was so much better.”

Victor had to take a deep breath to calm his desperate heart. It was going to beat out of his chest if Yuuri continued to say cute things like that.

How was Yuuri allowed to be this adorable?

“Well, anyway. We should probably continue…” Yuuri said. “We still have a lot to see…”

Victor had a hard time getting out his words. So he just allowed Yuuri to grab his hand, so they could continue to explore the rest of Hasetsu.

“Is that your school?” Victor asked as they walked past a playground swarmed with kids.

Yuuri nodded. “But I don’t think we’re allowed to go in there, since I’m not there today.” He explained. “Besides, if we’re going to be able to see both the castle, the beach and the waterfall, we don’t have any time to…”

“Yuuri!” A girl suddenly called.

Yuuri flinched. And Victor instinctively pushed him behind himself and faced whatever danger had frightened him.

“Yuuri?” The girl asked again as she reached the fence and looked to Victor in concern. There were more girls running to join her, but Victor couldn’t look away from the threat.

“Victor, it’s okay.” Yuuri soothed. “That’s Tina. She’s my friend.”

Victor immediately relaxed. There was no threat, just one of Yuuri’s friends…

“Oh, hi.” Victor said awkwardly with a wave, trying to save the situation.
“Tina, this is Victor.” Yuuri told the girl. “He’s my true mate.”

Victor felt a streak of pride surge through him at the beloved title. He really loved it when Yuuri referred to him as that.

“Is that why you’re not in school today?” Tina asked excitedly. “Oh, and hi, by the way.” She said to Victor.

Victor carefully stepped aside so that Yuuri could get past him and easier talk to his friend.

Victor had just protected Yuuri from a ten-year-old girl. Good job, Victor…

“We’re spending a week together, before Victor has to go back to Russia.” Yuuri explained to the group of girls that had now gathered by the fence.

“Wow, you’re from Russia?” One of the other girls asked Victor in awe.

Victor barely had time to answer before another girl spoke up.

“You must be really strong, my dad says that people fight bears in Russia.”

Victor snorted at the ridiculous statement. Who in their right mind would fight a bear?

“It’s always been my dream to marry a Russian man.” Another girl spoke up and sent Victor a wink.

Victor immediately looked to Yuuri’s whose demeanor went from cheerful to something else entirely. Something Victor had never felt before.

“Well, get your own.” Yuuri snapped to the girl and possessively grabbed a hold of Victor’s arm.

Oh my god! Was Yuuri… Jealous? Victor had to be dreaming…

“I didn’t say I wanted to marry Victor.” The girl protested.

“Good, cause you’re not.” Yuuri stated with a meaningful glare. “I am.”

Victor was now certain that Yuuri was trying to kill him. Why would he say something like that? Didn’t he know what he was doing to Victor’s fragile heart? Yuuri’s shyness was precious, but his confidence was fatal.

“But I’m warning you, Victor.” Tina spoke up. “We are Yuuri’s bodyguards. And if you ever hurt him…”

“Tina, don’t.” Yuuri warned. “I know that you mean well, but Victor would never hurt me, ever.” He declared seriously. “And if you don’t trust him, then trust me. I know him. He’s my true mate, after all…”

Victor had to sit down. Yuuri was killing him. But since there wasn’t any chair around, he just had to take a deep breath and get through this without screaming out a declaration of love to Yuuri all over Hasetsu.

“Right, Victor?” Yuuri asked and he did exactly what he had done two days ago. His voice turned soft and his eyes grew so impossibly big.

And Victor couldn’t hold himself back any longer.
“I would rather die than hurt you, lyubov moya.” Victor said with all the love and conviction he possessed. ‘And I can’t tell you how much I love you, because there simply aren’t enough words, and I speak four languages… Well, three and a half but that’s not the point. I love you to the end of infinity and back. And I would die for you in the blink of an eye. Nothing in this universe is more important to me than you. And I could never ask for a better soulmate. And I could never, in a million years imagine standing at the altar, in front of my family and loved ones, with anyone but you.”

Great, so much for keeping it cool, Victor.

Yuuri looked completely stunned. And Victor held his breath while awaiting a reaction. In the corner of his eye, he could see that the girls did the same.

“Really?” Yuuri finally asked.

“I’m sorry for blurting it out like that, but yes. I meant every single word.” Victor admitted.

Yuuri smiled shyly. “You are amazing.”

“THAT WAS THE CUTEST THING I HAVE EVER HEARD!” One of the girls shrieked.

Yuuri tugged on Victor’s arm carefully. “Can we go?” He asked.

Victor could still feel the traces of jealousy in Yuuri, and even though he found it slightly adorable, he still wanted Yuuri to know that meant it, when he said that Yuuri was his top priority. So he wouldn’t push any further.

“Of course, Pryanichek.” Victor smiled. ”Lead the way.”

…………………….

“We’re almost there.” Yuuri said and pointed to the castle that could be seen from where they were.

If Victor was honest, he really wasn’t that excited about the castle. He was more excited about getting to spend this quality time with Yuuri, and the fact that Yuuri had a firm grip of his hand everywhere they walked. Like he was worried that Victor might get lost if they weren’t connected.

“Are you tired?” Yuuri suddenly asked. “We can take a break if you want to…”

“I’m fine, love.” Victor smiled, before realizing that there might be another reason to why Yuuri asked. “Why, are you tired? If you want to take a break I’m all for it.”

“If you don’t mind…” Yuuri said sheepishly.

Victor quickly zeroed in on the first bench he saw and tugged Yuuri in that direction.

Yuuri let out a sound of content as he sat down and Victor looked over him carefully. “How long have you been tired?” He asked in concern.

“Not that long.” Yuuri said.

Victor reluctantly decided to trust that. He could always reach over the bond and make sure, but Yuuri would feel that, and Victor didn’t want Yuuri to think that he didn’t trust him.

“I’m not used to walk around Hasetsu like this.” Yuuri explained. “I usually just walk to the rink, skate for a few hours until mom picks me up. And since the castle is all the way across town it’s a pretty long distance, and I haven’t really recovered from the competition two days ago…”
“You really don’t need to explain.” Victor assured. “You’re half as tall as me, for every step I take, you take two. And we’ve been walking for almost three hours. A six hour walk would tire anyone out.” He knew it probably wasn’t accurate logic. But Yuuri was ten, how would he know?

Yuuri smiled gratefully.

Like Victor could ever judge him for being tired… It would be like screaming at Makkachin for not being able to do a quad. Completely out of the question.

“So, what do you think about Hasetsu so far?” Yuuri asked.

“It’s beautiful.” Victor declared. “And I really like meeting your family and friends. It makes me feel calmer to know what kind of people surrounds you. When I was little, I used to have nightmares that you were growing up with criminals.”

Yuuri snorted. “Well, I wouldn’t be so sure just yet… Mari still has me worried from time to time.”

Victor liked Mari. Sure, she was slightly terrifying, especially when she stated the rules regarding him and Yuuri. They were obvious rules, but Victor was still pleased that someone other than himself cared enough to state them out loud. And that someone like Mari kept an eye out for Yuuri. It was important that his precious mate was protected at all times. He was an omega after all.

Yuuri was probably the strongest and most determinate omega Victor had ever heard of, since most omegas tended to live off of their looks.

Omegas were generally more beautiful than betas and alphas. Which is why they were so popular in the media. Often finding their places in the world as models or actors.

Yuuri was different. But he still needed to be protected. No one was ever going to take advantage of his beautiful heart.

“What are you thinking about?” Yuuri asked, bringing Victor out of his line of thoughts. “I was just kidding about Mari…” He added.

Victor laughed. “I know… I was just thinking about how lucky I am, that so many people are looking out for you.”

Yuuri looked away thoughtfully.

“Now what are you thinking about?” Victor quipped fondly.

“Who is looking out for you?” The younger boy asked in concern.

“Oh, Yuuri…” Victor chuckled. His heart was once again trying to escape his chest. Yuuri worried about him. He wondered who was looking out for him. So young and so protective… And so, so cute! “I have many people looking out for me.” He declared. “I have my parents, my friends at school, Georgi and even Yakov. And of course…you.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened slightly, as if he was surprised that Victor would even consider him to such an important task. Before finally giving Victor a determinative nod. “I will always look out for you, Victor.” He promised.

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled. “You can’t just say things like that. You will kill me…”

“What?” Yuuri asked in confusion.
Didn’t he know how cute he was?
Well, Victor would just have to rant again…
……………………
“Home already?” Hiroko asked as Yuuri and Victor returned home.
“We decided that we would visit the beach and waterfall tomorrow instead.” Yuuri explained.
“Oh. Well, did you enjoy the castle?”
Yuuri smiled as Victor nodded eagerly.
“I can’t believe that it’s actually a ninja house.” The Russian exclaimed.
Hiroko laughed. “We hear that a lot around here. Tourists love the ninjas.”
“I can see why.” Victor said before looking to Yuuri expectantly.
Yuuri blushed a little before clearing his throat. “Mom…?”
Hiroko folded the last towel on the table. “Yes?”
“Do you know where the photo albums are?” Yuuri asked carefully.
Hiroko lit up. “Of course. Let me get them for you.”
Victor smiled widely.
~I have no idea how you talked me into this~ Yuuri said across the bond.
Victor’s smile increased. ~Yuuri, if you want to see mine, I need to see yours~ Victor explained.
Fair is fair.

Chapter End Notes

So, what did you think? <3 I hope you're not mad if the fic turns out different from how you wanted! <3<3 I always appriciate your input, even if won't always use it... (You can't please everyone..._whitespace)

But your comments still means the world to me, and I respond to every single one, and I love them with every fiber of my being, so please keep leaving them!! <3<3 
#ItWillKeepThisFicAlive #I'mAddictedToCommentsOK?

But seriously, I love you guys. And I hope that you will like this fic until the end! <3

Kudos to all!! <3<3
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri's time is running out. They knew that their week together wouldn't last forever. But that doesn't make it any easier to say goodbye...

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry it's been so long. I had a horrible week. My hamster, Sally, died this Tuesday. And it's been really hard.

I'm thankful for this story. When I write it, I can escape for a little while. I'm still sad, but I'm working through it, and writing really helps. <3

Anyway, enough about me, I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

The time jumps feel a little messy, and some of the descriptions feel very cringy, as do the dialogue at some points... And keep your eyes open for mistakes. It's late, English is not my first language and I'm really not a great writer. So let me know if you find any mistakes. <3<3 (Grammar, spelling, anything)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Vkusno!” Victor exclaimed as he took his first bite of what Yuuri claimed to be the best cheesecake in the world. “How is it so fluffy?” He asked in amazement.

“They use a secret recipe.” Yuuri whispered secretively. “Mom tried to copy it, at least ten times without success.”

Victor took a second bite. Yes, definitely the best cheesecake in the world.

“Can I get you anything else?” The waitress suddenly asked as she appeared at their side.

“No, thank you.” Yuuri said politely. “Unless you want something?” He asked Victor.

Victor shook his head as his mouth was filled with delicious cheesecake. “I will never need anything again, as long as I have this amazing cheesecake on my plate.” He declared.

Yuuri laughed. Which was Victor’s intention. He had fallen in love with that laugh and he wanted to hear it at every possible opportunity.

The waitress smiled fondly. “Well, holler if you change you minds…” She said and made her way over to the table next to them.

“I could probably have this cheesecake for breakfast, lunch and dinner, every day for the rest of my life and never get sick of it.” Victor stated.
“In that case, you would have to be very rich…” Yuuri mused. “Cheesecakes doesn’t grow on trees, you know…”

Victor wondered if he should mention the fact that his parents were billionaires and that money really wasn’t a problem for him. But on the other hand, it would be interesting to see how long it would take for Yuuri to figure it out for himself… And how much Victor would be able to spoil him before that happened.

“Could you imagine that though?” Victor said. “A cheesecake-tree?”

Yuuri chuckled. “That would be nice.”

Victor took another piece of cheesecake when he suddenly heard an unfamiliar voice.

“Yuuri?” The girl asked.

Yuuri lit up. “Yuuko!” He greeted before turning back to Victor with excitement. “Victor, this is Yuuko. One of my best friends.”

Victor looked to the girl who was staring back at him with inhumanly wide eyes.

So this was Yuuko. Yuuri’s rink-mate, if Victor didn’t remember it wrong. According to Yuuri, she was a very dedicated skating fan. But why was she looking at him like that?

“Victor?” The girl repeated in shock.

“It’s nice to meet you.” Victor offered. Hoping that she would turn less creepy.

Yuuko squeaked.

Victor turned to Yuuri who was looking uncharacteristically smug. He definitely knew something Victor didn’t.

“Oh MY GOD! I CAN’T BELIEVE VICTOR FREAKING NIKIFOROV IS ACTUALLY TALKING TO ME!” Yuuko screamed at the top of her lungs. “PINCH ME! I’M DREAMING”

Victor almost fell off his chair.

“Oh, right. She’s a fan of yours.” Yuuri said innocently.

If Yuuri didn’t look so adorable, Victor would probably feel some sort of betrayal. But as it was, he had a huge weakness for Yuuri’s smile. Besides, the ringing in his ears would probably go away… Hopefully.

“I’ve been following your skating ever since your competition in Finland, 1999.” Yuuko said intensely. “You’re one of the best skaters of our time.”

“Wow…” Victor said. Feeling momentarily stunned. He wasn’t used to deal with fans outside a competition, or when he wasn’t inside an ice rink. He loved meeting fans, but he had no idea how to handle one like this. And to add even more pressure, she was also Yuuri’s friend. “Uhm… Can I sign something for you?”

Yuuri could help but smile when he watched how Victor was trying to write his signature on Yuuko’s arm with the waitress’s pen.
Victor was so focused on his task. Eyebrows knitted in concentration, as he put all of his work and effort into writing on an arm that was practically shaking with excitement.

He was so beautiful. Everything Victor did, made Yuuri’s heart beat faster. He could probably throw himself into a bowl of spaghetti and still come out looking like the most radiant person on the planet.

Yuuri couldn’t believe that their week together was almost over. Victor was leaving for Russia tomorrow night. And then they wouldn’t be able to see each other for another three months. That was like… A fourth of a year… Yuuri would be eleven by then…

“Yuuko?” A familiar voice suddenly called out.

Yuuri looked to Takeshi in surprise. When did he arrive? Had Yuuri been so deep in thought, that he didn’t even notice his friend’s arrival?

“Oh, my god. Takeshi! Victor Nikiforov just signed my arm!” Yuuko squealed.

Takeshi looked to Victor, who was giving him the most deadly glare anyone had ever seen. If looks could kill, Takeshi would definitely be on the floor.

“Uhm… I can see that…” Takeshi practically stuttered.

Why was Victor so mad? Yuuri couldn’t think of a reason to why Victor would dislike his friend at first sight.

“So, you’re Takeshi?” Victor questioned. “The little bastard who caused Yuuri’s first panic attack? The idiot who pushed him on the ice, so he scraped his knee? That Takeshi?”

Takeshi swallowed thickly. “Uhm…”

Realization hit Yuuri like a bus. He hadn’t told Victor that he and Takeshi were friends now. Takeshi had asked Yuuri for love-advice regarding Yuuko a few months ago, and they had been good friends ever since.

“Victor! We’re friends!” Yuuri quickly intervened before things would get out of hand. Victor looked like he might actually punch the other boy.

“You are?” Victor asked in confusion. ”Why would you be friends with someone who hurt you?”

“He’s changed.” Yuuri argued. “He wouldn’t hurt me today.”

Victor stood up from his chair and towered over Takeshi with an unreadable expression.

Yuuri wondered what he was doing, before he suddenly felt Victor’s scent increase drastically. And it seemed to affect Takeshi as well, as he was looking down in submission.

Victor was dominating him with a silent alpha command. “You better not hurt my Yuuri ever again.” He said lowly once Takeshi was under his control. “Or I’m going to make sure that you regret it… Understood?”

Takeshi’s eyes widened, before he started nodding in fear.

Even though Yuuri was slightly worried about his friend. He couldn’t help but to feel overwhelmingly loved and protected by his mate. Seeing Victor wielding his alpha-powers like that, gave him a sense of security and comfort. Like Victor would be able to protect him from everything, no matter what.
Forever.

Victor gave Takeshi a final once-over, before relaxing and sitting back down.

Did he feel bad about scaring an eleven-year-old into submission? Maybe, if Takeshi hadn’t been the one to hurt Yuuri first. And the knowledge that he wouldn’t be able to do it again, was enough to justify Victor’s way of regarding his actions.

Yuuri would always be most important.

Always.

“Takeshi?” Yuuko asked carefully. “Are you okay?”

Takeshi nodded as his face turned red with embarrassment. It was never easy for an alpha to submit to another alpha. This must have taken a huge portion of Takeshi’s confidence and pride.

“I think we’ll find someplace to sit, further in…” Yuuko said as she glanced to Victor nervously. “Not, that…” She cleared her throat. “I promised Taki here, a slice of cheesecake, and you probably want to be alone… So…” She backed away slowly, and pulled Takeshi with her. “Thank you for the signature. I’ll see you around.”

“I hope I didn’t embarrass you.” Victor said as Yuuri’s friends were out of sight. “I just… I had to make sure that he wouldn’t hurt you again. I know that kids fight. But I don’t ever want someone to fight you.”

Yuuri blushed and nodded shyly. “You could never embarrass me.” He declared. “I actually thought that it was really cool. I mean, I feel a little bad for Takeshi… But you were amazing…”

Victor felt a streak of pride again. Yuuri thought that he was cool. It meant more than the world to him.

“But I’m curious… How can you be so strong?” Yuuri asked carefully. “I thought that only grown alphas are able to make commands like that.”

“I don’t know…” Victor admitted.

Yuuri looked concerned. “How long have you been able to do that?”

Victor shrugged. “Now was my first time.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “Really?”

“I guess you bring out my instincts.” Victor said thoughtfully. “You’re my true mate… And you’re also an omega. It must be like, doubling the protective instincts…”

“Is it… bad?” Yuuri asked. He looked so small and innocent, and Victor’s heart swelled with love.

“Absolutely not.” Victor declared. He really wasn’t sure, but how could anything regarding Yuuri, possibly be bad?

Yuuri let out a sigh of relief.

Victor smiled at the sight, and decided that it had been too long since the last time he heard Yuuri’s laugh. “Yuuri?”
Yuuri looked up at him in attention.

“Do you think there’s a chance you can send me these cheesecakes by mail?” Victor asked. “Now that I’ve had the best cheesecake in the world, normal food will not do. I will need this to live.”

Yuuri chuckled in amusement, and Victor took in every single aspect of the sound. Afraid to miss a single detail that might reveal why he found it so incredibly addictive.

It was the most beautiful sound in the world…

The sound of happiness from the most beautiful boy in the world…

His Yuuri.

After what seemed like the blink of an eye, they were suddenly standing at the airport and tried to muster up the strength to say goodbye.

“Vitya. The plane leaves in thirty minutes. We need to go.” Yakov urged. He was constantly checking his watch. Time didn’t seem to slow down for anyone.

Victor was sitting on the floor with Yuuri in his lap.

Yuuri had both his arms and legs wrapped around the older boy, and he promptly refused to let him go.

Not that Victor would ever want him to. In his opinion, Yuuri was seated perfectly.

“Yuuri… Come on now, let Victor go…” Hiroko tried for the tenth time.

“No.” Yuuri responded yet again. “If I let him go, he’ll leave.”

Victor turned to Yakov. “Can’t we reschedule for another week?”

Yakov looked sympathetic, even though his features where mostly showing off the stress he was feeling. “You know we can’t…”

Victor didn’t like that answer.

This was a stupid, stupid deal. One week wasn’t nearly enough. Everyone had always told him that he would just have to wait until they met. Well, they met, and now they were torn apart.

Unfair.

“Do we have to tear him away?” Hiroko asked Minako worriedly.

Yuuri tightened his grip and so did Victor. No one was going to ‘tear him away’.

“Victor, you’re growling…” Yuuri whispered.

Victor took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down. The thought that someone would tear Yuuri away from him, made his protective instinct flare up.

“Yuuri… If I make you katsudon tonight, will you let go?” Hiroko tried to bribe. “Or if I get you that videogame you wanted?”
Yuuri shook his head stubbornly.

Victor had to admire his mate’s dedication. But deep down, he knew that he himself was the only person who would be able to convince Yuuri to let him go.

He would have to be strong enough for the both of them. He was the oldest, which made it his job to make the hard decisions. Yuuri was only ten. He was allowed to be childish and irrational. But Victor had to be more mature. Someone had to uphold the balance.

“Yuuri, medvezhonok?” Victor said gently.

Yuuri pulled away slightly, so that Victor was able to see his face. He looked so adorable and Victor momentarily wanted to throw his stupid speech in the deepest ocean and stay like this forever.

Maturity be damned…

“Three months isn’t that long.” Victor tried. “We’ll be together before you know it…”

Yuuri’s eyes filled up with tears.

It was as if a dagger was twisting in Victor’s heart. “Please don’t cry, moya rodnaya.” He pleaded. “You’ll make me cry…”

Yuuri wiped away a couple of his stray tears. “I’m s-sorry…” He sniffled.

“You don’t need to apologize.” Victor said quickly. “I just… I need you to be okay. If you really don’t want me to go, I’ll stay. But it will make it harder for both of us in the long run. And besides, have you ever heard the expression that the best things in life, are worth waiting for?”

Yuuri nodded sadly. It did nothing to ease the ache of Victor’s breaking heart. “Well, do you believe that our life together, is good enough to wait for?”

Yuuri nodded again.

“So… Can you be strong for us?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri released his iron grip and slowly let Victor go. He stood up and carefully took a hesitant step back.

Victor had to fight the instincts to pull Yuuri back into his embrace. The loss of contact was almost like a black hole of despair. How was he going to survive three months without him?

“Vitya. Come on. We need to hurry.” Yakov stated as he tapped his watch impatiently.

Victor stood up and looked down on his beautiful mate. “In a minute.” He told Yakov and pulled Yuuri into a final hug, which Yuuri immediately returned.

“I’m going to miss you…” Yuuri sniffled.

“I’m going to miss you too.” Victor declared as he swallowed back his own tears. He could cry on the plane. “But we will still be together. We still have our bond.”

Yuuri nodded against his chest.

Victor crouched down so he could look Yuuri in his eyes. Those beautiful brown eyes. Even the angels should be jealous… Victor almost drowned, before he suddenly remembered what he was
going to say. “We’ll see each other soon, okay? What’s three months, compared with forever?

Yuuri smiled half-heartedly.

Victor leaned forward and pressed a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

Yuuri’s face turned into an adorable shade of red. And Victor couldn’t help but to chuckle fondly at the sight.

Yuuri really was the most adorable human in the universe.

“Take care, Pryanichek. I have your phone number now. I’ll call your mom if you misbehave.” Victor said teasingly, Yakov was practically pulling at him now, so he had no choice but to follow.

Yuuri laughed at that. And it made Victor’s heart soar. He could feel Yuuri reach out to him, and it filled him with so much happiness that he was almost overwhelmed.

~Goodbye, Victor~

………………

“Are you sure he’s ready for this?” Mari asked cautiously. “I mean… I get that we’re trying to cheer him up. But it’s still a huge responsibility.”

“Yuuri is responsible.” Hiroko argued. “Remember when he had that stuffed unicorn that he used to feed cornflakes to, every single day?”

Mari laughed. “Yeah… But there’s a huge difference between a stuffed toy and a puppy.”

“Well, we will always be around to help him.” Hiroko pointed out. “But I think he will be fine. Omegas have stronger nurturing instincts than the rest of us.”

Mari nodded thoughtfully. “I’m sure you’re right…”

Hiroko smiled before knocking on her son’s door. “Yuuri? I have someone who would like to meet you…”

Mari struggled to keep the puppy at bay. He was really excited seemed like he’d rather run a marathon than spend another minute in Mari’s arms.

“You can come in.” Yuuri called from the other side of the door.

Yuuri had barely left his room, since Victor left two days ago. He claimed that he felt better when he was surrounded by his ‘Victor-related-merchandise’ and ‘Victor-scent’. They had no choice but to believe that.

“Put him down…” Hiroko urged quietly as she slowly slid the door open to Yuuri’s room.

Mari did as told, and saw how the puppy went from confused to excited, in the matter of seconds. It suddenly caught sight of a new face, Yuuri.

Yuuri’s eyes widened before his mind was able to process what he was seeing. “A puppy?” He gasped.

The puppy ran up to him and clumsily greeted his hand with sloppy kisses.

Yuuri laughed at the action. “Is he mine?” He asked.
Hiroko smiled. “If you want him?”

Yuuri nodded frantically. “Yes. I really do.”

Mari sat down next to her brother and petted the puppy too. “What are you going to call him?”

Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully. “I don’t know…”

“Why don’t you call him Victor? Like everything else you own? Mari suggested with a teasing smirk.” Then you’ll have your own Victor, in Japan.”

“That would be stupid.” Yuuri pointed out. “I can’t call him Victor. That would just be confusing…”

Mari chuckled at her brother’s logic.

Suddenly, Yuuri lit up. “What about Vicchan?”

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me what you think about this story! <3<3 (This chapter and so on...)

Comments on my writing and this story really makes my heart soar. Especially in times like these...

I'm not looking for pity or anything, more a distraction. That's why I would really appreciate comments for this story, to keep my mind occupied with something other than grief. Even negative feedback is welcomed at this point... <3<3<3

Anyway, thank you so much for reading this <3<3 And I really hope you like it! <3<3<3
Yuuri had literally been counting down the days until December arrived. And now, he was finally going to see Victor in Russia, together with the rest of his family.

It’s not like their time apart had been unbearable. They had communicated through their bond every single day, just like they said they would. And nothing especially dramatic had happened during their time apart.

The drama was happening now. Victor was going to compete in the Junior Grand Prix final again. And Yuuri would be there to cheer him on. But before that happened, they would have to celebrate Victor’s birthday, alongside with Christmas, together.

Yuuri was a little bit worried about Victor’s birthday/Christmas, especially after the events that took place during Yuuri’s birthday. Victor had gone ‘all in’. And Yuuri had been practically assaulted by gifts. Victor had even sent a singing telegram to Yuuri’s school.

When Yuuri had confronted him about it, he had claimed that ‘his true mate only deserves the best’.

Yuuri didn’t know how to take that, since he could never repay Victor for it. Even though he wanted to, and even though Victor too, deserved the best.

“What are you thinking about?” Mari asked.

Yuuri was slowly starting to believe that his sister was some kind of psychic. She always knew everything. As soon as Yuuri got worried over something, she turned up almost like magic.

“Just… I’m not sure Victor is going to like my present…” Yuuri said sheepishly.

Mari snorted. “Are you kidding me? He’ll love it. Didn’t you say he’s a hopeless romantic?”

“He is.” Yuuri admitted. “But he gave me so many presents during my birthday. And I’m just getting him this one.”

“Well, you’ll be there for his birthday. He didn’t come to yours.” Mari pointed out.
“That’s different.” Yuuri protested. “We had school, he had a test. His parents didn’t let him fly out.”

“Sounds like excuses to me…” Mari chuckled.

“It’s not.” Yuuri snapped.

“I’m just teasing you.” Mari said with a light push to Yuuri’s shoulder. “But I’m sure he’ll be overjoyed. Or I’ll kick his ungrateful ass.”

Yuuri smiled at that. Mostly because he knew that Mari would never do it. Yuuri made her take an oath to never hurt Victor. “Thank you.”

Mari ruffled Yuuri’s hair. “Anytime, bro.”

Victor was practically bouncing on his feet. Any second now, he would see his Yuuri walk out from arrivals. And they would finally be reunited again.

He had missed him so much during these past three months. Sure, there was never a day that went by, without them talking to each other. But it was never easy. Victor wanted Yuuri by his side, permanently. He wanted to see that adorable face everywhere. Which is probably why he started creating his own Yuuri-merchandise-collection.

If Yuuri could do it, so could he.

It would probably turn awkward if they ever moved in together, but until then, Victor would gather as much Yuuri-related items as he could.

Speaking of the boy, he finally came into Victor’s line of sight. It was as if the sun suddenly appeared after an eternity of cloudiness.

“Yuuri!” Victor called at the top of his lungs.

Yuuri turned around in disorientation with the most adorable puppy in his arms.

Victor almost died. Yuuri was already the cutest creature in the universe. And now he had a miniature Makkachin in his arms, the second cutest creature in the universe. Suddenly, it became clear to Victor that he wouldn’t survive until 2004. He would die at the hands of Yuuri’s cuteness before then.

Finally, their eyes met. And Victor almost died again. How could he possibly forget about Yuuri’s beautiful eyes, and the power they possessed?

“Papa, there he is.” Victor all but shouted as he pointed. “That’s my Yuuri.”

Igor squinted and tried to see the boy that had been covering his son’s wall for the past three months. But the crowd was too thick and he could barely tell anyone apart from the other. “Where?” He asked.

But before Igor received an answer, Victor crawled under the fence that separated them from the crowd, and ran away from him.

“Vitya!” Igor snapped, but Victor was already gone. He decided to take a deep breath and wait for ten minutes. If Victor hadn’t returned by then, he would sick both the security and the police after his son.
Until then, he would just let the kids enjoy their moment.

Yuuri quickly passed Vicchan over to his sister before he took off to meet Victor. He hadn’t been running this fast since he first saw Victor, three months ago. But at least he was wearing his shoes this time.

As they were getting closer to each other, Yuuri realized just how badly he had missed his mate. Victor was looking more beautiful than he remembered, his long silvery hair, up in a messy ponytail. His eyes sparkled like the most magical ocean in the world. And his smile, Yuuri would gladly give his life for that smile. It was filling him up with love from his very core.

And finally, they reached each other. Victor tried to lift him up in the air but since they both had too much speed, Victor lost his balance and they ended up on the floor, holding each other. And suddenly, everything else came back to Yuuri in a rush, Victor’s smell, his touch, his warmth, his presence and everything that Yuuri loved was right there, in his arms.

Victor hugged him closer, and Yuuri noticed how the world seemed to disappear around them. And suddenly it felt as if they were completely alone in the universe. Just the two of them, forever…

“Yuuri!” Mari snapped as she suddenly appeared at their side. “Mom told you not to run off.”

Yuuri sighed, why couldn’t they let him enjoy this? It’s not like he ran over to a stranger. This was Victor.

“I know.” Yuuri said as he gently pulled away from Victor with much reluctance.

“Then what do you have to say to your defense?” Mari questioned.

Yuuri shrugged. “I’m sorry?”

Mari huffed out a breath of annoyance before handing Vicchan back to Yuuri. “You’re lucky you’re cute.”

Yuuri smiled in triumph before cradling Vicchan to his chest.

Vicchan turned to Victor and sniffed him with curiosity.

“Oh, my god.” Victor squealed. “He’s so adorable.”

“Do you think he and Makkachin will get along?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor smiled as he petted the puppy’s head. “I guess there’s only one way to find out…”

Vicchan and Makkachin immediately became best friends. They bonded over Makkachin’s teddy bear. Makkachin allowed Vicchan to keep it, which he didn’t even allow Victor to do.

Makkachin also seemed to love Yuuri at first sight, just like Victor’s parents did. Victor beamed with pride as his entire family gushed over his precious mate.

Yuuri had learned a little bit of Russian over the past three months. He knew how to say ‘yes’, ‘no’, ‘please’ and ‘thank you’. And it was turning every single Russian into a blabbering mess. Victor included.

Yuuri had also improved his ability to speak English, so he could have actual conversations with
Victor’s parents.

Victor could just spend the rest of his life with just staring at Yuuri. Everything he did was simply outstanding. And Victor was just now realizing how adorable it was when Yuuri adjusted his glasses. He looked so tiny and smart. Victor wanted nothing else but to wrap him in blankets and feed him ice cream.

“Yuuri.” Victor suddenly exclaimed when he decided that his parents had taken up enough of Victor’s time with his mate. “I want you to see my room.”

“Oh, okay.” Yuuri agreed and accepted Victor’s extended hand.

In the corner of his eye, he noticed Mari sending him a hard glare. Apparently she didn’t trust him yet. “Mari, you could come as well.” Victor offered, hoping she would decline the offer and trust him with Yuuri.

Mari did no such thing, as she got up to her feet and followed the younger boys to Victor’s room without saying a word.

Mari was seventeen and practically reeking of superior alpha. Which meant that Victor was more or less walking like a robot under her watchful eyes, terrified that he would somehow make a mistake that would cost him his Yuuri.

He may be a fifteen-year-old alpha, but he had no chance of winning a fight with a fully-grown one, even if Yuuri was at stake. The only thing he was going to win was a one-way ticket to the afterlife.

“This is it.” Victor said as he allowed Yuuri and his sister to step into his room before him. He held his breath as he awaited their reactions.

Yuuri couldn’t believe what he was seeing. Victor’s room was almost as big as the common room at Yu-Topia. And he had about five golden frames with pictures of him and Victor from their time together in Japan.

Not to mention the collection of what seemed like merchandise of him. But he was perplexed of how he managed to achieve them. Since Yuuri wasn’t famous, he must have had them specially made.

Yuuri only wondered how much he had spent on everything. It looked like a fortune.

“What do you think?” Victor asked suddenly.

Yuuri realized just how long he had been staring. “Oh, it’s beautiful.” He stated. “Much better than my room…”

Victor gasped before shaking his head determinately. “Of course it’s not better than yours.” He declared. “Your room is a reflection of you. And I could never imagine something more beautiful.”

“What? Boring and small?” Yuuri asked. It sounded like he was trying to make a joke, but Victor could sense the insecurity behind the words.

“Dedicated and amazing.” Victor corrected. “And mine is…” He trailed off. He really couldn’t find the words to describe it.

“Extra as fuck…”? Mari suggested.

Yuuri laughed at that, and Victor suddenly remembered why he had deemed it to be the most
beautiful sound in the world.

Oh, how much he had missed it.

“Do you want to see the rest of the house?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded. “That sounds wonderful.”

Victor could tell that Yuuri was tired, even though he tried to hide it. It was almost midnight in Japan, and Yuuri’s head kept leaning against Victor’s shoulder as he slowly but surely drifted off to sleep.

Victor paused the movie they were watching and enjoyed the moment. Yuuri looked so peaceful and content, and Victor couldn’t keep himself from smiling at the sight. He would never get used to Yuuri’s cuteness.

But even though the younger boy took Victor’s breath away at every opportunity he got, Victor would still never wish for anything to be different. He’d rather never breathe again, than live his life without these wonderful moments.

These moments of pure joy…

These moments when love was filling him up throughout his entire body…

These moments of peace…

These moments with Yuuri.

Chapter End Notes

The first day, survived! <3 I'm working on chapter 18 right now, I'll try to get it up later today, but we'll see if I succeed... ;)

PS: Thank you so much for all the wonderful comments on my last chapter! <3<3 You guys are truly the best! <3<3 Kudos to all of you!! <3<3<3
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Victor shows Yuuri his ice rink. And Yuuri makes a promise he's not sure he will be able to keep...

Chapter Notes

HAHA! XD Or well, something... I wrote non-stop for about 8 hours! And I produced this... XD

Keep your eyes open for mistakes. It's 5.30 am here in Sweden... XD Luckily, I'm still on holiday for another week... ;) <3<3

I hope you'll like this! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuuri... Wake up...” Victor said as quietly as he could. He was trying to wake Yuuri up so they could go to his ice rink together. But as soon as he laid his eyes on his mate, he felt torn between waking him up, or just let him sleep. He looked so peaceful.

Yuuri stirred from the words but he didn’t wake up.

Victor brushed away some of the stray hairs from Yuuri’s face, when he suddenly noticed how Yuuri leaned into his touch and nuzzled into his hand.

Victor gasped softly. How could Yuuri be so cute? Wasn’t there some kind of limit?

Yuuri wasn’t a morning person, so Victor knew better than to wake him up with a hug. That would probably freak him out.

No, he needed a different approach…

…………………

Yuuri woke up by the feeling of Victor reaching out to him through their bond. His entire body shivered and his senses were suddenly surrounded by the scent of roses.

But it was more intense and stronger than it usually was. And Yuuri was surprised when he finally opened his eyes and found Victor’s face to be no more but a few centimeters from his own.

Then he slowly started to remember where he was. “Victor?” He asked in confusion.

Victor smiled at him. “Good morning, solnechnyy.”

Yuuri sat up and took in his surroundings. He was in one of the guest rooms of the Nikiforov-mansion. The one Victor had showed him yesterday.
He had no idea how he ended up in there. The last thing he remembered was the movie he and Victor watched last night. But that was in a different room… Or was it?

“Did you sleep well?” Victor asked as he carefully sat down next to Yuuri.

Yuuri leaned into Victor’s embrace and nodded. He smiled knowingly when he heard how Victor’s breath hitched in surprise.

Yuuri was beginning to learn what Victor liked and disliked. And he was starting to learn that his mate loved physical contact above all else. And Yuuri would gladly give it to him.

“Do you want to go back to sleep?” Victor asked gently. “We can go to the rink later…”

Yuuri didn’t want to sleep, especially not if his other option was spending time with Victor.

“No, I just… I just need to wake up a little more…” Yuuri said sleepy “But I want to go with you.”


“Anything?” Yuuri repeated in disbelief. “Even pancakes?”

Victor chuckled in amusement. “Pancakes it is…”

……………………….

When they were finally leaving for the rink, Victor almost felt guilty over how many layers he had convinced Yuuri to wear. His mate could barely move his arms in Victor’s old coat. But at least it was better suited for the Russian weather than Yuuri’s usual one.

And not being able to move his arms was still better than the alternative. Victor would hate himself if Yuuri would freeze or get a cold.

So Victor would do whatever he could to prevent that from ever happening.

“Do I really have to wear the scarf too?” Yuuri asked. His voice was slightly muffled, but he looked so adorable that Victor could do nothing but smile at him.

“Of course, little zefir.” Victor stated. “You’re not getting cold on my watch.”

Yuuri made a noise that sounded like some kind of protest, but Victor decided to ignore it. Yuuri would thank him when he returned to Japan without frostbite.

“Vitya, you need to go.” Victoria said as the car-horn blared from outside once again and the dogs howled along.

Victor grabbed Yuuri’s hand. “You’re going to love St. Petersburg’s ice rink.”

…………………….

Victor didn’t lie.

Yuuri gasped as they stepped inside what was probably the most luxurious ice rink he had ever seen.

It was probably four times as big as the ice castle, and much brighter. No wonder Victor was a world champion, especially with a home-rink like this.

Yuuri took off the to big hat and scarf so he could take everything in. It was so beautiful. Just like Victor.
“Should I take your silence as approval?” Victor asked with a knowing smirk.

Yuuri nodded, he couldn’t find his words right now. And before he knew it, he lost his sight as well. His glasses were fogging from the shift in temperature.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked in concern, when Yuuri suddenly stopped walking.

Yuuri freed his hand from Victor’s and took his glasses off, so he could show Victor what was wrong.

“That’s so adorable.” Victor squealed.

Yuuri chuckled. He really needed to teach Victor the difference between things that are adorable, and simple inconveniences. Vicchan was adorable. Foggy glasses were just annoying.

“Vitya.” A gruff voice called and a blurry figure was suddenly walking towards them.

Victor said something in very quick advanced Russian, and no matter how hard Yuuri tried, he couldn’t keep up. But suddenly he noticed how the blurry figure was looking down at him.

“Hi, Yuuri.” The gruff voice said in English.

“Hello…?” Yuuri replied shyly. It had to be Yakov. But he didn’t want to risk anything in case he was wrong.

“I hear you’re going to watch Victor perform in the Grand Prix this season.” The blurry figure stated.

Yuuri nodded. “Yes, sir. I’m going to watch him win.”

The blurry figure hummed in agreement. “But if he’s going to win, he needs to practice.”

Yuuri would have to agree with that statement. Victor was performing his short program in three days. He would have to prepare if he was going to win.

“I think I’ve practiced enough.” Victor said confidently. “And I’m going to spend as much time as I can with Yuuri, and I’m sure he doesn’t want to spend the next three days in an ice rink.”

“Of course I do.” Yuuri said immediately. “If practice is what you need, I will gladly spend every day for the rest of my life in this ice rink.”

“Yuuri…” Victor cooed. “Don’t you want to see the museums, or the winter palace?”

“I want to spend time with you.” Yuuri stated. “And if you need to practice, I want to help.” He put his glasses back on, so he could see Victor’s reaction.

Victor smiled. And Yuuri also confirmed his theory that the gruff man was indeed Yakov.

“How are you so sweet?” Victor asked in amazement.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to blush at the genuine compliment. “I got a wonderful mate who deserves it.”

Yuuri immediately regretted his words when he noticed how Victor’s eyes filled up with tears. Did he say something wrong? He was so sure he got the words right. English wasn’t his first language, but he hoped with all of his heart that he hadn’t accidently insulted his mate.
“I’m so sorry. Please don’t cry.” Yuuri apologized before switching back to Japanese. “I just meant that you’re so wonderful, and I want to make you as happy as I possibly can.”

“I know what you said.” Victor sniffled and pulled Yuuri into his embrace. “You’re just too cute. I love you so much Yuuri.”

Yuuri smiled. “I love you too.”

Suddenly, a loud snivel pulled both of the boy’s attention away from each other.

“Yakov, are you… crying?” Victor questioned in shock.

“Of course not.” Yakov protested. “I’m allergic to the cold.”

Victor looked to him skeptically. “Really?”

“Yes, now get on the ice before I make Yuuri my new protégé.” Yakov said as he quickly wiped away the remains of his tears.

Victor shrugged with a giant grin on his face. “Whatever you say, coach.”

Yuuri gasped every time Victor nailed a jump. He made it look so easy. He flew through the air like the most gracious swan.

Yakov however, looked completely unimpressed by everything Victor did. He gave his feedback in Russian, but Victor only paid attention when he felt like it. Most of the times he asked for Yuuri’s opinions, and paid more attention to him than his actual skating.

Yuuri even had to tell him to focus at least three times. Luckily, Victor listened to that. At least for a while…

“You’re good for him.” Yakov suddenly said once Victor was out of earshot.

Yuuri smiled politely to the older Russian. He didn’t know what to say.

“You’re able to make him focus and act like a proper adult.” Yakov continued. “He’s never been this well behaved before. I think he’s trying to impress you, but it’s making his skating better, not to mention his personality. It has been over two hours without him making a rude comment on my abilities as his coach.”

“Victor does that?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. He couldn’t even imagine Victor being rude to anyone.

Yakov nodded. “He can be a real child sometimes…”

Yuuri had no idea. Victor was so perfect to him. He had no idea that he wasn’t that perfect to everyone.

Sure, Mari had pointed out that she could never imagine having a true mate like Victor. But Yuuri didn’t understand the logic in that.

As Yuuri thought about Victor’s behavior, a new person suddenly appeared at Yakov’s side.

He spoke rapid Russian to the coach, who just nodded in acknowledgement. It took a few seconds for Yuuri’s mind to catch up. But once it did, he was forced to take a step back, as he was suddenly overwhelmed by the boy’s unnaturally strong alpha-scent.
“Yuuri. That’s Georgi.” Victor explained as he appeared out of nowhere. “The classmate and rink-mate I’ve been telling you about.”

“Oh…” Yuuri said as he nodded. Something was not right with Victor’s friend. But he had no idea how to explain it. It was something instinctual, something that made him want to hide behind Victor and not come out before this ‘Georgi-person’, was gone.

“Georgi. This is Yuuri. My true mate.” Victor stated with pride.

Suddenly, Georgi’s eyes shifted to Yuuri. And the atmosphere shifted in an instant.

“Omega?” Georgi questioned as he sniffed the air hungrily.

Yakov stepped between them, so that he was covering Yuuri from Georgi’s sight. “Victor, get your mate out of here, Georgi is in rut.”

Victor jumped over the rink-side with ease and grabbed Yuuri’s hand. “Come on, love. Let’s go.” His tone was so serious that it almost resembled anger. But luckily, it wasn’t directed at him.

“Oh…” Yuuri agreed. He barely understood what was going on. He knew that a rut could make alphas angry, but Victor’s friend didn’t seem angry, he seemed… Something else.

“Are we going home?” Yuuri asked.

Victor nodded determinately. “We’re going home.”

Victoria was walking around the house, watering the flowers, when the front door suddenly swung open.

“You’re back early.” She said cheerfully to the two boys, but once she saw her son’s face, she immediately turned worried. “What’s wrong?”

“Georgi showed up…” Victor practically snarled. “In rut…”

“Oh.” Victoria said before realization downed on her. “What did you do?”

“I got Yuuri out of there.” Victor stated and gestured to the confused boy by his side.

Victoria let out a sigh of relief. “Thank god…”

“What’s going on?” Mari asked as she appeared in the doorway. “Why are you back so soon?”

Yuuri shrugged in confusion. “Something was wrong with Victor’s friend.”

Mari shifted her attention to Victor with an unreadable expression. “What?”

“He was in rut.” Victor stated. “And he set his eyes on Yuuri.”

Yuuri had no idea what that meant. “What did he want with me?”

The entire room suddenly grew deadly quiet.

“What?” Yuuri asked fearfully. “He didn’t want to… Eat me, right?”

“Yuuri.” Victor said seriously and grabbed both of Yuuri’s hands so his attention was directed solely
on him. “I need you to make me a promise, and it’s really serious.”

“O-okay?” Yuuri stuttered nervously.

“If you’re ever confronted with an alpha in rut, I need you to run. And I need you to find someone who can keep you safe.” Victor stated. “At least until you’re older… Can you promise me that?”

“But I don’t understand… I’ve been around Mari when she’s in rut… And she’s never been dangerous…”

“She’s family. That’s different.” Victor explained. “But anyone who isn’t family, is dangerous. And I don’t ever want you to get hurt. That’s why I need you to promise me that you will run. Don’t try to fight, and don’t try to hide, just… run.”

Yuuri nodded uncertainly. He still didn’t understand why it was so dangerous, but he trusted Victor wholeheartedly. “Okay… I promise.”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuuri and hugged him close. “Thank you.”

Yuuri still had no idea why he would have to run, or what a rut truly meant. But there was another more important question looming over him.

Victor was an alpha and he wasn’t his family. Did that mean that he was dangerous? When Victor got into rut, would Yuuri have to run away from him as well?

Yuuri didn’t want that. He never wanted to run away from Victor. Not when he had spent practically his entire life trying to run towards him.

Victor promised that he would never hurt him. Hopefully he meant that, because Yuuri didn’t know if it was even possible for him to run away from his mate, even if it was for his own safety.

Victor would keep them safe. Even if he got into rut, right?

Or if he couldn’t, they would have Mari, his parents and Victor’s parents, to keep them safe.

They would never allow anyone of them to get hurt.

Yuuri would just have to trust in that. Trust them. And when he got older, hopefully they would trust him and tell him what a rut meant. He wanted to help. But no one was willing to explain it to him.

Everything would be better when he got older.

When he would finally be able to help, instead of being a useless child.

When he and Victor could finally be together.

When they could finally start their life together.

Yuuri couldn’t wait for that day.

He couldn’t wait for their future.

Someday.

Soon…
I think there will be one or two more chapters of their time in Russia. <3<3

Hopefully you liked this one, even though it wasn't only fluff... <3<3

Let me know what you thought! <3<3

Kudos to all! <3<3
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas.

Chapter Notes

So here I was, thinking that I could fit both Christmas and the Grand Prix Final into one chapter... XD Oh, how wrong I was... I could barely fit Christmas in this... XD
#TooMuchAction

Anyway, I hope you'll like it! <3<3 And holler if you catch any mistakes! <3
#YouAreNowMyBetaReaders

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The next day, Yuuri woke up by a loud thud coming the roof. He sat up immediately and looked around after the source of the sound. What was that?

*THUD*

There it was again.

Yuuri grabbed his glasses and carefully got out of bed. He decided to search out Victor, when he suddenly remembered what day it was, Victor’s birthday.

He didn’t want to wake Victor up on his birthday. But Victor was a morning person, so he might be awake…

Yuuri opened his door slowly and peeked out in the hallway. There was no sign of Victor, so he was probably still asleep.

Yuuri considered to just ignore the loud thuds and go back to sleep as well. But on the other hand, what if the thuds were dangerous and the roof was falling in?

He really couldn’t risk that.

*THUD*

Yuuri swallowed nervously and picked up his pace as he made his way to Victor’s bedroom. Once he reached it, he noticed how the door was slightly ajar.

“Victor?” Yuuri whispered quietly.

Victor hummed something in Russian and turned over in his sleep.

Yuuri had never woken someone up before. Not by will, anyway. So he had no idea what to do.
Yuuri squeaked in fear, before nervously walking closer to Victor’s bed. “Victor?” He said a little louder and a little bit more uneven. “Please wake up…”

Victor shifted and looked around worriedly before his eyes landed on Yuuri.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked in concern. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri closed the last of the distance between them and climbed up in Victor’s bed. “There’s…” Yuuri started and glanced to the roof. “I… I think there’s someone on the roof…”

Victor blinked at him in confusion. “On the roof…?”

Yuuri inched closer to Victor and his mate immediately wrapped his arms around him. “It’s okay, Yuuri.” Victor assured. “I think I know who it is.”

Yuuri looked up to his mate in surprise. “Who?”

Victor looked between the roof and Yuuri. “Well, do you know what day it is?”

Yuuri nodded. “It’s your birthday.”

“And…” Victor prodded.

“Christmas?” Yuuri asked. But what did that have to do with anything? Who could possibly be on the-…? “Oh…”

“Yuuri, do you believe in Santa?” Victor asked with a smile.

“I… I don’t know…” Yuuri admitted. “I didn’t think he was real, but is that… Him?”

Victor nodded and Yuuri felt how his breath got knocked out of his body. Santa was real. And he was on Victor’s roof.

“Would you like to meet him?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head immediately. “No.”

“No?” Victor repeated in confusion. “But… He has presents for you.”

“I don’t want presents from an old man I don’t know.” Yuuri stated. “He’s creepy. He looks at people when they’re sleeping, to know if they’re good or bad.”

Victor looked at Yuuri in disbelief. “You don’t like Santa?”

Yuuri shook his head. “I heard that he takes the bad kids and turns them into toys in his factory. How could I like someone who would do that?”

Victor was at a loss for words. Where did Yuuri hear that horror story? “Who told you that?”

“The boys in my class talked about it before Christmas-break.” Yuuri said seriously. “One of them said that Santa took his cousin.”

“It’s not true.” Victor declared. “Santa doesn’t turn children into toys…’
“He doesn’t?” Yuuri asked in awe, with a look so admiring and trusting that Victor felt something clench in his chest.

Yuuri really trusted Victor above all else. Whatever Victor would say now, would be Yuuri’s one and absolute truth.

And in that moment, Victor realized that there were worse things than ruining the magic for Yuuri. And one of those things was to abuse the trust that Yuuri had put in him. He looked to Victor as if he were a god.

Like Victor somehow held the answers to the meaning of life…

He couldn’t lie. He just couldn’t. He could only hope that honesty was the right way to go.

“Santa doesn’t turn kids into toys…” Victor took a deep breath. “…Because Santa isn’t real…”

“Oh, thank god.” Yuuri breathed out.

Victor sighed in relief. At least Yuuri wasn’t mad at him.

“But… Who is on the roof?” Yuuri asked.

“It’s an actor my parents hired to surprise you.” Victor admitted sheepishly.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “They hired an actor who would pretend to be Santa?” He asked in disbelief.

Victor nodded. “I thought that you liked Santa. I wanted to make you happy.”

“But it’s your birthday.” Yuuri pointed out. “You’re the one who’s supposed to be happy.”

“Making you happy makes me happy.” Victor declared. “I just didn’t know that you were scared of him.”

“I’m not scared of him.” Yuuri explained. “I just find him creepy.”

“Okay, luchik…” Victor smiled in amusement.

“I’m not scared.” Yuuri protested.

“I know, I believe you…”

“No, you don’t.” Yuuri accused. “But I’ll prove it to you. Let’s go and meet your Santa, and I’ll show you.”

Victor couldn’t help but to chuckle at Yuuri’s bravery, like a tiny knight in shining armor. “Okay, Yuuri… Let’s meet Santa.”

Yuuri was beginning to regret his decision once he saw the giant man dressed in red. He was standing at the fireplace with a giant red sack.

He told himself that Santa wasn’t real, and this actor was probably struggling to pay his bills back at home, but it barely helped. That man was actually scary-looking.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked in concern. “You don’t have to prove anything.”
But Yuuri did. He had to prove that he wasn’t a child. Sure, he was only eleven. But he was ready to take some responsibility for himself and face his fears.

He knew that he would always have people around that would help him and take care of him. But he didn’t want everyone to think that they had to.

Yuuri wanted to show them that he was capable of taking care of himself. That he didn’t need to hide behind everyone all the time, even though people seemed to prefer it. They really wanted him to act like some damsel in distress, running to the closest possible protector in the face of danger.

But he could be brave. He could face his fears and defeat them. Santa stood no chance.

So Yuuri cleared his throat in order to gain the man’s attention.

Santa turned to him. “Well, if it isn’t Yuuri? My favorite boy.” He cheered. “I have many presents for you.”

His Russian accent was so thick that he made Victor sound like an American.

Yuuri’s instincts told him to run away. But he wouldn’t. He was going to stand his ground, and his inner omega would just have to deal with it.

“How about everyone else?” Yuuri asked. “Didn’t you bring them presents as well?”

Santa chuckled. “Well, of course. Christmas is the time of giving. I have gifts for all.”

Yuuri took a deep breath and stepped closer. He could feel Victor moving behind him in silent support, and it was definitely helping.

“Good.” Yuuri said and took another step closer.

Santa nodded in approval and opened his sack.

That was too quick of an action and Yuuri immediately took a step back.

“You.” Victor said gently. “You really don’t have to do this. I believe you. You’ve made your point. You can go back upstairs.”

“No.” Yuuri said stubbornly. “I want to do this.”

Victor let out an annoyed sigh. But didn’t make any further comments.

Santa reached out one of the packages to Yuuri.

Yuuri walked closer, trying to tell himself that the fear was only in his head. Santa wouldn’t hurt him. It was just a normal actor. Not a creepy stalker who turned children into toys.

He accepted the present and quickly returned to Victor’s side.

“That was only one present.” Fake-Santa pointed out. “I have many more for you.”

“This one is fine.” Yuuri stated and inched closer to Victor. Not that he was scared or anything…

“Are you sure?” Fake-Santa questioned. “There is this entire sack and I…”

“He said he was fine.” Victor snapped.
Fake-Santa raised his hands in surrender. “Sorry…”

“You can leave the rest of the gifts and get out of here.” Victor said sternly.

“Victor, Yuuri, I’m so glad you’re awake, merry Christmas to both of you.” Victoria said happily as she suddenly entered the living room. “Oh, and Merry Christmas to you, Santa.”

Fake-Santa nodded politely. “I was just leaving…”

“No, no. Don’t be silly, you’re staying for breakfast.” Victoria announced.

“No, he’s not.” Victor spoke up. “He’s leaving.”

Victoria frowned in concern.

“Victor, I’m fine.” Yuuri stated. “He can stay.”

“No.” Victor shook his head. “There’s something wrong with him. I’m not letting him near you.”

“Son, I can assure you that there is nothing wrong. I’m Santa.” Fake-Santa claimed. “And I would never hurt a anyone, especially not on Christmas day.”

“I’m not taking any chances, you’re leaving.” Victor declared. “And I never want to see you again.”

“Victor.” Victoria scolded. “You’re being very rude.”

“I’m sorry, mum. But I don’t care.” Victor said. “You told me to trust my instincts when it comes to Yuuri. And they are basically screaming at me that that man is danger. So Santa needs to go.”

Victoria nodded in understanding.

“I’m sorry if I caused any trouble…” Fake-Santa apologized.

“It’s fine…” Victoria assured. “Let me just show you the exit…”

 Later that day, they finally established that the Santa was harmless. Victor’s instincts only went to high alert because Yuuri got scared.

Yuuri still denied it, but when another Santa showed up on the TV and he flinched. Victor claimed that that Santa had to be a serial killer.

Igor and Victoria said that they had experienced the same thing. Whenever something scared one of them, the other one got instantly mad and claimed that the source of the fear was dangerous.

It had something to do with the bond between true mates.

But it was reassuring to know, especially for Victor.

That meant that Georgi wasn’t dangerous either. It was just the fact that Yuuri got scared that had inevitably resulted in Victor’s over-reaction.

However, Victor still didn’t know for sure why Yuuri got so scared. He believed it to be a natural reaction to the sexual pheromones that Georgi sent out. Yuuri is far from being sexually mature. His body must have reacted with fear in order to keep him safe.
That made sense, since grown omegas often described their meetings with alphas in rut, as ‘love at first sight’.

Victor would just have to thank the gods that Yuuri was still little. He would probably cry his eyes out, if Yuuri would leave him for Georgi. Not to mention how pathetic he would become. He was pretty sure he would offer to be the third wheel, if it meant that he could have a part of Yuuri’s life.

“Victor. You need to make a wish.” Yuuri urged as the birthday cake was placed in front of him.

Victor snapped out of his line of thought and smiled at Yuuri’s excitement.

Victor didn’t know what to wish for. He already had everything he could ever want. The only thing he had left to wish for was a word.

Forever.

………………………….

“I’m sorry, but I could only afford one gift, and it’s not really a gift it’s more like half a gift. It’s really stupid and…”

“Yuuri.” Victor stopped his mate’s rambling before Yuuri accidently hurt himself. “I haven’t even opened it yet.”

“Oh, right…” Yuuri said as his cheeks turned red. “Sorry…”

Victor played a little with the box as the fire crackled behind them. They both sat by the fireplace in the living room, away from the rest of their family.

The others were somewhere upstairs, doing karaoke.

The boys had snuck away from that, so Yuuri could give Victor his birthday present in privacy.

“Yuuri.” Victor said seriously and grabbed Yuuri’s hand to get his full attention. “You could give me a rock, and it would still be an amazing gift. It’s enough that you’re here. You really didn’t have to get me a birthday present as well.”

Yuuri smiled shyly and gestured to the wrapped box in Victor’s hand. “I wanted you to have that.”

“So, can I open it?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded and moved closer so he could get a better look at Victor’s reaction.

Victor gently unfolded the wrapping of the tiny box. He could see how Yuuri got more and more impatient, and it was just adorable.

But finally, the wrapping was off and Victor was left with a small, black box in his hand.

“It’s a beautiful box.” Victor stated.

“Open it.” Yuuri urged as he shifted impatiently on the floor.

Victor chuckled as he did as told. But he almost dropped the box to the floor, once he saw what was inside.

When he first saw the box, he suspected there to be a bracelet or maybe a necklace. He never expected… a pair of golden rings?
“Yuuri?” Victor gasped. “Is this…?”

“They’re promise rings.” Yuuri quickly announced. “Or a good luck charms, or whatever you want them to be… It’s stupid.”

“They’re beautiful.” Victor corrected. He was slightly surprised when he suddenly noticed a drop of water splashing from one of the rings. He was even more surprised when he noticed that it was coming from him.

“Victor.” Yuuri cooed and reached out his hand to brush Victor’s long hair away from his face. “Please don’t cry…”

“I’m just…” Victor tried to find the words. “I’m just so happy… This is the best gift I could ever imagine…”

Yuuri smiled and reached for the box. “Can I…?” He asked shyly before his entire face suddenly turned red. “Can I put it on you finger?”

Victor nodded frantically and reached out his right hand to Yuuri. “Of course.”

Yuuri beamed as he took the bigger ring out of the box, and slowly slid it onto Victor’s finger. “It fits.”

Victor smiled as he noticed how the ring sparkled in the orange light. It was the equivalent of Yuuri’s eyes. “I love it.” He declared, before he noticed Yuuri’s bare hand. “Can I…?”

Yuuri immediately made the connection. “Oh, of course.” He said and gave his hand to Victor.

Victor took it with all the gentleness he possessed, and took out the other ring from the box.

Yuuri was practically glowing as Victor put the ring on his finger. It was a perfect fit for him as well.

Victor allowed his hand to stall on Yuuri’s, so they could look at both of their rings, side by side. Just like they were supposed to be. Together.

“Now, I’m yours…” Victor mused. He could barely contain his excitement. “Even to the rest of the world.”

Yuuri’s eyes sparkled as he looked up to Victor. “And I’m yours, too… Forever.”

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? <3<3 Let me know!! <3

I write this story for you, which is why your thoughts are so important to me! <3<3 I’ve taken a lot of your suggestions already, they really help me to become a better writer, if I know what you want to read, I will make it happen! <3<3 So thank you so much for reading and giving me your support! <3<3 It really means the world to me! <3<3

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Junior Grand Prix Final of 2003.

Chapter Notes

Well, first off. I know a lot of you, want to pop the gentle bubble that is Yuuri's innocence, and a lot of you are wondering why he doesn't already know since he's eleven (and apparently a lot of eleven-year-olds knows about sex?). And I'm just pointing out that this is 2003. The internet barely exist, and my (probably not so accurate) google searches told me that Japan is very conservative when it comes to sex-ed.

But don't worry. Yuuri will find out eventually, so just stay calm... <3<3

Now onto this chapter:

Okay, so this chapter was a lot harder to write than I thought... XD I know nothing about figure skating, and I'm just taking the little knowledge I recieved from YOI and some quick google searches and go with that... XD

I also changed a lot of things... but I'm blaming the fact that this is an AU... And I need certain things to happen in favor of the story... <3

But hopefully you'll like it! <3<3

Yuuri couldn’t contain his gasp when he saw Victor nail his quadruple jump. It was a quadruple salchow, and the landing was perfect.

“Good job, Victor.” Yakov called across the ice rink.

“I did it, Yakov, I told you I could!” Victor cheered. “Yuuri, did you see?”

Yuuri nodded frantically. “It was amazing!”


“Yes, you did.” Yuuri assured. “I could barely count the spins.”

Victor beamed with pride. “Yakov, can I please use the jump in my short program?”

Yakov chuckled fondly before his face grew deadly serious. “No.”

“Your program will get you a new record. You don’t need any quads.” Yakov explained. “Besides, you’ve only managed to land one. It doesn’t mean that you’re good enough to add a quad to your program on the last day.”

“But you promised that I could start competing with quads when I turned fifteen…”

“You’ve been fifteen for one day, Victor.” Yakov pointed out. “Calm down.”

“I’m perfectly calm.” Victor protested. “I’m just saying…”

“The answer is no.” Yakov stated, leaving no room for arguments.

Yuuri could tell that Victor didn’t let it go. His entire face was just screaming rebellion. “Okay, coach…” Victor said grimly. “Whatever you say.”

……………………………….

“Victor, you’re not going to do anything stupid, right?” Yuuri asked in concern. It was almost time for Victor to perform. And Victor had a weird look on his face.

The Grand Prix final was held in Moscow, Victor’s home territory. And his fans were definitely cheering the loudest.

Victor didn’t want to disappoint them by playing it safe. If he knew that he could be better, wasn’t he an idiot for not doing it?

“Victor?” Yuuri prodded.

“I’m not doing anything stupid.” Victor assured. “I’m doing something smart.”

“Just…” Yuuri started but trailed off.

“What?” Victor asked gently. It was almost time of him to go on the ice. But he couldn’t skate if Yuuri looked so worried.

Victor crouched down so he could get a better look of his mate, when Yuuri suddenly threw his arms around Victor’s neck. “Please, don’t get hurt…” He pleaded.


Yuuri nodded against his shoulder before reluctantly letting him go.

Victor backed away when he suddenly felt Yakov’s hand on his shoulder. “It’s almost time now, jacket off.”

Victor made a sound of acknowledgement. “Will you watch it for me?” He asked Yuuri.

Yuuri nodded solemnly.

Victor chuckled and took off the that connected him to Russia, and handed it to Yuuri.

Yuuri almost choked on his own breath when he saw Victor’s costume in all its glory. He had seen it on TV, but it was so different in person. The crystals covering his entire torso, and the white fluffy wings on his shoulders, made him look like an angel.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked worriedly.
Yuuri inhaled shakily. “Y-yes…?”

Victor smiled softly to his mate. “Try and breathe, okay?”

Yuuri’s face turned red in an instant, but he took a deep breath to appease Victor.

“That’s my boy…” Victor declared and ruffled Yuuri’s hair.

Yuuri tired his best to fix it, but without a mirror, it was more or less a lost cause.

Victor chuckled fondly. “You look so cute like that…”


Yuuri laughed despite himself. “Victor, you really shouldn’t make fun of him… He only wants what’s best for you.”

“Yeah…” Victor scoffed. “We’ll see…”

“And now, give a warm welcome to Russia’s treasure. Who’s performing in his home territory this time around, Victor Nikiforov.” The announcer spoke.

“Victor, skate.” Yakov urged.

Victor kissed the ring on Yuuri’s hand. “Cheer for me?”

Yuuri smiled. “Just try to stop me…”

Victor was a panting mess by the time his performance was over. He had replaced all of his triple salchows with quad salchows. He had touched down on two, but landed the other three perfectly.

The audience roared in awe, and Victor felt as if he was on the top of the world. Despite having Yakov trying to burn him alive with a look so furious, that he made Medusa seem like a puppy.

But Victor decided that it didn’t matter, when he finally turned to the person he wanted to impress above all else. His true mate, who was currently hugging his jacket so tightly, that Victor was worried that he might choke himself.

He quickly made his way over to him. “Yuuri, what did you think?” He asked happily as he reached for the rink-wall.

“It was amazing!” Yuuri cheered as Victor skated to a halt. “You’re so amazing, everything was just so…so…”

“Amazing?” Victor filled in.

Yuuri nodded. “It was the best program I have ever seen.”

Yakov didn’t look impressed as he gave Victor the silent treatment, Probably because of all the reporters standing behind them. But his eyes said plenty.

Victor was going to get an earful later…

Victor didn’t care, however. Yuuri looked at him with so much admiration and love that it would
definitely be worth it. He would spend the rest of his life with Yakov screaming in his ear, if that was what it took to have Yuuri look at him like that.

“I’m glad.”

Yuuri smiled before he flinched in realization. “Oh, do you want your jacket back?”

Victor laughed as he shook his head fondly. “I’m still very warm after the performance. Why don’t you hold onto it or now?”

Yuuri looked at the jacket determinately. “I will protect it with my life.”

Victor wrapped an arm around Yuuri. His mind was firmly made up that Yuuri was coming with him to the kiss and cry. “Please don’t risk your life like that. I can always get a new jacket…”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “Okay. But it would be a shame if anything happened to it. It’s a very beautiful jacket.”

“Do you want it?” Victor asked. “I can get a new one, and you can keep that if you’d like?”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “Really?”

Victor chuckled and pulled Yuuri closer to himself to cover him from the flashing cameras. “Really.”

…………………

The jacket was about five sizes too big for Yuuri, but that didn’t keep him from wearing it to Victor’s free skate the next day.

Victor beamed with pride. Having Yuuri wear his jacket made something flutter in his heart, just like the rings did.

It was probably his possessiveness as a alpha. If he could, he would probably put out giant billboards all over the world of the two of them together, with the inscription ‘true mates’. But his parents had already shot down that proposal four times. So it was probably not going to happen…

“What’s in the bag?” Victor asked. Breaking the silence the excitement had put them in.

Yuuri had been carrying a bag ever since they left the hotel. But Yuuri kept it in his free hand. Out of Victor’s sight.

“A surprise…” Yuuri said secretively.

Victor hated how curious that made him. “For me?” He asked.

Yuuri nodded. “You’ll get it once you get off the ice.”

“But, Yuuri…” Victor pouted. “Can you at least give me a clue?”

Yuuri looked away thoughtfully before he suddenly lit up. “It’s my favorite color.” He announced.

Victor hummed thoughtfully. There were a lot of things that could be blue. The ocean, the sky, the angry vein on Yakov’s forehead… But he seriously doubted that any of those would fit inside Yuuri’s bag.

“Victor, I’m warning you. If I see any quads….” Yakov started before Victor cut him off.
“Yeah, yeah. You’ll resign your post and leave me as a skating-orphan…” Victor repeated in amusement. “You made your points yesterday.”

“Victor… I would have to agree with Yakov.” Yuuri spoke up. “If there’s a risk that you might get hurt. I don’t want you to do it.”

Victor’s heart swelled at Yuuri’s concern.

“I won’t get hurt, solnechnyy.” Victor stated.

Yuuri still looked worried. “But can you promise me that you will stick with the triple jumps? Just to be safe…?”

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled. “You’re so cute when you’re worried.”

“Is that a yes?” Yuuri asked hopefully.

How could Victor possibly say no to that face. “Yes, love.” Victor relented. He was already in the lead with such a high score that he could probably skip his free-skate all together and still win. “I promise you that I won’t do any quads.”

Yuuri smiled gratefully. “Thank you.”

Yakov had never appreciated a person as much as he did Yuuri Katsuki, also known as the Victor-whisperer. Finally, he had someone who could get Victor to stop being a reckless idiot.

Sure, Yakov loved his protégé, but god, he could be so stupid sometimes. Yakov didn’t want to keep Victor from evolving and becoming better. But Victor was still growing, and when it came to quads, they could be very dangerous if the distance were measured wrong.

Victor had always been a rebellious kid. Making his first quad when he was no more than ten years old. Just to prove to Yakov and himself, that he could.

Yakov had forbidden them immediately, for Victor’s own safety. But he always caught Victor trying stupid stunts when he wasn’t looking. But it turns out that he only needed Yuuri to get Victor to see reason.

Yakov would have to get his home number, just so that he could have Yuuri talk sense into Victor’s thick skull, the next time the kid got any stupid ideas.

“Isn’t he beautiful?” Yuuri asked in awe as Victor skated to a halt in his final position.

Yakov immediately snapped back to reality. Was Victor finished already?

“He’s a very good skater.” Yakov agreed sternly as he clapped his hands.

Yuuri smiled proudly. “I made him a wreath out of blue roses… I hope he will like it.”

Yakov almost snorted. “I think someone will have to rip it away from his cold, dead hands, if they ever want to take it away from him.”

Yuuri looked up at Yakov with a horrified expression. “What?”

Yakov suddenly remembered that he talked to an eleven-year-old he barely knew. He had heard so much about him through Victor, that he almost forgot that he barely had any relationship at all to the
Japanese boy. And there he was, traumatizing him with his dark sense of humor.

“Not that anyone would kill him. Just that…” Yakov tried to explain himself. “I’m sure he’ll like the wreath….” He sighed.

“So, what are you two talking about?” Victor asked cheerfully as he suddenly appeared at the rink-side. “You’re not revealing my deepest secrets, are you?”

“Victor, that was amazing!” Yuuri cheered. “You were so beautiful.”

“Thank you, love.” Victor smiled. “Does this mean I’m worthy of the surprise?”

Yuuri smirked. “Well, you’re not off the ice now, are you?”

Victor’s eyes widened in surprise, before a giant grin spread across his face. He took a step forward so he stood on the concrete floor. “Better?”

Yuuri nodded and reached for the bag.

Victor took the moment to put on his skate guards. But just as he put the second one on, something was suddenly placed on his head.

He looked up to Yuuri’s smiling face. “I made it for you last night.” Yuuri announced. “It’s a wreath made of blue roses. They smelled like you, so I figured that they would make a good crown… For my prince…”

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled. His eyes were once again filled with tears. “What did I ever do to deserve you?”

Yuuri shrugged. “I guess you were just lucky…”

Victor laughed. He was once again reminded of why he loved this confident part of Yuuri. It made his heart beat impossibly strong in his chest. “I suppose you’re right.”

Yuuri blushed, back to normal self again. “Well, come on. We need to see your score…” He reached out his hand to Victor and nodded to the kiss and cry.

Victor took his hand in a heartbeat. “Of course, Luchik… Lead the way.”

Victor wore the wreath with pride as he stood at the top of the podium. It matched his outfit perfectly and everyone seemed to complement it every chance they got. Yuuri was so happy.

Victor had broken the world record in total score and had really set the bar until Yuuri would make his debut in the juniors.

Next year, Victor would move on to the ‘real’ Grand Prix. But hopefully, the next one who would crush his record in juniors would be his very own Yuuri Katsuki.

Yuuri was currently waiting for him with Yakov until the medal ceremony was over. Then they were going out for dinner together with their families to celebrate, and Yuuri would finally get to eat piroshkies.

Victor could barely wait.

“Thank you.” The photographer said, releasing the skaters from the podium.
Victor practically jumped off of it, in his rush to get back to Yuuri. And just when he saw his beautiful mate again, he heard a voice coming from above him.

“Congratulations on your win, Victor.”

Victor looked up and saw a little boy with curly golden hair and giant green eyes.

Victor smiled at him. “And what’s your name?”

The boy looked taken off guard by Victor’s response. “Christophe Giacometti.” The boy said almost too quickly to be audible.

Victor smiled at his reaction. “Thank you, Chris.”

The boy reminded him of Yuuri in some way, so young and filled with hope. Victor wanted to keep that alive. So he looked to his hands and noticed how many roses he held. Most of them probably wouldn’t even last through dinner, so it really couldn’t hurt to spare one.

Victor took one of them and threw it up to Chris. “See you at worlds.” He said with a wave.

Chris looked at the rose like it was magical.

Victor couldn’t help but chuckle when he suddenly felt how someone grabbed his hand. His Yuuri.

“Yakov told me that I should tell you to hurry...” Yuuri smiled. “Apparently you won’t listen to him?”

Victor feigned hurt as he allowed Yuuri to lead him away. “I do too listen to him.” He protested. “I just prefer to listen to you.”

Yuuri laughed. “By the way, who was that boy up there? The one you gave the rose to?”

Victor smiled teasingly. “Are you jealous, Pryanichek?”

Yuuri shook his head thoughtfully. “I know you love me more.”

Victor kissed the side of Yuuri’s head and successfully got a small laugh out of his beloved mate. “Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know that Victor met Chris in the European championship when Victor was 17. But I'm going to blame the fact that this is an alternative universe where humans have animal instincts and secondary genders. And who knows, maybe that's why Chris decided to take a trip to Moscow? ;) (Ignore me, I don't know what I'm talking about anymore)

And also, the real Grand prix final 2003 was held in FRICKIN SWEDEN?? My own country...? I really missed something there...

But... I'm going to ignore it, in favor of the story... It makes much more sense for them to be in Russia, right?
Well, *Ignoring everything*

I hope you liked this chapter, and I think I'll be moving on with wider time jumps now... ;)
Just so they can grow up faster and we'll get some teenage angst... ;)

Please leave a comment with your thoughts!! <3<3 I really love your comments! Your comments are very nice for my heart! <3<3<3 Please give me many comments! <3<3
#Obsessed #ILoveUGuys
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Victor is in rut and Yuuri has "the talk"...

Chapter Notes

Okay! <3<3 I think almost like 20 different people asked for this! XD So... Here you go! <3<3

And I'm sure there won't be any complaints. If you didn't want this to happen you should have spoken up.

Like I've said, this story is for you! <3<3 I will write what you want to see! <3<3 And those are the rules. If you want, or don't want something, speak up, or forever hold your silence.

Nothing bums me out more than complaints.

So please and thank you, and I hope you'll enjoy this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The birds were chirping above the great Nikiforov mansion. It was a beautiful spring morning.

But not for everyone…

Victor woke up feeling extremely disoriented and pissed off at the world. He knew what was going on. But he didn’t like it. He was having his first rut.

And privacy wasn’t something to be expected in his home.

He knew his parents meant well, but he just wanted to get through it. Alone.

~Victor, are you okay?~

Crap.

Victor groaned into his pillow. He really didn’t want Yuuri in his head right now. He was too pure and innocent to take any part of what Victor was doing right now. Hand on his cock, trying to rock through the pain and haziness that was filling all of his senses.

~Are you hurt? Please, talk to me?~

Victor hated how much he got off to the feeling of Yuuri, that sweet scent of vanilla and the gentle vibrations from their bond was driving him crazy.
Which was both sick and horrible. Yuuri was a child, an eleven-year-old child. And Victor was getting off on it.

~Are you mad at me? Did I do something wrong?~

Victor hated this, he hated himself, he hated that he was an alpha. He hated the world for making such an age gap between him and Yuuri. If they were the same age then maybe…

No.

Stop.

Victor was NOT thinking about having sex with Yuuri. To see those brown eyes looking down at him hazy with pleasure. To feel his heartbeat and touch all over his body… To have Yuuri holding him and petting him and making him feel good.

Sick, sick, sick…

Victor pushed those thoughts away. And pushed his face deeper into his pillow, trying to think of anything else that might help him from this hell.

*Knock, knock, knock*

Victor let out a frustrated growl. “Get the hell out of here.”

“Victor? I found a movie and some magazines you might like.” His mom called from the other side. “Do you have anything special you would want to see? I can make another trip later today.”

“Just stay away from me!”

“Victor…” His mother called gently. “There’s nothing wrong with you. Rut happens to all alphas.”

Victor really didn’t want a pep talk right now. He just wanted to be left alone.

“She’s right, son.” Igor chimed in.

Victor sighed. Of fucking course…

“The first rut is always the worst.” He continued. “When I had my first rut, I tried to imagine how your mom looked like. It really helped to get off to her scent.”

Now, Victor was pretty sure he was going to throw up. Picturing his parents having sex was not what he needed.

“Why don’t you try and imagine Yuuri as older?” Victoria suggested.

“Don’t fucking mention him!” Victor growled. Surprising himself over how much power his voice held.

“Victor there’s nothing wrong with using your imagination to…” Victoria started but Victor had had enough.

“Just get away from my room and leave me the hell alone!”

The voices quieted from outside and Victor could finally release the breath he didn’t even realize that he was holding.
Please… You’re scaring me…~

Victor hated himself even more. He made a promise to never make Yuuri scared or sad. And here he was, breaking that promise.

He couldn’t do that. No matter how miserable he felt Yuuri should never have to deal with the implications.

He needed to make this right.

…………………………….

Yuuri’s school day was almost over when he suddenly got a bad feeling, something related to Victor.

But Victor refused to talk to him. And more and more he could feel his mate’s anger grow. Something was definitely wrong.

“Yuuri?” Tina asked in concern. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri shook his head. This was not something to be discussed with his friend. This could be serious.

“I need to go to the bathroom.” Yuuri quickly excused himself and silently snuck out of the classroom.

Once he was out in the hallway, and sure that no one else was around, he turned his entire attention to Victor. He needed to know what was going on.

~It’s fine… Don’t worry~

Yuuri froze. Victor’s voice sounded so different. Like he was hurt in some way. It was shaky and much darker than usual.

Yuuri was afraid to ask. He should trust Victor. But he still felt like he needed to know what was going on. To make sure that he wasn’t mad at him, and to make sure that he was really going to be okay.

~I have an… alpha problem. I’ll be fine in a week~

Victor didn’t have to say anything else. Yuuri knew that he had entered his rut.

…………………………….

~Is there anything I can do to help?~

Victor shook his head before he realized that Yuuri couldn’t see him.

…………………………….

~I’ll be fine. Just… Try not to talk to me. I’ll reach out, once it’s over~

Yuuri felt slightly hurt, even though he understood it completely. Mari always wanted to be alone and not be disturbed when she was in rut. Victor might be the same, and having a voice in his head was probably not considered alone.

But it still hurt that Victor didn’t want to talk to him. He wanted to be there for him, to help.

But if Victor needed to be alone, he would leave him be…

*RING*
Yuuri flinched. How long had he been standing there in the hall? Was the day already over?

The corridor was quickly being filled with students running or walking towards the exit.

And Yuuri knew that Mari was out there, waiting to pick him up. He would just have to get back to the classroom for his bag, jacket and…

“Yuuri, you missed the funniest thing.” Kimi claimed between giggles. “Nayoko-Sensei forgot that she moved her chair and accidently sat down on the floor.”

“It was really funny.” Tina agreed as her eyes shifted to the exit. “Do you want company back home?”

Yuuri shook his head. “Mari is coming to get me, we’re going to the ice castle.”

“Again?” Tina exclaimed. “Weren’t you there yesterday?”

“I was.” Yuuri said. “But I like it there. I promised Yuuko and Takeshi to help them with their quad toe loop.”

“You can do that?” Kimi gasped. “I can only do doubles.”

“Victor showed me over Christmas-break, on new years eve.” Yuuri said sheepishly.

“Well, we’ll see you tomorrow, right?” Tina asked cheerfully.

Yuuri nodded. “Of course.”

Victor was happy that Yuuri understood. But shortly thereafter, he suddenly he realized how much he missed him. Not feeling Yuuri through their bond and not hearing his voice was almost unbearable. And it had only been a few hours. How would he survive a week?

He and Yuuri had never gone a day without communicating. He wouldn’t even last through the day. But he couldn’t talk to Yuuri. His voice was hoarse and destroyed from moaning and groaning into his pillow. He didn’t want Yuuri to hear him like that.

Yuuri was still so innocent. He probably didn’t even know what sex was. Victor couldn’t ruin him like that.

He still remembered when his dad told him the truth, back when he was twelve. It was as if his world got flipped upside down and everything was suddenly clear. But the magic was gone. He didn’t want to do that to Yuuri.

He didn’t want to take more magic away from his mate. He had already ruined Santa for him. He didn’t want to take away his innocence as well.

So Victor would try and stop thinking about Yuuri and only focus on himself. It went against everything he believed in, but that would probably be best for both of them.

He would just hold on to the thought that he would be back to normal in a week. Then he could finally talk to Yuuri again, and all of this could just be forgotten.

Sure, it wasn’t ‘all bad’. Some parts of the rut were rather… enjoyable. But the cons definitely outweighed the pros in a heartbeat. He missed Yuuri, he felt like crap, he was sweaty even though he was naked and everything was uncomfortable.
He really looked forward for the rut to end.

He could barely wait…

……………………………

“Are you okay?” Mari asked as they were walking home from practice. “You have barely spoken all day.”

“I’m fine.” Yuuri assured. It was the truth. Victor seemed to be doing better which meant that he could finally stop worrying.

“And Victor?” Mari prodded. “You always act weird when there’s something going on with him…”

Yuuri sighed. “There’s nothing going on with him… It’s just…” He trailed off, not really knowing how to voice his concerns.

Mari allowed him to take his time.

“Mari?”

“Yes?”

“Can you help someone with their rut?”

Mari choked on air. “WHAT?”

Yuuri looked at her with wide eyes. “WHAT?”

Yuuri nodded. “But he doesn’t want to talk to me. So I don’t know how to help.”

“You can’t help him.” Mari stated. “He needs to get through it on his own.” Her tone left no room for arguments.

“Mari?” Yuuri asked again.

Mari didn’t acknowledge him.

“Why won’t anyone tell me what happens during a rut?” Yuuri questioned in annoyance.

“Because you’re a kid. And you shouldn’t know about that shit, not until you’re older.”

“About what?”

Mari scoffed.

“Mari?”

“Do you really want to know?” Mari questioned.

Yuuri nodded. “More than anything.”

Mari rolled her eyes. “Be careful what you wish for…”

“So you’ll tell me?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. He really didn’t think he was going to be able to talk Mari into this.
“Sit.” Mari said and gestured to a nearby bench.

Yuuri quickly hopped on and placed his backpack aside.

Mari took a deep breath, bracing herself. “Yuuri, what do you know about sex?”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “Isn’t that what happens when a baby is made?”

Mari nodded. “Yes.”

“But… how?”

Mari figured it was better to just rip the patch off and see what happened. “For you, Victor will put his dick in your butt and a baby will grow in your belly.”

For a moment, all sounds disappeared, leaving them in a thick and uncomfortable silence.

Yuuri’s eyes widened momentarily as he took the words in. He then started shifting where he sat. “Oh…”

“What do you think about that?” Mari asked. She was so going to demand to get an award for this. “Do you want me to continue?”

Yuuri cringed slightly but nodded nonetheless.

“When an alpha goes into rut. He or she will no longer feel like that act is disgusting. Instead they will find it rather… I don’t know…? Good, maybe?” She fumbled over her words as she tried to make it logical. “They become adults, in a way.”

Yuuri didn’t know what to say. He didn’t want to put anything in his ass. It sounded painful.

“Does it hurt?” Yuuri asked. “The sex?”

“Not if you want it enough… With the right person it won’t hurt at all. It can be uncomfortable, but no, it shouldn’t hurt.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “But… If I don’t have a rut, does that mean that I’m not going to like it, ever?”

Mari had to hid her face in her hands. She barely knew anything about omegas and heats. But what she did know was far too extreme for her little brother’s innocent ears.

“You’ll have a heat. That’s pretty much the same thing.” She said, short and to the point. Before something else, suddenly entered her mind. Something Yuuri should know. “Well, the heat will hurt a lot more than a rut. Especially your first one…”

“Why?” Yuuri asked nervously.

“Well, right now, you have the organs to make a baby. But they won’t be activated before your heat. But when they do activate, it’s going to hurt like hell… They say it’s the equivalent of childbirth.”

“How does childbirth feel like?”

Mari sighed. “Imagine pooping out a watermelon.”

Yuuri gasped. His eyes shot around fearfully before he was finally able to take a deep breath again “I
don’t want a baby.” He practically cried out. “I don’t want to poop out a watermelon.”

“Good. Then you will use protection.” Mari stated. She might be a horrible sister for scaring Yuuri like this, but if it kept him safe, it would be worth it. “And you will be careful like hell. Don’t have sex before you get married.”

Yuuri absorbed the information like a sponge. “What kind of protection?”

“Birth control, condoms, pills, patches, shots, shit like that. Preferably combined with each other.” She took a moment before continuing. “But as long as you don’t have sex you won’t have to worry. And if Victor claims to be too big for a condom he’s full of shit and you should drop him from the face of the earth.”

Yuuri took mental notes of everything.

“Any other questions?” Mari asked.

Yuuri thought about it for a few seconds before finding something he wondered about. “Do you have sex?”

Mari clapped her hands together. “Discussion over.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding and pulled his backpack over his shoulder.

“Are you going to be okay?” Mari asked in concern.

Yuuri nodded. “I’ll be fine.”

Chapter End Notes

So, what did you think? Was it everything you hoped for? Yuuri’s innocence crushed, Victor's dignity lost. XD

You wanted:
Victor in rut
Yuuri to have the talk™
Teenage angst

I hope I delivered. Leave a comment for what you want to see in the future... ;) <3<3
You matter so much to me! <3

Thank you so much for reading! <3<3
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Summer time

Chapter Notes

Just because I feel like dragging shit out and I'm not ready to let go of summer. I'm going to do a few summer-chapters! ;)

I have a few ideas but I'm also open for as many suggestions as you have! ;)

So enjoy this little "Summer-prolouge". And I hope you'll like the chapter! <3<3

PS: Yuuri is eleven and Victor is fifteen and this is the summer of 2004... ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri couldn’t contain his excitement as he was walking home from school after his last day of the semester. He was finally on his summer’s break.

And Victor was coming later that day. They would finally see each other again.

Then, they would spend almost their entire summer in Japan together. Yuuri only hoped that Victor had followed his advice and left everything with long sleeves back in Russia. Summer in Japan was a lot warmer than summer in Russia.

Hopefully, Victor would be okay.

 Victor was practically standing in his seat, as the train neared the station of Hasetsu.

“Look at the town.” Victor said dreamily. “Isn’t it beautiful?”

“Domo arigato.” Victor mother practiced to Igor with Victor’s old Japanese dictionary. “It doesn’t sound quite right…”

“Try holding the vowels a little longer.” Igor suggested.

“You’re not looking.” Victor pouted.

“Sorry, love. But we want to be respectful and speak their native language.” Victoria explained. “We’ll have plenty of time to see Hasetsu once we arrive.”

Victor rolled his eyes and sat back down in his seat.
“So, are you excited to see Yuuri again?” Igor asked with a wink.

“Please don’t do that.” Victor cringed. “The winking will make everyone horrified.”

Igor laughed. “Are you embarrassed about your dear old papa?”

Victor closed his eyes and tried to brace himself. He knew that his parents knew how embarrassed he got, and they were using it to their advantage. He just had to breathe through it and he would be fine.

“Seriously though, are you excited?” Victoria asked and put the dictionary back in her handbag.

Victor nodded. “I have really missed him.”

Victoria smiled fondly. “I’m sure he has missed you too.”

~Victor, are you at the station yet? I’m there with Mari. I’m waiting for you~

Victor smiled to himself. Knowing that they wouldn’t have to miss each other for that much longer.

They would soon be together.

..........................

“Mari, look!” Yuuri gasped when he saw the train in the distance. “He’s so close now.”

“Yes, and you will not run away from me like you did last time, right?”

Yuuri blushed. And shifted on his feet. “I won’t.” He promised.

“Good, cause there will be a thick crowd when those doors open, and I don’t need to have a heart attack because you can’t wait for twenty more seconds.” Mari scolded.

Yuuri sighed. “I won’t run.”

Mari nodded in approval when the train began to slow down.

People around them stood up and grabbed their suitcases and bags, getting ready to board the train.

Yuuri looked through the train’s windows, maybe if he looked close enough, he might see Victor.

“Yuuri.”

Yuuri looked up to Mari.

“Breathe.” She chuckled.

Yuuri did, but it wasn’t easy. Victor was so close now. Just a few minutes away, maybe less. Maybe a few seconds…

The train made a creaky sound before the doors opened and people began to flood out. Yuuri’s head snapped in every direction, trying to spot his true mate.

“Yuuri!” Victor suddenly called.

Yuuri practically spun in that direction.
Then he saw him. His Victor. Dressed as if he had stepped out of the latest issue of a fashion magazine. He didn’t see Yuuri though. He was just calling out to the crowd.

“Victor!” Yuuri called back when he suddenly felt how Mari tugged him backwards.

“No running.” She scolded.

Yuuri whined in frustration. “Please? He’s right there.”

Mari sighed. “Fine.”

Then she released Yuuri’s hand.

Yuuri ran as fast as his legs would carry him. Until he noticed how Victor saw him. Then he just ran faster.

Victor dropped his bag and closed the final steps between them and literally picked Yuuri off the ground.

Yuuri squeaked in surprise and wrapped his arms around Victor’s neck and his legs around his waist so they wouldn’t fall.

“I’ve missed you.” Victor spoke softly. “My little koala bear.”

Yuuri laughed and hugged Victor tighter. “I’ve missed you too.”

Victor had grown a lot since his rut, which was evident when he saw Yuuri again. His mate, who used to be only a head shorter than him, was now only reaching the higher part of his stomach in eye level.

Not that Victor complained. The size difference made it easier for him to carry Yuuri around, since he was so little. And he would lie if he said that he didn’t enjoy it.

“Victor, I can walk the rest of the way now…” Yuuri insisted and tried to put down his foot in the gravel.

“Really?” Victor asked teasingly. “You’d rather walk?”

Yuuri considered Victor as a blush spread across his cheeks. “It’s just that… People are looking.”

Victor snorted. “Then we should let them. I’m sure we’re a revelation to be gazed upon.”

“Are you sure you’re not getting tired?” Yuuri asked in concern. “We’re almost home and you’ve been carrying me for almost fifteen minutes in 30°C.

“I’m perfectly fine, solnechnyy.” Victor assured. “I like having you this close. I might not ever put you down again.”

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled. “You can’t carry me forever. How will you skate?”

“With my legs.” Victor winked.

“And how will I skate?” Yuuri quipped.

“Fine, I’ll put you down for skating.” Victor relented.
“And bathroom breaks.” Yuuri added.

Victor chuckled. “…And bathroom breaks.”

Yuuri smiled. “Then we have a deal.”

Victor stayed true to his word until Yuuri wanted to get down to play with Makkachin and Vicchan. Then they both seemed to forget about the whole ordeal, too busy to interact with each other and their families.

Victor’s parents were walking around Yu-Topia taking pictures of everything and acting like a proper couple of tourists.

Yuuri’s parents were overjoyed to have people so interested in their hot spring that they gave them the most thorough tour anyone has ever had.

Mari just rolled her eyes and closed herself into her room until it was time for dinner.

“Wow! Katsudon!” Victor cheered. “It’s been almost a year since I ate it last.”

Hiroko smiled to him. “Well, I do hope that you’ll enjoy it just as much.”

Victor nodded eagerly and picked up his chopsticks.

Yuuri watched him with amusement as Victor held the chopsticks completely wrong and dropped everything he tried to pick up.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked carefully.

“Hmm?” Victor said with a heart-shaped smile. Trying to pretend that he knew what he was doing.

“Can I… Help you?” Yuuri asked and nodded to Victor’s chopsticks.

“Yes, please. I’m completely hopeless when it comes to them…” Victor chuckled and gave his hand to Yuuri.

Yuuri marveled a little over the ring that was still decorating his mate’s finger. It had definitely been re-sized. Victor’s hand was much bigger than it was six months ago, but the ring still fit him perfectly.

“You need to hold your thumb like this.” Yuuri instructed. “And keep the balance with the other stick like this.”

“Like this?” Victor asked as he tried to mirror Yuuri’s movements.

Yuuri nodded. “That’s great.”

Victor smiled fondly as he tried to use them to eat again. And that time he had better control and he actually managed to get the food in his mouth.

“Vkusno!”

“Yuuri, I think I might be dying.” Victor exclaimed as he flopped down on the couch next to his
mate.

Yuuri considered him and reached through the bond.

“You feel fine.” He said thoughtfully.

“Everything is so hot…” Victor complained. “I’m boiling from the air.”

“We could go to the ice rink?” Yuuri suggested. “That might be the only place in Hasetsu that is actually cool right now.”

Victor peeked up at him with a mischievous grin. “Can we stop for cheesecake on our way home?”

Yuuri laughed. “If you want to.”

Victor jumped up on his feet. “I’ll race you there.”

“You’re fast for someone who’s dying.”

Victor shot him a heart-shaped smile. “I need to be fast if I’m going to survive.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “You’re ridiculous…”

“You love it.” Victor stated and reached out his hand for Yuuri.

Yuuri took it. “I really do.”

They couldn’t stay at the ice castle for too long and they had to take their cheesecake to go. But they still had the best first day together, as a hot summer’s day could offer for them. Later that night Yuuri fell asleep in the living room to one of his favorite movies.

Victor was still on Russia time, so he wasn’t feeling sleepy at all. So he finished watching the movie, while absentmindedly petting Yuuri’s hair.

He knew that the morning would hold more adventures for the two of them. They would go to the beach with their dogs, and go to a local market. Then they would share every day until the end of summer together.

Then they would only have to spend a few months apart, until it was finally time for the competitions.

But until then, they would enjoy the summer together. And enjoy their youth. They were only going to get older, and they would never be able to go back in time and live this summer again. All they would have left was their memories.

And they intended to collect as many as possible.

This was going to be a great summer…

Chapter End Notes

I know that everything moved in an incredibly fast pace, but that's the point... <3
Now, the summer times begin!! :D <3<3

Let me know what you think should happen! <3<3

And thank you so much for reading!! <3<3
A few days had passed since Victor’s arrival, but they both stayed close to each other at all times. After a week had passed, a giant truck suddenly appeared at the driveway of Yu-Topia.

“Finally!” Victor exclaimed and turned to his mom. “Yuuri’s presents have arrived.”

Victoria nodded. “Are you going to wake him up?”

Victor looked at the truck thoughtfully. “Mrs. Katsuki? How long do I have before Yuuri wakes up?”

Hiroko chuckled fondly. “Probably a few hours more. That boy really likes to sleep…”

“Well, he’s up all night with that stupid Gameboy.” Mari pointed out. “I think he’s becoming addicted.”

“It’s probably because he’s so good at it.” Victor said dreamily. “His little fingers moves like lightning when he plays through a boss-battle.”

“Don’t tell me you’re getting addicted as well?” Mari sighed.

“I’m only addicted to Yuuri.” Victor stated. “That’s my one and only addiction.”

“Except figure skating…” Victoria chimed in.

“And hair products.” Igor added.

“Oh, and outfits for Makkachin.” Victoria chuckled.

“And fashion magazines.”

“And those little…”

“Fine, I get it.” Victor groaned. “I have issues.”
“It’s not issues.” Victoria assured. “You’re just very… hungry for life.”

Victor snorted. “That’s what you want to call it?”

Victoria shrugged. “It suits you.”

Victor shook his head. “I don’t have time for this. I have to plan Yuuri’s surprise.”

“Make sure to tip the truck driver, honey.” Victoria called after him.

Victor waved. “Yeah, yeah…”

Hiroko sat down and handed everyone coffee. “Teens, am I right?”

Yuuri woke up to the sound of shuffling outside his door. He blinked into the darkness a few times as he tried to identify the sound. Was something being dragged?

~Yuuri, I feel that you’re awake. I have a surprise for you once you’re ready to get up…~ Victor sounded so excited that he was practically singing.

Yuuri sat up in his bed and rubbed his eyes sleepily. He put on his glasses and glanced at the clock on his nightstand. It was almost noon.

Yuuri’s movements also seemed to have woken up Vicchan. As the little dog crawled towards Yuuri’s face with his tail wagging back and forth.

“Morning, buddy.” Yuuri greeted. “Did you have your morning walk?”

Vicchan huffed in agreement once Yuuri noticed his sandy paws. Apparently he must have gotten a walk by the beach.

“Did you walk with Makkachin?” Yuuri realized he spoke to his dog as if he was a human.

But at the mention of Makkachin, Vicchan jumped off the bed and sat down by the Yuuri’s bedroom door. Patiently waiting for Yuuri to open it for him so he could reunite with his new best friend.

Yuuri chuckled fondly and put on his slippers without a second thought, before he opened the door to find out what Victor had planned for him.

Victor almost died when he saw Yuuri in fluffy bunny slippers. How could he have missed them? He had been in Yuuri’s room countless times, how could he possibly have missed those adorable slippers? Who had gotten those for him? Did he buy those himself? And most importantly, where could Victor get a matching pair?

He was pulled out of his thoughts when he felt something jump against his leg.

Vicchan.

But just as Victor sat down and was about to greet the tiny little ball of fluff, Makkachin came bouncing into the room. And both of the dogs immediately began to play with each other. And Victor was left forgotten on the floor.

“Victor?”
Okay, maybe not completely forgotten.

“Good morning, Solnechnyy. Did you sleep well?” Victor asked cheerfully.

Yuuri nodded and shuffled his way over to Victor sleepily.

Victor reached for him and lowered Yuuri into his lap. “Are you really that tired, love?”

Yuuri nodded against his chest and nuzzled closer.

Victor wrapped his arms around him and moved him so he was lying more comfortable.

Yuuri released a sigh of content.

“Yuuri?” Victor chuckled. “Are you trying to fall asleep on me?”

“No, I’m just resting a bit…” Yuuri stated.

“Your eyes are closed.”

Yuuri blinked his eyes open. “No, they’re not.”

“If you’re really so sleepy, maybe you should go back to sleep?” Victor suggested as he brushed away some hair from Yuuri’s face. “I can wake you up later…”

Yuuri leaned into the touch and allowed his eyes to fall closed again. “No, no, don’t be silly. Just… Talk to me until I’m awake.”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “I ordered a lot of presents for you from around the world. And the truck has just arrived.”

Yuuri’s eyes shot wide-open. “What?”

“I thought that might wake you up…” Victor said proudly.

Yuuri shifted so he could look Victor in the eyes. “You ordered me a truck filled with presents?”

Victor nodded.

Yuuri considered his mate for a moment. “Why?”

“Because I love you, and I want to spoil you.” Victor declared.

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “But, a whole truck? Isn’t that a bit… excessive?” He asked worriedly.

Victor grabbed Yuuri’s hands and looked him deep in the eyes. “I would bring you a whole ocean of presents if I could. You deserve everything and more. And I will give it all to you.”

Yuuri stayed silent as he took in Victor’s words. Before he came up with a way to make Victor understand.

“I already have everything.” Yuuri stated. “Right here. In my hands.”

Victor looked at their intertwined hands when Yuuri’s words sunk in, and he had to lay himself down on the floor.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked worriedly.
“You’re too cute.” Victor sniffled. “I will not survive.”

“Of course you will.” Yuuri insisted. “You’re just being dramatic.”

“How cruel. First you kill me, then you call me dramatic.” Victor said and put his hand on his forehead. “How will I ever recover?”

“You do have a lot of feelings for a dead person…” Yuuri snickered.

Victor couldn’t help himself from joining Yuuri in laughter. The sound was simply too contagious.

“I’m still hurt though…” Victor said after a few seconds.

“Of course.” Yuuri agreed. “Can I make it up to you?”

Victor beamed. “Open a few presents for me?”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Will that really make you happy again?”

Victor nodded.

“Okay, then…” Yuuri agreed as he stood up from the floor. “The things I would do for you…”

“You’re an angel, Yuuri.” Victor said as he pulled himself up to his feet. “Besides, giving you presents is like giving myself presents. We do share one soul, you know? Your happiness is my happiness…”

“I wonder what your parents would say if they found that out…” Yuuri said thoughtfully.

“You won’t tell them, right?”

“Of course not. I would never take away the happiness of giving you gifts by giving me gifts by…? Wait, I think I lost track.” Yuuri chuckled.

“You’re making fun of me, aren’t you?” Victor accused, feigning hurt.

“I would never.” Yuuri protested. “So, let’s open some of your presents. We need to make your soul happy.”

“Yuuri…” Victor pouted.

“Hurry along, soulmate.”

…………………………..

“Victor, How will I fit all of these in my room?” Yuuri asked as he tried to count the different colorfully wrapped presents, all around the living room.

Victor scratched his head thoughtfully. “I guess I didn’t really think about that…”

“Can we maybe put a limit on you?” Yuuri suggested. “Like, the next time I have a birthday or the next time Christmas arrives, we’ll put a limit on one gift each?”

“Only one?” Victor gasped.

“Well, that’s what I can afford.” Yuuri admitted. “It makes me kind of sad that you’re allowed to shower me in presents and I can only get you one stupid little thing.”
Victor felt his heart twist in his chest. “Yuuri? How long have you been feeling like that?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Since my birthday, I guess…”

“Almost a year?” Victor didn’t know what else to ask. He had never felt this guilty before. He had done everything wrong. He had put his own needs above Yuuri’s. He had made Yuuri sad. And not just a little sad, Yuuri had kept his sadness to himself for almost a year, and Victor hadn’t noticed. He had just made it worse. “Why didn’t you say something?”

“Because giving me presents makes you happy. And I want you to be happy.” Yuuri admitted.

“Yuuri… I was only happy because I thought that I made you happy.” Victor explained. “And I’m so sorry that I made you feel insufficient. But I want you to know that your presence alone, is worth more than a million gifts.”

“So is yours.” Yuuri stated. “That’s why I don’t need…” He finished counting “Twenty two presents on a Wednesday.”

Victor chuckled at that. “Maybe I did over-do it a little…”

“So can we agree on a limit?” Yuuri asked hopefully.

“One gift?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded. “For every occasion.”

Victor smiled. “The things I would do for you…”

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes, Yuuri. But you still need to keep all of these presents to make up for it.” Victor stated. “Or the ones you want, at least.”

Yuuri nodded eagerly. “Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? Victor being Extra™ and has too much money on his hands. XD

But now, Yuuri won't drown in presents at least... :) <3 #DisasterAverted

I wrote this while waiting for your suggestions, and I love the ones I've recieved, so keep them coming! <3<3

Thank you, and kudos to you! <3<3
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor takes a walk on the beach, when one of Yuuri's friends suddenly shows up and talk to the both of them.

Chapter Notes

A bunch of you wanted jealous!Victor... <3<3
So here you go!! <3<3
PS: Eyes open for mistakes. I'm hella tired and I can barely read anymore. My fingers are just writing by themselves at this point... XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuuri.” Victor said seriously as they walked along the beach together.

“Yes?” Yuuri looked up at Victor worriedly.

“This is the best ice cream I’ve ever had. I’m going to buy that vendor and take his ice cream to Russia.”

Yuuri could see that Victor was struggling not to break his mask. He really couldn’t fool anyone.

“Is that so?” Yuuri questioned with a smirk.

Victor nodded. “Mhmm, this might be the last time you’ll get to eat this delicious ice cream.”

“That’s too bad Russia is so cold. It will probably be hard for him to keep his business open in the freezing weather.” Yuuri pointed out as he took another bite of his cone.

“Hmm, I suppose you’re right about that…” Victor said as he now had a really hard time to keep his face neutral.

“You don’t have a backup-plan?” Yuuri snickered.

Victor snorted as he finally gave up his act. “I didn’t think eleven-year-olds are supposed to be so smart.” Victor said in disbelief.

“Well, half of my soul is fifteen…” Yuuri quipped.

Victor smiled as he squeezed Yuuri’s hand a little tighter.

“It’s a beautiful sunset.” Victor said as he gazed across the horizon of the Hasetsu Lake, the sun glimmering in a sea of orange and pink.
“It really is.” Yuuri agreed and leaned into the higher part of Victor’s arm, before he suddenly got an idea.

He carefully took his ice cream and gently pressed it against Victor’s cheek, as his mate was too busy gazing over the lake.

Victor let out a high-pitched yelp of surprise.

Yuuri almost toppled over with laughter. It was something extraordinary in seeing someone as big and strong as Victor, almost jumping out of his own skin over a little click of ice cream.

“Yuuri…” Victor pouted as he wiped the ice cream off his cheek. “That wasn’t nice.”

Yuuri tried to calm himself down so he could give a good response, when he suddenly felt a small click of ice cream, being placed onto his nose.

Yuuri immediately stilled and looked at it. “Is that all?” He asked in surprise as he wiped it away.

“Yes, I’m not a eleven-year-old little monster.” Victor muttered and took another bite of his ice cream.

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled.

Victor looked down at him suspiciously.

“You still have some ice cream on your face…” Yuuri said as he stated laughing again.

Victor shook his head fondly as he wiped away the remains of the ice cream. “That’s why I’m taking ice-cream-man.” Victor stated. “Or you will just put ice cream on everyone…. I’m saving Japan.”

Yuuri chuckled. “You sure are…”

“Yuuri!” A voice suddenly called.

“Tina?” Yuuri asked as he searched out the source of the voice.

He just managed to turn in time for his friend to crash into his embrace.

“Yuuri, I haven’t seen you all summer. Are you having a good time?” Tina asked.


“Sorry. I’m bad with remembering people.” Victor said sheepishly. “Are you the girl who wanted to marry a Russian?”

Victor’s only memory from the time when he met with Yuuri’s friends was Yuuri’s streak of jealousy, and how adorable that was.

“No, that was Narumi, Yuuri’s nemesis. He has told you about her, right?” Tina asked.

Victor stiffened. Yuuri had a nemesis? “No, he hasn’t…”

“It’s really not important.” Yuuri chuckled nervously. “But how are your summer going, Tina?”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. Since when did Yuuri keep secrets from him? And who was this girl to
know all of them? Victor should be Yuuri’s secret keeper. Not some random girl from his class.

“…And then we went back home to Hasetsu again.” Tina finished the story Victor hadn’t paid attention to.

“Wow, that sounds like so much fun.” Yuuri smiled.

“So, Tina.” Victor cleared his throat. “What exactly is your relationship with my Yuuri?” He questioned.

Tina looked to him in amusement. “Yuuri, I think your mate is jealous.”

Yuuri looked up at Victor in concern. “Victor. You have nothing to be jealous about. You know that, right?”

Victor shrugged. “I’m not jealous. I’m just asking a simple question, out of curiosity.”

“It sounds like jealousyness to me…” Tina pointed out.

“Well, maybe your hearing is bad.” Victor snapped.

“Victor. Me and Tina are just friends.” Yuuri assured. “There’s nothing romantic between us.”

“Well, I did ask you to marry me on the first day we met.” Tina snickered.

Victor felt as if he had just been slapped. Yuuri had been proposed to? And he hadn’t told Victor about that either? Did Yuuri have more secret wives and arch nemesis Victor didn’t know about? Did he even know Yuuri at all?

“Well, too bad…” Victor stated. “Cause I’m the one he’s going to marry.” He stated as he practically shoved his ring into her face.

Victor probably enjoyed the shock on her face a little too much, until she suddenly burst out into laughter.

Victor looked to Yuuri who kept glancing between both of them with a worried expression on his face.

“Wow, Yuuri. You two really are true mates….” Tina said in between wheezing breaths. “He sounds just like you…”

Yuuri blushed and looked up to Victor to see his reaction.

“Like me?” Victor asked in surprise.

Tina took a deep breath and wiped away the rest of her tears. “You should have seen him when our friend Kimi said that she thought you were hot. Yuuri practically shoved his ring down her throat.”

“He did?” Victor asked as a sly grin began to spread over his face. “Really?”

“It was nice talking to you, but we need to go.” Yuuri said and began to pull Victor away.

“But Yuuri, I’m just starting to get along with your friend…” Victor mused.

“I’ll see you in September, Tina!” Yuuri called as he pulled Victor along.
“Have a good summer!” Tina called back with a wave.

Victor laughed until they were finally out of earshot. “She was fun.” He stated.

Yuuri blushed even more.

“I always love to find out things about you.” Victor continued. “And I love the jealous side of you. It makes me feel special.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

Victor nodded. “But you have nothing to be jealous about. I only have eyes for you, love.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “I only have eyes for you too…”

Victor beamed as they allowed for a comfortable silence to fall over them. They were completely content with enjoying each other’s company, as the beach was finally out of sand and they reached the gravel trail that led back up to Yu-Topia.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked after a while. “Who’s your nemesis?”

“Narumi?” Yuuri asked. “No, that was nothing. Just Tina exaggerating.”

“You know you can tell me anything, right?” Victor prodded. “No judgments.”

Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully. “You won’t judge?”

“Not you anyway. I can’t say the same for that bitch Narumi…” Victor mused.

Yuuri laughed. “Victor, you’re really not supposed to say that word.”

“I’m sure she deserves it.” Victor stated. “If she’s your nemesis, she must be one hell of a character.”

Yuuri snickered a little. “Well, she’s not that bad. Just really annoying.”

“What did she do?” Victor asked.

“It’s not something she has done, it’s more the way she is.” Yuuri tried to explain. “She’s a beta who believes that she can throw omegas under the bus to win attention from the boys.”

Victor frowned at that. “What do you mean?”

“She claims to be an omega, or I don’t know what her deal is. But she’s basically acting out all of the omega-stereotypes in the book. Going like, ‘Oh no, I’m just a poor little omega, I need a strong alpha to help me pull out my chair…’ It’s getting on my nerves.” Yuuri stated.

“I get that.” Victor agreed.

“And that’s not all she does.” Yuuri continued. “She asks me the most intrusive questions… About my heat, about my scent, about everything, so she can use that in her weird roleplaying game or whatever.”

Victor tensed up. “She asks you about your heat?”

Yuuri nodded in annoyance before his face suddenly turned darker. “And she asks about you, which is probably what ticks me off the most.”
“What does she ask about me?” Victor asked in surprise. “I surely can’t be that interesting to some random Japanese girl…”

“She thinks that the only reason you love me is because I’m an omega.” Yuuri said behind clenched teeth. “Which is probably why she acts the way she does. Thinking she can score someone as good as you, by acting like someone like me…”

Victor’s mind was frozen on one thing. How could anyone believe that the only reason he loved Yuuri was because he was an omega? That was the stupidest most outrageous thing he had ever heard.

“It’s settled. I hate her too now…” Victor stated. “If you ever need someone to buy her house and leave her homeless, just let me know.”

Yuuri laughed at that. “Thank you, Victor.”

Victor ruffled Yuuri’s hair. “Anytime, love.”

“And you do know that I love you no matter what your secondary gender is, right?” Victor asked, he needed to clear that up.

“Of course.” Yuuri agreed. “You always said you loved me. Even before you knew what I was. I remember when we used to send each other hearts.”

Victor smiled down at his true mate. “It feels like an eternity ago, doesn’t it?”

“It really does…” Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “It kind of makes me wonder… Like, how are we going to remember this summer in a few years?”

“I suppose only time will tell…”

Chapter End Notes

Whop, whop. 3 chapters in one day! + one for my other fic which makes it 4 chapter in one day. Imma sleep now... #Tired XD

I hope you liked it, and keep the suggestions going! <3<3
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor spend a day at the ocean.

Chapter Notes

A lot of you guys asked for angst... So, well, here I am. Giving you what you want...
XD It has Protective!Victor Protective!Mari and Hurt!Yuuri

PS: It has a happy ending (Obviously)

I hope you'll like it... <3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This is life,” Victor sighed as he took a sip of his soda.

He and Yuuri were laying on a beach a few towns away from Hasetsu, right by the ocean.

There were barely any people around, besides their families. It was full of peace and the only sounds that could be heard, were seagulls cackling in the distance and waves crashing into the shore.

“You’re right about that, Nikiforov.” Mari agreed with a content smile.

“I’m bored.” Yuuri complained. “I want to go for a swim.”

“The waves are too strong today. Build another sandcastle or something.” Mari groaned and flipped around to allow the sun to reach her back.

“But I’ve already built five…” Yuuri whined.

“I can help you build a sixth.” Victor offered. “We can make one with towers?”

Yuuri nodded sadly. “Sure, I guess…”

Victor felt it his heart twist in not being able to give Yuuri what he wanted. But his safety had to come first. If Victor could stop the waves and the wind, he would. But unfortunately, he wasn’t a god.

“Maybe we can play something later? Or collect sea shells?” Victor tried in attempt to cheer Yuuri up.

Yuuri shrugged. “Okay.”

“Youu…” Victor drawled as Yuuri handed him a bucket with his eyes cast downwards. He needed to find a way to reach through to him.
Yuuri looked up at him like a sad puppy.

Victor had to grab his chest to still his pounding heart. He was officially the worst mate in the world, for allowing Yuuri to have that look on his face.

“Maybe we can go for a swim later?” Victor bargained. He was desperate to see Yuuri smile again at this point. “If the waves settle down a little…”

Yuuri sighed sadly. “They probably won’t…” He then continued to shovel sand into his own bucket in slow movements. He was practically screaming dejection. “I can’t believe I missed my only chance to swim in the ocean this year…”

“We can go here again. The summer isn’t over yet.” Victor pointed out.

“It’s only two weeks left before you leave, and we have so many other things to do before then. And the onsen will soon open up again, which means that my parents won’t have time to take me alone…”

“We can plan things around.” Victor insisted. “We can skip the carnival and go back here instead?”

“But I don’t want to miss the carnival.” Yuuri said. “And I’m sure that some greater power will punish us for doing so, by making it just as windy again…”

Seeing Yuuri sit there with his tiny bucket and sad face, made Victor want to throw all the logic out the window. He couldn’t allow this to go on, his heart would definitely shatter.

“Maybe we could go for a short swim?” Victor relented. “If you promise to stay close at all times and not go past the shallow parts.”

Yuuri lit up. “Really?”

Victor looked at him seriously. “But if I tell you to get out of the water, you will get out of the water. You will listen to me at all times, and you will not dive or do anything else that’s reckless.”

Yuuri raised his right hand, making his ring reflect the sun. “I promise.”

Victor looked to the ocean thoughtfully. “I’m just going to tell our parents. Just in case.” He stated. “Just wait, right there.”

Yuuri placed his bucket down solemnly. “Okay.”

Victor nodded in approval and made his way over to his parents. They were all enjoying the stinging sun and chatted away in English.

“I’m taking Yuuri for a short swim.” Victor said determinately.

Victoria pulled her sunglasses into her hair so she could look at Victor. “Honey. The waves are a little too big for that, don’t you think?” She said worriedly. “I don’t think you’re going to be able to do a lot of swimming.”

“I think that Yuuri only need to feel the water. We won’t go to far. The water won’t even be above our knees.” Victor assured.

“Will you stay with him at all times?” Hiroko asked.

“Of course.” Victor agreed. He couldn’t imagine doing anything else.
Hiroko turned to her husband. “We trust Victor to keep him safe, right?”

Toshiya bit his lip thoughtfully. “Just, hold his hand. So he won’t fall and drift out. He’s a good swimmer but the ocean is way too big for him.”

Victor nodded as he took the information in. “I will protect him with my life.”

“I know you will.” Hiroko smiled gratefully. “But stay safe.”

“Of course.” Victor smiled cheerfully as he began to make his way back to Yuuri. “Thank you.”

“Keep him safe, Vitya.” Igor called after him.

“I will.” Victor promised.

When he finally returned to Yuuri, he was still waiting patiently by their half-finished sandcastle.

“I managed to make a bargain for us.” Victor declared. “We won’t go further than when the water reaches our knees. And you will hold my hand at all times.”

“That doesn’t really sound like swimming…” Yuuri frowned.

Victor shrugged. “It was the best deal I could manage. Will you take it?”

Yuuri nodded with small smile on his face. “Okay. Thank you, Victor.”

Victor reached out his hand. “Anytime.”

……………………………..

“Do you think there are sharks in this ocean?” Yuuri asked as they stepped into the cold water.

“I don’t know.” Victor admitted. “But I doubt they will come this close to the shore without risking getting stranded.”

“But do you think there are more sharks were it’s deeper?”

“Why the interest in sharks?” Victor asked in amusement.

“I just don’t want to get eaten…” Yuuri said sheepishly. “Did you know that they basically eat you alive, while other predators, like crocodiles, drown their victims before eating them?”

“No I did not know that.” Victor chuckled. “But I can assure you, that no shark is going to eat you alive.”

“Cause you’ll fight them off?” Yuuri asked with so much admiration that Victor’s heart began to flutter.

Yuuri really believed that Victor could fight off a shark with his bare hands? How could Victor possibly say no?

“I’ll eat that shark alive myself, before ever allowing it to sink its teeth in you.” Victor declared.

Yuuri smiled. “You’re so cool.”

Victor felt his entire body blush at the comment. Yuuri was simply too cute.

“Victor, I think you might be getting sunburnt…” Yuuri said thoughtfully.
Victor chuckled before he suddenly felt how the ground ended abruptly and his body sank deep into the water. He immediately scrambled back up so he could feel the sand underneath his feet again.

“Victor, are you okay?” Yuuri questioned in concern.

“Yeah, I think we just ran out of sand.” Victor chuckled. “So let’s stay where we have footing, okay?”

Yuuri took a step back. “Okay.”

Victor smiled proudly. “Let’s go a little closer to shore, just to be safe.” The water was right beneath Yuuri’s knees, but Victor still didn’t trust that abrupt end of sand.

He didn’t know that oceans could go so deep so fast. But it worried him, and he wanted Yuuri to be as far away from the depths as possible.

Yuuri nodded, but just as they were about to take their first steps back to shore, the sand suddenly pulled away from underneath them and they fell into the water.

Victor spluttered a little as he tried to push Yuuri ahead of himself to get him to safety first.

“Do you feel the sand? You need to hurry back.” Victor stated.

“No.” Yuuri said fearfully. “Where did it go?”


Yuuri turned to him in worry before his eyes widened. “Victor, wave!” He gasped.

Victor barely had time to turn around, before the wave came crashing down above them.

Victor felt panicked as he lost track on what as up and what was down, but even more panicked that he no longer had Yuuri’s hand in his grip.

Somehow he managed to break through the surface and fill his lungs with air. He looked around in panic.

“Yuuri!”

Victor felt his heart rate pick up, as he couldn’t see him. “Yuu-!” He was cut off by another wave slamming into him. But he was quicker to return up this time.

“YUURI!”

Victor dove back down. He did his best to see through the darkness of the sea. But Yuuri was completely lost in there. How long had he gone without air? Where was he? Had he been swept further out?

Victor tried to shove the water away to improve his vision and hopefully be able to see Yuuri, but after a few seconds he deemed it to be futile.

So Victor did the one thing he could think of, he reached out through their bond. He didn’t know if it would work, but he knew one thing for sure.

He was NOT going to return to the surface without Yuuri
His heart almost stopped when he felt Yuuri reach back. That’s when he saw him. Their eyes met briefly under water, before Victor could see how Yuuri’s eyes slowly fluttered close, and the rest of his air escaped him.

Victor needed to act fast. His heart was beating like a hummingbird’s in his ears and he felt his lungs protest at the lack of air. Somehow he must have blacked out, because before he knew it, he was suddenly above the surface with an iron grip on his mate.

He didn’t take any time to catch his breath though. He just swam as fast as he could until his knee finally brushed against soft sand that he could climb up on.

He adjusted his grip on Yuuri so that he was carrying him bridal-style and waded through the water until he could sprint the final distance to his family.

He gently placed Yuuri down on the sand in safety.

“Is he breathing?” Hiroko cried out as she fell to her knees by Yuuri’s other side.

Victor couldn’t speak as the sobs were wracking his entire body between coughs. Yuuri was so still, and it was tearing Victor apart. Yuuri should never be this still. It wasn’t natural.

Victor couldn’t breathe.

“Move!” Mari barked as she came rushing to the scene. It was clearly an alpha command and everyone backed away from Yuuri of pure instinct.

Mari fell to her knees as well, before she pressed her ear against Yuuri’s chest. Her eyes shifted worriedly as she listened intently

“Fuck!” She swore and immediately placed her palms over Yuuri’s pale skin and started CPR.

Victor’s breath came in in short gasps as all the worst case scenarios rushed through his mind.

“Vitya, try and breathe…” Victoria said calmly and placed a gentle hand to Victor’s shoulder.

Victor shrugged it of immediately. “Don’t touch me!” He barked and moved closer so he could grab Yuuri’s hand.

“Someone, call an ambulance.” Mari ordered and gave Yuuri a breath of her own.

Victor rubbed Yuuri’s cold fingers gently, as the tears came streaming down his face. “P-please d-don’t leave me…” He begged. “I’m so so-so-sorry…”

“Come on, you idiot.” Mari pleaded as she continued her compressions while counting quietly under her breath.

Victor released another heart wrenching sob. “P-please…” He begged again and kissed Yuuri’s ring as gently as he could. “I… I can’t lose you…”

Mari growled in annoyance and suddenly Yuuri flinched awake and began to throw up water. Mari quickly turned him to his side so he could get all of it out easier.

“Thank god.” Mari sighed in relief. She grabbed Yuuri forcefully and hugged him close.

Victor wanted to scream out of joy. Yuuri was alive. He was going to be okay.
“Vic…” Yuuri wheezed out. “Victor…?”

“He’s right there, you dumbass.” Mari snapped.

Yuuri turned away from her as his eyes searched out Victor’s.

“I’m right here.” Victor assured and crawled closer to Yuuri.

Yuuri reached for him, and Victor was quick to scoop him up into his own embrace so he could hold Yuuri and feel for himself, that his mate was really and truly, alive.

“Yuuri…” Victor whispered brokenly out as he hugged his mate closer.

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri apologized. His voice was hoarse and he was still struggling to breathe. So Victor hushed him and began to rock him back and forth.

“You’re going to be okay, lyubov moya.” Victor sniffled as he was finally able to regain his own breathing a little. It was still uneven but it didn’t feel like he was trying to breathe through a straw anymore. “I’ve got you.”

Yuuri let out a small cough, before he nuzzled himself closer into Victor’s embrace.

Victor laughed wetly, as tears still fell from his face and landed in Yuuri’s soaked hair. He took a deep breath and inhaled Yuuri’s scent out of desperation and hugged him closer. “I’m never letting anything happen to you, ever again.” Victor stated.

“I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

I had such a hard time deciding on wheter Mari or Victor would give him the CPR, and I came to the conclusion that Victor wouldn't be able to think straight in a situation like this. Which is why Mari got to do it... <3<3

But YAY! <3<3 Yuuri is going to be okay! <3<3

Unless... How many of you would like to see Yuuri get pneumonia so that Victor can take care of him? ;) <3

Why do I suddenly feel evil?
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Victor helps Yuuri recover, and Yuuri does the same for Victor.

Chapter Notes

I don't think you know how much I appreciate you.

I didn't get the response I expected when I published my last chapter at 4.00 am last night. (And I wrote a pouty comment, because I'm literally the most pitiful human being in this world, when it comes to bad feedback...)

And you guys just showered me in love! <3<3 I cried out of happiness this morning, I love you all so much! <3<3

It's never easy to publish a chapter... On my free days, I can spend up to 17 hours, doing nothing but write. On my schooldays, I might spend 5-7 hours, with writing. But it takes a lot of time.

And when I get complaints about those chapters, I turn into an angry goblin who hates the world and everyone in it.

But when I woke up this morning (Late day), I read the comments that you people wrote during the night, and I was moved to tears! <3<3 You guys are so amazing and so full of love that you inspired me to write this piece of fluff in the spam of 2 hours.

That's all I wanted to say. I hope you'll like this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The doctor cleared Yuuri from any serious complications when they arrived at the hospital. But since Yuuri had some leftover water in his lungs, they told his mom to keep a lookout for pneumonia.

It was apparently a very common side effect after breathing in water. They prescribed him with Tylenol and a medicine, just to be safe. Then they booked him in for a re-visit in a week.

Yuuri just wanted to get out of there so he could join Victor again. He didn’t plan on getting sick, that would mean that he and Victor wouldn’t be able to do any of the things they had planned. He wasn’t going to let that happen.

“Remember to let you mommy know if you feel feverish or if your chest starts to hurt, darling.” The doctor said as she fussed over him.

Yuuri nodded.

The doctor smiled and turned to Hiroko. “And if he gets sick, you can call our on-call number and
we’ll have a doctor sent to you from Hasetsu hospital.”

Hiroko was taken aback. “Will they really do home visits?” She asked in surprise.

“Well, not usually.” The doctor admitted. “But since he is an omega, there has to be precautions.”

Hiroko nodded thoughtfully. “Oh, okay… Thank you.”

The doctor nodded. “You’re welcome.” She turned and ruffled Yuuri’s hair. “Take care now, buddy, and don’t go for any more swims on wavy days, okay?”

Yuuri blushed. “I won’t…”

Hiroko helped Yuuri down from the examination table. And together they walked back to the waiting room, where the rest of their family and the Nikiforovs awaited a diagnosis.

Hiroko began to tell them, while Yuuri just had one focus in mind, to curl into Victor’s embrace and allow the world to melt away for a little while.

Victor was quick to accept him and wrap his arms around him.

Yuuri felt content by just listening to Victor’s heartbeat while his mate brushed his fingers through his hair in soothing motions.

Victor was still not over how scared he had been. He was still scared. But it felt better to have Yuuri breathing evenly in his lap. He didn’t know what he would have done if this had happened to Yuuri and he had been in Russia. He didn’t even want to think about it.

But at least now, Yuuri was safe.

Sure, there was a chance that he could get pneumonia, but Victor would keep a lookout for it. He would keep their bond wide open so he could feel any slight change in Yuuri. If that horrible sickness decided to make Yuuri its target, it would be really be sorry.

Victor would rip it apart by the power of love. Nothing was going to hurt Yuuri again.

Pneumonia stood no chance.

………………………..

Victor flinched every time Yuuri cleared his throat.

Night had begun to fall over Hasetsu when they finally arrived back home, but Yuuri still didn’t seem feverish, just cold and a little bit hoarse.

Victor wrapped him in blankets during the car-ride home and when they finally parked at the driveway of Yu-topia, Victor carried Yuuri inside.

“I can walk…” Yuuri insisted.

Victor just held him closer. He could only hope that Yuuri would realize that he was doing this more for himself than for him.

It was probably his alpha instincts taking him over. Protectiveness and caring was written into his DNA, especially when it came to mates. And Yuuri was his true mate and an omega, which only made his instincts that much stronger.
“I’m getting you to bed.” Victor declared. “How are you feeling?”

“Tired…” Yuuri admitted. “I don’t feel sick though…”

“That’s good.” Victor murmured.

The front door was opened for them and Victor moved inside with Yuuri.

“Do you need any help with him?” Hiroko asked in concern.

“I got him.” Victor assured. “Is it okay if I take him to my room? It has a bigger bed and I’m not letting him sleep alone tonight.”

Hiroko nodded. “Of course.” She said. “…For tonight.”

Victor nodded in understanding. And continued his way to his bedroom in Yu-Topia. It wasn’t as cozy as Yuuri’s, but it would be easier to care for him, in case he got sick.

Yuuri didn’t want to protest, he liked the idea of falling asleep next to Victor and have him close. Normally, he would have spoken up against being treated like a baby, but he could see where everyone was coming from, he did almost drown…

“Are you still okay?” Victor asked. “You’re not speaking.”

Yuuri nuzzled closer in Victor’s embrace. “I’m still just tired… I’ll be fine.”

Victor nodded as he gently lowered Yuuri into the bed when Yuuri suddenly stopped him.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked quickly. “Is something wrong? Does something hurt?”

“No.” Yuuri assured as his eyes shifted back in the hallway. “I just… I want to take a shower before bed… I’m covered in sand…”

Victor really didn’t like the idea of Yuuri being out of his sight and alone with water.

“I’ll be fine.” Yuuri promised. “I’ll shower fast.”

Victor allowed Yuuri to stand by himself on the floor so he could see what state he was in.

He didn’t wobble and he didn’t seem feverish.

“Okay, but we’ll keep the bond wide open, and you’ll tell me if you get dizzy or anything else goes wrong, okay?” Victor bargained.

Yuuri nodded solemnly. “Okay.”

Victor sat outside the bathroom door while he waited for Yuuri to finish his shower.

~Do I really have to narrate everything?~ Yuuri asked.

~Yes, you do. I need to know if your condition changes in any way. I’m not letting you slip in the shower~

~You would feel that anyway~ Yuuri pointed out. ~I don’t need to talk you through every step of the way~
~Just… Please? Humor me?~

He could almost hear Yuuri sigh from inside the bathroom. ~Fine, I’m turning off the water now, and now I’m grabbing my towel~

~And no dizziness?~

~No dizziness~

Victor let out a breath of relief.

~I’m putting my pajamas on~ Yuuri continued. ~Pants, shirt… And now, I’m opening the bathroom door…~

The door swung open and Yuuri appeared in the doorway. “Hi, Victor.” He greeted.

Victor smiled up at Yuuri gratefully. “Hi, Yuuri.”

……………………..

Then, they had to repeat the exact same procedure through Victor’s shower.

Victor was evidently on edge. Completely worried and paranoid that something might happen to Yuuri if he wasn’t around.

So Yuuri had to stay in the living room with both of their families surrounding him, before Victor felt confident enough to leave him.

And once he returned, Yuuri was half-asleep against Hiroko’s shoulder.

Victor smiled fondly and sat down next to them.

Yuuri blinked his eyes open and looked at Victor through heavy eyelids. “Hi…”

Victor brushed away a few strands of hair from his face. “Hi, love. Are you ready to go to sleep?”

Yuuri nodded and reached for him.

Victor picked him up easily. And made his second attempt on getting Yuuri to bed. He frowned slightly at Yuuri only wearing a T-shirt and sweatpants. He should be wearing something warmer.

“Let us know if he shifts in temperature or if he suddenly starts to cough.” Hiroko pleaded.

Victor nodded. “Of course.”

…………………..

Victor’s room was cool in the air. And Victor didn’t like it. Yuuri was both wearing too few layers and now his room had to be cold as well. He would have to find more blankets for him.

If Yuuri got a cold on top of everything else, Victor would never forgive himself.

He pulled the duvet away and gently lowered Yuuri into the bed. But just when he was about to pull away, Yuuri tightened his hold on Victor's neck. “Please don’t leave?” He pleaded.

“I need to get you warmer clothes.” Victor said gently. “And blankets, and more pillows…”

“I just need you.” Yuuri stated and pulled Victor closer. “You’re warm.”
Victor sighed but allowed himself to sink down next to Yuuri in the bed. He then wrapped an arm around him along with the duvet, so that Yuuri got as much warmth as possible.

Yuuri curled in impossibly closer and Victor wrapped his other arm around him, encasing him from the rest of the world.

Yuuri let out a sigh of content, as they allowed for a comfortable silence to fall between them. Yuuri’s breathing evened out. And Victor took a calming breath of his own.

“I can’t believe I almost lost you today.” Victor said suddenly. “I don’t know what I’ve would have done if…” He let the rest of the sentence go unspoken.

Yuuri knew exactly what he meant. “I’m sorry you got so scared.” He apologized before he continued with a slight smile. “I knew you would save me though…”

“Yuuri…” Victor protested.

“You’re my hero.” Yuuri declared. “When I saw you in the water, I knew you would get me out.”

“You didn’t breathe.” Victor pointed out.

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “But I am now… Because of you.”

“I’m never letting you near an ocean again.” Victor stated determinately. “I was so stupid for letting you near that kind of danger.”

“It was my fault.” Yuuri argued. “I was nagging you about it for hours.”

“You’re a kid.” Victor pointed out. “You’re supposed to be nagging.”

“Not like that.” Yuuri quipped. “I was being stupid and stubborn. And I was the one who put you in danger. Not the other way around.”

“I should have made more precautions.” Victor grumbled. “I should have told you to run back to the shore, the moment I felt the sand end.”

“You did everything you could.” Yuuri promised. “But you almost died because of me…”

“You’re eleven, Yuuri.” Victor pointed out. “You’re really not allowed to blame yourself…”

Yuuri blushed. “Then…” He paused as he considered his words. “Then neither are you.” He stated. “Fair is fair. If I can’t blame myself, than you’re not allowed to do so either, okay?”

Victor shook his head. “Yuuri…”

“Okay?” Yuuri repeated, his voice left no room for arguments.


“Good…”

…………………………

Yuuri didn’t get pneumonia that night, nor the night after that. He made a full recovery and they were finally able to get back on track to their thoroughly thought-out schedule for the summer.

They only had two weeks left, and they were determined to make the most of it.
Chapter End Notes

Hopefully you got your dose of fluff from this chapter. <3<3 Last night there were 5 people who unsubscribed to this story, but 15 new people subscribed during the night, so a warm welcome to you! <3<3 And I hope you'll stick along long for the long ride to adulthood for these boys! <3<3

Kudos bomb to all of you! <3<3 You guys are literally the best! <3<3
The carnival had arrived to Hasetsu. And it was bursting with lights and happiness.

As soon as Yuuri and Victor arrived, Victor immediately grabbed Yuuri’s hand, so he wouldn’t lose him in the thick crowd.

There were performances around every corner, and small stages set up at various places. The air was filled with the scent of different kinds of candy and popcorn.

Victor made a mental note to get Yuuri some cotton candy and take a picture of it with his parent’s camera. He had managed to snatch for himself about a week ago. He was going to save some memories before he had to return back home.

Not to mention that he needed more material to create posters. And Yuuri with cotton candy would definitely end up in a golden frame.

“Wow, Victor look!” Yuuri exclaimed, pulling Victor from his thoughts. The younger boy tugged on his hand excitedly as he pointed. “A fire breather.”

The woman on the stage made a backflip while juggling her torches and Yuuri gasped in awe.

Victor whistled. “Cool.”

“Cool?” Yuuri questioned. “That was amazing.”

“It was just a backflip.” Victor pointed out with a shrug. “I’d like to see her do a quadruple flip on slippery ice.”

“If you can do that while juggling fire we might be on to something…” Yuuri chuckled as his eyes shifted around to other stands.

“I would, if the fire didn’t melt the ice all the time.” Victor mused. “I don’t want to get another lecture from Yakov.”

Yuuri hummed in acknowledgement before his eyes caught something else. “Look, a knife juggler.”

Victor chuckled nervously. “Don’t you want to look at something less dangerous?” He asked. “I
think there was a pony-ride back by the puppet show.”

“That’s for kids.” Yuuri pointed out. “Besides, there was a clown back there…”

Victor shuddered. He really didn’t like clowns, stupid red noses and pale faces, who in their right mind would find a clown to be funny?

“You don’t have to worry.” Yuuri assured. “I’ll keep you safe.”

Victor’s legs suddenly started to feel like noodles when he glanced down at Yuuri’s determined expression. “Yuuri…” He cooed as a blush spread across his cheeks. “My hero.”

Yuuri smiled proudly.

As if on cue, a clown suddenly jumped out from one of the tents with a honk.

But Yuuri’s plan to protect Victor didn’t quite work out, as Victor was the one who grabbed Yuuri and quickly shoved him behind himself. And away from the clown’s reach.

Victor barely even realized what he was doing. It was something instinctual. His mind registered a fear. And his first priority was to keep Yuuri away from it.

“Victor, you’re growling…” Yuuri said soothingly.

Victor tried to take a deep breath and swallow the dark vibrations down. The clown didn’t notice them. He or she was just dancing happily with the honk. So there was no reason for him to go to attack.

Yuuri frowned in concern and tugged on the back of Victor’s jacket. Thinking that it would probably be best to get Victor away from the clown before someone got hurt.

Most likely the clown…

“Victor…” Yuuri tried.

Victor turned to him with an uneasy look, Yuuri immediately wanted to erase it.

“It’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “We should just walk this way…” He said and gently grabbed Victor’s hand to lead him away.

Victor followed him willingly. They walked past the fire-breather again and then past the puppet show, until they were suddenly at the game-section at the carnival.

Yuuri looked at the different machines like he contemplated his choices. “Do you feel better?” He asked worriedly.

Victor nodded.

Yuuri beamed. “I’m going to win something for you from the claw-machine.” He declared as he stopped beside a yellow giant lump of metal “What would you like?”

Victor chuckled fondly. “Whatever you can grab.”

Yuuri didn’t look satisfied with that answer. “What’s the fun in that?” He questioned. “Come on… Pick something fun.”
Victor looked through the window, his eyes brushed over the collection of stuffed plushies and plastic toys. He wondered if Yuuri knew that he was no longer playing with toys. He was fifteen after all… But then he saw it, the most perfect thing.

“I want that plushie of a katsudon.” Victor stated as he pointed to the glass determinately.

Yuuri smiled. “You got it.” He took out a coin from his pocket and put it inside the machine. It spurred to life with a hissing sound.

Victor practically pressed his face up against the window at that point. He watched how the claw moved with such determination and confidence before it was suddenly lowered.

“Did you get it?” Victor asked and turned to Yuuri, even before the claw was completely down.

Yuuri just shrugged. He looked unnaturally confident. And Victor could really get used to that sight. He looked so cute and so much older than his actual age.

Victor was so caught up with watching Yuuri that he almost forgot about the game.

So when something suddenly fell in the machine, Victor’s eyes widened as he turned back to the claw. Yuuri did it. He actually did it. And on the first try?

“Yuuri?” Victor squealed as he reached for the tiny hatch, that very well held his plushie katsudon.

“And mom told me that my Gameboy wouldn’t teach me anything…” Yuuri snickered.

Victor was practically jumping with joy. “Can you play anything else?”

Yuuri looked around. “I don’t think so… I can only handle games with buttons.”

Victor smiled and handed Yuuri his camera. “Take a picture of me with my katsudon.” He asked, as he immediately began posing with his newly received gift.

Yuuri laughed at the silly faces Victor did. But he still managed to get clear pictures of them.

Victor marveled over his katsudon for a few seconds before setting his eyes on his new quest. “I’m getting you cotton candy.” He stated.

Yuuri’s eyes widened with surprise. “What? Why?”

Victor smiled. “Because I need it in my life.”

Once Victor had gotten cotton candy for Yuuri, he brought the younger boy a little bit away from the crowds. He was going to take his picture with a good background, and he wanted Yuuri to be the star of it, without a bunch of people walking past, trying to steal his spotlight.

Not to mention that Victor didn’t trust crowds when his hand wasn’t intertwined with Yuuri’s.

But once he had found the perfect background, he almost died. His lungs forgot how to breathe when Yuuri posed for the camera.

Most of the pictures he had of Yuuri were pictures he had taken when the younger boy wasn’t ready, or when he was looking at something else.

But having Yuuri smile into the camera with a big fluffy stick of cotton candy in his hand was too
much for the Russian to handle.

“Too cute…” Victor sniffled. “Way too cute…” He pressed the shutter button like his life depended on it. And after he had taken about thirty identical pictures of Yuuri, he was finally satisfied.

Yuuri re-joined Victor’s side and grabbed the Russian’s hand with his free one. “Did it turn out okay?” He asked as he took a bite of his cotton candy. “I can never take a good picture.”

Victor felt as if had just been slapped. Had Yuuri ever even seen a picture of himself? All of Victor’s pictures of Yuuri could probably be hanged in a museum and people would actually pay to see them. Not that he would allow anyone to. Yuuri was too precious for the world.


Yuuri blushed shyly. “Not as much as it loves you…”

“I agree to disagree.” Victor chuckled. This was an issue he was actually willing to fight Yuuri on. But as soon as they started, they could never stop. So it was easier to just avert the discussion.

Victor was just about to suggest that they should take another picture by the Ferris wheel, when Yuuri suddenly froze.

Victor stopped and looked Yuuri over in concern. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri looked up to him and swallowed nervously.

That’s when Victor started hearing moaning.

He followed the direction Yuuri’s eyes had been in, and noticed a teenage couple, maybe a couple of years older than Victor. They were having sex against a table, the boy pounding into his girlfriend from behind while she moaned in pleasure.

Victor paled. And then he acted quickly by physically turning Yuuri away and leading him back to the carnival. “Let’s walk this way.” He said determinately.

Yuuri just nodded and followed Victor’s directions.

Victor didn’t know what to make of Yuuri’s silence. He couldn’t stand it, but he also didn’t dare to bring it up. Yuuri had just seen two people having sex. His innocence had been cracked. And Victor couldn’t think of a single way to fix it.

But he had to try.

“Uhm…” Victor started awkwardly. “Are you okay?” It was the most important question he needed to know. Everything else could be dealt with.

Yuuri nodded as a blush spread across his cheeks.

Victor let out a breath of relief. “They weren’t doing anything weird.” He tried. “They were just…”

“…Having sex.” Yuuri finished.

Victor choked on air. He really didn’t expect that.

Yuuri knew? He was only eleven. Who had told him? What did they say? Victor wasn’t sure he
wanted to know…

“So, you know?” Victor asked as he looked down on Yuuri with worry.

Yuuri nodded as he looked anywhere but Victor. “Mari told me.”

“Oh.” Victor stated. “When?”

Yuuri shrugged dismissively. “When you had your first rut.”

Victor visibly flinched. “You’ve known for almost six months?”

Yuuri nodded as his face turned redder. “Can we talk about something else?” He pleaded. “Please?”

Victor nodded, as he looked around frantically. “Ferris wheel?”

Yuuri frowned in confusion. “What?”

“Do you want to go for a ride in the Ferris wheel?” Victor clarified.

Yuuri looked up to the big attraction that was practically the star of the carnival and nodded. “I would love that.”

Victor grabbed Yuuri’s hand again, and together they walked through the rest of the carnival. Victor took pictures until his camera was full.

They went up the Ferris wheel and enjoyed the view over Hasetsu Lake. And it didn’t take long until the uncomfortable silence was replaced by laughter and easy conversations.

Victor even managed to face his fears and confront a clown, with Yuuri’s help of course. The clown gave Victor a balloon animal that Victor later threw away, but it was worth it, if only to see Yuuri staring the clown down.

He was such a cute little protector.

Victor knew that the more time he was spending with Yuuri- the deeper he was falling in love.

It had been almost twelve years since he felt Yuuri reaching out to him for the first time. Their bond had grown stronger over time, but this summer had really shown Victor just how much he loved his mate. And how far he would go to protect him.

But this summer was slowly growing to its end.

The days became a little colder and the nights became a little darker. But the love between Yuuri and Victor never faltered.

They only had one more week on their vacation before Victor had to go back to Russia, but Victor knew that this was definitely going to be the hardest goodbye they would ever have to make.

The longer they stayed together, the harder it got to stay apart.

That’s probably why true mates shouldn’t be kept away from each other. And having Yuuri for a few weeks and then ripping him away, was evil.

But it wouldn’t have to be that way for long. Once they were grown up, they would never have to answer for anyone and they could finally be together.
It was only a matter of time…

Chapter End Notes

I think next chapter will either be a goodbye scene or a time jump to Victor's Grand Prix debut... ;) But I hope you liked these chapters of "Summer-time" <3

But the real world have to continue for the boys, and they need more stuff to get through, together! <3<3

They still have their whole lives ahead of them, and I'm not planning on ending this fic anytime soon... ;) So I hope you'll stick around for the ride! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Yuuri is not ready to say goodbye. And neither is Victor.

Chapter Notes

Just for reference, I would like to publish the official list of the 22 presents Victor got for Yuuri...

1. A new bike
2. A computer
3. A teddy bear.
4. A matryoshka doll
5. A skateboard
6. A helmet (obviously)
7. A game for Yuuri's Gameboy
8. A trampoline
10. Skating kneepads
11. A new bed for Vicchan
12. A TV for Yuuri's room
13. A poster of himself (Signed and everything)
14. A new keyboard
15. A guitar
16. A digital camera
17. A cell phone
18. A tissue box shaped like a poodle (Matching set, for both of them ;) )
19. A stereo
20. A collector's edition of studio ghibli movies (Yuuri's favorites)
21. A DVD player
22. A new pair of skates

Now, I just hope you'll like the chapter... ;) <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri woke up in the middle of the night. He was feeling his anxiousness creep up on him.

Victor was leaving in the morning. And Yuuri was not ready to say goodbye. He and Victor had spent almost three months together, and the thought of going back to his life without him, was almost unbearable.

Yuuri took a deep breath. He would probably survive. It was only for a couple of months, and then he would be able to see Victor on the grand prix final in December.
He wasn’t even worried that Victor wouldn’t make it. Victor was the world’s greatest skater. There was no one who would be able to beat him.

But the months before then would be horrible.

Their parent’s reasoning had been that since they got so much time together during the summer, they would be able to stay apart for longer.

Yuuri would have to disagree. Now, he was used to having Victor around. How could he possibly be able to go back to a life where he wasn’t?

He looked at his clock. It was almost 1.00 am. Which meant that there was nine hours before Victor would have to be on the train to the airport.

Then he would be on a plane, and then he would be in Russia…

Yuuri sniffled quietly. He didn’t want to cry, but he couldn’t stop it. The tears were already falling from his eyes.

He could feel Vicchan stirring from his spot by his feet, before the dog quietly pawed his way up to Yuuri.

“Sorry, Vicchan.” Yuuri apologized. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

Vicchan sniffed his face curiously, probably wondering why his human friend was leaking.

Yuuri didn’t know how to tell his beloved dog that his new best friend was leaving with Victor tomorrow.

He and Makkachin had definitely grown close during their time together.

And Yuuri couldn’t break Vicchan’s heart.

So instead, he brought his knees up to his chest and did his best in order to fall asleep. Trying to ignore the tears that would eventually leave his pillow soaked.

…………………………………

Victor was not resting peacefully. He didn’t quite know what it was, but his dreams were distorted and he couldn’t make sense of anything. Yuuri was there, and in the next second he was gone. And then he stared into the ocean and heard Yuuri’s voice calling for help.

But when he tried to jump into the water, something held him back. And he was forced to listen how Yuuri’s pleas grew more and more desperate.

And when the deafening silence suddenly took over, Victor woke up.

He felt his heart beat faster than a hummingbird’s, as he frantically looked around his bedroom in Yu-Topia.

But the feeling that something was wrong, didn’t settle. He felt something twist in his chest at the sensation.

He only had one thought.

Yuuri.
He could feel that Yuuri was hurt, or crying at least. And that sent him stumbling forward in the dark hallway until he finally reached Yuuri’s room.

He didn’t bother to knock. If Yuuri was hurt, there was no time to lose.

But Victor could never have prepared himself for what he would find.

Yuuri was all alone. He was lying curled up in his bed and crying into his pillow, his body shaking by the force of his sobs.

Victor’s heart broke, and it didn’t take long for tears to form in his own eyes.

He quietly stepped forward and placed a gentle hand on Yuuri’s back.

Yuuri flinched at the touch, before he turned around and faced him. “V-Victor?” He asked in confusion.

Victor let out an ugly sounding sob, when he saw that look on Yuuri’s face. He looked completely devastated, and it was crushing Victor’s heart to dust.

Yuuri sat up in his bed and wrapped his arms around Victor’s neck. “Please don’t cry…” He whispered.

Victor had no idea how he messed up so bad. He was going to help and comfort Yuuri. And now he was the one being comforted.

Victor had to pull himself together.

He took a shaky breath and did his best to push the horrible image of his sad mate out of his mind.

“Why were you crying?” Victor finally managed to ask.

Yuuri hugged him tighter as a new wave of tears began to soak Victor’s shirt.

“I… I don’t want you to… To go…” He sniffled.

Victor began to cry again. He didn’t want to go either. He didn’t want to go anywhere without Yuuri.

Especially not now, when Yuuri was so sad. How could Victor possibly leave him like this?

“Please stay…?” Yuuri asked. His voice so fragile and hurt that Victor even considered if it would be worth it to lie. If only to have that horrible voice gone for a little while longer.

He decided against it.

“You know I can’t.” Victor said as calmly as he could.

Yuuri pressed his head tighter to Victor’s shoulder, and Victor began rubbing soothing motions on his back. “We’re going to be fine, though.” He took another deep breath to keep his voice even.

Yuuri shook his head. “You will be so far away…” Yuuri sniffled.

“Only twelve hours.” Victor tried. “If you ever need me I’ll be here in less than a day.”

“That’s too long.” Yuuri complained.
Victor sighed sadly. “But I will always be here…” He pulled away slightly and pressed his hand to Yuuri’s heart. “…Through our bond.”

Yuuri looked up at him with red-rimmed eyes, still sparkling with tears that had yet to fall.

Victor brushed a thumb against Yuuri’s cheek to wipe away a few tears that had gone stray, and Yuuri sniffled a few more times, before his crying finally subdued.

“I’m going to miss you.” Yuuri declared. “…So much…”

“I’m going to miss you too.” Victor stated. “But we’ll be together again, sooner than you’ll know.”

“It’s three months left until December.” Yuuri pointed out.

“And it has been three months since I got here.” Victor quipped. “And that time has flown by, right?”

Yuuri nodded.

“We can do this, Yuuri.” Victor smiled gently. “I know we can.” They had done it before. It had been hard, but they’ve always made it through it.

This time would be no different.

“But then we’ll only have a week together…” Yuuri exclaimed. “Our parents are trying to tear us apart.”

“Hey…” Victor said soothingly. “I’m the dramatic one, remember?”

Yuuri snorted but said nothing.

Victor took it as his queue to continue. “Our parents aren’t trying to tear us apart. They’re just trying to keep us safe. I’ll have my rut in the later part of December. I don’t want you around for that.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened in understanding, “Oh…”

Victor ruffled Yuuri’s hair fondly. “But we’ll be together for Easter, and then summer again.”

Yuuri tried to fix his hair back, as a smile played on his lips.

Victor couldn’t help but to smile as well.

They were going to be okay.

The train station was practically empty at this hour of day. Most of the regular people that took the train were probably at work right now.

Which were both a blessing and a curse. A curse since the quiet sound of the wind made Yuuri realize how quiet it was going to be without Victor, but also a blessing since they could speak without having to scream over other people’s voices.

Yuuri knew he was a horrible person for wishing that the every train in Japan should be broken.

But if the train never showed up, Victor wouldn’t have to go.
“Yuuri, What are you thinking about?” Victor asked curiously.

Yuuri blushed. “Nothing.”

Victor smirked and looked just like he was about to say something, when Yuuri cut him off. He did have a question of his own.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked cautiously.

Victor smiled at him in attention. “Yes, love?”

Yuuri looked at his mate thoughtfully. “Are you nervous about the grand prix?”


“Do you ever get nervous?”

Victor thought about it for a few seconds. “Not when I’m skating. I just think it’s fun.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I’m glad.”

“Why do you ask?”

Yuuri absentmindedly fidgeted a little with Victor’s hair. “I just don’t want you to feel guilty if you don’t qualify.”

Victor smiled teasingly. “You don’t think I’m going to qualify?”

Yuuri gasped. “Of course!” He exclaimed. “I just don’t want you to feel any pressure. I’m sure you’re going to win the whole championship, I just don’t want you to feel like you have to, because of me…”

“I want to win, because of you.” Victor declared. “You inspire me to do better, to be better. And I love you for it.”

“I just don’t want you to get hurt because you’re under too much pressure.” Yuuri clarified. “Even if you don’t qualify, we’ll still be able to see each other, right?”

Victor nodded gently. “If I don’t qualify, we’ll go to the grand prix final together and make fun of the people who did, deal?”

“Isn’t that bad sports?” Yuuri asked in concern.

“They can take it.” Victor waved off. “They would probably do the same.”

That’s when Yuuri realized that Victor was definitely a sore loser. And he was not especially good at hiding it.

Yuuri was just about to word his protest, when he suddenly heard the train arriving from the distance.

Yuuri quickly forgot what they disagreed on, and quickly wrapped his arms around Victor’s neck.

Victor let out a huff of surprise. “Yuuri?”

“Take me with you to Russia.” Yuuri demanded. “I don’t want to be without you for three months.”
Yuuri…” Victor drawled as he patted Yuuri’s back. “You won’t.”

Yuuri held on tighter.

“I’m only a few seconds away, if you reach out through the bond.” Victor reminded.

“But I can’t hug you through the bond.” Yuuri pointed out. “I won’t be able to hug you for three months…”

Victor didn’t know how to answer that, before he suddenly got an idea. He closed his eyes and focused.

It had been a long time since Victor sent Yuuri an image. And he still wasn’t that great of an artist. But he did his best to make a stick figure in his mind. Then he made a smaller stick figure. Then he did his best to make the bigger one, hug the smaller one.

He immediately noticed his success when Yuuri suddenly pulled away and looked him in the eyes.

“How did you do that?” He asked in disbelief.

Victor smiled. “Now you have something to practice on while I’m on the train.”

Yuuri just stared at him uncomprehendingly.

Suddenly the train screeched to a stop, and the doors opened.

Victor successfully managed to get Yuuri to release his grip of his neck, and was able to get his suitcase.

“Vitya, come on.” Victoria urged.

Victor brushed the bangs away from Yuuri’s forehead and left a soft kiss in its place. “I’ll see you December 10th.” He declared. “Make sure to send me lots of emails with your new computer.” He cheered as he walked backwards towards the train.

“I will.” Yuuri promised as his mother grabbed his hand.

“And make sure that the tiny stick figure returns the hug.” Victor called.

Yuuri smiled. “I will.” Even if it took forever, he would never leave Victor hanging.

“I love you!” Victor waved as he held the door open for a little while longer.

Yuuri waved back. “I love you too.”

Victor beamed and let go of the door so it could close. Then the train released a loud huff, before the engines started and the train began to move, away from Hasetsu and away from Yuuri.

But they would soon be together again.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked the chapter! <3<3 I've realized that like 70% of the comments are
mostly looking forward to the future chapters. And don't get me wrong, I'm so happy
you're excited!! <3<3

But you ask so many questions about the future that it makes me wonder if you actually
like the present.

I want this to be a "Slow-build" Where they can take their time to grow up, without
having to make a major time jump just so I can satisfy your needs to know. So instead, I
will make this little FAQ to answer some of the most common questions you guys ask.

*WARNING*!! *SPOILERS*!!! *WARNING!!**

1. Yuuri will have his heat when he's seventeen
2. Victor will cut off his hair when he's nineteen
3. Chris will come back and stir things around... ;)
4. Yuuri will move to Detroit and meet Phichit
5. Narumi will be the only girl Yuuri gets with him, when he starts Junior high school
when he's 12 about to turn 13.
6. There will be more jealousy (The good and ridiculous kind). *Cough* Chihoko
   *Cough*
7. Yurio will make an appearance when he's 5.
8. Victor and Yuuri will have a Victuuri!baby and there will be lots of pregnancy humor
9. A little bit more angst (and please don't ask what that means, I won't answer you)
10. A LOT MORE FLUFF
11. Badass!Yuuri Badass!Victor
12. Probably more, that I haven't come up with yet... ;) <3 (I write as I go)

These things may change, but this is the general plan... ;) I'm just tired of answering
questions about future chapters, so please stick with the current one, instead of stressing
me out... ;) Please and thank you!! <3<3

Love you guys! <3<3
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Victor is prepared to take over the grand prix. And Yuuri learns just how far some people will go for a gold medal.

Chapter Notes

Just so you won't be confused...

Yuuri traveled to Russia with Minako. Since the rest of his family needed to stay at Yu-topia during the busy winter-times.

And Minako is currently out being a proper tourist in New York City, while Yuuri, Victor and Yakov gets ready for Victor's short program. It will be further explained in the next chapter. But just so you wouldn't read and be confused right now... XD

Other than that, I hope you'll enjoy this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Welcome to the 2004, ISU’s Grand prix final. We’re here this pleasant afternoon at the city that never sleeps, New York City.” The announcer spoke cheerfully. “This is the men’s short program, and the six gentlemen that qualified for this event are about to take the ice for their six minutes warm-up.”

Victor smiled proudly as he turned to Yuuri.

“Are you ready to watch me win a gold medal?” He asked with a confident smirk

Yuuri nodded. “I was born ready.”

Victor couldn’t help but to feel his heart flutter over how much truth that statement actually held.

“Vitya, Ice, now!” Yakov barked.

Victor rolled his eyes and ruffled Yuuri’s hair fondly. “Yuuri, can you watch Yakov for me? I don’t want him having a stroke.”

Yuuri nodded with amusement. “Of course.” He agreed. “Mr. Feltsman is safe with me.”

Yakov felt multiple hairs fall out from his head because of Victor’s procrastination. “Vitya…” He warned.

“Yeah, yeah.” Victor said with a wink to Yuuri, before he turned around to take the ice.

Yuuri could tell just how popular Victor was. He could see Russian flags and Victor’s name
practically everywhere.

But that was probably to be expected though, since Victor had gotten here by striking gold in every single one of his competitions.

Yuuri knew for certain that Victor’s performance would go down in the books as the best debut in the Grand Prix final ever.

The announcer presented all of the skaters, but Yuuri only cheered when Victor’s name was called out. He looked so beautiful out there. His costume was dark, and so was his entire short program.

The Russian said that he wanted to try something different, to surprise people. Victor had always been known to be the beautiful treasure of Russia, perfect and graceful. He wanted to prove to everyone, that he was so much more.

Which is why he took his debut as a challenge. He was skating to Linkin Park’s hit-song, ‘Numb’ for his short program. And he was doing it while wearing probably the most angry-looking costume Yuuri had ever seen, complete with a stunning leather jacket that could probably get him inside every cool gang in the world.

But once his free skate came along, he would change his demeanor completely and skate to the Disney song ‘I just can’t wait to be king’ from the Lion king.

His theme was ‘Duality’.

And Yuuri found it completely brilliant and amazing and all in between.

“Well, do you think Victor has a chance?” Yakov suddenly asked, ripping Yuuri from his thoughts as the skaters began their warm-up on the ice.

“He is going to win.” Yuuri declared.

He looked up to Yakov, and the gruff man, to his surprise, was smiling down at him fondly.

“He’s lucky to have his super-fan here, to cheer him on.” Yakov mused.

Yuuri beamed.

“So when are you going into juniors?” Yakov asked. “You’re twelve, right?”

Yuuri nodded. “But since my birthday is in November, I won’t be able to participate until I’m almost fourteen.”

Yakov hummed in understanding. “And who is your coach?”

Yuuri shrugged. “I have Minako as my ballet teacher… But I don’t really have a real coach.”

Yakov frowned thoughtfully. “You don’t have a coach?”

“Wow!” Yuuri gasped. “Did you see that jump?” He pointed to Victor like his life depended on it. “It was a quadruple flip!”

Yakov chuckled. “He didn’t tell you he was adding it to his program?”

“No.” Yuuri said as his eyes sparkled to Victor in amazement.
Yakov shook his head fondly. “I guess the audience weren’t the only ones Victor wanted to surprise…”

Yuuri kept his eyes on Victor until the warm-up time was finally over and Victor skated back to him.

“So how are my chances looking, Luchik?” Victor asked. “Did you check out the competition for me?”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “I’m sorry. I didn’t even notice them.”

Victor laughed at that. “I’m taking that as a good sign.”

Yuuri could tell that the other skaters didn’t really like Victor. They kept sending his mate hard glares when Victor was turned away from them. But Yuuri saw it all. And he immediately began to dislike them on Victor’s behalf.

“What’s wrong, Pryanichek?” Victor asked suddenly. “You look like you’re eating a lemon.”

Yuuri looked up to Victor, and Victor was looking back down at him with worry.

“I’m fine.” Yuuri assured. Before he suddenly felt his bladder protest. “Or… I actually need to go to the bathroom…” He said quietly.

Victor smiled gently. “Of course, I’ll go with you.”

“No, you’re not.” Yakov snapped. “It’s almost your turn to compete. You need to keep your head in the game.”

Victor frowned. “Yuuri needs me.”

Yuuri didn’t want Victor to risk his legacy because he had small bladder. “I’ll be fine.” Yuuri promised. “Can you just tell me where it is?”

Victor didn’t like the idea of letting Yuuri out of his sight on a competition this big. But the bathroom wasn’t that far away. And they still had their bond. Victor would know if something was wrong.

“It’s right through those doors and to the right.” Victor said.

Yuuri nodded and managed to take half a step away when Victor suddenly grabbed his arm. “Be careful…” The older boy pleaded.

“It’s just the bathroom, Victor.” Yuuri said soothingly. “I’ll be fine.”

Victor nodded and reluctantly let him go.

“Vitya, look at his footing. That’s what I was trying to tell you the other day…” Yakov rambled when Yuuri left his mate alone with his coach.

The bathroom was indeed through the doors and to the right. No more than twenty steps away from where Victor and Yakov were standing by the rink side.

Yuuri wasn’t a big fan of public bathrooms. It reminded him too much about school. But this one was actually decent.
Big mirrors and clean toilets, Yuuri couldn’t really complain. And when he noticed the automatic faucets, he had to stop and admire them a little. They were really, really cool.

So cool that Yuuri didn’t even notice when new people entered the bathroom. Before the door suddenly slammed shut behind them.

Yuuri flinched before he turned to them.

It was Victor’s competition, three skaters between the ages of seventeen to nineteen. Yuuri knew their names and countries, but he hadn’t bothered to learn anything else.

“So you’re Nikiforov’s little mate, huh?” Nineteen-year-old Denny from America, asked.

Yuuri wondered if he should pretend to not know English, just so he could walk past them. Without giving them the satisfaction of an answer.

“Of course he is.” Sixteen-year-old Nils from Norway, stated. “Didn’t you see Victor fuss over him in there? Pathetic. No wonder he did so poorly in warm-up.”

“Victor did amazing.” Yuuri snapped, throwing his plan out the window. “Much better than any of you.”

The three of them laughed.

“Look at him, he has some spunk.” Denny cackled. “I thought he was an omega?”

“He sure smells like one.” Seventeen-year-old Paolo from Italy, agreed.

Yuuri sighed as he realized why he barely got along with other boys. They always had to come up with stupid comments like that. Thinking they were cool or something.

“Well, maybe we should just cut to the chase?” Denny suggested.

Yuuri eyed them worriedly. He really didn’t want to summon Victor on them.

Victor was going to perform soon. And he didn’t need idiots like them to distract him from it.

“So here’s the thing…” Denny started. “We need you to get Victor to pull out of the Grand Prix final.”

Yuuri must have misheard them, or they were definitely crazy. “No way.”

“Listen kid.” Nils continued. “We all have a lot hanging on this contest. Sponsorships, contracts, things like that… A kid like you couldn’t possibly understand.”

Denny spoke up. “And we’re not going to let a spoiled brat like Victor sweep in and take it all away. You know that his parents bribed the judges to get him here, right?”

“That’s a lie.” Yuuri protested. “Victor made it all this way because he’s talented and amazing. And not corrupted and evil like you.”

Paolo snorted. “Did he just call us evil?”

Yuuri just glared them down.

~Yuuri, is everything okay?~
Yuuri told Victor that he was playing with the faucets, which he probably would be doing, if these idiots hadn’t ruined his fun.

~That’s good but it’s almost my turn. I want you to see~ Victor pleaded.

Yuuri nodded to himself. “I’m going back to Victor now.” He said confidently. “It’s going to be fun to watch you lose to him.”

The American boy blocked his path. “I don’t think that you understand us. But I wouldn’t expect anything less from an omega.”

Yuuri took a deep breath and tried to focus on what was really important. Mari had always told him to never listen to idiots.

“Victor is not going to lie down and let you walk over him to the top of the podium.” Yuuri stated.

Denny grinned as he huffed out his chest proudly. “He would… for you.”

Yuuri frowned in confusion. “But I’m not going to let him.”

Suddenly, Paolo grabbed him and pressed him up against the wall. Not hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to get the point across.

Denny leaned in close. “You’ll tell Victor, that if he doesn’t want to see his precious omega ripped to shreds, he better pull out of the contest before his free skate.”

Yuuri felt his breath hitch at the threat as his heart began to speed up. Were they really going to kill him?

Nils grabbed the other skater’s arms. “Come on, guys. Let’s go before someone comes.”

Denny and Paolo backed off, and together, the three of them walked out of the bathroom and left Yuuri alone with his thoughts.

Yuuri never expected them to do that. He only thought that they were going to intimidate him with lame insults. He never would have believed that three adults would use physical force and threaten his life over a stupid golden medal.

~Yuuri, I’m coming~ Victor stated

Not even ten seconds later, Victor came bursting though the door. “Yuuri, what happened?”

Yuuri shook his head. He couldn’t allow Victor to lose because of him.

“I…” Yuuri stuttered out. “I think… I think I saw a ghost.”

Did he hate to lie to Victor? Yes. But it was still better than the alternative. If Victor got into a fight with them, he would definitely be disqualified. And then all of his efforts would be for nothing.

Victor walked forward and wrapped Yuuri into his embrace. “I’ll kick that ghost’s ass before we leave America, okay?”

Yuuri nodded, hating himself.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Victor prodded, while assessing Yuuri’s condition.
Yuuri felt how the truth was almost slipping away from him, but he swallowed it down before it could escape. “Yeah… I was just… Startled, I guess…”

Victor nodded in understanding before the door suddenly slammed open again.

“Victor Nikiforov! You’re on in two minutes, what in the world do you think you are doing?”

Victor shrugged. “Yuuri saw a ghost.”

Yakov groaned. “Get out there… Now.”

Victor wrapped his arm around Yuuri’s shoulders and led him back out to the rink.

The older skaters were already waiting out by the rink wall together, and once Yuuri walked past them, they looked at him like a pack of hungry wolves.

Victor must have noticed, because he tightened his grip on Yuuri and threw a glare in their direction. It was strong enough to actually make the older boys flinch and avert their gazes elsewhere.

Yuuri looked out on the ice, to the current occupant, a boy only a few months younger than Victor.

Yuuri could only hope that he hadn’t received a similar treatment. But from looking at his skating, it was highly possible.

Yuuri frowned in concern. He couldn’t let them win like that.

He would have to come up with a plan.

Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGER Á LA ME... ;) <3<3

I live for this kind of drama and Protective!Victor. <3<3 I hope you liked it as well! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading! <3<3 And for sticking by my side, even tough I sound like a whiny bitch 50% of the time... XD

Anyway, *Throws a bomb loaded with kudos* Love you guys! <3

PS: If you ever want to get in touch for fanart or prompts or something you're always welcome to reach out through social media!! <3<3
Tumblr: Sophialala1
Twitter: @Sophialarsson96
Yuuri was furious that he couldn’t enjoy Victor’s short program. He watched every single movement his mate made. And the whole performance was absolutely amazing. But the eyes at the back of his neck kept him focused on the pathetic excuses for skaters and not Victor.

And Yuuri hated them for it.

“Scary ghost, huh?” Yakov asked in an attempt to break the ice.

Yuuri felt his heart clench in his chest. He really didn’t want to lie. So he just nodded.

Yakov frowned worriedly.

Yuuri kept his eyes on Victor. He really didn’t want to miss anything. Victor was doing a combination jump with a triple toe loop and a double flip. And he landed them completely synchronized to the beat of the music.

Victor’s short program grew to its end, and Yuuri was sure that he was going to win.

His performance was completely flawless. Every move was filled with strong emotions and every jump was executed in absolute perfection.

“Here…” Yakov said, nudging Yuuri’s shoulder to get his attention.

Yuuri looked up to Yakov when Victor was busy with greeting the rest of the audience and saw how the normally grumpy coach held out a chocolate bar to him. “It will make you feel better.” Yakov declared.

Yuuri took the treat uncertainly, he was feeling despised with himself. He really didn’t deserve candy right now.

“Yuuri!” Victor called to pull everyone’s attention to him. “Did you like it?”
Yuuri could almost laugh over the difference between Victor now, and the way he was a few minutes ago, when he was completely devoted to his show and was practically oozing anger and hurt. Now he was floating on the ice and smiling to him like a ray of sunshine.

“I did.” Yuuri assured. He reached out his hand in an attempt to get rid of the treat that was more or less burning its way through his hand. “Chocolate?”

“I have more.” Yakov said and picked out another bar from his pocket and handed it over to Victor, along with a water bottle.

Victor accepted them both gratefully as he stepped off the ice.

“You did good, Vitya.” Yakov praised. “That was the short program of a champion. That gold medal is practically yours.”

Yuuri felt eyes land on him at Yakov’s words. The three skaters were practically staring him down.

Yuuri pretended that he didn’t see them, and kept his eyes on Victor instead. He was far more beautiful to look at, anyway.

“Well, luchik. Are you ready to follow me to the kiss and cry?” Victor asked and shot his adorable heart-shaped smile in Yuuri’s direction.

Yuuri felt a blush spread across his cheeks. “Of course.” He smiled. “I'll follow you anywhere.”

Victor looked momentarily taken aback before he smiled again. “Yuuri.” He drawled. “You’re going to make me cry on live-TV.”

“You can’t cry.” Yuuri exclaimed. “Then your whole performance will be in vain.”

Victor laughed and wrapped his arm around Yuuri. “It will be worth it.”

Once Yuuri had seen Victor’s score, he knew that he couldn’t ask him to withdraw. Not that he ever intended to. He would rather be ripped to shreds by a group of pitiful adults than sell Victor out.

Yuuri was only twelve, but was starting to understand more and more about the world, and the importance of omegas.

Most people saw omegas as saints, more or less. And hurting one would be considered as a very serious crime. Like lifetime in prison or death penalty kind-of-serious crime.

Omegas were apparently the reason for world peace. Yuuri didn’t really understand how. But it had something to do with omegas walking into a battlefield and giving their lives for the greater good.

They talked about it in history class a few weeks ago, but Yuuri had been too busy hiding his face in his hands, than to actually pay attention. It was just like when a teacher uses your name in an example. And suddenly everyone turns to you, to see if it’s actually true or not.

But the fact that Yuuri was an omega didn’t mean he knew all the answers. He had only been an omega for twelve years. He still had a lot to learn.

But he did know that if those other skaters would somehow hurt him, they would be put away for good. Not to mention that Yakov, Minako and especially Victor would all go on a murder spree.

Yuuri didn’t want that to happen. He didn’t want anyone to die or kill on his behalf. But he knew
that he was protected beyond belief.

Besides, how had they even intended to hurt him? It was not as if anyone would leave him alone again. And those guys really didn’t seem like they wanted their actions to be seen in the eyes of the public.

They were probably ‘all about the talk’, as they say in mafia films.

But it still didn’t make their actions right. They were trying to cheat their way to the podium by threatening all the others.

And the boy that skated before Victor, looked completely terrified when he stepped off the ice. That was wrong. And they shouldn’t be allowed to do something like that.

“Youri? Are you okay?” Victor asked, snapping Yuuri out of his thoughts.

Yuuri nodded. “Of course.”

Victor frowned, unconvinced.

~Are you sure?~ Victor asked over the bond. Just in case Yuuri wanted to say something he didn’t want other people to hear.

Yuuri smiled half-heartedly. ~I’ll be fine~

Victor squeezed Yuuri’s hand in reassurance. Just so his mate would know that he was there for him, if he were to change his mind.

Yuuri already knew. And he felt horrible for not telling Victor, but he was doing this for everyone’s best.

He knew exactly how Victor would react, if he found out that three men had threatened to rip him to shreds.

Victor would resort to violence in a heartbeat. And that would lead to him being disqualified. And that would mean that Victor would lose everything he had thought for, and evil would win.

“You’re being strangely quiet” Victor stated with worry.

On some level, Yuuri wanted Victor to know about all the thoughts going through his head right now. It certainly wasn’t quiet.

“Jetlag.” Yuuri responded. It wasn’t a lie. He was getting more and more tired as he was forced so sit through those evil people’s short programs. He really wasn’t interested in learning the story on how they became the bullies of the skating community.

“We will go back to the hotel and catch some sleep soon. Right, Yakov?” Victor asked. But it sounded more like a statement than a question.

Yakov nodded. “There’s only one performance left. Then you can talk to the other skaters for a bit. Show that you’re a good sport. Then we’ll leave.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. Victor would have to talk to the other skaters? Victor would have to be in their reach? Please, no.

“Youri? Why are you so nervous?” Victor asked. Yuuri had been acting weird ever since he went to
the bathroom. Sure, he had seen a ghost. But it seemed like something else…

“I’m not nervous.” Yuuri protested.

Victor didn’t believe that. Yuuri flinched every time someone walked past him. When they left the kiss and cry earlier, one of his competitors had congratulated him on his high score and Yuuri’s heartbeat had raised and he tightened his hold of Victor’s hand.

Victor hadn’t missed how those older boys looked at his mate. He thought he was just going crazy, but what if Yuuri had sensed it as well? Of course, no one would ever be allowed to touch a hair on Yuuri’s head. But he still didn’t want Yuuri to be this uncomfortable.

“Yakov, is there a way we can skip the greeting part? I really don’t feel like I want to socialize.” Victor claimed.

Yakov raised his eyebrows. “You don’t want to socialize?” He asked in disbelief.

Victor shook his head. “I’m hungry, and I rather get something to eat so we can go back to the hotel and get some sleep.”

Yakov’s eyes shifted to Yuuri.

“Yakov.” Victor snapped. “It’s not Yuuri. I just don’t want to talk to them.”

“Victor. There are a lot of agents and sponsors watching this game right now. If you leave now, without showing your support to the other skaters, it might mean trouble for your career.”

Victor scoffed. “I’m a billionaire. It’s not like I need sponsors to keep me going.”

“But you do need support if you want to keep on competing.” Yakov quipped.

“Victor, it’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “You need to show them how great you are.” He bit his lip thoughtfully. “But be careful.”

Victor frowned in confusion. Why would he need to be careful?

“I will.” Victor promised anyway, if only to sooth Yuuri.

Yuuri smiled gratefully as the American’s performance came to an end. And applauses were filling up the rink.

Yuuri didn’t clap though. He would never cheer for anyone who wanted to see Victor lose.

Yuuri waited back with Yakov when Victor greeted the other skaters. He kept tensing up, every time the bullies approached his Victor, he really didn’t trust them.

“How are you feeling? You don’t feel a need to twist your bones or throw up, right?” Yakov asked.

Yuuri had to do a double take. “What?”

Yakov was assessing him. “Victor is right, you seem nervous. And I’ve watched enough horror films, to know that you should never take the meeting with a spirit lightly.”

Yuuri was still confused. “What do you mean?”
Yakov sighed. “You’re not feeling… possessed?”

Yuuri had to keep himself from laughing at the question. He could barely remember the time when he found Yakov scary. He was so nice and funny.

“I don’t feel possessed.” Yuuri promised.

Yakov nodded in approval. “That’s good.”

Yuuri knew that this might be his only chance to voice his concerns without having to deal with a possible murder.

“Mr. Feltsman?” Yuuri asked cautiously.

Yuuri could tell that Yakov like being called that. He looked prouder, somehow.

“Yes?”

Yuuri twisted his shirtsleeve anxiously. “Can I tell you something?” He asked. “Something that Victor can’t know?”

Yakov’s eyes widened in surprise, before he finally nodded with uncertainty.

Yuuri didn’t know how to start. “I… What do I do if I think that competitors are trying to cheat?”

“You tell someone,” Yakov said sternly. “Who do you think is cheating?”

Yuuri looked to Victor and saw how the American approached him. He made up his mind when he was the evil grin on the older boy’s face.

“There are some of the competitors who wants Victor to pull out of the competition. I think they’ve already gotten the other two to fold.” Yuuri said.

Yakov’s eyes widened in disbelief, before he turned and looked up at the scoreboard, he couldn’t help but to notice the unusually low scores from two of the skaters. While the other three were ranked right below Victor.

“And you’re sure of this?” Yakov asked.

Yuuri closed his eyes and nodded.

“Yuuri, you did the right thing by telling me.” Yakov assured. “I will talk with the other coaches and see if the skaters can confirm it.”

Yuuri smiled in relief.

Yakov patted his head fondly. “But how did you find out?”

Yuuri looked back to Victor again. Mostly so he wouldn’t have to look Yakov in the eyes, but also so he could keep an eye on Victor.

“There wasn’t really a ghost in the bathroom.” Yuuri admitted.

Yakov’s hand stilled, before he crouched down in concern. “Yuuri? Did they do something to you?”

Yuuri was just about to answer, when he suddenly felt Victor go from normal and cheerful to
downright furious in a matter of seconds.

He quickly looked up and saw how Victor was beginning to tighten his fist.

“Victor!” He quickly called and practically ran his way over to his mate so he could get between him and the American.

Victor was growling, his body was completely rigid with anger.

Yuuri pawed at his chest. “Victor, please calm down.”

Victor’s eyes shifted at him and then back at the American. “Yuuri, please go back to Yakov.” His voice sounded darker and more dangerous than Yuuri had ever heard it before.

It terrified him.

“No.” Yuuri declared and wrapped his arm around Victor’s stomach, and pressed his head against his chest. “Not without you.”

Victor took a deep breath and petted Yuuri’s back soothingly. “Okay.” He relented.

His growling died down and his muscles began to relax.

Yuuri sighed in relief as Victor wrapped his arm around him so they could walk back together to Yakov.

But suddenly, Victor turned back.

“Let me make this perfectly clear.” Victor told the American. “You’re lucky he’s here right now, or you would be nothing but a puddle on the floor… And if you ever so much as look in Yuuri’s direction again… I will end you.”

The American took a tentative step back.

Victor tightened his grip on Yuuri. “Come on, love.” He said gently. “Let’s get out of here.”

Victor was still fuming with silent anger when they returned back to the hotel.

Yuuri still refused to tell him what the skaters had said to him in the bathroom. He just knew what the American had told him. That he and his friends had had a little ‘friendly chat’ with his mate.

Victor knew that it couldn’t mean anything good. Yuuri had looked terrified when he found him in the bathroom.

He was not going to forgive this. Yakov said that he was taking care of everything. And that Victor would probably not have to see any of them again.

It was probably for the best.

He didn’t know if he would be able to hold himself back if he did. He only knew that those bastards had scared his Yuuri. And that was enough to deserve a skate to the knee, at least in Victor’s opinion.

Who would go after a twelve-year-old, anyway? What did they think was going to happen?
The only thing they were going to gain was a one-way ticket to Victor’s fist, or preferably, his skates.

Victor could never understand how anyone would want to hurt or scare Yuuri. He was so little and innocent. It was just like kicking a puppy.

~Victor, please don’t be mad~ Yuuri pleaded.

Victor snapped out of his thoughts and looked to Yuuri. The young boy looked so much older when he was worried.

~I’ll be fine, Pryanichek~ Victor assured. He didn’t want Yuuri to worry about him. But he still needed time to get over his anger. He normally didn’t hold grudges, but when it came to Yuuri it was a completely different story.

“I’ve talked to the other coaches.” Yakov stated. “You were right about what you said, and they will be disqualified for it.”

“Right about what?” Victor asked. He didn’t like being kept out of this. Something had apparently gone down, and it involved Yuuri.

Yuuri nodded in understanding.

Victor groaned in annoyance. “Come on. If I’m not going to see them again, you might as well tell me what they did.”

Yakov assessed his protégé and decided that he probably needed to know, in case of reporters. But he also knew that he couldn’t tell Victor the whole story. Or the young Russian would probably go on a rage fit through the hotel until he found the culprits.

“Three skaters were trying to earn a stop on the podium by intimidating the competition.” Yakov said calmly. “That’s all you need to know.”

Victor didn’t like that statement. He needed to know everything. Had they done this to the others? Why hadn’t they tried to intimidate him? He didn’t even know what was going on. But was that why the other two had skated so poorly?

He had seen their short programs in their other competitions. And they were really talented. But today they were clumsy and completely off their games.

But it still didn’t make sense. If they were intimidating the others, why hadn’t they tried to intimidate him?

Suddenly it dawned on him.

“Yuuri? What did they say to you?” Victor asked seriously.

Yuuri exchanged worried looks with Yakov.

“I promise I won’t get mad.” Victor stated. He would try his best not to show it anyway.

Yuuri looked at him uncertainly before releasing a sigh of defeat. “They wanted me to tell you to pull out.”

Victor frowned. Why would they say that to Yuuri and not to him?
The other skaters had clearly gotten the message themselves, all but Victor.

Of course, Victor hadn’t had a moment alone, ever since they landed in America. It might have made it difficult for them to threaten him.

But had they really been so desperate that they were willing to scare a twelve-year-old for Victor not to skate?

Unbelievable.

“Yuuri told me as soon as he could.” Yakov said proudly. “He did a very brave thing.”

Victor couldn’t help but feel his heart soar at Yakov’s words. Of course Yuuri would be the hero of the day. He really was the bravest kid in the world.

Suddenly the door was slammed open and Minako came rushing in with enough excitement to last through a lifetime.

“Hey, you guys.” Minako greeted and placed down multiple shopping bags on the floor. “I just had the radest day.”

“Why do you speak so funny?” Yuuri asked in concern.

“Funny? I talk like the local peeps.” Minako protested. “We have to get down in the style. I am freaking loving New York.”

Yuuri chuckled. “Minako, I really don’t think that New Yorkers speak like that.”

“Eh, you’re twelve. You’ll learn…” Minako said. “And I got everyone souvenirs. Yuuri, do you think your mom would like this miniature of the statue of liberty or this snow globe with the empire state building?”

Minako’s presence really lightened the mood of the room. And for a long while, they completely forgot about the three skaters that were trying to ruin the grand prix for everyone.

They got some take out dinner before they eventually fell asleep.

Now they only had Victor’s free skate to prepare for…

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you liked this! I really had to struggle to research what would happen if this was real life. But I couldn't find any results for "Punishment for figure skaters trying to cheat their way to the podium by scaring the competition" I really wonder why... XD

Well, this is fanfiction, so let's just say that this is what happens.... ;)

The next chapter will continue with the free skate <3<3 Please tell me about your thoughts!! <3<3
Victor had decided that he wouldn’t let Yuuri out of his sight, not even for a second, unless either Yakov or Minako was with him. He would never let anyone get close to him like that again.

What if they had been stupid enough to hurt Yuuri? Victor would definitely drag them to the closest institution by their feet, not that it would make him feel better if Yuuri had gotten hurt.

Which is why he would have to stop it before it happened. But to do so, he needed to take precautions. “Victor, you don’t need to hold onto me at all times.” Yuuri said with amusement.

“But I want to, love. I can stretch with one arm at the time.” Victor quipped with a wink. Yuuri chuckled. “It looks pretty funny though…”

Victor was sitting on the floor and reaching for his feet with his free hand, while holding onto Yuuri with his other. “What are you talking about?” Victor smirked. “Hand shift.”

Yuuri released his left hand and switched it for Victor’s right. “You’re ridiculous sometimes.”

Victor just smiled knowingly.

“But how is the competition going to work today?” Minako asked Yakov. “I mean, I’m thrilled that Victor is in the lead, but isn’t it unfair to the other skaters that he has such a high score when they were sabotaged?”

“This free skate will decide on the winner.” Yakov stated. “They will still get a total score, but it only today’s contest that will decide on the winner. Everyone will end up on the podium but there will only be one of them standing on the top.”
“And that will be Victor.” Yuuri chimed in.

Victor chuckled. “You really think so, luchik?”

Yuuri nodded determinately. “I know so.”

“Yeah, you’re definitely not partial, are you?” Minako asked with a grin.

Yuuri shrugged. “Why would I need to be that? Victor is the best skater.”

Victor felt his heart flutter with love and pride. “I guess I will have to enjoy as many victories as I can for now, then…” Victor mused. “Because when you join he grand prix, I won’t stand a chance.”

Yuuri blushed.

Victor momentarily thought about what he could say to make that blush burn brighter, when the other two skaters from the competition were finally emerging by the side of the rink, along with their respective coaches.

Yuuri couldn’t remember the name of the oldest one, but he knew that he was twenty-two and represented France.

The younger one was a few months younger than Victor and represented England. Yuuri remembered that his name was Harry, because he looked and sounded just like Harry Potter from the film franchise Takeshi was crazy about.

He had made both Yuuri and Yuuko sit through all three of the movies, all while leaving his commentary about the characters, and comparisons to the books.

It had been a really fun night.

Victor stood up from his spot on the floor when they other boys got closer. He then wrapped his arm around Yuuri. Clearly stating that Yuuri was under his protection, if these people got any stupid ideas.

He got the sudden feeling that Yuuri was too exposed. And since he didn’t know these people, he had to make absolutely sure that they were harmless, before he would even dream about letting his guard down around his mate.

“A lot of drama this year, am I right?” The French person said in an attempt to break the ice.

Victor made no attempt to engage.

The British guy seemed to take pity on the Frenchmen so he cleared his voice before he spoke up. “I’m just glad to have those bloody bastards out of here.” Harry stated as his’ face grew dark. “My little sister came crying to me when we checked into the hotel. Said three bad men told her that if I didn’t drop out they would kill her… She’s four.”

Victor immediately looked to Yuuri. “Did they say that to you?”

Yuuri swallowed nervously. “Not exactly…”

“Vitya. We talked about this. The less you know the better.” Yakov interrupted.

Victor shook his head in anger. “Those evil morons deserved a lot worse than disqualification…”
“They won’t dare to show their faces here again.” The French man pointed out. “They’ve done too much bad to us.”

“What did they do to you, Maurice?” Harry asked.

Yuuri relaxed. Right. That was his name… Maurice.

Maurice looked away sadly. “They threatened to kill my dog.”

Harry patted his shoulder in silent support.

“I didn’t know what to do. I was too scared to ask for help.” Maurice admitted. “This might be my last season. I really couldn’t afford to lose my best friend over a gold medal.”

Everyone hummed in agreement.

Victor’s kept his eyes glued to Yuuri. He felt his bones itch at the thought of someone threatening him. And the thought of someone threatening his life was enough to cause his blood pressure to rise.

“So, is everyone getting along today?” An ISU-official suddenly asked. She was accompanied by a man with a very funny, yellow haircut.

“No more threats or bad agendas being traded?” The man asked nervously.

Yakov cleared his throat. “They’re behaving themselves.” He declared with his signature stiff smile.

The officials nodded in sync. “Good, that’s good.” The female said before the man spoke up.

“We just need to inform you about the rules for this competition.” He started. “As you all must know by now, this is the contest that will decide on the winner.”

The woman nodded. “And we know that you, Mr. Nikiforov worked really hard on your short program. Your scores will be preserved, but unfortunately they won’t be included in our calculation.”

“That’s fine.” Victor assured. “I would rather win fairly.”

Yuuri beamed with pride at his mate. Victor was so honest and brave.

“So, this will be exciting, then.” The woman smiled, more genuinely. “I hope you’re all ready. The competition is about to begin.”

Yuuri was practically climbing up the rink wall when Victor was getting ready to skate out to do his performance.

“You’re going to do amazing.” Yuuri assured. “The lion king is the best movie of all time, and your skating is the best skating of all time. Which means that you’re going to do the best performance of all time.”

Victor chuckled fondly. “Well, I do have the best cheerleader of all time…”

“And now, the third contest is about to take the ice…” The announcer spoke.

“Well, I guess that’s my queue to start.” Victor mused.
“Victor?” Yuuri halted as Victor released his hand.

Victor turned to him with a smile. “Yes, Yuuri?”

Yuuri took a deep breath. He had practice the word with Yakov almost ten times. He just hoped that he would get it right. “Udachi.” He said with an uncertain smile.

Victor’s lit up like the sun itself. “Spasibo, Yuuri.”

“Victor, for god’s sakes… Skate!” Yakov snapped.

Victor chuckled and skated backwards until he reached the center of the rink.

The entire building grew quiet, as the music was about to start. Victor kept his eyes on Yuuri the whole time.

Suddenly the first notes rang out through the sound system. It started with the drums, and as soon as the flute began, Victor started moving in perfect synchronization with the music.

Yuuri watched in amazement as Victor kept up with the impossibly fast rhythm.

His jumps matched the music perfectly, both his landing and execution was completely flawless.

Yuuri couldn’t help but smile when he noticed that Victor had used the Japanese version of the song.

Victor made an amazing quad flip when the beat of the chorus landed, and it was absolutely perfect.

And as the music reached its peak, Victor made the most incredible combination spin that he switched to his final position, at the exact same moment as the music stopped he reached up his fist to the sky.

The lack of music was immediately replaced with the audience’s roar.

Yuuri knew that Victor had won. Fair and square with the best program he had ever seen.

If it weren’t a new world record, Yuuri would definitely file a complaint to the judges.

How was Victor even possible? How could a human be able to move like that? How was he allowed to be so perfect?

“Yuuri, you should try to breathe…” Minako smirked. “Victor will be worried if you pass out from excitement.”

Yuuri didn’t even know that he was holding his breath. But when he tried to release it, it came out as a laugh. He was too blown away to act reasonable.

“Minako! Did you see? Did you see him?” Yuuri asked while practically bouncing against the rink wall.

“I had no idea Victor’s performances affected you this much…” Minako mused.

“Yuuri!” Victor called. “Did you like it?”

Yuuri nodded frantically, and practically jumped into Victor’s arms when he stepped off the ice. “It was perfect.”

..........................
Victor didn’t break the world’s record. But he did end up on the top of the scoreboard. However, Harry still needed to perform, but Yuuri was confident that he wouldn’t be better than Victor.

“Had you been in juniors, you would have gotten a new record.” Yakov assured. “I told you, that this would be harder, which means that you will have to work a lot harder to reach higher.”

Victor just nodded along while keeping his attention on Yuuri. The younger boy had a few strand of hairs that were sticking straight up from his head. And Victor found it addictively entertaining.

As soon as he brushed them down, they sprung back up like magic.

“Victor, do you think that Harry looks like Harry Potter?” Yuuri asked. Keeping his attention to Victor’s competition.

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “I’m pretty sure his name is Harry Stapleton…”

“But do he look like Harry Potter, right?” Yuuri asked.

Victor frowned in concern. “Who is Harry Potter, love? A friend of yours? Did I forget another one?”

“No, Harry Potter is a wizard.” Yuuri explained.

Victor didn’t know that Yuuri was into magic, how could he have missed that? “A wizard?”

Yuuri nodded. “His parents were killed by a evil wizard and he has a scar that looks like a lightning bolt. And he goes to school in a castle where he learns magic.”

“Oh.” Victor said as realization dawned on him. Yuuri was talking about that movie franchise with a magic stone or something. “That Harry.”

“Yes.” Yuuri beamed. “He’s really cool.”

Victor had no idea why, but it somehow hurt that Yuuri found someone to be cool that wasn’t him.

Stupid alpha-possessiveness.

“I mean… He’s not cooler than you.” Yuuri assured with a light blush. “I don’t even think he can skate.”

Victor released a breath of relief. Yuuri still thought he was the coolest.

“Well, figure skating is worth a lot of cool-points.” Victor mused and continued his task on trying to get Yuuri’s hair under control.

Yuuri smiled. “It really is…”

Suddenly Harry’s performance was finished, and he quickly skated to greet his coach and sister.

“He did good.” Yakov stated as he clapped his hands sternly. “It’s going to be interesting to see how he scores.”

“Victor did better.” Yuuri quipped. “His difficulty was higher, and he keep up a much higher pace. He also had higher difficulty on his jumps, and he landed them perfectly. Not to mention that his performance had a greater impact on the audience.”
Yakov looked taken off guard. “Victor, did you tell him that?”

Victor beamed with pride. “Yuuri is a little genius. He doesn’t need me to tell him things.”

Yuuri blushed.

“Impressive.” Yakov nodded in appreciation. “But unfortunately it will be up to the judges to decide.”

Yuuri looked up to Victor with all the confidence he could muster. “No matter what they say, you’ll be the winner. At least to me.”

Victor still lived with the belief that Yuuri was trying to kill him with his adorableness. When he said things like that, Victor’s heart began to make quad flips in his chest. It really couldn’t be healthy, but it was wonderful. And Victor wouldn’t change it for anything in the world.

“The score for Harry Stapleton is 205.6.” The announcer spoke.

Victor froze. Did that mean…?

“That means that the winner of the 2004 Grand Prix final, is no other than Victor Nikiforov with the score of 210.3. An amazing score for his debut in the seniors division.”

“Yes!” Yuuri exclaimed and threw himself into Victor’s embrace. “I knew you were going to win.”

Victor smiled as he hugged Yuuri back. Seeing his mate this happy was definitely worth all his hard work during the fall. “Thank you for cheering me on.”

Yuuri nodded against his shoulder.

“Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy ending! <3 YAY! <3

I hope you liked it! <3<3 The boys deserved a break to just enjoy Victor's first win in the grand prix! <3<3

Tell me what you though! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Yuuri goes to Russia to celebrate Easter with Victor.

Chapter Notes

I don't think I could have added more fluff, even if I wanted to... XD

But keep your eyes open for mistakes. It's late here in Sweden, and I can barely read straight... XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor was stressed, to state it lightly.

Yuuri was coming to Russia in less than a day, and nothing was prepared.

They were going to celebrate Easter together. And Victor had his mind set on giving Yuuri the full Russian experience.

They barely celebrated Easter in Japan, and even though Victor’s family wasn’t exactly believers, Victor still loved the holiday as it was in Russia. He loved painting the eggs, the dinner and the charity events. And he wanted Yuuri to love them all as well.

He wanted their week to be perfect.

Sure, Yuuri had said that he didn’t want any presents. But this wasn’t him doing the giving. And who could possibly deny presents from the Easter bunny?

But just to be safe, Victor had gotten presents for himself as well, just so the Easter bunny wouldn’t seem partial.

And even though Victor knew that if the Easter bunny wasn’t real. He was still pretty sure that if he was, Yuuri would definitely be his favorite.

A cuter kid didn’t exist.

Victor had to constantly fight the urge to shower Yuuri in rainbows and love and feed him candy.

I was actually really hard.

But now, during Easter, he finally had the chance to do so. And he would blame it on the Easter bunny.

It was the perfect plan.
Was Victor an immature sixteen-year-old? Probably… But Yuuri would only be twelve for one more year. Then he would be a teenager, and he would probably see straight through every single one of Victor’s surprises.

So he would have to take these moments while he could. Yuuri was growing up too fast. He would soon be a tiny little adult. Or a tall adult…

What if he grew taller than Victor?

Victor would have to stop thinking about that, or he would have to sit down to collect himself.

And he really didn’t have time for that. He needed to get everything in order before Yuuri’s arrival.

Eggs had to be hidden, decorations had to be put into place, and everything had to be perfect.

This was going to be the best Easter ever.

Yuuri was feeling kind of nervous going back to Russia.

Not that he was worried about seeing Victor. He was almost never nervous about that anymore. He was however, worried about trying to speak the Russian language for as much as possible, this time around.

He had put almost as much time in studying Russian, as he had on practicing figure skating. Victor became his guinea pig somewhere along the road. Not that he was very helpful. He just squealed for a few seconds and said that everything was amazing.

He wasn’t great at giving him useful feedback concerning his language… He was great at giving him feedback and advice when it came to figure skating. But when it came to Russian, he was completely hopeless.

So Yuuri would just have to rely on the knowledge he supposed he had.

Hopefully, he wouldn’t get it completely wrong and embarrass himself in front of Victor and his entire family.

“You’re going to be fine.” Toshiya assured. “You shouldn’t worry so much.”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “I didn’t even say anything.”

“You have that look on your face.” Toshiya stated. “It takes one to know one…”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully and looked to his dad. “Really?”

Toshiya nodded. “I still have my moments from time to time. But it gets easier with age, at least for me. And your mother really helps to keep me grounded when times are rough.”

Yuuri didn’t know that. But it made sense. His dad had always had a greater understanding of his need of space when Yuuri was stressed, especially compared to the rest of his family.

Mari and his mom usually wanted him to talk about it, even if that wasn’t always what he needed. His dad always made sure to ask him, before going into action.

Even though those moments were kind of rare, Yuuri appreciated them.
“I’m just scared I’ll make a fool of myself.” Yuuri admitted. “Victor had been fluent in Japanese ever since he was ten. And I’m twelve and I barely know how to say a proper sentence in Russian.”

Toshiya smiled gently. “Well, I’m forty-three, and I barely know English. I’m relying on you to keep us both alive.” He ruffled Yuuri’s hair fondly before continuing. “I’m really looking forward to spending some time with you and getting to know Victor better.”

Yuuri felt his heart soar at the mention of his true mate. Just like it always did. “You’re going to love him.” Yuuri promised. “He’s absolutely perfect.”

Victor was covered in paint as he admired his handicraft. Maybe he should focus on a career as an artist? The eggs were looking great, the decorations were all set up and the presents were all hidden.

It truly was an Easter wonderland.

Now, he just had to pick Yuuri up from the airport and then they could finally start their week together. But the week would probably have to start tomorrow. Yuuri would probably be really tired because of the time difference and the long flight.

Yuuri was traveling alone with his dad and Vicchan. Makkachin would probably be very happy to reunite with his little friend. And Victor was really looking forward to getting to know the older Katsuki man better.

Toshiya really reminded him of Yuuri. He was also a bit drawn back and didn’t really say a lot. But when he did, it was usually a hilarious remark or something extraordinarily clever.

Just like Yuuri.

And Victor was really curious to what else they had in common.

“Honey, are you ready to go?” Victoria asked. “Yuuri’s plane will land in an hour.”

Victor snorted. Like he didn’t keep track on Yuuri’s arrival…? The time stamp was practically printed in his brain.

“I just need to wash off the paint real fast.” Victor said in a rush, as he dashed for the bathroom.

“Make sure to get the paint off your neck.” Victoria called after him.

“On it!”

Yuuri held his father’s hand as they stepped into the arrival’s part of the airport. He had Vicchan’s travel cage in his other hand, while his dad carried the rest of their luggage by himself, mostly because the bags were almost the size of Yuuri. And the younger boy didn’t quite possess the strength to carry that just yet.

Yuuri was twelve, and he still hadn’t hit his growth spurt. He had grown almost one centimeter in six months. Which really wasn’t a lot. Most of his classmates had even started to outgrow him.

But he still held onto hope. He would probably grow taller, someday soon…

“Yuuri!” Victor suddenly called from somewhere.

Yuuri quickly looked around, trying to spot his true mate. When he suddenly felt a hand on his
shoulder. He didn’t flinch. The presence was too familiar, so was the touch. He would know it anywhere. Especially since it was also heavily scented of roses.

Victor.

“Hi, love.” Victor greeted. He then proceeded with taking Vicchan from Yuuri’s hold, so he could give him a hug.

“Zdravstvuy, Victor.” Yuuri greeted back.

Victor almost had a heart attack. He knew that Yuuri had practiced Russian, but he had no idea how great his pronunciation had become. It was something so incredibly amazing, in hearing Yuuri speak his native language with such a talent.

“Was that correct?” Yuuri asked uncertainly.

Victor nodded frantically. “It was amazing! Eto bylo potryasayushche!”

Yuuri pulled away slightly with a smile. “Spasibo, Vitya.”

Victor died.

……………………

Victor didn’t stay dead for long though. Yuuri resurrected him by grabbing his hand.

Victor then switched to Japanese so he could greet Yuuri’s father. Toshiya seemed to be exhausted after the flight. But he still smiled politely and engaged in conversations with the younger boys.

When Victoria joined the others, Victor turned into an interpreter, making sure that the adults could talk to each other despite the language barrier.

He still couldn’t handle Yuuri speaking Russian. He had to constantly remind himself to breathe.

But he was however amused by his mother’s reaction. She squealed when Yuuri spoke to her and practically yelled her responses out of pure joy.

That continued all the way home.

And once the doors opened, Victor had a camera at the ready to capture Yuuri’s reaction for the rest of time.

He was not disappointed. Seeing Yuuri’s eyes widen and hearing that soft gasp of surprise was enough to cure the world from evil.

“Victor?” Did you do all this?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

Victor beamed. “I thought that your first Easter ever should definitely be a good one. So I tried to make the house looking as much as Easter as possible.”

Yuuri looked around in awe. “It’s amazing…”

Suddenly a deep bark rung out, followed by quick emerging steps.

Vicchan reacted immediately to the sound of his best friend. And began to answer Makkachin’s barks with his own.
Victor placed the travel cage down on the floor and opened the door.

The poodle rushed out and greeted Victor first before he set his eyes on Makkachin. Then the dogs immediately started to chase each other over a squeaky toy of a shoe.

“I think they missed each other.” Victor stated.

Yuuri smiled fondly. “I think so too.”

Victor looked Yuuri over and noticed how tired he looked. He did a mental calculation of the time difference, and realized that it was almost 1:00 am in Japan.

“Are you tired, love?” Victor asked gently. “It’s late in Japan.”

Yuuri blinked a few times. “What? Oh, no, not really.” He yawned, making his statement invalid. “I really want to spend time with you. I missed you.”

“I missed you too, solnechnyy.” Victor said gently. “But what do you feel about watching a movie? I’m pretty tired myself, and we have a long day tomorrow…” It was more or less a bribe to make Yuuri fall asleep without him knowing it.

Yuuri nodded slowly. “That sounds good.”

“Is it okay if I go to sleep right now?” Toshiya asked. “I don’t mean to be rude, but it was a very long flight.”

“Of course.” Victor exclaimed, with more excitement than expected. “Boris will take you to your room.”

Suddenly a butler emerged from the living room. And took their luggage without a word, before swiftly walking up the stairs.

“He’s new.” Victor shrugged “But he’s really good.”

“Fantastic.” Toshiya said in fascination as he followed the butler upstairs.

“You have a butler?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “You’re Batman.”

Victor chuckled in amusement. “My identity is revealed, how will I recover?”

Yuuri followed Victor’s lead into the living room as Victor tugged on his hand. “Don’t worry.” Yuuri mused. “I’ll keep your secret.”

Victor released his mate’s hand and wrapped his arm around his shoulders instead. “I actually have the early version of the new Batman movie… My mom got it from her friend Christopher Nolan. Would you like to see it?”

Yuuri lit up, suddenly with newfound energy. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “The perk of being rich and famous I suppose…”

“Do you get movies like that all the time?” Yuuri asked.

Victor shrugged. “Only when my parents know the directors…”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “What do your parents work with?” He asked.
“A little bit of everything.” Victor explained. “Investments, some charity work, something with galas, selling products, perfume, clothes... Things like that.”

“Is that why you have so much money?”

Victor nodded. “And I have very rich grandparents. I have no idea where they got the money from though...”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “Well, I’m glad we get to see Batman.”

Victor gestured to Yuuri to sit on the couch, before he turned on the TV and placed the burned out disc into the DVD player. “I haven’t seen it myself. It will be fun to share it with you.”

When Victor sat down on the couch, Yuuri immediately curled up against his side.

The younger boy barely made it through the first half of the movie before he fell asleep in Victor’s lap. Victor paused the film so he could enjoy the moment.

Yuuri looked so peaceful when he slept, completely safe and sound. Victor marveled over how much he truly loved him. Even when Yuuri wasn’t even trying, he still managed to sweep Victor right off of his feet and land in a bundle of pink clouds full of love.

It was an amazing sensation... To be so in love that it almost hurt. But in the best way possible...

Victor knew that he would never be as happy as he was with Yuuri. Nothing could replace the feeling that his true mate filled him with. Yuuri was so completely perfect. Victor couldn’t find a single flaw in him, no matter how hard he tried. He was too in love.

And he would never wish for anything to be different.

Chapter End Notes

Yup, Victor parents knows Christopher Nolan. And even though I know that he would never hand out a copy of his movie almost two months before premiere, I still had to do it, so that Victor and Yuuri would have something fun to watch... ;) While also having a reason to add more backstory to Victor's parents AKA the multitalented billionaires... ;)

But be sure to brush your teeth after reading this! <3<3 I really hope you liked it! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading! <3<3
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri celebrate Easter.

Chapter Notes

Here’s a fluffy chapter for you amusement! <3<3

I’m really not that familiar with Russian Easter, if I'm being honest... XD I did some research and I hope I managed to make it somewhat accurate... ;)

In Sweden, we let our kids paint ugly pictures of chickens and eggs, then they go trick and treating (Kind of) And exchange the pictures for candy.... It's very different from Russia’s way... XD

But hopefully you'll like it! <3 (Despite the fact that it might be completely incorrect)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Yuuri…” Victor whispered gently, as he petted Yuuri’s hair in an attempt to wake him up.

Yuuri pressed his face deeper into his pillow and whined tiredly.

Victor smiled fondly. “Yuuri…? Would you like to go on a treasure hunt?”

Yuuri blinked up slowly. “Treasure hunt?”

Victor nodded. “The Easter bunny was here during the night. He left presents for all of us around the house.”

“The Easter bunny?” Yuuri questioned.

“He lives in Russia. During the night before Easter, he jumps around in a magical speed and hands out gifts placed in eggs.” Victor explained excitedly. “And he left us a map to find them all.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “How did he get into the house?”

Victor was taken off guard. He really should have thought this through a little bit better. He really didn’t expect Yuuri to ask questions. “Boris let him in.”

Yuuri looked slightly worried. “How does a bunny know what kind of gifts to bring? How did he carry them here?”

Victor tried to recall the stories his parents used to tell him when he was younger. “Uhm, He’s a big bunny, with hands. And he’s really smart. He can tell what to bring by looking at a house.”
“Oh…” Yuuri said, trying to process the words. “Why does he do it? I mean, it has to be a lot of work to bring gifts to every house in Russia.”

“It’s his life’s purpose.” Victor explained. “He only does it once a year, and he loves doing it. I think that he also has sidekicks. They’re probably helping him.”

Yuuri nodded skeptically. “Okay…”

Victor beamed. “So would you like to go treasure hunting with me?”

Yuuri smiled. “Ya by khotel” (I’d love to)

Victor did his best to pretend like he had no idea where all the gifts were all hidden. He had gifts for everyone. But it was especially hard to walk past the hiding spots for those gifts belonging to Yuuri.

Yuuri was good at reading the map Victor had made, even though it was entirely written in Russian. He found about three presents in the first hour, and Victor barely had to hint to them at all.

“Another one for dad.” Yuuri exclaimed as he held up the cardboard egg. They spoke nothing but Russian, and Victor had to stop to their searching in order to gush about it every other sentence.

“Amazing.” Victor cheered. “That’s two for your dad, one for me and one for Boris.”

“I like the Easter bunny.” Yuuri admitted. “He’s much cooler than fake Santa.”

Victor chuckled in agreement. “Well, he has a lot more imagination.”

Yuuri nodded. “And he’s not a creepy old man with a sack.”

“That’s true.” Victor agreed. Still impressed that someone would be so bothered by Santa. One of the most popular characters among children, ever. But he could see Yuuri’s point. And he was glad that his mate had the instincts to stay away from creepy old men. It was much better than the opposite.

If a creepy old man would even dare to walk within ten feet from his precious mate, Victor would make sure that he would really know the true wrath of a pissed off alpha. Or even worse… a pissed off Victor.

“It looks like there should be something in the pool-house.” Yuuri said thoughtfully.

He looked so cute. Walking around with his tiny little basket. Victor had taken multiple pictures, but they really couldn’t compare… Yuuri was simply too adorable.

“Then we should check.” Victor smiled. “The eggs aren’t going to find themselves.”

After all the eggs were found. Yuuri made it his mission to hand them all out to the others, before even considering to opening up his own.

Victor was practically bursting with excitement by then.

Boris probably had the best reaction. When Yuuri wished him happy Easter in Russian, the old butler practically melted. Just like the rest of the people who ever had the privilege of having a conversation with Yuuri.

Victor didn’t even know if it was the fact that he was an omega or the fact that he was simply Yuuri,
but the adorableness that came with it, was strong enough to melt even the most frozen of hearts.

Victor had never seen Boris smile like that before, like a kid on Christmas Eve.

Toshiya also had a pretty fun reaction. He had never heard of the Easter bunny before. So when Yuuri gave his best efforts in trying to explain exactly who, and what he was. Toshiya nodded along in mild amusement, before he opened his egg and found a brand new golden wristwatch.

He looked to Victor nervously.

Victor just smiled in assurance. Toshiya really needed a new wristwatch. His old one was practically falling off his wrist in a heap of torn leather. And since he was Yuuri’s dad. He really deserved the best.

Victor’s parents opened their eggs annoyingly slow. They knew very well that Victor couldn’t wait for Yuuri to open his, and they enjoyed every opportunity they could to drive the younger Russian crazy.

Yuuri just smiled and allowed them to take their time, completely oblivious to Victor’s annoyance.

But finally, everyone had gotten their gifts, and there was only Yuuri and Victor left.

Victor almost screamed when Yuuri insisted that the older boy should go first. Claiming that since they had already given the gifts away after seniority, this time should be no different.

Victor opened his own eggs in a rush. The first one held a new phone case with poodles, for his Samsung phone. And the second one held a pair of Gucci sunglasses, since summer was around the corner.

“Now, your turn.” Victor stated as he placed his own things aside.

“Didn’t you get what you wanted?” Yuuri asked in concern to Victor’s disregard for his own presents.

“Of course.” Victor claimed. But since he had gotten them for himself, he had really ruined the element of surprise. “I just… I really want to see what you got.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding, and started to work on his first egg. Victor had gotten him three, mostly because he really couldn’t resist.

Yuuri gasped as he revealed the content of his egg. “A Nintendo DS?” He asked. “How did he know? I’ve only told you about this.”

Victor swallowed nervously. “Uhm… The Easter bunny must have seen it from outside…”

Yuuri really doubted that. He really doubted the Easter bunny to begin with. But he could also see how important it was to Victor, that he believed in this.

Yuuri still felt a little bit guilty over how sad Victor had looked when he told Yuuri the truth about Santa.

He didn’t want to see Victor like that again. So he decided to humor his mate. He could pretend to believe in the Easter bunny.

For Victor…
“Cool.” Yuuri said and admired his new Nintendo.

Victor released a breath of relief, before pushing the second egg in Yuuri’s direction. “Now, open another one.”

Yuuri smiled half-heartedly as he reached for the other egg. He opened it gently and his eyes widened once he saw what was inside. “Victor…” He said in disbelief. “This… This is too much.”

“Of course not.” Victor waved off. “The Easter bunny clearly wants you to have them.”

Yuuri was just about to argue against that. He couldn’t believe that Victor would actually spent money on getting him golden earbuds covered in diamonds. It was a joke Victor had made, when Yuuri told him his old ones broke when his mp3 accidently got stuck in his pocket. He never believed him to actually get him new ones. Especially not like these.

“Besides.” Victor continued. “I’m sure you’ll look pretty dashing in them…”

Yuuri blushed. “Victor…”

“Open your last one.” Victor urged and handed Yuuri the last egg.

Yuuri took a deep breath, trying to collect himself. If the last egg contained anything covered in gold or diamonds, Yuuri would have to break Victor’s illusion, and tell him that he didn’t believe in the Easter bunny. He couldn’t allow Victor to spend so much money on totally unnecessary things.

But instead of something coated in diamonds, Yuuri found a single metal key. “A key?”

Yuuri looked up to Victor in search for answers.

Victor smirked. “Isn’t there a note in there as well?”

Yuuri frowned and looked back inside the egg. And very well, there was a note inside.

“What does it say?” Victor asked.

Yuuri read it carefully. “The key goes to the box in the kitchen.” Yuuri stated.

Victor beamed. “Come on then. The adventure is far from over…”

Yuuri felt his stress disappear when he found out that the box contained nothing but candy. But the stress returned when Victor claimed that it was all for him.

“Victor, I can’t eat all of this.” Yuuri exclaimed.

Victor looked at the candy, and then back to Yuuri. “Maybe the Easter bunny overdid it a little…?” He smiled innocently.

“A little?” Yuuri questioned. “Victor, there’s more candy then there is… Well, me…”

Victor chuckled. “Well, you can bring the rest of it to Japan. Treat your friends, or something…”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Or…” He trailed off. “Never mind, it’s stupid.”

“Nothing you say is ever stupid.” Victor assured. “You can tell me.”
Yuuri smiled shyly. “Well, I kind of have another idea…”

Victor knew that Yuuri was the perfect human. He knew he was kind, and sweet, and smart, and funny, and beautiful, and pretty much too good for this world. But he had no idea just how much of a kindhearted genius Yuuri was.

Victor and his family had a tradition to give away to charity every year. And this year was no different.

Yuuri had just managed to give his own little addition to the tradition, by bringing candy to the homeless shelter, in the spirit of Easter.

It really helped to increase the happiness among them. The Nikiforov’s money went to the shelter, to bring them necessitates, such as food and clothes. But Yuuri’s candy definitely brought more happiness in the moment, especially for the kids.

Victor felt his heart flutter in his chest as he saw Yuuri interact with them and try to keep up with their rapid over-excited Russian.

Yuuri also managed to convince Victor to return the golden earbuds and give even more money to the shelter. Victor agreed, since it apparently meant a lot to Yuuri.

Yuuri definitely preferred to bring joy to others, rather than himself. And even though Victor wanted Yuuri to be the happiest person in the world, and never long for anything, he would also have to accept the fact that his mate wasn’t a materialist. And he valued actions over things in less than a heartbeat.

Victor understood. He was more or less the same. He didn’t value things either. He just wanted a simple way to make Yuuri smile. And since he had a lot of money to his expanse, buying things was the easiest way to get a positive reaction. It always worked with his parents, his friends and Makkachin.

But Yuuri was different. Victor knew that he had to adjust. And he was trying. It was a constant struggle to walk past a window and think about how happy something could possibly make Yuuri, and then continue walking.

But he would continue to try.

For Yuuri…

Chapter End Notes

Victor is really in constant "try-hard-mode", am I right?!? XD Hopefully, he'll live and learn... XD Or maybe Yuuri will just learn to accept ridiculous gifts from Victor... XD Who knows? They're still young... <3<3

I hope you liked the chapter at least! <3<3 And I hope to see you again in the next one! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading!! <3<3
The days after Easter, was a time for Yuuri and Victor to really explore St. Petersburg.

They visited museums, tried out Victor’s favorite restaurants and met up with a few of Victor’s friends.

Yuuri only remembered Georgi, but he didn’t have the best memory from their first meeting.

But Georgi apologized for it. And it didn’t take long before Georgi was sharing embarrassing stories about Victor.

Yuuri treasured every single word.

Victor did his best to keep up a brave façade and allow Yuuri to get to know his, well, not so great sides. He and Georgi had done their fair share to contribute to Yakov’s hair loss, and slowly but surely, Yuuri was learning it all.

“Victor, I can’t believe you poured soap over the ice.” Yuuri chuckled.

Victor sent Georgi a look of disapproval, to which Georgi just snickered and continued. “That’s not all he did… He also…”

“And I feel like that’s all the story-time we should have for today.” Victor interrupted and gave George a light shove to the shoulder. Georgi just continued to laugh.
Alina, another friend of Victor’s, decided to speak up as well. “What’s wrong Victor? Don’t you want Yuuri to know about the time when you poured soap in the hallways and started a slide competition in school?”

Victor laughed awkwardly at that. “Well, at least it was funnier than math-class.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “Why do you pour soap everywhere?”

Victor shrugged. “It’s cleaner than mud.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that logic.

Alina laughed and began stroking Victor’s arm. “You’re too funny, Vitya.”

Yuuri immediately stiffened. She was a bit too close to Victor for Yuuri’s liking.

“So, Yuuri. How do you like Russia, so far?” Georgi asked, when he had finally collected himself.

Yuuri barely heard him. Alina was practically clinging to Victor’s arm.

“Youngri?” Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri looked up to his mate. “Yes?”

Victor brushed his hand up and down Yuuri’s back in soothing motions. He knew that Yuuri was nervous about meeting his friends. But Victor wanted him to know that he had nothing to be worried about.

Sure, he wasn’t super excited about all of his friends. Alina was kind of annoying, so was Denis but he wasn’t here. However, Georgi, Ivana, Spencer, Vera, Andrei, Stepán and Darya were all pretty cool.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked in concern.

Yuuri stared at him uncomprehendingly.

“Georgi asked you a question…” Victor elaborated.

Yuuri flinched. “Oh, of course. I’m sorry I didn’t mean to be rude. I was just thinking about something else. I didn’t hear…” Yuuri apologized profoundly to the other Russian. “Please forgive me.”

“It’s absolutely fine.” Georgi assured. “I do that all the time too. I was just asking how you liked Russia so far.”

“It’s beautiful.” Yuuri declared. “Just like Victor.”

Victor wasn’t even surprised when another synchronized ‘Aww’, rang out among his friends. That was probably the tenth time during their hour together.

“You’re absolutely adorable.” Darya cooed.

“We all thought that Victor was exaggerating when Victor spoke of you.” Ivana chuckled. “And here you are, proving us wrong.”

Yuuri smiled politely.
"I never need to exaggerate when I speak of Yuuri. Victor stated proudly. “He’s always too cute for words.”

Yuuri felt a blush spreading across his cheeks. Why did Victor have to say those things in front of all his friends? That was probably the twentieth time or something. And Yuuri was pretty sure that his face was going to be a permanent color of red before the day would be over.

“Clearly.” Alina said, unimpressed.

“So, Yuuri.” Andrei spoke up before anyone could react to Alina’s rudeness. “Is it also true that you’re a gamer? I’m actually a pretty good gamer myself.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked excitedly. “What do you play?”

Andrei huffed out his chest proudly. “Mostly PlayStation 2, right now. I just got this really cool game, ever heard of Resident evil? They just released the fourth game. It’s really cool.”

“I’m actually saving up for that.” Yuuri admitted. “But since I’m too young to play, I’m going to ask my sister to buy it for me.”

Victor’s eyes widened. Finally, something Yuuri wanted. “I can get it for you.” He offered. “We’ll go to the game shop right now and…”

“Victor, no.” Yuuri said and tugged on Victor’s sleeve to stop his crazy thinking. “Besides, you’re also too young. You have to be at least eighteen.”

“Eighteen?” Victor asked in disbelief. “What kind of game is this?”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly. “You kill zombies.”

Victor had to take a few moments to think that through. Yuuri? Kill zombies? No, definitely not. Yuuri captured spiders and released them in the wild. Sure, he knew that Yuuri played a lot of games, but they were all cartoons, and no one ever died. They just got arrested, or stars flew over their heads. But Yuuri could never kill anyone, right?

“Why would you want to play that?” Victor asked. He really needed to know.

Yuuri shrugged. “Me, Yuuko, Takeshi and Takeshi’s older brother played it together. It was really fun.”

“You thought it was fun to kill?” Victor couldn’t believe his ears.

“Victor, they’re zombies. Monsters… We were doing the world a favor.” Yuuri explained.

Victor frowned in concern. “Can’t you play that game with the bricks and the tiny round man with the red hat?”

“Super Mario? I’ll play that too.” Yuuri assured. “But I’ve already played it through like, ten times… I’m ready to play something new. Something with a challenge.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “But I still think you should wait until you’re old enough though. That game doesn’t sound appropriate for someone your age.”

“My age?” Yuuri questioned.

Victor felt his breath leave him. Yuuri just got mad at him. He could feel it through the bond. Did he
“I mean, you’re twelve years old. The game involves killing and it’s for eighteen-year-olds.” Victor tried to save the situation. “It’s probably age-restricted for a reason. I don’t want you to get scared.”

“I agree with Victor.” Alina said as she hugged Victor’s arm closer. “You should probably stick with the kid-games for now.”

Yuuri looked at the older girl in disbelief. Why was she giving her opinions? She didn’t know Yuuri, nor did she have any right to interfere in a conversation between him and Victor. And why was she clinging to Victor anyway? Who did she think she was?

“I can handle it.” Yuuri assured. He knew he could.

Alina snorted. “I’m just saying…”

“Alina, this is a conversation between Yuuri and me. I think you better stay our of it.” Victor snapped. Making her release his arm.

~Don’t listen to her~ Victor told Yuuri over the bond. ~She doesn’t even know you~

Yuuri smiled gratefully. There was something very comforting in Victor taking his side. Even though they had an argument.

“Whoa! Did you just do that bond thing?” Andrei asked. “Where you like, hear each other’s thoughts.”

Victor chuckled. “Cool, right?”

And the topic was immediately changed, and the argument was completely forgotten. Yuuri kept a close eye on Alina though. He could practically feel her fuming. But she might as well continue to do that, as long as she kept her hands away from Victor.

“So what is Victor like when it’s just the two of you?” Darya suddenly asked. “Is he romantic? Flirty? Have you kissed yet?”

“Darya he’s twelve.” Victor exclaimed in shock. He really didn’t expect a question like that.

Yuuri felt his face being permanently changed into red. There was no going back now…

“So? You’re true mates, right?” Darya chirped. “And I was seven when I had my first kiss. And you’re sixteen. Have you really not kissed anyone?”

Victor shook his head.

Yuuri could tell that Victor was embarrassed as well. The question had never come up between the two of them, and now it was out in the open, with about eight people patiently waiting for an answer.

“I’m the one who wants to wait.” Yuuri said despite himself. He didn’t want Victor to feel embarrassed. Yuuri felt embarrassed so often, that it was practically the equivalent of breathing for him by now. He could take this one for the both of them. “I want our first kiss to be perfect. And I want to be taller.”

Victor looked to him in pure shock. Victor hadn’t even thought about a romantic relationship with Yuuri. Or, it had crossed his mind, but he would never even think about acting on it especially not before Yuuri reached a reasonable age. But he couldn’t believe that Yuuri had thought about it for
himself.

“Aww… That’s so cute.” Ivana drawled. “Of course you should wait for that perfect kiss. Don’t let anyone rush you.”

“Yes, and Victor…” Alina chimed in. “If you ever look for someone to practice with. I mean, while you wait for him to be ready… You know where to find me…”

Victor scoffed. “Yeah, no thanks.”

Yuuri glared at Alina. How dared she even suggest such a thing? Victor was HIS true mate. And she was NOT going to try and weasel her way into their relationship.

Victor could feel Yuuri’s anger. It was justified, but Yuuri had nothing to worry about. He would never kiss anyone that wasn’t his soulmate. It wouldn’t be worth it.

Some things were simply worth waiting for.

Victor wrapped his arm around Yuuri and kissed the top of his head. “You don’t need to be jealous, luchik. I won’t kiss anyone else.”

“Me neither.” Yuuri declared. “And I’ll probably grow taller soon.”

Victor chuckled fondly. “There’s really no rush, Yuuri. We have our whole lives ahead of us.”

Yuuri smiled gratefully.

Victor smiled back, and suddenly, the world around them seized to exist. Until another synchronized ‘Aww’ rang out among his friends again. Well, Alina had disappeared from the group somehow, which meant that it was only his true friends left.

“Life is so unfair.” Georgi sighed sadly. “I will never know true love like this.”

“Of course you will.” Yuuri assured. “You don’t have to have a true mate to know love. My parents aren’t true mates, and they are very happy together. I’m sure you will find someone to love as well.”

Georgi’s eyes filled with tears. “Vitya, your mate is too sweet. I’ll die.”

Victor couldn’t help but to laugh in agreement. After all, Yuuri had killed him repeatedly, ever since he was four years old. He would never get used to it, but dying was worth it every single time, just to have Yuuri resurrect him again.

It had been twelve years, but he was still just as affected by Yuuri now, as he had been back then. He knew that it would never change, but he was completely fine with it.

Yuuri could kill him, every day, and forever. And Victor could never find the will to be mad about it.

Yuuri had his heart.

And Victor had his.

Now.

And forever…
Of course Victor has a lot of friends! XD He's definitely "The popular guy"

And I'm sorry for making Alina such a bad character. She really has no motivation besides "getting it on" with the hot, sweet, billionaire. She has no shame, and she is just really poorly written. But she does remind me of one of my old classmates. And she had to deal with a lot of insecurities, so I think that might be the source of Alina's desperate behavior.

But she has other friends, so she will be fine. Hopefully she'll see a therapist and find a way to deal with her insecurities and find love within herself.

This was a weird long rant about something very (probably) insignificant. But I'm really tired and I just feel like explaining my choices in weird details... ;)

It would be amazing if I could do a "Behind the scenes" On the writing, just so I can show you how much "overthinking" goes into this story. Along with A LOT of weird research. But well, I'll stop now... XD

I hope you liked the chapter! <3<3 Thank you so much for reading!! <3<3
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor play cards.

Chapter Notes

Hello! <3<3 Here's an uneventful and fluffy chapter no one asked for... XD

I hope you'll like it! <3<3 It's probably filled with mistakes, I just had a couple of free hours, so this is pretty stressed. XD

I got the idea while I was cleaning out the bathroom in my new apartment. And I had to write it down before I forgot about it... XD

Anyway, keep your eyes open and let me know if you find any mistakes so I can correct them! XD! <3<3 Kudos to all of you!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri loved doing things with Victor. He loved exploring with him, playing with him, skating with him and even just talking to him. But there was now something he liked even more. And that was doing nothing with Victor.

They were in the living room, watching through one of Victor’s movie collections. They were in English, but Yuuri barely paid any attention to them. He was just enjoying Victor’s presence.

As Yuuri was leaning against Victor’s chest, he could hear Victor’s heartbeat and the slow rise and fall of every single one of Victor’s breaths.

It was filling him with utter and complete peace.

Makkachin was asleep at Yuuri’s feet and Vicchan was asleep on his chest. And even though it was in the middle of the day, Yuuri could feel his eyelids begin to droop.

It wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world if he fell asleep. He only had two more days in Russia, and it was late in Japan. If he were to fall asleep now, it would probably help him adjust to the time-difference.

But he also didn’t want to fall asleep and miss time with Victor. It was not as if they could get together every other Wednesday. The next time they would be together again, would be in late July. That was almost four months away.

Yuuri wanted to spend as much time with Victor as he could before then, which meant that he couldn’t fall asleep. Sleep would be nothing but wasted time.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked, as Yuuri sat up and moved away from him. “Weren’t you
comfortable?"

Yuuri nodded. “I was, but I think I might fall asleep…”

Victor smiled fondly. “Don’t you like the movie?”

Yuuri barely understood what the movie was about. It was black and white, and there was a lot of weird dialogue and not a lot of action. But it was completely fine. He probably wouldn’t be able to focus on anything good either. “It’s fine.” He stated. “I’m just… tired, I guess…”

“You can sleep, you know.” Victor smiled gently. “I don’t mind.”

Yuuri could see that he really didn’t mind. Victor was even bundling up the blankets in advance.

“I don’t want to sleep.” Yuuri pointed out. “Then we will lose all of our time together.”

Victor sighed sadly but nodded in understanding. “What would you like to do?”

Yuuri shrugged. He really didn’t have a good suggestion. “I just want to spend time with you.”

“Yuuri…” Victor cooed. “We are already spending time together.”

“I know.” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “But that’s why I don’t want to fall asleep.”

“So what will we do to keep you awake?” Victor asked thoughtfully as he tapped a finger to his lips.

Yuuri petted Vicchan who didn’t seem all too pleased to have his nap interrupted.

“I know!” Victor exclaimed. “Do you like to play cards?”

Yuuri raised his eyebrows. “Cards? Uhm… I guess…? I don’t know that many games though… Mari tried to teach me how to play poker, but I’m pretty sure she started to make up her own rules after a while…”

Victor chuckled fondly. “Well, I’m no master in poker, but I’m pretty sure I can teach you a few things. Ever played speed?”

Yuuri beamed. He loved it when Victor taught him how to do new things. Victor was the absolute best teacher in the world. He was always patient and kind, and he allowed Yuuri to mess up and make as many mistakes as he needed to understand. One of the million reasons to why Yuuri loved him with all of his heart.

“I would love that.”

…………………………

After playing a lot of different games, Yuuri started to suspect that Victor was either really bad at card-games. Or he was letting Yuuri win on purpose.

Yuuri knew that Victor was a sore loser, but apparently that didn’t include him. Victor actually seemed happy when Yuuri won.

But it wasn’t any fun. If Victor didn’t play at his best, it really took out the fun in winning. He needed to find a way to bring out Victor’s competitive side. He couldn’t just accuse Victor of folding on purpose. He would just deny it and tell Yuuri that he was simply too good.

Which wasn’t true at all. Yuuri even tried to lose once, and then Victor just tried to lose harder.
No, he needed another way.

“Victor?”

Victor smiled to him. “Yes, Yuuri?”

“Do you want to raise the stakes?” Yuuri asked mischievously.

Victor tilted his head curiously. “What do you suggest?”

Yuuri thought for a few seconds. “If I win, I get to choose what you will wear for dinner tonight. And it will clash.”

Victor gasped. “Yuuri, how cruel…” He placed a hand on his heart. “Why would you want me to suffer?”

“But you get to choose something if you win.” Yuuri pointed out. “Anything.”

Victor looked to him thoughtfully, really considering his options. “Fine, but if I win. You will pose for a picture with Makkachin and Vicchan.” He countered.

Yuuri could see the glimmer of competitiveness flash in Victor’s eyes.

He had succeeded. “Deal.”

..............................

Victor’s game improved drastically. And Yuuri could finally face a challenge.

Victor’s face was cut in stone as he was completely consumed by concentration. In the previous games, he was mostly smiling and making stupid jokes unrelated to the game. Now, he was barely looking away from his cards.

“You suddenly improved.” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor grinned smugly. “Or maybe you just ran out of beginner’s luck?”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. He really loved it when Victor was being competitive. It would make the winning feel so much more satisfying.

“What’s wrong, Vitya? Scared of losing to a twelve-year-old?” Yuuri asked teasingly.

Victor felt his heart skip a beat. There was nothing he loved more, than when Yuuri got confident. And adding in the Russian version of his name was slowly turning this into a fatal combination for the alpha’s heart.

“You are scared of losing to a twelve-year-old.” Victor muttered as his great comeback.

Yuuri frowned in confusion. “What?”

Victor looked up to him. “What?”

“Why would I be scared of losing to a twelve-year-old? You’re sixteen.” Yuuri pointed out.

“That’s what I said.” Victor stated.

“No you didn’t.”
“Less talking, more playing…” Victor averted the conversation.


Victor looked at the cards in disbelief. When did Yuuri get so good? He just taught him how to play. He then realized that he had made a horrible mistake. He had underestimated Yuuri.

And now he had to pay the price.

“Do you have to make the clothes clash bad? It really hurts my soul…” Victor was practically pleading.

But Yuuri had the power. That was really all he could do.

“I’ll be nice.” Yuuri assured with a gentle smile. “After all, it would be pretty stupid to hurt half my soul….”

Victor was almost melting into a puddle on the floor. He knew Yuuri was his soulmate, with every single fiber of his being. But it still made his heart do quad axels, every time he was reminded of it.

They shared a soul. He had the second half of Yuuri’s soul and Yuuri had half of his. They were linked together. Forever.

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled. “You can’t just say cute things like that. You know I’ll start to cry.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Then what would you have me say?”

Victor thought about it. But he couldn’t think of a single thing he wanted to change. Yuuri was completely perfect, just the way he was. “I wouldn’t dream of trying to compete with your poetry, Yuuri. I wouldn’t want to take such a wonderful gift away from the world.”

“Poetry?” Yuuri mused. “It doesn’t even rhyme…”

“It does to me.” Victor stated. “There’s magic involved.”

“Magic?” Yuuri questioned in amusement. “What kind of magic makes normal words rhyme?”

“The magic of love…” Victor said with a wink.

Yuuri laughed at that. Where did Victor come up with those things?

“What are you kids doing?” Toshiya asked as he entered the room.

Victor didn’t even hear him. He was completely hypnotized by the sound of Yuuri’s laugh. It was first when the younger boy collected himself and switched from Russian to Japanese that Victor noticed that his mate’s father had suddenly appeared at their side.

“… So I won.” Yuuri finished.

“Very impressive.” Toshiya agreed. “What did you win?”

Yuuri looked to Victor with such an adorable smile that Victor lost his ability to speak again.

“I’m going to dress Victor up.”

……………………………
Yuuri felt completely lost when Victor showed him to his giant walk-in closet. There were so many options, and Yuuri barely knew what went together, and even less about what clashed.

Victor smiled fondly as he watched his mate’s inspection of his closet. Yuuri looked so lost among the shelves of clothes. Victor almost wanted to help him, but he also wanted to see what Yuuri would pick out for him.

It would definitely be interesting.

Yuuri tried to figure out which colors would look horrible on Victor, but after browsing between all the different options, he reached the conclusion that Victor didn’t have a bad color. He looked good in everything.

“Need help, solnechnyy?”

Yuuri shook his head determinately. “I almost got it.”

Victor nodded in amusement. “Of course, and you do have half an hour before we need to go, so you don’t need to stress.”

Yuuri hummed in acknowledgement, before he finally laid his eyes on something perfect, a striped scarf with the colors of bright pink and lime green. Why did Victor even have that?

“I think you should wear this.” Yuuri said and handed the scarf to Victor.

Victor snorted. “I thought you were going to be nice?”

“I have an offer.” Yuuri proclaimed. “If you wear whatever I choose. I will pose for a picture with our dogs.”

Victor squealed before being able to take a proper breath again. “Deal!”

It would be worth it. He could probably wear his shades so he wouldn’t be recognized. Or if they ran into any reporters he could tell them that he was doing it for charity.

But the thought of having a picture of Yuuri with their dogs was enough to make Victor willing to go outside with nothing but a trash bag.

Yuuri beamed as he carried on his search for the most horrendous outfit he could find.

It wasn’t easy. Since Victor was something of a mastermind when it came to shopping. The scarf had been a present from his grandma. It wasn’t fancy, but it was warm in the cold Russian weather. The rest of his clothes were surprisingly hard to mismatch.

The final result was denim shorts, a blue-white striped T-shirt, under a red flannel shirt and the scarf.

Victor felt proud. That was probably the worst outfit anyone could put together. It wasn’t that bad. But it wasn’t easy to find a bad outfit in his closet.

Yuuri was proud as well. It was impossible to make Victor look bad. But he had still succeeded in making him look less of a superstar and more of a normal human.

And that was a victory in itself.

“Can I style your hair as well?” Yuuri asked hopefully.
How could Victor possibly say no? Yuuri was really good at styling his hair. But he knew that Yuuri had something planned. Which made him a little bit cautious to hand over his hair.

He knew he wouldn’t stand a chance if Yuuri asked in his special adorable way. The way that would make even a dragon give up its fire.

But until then, he was going to try and stay strong. “Yuuri, the deal said only clothes.” He said with his best effort in trying to keep his voice determined.

Yuuri was taken aback. Victor had never denied him anything before. But he wasn’t ready to give this one up. Maybe he could negotiate? “What if I let you style my hair? Or maybe you can dress me up? Make it a fair deal. I’ll even pose for more pictures…”

Victor felt as if the offers were literally punching him in the face. They were too good to be true.

“Really?” Victor asked in disbelief.

Yuuri nodded. Before his eyes got so impossible big, that he literally sucked Victor’s free will away from his body with two simple words. “Pretty please?”

Victor was sold.

…………………………

Victor in his special outfit and two ponytails was enough to get the waiter to raise his eyebrows. And Yuuri in a suit and slicked-back hair was enough to keep Victor’s eyes locked to him for the rest of time.

Both of the true mates were completely happy with the deal. They had both gotten exactly what they wanted, and the pictures to savor the memory went both ways.

Victor sat up an email account for Yuuri, so he could send him all the pictures, and Yuuri kept his promise and posed with the dogs.

The trip to Russia had once again left them both with many memories and a lot of laughter.

The goodbye was still hard, even though they never really left each other. They were starting to get used to it, being together and then staying apart. It was the knowledge that they would always reunite, that kept both of them going.

As long as they knew that, no distance would ever be too great.

Their love would always be greater.

Chapter End Notes

There are no losers in the Victuuri relationship... XD Are you surprised? ;) <3<3

Anyway, I hope you liked the chapter! <3<3 And the little easter trip to Russia! <3<3
We'll see what comes next! :) <3<3

Updates may be slow, but they are still coming, so don't worry! <3<3
Thank you so much for reading! <3<3 Love ya all! <3<3<3

Yuuri was practically shaking as he took the first steps into his new environment. It was his first day of junior high school, which meant a new school-building and new classmates. He barely had anyone of his old classmates with him. Only had a few of the boys, and Narumi, his nemesis.

Yuuri was still living of the joy from his summer with Victor, but he was scared that the joy would be extinguished today.

Victor had assured him that everything would be okay, but Yuuri was really starting to doubt that.

Everything didn’t feel like it was going to be okay anymore, quite the contrary. He didn’t feel safe.

With Tina, Kimi and his other friends, he knew who to eat together with during lunch breaks, and what to do during recess, and who to speak with after school. It was his bubble of safety.

Now, he was alone. He didn’t even have Mari when he got home. She left for college in Tokyo a few weeks ago.

If anyone would give him trouble. He wouldn’t have anyone to turn to, which meant that he would have to stand up for himself.

So in order to avoid unnecessary attention, Yuuri tried scent-blockers for the first time. He didn’t want to have a repeat of his first day of elementary school, where all the boys targeted him for being an omega.

He would rather pass them by unnoticed, as a beta.

That way, he might make it through the day unscathed.
Of course, the boys from his previous class still knew that he was an omega. But hopefully they wouldn’t tell anyone. They still seemed to be kind of scared of him after whatever Mari had told them six years ago.

He only had one more problem.

“Yuuri!”

Yuuri fought the urge to whine in discomfort. Why did he have to be in the same class as Narumi? Who chose these things?

“Yuuri!” Narumi called again. “Over here!”

Yuuri decided to push all of his judgment aside. It had been a long summer. He should give Narumi another chance. She might have changed. Hopefully, she wouldn’t sell him out for her own gain.

What’s the saying? Fiftieth time is the charm?

“Hi.” Yuuri greeted in return.

Narumi immediately rushed forward and threw her arms around him. “I’m so glad we ended up in the same class.” She declared. “We will have so much fun together this year.”

“I’m sure we will.” Yuuri said carefully. He would at least keep an open mind.

Suddenly, Narumi pulled away a little bit too quickly. “Why are you wearing scent-blockers?” She questioned.

Yuuri blushed as some by-passers gave him a strange look.

“Uhm…” Yuuri started but was immediately interrupted again.

“You really shouldn’t be wearing that.” Narumi scolded. “You should be grateful to be an omega.”

Yuuri was speechless. He really didn’t expect anyone to be mad at him for using scent-blockers. It was actually very common among alphas, since some of them didn’t like to rub their scents in other people’s faces. It was the equivalent of betas that were using too much perfume.

Not illegal or anything, but it was slightly frowned upon.

And speaking of too much perfume, Narumi was wearing a lot. She smelled of lavender, but since she wore way too much. It was almost nauseating.

At least for Yuuri, omegas rarely liked sweet scents. Just like alphas rarely liked strong scents. And betas liked both. It was something with their biology.

“People are actually willing to pay good money to smell like that.” Narumi continued. “I can’t believe that you would take that for granted.”

“I’m not taking it for granted.” Yuuri tried to explain. “I just don’t want my scent to be the first thing people notice about me.”

Narumi shook her head in disbelief. “Does Victor know about this?”

Victor did know. Yuuri explained it to him, and he understood completely. He even helped him with finding a good brand.
But that wasn’t any of Narumi’s business. What Victor knew and didn’t know about him, was entirely between them.

“Why?” Yuuri asked. He should probably take a deep breath and try to calm down. But Victor was his biggest strength and greatest weakness, and it really bothered him when someone tried to poke at their relationship.

“I’m just not so sure that Victor would like it if he found out that his omega tried to pretend he was something else, especially among his friends.” Narumi stated.

“You don’t know him.” Yuuri snapped. He had no idea how she managed to get under his skin so effortlessly.

Victor didn’t have any problems at all, with Yuuri wanting to feel safer by hiding his scent. Sure, he whined a little when Yuuri tried the scent-blockers on for the first time and no longer smelled like himself.

Victor loved his scent, just as much as Yuuri loved his. But he would never allow Yuuri to feel unsafe, especially not for selfish reasons.

That wasn’t him. And the fact that Narumi made that assumption sent a flare of anger through Yuuri’s body. “Victor wants what’s best for me.” He stated. “And he respects my decisions.”

Narumi rolled her eyes. “Come on, you can’t honestly tell me that he would want you to smell like a beta, rather than omega.”

Yuuri frowned in annoyance. He was once again reminded of why he didn’t get along with this girl. “He wants me to be safe.” He claimed. “And if hiding my scent will make that happen, he doesn’t care.”

Yuuri then noticed that they were beginning to drag unwanted attention to their conversation. He really wanted to end it as quickly as possible. “And can we please stop talking about this?” He pleaded. “I really don’t want people to know…”

Narumi snorted. “Know what? That you’re an omega?” She asked, way too loudly.

Yuuri felt his chest clench, as everyone turned to him in order to stare. He heard how some of his other classmates began to whisper. And suddenly, he felt very self-conscious.

“Fine.” Narumi huffed. “I have better things to do, than trying to help you…” She turned to the boys in their class. “Hiroshi, did you cut your hair?” She asked, and left Yuuri’s side.

Yuuri had never felt this alone before, with complete strangers staring at him like he was the main event at a zoo.

He tried to take a deep breath. There were only a few minutes left before their teacher would finally arrive and unlock the classroom.

He could survive for that long. He was not going to have a panic attack. Not here at least, in the middle of a crowd. He just needed to breathe. People would soon look away.

But why was his heart pounding so fast? And why was it so hard to breathe?

He just needed a few minutes alone. He needed to calm down. He didn’t know where the bathroom
was, but he did know where he could find the exit.

A little bit of fresh air could probably help him right now. There was no need to panic. He just needed to go outside for a few seconds. Everything would be fine. He would be fine.

He walked back the way he came, trying to ignore the eyes following him through the hallways. And when he finally reached the exit, he allowed the rain to muffle his wheezing breaths.

At least he was alone.

~Yuuri?~

Okay, maybe not completely alone…

……………………………….

Victor woke up in the middle of the night. He had a horrible nightmare of someone hurting Yuuri on his first day.

And as he felt Yuuri’s distress across the bond, he immediately started to panic.

Please don’t let him be hurt.

If someone had hurt Yuuri, Victor would make sure that they regretted it.

When those bastards had hurt Yuuri when he started elementary school, Victor was willing to walk to Japan.

That hadn’t changed.

The only difference was that the punishment would be more severe this time. He could inflict a lot more damage now, compared to when he was ten. Both physically and in other ways…

He was smarter now. He could hire someone to scare the crap out of those bastards who had even dared to lay a finger on someone as precious as Yuuri.

One thing was for sure.

They were not going to get away with this.

~I’m fine… I… I j-just need… I just need to c-calm… To calm down~ Yuuri stuttered in panic.

Victor knew this feeling. Yuuri was having a panic attack. He had no idea what had caused it. But he didn’t intend to push.

He needed to help.

And that was exactly what he was going to do.

……………………………..

~Please, lyubov. Try and breathe~

Yuuri was trying, but it was easier said than done. It felt as if his chest was blocking the air’s reach to his lungs.

He knew that going outside had been a mistake. The teacher had probably already arrived, and the class had probably already started. And there he sat, outside, in the pouring rain. He couldn’t go
inside now.

Everyone would laugh at him.

And he would forever be known as the kid who was drenched during the first day of school.

He would be a joke.

But if he didn’t go back inside, he would miss the entire day. And he might get kicked out of school, and he wouldn’t be able to get a proper education and he would have to spend the rest of his life as an unemployed worthless human being. Living off his husband’s wealth.

No.

He couldn’t do that.

If he failed school, he would have to run away. He could never look Victor in the eyes again if he was a failure.

He would probably die out of shame.

~Luchik, can you talk to me?~ Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri didn’t know. He was too busy trying to breathe and plan his future. He couldn’t even think straight. But on the other hand, if anyone would be able to fix him, it would be Victor.

Victor always knew what to do.

Victor would save him.

Just like he always did…

Victor listened intently, as Yuuri did his best in order to re-tell the events. He just had a minor freak-out when Yuuri told him that he was sitting alone outside of school, in the rain.

He somehow managed to calm Yuuri down and convince him to go inside, mostly to keep him out of the rain and avoid catching a cold.

He wished he could be there. Every single one of his instincts told him to take care of Yuuri.

He wanted to wrap him in blankets and bring him hot chocolate. And then continue to fuzz over him until his mate was happy and content again.

But he couldn’t do either of those things from Russia. And even though the second best thing would be for Yuuri to go home, so that his parents could take care of him. Victor was once again reminded of how stubborn Yuuri could be.

Yuuri somehow set his mind on finishing his first day of school, despite just having a panic attack and being in the risk-zone of another.

Victor sighed inwardly. Yuuri was impossible sometimes. He considered calling Yuuri’s parents to tell them to go and pick up their son, and make sure he was all right and safe.

But after Yuuri pleaded with him not to do so, Victor had to trust him. He could feel that Yuuri was feeling a little bit better. So he reluctantly let his mate do as he wished, but he made Yuuri promise to
reach out if he suddenly began to feel worse again.

This sucked.

He hated the distance when things like this happened.

But hopefully Yuuri would be okay. That girl Narumi just made it to the top of Victor’s list. She was already on it. Since she was Yuuri’s nemesis and all. But now, when she had done something to actually harm him, she made it right to the top.

If Yuuri didn’t want people to know that he was an omega, she had no right to tell anyone about it. And she had no right to tell Yuuri how to think or how to feel. No matter how good her intentions were.

She would have to be really insecure to act that way. But Victor still couldn’t wrap his head around how she could hurt Yuuri.

Yuuri was the sweetest person in the world. Why would anyone ever want to hurt him?

That was something Victor would never be able to understand.

Yuuri had made it through the day. He hadn’t gotten any new friends, but he also hadn’t gotten any new enemies. So he would consider it a win.

Narumi had told everyone that he was an omega. Which meant that Yuuri would now have to deal with people staring at him, like he was some kind of rare bird.

Maybe he was naïve for thinking that he might actually keep it to himself. If Narumi hadn’t said anything, someone else probably would have.

But other than the staring, no one seemed to be willing to give him any trouble over it. And for that, he was thankful.

“Yuuri. How was your first day of school?” Hiroko asked as Yuuri came home and greeted Vicchan.

“It was fine.” Yuuri assured. It was the truth. Sure, it wasn’t great, but he had made it through it alive. And he had only had one panic attack. He was still a little bit cold and still not completely dry, but he was fine.

His teacher was nice, and he didn’t get shoved in the schoolyard. That was really all he could ask for.

“That’s nice.” Hiroko smiled. “Did you meet any new friends?”

Yuuri cringed inwardly. He really didn’t want his mom to worry. The onsen was full of guests and she already had her hands full. He didn’t want to add any unnecessary stress to that.

“I’m going to the ice castle.” Yuuri announced instead. Hoping to avoid the question.

Hiroko nodded. “Okay, dear. Skate safely.”

Yuuri grabbed his gear and petted Vicchan a last time before he left.

He just needed to skate out his feelings for a while. Who needed friends anyway? He had a career to
focus on. And he had Victor, and Vicchan, and Yuuko, and Takeshi. He didn’t need friends at school. He should just focus on classes and leave it there.

He’d rather be invisible.

That would keep him out of drama and he could focus on more important things.

He didn’t need to have people to talk to.

He didn’t mind sitting alone at lunch or spending recess alone. He didn’t mind the anxiety that would inevitably hit him, whenever teachers would force them to do group projects together. He didn’t mind any of those things. He would be fine. He had to.

As long as people left him alone, he had nothing to worry about. He had no idea why he was crying. It was stupid.

Everything would be fine.

It had to be.

Chapter End Notes

So, what did you think? <3<3 I know... "Poor Yuuri!! Evil writer, and everything else..." XD But it makes sense for his character, right?

I think this is something he has to go through, to get to the Yuuri we all know and love. <3<3<3 He's an anxiety-ridden amazingly stong and beautiful human being!! I love him, and even though I love baby!Yuuri and all of his naive cuteness, I still think that this is a character-developement that needs to happen. <3

I'm wondering if I should continue this in the next chapter and throw in more of Victor's POV when he tries to lift Yuuri's spirit and/or make a surprise visit to Japan in order to make Yuuri feel better.

Or if I should time-skip to competitions, so Victor can see Yuuri for himself, and how his loneliness in school is changing him. And he'll react accordingly by doing his best in trying to help, maybe a fight will break out... ;)

Decisions, decisions...

Let me know your thoughts... I have so many that I can barely keep them apart anymore... XD I think I can continue this story forever and then even a little bit longer... ;)<3<3 #SoManyIdeas #NeverendingStory

Oh, and also!!!!

----------------------------------------------------------------------------

FANART!!!! <3<3<3

https://lost-my-v.tumblr.com/post/165314088249/dearly-beloved-by-sophia96-more

Art by: lost-my-v (tumblr)
ADMIRE THEM!!!! DO IT!!! <3<3 I cried!! They're so talented and they made me so happy!! <3<3<3

If you want to make fanart yourself, it's more than welcomed!! <3<3 #I-LOVE-FANART<3<3 #OBSESSSED

You can reach me through:

Twitter: @sophialarsson96
Tumblr: Sophialala1

I love hearing from you, even if you just want to say hi! <3<3

This turned way longer than I expected... XD <3

Anyway, *throw kudos-bomb in your face* Love you guys!! <3<3<3
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets pushed over the edge and begins to wonder about his dynamic. Victor prepares for competitions.

Chapter Notes

I know a lot of you wanted a time-skip. But I couldn't help myself... XD <3<3 I tried, but I got stuck in time for 8 pages.

#ISuckAtThis XD

Anyway, I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor was worried about his mate.

Ever since Yuuri started junior high school, he seemed... sadder.

Victor couldn’t quite pinpoint it. It wasn’t like he was crying all the time, but he didn’t laugh as much as he used to. And he didn’t talk as much.

He promptly avoided talking about school, and whenever Victor brought it up, he either changed the subject, or told him that everything was fine.

It clearly wasn’t.

But Victor didn’t know what to do. He didn’t want to push Yuuri. He knew his mate, and he new how Yuuri would react. He would either push back, or he would pull back even further.

And Victor didn’t want any of those things. Sure, he could handle Yuuri pushing back and taking out his frustrations on him. But he would probably die if Yuuri pulled back and never spoke to him again.

It was better to let him have his space. Victor would be there if he needed him.

“Victor, why aren’t you focusing?” Yakov questioned in annoyance.

Victor shrugged. “I am focused.” He assured. “You’re just horrible at giving me directions.”

Yakov sighed. “What’s wrong?” He asked. “Did you and Yuuri have a fight or something?”

“None of your business.” Victor snapped, before he realized what a horrible tone he had used. “Sorry, I’m just... frustrated, I guess...”
Yakov’s annoyance melted into concern. “Is everything okay with Yuuri?”

Victor averted his gaze. Why did the question feel like a dagger in his heart?

“Vitya, take a water-break.” Yakov ordered and ushered him to his usual bench.

Victor did as told, mostly because he couldn’t find his voice to argue against it. Once he sat down, Yakov cleared his throat.

“What’s going on?”

Victor shrugged and took a sip of water.

Yakov took a calming breath. “Can you at least tell me that Yuuri is all right? And not hurt or sick or anything else that I should know about?”

“He’s not hurt, or sick.” Victor assured. “He’s just…” He trailed off. Not really knowing how to say it. “…Sad…?”

“Sad?” Yakov repeated in disbelief. “Why is he sad?”

“I don’t know.” Victor admitted. “I think it has something to do with school. But he won’t talk to me about it, and he won’t let me help.”

Yakov hummed thoughtfully. “Is someone giving him trouble?”

There was an edge to his tone, and Victor fought the urge to smile. Yuuri had no idea that almost everyone in Russia, would be willing to go into battle on his behalf. Yakov would probably be right behind Victor.

His grumpy old coach only had a few soft spots.

Yuuri was definitely one of them.

“I don’t think so.” Victor stated. “If someone hurt him, I would know.”

Yakov nodded. “Maybe he’s just lonely? He just changed school.”

“He did.” Victor agreed. He felt his hand subconsciously curl into a fist, as he thought of that Narumi-girl. He was still upset after what she had done to Yuuri. “I wish I could be there for him…” He declared.

“You are there for him.” Yakov pointed out. “Even if you were in Japan, you still wouldn’t be able to do much more than you are here.”

“Of course I could.” Victor protested. “I could hug him, and keep him company… I could give his classmates a piece of my mind.”

“Victor.” Yakov said as he placed a hand on the young alpha’s shoulder. “You won’t be able to protect him from everything.”

Victor tensed. What did Yakov know, anyways? He could very well protect Yuuri from everything. If it wasn’t for the stupid world, that had placed an entire continent between the two of them.

“He needs to learn how to take care of himself.” Yakov continued. “It would be selfish of you to keep him from learning how to walk by himself.”
Victor huffed in annoyance. “It’s not like I intend to smother him…”

“I know you mean well.” Yakov said gently. “But you’re an alpha and he’s an omega. Your instincts will tell you to protect him, and his instincts will tell him to let you do what you want. At least while he’s still so young. He needs to learn to stand up for himself. Even to you.”

Victor was taken aback. “I would never do anything to hurt him.” He said firmly.

“I know you love him.” Yakov assured. “But you need to let him test his own wings. You can’t fly for him. And the only way he will know his own limits is by testing them. So don’t be a brick wall for him to crash into.”

Victor blinked in confusion. “That’s one too many metaphors.”

Yakov patted Victor’s back. “Try and give him some space to grow. He knows where you are, if he really needs you.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “I just hope that he’s not too proud to ask me for help. He is way too strong for his twelve years.”

Yakov chuckled fondly. “Thirteen in a month…”

Victor smiled at that. “I can’t believe he’ll be a teenager. Where did the time go?”

Yakov looked at his protégé with pride. It still felt like Victor was that eight-year-old, who used to cry over the fact that his hair was growing faster on one side of his head.

But Victor was turning eighteen in a year. He would be an adult.

“I really don’t know, Vitya… I really don’t know.”

Yuuri was exhausted. After a long day of school and about three hours of skating practice. He was completely ready to throw himself in bed and sleep for a year.

“Yuuri, dinner.” Hiroko called.

Yuuri sighed inwardly and placed his skating gear aside. He then reluctantly shuffled his way into the dining room. Feeling his thighs ache at every single step.

“Did you have a good day?” Toshiya asked as he set the table. “We barely see you nowadays.”

Yuuri nodded. “Me and Takeshi are helping Yuuko prepare for her debut in the junior grand prix. But I’m pretty exhausted.”

“And school?” Toshiya prodded.

Yuuri shrugged dismissively. “The same, I guess…”

Toshiya frowned in concern. “Well, do you have any homework?” He asked. “I might have time to help you after dinner.”

“I did them during recess today.” Yuuri said tiredly. “So it’s fine.”

Toshiya and Hiroko exchanged worried glances.
Hiroko hummed thoughtfully. “Isn’t there anyone you can talk to during recess?” She asked carefully. “We’re worried that you might feel lonely.”

“I’m fine.” Yuuri assured. “It’s better this way… I have more time to focus on school.”

“I know, love.” Hiroko nodded as he placed the stew on the table. “We just want you to be happy.”

Yuuri sighed sadly. “I know…”

“I can call your principal tomorrow.” Hiroko suggested. “See if she can make it so you can change class?”

“No.” Yuuri exclaimed in panic. “It’s been two months already, it’s too late. Everyone has already settled in a group, I can’t be the new kid. I’d rather be alone.”

“But Yuuri…”

“No.” Yuuri said firmly. “My class is fine.” At least they left him alone, he didn’t know if a new class would grant him that same favor. With his luck, he’d probably end up in a class that would turn him into a living piñata. And then Victor would come raging down from Russia, and there would be murder charges and their lives would be ruined.

This was better.

“Okay then.” Toshiya relented. “But know that you won’t have to bear everything alone. We’re here for you.”

Yuuri smiled gratefully at that. “Thank you.”

…………………

Victor packed up his gear as he listened to Yakov’s notes at the end of the day. Even though the older man’s voice was more or less static in the background.

Yuuri was telling him about Vicchan finally learning to roll over on command. And that was far more important.

“Victor, are you even listening to me?” Yakov questioned.

Victor nodded sincerely. “You too, Yakov.”

Yakov knew he had lost his protégé to Yuuri for the day. All of his attempts to win him back would be futile. “Well, stay hydrated. Cup of China is in two weeks. I need you in top shape for that. So go home and get some sleep. We’ll work some more on your step sequence in the morning.” At least he had done his job. Hopefully, Victor had done his, and listened.

“Sounds great, Yakov.” Victor said as he had his eyes focused on the wall. “We’ll be in touch.” He threw his bag over his shoulder and practically skipped away. “See, you tomorrow Yakov.”

Yakov shook his head with a sigh. “Impossible fool…”

…………………

When Yuuri went to school the next day, he was actually feeling pretty good. He and Victor had had a long talk about their dogs last night. And Vicchan had been so good, learning how to roll over. Yuuri was so proud of him.

And sharing that moment with Victor gave him joy to last through a year. That was until he reached
his classroom and Narumi stopped him at the door.

He hadn’t spoken to her in weeks, and this was very weird behavior of her. She never went anywhere without being accompanied by at least four boys.

“I need you to teach me how to purr.” She demanded.

Yuuri was taken aback. He didn’t even know that was a thing. “W-what?” He asked in confusion.

“Are you deaf or something?” Narumi asked in annoyance. “I need you, to teach me, how to purr.”

Yuuri blinked uncomprehendingly. “I-… I don’t know how to do that.”

Narumi sighed. “All omegas can do it. You shouldn’t be an exception.” She said matter of factly. “It makes alphas go completely crazy, and I need a way to get Riku to like me.”

“Don’t you want him to like you for you?” Yuuri asked.

Narumi snorted. “How can you be so naïve?” She asked in disbelief. “But of course, you will never know what it’s like to actually work hard for something.”

Yuuri almost wanted to show her the blisters and bruises covering his feet. After spending three to five hours a day, almost every day for six years, practicing figure skating. He knew very well what it was like to work hard for something.

“Look…” Narumi sighed. “If you can teach me how to purr, I’ll make it worth your while. You can sit with us during lunch. I’ve seen how you always sit alone. I’ll introduce you to the cool people.”

Yuuri considered the offer. He really did. But it didn’t seem worth it. Even if he did know how to purr, he wasn’t sure he would be able to teach it to someone else how to do it. And if he managed it, he would be forced to sit with Narumi and all the other people he didn’t like.

It didn’t exactly sound like a good deal.

“I’m fine.” Yuuri assured with a gentle smile. “But good luck…”

Before he had a chance to get past the older girl she pushed him back. “Fine, what do you want?” She asked desperately.

Yuuri’s eyes widened at the action. “I don’t want anything.” He promised. “But I can’t help you.”

“Can’t or won’t?” Narumi questioned.

“Can’t.” Yuuri exclaimed. “I don’t even know how to purr.”

“I think you just want to keep it to yourself.” Narumi said accusingly. “I bet Victor makes you purr for him all the time.”

Yuuri felt a streak of anger rush through him at the mention of his soulmate in such matter. “Don’t bring Victor into this.” He snapped. “If you want to be an omega, that’s fine. I won’t stop you. But I can’t give you my biology, and I can’t help you with things I don’t know. So leave me alone, or I’ll show you what a pissed off omega is actually capable of.”

Yuuri felt his heart racing. What did he just do? Did he just threaten someone? He looked how Narumi’s eyes widened in shock, and he immediately wished that he could retract his words.
He was a horrible, despicable human being.

“S-sorry…” Yuuri stuttered out in regret. “I’m sorry, I- I didn’t mean it… I just…”

Narumi quickly composed herself. She then took a few steps closer to Yuuri and backed him up against a wall. “Freak.” She snarled in disgust before she stomped into the classroom in fuming anger.

Yuuri noticed how all his classmates were looking at him like frozen. He briefly wondered if it was possible to disintegrate into air out of pure shame.

“Good morning, Yuuri.” His teacher greeted cheerfully. “I hope you’re ready for a day full of learning.” She then walked inside to the rest of the class. “Come on everybody, in your seats.” She chirped. “We have a lot of fun knowledge to feed ourselves with today.”

Yuuri had to admire his teacher’s cheerfulness. She reminded him a lot of Victoria, Victor’s mom. They would probably get along perfectly.

“Yuuri, that includes you too.” His teacher smiled.

Yuuri felt his cheeks burn in embarrassment, but he made it to his seat without any arguments. He still felt eyes following his every movement, but he did his best to ignore them.

It was going to be a long day…

Victor spent his day of school humming the song for his short program. He didn’t pay that much attention in French class. He was pretty fluent, anyway.

And since he was on his final year before he would have to apply for universities, he didn’t take school that seriously. He only needed to pass the classes.

He was still unsure what he wanted to study on a higher level. He felt like art might be fun, or maybe languages. He knew his future was in figure skating, but it would still be nice to have some real education to fall back on.

Not that he really needed to work. His family’s fortune could probably last for another century. But he figured that he might be bored if he didn’t do anything after he retired from figure skating.

The life of a figure skater didn’t last for that long. Which is why he intended to do as much as he could while it lasted. But once it was over, he needed a new hobby. He just needed to figure out what that was.

He only had two great passions in life, Yuuri and figure skating.

And since he unfortunately couldn’t make a career out of loving Yuuri, even though he wanted to, he needed to find something new, another passion in life.

Luckily, he still had a few months to figure it out.

“Victor, you need to pay attention.” His teacher scolded. Snapping Victor out of his thoughts.


His teacher swallowed a shallow growl, as his classmates gasped in awe.
Victor raised an eyebrow in challenge.

His teacher huffed in annoyance and turned back to the blackboard. “As I was saying…”

Victor continued to hum the song to his short program. Completely ignoring his snickering classmates and fuming teacher.

He had more important things to focus on.

…………………………

Yuuri was ready to sink through the ground once the day was over. Everyone kept staring at him in disbelief. He even overheard a few of his classmates whisper that they didn’t think that an omega could be mad.

Yuuri was well aware of the stereotype. Omegas in media were always portrayed as beautiful angels, skipping over meadows.

They rarely had their own movies, but whenever it happened, they only won by the power of love. They were rarely seen as fighters, which is probably why Yuuri had just managed to stun his entire class into shock.

Well, except Narumi, who kept sending him hateful glares, all the way through the lesson.

Yuuri couldn’t for the life of him, figure out why Narumi wanted to be an omega so bad. It really wasn’t anything special. Or maybe he just didn’t know enough about it.

It was actually kind of embarrassing how little he knew about omegas, especially since he was one himself.

He had no ideas that omegas could purr. He knew that they could growl, just like alphas.

Betas couldn’t. They barely had any animalistic traits. The were rarely affected by scents, and they didn’t have any unique instincts, like how alphas grew more protective and got the urge to provide for everyone in their surroundings, and how omegas began to nest and long for stability once they reached puberty.

Betas were the lucky ones. They wouldn’t have to deal with either ruts or heats. And since they weren’t affected by scents they could date betas, alphas and omegas, and vice versa.

Alphas rarely dated other alphas, just like omegas rarely dated other omegas. They were repulsed by similar scents as their own, not to mention that couples with the same dynamics couldn’t procreate.

So betas had everything going for them. So Yuuri couldn’t understand why Narumi would be willing to cast it all aside, just like that.

What was so interesting about being an omega? It was not like he had any superpowers or anything. Not that he knew of anyway.

Maybe he should stop by the library on his way home, and see if he could find a book about omegas. He should take some time and learn about omegas, to learn about himself.

That way, he would never be surprised when someone threw out more information in his face.
And he would be prepared to defend himself and others, whenever someone made an outrageous claim about his dynamic. It happened way to often, and Yuuri was always taken off guard.

It was time for a change.

It was time to learn.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! <3 Yuuri will learn about omegas, and now I can finally force some political backstory onto you all!! >:D

Why am I like this? XD

Anyway, I hope you liked this little de-tour. Even if it's not what you wanted... :) <3

Please leave me a comment with your thoughts! <3<3

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Yuuri learns about omegas and Victor learns about facebook.

Chapter Notes

Here's a big information dump, for all of you to enjoy. ;)

I'm still busy with moving, And I've spent the whole day packing boxes, taking a break to go to school, and then continued to pack more boxes... XD

But I want to move forward with the story, so I decided to get this out quickly... ;) <3<3
So eyes open for mistakes. I only had a few hours and I only had time to proof-read it once. I need to go to sleep now so I'll be ready for school and more moving tomorrow! XD

I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A long time ago, there were a lot of worries in the world. Omegas had long been the pillars that the alphas and betas had looked to, whenever it came to making moral decisions. Omegas kept the alphas levelheaded. Most alphas preferred to act with their fists, omegas taught them to act with their hearts.

But the omegas were becoming fewer and fewer.

And the other dynamics, mostly alphas, began to blame the rest of the world. Blaming their pollutions and bad politics for the omega decrease.

Eventually, it had become an all-raging world war, and other factors had inevitably been pulled into the mixture, money, power and control.

And the alpha leaders had decided that the only way to win the wars of the world was to have a massive battle to the death, between the different countries powerful armies.

Omegas had seen this, and they knew that the fight wasn’t going to stop anything.

They knew that omegas weren’t needed as much as they had been in the past. The world was getting more civilized and alphas no longer needed omegas to keep their tempers under control. Which was the real reason to why omegas were becoming more rare.

But during these wars, omegas were being held inside closed doors, and could under no circumstances be anywhere alone without a mate or another responsible alpha.
The omegas, however weren’t that easily swayed. And they created an underground network, in hopes of stopping the war before it would cause the death of millions.

They knew they were the core of it, and therefore the solution.

So when the time came for the great battle. Almost one million omegas had come together and marched into the battlefield in order to stop it.

Their attempt was unfortunately not that successful and only two hundred thousand omegas walked away with their lives.

The loss of almost eight hundred thousand omegas, had been so hard on the world, that the alphas had all come to the conclusion that no omega should ever have to lay their lives for the alpha’s recklessness.

Omegas were now even fewer, and they couldn’t risk losing even more of them. Which would probably be the case, if they refused to bury the hatchets.

Omegas were, and would always be the superior human. The angels sent from the sky to keep the rest of the dynamics at peace.

They had saved the world from itself, and asked for nothing in return but a place of safety.

The world had agreed and everyone had been saved.

Yuuri placed the book aside and released a breath he didn’t realize he had been holding. That was only the summary of the book.

He still had about three hundred pages to read through.

But it sure was an interesting beginning. He could understand the omega’s frustration. Having a war fought in their name and not being able to do anything about it, to sit idly by, while the battle raged on without them.

Most of those omegas probably had their mates and family-members out in that battle. Yuuri could understand why the omegas would give up their lives for them. He would probably do the same.

He wondered how the alphas had reacted, once the omegas had marched in. Since they are so protective of omegas, it must have been horrible to see so many of them die like that.

But that was probably why the alphas had reached the conclusion of world-peace. They didn’t want anything like that to happen ever again.

It was kind of sad that omegas were seen as so much more valuable than other people. After all, millions of people were going to die, and no one cared until omegas put themselves on the line.

Yuuri couldn’t exactly tell why omegas were so valuable, which is why he needed to find that out.

He grabbed the book and continued to read.

Omegas are born with a heart of gold.

They possess an inner moral compass. That can tell right from wrong in a heartbeat. Because of this, they are almost completely incapable of hurting others.
Whenever someone gets hurt at the hands of an omega, the omega will have the instant urge to make everything right, even if the other person is in the wrong.

They might even go so far as to put themselves in danger for the sake of others.

Omegas are very protective of the people close to them, and can be pushed over the edge when they are threatened or insulted.

An omega in anger will not only be able to inflict a great amount of damage. But their anger can also infect alphas in their surrounding to help them eliminate a threat.

Yuuri had to take a deep breath. Every single word hit him like a slap. It was almost scary how accurate it was.

Omegas will because of their kindness, often be taken advantage of. People who doesn’t possess the same protective nature as most alphas, will see an opportunity in the omega’s kindness. And they will try to find a way to use it to their own gain.

Which is why it’s important that the omegas stay protected.

Mates and family-members to an omega need to take special caution and make sure that the people in an omega’s surroundings don’t have any ill intentions. Since the omega often won’t know for themselves.

Yuuri felt as if someone had just flipped a light-switch in his mind.

That’s why he got that sudden guilt after he saw Narumi’s eyes widen in shock. It was stupid omega instincts.

Why did he have to be like that? No wonder his friends and family were always worried about him. According to this book he would be stupid enough to not even knowing when someone hurt him.

But he did know. When the boys in his class shoved him when he was six, he knew exactly what was happening. He knew that they hurt him.

But then he realized that he didn’t do anything about it. He needed to be saved by the girls in his class.

He suddenly got very frustrated with himself. Why was he such a stereotype?

Stupid book…

Yuuri glared at the book in annoyance before he turned the page to read what else was in there. If he was going to be mad at a book, he had to make sure that it at least deserved it.

Omegas, no matter gender are capable of bearing children…

Yuuri decided to skip that part. He had learned enough about sex when he, Yuuko and Takeshi browsed the Internet a few weeks ago. He wasn’t ready to be assaulted by even more graphic pictures.
He was still recovering.

********************

When an omega is comfortable and completely content, they have the ability to purr. Just like the cat, there are still many speculations as to what makes the omega purr. It was once thought that the purr was produced from blood surging through the inferior vena cava, but as research continues it seems that the intrinsic (internal) laryngeal muscles are the likely source for the purr.

********************

Yuuri blinked in confusion. He really didn’t understand doctor languages. So he looked at the pictures instead. And tried to figure out if he had that muscle that the picture showed. He poked a little on his neck to see if he could activate it, but he didn’t seem to be that lucky.

It also said that an omega could also purr when it was severely hurt, or when it was healing broken bones.

Yuuri wasn’t ready to break anything in the name of science. So he decided to carry on.

********************

Nesting is something that an omega will start doing when it reaches early puberty. It will use familiar scents and soft objects to create their own cocoon of safety.

********************

Yuuri glanced to his bed worriedly. He had apparently already started. He always had to re-do it, whenever his mom went on a cleaning spree and changed his sheets.

But he knew exactly were everything went. And even though nesting was kind of annoying and time-consuming. He really wouldn’t trade it for anything. He loved nesting. He loved being surrounded by things that smelled nice and all of his blankets. The more the merrier.

Maybe being an omega wasn’t that bad…

********************

Heats.

********************

Yuuri quickly closed the book. That was enough learning for today.

He might be thirteen in a few weeks, but he really didn’t want to learn about the unbearable pain that he would experience in a few years.

That was probably the thing he dreaded the most.

Logically, he knew that it would only be horrible the first time, and the rest of the times are apparently supposed to be pretty good. But he really didn’t want to experience the first time. He didn’t want to hurt like that.

And he knew that it would probably make Victor sick with worry. He didn’t want to do that to his mate.

But it was a long way down the road. Omegas didn’t get their heats until they were between the ages of sixteen to twenty years old. So he still had time to prepare. He was just going to ignore it for a little while longer. There was no need to get stressed in advance, right?

He took a deep breath, when he suddenly felt Victor reaching out to him. Yuuri was happy to reach
~What is my favorite soulmate up to?~ Victor asked cheerfully.

Yuuri almost snorted. Like Victor had a lot of soulmates to choose between.

~I’m learning about omegas~

Victor was taken off guard. He didn’t know that Yuuri had anything to learn about omegas. Since he was one, shouldn’t he know everything there was to know about himself?

But then he had to do a double take. He didn’t know that much about omegas either. What he had learned, he had learned from movies and a few history lessons. But he was far from an expert.

And that was horrible. How could he not think about that? He was basically clueless about omegas. Or he knew he basics, but he should know everything. He should know just as much about Yuuri, as he knew about himself.

He would have to correct it. Maybe he’ll ask his driver to stop by the bookstore on his way home from school. Surely they must have something about omegas.

~What are you up to?~

Victor was eating his lunch, while his friends tried to crack the mystery that was Georgi’s new mystery girlfriend. He had met her on facebook, some kind of new website for dating.

Victor got bored after a few minutes and decided that he could spare a few minutes and speak to his beloved mate.

He was much more interesting.

~Tell them hi from me~ Yuuri asked.

Victor chuckled to himself. Attracting the attention of everyone from the table.

“Yuuri?” Ivana asked knowingly.

Victor smiled lovingly. “He says hi.”

“Tell him hi back.” Georgi exclaimed. “And ask him if he has facebook.”

Victor immediately tensed. “Facebook?” He questioned. “I’m not introducing Yuuri to some dating site.”

His entire company blinked comprehendingly. “Facebook is not a dating site.” Ivana pointed out. “It’s for friends.”

“Yeah.” Georgi chimed in. “You add friends and you can share photos and videos with them.”

“Is it safe?” Victor asked. “If some creepy old man approaches him online, I swear to god…” He left the threat in the air. He had heard so many horror stories about how people online tricked kids into thinking they were friends, and then kidnapping them.

And that was not going to happen with Yuuri. Victor would make sure of that.
“It’s safe as long as he doesn’t accept friend requests from people he don’t know.” Georgi assured.

Victor nodded thoughtfully. “I can always ask…”

“If he has one, you’ll get one too, right, Victor?” Darya asked.

“Of course.” Victor agreed. “I can’t let my true mate be on the Internet alone.”

Yuuri had opened the book again, despite himself. And was reading through a chapter about omega’s defense mechanisms, when Victor suddenly asked him if he had facebook.

Yuuri knew that a lot of people in his class had that. And Yuuko had tried to talk him into getting an account for weeks. But he always decided against it.

Apparently all of Victor’s friends had it. And they wanted him to get it as well.

Yuuri agreed to get it, if Victor got it first.

After a long conversation about pros and cons, and a lecture from Victor about stranger danger online, they decided to get it.

And they went from true mates to facebook friends. It was a small step for their relationship, but a giant leap for their future.

They had opened the door to a life on social media.

Who knew what other doors might open for them?

Chapter End Notes

I hope that you enjoyed the chapter, despite the lack of action. Like I've said, it's basically just an information dump, so it might not be that entertaining, but it will feel better now when you know a little bit more about this world! <3<3

It makes me feel less lonely. And you can give me suggestions that will fit the universe! <3<3 #WinWinSituation

Anyway, I hope you liked it!! <3<3 Thank you so much for reading! <3 And kudos to you all!! <3<3<3
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri are finally reunited.

Chapter Notes

I don't have time to edit this chapter any further. I'm stealing the wi-fi from my school... XD

I just moved in to my new apartment, but I don't get any wi-fi until "The middle of this week", they say... ;)

So I'm just going to publish this before I go home and sleep.

I've spend the whole day and evening editing a movie, and we finally called it a night. I just stuck around so I could upload this, so I really hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri was excited about finally seeing Victor again. The months without him had almost been impossible to get through.

But they had managed. And they had even learned a new thing to do with their bond.

If Yuuri placed his hand somewhere on his body, Victor could feel it mirrored on his, and the other way around.

It took a lot of focus, and it was draining very much of their energy, but it was worth it. Especially when Yuuri could finally fall asleep with the feeling of Victor playing with his hair.

And when Victor was nervous about performing in the Rostelecom Cup with a slight cold, Yuuri was happy that he could help him feel better with such a simple action as kissing his own ring and mirroring it to his alpha.

Victor claimed the action to be more amazing than actually winning gold for the millionth time.

Yuuri knew that he was exaggerating, but it still made him feel good that he was able to help.

But he had somehow agreed to kiss Victor’s ring for real, right before the older boy’s short program, on live TV.

He really didn’t know how. Victor had the ability to make everything sound so wonderful and perfect, almost magical. And Yuuri had inevitably agreed.

He was probably too in love to even realize what he had agreed to in the moment. And when realization finally dawned on him, he immediately began to regret it.
Or maybe he was just anxious about it because of Narumi.

She had told everyone in their class that Victor was a famous figure skater and one of the riches men in the world. And she had somehow turned it to make it look like Yuuri was embarrassed of Victor, for not telling everyone about it himself.

But Yuuri didn’t want everyone to know, mostly because Victor was his. And his classmates didn’t deserve to know about such a wonderful person like Victor, and also because of things like these.

Whenever there was an official event, when he and Victor had a moment together, for the two of them, his classmates would sit there in the shadows and silently judge them.

Yuuri hated how much other people’s opinions bothered him, and how easily he was affected by snide comments and hard glares.

But he had decided to ignore them all this time, for Victor.

If his mate wanted his ring to be kissed before his short program, Yuuri was going to make it happen.

And if anyone had anything to say about it, he would use his omega powers and hiss or something.

He didn’t know exactly how to do it, but it was apparently the one thing that could terrify both alphas and betas to their very core.

On second thought, he probably wouldn’t be able to do it. It was a defense mechanism that omegas used when they were in danger or distressed.

At least according to his book, which he would have to return after his trip to Russia.

Then he would have to see what else the library had to offer. Maybe he could find something in English, or something about omega’s history.

The book he had been reading, had been very full of information, but there wasn’t a lot of insight, since the writer of the book had been an alpha. He was married to an omega, but that wasn’t the same thing as it being written by one.

Victor apparently had a book written by an omega, but it was in Russian. Victor had offered to read it to him and translate it. But Yuuri realized after one chapter, that it was impossible to focus properly.

He always got the urge to talk to Victor about more fun things. Like figure skating, or Vicchan and Makkachin.

And Victor was also easily distracted, so he always went away from the page and started to talk about Yuuri instead. And their conversations never took them anywhere omega related.

So Yuuri realized that it would be better if he did this on his own. It was his self-discovery, after all.

But he was thankful that Victor wanted to learn as well. They would probably get a better understanding of each other.

Yuuri already knew most things about alphas by now.

Since he had grown up with one, and since alphas were the most common secondary gender, it was almost impossible to miss information about them.
And even though alphas were totally badass and cool, Yuuri was still pleased about being an omega.

A few weeks ago, he probably would have killed to be a beta. But after learning all the things he could do, and how omegas were the absolute definition of mind over body, he was actually starting to come around.

He still didn’t get why Narumi was so desperate to act like an omega, but he didn’t feel bad or ashamed about being one himself either.

All dynamics had their pros and cons. Omegas were no different. They may be seen as smart, brave and beautiful. But they could also be seen as weak, stupid or even fragile. Just like alphas could be seen as strong, caring and brave, but also stupid, angry and irrational. Betas could even be seen as logical, smart and gentle, but also as mean, boring and selfish.

Perfect didn’t exist, so they all had to do their best with what they had been given. No one was forced to live after a stereotype. They only had to accept that they were different in some ways.

Secondary genders weren’t as flexible as first genders. Male or female was an abstract concept. Alpha, Beta and Omega was set in stone. Unchangeable.

It was common that the secondary gender could take some time before it kicked in completely. Since instincts aren’t as strong with children as they are with adults. But no one over the age of eighteen had ever felt disappointed with their secondary gender. It became a part of who they were as individuals.

And they were all needed to make a stable society.

“What are you thinking about?” Hiroko asked curiously. “You’re being strangely quiet.”

Yuuri snapped out of his thinking. “Oh, nothing special…”

Hiroko didn’t look convinced. “Are you worried about seeing Victor?”

Yuuri almost gasped. “No, of course not.” He assured. “I’m never worried about seeing Victor. It’s just…” He trailed off slightly, in order to find the right way to put it without upsetting his mother. “Narumi and some other people from my class are getting together to watch the grand prix final.”

“But isn’t that nice?” Hiroko asked gently. “Isn’t it good if the event has a lot of viewers?”

Yuuri shrugged. “I guess…”

“Then what’s wrong?” Hiroko asked worriedly, after seeing her son’s face falling dejectedly.

“They’re not going to watch it because of the figure skating.” Yuuri said sadly.

Hiroko looked momentarily stunned. “Oh…”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “I’m pretty sure that Narumi has a thing for Victor. And she uses every possible opportunity to let me know that Victor would be happier with her, than with me… I just don’t want this grand prix to add more fuel to the fire.”

Hiroko hummed thoughtfully. “Does Victor know about her?”

“Yeah.”

“And what does he think?” Hiroko prodded.
“He doesn’t like her.” Yuuri declared. Of that, he was sure.

“So why does it bother you what Narumi thinks?” Hiroko asked. “Victor loves you, and he doesn’t even like her. And Victor is the one who has to choose who to be with, right?”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “But what if she is better than me?” He asked. “What if Victor only likes me because we’re soulmates? If we didn’t have our bond, would he rather be with Narumi?”

“I think you know the answer to that.” Hiroko said assuring. “What you and Victor have is true love. And you’re meant to be together. Even without your bond, I’m sure that faith would have brought you together in some other way.”

Yuuri contemplated that. “You think so?”

Hiroko brushed away Yuuri’s bangs lovingly. It was probably time for a haircut soon. She kissed his forehead gently and locked eyes with him. “I know so.”

…………………………

Victor glared at the time on his phone. Why was it moving so slowly? It had been forever, and he still had to wait for ten more minutes before the flight from Japan even landed.

He briefly wondered if he could see Yuuri faster, if he dressed up as an air steward and snuck into the plane and found Yuuri before he got off.

But that would probably get him arrested and he really didn’t have time for that.

He and Yuuri had been apart for too long.

And the saddest thing was that they were not even going to be together for long, before it was time to say goodbye again.

Victor had his rut in a week. It was finally getting more regular, but it was still annoying that it had to come as an obstacle between him and spending time with Yuuri.

So they only had the grand prix together.

Stupid rut… Why did he even need to have it? It was not like he was ready for kids or anything.

Babies scared him. They tended to grab his hair and pull like they wanted him to go bald or something. No, he was definitely not ready for kids. So why did he need to have a rut?

Luckily, there were a lot of medicines and stuff for ruts. He couldn’t go on suppressants until he was eighteen, but he did have a prescription for pills that would keep him from being constantly hard for a week. So he could have a somewhat normal life.

He probably shouldn’t go outside though. The doctor said that he might lose his temper if he was around other alphas while on that medicine.

Not that it mattered. If he didn’t take it, he still wouldn’t be able to do anything but lie in bed and get himself off for a week.

He really couldn’t wait until he was eighteen. Then his misery would finally be over.

“Looks like Yuuri have landed.” Yakov said as he glanced between his wristwatch and the screen at the airport.
Victor beamed. “Can you film our meeting? I want to post it on facebook.” He smiled cheerfully.

“You don’t have a film camera.” Yakov pointed out.

“I have one on my phone.” Victor said proudly. “Most phones have them nowadays.”

Yakov rolled his eyes, unimpressed. “How does it work?”

Victor taught his coach the basics of his phone, and by the time Yakov had learned, he felt Yuuri reaching out to him.

~My mom just got her bag and we’re going to arrivals now~

Victor frantically began to look around the airport in search of his precious mate, the most beautiful human in the world.

And when he finally saw him, the world once again began to melt away, and all that mattered was Yuuri, and getting to him as fast as possible.

“Vitya, we agreed that you wouldn’t run!” Yakov called after him. But his voice turned completely insignificant to Victor, once Yuuri turned around and saw him.

And as Yuuri nuzzled closer into his embrace, nothing else in the world mattered.

As long as they had each other…

…………………..

When they were heading to the Grand Prix final the next day, Victor felt slightly worried about Yuuri’s quietness, but he decided not to comment on it.

Instead, he directed his attention on Yuuri’s hair. He had never seen it this long before. It almost reached his shoulders.

He knew that Yuuri preferred to keep his hair short, so Victor would just have to enjoy it while it lasted.

“Can I style your hair later?” Victor asked cheerfully as he allowed his fingers to travel through Yuuri’s dark locks. “It’s getting really long…”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “Sure.”

Victor beamed and continued to fuss over his mate’s hair. It was so soft and silky. And he didn’t even use conditioner.

If Yuuri weren’t his soulmate, Victor would probably be very jealous. He himself needed to have weekly hair treatments just to be able to keep it as long as he did. Yuuri didn’t need to do anything. And he had absolutely perfect hair.

It was probably his omega genes, perfect hair and perfect skin was kind of an omega trademark. Which is probably why they were so popular in the fashion industry.

Not to mention that they were the definition of beauty. Yuuri was no different.

“Do you think your mom will like the spa?” Victor asked. He had the sudden urge to hear more of Yuuri’s voice. What he had heard yesterday and today was definitely not enough. But on the other hand, nothing would ever be enough. If Yuuri could speak day and night, forever, Victor would
consider himself to be the happiest man alive.

“I’m sure she will.” Yuuri responded. “She’s been very stressed at the onsen lately, I think she needs some time to relax.”

Victor nodded in agreement. “It’s never good to be stressed.”

Yuuri smiled in acknowledgement before he glanced out the window of the car again.

Victor exchanged worried glances with Yakov.

Yakov cleared his throat. “So, Yuuri… How are things in school?”

Victor almost panicked. That was a topic he was avoiding like the plague. It always made Yuuri upset. And Yakov had brought it up like he asked about the weather.

Yuuri shrugged. “It’s fine.”

Yakov was just about to continue to prod, when Victor sent him a hard glare and a shake of his head, silently telling his coach to stay quiet.

Yakov noticed and made a few hoarse coughs before settling back into silence.

Victor placed his hand on Yuuri’s. “Yuuri…” He started carefully when Yuuri suddenly pulled away.

“There’s the ice rink.” Yuuri exclaimed in relief. He really couldn’t handle a heart-to-heart moment with his mate right now. He didn’t want to cry before Victor’s performance and his ring-kiss on live TV.

Who knew what Narumi and his other classmates would twist that situation to look like?

He didn’t want to know.

It was better to keep it for now. He could tell Victor tomorrow, after his free skate. That way, he wouldn’t be distracted.

He only hoped that he wouldn’t ruin Victor’s happiness with his own problems.

Maybe he should keep it until the next time they got together. That way, the celebrations wouldn’t be ruined, and Victor could enjoy his win without anything weighing him down.

Not even Yuuri.

…………………………

Yuuri didn’t know what happened, but somewhere between the car ride, and entering the rink. His confidence had grown impossibly big.

Maybe it was Victor’s arm wrapped around him, or maybe it was the fact that the entrance of the rink, was filled with Victor’s screaming fans, and Victor paid them absolutely no mind.

Yuuri felt so special. He knew that he had Victor’s heart, and the rest of them were just background noise.

Victor would never trade him for one of them. And he would never trade him for someone like Narumi. How could Yuuri even think that?
How could he have so little faith in Victor?

“I’m just going to change, do you mind staying with Yakov?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head gently. “Of course not.”

Victor nodded and lingered a little before he released Yuuri and walked off into the locker rooms.

Yuuri felt Yakov’s hand falling supportively on his shoulder. “He’ll be back soon.” The older Russian assured.

Yuuri smiled. He was fully aware. Victor was his.

And he wasn’t going anywhere.

“…You know that you don’t have to do it, right?” Victor said gently as there was only one skater before him. “I don’t ever want you to feel like you have to.”

“I want to do it.” Yuuri assured.

“It’s just…” Victor started as he took Yuuri’s hand in his. “You’ve been so quiet today. I started to wonder if you were nervous.”

“It’s fine.” Yuuri smiled.

“Are you sure?” Victor asked carefully. “I never want you to feel pressured into doing anything you don’t want. And if this makes you uncomfortable in any way, I don’t want you to do it.”

Yuuri took Victor’s hand and kissed the ring there and then. Victor couldn’t help the blush that spread across his cheeks.

“I’m never uncomfortable when I’m with you.” Yuuri declared. “I just wish that this could be a moment between just you and me, I don’t want everyone in Japan to see it.” He nodded to the cameraman so that Victor could understand.

Victor nodded thoughtfully. “Then this was perfect.” He stated. “My ring got the kiss it needed, and it is now ready to skate.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Isn’t it cheating to allow a ring to skate for you?”

Victor laughed at that. “Not when it is the superior skater.” He claimed. “I have to let the ring express its feelings.”

Yuuri joined Victor in laughing before he suddenly quieted down. “Victor?”

Victor smiled down at him. “Yes, Yuuri?”

“Can you…” Yuuri gestured for Victor to crouch down. He might have been able to reach him if Victor wasn’t wearing skates, but now he needed some extra help.

Victor looked puzzled but did as Yuuri requested. “Further?” He asked.

Yuuri shook his head and leaned in. He gave Victor a quick peck on the cheek. And he heard how Victor gasped in shock at the action.
“Yuuri?” Victor said with amazement as Yuuri pulled away. His eyes sparkled like a million stars.

Yuuri blushed as he realized what he had just done. He just kissed Victor’s cheek, without any warning or preparation, what if Victor hated it?

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri apologized as he hid his face in his hands. “I should have asked.”

“Yuuri.” Victor smiled as he ever so gently pried Yuuri’s hands away so he could look his soulmate in the eyes. “That was perfect.”

Yuuri felt his cheeks burn, but he was unable to stop it due to Victor holding his hands. “Really?”

Victor nodded as a smile broke up across his features. “And now my ring won’t steal all the spotlight.”

Yuuri giggled softly at Victor’s words. “I’m glad.”

……………………

“And now, give a warm welcome to the unbeatable champion, Russia’s treasure, Victor Nikiforov. He is making his own interpretation of the Russian songwriter Sergei Alexander Bobinsky. And Victor has not only claimed gold at everyone of his competitions leading up to this one, but he has also beaten the world record once again.” The announcer spoke.

Victor skated backwards, unable to look away from Yuuri. That kiss had really made his heart beat stronger, and it made him fell all-powerful and unbeatable. So when the music started and he skated better than he ever had in his entire life, he knew he owed it all to Yuuri.

Yuuri watched Victor’s short program with his heart swelling with pride. He was so beautiful. He skated to some Russian ballad Yuuri was not familiar with. But he did his best to try and translate the sentences. He thought he got the hang of it. The song seemed to be about love, until it completely changed direction and was suddenly about jumping from cliffs and danger.

But it didn’t matter that much, Victor’s skating was far too good for any song to matter. And just as the song came to its end and Victor was on his final step sequence, Yuuri suddenly felt someone grabbing his arm and pulling him away.

Yuuri tried to tug free, thinking that someone might have taken him for someone else.

It was an old man, probably in Yakov’s age and he looked like some villain from a movie. Yuuri would never be able to admit how scared he was.

Yuuri barely realized what was happening before he was suddenly out and away from the crowd and inside a corridor, heading for the exit.

He began to panic. He didn’t know what was happening. He didn’t know who that man was and he didn’t know where they were going,

But he knew one thing for sure.

If he didn’t get free fast, he was going to get kidnapped.

The man snapped something in Italian and tightened his grip.

Yuuri yelped in pain from the action. “Let me go.” He pleaded as he tried to drill his feet into the ground and resist.
“Shut up and don’t struggle.” The man snarled. “Or I’ll cut off your fingers and feed them to you.”

Yuuri felt his heartbeat pick up and he reached out to Victor in panic, but he didn’t know if he reached through, he felt as if all of his senses were beginning to shut down.

And suddenly, almost out of nowhere, he heard himself hiss. Loud and violently

The man released his grip immediately and flinched away.

Yuuri took the moment to stumble away on wobbly legs. He felt completely drained of energy, and something was definitely wrong, because all he wanted to do, was to lay down and fall asleep, right there, on the floor.

But before he could do anything like that, he noticed how the man had collected himself, and he started to march his way towards him again.

Yuuri felt too weak and too scared to run away, but he wasn’t ready to surrender either, and he definitely didn’t have the strength to fight.

“Fucking omega bastard.” The man hissed as he once again grabbed his arm. “I’ll make a fine bitch out of you.”

Yuuri let out a low whine of fear, as he vainly tried to tug his arm free without any success.

And just when he thought that all was lost, that he had reached he end of the road, he suddenly heard ascending footsteps, followed by the most beautiful voice in the world.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri turned to his mate with tears in his eyes. Victor was there to save him. Just like he always was. He was going to survive this. He wasn’t going to get kidnapped by some Italian villain. He wasn’t going to spend his life as the man’s personal sex-slave like in that horrifying documentary. He was going to live.

Thanks to his alpha.

Thanks to Victor

“V-Victor…” Yuuri sniffled in relief.

And before he realized that he was still stuck with the bad guy, he suddenly felt a hard punch to his temple that sent him stumbling to the floor.

He landed with another crash to his head, and his vision slowly began to darken.

He heard Victor’s panicked cry as everything began to spin.

The last thing he saw before he spiraled into darkness, were Victor’s sky blue eyes.

He could hear Victor speaking to him, but he couldn’t understand the words, but he knew one thing for sure.

He was saved.
Whoho! Cliffhanger! XD

Someone mentioned that they hated them, and since I'm a spiteful bastard, I decided to do it again. So if you hate it, I'm sorry, but this is definitively going to happen again in the future, so you might as well unsubscribe from the story... ;)

I'm not going to tag and I'm not going to change. Accept it or leave. <3

I'm going home to sleep now, I have to edit with our teacher tomorrow, and she just happen to be a famous movie editor, she edited almost all of Ingmar Bergman's movies, if anyone is familiar with Swedish films. And she's so cool, and so talented. So I really have to prioritize school this week.

We'll see if I'll manage to update this weekend. ;)

I hope you liked this chapter! <3

Thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

Victor takes care of his mate.

Chapter Notes

You've all been so nice and patient, that I'm giving you a extra long chapter.

I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor had no idea when exactly everything went wrong.

One second, he was striking his end-pose. He had his hand raised to the sky and face turned down to the ice. The crowd was going wild, he was taking it all in and enjoyed the moment. And when he finally looked up to see the only reaction that mattered to him, he felt his heart stop.

Yuuri wasn’t where he was supposed to be. He was there less than twenty seconds ago, but now he wasn’t. And he was nowhere else to be seen.

Victor left him by Yakov’s side, but his coach didn’t even seem to notice that something was wrong, before he saw Victor’s horrified expression.

Yakov looked around frantically, trying to spot the young boy he was responsible of.

Victor felt his feet move, practically on their own accord. He didn’t know where Yuuri was, but he knew that something was wrong. Yuuri wouldn’t leave like that. Not without a reason. Either he was hurt, or sad or someone had forced him to leave.

That was the worst scenario.

If someone had put their hands on his Yuuri, he swore that there was going to be blood.

He reached the rink wall and locked eyes with an equally panicked Yakov.

Yuuri was nowhere around.

Suddenly, he felt it, a panic call from his mate.

It didn’t feel as it usually did. The pleasant vibration followed by Yuuri’s scent was almost painful. And he felt himself being pulled away.

It was as if their invisible bond suddenly became visible.

And Victor couldn’t stop himself from following it. It was as if gravitation pulled him towards his
mate.

He almost knocked Yakov over as he ran off. He needed to get to Yuuri.

The pull from his mate led him out in the corridor and away from the crowds.

As he felt the pull growing stronger, he suddenly heard something that stopped him dead in his tracks.

He knew it was Yuuri, the same way that he knew that he had five fingers on each hand. There was not a single doubt.

But for some reason, he couldn’t move. He couldn’t get to Yuuri. He could barely speak.

It took several more seconds before he was able to move again, and once he rounded a corner, he saw him. He saw Yuuri.

Someone was standing dangerously close to him, and he held onto his arm.

Yuuri whined in fear, and it drove Victor forward with an impossible speed. The sound of Yuuri in fear was enough to turn his vision red.

That man was going to die for making Yuuri sound like that. He was not getting away with this. He just needed to get Yuuri away from him first.

Then justice would be served.

“Yuuri?” He called.

The man stopped his pulling at Yuuri. And the young boy turned around with tears in his eyes. “V-Victor…” He sniffled.

His eyes held so much adoration and love that Victor felt unworthy about being on the receiving end.

He had failed to keep Yuuri safe and happy. His mate was scared and at the brinks of tears.

Victor needed to change that, now.

He took a step forward. Ready to rip that man apart and away from his mate, when the man suddenly acted first.

He jerked Yuuri around and punched him in the face before making a run for it.

Victor watched in slow motion how the man’s fist collided with Yuuri’s temple and how his beautiful mate fell down on the floor, only to knock his head once again.

Victor panicked but he still managed to run to his mate’s side on pure instincts. The man was probably long gone by then, but it didn’t matter. All that mattered was Yuuri.

And his eyes were slowly falling shut.

“Please stay with me, Yuuri.” Victor begged as he pulled Yuuri up into his arms.

He knew that he wasn’t supposed to move people with head injuries, but he couldn’t allow Yuuri to lie on that hard, cold concrete floor.
He needed him to be okay.

Yuuri blinked to him uncomprehendingly. The punch had knocked his glasses off, so Victor couldn’t tell if he was squinting from lack of sight or concentration to his words.

“You’re going to be okay, Yuuri.” Victor promised. He didn’t know if it was true or not, but he needed to hear those words. He needed to believe it, more than he ever needed to believe anything in his entire life. “I’m right here, please stay with me.”

“Victor?” Yakov asked as he suddenly appeared. “What happened?”

Victor couldn’t find the words. He didn’t even know what exactly had happened. And to be honest, he was scared to think about it.

Instead of waiting for Victor to answer, Yakov said that he would find a medic, and walked away.

Victor kept his attention on Yuuri the whole time, he had his hand placed on his mate’s chest, to make sure that his heart was still beating, and that his chest kept rising and falling.

And when the medics finally appeared, Victor faced the biggest challenge of his life, to hand an injured Yuuri over to strangers.

He knew he was acting irrational, as he was growling to the women who were trying to calm him down.

But Yuuri had just been hurt. And all of his instincts were screaming at him to keep his omega safe.

It was only when Yakov barked at him, and threw the reality of the situation in his face, that Victor finally relented.

He flinched when one of the medics forced one of Yuuri’s eyes open to shine a flashlight in his eye.

He would have given anything for Yuuri to smack her hand away and squint in annoyance.

But he was just lying there, completely still.

Victor suddenly felt a suppressed memory trying to claw its way to the surface, the memory from the beach. The circumstances were eerily similar. He could only tell them apart by the surroundings, and the difference in time.

Yuuri wasn’t a child anymore, he was a teenager, but somehow it didn’t seem to matter.

When he was hurt like this, he might as well be an infant. And Victor felt like some sort of protective mother.

Like a mama bear protecting its cub.

But this was probably worse. He was an alpha protecting its omega. And that bond was so much stronger.

“How is he?” Victor managed to force out.

He felt Yakov’s hand on his shoulder. The older Russian was silently offering his support.

“He’s unconscious but responsive, we’re going to take him to the hospital for further examination.” One of the medics stated.
The other medic turned to Victor. “How long has he been unconscious?”

“I…” Victor stuttered. He had completely lost his concept of time. “I don’t know…”

Suddenly, he heard the sweetest sound in the world, a small groan coming from his mate.

“Yuuri?” He called out as he tried to push forward, despite Yakov’s attempt to hold him back.

“Yuuri, are you okay?”

Yuuri looked around in disorientation. “Victor?”

“Yuuri,” Victor ripped free, and probably pushed one of the medics away, but he could finally look Yuuri in the eyes, and feel his mate’s gaze on him.

And frankly, that was all that mattered.

“I’m right here, my love.” Victor declared. “And you’re going to be okay.”

Yuuri blinked up at him. “What happened?”

Victor didn’t want him to know. He looked so small and vulnerable. How could he possibly tell Yuuri the truth in a moment like this?

“It doesn’t matter.” Victor assured. “The only thing that matters is that you’re okay.” It was the truth. It was what was most important anyway.

Did he want to deliver pain to the man responsible of this? Yes, with every single fiber of his being, but was he willing to leave Yuuri in order to scratch that itch? No. Never.

So he was going to take care of Yuuri, and the second he was healed and safe. Victor was going to track that bastard down, and make him pay for his actions.

No one was allowed to hurt Yuuri and get away unscathed.

Not if Victor had anything to say about it…

“Victor, why are you lying to me?” Yuuri asked.

“What makes you think it was a lie?” Victor quipped. He was actually trying.

“Because there are no wild bears in Rome.” Yuuri pointed out. “And why would it break into an ice rink?”

Victor shrugged. “Maybe it got lost?”

Yuuri had been lucky. A punch like that could cause severe damage. But Yuuri got away with a light concussion, a couple of bruises, and short-term memory loss. He didn’t remember what had happened the minutes before he was punched.

He didn’t remember the man, or what had almost happened to him.

Victor saw it as a blessing.

Yuuri had been through enough. He didn’t need any bad memories along with everything else. If this horrible event could stay away from Yuuri’s mind forever, Victor would send out thank-you-notes to
all the gods.

“Unless it was a polar bear, I don’t know why it would look for ice.” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “And why would I be crazy enough to fight it?”

“That’s what I asked.” Victor said with a smile. “You insisted to fight it, right after it almost ruined my short program.”

“Victor…” Yuuri sighed. “You can tell me the truth.”

Victor sighed too and allowed his smile to fade away. “No, I can’t.” He admitted.

“Why not?”

Victor shrugged. “I don’t know…” He said thoughtfully. “Maybe I just don’t want to.”

Yuuri frowned in concern, or because of his headache, but either way, Victor couldn’t help his hand from moving to Yuuri’s knitted eyebrows, trying to smooth out the line between them, in order to make Yuuri feel better.

“Why don’t you want to tell me?” Yuuri prodded. “I’m thirteen. I can handle these things.”

“And I’m turning seventeen in less than two weeks, but I still can’t.” Victor pointed out. “I’m too weak when it comes to you.”

Yuuri took Victor’s hand away from his forehead and squeezed it gently. “You’re not weak, Victor.” He said seriously. He looked Victor in the eyes with so much determination that Victor felt his knees wobble, even though he was sitting down.

That’s when Yuuri’s expression suddenly melted into mild amusement. “After all, you did save me from a bear…”

Victor snorted and squeezed Yuuri’s hand back. He couldn’t believe how much he loved the boy before him… The way his eyes sparkled, the way he smiled a few seconds before he said something funny, the way his hair was almost falling into his eyes, the sound of his laugh, the beauty of his voice, everything that made him Yuuri.

And he had almost lost him today, again.

The mere idea that he would never see Yuuri again was twisting his heart to its breaking point.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked gently.

Victor couldn’t hold back his tears. And they were falling everywhere. It was like a faucet he couldn’t turn off.

“Please don’t cry.” Yuuri pleaded. “I’m sorry.”


Yuuri did his best to wipe away the tears from Victor’s face. But it wasn’t easy, since he was almost out of reach, and Yuuri was forced to stay in the bed. But he couldn’t help but notice how beautiful Victor looked, even when he was crying.

His tears looked like diamonds, and his eyes grew impossibly blue.
“Victor…”

Victor looked to Yuuri as he tried to collect himself. “Yes?”

“You’re beautiful.”

Victor blushed as the tears kept falling. But he was no longer sure what he was crying for. Fear? Stress? Anger? Happiness?

Everything was just so overwhelming. It had been a long day.

“Yuuri, your mother is here.” Yakov said gently as he returned with coffee in a plastic cup.

Yuuri looked to Victor in worry. “She’s going to be mad.”

“Not at you.” Victor assured gently. “She’s probably just worried.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully, which was a movement he immediately regretted. It felt like his brain was wobbling around in his head.

Victor sensed the pain and immediately began to fuss over Yuuri’s head, trying to fend off the pain.

“I wish I could take your pain away.” Victor said sadly as he wiped away the last of his tears. “I would rather take it for myself… You don’t deserve this.”

Yuuri smiled sadly. “No one does.” He stated. “And especially not you. Even if you could take the pain, I wouldn’t let you.”

“Yuuri…”

“No.” Yuuri said determinately. “If I decided to fight a bear, I had it coming.”

Victor found himself unable to respond. Yuuri didn’t have anything coming. Even if there really was a bear, Yuuri still didn’t deserve to be hurt by it.

He didn’t deserve to be hurt by anyone or anything, ever.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked carefully.

Victor cleared his throat to save his voice from cracking. “Yes, Yuuri?”

“What happened to the bear?”

Victor felt his voice getting stuck in his throat. He knew that Yuuri knew that there wasn’t a bear. But Victor didn’t want to tell Yuuri that his attacker managed to get away.

The police would probably catch him. The security cameras had caught the entire event, and the man’s face.

But he didn’t want Yuuri to be afraid that the man might come back.

He wouldn’t.

Victor would make sure of that.

“The bear is being taken care of. You shouldn’t worry.” Victor said gently.
Yuuri hummed thoughtfully.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri looked to the door, where his mother was standing with tear-filled eyes.

“Mom.” Yuuri said quietly.

Hiroko walked towards Yuuri’s bed and made a quick assessment of her son’s condition. “My little baby…”

Yuuri felt his face burn. Didn’t she see Victor? Why would she say something like that in front of him?

Victor stood up nervously. “Can you please stay with him?” He asked politely. “I need to change out of my costume.”

That’s when Yuuri realized that Victor was still dressed in his dark blue, sparkling costume from his short program. How could he have missed that? He had allowed his mate to sit in those uncomfortable clothes for hours.

“Of course.” Hiroko said with a soft smile as she made her way over to Yuuri’s side.

Victor stayed until he was sure that Hiroko was comfortable, before he got his bag of clothes from Yakov and snuck out of the hospital room.

He hadn’t had a moment to himself in hours. Not that he minded spending is time with Yuuri. Spending time with him was always better than being alone. But he hadn’t exactly been able to enjoy their time together.

It was hard to enjoy anything when Yuuri was hurt.

When Yuuri was hurt, everything was just… Wrong…

But now when he knew that he was going to be okay, Victor felt like he was finally able to breathe again.

And once the bastard who did this had been found and put away for life, maybe he would even be able to think normally again.

His alpha instincts were thirsting for vengeance, or at least justice.

Once he had received either, life could finally go back to how it used to be.

Happy.

…………………………

“Are you feeling nauseous?” The doctor asked Yuuri.

Due to her choice of tone, Yuuri felt all but four years old. He might be an omega but he wasn’t a baby, or dying.

“No, just a little dizzy.” Yuuri responded honestly.

“That’s wonderful Yuuri, that means that the concussion isn’t that serious.” The doctor praised with a soft smile.
She was an alpha. If it wasn’t for her scent, her behavior gave her away completely.

With Yuuri’s thirteen years of wisdom, he was beginning to notice a certain pattern when it came to adult alphas.

For some reason, they always seemed to treat him like he was some helpless infant.

It was probably because of their instincts, and before his heat, he was still seen as a child in the eyes of alphas, if he was four years old or thirteen was apparently irrelevant.

“And does your head hurt?” The doctor asked.

Yuuri shrugged. “A little, but only when I move.”

“That’s completely normal.” The doctor assured. “And the results came back from the MRI and the CT scan, and everything seems normal.”

Yuuri heard how Victor released a breath of relief from beside him.

“Your head might hurt for a few more days, but if it gets worse or if you start feeling weird in any way, you should go back to a hospital.” The doctor said seriously.

“Is it safe for him to fly?” Victor asked, before he turned to Yuuri. “Or I’m buying a house in Italy and we’ll stay here until you’re recovered.” He told his mate.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “I’m not putting you in danger.”

Yuuri looked to his mom in disbelief.

Hiroko looked stunned. “Victor, dear.” She started. “I don’t think you should buy a house. A concussion doesn’t take that long to heal, right?” She turned to the doctor hopefully.

The doctor shook her head. “He’ll be recovered in a few days. Two weeks at the most. And it’s safe for him to fly, but I do recommend that he’ll rest before then. And that he’ll stay hydrated on the plane.”

Hiroko nodded in understanding, before she turned to her future son in law. “See?”

Victor smiled. “That’s good. I don’t think my parents would have appreciated that I spend my money on houses in foreign countries.”

“They wouldn’t.” Yakov agreed. “That’s why they gave your credit cards to me.”

Victor rolled his eyes. “Not all of them…”

“What was that?” Yakov barked.

“Nothing.” Victor chuckled as he turned his attention back to Yuuri. “When will he be discharged?”

“We’d like to keep him here for observation during the night, but he’ll be free to go in the morning.” The doctor smiled.

Yuuri beamed. “That means that I can watch your free skate.”
Victor tensed at the idea of what had happened today, might happen tomorrow. “No.”

Yuuri frowned in confusion. “No?”

“You need to rest.” Victor said seriously. He didn’t want Yuuri to know that he was worried about the man coming back. Yuuri didn’t even remember the man. And he wanted to keep it that way.

He wouldn’t give that Italian bastard a second chance to hurt his soulmate.

He’d rather die.

“Well…” The doctor said as she closed her file and adjusted the blanket at Yuuri’s feet. “If you decide to go to a big event, I recommend that you wear earplugs and don’t do anything physically demanding.

“That’s okay, he’s not going.” Victor assured.

Yuuri sent Victor a look of disbelief.

He knew one thing for sure.

This conversation was not over….

……………………………

“Yuuri…” Victor sighed.

Yuuri had just been discharged from the hospital and they had just returned to the hotel, only to have Yuuri trying to insist that he was healed enough to got to Victor’s free skate.

“My head doesn’t hurt at all.” Yuuri claimed.

Victor reached out and felt the slight ache. “Yes it does.”

“No it doesn’t.” Yuuri protested.

“You can’t lie to me about this.” Victor quipped. “I can feel you.”

Yuuri didn’t look pleased at that response. “I’m fine.”

Yuuri’s bruises had turned darker during the night, and he had two giant, almost completely black marks on the sides of his head. And it hurt Victor just to look at them.

But he was faced with a dilemma. Bringing Yuuri to the rink and he might feel worse, or leaving him at the hotel, unhappy and out of his sight.

“Victor.” Yuuri said, his voice was suddenly a lot softer, and Victor immediately looked at the roof. If he met Yuuri’s puppy-eyes he wouldn’t stand a chance.

“Victor?” Yuuri tried again. His voice sounded even softer.

Victor felt his resolve melting away.

“Vitya?”

Victor’s resolve was gone, and his eyes locked onto Yuuri’s.

Victor almost died when he noticed how much Yuuri’s eyes sparkled. How was he even human?
“I really want to go…” Yuuri pouted, as his eyes grew impossibly bigger.

Victor swallowed as he tried to keep his answer at bay. He knew that if he spoke now, he would only manage to get out a ‘yes’.

“Please?” Yuuri pleaded. “Pretty please?”

Victor was unable to look away, and Yuuri was so cute that it was almost fatal.

“Yuuri, stop it with the eyes.” Hiroko scolded.

“What?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “I’m not doing anything.”

“Yuuri, look at Victor. You are pushing him.” Hiroko pointed out.

Yuuri turned back to Victor in shock and for the first time in his life, he noticed just what an effect he had on his mate. “Oh my god, Victor, I’m so sorry.” He apologized. He sat down in his bed in order to put some distance between them. “I’ll stay here. I’m so sorry.”

“Yuuri, no…” Victor said as he followed Yuuri and gently took his mate’s hand. “Don’t be sorry. It’s not your fault that you’re cuter than anything in this world.”

Yuuri blushed. “I’m not that cute…” He protested. “They’re just omega-eyes…”

“They are Yuuri-eyes.” Victor corrected. “And they are much more beautiful.”

Yuuri stuttered on his breath but couldn’t come up with a good response.

“And you are beautiful.” Victor continued. He needed Yuuri to know just how amazing he was. “Omega or not, you’re still the most beautiful person in the universe.”

Yuuri’s face grew red. “Victor… Please don’t say things like that…” He released Victor’s hand and sniffled.

Victor immediately re-winded the conversation in his head, trying to figure out what he had said to upset Yuuri. Why did he get sad?

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri backed away as a few more tears escaped his eyes and fell down on the mattress beneath him.

Victor felt his heart break. He didn’t know if it was because Yuuri was crying, or because he was shying away from him.

The adults said nothing. They didn’t want to get involved in this moment between the true mates.

“I…” Yuuri choked out shakily. “I’m hideous…”

Victor felt his breath leave him. How could Yuuri even say something like that? Did he actually believe it? Had Victor done such a poor job as his mate?

“I mean…” Yuuri gestured to his face as he tried to collect himself. “Look at me…”

Victor tried to find his strength, so he wouldn’t break down crying as well. It physically hurt to have Yuuri say such horrible things about himself. “You are not hideous.” He said with more force than he expected. “And I don’t want you to ever think that.”
Yuuri avoided Victor’s gaze. He really couldn’t look at someone as beautiful as Victor, while he felt like Quasimodo with his black eye.

No wonder Victor didn’t want him to come to his free skate today. Yuuri wouldn’t want to be seen with himself either.

“Yuuri, do you understand me?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shrugged but said nothing.

Victor inched closer to his mate. “Then I will remind you of it. Every day for the rest of your life.”

Yuuri wiped away his tears with the sleeve of his shirt. “You don’t have to do that…”

“Yes I do.” Victor said. “I can’t allow you to feel this way.”

“It’s not your responsibility.”

“Yes it is.” Victor quipped. “You would do the same for me.”

Yuuri knew it was true. But he still didn’t think that he was worth all the effort. “It’s not the same.” He pointed out. “You’re already beautiful.”

Victor sighed sadly. “I wish you could see yourself the way I do.”

Yuuri huffed a humorless laugh. “Bumpy and purple?”

“Strong and brave.” Victor corrected. “You got those marks while fighting a bear. If those marks isn’t a badge of honor, I don’t know what is…”

Yuuri shook his head fondly as he tried to keep himself from laughing. “There wasn’t a bear…”

Victor smiled sadly. “You’re right. A bear is more beautiful.”

Suddenly, Yakov cleared his throat. “Speaking of the bear…” He chimed in. “It was arrested earlier this morning.”

Victor couldn’t help but smile at that. “Really?”

Yakov nodded. “He’s going away for a very, very long time.”

Victor sighed in content. “That’s good.”

Yuuri wished that he could join in on the happy moment. Everyone in the room shared matching smiles. And Yuuri still couldn’t remember what had happened. And it made him feel a little left out.

“So, is anyone going to tell me what happened?” Yuuri asked.

“No.” Everyone said in unison.

Yuuri didn’t know what he expected. His concussion must have been playing tricks on him for thinking that people might actually tell him the truth about something for once. “Figures…”

“It’s better this way.” Victor assured. “Some things aren’t worth knowing.”

“If you say so.” Yuuri shrugged.
Victor hated how discouraged Yuuri looked. It was as if his young mate couldn’t get anything he wanted. Victor hated denying Yuuri things. And the more he did it, the worse he felt.

He couldn’t do this to Yuuri. He couldn’t deny him everything. Something would have to give.

“How is your head?” Victor asked.

“It’s fine.” Yuuri said. “It only hurts if I move too fast.”

Victor nodded thoughtfully. “Do you feel good enough to cheer me on, during my free skate?”

Yuuri processed the words before he understood their meaning. He was going to see Victor win.

“Do you mean it?”

Victor nodded with a gentle smile.

Yuuri threw himself in Victor’s arms. His head ponded a little from the action, but he didn’t care. He was going to be there when Victor won the grand prix.

“Please watch your head.” Victor said worriedly as he tried to make Yuuri comfortable in his arms.

“Does it hurt?”

Yuuri chuckled fondly as he pulled away so he could look Victor in the eyes. “It was worth it.”

Victor won, once again. To no one’s surprise.

Yuuri cheered as much as he could. Even though he could barely see or hear. His glasses were still broken and he was forced to wear earplugs so his concussion wouldn’t get any worse.

And he couldn’t scream anything or jump up and down. So he wasn’t especially good as a cheerleader, but he was there.

And that was what was most important.

Victor made sure that both Yakov and Hiroko held onto Yuuri during his free skate. He knew that the chances of anything like what happened yesterday would happen again were very low. But he still wasn’t willing to risk it.

And once he was done, and had successfully broken the free skate world-record with half a point, he didn’t let go of Yuuri for a second.

Yuuri find it kind of embarrassing to stand next to Victor on the podium, and on the press conference, and all of the other events associated with the grand prix.

He normally wouldn’t be allowed to do any of those things, but considering what had almost happened yesterday. The people in charge, decided to make an exception. So Yuuri got to stand around and be showed off by Victor, as his mate proclaimed his love for Yuuri in every camera he could find.

Yuuri scolded him the first times, but that only resulted in Victor showering him with complements until Yuuri run out of arguments.

Later that night, they celebrated Victor’s win together, at a famous pizza restaurant near coliseum.

Their time together was short this year, but there where less than a month until it was 2006.
A new year with new possibilities, Yuuri would make his debut in the junior grand prix, and Victor would start to apply for colleges.

Who knows what else the future has in store for them…?

Chapter End Notes

I know a lot of you wanted Victor to kick his ass. But I figured that Victor would never be able to leave Yuuri behind when he was hurt. And the man probably knew it as well. So he didn't hit Yuuri hard enough to kill, just so that Victor would be distracted enough to allow him to get away... ;) <3<3<3

Anyway, I'm done with my editing course, and now I have a very "Book-heavy" course, along with a film-project. So we'll see how much my new schedule will allow me to write... XD

But until next time, I hope you liked this! <3<3

Kudos to all!! <3<3
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Yuuri finds out a secret about his friends, and Victor consider his future.

Chapter Notes

This is a filler chapter. Not a lot of action... at all... But I felt like it was needed to make the next chapter make more sense...

I hope you'll like it! 😊😊

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If there was something that Yuuri hated more than going to school, it was going to school when everyone was whispering about him. He knew they were, he could hear his name, and he noticed how people were staring at him from the corner of his eye.

The bruises on his face had almost faded completely, but he still saw how some people strained themselves to catch a glimpse of it, someone even pointed.

Yuuri had never been so thankful to have some length to his hair. He used it to cover the bruises to the best of his ability.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri turned around. He knew just whom the voice belonged to, and he immediately relaxed as Yuuko wrapped her arms around him.

“I saw what happened on the news.” The older girl explained. “And I’m so glad you’re okay.”

“Does everyone know?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Yuuko nodded as she released him. “You know how rumors spread around here… Just try to ignore it.”

“Yuuri.”

Yuuri sighed as another familiar voice broke through, Narumi’s.

“That was an interesting competition.” Narumi smiled. “If I knew figure skating was filled with so much drama, I would have watched a long time ago. I look forward to next season, someone should remind me to get popcorn for that.”

Yuuri glared at her, but before he was able to come up with a good comeback, Yuuko beat him to it.

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” Yuuko asked.
Narumi looked taken aback, she probably didn’t even realize that Yuuri was accompanied by someone, especially not someone who was two grades above them.

“I… It was only a joke…” Narumi chuckled nervously.

“Really?” Yuuko questioned. “It wasn’t especially funny.”

“Yuuko…” Yuuri said soothingly. He didn’t want Yuuko to feel the need to defend his honor. He could take care of himself.

“No.” Yuuko snapped. “She doesn’t get to say things like that to you.” She turned back to Narumi. “Do you have any idea what could have happened? Do you think this is some big joke? Yuuri could have died.”

Narumi paled under the older beta’s glare. “I didn’t mean it like that…”

Yuuko raised her eyebrows in disbelief. “Then please, tell me what you meant.” Her tone held an edge to it that made even Yuuri nervous. He was entirely sure that if the answer didn’t satisfy his friend, there was going to be a fight.

Why did he keep getting into these situations?

“Yuuko, calm down.” Yuuri pleaded.

Yuuko didn’t budge. “I’m completely calm. I’m just interested to see what your friend finds funny about this.”

Narumi looked to the floor sheepishly. “I’m sorry.”

“Damn right you are.” Yuuko agreed.

“Yuuko!” Yuuri exclaimed before he lowered his voice. “You’re not supposed to swear, you can get expelled.”

Yuuko shrugged. “At least she knows…”

Narumi shifted uncomfortably on her feet, she looked like she might run away at any second.

Yuuko took a step closer to Narumi, causing the younger girl to flinch. “And if I ever hear you say something like that to my friend again, I swear that I will call his true mate, and he will definitely not show you the same mercy.”

“Yuuko, that’s enough.” Yuuri scolded. He felt like bringing Victor into this was a step too far. “She understands.”

Yuuko nodded in content. “Good.”

Narumi turned on her heels and rushed away.

Yuuri contemplated going after her, but Yuuko placed a hand on his shoulder. “Tell me if she gives you any more trouble.” She pleaded. “I’m here for you.”

Yuuri nodded gratefully. He was thankful to Yuuko, even if she took it a bit too far. But he never doubted her loyalty as a friend. “Thank you, Yuuko.”

Yuuko smiled at him before the school bell rang out. “I need to get to class, have a good day.”
Yuri smiled back. “You too.”

Victor slammed his alarm as it rang in the morning. He really didn’t want to have his math test. Math was boring, and he was tired.

He sighed sadly and flinched when he suddenly he had a dog sniffing in his ear.

“Do you think I should call in sick today, Makka?” Victor asked his loyal friend. “I really don’t feel like getting up…”

Makkachin wouldn’t have that. He stood up in bed and yawned in Victor’s face.

The morning breath of his poodle was enough to awake people from the dead. “Fine, I’m up…” Victor relented as he placed his feet on the floor.

Makkachin wagged his tail and jumped off the bed in order to make his way to the kitchen.

Victor shook his hair into place and wrapped his robe around him. Today was going to be a long day…

Yuuri’s day was finally over. His last class had been canceled, so he was meeting Yuuko so they could walk to the ice rink together.

She texted him during history class and said to meet her by the swings. But once Yuuri arrived, he was taken by surprise.

Yuuko was not alone. She was with Takeshi.

His two friends were hungrily making out beside the swings, completely unaware of Yuuri’s presence.

Yuuri wondered if he should just back away and go to the ice rink by himself and pretend like he had forgotten about the text message. But then Yuuko might wonder why he never showed up and go on a search mission. Yuuri’s other thought was just going home and text Yuuko and say that he wasn’t feeling well.

He couldn’t just stand there and stare at them like some creeper. But what else should he do?

Before he had the chance to come up with a third option, Yuuko spotted him.

“Yuuri!” Yuuko exclaimed as she pushed Takeshi away. “I can explain.”

Yuuri shook his hands frantically. Why was he nervous? “It’s fine.” He assured. His face grew red with embarrassment. “I understand.”

He did, he knew that Takeshi was crazy about Yuuko, and he knew that Yuuko was beginning to like Takeshi more and more. It was only a matter of time before they would finally get together, but Yuuri never expected to walk in on them. Not like this anyway.

“We were going to tell you, we didn’t want you to find out this way.” Yuuko tried to explain.

Takeshi took Yuuko’s hand and squeezed it in silent support. Yuuko released a breath and looked to Takeshi gratefully.
Yuuri couldn’t help but feel his heart swell at the action. They did look really cute together. “It’s fine.” He stated. “I kind of knew that this would happen eventually…”

“Still, we didn’t mean for you to walk in on us.” Yuuko smiled sheepishly. “We wanted to talk to you first and make sure that you’re okay with this.”

“Why wouldn’t I be okay?” Yuuri asked. “I’m happy for you.”

“That’s good.” Takeshi smiled in relief. “I thought you were going to be nervous about becoming a third wheel or something.”

“Which you won’t.” Yuuko declared, as she gave Takeshi a light slap to his stomach. “We will still hang out, the three of us. ‘This’…” She gestured between her and Takeshi. “…Won’t change anything.”

Yuuri nodded, he couldn’t come up with anything to say. He would just have to take their word for it. It was not as if he had any other friends to turn to.

“We mean it.” Yuuko stated and looked to Takeshi for backup.

“She’s right.” Takeshi chimed in. “You’re still our best friend. Our trio wouldn’t be complete without you.”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “Thank you, but it’s fine if you need some time alone as a couple. I understand.”

“Don’t.” Yuuko urged. “We’re not going to be one of those couples who leave the rest of our friends behind, especially not you. If we ever make you feel left out, tell us.”

Yuuri nodded uncertainly.

“Yuuri.” Yuuko prodded.

Yuuri looked up to his friend.

“Say it.” Yuuko pleaded.

Yuuri took a deep breath and gathered courage. “I promise to tell you if you make me feel left out.” He recited.

Yuuko beamed. “Good.” She threw an arm around Yuuri’s shoulders and grabbed Takeshi’s hand with her free one. “Now, let’s go to the ice rink. I need to practice my quads.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but chuckle. Maybe some things wouldn’t change…

 Victor looked over his test a final time. Stupid math questions…

How Yuuri actually liked this, would forever be a mystery to him.

“Five minutes.” His teacher called as she glared at her students.

Victor relished in the knowledge that this was his second to last math test he would ever have to take. He would never study math at college. He wasn’t crazy.

So he just needed to pass this one, and one more test, then he would never have to open another
The teacher stood up and started to collect the tests. Victor put his pen away and turned to Georgi who was already talking to Ivana about the test.

The teacher took the last test from Spencer before the school bell rang, indicating that the class was finally over.

Victor still had almost the whole day ahead of him, but now he had some time to speak to Yuuri.

Yuuri was at the ice rink with his friends. He and Yuuko were preparing for the juniors a year from now. Yuuri claimed that it was never too early to start preparing.

Victor couldn’t really blame him for it. He himself was already starting to sketch on ideas for his own next short program.

“Victor how did you do?” Georgi asked, breaking Victor out of his conversation with Yuuri. “Did you understand question thirty nine?”

“Yes, it was the one about interest in the bank, right?” Victor asked casually. “I got it to two hundred and fifty four thousands.”

“Me too.” Georgi sighed in relief. “I hope we pass, I really just want to spend my time on college applicants.”

Victor chuckled in agreement. “Have you decided on something?”

“Actually, I have.” Georgi smiled. “There is a amazing drama school in Moscow. I feel like if my figure skating career goes down the drain, I still want to do something creative.”

“I’m happy for you.” Victor smiled. “You would make a great actor, you really have the…” He had to stop and think about his words. “…Quality for it.”

Georgi laughed fondly. “And what about you?”

Victor shrugged. “I’ve looked into a lot of different schools. I would really love to find something in Japan, you know, close to Yuuri.”

“Of course.” Georgi agreed.

“But I found a really good language program here in St. Petersburg.” Victor sighed. “I will be able to study Spanish, Chinese, Arabian and Hindi. I always liked the idea to be able to work as an interpreter.”

“Then why don’t you apply?” Georgi asked. “If you found something you want to do, I’m sure Yuuri will understand.”

“He would.” Victor agreed. “But that would mean that he would be across the world from me for four more years.”

“So?” Georgi questioned. “You have your entire lives ahead of you. What’s four more years?”

“You don’t understand.” Victor sighed. “It’s already been over thirteen years. Four more would make it seventeen. That’s seventeen years we will never get back.”

“You will still be able to see him.” Georgi pointed out. “And he’s a kid. What kind of life would you
be able to have together, if you dropped your life for him right now?”

Victor couldn’t come up with a good response. He would have to discuss it with his true mate.

If Yuuri wanted Victor to move to Japan for him, he would.

It would probably make his life a little harder. He would have to get a job, an apartment or a house, a new coach, full time access to the ice castle and a lot of other things. And what would happen once Yuuri graduates and wants to go to college? Would he move with him again?

Would Yuuri even want that? Victor was ready to do all that for his mate’s happiness. But inevitably, it all came down to what Yuuri wanted.

He would have to talk with him.

A decision like this was too big to make alone.

Yuuri would know what to do.

They would come up with a solution.

Together.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? :) <3<3 It wasn't great, I know. But I'm really excited about next chapter! <3<3 So I kind of had to do it like this... <3<3

I hope that you at least enjoyed it a little! <3<3 Thank you so much for reading!! <3<3
Chapter 42

Chapter Summary

Victor reaches a decision, and Yuuri gets a new classmate.

Chapter Notes

This is probably the shortest chapter in this story... XD But I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri was in the middle of a boss battle in his new video game, when his alarm went off.

Victor’s school day was over.

Because of the time difference, they usually had a hard time keeping up with each other, and while Victor walked around with two different watches, Yuuri decided that it was easier to set his alarm to important times.

On weekends, he kept track on when Victor woke up, when he normally went to practice and when he got home from practice. He knew that Victor never minded when Yuuri reached out, but Yakov had told him that Victor had a habit of letting everything go of everything in order to focus on Yuuri.

And Yuuri really didn’t want to bother Victor like that, especially if it wasn’t important. The same went for school and sleep.

But now when Victor’s day was finally over, he could finally tell Victor about his best friends becoming a couple.

Victor was surprised. He thought that Yuuko could do a lot better.

Yuuri suspected that he still held a grudge from when Yuuri and Takeshi were kids. Victor really had a hard time forgiving people, especially when it came to people who had hurt Yuuri in some way.

~But I suppose I’m happy that your friends found love~ Victor relented. ~Maybe we can double date sometime?~

Yuuri liked that idea. It would be nice to have Victor learn that Takeshi was actually a good person now. Maybe that would mean that his mate could finally put past events behind.

~I actually meant to reach out, there is something I want to talk to you about~

Yuuri suddenly felt nervous, Victor sounded so serious. What did he want to talk about? His mind immediately jumped to the worst-case scenarios.

…………………………….
Victor could feel Yuuri’s nervousness and immediately began to assure him that there was nothing for him to worry about, and he just wanted his advice on colleges.

Once Yuuri’s heart rate turned normal, Victor presented him with his options. Yuuri immediately voted for Victor to apply to the language program in St. Petersburg.

~It makes more sense~ Yuuri claimed. ~Your life is in St. Petersburg, and the language program sounds perfect for you, we don’t have to rush. We have our whole lives ahead of us~

Victor knew he was right, but he still felt like the worst mate in the world, for voluntarily choosing to stay across the world from Yuuri.

~I want to go to college somewhere abroad, it doesn’t make sense for you to move here, only to have me move away~ Yuuri pointed out. ~And I can’t have you dropping your entire life to follow me across the world all the time~

Victor sighed in defeat. Yuuri had some really good points. But on the other hand, he really wanted to be with him. He wanted to see him every day, talk to him every day, look at him every day.

~We will be together every day, once we’re grown up. There’s nothing for you here right now. I still have school, so I will still be gone for most of the days, and it will be so complicated if you moved here. You wouldn’t have a good place to practice figure skating. There aren’t a lot of coaches in Hasetsu and well, no. You should stay in St. Petersburg. Who knows? I might move there for college once I’m done with high school~

The idea of Yuuri moving to Russia made all of Victor’s other arguments die down. He could almost picture it. Getting an apartment in the city with Yuuri, waking up with him and going to practice with him. Cooking together, going to sleep together, getting to see Yuuri all day and all night, all the time, every day, forever.

That was Victor’s dream. And if he had to wait for it, he would.

It would be worth it.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~

~I guess I’m staying in St. Petersburg then~ Victor declared.

Yuuri smiled in content. Victor made the right choice.

Sure, Yuuri would have loved it if Victor moved to Japan, so he could see him every day and they could hang out and spend time together. But it was insane for Victor to move and let go of his dreams, to rip his life up from the roots, only to make Yuuri happy.

So he was glad that Victor came to his senses. Yuuri would never be happy if Victor wasn’t. No, Victor should study languages and keep practicing figure skating. He finally understood what his parents meant when they were younger.

He used to believe that they parents were evil for keeping him and Victor apart. But it made perfect sense. If Victor would move to Japan, he would have to leave his entire life behind, his career, his education, his friends, his family, his home and everything else. That wasn’t okay.

Victor needed other things beside Yuuri.

Yuuri would never be able to handle the pressure of being the one and only thing that made Victor happy. That was too much.
This would be better. And Yuuri was going to college in five years. That was nothing. Victor would be done with college by then, and things would be easier.

If Yuuri found a good school in Russia, they might be able to get an apartment together in the city. And then they could finally start their life together as a real couple. They could get married and start a family with more dogs.

Babies were gross and Yuuri really wasn’t ready to give birth to one. That would have to wait for a long time. Not to mention that he wouldn’t be able to skate with a baby inside him.

Dogs were better. Makkachin and Vicchan would probably agree with that decision as well.

Victor would probably also agree. He really doubted that Victor would want a baby against Yuuri’s will. If he did, he would just have to give birth to it himself. Yuuri knew that it was impossible, but that was his condition nonetheless.

He was not giving birth to any babies. Not for a long time.

Victor would just have to deal with that.

~Yuuri! Makkachin just did the cutest thing!~ Victor squealed.

Yuuri was snapped back to reality. And this was a conversation he could really engage in.

…………………………

Victor was smiling from ear to ear. Makkachin had just made a single jump. Or it was more like a jump and a spin in the air. But since Victor was a professional figure skater, a single jump without ice was the most logical explanation for it.

There was only a matter of time before Makkachin would take after him anyway.

And Victor couldn’t have been prouder.

~That’s adorable~ Yuuri agreed. ~Too bad you didn’t film it, I would really want to see it~

Victor looked to his dog expectantly. “Can you do it again?” He asked.

Makkachin wagged his tail uncomprehendingly.

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “Mom!” He called.

“Yes, darling?”

“Where’s the video camera?”

Victoria raised her eyebrows as she peeked out from the living room. “It’s probably in the movie room.” She said. “Why?”

Victor took off towards the movie room. “I’m making Yuuri another gift.”

That had become his loophole. Since Yuuri didn’t like it when Victor spent money on him, Victor had found a perfect way to get around it. Since effort was free, he could shower Yuuri in homemade gifts. And this was absolutely perfect.

For Yuuri’s birthday, Victor had gotten him a braided bracelet that Yakov’s wife Lilia had taught him how to make. And for Christmas he had gotten him a picture of Makkachin with reindeer
Yuuri had gotten him the most adorable tissue box that looked like a poodle, and a CD with a song he had written on his keyboard by himself.

Victor was definitely going to use that for his free skate in a year from now.

So what he first believed was an impossibility, had now became his new favorite thing.

Homemade gifts.

He wasn’t sure in what context he could send the video of Makkachin doing a single jump thought. He didn’t want the gift to loose its value. Maybe he could give it to Yuuri for White Day, the Japanese version of Valentine’s Day.

That might work, now he just needed to figure out how he would get Makkachin to jump like that again…

The next day, when Yuuri was in school, something unexpected happened. It was in the middle of history class, when someone suddenly knocked on the door.

The teacher turned around and smiled fondly at the person standing in the now open doorway.

“Are you the new student?” She asked gently.

The boy shrugged. “I guess.”

Yuuri could tell immediately that Japanese wasn’t his first language, he didn’t have a beautiful Russian accent like Victor, but he definitely had an accent.

“Class, please welcome out new student. Tommy Johnson.” The teacher beamed. “He’s an exchange student from Germany.” She turned to the boy. “Is there something you would like to share about yourself?”

Tommy sighed. “No.”

“Very well then, please take a seat.” The teacher said as she cheerfully gestured to an empty seat at the front in the classroom.

“He’s hot.” Narumi whispered to her friend next to Yuuri. “Do you think he’s an alpha?”

Ume - Narumi’s best friend, shrugged. “I can’t smell him from here, but he looks older, don’t you think?”

Narumi grinned. “Well, I do like older guys…”

Yuuri ignored them and paid attention to the teacher. She was saying something important about China.

He was almost completely emerged in the class again, when the new kid suddenly turned around and looked straight at him.

Yuuri looked to the teacher harder, trying to do his best to not be affected by someone looking at him. He was starting to get better at not being affected by staring, but that didn’t meant that it was easy.
“Why is he looking at Yuuri?” Narumi asked Ume.

Ume sent Yuuri a glare, which Yuuri did his best to ignore as well. This was going to be a long day…

Chapter End Notes

LOL!! XD This is so fun!! <3<3 I wonder how many of you have read "Stranger danger"? ;) But you don't need to worry... <3 Tommy won't be as... Extreme in here... XD <3

And I'm sorry that the chapter was so short. But I got out all I wanted from this time in their lives... ;) I will probably to a time-jump to summer or fall. <3 But I hope you liked these chapters, and the foreshadowing for the future! <3<3

Ya'll wanted jealous Victor. And you wanted Yuuri to have a friend... ;) This is my way of saying "Careful what you wish for"... ;) <3<3

But I hope you won't drop this story because of the familiar red-headed villain. Like I said, he really won't be as horrible as in that story... ;) He'll just stir things around a little, and leave once he's served his purpose... ;) 

I'm excited to have my evil little baby back in one of my stories, but I'm more excited about your reactions to it... <3<3 So let me know what you think!! <3<3
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

Tommy shows a special interest in Yuuri. And Yuuri isn't quite sure what to make of him.

Chapter Notes

Another short filler, because I started on chapter 44, which takes place on Victor's graduation in May, and I realized that I really needed to fill some gaps. XD So this is a short "Get-to-know-Tommy" chapter... ;) <3<3

I hope you like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been a few weeks since Tommy, the new kid, started in Yuuri’s class. Yuuri was surprised when he had immediately approached him on the first day.

He was… Okay… He was a little bit awkward from time to time, but Yuuri suspected that it could be the language barrier.

Other than that, he was nice. And it was nice to have someone to talk to between classes and during lunch again. He had almost forgotten what it was like to have classmates as friends.

But Tommy acted weird around other people. He was nice to Yuuri but he treated everyone else like they were garbage.

Tommy definitely had the alpha gene that felt protective towards omegas. Yuuri was sure of that.

He first misinterpreted it as Tommy being interested in him. So he immediately went into a rant about Victor. About how much he loved him, about how they were true mates and very much engaged.

Tommy just stared at him, shrugged and said ‘okay’. Like he had no idea why Yuuri had started talking about his true mate out of the blue.

Yuuri was glad that Tommy seemed okay with it. He wasn’t interested in any form of romantic relationship with Tommy. In fact, he wasn’t interested in any romantic relationship with anyone but Victor.

And if Victor found out that another alpha was interested in Yuuri romantically, he would probably get upset. And Yuuri didn’t want that.

Victor was definitely the jealous kind, which is why Yuuri hadn’t told him about Tommy yet. It had only been a few weeks, there was no need to make Victor worried, especially when there was nothing to be worried about.
He had just gotten a friend.

“So how did you get into figure skating?” Tommy asked. He sounded so genuinely interested and Yuuri was happy to supply him with information about his favorite sport.

“I suppose I’ve always enjoyed it. I went skating with Mari for the first time when I was two or three years old, I think… Then I started training ballet with a childhood friend of my mom’s. Minako was the one to get me into the sport for real.” Yuuri explained. “And I’ve been practicing it ever since.”

“That’s cool. I mean, I’ve barely heard about someone who’s an omega, being a professional athlete before.” Tommy said thoughtfully.

Yuuri chuckled. “I’m barely a professional.” He claimed. “My mate is a professional, I haven’t even won a real competition yet.”

“You will.” Tommy declared. “I’m sure of it.”

“Thank you.” Yuuri smiled sheepishly. Tommy didn’t even know what figure skating was and he definitely hadn’t seen Yuuri skate. But it was still nice to have support.

Tommy was probably the only one in Japan who believed Yuuri stood a chance at a gold medal.

“Wouldn’t that be nice though? The first omega to win the grand prix.” Tommy mused.

“I wouldn’t be the first.” Yuuri pointed out. “Peggy Fleming was the first omega to win the grand prix 1968.”

Tommy laughed at that. “Well, I suppose you would know. It’s still cool though.”

“It is.” Yuuri agreed.

“Hi, Tommy.” Narumi said with a smile as she approached him with her fellowship.

Tommy openly rolled his eyes. “What?” He asked, way too harshly. “We’re kind of in the middle of something.”

Yuuri was taken aback. He would probably never get used to Tommy’s weird mood swings.

“Uhm…” Narumi stuttered. “I was just wondering what you were doing after school. Me and the others were planning on going to Hasetsu mall.”

Tommy looked to Yuuri. “Do you want to go?”

Yuuri wanted to decline on pure instincts. He really didn’t want to spend his afternoon with Narumi.

“Not him.” Narumi said, a little too quickly.

Tommy looked almost offended. “Why not?” He questioned.

Narumi seemed to stumble over a response. “Well… He’s not one of us…”

Tommy scoffed. “Well, I don’t want to go with you… people.”

Narumi glared at Yuuri accusingly. “I suppose he can come then.” She relented.

“I can’t.” Yuuri spoke up. “I need to practice.” He didn’t, Wednesdays were his day off, but he
would rather spend his day at the rink than out with Narumi. “So you should go with them.”

Tommy looked like he had just been slapped. “I thought you didn’t practice on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays?”

Yuuri was taken aback. How did he know that? Had he mentioned it? When? Why?

“Or did you change it?” Tommy asked.

“Uhm… Yuuri stuttered nervously. “No, but I figured it would be smart to squeeze in as much practice as I can, before the grand prix.”

“Are you actually doing that?” Narumi questioned with a teasing smirk. “Didn’t you get enough from the last one?”

Before Yuuri had a chance to answer, Tommy suddenly stood up and stepped towards Narumi with so much force that she and all the others flinched away.

Yuuri felt the tension in the air, mixed with a generous amount of alpha pheromones being released.

“Don’t talk to him like that.” Tommy growled.

Yuuri had never heard an alpha growl like that before. Victor never growled that violently.

Narumi and the others looked to the floor in submission and fear. No one wanted to challenge the older alpha when he sounded like that.

“You will treat him with respect from now on.” Tommy declared. “Understood?”

Narumi nodded in fear.

Tommy didn’t seem satisfied with that. “I asked you a question.” He barked. “Do you understand?”

“Yes!” Narumi cried out. “I understand, please don’t hurt me.”

Yuuri felt panic creep up on him. He didn’t know what to do. He wanted to interfere. Tommy was way out of line. But he couldn’t seem to move under the fog of Tommy’s alpha pheromones.

Tommy shook his head in disgust. “Pathetic…”

Yuuri swallowed nervously and exchanged glances with Narumi. For the first time in his life, he felt like they were suddenly on the same page.

“Yuuri, let’s get out of here.” Tommy said as he turned to him with a gentle smile.

Yuuri did his best to take a deep breath. What should he do? He really didn’t want Tommy to get upset like that again. But was it safer to be alone with him?

“Yuuri?” Tommy repeated himself, with more force.

Yuuri didn’t even realize that he was already standing up and Tommy was pulling him away by his hand.

“I’m sorry about that.” Tommy said sheepishly as he squeezed Yuuri’s hand a little tighter. “I tend to get protective sometimes.”
Yuuri felt alarms going off in his mind. If that was what Tommy considered protective, Yuuri didn’t even want to know what angry looked like. “Let me go.” He pleaded.

Tommy did. “What’s wrong?” He asked.

Yuuri didn’t even know where to start. “I…” Yuuri said shakily. “I need to go…” He took a step back and Tommy followed suit.

“Don’t be scared.” Tommy said, in a tone that sounded almost jokingly. “She tried to push you around, I was only defending you.”

Yuuri was willing to give him the benefit of a doubt. He sounded sincere. And the all the anger was completely faded away. But there was still a thing that bothered him.

“How do you know which days I’m practicing?” Yuuri asked, bracing himself for the answer.

“You, my friend. What don’t I know about you?” Tommy chuckled. “We’re best friends, right? Best friends know everything about each other.”

That was not the answer Yuuri expected. Tommy wasn’t his best friend. They had only known each other for a few weeks, and that wasn’t nearly enough time to learn everything about each other. Not to mention that Yuuri knew almost nothing about Tommy.

“But I never told you about my schedule,” Yuuri pointed out.

“I figured it out.” Tommy claimed. “I’m not an idiot, and you’re pretty obvious.”

“I…” Yuuri had to take a second to think his next words through. “I am?”

“Yeah, you bring your skates on those days in a separate bag, so you can walk straight to the ice rink.” Tommy said. “You don’t have to tell me things. I will learn everything eventually.”

“Everything?” Yuuri questioned in disbelief.

“Everything.” Tommy confirmed. “I’m really interested in you. You’re the first person in a very long time that I actually enjoy spending time with.”

“Oh.” Yuuri said in surprise.

“And I also feel very protective of you.” Tommy continued. “I get the feeling that the world is out to get you. And I feel like I’m the only one who can protect you from it.”

“It’s probably because I’m an omega and you are an alpha.” Yuuri explained. “Most alphas have a special gene that makes them very protective of omegas, some betas have it too, but that’s not as common.”

Tommy looked confused. “A gene?”

Yuuri nodded. “Nine out of ten alphas have a gene that tells them to protect omegas on an instinctual level. There is no real science for why. Some researchers think it might be because in the past, omegas were most famous for being child-carriers. And since alphas and omegas have attracting scents, they were usually the ones who mated, and the omegas where the ones carrying the babies. So the theory is that alphas feel a need to protect omegas, because they associate them with the possibility of a future family.”

“Really?” Tommy asked in amusement.
Yuuri shrugged. “Yeah, and others just find omegas really cute, and get the urge to protect them like all people feel the urge to protect puppies and babies.”

Tommy laughed at that. “I don’t know about babies, but puppies has their charm though.”

“Right?” Yuuri said with excitement.

And just like that, Tommy’s weird behavior was forgotten.

For now…

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? <3<3 I know some of you really want long chapters. But I want to bring out fast updates, so the story could move forward some time... XD There are so many exciting things happening in their future. And I really want to get there, but there is so much I want to tell in between!! <3<3

#SuchDilemmas

Anyway, I hope you liked this, even though it was short... <3<3 Kudos for all! <3<3
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

Victor graduates, and Yuuri goes to Russia to see him.

Chapter Notes

So. I don't want to make a long rant again about comments again. I'm just letting you know that I'm tired on a lot of them. And they are probably the reason to why I never update my other stories. And now they are trying to sneak their way into this story, and I really don't want to loose motivation for this one too. So I'll leave you with this: http://burlingtonwritersworkshop.com/2014/08/08/on-giving-feedback/

Negativity is something I don't feel like dealing with. No one is forcing me to write, so it would be a lot easier to drop this altogether and stop with fanfiction for good. But I feel like it's fun to share stories with fellow fans, and I do feel like I'm improving. But I can't keep having the same arguments about the difference between feedback and opinions forever. I know I can't change the world, and I can't force you to like everything I write. But when you feel like you don't like it. Give suggestions in how I can improve or leave quietly. There is no need to leave comments like "I'm going to stop reading because I don't like this or that."

This turned out to a rant anyway... Well, I hope you like the chapter at least. <3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor was exhausted. It was his graduation day, and everything had just been one giant party, ever since he woke up at 4.00am.

He had stayed sober this whole day, despite all of his friends offering him drinks from left to right. But Yuuri was coming from Japan this evening. And Victor really didn’t want to be drunk for that.

Instead, he kept his energy up with ice coffee and diet coke.

He couldn’t believe that his time in high school was finally over. Now he just had to await the response from St. Petersburg state university, to know if he got in or not. His grades were good, and his family’s reputation certainly didn’t hurt. But there was still a chance that he wouldn’t get it. It was a very prestigious university.

Not that his world would crash if he didn’t get in. It would give him more time to focus on figure skating, and his twitter account. He was beginning to develop a certain addiction. But twitter was practically the only place where Yuuri was actually active.

His facebook updated maybe twice a year, if he was lucky. His twitter updated weekly, sometimes daily. And Victor couldn’t get enough of it. There were so many pictures of Vicchan, and Yuuri’s food and sneak peeks from his short program in the junior grand prix this fall.
Victor was also trying to create his own following. But Yuuri was definitely the superior twitter. It was amazing to see what his mate could do with 140 characters.

“Victor! I lost my shirt!” Georgi exclaimed as he stumbled towards the other Russian while giggling uncontrollably. “And I’m sticky…”

Victor wasn’t sure what to do with that information. He started to contemplate if maybe it was time for him to go home.

He didn’t want to pass out from exhaustion by the time Yuuri arrived.

“Georgi, will you be okay?” Victor asked. He didn’t want to leave Georgi in this party if he was going to get alcohol poisoning.


Victor frowned in confusion as he steadied Georgi slightly. “For what?”

Georgi chuckled. “I’m going to confess my love.” He looked to Ivana longingly.

“Georgi, no…” Victor said gently. “She’s in love with Andrei. It’s not a good idea.”

Georgi straightened himself. “Andrei is in love with Darya. Ivana would be happier with me.”

“Georgi…” Victor sighed.

Georgi pulled his hand through his hair and allowed the courage made out of vodka lead him. “Wish me luck.”

Victor rolled his eyes fondly. Georgi had confessed his love four times this year. To three girls and one guy. All of them had turned him down. But Victor really had to admire his friend’s courage.

“Good luck.”

Yuuri was excited about getting to see Victor on his graduation day. He couldn’t be there for the actual ceremony. In Russia, they had a tradition called ‘the last bell’ and the whole day sounded more or less like a giant party.

Yuuri wasn’t really a ‘party-person’, so he figured that it was better if he came to Russia a bit later, so Victor could enjoy the day with his classmates.

It also made more sense when they were booking flights.

He was also excited because he had decided that he could tell Victor that he had finally made a friend.

Sure, Tommy had his… Problems. But he had never been angry with him, and he always stood up for Yuuri to other people.

And Tommy was very self aware, and he always listened when Yuuri told him that he was going too far. And he was trying to change the weird way he was seeing the world.

Which was good. He usually couldn’t tell when he was out of line, but he did his best to become a greater person, and Yuuri was actually proud of him for that.

And he knew that their relationship was purely platonic, and that Tommy didn’t have any romantic
feelings for him at all. He had even told Yuuri that he was like the little brother he never had.

That made Yuuri realize that it was probably a good time to tell Victor about him.

But he didn’t want to do it over the phone, over the bond or through a video-chat. Victor would obviously have questions that would probably transform into an interrogation. And he didn’t want anything to cause miscommunication.

It was better to talk to Victor face-to-face, and in a way that bad Internet wouldn’t take out of context.

“We’d like to ask all the passengers to re-attach their seatbelts, as we’re now getting ready to land on the grounds of St. Petersburg.” The pilot informed through the speakers.

Yuuri realized that he hadn’t even taken is seatbelt off, since they changed flights in Kazakhstan.

He was traveling with both of his parents this time. They had closed Yu-topia for a few weeks during their visit in Russia. Yuuri was happy that his parents could finally get a vacation. The Nikiforovs had even scheduled both of their families to a very luxurious spa-resort, a little bit outside of St. Petersburg.

Victor had insisted that they should go too. Yuuri had never been to a spa, so that was going to be interesting.

“What time is it going to be in Russia wen we land?” Toshiya asked with a yawn, he had slept through most of the flight.

“Probably around 6.00pm.” Yuuri said fondly. “The minutes may vary, depending on when the plane actually stops.”

“That’s nice.” Toshiya said with another yawn.

“Honey, you’re not going to be able to sleep tonight.” Hiroko said as she fussed over her husband’s morning hair.

“So then I will get to sleep tomorrow night then. I don’t want to meet Yuuri’s parents in law, when I’m tired.” Toshiya said as he ruffled Yuuri’s hair.

Yuuri’s hands immediately went to his head in an attempt to fix it. “Dad.” He whined. “I’m meeting Victor…”

“You look fine, dear.” Hiroko assured. “There’s not even a difference.”

“Yes there is.” Yuuri argued. “Now I have to see Victor with a hairstyle like Einstein.”

“Hey, Einstein had great hair.” Toshiya chuckled. “One should be grateful to look like him.”

Yuuri reached up and ruffled his dad’s hair. “Feeling grateful?” He asked teasingly.

Toshiya swallowed his pride. “It looks better this way… Thank you, Yuuri.”

Hiroko discreetly handed her husband a comb as she smiled to her son. “Your hair looks good, love. You don’t need to worry.”

Yuuri looked at his reflection in the airplane window when he suddenly saw the city beneath the clouds. And his hairstyle was completely forgotten, as another thought entered his mind and it made
his heart beat a little stronger.
Victor.

Victor felt his eyelids began to droop as he finally got home. After spending almost two hours assuring a drunk Georgi that he would find love eventually, he had finally managed to sneak away, by leaving drunk his friend in the hands of Spencer, his more sober friend.

Now he could finally focus on Yuuri’s arrival.

“Vitya, honey, you look exhausted.” Victoria drawled as she caught sight of her son’s face in the doorway to the kitchen. “ Tough day at graduation?”

“Thank god I only had to do this once…” Victor agreed.

Victoria kissed her son’s cheek lovingly. “Let me make you some coffee. Yuuri will be here soon.”

“I thought we were going to pick him up?” Victor asked in surprise. “It’s kind of a tradition.”

“Your dad sent a car for them.” Victoria said soothingly. “We didn’t know it was that important to you.”

“It’s fine.” Victor pouted. “It’s just an end of an era…”

“The important part is that he’ll come, isn’t it? You can run through the yard and hug him if you must.”

“It’s not the same.” Victor grumbled as he accepted the coffee from his mother.

Victoria chuckled fondly. “You’re always grumpy when you’re tired…”

“I’m not grumpy.” Victor protested. “And I’m not tired.”

“I’ll let Yuuri be the judge of that.” Victoria smiled as she returned to preparing dinner.

Victor sipped his coffee, cringing a little to the bitter flavor when he heard a car drive up.

“He’s here!” Victor exclaimed as he placed the coffee cup on the counter in his rush.

Makkachin barked in excitement, as he followed Victor to the front door.

Victor practically ripped it open, just in time to see Yuuri picking up Vicchan from his travel cage.

“Yuuri!” He called.

Yuuri looked to him with his beautiful smile that lit up all of Russia.

Victor couldn’t help but to smile as well as he rushed out and wrapped his arms around his mate.

They were finally together again.

“Tough day?” Yuuri asked as he noticed how Victor was staring into space out of exhaustion.

Victor shook his head in order to get back to reality. “It was fun.” He said. “But excruciatingly long…”

“Tough day?” Yuuri asked as he noticed how Victor was staring into space out of exhaustion.

Victor shook his head in order to get back to reality. “It was fun.” He said. “But excruciatingly long…”
Yuuri smiled lovingly. “Do you want to go to sleep? We can catch up more tomorrow if you’re
tired.”

“No, no, don’t be silly. I want to see you as much as I can.” Victor claimed. “Please keep me awake,
what’s new with you? Are you prepared for the juniors this fall?”

Yuuri nodded. “Yes, Minako actually introduced me to her grandmother, who happens to be a figure
skating coach. She has agreed to take me on.”

Victor blinked as he made sense of Yuuri’s words. “Grandmother? Isn’t Minako already old?” He
asked in confusion.

Yuuri chuckled sheepishly. “Well, her grandmother is ninety two years old…”

“Ninety two?” Victor repeated in shock. “Is she even functioning?”

“She’s unusually fresh for her age.” Yuuri mused. “But I make the most decisions for myself. I
choreographed my own programs, and I make up my practicing routines, she’s just making sure that
I’m not slacking off.”

“That’s ridiculous.” Victor stated. “Let me get you a proper coach, please.”

“No.” Yuuri said confidently. “I want to prove that I can make it on my own.”

“You are making it on your own. A proper coach will only…” Victor tried before Yuuri grabbed his
hand to throw him off his rant.

“Victor, I love you, and I know you mean well. But I really want to do this my own way.” Yuuri
said with determination so strong, that his eyes sparkled like the galaxy.

Victor sighed in defeat. “Okay.” He relented. “I will let you do it your way.”

Yuuri beamed and kissed Victor’s hand. “Thank you.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was trying to make him into an emotional mess, why else would he look so
adorable when Victor was so weak?

“Victor?” Yuuri asked, suddenly sounding a lot more vulnerable. “There’s actually something I want
to tell you.”

Victor frowned in momentarily confusion. “What?”

Yuuri averted his gaze slightly before it fell back to Victor. “I made a friend.”

Victor didn’t know how to react. His first reaction was to be happy, but why did Yuuri seem so
nervous? What kind of friend would make Yuuri nervous to talk about? What if it was…? No. It
couldn’t possibly be a… Boyfriend? Or girlfriend?

No, no, no, no, no… That couldn’t be happening.

Victor quickly denied his brain and allowed Yuuri to finish. “A friend?”

Yuuri nodded. “His name is Tommy.”

Tommy? That’s a stupid name. If Yuuri was going to leave him for someone, at least he or she
should have a better name. Tommy sounded like the name of a boy with a flannel shirt and dirty
jeans. Yuuri was not going to date someone like that. Victor would rather die.

“He’s an alpha and he’s really nice.” Yuuri continued. “He really stands up for me to Narumi and my other classmates.”

“I would stand up for you.” Victor claimed. “And I would stand up for you much better than him.”

Yuuri looked to Victor in confusion. “I’m sure you would… But…”

“I mean, I know I’m never in Japan, but just give me a chance. We can go there right now, and I’ll let Narumi know exactly what a little…”

“Victor!” Yuuri exclaimed. “It’s fine.”

“Please, Yuuri. If you like this Tommy more than me, I swear that I can be better. I can do everything better than him. I’m the best mate for you, I’ll prove it.” He hated how clingy he sounded, but Yuuri was his soulmate. He would probably never be able to recover if Yuuri left him.

“Please calm down.” Yuuri pleaded. “I would never love anyone more than you. Even if I searched the whole world… You’re the one for me.”

Victor melted a little bit.

“Besides, Tommy does have his problems…”

Victor was suddenly wide-awake. That didn’t sound promising. “Problems?”

Chapter End Notes

And I don't want you to feel like you need to explain yourselves or encourrage me to write.

I know where I want to take this story, and if you don't like it. Leave. And do it quietly.

I'm sorry for being so negative, but trying to explain this in the comments has really brought me down. I know I asked for negative feedback in the beginning, but that was when I still needed it. When I didn't know where to take the story. I know that now. So negative feedback can stop. Constructive feedback is on the other hand always accepted! <3<3

Thank you for reading, and sorry for being such a ranting bitch. <3
Yuuri tells Victor about Tommy, and their relationship takes a step forward.

“Or maybe not ‘problems’. I mean that’s a bad way to phrase it. It sounds horrible. He’s fine! I mean, who is completely normal anyway?” Yuuri fumbled with his words.

“Yuuri.” Victor spoke calmly. “You can tell me anything.”

“I just…” Yuuri started as he averted his gaze again, letting it fall to his hands. “I don’t want you to think that I’m a bad person.”

“I know you’re not.” Victor assured. “You are the best person in the world.”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly at Victor’s statement. “You only think so because you’re my soulmate.”

Victor couldn’t help but chuckle at the accusation, and he couldn’t exactly deny it. “Maybe…” He admitted. “But that doesn’t make me wrong.”

Yuuri didn’t know how to respond to that.

“Trust me.” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri looked into Victor’s eyes and saw nothing but adoration and love, and a little bit of exhaustion.

He knew that if their situations were reversed, he would want Victor to trust him with something like this. Yuuri would never think less of Victor, no matter what he told him. He just needed to believe that Victor would do the same for him.

“Okay, but can you promise me that you won’t freak out?” Yuuri asked. If Victor was going to get mad or sad, it wasn’t worth telling him.

“Why would I freak out?” Victor questioned. His voice suddenly held an edge to it and he looked like he was about to spring to his feet. “Did he do something to you?”

Yuuri suddenly felt aware about how much tension there was in the air. Victor was definitely not ready to stay calm if Yuuri told him something he didn’t want to hear.

“Yuuri?” Victor urged. “What did he do?” His voice was almost a growl at this point.

“He didn’t do anything.” Yuuri quickly assured. “Please stay calm.”

Victor took a deep breath. “Are you just saying that? You should not protect him if he…”

Yuuri quickly cut him off. “Stop.” He pleaded. “I promise that he hasn’t done anything to me.” He took Victor’s hand in his before continuing. “It’s not me I’m worried about…”

Victor felt a little calmer at that, but he could still sense that something was off. “What do you
mean?"

“Well…” Yuuri started carefully. “Tommy is… very protective of me.”

Victor could live with that. He couldn’t disapprove of anyone who wanted to keep his mate safe. He just wondered why Yuuri found it to be a problem. “That doesn’t sound too bad.” He pointed out.

“It’s not.” Yuuri agreed. “Like I said, he’s really nice… To me.”

“Isn’t that what’s important?” Victor asked. He really couldn’t see the problem. He actually suspected that he and Tommy could get along fine.

“I guess…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “I just wish that he didn’t treat the rest of the world like dirt.”

“It can’t be that bad…”

“He made Narumi cry.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Your nemesis, Narumi?” Victor asked with a slight smile. “What did she do to deserve it?”

“Victor, it’s not funny.” Yuuri scolded. “And she didn’t do anything special. Tommy was just overreacting and way out of line.”

“What did he do then?” Victor mused.

Yuuri grew quiet for a moment, before finding his voice again. “He uhm…”

Victor frowned worriedly. He suddenly couldn’t remember what was funny. Especially when Yuuri looked like that. “Yuuri, what did he do?”

“Well… He gave her a very graphic description of torture.” Yuuri said worriedly. “I think he has a hard time with controlling his anger.”

Victor didn’t like that. He didn’t like the idea of Yuuri spending time with a possible nuclear bomb. It could be very dangerous. And Yuuri should never be in danger. He had been through enough already.

“Do you think he might be dangerous?” Victor asked seriously.

“Not to me.” Yuuri stated. “He has the protective alpha gene.”

Victor released a breath of relief.

“But I’m scared that other people might get hurt because of me.” Yuuri admitted. “He’s ready to start a fight with anyone who is according to him, ‘looking at me wrong’…” He made air-quotes for effect.

Suddenly, Victor began to understand the problem. “How often does he get into fights?” He needed to make an evaluation of this person. Optimal would be to arrange a meeting. If this Tommy was going to spend a lot of time with Yuuri, Victor needed to know him.

“He rarely goes into fights, no one is brave enough to fight him. He usually ends the fights before they start.”

“How many has he hurt?” Victor prodded.
Yuuri began counting, that wasn’t good.

“How bad did he hurt them?” Victor asked instead.

“Not too much.” Yuuri assured. “He mostly just scares them, and he always stops when I tell him to.”

“What’s the worst?”

Yuuri thought for a moment. “Probably when he punched Hiroshi in the stomach. He was fine the next day, but he did cry.”

Victor had no idea who Hiroshi was, but the fact that Yuuri didn’t look too worried about him being harmed, told Victor that he probably had it coming. “Why did Tommy punch him?” He asked.

Yuuri swallowed thickly. “Hiroshi was going to punch me.”


Yuuri moved closer to Victor in an attempt to sooth him. “Narumi told him that I hit her.” He squeezed Victor’s hand tighter, hoping that it would help his mate from loosing his temper and walk to Japan in order to demand justice.

Victor looked like Yuuri had just spoken a language he didn’t understand. “What? Why would she make up such a lie?”

Victor knew that Yuuri would never do something like that. Even though she had probably done her fair share to deserve it.

“I think that she has a weird relationship with her mom.” Yuuri frowned worriedly. “I guess she was embarrassed of telling the truth.”

“So she’s punishing you?” Victor questioned in disbelief. “What the hell is wrong with her?”

“We’re heading off topic.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Yes, and I’m sending Tommy a thank you note.” Victor said as he glared at the wall.

Yuuri didn’t know what to say in order to erase that look on his mate’s face. He didn’t want Victor to be upset because of him. “Victor?” He tried gently.

Victor looked to him in concern.

“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked.

Victor shook his head. “Nothing, love… I just… I don’t understand how anyone would want to hurt you.”

Yuuri shrugged sadly. “I think Narumi is jealous…” He said thoughtfully. “According to her, I have everything she wants. A nice family, omega gender and… well, you.”

Victor looked surprised. “Me?”

Yuuri nodded. “She really likes you. And she’s sad that you’re my true mate and not hers.”

“I would never want to be hers.” Victor said grimly. “It would be like trading a diamond for a
handful of mud.”

Yuuri felt his cheeks warm up at the comparison. “Victor…” He drawled. “Narumi is not a handful of mud, you can’t say that…”

“I’m just being honest.” Victor pointed out. “And if she would stop being mean and so incredibly stupid, she might find herself in a better situation. She needs to stop blaming others for her life and do something about it instead.”

“That’s not always so easy, Victor.” Yuuri said sadly. “It’s her mom.”

“Then the mother is the one who should be blamed, not you.” Victor argued. “Have you tried calling social services for her?”

“No.” Yuuri admitted. “But she’s seeing the school counselor, I’m sure everyone has been involved for some time. I just hope it gets better for her.”

Victor sighed. He knew that Yuuri was right. It didn’t mean that Narumi was right, but he did feel more pity than hate for her. How sad did someone have to be, to feel like they needed to hurt the sweetest person in the world in order to feel better? On some level, Narumi had to know that what she was doing was wrong.

Victor just hoped that the realization would come sooner rather than later. Or he would have to give her a piece of his mind himself, and that was not going to be pretty.

“Victor?” Yuuri prodded as he tried to capture Victor’s wandering eyes. He really looked exhausted.

Victor looked to him. “Yes?”

Yuuri assessed his mate’s condition, and came to the conclusion that he had kept Victor up long enough. “You should get some sleep.” He said gently. “You have had a long day.”

Victor smiled fondly. “You’re so sweet when you’re worried about me.”

Yuuri blushed at the compliment. But he still had his mind set. He wouldn’t be swayed by Victor’s compliments, his mate was clearly just stalling.

“I should go to my room.” Yuuri said. Vicchan immediately looked up from his spot next to Makkachin at the feet of Victor’s bed.

The toy poodle was ready to follow his human wherever he needed to go.

“Why?” Victor asked. “You can stay here.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened at the statement. “What?”

“Your room is too far away.” Victor whined. “And we’re just going to sleep.”

“Uhm…” Yuuri stuttered nervously. “We should probably ask our parents about this. They might not like that we’re sleeping in the same room.”

“Aren’t we old enough to decide that for ourselves?”

The question hung in the air for a long time. Yuuri could actually feel the gears turning in his head. Why did Victor want to share a room with him all of the sudden? What did it mean? For them? For him? For Victor?
“Yuuri?” Victor asked cautiously. “It’s fine if you don’t want to.”

“I do.” Yuuri said without even thinking his answer through. But before he had time to elaborate his answer, someone knocked on Victor’s door.

Yuuri turned and saw his mom’s face peeking in. “Yuuri, it’s time for bed.” Hiroko declared with a gentle smile.

Yuuri felt his heart pounding in his chest. He needed to gather up as much courage as he possibly could. He took a deep breath and clenched his fist in anticipation. “MomCanIStayInVictor’sRoomTonight?” He blurted out.

Hiroko blinked. “What?”

Yuuri cringed inwardly over how awkward this felt. “Can I stay with Victor?” He asked more slowly. “Please?”

Hiroko looked between her son and his mate, like she no longer understood Japanese. “Why?” She asked after a few seconds. She stepped fully into Victor’s room, so she could get a better understanding what the young boys in front of her was really asking for.

“Just to sleep.” Yuuri assured. He suddenly felt his face warm up under his mother’s suspicious glance.

“Yuuri.” Hiroko sighed. “Can I talk with Victor alone?”

Yuuri looked to Victor worriedly. His mate’s expression matched his own perfectly.

“Why?” Yuuri asked as he turned back to his mother in worry.

Hiroko smiled in assurance. “You’re asking for a lot.” She explained. “I just need to talk to Victor to make up some rules.”

Yuuri once again looked to Victor, who smiled down at him softly. “It’s okay, Yuuri.”

Yuuri swallowed nervously as he reluctantly jumped down from Victor’s bed. Vicchan shook of the remains of sleep and followed Yuuri solemnly.

As Yuuri reached the bedroom door, he looked back a final time and allowed Victor’s perfect eyes to soothe him. And as he closed the door behind himself, he and Vicchan sat down anxiously outside.

“Cross your fingers, Vicchan.” Yuuri told his fluffy friend, before he realized that Vicchan didn’t exactly have fingers. “Or your paws at least...” He corrected.

Vicchan crawled up in Yuuri’s lap and fell asleep easily.

Yuuri stared at the door with anticipation, he suddenly realized how badly he wanted this, to stay with Victor through the night, and then wake up next to him in the morning. It would double the time they had together.

And since their time was always so limited, every single second would mean the world to him.

He just hoped that his mother understood that, and that she would allow them to stay together.

At least this once...
“How do you feel about this?” Hiroko asked the young Russian, as she sat down on the edge of Victor’s bed.

“I can assure you, that we don’t intend to do anything but sleep.” Victor said intensely. He was too afraid to even blink. What if she didn’t believe him?

Hiroko nodded thoughtfully, and Victor couldn’t help but to notice how much she looked like Yuuri like that.

“I believe you.” She said. “But I still need to know what you feel for him.”

Victor felt around a million emotions surge through him as he tried to figure out what exactly he felt. “I love him.” He admitted. That was the core at least. “More than anything.”

“I know.” She smiled adoringly, before taking a deep breath as she braced herself for her second question. “But are you attracted to him?”

Victor almost choked on air. He knew that he would have to answer a question like that, but he didn’t expect Yuuri’s mom to be so straightforward.

“I don’t know.” Victor admitted. “I can see that he’s the most beautiful human in the universe. But I don’t feel anything… well, sexually for him.” His face was bright red as he finished the last sentence. “I still see him as a child.”

Hiroko nodded in understanding. “Even during your ruts?”

Victor felt his voice stuck in his throat. His fantasies had an ability to run wild during his ruts. But he always forced Yuuri away from them. He hated that the alpha part of his brain didn’t have the luxury of common logic. But how did he say that to Yuuri’s mom?

This conversation was going to kill him.

“I try to keep him as far away as I can, during my ruts.” Victor said truthfully. He just wanted this conversation to be over.

“Because you know, that he’s still only thirteen years old.” Hiroko said seriously.

Victor swallowed thickly as he nodded. He hadn’t felt this intimidated, since Mari confronted him, back when he was fourteen. “I know.” He assured. “And I would never do anything to him that would make him uncomfortable in any way.”

“And what if he wanted it?” Hiroko pushed. “Would you be able to say no?”

Victor hadn’t even thought about that. He had a hard time believing that Yuuri would initiate anything. He was still so innocent. And Victor knew that if he did. If Yuuri came to Victor and asked for sex, Victor would probably die from shock before being able to do anything about it.

But he also knew that he could never be able to have sex with Yuuri while he was still so young. Having sex with a thirteen-year-old would probably be way too weird and unnatural to enjoy, even if it was with Yuuri.

“I would say no.” Victor declared. “It would be too weird for me.”

Hiroko scanned Victor’s face as she searched for any trace of doubt, before finally nodding in approval. “Okay.” She relented. “He can sleep in here.”
Victor released a breath he didn’t realize he had been holding.

“...I know you wouldn’t hurt him.” Hiroko explained. “So I don’t want you to feel like I don’t trust you. It’s just...” She took Victor’s hand and smiled gently to him. “Yuuri is still my little baby boy. I would never be able to live with myself if something happened to him.”

Victor understood that perfectly, and if Yuuri somehow got hurt by his hands. Victor would definitely lie down and allow the Katsukis to rip him apart limb by limb. That was far better than he deserved.

“I understand that.” Victor assured. “I would never hurt him. I would rather die.”

Hiroko felt her heart skip a beat, at the honest declaration from the young boy in front of her. Victor looked deadly serious about his statement. And Hiroko couldn’t help but feel slightly worried about that.

“You don’t have to take it just so far.” Hiroko said as she squeezed Victor’s hand in assurance. “But if you feel weird with your instincts or anything, please let someone know. We will help you. I know that Yuuri would never be able to recover if something happened to you either. He loves you just as much as you love him, if not more.”

Victor smiled gratefully at Hiroko’s words. She was a real wise woman. But even the wisest could be mistaken. “That’s impossible.” Victor declared. “That amount of love doesn’t even exist.”

Hiroko chuckled fondly. “I wouldn’t be quite so sure.” She mused. “Yuuri does have the ability to surprise you...”

Yuuri practically knocked Vicchan over, when his mother finally emerged from Victor’s room.

“It’s okay.” Hiroko said and ruffled Yuuri’s hair. “But you need to have your own blanket, we don’t want Victor to freeze to death, during the night.”

Yuuri felt his cheeks sting with heat at the comment, and they grew even redder when he heard Victor snicker from inside. “Mom...” He whined.

“It’s okay, Yuuri.” Victor called. “You can have as many blankets as you want.”

Yuuri felt something stir inside of him at that. Nesting instincts. He wanted to nest in Victor’s bed. He immediately pushed the thought away as deep as he could. Victor would never know about his nesting habits. They were too embarrassing to share with anyone. He would stay strong and wait until he got home.

He could make it.

He had to...

Yuuri knew he was screwed, when Victor took him to the closet filled with blankets.

Every single one of Yuuri’s instincts, were practically screaming at him to nest. And since it would be a nest for both Yuuri and his mate, it was even stronger. He loved the idea of building a nest for two.

And all the blankets were so soft and beautiful. Yuuri could almost see where he wanted every single
one of them to be placed.

“Is it hard to choose one?” Victor asked gently.

Yuuri flinched as he had almost been busted. Stupid nesting instincts… Victor would definitely laugh at him if he knew what Yuuri was thinking.

“Can you pick one?” Yuuri asked. It was too hard to take only one. “I can’t decide.”

“Sure.” Victor said and reached for a red one. Yuuri cringed as he noticed just how wrong it was, it would be too warm.

“Not that one.” Yuuri blurted out.

Victor stopped his movements and put the blanket back. His hands hovered over another one, as he looked to Yuuri’s face for approval.

Yuuri shook his head, that blanket looked like it would be to static. He would get electrocuted before the night was over.

“Are you sure you don’t want to choose?” Victor asked. “We have another closet with more blankets, if these aren’t any good…”

Yuuri gasped at the possibilities.

“What?” Victor asked worriedly as he noticed the gasp.

“Nothing.” Yuuri assured frantically. “Just pick one, I don’t mind, I’ll just look away.”

Yuuri turned around and Victor was left stunned over his mate’s behavior. He had no idea that choosing blankets was such a big deal for Yuuri.

Victor closed the door to the closet and stepped in front of Yuuri, crouching down so he wouldn’t be towering over the younger boy. “Do you want to tell me what is really bothering you?”

Yuuri shook his head as the blush on his face told a completely different story. Why was he so embarrassed?

“Please?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri looked away. “Iwananest” He said too quietly and too fast for Victor to understand.

“What?” Victor asked in confusion.

Yuuri closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “I want to nest!”

Victor froze. He did not expect that. “Nest?” He repeated. He didn’t know that Yuuri was nesting. Sure, he was in the right age, but it was still a shocking revelation.

Yuuri nodded and avoided Victor’s eyes as if his life depended on it. “But I don’t need to…” He said. “Please forget that I said anything… It’s not appropriate for me to do that here…”

Victor wanted nothing else but to give Yuuri a hug, and hand him all the blankets he could carry. But he knew he needed to solve this one with words.

“Please don’t feel embarrassed.” Victor pleaded. “I think it’s amazing that you know how to nest.”
Yuuri wanted to sink through the ground. “Stop…”

Victor had no intention of stopping until Yuuri understood. “It’s nothing wrong with having instincts. I have them too.”

Yuuri looked at him, and Victor fought the urge to grin as the words had the wanted effect. And it encouraged him to carry on.

“I have instincts that tells me to feed you, every time we eat.” Victor admitted sheepishly.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “You do?”

Victor nodded. “I just try not to act on it, because I know you wouldn’t want to be fed. You’re too independent.”

Yuuri smiled gratefully at that.

Victor wanted more of that smile, even if he had to sell out his dignity for it to happen. “I also have instincts that tells me to scent you when we’re in public. Just so people know that you’re mine.”

Yuuri’s smile increased a little more, mostly in amusement. And Victor suddenly wondered if he even had any dignity at all. “I also have the instincts to shower you in gifts.” He continued. “But you probably already know about that…”

“I do.” Yuuri smiled.

Victor was addicted to that smile. “I also have instincts that wants to dress you up, preferably in my own clothes.”

“Like the Russia jacket?” Yuuri asked.

Victor nodded fondly. “Like the Russia jacket.”

Yuuri got a little misty-eyed as he realized just how many instincts Victor was suppressing for him. And he couldn’t even suppress a single one of his own. “How do you do it?” Yuuri asked. “Suppress your instincts, I mean…”

Victor shrugged. “You’re more important.”

Yuuri felt his heart soar. How could Victor be so perfect? So beautiful, kindhearted, cute, funny, smart, lovingly, handsome, talented, amazing… “I love you.” Yuuri proclaimed.

Victor’s hand went to his heart as if he had just been shot, before a giant smile replaced his shocked expression. “I love you too, Yuuri.” He admitted. “And I want you to be as happy as you possibly can be. So if you want to nest, you can.”

Yuuri felt a little bit better about his nesting after hearing about all of Victor’s instincts. He knew that he would get more urges and instincts as he grew older, so he would probably surpass Victor in a couple of years.

But he still thought fair should be fair. If he got to give in to his instincts, Victor should definitely get the privilege of giving into one of his own.

“Can we make a deal instead?” Yuuri asked. “If you let me nest, I will let you do something you want.”
Victor lit up at that offer. “Deal.”

Yuuri beamed. At least it was a fair deal.

“Can you pass me that pillow?” Yuuri asked as he was in full-on nesting mode. Dressed in one of Victor’s old T-shirts and pajamas pants, custom made with tiny images of Makkachin.

Victor nodded sleepily and did as told. His eyes sparkled with love, in seeing Yuuri wearing his own clothes. He looked so adorable.

Yuuri was just making some final adjustments, he had over twenty different blankets in his nest, and it was probably the best one he had ever made. He just wanted to crawl in there and feel the security of his nest and Victor, as he drifted off to sleep.

“Okay, I’m done.” Yuuri announced proudly.

Victor stood up from his spot on the floor. He had kept the dogs from entering the nest until it was done. And he couldn’t wait to see it from above.

Yuuri carefully searched Victor’s face for a reaction, as his mate saw the nest for the first time.

Victor felt his heart flutter. It was so beautiful. Yuuri really had an eye for color and symmetry. It was stunning, absolutely beautiful. “It’s amazing.” Victor declared. He wished he could use more enthusiasm, but he was ready to sleep for a hundred years at this point. “Which side do you want?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shrugged. “I don’t mind.”

Victor took the side closest to the door, since they were giving into their instincts and everything. If someone would break into the house, they would have to go through Victor to get to Yuuri. And that was odds he could live with.

They brushed their teeth and crawled under the blankets. Victor fell asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Yuuri played Gameboy until he suddenly felt Victor’s arm wrap around his stomach and pull him in like a lost teddy bear.

Yuuri put his console and glasses aside and nuzzled into Victor’s embrace. He had never felt this safe in his entire life. Even if the sun would explode, it still felt as if Victor and the nest would keep him safe from the flames.

So it didn’t take long for him to feel the comfortable darkness begin to claim him as well. And as Victor’s breathing and heartbeat lulled him to sleep, Yuuri felt like the luckiest man alive.

This was a part of their future that he could barely wait for, to feel like this every night, for the rest of their lives.

To fall asleep and wake up with the most wonderful man in the world…

His Victor.
Chapter 46

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri visit the ice rink in St.Petersburg, and meets Yakov's latest protégé.

Victor woke up early the next morning. His body told him that he had enough sleep, and he was ready to start a new day. But as soon as he became aware of his surroundings and more importantly, of Yuuri’s presence, he froze.

The first thing he noticed was that Yuuri was hugging him in his sleep.

Yuuri was almost completely buried in the blankets, but Victor still felt his arm wrapped around his stomach. There were about three blankets between them, so it wasn’t exactly skin-to-skin contact. But it still felt amazing to have Yuuri so close.

The second thing he noticed was that Yuuri was softly snoring. He sounded so peaceful. But when Victor listened closer, he realized that the snoring didn’t match Yuuri’s breathing at all, so where was that vibrating sound coming from?

Victor took his chances and placed his hand on Yuuri’s back. That’s when he realized that Yuuri wasn’t snoring at all.

He was purring.

Victor had to remind himself to breathe. His heart was making quad axels out of joy. His mate felt so safe and comfortable that he was actually purring. The way only omegas could.

Victor felt like the best alpha in the world. This is the way it should always be. Yuuri should always be this content and happy. This was perfect.

Victor was ready to make a day out of this. He wouldn’t move at all, until Yuuri woke up on his own.

He wanted this moment to last forever.

But unfortunately, that’s when Makkachin suddenly got aware of Victor being awake.

The giant poodle shifted at Victor’s feet and his tail began to wag back and forth.

Victor’s eyes widened in panic, “Makkachin, no…” He pleaded.

Makkachin’s tail sped up, as he believed that Victor’s quiet whisper was some kind of new game. And he was willing to respond accordingly, with a loud bark.

Yuuri flinched awake and hugged Victor closer, seeking protection in his mate, before realizing what had woke him up. Once he realized that it was only Makkachin, he reluctantly pried himself away from Victor, in order to greet the dog.

Victor was ready to cry at the loss of physical contact and Yuuri’s purring. It had been so amazing.
“Good morning, buddy.” Yuuri greeted Makkachin, who pushed his nose to Yuuri’s neck, begging for a hug. Yuuri happily obliged as he did his best to get his arms free from the blankets.

For a moment, Victor wondered if he could somehow change places with his beloved dog without Yuuri noticing. He too really wanted to be hugged like that.

A high-pitched bark from beside Victor’s bed, made the older boy aware of Vicchan’s presence. He easily picked the dog up and the toy poodle happily licked Victor’s face in morning greetings.

Even though Victor still grieved the loss of Yuuri’s hug and purring, he still had to admit that this was probably the best way to wake up.

Dog cuddles and Yuuri by his side.

“Good morning, Victor.” Yuuri finally said.

Victor beamed at Yuuri’s tired smile. How did he manage to look this beautiful in the mornings?

“Good morning, beautiful.” Victor greeted back.

Yuuri blushed and tried to hide his face behind Makkachin.

Victor chuckled gently, before Vicchan smelled the air and suddenly freed himself from Victor, and jumped off the bed and out of the room, with Makkachin following him close behind.

Victor smelled it too. Pancakes.

“Are you hungry?” He asked his mate.

Yuuri rubbed his eyes as he nodded, before putting on his glasses and trying to untangle himself from the mountain of blankets.

Victor smiled at the sight. “You can stay here and I can bring you something?” He suggested. “That looks really complicated…”

Yuuri stared at the blankets in concentration. He had no idea how they had managed to wrap him in like a cocoon. How did he manage to get himself into this mess in his sleep?

“Yuuri?” Victor repeated with an amused smile.

Yuuri blinked up at him. “Yes?”

“Would you like me to bring you breakfast?”

Yuuri looked to his beautiful nest and realized how awful it would be if it was suddenly covered in breadcrumbs or stains. “No, thank you.” Yuuri said. “But can you… Maybe help me get loose?”

Victor couldn’t stop his smile from spreading wider as Yuuri’s cheeks turned red. He looked so adorable as his own nest had caught him in blankets. But Victor pushed those thoughts aside and helped his mate get free.

He marveled over how Yuuri had managed to cocoon himself in the blankets.

Did he turn into a whisk during the night? And more importantly, how had Victor managed to sleep through it?
“Thank you.” Yuuri said as he was finally free again. “I have no idea how that happened.” He admitted sheepishly.

Victor chuckled fondly. “Maybe you practiced quad flips during the night?”

Yuuri snorted. “I hope I improved.”

“I’m sure you did, love.” Victor mused before he took Yuuri’s hand and kissed it gently. “Come on, let’s eat…”

After an amazing breakfast, and a cup of his favorite tea, Yuuri was ready to start his day for real.

He and Victor were heading for the ice rink in St. Petersburg. They were going to seize the day, and skate together for fun. It had been too long since the last time they did something like that.

“It’s even bigger than I remembered it.” Yuuri said in awe, as the car drove up on the parking lot.

Victor smiled in amusement. “I can assure you that it hasn’t grown.”

Yuuri gently bumped his shoulder into Victor’s with a playful smile. “You know what I meant…”

Victor loved how at ease Yuuri was around him. He couldn’t remember a time where he had been this comfortable with him. It was as if all his worries had been erased and replaced by pure and utter happiness.

It made him look so beautiful. Victor even had a hard time believing that he was actually real.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Yuuri asked in amusement, after noticing how Victor stared at him without giving any indication of a response.

“Like how?” Victor asked with a shrug. “Like you’re the most beautiful human in the world?”

“Victor…” Yuuri protested, even though he knew that there was no use.

“It’s because you are.” Victor continued. “Your beauty can not be measured. And it grows stronger every day. Soon, you’re probably going to be so beautiful that people will loose their sights after looking at you. Not that they would mind, because they know that nothing would ever compare.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Are you done?”

Victor nodded proudly.

“So can we go inside and skate?” Yuuri asked. “Or do you want to stare some more?”

Victor wanted to swoon at the playful smirk Yuuri was sporting. He wasn’t going to survive the day if Yuuri kept killing him with his cuteness. Victor was far too weak.

“Would you blame me if I choose to stare?” Victor asked.

Yuuri rolled his eyes in amusement, and grabbed Victor’s hand to pull him out of the car. “You can stare as we skate.” He bargained. “Please? I really want to skate with you.”

And who was Victor to deny the most beautiful man in the world, such a simple request?

…………………….
“Yuuri, it’s good to see you.” Yakov greeted as Yuuri and Victor entered the rink.

Yuuri smiled politely. “It’s good to see you too.”

Victor didn’t expect Yakov to be at the rink. That’s when he suddenly noticed a familiar face.

“Yura.” Victor greeted. “Getting ready to take on the world are you?”

The boy that Victor spoke to scowled in reply. “Get lost, stupid face.”

Yuuri felt his heart hurt at the insult directed to his mate. “Victor has a beautiful face.” He declared. “And he should never get lost. He’s far too amazing.”

The boy stilled his skating next to Yakov and tugged on the older man’s coat. “Who’s he?” He asked quietly.

Yakov chuckled fondly. “That’s Victor’s true mate, Yuuri.”

The boy looked to Yuuri with suspicion. “That’s my name.” He stated.

Yuuri looked to Victor in confusion. He must have misinterpreted the Russian. Wasn’t the boy’s name Yura?

“His name is also Yuri.” Victor explained. “He’s the newest addition to Yakov’s protégés. He’s only five years old.”

“Oh.” Yuuri said in understanding. “How many students does Yakov have?”

“Four.” Victor stated. “Me and Georgi, Mila and now little Yura.”

“I’m not little!” Yuri snapped. “Just because you’re so old your hair has turned grey.”

Victor snorted. “Isn’t he adorable?”

Yuuri didn’t know exactly what to think. He was so tiny and mean. And Victor’s hair wasn’t grey. It was silver. That’s a big difference.

“He grows on you.” Victor assured. “He’s like a angry little kitten. He talks a lot, but he’s completely harmless.”

“Get over here and say that to my face.” Yuri challenged.

“There, there Yura.” Yakov said as he patted his head. “Let’s get back to practice. Violence will not make you a better skater.”

Yuri scoffed but returned to circling the rink while silently fuming with anger.

“Can I help you with your skates?” Victor asked in order to get Yuuri to focus on him again.

“I’m good.” Yuuri assured as he sat down on a nearby bench.

Victor sighed lovingly and sat down next to his mate to put his own skates on.

As soon as both of them were ready, they took the ice as one. Victor was amazed over how well Yuuri kept up with him. He was four years younger, but almost equal to him in skill.

It might be because they were true mates, but somehow, they were able to read each other like they
had rehearsed a routine for hours.

They moved in perfect sync and every time one of them initiated a move, the other one understood it perfectly.

And it didn’t take long for them to realize that they had an audience.

Both Yuri and Yakov stared at them in awe. And as Yuuri and Victor skated to a halt, Yuri immediately skated up to them with a fiery look in his eyes. “What’s a true mate and where do I get one?” He asked.

Yuuri and Victor exchanged glances. Both of them were completely taken off guard by the question.

“Uhm…” Yuuri started. “W-why do you want a true mate?” He was stalling, but he needed some more time to figure out a better answer, or hope that Victor would come up with one.

“To be able to skate that good, of course.” Yuri exclaimed. “So where do I get one?”

“Well, you can’t just get a true mate.” Victor explained. “Either you, or they reach out. But not everyone has one. I was very lucky that Yuuri reached out to me as soon as he was born.”

Yuuri felt his heart swell in hearing Victor talk about him like that.

“Reach out?” Yuri questioned. “What does that even mean?”

“Like this,” Victor said and reached out through his and Yuuri’s bond.

Yuuri mirrored his shiver, and felt Victor’s presence surround him.

Yuuri gasped. “How did you do that?”

“Instincts.” Victor stated. “You just know…”

“But you don’t have to be worried if you reach out and no one answers.” Yuuri explained. “Your true mate might not even be born yet. It’s the youngest one that reaches out.”

“So if I’m the oldest…” Yuri grumbled thoughtfully. “Does that mean that my true mate will reach out when they are born? Will they be an alpha like me?”

“You’ll see.” Victor assured. “But you don’t need a true mate to be a good figure skater. Yuuri and I have both worked really hard to get better, and we haven’t even been together for that.”

Yuuri knitted his eyebrows in confusion. “Where have you been?”

“I’m from Japan.” Yuuri explained. “And that’s kind of far away from here.”

“Oh.” Yuri responded. “But why are you here now?”

“I’m just visiting.” Yuuri admitted. “I’m going home in a couple of weeks.”

“Is that why I haven’t seen you here before?” Yuri asked.

“Probably.” Yuuri said. “But it was nice to meet you, Yuri.”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “You too.”
“So what did you think about Yura?” Victor asked, as he and Yuuri left the rink hand in hand.

“He was very angry but sweet.” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “But I don’t like how mean he was to you.”

Victor smiled in amusement. “Well, I don’t mind. I know he doesn’t mean it. It’s just his own way of speaking.”

“He didn’t speak to me that way.” Yuuri pointed out.

“And you might be the first one.” Victor declared. “I think he has the protective alpha gene. And this was probably his first meeting with an omega, he just don’t know it yet.”

Yuuri knew that Victor was probably right. Most kids didn’t have a full grasp of the secondary genders, and they weren’t old enough to know about their instincts either.

So Yuri probably sensed Yuuri’s omega on a subconscious level that told him not to be mean. Or maybe he just didn’t like the idea of insulting a stranger.

“Or maybe he sensed that you were under my protection.” Victor suggested. “Alphas rarely challenge older alphas, unless they’re protecting someone or something special.”

“That’s good.” Yuuri said in approval before his playful mindset made its comeback. “It would be sad to see you loose to a five-year-old.”

Victor gasped dramatically. “Yuuri…” He drawled. “So rude.”

Yuuri smiled to Victor in assurance. “You know I’m joking.” He mused. “I would never let anything happen to my soulmate.”

Victor felt his heart flutter at the words. He knew it was a joke, but he still loved the idea of Yuuri protecting him. It made him realize that Yuuri would always have his back. Just like he had Yuuri’s.

They were always strongest together, as a team.

No matter what the world threw on them, they would get through it, together.

Their love could overcome anything.

And together…

They were unstoppable.
Chapter 47

Chapter Summary

The Nikiforovs and the Katsukis arrive at the spa resort just outside of St. Petersburg.

Chapter Notes

Hi, I'm sorry for not leaving notes in a few chapters, and that I haven't answered any of your comments. But I felt like I needed to focus a little bit more on the writing itself for a few chapters, and I really didn't know what to say.

I appreciate all of you so much. For taking your time and leaving beautiful comments for me to read. But I suppose that I focused too hard on the negative ones instead of the positive ones, and I felt scared of taking it further. I mean, you're not here to appease me, you're here to read fanfiction, and I think I took it too seriously...

Anyway, here is a new chapter, I really hope you'll like it! <3<3

Yuuri couldn’t help but to admire the landscape in Russia as they drove to the spa resort in the mountains. It was a beautiful sunny day, and it seemed like almost all of St. Petersburg was rushing out to capture a moment of the sunlight by the coast.

Victor’s parents had ordered three cars that would take them to the resort, Yuuri and Victor had one by themselves. It was probably the most luxurious car Yuuri had ever been in. They were driving along the ocean. The water glimmered beautifully in the sunlight and Yuuri couldn’t stop himself from sighing in awe.

Victor was holding Yuuri’s hand as he too admired the view. It just wasn’t the same as the one that Yuuri was admiring.

“You look beautiful today.” Victor stated.

“Thank you.” Yuuri blushed as he turned to him. “You look beautiful too.”

Victor beamed. “Just wait until I get my facial and mud bath…” He grinned. “I assure you I will look a lot more handsome.”

“How is that even possible?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. Victor already looked like a superstar to him.

“A weekend at this spa, feels like being reborn in a ocean of beauty.” Victor claimed.

Yuuri chuckled at Victor’s poetic explanation. “How often do you go there?” He asked.

“About five or six times a year.” Victor shrugged. “But it gets better over time… You get to learn how all treatments works, and you get your own favorites.”
“Which ones are yours?”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “I usually go for a custom-made package, with hot stone massage, head massage, hair conditioner, body scrub, mud bath, facial and manicure, then I might change it as a go along.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. He had no idea what to choose for himself.

“I’ll help you.” Victor offered as he noticed Yuuri’s thoughtful expression. He didn’t need the bond to tell if something was wrong anymore.

Yuuri smiled gratefully, knowing that as long as he had Victor, he had absolutely nothing to worry about. “Thank you.”

……………………………………

Yuuri felt unable to close his mouth as the car drove up to the spa resort. It was bigger than Victor’s house, a lot bigger, and it even had a waterfall in the backyard.

“Did I forget to mention that this is the biggest spa resort in Europe?” Victor said innocently, as he noticed Yuuri’s stunned expression.

“It’s huge.” Yuuri exclaimed. “I’m going to get lost in there.”

“Of course not.” Victor waved off. “I won’t leave your side.”

“Then we will both get lost.” Yuuri claimed.

Unless one of them was at their own territory, they had an ability to turn themselves around. Especially since they tended to pay too much attention to each other, instead of their surroundings.

Victor smiled. “At least we will be lost together.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “That’s still not a good thing, you know that, right?”

“We will be fine.” Victor assured and led Yuuri out of the car with their hands still intertwined. “If nothing else, at least we will get an adventure.”

Yuuri had to admire Victor’s optimism. And he also had to admit that there were a lot worse things than getting lost with Victor. He never really minded where they were anyway.

As long as they were together…

……………………………………

The inside of the spa resort seemed even bigger than the outside. The reception was practically a ballroom with a giant chandelier hanging from the roof.

Yuuri was still trying to take it all in. He thought that the Nikiforov mansion was the peak of luxury, but this place was even worse. The pillars were made of pure gold and the floors were made of marble. It looked like a palace.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked carefully. “You look like the roof might fall down.”

“Are those diamonds?” Yuuri quipped. It looked like the roof were covered in them.

“Yeah, I think so.” Victor said thoughtfully. “I never noticed that before.”
Yuuri couldn’t believe his eyes. What was this place?

“Igor, are you back so soon?” A petite little woman greeted as she walked out from behind the front desk.

“Irina, how have you been?” Igor asked cheerfully as he stepped forth and hugged her.

“That’s my dad’s younger sister, my aunt, Irina.” Victor filled Yuuri in. “She owns this resort.”

Yuuri felt a switch flip in his mind. That’s why she looked so much like Victor.

“And Victor, look how much you grown.” Irina gushed as she turned to the younger Russian.

“You’re going to outgrow your hair.”

Victor snorted. “It’s good to see you too, Irina.”

Irina patted Victor’s head fondly. “Always so formal…” She mused before her eyes suddenly fell to Yuuri. “Oh, you must be Yuuri.” She sounded so happy that Yuuri was scared that she might burst.

“And he’s even cuter than you described him.”

Yuuri felt his cheeks burn slightly. “It’s nice to meet you.” He greeted shyly.

Irina placed her hand on her heart. “You killed me, Yuuri.” She gasped. “Death by the force of cuteness.”

“She tends to be dramatic…” Victor whispered fondly in Japanese.

Yuuri could definitely tell that she was related to Victor. If it wasn’t for the dramatic declaration, her blue eyes were almost identical to the ones belonging to his true mate.

“Victor, you have to save your aunt by marrying him.” Irina mused. “I will be resurrected in order to go to the wedding.”

“Hmm, if that’s the case…” Victor teased. “What do you say Yuuri, should we bring my aunt back to life?”

“Well, we’re already engaged…” Yuuri shrugged. “It shouldn’t be that hard to arrange a marriage.”

Victor felt his heart jump out of joy in hearing Yuuri talk about their wedding, even if it was currently just a joke.

Irina laughed warmly. “As a thank you for saving my life I will stamp your bonus card twice.” She said with a wink.

“You always stamp it twice.” Victor pointed out.

“You never did.” Irina protested. “That would be against our policy.”

“You mean your policy.” Victor quipped.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Vitya.” Irina claimed. “But it is my policy to make sure that everyone who steps through that door, gets a pleasant stay at my resort, so what can I do for you?”

“We booked three rooms for the whole weekend.” Igor chimed in. “So I suppose you’re stuck with us.”
Irina smiled happily. “I’m sure my girlfriend will be thrilled.”

Igor’s eyes widened. “Girlfriend?”

Irina nodded. “Her name is Alisa, and she’s beautiful.” She claimed. “She’s actually a beauty guru, and she works here. I’m sure she would love to meet you.”

“Why haven’t you called?” Igor asked. “If I knew you’ve found a girl I would have brought her a gift, or maybe we can have a party to welcome her into our family?”

“We didn’t get serious until yesterday.” Irina shrugged. “I was planning on calling you today, but as faith would have it, here you are.”

“We would all love to meet her, even Yuuri’s parents.” Igor declared.

Yuuri turned to his parents and they looked happy but very confused. They probably didn’t have any idea of what was going on.

Irina looked to the older Katsukis in shock. “Oh, I’m so very sorry.” She apologized profoundly. “I’m very easily distracted and I forgot that you were there.”

Toshiya and Hiroko nodded politely. They barely understood any Russian except from a few phrases Yuuri had taught them. But this was way beyond their knowledge.

Irina looked to the Katsukis in confusion. “Are they mute?” She asked carefully.

“They don’t speak Russian.” Victor explained as he quickly translated what his aunt had told them.

As the conversations flew on easier when Victor acted as interpreter, they got their bookings in order and they got sent to their rooms in order to unpack and get ready for a weekend of relaxation.

Victor immediately got comfortable with some sparkling water and a fuzzy robe, while Yuuri struggled with choosing his treatments and trying to make sense of his surroundings.

“You don’t need to choose everything right now.” Victor said in an attempt to sooth his mate. Yuuri seemed unusually tense. “You can just start with a massage in a few hours and then go from there.”

“But I don’t know which kind of massage to choose.” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “Have you seen this menu?”

“A lot of times.” Victor sighed as he sat down on the bed next to Yuuri. “But you don’t have to be stressed about it, the point of being here is to let go of the stress and find your inner peace.”

“I’m not stressed.” Yuuri protested. “I’m just not used to being in a place like this.”

“I’m sure you’ll get used to it soon.” Victor assured. “We can have someone send up a few blankets, and you can make a nest if you want?”

Yuuri cringed a little. “I don’t really feel like nesting here.” He stated. “It’s too unfamiliar.”

Victor felt his heart sink a little. He had gotten used to sleeping in Yuuri’s amazing nest, and wake up with him purring against his chest. The fact that he wouldn’t get to experience that for the entire weekend made him kind of sad. “Oh…”

“I mean, my nesting instincts are mainly driven by scents.” Yuuri explained. “And this place doesn’t
smell like either one of us. It would just feel… Wrong.”

“Maybe I can make a nest?” Victor suggested. He still wasn’t ready to let go of that idea.

Yuuri looked to him in shock. “If you want too…” He wasn’t sure what else to say. He couldn’t exactly stop Victor from making a nest. And he was also kind of curious on how his mate would make one.

“Great.” Victor cheered as he fell down on the bed fully. “This will be so nice.” He declared. “Oh, and I scheduled us for Swedish massages in an hour. And booked in a meeting for you and the beauty guru.”

“What?” Yuuri gasped.

Victor smiled. “I really wanted to meet Irina’s girlfriend before my parents, and I figured that she would probably be better at helping you with putting together a schedule for the weekend, since she works here, and she’s an expert after all.”

“What will I have to do?” Yuuri asked. He had never had a meeting with a beauty guru before.

“You don’t have to do anything.” Victor assured. “You just sit there and be your normal beautiful self and let her be amazed.”

“I’m sure I’m not going to look that beautiful to a beauty guru.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Of course you are.” Victor promised. “Like I said… She’s an expert.”

Victor was practically skipping through the hallways. He was very excited about meeting his aunt’s girlfriend. Irina and his dad were pretty far away in age, almost ten years, so Victor and Irina were only sixteen years apart. And they used to hang out all the time when Victor was younger.

She was like the older sister he never had.

So he really couldn’t wait to meet the lucky girl who had managed to capture his aunt’s heart.

“I know you’re excited, and you have a right to be, but do you have to walk so fast?” Yuuri asked, as he desperately tried to keep up with Victor so he wouldn’t get left behind.

“I’m sorry, Yuuri.” Victor apologized and took his mate’s hand. “I’m horrible at keeping my excitement on the inside.”

“I know.” Yuuri smiled. “And I love it, but my legs are still much shorter than yours.”

“You will probably outgrow me in no time.” Victor said with a wink, before he suddenly turned around like a whirlwind. “This must be it.”

Yuuri looked to the door with Alisa’s name and a sign that said ‘beauty guru’ on it.

“Do we knock?” Yuuri asked.

Victor shrugged and knocked a melody. Yuuri couldn’t help but chuckle.

When the door opened, Yuuri’s eyes widened like saucers. That wasn’t a beauty guru. That was a goddess.
“Hi there.” Alisa greeted cheerfully. “I suppose one of you is Yuuri?”

Yuuri swallowed nervously as she made eye contact with him. Alisa’s blue eyes were sparkling like an ocean of stars, and her golden hair made her look like an angel.

“This is Yuuri.” Victor stated, as he noticed that Yuuri had somehow lost his ability to speak. He could see why.

Not only had his aunt met a beautiful girl, but that girl was also an omega. And he was pretty sure that Yuuri had never met one before.

This would definitely be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

Whop, whop. The first omega that isn't Yuuri... ;) How will this go? ;) <3

Oh, and if you want to see some fanart for this story, you can always check my Tumblr: Sophialala1 / https://www.tumblr.com/blog/sophialala1

I'm too lazy to post them here right now, and I even added a little sneak peek for what might happen in future chapters for this story over there. And I'm thinking about making a thing out of it... ;)

But we'll see... ;)

For now, thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 48

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor talk to Alisa and get comfortable at the spa resort.

Chapter Notes

Buckle in for the longest chapter of your lives... At least for this story... *Hopefully for this story... XD I had a REALLY hard time with finishing. As soon as I tried to put an end to it, I realized that I just wanted to add one more thing.

I had an idea that I would split the chapter in two... But I couldn't find a good place to split it... So here you go! <3 17 pages of pure fluff, a little conflict and then even more fluff...

I didn't have a lot of energy to edit it, so if you find any mistakes, let me know!! <3<3

And call your dentist. ;) <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alisa managed to get both Victor and Yuuri into her office, get them seated, give them sparkling water and another menu of the treatments the spa had to offer, before she finally realized that Yuuri was an omega as well.

“You’re an omega?” She gasped.

Yuuri nodded, he still had no idea where his voice had gone.

“Wow, I only met nine other omegas in my life, which makes you the tenth.” Alisa spoke in disbelief. “And you’re so pretty, I mean, your skin is completely flawless and your hair is so shiny. Did you just arrive? The computer said that you just arrived. But it looks like you’ve already had a facial, and it also looks like you’ve had a hair treatment. But when did you have time for that? Or maybe it’s just the fact that you’re an omega like me. We usually have better complexion and hair quality. That makes sense, right? Am I blabbering? I tend to blabber when I’m nervous. I usually needs someone to tell me to stop, or I just keep going until I run out of…” She took a deep, wheezing breath. “…Air…”

Yuuri blinked uncomprehendingly. He was almost completely fluent in Russian, but that was too quickly spoken for anyone to keep up with. Even Victor looked confused.

“How old are you?” Alisa asked after a moment.

“Uhm…” Yuuri stuttered out, he had to swallow to regain his voice. “Thirteen.”

“Oh, I remember when I was thirteen.” Alisa said dreamily. “That’s when I got into the fashion industry as a photo model. I had the sweetest manager, he was an omega too, so he kind of got it,
you know? And after a few years I discovered make-up, and then came my interest for self-care, I discovered yoga, and I got my medical degree. I studied skin and hair, which are my specialties. And then I got a philosophy exam in aromatherapy, and I more and more realized that this is where I truly belonged. My first boyfriend was a masseur, and he kind of inspired me to work in a spa. Am I talking too much again?"

Yuuri was enthralled by every single word, and he desperately wanted to know more. “Please continue.” He asked as his cheeks warmed up a little.

Alisa beamed. “Well, then I got a few more degrees and I got my status as a beauty guru. I got to be on a talk show. And now, I’m one of Europe’s most successful beauty experts. I got hired as a beauty guru in this resort, and I feel like every day is a new beginning.”

Yuuri was so fascinated. He had been trying so hard to find successful omegas, but he had never thought about looking where most of them belonged, in the beauty industry.

“And you’re also dating my aunt.” Victor chimed in with a cheerful smile.

Alisa’s eyes widened. “Oh, you must be Victor!” She cheered. “Irina has spoken so fondly of you and she told me that you… Oh.” Her eyes widened even further. “So that much mean…” She looked between Victor and Yuuri as realization dawned on her. “You are true mates!” She exclaimed. “That’s so amazing. What’s that like? Wait don’t tell me. I know what it’s like, my parents were true mates, but they were both betas. It must be so different for you, since your both biologically and emotionally meant for each other. Aww, that’s so sweet. How long have you been together? Irina told me you met in Tokyo on a figure skating event. Are you both figure skaters? I did some dancing when I was younger, but I never really got into it. I was more drawn to fashion, since, well, it’s obviously my thing… But tell me about you.” She placed her notebook aside and clasped her hands together in interest. “I really do want to know.”

Yuuri still had a hard time keeping up with her. Did she ask a question? Should he answer it? “W-what?” He asked carefully.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” Alisa chuckled. “I guess I was blabbering again. But tell me about yourself, Yuuri. What are you like? What do you like?”

“Uhm… A lot of things, I guess…” Yuuri answered. He really didn’t know what she wanted to know, and he really had a hard time looking at her, she was so beautiful that it was almost painful to be in her presence.

Alisa looked at him seriously. “But what are you really passionate about, Yuuri?” She asked.

Yuuri realized that both Victor and that beautiful lady were both looking at him like he held the secret to the meaning of life. “I… I really love figure skating.” He said after a little while.

“Then you should focus on that.” Alisa stated. “And you should do everything you can to be the best. We need more omegas to make names for themselves out there. We are amazing, and we should let the world know about it.”

Yuuri had no idea that he was going in for a pep talk, but he suddenly felt really motivated. “Oh, yeah. Sure.” He said nervously. He was after all, still in the presence of a goddess.

Alisa smiled. “Good.”

“Yuuri is already amazing.” Victor stated. “He’s only thirteen, and he has already won one of the biggest competitions for his age category, and now he’s going to participate in the junior grand prix,
which is one of the biggest figure skating competitions in the world.”

Yuuri blushed. Victor had the ability to make him sound so much better than he actually was.


If there was one thing that Victor liked, it was hearing someone appreciate Yuuri just as much as him, not that it was possible, but he still admired her attempt. Yuuri was too wonderful for this world, and if Alisa were smart enough to see it, then she would definitely be good enough for his aunt.

“He really is.” Victor agreed. “And he’s also the champion of a very important game tournament. For a game about fairies.”

Yuuri fought the urge to snort at Victor’s description of World of Warcraft. A game about fairies… Really?

“That’s…” Alisa wasn’t sure what to say. “…Something…”

“He’s very much amazing.” Victor stated. “And he’s so good at so many things. Just yesterday, I found out that he could juggle.”

Alisa nodded with an impressed expression. Yuuri just felt his face grow redder with every single one of Victor’s words. “Can we please talk about the spa again?” He pleaded.

Victor chuckled fondly. “You’re too modest Yuuri.” He stated lovingly. “I could talk about you all day.”

“But you shouldn’t.” Yuuri pointed out. “Then we will loose all of our spa time.”

Victor sighed in defeat. If they were having a family dinner later tonight, he could probably continue this conversation with Alisa. “Okay then…” He relented. “Let’s talk about spa treatments for my wonderful prince.”

………………………….

Alisa was wonderful at giving advice. And since she was an omega too, she knew a lot about which treatments to choose for him, and which ones he should avoid.

Yuuri learned that the skin of an omega were a lot thinner than the skin of anyone else. Which meant that he wouldn’t have problems with pimples or blackheads or anything like that in his life, but it was also easier to break if he got hurt. So he had to avoid anything with the word ‘scrub’ in it.

She also recommended that he should stay away from hot stone massage and everything else that might hurt him or his skin, then she booked him in for a facial and moisturize treatment, along with different massages, a manicure, pedicure, some kind of vitamin bath, and something that sounded like Spanish, but was apparently very good for your muscles.

But Yuuri was just happy to have a concrete plan, and not having to live in his cloud of confusion.

“Do you want to get some tea?” Victor asked as they once again roamed the hallways. “It’s very good for your health. It contains herbs from a very mystical mountain.”

“Mystical?” Yuuri questioned.

“The one who serves it have a very interesting story.” Victor mused. “I’m sure you would enjoy it…”
Yuuri nodded. “Where is it?”

Victor looked to his left, then to his right. “This way.” He said unsurely.

“We’re lost, aren’t we?” Yuuri asked.

Victor smiled. Heart-shaped and everything. “Of course not.” He claimed. “If we go right, we’re going the right way.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly. “Well, as long as we’re together.”

They eventually found their way back to their hotel room, but when they saw what time it was, they realized that they were almost late for dinner. So they immediately had to rush to the restaurant.

When they arrived, their parents had gotten enough alcohol in their systems to laugh happily at each other’s jokes, even if they had no idea what they were about. But neither Irina nor Alisa had arrived.

Yuuri sighed and threw his dad a worried look. If he drank too much, there was a big chance that Yuuri would die of embarrassment tonight.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked as he pulled out a chair for Yuuri to sit on.

Yuuri sat down. “Nothing.” He said in Russian. “I just need to make sure that my dad doesn’t drink too much.”

“Why?” Victor asked. “He’s here to relax, and so are you.”

Yuuri cringed as he imagined last year’s Christmas party, when his dad had too much wine and began to belly dance in front of his mother. He, Vicchan, Mari and Minako were forever traumatized.

~My dad is a party drunk~ Yuuri said through the bond so his parents wouldn’t hear. ~If he has too much to drink, he will begin to plaster himself to my mom and probably do karaoke~

Victor couldn’t help but chuckle at the description, and now he really wanted to see it.

“You’re so beautiful, my sunbeam.” Toshiya declared as he leaned his head onto Hiroko’s shoulder. “I’m the luckiest man in the world.”

Hiroko smiled and began to stroke her husband’s hair. “I’m just as lucky.”

“Yuuri...” Victor squealed. “They are so cute.”

Yuuri blushed. Did they have to do that in front of everyone? Couldn’t they go back to their room or something?

“And Yuuri.” Toshiya cooed. “Our beautiful baby boy...” He looked to Hiroko in amusement. “Do you remember when we made him?”

“Dad!” Yuuri exclaimed. “Please, that’s not a story anyone is interested in.”

Victor moved his chair closer to the Japanese married couple. “I am.” He chimed in.

“Victor, no.” Yuuri pleaded. “Don’t encourage them.”
Victor pouted. “But Yuuri…”

“Mind if we join you?” Irina asked cheerfully.

Yuuri had never been this happy about interference before. “Please.”

Irina smiled and pulled out a chair for Alisa.

“Thank you, hun.” Alisa smiled as she threw her golden hair over her shoulder.

“You must be Alisa.” Igor greeted. “It’s so nice to finally meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you too.” Alisa smiled politely. “Irina always speaks so kindly about all of you. You must be her brother. Igor is it? You and Irina have the same nose, is it genetic? It’s a very beautiful nose.” She took a deep breath before continuing. “She has also told me that you are all very amazing, both celebrities and successful. Not that I care about anything like that, since I’m successful and a celebrity myself, I’m just very impressed. I actually use your perfume brand. I’ve been doing so for years without even realizing. Am I talking too much? I feel like I’m talking too much…”

“Of course not.” Igor chuckled fondly. “We’re all just as amazing as she describes us.”

Alisa giggled slightly. “I’m sure you are.”

Irina sat down on the chair next to her girlfriend and took her hand in her own.

“Have you met Yuuri?” Victoria asked as she looked between Alisa and Yuuri. “He’s also an omega.”

Alisa smiled to Yuuri. “Yes, I met him and Victor earlier.”

Igor turned to Victor in amusement. “Oh, did you?” He asked.

Alisa nodded. “We had a very wonderful talk about spa treatments.”

Irina chuckled and began to pull her fingers through Alisa’s hair with a loving expression on her face, before she took the menu up from the table with her free hand. “Shall we eat?”

“I really like Alisa.” Yuuri admitted as he and Victor returned to their hotel room. “She’s really funny.”

“I think so too.” Victor agreed. “I’m glad she makes my aunt happy.”

“I really liked Irina’s stories about you two.” Yuuri continued. “Did you actually cut off half her hair?”

“I was five and I wanted to be a hairdresser.” Victor mused. “She was the one who handed a scissor to a five-year-old.”

“I suppose you’re…” Yuuri froze as he noticed that their bed was covered in a heap of blankets. “…Right…”

Victor practically bounced with joy. “They arrived.” He cheered. “Are you ready to watch me build the best nest ever?”

Yuuri nodded unsurely.
Victor beamed and thoughtfully approached the blankets and pillows. Trying to figure out how to start.

Yuuri sat down in a nearby chair in order to get a good view.

Victor took the first blanket and spread it out over the others, making a bumpy mess.

Yuuri wondered what his tactic was, but he looked really lost in his quest as he took out a blanket from underneath the heap and placed it by the pillows, he then took another one and placed it by the feet of the bed.

Yuuri felt his fingers begin to itch with an urge to help his mate.

Victor took another blanket that made the entire lump tilt to the right. He then rolled it together and placed it on the side.

Yuuri couldn’t stay quiet any longer. “Do you need help?”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “What makes you think I need help?” He asked as he took another blanket from the bottom of the pile and spread it over everything again.

Yuuri cringed inwardly. “I was just asking.” He really wanted to give Victor a chance.

Victor folded a blanket in half, put it down in the middle, and laid himself down on the top of his awful pile. “I’m done.” He declared.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. He couldn’t be serious.

“What do you think?” Victor asked. “Do I have your approval?”

Yuuri felt an internal battle being going on inside of his head. He couldn’t sleep on top of that… Pile… But how would he be able to explain that to Victor? “It’s… Nice…” He lied.

“You really think so?” Victor asked hopefully.

Yuuri nodded as he swallowed his emotions.

“I’m so glad you like it. It wasn’t easy to build.” Victor explained.

Yuuri felt his insides move. Victor literally did nothing but move blankets around. He didn’t stuff or fold or prod or straighten anything out. He just made a pile and flopped down on top of it.

That wasn’t a nest. That was a disaster.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked. “Don’t you want to lie down?”

Yuuri took a reluctant step forward and placed his hand on the awful lump Victor called a nest. He closed his eyes and gathered strength. “Can I please redo it?” He asked. “Please?”


“I lied.” Yuuri admitted. “It not a nest, that’s just a lump of blankets.”

“I can’t believe you lied to me.” Victor gasped. “I thought we didn’t do that.”

“Says the guy who tried to trick me into believing in Santa, the tooth fairy, the Easter bunny, Mickey
“mouse, should I continue?”

Victor snickered. “Touché…”

“So will you please let me rebuild it?” Yuuri asked desperately. “Pretty please?” He used his omega eyes, but desperate times calls for desperate measures.

Victor’s eyes widened with amazement. “Of course, Yuuri.” He relented. “How can I ever deny you anything when you look like that?”

Yuuri beamed and pecked a quick kiss to Victor’s cheek. “Thank you, Vitya.”

Victor practically melted off the bed. “You’re welcome…”

Victor was practically beaming with joy when he woke up the next day, with Yuuri wrapped in layers of blankets like a burrito and purring happily against his chest.

How could Yuuri be so cute without even trying? Victor was honestly surprised that he had survived so many years with his adorable mate. He should have been dead a long time ago.

Like, seriously…? Purring? It was as if he was being tested. How much cuteness could he take, before his heart would burst with love?

Yuuri nuzzled closer in his sleep, and Victor felt his heart vibrate to the rhythm of Yuuri’s purrs.

Well, at least he would die happy.

Suddenly, the purring stopped.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “Was that an earthquake?”

Victor fought the urge to squeal and hug his Yuuri-burrito closer. “No, love. You can go back to sleep.” He said instead.

Yuuri yawned. “What time is it?”

Victor looked to the clock on his nightstand. “Almost 10.00am.”

Yuuri shot up in bed. “Then it’s almost time for our facials.”

“We can re-schedule.” Victor said and gently tried to pry Yuuri back to his chest. They just had it so cozy.

“But then we will have to miss something else, and I don’t want that.” Yuuri said as he tried to get the blankets off. “How does this keep happening?” He asked in disbelief.

Victor sighed sadly as he helped Yuuri get free. “Maybe the blankets think you should sleep in a little?” He suggested.

Yuuri chuckled fondly as he escaped the last of the blankets. “Blankets can’t think.” He pointed out. “And if we sleep in any longer we’re going to sleep the whole day away.”

Victor sighed in defeat. Yuuri was right. He just wished that he had been able to enjoy the purring for a little longer… Suddenly, a thought hit him. What if he could make Yuuri purr while he was awake? Enough spa treatments would probably relax him enough to purr, right?
“You’re right, Yuuri.” Victor smiled mischievously. “Let’s get our facials…”

After about seven different treatments, Yuuri looked more beautiful than any angel, his skin was glowing, his hair looked like something from a commercial and the muscles in his body were so relaxed that he was practically fleeting in Victor’s arms.

They were sitting in one of the launches, one of the few places at the resort where they could actually watch movies.

There was some old American movie playing. Yuuri seemed to like it, but Victor had a more important task at hand. Finding a way to make Yuuri purr.

He had tried massages, petting, playing with Yuuri’s hair and hugging him. But so far, he had nothing.

“Do you think they’re going to make it?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor looked to the screen he had been ignoring for the past two hours. “Of course. It’s a love story, right?”

Yuuri nodded without taking his eyes of the screen.

Victor glanced to the screen in search of a better solution.

“I love you, Jack.” The girl spoke. She was in the water for some reason.

“Don’t you do that… Don’t you say your goodbyes, not yet. Do you understand me?” The guy or Jack, desperately tried to convince her.

The girl looked sad. “I’m so cold.”

Jack looked hopeful. “Listen, Rose, you’re gonna get outta here, you’re gonna go on and you’re gonna make lots of babies and you’re gonna watch ’em grow. You’re gonna die an old… an old lady warm in her bed, not here. Not this night. Not like this, do you understand me?”

The girl or Rose, closed her eyes. “I can’t feel my body…”

“Winning that ticket, Rose, was the best thing that ever happened to me…” Jack stated. “It brought me to you and I’m thankful for that, Rose. I’m thankful. You must… you must… you must do me this honor, you must promise me that you’ll survive. That you won’t give up, no matter what happens, no matter how… hopeless. Promise me now, Rose, and never let go of that promise.”

Rose’s voice shook as she spoke. “I promise.”

“Never let go.” Jack pleaded.

Rose looked him sincerely in his eyes. “I will never let go, Jack, I’ll never let go.”

“Victor…” Yuuri prodded as he tugged on the sleeve to his robe. “Are they going to make it?”

Victor suddenly wished he had seen that movie before. “I… I don’t know…”

The movie suddenly cut to another boat where someone waved a flashlight over the floating rifts. What was this movie about?
“We waited too long.” Some guy stated.

“No…” Yuuri gasped as he sat up, like he could somehow change the movie by giving it his full attention. “Victor…” He pleaded.

Victor wondered if he should just walk up there and turn the movie off. How dared it upset Yuuri like this?

“She’s alive.” Yuuri sighed in relief as he grabbed Victor’s hand tightly. “They’re going to save them.”

Victor sighed too. He prayed to all the gods that the movie would have a happy ending.

“Jack?” Rose said as she tried to shake Jack awake. “Jack?” She tried again.

“No.” Yuuri said in disbelief. “He can’t be dead, they were going to get out of there together…”

Victor noticed how tears began to pool in Yuuri’s eyes. “Yuuri?” He gently cooed.

“No.” Yuuri said as his voice cracked slightly. “They’re true mates, he can’t just… die…”

“I’ll never let go Jack…” Rose promised. “I’ll never let go.”

“Why are you letting him go?” Yuuri asked the screen. A tear fell down from his face and Victor immediately wiped it away. “You can’t just let him go. Why aren’t you trying to save him?”

“Yuuri.” Victor tried. “It’s just a movie, please don’t cry.”

“Victor…” Yuuri turned to him and hugged Victor as closely as he could. “I love you so much. Don’t ever die like that.”

Victor was taken off guard by the plea, but he couldn’t do much more than hold Yuuri close and make him promises that he would never die.

“Did you like the movie?” Irina asked as she made her daily tour around the resort.

Victor sent Irina a glare that clearly stated that she would have to re-evaluate what she believed to be appropriate movies to view in her resort.

Irina hissed in awkwardness as she snuck away.

Victor just continued to comfort Yuuri until after the credits were done, and then for a few more minutes.

“I’m sure the actors are very good friends.” Victor assured. “They probably have a lot of bloopers from that scene. No one died.”

“This was a stupid movie.” Yuuri sniffled against his shoulder.

“I couldn’t agree more.” Victor stated.

Suddenly, Yuuri pulled away. “If we’re ever on a sinking ship and we end up in icy water, can you promise me that you would take the raft and let me stay in the water.”

Victor’s eyes widened with disbelief. “You can’t be serious.”
Yuuri did look deadly serious. “I will not lose you like Rose lost Jack. I would rather freeze to death than die of a broken heart.”

“Yuuri.” Victor tried.

“Please.” Yuuri sniffled. “Promise me.”

Victor wanted to claim that Yuuri wasn’t being fair. Omega eyes in a moment like this should be forbidden.

But alas, he couldn’t resist them. “I promise that if we’re ever on a sinking ship and end up in freezing water, I will take the raft.” Victor relented. He would just never take Yuuri on a ship. That was an easy solution.

Victor wasn’t a fan of water anyway. Not since the accident on the beach in Japan a couple of years ago. He still hadn’t recovered from it.

Yuuri smiled in relief and hugged Victor close again. “Thank you.”

Victor relished in the moment with Yuuri, until he suddenly saw his aunt again. “What is it, Irina?” He asked. He was still not happy about her choice of movies.

Irina smiled innocently. “I just wanted to let you know that there’s cake in the restaurant. It’s Alisa’s birthday. If you want some?”

Victor looked to Yuuri. “Do you want cake?”

Yuuri nodded slightly. “Cake sounds nice.”

Victor smiled and took his hand. Because of the cake, Irina was forgiven… For this time… But she would still have to flush that stupid movie down the toilet, before she would make it off Victor’s list. Some things weren’t that easily forgiven…

…………………………

“Yuuri…” Victor whined. “You’ve been on your phone forever.”

It was late and they were just about to go to sleep, when Yuuri decided that he should check his phone. And now he had been glued to it for almost an hour.

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri apologized. “Tommy is worried. I just need to take care of it.”

“Tommy?” Victor asked. “As in your friend Tommy, from school? Why is he texting you now? It’s five in the morning in Japan.”

“He’s just worried.” Yuuri assured.

Victor carefully inched closer to see if he could catch a glimpse of the text messages.

“What does he say?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shrugged. “He’s just wondering why I haven’t been answering.”

“Doesn’t he know that you’re in a palace of relaxation?” Victor asked.

Yuuri snorted. “Well, he seems to believe that you’re trying to get me involved in a Russian cult…”
Since I didn’t have my phone.”

“Paranoid much?” Victor asked in amusement.

“He didn’t even want me to go here when I told him… He said that he would only let me go, if I kept him updated. So he wouldn’t think that you would kill me or something…” Yuuri admitted.

Victor felt his heart skip a beat. Wouldn’t let him? Who was this Tommy to make statements like that? He had no right to decide what Yuuri could or couldn’t do. And the idea that that another alpha wanted to keep Yuuri away from him, was enough to make his blood boil.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked carefully. “Are you okay?”

“Can I see your phone?” Victor asked.

Yuuri looked between his phone and Victor anxiously.

“You’ll get it right back.” Victor assured.

Yuuri nodded and reluctantly handed his phone to Victor who immediately began to scroll though the conversation between Tommy and Yuuri.

*********

Tommy: I don’t like it when you’re away from me, Yuuri. Anything could happen to you when I’m not around.

Yuuri: You don’t have to worry. I’m with Victor. He won’t let anything happen to me.

Tommy: He doesn’t know the world like I do. He’s too rich and sheltered to even know what kind of weirdoes lurk in the shadows…

Yuuri: Stop it, Tommy. Victor is nothing like that. And he will keep me safe from everything.

Tommy: Does he ever leave you alone? It only takes a moment for some pedophile to snatch you away.

Yuuri: Victor would never let that happen.

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Victor was grateful that Yuuri took his side. But what was Tommy’s problem? How could he even think that Victor wasn’t capable of taking care of Yuuri? He had taken care of him for almost fourteen years. Tommy had been around for what, a couple of months?

Suddenly, Yuuri’s phone vibrated again.

***********

Tommy: He has before…

***********

Victor saw red. And without another thought, he pressed dial.

“Victor, what are you doing?” Yuuri asked. “Are you calling him?”

Victor pushed Yuuri’s voice aside. He would give this Tommy a piece of his mind. He was going to regret those words.
“Yuuri?” Asked a boy on the receiving end of the call. Tommy. “Why are you calling? Is something wrong?”

“This is Victor.” Victor stated. “And we need to have a talk…”

Tommy sighed on the other side. “Victor, huh? Yuuri’s ‘mate’?”

Victor could practically hear the air-quotes. “That’s right.”

“Why are you calling me?” Tommy asked.

Victor wasn’t expecting to be confronted like that. He just expected an immediate apology. But he could play Tommy’s game if he had to. “I don’t like the way you speak to Yuuri. I don’t like that you’re trying to control him. I don’t like the fact that you’re trying to scare him into listening to your bullshit statements.”

“Victor…” Yuuri whispered and tried to reach for the phone.

Victor moved out of his reach, and heard Tommy chuckle on the other side. “Well, that’s tough. Because it doesn’t really matter what you think, does it?”

“Yes, it does.” Victor protested. “Yuuri is my true mate. We share a soul. And I definitely have a say in who gets to spend time with my other half.”

“Now, who is the controlling one?” Tommy quipped.

Victor’s words died in his throat.

“What’s he saying?” Yuuri asked. “If he’s being mean, just hang up.”

“And I don’t like you either.” Tommy continued. “You’re just a stupid, spoiled idiot, who can’t appreciate what he has.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Victor questioned.

“Yuuri speaks of you like you’re some kind of god.” Tommy spat. “But in reality, you’re just pathetic. Seventeen years old, living out of your parent’s piggy bank. Doesn’t care at all what happens to the most wonderful person in the world.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.” Victor said as his voice dropped dangerously low. He definitely cared what happened to Yuuri. Yuuri was his life.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Did I step on a toe?” Tommy asked innocently. “Trust me, I know. I’ve read the magazines and I’ve spent almost every day with Yuuri for the past months. And I can’t help but to see a pattern… Those times where he has gotten hurt the worst. That’s always been with you…”

Victor felt emotions build up in his throat. “I’ve known Yuuri his entire life. I’m with him every day and every night. He’s always safest when he’s with me. At least I don’t try and lock him up in order to keep him safe. I let him live.”

“And how is that working out for you?” Tommy mocked. “Yuuri almost drowned with you, he almost got kidnapped with you, I’m sorry if I’m a little low on trust.”

“I saved him from both of those things.” Victor protested. “I will always be there to save him. I would give my life for his, in a heartbeat.”
“How come you’re never around to protect him then?” Tommy questioned. “Where were you every time Yuuri was pushed in the hallways or emotionally abused by that bitch Narumi?”

Victor paled. He had no idea that it was so bad for Yuuri. Emotionally abused…? Narumi was going to pay.

“How haven’t been here.” Tommy continued. “I have.”

“Victor, what did he say?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “Give me the phone.”

“I will deal with Narumi next time I’m in Japan.” Victor assured. “She’s not going to hurt him again.”

“You know that you’re the reason why she does this, right?” Tommy asked in disgust. “She swears that you flirted with her when you were here. She hurts Yuuri because she thinks that he stole you from her.”

Victor frowned. “How do you know this?”

Tommy snorted. “People are very prone to talk, when they’re about to break an arm…”

Victor had his mind made up. Yuuri was not going to see this Tommy again. He was evil and manipulative, and should be kept across the world from Yuuri at all times.

But before Victor got the chance to tell him that, Yuuri snatched the phone away from his grip.

“Tommy, what did you tell him?” Yuuri asked angrily.

“The truth.” Tommy said innocently. “It’s not my fault that he couldn’t handle it.”

“Victor can handle it, but you had no right to tell him.” Yuuri snapped. “My problems with Narumi are my problems. And I should have been the one to tell him if I needed help, which I don’t.”

“I was just trying to help you.” Tommy said gently.

“But you didn’t help me,” Yuuri said. “You broke my trust.”

Victor wasn’t sure what to feel. On one hand, he was happy that Tommy got a lecture from Yuuri, but on the other hand, he felt sad that Yuuri would keep secrets from him like that. Especially when it came to his safety.

“I’m sorry, Yuuri.” Tommy apologized. “I never meant to hurt you.”

Tommy sounded so sincere, and Yuuri knew he had a hard time with keeping opinions to himself when he was provoked. But he was still mad that he had upset Victor. “I’ll call you when I’m home.” He said sternly. “Please don’t contact me before then…”

“But Yuuri…”

Yuuri hung up.

“I’m sorry about Tommy.” Yuuri apologized. “I told you that he’s not really a nice person to anyone but me.”

“I don’t want you to see him again.” Victor declared. “He’s manipulative and controlling and I don’t trust him.”
“He’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “And I can’t really not see him anymore. He’s my friend.”

“He’s evil.” Victor exclaimed. “He practically admitted to torture Narumi for information.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “What?”

“And he made it seem like I couldn’t protect you.” Victor continued. “Like I’m some useless side character, who just stands idly by as horrible things happens to you.”

“But you know that that’s not true.” Yuuri quipped. “You’re always there to save me.”

“Not according to him…” Victor grumbled.

“His opinion doesn’t matter.” Yuuri assured. “And he had no right to tell you those things and make you feel bad.”

“He only told me the truth.”

“No.” Yuuri said as he took Victor’s hands. “Tommy has an ability to twist the truth to make his opinion more valid. You shouldn’t trust him with something like that.”

“Why are you even friends with someone like that?” Victor asked.

Yuuri’s face fell slightly. “Well… People aren’t exactly lining up to become friends with me…” He admitted.

Victor felt his heart break. He hated this. Why wouldn’t people line up to be Yuuri’s friend? If Victor weren’t already engaged with him, he would be in front of the line, pushing people away only to get a moment of Yuuri’s attention.

“Besides, Tommy isn’t a horrible person.” Yuuri continued. “He just has some troubles with expressing himself. But he is getting better. He didn’t threaten to kill you, right?”

Victor snorted. “That’s always something…”

They sat in silence for a moment before Yuuri cleared his throat nervously.

“Since you’re on summer break for a few months…” Yuuri started. “Would you like to come to Japan for maybe a few weeks? I’m not going on a summer break until July, but we could still skate together in the ice castle after school and on weekends. And you could meet Tommy, and see that he’s not so bad… We can have really fun. If you want to…”

Victor smiled brightly. “I would love to.”

Yuuri smiled before he suddenly thought of something “But you have to stay away from Narumi.” He bargained. “I can handle her. I don’t need your help.”

“I can try and stay away.” Victor agreed. “But if our paths cross, I don’t think I will be able to keep my opinions to myself.”

“Can you at least try?” Yuuri pleaded. “For me?”

Victor sighed in defeat. “What wouldn’t I do for you?”

Yuuri leaned to Victor in relief. And as Victor wrapped his arm around him, Yuuri’s body made a noise that startled both of them. It sounded like a sad engine.
“What was that?” Yuuri asked in fear, as he pressed his fingers to his neck in search of the source.

Victor knew exactly what sound it was, and he couldn’t stop himself from smiling. “Yuuri…” He drawled. “You’re purring.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened with disbelief. “Purring?” He questioned. “I don’t know how to purr.”

“You just did.” Victor pointed out. “Can you do it again?”

“I…” Yuuri swallowed nervously. “I don’t know…”

“Come here…” Victor said and opened his arms for Yuuri.

Yuuri crawled into Victor’s embrace and allowed his mate to pet him. But after a few minutes, Yuuri deemed it to be futile. “It was probably just a one time thing.” He said. “It won’t happen again.”

“Wait…” Victor halted. “Let’s wrap you in some blankets…”

“Victor, it’s useless.”

“No, it’s not. I know you can purr.” Victor argued.

“That might not even have been a purr.” Yuuri pointed out. “It might just have been an awkward snore.”

“No, that was definitely a purr.” Victor claimed.

Yuuri narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “How do you know?”

“Because you’ve been purring every night for two weeks.” Victor blurted out.

“I… I have?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Because I’m selfish. And I loved the purring and I wanted to keep it for as long as I could.” Victor admitted. “I was scared that you would feel embarrassed and wanting to sleep alone again. I wasn’t ready to let you go.”

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled. “I’ve been trying to learn how to purr for almost a year now.” He admitted. “I… I wanted to be able to purr for you… But now that I know I missed it…”

“You didn’t miss it.” Victor assured. “It didn’t count.”

“Victor…”

“No. Unless both parts of our soul are awake, it didn’t happen. I could have lied, for all you know.”

“Did you?” Yuuri asked.

Victor shrugged. “If we can get you to purr now, we will know, right?”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Right…”

Victor smiled and wrapped a blanket around Yuuri. “Try not to think about it. Just try to relax.”

“You sound like Alisa.” Yuuri mused. “During our facials.”

“She’s a very wise woman, Yuuri.” Victor stated. “Come on, try and relax.”
Yuuri tried, but it felt more like he was drifting off to sleep, it was after midnight and he was really tired after everything. But as soon as he was starting to drift away, he felt Victor chuckle.

“Yuuri, you’re doing it…”

Yuuri felt it, it was really nice, but he was too tired to pay any real attention to it. He just felt so safe in Victor’s embrace. “Good…” He mumbled.

Victor smiled as he petted Yuuri’s hair some more. “You can sleep love…” He whispered lovingly. “I’ll watch over you.”

Yuuri hummed in agreement against his chest. “I love you Victor.”

Victor’s heart fluttered at the declaration. He left a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead and lowered him next to him in the nest.

“I love you too.”

**Chapter End Notes**

So everything worked out! <3 I hope you liked this very long chapter. I apologize if you felt like it was too long. But I hope that you felt like it was worth it! <3

I would love to get some positive comments to lift my writing ego, if you feel like it... <3 Anyway, kudos to you for managing to get through this chapter! <3 And I hope you're excited for more! <3<3
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

Victor finally gets to meet Tommy in real life.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a mess, but I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri couldn’t be happier than to have Victor by his side as he was going back home. At least he wouldn’t have to say goodbye to anyone except Victor’s family. Well, Makkachin was coming, but everyone else was staying.

Yuuri had never traveled with Victor before. Except the one time almost four years ago, but then their relationship was so new that he spent the entire ride with just staring at Victor. Now they actually had fun together.

Victor ordered so much candy and soda from the flight stewardess, that Yuuri eventually had to take the catalogue away from him.

He didn’t mind that Victor ordered candy, but Victor only took a few pieces from every package before not so discreetly sliding them over to Yuuri. Even though Yuuri was still full from dinner.

“But Yuuri…” Victor drawled. “I want more Skittles…”

“You already have two packages…” Yuuri said and slid them back to Victor. “…And gummy bears and chocolate, lollipops, bubblegum…”

“Fine…” Victor pouted. “Are you sure you don’t want anything?”

“No, thank you.” Yuuri said as he leaned his head to Victor’s shoulder. “I’m just glad you’re here.”

Victor smiled from ear to ear. “You’re too sweet, love.” He declared. “I don’t think that any candy could ever compare to the sweetness of your words.”

Yuuri nuzzled closer. His hours were all turned around, and he barely got any sleep last night, and the whole day had gone to packing, eating and traveling. “You’re ridiculous…” He yawned.

“Are you tired?” Victor asked and pulled away the armrest so Yuuri could lean fully on him.

“A little…” Yuuri admitted.

Victor kissed the top of his head. “You can sleep for a while. We won’t be in Japan for many hours…”
Yuuri nodded slowly, already half asleep.

Victor noticed that he didn’t purr, but that was probably because they were on a plane, in public. And Yuuri probably didn’t feel safe enough for something like that here.

“You can sleep too, Victor.” Hiroko said gently. “It will make the time go faster.”

Victor considered that, but since they were in public he had some weird instincts telling him to watch out for Yuuri. He was sleeping, which made him vulnerable, so it was Victor’s duty to make sure that he stayed safe throughout the journey.

Victor could sleep once they reached the safety of Yuuri’s home.

Yuuri woke up when the pilot told the passengers to put their seatbelts back on, since they were approaching the airport in China, where they were changing flights to Japan.

Yuuri blinked a few times in confusion, feeling momentarily lost about where he was.

Victor couldn’t help but smile at Yuuri’s confused expression. He looked so adorably tired. His hair was pointing to every direction, and his eyes looked impossibly big and brown. “Good morning, Yuuri.” He greeted.

Yuuri immediately relaxed to the sound of Victor’s voice. “Victor?” He asked as he turned to him. “How long have I been asleep?”

Victor opened his phone. “About six hours.”

Yuuri pulled away from Victor and looked to him worriedly. “Did I sleep on you the entire time?”

Victor shrugged. “I didn’t mind.”

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri apologized. “I didn’t mean to leave you like that. It must have been boring.”

Victor shot a smile to Yuuri’s parents. “Don’t worry, Lyubov…” He said mischievously. “I had very good company.”

Yuuri’s head immediately darted to his parents. “What did you tell him?” He asked in panic.

Hiroko smiled innocently. “We just filled in some blanks from your baby days.” She beamed.

Yuuri’s cheeks began to fluster. “…My baby days?”

Hiroko nodded happily. “You didn’t start talking to Victor until you were four or five years old…”

“Five.” Victor chimed in.

Hiroko smiled gently. “…But a lot of funny things happened before that.” She continued. “We have just been filling him in on some of your funniest moments.”

Yuuri felt his cheeks grow even redder with embarrassment. Why did his parents have the ability to talk? “Like what?” He asked worriedly.

“Like the time when you were three years old and you wanted to be a dog.” Toshiya chuckled. “You needed to have your dinner in a bowl on the floor, you made all of us throw you balls so you could run and fetch them. And you always insisted on peeing outside.”
“You also refused to talk and only spoke in barks.” Hiroko filled in. “It was just as adorable as it was frustrating.”

Yuuri wanted to open the plane’s emergency door and leave. Falling twenty thousand feet might even be worth it…

“A little Yuuri-puppy.” Victor squealed. “I would have died if I saw it, I can barely handle Yuuri and puppies separately. If they were combined, I would never make it.”

Yuuri curled into himself in the airplane seat. The embarrassment was eating him alive.

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled. “Don’t be embarrassed, it’s such a cute story, and you were only a child. We all did weird things when we were little… I used to dress up like a princess and take my teddy bears into battle…”

Yuuri looked up at that. That was probably the most adorable thing he could ever imagine. “Really?”

Victor nodded happily. “I know you’re just getting into your teens and everything in your teenage years will feel like the world is trying to kill you by mortification, but when you reach my wise age, it’s more funny to think back. I can tell you more things if you want?”

Yuuri still wanted to sink through the ground after what his parents had told Victor, and who knew what else they had managed to tell him during the past six hours he had been asleep… But he really couldn’t resist an offer like that from his mate.

So he nodded.

And Victor talked the rest of the journey to Japan.

Yuuri had never laughed so hard as when Victor told him about his most embarrassing childhood stories. Even though he found them a lot more adorable than embarrassing. Victor was probably the cutest baby in the world. He would definitely ask Victoria or Igor for more home videos next time he was in Russia.

Victor never wanted to spend time watching them when Yuuri was around. But Yuuri had managed to watch two of them, which was practically a five-hour compilation of Victor sleeping, since they only reached through the first three months of his life. The Nikiforovs had an entire shelf with over thirty different VCR bands of Victor’s childhood.

And one day, Yuuri would see them all.

“That’s such a beautiful sunset.” Victor said as he gazed out the window on the train. They were almost in Hasetsu.

Yuuri looked out and couldn’t help but agree. They sky was an ocean of pink and orange and it made the sky look almost magical. “It truly is.”

Victor hummed in agreement and brushed his thumb over Yuuri’s hand. “Everything is always more beautiful when I’m with you.” He declared.

Yuuri smiled as his heart fluttered in his chest. How did Victor always find the perfect things to say? “Everything is more beautiful when I’m with you too…” It was the truth, when Victor was in his presence, the world suddenly felt a lot more colorful.
Victor smiled and leaned his head against Yuuri’s shoulder. Everything was completely perfect.

For now…

Victor almost burst with joy when he finally made it into Yuuri’s room. His mate had gotten a life size cardboard poster of him from a photo shoot. And it was standing right next to his bed. “It’s like I’m watching over you.” Victor cheered and stood right next to it. “Which one do you like better?”

Yuuri blushed. “You, of course.”

Victor chuckled and turned to the cardboard. “In your face, cardboard-Victor.”

“Don’t insult him…” Yuuri scolded lightheartedly. “You might be better, but he’s still good.”

Victor smiled fondly as he admired Yuuri’s other things. He had redecorated a little and gotten a few new things, but anyone could definitely tell that the room belonged to Yuuri. And Victor definitely wouldn’t mind living in there, until he suddenly felt an unfamiliar scent.

An unfamiliar alpha scent…

“Victor?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “What’s wrong?”

Victor sniffed the air some more, trying to locate the source.

“Victor?” Yuuri prodded.

Victor’s search led him to a teddy bear he hadn’t seen before. It was drenched with the unfamiliar alpha scent. “What’s this?” He asked.

Yuuri tilted his head in confusion. “It’s a teddy bear.” He stated. “Tommy got it for me after he returned from Germany to visit his family. It’s a souvenir.” He took the teddy bear from Victor to display it. “See? It had a German flag on the shirt.”

Victor tried to take a calming breath. Tommy had scented that bear before he gave it to Yuuri, maybe even after. What did he expect was going to happen? That Yuuri would get used to his scent and fall in love with him? No. Not on Victor’s watch.

“You don’t have to be mad. It’s been on the desk forever.” Yuuri soothed. “It’s not like I use it or anything. I’m almost fourteen.”

“You’re thirteen years, five months and twenty one days.” Victor corrected. “And I’m not mad.”

Victor stared at the teddy bear like he wanted it to burn alive. Yuuri gently placed it back on the desk. If Victor’s wish came true, he didn’t want to burn his hand.

“So do you want me to get rid of it?” Yuuri asked. “Because I can…”

Victor collected himself. “No.” He sighed. It wasn’t right to ask Yuuri to get rid of his things because of his irrational thinking. He was feeling possessive and jealous. And he should keep those kind of negative emotions away from his Yuuri. “It’s fine.”

“You don’t seem fine.” Yuuri pointed out. “It’s because it smells like him, isn’t it?”

Victor fought the urge to growl. He didn’t want to do that in front of Yuuri, but that teddy bear was silently mocking him from the desk. “It certainly doesn’t help…” He admitted.
“Does it help if I say that I prefer your scent?” Yuuri asked. “Like, a lot…”

It made Victor feel a little bit better, but the fact that Tommy had purposely scented something and given it to Yuuri, was making his skin crawl. “Why did Tommy scent it?” Victor asked.

“I don’t really know.” Yuuri admitted.

“In Europe, it’s common to give people scented items to someone they’re courting.” Victor pointed out. “Is he courting you?”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “No, no, of course not.” He immediately exclaimed. “He literally told me that I was like a little brother to him. He wouldn’t be courting me if I was like a brother to him, that’s just crazy.”

Victor huffed a breath. “Well, Tommy doesn’t exactly seem sane…”

“Don’t be mean.” Yuuri scolded. “It’s probably just a misunderstanding.”

Victor didn’t trust it. Tommy definitely had a motive. And all evidences was pointing to that he was trying to get close to Yuuri.

But Tommy obviously knew that Yuuri was taken, and engaged, so what was his problem?

“I can ask him about it tomorrow.” Yuuri said. “Find out the truth before we jump to any conclusions.”

Victor sighed in defeat. Yuuri was right. It was stupid of him to jump to conclusions like that. But Yuuri was his whole world and Tommy was a sneaky little evil snake, trying to nestle his way into Yuuri’s life.

And Victor didn’t like it.

“I still need to see him myself.” Victor argued. “Even if he isn’t trying to court you, he still have some obvious problems that need to be dealt with if he wants to spend time with you.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Maybe you can meet him after school tomorrow?” He asked. “He usually insists on walking me home, so I’m sure he won’t mind…”

Victor felt something inside of him stir at the knowledge that Tommy spent time with Yuuri alone. “Or maybe I can pick you up after school?” He offered. “I don’t want you to be alone with him until I made my evaluation.”

“He won’t hurt me.” Yuuri assured. “And I want you to stay as far away from Narumi as you can. You promised me that.”

Victor cursed himself. Why did Narumi have to be at Yuuri’s school? And why did she have to be asshole number two? There was a lot of work to get done before he would be able to return to Russia.

“Can you at least talk to me through the bond on your way home?” Victor pleaded. “Just to be safe?”

Yuuri couldn’t say no when Victor looked so worried. Even though he was sure that Tommy wouldn’t do anything to him, he could at least do something to ease Victor’s worry. “Okay.” He relented. “Just to be safe.”

Victor smiled gratefully and sat down in Yuuri’s bed, or nest was more like it. But he immediately
shot up as he sat on something hard.

“Sorry.” Yuuri apologized and immediately began fussing over his nest. “I didn’t have time to undo it before we went to Russia.” He explained and took out some of the things he had nested in there.

An empty bottle of soda, a remote control, a bag of peanuts, a digital camera, the teddy bear Victor had gotten him during their first summer together, the case to a Gameboy game, one of Vicchan’s squeaky toys and Victor’s old Russia Jacket from when he was still in Juniors.

It immediately brought a smile to Victor’s face. “How do you even sleep in there?” He asked fondly.

Yuuri blushed as he looked to the pile of stuff he had just removed. “They just gather, I really don’t know how.” He admitted.

“It’s adorable.” He stated as he picked up his old jacket. “I can’t believe you still have this…”

What he really couldn’t believe was that Yuuri actually had it in his nest. He had no idea that his mate treasured it so much. If he would have known, he would have brought his current jacket and given it to Yuuri. It smelled more like him and it would probably suffice in fending off the horrible scent that that other psycho alpha had brought in.

“It used to smell like you.” Yuuri admitted. “It was the first thing I added to my first nest.”

Victor almost had a heart attack. “Yuuri.” He drawled. “I can’t…” He flopped down on the bed. “I’m dead.”

“No.” Yuuri chuckled fondly. “You can’t die before the nest is finished. Or I’m going to have to nest you in it.”

Victor laughed at that and pulled the cover over himself. “Nesting with the corpse of your dead soulmate, that’s not very nice, Yuuri…”

“You gave me no choice when you decided to die.” Yuuri quipped. “Besides… Your corpse can talk, so it will keep me company as well, no one can really judge me for it.”

Victor snorted. “Fair point…”

The next day, Victor kept himself occupied. Yuuri was in school, and he probably checked in with him every five minutes, but he was still helping out around the onsen.

Hiroko and Toshiya only had a few days before they had to open up again, and there was a lot of work to get done.

Victor and Toshiya only had a few days before they had to open up again, and there was a lot of work to get done.

Victor spent most of his day changing sheets and cleaning bathrooms. But when the day started to creep towards its end, he helped Hiroko with preparing dinner.

His eyes kept flashing towards the clock as he waited for Yuuri’s school day to be over. Then he could finally take him away from Tommy’s evil claws.

“Do you know anything about Yuuri’s friend Tommy?” Victor asked his future mother in law. “I’m worried about him. He seems… Off…”

Hiroko stopped dicing onions for a few seconds. “Tommy? Yes, I think Yuuri mentioned him a few times. But he never said anything strange about him. What makes you worried?”
Hiroko knew that if Victor had a bad feeling, it was probably justified. He knew Yuuri better than anyone. And if someone seemed off to him, they probably were.

“I think he likes Yuuri, more than he should.” Victor stated as he passive aggressively peeled carrots. “And he definitely seems to have a problem with social codes, boundaries and common social behavior.”

Hiroko hummed thoughtfully. “Does Yuuri know how you feel?” She asked.

Victor nodded. “Yeah, I’m meeting Tommy today.” He sighed. “I just hope that I can keep it together. I have a very sensitive spot when it comes to Yuuri.”

“I’m sure you will do fine.” Hiroko assured with a smile. “Remember to breathe and think about Yuuri. He probably doesn’t want you to start a fight with his friend, even if he might deserve it.”

“I know.” Victor sighed as he dropped the last carrot in the pot. “Can I help you with anything else?”

Hiroko looked at the clock. “I’m sure Yuuri will be home soon. Why don’t you take a break?”

“He just walked out of the classroom, he won’t be home for another fifteen minutes.” Victor mused.

Hiroko looked at him in surprise. “I will never get used to your telepathy…” She stated in amazement. “But why don’t you take that time with trying to gather some strength. I’m sure you’re going to need it.”

Victor nodded gratefully. “Thank you for the advice.”

Hiroko beamed and handed Victor a cookie. “Anytime, honey.”

Victor decided that he couldn’t wait anymore when Yuuri said that he was only two minutes away. So he decided to speed up the process by meeting them outside. But he only managed to put on his shoes and step outside before he spotted Yuuri and some redheaded kid.

Tommy.

“Victor.” Yuuri cheered and ran up to him to give him a hug. Victor happily returned it while also managing to sneak a glare to the stupid kid who had been destroying all of his thoughts ever since he found out about him.

Stupid Tommy…

When Yuuri pulled away, Victor didn’t want to let him go, so he lingered with his arm so it was draped around Yuuri’s shoulders when he finally faced the red haired boy.

“You must be Victor.” Tommy said with an unbelievably stiff smile. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Tommy extended his hand and Victor looked to it skeptically. Eventually, he pushed Yuuri behind himself before shaking it. If this Tommy person was dumb enough to try and kill him in broad daylight, he at least wanted to keep Yuuri away from possibly getting hurt from the fight.

Tommy’s grip was firm. Victor knew he was trying to establish some sort of power. But Victor was stronger.

Tommy quickly released his hand when Victor added some strength to it. “It’s nice to meet you too.” Victor smiled smugly. He wasn’t going to hold back. This was a time for him to prove himself, to let
Tommy knew that Yuuri was with the best alpha. And that Tommy wouldn’t be able to measure up, even if he tried.

Victor was already feeling superior, both in height and strength. Tommy was younger than him but older than Yuuri. Victor’s guess would be that he was fifteen or sixteen. But Victor was almost eighteen, and Tommy hadn’t even had his rut yet. That much was evident.

~Are you okay?~ Yuuri asked worriedly through their bond. ~You look a little mad~

Victor quickly adjusted his face.

~I have no idea what you’re talking about~ Victor quipped.

Yuuri felt uncomfortable. Tommy and Victor seemed to have some kind of staring contest, Yuuri wondered if it was some kind of alpha thing, or if they were just being stupid.

“Do you want to sit down?” Yuuri asked uncomfortably. He shifted on his feet while glancing to a nearby bench. He hoped that it wouldn’t be so awkward if they were all seated.

No one seemed to hear him. That was probably the first time in his life that they had ever ignored him. He expected that Tommy might be too caught up, but he always expected to be Victor’s first priority. “Victor?” He asked.

Victor didn’t take his eyes off his opponent. “What is it, love?” He asked.

Yuuri definitely didn’t like that Victor looked at someone else while saying the word ‘love’. That was a word meant only for him, maybe Victor’s family and their dogs, but not for another person. Not for Tommy.

“Victor, look at me.” Yuuri pleaded.

Victor sent Tommy a glare of warning before his eyes fell to his mate. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri was frowning in annoyance at the situation, and Victor had no idea what he had done wrong.

“Can both of you please talk to each other instead of staring?” Yuuri asked. “You’re being creepy…”

Victor had no idea he had been staring so hard, but he hated the fact that he was the first one to look away, even if it was for Yuuri. “I can talk.” He declared.

“I can talk too.” Tommy quickly added.

“Then talk.” Victor challenged.

Yuuri felt as if the tension could be cut with a knife. Why did they have to talk like they wanted to kill each other?

“Fine.” Tommy relented. “Why are you here?”

“Why am I here?” Victor repeated in disbelief. “My soulmate is here. Why are you here?”


“Why would I feel threatened?” Victor quipped. “Yuuri is my soulmate, and we’re engaged. I’m a
billionaire and a successful athlete. I have nothing to worry about.”

Tommy swallowed thickly before collecting himself. “I’m with Yuuri every day.”

“Oh, but so am I.” Victor smirked. “You just don’t see me.”

Tommy frowned in confusion.

“Oh, I’m sorry if I was being unclear.” Victor apologized insincerely. “Ich bin sein Seelenverwandter.” He said in German. “Du hast hier nichts zu gewinnen…” (I’m his soulmate. You have nothing to win here.)

Tommy scoffed.

“Victor, what did you say?” Yuuri asked in confusion. He had no idea that Victor could speak German.

“I’m not leaving.” Tommy declared seriously. “So you can stop your little intimidation tactic.”

“Aww, how sweet of you to find me intimidating.” Victor drawled. He was so winning this. “I was just trying to be polite.”

Yuuri definitely knew that Victor wasn’t trying to be polite. He was up to something. Yuuri had never heard him speak like that before. His best guess would be that Victor was jealous. But he would lie if he claimed that it didn’t make something stir pleasantly inside of him.

Victor was the best, and Yuuri was fully aware of it. But it felt really good to see Victor be aware of it as well. Even though Jealousy was a really ugly emotion, he had to admit that it looked really good on Victor.

Tommy clenched his fist but took a deep breath in order to calm himself down. “Well, at least I will be the one who stays with Yuuri after you go back to Russia.”

Victor didn’t like the idea of that. Especially not in the way he said it. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Yuuri sensed Victor’s anger, and he suddenly got the feeling that it was starting to get out of hand. “Victor…” He said gently, and stepped between them. Victor barely saw him.

“When you’re in Russia, and living your life to the fullest, I will be here to take care of Yuuri, and make sure that no one hurts him…” Tommy stated. “How long do you think it will take for Yuuri to figure out who is truly there for him?”

“Tommy.” Yuuri scolded as he uselessly tried to get his friend’s attention. But both alphas were back to staring at each other again.

“I am always there for Yuuri.” Victor claimed. “I’m there for him anytime, any day, any hour. He can just think of me and I’m there. You have known him for a few months. What can you possibly understand about being there for him?”

“Stop…” Yuuri pleaded.

“We’ll see what Yuuri thinks in a few months without you.” Tommy pushed. He was starting to find the right buttons. “Once I hit my rut and start releasing alpha pheromones, it will only be a matter of time before Yuuri forgets about you all together…”
“No, it won’t.” Yuuri protested. “Victor, don’t listen to him.”

“You’re going to keep your scent away from Yuuri.” Victor declared. His voice dropped a few notes and started to resemble a growl. “As a matter of fact, you will stay away from Yuuri completely.”

“Victor, no.” Yuuri tried. He had never felt so invisible in his entire life. He might as well be air.

Tommy grinned. “…Or what?”

Victor took a step against him, and took great satisfaction in Tommy taking a step back. “Or you will make yourself a very powerful enemy.” He stated. “One you really don’t want to have.”

“Are you threatening me?” Tommy questioned.

“Please, both of you. Just stop.” Yuuri pleaded.

“I’m not threatening you.” Victor smiled. “I’m warning you.”

Yuuri sighed tiredly. They were too thickheaded to even see him right now. Being ignored by his true mate must have made him lose his mind or something, because when he suddenly saw a very sharp rock at the ground, he picked it up and quickly drew it across his palm. “Ouch!” He exclaimed. That was stupid.

“Yuuri.” Victor gasped. “What did you do?” He immediately crouched down to get a good look at Yuuri’s injured hand.

“Why would you do something so stupid?” Tommy questioned, as he too, crouched down in front of him to examine his hand.

“You wouldn’t listen to me.” Yuuri said dumbly as he more and more understood how stupid he was. But at least he wasn’t invisible anymore. And he had succeeded in stopping the fight.

“So you decided to cut your hand open?” Tommy asked in confusion. “What good would that do?”

“At least you’re not killing each other…” Yuuri pointed out. “And it’s just a shallow cut it’s barely even bleeding.”

“Barely is still too much.” Victor grumbled.

Tommy took off his backpack and pulled out a package of band-aid, before reaching for Yuuri’s injured hand.

Victor immediately shifted in order to block Yuuri from Tommy’s reach. “Don’t touch him.” He growled.

“What? Do you want him to bleed out or something?” Tommy snapped.

Victor glared at him.

“Victor, it’s fine.” Yuuri assured. There was no chance in the world that he would bleed out. The cut had even started to clog together and blood was no longer coming out.

“Yuuri, you need to wash your hand in soap and water and put a bandage on it.” Tommy said seriously. “It might get infected otherwise. Victor won’t be able to heal it with the power of love.”

“I wasn’t intending to.” Victor barked.
“Stop it.” Yuuri snapped. “Can you two stop fighting for one second?”

Victor and Tommy looked at each other in annoyance.

Yuuri sighed. “I’m going to go inside to fix my hand.” He stated. “When I get back, I want you two to talk to each other like normal human beings. And if you’re fighting, I will cut my other hand.”

Both of them were about to protest when Yuuri put his hand up to silence both of them. “Talk.” He ordered and began to walk backwards towards the house. “I’ll be back soon.”

He could only hope that he was doing the right thing.

Victor saw how Yuuri disappeared into the house with his injured hand and felt his shoulders weighing with guilt. He had heard Yuuri trying to get his attention. But he had been too winded up in the fight with Tommy, that he had lost sight on what was truly important. And Yuuri had gotten hurt because of it.

“I’m sorry.” Tommy suddenly said.

Victor raised his eyebrows in surprise at the unexpected comment. He never expected Tommy to be the kind of person to apologize.

“I was being an asshole.” Tommy continued. “I know that he loves you, and I don’t stand a chance, but I’m still crazily protective of him. And I don’t think that there is anyone in this world who is good enough for him.”

“There isn’t.” Victor agreed. “I have no idea how I was lucky enough to be destined with him. But I’m doing the best I can to be better for him.”

“I don’t believe in true mates.” Tommy admitted. “I think it’s stupid. Relationships take hard work. There’s no such thing as destined to be. You can’t just be randomly placed with someone and forced to love him or her because fate ‘says so’…”

Victor couldn’t help but chuckle. “It’s kind of hard to argue when you have a true mate though…” Tommy shrugged. “I wouldn’t know…”

“It’s like having a person that is specifically made for you.” Victor tried to explain. “And nothing they do or say could ever make you hate them. Because they are the better part of yourself, the better part of your soul, and you has such a deep connection with them because they are the only one who can ever truly understand you. Everything they do will only make you fall in love with them even more. You will love them until it feels like your heart will explode and then some more.”

Tommy rolled his eyes.

“I’m glad you like Yuuri.” Victor continued. “But you can never have him like that, because he is mine. And I love him more than you will ever be able to comprehend. You might still find your soulmate out there, or find someone you can fall in love with and build a bond with… But I only have Yuuri. Yuuri is the only one for me.”

“You can have literally anyone.” Tommy protested. “You’re a billionaire and a celebrity. You can just step outside your door and point at someone and they would fall at your knees.”

“It doesn’t work like that.” Victor said. “If two people are true mates, it’s pretty much impossible for...
them to fall in love someone else. There are true mates that have chosen to include a third person in their relationship, but they can’t separate from each other. So it’s pretty much soulmates with a third wheel."

“So you will never be able to cheat on Yuuri?” Tommy asked.

“No.” Victor answered honestly. “Not that I would ever want to.”

Tommy smiled briefly. “Good.” He said sternly. “If you ever hurt him, in any way. I will make sure you pay for it, understood?”

Victor smiled at that. “The same goes for you.” He quipped. “I know you like him, but you will soon have your rut, which will make you even more confused, and that means that you have to stay away from Yuuri. If you hurt him in any way, or you do anything to him, that he doesn’t like. I will walk literally walk here if I have to. And I will separate your body from your head.”

Tommy chuckled. “At least we understand each other.”

“And I also need you to stop manipulating Yuuri into believing that the world is full of dangers.” Victor stated. “It’s not. And I don’t want him to be live his entire life scared of being alive.”

“I think I’m projecting what my dad always told me…” Tommy admitted. “I never meant for him to be scared, only cautious.”

“He is.” Victor assured. “And I’m always with him. Nothing happens to him without me finding out.”

“Is that how you…?”

Victor nodded. “Yes, that how I sensed that he was being taken away last year… I’ve never been so scared in my entire life. Well, except from the beach when I got him out of the water and realized that he wasn’t breathing…”

“I get that.” Tommy said thoughtfully. “And I’m sorry I gave you shit for that too…”

Victor finally felt like he was able to breathe again. “You’re kind of okay for a German person.” He admitted.

Tommy snorted. “And you’re a disgrace for Russia.” He said. “I mean… you don’t even carry any vodka around.”

Victor laughed at that. Despite their differences, they still had one very important thing in common. The both cared about Yuuri. And as long as Tommy understood the limits, they didn’t have a problem. He could protect Yuuri when Victor wasn’t around, and even be a friend to him.

Speaking of the important person…

“Thank god you’re both alive.” Yuuri sighed as he returned. “My mom even gave me the key to the water hose, in case I had to break up a fight.”

“It’s okay, Yuuri.” Victor cheered. “We’ve reached an understanding.”

“Oh?” Yuuri asked in interest. “What kind of understanding?”

Victor reached for Yuuri’s injured hand so he could make sure that it was properly taken care of. “Just that you are the most important person to both of us. And if it will make you happy, we will try
to get along.”

Yuuri beamed. “Really?”

Victor sent Tommy a pleading look, the moment of truth.

“Yeah…” Tommy agreed. “You’re my best friend. And I’m willing to befriend a vodka-free Russian in order to keep it that way.”

Victor laughed and Yuuri looked between the two of them in confusion. “What?”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuuri and pulled him into his embrace. “It was just an inside joke.” He explained. “I can explain it to you later, but I think you had to be there to understand.”

And just like that. Victor and Tommy had achieved the impossible.

They had become friends.

Chapter End Notes

Like I said, not "Stranger danger-Tommy" <3<3 And now they can all be friends! <3 I hope you liked this chapter! <3 Let me know if you find any spelling or grammar mistakes! <3

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3
Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor thinks about their future, as Yuuri competes in the Junior Grand Prix final.

Chapter Notes

OMG!! I can't believe this is chapter 50!!! 50??!?!?! I've written 50 chapters?

Well, I had to make this one special, so I hope you'll like it! <3<3<3

And FYI, my figure skating knowledge is non-existent, so this is more bullshit than actual facts, so please have mercy on that. I decided to focus more on their relationship, and let's just pretend that this is how figure skating competitions works in this world...

XD <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri wasn’t sure what was the biggest success of the summer. Getting Victor and Tommy to get along, keeping Victor away from Narumi or learning how to do a quadruple flip.

Victor had only agreed to teach him the latter if he swore to never use it until he was at least eighteen years old. Yuuri called him a hypocrite, since Victor was using it freely, and he didn’t even turn eighteen for another two months.

But Yuuri understood the risks about using a jump while still growing. If he gained too much height, too quickly, there was a big risk that he might misjudge the distance in a jump and land it badly.

Victor claimed that he was done growing. He was almost 180 centimeters tall. Yuuri had heard from Yuuko, that alphas tended to shoot up a few centimeters more in their twenties. Victor had promised to be careful when that time came. And both of them had been pleased with the arrangement.

But now, it was almost time for the Grand Prix final for both him and Victor. Yuuri was only competing in juniors, but it was still big for him. It was the biggest competition he could participate in. He had qualified during Nationals in Japan two months ago. But he was feeling more and more nervous as the time for the final grew closer.

Victor had spent most of his summer in Japan with Yuuri, and helped him with his short program. And he traveled across the world with him for his competitions. And scolded Minako’s grandma when she wasn’t paying enough attention to Yuuri.

Victor was more of a coach to him than his actual coach, but Yuuri didn’t mind. Victor was a lot better.

But even though he knew that Victor would be there for him no matter what, and that he didn’t care
whether Yuuri won or lost, Yuuri still felt the pressure about being the only omega in the grand prix final.

He didn’t believe that he was going to win. Neither his short program nor his free skate were that high in difficulty, and they were more dependent on the step sequences, which meant that he would have to really pay attention to that.

He had landed on first place in nationals, but he only got bronze in Mexico and silver in Latvia. But the final was being held in Paris, France. And Yuuri had to compete against the best young figure skaters in the world.

Yuuri had followed all four of the people he was competing against religiously, in order to find out if he even stood a chance. And it wasn’t looking good.

There was Shang Li from China, seventeen years old, and completely fearless. His entire program was a giant risk, and he barely even had choreography, he just went with the music and his feelings to make it as difficult as he could.

Then there was Fredrik Olsson, fifteen years old, from Sweden. Also known as the rubber man. His family is made of acrobats, and he’s able to bend his body however he wants, and it really makes his performances incredibly beautiful.

Then there was Cooper Jones from Australia, fourteen years old and probably the jumpiest man alive. His step sequences barely existed, because of his joy of flying through the air. He never landed a jump wrong, and it gave him a lot of points.

And finally there was Christophe Giacometti from Switzerland. He was sixteen years old and had the body of a Greek god, and he wasn’t afraid to show it. He was an alpha with the sex appeal of an omega in heat. He claimed to have had his sexual awakening when he had his first rut. And he didn’t see any reason to turn back. He won last years Junior Grand prix, and he said that he needed to break the world record, before being able to move on to the real Grand prix.

Since Victor held the current record, Yuuri doubted that anyone would be able to break it.

But it would definitely be fun to try…

“Have you packed everything?” Hiroko asked as she noticed that Yuuri was aimlessly walking back and forth around the house. He was leaving the next morning with Minako and her grandmother, but he currently seemed a lot more nervous than excited. And the fact that he didn’t answer her question made her kind of nervous. “Yuuri?” She prodded.

Yuuri looked to her. “Yes?”

Hiroko frowned in concern. She knew that look all too well. “Is everything all right?”

Yuuri nodded. “Yeah, sure. Don’t worry…” He then stormed off, back into his room.

Hiroko sighed, placed the clean pot in the cabinet and followed her son. “Yuuri?” She asked gently as she knocked on his door. “Can I come in?”

There was a quiet pause, before she heard Yuuri clearing his throat. “Okay.”

Once she opened the door she found Yuuri at his computer, looking very anxious and exhausted with his leg bouncing up and down on the floor in rapid motions. “Are you worried about the
competitions?” She asked carefully.

“No.” Yuuri lied. Hiroko could always tell when he lied. “I’m just… No, never mind.”

Yuuri turned back to his computer screen with an unreadable look on his face.

Hiroko took an experimental step inside Yuuri’s room.

Yuuri turned to her immediately. “It’s fine mom.” He assured. “I just… I really want to be alone right now…”

“You, you know that you can talk to me about anything.” Hiroko said gently. “I’m your mother, and I’m here for you, no matter what.”

Yuuri sighed. “I know… But I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Are you sure?” Hiroko prodded. “I can make you some hot chocolate and we can…”

“Mom, please?” Yuuri pleaded desperately. “I just need to be alone.”

Hiroko nodded. “Well, you know where to find me…” She then turned back to the hallway.

“Mom?” Yuuri halted.

Hiroko turned back to him. “Yes?”

Yuuri smiled gratefully. “Thank you.”

Hiroko smiled back. “Anytime.”

........................................

Yuuri felt a little better the next day, when he was finally on the flight to Paris where the Grand prix final was being held. Also where he would meet Victor.

He knew his mother meant well when she tried to talk to him yesterday. But he didn’t need to talk. He needed to figure some things out. Victor had told him that he couldn’t wait to visit the city of romance with Yuuri.

And Yuuri had spent the entire night yesterday, trying to figure out what he meant by that, and most of the flight trying to analyze their relationship. And where exactly he and Victor ‘stood’.

They were destined to be together. They were soulmates, true mates, whatever anyone wanted to call it. And they loved each other.

But were they ‘in love’?

Victor was a very affectionate person. He never held back with kisses and touches. But they were never… Romantic.

He had never kissed Victor on the lips. And Victor had never touched him anywhere that was inappropriate or against parental guidelines. So is it possible that they were just… Friends?

Yuuri didn’t want that. He wanted everything with Victor. He wanted to kiss him, and marry him, and have a family of poodles with him. He knew that he was still too young for sex. He was fourteen, but he didn’t have any urges. The urges for an omega, apparently hit all at once, along with the heat.
But he wondered if it was the same for Victor. He knew that the rut was a sexual awakening for an alpha. But Victor’s rut didn’t change anything in the way he acted. He just looked older and bigger. But on the other hand, Yuuri had never been with Victor when he was in rut.

He wondered what was going on in Victor’s mind during those times…

…And if he felt anything romantically for Yuuri…

Victor had almost freaked out when he thought that Tommy had romantic feelings for Yuuri. But why would that be the case if he only considered Yuuri to be his friend?

Was it possible that Victor felt something more, but was too afraid to act on it?

Yuuri made up his mind.

If he was going to be in the most romantic city in the world with Victor, he should definitely do something about it. He should test the water, and if Victor didn’t show any interest back, he could just blame the city. Or move away and live under a rock for the rest of his life.

It was still better than spend the rest of his life wondering. Or waiting for Victor to see that he was growing up.

Victor was smart, beautiful, talented, amazing… But he could also be really thickheaded sometimes. He gave Yuuri a home-made teddy bear for his birthday, with the text ‘I 💖 Hugs’. Yuuri loved it, of course. But it still made him feel like a five-year-old.

And it made him realize that that was probably how Victor saw him as well. Like a kid he couldn’t be romantic with. And that meant that it was Yuuri’s job to change that.

He needed Victor to see just how grown up he was.

Yuuri let out a very tired sigh. He was a coward, and a very awkward, stupid coward. And Victor was a blind idiot. It was moments like this that he really began to question if they were really soulmates.

When they first met on the airport, Yuuri had tried to kiss Victor on the lips as a greeting, but in that moment, Victor looked away, and the kiss ended up on his cheek.

Victor beamed and ruffled his hair.

When they arrived to their hotel room, after just having dinner, Victor claimed to be so full he needed to fall into a food-coma.

Yuuri had gathered courage and tried out a line he had seen on TV that led to a make-out session. He asked Victor if he was sure that he didn’t want… ‘Dessert’…

Victor had shrugged and ordered them ice cream through room service.

Yuuri was ready to scream into a pillow.

And when Yuuri was getting ready for his short program. Victor asked if he could do anything to help.

Yuuri took a deep breath and used all of his strength in order to ask Victor for ‘a kiss for good luck?’
Victor had answered with a smile and a kiss on Yuuri’s forehead.

Yuuri wondered if he could be disqualified for kicking the ice in frustration. Why didn’t anything work out the way he wanted? Why did it have to be so hard?

But he supposed that he should be grateful for Victor’s dumbness, and his own inability to seduce his own fiancé. Especially since his frustration was perfect for his short program. He was skating to a very angry and motivational song. And it was supposed to represent all of his struggles in school and in his everyday life. It usually felt like everyone and everything was working against him. This performance was his answer to it.

“Now, give a warm welcome to Yuuri Katsuki, who is making his junior Grand prix debut this year…” The commenter spoke. “His theme for this season is identity and self-exploration. And he’ll be skating his routine to the song ‘Fighter’…”

Yuuri also wanted to show the world that omegas weren’t helpless creatures. They could be fighters as well. He was a fighter. He wasn’t going to give up, no matter what the world threw his way. He only hoped that no one would misinterpret the lyrics and think that he was trying to say that Victor was some kind of backstabbing idiot.

He and Victor had joked about it, but now the possibility felt a little too real…

He quickly pushed the thought away as he got ready to start his performance. As soon as he heard his song out of the speakers, he began to skate. And as soon as the dialogue came to its end, he got ready for his first jump.

A triple salchow.

“Yuuri landed his first jump flawlessly.” The commentator spoke. “He has a total of five jumps in his short program and he’s soon going in for his combination jump.”

Yuuri did his best to disappear into the music, but his mind wouldn’t stay quiet. He kept thinking about the other skater’s short programs, and how they were so much better than his. He really wanted to win. He really wanted to prove to everyone, that he was capable of it.

He knew what he had to do in order to make his short program harder to beat. But that also meant that he would have to break his promise to Victor. And do something slightly dangerous.

His combination jump was a triple flip and a single toe loop. But if he could just change it up, he just needed to adjust his angle and add a little speed…

He could surpass everyone’s wildest imagination.

Even Victor’s…

“Here he takes off…” The commenter said.

Yuuri mentally apologized as he counted his rotations.

1, 2, 3, 4.

He did it. He immediately shot up for his single, a jump he could perform in his sleep.

“Katsuki replaced his triple flip with a quadruple flip and landed is combination jump perfectly.”

Yuuri ignored the roar of the audience. He still had a lot to show before his short program was over.
He could feel Victor’s heart racing. And he really hoped that it was because of joy and not anger. But he was too afraid to chance a look to him.

But to be fair, this was his short program, and not Victor’s. And Victor had done the exact same thing, but changed all of his jumps into quadruple salchows.

So he, if anyone should understand.

Yuuri forced his thoughts away as he went into his combination spin. He was starting to feel out of breath, he needed to focus. He couldn’t allow his anxiety about Victor ruin this. He would deal with everything else, after he was done.

He just needed to finish, he had one more jump, a double toe loop. He gathered some speed and flew through the air.

“A perfect landing.”

Yuuri then skated back to the center of the ice as the music reached his end, to strike his end pose. Down on his knees with his fist against the ice. His eyes directed downwards as he heard the audience cheer for him.

All Yuuri could think about, was to gain control of his breathing. Changing his triple flip to a quadruple flip was more draining than he had first thought. He knew it was going to be a little bit harder, but he was ready to lie down on the ice in order to collect himself.

But thanks to his rush from success and adrenaline, he managed to get back up on his feet and skate towards the exit of the rink wall, where Victor stood and waited for him.

Yuuri couldn’t tell what he was thinking. He had his hand on his forehead, like he was disappointed, but he also looked like he smiled.

He thought he knew Victor through and through. But how come he had no idea what he was thinking now?

He swallowed thickly as he placed his hand on the wall. “Victor?” He asked carefully.

Suddenly, Victor pulled him into his embrace with enough force to make Yuuri momentarily confused to what was happening.

“That was beautiful, Yuuri.” Victor declared. “You are incredibly talented.”

Yuuri felt his cheeks warm up at the compliments. But just as he took a relaxing breath, Victor pulled away and held Yuuri by his upper arms. “But don’t ever do anything so stupid again. I almost had a heart attack. Do you understand what might have happened if you landed it wrong? You could have hurt yourself. You shouldn’t take risks like that. You’re too important to me.”

“Victor.” Yuuri smiled. He really didn’t care about Victor’s rant. He was too proud. “I did it.”

Victor sighed in defeat before a smile took over his features as well. “You did.” He confirmed. “And I’m proud of you.”

Yuuri looked into Victor’s eyes. They held so much love and sincerity, that Yuuri couldn’t help but to think about the right moment for a first kiss. Should he go for it?? Should he kiss Victor? Right there and then? He took a deep collecting breath and closed his eyes and leaned in.
When he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Yuuri. That was very good.” Minako’s grandma cheered. “Let’s take you to the kiss and cry.”

Yuuri wanted to cry. He should just give up.

It clearly wasn’t meant to be…

……………………………………..

Victor was worried about Yuuri. At first he believed that Yuuri was just nervous about the competition. He was acting differently. And more and more, it started to feel like Yuuri was trying to tell him something. But Victor couldn’t figure out what it was. And Yuuri immediately shot down any attempts to have a conversation about it.

After Yuuri’s stunt during the short program, Victor finally felt able to breathe again. That was probably why he had been acting so strangely. Who knew how long he had been planning this? He just hoped that he didn’t plan to do it again for his free skate.

Victor should probably have to talk to him about that.

“The scores for Yuuri Katsuki are 85.10” The announcer said as Yuuri’s name went to the top of the scoreboard.

Victor’s eyes widened with joy. “Yuuri!” He squealed. “You’re in the lead.”

Yuuri wasn’t breathing. He looked completely frozen. “In… the lead?” He asked in disbelief.

Victor wrapped his arms around him. “My talented, amazing soulmate.”

Yuuri tried to process the information. He was at the top of the scoreboard? But he was second to last to perform. And he hadn’t even surpassed Victor’s high score of 94.13. But was he… Winning?

He still had his free skate of course. But if he did a perfect performance there as well, he might actually stand a chance. And if he landed a score higher than 180, he would even surpass Victor.

“Katsuki’s score is among the top five in the world, and the absolute best for an omega in history.” The announcer continued. “Can this young omega be the beginning of a new era?”

Yuuri couldn’t help but blush. He was completely wrapped in Victor’s embrace while about ten different photographers took his picture. But he was certain that he had made the right choice.

He had almost beaten Victor’s high score. And he had managed to make something historic for omegas. Hopefully the announcer was right, and more omegas would be tempted to join the sport.

But as long as he had Victor, he knew that everything was going to work out perfectly fine.

…………………………

Victor kept his arm wrapped around Yuuri after the competition was over and they had a moment to talk to the other skaters. Yuuri was still in the top, and everyone offered their personal congratulations.

Victor marveled over how amazing Yuuri was. And how he looked so grown up in a way. Especially when he was the one to compete. He was no longer Victor’s personal cheerleader.

Instead, he was the star.
And Victor regretted not bringing his own pom-poms.

“Congratulations, Yuuri.” A voice suddenly purred.

Victor immediately shifted to search out the source of the voice. It was the Switzerland dude. Christophe and a last name that Victor wasn’t even going to attempt to pronounce. But he really didn’t like that kind of voice directed to his mate.

“Thank you, Christophe.” Yuuri smiled politely. “I really liked your short-program as well.”

Christophe chuckled fondly as he reached out his hand to Yuuri. “Please, call me Chris.”

Yuuri reached out his hand to shake it, when Chris turned Yuuri’s hand around and brought it to his lips.

“Hey.” Victor barked as he seized the man’s wrist. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Chris released Yuuri’s hand immediately and looked to Victor in shock. “I’m sorry? Did I do something wrong?” He asked innocently.

Victor narrowed his gaze. He didn’t know how to tell this asshole to keep his dirty paws away from his Yuuri, without sounding like an asshole himself.

Chris hadn’t exactly done anything wrong. A kiss on the hand was a weird kind of greeting, but there weren’t exactly laws against it.

“Just… Don’t do it again.” Victor snapped. He didn’t really have anything better to come with.

Chris raised his hands in surrender. “Okay.” He looked to Yuuri worriedly. “I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable.”

Yuuri shook his head in assurance. “It’s fine. I really didn’t mind.”

Victor shot him a look of disbelief.

“It was just a kiss on the hand, Victor.” Yuuri clarified. “It’s not like we had a make-out session or anything…” Not that he would ever want one with anyone but Victor.

“By the way…” Chris continued as he looked up to Victor. “Thank you for the rose you gave me.”

Now it was Yuuri’s turn to tense up. When did Victor give super-hunk-Chris a rose? And more importantly, why?

“You gave him a rose?” Yuuri asked, as evenly as he could.

Victor looked at Chris. He really couldn’t think of any moment when he would give someone a rose. He remembered every time he had given one to Yuuri. But he couldn’t remember a time when he would give one to a stranger. “I don’t know…”

“It was the grand prix final.” Chris elaborated. “Almost four years ago.”

Victor tried to think back four years. Why would he give away a rose on the grand prix final four years ago…?

“Wasn’t that the time when I made you the wreath out of those blue roses?” Yuuri asked. “When you changed all of your triple salchows to quadruple salchows.”
“Oh…” A memory started to appear in Victor’s mind. He remembered that wreath. And Yuuri called him a prince. He was so tiny and cute back then. He was still tiny and cute now, but older and more handsome. It was very confusing. “Was that my competition in Moscow? The time when I gave you my jacket?”

Yuuri nodded as a slight blush spread across his cheeks. “Yeah…”

Victor thought back to that time. How new everything was for them. How they barely knew each other, and how Yuuri blushed almost every time Victor complimented him.

But when did he give out a rose to a stranger?

“You had just finished your photographs on the podium.” Chris explained. “I was in the audience and congratulated you on your win.”

Now Victor remembered. He gave one of his roses to a little boy in the audience, he reminded him of Yuuri and he thought that it wouldn’t hurt to spare one. Yuuri had even been a little jealous of it.

But that boy looked nothing like the alpha that stood before him now. Chris had definitely grown a lot in four years. “I remember.” Victor said. “I told you that I would see you at worlds.”

Chris smiled. “ Exactly.”

Yuuri looked between Chris and Victor. And even though he knew that it was very rare for alphas to be attracted to each other, he still felt something stir inside him when he noticed the way Chris looked at Victor.

There was so much admiration there, and even though Yuuri had nothing against people admiring Victor, he still felt a little uneasy with having someone as beautiful as Chris, look at Victor like that.

So Yuuri took Victor’s hand, and clearly marked his territory to Chris by stepping really close to Victor, close enough so their faces almost touched each other when Victor looked down at him. Their height difference really wasn’t so bad anymore.

“Can we go?” Yuuri asked. “I really want to see Paris with you.”

Victor momentarily lost his ability to breathe. Yuuri was so close to him. And he looked so beautiful. And his lips looked so soft. And his face was almost glowing…

He quickly pushed those thoughts aside. Yuuri was still too young. He probably didn’t even know what he was doing to him.

So Victor nodded helplessly. “Of course, Yuuri.” He said as he finally found his voice again. “What would you like to see first?”

Strolling through Paris with Victor was really making Yuuri feel like they actually were a couple.

Everything was so romantic. It was December, and the wind was still, even though snow was softly falling through the air. And mixed with the streetlights, it almost felt as they were walking in a landscape of golden sparkle.

“Are you cold?” Victor asked, as they got closer to the Eiffel tower.

Yuuri shook his head.

“Victor.” Yuuri halted. “I’m fine.”

Victor nodded thoughtfully. “You’re very quiet.” He pointed out.

“I’m just thinking.” Yuuri admitted.

Victor felt his interest peek. “About what?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Stuff…”

Victor didn’t like it when Yuuri kept secrets from him. But he could probably make an educated guess. He needed to have this conversation anyway. “I don’t think you should change your free skate, tomorrow.” He stated. “What you did today could have ended badly, and I’m not sure my heart could take it if it did… If you want to do alterations, I would have liked it if you talked to me first.”

“Oh, well…” Yuuri stumbled a little over his words. “I kind of decided in the moment. I didn’t really plan on changing the jumps…”

Victor had to do a double take. If Yuuri didn’t plan it, why had he been acting so strange? “You shouldn’t be impulsive on the ice.” He said instead. He didn’t want to go straight to the point and risk pushing Yuuri away.

Yuuri chuckled. “Says Victor Nikiforov. The man who practically invented impulsiveness.”

“That’s different.” Victor claimed. “I’m a lot older than you. Which means that I’ve been skating for longer. I know what I’m doing.”

“I’m just as old as you were when you changed your jumps.” Yuuri protested. “And I know that you just want me to be safe, but it almost feels like you don’t trust me.”

Victor felt his heart twist at the accusation. “Of course I trust you, Pryanichek. But accidents happens way too easy.” He explained. “And I never want that to happen with you. If you hurt yourself like that, I’m not sure that I would be able to recover.”

“But how am I supposed to grow and get better without taking any risks?” Yuuri questioned. “I can’t spend my entire life playing it safe, just because you don’t want me to get hurt. I love you, and I understand exactly were you’re coming from. But I would never stop you from living the way you want. So why would you want to stop me?”

Victor was taken off guard. When did Yuuri suddenly grow up into an adult? He sounded so reasonable and convincing. Victor remembered when he clung to him in the airport when they were saying their goodbyes for the first time. How he refused to let him go, in hopes that he would stay.

But now, Yuuri was suddenly at his level. Victor didn’t have to talk to him in a way that he would a child. He didn’t have to teach Yuuri right from wrong, or make decisions for both of them, because Yuuri was too young to understand.

Yuuri was old enough to make his own decisions. And even if Victor didn’t agree with them, they were still Yuuri’s decisions. And he deserved to be allowed to make them.

“You’re right.” Victor admitted. “I’m sorry, it’s your decision.”
“You don’t have to apologize.” Yuuri assured. “You were only looking out for me. Just as I am for you.”

Victor smiled. Yuuri really looked beautiful. And he was so smart, and talented and perfect. Victor was once again amazed that fate had been so kind as to grant him this beautiful person to be his true mate.

He was forever grateful.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked unsurely. “…What am I to you?”

Victor blinked. “What do you mean?”

Yuuri blushed. “It’s just that… We love each other, and we are destined for each other… But how do you see me?”

Victor had never felt more confused. “How do I see you?”

“Do you see me as your brother?” Yuuri asked, as his blush grew stronger. “Or your cub, your friend or…” He took a deep breath. “…Your boyfriend?”

Victor’s heart stopped. He understood exactly what Yuuri was asking him. But he hadn’t given it that much thought. He had always seen Yuuri as his true mate. He had made it his mission to always be what Yuuri wanted him to be.

But now Yuuri was asking him what he wanted.

And he had no idea.

Yuuri averted his gaze. “Forget that I asked.” He pleaded. “It was stupid…”

“Yuuri.” Victor sighed and placed his hand on Yuuri’s cheek so he could look at him.

Yuuri looked back at him with his brown, beautiful, sparkling eyes, filled with so much hope and wonder.

Victor reached out through their bond, and felt how the shiver went through him, and then through Yuuri as they connected through their souls.

Victor knew that he wanted Yuuri for the rest of his life. He loved him more than he ever believed to be possible. And he wanted to love him in every possible way. He wanted to have his entire life surrounded by Yuuri.

And right now.

He wanted to kiss him.

But was that what Yuuri wanted?

Victor experimentally moved his hand down, and allowed it to settle at Yuuri’s jaw. Then he carefully used his thumb to brush over his lips. Yuuri leaned into the touch as he closed his eyes.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked.

Yuuri opened his eyes and looked at him hopefully. ~Kiss me~ He pleaded.
And Victor did.

As their lips connected the world around them melted away and ceased to exist. The snow was softly falling around them, and the Eiffel tower lit its lights.

Somewhere in the distance, a street performer played a song.

But nothing of that mattered to them.

They had just shared their first kiss with each other. And their relationship had changed from soulmates, to engaged, to sleeping friends, to coach/student, and now, finally, to boyfriends.

Their relationship was hard to label. But as long as they loved each other, that was all they really needed.

The rest was just unimportant details.

They had what was most important.

Love.

And love is forever.

Chapter End Notes

#Boyfriends #FirstKiss #UnderTheEiffelTower #LoveWins

So what do you say? Should we end the story here, or aim for 50 chapters more? ;)
#TheBig100

Or even go for 500?? I swear, I can keep this story going forever... Chapter 500 will be Yuuri and Victor trying to find a good retirement home that will accept them and all of their dogs. Since no dogs will die in this story, Makkachin has grey fur by now, but he's still alert for his age, so is Vicchan, and they need a good place to spend their glory days... XD #Spoiler

But seriously. What do you think of the story up to this point? I would love to hear your thoughts! <3

(I will of course continue, since I won't be able to stop myself, #TooManyIdeas #SoMuchMoreStoryToGetThrough but I still want to know what you think) <3<3<3

Kudos to all of you! <3<3
Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor have dinner with Minako, and talk to each other about their future as a couple. Then it's time for Yuuri's free skate.

Chapter Notes

I need to chill with the lengths of the chapters.... XD I really can't stop writing.... XD I should probably split them into multiple parts, I just need to figure out where... XD <3

Anyway. Serious talk.
This story is a fluff story, and that will not change. But the theme will get more adult, since they get more adult. We can't have a 23 year old Yuuri, feeding cornflakes to a stuffed unicorn (even if that would be adorable).
There will be future smut, and possibly future mpreg, which means that I will eventually need to change the rating to "Explicit" If you're not into that, you have been warned.

You're welcome to leave this story any time, and you really don't need to tell me if/when you do. I will continue with their lives and the challenges they will face and everything. I will just keep on writing, and you're welcome to stick along if you want.

This is my version of therapy, and I really like to write it. And if you don't like it, I will not force you to read. There is a lot of fanfiction out there that will probably suit your taste better than this little silly thing. XD

Well, I'm done with my little explanation. <3 I hope you'll like this chapter! <3 Let me know if you find any spelling or grammar mistakes. It's 16 pages, and it might be too much for me to edit on my own so it's flawless... And since English isn't my first language, there is probably a couple of grammar mistakes in there as well... XD So I'm basically asking you to beta read for me. XD You'll be working for free, and all you get in return is my gratefulness. <3

#I'mOut

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri was practically floating on a pink cloud of happiness after his first kiss with Victor, and then after his second, and then his third, and then his forth, and then his fifth… It got better and better after every time, it was addicting. Victor was addicting.

They shared a kiss on top of the Eiffel tower before making their way back to the hotel, only stopping for crêpes and hot cocoa.

Yuuri leaned against Victor as they walked. Victor’s arm was comfortably wrapped around him and they allowed for a comfortable silence to fall between them.
That was, until Yuuri’s phone suddenly vibrated.

“Oh, I thought you were reaching out.” Victor mused as Yuuri pulled out his phone.

Yuuri chuckled as he flipped his phone open to read the text. “It’s Minako.” He announced. “Reaching out to both of us.”

“Oh? What does she want?” Victor asked curiously.

“She wants to know if we’re hungry.” Yuuri said. “Are you?”

“We just ate.” Victor said as he nuzzled his nose into Yuuri’s hair to breathe in more of his scent. “But if you’re hungry, I’m hungry too…”

“That doesn’t make any sense.” Yuuri pointed out. “We might share a soul, but we don’t share a stomach.”

Victor laughed at that. “I just meant that I would gladly go with you if you want to eat.” He corrected himself.

“Oh…” Yuuri giggled. “Well, I’m not really that hungry either…”

“I hear a ‘but’ somewhere in there.” Victor mused.

Yuuri blushed as a smile played on his lips. “…But… I really want to try more French food.” He admitted. “It’s so exciting.”

Victor beamed. “I know just the place.”

“………..

“This is so adorable.” Minako squealed. “The food is so tiny.”

“Minako, where did you put my glasses?” Minako’s grandma asked as she dug through her purse.”

“You’re wearing them.” Minako said as she assisted her grandmother with her napkin.

“I’m not that old…” Minako’s grandma claimed as she took the napkin from her granddaughter and draped it over her lap.

“So stubborn…” Minako grumbled.

Yuuri was completely blown away by the tiny portions of French cuisine.

“It’s perfect if you’re not too hungry but still want to try everything.” Victor explained.

Yuuri nodded as he tried to decide what to try first.

Victor didn’t hesitate to jump on the opportunity to fulfill one of his dreams. “Yuuri?” He asked.

Yuuri looked to him.

Victor picked up one of the mini quiches and looked to Yuuri in amusement. “May I?”

Yuuri looked to Minako with worry, as his face grew redder by the seconds. He then looked back to Victor with a mixture of embarrassment, mortification, and determination. Before he finally, nodded.

He knew that this was something that Victor had wanted for a very long time. And Victor had
always allowed all of his instinctual nonsense. So he felt like the least he could do, was push his
embarrassment aside and allow his mate this moment.

They were in the city of romance, after all…

Victor beamed. “Close your eyes, mon amour.”

The French did nothing to lessen Yuuri’s blush. Victor was going to be the death of him, or at least
the responsible one for making his cheeks permanently red.

But he did as Victor asked and closed his eyes.

Victor felt like a child on Christmas, as Yuuri opened his mouth and allowed Victor to feed him.

It made something inside him feel wonderful. Like finally scratching an itch after a lifetime of
suffering. And when Yuuri hummed in enjoyment to the food. Victor felt his heart speeding up with
joy.

He felt so proud, like he was the best alpha in the world. Being able to take care of his mate like this,
to bring him food to keep him alive.

He knew that it was an alpha thing that stretched back to pre-historic times. When alphas still did the
hunting and brought home dinner to provide for their families. Alphas always felt the best when they
were protecting and providing. And with Yuuri, he could do both.

“Do you like it, mon chèr?” Victor asked lovingly.

Yuuri nodded as he chewed. “It’s really good.”

“Okay…” Minako said suspiciously. “What’s going on with you two?” She questioned. “You’re
acting… Strange…”

Yuuri flinched. “We’re not acting strange.” He protested with his mouth full. “Why would we act
strange?”

“That’s what I’m wondering…” Minako said as she narrowed her gaze. “Are you… Drunk?”

“What?” Yuuri and Victor gasped at the same time.

“Are you?” Minako pushed.

“Of course not!” Yuuri exclaimed. “I’m not even old enough to drink.”

“And I would never let Yuuri get drunk, the day before a performance.” Victor added. “Do you have
any idea how dangerous it is to skate when you’re hung over? I would never risk Yuuri’s life like
that.”

Minako sighed in defeat as she took a sip of her wine. “I know you wouldn’t…”

“If something was wrong, we would tell you.” Yuuri assured.

Minako nodded reluctantly as she put her glass down. “Fine…”

Yuuri and Victor both agreed that there was nothing wrong.

Nothing at all…
Quite the contrary…

Everything was perfect.

As soon as Yuuri and Victor returned to their hotel room, they were both laughing and joking about how amazing they thought that Paris was. And how it was now proved to be the most romantic city in the world.

As soon as their laughter began to settle down, Yuuri pulled Victor in for yet another kiss. They both collapsed into the hotel room’s couch, and they started to laugh and giggle again. And before they knew it, they were kissing again. Completely at peace in each other’s presence.

“Do you think we should have told her?” Yuuri asked between kisses.

“Maybe.” Victor murmured thoughtfully against Yuuri’s lips. “It’s not like our relationship is a secret.”

Victor kissed Yuuri again before Yuuri pulled away slightly. “You don’t think that she would get mad?”

“Why?” Victor asked. “This was bound to happen sooner or later.”

Yuuri looked troubled.

Victor looked at his mate worriedly. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri shrugged.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded.

“You don’t think…?” Yuuri stopped to rearrange his words. “Do you think we would be able to stay in the same room, if Minako knew that we kissed each other?”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. “I don’t think she would be able to keep us apart.” He stated. “And the fact that we kissed is really not any of her business.”

“But what if she tells my parents?” Yuuri asked. “What would they say about this?”

“About what?”

“About…” Yuuri struggled through the awkwardness. “About us kissing… And… And sharing a room…”

“Well, it’s just kissing.” Victor assured. “It’s not like we’re going to have sex in the near future…”

“We’re not?” Yuuri asked in surprise. When did Victor plan this?

“Of course not.” Victor said as if it was obvious. “We’re not having sex until you’re at least eighteen.”

Yuuri felt slightly offended that he didn’t get a say in this. “Why not? A lot of people have sex in their teenage years.”

“A lot of people aren’t you.”
Yuuri pulled away from Victor’s embrace completely. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“That I don’t care about what other people do.” Victor clarified. “And I’m not having sex with you until you’re a consensual adult.”

“Fine, then I’m not having sex with you until I’m thirty.” Yuuri declared. He didn’t even know why he said it. He just wanted to make his voice heard.

“Okay.” Victor agreed calmly. “I can wait.”

Yuuri felt his heart sink. “Do you really find me that unattractive?”

“What?” Victor gasped. “Yuuri, how could you even think that?”

Yuuri averted his gaze.

“Yuuri.” Victor said as he grasped Yuuri’s hand. “You’re the least unattractive person in this world. How could you possibly think otherwise?”

“I’m not attractive enough to have sex with…” Yuuri grumbled dejectedly.

“You’re fourteen, Yuuri.” Victor said gently. “It’s like asking you to have sex with a ten-year-old.”

“That’s so not the same thing.” Yuuri protested. “We’re true mates.”

“But you’re still four years younger than me.” Victor pointed out. “You haven’t even had your heat yet. Do you even want to have sex?”

“No…” Yuuri admitted. “But I still think that I get a say in this. You can’t just decide when we’re going to have sex or not.”

“Fine.” Victor relented. “I don’t want to have sex with you until you’re older and actually ready for something like that… That’s my personal choice.”

Yuuri sighed in defeat. “But…” He closed his eyes and changed his mind. He wasn’t sure he was ready to know the answer. “…Never mind…”

Yuuri looked so tortured, and Victor couldn’t give up until he had gotten to the bottom of this. Why was he so eager to have sex all the sudden? It’s not like he had ever brought it up before, nor was he ready. “Yuuri, please talk to me.”

Yuuri took a deep breath. “By the time I’m eighteen, you’ll be twenty two.” He explained sadly. “And you have so many ruts to get through before then, and I don’t want you to be in pain for that long… I want to be able to help.”

“Yuuri, please don’t worry about my ruts.” Victor pleaded. “I’m fine. I’m not in any pain.”

“But you don’t enjoy them.” Yuuri quipped. “I can still feel you during your ruts, and I can tell that you are just pushing through.”

Victor felt like he had just been slapped. “You can feel me during my ruts?” He questioned.

Yuuri nodded. “And I don’t want you to feel like that. I don’t want you to feel like you have to struggle through four years of your life. And…” Yuuri took another deep breath. “If you don’t want to have sex with me… Maybe you should find someone else?”
“No.” Victor all but growled. “I will never have sex with anyone but you.”

“But you don’t even want to have sex with me.” Yuuri exclaimed. “At least that way, you won’t have to fight against…”

“Yuuri.” Victor snapped. “This is not a conversation you’re going to win. Nothing you say could ever convince me to cheat on you.”

“If I agree, it’s not really cheating.” Yuuri pointed out. “It’s just… An open relationship?”

“No. I don’t want an open relationship with you.” Victor stated. “I want a closed relationship with you. I would never be able to have sex with someone… Anyone… That I don’t love.”

Yuuri felt his heart swell a little at that, the fact that Victor didn’t even want to consider anyone else but him.

“Sex isn’t about getting off.” Victor continued. “Sex is about love. It’s about connection and commitment, at least to me. If I want to get off, I can do so myself.”

Yuuri nodded in defeat. He couldn’t force Victor, even if he only wanted to help. If Victor wanted to spend his ruts uncomfortable, it was ultimately his decision. But that didn’t mean that Yuuri had to sit idly by, and let him suffer.

“Can I do anything to help?” Yuuri asked instead. “If you don’t want to accept help from someone else, let me do something… I can spend it with you sometime? We don’t need to do anything, but I really want to help…”

“Yuuri.” Victor sighed. “I’m fine. I’m not in any pain, it’s just uncomfortable, but I can handle it…”

“But I don’t want you to be uncomfortable.” Yuuri stated. “I want you to be happy…”

Victor smiled gently. “I am happy.” He assured. “And you can help me when you’re older… Right now, you’re just too… I don’t know… Innocent, I guess.”

“Innocent?” Yuuri questioned. “I’m not innocent.”

Victor just smiled in amusement.

“I’m not.” Yuuri claimed. “I’ve watched plenty of porn.”

Victor looked into Yuuri’s determined beautiful eyes, before he finally broke down completely in a fit of laughter. “You’re too cute… I can’t…”

“Victor…” Yuuri complained. “I mean it.”

Victor laughed even harder. Yuuri was too adorable to be serious about something as silly as porn.

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled.

“I’m sorry…” Victor apologized as he tried to calm himself. After a few deep breaths, he was finally able to talk again. “So you’ve watched plenty of porn, huh?”

Yuuri’s cheeks tinted red with embarrassment. “I’m not telling you things anymore.” He declared.

“Aww…” Victor squealed as he wrapped his arms around his annoyed mate. “I’m not making fun of you.” He assured. “But you can’t just say things like that while looking so adorable…”
Yuuri shook his head fondly as he relaxed in Victor’s arms. “You know, when I do turn eighteen… I’m so going to make you regret this conversation.”

Victor kissed the side of Yuuri’s cheek and nuzzled his face into his neck. “I can’t wait…”

Yuuri stared into space determinately. “We’ll see, Victor.” He said seriously. “We’ll see…”

The next day, it was time for Yuuri’s free skate. After a good night’s sleep and a lot of massage from Victor, he was ready.

Their conversation yesterday hadn’t exactly led them anywhere, but Yuuri was still grateful that they had it. It brought them closer together.

They both knew where the other one stood, so there wouldn’t be any room for miscommunication in the future. Yuuri still wanted to find a way to help Victor through his ruts, but they would probably have to talk about it some more. Victor was completely set on keeping Yuuri away from almost everything regarding sex.

Yuuri decided to just go with it, for Victor. There was no reason for them to rush anyway. Yuuri mostly wanted to prove to Victor how grown up he was, but it had evidentially backfired. And Victor began fussing over him like he was a five-year-old again.

The only difference was that Victor allowed kisses, even using tongue. And Yuuri could settle with that…

For now…

“Do you want some water?” Victor asked. “You should stay hydrated.”

Yuuri gratefully accepted the water bottle and allowed the water to cool him down a little. They had just had warm-up, and Yuuri was feeling a light layer of sweat building on his forehead.

“You’re going to do amazing.” Victor assured.

Yuuri was the next one to skate. Chris was the one who currently held the ice, with his way too literal interpretation of ‘I touch myself’.

“Is that really allowed in juniors?” Yuuri asked as Chris caressed his own ass.

Victor snorted. “They might have to put a disclaimer at the live broadcast if it gets any worse…” He mused. “But as long as no body parts fly out, I’m pretty sure that he won’t be disqualified.”

Yuuri chuckled. “But his pants do look awfully tight, don’t you think?”

“Yuuri.” Victor gasped. “Are you checking out another alpha, with me standing right here?”

“I wouldn’t dream of it…” Yuuri mused. “Why would I want to check out anyone who isn’t wearing my ring on their finger?”

Victor beamed. “You’re so confident…” He pulled his fingers through Yuuri’s slicked back hair. “…I love it.”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “Well, I love you.”

Victor kissed Yuuri’s forehead. “I love you too.”
“Now, give it up for Yuuri Katsuki, most of you probably know him as the boy who took home yesterday’s victory.” The commenter spoke as Yuuri skated to the middle of the rink. “Yuuri Katsuki has five planned jumps in his performance, and he’s dedicating his performance to his true mate, Victor Nikiforov, who also happens to be the current world record holder in all of the different categories in juniors.”

Yuuri smiled to himself. Victor wouldn’t be holding them for long. He might still have the record in his short program. But Yuuri was going to beat his free skate high score today, and hopefully the total.

Yuuri looked to Victor as he waited for the music to start. This was for him, after all.

Victor felt his heart soar when Yuuri looked at him like that. And when the music started, and Yuuri began to move, Victor found himself unable to look away. Yuuri skated perfectly to every word of the song.

Victor hadn’t been allowed to help him with it, since Yuuri wanted it to be a surprise. But in the end, Victor was glad that Yuuri had done it by himself. It was completely beautiful, and even if he could, he wouldn’t want to change a single thing. It was perfect.

“Here he goes for his first jump…” The commenter said.

A part of Victor wanted to hush the commenter. He was speaking over Yuuri’s beauty. He should just allow his performance to speak for itself.

Then Victor wanted to face-palm. Yuuri changed his jumps again.

“Yuuri changed his triple salchow to a quadruple salchow and he landed it perfectly.”

Yuuri didn’t even hear the commenter’s words, he allowed the music to steer him. He thought about Victor, about how much stronger he made him feel, how beautiful. How he could make him feel like he could do anything, with nothing but a single look.

And once he started to near the end of his performance, he felt his body starting to try and slow him down. It was exhausting, but he kept his mind on Victor and pushed though.

Victor held his breath. How was Yuuri even human? He had turned almost all of his jumps into quads, and he was still going like he wasn’t even bothered by it at all. He was done with all of his jumps and he was on his final combination spin.

Yuuri felt droplets of sweat falling down his face and getting into his eyes, but it was worth it. He was going to do a perfect number. He was going to win. He was going to do it for all omegas out there with a dream of making it in sports, and he was going to do it for Victor.

Victor believed in him enough to make him unstoppable. And he didn’t want to disappoint him, he couldn’t.

It was time to show Victor that he didn’t believe in him for nothing.

Yuuri skated to the center of the ice to strike his end pose.

He did so beautifully, but Victor could see the exhaustion on his mate’s face, as the music stopped and Yuuri looked at him, and only him.
The world might as well be non-existent.

He had done it.

If that weren’t a new world record, Victor would eat his own skates.

Yuuri looked so disoriented as the audience roared for his attention. They threw out plush poodles, fake Katsudons and Victor’s official merchandise. Victor’s guess would be that they were his twitter followers. Yuuri had gained a lot during this past year. And Victor couldn’t be prouder.

Suddenly, Yuuri turned back to him, with a giant smile on his face. “Victor!” He cheered. “I did great, right?”

Victor realized that he had been crying, so he quickly wiped away a stray tear and nodded fondly.

That’s when a great idea struck him out of nowhere. Yuuri was worried about what his family would think if they found out that he and Victor were on kissing-terms, but they were most likely watching him right now.

Victor came up with the perfect way of telling them.

As soon as Yuuri was within touching distance, Victor went for it. He flew through the air and pressed their lips together.

And for a moment, time froze.

Nothing else mattered besides him and Yuuri.

He was careful to watch out for Yuuri’s head and back, as he toppled over and they both fell in a heap on the ice.

As he pulled away, Yuuri looked at him with so much shock and surprise that Victor couldn’t help but chuckle. “This was the only way I could think of, to surprise you more than you’ve surprised me.”

Yuuri smiled lovingly, as he brushed Victor’s long hair away from his face. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “Now it’s not a secret anymore either.”

Yuuri nodded as he chuckled slightly. “Thank you.”

The entire audience was still in shock as Yuuri and Victor made their way to the kiss and cry to await Yuuri’s score.

Minako was still gaping as she stared at them, while her grandmother was smiling knowingly. “You owe me a foot rub now, Minako.” She mused. “I told you they were in love.”

Yuuri and Victor snickered as the commenter finally spoke. “The scores for Yuuri Katsuki’s free skate are 179.3, it’s a new world record. And he lands with a total of 264.4.”

“Yes!” Victor exclaimed. “I knew it. I’m so proud of you.” He hugged him tightly as Yuuri’s name was glowing perfectly at the top of the scoreboard.

Yuuri couldn’t believe it. He had beaten Victor’s record. Not his total of 265.3, but he was really close. And he beat his free skate with two whole points. And Victor was proud of him.
“You’re so amazing.” Victor continued. “Even though you’re too daring for your own good, you’re so talented and skilled and wonderful, and I love you so much…”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at Victor’s words. And he felt himself melt into Victor’s embrace. “I love you too.” He smiled against Victor’s neck. “Thank you for believing in me.”

Victor hugged him closer. “I’ll always believe in you, my wonderful soulmate.” He kissed the side of Yuuri’s head with as much love he could possess. “I promise.”

After the medal ceremony, Yuuri was ready to call it a day. So much had happened in only two days, and he probably needed a week or something to adjust to the fact that this was actually reality.

But Victor wouldn’t have any of that. He wanted to celebrate. He wanted Yuuri to go to the banquet and flash his medal around in everyone’s faces.

Yuuri had reluctantly agreed, but only because Victor promised to go with him, and not leave his side for the entire night.

“If I try to fall asleep on you, will you keep me awake?” Yuuri asked. “I don’t want to be known as the skater who fell asleep on my first banquet.”

“This is not your first.” Victor pointed out. “You went to three of mine.”

“That’s not the same.” Yuuri protested. “At your banquets, I just had to stand there and talk to you. Now I have to actually…” He swallowed thickly. “…Converse.”

Victor chuckled. “You’re going to be fine.” He assured. “And if you want, you can just talk to me. But I’m sure people are going to want and talk to you. You’re the champion, one of the best figure skaters in the world, the best omega figure skater in the world, the most handsome, wonderful man in the universe.”

“Victor…” Yuuri shook his head fondly. “You do understand how ridiculous you sound? Especially since you are the actual best figure skater in the world, and the most handsome and the most wonderful…”

Victor silenced Yuuri with a quick kiss on the nose.

“Victor…” Yuuri giggled. “I’m trying to tell you something…”

Victor kissed Yuuri’s forehead, and then his cheek. “I’m sorry…” He apologized as he started to kiss the rest of Yuuri’s face. “…I can’t hear you over the sound of your beauty…”

“You’re such a goof.” Yuuri laughed as he tried to get away from Victor’s kisses. “You’re going to mess up my hair.”

“And I thought I was the vain one…” Victor mused as he fixed Yuuri’s hair again. He was in fact the one who fixed it in the first place.

“We’re here.” The driver announced as he pulled up to the hotel where the banquet was being held.

“Are you ready, lyubov?” Victor asked as he handed his credit card to the driver.

Yuuri took a deep breath and nodded. “Let’s do it.”
If there was one thing that Yuuri hated, it was being in the center of attention. He hated it in school, and he hated it now. But he was glad that he had Victor. His mate was amazing when it came to big crowds. He had his arm wrapped around Yuuri’s shoulders, and he managed to introduce Yuuri to some of his own sponsors, without making it awkward.

Yuuri was mostly nodding and trying to keep up with the English language. He and Victor were starting to speak some kind of mixture of Russian, Japanese and English, so he was familiar, but it was still hard to focus on solely English, especially when most of the sponsors had really unfamiliar accents.

But Victor was good at translating so it was fine.

“Would you like some more soda?” Victor asked. “Are you feeling tired?”

“If I drink anymore, I will burst…” Yuuri claimed. “…Or die of an overdose of sugar.”

Victor chuckled. “At least you’re not falling asleep…”

Yuuri smiled at his mate’s shenanigans, but he was grateful that he had succeeding in keeping him awake.

“So, I guess congratulations are in order.” Chris smirked as he walked up with an unreadable expression. “But I’ll get my world record the next year. I’m already working on my new theme.”

Victor tightened his hold on Yuuri slightly as they both turned to the Swiss man.

“I’m sure you will.” Yuuri said politely. He knew that Victor didn’t like Chris after the kiss on the hand, but he figured if he and Chris got on good terms, Victor might loosen up a little.

It worked with Tommy.

“You’re a very good winner, Yuuri.” Chris chuckled. “I can respect that.”

“You better.” Victor stated.

“Victor.” Yuuri scolded. “Be nice.”

Victor sighed. Stupid alpha instincts… “Sorry.” He apologized. He knew it was irrational. But Chris was a very handsome alpha, and he was showing a very clear interest in his Yuuri.

“It’s fine…” Chris mused. “Boyfriend’s and girlfriend’s tend to dislike me… I think Victor here is worried I might steal your heart away with my impeccable charm.”

Victor’s gaze narrowed.

“He has nothing to worry about.” Yuuri stated as he shot Victor an assuring glance. “No one will ever be able to steal my heart, because he already has it.”

Chris chuckled fondly. “Then I suppose he’s very lucky…”

“I am.” Victor agreed. “I’m the luckiest man in the world.”

“Then I’m happy for you.” Chris mused, before he suddenly made eye contact with the Swedish rubber man. “Now, if you would excuse me, I need to make some research about the human body, and how much is actually able to bend…”
Yuuri and Victor stared after Chris as he daringly made his way over to Fredrick Olsson, the bronze medalist. Waving his hips all the way there.

“Wow…” Yuuri said in disbelief. “He’s so brave…”

“Pfft… Any brainless idiot, could do that…” Victor waved off.

“Yeah, right…” Yuuri snorted. “Says the man who’s been in a relationship since he was four years old…”

“Well, I managed to get the most beautiful man in the world to fall for me…” Victor quipped.

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “True, and it only took you fourteen years…”

Victor feigned hurt. “So mean.”

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled. “You know it’s not true… I fell for you the moment I was born.”

Those words made Victor smile like an idiot. “You can’t just go from devil to angel in such short spam of time…” He complained. “Give my poor heart a chance to recover.”

“I’m sorry…” Yuuri chuckled before he blinked a few times to activate his omega eyes. “Do you forgive me?”

Victor’s heart didn’t know what to do. And he suddenly felt his mind stop working. “I’m dead.” He gasped. “You’ve murdered me.”

“Vitya…” Yuuri said in the most adorable voice Victor had ever heard, with his omega eyes still in place.

Victor was overpowered by love. “I need to sit down…” He said and sat down in the middle of the floor.

“Victor.” Yuuri gasped. “You can’t just sit down in the middle of the floor.”

“I’m dead, I feel no shame.” Victor declared.

“Victor.” Yuuri pleaded.

“Is he drunk?” A woman suddenly asked as she stepped up right next to Yuuri.

Yuuri flinched in surprise, before embarrassment started to take over. “No.” He said shyly. “Victor is just being silly.”

Victor was just smiling there on the floor. “It’s an inside joke.” He explained.

“Oh.” The woman chuckled. “I’m sorry, I was actually looking for a way to introduce myself. My name is Gina Cialdini. I work as a fashion designer.” She extended her hand for Yuuri to shake.

Yuuri did. “My name is Yuuri.”

Victor stood up from the floor and joined his mate’s side. Even though the woman seemed very unthreatening, with her cheerful smile and sweet Italian accent, Victor was still not taking any chances.

“I know who you are.” Gina smiled. “My husband used to be a very successful figure skater, and he
was blown away by your performance.”

Yuuri blushed. “Well, tell him thank you.”

“Oh, I sure will…” She smiled before breaking eye contact for a moment. “Or… You might actually be able to tell him that yourself…” She looked behind Victor and Yuuri, to a man with long, dark blond hair, piercing blue eyes and a jawline that could cut glass. “Celestino, darling, would you like to come over here for a moment?”

The man beamed and walked over. He looked like a photo model, and Yuuri was completely certain that he had seen him somewhere before. He just couldn’t remember where.

“Mr. Katsuki. That was an incredible performance.” Celestino cheered as he shook Yuuri’s hand. “And congratulations to beating my high score.”

Yuuri almost fainted. He was shaking hands with Celestino Cialdini, the man who held the title of the best male omega figure skater in the world, well, before him… Yuuri had read about him, and looked up some articles, but he never believed that he would ever get a chance to meet him in real life, like this…

This had to be a dream.

Victor saw the excitement and happiness on his mate’s face. And he wished he had brought his camera to capture the moment.

“Mr. Cialdini, it’s such an honor.” Yuuri said with an uneven voice. He was too star-struck to function.

“The honor is all mine.” Celestino assured. “And please, call me Celestino.”

Victor suddenly felt very puzzled. Yuuri had never acted so nervous around another skater before. Was it because Celestino was an omega, or was he missing something?

“Oh, okay…” Yuuri smiled as a blush spread across his cheeks. “Celestino.”

Celestino chuckled in amusement. “Honey, what do you say? Should we adopt him?”

Gina shook her head fondly. “You’re already expecting… Let’s take this one child at the time, please?”

Celestino rolled his eyes with a smile.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. He had never seen a pregnant male omega before. He had never seen a male omega before either, but he was both pregnant, and male and he was even a figure skater, one of the best. It was almost overwhelming.

“The reason why I wanted to introduce myself…” Gina suddenly continued, successfully breaking Yuuri out of his line of thoughts. “…Is because I would love for you to model for one of my collections sometime.” She admitted. “Male omegas are very hard to come by these days, and especially with such excellent physique. Not to mention that you have a very beautiful face that would look amazing on the cover of a magazine.”

Yuuri was stunned. He? A model?

“You can take your time and think about it, of course.” Gina assured. “My husband and I are both
active in America, Detroit. Celestino is a skating teacher in a local rink close to my studio.” She opened her purse and took out a business card. “You can send me a mail or give me a call if you’re interested. I will of course provide for flight and house, so you won’t have to worry about that. And you don’t need to sign any contract or anything, you will be paid for sessions.”

“He’ll think about it.” Victor cut in. She probably meant well, but she was too pushy for his taste. If Yuuri wanted to model, he would. But no one was going to force him into it.

“Of course.” Gina backed down. “And when you ever find yourself in Detroit when you’re older, I’m sure my husband would love to coach you.”

Yuuri almost choked on air. “Coached by Celestino Cialdini?” He asked in disbelief. He had no idea he had said that out loud, before Celestino suddenly laughed.

“It would be an honor to coach the next world champion.” The Italian man stated. “Pass on the torch, so to say…”

Yuuri really wanted that. Not only would he be able to learn from one of the greatest figure skaters in the world, but he would also be able to be coached by a fellow omega. Imagine all the things he could learn.

~Should I tell them to beat it?~ Victor asked through the bond. If Yuuri felt uncomfortable in any way, he would have them banned.

Yuuri looked to Victor in assurance. ~No~

Victor nodded in understanding.

“Thank you so much for your offers, but Victor is right…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “I really need to think about it.”

“Of course.” Gina and Celestino agreed. “There’s absolutely no rush, as you might tell, we will probably find ourselves very busy in the near future.”

“Well, congratulations.” Yuuri said in lack of other things to say.

Celestino beamed as he gently caressed his stomach. “Thank you.”

When Yuuri and Victor returned from the banquet, Yuuri practically threw himself in the bed. “Wake me up in the spring.” Yuuri pleaded. “I’m following the bear’s example and I’m going into hibernation…”

Victor chuckled as he sat down on the side of the bed to pet Yuuri’s hair. “You know that means that you’re going to miss my grand prix final, and my birthday, and Christmas…”

Yuuri hummed into his pillow. “You can wake me up for those…” He relented. “Until then, I’m a bear…”

Victor climbed up in the bed and pulled Yuuri into his embrace. “My teddy bear.”

Yuuri nuzzled closer to Victor and allowed his warmth and scent bring him closer to sleep. “Thank you for coming with me to Paris.”

“I wouldn’t have missed this for the world.” Victor stated. “I’m so proud over you. I truly am the
luckiest man in the world.”

“No, I am…” Yuuri protested as he slowly drifted off to sleep. “You’re the best mate I could ever wish for, you’re so kind, and loving… And sweet…” He yawned. “Funny… amazing…”

Victor smiled fondly as Yuuri drifted off to sleep in his protest. He then took off Yuuri’s glasses and shoes, before wrapping him in the duvet and pulling him towards himself like a teddy bear again.

He couldn’t believe how lucky he was, to have been blessed with Yuuri. He had so many layers, and Victor was in love with every single one of them, even the ones that drove him insane, like the stubbornness and the recklessness.

They were still traits that made him Yuuri.

And Yuuri was perfect, at least to him.

They were perfect for each other.

Victor kissed Yuuri’s forehead gently. “Goodnight, my love.”

Yuuri hummed against his neck and moved impossible closer.

Victor tightened his hold of Yuuri. The fight over who loved the other more, was a fight that no one of them would ever win.

Or maybe they both always did.

Love was the prize.

And they were both winners.

Chapter End Notes

A lot of things happened in here... XD Yuuri made history, the world knows about Victor and Yuuri's relationship, Celestino is an omega interested in coachin and Yuuri might have found a way to found his college education without Victor's help... ;)
#VictorWillBuyAllTheMagazines

Anyway, let me know what you thought! <3<3 But be kind, motivational comments are always nicer to read. And they motivate me to continue! <3<3

You guys are the best! <3<3

Kudos to all!! <3<3

Yuuri’s performance music
Short program: Christina Aguilera - Fighter
Free skate: Westlife - You raise me up
Chapter 52

Chapter Summary

It's a new year with new possibilities. A time to start over and make a change.

Chapter Notes

I just want to say thank you or all the continued support from you! <3<3 You're definitely the best readers, and it's such a pleasure writing for you! <3

And I'm not "Super" Happy with this chapter, but I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt like he was on top of the world when he finally returned to school. He had spent most of his winter with Yuuri, and it made him feel like he was bursting with energy and life. He had also won another Grand prix final, and watched Yuuri win one.

This had been an excellent year. He just hoped that this new one would be just as amazing. It should be, since he got to start it with a new year’s kiss with Yuuri. It was an amazing kiss, with equally amazing fireworks.

It had been the perfect night and the perfect way to end 2006.

But it was a new year with new possibilities. And Victor couldn’t be more excited to start off the year with some studies.

………………………………

Yuuri was also feeling incredibly happy after spending New Year’s Eve with Victor. But his joy didn’t last for as long.

The moment when he stepped inside the doors to his school, he came face to face with Narumi and her crew.

“So, I heard that Victor rigged the junior grand prix for you.” Narumi said venomously. “Congrats on your bought medal.”

“Victor didn’t rig anything.” Yuuri protested. He knew that Victor would never do anything like that.

“Why else would you win?” Narumi questioned. “It’s not like you’re talented or anything.”

Yuuri felt his heart crack slightly. He knew that she was jealous and she only said these things to make herself feel better. But it still hurt to hear.

“I’m sorry you feel that way.” Yuuri said. He just wanted to get past her with his dignity still intact. “I'll work on getting better.”
Narumi scoffed. “What? You have no sarcastic comebacks when your redheaded friend isn’t around to protect you?”

Yuuri didn’t even know that Tommy wasn’t around. But now when she said it, he realized that he wasn’t. Tommy usually met him outside, but he didn’t today. Was he okay?

“Where is he?” Yuuri asked.

“How should I know?” Narumi questioned. “He’s your bitch…”

Yuuri felt a flare of anger shoot through him. “Tommy is not my bitch.”

“Yeah, right.” Narumi said in disbelief. “He’s always following you around like a lost puppy, that psychopath really has issues. Too bad you don’t have any other friends to replace him with…”

“Yuuri has friends.” Yuuko suddenly said, as she showed up behind Yuuri, and wrapped her arm around his shoulders. “And what’s your problem, kid?” She asked. “And what’s the problem with the rest of you people? Do you agree with her, or are you just her mindless zombies?”

Narumi’s friends looked at each other worriedly.

“I’ll walk you to class, Yuuri.” Yuuko declared. “That girl needs to get over herself, and her insecurities.”

“I don’t have insecurities.” Narumi snapped. “I’m just sick of his gloating face. He tries to undermine me, every opportunity he gets.”

“What?” Yuuko asked in disbelief. “Yuuri is the kindest person in the world. If he did something like that, I’m sure you deserved it.”

“What? No.” Yuuri said in confusion before he turned to his classmate. “Narumi, when did I undermine you?” He asked.

“You’re doing it right now.” Narumi exclaimed. “Don’t you think I know how much shit you talk about me to people? Like, who is this girl even? Another one of your bodyguards?”

“I’ve never heard about you in my entire life.” Yuuko said. “But every time I see you, I hear you insulting my friend. So you’re not really one of my favorite people.”

“I’m not insulting him, I’m just voicing my opinion.” Narumi protested.

“Well, your opinion sucks.” Yuuko snapped.

“Yuuko.” Yuuri said soothingly, he needed to handle this alone. “Narumi, I’m sorry if I’ve ever made you feel bad. But I promise that I never meant to hurt you.”

“Yeah, right…” Narumi scoffed. “So you never meant to hurt me when you turned every single girl against me in elementary school? Or when you embarrassed me in front of Tommy? You have a fucking perfect life. Why do you need to ruin mine?”

“I…” Yuuri stuttered in shock. “I don’t… I didn’t know you felt that way. I’m sorry, but I can’t remember doing any of those things…”

“Isn’t that convenient?” Narumi questioned. “You don’t remember?”

Yuuri shook his head. He really didn’t.
Narumi was good friends with all the girls in elementary school, and he never said anything when Narumi talked with Tommy. And if anything, he tried to talk Tommy into giving Narumi a chance. But Tommy refused on principle.

“I’m so sorry if I ever did anything to hurt you.” Yuuri apologized. “But is there anything I can do to make this right?”

“Yuuri, no.” Yuuko stated. “You don’t need to do anything for her.”

“Yes, I do.” Yuuri argued. “I need to make this right. I can’t live with myself if I hurt someone and didn’t even acknowledge it.” He looked to Narumi pleadingly. “Please, let me know what I can do to make this right.”

Narumi glared at him. “You know, I heard about omegas being manipulative whores… But you really take the cake…”

Yuuri felt as he had just been slapped as Narumi walked away, almost pushing him over in the process.

“Hey!” Yuuko snapped to the younger girl. “Take that back!”

Narumi didn’t. She just walked away in silence.

Yuuri felt his heart break slightly. He had no idea that he had hurt her like that. He thought that she was being mean to him out of jealousness over Victor. He didn’t know that she was actually sad about something he had done to her.

“Let it go, Yuuri.” Yuuko soothed. “She’s just a sad bitch who doesn’t know what she’s talking about.”

“But what if I did hurt her?” Yuuri asked. “I need her to know that I’m sorry.”

“You told her.” Yuuko pointed out. “She decided to disregard you and insult you. She doesn’t deserve another apology.”

“But…”

“Yuuri, no.” Yuuko said determinately. “If she was actually a decent person, she would hear you out. Or at least accept you apology.”

“Maybe I did it wrong?” Yuuri suggested. “Maybe I need to show her that I’m sorry?”

“Don’t.” Yuuko said. “It’s not your fault. I’m sure you didn’t turn the girls against her, and I’m sure you didn’t embarrass her. She probably did it herself, but instead of seeing that, she’s looking to you, to have someone to blame.”

Yuuri hated this. He couldn’t stand the idea of hurting someone like that. He hoped that she could come around and forgive him. Or at least let him know how he could make it up to her.

…………………………..

Victor only had a single class before his day was over. University was so different from mandatory school. But he found it very annoying that his school was so far away, only to go to one class. He really wanted an apartment in the city. Especially on days like these.

It was the perfect weather for a walk. And if his house weren’t a forty-minute car drive, he would
have loved to walk home.

That was the first thing he told his dad when he finally got home.

“Are you sure you’re ready for your own apartment?” Igor asked in concern. “You know that you would have to clean it by yourself?”

“I know.” Victor agreed.

“And you would have to cook by yourself, and do laundry by yourself…” Igor continued.

“I’m eighteen dad.” Victor stated. “I think I’m ready for a place of my own.”

“Well…” Igor relented with a sigh. “If you’re sure… We can look for one. But you’re getting one in a good neighborhood. I won’t have you walking home alone in the dark in a strange alley.”

“I will be careful.” Victor promised. “And I won’t walk in any allies.” Even though he would feel kind of sorry if someone would try and attack him. His parents had made him take a lot of self-defense classes, and if he was able to take down his instructor, who was practically a living human mountain. He could probably take down some crazy alley-person as well…

“Good.” Igor said fondly. “I won’t have anything happen to my little boy…”

Victor chuckled as Igor ruffled his hair. “You know that I haven’t been little in a very long time, right?” Victor asked in amusement.

“Pfft…” Igor waved off. “You’ll be little forever.”

Victor shook his head fondly.

Dads...

Such dorks.

Yuuri was doing his homework after school, when Victor called him up on the phone for exchange, and told him that he was going to get an apartment in the city of St. Petersburg. And the next time they would be together, it could be only the two of them.

Well, that was if Yuuri’s parents allowed him to travel alone, which he still hadn’t asked about. But there would be time. He wouldn’t see Victor for another two months. He didn’t have his spring break until March.

Hopefully, his parents would allow it.

It would be awkward to have his entire family crowded inside Victor’s apartment. It was fine at Victor’s parent’s house, since it was so big.

But Yuuri doubted that Victor’s first apartment would be even close to that size.

He should definitely have a serious talk with his parents…

Well, after he was finished talking with Victor.

“So what have you done today?” Victor asked. Yuuri could hear Makkachin barking in the background somewhere, and he couldn’t help but chuckle at that.
“Well, I haven’t exactly been apartment shopping.” Yuuri mused. “I just had school, we learned about the French revolution.”

“Ah, that’s interesting.” Victor exclaimed. “I really liked Marie Antoinette’s sense of fashion. She was such a role model to the renaissance era.”

Yuuri laughed at his boyfriend’s silly sense of humor. It was so nice to hear his voice after this long day.

“You know that you don’t have to call me…” Yuuri said after a moment. “I think our bond has better connection.”

“I have five bars on my phone.” Victor exclaimed in protest. “And what’s the point of having phones if we never use them?”

“To call people we aren’t spiritually connected to?” Yuuri suggested.

Victor snorted. “I don’t see the point in that. It’s much more fun to call you.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “You’re sweet.”

“I know.” Victor agreed. “It’s one of my best qualities.”

Yuuri contemplated if he should tell Victor about his fight with Narumi today, or the fact that Tommy had entered his rut. They had agreed on being more honest with each other, but he was still horrible at bringing up topics that would potentially upset his mate.

“What are you thinking about?” Victor suddenly asked.

“What makes you think I’m thinking about something?” Yuuri quipped. It was a stalling technique, but he used it in order to find a way to collect his thoughts.

“You’re always thinking.” Victor pointed out. “And I can hear your grumbling all the way from Russia…”

Yuuri nodded in understanding.

“So what’s on your mind?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shrugged. “It’s just been a long day.” Yuuri started. “Tommy wasn’t in school today.”

Victor didn’t say anything for a few seconds, before finding his voice again. “Where was he?” He asked in concern.

“He’s having his first rut…” Yuuri said calmly. He could still feel a streak of fear resonating from Victor.

“Were you with him?” Victor asked worriedly. “Did he do something?”

“No.” Yuuri assured. “He texted me after school.”

Victor released a breath of relief. “Just stay away from his house. During a rut, the senses are all heightened, so he might pick up on your scent if you’re close to where he lives.” He explained. “I don’t want him to loose control. Especially not with you.”

“I won’t visit him.” Yuuri agreed. “But is there anything else I need to know? It’s not like I’ve had a
rut myself…”

Victor pondered on the question for a few seconds. “His scent might change and grow stronger…” He said thoughtfully. “And after his fist rut, he might feel over-confident and… I don’t know how to express it better, but manly… He will puff out his chest and walk straighter.”

“Is that what you did?” Yuuri asked teasingly.

“Maybe…” Victor mused. “I mean, I did look pretty hot after my first rut…”

“I bet.” Yuuri agreed. “But you always look hot, so I’m not sure that it would have done a lot of difference.”

“Do you think I look hot, Yuuri?” Victor drawled.

Yuuri immediately stiffened. “I mean, yes. Or, well… You look really handsome.”

Victor laughed lovingly. “Thank you, love.”

Yuuri placed his hand on his cheeks as he tried to lessen his blush. “You’re welcome…” He said lamely.

“Did you have fun despite Tommy not being there?” Victor suddenly asked. “In school, I mean?”

“Well, I did meet Yuuko during recess.” Yuuri admitted. “Takeshi had a test, so he couldn’t join us.”

“But that’s nice.” Victor cheered. “You should spend time with them more often, Tommy probably needs to get more friends as well…”

“I don’t think it would work.” Yuuri pointed out. “Takeshi has a sense of humor that Tommy probably wouldn’t appreciate.”

“What kind of humor is that?” Victor questioned. If Tommy didn’t like it, it was probably nothing to like.

“It’s mostly harmless teasing.” Yuuri said with a slight chuckle. “I find it funny, but Tommy would probably think that he’s insulting me, which definitely isn’t the case.”

“He teases you?” Victor prodded.

“No, he just makes comments sometimes about my love for food, and my love for you.” Yuuri assured. “And how I should make a katsudon on you, so I can combine my two favorite things. Stuff like that…”

Victor couldn’t help but chuckle. That was actually pretty funny. “Why don’t you?” He asked.

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled in protest. “I can’t make katsudon on you.”

“Why not?” Victor asked. “If I’m so hot, I might be able to act as your stove…”

Yuuri burst out in hysterical laughter at the comment. Just as he thought he had gotten used to Victor’s cheesy comments, he took it to the next level.

Victor soaked in the sound of Yuuri’s laughter like it was his own personal life-fuel. It was so beautiful and genuine. And the feeling it gave him was incomparable to anything. It filled him with so much joy that he could last for a lifetime.
“You’re ridiculous.” Yuuri snickered as he had calmed himself down enough to speak again. “I can’t believe you would even make a comment like that. I’m sure Takeshi would love it.”

Victor chuckled at that. “Well, at least he has a sense of humor. But why wouldn’t Tommy like it?” He asked.

“Tommy would probably think he meant it as an insult.” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “He’s pretty sensitive when it comes to me. One time, Narumi made a comment that I would be better off in Russia, as your trophy husband, and Tommy almost physically attacked her.”

“Well, that’s a rude comment.” Victor pointed out. “And she only said it to make you feel bad. That’s a difference, since Takeshi says things to make you laugh. I’m sure Tommy would be able to tell the difference as well.”

“I still think it would be too big of a risk to put two alphas together like that. You saw what almost happened between you and Tommy.” Yuuri quipped.

“That was also different.” Victor pointed out. “I was jealous, and so was Tommy. Takeshi and Yuuko are mates, I’m sure there wouldn’t be any jealousy involved in there. You should at least give it a try…”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully to Victor’s words. He did have a point. “I can try.”

“Good.” Victor smiled. “Now, about Narumi…” He said more seriously. “What did she do now when Tommy wasn’t around? She probably jumped on the first opportunity she could to be a bitch…”

“Victor, stop.” Yuuri pleaded. “It’s my fault that she’s like that.”

Victor was quiet for a moment, as he tried to figure out what Yuuri was talking about. “What?”

“I used to think that she was mean because she was jealous.” Yuuri explained. “You know, because I had you… But that’s not the case.”

Victor felt as if Yuuri was speaking gibberish. “Then what is the case?”

“She said that I ruined her life.” Yuuri admitted. “That I turned all girls against her in elementary school, and embarrassed her in front of Tommy, and I undermine her when I…”

“Yuuri, stop.” Victor ordered. “None of that is true.”

“You don’t know that.” Yuuri protested. “What if I did it without knowing?”

“Then it’s not your fault.” Victor exclaimed. “You shouldn’t feel guilty about anything… You’re the kindest person in the world. And if…”

“Victor, please…” Yuuri pleaded. “I don’t need praise, I need advice.”

It took all of Victor’s willpower not to keep ranting. How could Yuuri even for a second, feel guilty about something Narumi told him? Yuuri hadn’t ruined anyone’s life. He wasn’t even capable of something like that. Narumi was the one who had turned Yuuri’s entire class against him. She had given Yuuri a hard time in school for almost two years. She was the cause of two panic attacks and a lot of hurt and anger. And now, she was trying to make Yuuri feel like he deserved it? She was so over the line…
Whatever pity Victor had felt for her had now vanished. He hated her.

“Victor?” Yuuri prodded.

Victor sighed in defeat. “What kind of advice?”

“What do I do to get her to stop hate me?” Yuuri asked.

Victor felt his heart break slightly. Narumi should be the one asking that question. She was the one who was in the wrong. Yuuri hadn’t done anything. This was his omega traits talking.

“Have you tried apologizing?” Victor asked reluctantly. Yuuri should definitely not apologize. But if he needed advice on getting an idiot to like him, Victor would do his best.

“I tried, but she didn’t believe me.” Yuuri said sadly. “I need a way to make her see that I’m sorry.”

“You have nothing to be sorry about.” Victor exclaimed. “She’s manipulating you.”

“No, she’s not…” Yuuri said uncertainly. “Why would she do that?”

“To hurt you.” Victor said behind clenched teeth, he really hated her. “She’s trying to make you think that you deserve the evilness she throws on you, which you don’t. You definitely don’t…”

Yuuri couldn’t understand why she would do that. Why would she want to hurt him for no reason?

“She has problems, Yuuri.” Victor continued. “She needs a psychiatrist, not an apology.”

“But…” Yuuri said worriedly. “What should I do?”

“For one, stop feeling guilty.” Victor instructed. “And second of all, send Tommy to kick her ass and send my regards.”

“Not funny, Victor.” Yuuri scolded. “I’m not starting a fight.”

Victor was proud of Yuuri for that. And he kind of wished that he had the same self-control. “Then stand up to her.” Victor suggested. “Tell her that you’re done taking her stupidity, and she needs to leave your alone… Or your alpha will come all the way from Russia to make sure that she does.”

“You’re not coming here.” Yuuri stated. “I don’t want anyone to fight. That includes you.”

“This needs to stop, Yuuri.” Victor declared. “And I’m not going to hurt her, just scare her.”

“No,” Yuuri said seriously. “You’re not doing anything. This is my responsibility. And if scaring hasn’t worked for Tommy, it won’t work for you.”

“I can be a lot scarier than him…” Victor pointed out.

“Victor, no.” Yuuri sighed. “I can do this on my own.”

Victor felt his heart swell for his brave mate. “But be careful.” He pleaded. “Don’t do it alone, in case she goes crazy and tries to hurt you. Wait for Tommy to come back.”

“So should I just avoid her for the rest of the week?” Yuuri asked.

“You can try.” Victor said. “And if she says anything, remember what I told you. It’s not your fault.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Thank you, Victor.”
Victor smiled. “Anytime…”

Chapter End Notes

Yuuri will try and stand up for himself. How will this work out for our precious little omega who can't say hurtful things, even if his life depended on it...? XD Will he be able to win Narumi over with the power of love? Or will he be able to stand up to his bully and make justice for himself? Stay tuned for the next chapter of Dearly Beloved... XD

Sorry, I had to... XD <3 Anyway, I hope you liked this chapter! <3 It's not as long as my past chapters, but it's just a little story building... XD <3 I hope you're excited for the next! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3 And kudos to all of you! <3 You really are the best!! <3<3<3
Yuuri was at a loss. It seemed like the moment he decided that he would stand up for himself, Narumi left him alone.

She didn’t make any snide remarks for the entire day. Yuuri was able to sit down in class, pay attention, without a single incident.

It was kind of eerily. Narumi didn’t even look at him. It was a nice change, but he somehow couldn’t shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen, like the calm before a storm.

He had promised Victor to wait with any confrontation until Tommy came back to school, even if it made him feel like a coward.

He hated confrontation in general. But having to wait until he had someone to protect him, made him feel like a little kid.

But it was probably good to wait. Especially now, when no one was giving him trouble, there was no reason for him to stand up for himself if he didn’t have anything to stand up against.

“Yuuri!” Yuuko cheered as she rushed to him during recess, almost pushing most of the students to the ground in her haste to reach him. She was hugging something to her chest. “Yuuri!” She kept squealing as she jumped where she stood. “Look at this!” She pushed a magazine into Yuuri’s hands, and he had to stare at it for a moment to understand what he was seeing.

“What?” He asked in disbelief as he stared at the front page. It was a picture of him with his gold medal. And the title read ‘Future Legend?’ “Is this…?”

Yuuko nodded frantically. “It’s the official international figure skating magazine.” She stated with a giant grin. “And look at that.” She said as she pointed to a tiny box in the corner with Victor and his medal.

Yuuri made a mental note of having that picture printed.
“You made the front page.” Yuuko kept cheering. “You used to think that you would never be able to surpass Victor, but look who’s at the front page and who’s in the corner!”

“I… I can’t believe it…” Yuuri said in shock. Victor had been on the cover for about five or six of these.

He knew that there would eventually be some kind of publicity, since he had managed to get a new world record, but he never expected to steal the spotlight like this, especially not from Victor. Victor was always the star.

“Well, you better believe it.” Yuuko stated. “I posted it on twitter before school and tagged Victor.”

“I’m sure he will see it when he wakes up.” Yuuri smiled fondly. “His alarm will probably go off any minute.”

“Well, I suppose I’ll see when I get home.” Yuuko mused. “I hope he re-tweets. I could use some more followers.”

“I’m sure he will.” Yuuri assured. “It’s like his finger is clicking by itself, whenever he sees my name on that site.”

“Really?” Yuuko asked in amusement.

“How do you think the weird picture Takeshi took of me at the rink went viral?” Yuuri asked fondly.

“Because it was a great picture?” Takeshi chimed in as he showed up to hug Yuuko from behind. Yuuko chuckled fondly at the action. “No offence, honey. But you aren’t exactly a natural born photographer.” She mused. “And that picture was very blurry.”

“That’s because you were both skating,” Takeshi quipped as he kissed Yuuko’s cheek.

“Then why did you post the picture?” Yuuko asked.

Takeshi blushed slightly. “Because I knew Victor would re-tweet it…” He admitted.

“Told you.” Yuuri grinned knowingly.

Yuuko shook her head fondly. “Are you guys coming to the rink today?” She asked. “My parents just installed a new sound system and it’s amazing.”

“That sounds like fun.” Yuuri cheered. “And I really need to practice my Quad Lutz. It was a bit wobbly in the final.”

“Pfft, it was perfect.” Yuuko quipped as she pushed the magazine closer to Yuuri. “Or what’s that?”

“You made it into the magazine?” Takeshi asked. “Congratulations.”

Yuuri blushed as he smiled. “Thank you.”

“Did you make it in, Yuuko?” Takeshi asked. “You did win bronze.”

Yuuko shrugged. “I was in the magazine, but I wasn’t on the freaking cover.” She took the magazine from Yuuri and held it next to his face to compare them side by side.

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “You guys are ridiculous.”
“Hold it there.” Takeshi instructed as he took out his phone. “We’ll see who gets the most re-tweets this time.”

“Make sure to get it in focus.” Yuuko teased fondly.

Takeshi nodded in concentration as he took the picture. “Done.” He announced proudly.

Yuuko and Yuuri joined his side to evaluate the picture.

“It’s really good.” Yuuko praised. “Maybe you are a natural born photographer after all?”

Yuuri frowned worriedly. “What am I doing with my face?” He asked. “Do I look like that?”

“Stop it, you look great.” Yuuko scolded fondly.

“And I’m sure Victor can confirm it.” Takeshi chimed in.

Yuuri said nothing as he picked up on the familiar scent of fake lavender.

Narumi.

Yuuri immediately turned around so he stood face to face with her.

“Can we talk?” Narumi asked sternly.

Yuuri nodded unsurely. “Uhm… Sure.”

Narumi turned around and walked away.

Yuuri was just about to follow her, when Yuuko suddenly grabbed his shoulder. “Where are you going?” She asked and narrowed her gaze in Narumi.

“We’re just going to talk.” Yuuri assured as he cast a questioning look to Narumi.

“In private.” Narumi finished.

“He’s not going anywhere with you alone.” Yuuko stated. “I wouldn’t trust you with a bug, much less with one of my best friends.”

“I’m not going to hurt him.” Narumi snapped. “Look, just forget it.”

“No, wait.” Yuuri pleaded. He turned to Yuuko determinately. “I’ll be fine.” He assured.

Yuuko took a step towards Narumi. “If he comes back with a single dislocated straw of hair, I will call up every single person that cares about him. And I swear that they won’t show you any mercy.”


Victor woke up to Makkachin licking inside his ear. He got so startled that he accidently slapped him away. And then he spent the next twenty minutes apologizing to him on his knees.

“Makka… I’m so sorry. Papa loves you… You know that, right?” Victor asked his beloved dog worriedly.

Makkachin was wagging his tail in amusement to his owner’s high-pitched voice. He wasn’t hurt or anything, he just lost his balance from the slap and fell off the bed.
But that did nothing to lessen Victor’s guilt. But after those twenty minutes, and half a jar of dog treats, he finally felt like Makkachin had forgiven him, and he could finally focus on his day.

He didn’t have any classes that day. He just had a report that was due in three days that he needed to start on. But since he didn’t have any place to go, he just took his computer to his bed and allowed Makkachin to crawl under the covers while he studied.

Then he had to curse himself. He had forgotten to say good morning to Yuuri. He was definitely out of it after accidentally slapping his dog.

It wasn’t a hard slap, but he did push him down the bed… “You forgave me, right?” Victor asked cautiously.

Makkachin snored next to him in response.

“Good boy.” Victor praised and gave Makkachin a pat to the head. Makkachin rolled over and exposed his belly to his owner. Victor immediately granted him a belly rub. It was the least he could do after this traumatizing morning.

Then he reached out. And he was happy to feel Yuuri reach back. But something seemed off. He seemed nervous.

~I’m okay. I can talk to you later~ Yuuri assured.

Victor could only take his word for it. He didn’t seem hurt or scared or in any immediate danger. So he let it go and opened the web browser. He then allowed his mind to drift slightly.

He had multiple days to write his report. No one would get hurt if he scrolled through twitter for a while, to see if Yuuri updated.

The first thing he noticed was that he had about forty notifications. But then a very special one caught his eye. He had been tagged in a photo by Yuuri’s rink-mate Yuuko.

He clicked on it faster than his brain could register, and almost jumped of joy when he saw the picture.

Yuuri was on the cover of a magazine, and not just any magazine. He was on the cover of one of his favorites, international figure skating. With the caption ‘Future Legend?’

Victor squealed and pressed the re-tweet button with enough force that his mouse almost cracked. But he didn’t care. The world needed to see this.

Of course Yuuri was a future legend. He was only fourteen years old, but Victor could definitely see him take on the world and winning it over with his talent and beauty.

After he was done with twitter, he made sure to log into facebook and give international figure skating magazine a like. They deserved it. He would definitely buy a copy of it when he was apartment viewing this afternoon.

He didn’t want an apartment that was too big. It was only he and Makkachin, and Yuuri on occasion. So it was unnecessary to have it too big. He knew the struggle of forgetting something in the bedroom when he was on his way out, and then having to go all the way back. It would also be very annoying to keep the apartment clean, if it were too big.

No. A smaller apartment would definitely suffice.
Victor looked to his textbook tiredly. Now, there was nothing left for him to do, but to study.

Yuuri would give him a break soon, when he had time…

Yuuri didn’t know exactly were it went wrong.

Narumi led him away to an empty hallway, away from other people’s prodding eyes. And backed him into a corner.

Literally.

“Look…” Narumi started with a sigh. “I know we don’t really get along, but I need you to do something for me.”

Yuuri was taken off guard by her seriousness. He never expected her to ask him for a favor. Especially not after the way she acted yesterday, and especially not like this. “What?” He asked carefully.

“I know you’re like a celebrity now, or whatever.” She did air quotes for effect. “So I need you to pretend to be my friend.”

Yuuri felt confused. “Uhm… Why?”

“Because you either do that, or I’ll tell everyone that you’re cheating on Victor with Tommy.”

Yuuri felt the wheels turning in his head, as he tried to figure out her logic. “What? That’s not even true.” He said in confusion.

“I can get at least five different people to confirm my story.” Narumi said darkly. “And I’m sure that almost every single person in this school, are all wondering exactly what you and Tommy does when you two are alone.”

“We’re not doing anything.” Yuuri exclaimed. “Tommy is just my friend.”

“People in this school don’t care about what’s true.” Narumi pointed out. “They care about what’s more interesting.”

“Why are you doing this?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “Why are you being so mean?”

Narumi scoffed. “Mean, huh?” She shook her head in disgust. “You have no idea what you’re talking about. Mean is when you mother criticises every single thing you do.” She said angrily. “Or mean is when your father leaves you alone in the playground when you're four years old, to cheat on your mother with a stranger. I’m not mean. I just know what I want, and I go for it. You’re the one who constantly needs to make me feel like a fucking villain for no reason at all.”

Yuuri didn’t know what to say. “I… I’m sorry about your parents… But…”

“And don’t fucking mention that to anyone.” Narumi growled.

Yuuri took a step back so his back hit the wall. “I won’t.” He promised. “But you’re being mean to me.” He said as gently as he could. His heart pounded really hard. He really hated this. It was going against every instinct he had.

“What are you talking about?” Narumi questioned. “You’re the one who started this.”
“I… I don’t even know what I did.” Yuuri pointed out.

“That’s because omegas are idiots.” Narumi spat. “You never care who you hurt because you’re too stupid to notice.”

Yuuri felt a flare of anger. Omegas were not stupid. Alisa was one of the most brilliant funny people he had ever met. Even Celestino was incredibly talented and amazing. They were not idiots, and neither was he. “If you feel that way, why are you trying so hard to be one?” He questioned in annoyance.

Narumi gasped slightly.

Yuuri took it as his cue to continue. “I mean, ever since elementary school, you have been asking me the most intrusive questions, you constantly make fun of me, and you wear an omega scented perfume to cover your own scent… Why are you doing that if you feel like omegas are stupid?”

“You’re kidding, right?” Narumi said in irritation. “I don’t like omegas. But apparently others do. Why else do you think you have friends? I mean, the only reason to why the girls wanted to be your friend in elementary school was because you were an omega.”

“That’s not true.” Yuuri protested.

“And you being an omega is the only reason to why both Tommy and Victor are crazy about you.” Narumi continued. “Do you think either one of them would like you, if you were an alpha?”

“Victor would.” Yuuri stated. “We’re true mates. He would love me if I so were a super-mutant. The love between true mates is stronger than anything.”

“Where did you read that?” Narumi questioned mockingly. “In the great book of fairytales?”

Yuuri clenched his fist. She was really getting on his nerves. “Just because no one loves you, doesn’t mean that love never happens to anyone else.”

Narumi slapped him.

Yuuri was so shocked that he barely realized what happened.

“Fuck…” Narumi swore.

Yuuri was still completely stunned. He had never been hit before, or he had but he didn’t remember that. But he supposed he had this one coming. He did provoke her.

“You’re not going to tell anyone about this.” Narumi demanded. “I’m not going to juvenile over a damn omega.”

“Did you just… Hit me?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.


~Yuuri?~ Victor asked. ~What just happened?~

Yuuri felt the world weighing down on him. He couldn’t ruin Narumi’s life. But he didn’t want to lie to Victor. But if he told Victor he would definitely want retribution, and retribution meant ruin Narumi’s life.
Either way he was screwed.

“Why are you shivering?” Narumi asked. “I barely touched you.”

“It’s just… Victor is reaching out…” Yuuri said sadly. “He felt the slap.”

“You can’t tell him.” Narumi sounded desperate now. “Please, I’ll do anything. I’ll be your slave. You can hit me all you want, please. Just don’t tell anyone.”

Yuuri took a deep breath. He needed to think.

~Yuuri~ Victor prodded. He sounded really angry.

Yuuri didn’t know what to do.

……………………………………

Victor crushed his computer mouse.

Someone hit Yuuri.

He felt it resonate to himself.

It was a struck to the face.

The one responsible was as good as dead.

His best guess would be Narumi, but without Yuuri confirming, there was nothing he could do.

But that didn’t stop him from throwing his laptop to the floor and storm away and into his dad’s office and slam his hand down.

“Victor, what’s the matter?” Igor asked in shock to his son’s furious expression. He had never seen Victor so upset before.

“I need to go to Japan.” Victor growled.

“Did something happen with Yuuri?” Igor asked in concern. “Is he hurt?”

Victor exhaled shakily. “Someone hit him…” He said behind clenched teeth. “I need to make sure that it never happens again.”

Chapter End Notes

*Slowly backs away* I hope you liked this chapter, I see you in the next one, ok? <3

Please, no hate. I know that all of you have different opinions about Narumi, and the fight, and how Yuuri should deal with it... And I also know that however I did this, someone would end up getting disappointed. But this is how I choose to make it. Yuuri did his best, it backfired, it got weirdly solved, and now Victor will do what he thinks is necessary.

I just live for protective Victor, ok? And I want to see him express his feelings to Narumi directly. Their meeting is long overdue... XD I hope you can understand even if
you didn't get your way... <3 Thanks for reading! <3<3 And Kudos to all of you! <3<3
Chapter 54

Chapter Summary

Victor goes to Japan to confront Narumi.

Chapter Notes

HOLY SHIT. I got almost 90 comments on the last chapter!! :O You guys are absolutely amazing!! <3<3 I feel so rewarded to know that so many of you care so much!! <3<3 I mean, these are just some scenarios and characters I made up in order to have a hobby to make time pass when I was bored. I never expected people to actually care as much as you do <3<3 But even though I love it, it also makes me very anxious, since I don't want to disappoint anyone.

I wrote the chapter as I thought fitting, and if you hate it, and/or you don't agree. Please don't tell me... I'm not in a place where I can handle negative feedback right now....

But I love you all very much! <3<3 And I really hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor took his family’s private jet to Japan. It was a ten-hour flight. And because of the time difference, he didn’t make it to Japan until the middle of the night, or more specifically 4.00am.

It was about the time when Yuuri’s parents woke up to prepare the onsen, but far too early for Yuuri to be awake.

Yuuri had been trying to reach Victor ever since he left for the airport earlier today, or was it yesterday? The jetlag would definitely show its face later today. But Victor was still driven by anger and fury and only had one goal in mind. He was going to make sure that Narumi paid for what she had done.

Yuuri didn’t know he was coming. He had tried to assure Victor that the slap wasn’t a slap, and that he accidently walked into a door.

Victor didn’t need to be his soulmate to call on that bullshit. That was a slap. No one walked into a door in an angle like that, and especially not with that speed. If Yuuri wanted to lie to him, that was his choice, but Victor would find out the truth.

He pulled his suitcase the last bit, before he knocked on the door of Yu-Topia.

Toshiya was the one to open the door with a confused expression. He never expected to see Victor such a normal Wednesday morning. He hadn’t heard from anyone that he was coming. “Victor?” He greeted anyway. “What a pleasant surprise.”

Victor took a deep breath and managed a smile. “Hi, Toshiya. I’m sorry to barge in like this.” He
apologized.

As he reflected over how this had to look. He realized just how impulsive he had been. He hadn’t even notified Yuuri’s parents of his arrival. “I’m here because of what happened to Yuuri yesterday.” Victor explained.

Toshiya frowned thoughtfully. Yuuri had gone straight to his room yesterday, claiming that he had a migraine, and he needed to sleep it off. None of them had prodded. Even if they were both a little bit concerned that Yuuri didn’t even come out to have dinner. “Do you mean the migraine?” He asked in concern. He knew that Victor was protective, but he never thought that he would travel all the way to Japan over a headache.

Victor chuckled humorlessly. “Of course he would say it was a migraine.”

Toshiya raised his eyebrows in confusion. “It isn’t?”

Victor shifted uncomfortably on his feet. “May I come in?”

Toshiya’s eyes widened. And Victor couldn’t help but notice how much he looked like Yuuri. “Of course, how rude of me.” The older Japanese man said as he immediately stepped aside and held the door open for Victor.

“Not at all.” Victor assured. “I’m sure you must be pretty surprised that I show up like this without notice. But I will only make sure Yuuri is safe in school, then I’ll go back home again.”

“Don’t be silly, it’s always nice to have you here.” Toshiya assured before Victor’s words sank in. “Wait, why wouldn’t he be safe in school? Is it this Tommy kid? My wife told me that you were worried about him.”

Victor shook his head darkly. “Narumi.”

“Narumi?” Toshiya repeated. “I’ve never heard of her.”

“I’m sure you haven’t.” Victor agreed. “She’s not much to hear about, unless you want your blood to boil.”

Toshiya nodded thoughtfully. “Who is she?”

Victor took a deep breath. “One of Yuuri’s classmates. She has been giving Yuuri a hard time for about four years that I’m aware of.” He explained. “But yesterday, she took it to a whole new level.”

“What did she do?” Toshiya asked in concern.

Victor did his best to hold his composure. But it was far from easy. “She hit him.”

Toshiya gasped. “She what?”

Suddenly, Hiroko showed up around the corner with Vicchan in her arms, looking just as surprised at Victor’s unexpected arrival. “Victor?” She greeted. “What a pleasant surprise.”

Victor smiled to her. “Good morning, Hiroko.”

Hiroko beamed. “What brings you here?”

“Yuuri.” Victor stated. “He needs my help.”
“Oh?” She said in surprise. “Does he know that you’re coming? He didn’t mention anything yesterday.”

“He doesn’t know.” Victor confirmed.

“Okay…” Hiroko said unsurely. “Why don’t you follow me out for Vicchan’s walk and tell me all about it?” She asked with a gentle smile.

Victor returned it with a nod. “I would like that.”

“I’ll take your suitcase to a room.” Toshiya offered.

“Thank you.” Victor said gratefully.

Toshiya took the suitcase from Victor gently. “You’re welcome.”

……………………………………………….

Yuuri flinched awake to his alarm. He had barely slept through the night. His anxiety was going through the roof after lying to practically the entire world.

But what else could he do? It was his fault that Narumi hit him. He had crossed the line. And he couldn’t be the reason she got locked away. He couldn’t ruin someone’s life like that. Not over a slap.

He did feel really sore from it though, but that was also his own fault. Thanks to his thin omega-skin, he bruised like a peach.

He found a nearby mirror and gasped at his own reflection, it looked like he had been slapped with a frying pan or something, it was all red, blue and swollen. He had no idea how he would make it past his parents without ending up in an interrogation.

But he didn’t have time to think about it too long, before someone knocked on his door.

“I’ll be out in a minute.” Yuuri called as he tried to look around in his room after something he could use to hide the bruise. If he could make it outside without any confrontations, he might be able to make it to Mari’s old bedroom and see if she left any make-up behind.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri felt his lungs jump out of his body and bury themselves in the backyard. That wasn’t his parents. That was Victor.

“Don’t come in.” Yuuri called in panic. “I’m naked.” He didn’t know why he said that, he just needed a few minutes to come up with a plan. His bruise was definitely hand-shaped, and Victor would be able to tell that at first glance. Then he would realize that Yuuri didn’t walk into a door.

Yuuri’s first thought was to try and alter it. If he could make the bruise round, maybe Victor wouldn’t notice. But there was no way that he would get away with that. If Victor could sense his pain, he would burst through the door before anything would be able to change.

He was so screwed.

“Are you dressed yet?” Victor asked

“No.” Yuuri exclaimed as he felt his heart starting to pound in panic.
This was not good. Victor would see and Victor would know. And he would be so angry and probably hurt Narumi, and it would be all Yuuri’s fault.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri started to feel like he was under water. Victor’s voice sounded muffled and air didn’t quite reach his lungs.

He hated this. He did not need to have a panic attack right now on top of everything else. It was too much. He sat down on his bed and tried to take a deep breath.

That’s when Victor seemed to have had enough and reached out.

Yuuri shivered in response and felt his heart speed up even more, as his door opened and Victor looked him over in panic.

“Yuuri…” Victor sighed as he stepped inside fully.

Yuuri closed his eyes and curled in on himself as he did his best in order to ignore the world, and breathe.

Victor sat down next to him and gently placed his hand on the back of his neck and released a generous amount of relaxing alpha pheromones.

Yuuri had never experienced anything like it. His head felt kind of fuzzy, but he was immediately able to breathe again. The world seemed to slow down and the pain of his chest gently faded away as Victor brushed his hand up and down on his back.

“Do you feel better, love?” Victor asked gently.

Yuuri didn’t want to look at him, in fear of having the panic return, so he nodded against his knees.

“I read about it in my book.” Victor explained. “In the same way that omegas can calm down alphas, alphas can do the same for omegas… We keep each other sane, so to say…”

Yuuri nodded again in response.

Victor took a deep breath before continuing. “I don’t want you to feel worried. I’m here to help you. I don’t want you to think otherwise, okay?”

“Okay…” Yuuri said quietly, still not looking up.

Victor nodded in approval and gently pressed his lips to the top of Yuuri’s head. “You’ll be okay, lyubov.” He promised. “I’ll make sure of it.”

Yuuri nodded and carefully leaned against Victor who didn’t waste any time with cradling Yuuri against his chest and wrapping his arms around him.

“Why are you here?” Yuuri finally managed to ask.

“I’m here to help you.” Victor assured. “I can’t let you get hurt again. Not if I can do anything about it.”

Yuuri sighed thoughtfully against Victor’s chest. “What are you going to do?” He asked carefully.

“Narumi did this to you, right?” Victor quipped. He waited for Yuuri to nod before continuing. “I’m
going to talk to her.” He declared. “I’m putting a stop to her actions.”

Yuuri pulled away slightly so he could look Victor in the eyes.

Victor felt his chest clench painfully as he got a good look of the bruise on Yuuri’s cheek. He didn’t deserve this. Why wasn’t there a way for true mates to take the pain away? He would gladly take the pain so that Yuuri wouldn’t have to.

“You’re not going to hurt her?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “Right?”

Victor sighed. “No, I’m not.” He assured. “I’m eighteen. I can’t exactly walk around and hurt minors, even if she deserves it.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “I don’t want you to get in trouble.” He admitted. “…So I’m glad.”

Victor hugged Yuuri a little closer. “I’m just going to talk to her. Make sure that she understands that she was in the wrong.”

“She does.” Yuuri assured. “The moment she hit me, she panicked and apologized. I’m sure she’s sorry. And it wasn’t exactly her fault… I provoked her.”

Victor suppressed the urge to growl at the words. “I thought I told you not to blame yourself.”

Yuuri averted his gaze. “I’m sorry…”

“Don’t.” Victor said in frustration. Yuuri had nothing to be sorry about. But Victor had no idea how to make him understand that. “Don’t feel sorry. It’s not your fault… Nothing is. Even if you provoked her, it still doesn’t give her any right to hit you.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “But I told her that no one loved her…” He explained sadly. “It was so mean, and I was way out of line.”

“You wouldn’t say anything like that if she didn’t provoke you first.” Victor pointed out. “What did she say to make you say that?”

Yuuri closed his eyes as he felt the shame return from his bad behavior. “She told me that you only loved me because I was an omega. And that true mates are made up…”

Victor sighed tiredly. “Of course she did…”

“But I shouldn’t have gotten upset.” Yuuri exclaimed. “I knew she was wrong.”

“You have every right to get upset, Yuuri.” Victor assured. “But you didn’t hit her. She did. And that was…” He had to take a moment to compose himself. “…Very wrong.”

“But she doesn’t deserve to go to prison for it.” Yuuri argued. “The law is so weird. I’m not anything special. So how come that I can practically get away with murder, while she gets a life sentence over a slap.”

“Because there has never been a single omega that have ever committed murder.” Victor explained. “At least not unmotivated. And since omegas are so rare, society can’t put any of you in prison. How would you be able to make the world better from in there?”

“It’s still not fair.” Yuuri protested. “Omegas are just like anyone else.”

“But you’re not.” Victor said gently. “Omegas have more empathy and sympathy. Just look at you,
you can’t even say a hurtful thing to someone without feeling bad. And you rather get hurt than stand up for yourself. The society knows this. That’s why they help. If omegas can’t stand up for themselves, someone have to.”

“But I did stand up for myself.” Yuuri claimed. “I said no, when she asked me to pretend to be her friend. And I told her off when she said that omegas are idiots. And I didn’t give in when she threatened to spread rumors about me.”

Victor had to take another calming breath. What the hell was wrong with that girl?

“So if omegas are that weak and fragile, how do you explain that?” Yuuri questioned.

“I never said that omegas are weak or fragile.” Victor protested. “I’m just saying that omegas are too kind for their own good.”

Yuuri shook his head in disbelief. “I’m not too kind for my own good.”

“Narumi has verbally abused you for over four years. And yesterday, she physically hurt you. And you still want to protect her…” Victor quipped.

“It’s not like I have just taken it for four years.” Yuuri protested. “I always called her out when she crossed a line. But I didn’t want to add anything else to her problems.”

“Problems?” Victor asked.

“I already told you that she doesn’t have the best home life.” Yuuri said carefully. “Her mom is mean to her and her dad left her alone to cheat on her mom. It all sounds very complicated…”

“So?” Victor questioned. ‘There’s a girl in my class that was abandoned by her parents in a shoebox in the winter. She only has eight fingers after the frostbite that she got as a newborn. She has spent her entire life in group-homes and with abusive foster parents, being bullied in school, and she is one of the most inspiring people I have ever met. She never speaks ill of anyone, and she’s never hurtful, despite her tragic backstory.”

“Everyone is different.” Yuuri pointed out. “Narumi might not be as good as handling stuff.”

“She takes her anger out on you.” Victor stated. “That’s wrong, no matter how sad she is or how horrible her life is.”

“But…”

“No.” Victor snapped. “You’re officially done making excuses for her. Let me handle this.”

“It’s not your problem…”

“You’re my true mate, Yuuri.” Victor declared with as much love and care he could possess. “And she hurt me, by hurting you. This is my fight too now.”

Yuuri felt really odd walking to school with Victor’s arm wrapped around his shoulders. He felt so incredibly safe and protected with Victor by his side.

But he was also worried about the confrontation. He trusted Victor with his life. But he was worried when it came to trusting Victor with others, especially those who had hurt him.

Victor had promised to only use his words, and Yuuri believed him. But he also felt worried that
Narumi would somehow push Victor to do something he would regret. Yuuri would hate himself if he were the reason that Victor got in trouble.

“Yuuri?” Yuuko suddenly called as she came running. “What happened yesterday? Both you and Narumi left before school was over and…” She quieted down immediately as she noticed Victor’s presence and Yuuri’s bruise.

“Yuuko.” Yuuri said in slight panic. “I meant to text you, I just… I didn’t really know, and well, I…”

“Did Narumi do that?” Yuuko asked as she stepped closer to examine the bruise.

Yuuri nodded, as his face grew red with embarrassment.

Yuuko exhaled angrily. “I will kill her.” She declared. “I gave her a fair warning.”

“Youuko don’t.” Yuuri pleaded. “Victor will handle it. No violence.”

“No violence, my ass…” Yuuko said angrily. “She was the one who started his. I’ll knock her teeth out.”

“Youuko.” Yuuri scolded.

“Youuri?”

Yuuri immediately turned around. “Tommy?”

Victor turned around as well and subconsciously tightened his hold on Yuuri.

“What happened to your face?” Tommy asked and sent Victor an accusing glare.

“Narumi.” Victor stated. “And weren’t you in rut?”

“I was…” Tommy said in confusion. “…I had my last day Monday, but what do you mean Narumi?” He asked in disbelief before anger started to creep up on his features. “Did she hit you?”

Yuuri felt his heart speed up at all the anger surrounding him right now. “Victor will handle it.” He said lamely. “No one is getting hurt.”

Tommy rolled his eyes. “It’s a bit too late for that now, don’t you think?”

“Tommy, please.” Yuuri pleaded as he grabbed his arm. “Please, don’t hurt her.”

Tommy swallowed nervously as he looked to both Victor and Yuuko before releasing a sigh of defeat. “Fine…” He muttered. “But if Victor’s methods don’t work. I’m doing it my way.”

Yuuri didn’t like that sound of that. But he nodded anyway. Victor’s methods would work. He trusted his mate.

“Where is she?” Victor asked. They were right outside of school. But neither of them could spot Narumi.

“She’s probably inside.” Tommy said with a sigh. “She and her brainless minions usually do their make-up in the girl’s bathroom.”

“Let’s not all go in a gathered troop, please.” Yuuri asked. “This is embarrassing enough as it is….”
“Sure.” Victor relented. Yuuri should at least get something he wanted. There was no reason for all of them to gang up on him. “Tommy, can you take Yuuri to class?” He asked. “And Yuuko, can you get Narumi out of the girl’s bathroom for me?”

Both Yuuko and Tommy nodded solemnly.

“What?” Yuuri exclaimed. “No, Victor. I want to be with you.”

“I know…” Victor said gently. “But I’ll see you after your first class. Narumi might be late to it though.”

“Victor…” Yuuri said unsurely. He didn’t really know what he wanted to say. He just wanted assurance.

Victor knew. He kissed Yuuri’s forehead gently and brushed some of his hair away behind his ear. “It’s going to be fine, love.” He promised. “I’m just going to talk. Nothing else.”

Yuuri nodded before gazing into Victor’s sky blue eyes questioningly. He wanted to kiss him, but it really wasn’t the time. “I love you.” He said instead.

Victor smiled lovingly. “I love you too.”

…………………………..

“What should I say to her?” Yuuko asked worriedly. “Chances are that she will run.”

“Then I will just have to find her house.” Victor said with a shrug. “She’s not getting away. If she runs, she runs. She can’t hide.”

Yuuko nodded as she took a deep breath. “Okay… I’ll be right back.”

Victor went over his rehearsed speech. He had been planning it for what felt like years. Narumi had been a constant itch that he had been dying to scratch. He knew Yuuri had done his best.

But Yuuri was too kind for his own good. Narumi had to push Yuuri over the edge before he was able to tell her off. And that was too far. She had no right to push Yuuri even the slightest.

And that was exactly what Victor would tell her.

The door swung open and Yuuko stepped out with a girl’s wrist in her grip.

Victor knew that he had met her before, since Yuuri said as much. But he really couldn’t remember it, or her. All he knew was all the hurt she had caused. And he really hated her for it.

“Narumi?” He asked sternly.

Narumi nodded in shock.

“I need to talk to you about what you did to my mate.” Victor said.

Narumi visibly shrunk. “He told you.” She said quietly.

“No. He didn’t.” Victor stated. “I had to get to the airport in St. Petersburg, fly for ten hours, take the train for one hour, wait for Yuuri to wake up and confront him, before finally finding out what happened.”

“Oh…” Narumi said unsurely. “What are you going to do to me?”
“I’m going to make sure that you never hurt him again.” Victor said darkly.

Narumi took a step back and swallowed thickly. “Are you going to hit me?”

“Why would I hit you?” Victor questioned. “I’m not looking to end up in prison.”

Narumi released a breath of relief. “Okay.”

“But that doesn’t mean I’m letting you get away. I mean, how could you?” Victor asked in disbelief. “And to Yuuri… The kindest person in the universe.”

Narumi rolled her eyes.


Narumi flinched. “I’m sorry, but really?” She asked. “The kindest person in the universe? He’s not so perfect as you might believe…”

Victor allowed her to finish that accusation.

“He’s cheating on you with Tommy.” Narumi said. “I saw them kissing in the alley behind the school.”

Victor wasn’t sure if he should just laugh at it all. Narumi was definitely the most pathetic person he had ever met. “It’s clear that you don’t have a true mate.” He stated. “Because Yuuri can’t be attracted to someone without me being that as well. Since our souls are connected, we automatically share the same opinion on things. Which is probably why I feel so incredibly much pity for you.”

Narumi huffed in offence.

“You’re such an incredible sad excuse for a human being. I get that you don’t have the protective gene, so you don’t feel the same for Yuuri that most people do, but that’s no excuse for you to hurt him.” Victor said, just as he practiced. “I get that you have a very sad life, and a crappy home life or whatever. And even though I can’t relate to that, I know people who have been through something similar, the only difference is that they didn’t grow up to be complete assholes.”

“I’m not a…”

“I’m still talking.” Victor cut off. “I didn’t like you when you were being an asshole. But I trusted Yuuri when he said that he could handle it and when he claimed that it wasn’t too bad. I listened to him when you caused two of his panic attacks with your awfulness. And I did everything I could to keep my temper under control when Tommy filled me in on some details of what you’ve done. But yesterday, when you physically hit him. I lost it.”

Narumi blinked in shock.

“I was imagining how I should do this, during my entire flight here.” Victor continued. “How I should make sure that you would never hurt him again. My first thought was to put you under an alpha command so you would never be able to. But then I realized just how little I trusted you in his presence. And I’m sure that even if I did that, you would find some loophole, you would send someone after him, or you would manage to do something else. Point is… I don’t trust you. So I want you gone.”

“Gone?” Narumi repeated.
“Gone.” Victor confirmed. “So you are going to go to the principal’s office right now, and demand to be transferred to a new school. And when you get home, you will tell your parents about it. And you will leave this school, and you will never come back. Or I will call omega protective services and let them know that you injured an omega.”

Narumi gasped. “You wouldn’t…”

“Trust me, I would.” Victor assured.

“Yuuri would never let you…”

“Yuuri doesn’t control me.” Victor stated and took a step closer to the younger girl so he could tower over her. “You started a fire when you decided to hurt him. And unless you want to get burned alive, you will do as I say, and leave.”

Narumi swallowed thickly.

“I will stay in Hasetsu until the end of the week to make sure you leave. If you’re not gone by then I will call OPS and have you arrested.” Victor declared and took a step back. “It was fun talking to you. Send my best regards to the principal.”

Yuuri couldn’t pay attention to class. He was only waiting for Narumi to make her return. Victor said that she might be late, but now he started to suspect that she wouldn’t be coming at all.

~You don’t have to worry, love~ Victor said lovingly. ~I took care of her, she’s in the principal’s office~

Yuuri had to take a double take. Why would she be in the principal’s office?

~I’ll explain later, but she’s unharmed and alive. Just like I promised~

Yuuri would have to take his word for it. He trusted Victor, but he was still full of questions. What had he said, how had he said it, what did she say, and how did they get to the conclusion that Narumi should talk to the principal?

“And class, remember to read chapter five to chapter seven in your textbooks” The teacher said.

Was class over already?

The teacher gathered her notes as she continued. “Tomorrow, we will watch a film about this, and I want all of you to take notes…”

“Are you coming?” Tommy asked, as he was suddenly standing right next to him.

Yuuri nodded and picked up his bag before reaching out to Victor.

~I’m outside. The janitor threw me out~ Victor said across the bond. ~I told him I was Yuuko’s older brother. But he didn’t quite believe it…~

Yuuri chuckled fondly as he made his way to the exit.

“Where are you going?” Tommy asked as he followed him.

“Victor.” Yuuri stated. “He’s outside.”
Tommy frowned in confusion. “How do you know? You haven’t even opened your phone.”

“He told me.” Yuuri explained. “Soul-bond.”

“Right… So that’s like… Telepathy?” Tommy asked.

Yuuri nodded. “Something like that…”

As soon as he opened the door, he saw Victor. And he felt his legs practically moving on their own accord until he finally reached his mate and wrapped his arms around him. “I missed you.”

Victor hugged him back tightly. “I missed you too, luchik.”

“And I’m glad you didn’t get arrested.” Yuuri continued. “How did it go?”

“It was fine. We just talked and came to the conclusion that she would be better off in a different school, outside of Hasetsu.” Victor declared. “That way, she won’t feel threatened by your beauty, and she won’t risk hurting someone else. She has some anger issues…”

“You banished her?” Yuuri questioned. “And she agreed?”

“It was the best solution.” Victor said calmly. “She will be out of here before the end of the week.”

“Just like that?” Yuuri asked.

“Just like that.” Victor confirmed. “She won’t ever hurt you again. And she can live happily ever after far away from here. It’s a win-win situation.”

Victor knew that Yuuri wouldn’t be happy if he knew that Victor threatened her to leave. But since it was for the best, he really couldn’t care to bother. A white lie and Yuuri would be happy. He would understand when he was older.

“Thank you, Victor.” Yuuri said gratefully, as he softly nuzzled closer into his embrace. “I’m so glad you came… But don’t you have an assignment?”

Victor momentarily froze. He completely forgot about that. “It’s not due until the end of the week, I can do it here. It’s in Japanese, so you might even be able to help.”

Yuuri beamed. “I’d love that.”

Victor leaned in and claimed Yuuri’s lips with his own, when he finally pulled away, he felt his heart swell when he saw Yuuri’s smile. It was truly the most beautiful smile in the world. No wonder he felt so protective of him. There was nothing he wouldn’t do to keep him safe. “So, I’ll see you after school?”

Yuuri nodded. “I can’t wait.”

Chapter End Notes

So, what did you think? I couldn't have Victor being all violent and raging, but I still wanted him to make it perfectly clear that he didn't approve of Narumi’s actions. And I feel like if she’s just really far away, she won’t be able to hurt anyone. And being the
"New kid" might be good for her. She'll get the opportunity to make friends from scratch. She will hopefully learn from this and turn into a better person. She still has issues, but now she will be forced to face them, instead of blaming them all on Yuuri.

I hope no one is feeling disappointed with this. Your comments were all stretching between, Yuuri being the better person and helping her so they could eventually be friends, to Tommy and Victor committing mass-murder.

I think I landed on something in between. Narumi got to hear Victor's opinion and she got banished. If she tries something else, I'm sure that Yuuri protection squad™ will not be too pleased.

I hope you liked this, and now I'm going to attempt to answer all (Almost) 90 of your comments! <3<3

Love you all! <3<3 Be gentle, please and thank you!! <3<3

*Throws kudos bomb*
Chapter 55

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri spends some time together in Hasetsu.

Chapter Notes

**Warning for fluff overdose**

Thank you so much for all the response from the last chapter!! <3<3 You guys are truly the best readers! <3 I just love this supportive little bubble you make for me to write in! <3<3 I feel so lucky that I'm able to share my story with you! <3<3

I hope you'll like this chapter, I felt like a fluffy "cotton-candy" chapter was in order, after those last ones... I really hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor was happy he went to Japan. Even though he wished he were there during better circumstances, he still couldn’t help but enjoy being in Yuuri’s presence. Everything was so peaceful in Hasetsu. He loved Russia and he loved his parents, but back at home, there was always some kind of project going on.

His mom really liked to redecorate the entire house, all from painting walls to buying a new sets of furniture every other week and his dad had a hobby of having constant business meetings and coming up with new products to widen the Nikiforov brand.

There was always something going on, and even though a part of him loved it, he also really loved this.

Having some quiet time with Yuuri. Watching him read in his textbook for a future test. He looked to focused and handsome. He readjusted his glasses from time to time, and Victor had to fight the urge to storm over there and kiss him.

“I can’t hear you writing…” Yuuri stated without looking away from his book. “I thought we agreed to study.”

“We did.” Victor agreed. “But isn’t studying you when you’re studying history, kind of like studying Japanese?”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “I don’t think your teacher would go for that.”

“Well, then my teacher is an idiot.” Victor claimed. “This is like a field trip. I’m studying Japanese from the source.”

“I didn’t come up with the language.” Yuuri mused as he finally looked up from his textbook. “I only speak it.”
“And you do so very well…” Victor drawled while batting his eyelashes.

“Victor…” Yuuri complained. “I’m not going to get anything done when you look at me like that…”

Victor smirked knowingly as he moved closer to his mate. “And how am I looking at you, my love…”?

Yuuri blushed as he picked up his textbook to hide his face behind it. “Go back to studying, Vitya.” He ordered quietly.

Victor chuckled fondly and picked up his new laptop. He picked it up on his way home from Yuuri’s school, and he spent most of his day on his assignment, but he was starting to feel very tired after lack of sleep. He was getting very ready to call it a day.

“Aren’t you tired?” Yuuri suddenly asked as if had read his mind. “How long have you been awake?”

Victor shrugged casually. “About…” He made some mental math. “Almost thirty hours…”

Yuuri gasped. “You must be exhausted, why didn’t you say anything?”

“I didn’t really notice…” Victor claimed cheerfully. “The jetlag haven’t been too obvious, and I really like spending time with you.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “Vitya…”

Victor felt his heart flutter at the Russian nickname. It sounded so adorable with Yuuri’s Japanese accent.

“You have to tell me when you’re tired.” Yuuri pointed out. “I don’t want you to pass out.”

“I won’t pass out.” Victor assured. “I’m not even that tired. I’m just a little sleepy.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Do you want to sleep?” He asked gently. “I can just clean out my bed, and you can sleep while I finish this chapter.”

Victor couldn’t help but feel his heart sting at the idea of Yuuri cleaning out his little one-person nest. Filled with snacks and Yuuri’s stuff. “Nah, I can stay awake for a little while longer. I need to write a little more on my assignment.”

Yuuri hummed in understanding. “My mum also made up a room for you right across the hall…” He said carefully. “We can sleep in there if you want? Then I won’t have to redo my nest…”

“Can you actually read my mind?” Victor asked in disbelief.

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “You look so tired that your thoughts are practically written on your forehead.”

“And what am I thinking now, Yuuri?” Victor mused.

Yuuri looked him over thoughtfully. “You do want to sleep.” He stated. “But you don’t want to sleep alone.”

Victor felt his heart swell. Yuuri knew him so well that he knew exactly what he needed without having to say a single word. “You’re so smart, Yuuri.” He praised. “I love you so much.”
Yuuri blushed as he smiled at the praise. “I love you too.” He admitted.

Victor beamed and snuck over to Yuuri’s side so he could hug him.

Yuuri snickered at the action. “I’m going to drop my book…” He claimed as Victor leaned his weight onto him.

Victor adjusted his grip and wrapped his arms around Yuuri’s stomach instead, and placed his chin to Yuuri’s shoulder. “What are you reading?”

Yuuri raised his book so Victor could read.

“French revolution.” Victor smiled as he thought back to his own history lessons. “Before the great war.”

Yuuri nodded. “The world was so different back then.” He said thoughtfully. “I mean, the fact that there were omega castles… Where kings and queens could go in order to choose their mate. How omegas just went with it… Being sold away like that.”

“Yeah…” Victor agreed. “Different times… But at least no omegas got hurt. Sure, they were all locked away but they were at least protected from poverty and murder.”

Yuuri narrowed his eyes in concentration to the text. “I’m actually kind of surprised that people haven’t grown to hate omegas, since we have been so useless through history.” He said as he flipped through his book. “We’ve just been sitting there, looking pretty, while all alphas and betas did all the work, and fought all the wars… No wonder we had enough eventually…”

“It’s impossible to hate omegas.” Victor claimed. “You are all too amazing for this world.”

“It’s not impossible…” Yuuri pointed out. “A lot of people have hated me.”

“They are all idiots.” Victor protested, as he hugged Yuuri tighter and breathed in more of his sweet vanilla scent. “They are the kind of people who wouldn’t think twice before drowning a puppy… I don’t trust them.”

Yuuri leaned into Victor’s embrace. “You’re so amazing, Victor.” He said and released his textbook so he could focus solely on Victor. “I’m so grateful to have you as my mate.”

Victor felt something within him stir with pride. Yuuri’s praise was about a thousand times more effective than any praise from Yakov. And that was what he lived for.

“I’m grateful to have you as my mate too.” Victor admitted. “I could never imagine someone better.”

“You came all the way here, to Japan. For me…” Yuuri continued. “You haven’t slept for so long, and you’re still willing to spend time with me, even though you’re exhausted… I mean… I kind of feel unworthy…”

“You’re not unworthy.” Victor assured. “You’re the most worthy person in the world. I would move mountains if you asked me to. You deserve everything and more.”

“Vitya…” Yuuri protested. “I just mean that… You’re too good for me. You’re a billionaire who looks like a supermodel, you have the biggest heart in the world, you’re so funny and…”

“Yuuri, stop.” Victor pleaded. “I’m not too good for you. If anything, you’re too good for me.”

“How can you think that?” Yuuri asked. “I’m nothing…”
“Don’t talk about my soulmate like that.” Victor scolded gently. “You’re the most amazing person in
the world, you’re so incredibly beautiful, and smart, and kind, and adorable, and strong, and brave,
and talented, and determined, and selfless and amazing, and…”

“Victor.” Yuuri protested.

Victor spoke louder. “And handsome, and funny, and loving, and…”

“Victor, you really don’t have to…”

“And trustworthy, and inspiring and…”

“Okay, I get it.” Yuuri exclaimed with a slight smile.

“I wasn’t finished.” Victor protested. “I have about a thousand more adjective to describe how
amazing you are. Then I will say it in Japanese, then Russian, then French, then Chinese, then
German, then Spanish…”

Yuuri turned around and silenced Victor with a kiss.

Victor’s words died down, and he carefully moved his hands up so he could play with Yuuri’s hair
while they kissed. Yuuri deepened the kiss and playfully nabbed on Victor’s bottom lip as he shifted
so he was seated completely in Victor’s lap.

Victor thought it felt so nice that he didn’t even realize what was happening until it was too late and

Victor’s face grew pink with embarrassment. He really wished he were wearing jeans or something,
since his sweat pants were much too revealing of his current state. He had slowly started to grow
hard after having Yuuri rubbing against him in his lap. “I’m sorry.” He apologized as he shifted
away.

“It’s okay.” Yuuri assured. “I’m sorry if I…”

“No, no, no… Don’t apologize… Just…. I need to go to the bathroom…” Victor blurted out as he
shot to his feet and rushed out of Yuuri’s bedroom.

“Victor, I’m…” The door slammed shut. “…Sorry…”

Victor had to get himself off three times in the bathroom, only to assure that he wouldn’t get hard
again. He had never felt so betrayed by his own body before.

He usually had amazing self-control. This had to be clear proof of how tired he was. He couldn’t
even control his own dick. Stupid jetlag…

But what bothered him even more was the fact that Yuuri had seen it. His poor innocent mate had
just seen him hard and horny. That wasn’t supposed to happen until Yuuri was eighteen and mature
for such a sight.

Victor had no idea how he would be able to face Yuuri again. He should probably sneak into his
own room and sleep it off for tonight. Maybe he could find an explanation to give Yuuri in the
morning. When he had gotten enough sleep to make sense again.

He made his way out in the hallway and looked to Yuuri’s door worriedly, before turning to the
empty room and quietly sneaking inside.

It was so cold and dark in there, just what he needed. He slowly crept on top of the cold bed and covered his face with a pillow.

It would all be better in the morning.

Yuuri stared at the closed door and felt his heart break slightly. He felt so guilty. He had embarrassed Victor enough so his mate didn’t even want to see him again. He had gotten into the other room without even so much as a goodnight.

Yuuri didn’t know what to do. He didn’t want to reach out, in case Victor didn’t want to talk to him. And he couldn’t just barge into Victor’s room either. He would probably die if Victor yelled at him.

This was something entirely new to them. Victor had gotten turned-on by him, and even though Yuuri kind of liked the idea of that, he felt awful that Victor had gotten so embarrassed by it.

He didn’t want Victor to feel embarrassed over things he couldn’t control. Yuuri was the one to provoke his body with the kiss. He just didn’t know that he was that good of a kisser.

But he was glad that Victor thought so. But he didn’t know what to do next. He had already apologized. And he didn’t want to push it. He didn’t want to risk Victor wanting to take a step back.

They had gotten so far. And Yuuri didn’t want to loose all their progress over such a small incident. He didn’t want to loose the kissing.

Maybe he should just go to sleep and talk to Victor in the morning. Give him some space for the night. Maybe that was what he needed.

They would be okay.

They had to be…

Yuuri couldn’t sleep. He kept tossing and turning in his tiny nest. He could feel Victor pulling for him in his sleep. It was such an odd sensation. It was if they were magnets, when they had enough distance between them, they didn’t feel anything, but now when they were so close to each other, their magnetic field was affecting them both and they pulled for each other.

He felt like he needed to be close to Victor. Preferably attached to him, not by much, only something simple, like holding his hand.

He missed him terribly, and to know that he was just across the hall…

Yuuri turned his bedside lamp on and glanced longingly to the door. He wondered if Victor felt it too, if he felt like he missed him.

If Victor were fast asleep, maybe he wouldn’t mind if Yuuri joined him. The bed in the guestroom was a lot bigger than his. Yuuri could probably lie down next to him without taking up any space.

It was worth a try.

Yuuri picked up his pillow and his favorite blanket and quietly made his way Victor’s room, once he opened his mate’s door, he noticed how Victor was practically passed out on top of the sheets. He
didn’t look peaceful at all, he frowned worriedly in his sleep, and Yuuri immediately turned around to get some more blankets.

Victor looked like he really needed one.

Once he had everything on the floor, he quietly got to work. He couldn’t make a perfect nest with Victor asleep on the bed, but he could make something… He took his favorite blanket and draped it over Victor, he then took a few of the others and placed them out evenly on the empty side of the bed, before he carefully climbed onto it with his second favorite blanket wrapped around himself. He then lied down next to Victor.

Maybe he was seeing things, but it looked like Victor actually relaxed in his presence. And slowly but surely, he looked more and more peaceful.

Yuuri couldn’t help but reach out and brush away some of the silvery hair from his mate’s face. Victor leaned into his touch and let out a sigh of content.

Yuuri smiled in adoration and carefully shifted closer to him, and gently placed his hand in Victor’s.

Victor didn’t wake up but he did move closer to him as well. Yuuri felt his eyelids grow heavy as Victor’s scent and presence gently lulled him off to sleep.

…………………………

Victor blinked awake the next morning, he felt so safe and protected in some way. He was surrounded by a scent of safety, and coziness. He then realized that blankets were surrounding him. Yuuri’s blankets, his mind supplied. And then he felt it, the vibrating sensation of his mate’s purring, and there he was, in Victor’s arms.

Victor couldn’t help but smile. Yuuri slept so peacefully, and he looked so adorably tired.

What time was it?

The sun had barely made it over the horizon. Victor had a great view of it from his current room’s window, and he couldn’t help but think about how perfect this all was.

Having Yuuri there, being surrounded by his scent, and seeing the brink of dawn, the sunrise, with him.

He could hear Yuuri’s parents walk around somewhere in Yu-Topia, so it was probably soon time for Yuuri to wake up and go to school.

An odd part of him wanted to keep Yuuri there forever, where they were both safe and sound.

He slowly started to remember yesterday’s events, but now he felt more embarrassed over how much he had over-reacted. And that he allowed his own embarrassment to be prioritized over making sure that Yuuri was okay.

He had just ran out on him and left him alone after that embarrassing moment. But at least he had been right.

Yuuri was too good for him.

His sweet wonderful mate had actually built a nest around him so they could be close to each other. How could Yuuri even for a moment believe that Victor was too good for him? Did he seriously not know how amazing he was?
How much Victor loved and adored him?

Victor could almost cry over how much he loved Yuuri. Yuuri was the most amazing person in the universe. No one could ever be good enough for him. But Victor was willing to try.

But he had to be better. He couldn’t leave him like that again. He couldn’t prioritize himself over Yuuri.

He had made a promise to himself when he was four. He had promised himself that he would be the best mate ever. And he would never let go of that promise. His sleep-deprived brain had messed up, but that was no excuse.

Victor needed to be better. He wanted to be better, for them…

For Yuuri…

“Victor?” Yuuri mumbled sleepily as he shifted in his embrace. “Did I wake you?”

“Of course not, luchik.” Victor responded warmly. “I woke up to the beautiful sunrise…”

Yuuri blinked at him drowsily as his purring stopped. He then pushed himself up on his elbows to see it for himself.

Victor almost fainted over how beautiful Yuuri looked in the early morning sunlight. He looked almost magical. Like he belonged in a fairytale.

“It’s very beautiful.” Yuuri agreed. “It’s very blurry though…”

Victor chuckled gently. “Where are your glasses, love?”

Yuuri blushed slightly as he pulled his fingers through his raven black hair. “In my room…” He responded quietly. “I must have forgotten them last night…”

Victor was so hypnotized by Yuuri’s movements that he almost forgot how to breathe.

“I’ll go get them…” Yuuri said as he pulled away.

Victor tightened his hold of Yuuri’s waist slightly, preventing him from leaving.

Yuuri looked to him worriedly. “Are you okay?

Victor nodded and pulled him in for a kiss.

Yuuri melted into it immediately, softly brushing their lips together between the kisses.

That’s when someone suddenly opened the door. “Yuuri, honey, it is time to wake… Oh…”

Yuuri practically flew off Victor at the sound of his mother’s voice. “Mom, have you ever heard of knocking?” Yuuri cried as his cheeks burned red with embarrassment.

Victor couldn’t help but laugh over how incredibly adorable Yuuri looked when he was so embarrassed.

“Sorry…” Hiroko apologized in amusement, as she quickly backed out of the room and shut the door closed again.
“I’m dying…” Yuuri drawled as he covered his face with his hands. “I want Makkachin to sing on my funeral….”

Victor’s laughing only increased. “I’m sure he will…” He chuckled. “But you should know that his fee will leave me bankrupt.”

“You’re right…” Yuuri said as he took a deep calming breath. “We should probably ask Vicchan. He’ll do it for free.”

Victor sat up next to Yuuri and left trails of kisses to the side of his face. “Or I’ll happily pay Makkachin, anything for you, love…”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “You’d give up your wealth for me?”

“I would do anything for you.” Victor promised. “You’re the most important person in the world to me.”

Yuuri felt his heart swell with love for his mate. “I would do anything for you too.” He declared.

Victor hugged him close. “I’m sorry about yesterday.” He apologized. “I got embarrassed and I was very loopy due to sleep deprivation, but I’ll make it up to you, okay?”

“You really don’t have to do that Victor.” Yuuri assured as he turned around in Victor’s embrace so he could look him in the eyes. “If anyone understands the pain of embarrassment, it’s me. I understood, I didn’t get mad or sad or anything, so we’re good… Really.”

“But I want to do something for you.” Victor argued. “I want to make you a romantic dinner, just the two of us…”

“What are you planning to do with my parents?” Yuuri asked in amusement.

“I’ll send them out to a restaurant.” Victor smiled. “They could use a break from cooking and work.”

“Are you sure you know how to cook?” Yuuri asked in concern. “I don’t want to come home from school to a raging fire…”

“I’ve been practicing with Boris.” Victor assured. “I know what I’m doing.”

Yuuri nodded unsurely. “If you say so…”

Victor tilted his head in amusement. “Are you saying that you don’t trust me…?”

Yuuri visibly flinched. “Of course I trust you, I’m just scared that you might get hurt. I mean, our kitchen is not as modern as yours, there’s a lot of things that could go wrong.”

“I can ask your mum about them.” Victor said gently. “I’ll be fine.”


“Thank you, Yuuri.” Victor beamed proudly. “Now, you need to get ready for school.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “But… That kind of means that you will have to let me go…”

Victor sighed sadly but reluctantly released his mate.

“Thank you, Victor.” Yuuri said and pressed a light kiss to his mate’s cheek before making his way
to his own room.

“I miss you already.” Victor called.

“I miss you too.”

Victor smiled sheepishly as he greeted the Katsukis in the morning.

Hiroko looked to him curiously. “Did you sleep well, honey?” She asked gently.

Victor nodded. “I did. You?” He really wanted to keep the attention away from himself until Yuuri arrived.

Hiroko smiled. “I did, thank you for asking… Would you like some breakfast?”

“I would love some.” Victor sighed in relief.

“Just take a seat.” Hiroko said as she turned back to the stove and hummed soft melody.

Toshiya gently placed his morning paper aside when Victor sat down at the table. He then leaned his chin on his hands and looked to Victor in interest.

Victor suddenly felt very self-conscious about Toshiya’s not so discreet stare.

“Good morning, Toshiya…” Victor greeted nervously.

“Good morning.” Toshiya greeted back, not even blinking.

Victor swallowed nervously as he tried to find something to talk about. “It looks like it’s going to be a beautiful day.”

“It does.” Toshiya agreed.

Victor suddenly felt very hot.

“You look nervous, Victor.” Toshiya pointed out. “Is there something you wish to tell us?”

“No…” Victor said, suddenly feeling like a little kid. He had no idea that he could feel so intimidated by Yuuri’s dad.

“My wife said she caught you and Yuuri kissing this morning.” Toshiya said casually. “We don’t need to worry about unwanted pregnancies, right?”

Victor choke on air. “No, no, no, no, no…” He assured. “Nothing like that… We were only kissing, that is all. That will be all. You don’t have to worry about anything like that. Not for many years…”

Toshiya chuckled gently. “Calm down, son. I was just curious. It’s really none of our business. You’re the true mates after all, I’m sure you will do what is right for each other…”

Victor felt his heart pounding, as he tried to calm down from the shock of a morning confrontation.

“Victor?” Yuuri called as he came stumbling out, fully dressed but with only one sock. “Are you okay?”
“Of course, Yuuri.” Victor smiled.

Yuuri glared at his dad. “Stop scaring my mate, dad.” He said in annoyance. “We talked about what you’re allowed to talk with him about.”

Toshiya shook his head fondly. “Okay, so, Victor. How’s the weather in Russia this time of year?”

After breakfast, Yuuri was ready to go to school. And Victor was making sure he had everything he needed.

“Did you pack your textbook?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded. “Of course.”

“You have your pen, eraser, highlighters?”

Yuuri chuckled. “Yes, Victor.”

Victor smiled proudly. “Have a great day in school, love.”

“I will.” Yuuri promised as he began backing away.

Victor reached out for him. “Yuuri?” He asked carefully.

Yuuri blinked to him in attention.

“Can I…” Victor took a deep breath before asking the question. “Scent you?”

Yuuri raised his eyebrows. “Scent me?”

Victor blushed a little. “Tommy had his first rut. And even though I don’t think that he will hit on you, I still want to make him keep his distance…” His eyes darkened slightly. “I want everyone to know that you’re under my protection.”

Yuuri nodded gently. If it would make Victor feel better, what was the harm? He could spend the day smelling like Victor, he would be happy to do so. No one would mistake him for an alpha, but everyone would know that Yuuri had an alpha to scent him.

Everyone would know about Victor.

Victor beamed as he pressed his nose to Yuuri’s neck, or rather his scent gland, successfully transferring his own scent to Yuuri.

Yuuri giggled at the tickling sensation. He had never been scented before, but he kind of liked it. It would be like carrying a part of Victor with him to school.

Victor finished his scenting with pressing a light kiss to Yuuri’s scent gland, which caused Yuuri to shiver.

“I’ll see you after school.” Victor said lovingly.

Yuuri nodded excitedly. “And Vitya, don’t burn down the house.” He said lightheartedly.

Victor chuckled in amusement. “I’ll try.”
What did you think? ;) Be sure to brush your teeth... XD <3<3<3

I hope you don't minded the part about Victor getting hard... XD I thought it was hilarious... XD And this story is rated mature... Do you think I will have to change it to explicit for these things? XD Or can I keep it on mature until the real sex begins? I really don't know, I've only been writing fanfiction for 10 months... XD

And I would also like to mention, (just so no one will be dissapointed or yell at me about it), that when the time comes for them to have sex, you know, chapter 100 or something... XD There will be Top!Yuuri and Top!Victor... I'm not going to follow any sterotypes, and I really can't restrict their love to only bottom!Omega, that would be horrible of me as a writer... ;D

Those are just my thoughts. I hope you won't hate me for it... <3<3 I got a lot of crap from Top!Yuuri in one my other fanfics, I just thought that if I warned you in good time, you won't yell at me that you hate this fic and you will never read it again, and it will give you plenty of time to leave it quietly... :) <3

(I still hate comments about people dropping my fics and I don't want to see them) Just so you know! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3 I love you!! And kudos to you all!! <3<3
Chapter 56

Chapter Summary

Victor makes a romantic dinner for him and Yuuri.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not updating in a while, I've been dealing with anxiety from this story, and I've made a decision to not replying to every comment anymore, and I will delete the ones that makes me feel bad.

I'm very sensitive and I tend to blow things out of proportion. And this is something I think I will have to do to be able to deal with my anxiety. Replying to negative comments makes my stomach hurt and my heart break, and it takes out the fun in writing. So I'm just going to delete those if they show up.

I hope that you won't feel upset because of this decision. I still appriciate feedback, but not negative feedback. And if that's what you want to leave, because you feel like that "Comes with the job" You will be deleted and not replied to.

I'm sorry but I have to put myself first.

Anyway, I hope you'll like this new chapter. I think it's more fluff than the last one, so be sure to use additional mouth wash after brushing your teeth... ;)

*DISCLAIMER*
THIS WRITER IS A POOR STUDENT WHO LIVES ON SUDENT-LOANS, AND THEREFORE CAN NOT AFFORD TO PAY HER READERS DENTAL BILLS FOR TOOTH-ROTTING OR CAVITES. READING WILL BE DONE AT YOUR OWN RISK. <3<3

Love you! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Can you all please calm down?” Victor pleaded. He had called up some of his family friends to ask for cooking advice, but he never expected them to start arguing over the phone.

“It’s not my fucking fault that the fucking naked chef can’t make a god damn fucking bloody British scone.” Gordon Ramsay shouted.

“There, there…” Martha Stewart soothed. “Victor, let’s start from the beginning of the recipe, did you say half an onion…?”

“No, we need to clear this up.” Jamie Oliver claimed. “My scones are at least not dry and tasteless.”

“You don’t put fucking orange juice in scones.” Gordon exclaimed. “It makes them sour.”
“At least it’s not plain bread.”

“At least I’m not fucking fat.”

“Well, thank you for the advices.” Victor said uncomfortably, and hung up the phone. He then made a mental note to never start a group call when he knew that one of the chefs had problems controlling their temper, and the other one having too much pride to just take unfounded insults.

But Victor looked at what he had made so far, and he was actually feeling very pleased. He only hoped that Yuuri would be as well. His school day was almost over, and Victor could barely contain his excitement.

Victor finished his school assignment before noon, which meant that he could spend the rest of his time in Japan, focusing only on Yuuri.

Narumi hadn’t been in school today, and Victor felt really grateful about that. He really didn’t want to go to prison for hurting a minor. Not that he would actually hurt her, even though he really wanted to.

He would just involve every organization that focused on protecting omegas, and the school, and her parents, until she would be transferred or arrested. She wouldn’t get away with hurting Yuuri.

Never.

Victor suddenly smiled as he thought of Yuuri, and how excited he would be to eat Katsudon made by him.

Victor had asked Hiroko for the recipe. And she had happily given it to him before she and Toshiya left for their own romantic evening.

And when Victor actually read the recipe through, he realized that it was way more complicated than he thought. And that was how he ended up calling every chef he knew. Hoping that at least one of them would be able to help him.

Rachel Ray had been most helpful, but she had to film her cooking show, so she couldn’t talk for long. He then called up Martha Stewart, but she didn’t really know that much about Japanese dishes, so he called Jamie Oliver, who told him that Gordon Ramsay knew more about them, and so the fight started…

But he had at least gotten everything under control. He had prepared everything. Now he just needed to cook it.

He swallowed nervously.

It would be fine…

……………………………

Yuuri had never felt so confident with walking into his school before. He was wearing Victor’s scent with so much love and pride that he was practically floating.

People looked at him in wonder, but Yuuri didn’t mind the staring today. He smelled like Victor. And it made him feel so beautiful in a way. Like Victor might have transferred some of his own beauty over to him.

But apparently, not everyone thought so. Tommy cringed when he met him in the morning, and he
kept more of a distance than he usually did.

It was a scientific fact that people of the same secondary gender didn’t feel attracted to each other’s scents. And when Yuuri was drenched in Victor’s, it probably didn’t make Tommy feel that drawn to him.

He knew that Victor would be pleased.

Yuuri looked to the clock expectantly, his day was almost over. Then he could finally go home and make sure that Victor didn’t accidentally caught fire. He trusted Victor when he said that he knew what he was doing, but he didn’t fully trust his kitchen.

He just hoped that his mom had told Victor everything he needed to know about it. Especially about the one hotplate that always seemed to shoot out fireballs.

It couldn’t hurt to make sure, right?

~Victor, be careful with the hotplate closest to you, on your right. It can be a bit fiery~ Yuuri warned.

Victor smiled at his mate’s concern. He was too sweet.

~Your mom already told me. I’ll be fine, Luchik~ Victor assured.

Yuuri let out a breath of relief and looked at the clock again, it was only a few seconds away before the bell would ring out.

3…2…1…

Yuuri stood up from his chair at the sound of the bell and grabbed his bag.

He couldn’t wait to see Victor.

Victor got the handle of the kitchen pretty quickly, and it didn’t take long before he got the perfect rhythm to his cooking.

He hummed cheerfully, and he didn’t even notice that Yuuri had entered before he heard the dogs barking.

“Still no accidents?” Yuuri called worriedly.

Victor smiled fondly to himself. “Still no accidents.” He confirmed.

Yuuri carefully tiptoed into the kitchen with their two dogs. “Do you need any help?” He prodded.

Victor turned away from the stove to capture his mate’s lips with his own. “I’m perfectly fine, love.” He said as he pulled away. “You can just relax for a while, cuddle with the dogs or take a nap.”

Yuuri took in Victor’s appearance. It didn’t look like he needed any help. He actually looked like he had everything under control. “Are you making katsudon?” He asked in disbelief, as he suddenly smelled the familiarity of fried pork cutlets.

Victor responded with a wink.
“You’re the best boyfriend ever.” Yuuri declared.

Victor’s face grew pink with happiness. “Yuuri.” He cried. “If you kill me with your cuteness, there won’t be any dinner.”

“Sorry…” Yuuri apologized with a slight smile. “I’ll let you get back to it.”

Victor kissed Yuuri’s forehead before turning back to the stove.

Yuuri jumped up to sit on the counter. He couldn’t miss a second of this. Victor looked so handsome in front of the stove.

“Enjoying the view?” Victor teased.

Yuuri nodded. “Of course. The katsudon looks really good.”

Victor fake-pouted as he stirred the rice. “So mean…”

“If I compliment you, you might die.” Yuuri stated. “And then I’ll starve, I’m trying to be smart here.”

“Such a survivalist.” Victor mused.

Yuuri chuckled gently and enjoyed watching Victor do some cooking-magic. Marveling over how talented he was. But he shouldn’t be surprised. Victor was probably born talented. He couldn’t think of a single thing he was bad at.

Well, maybe video games, but Yuuri suspected that Victor only let him win, so he could shower him with compliments afterwards.

He was adorable like that.

The dogs also watched Victor with interest, probably praying that Victor would somehow fall and bring all of the good stuff down with him. Victor threw them both tiny pieces of cucumber, and the dogs quickly lost interest and went into the living room to get some sleep.

“Have you been into the dining area yet?” Victor asked with a knowing smirk.

“Uhm, no?” Yuuri said curiously. “Why?”

Victor’s smile only widened. “Go ahead then, I’ll bring the food once it’s presentable.”

Yuuri looked to him questioningly.

“It’s a surprise.” Victor beamed.

Yuuri was suspicious of Victor’s enthusiasm. But he decided to trust him nonetheless. But if a unicorn were standing in the dining room, he would have to have a talk with his mate. Victor was amazing, but he could also be a master at doing things to the extreme. Like when Yuuri was eleven, and Victor ordered him a truck full of presents.

They had managed to get that under control, but Victor still tended to go ‘all-in’ whenever he was planning a surprise. If it wasn’t over the moon, it wasn’t Victor. It was amazing, but also slightly worrisome from time to time.

But one thing was for sure.
Victor was always able to surprise him.

Yuuri reached the door to the dining room and peeked in slowly. If Victor had hired an orchestra, he didn’t want to be scared by it.

But once he saw what was inside, his heart made a quad axel, and he almost cried from the sweetness of his mate.

Victor had decorated the entire dining room into a romantic restaurant for two, with rose petals on the floor and roses all around, a beautifully set table with candlelight, and a small stereo playing romantic music for them.

It was absolutely stunning.

“Were you surprised?” Victor suddenly asked as he turned up behind him.

Yuuri nodded emotionally. “It’s amazing, Victor. You’re amazing. I can’t believe you did all this.” He rambled. “I’ll be the one to die out of cuteness before dinner.”

Victor chuckled. “I wouldn’t let that happen.” He declared. “I would just bring you back to life, with a true love’s kiss.”

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled. “Would you judge me for crying out of joy?”

“Of course not.” Victor assured. “But I’ll warn you, if you cry, I will also cry. And then this wonderful meal would go to waste.”

“We wouldn’t want that.” Yuuri smiled fondly.

“Let me feed you?” Victor asked hopefully.

Yuuri blushed but he made eye contact with Victor and gave him a half-hearted nod with a sight smile.

Victor beamed happily.

…………………………

Yuuri barely believed his taste buds, when Victor fed him the first bite. He would never let his mother know, but Victor made the absolute best katsudon in the world. The rice was deliciously fluffy, the pork cutlet was perfectly crispy and tender, and the seasoning was better than anything he could ever imagine.

He felt like he needed to grow a second heart, because his current one was overflowing with love for his mate. His chest was almost bursting open with the force of his love-filled heart.

“Do you like it?” Victor asked. It was a very unnecessary question, because Victor could tell exactly how much his mate loved it. Yuuri was smiling like the happiest man alive.

And Victor made up his mind that that was the way Yuuri was supposed to look, well minus the bruise on his face. That definitely didn’t belong. But the happier Yuuri was, the more beautiful he became. And right now, he was so beautiful that it almost blinded Victor.

But Victor didn’t mind. If Yuuri’s beauty would take his sight away, it would definitely be worth it.

“It’s the best katsudon I’ve ever had.” Yuuri declared so seriously that it was almost startling, before he quickly blushed and turned adorable again. “Please don’t tell mom.”
Victor chuckled in amusement. “Your secret is safe with me, lyubov.” He assured. “Want another bite?”

Yuuri nodded enthusiastically and opened his mouth for Victor.

Victor’s heart-shaped smile had never been bigger.

“We need to take a picture.” Yuuri suddenly declared with his mouth full. “Tommy will never believe this.” He picked up his phone and navigated through the menu.

“Should I pose?” Victor asked teasingly and threw his long hair over his shoulder.

Yuuri was momentarily awe-struck by the motion.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded.

“S-sorry…” Yuuri apologized as his cheeks tinted light pink. “You just look so beautiful.”

Victor laughed, as he too blushed. “I have a very talented photographer.” He quipped with a wink for Yuuri’s picture.

Yuuri smiled as he took the picture and showed it to Victor.

“Mhmm…” Victor mused. “Like I said, talented.”

“I have the best model.” Yuuri stated as he wrote a caption for twitter.

“You look so handsome when you’re focused.” Victor said and took a bite of katsudon for himself. It was really good. He didn’t enjoy it quite as much as Hiroko’s, but with a little bit of practice, he could probably turn the recipe into perfection.

“And you look handsome all the time.” Yuuri quipped. “It should be impossible, but for some reason, it isn’t.”

Victor snorted.

“Is this okay?” Yuuri asked and showed his phone to Victor.

Victor read it carefully.

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When you have the best boyfriend in the world~ <3<3 @V-Nikiforov #Love #Soulmate
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“Yuuri!” Victor squealed. “How are you so cute?”

“It’s not that cute…” Yuuri protested lightheartedly. “It’s not like a romantic home-cooked dinner.”

“Well, I did ask a few of my parent’s chef friends for help, but Rachel Ray couldn’t talk, and Martha Stewart didn’t know anything about Japanese cuisine, Jamie Oliver recommended Gordon Ramsay, and Gordon started raging on Jamie Oliver, so everything turned into a mess, but I’m so glad you liked it.”

Yuuri’s eyes were wide like saucers. “You talked to all of them?” He asked in disbelief. “They’re like, the most famous chefs in the world.”
“They are?” Victor asked in surprise. “I never could have guessed.”

“Really?” Yuuri questioned skeptically.

“I mean… I knew they had cooking shows and everything, but I didn’t know they were actually famous.” Victor explained. “They have never been to a real Hollywood-party or an actual elite-event.”

“Have you?” Yuuri asked with a curious head-tilt that caused Victor to smile in awe.

“Oh of course.” Victor stated. “Or, well, my parents more than me. But I’ve been to a few, but since I wasn’t allowed to drink or actually party, I usually got sent to play board games with Michael Jackson and Ian McKellen.”

“You know them?” Yuuri gasped.

Victor felt like he was suddenly onto something. “Would you like to meet them?” He asked excitedly. “I can definitely make it happen, if you want to?”

“No!” Yuuri all but gasped. “I can’t meet them, they are so famous. And cool.”

Victor’s face fell slightly. “Don’t you think I’m famous and cool?” He took a sip of his water, hoping that it would drown some of the sorrow he felt in his throat, about Yuuri not admiring him like that.

“Oh of course you are, but I’ve known you all my life.” Yuuri pointed out. “I would never have dared to speak to you if I haven’t.”

Victor almost choked on his water. “You wouldn’t?” He asked, slightly panicked.

Yuuri looked to him worriedly. “Of course not.” He stated. “Someone like me can’t just speak to someone like you.”

“Someone like me?” Victor questioned. “So you’re telling me that the world’s most beautiful man aren’t allowed to speak to a dramatic Russian, because of some unwritten rule?”

“You’re always allowed to speak to yourself.” Yuuri mused.

“That’s what I’m say—-… Wait, no. The world’s most beautiful man is you.” Victor clarified before continuing. “I would want you to find me even if we weren’t true mates. I would want to be with you in every single possible reality, celebrity or not. I would want to be with you, even if we had literal monsters on our backs. It would be you and me against the world. As long as we have each other, I would never need anything else.”

Yuuri was stunned by Victor’s declaration of love.

“I just hope that even if we weren’t true mates, you would still find the courage to approach me.” Victor said seriously. “Because I would definitely fall for you. Every, single time.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter with love. “You could just approach me too, you know…” He said after a while. “I would fall for you too.”

Victor chuckled fondly. “Pfft. I would probably do something crazy and scare you off.” He said sheepishly. “I tend to go overboard when I’m with you.”

“Victor, even if you showed up naked in my backyard, I would probably still fall in love with you.” Yuuri declared. “You could never scare me off. And I would never want to be with anyone else.
You’re my true love. And I love you to the end of the universe and back.”

Victor smiled lovingly. “What did I ever do to deserve you?”

Yuuri took Victor’s hand in his own. “You decided to love me from the moment I was born.” He said in slight amusement. “That’s enough to win anyone’s heart.”

“I’m just glad I won yours.” Victor stated.

Yuuri leaned forward and pressed his lips against Victor’s.

Victor pulled his fingers through Yuuri’s hair and allowed his mate to control the kiss fully, until Yuuri pulled away.

“Me too, Victor.” Yuuri said, with as much love and adoration as he could possibly possess. “Me too.”

Victor was willing to cry out of the beauty of the moment. But he noticed that Yuuri was also on the verge of tears, and if Yuuri started to cry, he himself would never be able to stop, so he decided to change the topic. “By the way, shouldn’t your tweet say fiancé, and not boyfriend?” He asked as he cleared his throat awkwardly.

Yuuri looked to his phone and back at Victor. “Well, we’re technically not engaged, or we are, but not really…” He fumbled. “I mean. In theory, we are, since we are going to get married, but we aren’t technically engaged since I didn’t actually propose. We just exchanged promise rings. I even called them good-luck charms, since I didn’t really know what you felt back then…”

Victor felt his reality shatter. Yuuri was right, but he suddenly hated it. “We’re not engaged?”

“We are.” Yuuri assured. “Or, well, I think so… I think we are. But I never went down on one knee and asked you to marry me. And the rings don’t have any diamonds, and I don’t know the rules, but we are going to get married one day…?” A light blush crept up on his cheeks from the question, and his voice lowered slightly. “…Right?”

“Of course.” Victor exclaimed. “What else would I do with all of our wedding plans?”

“Wedding plans?” Yuuri repeated. “You’ve made wedding plans?”

Victor nodded proudly. “Of course, we will have to plan it more thoroughly together, once we’re closer to the actual date, I’ve just scribble down some things I want. Like custom made tuxedos for Makkachin and Vicchan. And that wonderful cheesecake from that little café here in Hasetsu, I thought that we can have it for dessert during our wedding reception.”

“Oh, and maybe we could have Makkachin and Vicchan carrying in the rings?” Yuuri suggested excitedly.

“Wow, that’s an amazing idea.” Victor cheered. “And we could have it outside in Hasetsu during spring. When the cherry trees blossoms.”

“That would be beautiful.” Yuuri agreed.

They continued to plan their future wedding while eating Katsudon and gazing into each other’s eyes.

Simply enjoying being with each other, and being in love.
And even though they were both excited about the future, they would never trade it for what was most important to them.

The present.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! <3<3 And I will try and answer all the comments I receive from now on. I apologize for not answering comments this past ten days, but I've been hiding from my inbox and marked all my messages as "Read".

And I will also like to give a special thanks to Natilyboo and socialcatterfly from tumblr. They have both been incredible supportive and kind during my "tiny mental breakdown" And socialcatterfly even drew this amazing fanart! <3

So go and admire it! <3<3 I love all of you! <3 Thank you so much for reading! <3<3
Skating season was starting to approach yet again. And Victor was feeling very excited about it. He had worked very hard on both his short program and his free skate, and he was going to aim for a new world record this season.

It might be Yuuri’s last season in juniors, and if Victor got permanently hurt after this year, he couldn’t let Yuuri beat his current record too easily. He was so talented that Victor had no doubt that he would surpass him one day. But until then, Victor was determined to stay on top. No one was going to beat him except from Yuuri.

“Victor, you’re slacking off.” Yakov scolded. “Even Georgi has more emotion than you.”

“That’s because I’m an actor now, Yakov.” Georgi mused. “And I’ll take that gold medal from under Victor’s nose this year.”

“That’s what I like to hear.” Yakov praised.

Victor rolled his eyes fondly. “I’d like to see you try, Georgi.”

“Just watch me, old man.” Georgi grinned and gained spin to do a triple axel.

“Old man?” Victor questioned. “I’m one day older than you.” He too gained speed and made a quad toe loop.

“Show off.” Georgi called from across the ice.

“Less talking, more skating.” Yakov said as he clapped his hands together. “Victor, more emotions. Georgi, less emotions, we don’t want you to literally cry on the ice.”

Georgi chuckled. “Always something to complain about.”

“You’re representing Russia.” Yakov stated. “But more importantly, you’re representing me. And my skaters will be nothing but the best.”

Victor and Georgi exchanged amused looks but said nothing.
“What?” Yakov prodded.

“Nothing.” Victor said innocently.

“We’ve just been noticing that you tend to scratch your head when you’re angry.” Georgi filled in.

Yakov narrowed his gaze.

Georgi averted the situation by skating to the other side of the rink. And Victor felt like he needed to defuse the situation instead of escaping it. “I could recommend a wonderful anti-balding shampoo that really helped my uncle…”

“Vitya!” Yakov snapped. “Get back to skating right now, or I’ll take my bald head an bump you with it.”

Victor broke down in laughter and had to sit down on the ice. Sometimes Yakov could be very intimidating, and other times he was just like this, a giant teddy bear with a bad temper.

“I bet Yuuri wouldn’t insult his coach like this.” Yakov grumbled grumpily.

Victor’s laughter slowly faded away and left a loving smile in its place. “Well, Yuuri is a precious blessing to this planet. He would never insult anyone…”

…………………………

“Stupid evil cheater.” Yuuri said as he left his computer, fuming with anger. A gamer that was using mods and hacks to receive infinitive ammo and immortality had once again killed him. And now Yuuri had lost all of his loot that took him hours to collect.

After pacing his floor for a moment, he calmed himself down and returned to the screen. “It’s not over yet. I’m getting my stuff back.” He declared to the loading screen.

Suddenly, Victor reached out. ~Yuuri, why are you upset?~ He asked worriedly. ~I felt your anger, what’s wrong?~

Yuuri was too invested in the game to think his answer through, so he wasn’t that surprised by Victor’s reply.

~What? Who killed you?~ Victor asked in confusion. ~Because I will kill them in vengeance~

Yuuri chuckled and told Victor about his game, and how mean that gamer was, who took all of his loot. And how he now had to start from scratch with a wooden sword.

~You poor thing~ Victor cooed ~I can ask my dad if he knows the game creator and see if he can give it back to you?~

Yuuri smiled fondly at his mate’s suggestion. It was evident that he wasn’t a gamer. It’s the gameplay and the journey that’s the beauty in gaming. Having everything handed to you is not the right way to go.

~Okay, love~ Victor chirped. ~Let me know if you change your mind~

Yuuri chuckled fondly and started his quest of getting back his loot.

…………………………

The months ticked on, and soon enough, it was time for the junior grand prix for Yuuri again. Yuuri was putting everything he had on his short-program. It was heavily inspired by ballet, and he had
gotten a lot of help from Minako with the choreography and the choice of music.

He knew his strengths and weaknesses, and he knew that step sequences were the thing that really caught the audience’s attention. And even though jumps were an easy way to earn points, he really wanted to do his best and show the world how beautiful ballet was.

His free skate on the other hand, was just a fun thing he and Victor had decided on. They were doing a duet, but in different competitions. They had decided to do ‘You’re the one that I want’ from the musical ‘Grease’. Victor was going to do Sandy in the Grand Prix, and Yuuri was going to do Danny in juniors. Victor had to be Sandy, since he was the only one who could actually curl his hair like that, and he also wanted a performance that would knock the audience out of their seats.

Yuuri was just happy that he was going to get to borrow Victor’s old leather jacket from his grand prix debut.

It was still way too big for him, but it was going to be a lot of fun. So he was really looking forward to this year’s grand prix. He just hoped that Victor felt the same way.

Victor had never been this excited about a free skate before, or, he probably had been, but he really couldn’t remember it.

He loved Sandy from Grease. And even if he had to do it gender-bended, it was still going to be amazing. He had found an amazing black crop-shirt T-shirt, and amazingly stretchy leather pants. He would probably look more like a rock star from the seventies than Sandy from Grease, but it would probably still cause a giant reaction among his fans.

No one would ever have guessed that Victor would play the part of a woman. He was just slightly worried that he would make Olivia Newton John injustice. She did go to Irina’s spa, so if she hated it, he would probably find out. But she never seemed to be that into figure skating, so he could probably get away with it.

But one thing he was most excited about was probably to see Yuuri do Danny’s parts. He would look so cool in a leather jacket. Victor could barely wait.

He was also very excited about his short program. It was a giant contrast to his free skate. He had decided to do ‘Eye of the tiger’ from ‘Rocky’. A song little Yura had introduced him to at the ice rink. Claiming it was the coolest song in the world.

Yuuri had made a joke that he should have the theme of Victor/Victoria… He was always so funny.

The competition season went by in a flash, and all of the sudden, it was time for Yuuri’s grand prix final in juniors. This might be his last year, so Victor would really have to treasure what might be his last time as Yuuri’s cheerleader, next year they might be rivals.

He couldn’t believe that Yuuri was already fifteen years old. And he was starting high school in only a few months. When did he grow up so fast?

It felt like only yesterday that Yuuri was ten years old, and tiny enough for Victor to carry around. He could probably still carry him now, of course, but that would probably take a bit more effort.

But he was still willing to try.

“Can I pick you up?” Victor asked as he blinked to Yuuri from across the hotel room.
Yuuri was unpacking his suitcase and threw him a surprised look. “Pick me up?” He questioned. “Why?”

Victor shrugged casually. “Because I want to…?”

Yuuri frowned worriedly. “I don’t want you to pull a muscle.” He said sheepishly.

“Are you calling me weak?” Victor asked, feigning hurt.

“Of course not.” Yuuri exclaimed. “I’m just a lot heavier than I was the last time you picked me up…”

“But I’m also a lot stronger than I was back then.” Victor claimed. “So it should be evened out.”

“I don’t know.” Yuuri said cautiously as his eyes shifted nervously. “What if you drop me?”

“I would never drop you.” Victor assured. “But we can stay close to the bed if you’re worried?”

Yuuri looked between the bed and Victor anxiously, before nodding slightly. “Okay.” He agreed carefully, and stood up.

Victor beamed and stood up as well, but after taking in Yuuri’s appearance he suddenly didn’t like the idea anymore. “What’s wrong, love?” He asked worriedly. “If this makes you uncomfortable, we won’t do it.” He stated.

“It’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “But if I’m too heavy, you can just drop me into the bed, okay?” He pleaded. “I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“I won’t.” Victor promised and stepped closer to Yuuri.

Yuuri wrapped his arms around Victor’s neck as Victor lifted him up from the ground with ease.


Yuuri blushed heavily. “No, I’m not.” He protested. “You can put me down now, before you pull something.”

“No, seriously.” Victor said as he raised Yuuri a little higher.

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled worriedly and tightened his grip on his mate.

“You’re very light.” Victor stated. “Have you been eating properly?”

“Of course.” Yuuri squeaked as Victor raised him even higher, like he was trying to figure out his weigh by lifting him into the air. “In fact, I’ve been eating way too much these past twenty four hours.”

“Really?” Victor asked skeptically.

“Of course.” Yuuri said as he tried to get out of Victor’s grip before Victor would try and raise him over his head. “I’m a stress-eater. It’s you who’s scarily strong.”

Victor placed Yuuri down on the mattress carefully. “How can you be so light?” He asked in disbelief. “You’re an athlete and you’re all muscles.”

“I’m really not that light, Victor.” Yuuri protested. “I weigh fifty-five kilos, and I’m one hundred and
sixty-three centimeters tall.”

Victor nodded thoughtfully. “When was the last time you ate?” He asked.

“The plane.” Yuuri admitted. “I had a sandwich four hours ago.”

“Then it’s time for you to eat again.” Victor declared. “We’re in Italy, I’ll get you pasta.”

“Can’t we take something lighter and go on a boat ride?” Yuuri asked. “It’s Venice. We should really experience it.”

Victor chuckled lovingly and kissed Yuuri’s forehead. “Anything for you, love.”

It was finally time for Yuuri’s short program. Minako told Yuuri about important information about ballet, as her grandma tried to find her lipstick in the purse, completely oblivious that her ‘protégé’ was about to take the ice.

Victor was just dreamily gazing at his beautiful boyfriend in his beautiful costume. He looked like light itself, as his costume was slightly inspired by the Swan Lake. He made such a handsome Odette.

“Yuuri, you’re not listening to me, are you?” Minako asked, unimpressed.

Yuuri realized that he had been caught staring back at Victor. “What?” He asked with wide eyes. “I’m sorry, I zoned out.”

Minako looked over her shoulder to Victor. “Right…” She said in disbelief.

Victor stepped forward to Yuuri. “You’ll do great, love.” He promised and pecked a kiss to Yuuri’s cheek. “Just remember to have fun and do what you love.”

Yuuri nodded as he blushed lightly.

“And now we have the last year’s grand prix winner, Yuuri Katsuki, who is skating his short program to the song ‘Dance of the sugar-plum fairy’ from the famous ballet the nutcracker.” The announcer spoke as Yuuri skated out.

Victor felt his heart flutter when Yuuri took the center and entered his start position. Even when he was still, he looked talented.

Yuuri’s program was brilliant. Victor could watch it over and over and never get sick of it. It actually made him want to take ballet classes again. He had done so when he was much younger, from Yakov’s wife, Lilia Baranovskaya. But he quit early after falling in love with figure skating and not finding the time to take her classes seriously.

Lilia still helped Victor with choreography sometimes, but unfortunately he had forgotten almost everything he learned about ballet. Which is why it was nice to have Yuuri reminding him of why it was so beautiful.

As Yuuri’s program continued on, Victor was amazed over the speed Yuuri could move his feet in. Victor tried to follow along on steady ground, but even he found it to be difficult.

But Yuuri was in his own territory. He had been dancing with Minako since he learned how to walk. Ballet was second nature to him.
Victor skated with inspiration from theater and modern dance. But seeing Yuuri up there made him want to learn ballet again. It was so beautiful. Yuuri was so beautiful. Everything about his performance was simply so beautiful.

He felt tears sting his eyes, as Yuuri managed to land a triple axel completely flawlessly. He was so talented.

Victor began holding his breath as Yuuri carried on, completely unaffected by the brutally hard program he had created. And when he was going in to do his combination jump, he changed it, making a quad flip and a double toe loop, instead of a double and single.

Victor face-palmed as Yuuri smirked in triumph. Reckless daredevil…

If Yuuri weren’t so amazing, Victor would probably feel a lot more worried. Changing a jump like that, in a program this draining, was still too great of a risk for Victor to be overjoyed, but he couldn’t deny the fact that his mate was incredible.

“The fact that Katsuki is able to keep up a pace like this, and still make jumps like that, is the reason to why I love figure skating. I think we’re watching something historical here today, people.” The commenter said in awe.

Yuuri only had one jump left, a triple flip. But he knew that his program still needed something else if he was going to beat Victor’s record. He had so much adrenaline, pumping through his body, and if he gave his everything to his final jump, he could make history in more ways than one.

“Katsuki is gaining speed for his final jump.” The commenter said.

Victor frowned worriedly. Yuuri gained too much speed for a triple flip. And he was in the wrong angle to do a quad flip. What was he doing?

Yuuri shot up in the air, not making three, or four but almost five rotations, a quad axel. Not even Victor had managed that.

Victor felt his heart leave his chest as Yuuri landed poorly and crashed into the ice, catching himself on his right wrist.

Most of the audience was standing up from their seats, horrified.

Victor felt the pain in his own wrist and he knew that Yuuri was hurt. He grabbed the rink wall and made a move to jump over it so he could reach his Yuuri. But Minako held him back.

Yuuri forced himself to stand. He needed to finish this. He skipped the last of his step sequence and made a simple spin before taking his ending pose in the center.

He felt pain flaring in his wrist, and he could feel Victor’s panic through their bond. He was going to be in so much trouble from this.

He only hoped that or was worth it.

The commenter was stunned after Yuuri fell. And medics were already skating out to the ice.

Victor felt a little less panicked when the medics reached Yuuri, and he seemed to be over-all okay. The audience wasn’t sure what to do, some people cheered while others were still stunned about what had just happened.
Yuuri got in enough rotations for a quad axel. And even though he fell, the points should still be included into his score.

Only the best had managed to land a quad axel in a competition before. And now Yuuri was one of them. Victor could never have guessed that Yuuri would do something as idiotic and brave.

He could have gotten hurt a lot worse. He was so lucky that he only hurt his wrist.

Speaking of that wrist, Victor needed to make sure that it wasn’t too bad.

Yuuri skated towards the exit with the medics as the ice was being cleared. The medics fussed over him like if he was a kid who had just fallen on the playground.

But Yuuri felt his cheeks heat up when he met Victor’s gaze. Victor took a step towards him and reached out his hands in front of himself.

Yuuri knew what he wanted and reluctantly placed his injured wrist in his mate’s waiting hands.

Victor looked it over carefully. He thanked the gods that it wasn’t broken. But it was definitely sprained. Once he was sure that it wasn’t too bad, he released Yuuri’s wrist and wrapped his arms around his mate instead.

“That was a beautiful performance.” Victor declared before pulling away. “But don’t ever do something as stupid as that again. I got so scared and I was so worried about you. Do you know how bad this could have turned? How hurt you could have gotten? What if you hit your head? With speed like that, you could have gotten a serious concussion. You could have hurt your knee and never being able to skate again…”

Yuuri averted his gaze from Victor and stared at his own feet instead.

Victor sighed deeply. “I love you so much, Yuuri.” He stated. “I don’t ever want something like that to happen to you. And I blame myself for being such a poor example to you.”

“What?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “Don’t blame yourself. You’re right. It was stupid. But it was my choice.”

Victor didn’t get a chance to reply before the medics cut him off. “We should give the wrist a better look, Mr. Katsuki.” One of them said. “As soon as you get your points, you should go to the hospital and get your wrist X-rayed.”

“I’ll make sure he does.” Victor stated.

Yuuri was smiling all the way to the hospital, and all the way through his examination, and all the way back to their hotel room.

He had crushed Victor’s old high score, with ten whole points.

“Even though your smile is a wonder of the universe, I still wished that you weren’t so happy about spraining your wrist.” Victor mused. He didn’t have the strength to stay mad at Yuuri.

“You know that’s not what I’m happy about.” Yuuri cooed. “I had the best short program in history.”

Victor chuckled fondly. “You did.” He admitted, before adding. “…In juniors.”
“Just you wait, Vitya.” Yuuri smiled as he struggled to eat with his left hand. His right hand was currently wrapped in bandages in order to keep it steady. “I’ll get you soon.”

Victor noticed Yuuri’s struggle and reached his own fork to Yuuri’s mouth. “Chicken?” He offered.

“You’re enjoying my misery.” Yuuri accused.


“You want to baby me, admit it.” Yuuri continued on with his accusations. There wasn’t any heat behind them. Just amusement.

“I want to worship you.” Victor corrected and waved his chicken in front of Yuuri’s face. “I want to feed you, and take care of you, and make you the happiest man in the world.”

“That’s what parents do with their babies.” Yuuri mused. “Would you also like to burp me? Rock me to sleep? Change my diapers?”

“Stop it…” Victor chuckled fondly. “You know it’s not like that.”

Suddenly an idea sparkled in Yuuri’s head. He hated how interested he was in sex. And even though he still didn’t have any urges, he was still terribly curious, and he had watched more porn than he was proud of.

But he had to try this.

“Did I make Daddy mad?” Yuuri asked teasingly.

Victor froze completely and the chicken fell off his fork. His eyes widened and his mouth suddenly got very, very dry.

“Is daddy gonna spank me?” Yuuri prodded as he blinked cheerfully to Victor.

Victor had never heard Yuuri use a voice like that before. He had heard that kind of voice before, in porn, but never associated with someone as pure and innocent as his mate. Victor didn’t even know how to use his own words anymore.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked worriedly as he noticed his boyfriend’s horrified expression. “It was a joke.”

Victor laughed very uncomfortably and not at all genuinely. “Funny.” He said.

Yuuri frowned. Immediately seeing through the act. “Are you okay?”

Victor continued to chuckle like his life depended on it. “Why wouldn’t I be okay? You made a funny joke, of course I’m okay…” He stuttered and stabbed his fork down in his take-out box, and ate a mouthful. “I’m Perfectly fine.”

“Victor, you’re going to choke…” Yuuri said nervously and put away his own food so he could hover over his mate.

Victor didn’t choke, but he swallowed everything too quickly and ended up getting a sore throat.

Yuuri promised to never make a joke like that again.

…………………………….

The next day, it was time for Yuuri’s free skate. And Victor was constantly fussing over Yuuri’s
hair. He had helped him with it, to get it to look just like Danny’s hair from Grease, even the little twirl on his forehead.

“So handsome.” Victor cooed as he took in Yuuri’s full appearance. All from the stretchy leather pants to the too big leather jacket from his own grand prix debut.

“VICTOR NIKIFOROV, I LOVE YOU!” A girl suddenly screamed at the top of her lungs from the audience.

Yuuri immediately tried to search her out. Who dared profess their love to Victor when he was standing right there?

Victor turned as well. “Thank you.” He called back cheerfully to no one in particular.

“WILL YOU MARRY ME?” The girl squealed.

Yuuri sent her a murderous glare as he noticed how pretty she was. He then stepped in front of Victor.

“Yuuri…” Victor soothed before smiling politely to the girl. “I’m sorry.” He said as he raised his right hand to display his ring. “I’m taken.”

The girl wailed.

Yuuri was taken off guard by that reaction. But once he thought about it, it made sense. He would probably do the same if Victor gave him that response.

It couldn’t be easy to be rejected by Victor Nikiforov.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked carefully.

“Yes love?” Victor asked as his hand once again found its way back to Yuuri’s hair.

“Could you… I don’t know, maybe… Sign something for her?” Yuuri prodded.


“You don’t have to.” Yuuri assured. “I just… I could never imagine what it would be like to be rejected like that by you… You’re too amazing, and she’s just human.”

Victor chuckled gently. “Are you sure you won’t be jealous?”

Yuuri placed his uninjured hand on the back of Victor’s head and pulled him in for a deep kiss in front of the audience, who whistled and cheered in awe.

“Just so she won’t get any ideas…” Yuuri finished.

Victor muttered incoherent Russian words. Yuuri smiled and urged him away.

Now it felt better to send his mate into an ocean of fan-girls and fan-boys. Especially when they knew exactly to whom Victor belonged to.

“Excuse me?” A girl’s voice suddenly said from behind Yuuri.

Yuuri turned around and immediately got slammed with her scent. She was an omega. And she had the most amazing purple eyes, and wonderful brown long hair.
“Aren’t you Yuuri Katsuki?” She asked shyly.

“I- I am…” Yuuri stuttered and looked around. Shouldn’t she be with someone?

The girl beamed. “I just want to thank you.” She smiled. “I watched your performance for the child cancer foundation five years ago. And you inspired me to start figure skating.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter. “Really?” He asked in disbelief.

The girl nodded. “My name is Sara.” She introduced herself and extended her hand. “Sara Crispino.”

Yuuri smiled and without thinking about it, reached out with his injured hand. “It’s nice to meet you—…” Suddenly, someone cut him off by grabbing his injured wrist and pulling him away.

“Get away from my sister.” A purple-eyed boy snarled in his face.

Yuuri let out a whine, not only by the action, but also because of the pain radiating from his wrist. And he suddenly felt a memory stir inside of him.

And when the boy barked at him in Italian, he suddenly saw an old man, grabbing his arm and trying to rip him out of the rink. Away from Victor…

“Shut up and don’t struggle.” The man had said. “Or I’ll cut off your fingers and feed them to you.”

Yuuri felt his breathing pick up.

“Fucking omega bastard.” The man hissed. “I’ll make a fine bitch out of you.”

He was suddenly released and the boy waved his hands apologetically. “I’m so sorry.” He apologized frantically. “I didn’t know you were an omega…”

Yuuri stumbled back as he tried to collect himself. That’s when he heard a feral growl coming from behind him, coming from his mate.

Victor.

“What the hell did you do to my mate?” Victor demanded as he strode forward and gripped the hem of the boy’s shirt. “Answer me!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for ending on a cliffhanger, but it got much longer than I intended. XD I hope you liked it! <3<3 Thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 58

Chapter Summary

Victor tries to right some wrongs against his Yuuri.

Chapter Notes

This was a bit rushed, because I really wanted to write the chapter after this one, like, right now.

There are so many exciting things coming up, so this got a bit thrown together, but I still hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor did his best to listen to his squealing fans. But he found them very loud and not at all appealing. When he was at competitions without Yuuri, he always enjoyed interacting with fans. But now it felt more like a chore, since he definitely didn’t want to leave Yuuri’s side.

He chanced a glance back, and felt his heart flutter as Yuuri kept watching over him. Standing down by the side of the rink with a confident and encouraging smile.

Victor felt so loved. And he felt like he looked away for literally a single second, and then a girl were suddenly talking to his mate.

She was a very cute girl. Victor observed. Very cute… And Yuuri was smiling to her.

A part of Victor wanted to storm down there and tell her off, but a stronger part of him wanted Yuuri to be admired. He was so handsome.

Of course a girl would approach him.

Victor was willing to let it slide, before a boy suddenly strode towards his mate.

Victor watched in horror as the strange boy gripped his mate’s injured wrist and twisted it, so his Yuuri whined in pain.

His vision turned red and he practically plowed himself through the ocean of fans in order to get to Yuuri. That boy was going to pay for putting his hands on his soulmate.

Yuuri was scared, terrified even. And Victor felt anger surge through his body, and it all got directed at the threat. If Yuuri was this scared, that boy had to be dangerous. Whatever he told Yuuri only made him more scared, and Victor wanted to draw blood.

As Victor got a lot closer he felt his body prepare for a fight. He was almost vibrating with fury and a growl was building up deep down in his throat.
Even though the boy released Yuuri and stepped away, it didn’t matter to him.

His mate was hurt. And he had someone to blame.

“What the hell did you do to my mate?” Victor demanded as he strode forward and gripped the hem of the boy’s shirt. He watched how the boy’s purple eyes widened in fear.

Good.

“Answer me!” Victor alpha commanded.

“I…I…” The boy stuttered. “I was protecting my sister.” He managed to get out.

Victor looked at him in disbelief. “From what?” He questioned. Yuuri wouldn’t harm a fly. The fact that someone would think that Yuuri was dangerous was offending to him. Especially when the accusation came from someone who had just physically harmed the sweetest human in the world.

“Michele?” The girl gasped in fear. “Please, let my brother go…” She pleaded to Victor. Her eyes sparkled like a million stars, and Victor felt the boy’s shirt slipping through his fingers.

That’s when he suddenly heard a small sniffle coming from behind him. Victor immediately forgot about the boy and turned to his soulmate.

Yuuri needed him.

“Yuuri.” Victor said as gently as he could and stepped away from the discarded boy and towards his mate. “Are you hurt? What did he say to you?”

Yuuri just shook his head in response, as a lonesome tear fell down his cheek.

Victor immediately closed the distance between them, and wrapped his arms around Yuuri. “It’s okay.” He soothed. “You’re okay.”

Yuuri hugged him back and practically hid himself in Victor’s chest.

Victor suddenly realized why. All around, people stared. And he knew how embarrassed Yuuri became around prodding eyes.

So Victor did the one thing he could think of. “Come on, love.” He said as he released one of his arms around his mate and led him away. Yuuri needed somewhere peaceful and quiet to calm down. To gather his thoughts and take a deep breath.

Victor made sure to keep most of Yuuri covered as they escaped all the people and ended up in the public bathroom. He locked the door behind him before finally releasing Yuuri.

Yuuri was shaking with emotions, and Victor had to struggle to tell them apart. “What happened, love?” He asked carefully.

If that kid had so much as voiced a single threat against his Yuuri, Victor would definitely go back out there, find him and make sure he regretted the day he was born.

“I... I d-don’t know…” Yuuri sniffled as he tried to wipe away his tears. “He just grabbed me and I… I...” His voice betrayed him as more tears escaped.

Victor grabbed some nearby paper-towels and got to work. Tears didn’t belong on Yuuri’s face. Tears of joy, he could allow for a little moment, but tears of hurt needed to go away as soon as
possible.

“What did he say to you?” Victor asked worriedly. “I saw him telling you something. Did he threaten you?”

Yuuri shook his head.


“It’s not him.” Yuuri said quietly. So quietly it was almost inaudible.

But nothing escaped Victor’s well-trained ear. “Was it the girl? Did she send him on you?”

“No.” Yuuri sniffled. “It was just… It reminded me of…” He trailed off, not knowing how to say it.

Victor’s brain was working itself almost to a boiling point, as he tried to figure out what Yuuri was trying to tell him.

But he stayed quiet and allowed Yuuri to finish.

“Two years ago…” Yuuri continued as he avoided Victor’s eyes. “When that man…”

Victor felt his heart stop. He had hoped that it was a memory that would stay gone forever. Because if Yuuri didn’t remember it, there was a part of him that could pretend that it never happened.

“I’m so sorry.” Victor said. He didn’t know what else to do.

The man who had tried to kidnap his mate was already in prison. Probably having a horrible day for his crime. He had heard that other criminals didn’t take well to child molesters, and if anyone would find out that the child he tried to molest was an omega, that man’s life in prison wouldn’t last that long.

But there was nothing Victor could do about that man. All he really could do was take care of Yuuri and make sure that he was okay.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri shook his head. “No.”

“Okay.” Victor relented. “Can you take a deep breath for me?”

Yuuri did.

“Good.” Victor praised and continued to wipe Yuuri’s tears away. “Another one?”

Yuuri did his best. Breathing in slowly and breathing out again…

“Wonderful.” Victor said gently. And gave a soft kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

Yuuri sniffled but managed a half-hearted smile.

“I wish I could make it better.” Victor admitted.

“You do.” Yuuri assured, voice cracking slightly. “You make everything better.”

Victor felt his hear swell. “Come here.” He said and wrapped Yuuri in for another hug.
Yuuri melted into it immediately, allowing Victor’s scent to calm him down further. And they stayed like that for multiple more minutes, until Yuuri finally pulled away.

Victor looked Yuuri over worriedly. His eyes were puffy and his face was slightly flustered from crying, but he was no longer shaking or crying, which meant that he had done a good job in calming him down.

“I… I need to get out there.” Yuuri said worriedly. “I still need to skate.”

Victor felt slightly worried about the idea of Yuuri getting out on ice after this. Victor would support him, if that were what he really wanted. But now when he already had just had a panic attack, and he still had that sprained wrist. He just didn’t feel good about it. “You don’t need to do anything.” He assured.

Yuuri almost looked offended. “Of course I do.” He stated. “I can’t just give up because of something that happened two years ago.”

“You’re not giving up.” Victor pointed out. “But you shouldn’t compete if you’re already injured. Especially when you’re also in the wrong mindset.”

Victor noticed that Yuuri had that stubborn look in his eyes. It was a dangerous defiance. And Victor had no one to blame for it but himself.

He had spent most of his life going his own way, ignoring everyone’s opinions and even though both Yakov and his parents had warned him about younger mates taking after the older ones, he didn’t listen.

And here he was, with a mate with no regard for his own safety and willing to give it all, for his passion of figure skating. He just wished that Yuuri would listen to him.

Yuuri knew that Victor had a point. His wrist was still aching after having it twisted. And he knew that if he fell like he did yesterday, he would definitely break it. And then Victor would be sad and blame himself.

Not to mention that he might ruin it for other omegas if he represented himself poorly.

That girl, Sara, said she had been inspired by him, enough to start figure skating herself. What if Yuuri fell so poorly that the ISU thought that allowing omegas to skate was a bad idea, and they forbid it? He really didn’t want that to happen.

He couldn’t.

But what would people think of him for not skating? Would he be seen as weak? Scared? Fragile?

Yuuri released a sigh of defeat. “You’re right.” He admitted. “Skating with an injury and anxiety is not a good combination.”

Victor didn’t like being right about this. He knew how much skating meant to Yuuri and how hard this had to be for him.

“No one will think less of you.” Victor assured, knowing what Yuuri was thinking. “You’re hurt. And you’re fifteen. No one is expecting you to put yourself at risk over a medal.”

“It’s more than a medal.” Yuuri pointed out. “It’s an accomplishment. And you would do the same.”
“But you’re smarter than me.” Victor argued. “And if I was fifteen, then yes. I would probably have gone out on the ice, and I probably would have hurt myself even more, only to prove to everyone what a winner I am. But I was an idiot when I was fifteen.”

“You have never been an idiot, Victor.” Yuuri assured. “Please don’t call yourself that.”

Victor smiled gently. “Okay, I was ‘less smart’ when I was fifteen.” He relented. “But I don’t want you to make my mistakes. I want you to stay safe and be wise. You can get a junior medal next year. There’s no need for you to rush to seniors.”

“But that means that we won’t be able to compete with each other for almost two years.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Are you really that eager to beat me?” Victor mused. “Isn’t it enough to crush all of my records?”

Yuuri shrugged but said nothing.

“You’re an amazing force of nature, Yuuri Katsuki.” Victor declared. “And I love you very much.”

Yuuri felt like he had made the right decision, even though he pulled out of the competition, he still kept his world record. And the ISU official had been so kind about it. Asking if he wanted a participation trophy for his accomplishments. They had a few lying around after a hockey game for kids from last week.

Yuuri had politely declined, but he and Victor still decided to watch the rest of the free skate. See the others, and check out their future competition.

After the medaling ceremony, Yuuri and Victor were ready to go back to the hotel and call it a day, but when they came out in the lobby of the ice rink, Victor suddenly caught sight of the boy who had grabbed Yuuri’s arm and triggered his awful memories.

He was ready to go over there and make the boy regret his actions. But Yuuri held him back and convinced him to only use his words if he absolutely needed retribution.

Victor had reluctantly agreed.

Michele was speaking with his sister, when Yuuri and Victor approached him, and Yuuri was holding onto Victor’s arm for some extra assurance that no fight would start.

“Yuuri?” Michele said in disbelief as he caught sight of him. “I’m so sorry about earlier… I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“It’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “It was just a misunderstanding.”

“Did I hurt you bad?” Michele asked. “Sara told me about you, and I feel so embarrassed for thinking you were some asshole skater wanting to seduce her and break her heart.”

“You thought that?” Yuuri asked in disbelief and looked to Victor for confirmation.

Victor didn’t take his eyes off of Michele for even a second.

“I’m so sorry you had to pull out.” Sara then said. “I never should have approached you. This is all my fault.”

“Sara, no.” Michele exclaimed. “Don’t take on my guilt. I lost my temper, and it’s on me. You had
nothing to do with it.”

“But you told me to wait with mom.” Sara argued. “If I would have listened, none of this would have happened.”

“I should have told mom to watch you closely.” Michele pointed out. “Bringing a figure skater to a grand prix final and expect them to stand still, is just like bringing a kid to a candy store and expect them not to eat anything.”

“I don’t need to be watched all the time.” Sara said determinately. “I can take care of myself.”

Michele rolled his eyes. “Right…”

Sara huffed in defiance.

Yuuri looked between the two of them worriedly. “None of you should feel guilty about this. I believe that you only tried to protect your sister.” He assured. “My older sister has done a lot worse for a lot less. And you didn’t hurt me that bad. You didn’t know that my wrist was sprained. And it didn’t hurt that much, it just… It just brought out some… Not so good memories for me, and I got scared. But that’s not your fault.”

Michele frowned worriedly. “I’m still sorry though.”

Yuuri felt like Victor was being uncomfortably quiet. He was just staring stoically.

“It’s fine.” Yuuri said genuinely to Michele. “I don’t blame you.”

“I do.” Victor suddenly cut in. “You hurt my mate, and your actions made him unable to do what he loves. And a simple ‘sorry’ isn’t enough to make that right.”

Yuuri felt chills travel down his spine from the coolness of Victor’s voice. It almost didn’t even sound like him.

Michele glared at Victor. “Well, I didn’t apologize to you now, did I?” He questioned.

“Mickey.” Sara scolded and placed herself in front of him. Expecting Victor to attack her brother for his rudeness.

Victor was at a loss for words. He didn’t expect to be told off by someone he absolutely didn’t like, and especially not someone who was also five years younger than him. But that still didn’t change anything. Yuuri deserved a lot more than a useless apology.

“I never said that I wanted an apology.” Victor pointed out. “But Yuuri deserves a better one.”

“Victor. It’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “He didn’t mean hurting me, and he said he was sorry. That’s enough for me.”

“You’re too kind, Yuuri.” Victor stated. “But I’m not letting him take advantage of that.”

“Please, just apologize better.” Sara pleaded with her brother.

Michele was an alpha, and since giving into another alpha would be humiliating, he was very reluctant to do what he was being told. But he also couldn’t resist a request from his sister when she was looking at him like that.

So with a sigh of defeat, Michele went down on his knees.
“No, no, no… You really don’t have to do that.” Yuuri said frantically as his face grew impossibly red.

“I beg of you, Yuuri.” Michele started with his hands clenched together like he was saying a prayer. “Forgive me for hurting and scaring you and destroying your chances to win the grand prix final. If I hadn’t interfered, you would have won, and for ruining that, I’m terribly sorry.”

Yuuri hid his face in his hands out of embarrassment. Why had this become such a big deal? People all around stared at them like Michele was purposing to him or something.

“Will you please forgive me?” Michele pleaded.

“Of course, I already have.” Yuuri said and looked to Victor accusingly.

Victor felt content seeing that boy on his knees, begging his Yuuri for forgiveness. If he could get every single person who had wronged Yuuri to do the same, the world would be a better place.

“I’m happy with that apology too.” Victor announced with a heart-shaped smile. “Thank you for that Mikael.”

“Michele.” Michele corrected.

“Okay.” Victor smiled, uninterested, before he turned to Yuuri with gentle eyes. “Would you like to walk back to the hotel, love? It’s such a wonderful evening and I would love to get some gelato on the way.”

Yuuri was still feeling mortified after that terribly embarrassing apology. He couldn’t believe that it happened. Just as little as he believed Victor’s ability to eat ice cream when it was snowing outside. It was in the middle of December.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded worriedly. “Are you okay? Do you want him to redo the apology?”

“No!” Yuuri exclaimed in panic. “That was good, perfect. No one needs to do anything like that ever again.” He assured.

Victor felt a little bit confused to why Yuuri was so embarrassed. Shouldn’t he feel content about finally being apologized to properly?

But once he realized that Yuuri had probably never been apologized to like that, it made his heart break slightly. So many people had hurt his sweet, wonderful mate, and not a single one of them have had the decency to make it right with a proper apology.

Well, at least this one was a start.

“Are you ready to go then?” Victor asked.

Yuuri looked to Michele worriedly. But he seemed fine. He spoke Italian with his sister and both of them looked happy. Michele didn’t seem traumatized and his sister didn’t seem humiliated.

So Yuuri nodded to Victor and allowed his mate to wrap his arm around him.

And as they walked outside and the cold air hit them, Yuuri suddenly felt very relieved that everything had worked out.

Victor was happy, Michele was happy and Sara was happy. And even though he for a moment felt like he wanted to die from mortification, he now felt thankful that it had happened.
Except from Mari and Takeshi, he had never gotten a genuine apology after being hurt. And even though that apology was a bit extreme, he still felt glad like Michele really meant it.

He also felt great about the fact that Sara, a fellow omega, had taken on figure skating, and the fact that he inspired her to do so, made him feel so special.

“I’m sorry you got embarrassed.” Victor suddenly said. “I just felt that you deserved a proper apology. He did attack you.”

“He didn’t attack me.” Yuuri said. “He just tried to get me away from his sister. You would probably do the same, if an older alpha approached me when I was alone.”

Victor couldn’t argue against that.

“Sara is an omega.” Yuuri continued. “And her brother has the protective alpha gene. I remember Mari once punched a five-year-old kid, when she was nine and I was three, because the kid apparently emptied a bucket of sand over my head on a playground. Siblings watch out for each other, and alphas are very physical when it comes to protecting their loved ones.”

“I know.” Victor admitted. He knew just how much his fists were itching for something to collide with, when he saw Michele grabbing Yuuri.

“I’m just glad that no one got hurt today.” Yuuri declared.

“You got hurt.” Victor pointed out. He couldn’t believe that Yuuri had already forgotten about that.

“Yes, but I also got hurt yesterday, so it barely even counts.” Yuuri quipped with a half-hearted chuckle.

“Not funny.” Victor grumbled.

“But I did manage a quad axel.” Yuuri beamed proudly. “The first omega ever to land one in a competition.”

“You were born to be a legend.” Victor smiled proudly. “Such a history maker.”

“We both were.” Yuuri quipped. “We were born to make history.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m sorry for the extremely cringy last line. I just had to... I hate it, but I had to.

Anyway, thank you if you managed to make it through this "Not so good" chapter. And I hope you're just as excited as I am for the future! <3<3
Chapter 59

Chapter Summary

A week later. And it's almost time for Victor's grand prix final

Chapter Notes

Here's once again a very fluffy chapter for you to enjoy.

I hope you still have some teeth left after all this fluffyness... XD <3<3 Maybe the last two chapters evened it out a bit? ;) <3<3

Anyway, I really hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the junior grand prix final, Yuuri was doing everything he could to convince his parents that he was old enough to go to Russia without a chaperone. Victor had a new apartment, and Yuuri wanted to be there with Victor alone, without his parents crowding them.

And as soon as the grand prix was over, he and Victor would go back to Japan together to celebrate Christmas.

It was the perfect plan, in his opinion.

“We just don’t like the idea of you traveling by yourself.” Hiroko explained. “We don’t mind you living with Victor without supervision. Victor is an adult, and we trust him. But we don’t want you to be on an airport alone, changing flights and crowding with strangers. Anything could happen to you, and you would have no one to help.”

“I’ll just kick them.” Yuuri tried. “As a figure skater, I have a lot of strength in my feet and in my legs. If I kick them, they will definitely be in pain.”

“We don’t want you to have to do that to begin with.” Toshiya chimed in. “We don’t want you to put yourself at risk.”

“But I don’t want you to come along.” Yuuri pouted. “It’s going to be so crowded in Victor’s apartment. And not to mention how embarrassing it is to bring my parents to my boyfriend’s.”

“I’m sorry, Yuuri. But we’re not letting you go on your own.” Hiroko declared. “It’s either with us, or you’re not going.”

Yuuri dreaded the idea of not going. “Can’t you take in to a hotel or something then?” He asked. “Just so you won’t be living on top of us.”

“Yu-topia isn’t doing so good this year.” Toshiya said apologetically. “We can’t afford a hotel room for a week.”
Yuuri understood, but that didn’t mean that he had to like it. “Okay…” He said dejectedly.

“Maybe when you’re older?” Hiroko bargained.

Yuuri nodded but said nothing.

“Don’t be sad.” Hiroko said gently. “At least you get to see him. That’s what’s important, right?”

“Right.” Yuuri agreed with a sigh. “I’ll be in my room if you need me.” He said and shuffled away to solitary.

As soon as he reached his room, Victor reached out.

~Good morning, my beautiful~ Victor greeted tiredly. Before adding. ~Why are you feeling sad~

Yuuri felt his heart swell at his mate’s concern. But when he told Victor about his parent’s decision, Victor grew silent.

Yuuri was just about to ask him if everything was okay, when his phone suddenly started to ring. He didn’t even need to check the caller ID, before knowing it was Victor.

“Victor?” He greeted in slight surprise.

“Of course you’re not traveling alone, you’re fifteen. Anything could happen to you.” Victor scolded tiredly. His voice was still hoarse and heavy from sleep and Yuuri found it very amusing.

“I don’t understand why everyone makes such a big deal out of this. A lot of my classmates have traveled alone to places. You only have to be twelve to fly alone.” Yuuri pointed out. “I talked to the airline, and they even offered to give me a personal flight steward to keep their eyes on me.”

“I don’t trust a stranger to keep you safe.” Victor exclaimed. “You’re an omega, and you’re too young and beautiful to be unprotected all the way from Japan to Russia.”

“But you said that we could be alone the next time I came to Russia, and if I bring my parents that won’t happen.” Yuuri pouted.

“What if I came to Japan and picked you up?” Victor asked. “We can take our private jet, you can even bring Vicchan.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “You’d do that?”

“I would do anything for you, solnechnyy.” Victor declared.

Yuuri thought for a moment. “But that sounds like such an unnecessary journey, I don’t want you to have to do all that.”

“It’s not like I have anything better to do, I don’t have any classes before January.” Victor explained. “And that means that I will also get to see you faster, so it’s a win-win situation.”

“Are you sure?” Yuuri prodded. “That means that you would have to be in the air for almost twenty four hours, in the spam of less than two days.”

“Well, twelve of those hours would be spent with you, so I really don’t mind.” Victor admitted. “If I pack a bag and go tonight, I should be in Japan by tomorrow afternoon for you.”

“Victor, are you sure about this? Isn’t it going to be very expensive?” Yuuri asked worriedly.
“It’s probably more expensive to never fly it, and allow it to rot away.” Victor mused. “A new plane is more expensive than keeping the old one running.”

Yuuri didn’t have a plane himself, so he couldn’t exactly argue with that statement.

“So what do you think?” Victor asked. “Will you come to Russia with me?”

Yuuri smiled lovingly. “Of course, Victor… I would go anywhere with you.”

Victor was very excited about seeing Yuuri again. It had been over a week since the junior grand prix and it felt far too long.

“We’re going to pick up, Yuuri.” Victor told Makkachin as the dog jumped up to the seat across from Victor and stared at him curiously.

Makkachin’s tail began to smack the seat in excitement from Victor’s words. He was apparently also very excited.


Makkachin’s tail sped up and he stood up to look out through the plane window.

“Not right now, we have to go there first.” Victor chuckled fondly.

“Mr. Nikiforov. We’re ready to take off.” His flight steward told him.

“That’s great.” Victor cheered. “Do you know when we’ll land?”

“Around 2pm, Japan time.” The flight steward said politely. “So you should probably get some sleep before then.”

“Wonderful, thank you.” Victor said and patted the seat next to him so Makkachin would come over. Makkachin was very obedient and followed solemnly. Victor praised him and fastened his seatbelt.

“We’re ready.”

Yuuri was carefully packing his bag. Victor would land in Japan in less than an hour, and they would go to Russia in the morning and stay there for a week. The grand prix final would be held in St. Petersburg this year, so it would be perfect. Then they would go back to Hasetsu December 22nd. Just in time for Christmas.

His parents had agreed that it was okay for Yuuri to travel alone with Victor. And Yuuri was very happy with the compromise. He still felt like everyone was babying him, but he could also understand where they were coming from, especially now, when he remembered what it was like to almost be abducted.

It made him understand the world better. If it hadn’t been for Victor, he might be living as that creepy man’s sex slave right now. And he would lie if he claimed that that wasn’t the source of many reoccurring nightmares for the past week.

But he refused to let that event define him. He didn’t want to change his life and spend it in fear, because of that man. If he did, the man would win.
“Are you ready to go to the airport to pick Victor up?” Toshiya asked as he showed up at Yuuri’s door.

Yuuri nodded and closed his suitcase. Giving his room a quick glance-over to make sure it wasn’t messy, before heading out to the car.

Victor was practically bouncing in his seat as the plane landed. And his excitement was immediately transferred to Makkachin who started to whine impatiently.

“Almost there now.” Victor said and patted Makkachin’s fur soothingly.

And as soon as the plane rolled to a stop and the flight steward told him that it was safe to walk out, he practically threw himself outside. Bolting to the closest gate in order to get to the terminal.

Makkachin followed suit when Victor told him that they were going to see Yuuri and Vicchan, two of Makkachin’s best friends. And he was also the first one to spot Yuuri. Pulling his leash so that Victor almost fell over in his haste to reach the Japanese boy.

“Hi, Makka.” Yuuri greeted and crouched down. Makkachin almost tackled him as he went in for a bear hug.

“Makka…” Victor scolded lightly and helped Yuuri back to his feet before catching him in his embrace. “Hi, love.” He greeted with a soft kiss to Yuuri’s lips.

Yuuri smiled into the kiss before starting to giggle.


Yuuri’s giggles transformed into full on laughter. And Victor looked to Toshiya who also couldn’t help himself from snickering.

Victor turned self-conscious, and after spotting his reflection in a giant mirror, he realized that his sleeping mask had transferred a lot of glitter onto his face.

He almost looked like the tin man from The Wizard of Oz.

He looked to Makkachin accusingly. How dared he not telling him about it?

Makkachin wagged his tail innocently, completely unaware about the concept of glitter.

Victor wiped off as much as he could, as Yuuri calmed himself down from the laughter. “I’m never shopping online again.” Victor declared.

“She do.” Yuuri mused. “It’s so funny… You’re sparkling.”

Victor shook his head fondly. He really could keep from smiling himself at Yuuri’s happiness. It was too pure.

But he could still get a little payback from being laughed at, so he wiped off some of the glitter away from his own face and wiped it onto Yuuri’s nose.

Yuuri stared at him in disbelief for a few seconds, before he suddenly started laughing again and wiped the glitter away with his jacket sleeve. “You’re ridiculous.” He stated lovingly.

Makkachin barked in agreement.
“And you love it.” Victor pointed out.

“I love you.” Yuuri corrected. “Glitter and all.”

Victor threw the sleeping mask away and got the rest of the glitter on his face wiped off. Yuuri apologized for laughing at him, and they were both very happy to be together once again.

But they weren’t sure if Vicchan and Makkachin were even more excited to be together. They ran all across Yu-Topia and wrestled playfully with each other. Makkachin acted like a puppy and rolled over on his back every time Vicchan yipped at him.

Victor and Yuuri tried to keep up, by taking pictures of them as they could. But most of them turned out blurry.

And as night began to fall, both Yuuri, Victor and the dogs, all tried to fit together in Yuuri’s tiny one-person’s nest.

Victor was the biggest one, so he ended up on the bottom of the giant pile of love. Yuuri lied on top of him, hugging him tightly. Makkachin lied on his back on top of Victor’s legs, and Vicchan curled up on his stomach with his head on Yuuri’s arm.

It was warm and it was crowded. But no one would ever want it to be different.

The next day, Yuuri was practically a zombie. He was so tired when the alarm rang that he just curled closer to Victor and tried to ignore it.

Victor tried to wake him up with kisses and words of love. When neither worked, he reluctantly freed himself from Yuuri and got to work with the last of the packing, dressing, brushing and styling his very long hair and making breakfast for Yuuri and his family.

The smell of breakfast was the thing that finally got Yuuri to leave his bed. Victor almost melted when he caught sight of Yuuri with his ruffled morning hair and curious expression.

“You’re cooking?” Yuuri asked and jumped up so he was sitting on the counter.

Victor nodded proudly and leaned in for a kiss that Yuuri immediately pulled away from. “I have morning breath.” He exclaimed and covered his mouth.

“I don’t care.” Victor declared and gently pried Yuuri’s hands away to kiss him. “You don’t have morning breath.” He said once he had gotten a taste of his boyfriend’s lips.

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled as his face grew red with embarrassment.

“How adorable.” Victor mused and left kisses all over Yuuri’s face.

Yuuri eventually managed to pry him away with a soft smile. “It’s too early for this.” said as he stretched.

Victor almost melted again as Yuuri clenched his eyes together and vibrated by the force of his stretch. “You’re illegally cute.” He grumbled fondly as he returned to the stove to take off the boiling eggs.

“And you’re illegally talented.” Yuuri quipped. “Where did you learn to cook so well?”
Victor turned to him and winked.

“That’s not a answer.” Yuuri said in amusement.

“Well, a magician never reveals their tricks…” Victor said secretively.

“Not even to their soulmate?” Yuuri questioned in surprise.

“Not even to their soulmate.” Victor confirmed, “Mostly because you are the one who gets to experience that magic. There is no one I would rather cook for.”

Yuuri’s heart swelled at Victor’s words. He felt so special.

“Good morning, boys.” Hiroko suddenly greeted, as she came smiling in her morning robe. “Oh, Victor. Did you make breakfast? How lovely of you.”

“Thank you Hiroko.” Victor beamed. “And good morning to you too.”

Hiroko smiled even more, before disappearing into the bathroom to get ready for the day.

“You do know that my parents already love you, right?” Yuuri asked in amusement. “There’s no need for you to seduce them even more.”

Victor snorted. “What makes you think I’m trying to seduce them?”

“By being so perfect and wonderful.” Yuuri said lovingly. “If you’re not careful they’ll try and adopt you.”

Victor chuckled gently and carried the tray of bowls towards the dining room. Yuuri followed him, carrying the mugs. And after everything was done and set, Toshiya managed to get out of bed to greet them.

“You made breakfast?” He asked in surprise.

“Victor did.” Yuuri said proudly while leaning his head onto his mate’s shoulder.

“Hmm, maybe we should adopt you?” Toshiya mused before heading to the other bathroom.

Yuuri smiled up to Victor. “Told you.”

The plane ride went great. Yuuri and Victor played cards and board games and talked about everything between the earth and sky, while the dogs snoozed in different parts of the plane.

And when they finally got off the plane and managed to get to the central part of St. Petersburg, Yuuri’s excitement to see Victor’s apartment grew drastically.

“Saint Petersburg is so beautiful.” Yuuri stated as they walked along the lit up streets. It was early afternoon, but the sun had already set, and beautiful lights decorated the city.

“Just like you.” Victor quipped.

“Pfft.” Yuuri said and bumped his shoulder against Victor’s playfully. Their dogs were also enjoying the city. Even though Vicchan really didn’t like having to wear his winter-shirt, so he had to stop in attempts to shake it off every other minute.
“Here we are.” Victor announced as he stopped by an apartment door with a doorman.

“Privet, Matvei.” Victor greeted the doorman in Russian.

Yuuri had to do a double take. They had spoken so much English and Japanese lately, that Yuuri had almost forgotten what Russian sounded like.

The doorman said something to Victor and opened the door for them.

Yuuri got the words ‘afternoon’ and ‘Mr. Nikiforov’, and made his own conclusion of the greeting.

The lobby was very luxurious, Yuuri observed. There was a chandelier hanging from the high roof, and marble floors that went perfectly with the light paint of the walls.

Victor went straight to the elevator and pressed the button.

Vicchan was sniffing the floors in excitement as he tried to figure out where he had been taken. And Yuuri had to carry his dog into the elevator as he refused to step onto the suspicious platform.

Poor Vicchan had never been in an elevator before.

There was a long elevator ride. Victor obviously lived on the top floor, seventeen storeys up.

And as soon as the doors opened, Victor brought out his key proudly. “Ready to see my new place?” He asked excitedly.

Yuuri nodded. “Definitely.”

Chapter End Notes

Still got you teeth? XD I hope so... XD <3

Anyway, thank you so much for reading! <3<3 And thank you so much for all your wonderful comments!! <3<3 They really mean the world to me! <3<3

Love you guys! <3<3
Victor held the door open for Yuuri and allowed him to peek in before stepping in fully.

Yuuri was incredibly surprised by his mate. He thought that it was going to look like a bigger version of Victor’s old bedroom. Colorful walls, old toys and plushies everywhere, photos of Yuuri and figure skating quotes… But it didn’t.

Victor’s apartment was very neat. Neutral colors, and a very plain style. Light wooden floors, grey walls and a dark blue couch in the middle of the living room. All the furniture looked perfectly in place, and all of his paintings and photos hanged symmetrically on the walls.

“Is it obvious I hired a decorator?” Victor asked sheepishly.

“No, no.” Yuuri assured as he kept taking things in. “It just looks really grown up.”

Victor tilted his head curiously. “I thought it was kind of boring.” He admitted.

“It doesn’t look boring.” Yuuri declared. “It’s really nice.”

Victor chuckled gently. “Well, thank you, love.” He said and crouched down to take off Makkachin’s collar so his dog could roam freely.

Yuuri immediately did the same for Vicchan and put him down on the floor so he could join Makkachin in the tour of the apartment.

Victor helped Yuuri with his coat, minding his sprained wrist, before shrugging off his own along with his shoes and stepping inside.

“So here’s the kitchen.” Victor announced and gestured to the kitchen area. “Fully equipped with the latest technology.”
“Wow.” Yuuri sighed in awe and shrugged out of his shoes with his feet.

Victor beamed proudly over his kitchen and moved on. “Here’s the bathroom.” He said and opened the door for Yuuri to peek inside.

Much like the rest of Victor’s apartment, the bathroom was simplistic and stylish. But Yuuri could definitely tell it was Victor’s, due to all the expensive beauty products that had been carefully placed all around.

“And here’s my spare room.” Victor said and turned around to another closed door, which he opened for Yuuri. “It’s currently my closet, library, office and guest room.”

The room was filled with a few boxes containing books, trophies and medals, a desk, clothes racks, a lot of Yuuri’s merchandise, a very crooked chair and an oil painting of Makkachin.

“I hadn’t really had time to fix it yet.” Victor admitted. “I currently use it as my storage room for things I’m going to decorate the rest of my apartment with, but I just need to find the time to do so.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “You just moved in a few weeks ago.” Yuuri pointed out. “I’m amazed you have so much in order already.”

Victor smiled proudly. “Anyway, here’s the bedroom.” He said and opened the last closed door, went inside and sat down on the very big bed, very, very big bed.

“Oh…” Yuuri said in disbelief to the sight. “That’s a giant bed.” He stated.

Victor shot him a heart-shaped smile. “How big of a nest do you think you can make with this?” He asked cheerfully.

Yuuri was taken off guard by the question. “I don’t know.” He admitted. “That depends on how many pillows and blankets there are, I suppose.”

Victor jumped off the bed and skipped to sliding door across the room. “Is this enough?” He asked and slid the door open.

Yuuri almost fainted.

The closet was filled with blankets, pillows, sheets, and soft scarves, practically a nesting heaven. Yuuri’s mind immediately began calculating how he could use everything, and trying to calculate how big of a nest he could make.

Those were all his mate’s blankets, he wondered if the smelled like him. The nest wouldn’t be as nice if it smelled like a store. Not that it couldn’t be adjusted, if he made a good nest, it should smell like Victor within a couple of days.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked in amusement. “Are you still with me?”

Yuuri nodded as he carefully walked up to Victor and the nesting heaven, reaching out his hand to touch a blanket that was so soft he actually whined.

Victor died. At least he thought he did. He gasped loudly before stumbling back and falling into his giant bed again, staring aimlessly at the roof while questioning if it was actually possible to be this lucky.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked as he carefully poked at his mate’s knee. “Are you okay?”

“Vitya.” Yuuri drawled. “You can’t die… You will miss the Grand Prix final if you’re dead.”

“My mate is too sweet.” Victor continued his Russian rambling. “I’m just a mere mortal…”

“You will also miss Christmas.” Yuuri tried. “And your birthday. And then you won’t be able to enjoy the gift I got for you.”

That managed to get Victor’s attention. “You got me a gift?”

Yuuri nodded shyly. “Or, I made you a gift…” He corrected.

“Even better.” Victor beamed. “Can you give me a clue?”

Yuuri shook his head. “That would ruin the surprise.”

Victor pouted. “Then I won’t tell you about the Christmas gift I made for you.” He declared.

“You made me a Christmas gift?” Yuuri asked curiously.

“Yes.” Victor said secretively. “But that’s all you will know until Christmas.”

Yuuri sighed in defeat. He should probably have foreseen this. “Okay.”

Victor chuckled slightly and sat up in bed, looking Yuuri over. “You’re so handsome.” He said lovingly. “And adorably cute. It’s a fatal combination.”

Yuuri blushed slightly. He should be used by Victor’s words of admiration by now, he didn’t understand why is still affected him so much. “So are you.” He declared. “And you’re also amazing and impossibly perfect. And I can’t believe that a god like you, would ever choose to be with a normal person like me.”

Victor smiled as he stood up from the bed and took Yuuri’s face into his hands, before gently pressing their lips together. He then pulled away and brushed his hand along Yuuri’s cheek. “You better start believe it, solnechnyy.” He said sweetly. “Because there’s no one else in the universe that I would rather be with, There’s no one more amazing than you are. And I will say it everyday for the rest of my life, until you believe me, because I love you, Yuuri Katsuki. And I will do so until the end of time and beyond.”

Yuuri wrapped his arms around Victor and pressed his face into his chest.

Victor hugged him back and kissed the top of his head. “I sometimes wish that you could see yourself the way I see you.” He said thoughtfully. “Maybe that way, you would know exactly how beautiful and amazing you are.”

“I’m sorry I’m like this.” Yuuri sniffled. “You shouldn’t have to keep assuring me of your love all the time. I just… I don’t know… I can’t find a single fault in you. And that scares me, since I always find so many in myself.”

“I don’t mind assuring you.” Victor admitted. “I can do it forever, if you want me to. Just ask anyone in Russia. I can’t have a normal conversation with anyone, without finding a way to talk about how much I love you.”

Yuuri chuckled slightly at that.
“You’re the kindest, sweetest, cutest and most beautiful human I have ever seen or met.” Victor declared. “I could not imagine a single day without you. I would just die from lack of love.”

“You have so many people loving you.” Yuuri pointed out. “Most of the world loves you, so you would never have to feel unloved.”

“But I don’t care about the world, or who loves me.” Victor claimed. “I only care about you loving me. That’s all I will ever need.”

Yuuri blushed again. “You always say so sweet things.” He said shyly.

“And I would never want to say it to someone else.” Victor assured.

Yuuri was just about to reply, when the sound of Vicchan’s bark brought the couple back to reality. He was trying to jump up in the giant bed by himself.

Makkachin was sitting behind him. Almost like he was waiting for the smaller dog to jump up first.

“Aww, Vicchan…” Yuuri drawled and picked his tiny dog up in his arms. Makkachin barked at the action and wagged his tail, thinking that they were playing some new game.

Yuuri chuckled fondly and let Vicchan down in the bed.

Vicchan immediately walked to the edge to show his success to the bigger poodle.

Makkachin huffed and jumped up in the bed by himself to get the squeaky toy. He then jumped down and rushed back out into the living room.

Vicchan barked and looked to Yuuri for help to get down again.

“Okay…” Yuuri relented and helped him back down. Vicchan happily ran out and joined Makkachin with the squeaky toy.

“Are you hungry?” Victor suddenly asked. “We can cook something together? If you want to?”

Yuuri nodded. “That sounds amazing.”

“And then we could build a nest together?” Victor suggested. “Or you can teach me how to build one?”

“You really love nests, don’t you?” Yuuri mused.

“I really love your nests.” Victor corrected. “You make the best ones.”

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled as his face grew dark red. “You can’t just say things like that…”

“Things like what?” Victor asked innocently.

“Like…” Yuuri trailed off slightly. “It would be like, if I told you that I love it when you scent me. And that you have the best scent.”

Victor suddenly got the urgent need to scent Yuuri, especially if he loved it. He wanted Yuuri to have everything he loved. That’s when realization dawned on him.

“If you let me scent you first, I’ll let you nest right now?” Victor bargained.
Yuuri nodded excitedly. “Deal.”

The next day, Yuuri and Victor walked to the ice rink together. It was only ten minutes away from Victor’s apartment, and even though it was freezing cold, they were still kept warm by the love in their hearts.

Victor’s practice went smoothly. Victor was paying a lot of attention to what Yakov had to say, mostly to impress Yuuri, but also because Yakov actually gave him useful advice this time around.

Even though most of his advice was to stop taking breaks and stop speaking to Yuuri. But Victor chose to ignore that. That was not a part of the good advice.

Speaking to Yuuri was wonderful, and it wasn’t until Yuuri himself told Victor to focus, that he actually did.

Yakov had never been so grateful.

After a few days had passed, it was finally time for the Grand Prix final in St. Petersburg.

Victor was so excited to finally be able to compete in his home-rink. But he was more excited to have Yuuri there with him. The days they had spent together had been magical. He had no idea that being with someone around the clock for days, could be so fulfilling.

But it was probably because they were soulmates. If it had been anyone but Yuuri, Victor would have jumped out a window by now. But with his true mate, it was different. He couldn’t get enough of him.

Yuuri felt the same way. Being with Victor felt like being whole. And the more time they spent together, the more comfortable he became. He felt so relaxed and safe around Victor, in a way that he didn’t even feel when he was at home. He couldn’t explain it. Victor was simply his sanctuary.

“And remember to keep with the program.” Yakov warned his student. “I don’t want to see any idiotic attempts to raise difficulty during your performance.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Victor waved off and turned back to Yuuri. “Do you think I should braid my hair instead?” He asked and gestured to his bun.

“I think that you look perfect.” Yuuri stated as he took in Victor’s full appearance, he was wearing a tiger pattern button up shirt with and plain black pants. He looked really cool, in both Yuuri and Yuri’s opinion.

Yuri was there to cheer on Georgi and Victor along with his grandfather. Having his skaters showing his support for the Russian team was very important to Yakov.

“Oh what if I just let my hair out fully?” Victor suggested.

“Then I think you would have hair everywhere, and you wouldn’t be able to see the ice.” Yuuri said thoughtfully.

“Fair point.” Victor mused.

“Victor, can you please pay attention?” Yakov exclaimed.
“I am.” Victor protested. “…To Yuuri.”

Yakov sighed, loudly.

~Listen to him~ Yuuri pleaded.

Victor rolled his eyes fondly and turned to his coach. “You said something about changing difficulty in my program.” Victor asked.

“I was saying…” Yakov started before starting another rant again.

Yuuri looked to the scoreboard as the names of the skaters were being listed. Victor was the first name to appear at the bottom, since the names were currently listed alphabetically. But Yuuri still found it highly inappropriate. Victor’s name belonged on the top. He was the best, now, and forever.

“Yuuri.” Georgi greeted and joined the younger boy’s side. “I know you’re here to cheer on Victor. But do you mind cheering for me too?” He asked hopefully. “My girlfriend is a very big fan of yours, and I think it would grant me some extra points if she saw you cheering me on.”

“Oh, yeah, sure.” Yuuri agreed. “I can do that.”

“Thank you.” Georgi said gratefully.

“Well, bonjour, my old rival.” Yuuri suddenly heard another familiar voice.

“Chris?” He asked in disbelief. “I thought you wanted to beat Victor’s high-score in juniors before moving on to seniors?”

Chris shrugged. “It will probably be more fun to beat Victor’s record where he is now.” He said smugly. “And especially in his own territory.”

“I wouldn’t get my hopes up.” Yuuri said in amusement. “Victor has a really good program this year. I think he might even get a new high score this season.”

“So I hear…” Chris chuckled.

Victor had a really hard time to focus on Yakov, especially since alphas were apparently flocking around his mate by every passing second.

“Victor, are you even listening?” Yakov questioned.

Victor shook his head to Yakov and re-joined his mate’s side, throwing an arm around him to show the other skaters to whom his mate truly belonged. “What are you talking about?” He asked cheerfully.

Yuuri shrugged. “I’m just bragging about my true mate.” He declared.

“Really?” Victor mused. “Is he that good?”

Yuuri nodded. “He’s the best.”

Victor beamed proudly.

“Welcome to the 2008, ISU’s Grand prix final in St. Petersburg.” The announcer suddenly said through the speakers. “This is the men’s short program, and the six gentlemen that qualified for this event are about to take the ice for their six minutes warm-up.”
“I guess that means I have to go.” Victor pouted. “A kiss for good luck?”

Yuuri nodded and gave Victor a quick kiss that left him blushing and wishing for more. But Victor realized he should hurry if he wanted time to prepare for his routine. So he reluctantly left Yuuri with Yakov and took the ice.

Yuuri noticed that Yakov placed a hand on his shoulder, a precaution to make sure that Yuuri wouldn’t disappear on his watch… Again.

And Yuuri watched his mate in awe during the warm up. It looked like he was floating, almost like an angel.

The other skaters stood no chance.

Victor minded his own business during warm up. He was trying to stay clear of one person in particular, the man who was representing Japan this year, Taichi Yamashita.

Judging from his presence online, Victor was over one hundred percent sure that he wouldn’t like him. He always posted things on facebook and twitter condescending to omegas. If it wasn’t jokes, it was articles ‘proving’ that omegas were idiots and should be assigned to a superior alpha that can keep them under control.

Victor didn’t share his viewings at all. Nor did most of the world. But there would always be idiots for everything. He just didn’t want to converse with them. And if Taichi said as much as a single hurtful word to his Yuuri, there would be hell to pay.

~You feel angry, is everything okay?~ Yuuri suddenly asked across the bond.

Sweet, wonderful Yuuri… Victor had no idea how people could dislike omegas, or think so little of them. They were the best creatures this world has ever created, so gentle and kind, but also fiercely strong and brave when they needed to be. They were absolutely perfect.

“I’ve heard you brought a whore to the grand prix, Nikiforov.” A voice suddenly said as it skated past him.

Victor immediately stiffened as he shot a glare to the Japanese competitor.

Yuuri noticed.

~What did he say to you?~ Yuuri demanded. ~Did he insult you?~

“And that marks the end of the six minute warm out, and our lottery has chosen Taichi Yamashita as the first skater to take the ice.

Victor skated back and joined Yuuri’s side.

“What did he say?” Yuuri pushed.

“Nothing.” Victor stated.

Yuuri saw right through it. “Whatever he said, you shouldn’t listen to it.” He said instead. “He probably said it because he knows that you’re better than him. He’s trying to get into your head, so you’ll skate badly. Don’t let him win.”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuuri and breathed in his scent. It was very relaxing.
“Are you okay?” Yuuri prodded carefully.

Victor nodded. “I’m fine, luchik.” He assured before turning to Yakov. “Don’t let the Japanese skater close to Yuuri.”

Yakov was taken off guard by the demand. “Sure.” He said and looked to the ice with a worried frown. Wondering what a sixteen-year-old boy could have told his protégé to make him so upset. Victor was usually a cheerful ball of sunshine, but the fastest way to get on his bad side, was going after his true mate. “Is there something I should be worried about?”

“Just make sure he keeps his distance while I skate, and it will be fine.” Victor declared.

Yakov nodded.

Yuuri felt slightly left out. He knew the Russians only did it to protect him, but he still felt that they should be honest with him. He wasn’t an idiot. The Japanese skater definitely told Victor something about him. Or Victor wouldn’t be so upset.

Taichi Yamashita’s routine reached its end, and Chris went out to perform his.

Victor did his best to keep Yuuri out of the Japanese’s boy’s sight, but Yuuri still managed to catch his eyes, and he felt chills run up his spine over how much hate he met.

“Yuuri, if he tries to talk to you, hide behind Yakov.” Victor said seriously.

“I’m fifteen.” Yuuri claimed. “I’m not going to hide behind an adult because someone tries to talk to me.”

“Yuuri…” Victor pleaded. “He’s not a nice person.”

“I figured that out.” Yuuri assured. “And if he wants to insult me, then fine. Just don’t let it affect your skating.”

“Your feelings is more important to me than skating.” Victor declared. “If he hurts you…”

Yuuri hugged his mate in order to calm him down. “He can’t hurt me.” He assured. “There’s nothing he can say that I haven’t already heard before.”

“Is that supposed to make me feel better?” Victor asked in disbelief. The fact that Yuuri had already heard so many hurtful things made a lump grow in his stomach.

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri apologized before accidently looking to the ice, and seeing Chris’s costume in all its glory. “Oh, god…” He half choked.

Victor pulled away from the hug to see for himself, and he got the immediate urge to take Yuuri away, in order to save his innocence.

Chris was dressed in a leather outfit inspired by BDSM. Victor was stunned over how he was allowed to be dressed like that in an international competition.

“Yakov!” A voice suddenly cried, tearing Victor and Yuuri’s attention away from the ice as Georgi came stumbling into the oldest Russian’s embrace.

“What’s wrong with you?” Yakov questioned. “Stop crying.”

“My girlfriend broke up with me.” Georgi sobbed. “She said I wasn’t manly enough.”
“Well, what does she know?” Yakov questioned. “She’s just a stupid girl. Now, pull yourself together, you’re skating after Victor.”

George nodded and sniffled.

Yakov rolled his eyes and handed Georgi a tissue.

Georgi took it and blew his nose.

Victor looked to his friend worriedly, but his eyes kept flickering to the Japanese skater at the kiss and cry, the skater who kept trying to look at his Yuuri.

“Well… Give it up for Chris and… His very… expressive performance.” The commenter said unsurely.

“It’s your turn.” Yuuri told his mate urgently as he realized that Victor’s turn was up.

“Easy… At least let Chris leave the ice first.” Victor chuckled fondly.

“But are you ready?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “You’re not worried about me, right? I need you to focus on your performance and nothing else.” He said seriously.

“I’m always ready.” Victor assured. “Yakov?”

“I’ll watch him.” The older Russian assured and once again placed a hand on Yuuri’s shoulder.

Victor nodded gratefully and turned to the ice.

“Udachi, Victor.” Yuuri called after him.

“Spasibo, lyubov moya. Victor said as he skated backwards towards the center of the rink.

~You’re amazing, Victor~ Yuuri declared. ~You’re the best skater in the world~

Victor felt his heart swell at his mate’s words. He was literally the definition of sweetest.

He closed his eyes as the music started. He was skating to ‘eye of the tiger’, and he felt his excitement grow as the first beats of the song started to vibrate in the ice rink. He could do this performance in his sleep. And as soon as the first note rang out, Victor made his first spin that started his performance.

Yuuri watched Victor like he always did, in awe and admiration, taking in his every move and gesture as his mate tried to tell the story of a warrior who never gave up.

When Victor reached the middle of his performance, he felt Yakov tugging on his shirt, trying to push him back.

“Walk away, kid.” Yakov warned and stepped in front of Yuuri.

Taichi snorted. “They really keep you guarded, don’t they?” He asked in Japanese. “Figures…”

“Yuuri, what is he saying?” Yakov asked seriously.

Yuuri tried not to listen, and promptly turned back to Victor’s performance and sent his mate words of encouragement and happy thoughts.
“You should be ashamed of yourself.” Taichi said venomously. “Your kind taints the world and takes resources from hard-working people.”

Victor felt on top of the world during his performance, he was getting into his latter half, where he had a quad flip planned, a three-jump combination and a quad salchow.

But during his step sequence, he caught sight of something he dreaded. That Japanese skater, Taichi Yamashita was standing far too close to his Yuuri. And even though Yakov looked to be yelling at him, he didn’t budge.

~I’m okay, Victor~ Yuuri assured. ~Focus~

Victor tried, but he kept trying to sneak glances to his mate, feeling the urge to make sure he was okay.

~Victor, don’t look at me, look at where you’re skating~ Yuuri pleaded.

Victor could feel his mate’s worry for him, and it immediately bounced back, making Victor worried about Yuuri instead. Taichi Yamashita was still standing far too close.

What if he hurt him? What if he had a weapon? Could Yakov protect him from that?

“It seems like Victor is having some trouble with his focus, he missed his combination jump.” The commenter spoke.

~Please, focus~ Yuuri pleaded worriedly.

Victor tried to shake his own worry away. He couldn’t let Yuuri down. He only needed to do his quad flip, and then his performance was a good as over. He needed to get some more points, it was the free skate that really counted, but he still needed a lot more points if he wanted that gold medal.

But just as Victor took off for his quad flip, he realized in the air, just how much he had been underestimated the speed he needed to land it properly, and as his foot hit the ice, he felt it being twisted. He lost his balance and fell on the ice.

He could feel Yuuri’s panic as he locked eyes with him from across the ice.

Yuuri had never seen Victor fall before. It was incredibly surreal, as was the pain he felt in Victor’s ankle. Victor had never gotten hurt like that.

He needed to get to him.

“Yuuri!” Yakov called after him as Yuuri escaped his grip and ran over the ice, trying not to slip. He wouldn’t be able to help Victor if he got hurt as well.

Victor was trying to stand, wanting to finish his short program, but as soon as he put weight on his ankle, he felt the pain radiating up his leg. And he was forced to fall down again.

“Victor…” Yuuri gasped as he finally reached his mate.

Victor turned to Yuuri in horror. “Yuuri, what are you doing on the ice?”

Yuuri fell to his knees at Victor’s side. “How badly are you hurt?” He asked worriedly.

“Not too bad.” Victor assured as he once again tried to stand.
“No, no, no, stay down.” Yuuri instructed and frantically began to look around for the medics, what was taking them so long?

“I’m fine, Yuuri.” Victor said gently with a soft smile, don’t worry about me.

“You’re not fine.” Yuuri snapped. “Now, stay down before you hurt yourself further.”

“You shouldn’t have come out on the ice.” Victor scolded gently. “You could have slipped.”

Yuuri was not amused by that comment. “Why did you attempt a quad when you were unfocused?”

Victor shrugged. “I wanted points.”

Yuuri shook his head in annoyance.

“Are you mad at me?” Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri released a sigh of defeat. “Of course not.” He assured. “Not at you at least…. I’m mad at the ice.”

Victor chuckled. “It’s always easy to blame the ice.”

“Please, step aside.” One of the medics said as they finally arrived.

Yuuri did, allowing them to look over his mate. But he couldn’t miss the groan that escaped Victor when they removed his skate.

“Careful!” Yuuri scolded the medics.

“It’s broken.” One of the medics declared.

Yuuri felt his heart hurt at the words, Victor should never have anything broken. Stupid ice.

“Will it heal by tomorrow?” Victor asked hopefully. He knew he wouldn’t be that lucky. But he was trying to keep Yuuri’s worry at bay, by keeping the mood light.

“No.” One of the medics said humorlessly.

“How bad is it?” Yuuri asked. “Will he be able to skate again?”

“Yes, but not in a few months.”

Yuuri frowned worriedly and snuck forward so he could take Victor’s hand with his own. He wished he could heal Victor with the power of love. But unfortunately, he couldn’t. But he made a vow there and then.

He was going to nurse Victor back to health.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? Will Yuuri make a good nurse? ;)<3<3 Let me hear your thoughts! <3<3 Thank you so much for reading! <3<3 Kudos to all!! <3<3
Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

Yuuri does his best to nurse Victor back to health.

Chapter Notes

Whop, whop... Sorry for taking so long to update... <3 I just wrote a new fic, which took some time away... XD <3

http://archiveofourown.org/works/12809928/chapters/29241015

You're welcome to read it if you feel like it, it's currently only one chapter, but I feel like I need more opinions on it before being able to continue... XD <3 So if you have a moment, I would really appriciate the help! <3<3

Other than my self-advertizing, I hope that you've had a good week! <3 And I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3 It has a little angst in it, just so you're prepared, but it also have a lot of fluff, so we'll see if you'll be able to keep your teeth or not... XD <3

Anyway, enjoy the chapter and kudos to you! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Vitya!” Yakov yelled as Victor and Yuuri returned back to solid ground. “Why would you attempt something so stupid?” He asked in disbelief. “Are you suicidal? I have told you about the dangers of…”

“Don’t yell at him.” Yuuri snapped at the Russian coach. “Victor is hurt, and I won’t let you hurt his feelings too.”

Yakov was surprised to have Yuuri snap at him, but it also made him quiet down immediately. “Is he all right?” He asked the medics instead.

“He has a broken foot.” One of them shot back firmly.

“But at least I didn’t break my talent.” Victor joked.

The joke was met with dead silence.

Yakov sighed. “Victor. You need to be more careful.”

“I know.” Victor admitted. “Sorry.”

Yakov shook his head with yet another sigh. “I know you are.”

Yuuri still hadn’t released Victor’s hand since he first took it on the ice. He was looking his mate
over worriedly. He could feel Victor’s pain, and he could see exactly how much he was trying to be brave and fight through it.

Yuuri wished he could make the pain disappear. Victor should never be hurt, and he should never have to fight so hard to stay brave. Yuuri knew how strong he was, so there was no need for him to prove it.

Yuuri was just about to tell him that much, when all the sudden, Yuuri saw something, from the corner of his eye, he saw that Japanese skater grinning at them.

He was enjoying this.

Yuuri ripped his hand free from Victor’s and stomped over towards the Japanese skater who was to blame for all of this. He was the one who had gotten into Victor’s head and made him lose focus.

~Yuuri, get back here~ Victor pleaded in horror.

Victor’s foot was broken because of that boy. And Yuuri was not going to let him get away that.

“Well, hello there little fella.” Taichi mocked.

Yuuri sped up his pace and stabbed his index finger in the older boy’s chest. “You crossed the line.” He stated, eyes burning with anger. “Your actions left my mate with a broken foot.”

The older boy was taken by surprise by Yuuri’s anger and took an immediate step back.

“You’re not getting away with this.” Yuuri snarled, keeping his words in English so that everyone could understand what was being said. “You’re not getting away with using me to get to my mate. It’s unforgivable.”

Taichi’s surprised expression suddenly transformed into amusement. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He said with a confident smirk.

Yuuri was practically fuming. “You really have to be a bad skater if you need to get rid of the competition in order to win.” He said darkly. He didn’t care if he hurt that boy’s feelings or not. It was his fault that Victor was hurt. “If this is the only way for you to reach the grand prix final, I really hope that this will be your final season. Figure skating is too beautiful of a sport to be tainted by cheaters like you.”

That sparked something in Taichi and he took a step forward, towering over Yuuri. “Watch your mouth, omega-whore…” He hissed quietly, almost like a whisper.

“What are you serious?” Yuuri questioned. Was that actually the best he could come up with?

~Yuuri get back here. Don’t listen to what he says~

Taichi chuckled humorlessly. “Run back to your useless alpha little one and let him fuck some sense into you, before I feel like taking you for a round myself.”

“Hey.” Chris cut in, stepping in front of Yuuri. “A threat like that could cost you your head, kid.” He warned the Japanese competitor. “You better back off.”

Taichi refused to be intimidated by another alpha. “Make me.” He challenged and took a step forward.

“Yuuri!” Victor called urgently as he was forcefully seated on a bench a bit further away, while the
medics were trying to work on his foot. “Get away from him.”

Yuuri looked to his mate worriedly. Victor had to be his first priority. He still had a lot to say to Taichi, but he would have to put it aside. Right now, his mate needed him. Vengeance would have to wait.

Yuuri didn’t leave Victor’s side for the rest of the day. Victor had gotten his broken foot adjusted and put in a cast.

Victor’s parents were watching out for the dogs, so there was no need to stress out from the hospital, which Yuuri told his mate multiple times.

“But the sooner we go home, the sooner you can get out of that awful chair.” Victor claimed.

“I can stand, if that makes you feel better?” Yuuri asked. “I don’t want you to leave before you’ve been cleared by a doctor, not just a nurse.”

“But Yuuri…” Victor whined. “The doctor is in surgery, and she won’t be out for two more hours…”

Yuuri shrugged. “Then we’ll wait.” He said matter-of-factly.

Victor fell back into his pillows.

“Do you want something to drink?” Yuuri asked. “I can get you something from the machine outside?”

“No, love.” Victor said gently. “I just want you to be in my line of sight.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “Do you want me to fluff up your pillow?”

Victor smiled softly and shifted to the opposite of the bed and patted the mattress beside him. “Come here…”

Yuuri tilted his head in question, but did as asked, climbing up in the tiny hospital bed beside his mate.

Victor wasted no time before scooping Yuuri up in his embrace. “You’re all I need.” He declared.

“Victor…” Yuuri protested fondly as Victor started cuddling with him. “I want to help you.”

“You’re helping me by your mere existence.” Victor sighed in content, kissing Yuuri’s temple.

“I’m serious.” Yuuri said stubbornly, before his voice suddenly grew softer. “Please, tell me something I can do?”

Victor would always be weak for Yuuri’s pleads. So he thought for a moment, before coming up with something good. “You could bring me the phone from my bag?”

Yuuri nodded determinately and rushed off across the room to get Victor’s phone for him, returning within seconds.

“Thank you, angel.” Victor said gratefully.

“Anything else?” Yuuri asked. “I could help you get your hair out if you want to?”
Victor had almost forgotten that his hair was still up in a bun, held in place by at least twenty different bobby pins. But the fact that Yuuri wanted to help him get it all out, made his heart swell into its double size. “Of course, love.” Victor smiled gratefully. “I have a brush in my bag…”

“I’ll get it.” Yuuri stated and rushed back to the bag.

Victor smiled fondly and checked his phone. He needed to see what had happened.

Things were very tense when they left the ice rink. Victor had almost gotten up to strangle that Japanese asshole, Taichi Yamashita when he found out what he told Yuuri.

But as Yakov held him down and Yuuri pleaded with him to stay still, he deemed it to be futile. All he would gain by murdering that idiot would be a moment of satisfaction. And that was definitely not worth it.

But that didn’t mean that he would get away with it. Victor would never let someone getting away with threatening his mate like that.

“Is everything okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor nodded and put his phone away after sending his email away. “Everything is fine.” He assured. “Georgi is in the lead.”

“That’s great.” Yuuri smiled, waving the brush a little. “Are you ready?”

Victor nodded and scooted forward so that Yuuri could reach his hair. “Ready.”

The first thing Yuuri did when they came back from the hospital was making sure that Victor was comfortable in the nest. The doctor said that it would be best to keep the broken foot elevated, so Yuuri made sure that the foot had plenty of pillows to support it.

Victor was bathing in Yuuri’s undivided attention. He was such a wonderful caretaker, he changed the heat pad, according to the doctor’s orders, and he made sure Victor stayed hydrated and well fed by bringing him everything he needed to the nest. He even kept him entertained by putting on movies on his laptop.

And even though Victor was still grieving the fact that he lost his winning-streak, he still couldn’t complain when he was able to spend this much quality time with his Yuuri.

“I should break my foot more often.” Victor mused as he leaned his head against Yuuri’s shoulder.

“Please don’t.” Yuuri pleaded. “I hate it that you’re hurt.”

“I’m fine now.” Victor assured. “I have such an amazing nurse.” He finished his statement with kissing Yuuri’s cheek.

Yuuri snorted. “I wish I could say the same for my patient.” He joked. “He’s the best person in the universe, but he’s horrible at following orders.”

Victor fake-pouted. “So mean…”

“You know I love you.” Yuuri assured before continuing. “But when a doctor tells you not to strain your foot, she doesn’t mean to walk out of there without crutches.”

“But we were there for so long…” Victor drawled. “I wanted to go home.”
“I know.” Yuuri agreed. “I just don’t want you to hurt yourself. I got so scared today.”

Victor felt emotions hit him like a train. “I’m so sorry…” He admitted. “I never meant to scare you.”

“It’s not your fault.” Yuuri assured gently, before his expression turned grim. “Taichi got into your head, and it’s my fault that I let him. I should have protected you better.”

“Protected me?” Victor questioned in shock. “How could you do that?”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “I should have walked off and cheered you on somewhere else. I shouldn’t have allowed him to get so close.”

“He would have followed you.” Victor pointed out. “He knew exactly what he was doing. There was nothing you could have done.”

“I could have punched him.” Yuuri suggested. “He wouldn’t be able to get in your head if he was unconscious.”

Victor was shocked that Yuuri even considered using violence. “You would have hurt your hand on his face.” He exclaimed. “And then I would have to take a break from skating to kick his ass for it.”

Yuuri shook his head in slight amusement. “That doesn’t even make sense.”

“Of course it does.” Victor claimed. “If his face is evil enough to hurt your precious hand, it deserves to be kicked off the face of the earth.”

“His stupid face hurt your precious foot.” Yuuri grumbled. “I should have punched him.”

“I’m glad you didn’t.” Victor declared. “He’s not worth your punch.”

“He’s not worth yours either.” Yuuri quipped. “Which means that he will get away with it.”

“He won’t get away with anything.” Victor assured. “Especially not after the way he spoke to you.”

Yuuri averted his gaze slightly. “Well, he’s not especially smart.”

“Definitely not, the kid was a idiotic moron, pardon my French.”

“That was English.” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor ignored that. “But no matter how stupid he is, it doesn’t give him any right to call you those things.” He took a deep breath before continuing. “Which is why I emailed omega protective services.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “You what?”

“A fan got a video of him threatening you and sent it to me.” Victor explained. “So I sent it to them.”

“Victor.” Yuuri said with a worried frown. “I… I don’t want him dead…”

“They won’t kill him.” Victor assured. “I checked, they will probably put him in juvenile. Two representatives will speak with him tomorrow. And if they suspect him to be a danger to omegas, they will put him away. If he shows regret, they will only leave him with indemnity. It’s the best for everyone.”

Yuuri thought about that for a few seconds. It did make sense. If Taichi was really intending to make
good on the threat towards him, what could he do to other omegas?

Yuuri really didn’t want to know.

“Are you mad?” Victor asked worriedly.

“No.” Yuuri quickly assured. “I’m just hoping that everything works out. I would be happiest if he were to skate tomorrow and break his own foot. But…” He shrugged. “I guess that omega protective services are the way to go. They’re there to help, right? I don’t want any other omegas to get hurt because his hate…”

“And they won’t.” Victor declared. “The omega protective services have done so much good. I trust them to make the right decision.”

Yuuri nodded. “Then I trust them too.”

The next day, Victor insisted on going to the ice rink to see everyone’s free skates, and get some sympathy points from his coach.

Yuuri didn’t like the idea of Victor leaving the nest with a broken foot.

His nest meant safety, as long as Victor stayed in the nest, he couldn’t get hurt, if he left it, anything could happen.

“Which shirt makes me look braver?” Victor asked and held up two shirts for Yuuri to choose between. “I need Yakov to see how supportive I am.”

“I’m sure he knows.” Yuuri assured. “He loves you.”

“I know he does.” Victor agreed. “But I still need him to feel sorry about his hurt skater, it will make him grant me extra time in the rink once I’m healed.”

Yuuri smiled fondly at his mate’s logic. “Take the blue one.” He said. “It matches your eyes.”

Victor smiled smugly. “Is blue still your favorite color, Yuuri?”

Yuuri blushed immediately at the question. “…Yes…” He admitted sheepishly.

Victor blinked at him flirtatiously. “Any specific reason?” He asked sweetly, blinking increasing.

Yuuri looked into Victor’s perfectly blue eyes, and knew exactly why he liked the color so much. “Maybe…” He said shyly.

Victor smiled knowingly. And got to work with his shirt.

Yuuri frowned worriedly as Victor’s broken foot brushed against the floor underneath him. “Could you sit down?” He pleaded.

Victor looked to him in confusion. “Sit down?” He repeated. “Why?”

Yuuri crawled out of his nest and walked up to Victor. He took the shirt from his mate’s hands and supported Victor so he could go back to the nest. Victor did as Yuuri wanted, without any questions or complaints, only with a little surprise and curiosity.

“Can I help you with this?” Yuuri asked and waved the shirt a little with in his hands, in order to
make Victor understand what he meant.

A smile slowly broke across Victor’s lips. “You want to dress me?”

Yuuri blushed as he nodded.

Victor fell back into the nest, covering his eyes as he squealed. “Too cute.”

“Victor.” Yuuri drawled. “You can’t keep falling down so dramatically, you’re going to mess up the structures of the pillows…”

Victor chuckled as he took one of the pillows from the nest and covered his face with it, while throwing out his limbs and letting them fall into the mattress lifelessly.

Yuuri sighed in amusement and took the pillow away from Victor’s face.

“Yuuri, you saved me from the pillow.” Victor cheered with a heart shaped smile.

Yuuri chuckled and shook his head fondly. “You’re ridiculous…”

Victor just smiled at Yuuri lovingly as the younger boy re-adjusted the pillows and fixed the blankets around them.

“And you love me for it.” Victor stated as a matter of fact.

“I love you for everything about you.” Yuuri assured, bending down to leave a kiss on Victor’s forehead. “Always.”

Yuuri felt on edge as they returned to the ice rink later that day. Victor was walking with crutches, and no matter how many times Victor made jokes about it, or how many times he used them to make ‘tricks’, it didn’t change the fact that he was hurt, and should stay in Yuuri’s nest, in safety.

But Yuuri could put is anxiousness aside. He agreed with Victor. Going to the rink and show his support was the right thing to do for Victor as a competitor. Showing his support for a fellow rink mate was proof of good sportsmanship.

And Yuuri would lie if he claimed that he didn’t enjoy Victor’s antics when he was trying to convince Yakov of what a strong wonderful protégé he was.

“And that’s why I’m here.” Victor finished. “Aren’t you proud of me?”

Yakov narrowed his gaze, not fully trusting Victor’s motives. But he couldn’t stay mad at the young alpha, especially not when he had a broken foot. “Just find a seat and try not to get yourself in trouble.” He grumbled before turning to Yuuri. “Make sure he’s not doing anything idiotic.”

Yuuri nodded solemnly and took ahold of Victor’s arm. “I will.”

The true mates found a great spot to watch the performances from. It was almost time for warm-up. And Victor had gotten a Russian flag to cheer Georgi on with.

Yuuri suddenly realized that this was the first time he and Victor were watching figure skating together, something they had never done before.

They had only watched figure skating when one of them was performing, or when they watched
skating videos together. But now they were both a part of the audience, with no pressure or stress. They only had their love for the sport to focus on.

The realization that they could just enjoy this together, left Yuuri in a moment of pure joy. But it was suddenly vanquished, as the Japanese skater came into Yuuri’s line of view.

Yuuri felt something vibrate in his chest, as he noticed the look of smugness on the older Japanese boy’s face.

Victor almost fell out of his chair as he heard Yuuri growl lowly. He had never heard a sound like that before, and if he was being honest, it terrified him beyond belief. “Yuuri?” He asked worriedly, almost choking on his own words.

Yuuri’s growl quieted down immediately and he looked to Victor in question. “What?”

“You growled.” Victor said in concern.

“I did?” Yuuri asked in surprise. “I’m sorry, I didn’t know, I was just…” He looked back to the rink. Victor followed his gaze and immediately saw what had upset his mate.

“Why is he here?” Victor asked when he realized that Taichi Yamashita was also getting ready to skate.

Victor made an attempt to walk over there and find out for himself, when Yuuri pushed him back in his seat and held him in place with a palm placed on Victor’s chest.

“Don’t move.” Yuuri pleaded. “You’ll hurt your foot.”

Victor frowned down on his stupid cast that prevented him from demanding justice. Why hadn’t the omega protective services banned that idiot from competing? He thought that they were supposed to help.

“Just stay there.” Yuuri asked him gently. “I’ll talk to Yakov.”

Yuuri made an attempt to leave, when Victor instinctively grabbed him. “Don’t.” He said firmly. “If you go down there, that idiot will definitely try something. And if he do, I won’t care if my foot is broken, I will still kick him.”

“But what happened to the omega protective services?” Yuuri asked as he relented. “Shouldn’t they have talked to him by now?”

“Well, they didn’t exactly specify an exact time…” Victor said. “But I do find it strange that they would still allow him to compete after being accused of something so serious.”

Yuuri looked to Taichi thoughtfully as he stood beside Chris who looked utterly repulsed by his presence and went elsewhere.

“Do you think that Chris has the protective alpha gene?” Yuuri suddenly asked.

Victor shrugged. “I think so, but I’m not sure…” He admitted. “Why do you ask?”

“Just wondering.” Yuuri assured, when he suddenly saw two very official-looking people waking toward Taichi Yamashita and extended their hands.

One of them was a very big, well-built man, almost two meters tall and looked like he could lift a car, and the other one was a very small, thin, beautiful woman. Both of them were dressed in suits and
Taichi suddenly looked very uncomfortable, especially by the woman’s presence.

“Is that…?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

Victor felt a weight being lifted from his chest. “Omega protective services.”

Chapter End Notes

Yay! <3 It's over, I hope you liked it! <3<3 I can't understand how fast the page number counts up as I write, I feel like I'm just starting, and all the sudden I have ten pages to proof-read and edit... XD <3 But it's okay... I just wish that I could get somewhere...

I could write twenty pages of Yuuri and Victor talking about the weather, but no one would want to read that, so I'm struggling a lot to take out the pieces that are actually interesting to show you... <3<3

But I hope you liked the chapter nonetheless, and if you feel like it, there are a lot of other works I've written, and since I know this is my most popular fic, I just thought that it might be fun to get you guys to read my other things... XD <3

You can find it at:

http://archiveofourown.org/users/Sophia96/works

It's not a need, I'm just addicted to motivational comments, and I really feel like it would be fun to get some on my other works... XD <3 I'm pathetic, I know... XD <3

You don't have to of course, I just love you guys, and I feel like I want you on all my fics... So I'm just self-advertising out of selfishness... XD I hope you can forgive me! <3<3

<3<3<3<3Kudos bomb! <3<3<3<3
Yuuri and Victor watches the drama unfold in St. Petesrburg, before getting ready to celebrate Christmas.

This chapter is all over the place... XD I'm sorry, but I hope you'll like it a little, I needed to get some world building in, while also solving a conflict and getting in as much fluff as possible... <3

I hope you'll like it! <3<3

Yuuri looked closely as the omega protective services spoke calmly to Taichi. And how the older Japanese skater only looked more and more offended after every passing second.

“What do you think they’re telling him?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “He looks really mad.”

Victor also watched the Japanese skater’s reaction, silently begging that the evil boy would burst out in tears. He deserved much worse, but seeing tears would give Victor a satisfaction beyond measure.

“Victor?” Yuuri prodded.

“I don’t know.” Victor admitted. “I could tell you what I want them to say, but I don’t want your pretty ears to hear such awful things.”

Yuuri ignored that comment before refocusing, trying to read their lips in order to understand what was going on down there

“You can’t do that.” Taichi exclaimed in horror. Loud enough for almost everyone to hear, especially when the entire rink suddenly quieted down to watch the drama unfold. “You can’t have me disqualified because of the word of a lying omega-bitch!”

Yuuri felt Victor tense immediately at the exclamation. “Victor…” He said gently. “Please stay calm.”

Victor breathed through his nose, doing his best to oblige to his mate’s wishes.

“Why did you choose to use that word?” The giant omega protective service’s-man asked seriously. “What do you mean with omega-bitch?”

“I…” Taichi started but trailed off. “Is this some stupid test of sorts?”

“What makes you think this is a test?” The small woman asked cautiously. “It was just a question.”
“I didn’t do anything!” Taichi protested. “Whoever sent you that video is trying to frame me.”

“So are you saying that you didn’t threaten to rape a minor omega boy?” The woman prodded.

Almost everyone in the rink gasped, and multiple people in the audience quickly brought up their phones to document.

“It was a stupid joke.” Taichi claimed. “Besides, he started the threats. He practically told me that he was going to report me.”

“For what?” The woman asked carefully. “Why would he report you if you didn’t do anything?” Taichi shrugged. “He was probably bitter because his boyfriend broke his foot or something.”

“So you threatened to rape an omega, because his boyfriend broke his foot?” The giant man asked.

“No!” Taichi snapped, looking furious. “Stop putting words in my mouth.”

“Then would you please care to explain?” The woman pleaded, eyes growing bigger and voice turning softer.

Taichi frowned in disgust. “Just stay the hell away from me.” He snarled and stomped off.

“Mr. Yamashita. You need to tell us exactly what happened and why, or we’ll be forced to…” She didn’t get to say anything else, before Taichi turned to her in fury.

The Japanese boy moved towards the smaller woman in an alarming speed a finger pointed at her face. “Don’t you dare threaten me, useless omega-whore!”

The woman was taken aback before her eyes darkened with anger.

“Listen here, you little…” The man started before the woman stopped him.

“I’m sorry.” The woman said as a very fake smile spread across her lips. “But I’m afraid you have to pull out of the competition and come with us to the office for some follow up questions.”

“Like hell I will!” Taichi declared, when his coach suddenly came running up to his side.

Taichi’s coach whispered something in the boy’s ear that made him pale with worry. He swallowed nervously before nodding.

And then they quietly left the rink.

Yuuri realized that he wasn’t breathing, the events that just took place made him forget how. It wasn’t until Victor touched his back and Yuuri gasped that he realized how much he needed oxygen to live.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked worriedly, looking Yuuri over to make sure that he wasn’t on the verge to tears or scared.

“Where are they taking him?” Yuuri asked instead, while doing his best to sound normal, and not like he was wheezing for breath.

“OPS office in St. Petersburg.” Victor stated as if it was obvious. “They’ll probably call down his parents and lawyer to see what to do next.”
Yuuri nodded in understanding. He was worried that they would take him behind the building and shoot him or something. That woman really seemed pissed. She had a right to be, but it was also terrifying.


Yuuri nodded in agreement, still not feeling fully convinced. But Victor was right. There was nothing else they could do. Taichi messed up all on his own, and logically, no one could be blamed for it but him. So worrying wouldn’t help. Even if Yuuri would go in there and claim that the video was fake, he wouldn’t get away with calling a representative from omega protective services, a useless omega-whore.

“Welcome back to the grand prix final, today it’s time for the men to perform their free skates.” The commenter said, successfully bringing Yuuri out of his thoughts. “We’ll start with a six minute warm up, before Christophe Giacometti will take the stage and continue his theme of…” The commenter grew silent. “Kinkiness…?”

Victor covered Yuuri’s eyes as he saw the Swiss man’s costume in all its glory.

Some things were simply not meant for his innocent mate’s gaze.

That was one of them.

Later that evening, back at Victor’s apartment. Their dogs and Victor’s parents joined them to celebrate Christmas, before the boys would take off for Hasetsu in the morning.

Both Victoria and Igor were dressed in elf costumes and they even had a rehearsed number that made Victor hide his face in his hair with embarrassment.

Yuuri was simply delighted by the performance, and even applauded them when they were done.

~Tell your dad that he can adopt me~ Victor said through the bond. ~I need new parents after this, parents that won’t try to embarrass me to death~

~Stop it. That was adorable~ Yuuri scolded his mate lightheartedly. ~Besides, my parents are much worse, especially after too many drinks~

Victor peeked out from his hair. ~Really?~

Yuuri nodded. ~My dad strip teased my mom, last Christmas… Which is why Mari is responsible for getting everything non-alcoholic this time around~

Victor had to keep himself from laughing, but his smile of delight caught them red-handed.

“What are you two lovebirds talking about?” Victoria asked with a smug smile.

“Mom…” Victor whined. “You’re interfering between true mates.”

“So did you when you were a baby.” Victoria quipped and turned to Yuuri. “Whenever me and Igor had a romantic moment together during Victor’s first three months, Victor always made poopy diaper.”

“Mama!” Victor gasped. “Don’t talk about this. I beg you.”

Victoria chuckled fondly and continued. “And when he was bigger, he would never stop asking
questions about true mates and love, me and Igor barely got a second alone before Victor popped up in curiosity.” She made her voice high pitched. “Why are you kissing? Why do you stare at each other? What is a soulmate like?” She looked at her son lovingly. “It was actually a relief when he felt you for the first time. It made him understand things on his own that a parent simply can’t explain…”

Yuuri felt his heart melt. That was probably the cutest thing he had ever learned about Victor. He could almost imagine it.

Four-year-old Victor… Being all tiny and adorable and curious. It was almost too much for his loved-filled heart.

“So cute.” Yuuri gushed and hugged Vicchan closer in his arms, hiding his blushing face in his fluffy friend’s fur.

The sound of a camera going off was the sound that made Yuuri look up.

Igor was taking pictures of them. “This is definitely going in the album.” He declared. “Vitya, you look like ‘Cousin Itt’ from the Addams Family.”

Victor made a non-committal sound as he took even more of his long silvery hair and threw it over his face.

Yuuri chuckled warmly and released Vicchan on the floor so he could focus on his embarrassed mate. He started with gently dividing the hair into two parts and then pulling them away slowly like he would a curtain, until he finally had Victor’s face in his line of view again.

Victor was smiling in amusement. “You found me.”

Yuuri leaned in and kissed Victor’s lips gently, only lingering a few seconds for good measure. “I will always find you.” He declared with a soft smile, before leaning in and claiming yet another kiss from his mate. “Every single time.”

…………………………

“So you wish for something to drink?” The flight steward asked, as Yuuri and Victor were getting ready for a twelve hour-long flight.

“No, thank you.” Yuuri said politely as he got back to braiding Victor’s hair for the fifth time, not that Victor minded.

“No thanks.” Victor also said, as his neck tingled at the sensation of Yuuri’s careful fingers.

Yuuri wanted to achieve the perfect fishbone braid. Victor showed him how to do it, and he did it backwards without looking, Yuuri was almost jealous of his mate’s styling talents. Since he himself couldn’t seem to get it right.

“Please play with my hair forever?” Victor sighed in content. “It’s so nice.”

“I would, if I weren’t so bad at it.” Yuuri declared sheepishly.

“You’re not bad at it.” Victor assured. “You’re wonderful at everything… You could just sit on a chair, and I wouldn’t find anyone to do it better than you.”

“Well, sitting on a chair, wouldn’t accidentally make you bald.” Yuuri mused. “I would happily sit on a chair for you.”
Victor fell back on Yuuri, faking his own death, which made Yuuri mess up the braid again, since he had to catch Victor’s head. “Victor…” Yuuri drawled.

“You’d sit on a chair for me?” Victor smiled like an idiot.

“Silly, I would do anything for you.” Yuuri pointed out. “I don’t see why sitting on a chair made you so happy.”

“Me neither.” Victor admitted. “You’re just too cute.”

Yuuri brushed a few strands of Victor’s hair away from his forehead before leaning in and kissing it. “So are you.”


Yuuri snorted. “Like I would talk to that creepy old man without having you there to back me up.”

“I would protect you from beyond the grave.” Victor declared. “If Santa tries anything, I will take his spirit to hell as punishment.”

“I’d rather you stay alive.” Yuuri said gently. “I’m not really a fan of ghosts.”

“I suppose I will stay alive then.” Victor smiled happily. “Anything for my wonderful angel.”

As soon as they returned to Yu-topia, Yuuri picked up on a familiar scent that made him rip off his shoes and jacket, slurring something about ‘staying right there’ to Victor, before running out of his sight as fast as his legs could carry him.

Victor was left stunned for a moment before he smelled it too, the scent of Yuuri’s older sister, Mari.

Victor released Makkachin so he could join Vicchan, who had darted after Yuuri in the same inhuman speed.

Victor could feel the happiness and excitement from his mate, practically vibrating through his own body.

He knew how much Yuuri missed Mari while she was away in school, the Katsuki siblings spoke on the phone a few times a week, but she could only visit once a year because of how busy she was.

So Yuuri had to be overjoyed with finally being able to see her again.

Victor smiled lovingly at the sensation of Yuuri’s happiness, before finding a nearby chair so he could take off the shoe from the foot that wasn’t in a cast. He then took off his jacket and scarf so he could search out his runaway mate in his beautiful home.

He found Yuuri just as his mood took a turn for the worse. He was standing in front of his older sister with a package of cigarettes in his hand.

“You’re smoking?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “Why? Don’t you know that smoking kills?”

Mari was looking at her little brother, slightly shocked by his furious reaction. “Relax.” She said calmly. “It’s just cigarettes, it’s not like I’m taking drugs.”

“It’s not just cigarettes.” Yuuri protested. “Smoking leads to all kinds of diseases, it can shorten the lifespan with ten whole years.”
Mari rolled her eyes.

“This is serious.” Yuuri exclaimed. “You’re not smoking one more of these.”

“You’re not taking my cigarettes.” Mari declared.

Yuuri glared at her defiantly and threw the package to Victor.

Victor caught the package with one hand, before looking to Yuuri in confusion. He had no idea what to do with it.

Mari sighed. “Victor, give me my cigarettes.” She pleaded.

Victor took a limping step forward, when Yuuri turned to him. “Victor, don’t.”

Victor stopped. “Sorry, Mari.” He said sheepishly. “But my soulmate has the final say.”

“Look, this isn’t cute anymore, just give me my cigarettes.” Mari snapped.

“Don’t talk to him like that.” Yuuri snapped back.

Mari huffed in annoyance. “You know that taking that package won’t get me to quit smoking.” She said tiredly. “It will only cost me money since I would have to get a new package.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “You can have it back if you promise that you’ll try to stop.” Yuuri bargained.

“Fine.” Mari agreed and stretched out her hand. “Now give it to me.”

Yuuri sighed and looked to Victor with a reluctant nod.

And Victor limped forward with the help of his crutches, before remembering something unsettling that made him hesitate with giving them back.

“What?” Mari questioned.

Victor took a deep breath to gather some courage, he had no idea why, but Mari still terrified him. “You will not smoke around Yuuri.” He managed to get out, sounding surprisingly authoritative. “Secondhand smoking is just as dangerous as normal smoking, and I don’t want this kind of poison around my mate.”

“I’m not going to smoke around my baby brother.” Mari exclaimed in offence. “The immune system on omegas are shit, I’m not gonna risk his life over a damn cigarette.”

Victor nodded in approval and handed her the package.

“You’re just going to risk your own life…” Yuuri muttered in annoyance. “Does mom know about this?”

“Yes, Yuuri.” Mari sighed. “Mom knows. She even tried to convince me to get nicotine patches at the store without success.”

Yuuri nodded, still looking concerned before he suddenly thought of something. He grabbed his sister’s arm carefully to get her attention, before looking up to her. “Just please try to stop.” He pleaded, eyes big, and tone soft.
Mari’s eyes widened before puffing her chest out in an attempt to resist, but it then deflated just as quickly. “Fine.” She relented. “But not because you told me to.”

Yuuri beamed proudly. “Of course.”

Victor smiled fondly, simply enjoying the moment of Yuuri’s happiness, before Mari ruffled Yuuri’s hair, successfully breaking the moment.

“So, ready to celebrate Christmas?” She asked cheerfully. “I brought some amazing treats from Tokyo.”

“Did you bring those orange flavored chewy things you brought last year?” Yuuri asked hopefully.

Mari replied with a wink.

“Oh my god, Victor you have to try those.” Yuuri claimed as he joined Victor’s side, to tell him more in detail about what he described to be small pieces of heaven.

Victor listened with amusement to the vividly imaginative words Yuuri used to describe the flavor.

And as snow began to softly fall down outside their windows, Yu-topia was finally enwrapped in the wonderfully warm spirit of Christmas.

Chapter End Notes

So, do you want a Christmas chapter or a time-jump? <3 (Not that much of a time jump, there is a lot of things that need to happen this year... ;) <3

And I know a lot of you are getting impatient, so I'll say it again (I haven't said it for 40 chapters so it might be time) But Yuuri won't have his heat until he's 17 years old. He's currently 15. So there's two years to go... ;) <3 I get that you're excited, but a lot of things need to happen before it's time... ;) <3 So stay patient and it will all be fine... ;) <3

As mentioned in the tags, I have no rush whatsoever... ;) <3 I like to take my time with these two... ;) <3

Anyway, thank you for reading, I hope you liked it, and kudos to all of you!! <3<3<3
Chapter 63

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor celebrates Christmas in Japan

Chapter Notes

Hi, sorry for slow update. I just been feeling really discouraged lately due to comments. And my personal life hasn't exactly been the best either, but I won't bore you with that...
<3

This chapter was mostly me trying to make myself feel better by rolling myself in tooth-rotting fluff. Writing is such a great escape sometimes. Even though it's not perfect or what I would consider "good", but it really helped with making me feel better.

It's 90% cheesy and 10% cringe. AKA the best cure for sad days. <3

Anyways, I hope you'll like it. <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri loved Christmas Eve. He even found it better than Christmas day itself. And it was even more wonderful to spend it with Victor. Taking walks around Hasetsu, stopping for some cheesecake and taking pictures of the wonderful Christmas decorations everywhere.

Victor walked with one crutch while holding Yuuri’s hand with his free one.

“Do you look forward to your birthday tomorrow?” Yuuri asked as he squeezed Victor’s hand gently to get his attention.

Not that he needed to, he always had Victor’s attention.

Victor smiled to him. “I do look forward to spending it with you.” He admitted. “But turning nineteen is not anything special.”

“Of course it is.” Yuuri protested. “It’s a celebration that you survived an entire year as a legal adult.”

Victor chuckled in amusement. “When you put it like that…”

“It’s true.” Yuuri pointed out. “And I’m very proud of you.”

“Thank you, love.” Victor mused.

Yuuri beamed when he suddenly noticed something that made him ignite with happiness. “Victor!” He exclaimed.

Victor flinched at the overly excited mate beside him. “What is it?”
Yuuri pointed to the sky.

Victor followed Yuuri’s finger and finally saw what had made his soulmate so happy.

Fireworks.

“Aren’t they beautiful?” Yuuri asked happily.

“They really are.” Victor agreed.

They stood like that for a moment, simply watching the bursting sparkle in the sky, the different shapes and colors, and once the show was over, Yuuri sneezed.

Victor’s worry kicked in within seconds. “Are you getting a cold?” He asked. “I’ll give you my jacket.”

Yuuri shook his head. “It was just a sneeze. I’m fine.” He assured with soft smile.

Victor looked at him skeptically. “We’ve been out for hours, we should probably go back home.”

Yuuri nodded. “Are you cold?”

Victor chuckled fondly. “It’s practically Russian summer in Japan. I won’t freeze in this.”

Yuuri hummed in understanding. “Well, how is your foot?”

Victor looked down on it, almost like he had forgotten it was there. “It’s fine.” He stated as he wiggled it a little for good measure. “It’s still attached to my leg.”

Yuuri giggled a little at that. Soft and sweet, like music to Victor’s ears.

“You know, I should record all of your different laughs so I could listen to them all the time.” The Russian said thoughtfully.

“That sounds very creepy.” Yuuri pointed out. “The idea sounds sweet, but could you imagine listening to laughter all the time? It would drive anyone crazy after a few hours.”

“Not your laughter.” Victor protested. “I would never get sick of it.”

Yuuri was just about to explain to Victor exactly how much of a bad idea it was, when something caught his eye and made him forget the conversation altogether.

He yelped in fear and almost knocked Victor over in an attempt to get them both to safety.

Victor’s first reaction was to fight whatever had upset and scared his mate, but once he saw what it was, he couldn’t help but to snicker.

Yuuri hid his face in Victor’s chest, both to search comfort and act as a shield to his mate if that monster was to attack.

“You, it’s okay…” Victor said soothingly, petting Yuuri’s hair. “It’s just a cardboard.” He had to admit that it was a scary cardboard, but it couldn’t exactly hurt anyone.

Yuuri refused to let go of his mate, but he still managed to look behind himself, only to confirm Victor’s words. It was only a cardboard, and now he felt like an idiot.
“Who would put up that kind of cardboard there?” Yuuri pouted and pressed his face back into Victor’s chest, this time to hide his blushing cheeks.

Victor chuckled fondly. “Someone with a very odd sense of promoting movies?” Victor suggested as he considered the cardboard cutout of axe-murderer Santa with fangs.

They were right outside of Hasetsu’s local cinema, and the cardboard pointed to the ticket stand.

Yuuri took a deep breath and pulled away from Victor’s protecting embrace.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked as he noticed Yuuri’s dejected expression. If this had upset his mate more than he thought, he would definitely form a lawsuit against that horrible marketing company who was responsible for such a scary creation.

Yuuri nodded. “I just feel stupid.”

“You’re not stupid.” Victor quickly assured. “It is a very scary cardboard.”

Yuuri looked to it again and shuddered as he questioned himself and his absurd fear of Santa and how he got it.

“Besides, if it had been a clown, I would probably have reacted a lot worse.” Victor continued. “You are much braver than me.”

“What is it with us and irrational fears?” Yuuri asked, looking to Victor like he held the answers to the universe.

“I don’t know.” Victor admitted. “Maybe we had bad experiences in our previous lives?”

Yuuri thought about that for a moment. “Have you ever wondered if we were once one soul?” He asked, taking Victor’s free hand again as they made their way back to Yu-topia. Staying clear of the disturbing cardboard.

“I have.” Victor smiled. “But I prefer it like this. Being able to love you.”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “Could you imagine how self-obsessed we would have been if we were inside one person? Since we love each other so much, we would have had to been in love with ourselves.”

“No one would ever be good enough for us.” Victor agreed. “We would only need a mirror.”

“But as one soul, we would never have to be apart.” Yuuri added. “We would be one happy soul.”

Victor squeezed Yuuri’s hand slightly in assurance. “We will be like that when we’re older… Then we never have to be apart.”

“I know.” Yuuri agreed. “But it feels like forever. And every time we’re getting closer, it feels like it’s being postponed.”

“Think about the true mates that won’t meet before they’re adults.” Victor pointed out as he looked to Yuuri lovingly. “I’m very grateful that we have all this extra time with each other.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I’m grateful too.”

“And once we’re old and grey, we will probably laugh about how desperate we were in our youth.” Victor chuckled fondly.
“If I know us right, I think we will be just as desperate when we’re old…” Yuuri mused. “Being in different rocking chairs will probably be too far.”

“Then we will share one.” Victor declared. “Just you and me, forever.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at that word. “Forever.”

Back at Yu-topia, Yuuri and Victor found a secluded area by a fireplace, where they could exchange Christmas gifts in privacy.

“This feels just like when I gave you the rings four years ago.” Yuuri said fondly as he gave his gift a final glance over.

“Has it really been so long?” Victor asked in awe.

Yuuri nodded. “I was eleven.”

Victor felt his heart flutter over how much Yuuri had grown since then. How beautifully he had aged. He was such a strong fifteen-year-old, already a record breaker and history maker. He had accomplished so much, been through so much, and it only served to make him stronger.

“Victor.” Yuuri said gently and brushed his thumb over Victor’s cheek. “Please don’t cry.”

Victor chuckled wetly. “I’m just so proud of you, love.” He admitted, taking Yuuri’s hand and kissing it softly. “And I love you so much.”

“I love you too, Victor.” Yuuri smiled and carefully moved closer to Victor, so close that he was almost sitting in the older boy’s lap, before taking his hand in his own. “So much.”

Victor smiled. He felt so overwhelmed with happiness, that he didn’t even know what to do with himself. “Should we exchange gifts?” He asked more lightly. He needed something to focus on so he wouldn’t accidently start crying again.

Yuuri quickly turned to search his present out. “Right…” He agreed before clearing his throat. “I know we decided to make our own gifts this year, and I’m not sure you’re going to like this, it was a very silly idea I read about online and…”

“I’m sure I’m going to love it.” Victor stated while reaching over his own gift to Yuuri.

Yuuri handed his gift to Victor in a rush, in order to get it over with as quickly as possible, before accepting Victor’s gift with careful hands.

“It’s so soft.” Yuuri pointed out as he examined his package.

Victor smiled proudly. “It sure is.”

“Is it a blanket?”

“Why don’t you open it and see?” Victor said with a wink.

Yuuri carefully undid the wrapper. Victor hadn’t been that thorough with the tape, so it opened easily.

Once he saw what was inside, Yuuri couldn’t stop a soft laugh from escaping his lips.
“Victor, I already have this in another outfit.” Yuuri stated fondly as he held up the tiny Victor-plushie to his mate.

Victor’s eyes widened with disbelief. “That’s impossible, I made that myself.” He claimed. “Look, I even used my own shirt.”

Yuuri looked at the plushie again, and that time he noticed the uneven stitches and slightly uneven eyes, and more than anything, he noticed the scent.

It smelled just like Victor.

Yuuri felt his nesting instincts being instantly triggered. He wanted that plushie in his nest, preferably yesterday.

“You believe me, right?” Victor asked worriedly. “I would never cheat, especially not like that. We made a promise, and I would never break a promise to you.”

“I know.” Yuuri agreed, eyes shifting to his room almost all across Yu-Topia.

Victor noticed how stressed Yuuri suddenly looked. “Is everything okay?”

Yuuri visibly flinched as his cheeks tinted red within seconds. “Of course.” He said. “It’s just…” He cut himself off. It was too embarrassing.

“What?” Victor asked worriedly. “Do you hate it? I can redo it if you want…?”

“No!” Yuuri all but shouted, hugging the plushie against himself, in order to prevent it from being taken away. “I love it.” He said seriously. “Probably too much, I just… I…” He trailed off again, bracing himself and trying to gather as much bravery as possible. He took a deep breath before blurtting out. “I love it so much I want to put it in my nest right now!”

Victor didn’t catch any of that. “Sorry?”

Yuuri hid his face behind the plushie in order to save some of his dignity. “I… I want to put it in my nest.” He said slower and more quietly. “Right now…”

Victor lit up like a thousand suns. “Wow, really?”

Yuuri nodded shyly. “I love it very much, thank you Victor.”

The smile that Yuuri shot him caused the older boy to actually having to fan himself, in order to keep from passing out over the cuteness his mate possessed.

“I will not make it to my nineteenth birthday.” Victor claimed. “Look at me, I’m already in heaven, accompanied by an angel.”

“Okay,” Yuuri mused. “I suppose I will have to give your Christmas present to Makkachin then. Since he’s your only heir.”

“I’m back to life.” Victor stated, clearing his throat before looking at Yuuri’s present curiously.

“Can you just wait for a minute?” Yuuri pleaded, looking to the plushie in his hands and his bedroom. He just really wanted the plushie to spread Victor’s scent in his nest before they went to bed.

Victor smiled fondly. “For you, I would wait forever.”
Yuuri nodded gratefully and quickly jumped to his feet, racing through the corridors until he reached his bedroom. He slammed open the door, rushed to his bed and wrapped his favorite blanket around the tiny version of his mate, before turning around and racing all the way back to his real Victor.

“I’m back!” He announced, almost completely out of breath.

Victor applauded him. “Wow, that was so fast.” He cheered. After the appropriate amount of claps, he turned to the unopened package in his lap again. “It’s kind of heavy.” He said observantly.

Yuuri nodded as nervousness began to sink into him. What if Victor hated his idea?

Victor gave him a reassuring smile before tearing off the wrappers.

Yuuri did his best to read Victor’s reaction, he wasn’t smiling, but he also didn’t look mad or sad, he just looked confused.

Victor read the text on the front again. “Soulmate-coupons?” He read out loud. “What is that?”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “Open it.”

Victor did. That’s when a smile began to form on his lips. “This is a coupon book for Victor Nikiforov, my soulmate.”

“You really don’t have to read it out loud.” Yuuri exclaimed as he hid his blushing face in his hands.

Victor ignored that. “Use the coupons wisely, they are all made from love and some of them can only be used once. I Love you, Vitya. Happy birthday and merry Christmas from Yuuri.”

Yuuri took a deep breath and managed to pry his own hands away from his face so he could see his mate’s reaction.

Victor was practically bursting with joy as he excitedly flipped through the pages in his new coupon book.

“Oh, I want to cash in this one immediately.” Victor said and ripped out a page and handed it to Yuuri.

Yuuri looked to the page, and cringed as he remembered writing it. Why was he so cheesy? “The true love’s kiss?”

“Yes.” Victor beamed. “And I might also turn that one into my birthday kiss.” He said as his eyes shifted to the clock that had just struck the midnight-mark.

Yuuri nodded with a fond smile. “As you wish.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this little Christmas-special. And I also did a thing for Yuuri's birthday on my tumblr. It's a "missing scene" from between chapter 16 and 17. So you can check that out i you want... <3

Missing scene:

I hope you'll have a wonderful weekend. I wish you all the best! <3

Kudos to all of you! <3<3
Chapter 64

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor does their best to get by, even when they're apart.

Chapter Notes

I thought we needed a little peek at their lives when they aren't together... <3 It's still very fluffy though... XD <3 It's also a little world building...<3

I hope you'll like it... <3<3

Also, thank you so much for all of your encouraging comments from last chapter! <3 I'm doing a lot better, and I always read your comments when I'm feeling low, you people are definitely amazing! <3 THANK YOU <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri was finally able to take the bandage away from his wrist. And after about a month and a half, he was finally able to remember what it felt like to bend his wrist again.

It felt amazing.

He went skating that very day. Feeling joy rush through him as his skate-blades touched the ice.

A jump was out of the question today, he had promised Victor. But he could still try some different step sequences and spins.

It was still a bit sad that he couldn’t perform his free skate last year, but he would make up for it this year.

It would definitely be his last year in juniors and also his last chance to beat Victor’s high score in total.

And next year, he would finally be able to go up against Victor in person.

It terrified him slightly, but he was also very excited. Victor was the only person he really wanted to compete against.

Yuuri remembered when he was four, and Victor sent him an image of a skating figure over their bond for the first time. And they realized that that was their first thing they had in common.

They probably loved skating even more because of that very reason.

Figure skating was what bonded them and made them connect at such an early age.

And they were forever grateful for that.
Yuuri smiled to himself as he thought about his mate, when he suddenly felt Victor reaching out to him over their bond, and it was immediately followed by his mate’s pretty voice. ~What are you doing, love?~

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at the sound of Victor’s voice. It was thick with sleep. Victor must have just woken up. It was early in Russia.

Yuuri had to admire his mate’s abilities as an early bird. He himself would probably be asleep right now, if it hadn’t been for school and his doctor appointment.

Victor had none of those. He was just choosing to wake up that early by choice.

~You’re not doing any jumps, right? ~ Victor asked worriedly. ~We talked about that yesterday, and you promised…~

Once Yuuri assured him that he wasn’t doing any jumps and that he was mostly just gliding around, Victor’s worry was immediately replaced by curiosity and excitement. ~How does it feel to be back on the ice? Is it wonderful? ~

It truly was.

Yuuri and Victor’s conversation was suddenly interrupted, when the doors to the ice palace slammed shut and Yuuri realized that he was no longer alone.

Murmurs slowly filled the large space and Yuuri quickly made his way to the edge. It sounded like hockey boys, and he really didn’t want to be on the ice when they started their violent sport.

~What’s going on?~ Victor asked worriedly. ~Your heart beats faster~

Yuuri quickly reassured Victor that everything was fine, before putting on his skate guards and making his way to the exit, only to be stopped by the impenetrable group of older boys heading to the ice. And he was right. They really were hockey boys, armed to their teeth with hokey gear.

“Wanna play?” A boy at the front asked him teasingly.

Yuuri shook his head and made an attempt to simply push himself through.

“What?” The boy asked again, pushing Yuuri back slightly. “Are you mute or something?”

Yuuri glared at him as he stepped back. “No.”

The boy grinned before suddenly beginning to sniff the air. “What’s that wonderful smell?” He asked and turned to his friends who also began sniffing the air.

“It’s sweet.” A boy in the group stated.

“It’s coming from him.”

“Isn’t that Katsuki, Yuuri? Hasetsu’s omega?” Another boy questioned with a curious head tilt.

Yuuri suddenly felt very vulnerable, they were eleven of them, and one of him. “Let me pass.” He demanded. His voice wasn’t as strong as he had wished but it did work.

Most of the boys stepped aside, but just as Yuuri made an attempt to leave, the boy in the front grabbed his arm. “I always wanted to court an omega.” He said, trying to pull Yuuri closer.
Yuuri tugged his arm free as a streak of annoyance rushed through him. He didn’t want to keep worrying Victor like this. He wanted to be able to handle it. “You’re a little late for that.” He said and raised his hand in order to show his ring, letting the boy know exactly how engaged he was. “And don’t grab me like that again or you’ll be sorry.”

“Sorry…” The boy smirked and grabbed his arm again, pulling him even closer. “For grabbing you like this?” He mocked.

“What’s going on?” Victor sounded close to panic now.

“Giichi cut it out.” Another hockey player snapped and slapped the back of Giichi’s head. “You don’t hurt an omega, or you’ll be cursed for life.”

“Yeah, don’t be an ignorant asshole.” Someone else chimed in. “Let him go.”

To Yuuri’s surprise, Giichi released his grip almost immediately.

“Are you okay?” A boy from the back of the group asked worriedly. “He didn’t scare you, did he?”

“No,” Yuuri said, while absentmindedly stroking his arm.

“Are you hurt?” Another boy gasped. “Giichi, did you actually hurt an omega?”

Giichi looked like he was chocking on his own air supply. “No, I…”

“He didn’t hurt me.” Yuuri assured. “But please let me pass…”

The hockey boys practically pressed themselves and each other against the wall to clear a path for Yuuri.

Yuuri’s face darkened with a blush of embarrassment that spread across his cheeks. But he quickly made his way past them and reached the exit as fast as possible. He just wanted to get out of there.

“Yuuri, please talk to me?”

.................................

“IT’S fine, I just ran into some people in the rink, but I’m on my way home now~

Victor released a sigh of relief.

Nothing scared him as much as the idea of Yuuri getting hurt across the world from him. He was so incredibly useless when he was in Russia. If something would happen to his Yuuri right now, Victor would have no chance of stopping it or helping.

It was a nightmare.

But as long as Yuuri was safe and happy, Victor would keep his calm.

It didn’t help anyone if he worried over nothing.

Victor finished putting up his hair in a very advanced ponytail. It took him about thirty minutes to get it right, but he was finally happy with it. He wondered if he should take a picture of it and post in on twitter so Yuuri could see.
Yuuri was always the first one to like his pictures and since he was heading home, it might be a good surprise for him.

He made up his mind and went for his camera. He took a picture, uploaded it on his computer and made sure to tag Yuuri on it on twitter. “Hashtag, soulmates.” He read out loud before pressing ‘post’.

Now, he really needed to hurry to get to school.

The first thing Yuuri did when he came home was falling to the floor and allowing Vicchan to lick the shame away from his face.

He hated confrontation. But he was glad that he was an omega. If he had been a beta, or an alpha, he might have ended up in a fight.

Being an omega kind of kept him out of trouble… At least alphas with the protective gene stayed out of his way.

Some people weren’t that lucky.

After a long time of self-pitying and hugs from Vicchan, Yuuri managed to get up from the floor and make his way to his bedroom.

As soon as he opened his laptop, he saw that he had been tagged in a photo. He clicked on it immediately. But as soon as he laid eyes on his true mate, with his perfectly long silvery hair, Yuuri almost fell off his chair by the force of Victor’s beauty.

He really wanted to hug him, or kiss him. Seeing a picture of him really made him feel like he was further away.

Yuuri pouted as he pressed like and re-tweet.

And with nothing better to do, he scrolled through the comments. And feeling a slight sting of jealousy from all of Victor’s fans. There were so many of them. And they all offered up themselves to be Victor’s mate.

Yuuri knew that Victor rarely read through the comments. He only used twitter because of Yuuri but it still made him anxious.

He knew that Victor would never choose anyone over him. Especially not some random fan from the Internet, but the fact that some of them sounded so desperate, made him slightly worried.

Yuuri himself had a small fan-base, but they were all relatively normal, and they mostly admired his skating. No one offered him… Yuuri had to read it again… To birth his pups…

That was weird. Who would offer to carry the babies of someone they didn’t even know?

Was it because Victor was mature? Would he also need to face the same things in a few years?

Yuuri slammed his computer shut so he wouldn’t have to think about it. He then turned on his stationary computer. He hadn’t been able to play properly with a bandaged wrist, so he really needed to get back to it.

He wasn’t going to move up in ranks without having to work for it.
Victor paid attention in class for about fifteen minutes, before he stated to doodle in his notes. He mostly made hearts and wrote Yuuri’s name in different letters. He liked it best in Japanese. It was very aesthetically pleasing to look at.

He really missed Yuuri. It had only been a few weeks, and less than an hour since they spoke last, but the days moved so much slower without him.

And it was also kind of weird not having Makkachin around. But his fluffy companion got to live with his parents while Victor was busy in school, he didn’t want his precious dog to be lonely during the days, so it was the best solution for him.

But it left Victor feeling very alone, and especially now when he didn’t have skating to keep himself busy with. He wasn’t allowed to skate in at least three more months, and it was slowly getting unbearable.

He needed something to keep him busy while his foot was healing. Was it too early to start working on Yuuri’s birthday present?

“And now let’s all take a ten minute recess to get some coffee before going into the details of the informal adverbs.” His teacher suddenly said, successfully snapping Victor out of his thoughts.

Victor’s friends immediately gathered around him, handing him his crutch and offering to help him move around.

Victor thanked them with his billionaire smile that made them all swoon. He knew how to deal with affectionate people. He probably learned how to do that before he even learned how to walk properly.

Having famous parents gave him that advantage.

Dealing with Yuuri was harder. He couldn’t give him the same treatment that he gave others. He couldn’t just give him that perfected smile and empty compliments. Yuuri saw through it immediately.

Yuuri saw him, empty and raw and completely exposed.

And he loved him.

And Victor loved him back.

And it was perfect.

“Hey, have you ever heard this joke?” One of Victor’s classmates started. “My friend from Moscow just sent it to me…”

Victor was too involved in his love-induced brain to actually pay attention.

“What’s the difference between a whore, and an omega?”

Victor tensed in the matter of seconds, and he immediately turned to the guy who was attempting to be funny.

No one really knew about him and Yuuri’s status as true mates. Only the skating community but they weren’t letting that information out to the public.
Talking about true mates in the media was highly frowned upon, especially when Victor also had such a high status. It could potentially put Yuuri in danger, and since Yuuri was also an omega, it was even more important that it wasn’t common knowledge.

They weren’t exactly hiding it though, since they both Yuuri and Victor were pretty vocal about their love on social media. But that was mostly for their followers, not the public.

So Victor wasn’t surprised that his classmate didn’t know just how important it was to Victor that his joke really had a very good ending…

“What’s wrong with you?” A girl scolded the guy with the awful beginning of a joke. “You can’t make fun of omegas, they are the gems of our horrible world.”

The guy waved it off. “Come on, it’s funny.” He claimed. “The difference between an omega and a whore is that a whore gets paid for being a slut, an omega will just do it for the heat of it.”

No one laughed, but Victor felt a growl building up in his throat. How dared he?

~Victor? What’s wrong?~ Yuuri suddenly asked.

Victor felt how Yuuri’s voice soothed him and kept him from running his crutch through the guy’s head.

“Come on, it was a little funny, right?” The guy asked with a confident grin.

“No.” Victor stated. “It really wasn’t.”

The guy’s smile faded slightly. “Oh, I take it you’ve never met an omega before?” He asked slyly. “Everyone knows that they are all hungry for a good alpha dick when they’re in heat. If it wasn’t for the laws, I’m sure they would all be whores by choice.”

Victor felt his heart rate increase. His fists were practically itching for a good punch. But he swallowed it all down. Starting a fight could get him expelled, and then he would have to listen to Yuuri’s lectures about how unnecessary it was.

Not that he minded listening to a lecture from Yuuri, but he could not stand having his mate disappointed with him. So he decided to handle this like an adult.

“Do you really think so?” Victor questioned. Voice calm and collected, but his eyes told a totally different story.

The guy must have felt it, because he swallowed nervously and took a step back. “Calm down man, it was just a joke.”

“Oh, I’m completely calm.” Victor said evenly. “I just didn’t find your joke funny.”

The guy chuckled nervously. “I mean…” He started but cut himself off. “You’re not an omega, right?”

“No, I’m not.” Victor admitted. “But that doesn’t mean that I’ll allow someone like you to say anything you want about the most wonderful people in this world.”

The guy frowned thoughtfully. Like he was trying to understand why Victor was so defensive about this.

“I don’t ever want to hear you make a joke like that again.” Victor declared. “If you ever make fun
of omegas around me, I swear that I will make you regret it.”

The guy’s breathing hitched at Victor’s words.

“Do you understand?” Victor questioned.

They guy nodded in fear.

Victor took a deep, soothing breath. “Good.” He said cheerfully before looking to his other friends. “Who wants coffee? I almost fell asleep in there…”

……………………………………

Yuuri had to laugh when Victor re-told the joke that had upset him over a video call later that day. It was the most stupid thing he had ever heard.

“It’s not funny.” Victor scolded with a frown. “You shouldn’t laugh at jokes on your own expense.”

“It was just so stupid.” Yuuri mused. “Seriously. I have one for him, Vitya, what’s the difference between your sexist classmate and a frying pan?”

Victor looked to Yuuri in question.

“One of them is an egg, the other one is just frying them.” Yuuri announced.

Victor couldn’t help but to chuckle at Yuuri’s joke. It was way funnier than his classmate’s. “I love you, Yuuri.” He declared “And I really miss you right now… You and your amazing jokes.”

Yuuri smiled lovingly. “I miss you too, Vitya.” He said honestly. “But we will be together soon, right?”

“Of course we will.” Victor assured. “I just wish it was right now…”

“Me too.”

And as they sat there in silence, simply gazing lovingly at each other through their computer screens. They somehow forgot that they were across the world from each other, because in a way, they were always together.

Connected by an unbreakable bond.

Forever.

Chapter End Notes

Just a little reminder that this is now 2009... <3 And it's an AU... XD <3 So... Let's just pretend that all this shit mentioned in this chapter makes sense... XD <3

Anyway, thank you for reading! <3<3 You guys are the best! <3<3
Chapter 65

Chapter Summary

A lot of changes takes place in May, 2009.

Chapter Notes

I felt so motivated by your comments that I had to spit this out. <3 You have no Idea how much your positivity encourages me! <3 Thank you so much for that! <3<3

Love you all, and I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor was about ready to throw himself onto the ice the second his physical therapist cleared him for skating.

It was May, and he only had a few months to prepare for the Grand Prix final.

He was going to compete, that much was certain, but he wasn’t sure that he was going to win, especially not when he was so far behind on schedule.

But Yakov greeted him with trademarked stiff smile and stern voice. “Welcome back, Vitya.”

Victor simply walked up to him and threw his arms around his favorite coach, hugging him tight. “I missed you.” He declared.

Yakov’s arms hovered awkwardly, before he gently placed one of his hands on Victor’s back. “It’s good to have you back.” He said, voice surprisingly gentle, before he quickly cleared his throat. “Now, get back on the ice.”

Victor pulled away and nodded solemnly. “Yes, coach!”

Yuuri had been in high school for about a month. School years in Japan started in April, and it was a big change from juniors, mostly because of the raised difficulty in classes, but also because of the change in classmates.

He ended up in the same class as Tina and Kimi from elementary school. And it didn’t take long for him to once again be included in the girl’s gang.

But he also noticed that his new popularity in school had very weird effects on Tommy.

Yuuri had tried to include his friend with the girls, but Tommy wasn’t the most likable person when it came to social contexts. And he was not exactly eager to make new friends either.

It was an awkward situation for Yuuri. It was so hard when he couldn’t include everyone. His stupid
omega-conscious was literally screaming at him that he was a horrible person for allowing one of his best friends to be pushed away from him.

He wished that he could divide himself into multiple people so he could be there for everyone. And he hated himself because he couldn’t.

“Yuuri, do you want to come with us to Hasetsu Castle after school?” Tina asked cheerfully. “We’re going shopping.”

Yuuri hummed thoughtfully.

“Is that a yes?” Tina cheered.

Yuuri flinched, returning to reality. “Sorry? What did you say?”

Now he couldn’t even pay attention.

Great…

“Is everything okay?” Tina asked.

Yuuri nodded uncertainly. “Is it okay if I ask Tommy to come?” He asked carefully.

Tina sighed. “But he’s so rude.”

“He just takes a while to warm up to people.” Yuuri assured. “He’s actually really nice, once you get to know him.”

Tina’s face melted slightly. “Fine. But if he insults anyone again, he’s out. Deal?”

Yuuri smiled gratefully. “Deal.”

Victor would do a backflip on the ice if he could. He was so happy to be back.

“No jumps, Vitya!” Yakov called as he noticed Victor gaining speed.

Victor just rolled his eyes and released his hair from the bun. It was unpractical, but he had really missed the way the wind felt in his hair when he slid across the ice in his god-like speed.

“Vitya!” Yakov warned.

Victor sighed but slowed down his speed to humor his coach.

Yakov’s hair was only growing thinner, and Victor didn’t want to be blamed for his coach’s baldness for the rest of his life.

But that didn’t keep him from enjoying the feeling of being on the ice. And he felt inspiration flooding him after every step he made. He definitely had a plan for this year’s competitions.

“Break time.” Yakov called, clapping his hands together to call Victor over.

Victor did as told, accepting a water bottle from the older Russian.

“Take it easy out there.” Yakov pleaded. “I would hate to see that talent go to waste because you can’t contain yourself.”
“I know what I’m doing.” Victor stated. “I’ve been skating for sixteen years.”

Yakov sighed. “I know that you think you know what’s best. But you can never be too cautious. No more broken bones, okay?”

Victor nodded in agreement. “Okay.”

“Good.” Yakov smiled, as much as his stern face would allow him anyways. “And your first step sequence was sloppy. But the second one has potential. If I were you, I would keep that one, but add more arms to really bring that emotion out there…” He continued to give Victor feedback, even though it would probably end with Victor doing whatever he wanted to, it was always worth it to try.

“I don’t want to be friends with them.” Tommy stated determinately. “I have nothing in common with them, I don’t see the point.”

“I just…” Yuuri tried desperately. “I don’t want you to feel left out. You’re my friend, and I want to spend time with you.”

“Then spend time with me.” Tommy suggested as if it was obvious.

Yuuri didn’t know how to put his words to make Tommy understand. “But I also want to spend time with them, and I don’t want you to feel lonely.”

Tommy scoffed. “I don’t feel lonely.” He stated. “Besides, you won’t have to worry about me for much longer. I’m moving.”

Yuuri looked to his friend in disbelief. “Moving?”

Tommy nodded. “Back to Germany. My mom got a great offer.”

“You’re leaving?” Yuuri asked, feeling oddly betrayed.

“Don’t look like that. It’s not like I’m dying.” Tommy chuckled. “And come on, there’s nothing for me here in Japan. It’s probably for the best.”

“That’s not true. You have school here.” Yuuri exclaimed. “And you also have your daytime job here… And…” He couldn’t come up with anything else.

“You know that there are schools and jobs in Germany as well?” Tommy mused.

“That’s not the same.” Yuuri protested before his face fell in defeat. “Will I ever get to see you again?”

Tommy shrugged. “Maybe.”

Yuuri nodded dejectedly. “I will miss you.” He admitted. “A lot.”

Tommy smiled in amusement. “I’m sure you will.”

Yuuri took a step forward and wrapped his arms around his friend. After a few seconds, he realized that this was probably the first time he had ever hugged him.

Tommy patted his back in silent comfort. “You’ll be okay…” He said matter of factly. “I’m sure you will.”
Victor had just gotten back home from practice when he was suddenly aware of Yuuri’s sadness.

~Tommy he’s… He’s moving back to Germany~ Yuuri admitted after a little bit of prodding. ~For good…~

Victor wasn’t sure what to say. He and Tommy had an understanding. But he still wasn’t crazy about the guy. He was far too interested in Yuuri for his liking. So he was glad that he was disappearing from Yuuri’s life, but he also felt bad that Yuuri was sad about it.

He asked Yuuri if there was something he could do, but Yuuri insisted that he would be fine.

Victor knew just what his mate needed. He needed to be cheered up. A surprise visit would definitely do the trick.

Victor closed the door to his apartment, while also bringing out his phone to call his dad about their private yet, when he almost stumbled over a pile of mail.

That was probably the worst part about living alone.

When he didn’t clean, no one did.

He put his phone back in his pocket and picked up the mail from the floor. It was mostly commercial and bills, but then he suddenly noticed a handwritten mail from Japan.

He immediately dropped everything else back on the floor and looked to the letter in awe.

Did Yuuri send him a letter?

He didn’t waste any more time on guessing, he just ripped the top of the letter off and took out the letter from inside. Skimming through it before noticing it wasn’t Yuuri’s handwriting. He sighed sadly, but he still read through it to find out what it said.

Konnichiwa, Victor.

I’m not sure if you remember me, but we met 5 years ago, in Tokyo. I was one of the kids you were responsible of from the hospital on the skating event were you met Katsuki Yuuri (The best skater in the world). I was 4 years old back then, and now I’m 9, and I am proud to let you know that I kicked cancer’s butt and I can now make my dream as a figure skater come true.

But you also made me a promise back then. You said that you would cut your hair and that we can then compete on who can grow their hair longer the fastest. On the back of this letter, there’s a picture of me with my hair length as it is now. (The red stripe in my hair will be my trademark as a figure skater. They will call me the dragon of Japan) But if you want to make good on your promise, I want you to take me on with this challenge.

I wish you luck, but I’m sure I’m going to win anyways.

Thank you for keeping me motivated through all of these hard years. And I can’t wait to compete with you, both with our hairs and on the ice.

Many hugs,

Kenjirou Minami.

Victor couldn’t stop the smile that was spreading across his face as he was reminded of his old promise. He had completely forgotten about it, but he had never forgotten about those kids. And hearing from one of them after all these years, with such a heartwarming letter, filled him with joy.
And he realized that he couldn’t back down from that promise.

But as he looked at his own reflection, with his long, beautiful, silvery hair, he also felt dread.

Could he really get rid of it?

He looked at the picture on the back of the letter and felt a streak of relief. The boy had hair, so he himself wouldn’t have to go bald.

He probably couldn’t pull off bald. His head would most likely look like an egg.

But could he actually pull off short hair? His hair had been long for as long as he could remember…

Victor froze. How would Yuuri react?

Yuuri loved his hair. And he didn’t want to get rid of anything Yuuri loved.

But on the other hand, it was a long time since he last surprised his mate. And how surprised wouldn’t Yuuri be, if he not only showed up unannounced in Japan, but if he also showed up in a different hairstyle…

That was not a reaction he was willing to miss.

He immediately picked up his phone again and called up his dad.

“Hi, Vitya.” His dad greeted. “Are you coming home for dinner tonight? Makkachin has slept in your bed almost the whole day… He misses his papa.”

Victor clenched his chest. “Of course I’m coming home.” He exclaimed. It wasn’t in his initial plans, but he was always willing to take some time to spend on his precious, furry friend. “But I was actually calling to see if our jet is ready for a flight to Japan?”

“Visiting Yuuri, are you?” Igor mused. “Don’t you have school?”

“I have a writing assignment in Japanese that is due in a week form now.” Victor admitted. “And what better way to study Japanese, than to go to Japan?”

“I can’t argue with that.” Igor chuckled.

Victor closed his eyes and took a deep soothing breath. “…And dad?”

“Yes, Vitya?”

“Do you know of any good hairdressers in town?”

The next day, Yuuri was feeling incredibly guilty when he spent time with the girls. Tommy wasn’t in school. He had to spend the last few days before moving, busy with packing.

Tommy had apparently known about having to move, for over a month. And Yuuri had been too busy with his other friends to even notice.

Yuuri felt like the worst person in the world, or at least the worst friend.

Why hadn’t he talked to Tommy about his home-life more? How could he not know that he was moving across the world?
“Yuuri, try not to think about it.” Tina pleaded. “You’re just beating yourself up for no reason.”

Yuuri barely heard her. He felt as if his heart was in his stomach, he was feeling nauseous, and he hadn’t been able to focus all day.

“Tina is right.” Kimi agreed. “Besides, he’s just moving to Europe. He might visit some day.”

“I just feel so bad that I didn’t even know about it.” Yuuri admitted. “He’s been my friend for almost three years, and I barely even know him.”

“Well, that’s not your fault.” Kimi assured. “It’s his choice what he wants to share with you.”

“But he knew so much about me, without me having to tell him.” Yuuri pointed out.

His statement was met with silence, until Tina finally cleared her throat. “Yuuri, didn’t you think that that was kind of… Creepy?” She asked in concern.

“Creepy?” Yuuri repeated. “What do you mean?”

“That he knew things about you that you never told him?” Tina clarified. “Like, how did he find out?”

“Wow, then I’m glad that he doesn’t have any little brothers.” Tina said. “Come on, Yuuri. The guy was totally infuriated by you. He was looking at you literally all the time, even when you didn’t even know. And that’s just this last month. I have no idea how he was in junior high.”

Yuuri had to think for a few seconds. “He was fine.” He declared. “He was there for me when no one else was. He became my friend against all odds. And he was even okay with Victor.”

“Was Victor okay with him?” Tina asked skeptically.

Yuuri nodded. “Kind of.” He admitted. “I mean, there was a moment when I thought that they were going to fight, but they apparently reached an understanding.”

“Oh…” Tina said in surprise. “Really?”

Yuuri nodded. “But that was back when they both had a common enemy.”

“Right. I think most of the school heard about what Narumi did.” Kimi said worriedly. “Is it true that she actually punched you?”

“It was only a slap.” Yuuri quickly assured. “But it made everyone crazy.”

“Of course.” Tina exclaimed. “It was a crime.”

Kimi nodded solemnly. “That’s right. Hitting an omega is just awful, I can’t understand how anyone would ever want to do that.”
“Well, I apparently have a very hittable face.” Yuuri said as an attempt of humor.

It wasn’t met with any laughs.

“Well, despite everything. We will do our best to cheer you up.” Tina announced, standing up and pulling Yuuri up with her. “After school we’ll all go for some cheesecake and shopping.” She said. “We’re not Victor, but I think we will all do our best to make you feel better, right girls?”

The girls nodded.

“It’s settled then.” Tina smiled, before her eyes suddenly widened, glued to something right behind Yuuri. “Never mind what I said. I think your day just got planned for you.” She rambled.

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “What do you mean?”

Tina grabbed Yuuri by the shoulders, and turned him around.

Victor couldn’t believe that he had actually gotten rid of his hair. He donated his long silvery locks to make wigs, just so he would feel a little bit better about his decision.

If Yuuri hated his hair, he could always use that as a good excuse.

Yuuri had a heart of gold, if Victor would have done something to make the world a better place. Yuuri would surely forgive him.

It was weird not having long strands of hair to pull his fingers through though. It just ended at his head. He self-consciously pulled his bags away from his face from time to time just to have something to do.

But over-all, Victor really liked his new style. It was something different. Something fresh.

His only hope was that Yuuri would like it just as much as he did.

Victor arrived to Yu-Topia and greeted his future parents in law, and they both told him that his new hairstyle suited him well. They then offered to make him some tea while he waited for Yuuri.

But Victor couldn’t wait.

He needed to know what Yuuri thought, even if that meant surprising Yuuri in school.

Yuuri had been sad ever since yesterday. And that was far too long in Victor’s opinion. He didn’t know that Victor was coming, and he definitely didn’t know that he was coming without all of his hair.

But that was the point. Even if Yuuri hated it, it was still the element of surprise that would take his mind off of losing his friend.

So he walked to Yuuri’s school with his head held high, and as he arrived, he used the glass of Yuuri’s school doors as a makeshift mirror, as he made a few last-minute adjustments to his hair.

He then walked inside.

Victor used his instincts and his amazing sense of smell to search out his mate.

And when he finally saw his Yuuri, his heart stopped.
Yuuri was standing with his back turned against him, completely oblivious to Victor’s presence.

He briefly wondered if he had made a mistake. What if he made Yuuri so upset that he couldn’t focus for the rest of his day?

He looked behind himself to the exit, contemplating his choices. But just as he turned back to Yuuri, he accidently made eye contact with his friend. And she wasted no time to grab Yuuri by the shoulders and spin him in Victor’s direction.

Victor had never felt so exposed before. But as he looked into Yuuri’s warm brown eyes he felt his worries melt away within seconds.

It seemed like Yuuri was processing Victor’s presence for a long time, before he noticed that Victor’s hair was completely different, and his eyes widened in surprise.

Victor had succeeded.

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger!! <3 I had to... XD <3<3

I hope you liked all of this! <3 It was a little all over the place, but I hoped it worked! <3
Thank you for reading!! <3<3

Kudos to all you amazing people out there! <3 You are truly the best! <3<3
Chapter 66

Chapter Summary

Yuuri reacts to Victor’s hair. And Victor gets a talk from his future mother in law.

Chapter Notes

*WARNING*
This is a very fluffy chapter, so keep your toothbrush close while reading this chapter, to avoid having them rot away. I placed in a little hint of angst at the ending in an attempt to save them, but I can only do so much... ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

Anyway, I hope you’ll like it! <3<3

Yuuri couldn’t believe his eyes. Victor was there, and he had cut his hair. His beautiful, long, silky, silvery hair just… Wasn’t there.

But he looked incredibly good. Yuuri got the sudden urge to feel it, touch it, and allow his fingers to travel through it.

Victor walked up to him carefully and looked at him in concern, as Yuuri was still trying to find his words.

Once Victor was close enough, Yuuri closed the final distance between them and allowed his fingers to explore the short strands of hair.

It was so soft.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked worriedly. “Do you like it?”

Yuuri hadn’t decided. A part of him really missed Victor’s long hair. It was his trademark after all. But in some way, Victor’s face was more evident when his long hair wasn’t stealing all the attention. And it was so beautiful. Victor was so beautiful, with, or without his hair.

Yuuri nodded.

Victor beamed with relief. “I’m glad.”

Yuuri couldn’t stop touching Victor’s hair. It was so different, and so fun to play with. He absentmindedly brushed away Victor’s bangs from his face and smiled over how it immediately bounced back.


Yuuri nodded again before leaning in and claiming a kiss from his mate. Victor melted into it
immediately. Yuuri’s fingers were completely entangled in his short hair and it felt amazing. He felt so clean, in a weird way.

Yuuri pulled away. “It’s perfect.” He smiled. “Just like you.”

Victor smiled in relief to his true mate, when Yuuri suddenly tensed and turned to his friends.

Yuuri had almost forgot about them. And he knew that at least three of them were complete gossip people who loved celebrities. And of course that was the exact category that his soulmate belonged to.

“Oh my god…” One of them said slowly.

Yuuri was ready to fight them if they as much as tried to get close to Victor.

One of the girls practically shoved the other to get her already full attention. “That’s Victor Nikiforov!” She screamed. And shook her friend. “And he’s in our school!”

Victor waved awkwardly. “Just visiting my wonderful boyfriend.” He said placing his arm around Yuuri.

“HE’S TALKING TO US!” Two of them screamed in perfect sync.

Victor took a tentative step back. “Yuuri, your friends have a lot of energy.”

“Just stay back.” Yuuri said seriously while carefully placing his hand on Victor’s chest to make him listen.

Victor frowned thoughtfully, but he did as told.

Yuuri turned to his friends with determination. “Look, I know you’re a fan of my mate. But you’re making him uncomfortable.” Yuuri said. “You can talk to him if you calm down. But not a second before that.”

The girls quieted down and frowned in confusion. “Why didn’t you tell us that you were dating one of the richest men in the world?” One of them asked. “I thought we were your friends?”

“I told you about Victor.” Yuuri protested. “But why would I mention how much money he has? That’s completely irrelevant.”

Victor felt like swooning as he watched Yuuri talking to his friends while keeping Victor safe from them. He was too beautiful for words.

“You didn’t tell us that he was the same Victor that we were talking about.” One of the other girls pointed out. “You might as well have lied to us.”

“Yuuri doesn’t brag.” Tina chimed in, jumping to Yuuri’s defense. “And he doesn’t need to tell anyone anything. Especially when it comes to his true mate. That’s way too personal.”

“That’s right.” Kimi agreed.

Victor almost wanted to give Yuuri’s childhood friends a personal high five, for standing up for his true mate so easily.

Yuuri turned to Victor. “Would you mind going back home?” He asked carefully. “I don’t want you to feel like I’m sending you away or anything, but I still have one more class, and…”
Victor kissed Yuuri’s nose as he sensed the beginning of nervous rambling. “I’ll see you when you get home.” He said lovingly. “Hurry though, Makkachin misses you.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened with joy. “You brought Makka?”

“Of course.” Victor smiled. “He really wanted to travel. Russia is too small for him.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly at that. “I can’t wait.”

Victor gently kissed Yuuri’s forehead. “Have a good day at school, love.”

Yuuri smiled, as a light pink blush slowly tinted his cheeks. “I will.”

Once Victor was gone, Yuuri let out a breath of relief. He was insanely happy that Victor was in Japan and he couldn’t wait to get home to him once his last class was over.

But he hated that he felt like he had accidently put his soulmate in danger. He had probably spent too much time on the Internet and watched too many horror movies. But he was not allowing ‘Misery’ to happen to the most important person of his life.

If anything would ever happen to Victor, Yuuri didn’t care if his omega instincts and conscience would eat him alive, but he would definitely go on a murder spree to avenge his mate. No matter the consequences.

He didn’t know why, but he was feeling very angry lately. His mood was like a roller coaster. One second he just cried for no reason, and in the next he felt like punching his fist through a wall. He heard about mood swings effecting people in their puberties, but he didn’t know that it also applies to omegas, since there were so many other things that didn’t.

He still hadn’t been able to find a good book on omega’s teenage years. Almost all of them were just focusing on heats. And everything Yuuri learned about the first heat, made his anxiety go into overdrive.

So he figured that it was better to just ignore it for a while longer. If it happened, it happened. He didn’t want to spend the last of his heat-free years, thinking about it.

Yuuri looked at the clock in order to distract his brain. Only one hour to go.

Then he could finally start his weekend with Victor.

Victor did his best to be helpful around Yu-Topia. He really loved spending time with Hiroko, she was definitely the sweetest woman ever, and it definitely helped that she looked so incredibly much like Yuuri.

“So you see, if you fold it this way, there won’t be any wrinkles.” The Japanese woman instructed gently.

“Thank you so much.” Victor smiled. “Now I might be able to go to school with some decent wrinkle-free clothes.” Something he hadn’t been able to do, since he was responsible for his own laundry.

“I’m always happy to help, Victor.” Hiroko beamed. “You’ve done so much for my baby boy, that it’s the least I can do.”
Victor sighed dreamily as he was reminded of the love of his life. “He has done much more for me.” Victor admitted. “His mere existence is my reason to keep on breathing.”

Hiroko chuckled fondly. “That’s nice.” She then took a moment before continuing. “You do know that Yuuri feels the same about you, dear? He’s just not always speaking his mind.”

“Of course he is.” Victor admitted. “He tells me all the time.”

Hiroko seemed taken aback. “He does?”

Victor shrugged. “Maybe not always with words, even though he does that plenty as well.” He said fondly. “But it’s the little things that makes me feel it… The way he smiles, the way his eyes sparkle when he looks at me, the way he holds my hand…”

Hiroko was beaming with happiness. “I have to be honest with you, Victor. When Yuuri reached out for the first time, only minutes after he arrived to this world. I was worried for him.” She stated with a fond smile. “I was worried that he was going to leave me and the rest of our family the first chance he got, and never turn back. That he was going to end up with someone who wouldn’t take him seriously and see him as an omega more than a person.”

Victor felt his heart ache slightly at the idea.

“But I’m so glad that it was you, that he reached out to.” Hiroko admitted. “You always helped so much when he was a baby. Because whenever you reached out, he was comforted. He stopped crying and you were actually the reason for his first smile.”

Victor thought that he was going to die from the new piece of information. “Really?” He asked, far too excitedly.

Hiroko nodded. “Me and my husband spent days trying to get him to smile and laugh, and when we took him for a walk in his stroller, he shivered and there it was, the cutest little smile, followed by a heartwarming laugh.”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile like an idiot. He felt like the greatest success in the world.

“And even though I don’t know everything that goes on between only the two of you, I still believe that I can trust you with him. You’re definitely the true mate that my son deserves.”

Victor couldn't help the tears that suddenly began to spill from his eyes.

~Victor, is everything okay?~ Yuuri asked. ~Why are you crying?~

“Oh, I’m sorry, Vicchan.” Hiroko apologized and quickly pulled out a tissue from her back pocket and handed it to Victor. “I didn’t mean to make you cry.” She said and wrapped her arms around Victor.

Victor hugged her back tightly.

~Victor?~ Yuuri prodded.

Victor assured his mate that he was crying from happiness, and Yuuri told him that his day was over, so he could come home and comfort him.

Victor had never felt this lucky. “Thank you.” He told his mate’s mother. “I’m just so happy.”

“You deserve to be.” Hiroko said gently. “And please, call me mama.”
Victor felt his heart soar with joy. “Thank you… mama.”

…………………………

Yuuri would have to give his parents another lecture about the rules regarding Victor again. He told them very clearly that they would, under no circumstances, make Victor cry.

They broke the most important rule, or his mom did anyway. Maybe he should make a list and hand them out to his family. That might make them remember.

“Are you walking home alone?” Kimi suddenly asked, bringing Yuuri out of thought. The bell had just rung out, and the day was finally over.

“Yeah.” Yuuri said distractedly. “Or, well, Victor is meeting me up.”

“That’s so sweet of him.” Kimi smiled.

Yuuri nodded with a smile. “He’s always sweet.”


Yuuri couldn’t stop the laughter from escaping him. “What was that song?”

Tina just shrugged. “Heard it on TV.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly as he felt Victor reach out to him. ~I’m almost halfway to your school now, love, where are you?~

“I should go.” Yuuri said to his friends, backing towards the exit. “Have a good weekend.”

Tina and Kimi waved to him cheerfully. “You too, Yuuri.” Kimi called after him.

“Send Victor our regards.” Tina added.

Yuuri smiled fondly as he finally reached the exit.

…………………………

~I just got held up talking to my friends, but I’m on my way now~ Yuuri assured.

Victor still couldn’t stop smiling after his talk with Hiroko. Knowing that Yuuri’s family trusted him with Yuuri made him feel so proud and loved. It felt as if he had actually succeeded in his most treasured task.

Victor had sworn to be the best true mate ever, and he really felt like he was succeeding.

Sure, Yuuri was still ahead of him, since he was the best true mate on this planet, but Victor was going to do anything in his power to catch up with him, even if he would keep working on it forever.

After a few more minutes, he finally saw his beloved mate.

Yuuri picked up his pace once he saw Victor, and it didn’t take long for them to be wrapped up in each other’s embrace.

“Did you have a good day?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded. “But it just got a lot better.”
Victor smiled lovingly and kissed Yuuri’s cheek before taking his hand. “I’m glad.”

“So what did mom tell you?” Yuuri changed the topic, needing to find out about what had made his soulmate cry.

Victor smiled as he was reminded of it. “Let’s just say that your mother is the definition of sweet.”

Yuuri could live with that. "But are you sure that she didn’t say anything hurtful? I mean, you did cry... You don't have to protect her.”

Victor nodded. "I'm definitely sure. Your mom is a sweetheart."

Yuuri leaned up and captured Victor's lips with his own. "I'm so glad you're here, Victor." He said as he gently pulled away. "I'm always happiest when we are together."

Victor smiled lovingly. "Me too, Yuuri." He leaned back down and kissed his mate again, savoring the moment while silently wishing they had more of them. "Me too..."

Chapter End Notes

Your comments really make me smile through my days! <3 They always make me so happy! <3<3

You guys are the best! <3

Kudos bomb! <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3
Chapter 67

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor spend their summer together... Again.

It was the end of July, and Yuuri and Victor were finally able to celebrate their summer together. The summer in Japan was unusually hot, and Victor claimed to be dying every opportunity he got.

“But it’s so hot.” Victor complained for the fiftieth time in the past hour, before looking up to Yuuri with fluttering eyelids. “Almost as hot as you, beautiful…”

Yuuri snorted, and playfully threw an ice-cube to his mate. “Be sure you don’t get too cool. Or I might need to get you sunglasses.”

Victor laughed loudly at the remark, while Yuuri cringed over how cheesy it was.

“You’re so adorable.” Victor mused. “I love your funny jokes.”

“That was hardly a joke…” Yuuri said and placed his hands over his eyes, in order to escape his embarrassing life. “That was just bad.”

Victor gently pried Yuuri’s hands away from his eyes. “Nothing you do is ever bad…” He declared and finished his statement by placing a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s lips.

“Hey, there are kids around here.” Mari scolded lightheartedly and dumped a pile of towels in Yuuri’s lap.

Yuuri turned to his sister in confusion. “What am I supposed to do with these?”

“Take your mate somewhere where he can cool down.” Mari stated. “If I hear him complaining about how hot the weather is one more time, my ears are going to fall off.”

“You can talk to me directly, you know…” Victor said to Mari.

Mari huffed in amusement. “Yuuri, your mate still doesn’t know that you forbidden us to address him directly…”

Yuuri blushed heavily as Victor chuckled at his protective mate.

“You should get on that.” Mari shot a smirk to her brother before leaving the boys to the stinging sun.

“Yuuri, you don’t have to order your family not to talk to me.” Victor said as he inched closer to his mate. “I’m very hard to offend.”

“I didn’t order all of them not to talk to you.” Yuuri assured quickly. “Only Mari, because she’s hopeless. But my parents can talk to you within the given restrictions.”

“You’ve given your parents restrictions?” Victor mused.
“You know about them.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Oh, right.” Victor said as his memories returned to him. “That they could only talk to me about the weather…”

“Well, I made a list about things they are not allowed to you about, and as long as weather isn’t on that list, they should be fine.” Yuuri said with an innocent smile.

Victor hummed in understanding. “May I ask what’s on that forbidden list of topics?”

“It’s pretty self-explanatory…” Yuuri shrugged. “But my parents seem to need official guidelines, or they will most likely scare you back to Russia.”

“Now I’m really interested.” Victor smiled happily. “Please tell me?”

Yuuri couldn’t resist a request like that. “Okay.” He relented. “So there’s no talk about grandkids, no talk about weddings, no talk about life plans, and no talk about our relationship.”

“Why wouldn’t they be allowed to talk to me about our wedding?” Victor asked in disbelief.

“Because our wedding is ours.” Yuuri stated, as if it was obvious. “Just like the rest of the things on the list.”

Victor couldn’t help but to feel his heart flutter at Yuuri’s words. He was so sweet when he spoke of them like that. Like it was only the two of them. “They can still talk about our wedding with me.” Victor assured. “They are going to participate after all…”

“But they would not be able to handle the freedom of having the wedding as a unrestricted conversation with you.” Yuuri declared. “They would ask you questions that you would have no way of answering, and I don’t want them to make you uncomfortable.”

“I don’t think it’s possible for the Katsukis to make me uncomfortable.”

Yuuri raised his eyebrows in disbelief. “Well, then maybe I should remove all the restrictions?”

Victor considered that for a moment, before he realized that removing all the restrictions meant that Yuuri’s parents would be able to ask him about grandchildren and his and Yuuri’s relationship when Yuuri wasn’t around, and that made his chest clench slightly with nervousness.

“Maybe a few restrictions is fine…” Victor said thoughtfully.

“Told you…” Yuuri said proudly, before handing half of the towels to his mate. “Do you want to go to the lake or the public pool?”

Victor still hadn’t forgiven Mother Nature for the event the ocean caused almost four years ago. So open water was out of the question.

“The public pool sounds wonderful.” Victor said cheerfully. “Anything to escape this horrible heat.”

“There goes my ears.” Mari called from inside.

They boys couldn’t stop themselves from laughing.

The evenings in the summer were much better. The air was cooled down, but it was still warm enough to be outside without feeling cold.
Victor was kind of jealous of his mate. Yuuri didn’t smell bad when he was sweating. He just smelled more like vanilla, and a little bit of cinnamon. And not to mention how shiny he looked… It was almost like after a competition, except that he was tanned in the summer. And that definitely made him into a first class piece of eye candy.

Victor really had to fight over his attention when they were at the public pool. Girls seemed to be flocking to his mate, especially young girls.

Girls between the ages of three to five were most persistent.

But Yuuri was adorable with them. He kept sending them away to play in the nearby sand box, but they kept coming back with gifts to him. Mostly plastic buckets and shovels, but Yuuri accepted all of them with much enthusiasm.

Victor hated that he wasn’t allowed to shower Yuuri in gifts. He could do it much better. He could give Yuuri buckets of gold and seashells dressed in diamonds, but nope, he wasn’t allowed.

“Is everything okay?” Yuuri asked as he squeezed Victor’s hand to get his attention. They were walking around, taking in the sights of Hasetsu before the sun set. “You haven’t spoken in a long time.” He said thoughtfully.

“I want to buy you something.” Victor blurted out before being able to stop himself. “But it’s fine, I’ll just wait four months before making you something…”

Yuuri was momentarily stunned by Victor’s statement. He sounded really stressed. Yuuri had to think for a moment. “What do you want to buy for me?”

“Japan, the moon, anything.” Victor admitted. “I just want to make a grand gesture, I feel so restricted.”

“Victor I…” Yuuri trailed off. “I’m not really sure what to say… You can buy me anything you want but… But I already have everything I need.”

Victor kind of deflated at the comment, before suddenly lighting up like a million suns. “I know something you need that you don’t have.” He cheered happily.

Yuuri raised his eyebrows in confusion. “What?”

“Your own swimming pool.” Victor grinned. “I’m so happy.”

Yuuri had to smile at his mate’s excitement, even though he had no idea how Victor would be able to install a swimming pool in their backyard without having it be warmed up like the rest of their hot springs. But he was too adorable in his happiness so Yuuri really didn’t want to take it away. But he still had to ask.

“Victor, what set this off?”

Victor took a moment before answering. “Seeing you accept gifts from strangers.” He pouted.

Yuuri snorted. “Victor, they were toddlers.”

“They brought you gifts that made you smile.” Victor pointed out.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to laugh at that. “Victor, I would smile if you gave me a pile of dirt.” He assured. “I love you more than anything, with or without gifts.”
“I know you do.” Victor drawled. “But I want to spoil you. You’re my soulmate. You’re the only one I will ever get to spoil.”

“But you do spoil me.” Yuuri exclaimed. “You started spoiling me the day I was born… Just not in items…”

Victor didn’t answer, so Yuuri decided to go on.

“I mean, if you would stop talking to me, or stop showing me that you care, I would probably cry my eyes out.” Yuuri clarified. “Having you at my side, at all times, forever, is definitely something I would never be able to live without. Therefore, I’m spoiled.”

Victor felt his heart being both shattered and then glued back together in the matter of seconds. “Yuuri…” He drawled. “You’re not spoiled. You’re adorable.”

“You’re the adorable one.” Yuuri stated before drifting off a little.

Victor noticed immediately. “What’s on your mind, dear?”

Yuuri considered Victor for a moment, before finding the courage to ask. “Victor, can I ask you a question?”

Victor had never heard such a ridiculous question in his entire life. “Of course, love.” He assured. “What would you like to know?”

“I’m just a little curious…” Yuuri said sheepishly. “And I’ve wondered for a long time… Just… What it was like? You know, before I was born? When you didn’t have our bond.”

“I honestly don’t remember.” Victor admitted. “I don’t really have that many memories before I was four. But I do remember when I felt you for the first time… And that was just… indescribable. It felt like getting back a part of myself that I didn’t even know was missing…It felt like a burst of light and color suddenly filled the world, oh, and glitter.” He said excitedly.

Yuuri could see how Victor visibly beamed when he talked about the first time they interacted. And it made him feel amazing in return.

“And I remember when you told me how old you were, I think you were three at the time, and when your birthday matched up perfectly with the moment I felt you, I mean…” Victor trailed off as he was struck with awe. “I just can’t believe that you reached out the moment you were born.”

“I’ve been told that for most of my life.” Yuuri smiled sheepishly. “And I actually have no idea how I did it, and I’m kind of sad that I don’t remember our first interaction, even though my parents have told me about it plenty of times.”

“What happened?” Victor asked curiously. “I mean, from your side?”

“Oh, uhm…” Yuuri said as he tried to recall what his parents told him. “Apparently, I reached out when a nurse cleaned me off and took my blood sample to find out my secondary gender.” He retold with a fond smile. “And I suppose that the poke in my heel made me want to search for comfort, and my soulmate was the first one I thought of.”

Victor felt tears filling his eyes and he had to fan himself to keep them from spilling. “That’s so adorable.” He sniffled.

“Victor, don’t cry.” Yuuri pleaded and gently kissed Victor’s hand.
Victor laughed at the action, tears spilling anyway.

Yuuri quickly wiped them away with his free hand. “You know that even though it breaks my heart, you are very pretty when you cry.”

Victor shook his head fondly as he allowed his laughter to settle down. “You’re always pretty.” He quipped. “So that’s only fair.”

“You’re also always pretty.” Yuuri assured. “You’re the prettiest man in the universe.”

“We’re not having this fight again.” Victor warned.

Yuuri chuckled slightly. “Fine, then you’re the prettiest alpha in the universe.”

“And you’re the prettiest omega.” Victor declared.

Yuuri smiled before leaning up to capture Victor’s lips with his own, in a very heartfelt kiss, deep and full of emotions.

When they pulled away, they only had one word on their mind.

“I love you.”
Chapter 68

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri finally get a taste of the sour part of a relationship.

Chapter Notes

Hi, I changed the story a little so it can work completely without the deleted part. But it seemed like the thing you really liked about the deleted chapter was the fight, so I did my best to recreate it. I hope you'll like it. And let's just forget the deleted chapter all together. OK? <3

PS: I did kind of freak out after going to sleep and waking up with 97 messages in my inbox and about 50 notifications on Tumblr, and 99% of everythng was filled with love. You guys are definitely amazing.<3<3

As long as you keep up the love, I'll keep up the chapters, let's make that a deal? <3

Kudos to all <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The months ticked away and Victor was carefully counting down the days to Yuuri’s birthday. His mate had given him freedom when it came to spoiling him.

And Victor was trying so hard to make sure that he wouldn’t regret it. If he did something too grand, Yuuri would definitely restrain him again. But that didn’t mean that he was going to waste this wonderful opportunity.

He needed to get him something amazing.

“What should I get Yuuri for his birthday, Makka?” Victor asked his snoozing dog who was currently drooling on his lap.

The mention of Yuuri however, made Makkachin lift his head and look around the living room for the Japanese boy.

“We’re going to the airport in a few hours, then we’ll get to see him again.” Victor assured the poodle and petted his head until he fell back asleep.

Victor felt his heart clench as he realized how much he missed his mate. It was late in Japan so he really didn’t want to reach out and bother him, so he decided to open his laptop and got some work done, that’s when he saw a little green dot next to Yuuri’s name on all of his webpages. Indicating that Yuuri was still online.

Why would he still be up?

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Yuuri had gone too deep inside the dark web. It started with a simple google search of his mate, and now he had somehow ended up on a very weird webpage, where a group of people believed that Victor’s family had ordered Yuuri’s birth as an omega, and that their claims of being true mates was a lie to disguise the governments involvement in omega-producing.

How did people come up with these things?

Yuuri almost flinched when he felt Victor suddenly reaching out to him.

~What are you doing up?~ Victor asked worriedly. ~It’s almost 3am in Japan~

Yuuri didn’t really want his mate to know about the dark pits of the Internet. Victor was far from a master on computers. The Russian had gotten viruses almost seven times by clicking links that he believed would give him a driver’s license, a free trip to Japan, a year supply’s of hair products, and so much more. And of course they all led to ad-viruses that infected his computer.

Yuuri had done his best to erase them and get up a decent anti-virus program, but Victor was still completely clueless on how to properly search for things and navigate himself.

And Yuuri intended to keep it that way.

Victor didn’t need to know about his creepy fans.

He had to be protected.

~I’m just looking at some skating tutorials and trying to sleep~ Yuuri assured.

Victor had to smile at his dedicated mate. Yuuri’s theme for this year was ‘one last chance’ and so far he was claiming every gold medal in sight, he had already qualified for the junior grand prix final, and Victor couldn’t be prouder of him.

In a year from now they would be competing against each other. And Victor could barely wait. Even though he had no idea how he was going to win.

He would of course do his best, he always did. But Yuuri would definitely not make it easy for him to win.

His mate was almost four years younger than him, but equally skilled. He made a quad axel in last year’s grand prix final. Sure, Yuuri was forbidden for attempting one again and so was Victor, at least for this year.

No one was going to break any bones this time around.

But they hadn’t said anything about next year. And if Victor needed to make a quad axel to win, he was going to make a quad axel to win. Hopefully, Yuuri wouldn’t be mad at him for it. And hopefully, Yakov wouldn’t cut off his feet for it.

Victor really liked his feet.

~So, what are you doing?~ Yuuri suddenly asked, bringing Victor out of his thoughts.

Victor smiled at the sound of Yuuri’s voice. It was simply a natural reaction for him at that point. Yuuri brought so much happiness to his life and he had been doing so for almost sixteen years. And Victor didn’t see that stopping anytime soon.
~I’m just doing some studying~ Victor said casually.

Yuuri almost felt bad about lying to his mate, but it was better that he kept himself busy with school instead of visiting the dark corners of the web.

Like him…

Yuuri just found a really weird website that tried to connect Victor’s family with the old tsars in Russia, by trying to track his grandparent’s aunt’s sister’s daughter’s uncle’s something, something…

But Yuuri was simply amazed that there was actually people out there who weren’t true mates with Victor that spent so much time researching him.

Sure, Victor was amazing, but other people weren’t supposed to think that.

Yuuri didn’t want people to take an interest in his mate, especially not people who were so creepy.

But Yuuri did what he could and reported the more disturbing websites. He was going to shut them all down.

One by one…

~Yuuri?~ Victor suddenly said.

Yuuri answered him quickly to not raise suspicion.

~Go to sleep~ Victor pleaded.

Yuuri sighed. He might as well. Not that he had school or anything. It was a Friday, or, well, Saturday. And Victor was coming this afternoon to celebrate his birthday this Sunday.

Yuuri was feeling kind of nervous about that as well. He was wondering if he had made a mistake in allowing Victor to have free hands when it came to his birthday.

He just hoped that Victor didn’t overdo it too much. He still had bad memories from when he turned eleven, and there were so many birthday gifts around his house, so that he and his family had to climb over everything for days, until they finally had time to donate almost everything to a Japanese orphanage.

Even though it hurt to separate from so many of his birthday presents, it did feel a lot better to see the joy in the homeless children’s faces.

Yuuri had to keep a few of Victor’s presents though, or as much as he could fit in his bedroom. Victor assured him that he could give it all away, since his goal was to surprise Yuuri with a lot of gifts, but Yuuri couldn’t get rid of everything, especially not the gifts that reminded him of Victor.

~Do you want me to talk you to sleep?~ Victor suddenly asked. ~I have a reading assignment in Japanese, but no audience~

How could Yuuri possibly say no?

Yuuri woke up about an hour before Victor would arrive at the train station. It was already dark by then, but Yuuri had to meet Victor up, despite the snowfall and lack of sunlight.
It was tradition.

He was however slightly worried that Victor would judge him for sleeping in for so long. He barely had time to fix himself, he still had morning hair and morning voice. And it was afternoon.

He could always blame the fact that no one in his family woke him up. But that really wasn’t their responsibility.

Yuuri pushed those thoughts aside, as he arrived at the train station about five minutes before Victor’s train would arrive.

It was cold outside. Not as cold as Russia this time of year, but it was still cold enough for snow to fall and leave everything with a white, sparkling blanket. Mist was coming out as Yuuri breathed and he found that his gloves really didn’t do their job in keeping his hands warm.

But he wouldn’t be out there for too much longer. He could already see the train in the distance.

Yuuri used a sign next to him as a makeshift mirror, but his hair was literally standing in every single direction.

He really needed a haircut.

Yuuri did his best, but he had to give up on his hair as the train was suddenly slowing down to a halt at the station and passengers began to pour out.

But Yuuri only had his eyes for one passenger in particular, and when he finally saw him, he couldn’t wait any longer. He ran as fast as he could, past probably ten or fifteen strangers before he was finally back in his mate’s embrace.

Yuuri hugged him back tightly. “Hello, Solnechnyy.” He greeted lovingly. “Did you miss me?”

Yuuri nodded against Victor’s shoulder as he hugged him impossibly tighter. “Way too much…”

Victor smiled slightly as he breathed in Yuuri’s scent. “I missed you too, Lyubov.”

Suddenly, Victor noticed something rather distressing. “Are you here alone?” He questioned and pulled away.

Yuuri nodded sheepishly.

Victor sighed tiredly, but he couldn’t find the strength to be mad at his mate when he looked so unfairly adorable. “Well, I’m glad you’re here.” He said honestly.

Yuuri smiled as a blush spread across his cheeks. “Me too.”

Makkachin was very eager to greet his Japanese human friend, but since Yuuri only paid attention to Victor, he had to bark in order to get the younger boy’s attention.

“Oh, I’m sorry Makkachin.” Yuuri apologized immediately and crouched down in order to greet the fluffy Russian. “Did you have a good fly, boy?”

Makkachin leaned into Yuuri’s touch as he tried to lick his hand.

Yuuri chucked fondly.

Victor smiled at the sight but frowned immediately when Yuuri took off his gloves and he noticed
that his fingers were slowly turning red from the cold.

“We should go home.” Victor said gently. “Get you warmed up…”

“It’s not that cold…” Yuuri protested as he stood up from the ground. “…Just a bit chilly.”

Victor smiled fondly and reached out his hand to his mate. Yuuri took it without hesitation, marveling over how warm it was.

“Victor, you’re so hot.” Yuuri said in disbelief.

Victor had to laugh at that.

“No, I mean warm.” Yuuri quickly corrected himself. “I mean, you’re hot too, but right now I just meant…”

“Come here.” Victor said, pulling Yuuri towards himself so he could keep him under a protective arm. “I’ll keep you warm.”

Yuuri blushed slightly in embarrassment and inched closer to Victor, so he could steal some of his warmth as they walked back home to Yu-Topia.

“So what have you done today?” Victor asked curiously.

Yuuri didn’t want him to know that he slept through the whole day, so he quickly rearranged his words. “I’ve just been dreaming about you.” He said sheepishly.

Victor smiled happily. “Really?”

Yuuri nodded. “Of course. What else do you think I’m doing when you’re not around?”

Victor shrugged in amusement. “Miss me?”

“I do that too.” Yuuri assured.

Victor pulled Yuuri closer and left a soft kiss on the younger boy’s temple. “Me too, love.” He said lovingly. “Me too.”

When they arrived back at Yu-Topia, Vicchan was already spying on them through a window, a new habit he had picked up on.

Makkachin noticed and immediately rushed for the window instead of the door.

“Makka.” Victor scolded. “We’re going this way.”

Makkachin ignored his human and replied to Vicchan’s yips and barks from inside.

Yuuri opened the front door, which sent Vicchan running. That’s when Makkachin followed him and they met at the entrance, sniffing each other, before both of them rushed out of sight in their urge to catch up.

Yuuri and Victor stepped inside as well. That’s when Mari came storming towards them. “Yuuri.” She snapped.

Victor immediately pushed Yuuri behind himself out of instincts. His mind just registered an upset
alpha. And no alpha was getting to Yuuri without having to go through him.

“What the hell were you thinking? Going to the train station alone?” Mari questioned, catching Yuuri’s eyes behind Victor’s shoulder. “We talked about this a million times. You are not allowed to go to places alone. It’s for your own safety.”

“I didn’t have time to wait for anyone.” Yuuri said, stepping out from behind Victor, only to be pushed back again by the alpha. “Victor’s train was almost here.”

“Then maybe you should have woken up a bit earlier.” Mari stated.

Victor did not like the anger directed at his mate. Even if it was mostly worry. “Mari, don’t yell at him.”

Mari looked like she had just been slapped. “Stay out of this, Nikiforov.”

“Don’t talk to him like that.” Yuuri immediately bit back.

Mari scoffed in annoyance. “Just… Don’t do it again, okay?”

Yuuri nodded. “Fine, but you need to let me do things alone. I’m not a kid anymore.”

“You’re fifteen.” Mari pointed out.

“I’ll be sixteen tomorrow.” Yuuri quipped.

“So? That doesn’t make you any less of a kid.” Mari declared. “You’re a kid until you’re twenty, and that’s that.”

Yuuri glared at her.

Victor had no idea how to defuse the situation. He agreed with both of them in a weird way. But he always had to take Yuuri’s side. Their souls had to stand up for each other.

“Well, everything turned out fine, so there is no need to be mad.” Victor said. “Yuuri is fine.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at Victor’s words. He was so happy to have a mate that would stand up for him like that.

“Yeah, fine.” Mari relented. “Just don’t be idiots.” With those words, she left them to themselves.

“She’s just worried.” Yuuri assured. “And I think she’s on her period…”

“I fucking heard that!” Mari called from the other room.

Yuuri shrugged, unaffected.

Victor had no idea what to reply to that. So he just decided to answer the first of Yuuri’s statement. “I don’t blame her for being worried about you.” He stated. “Japan is so big, and you’re still so young.”

“This is Hasetsu.” Yuuri exclaimed. “The most interesting thing that happens around here, is to see if the local fisherman is going to have a sale on shrimps or salmon at the end of the week.”

“But you’re also a magnet for trouble.” Victor pointed out. “As soon as you’re alone, it always seems to be someone who is ready to take advantage of the situation.”
Yuuri sighed tiredly. “Look, I don’t want to talk about this right now.” He said. “Don’t you want to see where our dogs ran off to instead?”

Victor sighed in defeat. He really needed to have this conversation with his mate, but he supposed that it could wait for a bit more. “Fine, love...” He relented. “Let’s find our dogs.”

Later that evening, Victor was slowly starting to panic as the clock kept ticking away and he still hadn’t gotten a gift for Yuuri.

He searched the web for anything, but he couldn’t make up his mind.

“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked as he noticed his mate’s stress.

“Nothing.” Victor assured.

Yuuri frowned worriedly at the evident lie. “I can tell that something is bothering you.”

“Don’t worry about it, luchik.”

Yuuri did not appreciate that answer. “Of course I’ll worry.” He quipped. “You’re my mate. That’s my job.”

“Your job is not to worry about me.” Victor said gently. “Your job is to stay safe and happy.”

“Don’t be a hypocrite.” Yuuri snapped. “Tell me what’s wrong.”

Victor could definitely sense Yuuri’s anger. But he had no idea what caused it. “Why are you so mad?”

Yuuri looked at Victor in disbelief. How could he not notice how condescending he was?

“Nothing.” Yuuri said.

“I can tell you’re mad.” Victor said. “Did I say something wrong?”

Yuuri could feel his anger growing, but he refused to let it show. So he just took a deep breath. “Don’t worry about that, Victor.” He said in the same condescending tone. “Why don’t you just worry about sitting there and look pretty?”

“Yuuri?” Victor said and placed his hand on Yuuri’s. “I’m sorry if I upset you.”

Yuuri ripped his hand free and moved himself away.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri promptly ignored him.

“Yuuri?” Victor tried again.

Yuuri still refused to respond.

“You’re being very childish.” Victor pointed out.

“Well, you’re being an idiot.” Yuuri snapped, before crossing his arms and turning his back on his mate.
Victor felt as he had just been stabbed. Yuuri was definitely mad at him. He had never called him an idiot before. “I don’t even know what I did.” He exclaimed. “Will you please tell me, so I can make up for it?”

“I don’t want you to make up for it.” Yuuri said as he turned back to Victor with tears in his eyes. “I just want you to treat me as an equal. I’m sick of being babied around. I can’t go to places on my own, I can’t skate how I want, I can’t fight my own battles, and now you’re even keeping things from me. I’m not a little kid, and I don’t want to be treated as one.”

“I’m not treating you as a kid.” Victor protested. “I’m just trying to keep you safe.”

“I don’t want to be safe.” Yuuri said in exasperation. “Especially not if it means living like this, being treated like I’m completely useless.”

“I would never think you’re useless.” Victor assured. “I’m even insulted that you would think that.”

“So what do you think I can do?” Yuuri questioned. “Maybe birth your future babies? Be a living sex toy to you, once I got my heat? What?”

Victor had never felt so insulted. Yuuri meant everything to him. He had never been anything but respectful to him. “I can’t believe that you would actually think that…” He said as his voice cracked slightly.

Yuuri immediately felt as he had crossed a line. “Victor, I…”

“I need to get out of here.” Victor said abruptly and patted the side of his thigh so that Makkachin would follow him.

“Victor, wait…” Yuuri pleaded.

Victor didn’t. He simply took Makkachin and went out in the cold Hasetsu weather, hoping that a long walk could somehow fix his broken heart.

Chapter End Notes

Poor boys... <3 Let's hope they'll work things out <3<3

Love you all <3 Thank you for all the encouragement and kind words you've given me these past days <3<3 It really helped... <3<3 Let's just hope that the hate comments keep to a minimum, so no other chapters have to be deleted... <3 It will only be less reading material for everyone... <3 And eventually there won't even be a story to read...
\_(-(_´ω`)_/)

So, yeah. Let's hope for the best! <3

*Throws kudos bomb*
Chapter 69

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor deals with the aftermath of their fight.

Chapter Notes

*Dies from writing too much too fast*

But I hope you'll like it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri took a few deep, calming breaths, to soothe his temper completely before going after his mate.

“Victor!” He called as he rushed out of his room, just in time to see the front door slam shut.

“What’s going on?” Mari asked worriedly as she peeked out from the living room.

Yuuri drew in a few short breaths as he felt an oncoming panic attack creeping up on him. “I…” He stuttered out nervously. “I-I need… I need to go a-after him.”

Yuuri was ready to run outside after his mate, with no shoes or jacket, when Mari grabbed his arm and pulled him back inside. “Are you crazy?” She questioned. “You’re not going anywhere like that.”

“Let me go.” Yuuri demanded. “I need to find him.”

“What happened between you two?” Mari asked, trying to keep her tone gentle.

“I need to find Victor.” Yuuri muttered as he looked to the door. His breaths were growing shorter and more painful as seconds passed.

Mari frowned worriedly, as her little brother was going into a full-blown panic mode. “Yuuri, calm down.” She alpha commanded.

Yuuri was able to breathe again. But as he was able to think straight, he couldn’t stop tears from falling down his eyes.

“Yuuri? What happened?” Mari asked, for what felt like the millionth time.

Yuuri just sniffled helplessly. “I… I hurt him…” He said as tears kept falling. “…Really bad.”

“I’m sure he just needs to calm down.” Mari said. “You should too. Then you can both talk it out when he comes back.”

“What if he doesn’t come back?” Yuuri asked desperately. “What if he leaves for good? What if he
"He won’t think that.” Mari assured. “And he’ll come back… Can’t you use the bond or something to reach out and apologize?”

Yuuri shook his head. “It doesn’t work like that.” Yuuri cried as he tried to pull himself free without success. “He’s blocking me, I can’t reach him.”

“You can block each other?” Mari asked in disbelief.

Yuuri just kept tugging on his arm. “Let me go.” He pleaded.

Mari looked to the darkness and snowstorm outside. She couldn’t allow Yuuri to go out in that.

“You should stay inside.” She said gently. “I can go out and get him.”

“What?” Yuuri half-shouted. “He’s my mate. I’m going.”

Mari rolled her eyes in annoyance. “Yuuri, stay inside and calm down.” She alpha commanded.

Yuuri stiffened immediately.

Mari nodded in approval and got her jacket. “I’ll be back soon. Don’t do anything stupid.”

Victor shuffled his feet in the snow as he walked in the evening darkness. He made his way to the more central part of Hasetsu and enjoyed the sights of Christmas lights even though it was only the end of November.

He was still feeling heartbroken over Yuuri’s words. How couldn’t he understand that Victor only wanted to protect him? Had he failed that badly?

His life’s purpose was to make Yuuri feel as happy and loved as possible. But Yuuri apparently thought that Victor was just waiting for his heat or something so he could enslave him and turn him into some kind of cattle.

How did he even come to that conclusion?

What had he done for Yuuri to believe that he was such a monster?

Victor knew that Yuuri regretted his words as soon as he said them, but that didn’t make it hurt any less.

What hurt the most was the fact that Yuuri had actually been thinking like that at all.

Hadn’t Victor worked way too hard these past sixteen years to make him understand that their love had no boundaries? That he loved him regardless of gender, secondary gender, color or species?

Yuuri could be a blue, alien unicorn, and Victor would still love home him across the galaxies and back.

How could he make Yuuri see that?

Makkachin’s whine suddenly brought him back to reality. His adorable poodle knew that something was wrong, and he was showing his everlasting support.
“I don’t know what to do, buddy…” Victor told his poodle. “I can’t seem to get it right…”

Makkachin bumped his head into Victor’s thigh in an attempt to cheer him up.

“Thank you.” Victor smiled gently at his dog while releasing a sigh of defeat. “I don’t even have a birthday gift for him…”

Makkachin huffed and looked around the different shops they walked past. Victor hoped that it was an attempt to help him find something for his soulmate.

He could feel Yuuri trying to reach through to him. But Victor didn’t trust himself right now. And he couldn’t bare the idea of possibly making it worse. So it was better for everyone if he isolated himself until he felt better.

At least he had Makkachin.

As if on cue, Makkachin suddenly barked and jumped up against a store window.

Victor looked up and his eyes widened.

It was the perfect birthday gift.

Yuuri felt like he was dying. Mari’s attempt to calm him down had been futile, and his omega conscience was slowly eating him alive.

How could he say that to Victor?

Victor was the most amazing person in the world. And Yuuri had somehow managed to accuse him of being the worst.

“Yuuri? Is everything okay?” Hiroko suddenly asked as she found her son curled up in a corner by the front door.

Yuuri shook his head as more tears fell from his eyes.

“Where is Victor?” Hiroko asked as she looked around the hallway. The only one around besides Yuuri was Vicchan, and he couldn’t really explain what happened. All he did was trying to climb up in Yuuri’s lap without success.

Yuuri only cried harder at the mention of Victor’s name.

Hiroko turned worried immediately. “Did he hurt you?” She asked seriously.

Yuuri cried impossibly harder and shook his head again.

“Yuuri, please calm down.” Hiroko pleaded. “You’re not going to be able to breathe…”

Breathing was the last thing Yuuri worried about. He had possibly pushed away his only true mate for good. He was going to spend the rest of his life alone and unloved. There was no way that Victor would possibly forgive him.

“Yuuri?” Hiroko prodded gently.

Yuuri didn’t hear her. The past conversation between him and Victor was screaming repeatedly in his head, blocking out everything else.
“Yuuri?” Hiroko tried again.

“Honey? What’s wrong?” Toshiya suddenly asked as he found his wife and son sitting in a corner.

“I think Yuuri and Victor had a fight…” She said sadly.

Toshiya looked around in confusion. “Where is he?”

Hiroko shook her head sadly and turned back to her son. “Yuuri, please take a deep breath and tell us what happened.”

Yuuri didn’t even react to her plea. He just started shivering out of exhaustion from not being able to breathe.

“Is he reaching out?” Toshiya asked hopefully.

Hiroko rubbed her son’s back sympathetically. “Breathe, love…” She instructed gently.

Yuuri didn’t, instead he started hiccupping and coughing in an attempt to get air to his lungs.

Hiroko felt tears stinging her own eyes, as she helplessly watched her son going into a panic attack. “He won’t listen to me…” She sniffled.

Toshiya walked forward and draped his arm around his wife and tried to contact his son himself without success. “I don’t think he listens to anyone right now.” He said sadly. “All we can do right now, is to either hope for him to calm down on his own, or hope for Victor to come back… Hopefully soon.”

Victor walked out of the store with a proud smile.

He had gotten a gift for his mate and it was absolutely perfect.

Not too expensive, but still expensive enough to make a point in how important Yuuri truly was to him.

It really was a perfect gift.

Victor smiled to Makkachin and decided to make his way back to Yu-Topia so that he and Yuuri could talk things out, and he could show Yuuri just how wrong he was about him.

But when Victor was halfway back, someone suddenly slapped him on the back of his head.

He quickly turned around and came face to face with Yuuri’s furious sister.

“What the hell, Victor?” Mari snapped angrily. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you, where the hell were you?”

Victor felt like he wanted to shrink before her. “Uhm… I got Yuuri his birthday gift.” He said worriedly. “Why? What’s wrong? Why were you looking for me?” He felt his heart raising as his mind quickly jumped to the worst conclusions.

Mari’s clenched her fist. “You left my little brother in the middle of a panic attack to get him a fucking gift?” She questioned.

Victor felt his heart breaking. “Yuuri had a panic attack?”
Mari sighed and released her fist. “Just… Come on.” She said instead and started leading the way back to Yu-Topia.

Victor started panic as well, and quickly answered the attempts Yuuri had made to reach him.

What he found in his soulmate was something he never wanted to find ever again.

Yuuri was so hurt and sad, that Victor had an extremely hard time to even figure out how deep it went. He could hear Yuuri’s voice muttering apologies over the bond, but it wasn’t directed to anything in particular. It was more like a mantra. And Victor needed it to stop.

He immediately sped up his pace, going past Mari and almost tripping over his own feet in his rush to get to his mate.

What was he thinking? Leaving Yuuri when he needed him, ignoring his cries for help.

Victor was definitely proving himself to be a horrible mate.

His acting had hurt the most important person in the world to him.

Yuuri was scared and hurt.

And it was his fault.

So he had to make it right.

Victor practically slammed the door open as he finally reached Yu-Topia, and the first thing that alerted him that something was wrong, was Yuuri gasping for air on the floor.

Victor felt his heart break even more as he noticed how Yuuri was literally shaking with the force of his sobs.

“Yuuri?” Victor said gently and crouched down in front of Yuuri, before carefully moving closer.

Hiroko backed away immediately and allowed Victor full room to make an attempt to reach her son.

Victor frowned when Yuuri didn’t seem to hear him either. “Yuuri, I’m here.” He tried for the fifth time. “I’m so sorry.”

Yuuri hiccupped before finally looking up slowly.

If Victor’s heart was already broken, it must have turned to dust when he finally saw Yuuri’s face, he looked so scared and heartbroken.

Victor was sad, but Yuuri was devastated.

And Yuuri should never be devastated, especially not because of him.

“V-Victor?” Yuuri stuttered out, almost like he didn’t even believe his own eyes.

“I’m here.” Victor assured. “I’m right here.”

Yuuri didn’t waste any more time before throwing his arms around Victor and holding on to him for dear life. “I’m so s-sorry, Victor…” He sniffled brokenly. “I’m so sorry, I… I didn’t mean it… I’m so sorry. Please don’t hate me. I’m so sorry.”
Victor had no idea how to comfort him. Yuuri had never been so crushed before. So Victor just hugged him tight and did his best to reassure him. Telling him that he wasn’t mad, that it wasn’t Yuuri’s fault, and that he forgave him, but Yuuri still refused to calm down.

So Victor released some relaxing alpha pheromones, it had helped before, Victor only hoped that it was enough this time as well.

It seemed to do wonders for Yuuri’s breathing, as it slowly evened out, and he could finally breathe again, even though the tears kept coming.

Victor had never felt this guilty before.

Why did he leave like that? And why had he ignored Yuuri and allowed all of this to happen?

Yuuri was crushed because of him.

“I’m so sorry for leaving.” Victor murmured softly against him. “I should have stayed and we should have talked it out.”

Yuuri pressed closer to him. “Please don’t leave me again…” He sniffled. “Please…?”

Victor nodded against his mate’s shoulder. “I won’t…” He promised. “Never.”

After a few hours, Yuuri had finally calmed down enough to make sense again. But he still refused to let go of Victor. He was practically growing attached to him. Not that Victor minded. He also felt comfort in the fact that Yuuri didn’t hate him.

But even though Yuuri seemed to have forgiven him. Victor still had a very hard time with forgiving himself.

“What are you thinking about?” Yuuri asked quietly. His voice was still horse after all the crying.

Victor felt his heart crack slightly at the sound. “I’m worried about you.” Victor said honestly. “I feel so bad for hurting you like that.”

“It wasn’t your fault.” Yuuri quickly assured. “You didn’t hurt me, I hurt myself.”

“But I shouldn’t have left and ignored you like that.” Victor pointed out. “That was so awful of me.”

“I don’t blame you.” Yuuri said sadly. “I was horrible. I hurt you…” Tears began to form in his eyes again, and they started to spill on his bed before he had a chance to stop them. “I’m a horrible human being…”

“Yuuri, of course you’re not.” Victor said in disbelief. “You lost your temper. You’re a teenager. That’s what teenagers do… When I was fifteen, I told my dad to go to hell for cleaning the bathroom and moving my hair products around so I mistook his foot cream for my hair conditioner.”

“That’s very different.” Yuuri pointed out. “You would never say that to me.”

“I did push you.” Victor admitted. “I kept what I was doing from you. And I voiced my thoughts very poorly. But I want you to know that I had no ill intentions.”

“I know you didn’t.” Yuuri assured. “I was just upset about what Mari told me earlier, and the way I’m treated in general. And I think that my insecurities got the better of me, and I thought that you wanted to treat me like everyone else.”
Something in there didn’t sound right to Victor, and he immediately needed clarification. “What do you mean ‘the way you’re treated in general’? Victor questioned seriously. “Are people treating you bad?”

Yuuri shrugged sadly and averted his gaze. “I’m an omega.” He stated. “My family don’t want to let me out of their sights, my classmates are practically hovering over me like I’m some kind of research project, the ISU keeps sending me emails that tries to convince me to wear a helmet in the next competition, they even sent one to me for free, Everyone is questioning everything I do. If it’s good or bad for my health and how it’s going to reflect on them for letting me do it… I’m just worried that it will grow worse. And soon enough I will live in a padded room in a straightjacket, while someone stands by to guard me.”

Victor had no idea that Yuuri had so much on his mind. No wonder he finally snapped. “I would never let that happen to you.” He promised. “Your happiness is what’s most important to me. Which is why I allow you to do so stupid things. Like going swimming in the ocean on a windy day. Or allowing you to compete in a very dangerous sport.”

“I know…” Yuuri nodded in agreement. “Which is why it was so unfair of me to snap at you… I know you love me, and I know you would never do anything like that to me. I was just projecting my own fears over to you.”

“That’s okay.” Victor said gently. “I just wish you would have told me about this sooner. I would have helped you. You shouldn’t have to carry those thoughts alone.”

Yuuri went silent for a moment, contemplating his words. “I felt stupid.” He admitted. “And I didn’t want to be the kind of person that runs crying to my alpha every time I have a problem. I mean, you never turn to me for help…”

“That’s because I never really have any problems.” Victor explained. “My biggest problems are what I’m going to have for dinner, or which assignment I should start working on in school, or sometimes how I should arrange my skating routines, but I turn to you for help with all of those things.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

Victor nodded. “If I had any more problems, I would always share them with you.”

Yuuri felt his heart twist with guilt.

“What are you thinking about?” Victor asked.

“I just feel horrible.” Yuuri admitted. “For keeping things from you…”

“Don’t feel horrible.” Victor pleaded. “I mean, I’m also keeping things from you. Not big things, but still things.”

“What kind of things?” Yuuri asked.

Victor thought about his answer for a little while. “Like, what I got for your birthday.” He said sheepishly. “Or my ideas for next year’s skating season, things like that.”

“That’s nothing.” Yuuri protested. Compared to his obsession with taking down Victor’s creepy fan clubs, it really was nothing.

“So what kind of things are you keeping from me?” Victor questioned, slightly intrigued.
Yuuri’s face turned dark immediately. “I don’t want you to know.” He stated. “You will be happier if you never find out.”

“Is it about you?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head.

“Is it about your family?” Victor prodded. “Your friends?”

“No, and stop guessing, you really don’t want to know.” Yuuri declared.

“But I want to help you.” Victor said. “In any way I can.”

“I don’t deserve to be helped.” Yuuri exclaimed, without really thinking about how honest he was.

Victor tensed immediately. “Yuuri. I want you to really listen to me, because this is very serious to me.” He said with no room for arguments. “You are not allowed to think that you don’t deserve to be helped, because you do. No one deserves to suffer in silence. You are not alone, and I am here for you. Now and forever, with whatever you need. You are my soulmate and I refuse to allow you to feel like this.”

Yuuri didn’t know how to respond.

Victor took a deep breath to soothe his flaring temper, before suddenly thinking of something. “Yuuri, have you ever heard of bonding-marks?” He asked.

Yuuri shook his head.

“It’s almost like a soul-bond. He explained. “But physical instead of spiritual. A lot of people who decide to mate for life use it was a way to stay connected to one another. It’s very common in Russia.”

Yuuri stayed silent to hear the rest.

“My parents decided to do it after they got married, since they tended to be so over-protective of each other, that they were neglecting themselves.” Victor explained. “The physical bond-mark makes them see each other through the other one’s eyes. And I’m not saying that we should do it today or ever, if you don’t want to. But I think that we might need it. Especially you.”

Yuuri was just about to protest when Victor continued. “Please, hear me out.” He pleaded.

Yuuri let out a sigh of defeat and did as told.

“You have been a true mate from the moment you were born. And a part about being a true mate is to have the instincts to care for the soulmate. You were born with that. You never got a chance to only have the instincts to care for yourself.” Victor stated. “And you’re also an omega, which only doubles your caring instincts. And I think that it’s making you neglect yourself.”

Yuuri couldn’t exactly argue with that. It was far from the first time he heard it. “How does it work? To get one?”

“Well, the classical way is to bite down on the scent gland on the neck, hard enough to draw blood.” Victor explained carefully.

Yuuri cringed at the idea. “Won’t that hurt?”
“I don’t know.” Victor admitted. “My parents said it wasn’t worse than getting a syringe shot.”

“What if we bleed out?” Yuuri asked.

“It will apparently heal immediately.” Victor assured. “Leaving nothing but a light scar behind.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

“But we should wait until you’re older.” Victor suddenly declared. “You’re still only fifteen.”

Yuuri glanced at the clock. “Actually…”

Victor’s eyes immediately snapped to the clock. “Oh my god, happy birthday, love!” He exclaimed as he noticed that it was five minutes past midnight.

Yuuri smiled slightly. “Thank you.”

“I’m getting your present right now.” He declared. “Mine will be the first present you open as a sixteen-year-old.”

Yuuri felt Victor moving away, so he immediately tightened his grip.

“I’m not leaving.” Victor gently reassured his mate. “I’m just getting my bag, it’s under the bed…”

Yuuri nodded carefully and released Victor enough for him to fetch what he wanted.

Victor pulled his bag up quickly and pulled out a neatly wrapped present. “You’re going to have to release me, if you’re going to be able to open it.” Victor smiled lovingly while waving the present in front of his mate.

Yuuri reluctantly released his mate all together and accepted the golden package from Victor. He then sat up straighter, so he could give it all of his attention.

Victor did the same, and looked at Yuuri and his present expectantly.

Yuuri carefully peeled the tape off from the side of the package. It was very small which was a surprise, considering that it was from Victor.

When Yuuri finally got the wrapper taken off, he was left with a small book with the text ‘the world in your hands’.

“Victor, what is this?” Yuuri asked in confusion.

“It’s the world.” Victor beamed.

That did little to remove Yuuri’s confusion, so Victor decided to continue. “It’s a journey for two.” He elaborated. “To every single country in the world.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened.

“It’s valid for ten years.” Victor smiled proudly. “So by the time you’re twenty-six, you will have seen everything you want.”

Yuuri threw his arms around his mate as his eyes once again filled with tears. He was surprised he wasn’t completely dried out by now. “I love it, Victor.” He said with as much love and gratefulness as he could possibly possess. “Thank you so much.”
“I’m so glad you liked it.” Victor smiled as he hugged Yuuri back tightly. “You deserve it.” He said honestly. Yuuri did deserve so much more, but at least this was a good start. “You deserve the world.”

Chapter End Notes

It's almost 6am, and I couldn't put my laptop aside as inspiration struck me like a lightning... So I wrote 11 pages in the spam of 5 hours. *Applauding myself* It's probably filled with typos and all kind of weird shit, so let me know if you find any of those, so I can correct it tomorrow when I wake up <3

Until then, I hope you liked it <3 And thank you so much for reading <3

Kudos to all <3

Chapter 70

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor spends Victor's birthday and Christmas together in Canada.

Chapter Notes

It's been a while, I've been busy with Christmas, and today was my first day off in about a week or something. So I managed to throw this together. In Sweden we celebrate Christmas December 24. So I did my celebrating yesterday <3

I hope you had, or will have a wonderful Christmas, wherever you are in the world <3<3 And I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri was frustrated, to say the least…

He was going to Canada tomorrow for Victor’s birthday and The Grand prix final, along with Minako, but he still hadn’t found a gift that was good enough for Victor’s birthday. At least nothing that he could afford.

His mate deserved the best, and Yuuri intended to give it to him.

Victor had to celebrate his birthday during the Grand prix, the day of the short program to be exact. Not that Victor minded, but that meant that they wouldn’t have that much time to celebrate him. They would go out after the competition and see the Christmas parade that strolled through the city of Toronto.

Yuuri wasn’t scared of Santa anymore, so that wouldn’t be a problem. He was sixteen after all, and far too old to be scared of something as stupid as Santa.

Yuuri saw him literally everywhere when he won gold in juniors in America. Americans really loved that creepy bearded man.

But Yuuri had conquered his fear, claimed another gold medal to his name, and crushed all of Victor’s old high scores.

Victor was so proud of him.

But now it was Victor’s turn to shine, and Yuuri would have to find good ways to spoil his wonderful boyfriend, who would probably be exhausted after competing.

Victor took a deep breath of Toronto Air, when he finally got off the plane after many hours in the air.
Yuuri’s flight landed in twenty minutes, according to the wonderful schedule that he and Yuuri had managed to craft together.

Yakov looked at his wristwatch thoughtfully, before turning back to Victor with a worried frown. “You didn’t mention anything about this skating event on the Internet, right?”

“No, I didn’t.” Victor assured. “But everyone following figure skating, will probably know where I am.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “As long as we won’t have a repeat of the Rostelecom cup.”

“They were local.” Victor pointed out. “I doubt that my international fans will go through the trouble of chasing me around in Toronto.”

Yakov’s frown didn’t lessen, but he did seem to let go of the argument. “Well, at least there are none of your fans at the airport.”

Victor hummed in agreement. His fans had started to get slightly out of hand, ever since his parents released their new campaign were Victor agreed to act a little bit in the commercial.

His parent’s company had created a new perfume brand, and all of the profited money would go to saving the world from climate change.

It was a great cause, which is why Victor had agreed to help. But he had no idea that it would be such a big success, and he would get fans for other things than figure skating.

He even had to delete his twitter account to keep Yuuri away from everything.

Yuuri understood, but he didn’t like it. He admitted that he was worried about Victor, and that he was starting to dislike his fans because of everything they took away from him.

Victor had assured him that it was just a phase, and that his fans would disappear the second that some other billionaire spawn stepped into the spotlight.

Yuuri had just made a sound of skepticism, before Victor quickly changed the subject to avoid increasing his mate’s worry.

“Are you sure it’s a good idea to be seen with Yuuri in public at the moment?” Yakov suddenly asked. “I don’t want him to be chased back to Japan by paparazzi looking for a scoop on you.”

Victor hadn’t even thought about that. But on the other hand, he refused to be the reason why he and Yuuri weren’t together.

He couldn’t allow his fans to push them away from each other.

“If anyone finds out about him, I’ll pay them to keep quiet.” Victor declared. “I won’t let anyone find out about him until he’s older.”

“Victor, most of your fans already know about him.” Yakov stated. “It’s only a matter of time before your status as true mates gets leaked over the world. All it takes is one reporter, desperate to break through and be relevant, publishing an article that will let the whole world know.”

“Yuuri is an omega.” Victor pointed out. “Any reporter willing to put him in danger, will definitely lose their job the second the story gets published.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “Some people only care about a moment in the spotlight.”
“We’ll be careful.” Victor promised. “I won’t let him get hurt.”

“I know.” Yakov assured. “Careful is all I ask.” He stood quiet and stoic for several minutes before allowing his guard to crumble slightly. “I don’t want anything to happen to you two… I…” He seemed to have some trouble with allowing his emotions to be spoken. “I care about you…” He finally admitted.

Victor grinned from ear to ear. His coach rarely spoke like that. It was a very rare occurrence. “We love you too, Yakov.”

Yakov looked like he was about to protest, but he just sighed instead. “Isn’t that Yuuri’s plane?” He asked.

Victor looked to the board, and searched out Yuuri’s gate before taking off.

“I’m not even going to try…” Yakov grumbled to himself as he watched his protégé running away to meet his true mate as fast as his legs would carry him. “…As long as you stay safe…”

………………………………

“Are you sure that there aren’t any skaters my age this season?” Minako pouted as they waked out of the plane.

Yuuri stopped listening the second Victor reached out and told him that he was right outside the gate.

“You’re not even listening to me, are you?” Minako asked, unimpressed.

“Sounds great.” Yuuri said distractedly.

His mind only had that one thought until he was finally reunited with the love of his life.

Minako didn’t even bother. So she just settled in with watching over Yuuri and his boyfriend like she was supposed to.

“Hi, Yuuri.” Victor greeted with a quick kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “Did you miss me?”

Yuuri immediately corrected Victor by claiming his lips. “I did.” He admitted after pulling away. “I missed you a lot.”

Victor smiled down at him and hugged him once again. “I missed you too.”

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Back at the hotel, Yuuri placed a bag inside one of the closets.

“What’s that?” Victor asked curiously.

Yuuri closed the door quickly. “You’ll see tomorrow.” He said with a smile so adorable that Victor almost fainted.

“I forgot about your powers.” Victor exclaimed dramatically and sat down in the bed.


“That you can kill me with nothing but a smile.” Victor explained. “If it wasn’t for the fact that ‘death by cuteness’ is the best kind of death, I would probably be worried.”

“I’m not even that cute.” Yuuri protested with a shy smile. “You will survive.”
“Have you seen you?” Victor exclaimed. “You are the most adorable creature that has ever walked upon this earth. I stand no chance of surviving.”

“Why do you think I’m so cute?” Yuuri asked curiously. “I didn’t even do anything special.”

“I’m so glad you asked.” Victor beamed and pulled out a piece of folded paper from his pocket. “One hundred and five things, that makes Yuuri Katsuki adorable.” He read out loud.

“You made a list?” Yuuri asked in pure shock.

“Number one, his sparkling brown eyes.” Victor continued. “Number two, his amazing, blinding smile, brighter than a thousand suns. Number three, the blush the spread across his cheeks like a rose in the autumn…”

“Victor, stop.” Yuuri exclaimed. “You really made a list of one hundred and five things?”

Victor nodded and gave his list to Yuuri.

Yuuri skimmed over it with wide eyes. There really were one hundred and five things on that list. “The way my eyelids flutter when I’m dreaming?” Yuuri questioned in disbelief. “Victor, why did you make this list?”

“Why not?” Victor quipped.

“Because…” Yuuri trailed off. “The way I bite my lip when I’m concentrated? Do I do that?”

Victor smiled dreamingly. “It’s so cute.”

“Victor, this is a list of me just existing,” Yuuri pointed out. “I don’t do anything even remotely close to cute.”

“Everything you do is cute to me.” Victor declared. “You’re always the cutest when you don’t try.”

“Have you even seen me when I do try?” Yuuri asked fondly.

“Please, I wouldn’t survive a second of it.” Victor said dramatically.

Yuuri saw it as a challenge somehow and blinked up to Victor while channeling his inner omega. “Vitya…” He said softly,

Victor held his breath. His heart must have stopped, because everything was suddenly so quiet.

“You are so big and strong…” Yuuri said even softer, eyes growing impossibly big and sparkling. “You are the bestest alpha in the whole wide world…” He moved closer to Victor and placed a gentle hand in the middle of his chest. “I love you with my whole heart.”

Victor died.

………………………….

Yuuri managed to bring his mate back to life, and they suddenly found themselves walking the streets of Toronto, taking in the Christmas decorations together.

Yuuri cringed every time he saw a man dressed up as Santa, but he took pride in the fact that he didn’t flinch. Victor didn’t even notice them. He just walked excitedly and pointed to different stores and street stands. Talking about getting Yuuri a Christmas present.
Yuuri hugged Victor’s arm closer when they walked past a store that sold Santa costumes. That managed to get Victor’s attention.

“Are you okay, love?” Victor asked in concern.

“Of course.” Yuuri quickly assured with a confident smile.

“Are you sure?” Victor prodded. “You seem… Nervous.” He was worried that Yuuri might be keeping an eye out for his fans. He didn’t want Yuuri to worry about things like that. He should be able to relax when they were together in public, without being afraid.

“I’m not nervous.” Yuuri stated with as much confident as he could possess.

That’s the moment a very drunk man wobbled out from an alley, dressed as Santa. That made Yuuri grab Victor tighter and pull him back.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked worriedly, keeping all of his attention on Yuuri.

“Ho, ho, ho, merry Christmas.” The man slurred, dropping his bottle to the ground so shards of glass ended up everywhere.

Victor immediately tensed up.

“Can we go back to the hotel?” Yuuri asked quietly. He felt so embarrassed about being so scared. He was sixteen. It was ridiculous. “Please?”

Victor nodded as realization dawned on him. Yuuri was scared of Santa, how could he not notice it? “Of course.” He said with an assuring smile.

That’s when he felt a sudden hand on his shoulder. “Aren’t you the guy that hugged a penguin?” The man slurred to him, his breath reeked of beer.

“I’m afraid you must have me confused.” Victor said politely, pushing Yuuri behind himself instinctively. That man was not going to put his hands on his mate.

“That’s when he felt a sudden hand on his shoulder. “Aren’t you the guy that hugged a penguin?” The man slurred to him, his breath reeked of beer.

“I’m afraid you must have me confused.” Victor said politely, pushing Yuuri behind himself instinctively. That man was not going to put his hands on his mate.

“You are right there…” The man said and pointed to a billboard across the street. It was a billboard of Victor surrounded by penguins and a giant bottle of perfume standing next to him.

Victor turned to it, cursing his parents campaign. “He sure looks like me.” Victor said. “But I need to go.”

The man tightened his grip of his shoulder. “You’re cute.” He said with a wolfish grin.

Victor had enough of that man, so he grabbed his wrist and twisted it before pushing him back.

The man gasped in pain and surprise while looking at Victor in disbelief.

“Come on, Yuuri.” Victor said seriously as he took Yuuri’s hand and tugged on it lightly to pull him along. “Let’s go.”

Yuuri however, was not so easily swayed, and he was practically fuming with anger while glaring at the drunken man who was currently examining his own wrist.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked as he noticed his mate’s angry expression. “Let’s go.”
Yuuri shook his head. He didn’t want to let that man get away with putting his hands on Victor like that. Yuuri barely even believed it when he saw it. Things like that weren’t allowed to happen.

Victor frowned worriedly. He needed to get Yuuri away from that man. “Yuuri.” He said urgently. “Let’s go.”

Yuuri felt his whole body deflate in defeat. He didn’t know what else to do except listening to Victor.

A part of him wanted to make that man pay, punch him in the face or push him into a hole filled with snow. But he knew that he couldn’t do it. He didn’t have it in himself to physically hurt someone else, especially not when that man was already so pathetic.

So Yuuri followed his mate reluctantly, hating himself for not doing anything.

“Yuuri, let it go.” Victor pleaded. “He is definitely not worth your thoughts.”

“He touched you.” Yuuri stated angrily.

“Barely.” Victor assured. “And he was a drunk fool, probably homeless and a alcoholic.”

“He called you cute.” Yuuri continued. “I shouldn’t have allowed him to get away with that.”

“You did the right thing.” Victor said gently. “I don’t know what I would have done if you hurt your hand on his stupid face.”

Yuuri knew Victor had a point. If he ended up in a fight with some drunk, creepy man, Victor would definitely inflict severe damage to the threat. And that wouldn’t be worth Victor’s injured hands. “Stupid, creepy Santa…” He grumbled instead.

Victor smiled sympathetically to his mate. “If it’s any comfort, I think I see why you find Santa creepy.” He said in an attempt to cheer Yuuri up. “A beard that long can surely not be hygienic.”

Yuuri snorted at that. It wasn’t any comfort, but it was ridiculous enough to cheer him up.

“Well, unless he washes it regularly…” Victor continued thoughtfully. “Could you imagine how gross it would be to get lice in a beard?”

Yuuri cringed at that.

“How it itches and the tiny bugs bite the skin on your cheeks…” Victor mused as he noticed Yuuri’s expression. “How skin falls off and…”

“Please stop!” Yuuri exclaimed, covering his ears.

Victor laughed all the way back to the hotel.

………………………………

The next day, it was Victor’s birthday.

Yuuri woke him ups as carefully as he could. Brushing his bangs away from his forehead while whispering soft words of love.

Victor pretended to be asleep for much longer than necessary, only to have Yuuri continue for a few minutes more.
The thing that finally got him up was Yakov banging on their hotel room door, demanding that Victor needed to be dressed and ready to take off to the ice rink in less than one hour, unless he wanted to find a new coach for the grand prix final.

Empty threats, of course, but Victor thought that he would probably do best in not pushing his luck. Yakov had already lost most of his hair on the top of his head, and Victor didn’t want it to spread more than necessary.

Or Yakov would soon be running out of hats.

Well at the rink, Yuuri helped Victor warm up.

Since this was the last year that Victor was competing without Yuuri as a rival, he really wanted to soak in the memory of having Yuuri as his personal cheerleader. He was definitely the best.

“Do you need me to get you something?” Yuuri asked. “Water, protein bar…?”

“I just need you to stay close to me.” Victor smiled gently. “And maybe come up with a pep song…”

Yuuri chuckled at that. “Victor is the greatest skater, he will win the grand prix like a gladiator.”

Yuuri tried to rhyme in a song, to Victor’s utter delight.

“Wow!” Victor applauded him. “So beautiful.”

“No it wasn’t.” Yuuri laughed warmly. “That pep song deserves a consolation prize for being so bad.”

“It was amazing.” Victor assured. “And you have such a pretty voice. Are you sure that you don’t want a career as a singer? I know some great producers that…”

“Nope.” Yuuri halted his mate. “Stop that line of thought before you manage to get most of the world’s population to rip off their own ears in agony.”

“I would at least be happy.” Victor declared. “Hearing your voice everywhere. That would be heaven on earth…”

Yuuri shook his head fondly. Knowing better than to argue with his mate, but also knowing that it was never going to happen.

“Nikiforov, I see you brought the junior champion as your personal coach… Do I need to speak to the arrangers about possible cheating?” Chris suddenly asked with a wink. “You’re not giving all of your secrets away to your future competition, right, Yuuri?”

Yuuri smiled politely. “Well, that would be kind of hard, since Victor is my inspiration to skating, and he practically taught me everything I know.”

Chris chuckled gently. “So it seems like the student surpasses the master. I’m sure Victor will realize his dire mistake when you and I push him down to bronze next year, or what do you say?”

“I wish you both good luck with taking the gold medal from me.” Victor said confidently. “Maybe you forgot that Victor comes from Victory, as in ‘I will be the Victor of the Grand prix final next year’.”

“Well, I was looking for another one of your records to crush…” Yuuri mused. “Juniors was far too
easy, I’m coming for you here next.”

Victor beamed so brightly in hearing Yuuri so confident and playfully competitive. He was too precious. “I can barely wait…”

“It will be fun to see you two at either side of me when I win next year.” Chris smirked. “But at least you can get some practice tomorrow, Victor.” He continued. “As my routine blows you off the podium and back to the penguins.”

“How did my parents commercial end up in Switzerland?” Victor asked in disbelief.


Victor practically collapsed in the hotel bed as they came back from competitions and the Christmas parade.

He was completely exhausted.

“Do you want a bath?” Yuuri asked as he sat down next to him and started to rub his back in comfort.

Victor hummed in content. “That would be nice…”

Yuuri nodded and darted off into the bathroom to prepare a bath for his mate. Making sure that the temperature was perfect and it had enough bubbles.

He knew that Victor loved bubble baths, almost as much as bath bombs. He was a complete child when it came to water. He even asked if it was possible to make the onsen at Yu-topia pink.

Yuuri got so lost in thought that he didn’t even realize how steamy the bathroom got, before his glasses were completely covered in steam and impossible to use.

He took off his glasses and placed them in his pocket, before going out to get his mate.

Victor was half-asleep by the time Yuuri told him that his bath was ready. But he became wide-awake once he saw Yuuri watching over him without glasses. He was so handsome.

“Yuuri.” Victor gasped. “Or are you simply an angel here to take me to heaven after my mate accidently killed me with his inhuman beauty?”

“If I was an angel, would you leave your mate for me?” Yuuri asked, genuinely curious.

Victor thought for a moment, before shaking his head. “I’m afraid my mate would kill me if I did… He’s very jealous, and I don’t want to put unnecessary stress on him, I love him far too much for that.”

Yuuri smiled lovingly. “You sound like you are a very good mate to him.”

“I’m doing my best.” Victor admitted. “But he is definitely the better one.”

“It’s not a competition.” Yuuri chuckled fondly.

“Thank god.” Victor sighed in relief. “Or I would have been defeated the moment he was born.”

…………………………
After both Yuuri and Victor were clean and full from dinner, Yuuri decided that it was time to give Victor his birthday present.

“I’m sorry it’s not especially fancy.” Yuuri said sheepishly. “I didn’t have this much money after getting new skates and…”

Victor silenced Yuuri’s rambling with a kiss. “You are the greatest gift I could ever wish for.” He declared lovingly. “As long as I have you, I will never need anything else.”

Yuuri blushed heavily and moved back a little so Victor could open his birthday gift.

Victor opened it excitedly, until he was left with a golden medal with the inscription ‘#1 True mate’. He chuckled fondly as he re-read it for the fifth time.

“It’s not real gold.” Yuuri blurted. “But it was all I could afford.”

“I love it.” Victor quickly reassured his mate. “After all the gold medals I’ve won, this is by far my favorite.”

“Well, you do deserve it.” Yuuri pointed out as the blush on his cheeks darkened. “You are the most wonderful mate I could possibly imagine… And even better.”

“As are you.” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “I’m the luckiest alpha in the world.”

“And I’m the luckiest omega.” Yuuri smiled gently.

That’s when Victor’s eyes suddenly widened in horror. “I forgot to get you a Christmas present!” He exclaimed, eyes darting to the door.

“It’s okay.” Yuuri said immediately, squeezing Victor’s hand in reassurance. “I don’t need anything. Besides, I only got you a birthday present…”

“But I want to give you something.” Victor pouted. “What do you wish for?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Nothing in particular.”

“Something?” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri was silent for a long moment, before releasing a sigh of defeat. “You’re just going to say no.”

“Why would I say no?” Victor asked in disbelief. “How could I possibly deny my beautiful mate anything on the day of Christmas?”

Yuuri captured Victor’s eyes challengingly. “A bond bite.” He said seriously.

Victor held his breath.

“I read a lot about it.” Yuuri continued. “And I really want one. I want people to know that I’m yours.”

“I don’t know if I can do it…” Victor admitted. “I mean, it’s going to hurt.”

“Only for a second.” Yuuri pointed out. “Besides, I have omega skin, you won’t even have to put on that much pressure.”
Victor allowed the thought to be explored. He really wanted to be permanently marked by Yuuri as well. But was Yuuri really old enough to know what he actually wanted?

“You’re the only one I will ever want to bond with.” Yuuri declared. “And it’s safer for me, since if someone else try to force a bond to me, they will be poisoned by your bond mark, because of the ‘only one’ limitation.”

That was a good point to Victor. It really was safer. If some asshole thought that they could make Yuuri theirs, they would really be in for a fatal surprise. And it would also mean that Yuuri would also take better care of himself, since he would get so many of Victor’s emotions onto himself.

“I’ll do it.” Victor stated. “…On two condition.”

Yuuri sighed. Of course Victor would have conditions. “What are they?”

Victor smiled gently. “That you will give me one as well… And that you do it first.”

“Mark you?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “You want one too?”

“Of course.” Victor nodded. “I’ll take that as my Christmas present.”

“You do know that it will be twice as strong if we both do it?” Yuuri asked.

“I know.” Victor shrugged. “But my parents have it and they are completely fine. Complete dorks… But they were probably born that way.”

Yuuri chuckled a little at that. “Your parents are adorable.”

“That’s what they keep telling me.” Victor mused. “But you do know that having a bond mark will make you more mine, than your own parents. Are you sure that they will be okay with that?”

Yuuri thought about that for a few seconds before making up his mind. “Well, if they aren’t, I made the right choice by bonding with you.” He declared. “You are my soulmate, and I don’t think there is anyone else in the world that are more capable at taking care of me.”

Victor felt his heart swell at the declaration. “And you’re sure that you want this?”

Yuuri nodded. “More than anything.”

Victor shifted and took off his T-shirt to avoid getting blood on it.

Yuuri was momentarily stunned by Victor’s muscular torso, and forgot what he was supposed to do.

Victor noticed and couldn’t stop himself from laughing.

Yuuri blushed heavily. “I wasn’t…I mean…” He cleared his throat awkwardly as he trailed off.

“You’re so adorable.” Victor drawled and moved closer to his mate. “Just try to not hurt your teeth on my neck.”

Yuuri looked at his mate’s neck, and he suddenly felt very intimidated by it. He wasn’t sure if he could bite Victor hard enough to draw blood. “What if I bite into a vein?”

Victor snorted. “There are no veins by the scent gland.”

Yuuri nodded and sniffed carefully in order to find it, but as soon as he did, he felt his instincts kick
in, and all the sudden he was pulling away from Victor as something coppery touched his tongue.

“Wow.” Victor gasped as he pressed a towel to his bleeding neck. “You did so well.”

“Oh my god, Victor, I’m so sorry.” Yuuri apologized frantically. “I didn’t mean to bite that hard. Did I hurt you? How does it feel?”

“It feels amazing.” Victor assured. “Is it healing?” He asked as he took the towel away.

Yuuri watched in amazement how the bite mark slowly closed together, until no blood was able to escape. “How?”

“My body is protecting the mark.” Victor explained. “It will be left as a light scar until death do us part.”

Yuuri nodded carefully as he took the information in. “Do you feel different?”

Victor nodded. “A little.” He admitted. “I feel… Loved… It’s difficult to put into words.”

“Do you want to feel twice as loved?” Yuuri prodded gently.

Victor nodded. “But you should take off your shirt as well.” He said gently. “Blood stains are really hard to get off.”

Yuuri nodded and took his shirt off in one quick motion that managed to stun Victor.

Victor hadn’t seen Yuuri without a shirt in years, and he was completely shocked over how grown up Yuuri looked. Someone should make a statue of him.

Yuuri nodded to indicate that he was ready before exposing his neck to Victor.

Victor moved closer carefully, and started off with pressing a soft kiss to Yuuri’s neck.

Yuuri twitched slightly at the tickling sensation, before he felt a sudden sting that made his vision blur for a moment.

He then felt a towel being pressed to it, followed by Victor’s worried gaze looking him over. “Are you okay?”

Yuuri nodded. He felt that sensation that Victor was trying to describe, like he was being filled up with love. He didn’t even know that it was possible to feel like that. To feel so incredibly loved after such a simple action.

“I love you so much.” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s lips before examining the mark on his mate’s neck again. It seemed to be healing nicely.

Yuuri smiled happily as he saw how Victor’s mark was completely healed, and it made him feel so special to know that Victor would wear that mark to the end of their days.

Their love would now be visible for the outside world, and nothing could take that away from them.

They belonged to each other, now, and for the rest of time.

“I love you too, Victor.” Yuuri said honestly.

~Now, and forever~
Bonded boys~ <3<3<3 They grow up so fast <3

This chapter was all over the place, but I hope you liked it <3<3

Merry Christmas to you all <3<3 Or happy holidays! <3 (Since everyone doesn't celebrate Christmas but still deserves to be merry and happy)

PS: Sorry for rambling... <3

Kudos to you all <3<3

Also, I wrote a small continuation on Tumblr:
https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/post/166448892366/i-dont-know-how-many-of-you-are-reading-my-fanfic
Chapter 71

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor investigate their new bond.

Chapter Notes

I just wrote this real quick... <3 I know a lot of you want more from this story, and I'm sorry I'm not able to give it all to you <3 But If I would write down every single second of their lives, I wouldn't get anywhere, so just use your imagination to fill in what this story won't supply. It's going to be a long year before Yuuri turns seventeen and you will all regret begging for the heat to happen... It will be angsty, just saying... \_/\ A lot of pain for poor Yuuri, and no fun times at all... Just so you'll get that idea out of the way... XD

Anyways, I hope you'll like this chapter! <3

Yuuri had never felt as proud as he did the next day, when he saw Victor’s mark in his own reflection. Victor was still asleep in the nest, and Yuuri could feel his dreams, in a way, he felt how peacefully he slept, and he felt the rhythm of his breathing. He didn’t even have to reach out, it was just as if as Victor was right there, beside him.

They had never been closer.

He was so happy they did this.

He knew that Victor felt the same. There weren’t any doubts between them now, since everything they felt was out in the open between them.

It was strange, but in the best way. It was however weird to tell them apart. He wasn’t sure which thoughts and emotions belonged to him, and which belonged to Victor, but it felt better to know that Victor had the same problem, that meant that they would have to figure it out together.

And there was nothing Yuuri loved more.

Once Yuuri was done with admiring his own bite mark, he quietly snuck back inside their bedroom. He crawled into the nest carefully so he wouldn’t wake up his mate. There were still many hours before they had to wake up, and Yuuri intended to enjoy every single second he had.

Victor stirred slightly as Yuuri approached, but he didn’t wake up. He just reached for Yuuri in his sleep, and Yuuri was happy to lay himself closer to Victor and allowing the alpha to wrap him in his embrace.

He loved feeling so safe and protected. And it didn’t take long before he was lulled off in a
wonderful, blissful sleep.

Victor woke up ten minutes before his alarm went off, to the most beautiful sight in the universe.

Yuuri was sleeping completely entangled with him, arms and legs were everywhere, and Victor had lost the feeling in his left hand that was currently somewhere underneath Yuuri, but he couldn’t bother with missing it.

This was too perfect. If he had a hand or not, that was completely irrelevant in comparison.

He just held Yuuri slightly tighter and felt Yuuri nuzzling closer in response, the vibrations of his purring made Victor want to squeal in delight, but there was no way that he would be able to do so without waking Yuuri up. So he just settled for closing his eyes and enjoying the moment.

But just as he felt most comfortable, his alarm went off.

And it was loud enough to wake Yuuri up.

Yuuri shot up in bed, looking around the room in confusion.

Victor couldn’t stop himself from smiling at the sight. Yuuri was too adorable with ruffled hair and confused expression.

Victor would admire him all day if he were allowed to.

As Yuuri’s eyes found Victor, he immediately relaxed, and the confusion melted into an expression of pure content and sleepiness.

Victor felt as if he melted into a puddle in the bed, he lost all motivation to do anything but stare at Yuuri.

“Good morning, Victor.” Yuuri greeted as he tried to rub the tiredness out of his eyes without much success.

Victor immediately felt as if the distance between them was way too far and decided to change it by sweeping Yuuri into his embrace and hugging him close as they both fell into a heap in the nest.

Yuuri laughed as they did, and Victor found immense happiness in the sound.

“I thought you needed to get ready.” Yuuri asked gently. “You know… For skating.”

“It can wait a few more minutes.” Victor said as he trailed kisses along Yuuri’s face. That’s when he suddenly caught sight of his mark on his mate’s neck and yesterday’s events caught up with him.

“Wow…” He sighed in awe and brushed his fingers across it. “It’s so beautiful.”

“So are yours.” Yuuri stated and mirrored Victor’s motion. They both got momentarily lost in each other’s eyes, until Yakov’s voice suddenly boomed through the entire hotel as he knocked on their door.

“Vitya, if you’re as much as ten seconds late today, I’ll send your parents my letter of resignation faster than you can say gold medal!” Yakov threatened before stomping away from the door.

“I think he’s still mad since yesterday.” Yuuri said thoughtfully.

“Don’t mind him…” Victor said gently and turned his attention back to Yuuri. “My parents will only
bribe him with higher salary and he’ll stay for a few more years.”

“Maybe you should apologize to him?” Yuuri offered as a solution. “I mean, leaving the rink without telling him was maybe not the best thing to do…”

“We told Minako.” Victor pointed out. “And I had my phone on. I couldn’t have known that he would search through the whole rink.”

“Still…” Yuuri said. “…He was probably really scared, and I think he deserve an apology… From both of us.”

“You definitely don’t need to apologize.” Victor assured. “You did absolutely nothing wrong. You just followed me out on our date.”

“I don’t mind apologizing.” Yuuri said with a shrug. “If it will make him feel better, it will be worth it.”

“How did you manage to become so sweet?” Victor asked in awe.

Yuuri blushed slightly. “I have a mate who really likes to give me sugar… I suppose it was only a matter of time before I became what I consume.”

Victor broke down in laughter.

Once they were ready to go, Yuuri suddenly felt slightly worried about Minako. How would she react to him and Victor being bonded? Hopefully she wouldn’t start assuming things.

Yuuri was suddenly taken off guard when a cap was suddenly pressed onto his head by his mate.

“It’s cold here.” Victor explained. “And you’re not catching a cold on my watch.” He finished his statement with wrapping a scarf around Yuuri’s neck and pulling up his zipper to the top.

“You don’t need to dress me.” Yuuri chuckled, his voice slightly muffled by the scarf.

“I know, but I want to.” Victor admitted. He felt unusually protective of his mate today. It might be because he would be going into rut in a week, and his hormones were acting up because of it.

Ever since he started taking suppressants, he only had a rut twice a year, but it lasted for two weeks and they were twice as strong.

But his protective instincts could also have something to do with their new bond. He really couldn’t tell, so it was best to warn his mate about it. “Let me know if I get too much.” He pleaded. “I’m feeling more protective of you today.”

Yuuri nodded and took off his scarf. “This might be too much.” He said and gave it back to Victor. Mostly because he wanted to show off Victor’s mark to the world, but also because it would be impossible to speak with his mate if his voice was constantly muffled by the soft fabric.

“Okay.” Victor relented and placed the scarf aside. He didn’t like that Yuuri’s neck and the bond was completely exposed to the cold, but it was Yuuri’s choice in the end. “But are you sure that you don’t want to wear a warmer shirt underneath that? It’s cold in the rink.”

“I’ll be fine.” Yuuri assured and adjusted the cap on his head.
Victor nodded in approval and opened the door for his mate.

Yuuri stepped outside before taking Victor’s hand.

And together they walked to the elevator so they could meet Yakov and Minako down in the lobby. But as soon as the elevator doors slid open on the ground floor, they suddenly heard the sound of screaming girls.

“What’s that?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor’s eyes widened with horror. He swore in Russian as he realized that his fans must have found him.

“I love you, Victor Nikiforov!” Someone screamed at the top of her lungs.

Yuuri huffed in annoyance and looked out the elevator, only to see an ocean of people outside the hotel windows.

Victor pushed Yuuri behind himself gently and pressed the elevator button frantically until it finally closed. He released a breath of relief once they did.

“Stupid commercial…” Victor grumbled and picked up his phone so he could call his coach.

“It’s not the commercial’s fault.” Yuuri pointed out. “Climate change didn’t make people crazy…”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at that. “But if my face wasn’t plastered all over the world, people wouldn’t have a reason to be crazy.”

“It’s not your fault that you have a pretty face.” Yuuri claimed. “People don’t have to stalk you for it.”

“I think they are less interested in my face and more interested in my parent’s bank account.” Victor pointed out.

Yuuri knew that Victor still didn’t know about all the fan pages on the Internet. And how much Victor was adored besides his money. There even was a page completely dedicated to Victor’s feet. Some people were crazy.

“What are you thinking about?” Victor asked as he could practically hear the wheels turning in his mate’s head.

“About a webpage that your fans created that’s dedicated to your feet.” Yuuri blurted before slamming his hand over his own mouth.

He did not intend to say that.

“What?” Victor asked in surprise. “There’s a webpage dedicated to my feet?”

Yuuri was ready to laugh it off as a joke, but he couldn’t find it within himself. “Yes.” He said against his will.

Victor noticed Yuuri’s look of despair. “What’s wrong?” He asked in concern.

“I can’t lie.” Yuuri admitted.
“You were going to lie to me?” Victor asked in disbelief.

“I just didn’t want you to know about all the webpages that your creepy fans have created for you.” Yuuri blurted again, he was ready to shove his face through the elevator wall to make himself shut up.

“What?” Victor asked in shock. “Yuuri… What…?” He was completely stunned.

“Please, alpha command me to shut up.” Yuuri pleaded.

“What? No. I’m not going to alpha command you to do anything.” Victor exclaimed.

“It’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “Mari does it all the time, it’s not a big deal.”

“She what?” Victor questioned. “Mari alpha commands you?”

Yuuri cursed the fact that they were stuck in an elevator with nowhere to run. “I knew you were going to get upset, which is why I haven’t told you.” Yuuri continued, praying for some higher power to stop him. “I’m doing things to protect you, which is why I don’t want you to know certain things. I never lie to you, unless it’s something that can potentially hurt you. I never want to be the cause of that.”

“Yuuri… I…” Victor started, but in that moment, the elevator doors slid open and Yakov and Minako stood there ready to greet them.

“Didn’t I tell you to meet me in the lobby?” Yakov asked, genuinely surprised.

“I have green hair.” Yuuri said seriously.

Everyone blinked at him in confusion.

Yuuri turned to Victor with a look of confusion. “I can lie to them, why can’t I lie to you?”

~Bond mark~ Victor suggested through their bond.

Realization struck Yuuri immediately. “Oh…”

“What’s going on?” Minako questioned. “You’re acting strange.”

Yuuri visibly flinched. “We’re not acting strange.” He protested. “You’re acting strange.”

“Me?” Minako asked in disbelief. “Why would I be acting strange, you’re the one who says your hair is green.”

“It was a joke.” Yuuri claimed.

“Why are we standing here arguing over hair?” Yakov exclaimed. “We’re supposed to be going to the ice rink.”

“Yakov, I tried to call you. The whole street outside is filled with fans.” Victor explained. “I can’t go out there, and I can’t let them see Yuuri.”

Yakov looked between the two boys as he took in the information. “They’re on the streets?” He questioned. “Not in the hotel itself or in the lobby?”

“No, but they are waiting by the doors and by the windows, ready to attack me if I try to step
outside.” Victor stated. “I would be fine with pushing through them if I was alone… But I’m not.”

Yuuri’s hairs stood on end at the mere idea of Victor doing something as dangerous as that. “You’re not doing it.” Yuuri declared, leaving no room for arguments. “You’re not putting yourself in that kind of danger, even if I’m not there.”

Victor blinked a few times before Yuuri’s feelings resonated to him, and he felt just how worried he was for him. “I won’t.” He promised. And he meant it. He didn’t want Yuuri to feel worried like that.

“No one is putting themselves in danger.” Yakov sighed tiredly. “Just stay here with Miss. Okukawa, and I’ll see if they have a backdoor in this place.”

Yuuri and Victor stepped out of the elevator and allowed Yakov to go down without them.

“So is anyone going to tell me why you’re acting so strange?” Minako questioned once the coach was heading down.

Yuuri looked to Victor in question.

~We might as well tell her~ Victor said thoughtfully. ~She’s going to figure it out eventually~

Yuuri wasn’t sure if he wanted to. It almost felt too personal.

It was weird, since a part of him wanted the whole world to know that he and Victor were bonded and soulmates, and that no one would even have a chance of snatching Victor away from him. While another part of him wanted it to be kept as a secret between just him and Victor.

And he had no idea how Minako would react to knowing about it. There was nothing she could do to change it, but her approval still meant a lot to him, and he wasn’t sure what to do if she got mad at him.

“Is everything okay?” Minako asked in concern as she looked Yuuri over and took in his worried expression. That’s when she suddenly noticed a red mark sticking up from behind the young boy’s shirt. “What’s that?” She asked and reached out.

Yuuri took an immediate step back, and felt Victor’s embrace practically waiting to protect him, as his mate’s arms wrapped around him like armor.

“Yuuri?” Minako asked in confusion. “Did you hurt yourself?” She turned to Victor. “Did he hurt himself?”

“Yuuri, it’s okay.” Victor murmured softly. “Why are you anxious? I’m right here. I’m not letting anything happen to you.”

Yuuri nodded against his mate’s chest as he took a deep breath before turning to his ballet teacher. “Me and Victor bonded.” He stated and pulled down his jacket enough for Minako to see the bite mark in all its glory.

Minako’s eyes widened with realization. “He marked you?” She questioned and turned to Victor. “You marked him?”

“He marked me too.” Victor explained and pulled down his own jacket to reveal Yuuri’s mark on his neck.
Minako shook his head in disbelief. “You’re both kids!” She exclaimed. “Marking isn’t done before marriage. And Yuuri, you’re only sixteen.”

“So?” Yuuri quipped. “We’re soulmates. It’s not like it matters in which order we do things. We’ll be together forever.”

Victor felt his heart soar in Yuuri speaking of them like that, so honest and brave.

“Your mom is going to kill me when she finds out what happened on my watch.” Minako whined. “Do I have to be worried about bi-effects? You will still be able to be apart and come back to Japan, right?”

“Of course.” Victor assured. “It will even be easier, since we will always be connected. We won’t even have to reach out to feel each other’s emotions.”

Minako nodded thoughtfully. “Well, as long as it’s not dangerous…” She grumbled. “I honestly don’t know enough about bond marks to know whether to praise you or scold you…”

“We’re fine.” Yuuri assured. “We both wanted this, and we both know what it means. It wasn’t impulsive. It was a decision we took as true mates.”

Minako sighed in defeat. “If you say so…”

“We wouldn’t do it, if it could be dangerous.” Victor chimed in. “My parents are bonded, and they say that it was one of the best things they’ve done. It helped them with a lot of issues that usually arise between true mates.”

“What kind of issues?” Minako questioned in disbelief.

Victor shrugged. “That depends on the couple.”

Minako decided not to prod anymore. Victor was an adult and Yuuri was almost an adult. What they decided to do in their relationship was really not any of her business. But that didn’t mean that she was looking forward to getting a long lecture from her childhood friend when they returned to Japan. “Well, if it will help you get along, I’m sure it’s fine.” She relented. “But if you suddenly decide to get married, at least give the rest of the world some warning. I really don’t want to miss something like that.”

“You won’t.” Yuuri assured. “I promise.”

Yakov managed to sneak all of them out of the hotel and to the ice rink without anyone getting attacked by fans or paparazzi’s. And when he noticed the bond marks on the two boys, he lost what little hair he had left on the top of his head.

But he couldn’t find it within himself to get mad after Victor gave him such a sincere apology from his behavior yesterday. And he definitely couldn’t get mad at Yuuri when he also apologized to him, with the world’s biggest eyes.

“It just wasn’t possible.”

So he did what he could and talked to photographers at the event about the situation. All he could hope was that no pictures would be leaked of the boys.

A bond mark on their necks would be very hard to wave off, especially since Yuuri was also a very
public person. He wasn’t famous like Victor was, but it wouldn’t take long before people realized
who he was, if someone would start to investigate.

But hopefully that wouldn’t happen…

Hopefully…

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully indeed… XD <3

Anyways, I'm moving on from this arc, they will have their whole lives to explore this
new bond... And it will definitely not be forgotten, but I'm doing a small time skip for
maybe 2-3 months... <3

I hope you're excited <3

See you next time <3 Kudos to all of you <3<3
Chapter 72

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor's relationship finally gets revealed.

Chapter Notes

Hi! <3 I hope you'll like this chapter! <3

The deleted chapter was nothing but self-promotion, so I took it down. See the end of the chapter for more details. <3<3

Yuuri woke up in the middle of the night, thinking that his phone was broken. It kept buzzing with no end. He grabbed it tiredly and gazed at the screen.

He was gaining twitter followers.

And not only twitter followers. People were emailing him. But he had no idea who they were.

After scrolling down a bit on social media, he came across a picture that put everything in place. And then there was an article, about him and Victor, containing that very picture.

‘Victor Nikiforov is exclusively dating figure skater Yuuri Katsuki’

Yuuri felt his breathing coming in short as he looked at the picture of him and Victor hugging each other after Victor won his gold medal.

Their bond marks were circled.

Their relationship had been made public.

Crap.

Yuuri did the first thing that came to mind, he speed dialed the only person who could calm him down or fix this.

Victor.

Victor had just thrown himself in bed after a long day of school and a brutal afternoon of practice, when he suddenly felt something stir inside of him. It felt like he had missed something, or that something was terribly wrong.

He was just about to reach out to his mate to check on him, when his phone suddenly started to vibrate.
It was Yuuri.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked urgently as he immediately picked up.

“Have you checked your phone? Or your computer?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor took out his computer immediately. “No, I just got home, why?”

Yuuri let out a shaky breath, that made Victor feel on edge immediately. “Yuuri, what’s wrong?” He prodded.

“Someone wrote about us…” Yuuri tried to explain. “Some American newspaper…”

Victor listened intently as he opened up his computer, and a wave of notifications made his computer freeze.

“Hang on.” Victor said as he tried to bring it back to life by pressing the spacebar. “Yuuri, it’s frozen…” He whined.

“Your computer?” Yuuri asked. “Hold down the power button until it turns off, and then try to reboot it again.”

Victor held the phone between his shoulder and cheek while he followed Yuuri’s instructions.

When it finally started up again, Victor frowned in displeasure at what greeted him. especially since he knew that it had upset his mate.

“Do you see it?” Yuuri asked.

Victor nodded to himself as he read a few headlines. “Yes, love. I see it.”

Yuuri stayed silent for a moment. “What do we do?”

Victor looked up an article, searching through the page for a number. “I found the number to the journalist who wrote this. I’m going to give him a call and see if he can pull it back.”

“Victor, it’s already online.” Yuuri pointed out. “It can’t be retracted from the internet. The damage is already done.”

“I think you’re forgetting who your mate is.” Victor said confidently.

“And I think that you don’t understand how the internet works…” Yuuri quipped.

Victor was almost hurt by Yuuri’s lack of faith in him. But then he realized that he had never shown his mate what he was truly capable of. “Just watch me, love.” He pleaded. “You’ll see.”

Yuuri did not feel like going to school in the morning. Partly because of his lack of sleep, but mostly because he didn’t know how to deal with his classmates right now.

When a few of the girls from his class found out that he and Victor were true mates, they practically called him a liar. How would it be now, when all of Hasetsu knew about the two of them?

~Are you awake, love?~ Victor suddenly asked. ~I’m on the phone with my lawyer, we’re going to sue the magazine that published the article~
Yuuri felt a streak of anxiousness hit him at the thought of having to go to trials and argue over something like this. Maybe he was just too tired to care.

~You won’t have to do anything~ Victor immediately assured as he sensed it. ~I’ll take care of it~

Yuuri picked up his phone so he could call his mate and talk to him.

Victor picked up on the first ring.

“Victor, you don’t need to do this.” Yuuri told his true mate. “Suing them won’t make any difference.”

Victor sighed tiredly. “I know.” He admitted. “I tried to get ahold of Bob Kahn, but he only told me that just because he created the internet, doesn’t mean that he can control it.”

Yuuri snorted. “You actually talked to the man who created internet?”

Yuuri could almost hear Victor shrug. “Not that he was any help.”

Yuuri noticed how tired Victor sounded. “Victor, were you up all night?”

There was a beat of silence. “Yes...” Victor admitted. “I had to try and fix this.”

“But don’t you have school?” Yuuri prodded.

“I do.” Victor said. “But this was more important.”

“Victor, go to bed.” Yuuri demanded. “You still have a few hours left before you need to get up.”

“But I’m on hold to talk with a private investigator who can help me find the IP address of the leaked picture.” Victor claimed.

“Victor, go to sleep.” Yuuri pleaded. “You need it.”

Victor sighed in defeat. “Fine...” He relented. “But call me or reach out if things gets worse, or if you think someone is taking photos of you, or following you... I’ll get you a bodyguard.”

“Sleep first.” Yuuri said gently. “You can make more calls when you wake up. I’ll be fine for today... I don’t even think that it’s spread here yet. Hasetsu has more important things to worry about than celebrities.”

Yuuri meant it, even though his mind jumped to worst-case scenarios, he knew that logically, no one was going to care about it.

Hasetsu was a small town after all. And most people didn’t care about what happened outside their walls. They were more interested in why the local fisherman was seen with a woman that wasn’t his wife, than who a Russian billionaire heir was dating.

Victor was already known as Yuuri’s true mate in most of Hasetsu. But almost no one in Hasetsu had any idea who Victor actually was in Russia.

They didn’t know that he was a billionaire, who was also an actor in one of the most viral ad campaigns of the year.

Yuuri was just as grateful as he felt sorry that so many people around him had missed it.
They had missed the blessed video of Victor cuddling with penguins without his shirt on. It was too perfect for words.

But the positive thing was that not too many were pining for his mate.

And it was always a good thing to not have any competition, not that anyone would have a chance at taking Victor away from him.

He knew just how much Victor loved him. He could feel it.

Victor wasn’t leaving him, any more than Yuuri was leaving Victor.

And that was never going to happen.

Not for anyone.

Ever.

…………………………………..

Victor woke up a few hours later and immediately continued his quest on stopping the article from spreading.

He called the magazine again, demanding to speak with the editor in chief, not that he was any more help than the journalist. He told him that same thing. That even if they removed the article, another magazine would just snap it up and they would lose a lot of money over nothing.

Victor didn’t care about money, he only wanted Yuuri to stay safe, so he offered to give him fifty million rubles and they could call it even.

When nothing worked, Victor had no choice but to give up.

He hung up the phone with a few empty threats and a deep scowl. He was going to get wrinkles if this continued.

~Don’t be mad~ Yuuri pleaded. ~No one has given me any trouble today. Most people hadn’t even read about it. Only Yuuko and a few girls in my class. But it’s fine~

The good part about the bond mark and the fact that they could no longer lie to each other, was the fact that Victor felt calmer by Yuuri’s assurances, since he literally couldn’t hide things from him.

Not that Victor could hide anything from him either. He learned that when he had his rut a couple of months back.

It ended with a fight, since Yuuri wanted to help, and Victor wanted him to stay out of it.

Victor had called him a child, and Yuuri had gotten mad.

Really mad.

So mad that Victor didn’t even want to recall it.

But they managed to talk it out once Victor wasn’t hormonal and Yuuri had calmed down.

Victor had agreed that he could help him out once he was sexually mature, and he knew how it felt to be horny.
It was so weird when Yuuri didn’t. It was almost like he was a child, in a way. He still had that innocent part of himself intact.

And Victor didn’t want his rut to destroy it.

When the time was right, they would know.

But nothing was going to happen before then.

~Shouldn’t you be getting ready for school?~ Yuuri suddenly asked, bringing Victor out of his thoughts. ~Your class starts in an hour~

Victor should, but he also wanted to fix this.

It was his fault after all.

~Don’t think I’m not feeling your guilt, Victor Nikiforov~ Yuuri said almost immediately, in a tone that was almost scolding him. ~It’s not your fault, and I’m fine~

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at that. Yuuri was definitely the sweetest.

~So go to school and let this go. If something happens, I’ll let you know~

Victor could live with that.

The most important thing was that Yuuri was safe.

Everything else could be dealt with.

Yuuri felt proud that he had been able to soothe his mate.

His day had been extremely calm. No one in Hasetsu could care less.

Mari had made some comment when she read the article in one of her gossip magazines, saying something along the lines that maybe now Victor might have something to frame back in Russia. Considering how many articles of Victor Yuuri had framed.

Yuuri waved her off, turned off his phone and threw himself on his bed, deciding to ignore the outside world.

He knew that it wouldn’t do him any good to look up anything right now. So he would just wait for his mate to come home from school so he could talk to him.

Things were probably a lot worse in Russia, and Yuuri had to admit that he was slightly worried about his mate. He knew how much it bothered Victor if someone spoke out of line about him.

And if all of Russia knew about Yuuri, there was bound to be someone who spoke out of line.

He just hoped that Victor would be ready and prepared for something like that.

Victor didn’t lose his temper easily, he was incredibly patient, but as soon as it came to him, he lost it almost immediately.

It was something to be worried about, no matter how many times Victor assured him that he would stay calm.
Yuuri knew better. He knew Victor better than Victor knew himself.

Victor was probably the same. He also seemed to know things about Yuuri that Yuuri didn’t even know.

That was probably something universal when it came to true mates.

They were meant to look out for each other.

As long as he and Victor did that, they would be fine.

It was after all, what they did best.

Taking care of each other was second nature for the mated couple.

There was nothing they would rather do.

Just him and Victor together.

Forever.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, again. <3

Well, the thing is that I made a thing. For everyone who can't wait for the next chapter to be published. It can sometimes take a lot of time, and it probably feels like nothing gets done for you. So if you're interested in reading my stories as I write them, check out my tumblr for more details. <3

https://www.tumblr.com/blog/sophialala1

I hope that you will all have a lovely day! <3<3
Chapter 73

Chapter Summary

With their relationship out in the open, problems are sure to arise...

Chapter Notes

I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3 It's not so long, but it builds up the future a little bit, and it opens up for a few future arcs I want... <3 It will probably be two parts, but we'll see... ;) <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been a few months since the news of Yuuri and Victor’s relationship had been made public.

But Victor was still completely taken off guard when he was doing an interview with ISU’s official magazine, and the question of Yuuri arose.

“But your mate, Yuuri Katsuki, does he have anything to say about your title as ‘top ten most hottest guys of 2010’?” The interviewer asked.

Victor just stared at her dumbly for several moments, before finally managing to collect his thoughts. “I thought this was an interview about my skating?” He asked, more harshly than he intended.

The woman in charge of the interview practically flinched. “I’m sorry, it’s just that a lot of our readers are wondering about the two of you ever since you became public. But it’s completely fine if you don’t want to answer it.”

“Well, I don’t.” Victor said. “The relationship between me and Yuuri is personal. It’s not for the public eye.”

The interviewer frowned thoughtfully. “No offence, Mr. Nikiforov. But your relationship is already in the public eye.” She pointed out. “But if you’re willing to answer a few of our questions, maybe we can put some of the rumors to rest.”

That caught Victor’s attention. “Rumors?” He repeated in confusion. “What rumors?”

The woman swallowed thickly. “Well, mostly about your mate, but I can tell that it’s a sore subject, so we should really move on.”

Victor was struck by disbelief. “What do people have to say about Yuuri?” He questioned.

“We really shouldn't get into that.” She said awkwardly and cleared her throat.

“You brought it up.” Victor pointed out.

“It’s just...” She said as she suddenly sounded much less professional. “Don’t you think that it’s
weird that an omega like him, finds an alpha of your status, right after that ad campaign became viral?"

Victor had to keep himself from laughing in her face. She was so misinformed. “Yuuri and I are true mates.” He stated, taking joy in the way she suddenly paled. “And I’ve known him for over sixteen years. I met him when I was fourteen. We started dating when I was about to turn eighteen, and he has never done anything to make me question his love for me.”

She nodded frantically. “I’m sorry. I had no idea that it was so serious.” She said apologetically. “So I take it that you know him pretty well?”

“I do.” Victor agreed. “I know him better than anyone.”

The woman smiled slightly. “Then did you know that some sources claim that they’ve seen your mate flirting with other skaters during competitions?” She asked. “Mostly wealthy alphas like yourself, Christophe Giacometti, for example.”

Victor felt a streak of anger rush through him. “What exactly are you suggesting?” He questioned. “That my mate is a gold digger? That he’s cheating on me? Cause you’re not doing anything but making me dislike you. This interview is over.” He declared and stood up, ready to storm out and never return.

“But the interview is not finished.” The woman called after him. “I didn’t even get a chance to ask about your routine.”

“That’s not my problem.” Victor snapped back before he opened the door and almost crashed into Yakov.

“Is it over already?” The older Russian asked in surprise.

Victor frowned in annoyance. “Don’t sign me up for any more interviews.” He snapped at his coach before storming off.

“Vitya?” Yakov called after him. “Don’t be dramatic! Talk to me!”

Victor didn’t listen, instead, he left the ISU office without another word.

~Why are you upset?~ Yuuri suddenly asked, his voice was thick with sleep.

It was in the middle of the night in Japan, and if Victor regretted anything about that horrible interview, it was getting upset enough to wake up Yuuri.

His mate really didn’t deserve to be woken up like that on a school night.

~I just had a bad interview~ Victor admitted. ~But I’m out of there now, so you can go back to sleep~

Victor had to be crazy if he believed that Yuuri could go back to sleep after hearing that.

But Victor didn’t want to talk about it.

~We can talk about it tomorrow~ Victor bargained. ~After you’ve had some sleep~

Yuuri blinked into the darkness a few times. He was very tired, there was no denying that. It was raining outside and Vicchan was comfortably sleeping curled up against his stomach, so Yuuri really
couldn’t find the energy to keep on prodding.

Whatever had upset Victor during the interview could be dealt with in the morning. Or he might even see for himself when he would do his interview for the ISU in two days.

He would definitely give them a piece of his mind then.

If they messed with Victor, they messed with him.

And he would definitely make them aware of that.

~Please go to sleep, love~ Victor pleaded. ~I would hate to be the reason you felt tired in the morning~

Yuuri tried to explain to Victor that he was not the one to blame, and the interview was at blame. Victor couldn’t agree more, but he still didn’t budge when it came to Yuuri getting his nightly rest.

So Yuuri was the one who had to relent and give in to sleep again.

If not for himself, then for his mate.

For Victor.

Victor was still slightly upset when he came home. And beyond anything, he wanted to go online and get to the bottom of all those ‘rumors’ about him and Yuuri and end them, one by one.

But he couldn’t.

He knew that if he read about it, he would get upset again, and if he got upset, Yuuri would sense it, and he would wake up.

So he did best in staying away from the web, and take a long, soothing walk with Makkachin. Some fresh air was just what he needed to find peace.

But just as he has managed to calm down enough to forget about the events, he received a phone call from Yakov.

“Vitya, what the hell were you thinking, storming off like that?” He scolded. “I had to take two hours of my day to clean up your mess.”

Victor sighed tiredly at the reminder of what happened.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” Yakov pushed.

Victor did his best to stay calm and not lose his temper, so Yuuri wouldn’t wake up. “The interview wasn’t about my skating, so I had nothing to gain from it.” He said honestly. “She was looking for gossip, and I don’t want more attention directed to me.”

“Would it be so hard to just nod politely and laugh it off?” Yakov questioned. “It would have saved us all a lot of headache.”

Victor felt his temper slipping. “She was accusing Yuuri of being a cheating gold digger.” He exclaimed. “I had to get out of there before I snapped.”
Yakov was quiet for several moments. “She what?”

“Not in those exact words, but that was clearly what she suggested.” Victor stated. “Even when I explicitly told her that Yuuri is my true mate and that nothing could change my love for him. It was like she was trying to make me doubt him.”

Yakov hummed thoughtfully.

“I couldn’t just sit there and listen to her insulting Yuuri.” Victor continued. “He’s my soulmate, I had to defend him. But if I would have stayed any longer I would have…” He trailed off.

“I understand.” Yakov assured. “I just wish that you could have handled it better.”

“What did you expect me to do?” Victor questioned.

“Maybe not storm off, for starters.” Yakov said tiredly. “I lot of paparazzi saw your outburst and decided to investigate. I think we might be looking at another media shitstorm.”

Victor frowned at that statement. “What do you mean?”

“You’re a public person, Vitya. And when you do something drastic, it has consequences.” Yakov explained. “All we can really do now, is hope for the best, and pray that this will be settled as quickly as possible.”

The next morning, Yuuri woke up and immediately sensed his mate’s stress. Something had to be wrong. And shouldn’t Victor be asleep right now? It was late in Russia.

~Are you awake?~ Victor asked cautiously.

Yuuri answered him immediately while also asking him what was wrong.

~Remember how I told you that I had a bad interview last night?~ Victor said gently. ~Well, things suddenly took a turn for the worse, and there are about twenty different news sites that had picked it up~

Yuuri frowned as he picked up his phone to search the more common news sites. Victor’s face showed up immediately.

‘Victor Nikiforov loses it after reporter insult his soulmate’

Yuuri froze momentarily, before continuing to browse.

‘Victor Nikiforov and Yuuri Katsuki are soulmates’

‘Victor Nikiforov’s sensitive spot - His soulmate’

‘Russia’s hero in dispute with a ISU reporter after they brought up Yuuri katsuki - his soulmate’

‘Yuuri Katsuki - Victor Nikiforov’s pride or downfall?’

The articles seemed to have no end.

~Please don’t read them, lyubov moya~ Victor pleaded. ~They will only upset you~
Yuuri couldn’t stop now, but Victor was right, they did upset him.

Especially one in particular, that suggested that Yuuri’s parents were the ones responsible for selling their omega son to the young billionaire. And that the whole thing about them being soulmates were just a lie they told Victor so he wouldn’t screw around with strangers and ruin the good Nikiforov name.

~Yuuri, please~ Victor sighed. ~Ignore them, this is my fault, and I’m going to fix this. Yakov booked me in for another interview with a professional journalist. I’m going to settle the rumors once and for all~

Yuuri had no idea what Victor meant by that, so his mate clarified.

~I’m going to tell them our whole story, and hopefully that will be enough to get people to lose interest~ The Russian explained. ~Yakov said that it was probably the mystery part, that made everyone make up their own conclusions and spread false rumors. And there’s nothing wrong with the truth. It’s better than the alternative. I can’t live normally when people assume horrible things about you~

Yuuri wasn’t sure what to say. Victor had some good points. And he wasn’t embarrassed to share their love story with the world. It was much better than the lies that was currently spreading.

~Is there anything you want me to keep from them?~ Victor asked gently. ~Just because I’m telling the truth, doesn’t mean I have to tell them the whole truth. Is there something you want me to leave out from the interview?~

Yuuri trusted Victor wholeheartedly, and he told him just as much.

Victor knew all of Yuuri’s strengths and weaknesses, if anyone would know what to say, it was him.

~I’ll fix it this time~ Victor assured. ~I promise~

Yuuri believed him.

Victor was excellent with words. He would definitely be able to turn the tides if he wanted to.

Meanwhile, Yuuri had to get ready for school, and get his day started, despite how comfortable he felt in his nest.

The only thing that could make it even better was if Victor was in it.

But then again, he probably wouldn’t be able to leave it if he was…

The idea of cuddling with Victor, made Yuuri nuzzle closer inside his nest. Which is not what he should be doing.

As he got more and more comfortable, he realized too late that he was dozing off, and he didn’t realize it before he suddenly flinched awake and realized that he overslept.

That got him out of bed in a heartbeat.
So what did you think? The media is not meant to be wonderful, it can really be a pain in the ass. Especially for celebrities...<3<3 Hopefully Victor's plan will work out.

But how will Yuuri deal with oversleeping? Such drama... XD <3

Anyways, I hope you liked this, thank you for reading! <3<3

And if you're sick of waiting for updates, you can just read the chapters as they are being written! <3 Details on my tumblr: https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/post/169078550311/sick-of-waiting-for-updates-consider-becoming-a

Love you all! <3<3
Yuuri had never rushed to school as fast as he did the morning he overslept for the first time. He almost stumbled and fell about five times as his feet didn’t want to keep up, which was almost embarrassing, considering how graceful he was on ice.

He was just slightly glad that Victor didn’t see him like this. He knew that Victor probably wouldn’t make fun of him or anything, but Yuuri would still sink through the ground out of embarrassment of being such a clumsy person on dry land.

Well, if Victor didn’t ask, he didn’t need to know.

~Are you almost there, love?~ Victor asked in concern. ~I’m sure they won’t be mad, it’s only a few minutes~

Yuuri knew that he was right, but he still didn’t like it. Even if there was only a few minutes, it still meant that he would have to walk inside a classroom where everyone would turn to him as he entered.

If there was something he loathed beyond anything, it was having people’s attentions directed to his mistakes.

~No one will judge you for being late~ Victor assured as he probably sensed his thoughts. ~You’re only human~

Yuuri sped up his pace as his school finally came into his line of view. But when he spotted a few of the trouble kids hanging out in the stairs, he momentarily slowed down.

He wasn’t sure how to get past them.
But before he had a chance to change direction, they spotted him.

It would be too humiliating to change direction after that, so he made up his mind that he would just walk past them.

What’s the worst thing that could happen?
………………………………………

Victor sensed Yuuri’s stress as he told him that he overslept. Victor did his best to calm him down, but it was still very difficult from across the world of his mate.

Even when they had the strongest bond possible.

But Victor did his best, knowing that he could at least try.

And when he suddenly felt a streak of anxiousness rush through him, he knew that something was wrong.

~Some people won’t let me pass~ Yuuri told him in concern, making Victor’s heart freeze with fear.

That’s when he suddenly started hearing something. It wasn’t Yuuri’s voice but it was definitely coming from the soulbond.

~Well, if you decided to show up late, you are the one who’s asking for trouble~ A boy said teasingly.

Victor went from terrified to furious in the blink of an eye. No one spoke to Yuuri like that and got away with it.
…………………………………

Yuuri felt his heart rate pick up slightly. He could feel Victor getting upset, and he could see the guys before him standing up and flocking around him.

“Let me go.” He demanded as one of the guys held onto his arm.

The guys laughed in utter amusement.

“I don’t think that a baby omega like yourself is in any position to demand anything right now.” One of them chuckled.

Yuuri narrowed his gaze in annoyance. “I mean it. Or you’re going to regret it.”

“And how are you going to make us regret it...?” One of them questioned.

~Tell them that your alpha is on the way, and he’s going to kill them if they don’t listen to you~ Victor added, his voice furious.

Yuuri appreciated his mate’s help, but he really couldn’t tell them that. That was too weird.

But suddenly, another thought hit him.

Could Victor hear what they were saying?

“Hey!” The older boy holding his arm snapped. “He asked you a question.”

“Let go!” Yuuri snarled as an alpha command.
The guys did so immediately, backing away in fear.

That’s when Yuuri realized that it wasn’t him.

That was Victor.

Victor spoke through him.

Yuuri felt Victor’s anger, like if his mate was standing right next to him. It made him feel safe, but also terrified for the people around him.

He didn’t waste any more time. Instead, he turned around and made a run for it.

……………………………….

~Remind me to never oversleep again~ Yuuri pleaded.

Victor was practically fuming with anger. It was not Yuuri’s fault for oversleeping. Oversleeping didn’t make idiots coming for him.

How could they?

Victor picked up his phone, determined to make this right.

They were not getting away with that. Victor knew their voices, he knew they were real, he just needed someone to get their faces.

“Victor, why are you calling me?” Mari asked in confusion. “Is everything okay with Yuuri?”

“No.” Victor bit out. “Or he’s fine.” He corrected. “But some assholes came after him in school, I need someone to find out who they are.”

Victor heard a lot of shuffling from across the line, before Mari sounded out of breath. “I’m on my way there now.” She stated. “Where do I look?”

“I think they are in front of the school.” Victor said as he recalled the events. “Yuuri said that they wouldn’t let him pass and…”

~Victor?~ Yuuri asked cautiously.

“Hang on.” Victor told Mari and focused all of his attention on Yuuri.

~I think our bond is deeper than we think~ Yuuri said worriedly. ~I think… I think you just spoke through me… What happened…~ He trailed off slightly. ~You alpha commanded them to let me go~

Victor knew, on some level, but it still came as a shock to him somehow. Since he wasn’t aware that he could do that. He was simply blinded by rage, and as he heard them threatening his mate, their soul bond must have acted for them. Using Victor’s alpha-strengths to protect Yuuri.

Victor briefly wondered if that meant that he could do omega-eyes. Or if it only worked if Yuuri did that for him.

Could they control each other?

Was this a new addition to their bond?
~I don’t know~ Yuuri admitted, as Victor asked him that very question. ~I just know that it wasn’t me and that it was something new~

Victor frowned thoughtfully, he could sense that Yuuri was upset.

~I’ll be fine, Victor~ Yuuri assured. ~It was just very… Unfamiliar, and I’m still slightly shaken up about those guys~

Victor understood.

“Victor, Victor?” Mari called from Victor’s phone.

Victor picked it up absentmindedly.

“What exactly happened to my brother?” Mari questioned.

Victor wasn’t sure how to reply to that, he didn’t know exactly what happened, but he knew enough to be upset. “Someone grabbed him.” He stated. “Kept him from walking away. They belittled him, they…” He took a deep breath to soothe his temper. “They could have hurt him.”

“So what exactly am I going to accuse them of?” Mari asked in confusion. “Standing in my brother’s way when he was entering school?”

“Yes?” Victor said, not really understanding the question.

“That’s not a crime.” Mari pointed out.

“It should be.” Victor claimed. “You should have heard the way they spoke to him. I don’t trust them, they would have hurt him if I didn’t alpha command them to get their hands off him.”

“You…?” Mari trailed off in confusion. “Are you in Japan?” She questioned.

“No.” Victor said truthfully. “I’m in Russia.”

“How…” Mari started before finding the right words. “How did you manage to alpha command anyone from there?”

“Through Yuuri.” Victor admitted.

“You can do that?” Mari gasped. “How?”

“We’re true mates.” Victor stated proudly. “There’s nothing we cannot do.”

“So you can make Yuuri give alpha commands?” Mari asked in disbelief. It sounded like she was trying to process it.

“Yes.” Victor stated. “So you better watch out the next time you think you can pull one on him.”

“What?” Maris asked in surprise. “What has my brother been telling you?”

“The truth.” Victor assured. “And I don’t like the alpha commands you pull on him.”

“He’s pulling omega eyes.” Mari protested.

“That’s different.” Victor claimed.

“How?”
“It’s Yuuri.” Victor said as if it was obvious. “He never has any ill intentions, and he’s not using omega eyes unless he really want something, and if he really want something, he should have it.”

Mari snorted. “Easy for you to say. You’re not the one he comes to when he wants your merchandise.”

Victor was slightly taken off guard. “He wants my merchandise?” He asked excitedly.

“Have you been inside his room?” Mari quipped. “He can’t get sick of you even if his life depended on it. I can’t stay inside his room for more than five minutes without feeling like you’re staring at me from every direction.”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at that. “I wish he would tell me, I would happily send him everything he wants.”

“He knows.” Mari assured. “Which is probably why he doesn’t. I have no idea how he already managed to fit everything he already has. If you would get him more, his room might just explode.”

“Then I would just hire a construction firm to make it bigger.” Victor stated.

Mari laughed at that. “If my brother wouldn’t kill me, I would totally accuse you of being a dork.”

Victor could live with that. “I’m always a dork for him. I really don’t mind.”

“If you say so…” Mari mused as she slowed down. Victor could hear that in the change of her pace. “I see them.”

Victor wished he could somehow climb through the phone and join her side. But alas, he couldn’t. “What do they look like?”

“Like assholes.” Mari said matter-of-factly. “I bet they think they’re the coolest people in Hasetsu.”

“Can you take their picture and send them to me?” Victor pleaded. “I have a wonderful private detective that can get their names from nothing but a picture.”

“I’ll do you one better.” Mari declared with a wicked melody to her voice. “I’m going to make sure that they never mess with anyone, ever again.”

Victor didn’t even want to know what that meant.

Two days passed and it was finally time for Yuuri to do his interview with the ISU.

Victor’s interview seemed to have settled a lot of the rumors, but Yuuri was still gaining twitter followers by the minutes, and it seemed like most of it was an attempt to find out more about Victor.

Which is why Yuuri eventually deleted all of the tweets containing Victor, and eventually lost interest in tweeting all together.

It was something very odd about having Victor’s fans on a website he once loved. He would still keep his account to keep contact with other skaters though. But Victor’s fans would either have to get used to his obsession of skating and gaming, or find another celebrity to stalk.

They weren’t going to reach Victor through him.

Never.
"Yuuri Katsuki, I’m so glad you could join us.” The ISU representative greeted him politely. “My name is Sarah Pratt, and I’m the writer of ISU’s skater column.”

“I know who you are.” Yuuri said coldly. “You’re the person who upset my mate.”

Sarah’s eyes widened slightly. “I can assure you that…”

“It’s fine.” Yuuri cut her off. He really wasn’t interested in any excuses for anyone who had upset Victor. “Let’s just get this over with.”

Sarah cleared her throat awkwardly. “Of course.”

She gestured for Yuuri to sit down, which he did, on the chair next to the one she wanted him to sit on. For some reason, he didn’t trust her.

It was probably because of the way she smiled. It looked so forced and uncomfortable.

“So…” Sarah started as she sat down across from Yuuri with her notepad. “How do you feel about this upcoming season?”

“Good.” Yuuri answered honestly. “I’ve been practicing my routine at every free opportunity. I’m also a student in high school, so I really had to make sure to find a balance between figure skating and studies without working myself out.”

“And how is it? Going up against your true mate for the first time?” Sarah asked. “I mean, how are you going to compete against him?”

Yuuri took a deep breath, he knew that she was going to ask questions like that, so he had taken time to prepare. “I would like the interview to focus on my skating. Not my boyfriend’s.”

Sarah laughed. But it sounded far to stiff to be genuine. “I’m sorry, let’s move on.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

“So what is your theme for this season?” Sara asked.

“My theme is grace. That’s something I’ve been struggling with these past years in junior’s. I usually put too much thought in the technical elements, since I know I find them most difficult.”

“But you landed a quad axel.” Sarah pointed out.

“I did.” Yuuri agreed. “But I did sprain my wrist, and I also allowed my search for a higher score to conflict with my ability to concentrate on the feelings I wanted to convey. Skating is not about the scores. It’s a big part of it, but it’s impossible to love a sport based only on the results. It’s the love for the ice that kept me doing this for so long. The way I can move on the ice makes me feel invincible. And I love that.”

Sarah nodded thoughtfully as she wrote it down. “So, how old are you?”

Yuuri frowned. “Shouldn’t you know that?” He asked suspiciously.

“I was just wondering, since you’re an omega and all, have you had your heat yet?”

Yuuri momentarily froze. “No.” He admitted. He didn’t expect such a personal question. “Why?”

Sarah shrugged. “Oh, it’s just a common question we ask all contestants.”
“I don’t recall that you asked my mate about his rut.” Yuuri quipped.

“Well, I might have, if he hadn’t rushed out of his interview before we weren’t even halfway done.” Sarah said bitterly.

“If you would have sticked to the topic, maybe he wouldn’t have left.” Yuuri said angrily, he had enough of her.

The room was quiet for several moments. Before Sarah broke it with another clearing of her throat. “I can sense that there is a really bad energy in this room.”

“I didn’t bring it.” Yuuri claimed. He felt very proud of managing to keep his voice from quivering, and of keeping his temper in control. He wasn’t mad, only annoyed.

Sarah looked utterly offended. “I suppose that being an omega allows you to get away with a lot of disrespect?”

“I only disrespect people who deserves it.” Yuuri threw back at her. He didn’t blame Victor for walking out of his interview. How this woman was allowed to walk for the ISU was a mystery to him. “Do you have actual questions about my skating, or can I go?”

“I have more questions.” Sarah said and flipped her notebook around. “What do you think about your chances at winning?”

“I don’t skate to win this season.” Yuuri said honestly, keeping his voice even and cold.

“That’s probably for the best.” Sarah muttered under her breath.

“Are we done?” Yuuri asked.

“Why the rush?” Sarah asked. “We have you booked for an hour.”

“You have me booked to ask me questions about this season, on my debut in the senior division of figure skating. Not to prod in my personal life or insult me. And I would like to leave before my mate senses it and start to question your role in the ISU department.”

That wiped the smile off Sarah’s face in an inhuman speed. “Are you threatening me, Mr. Katsuki?”

“Look at it as a warning. I can’t control my mate, and he just got the ability to listen in on my conversations. I would hate for him to overhear something that would upset him.” Yuuri said, his patience were slipping out of his hands. And he knew that it was only a matter of time before Victor noticed.

~Yuuri?~

Of course.

“I can assure you that I mean no disrespect to you or your mate.” Sara said with a worried scowl. “There’s no need to come with such drastic measures.”

“Then do your job or let me go.” Yuuri demanded. “Victor is listening to you now.”

Sarah’s gaze flickered to her notepad worriedly before releasing a sigh of defeat. “You are free to go.” She relented.

“Thank you.” Yuuri said as he stood up. “I hope you got everything you need.”
Without waiting for a response, Yuuri walked out of there. Minako was waiting for him outside the ice castle to walk him home. And she immediately picked up on Yuuri’s anger as she saw it. “What’s wrong?” She asked in concern. “Do I need to go in there and talk to her?”

~Yes please?~ Victor mused.

Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly. “No, it’s fine.” He assured. “I think I made myself clear.”

“I’m so sorry you had to go through that, lyubov moya.” Victor said apologetically. “You didn’t deserve to be put through something so horrible. I’ll call Yakov and let him talk it out with the ISU.”

Yuuri adjusted his earbuds so he could lie more comfortable on the pillows of his nest, while also listening to his mate’s rambling on the phone. “Victor, it’s fine…” He assured. “Sure, she was incredibly offensive, but I think she was mostly jealous. Not everyone can be lucky enough to get a mate like you.”

“That’s no excuse.” Victor exclaimed. “Bitter or not, that’s no reason for her to be rude to you. She was unprofessional and insulting, and she should not work in the media.”

“But she doesn’t deserve to lose her job over it.” Yuuri pointed out. “She might just have had a bad day. That’s not nearly enough to ruin her life over.”

“We’ll see what she writes in that article.” Victor said grimly. “If she writes anything to suggest that you’re a bad person, I’m not just going to make sure that she loses her job, I’m also going to make sure that she never works in media again. And not only that I will also...”

“Victor.” Yuuri said soothingly.

“I’m going to press a big lawsuit for slander and emotional suffering.” Victor continued, ignoring Yuuri’s attempt completely. “I’ll make her regret the day she was born.”

“I don’t have any emotional suffering.” Yuuri pointed out.

“But I do.” Victor stated. “At least if that woman comes after you again...” He sighed deeply. “Why is it so hard for people to leave you alone and let you have some piece of mind?”

Yuuri wasn’t sure. He did seem to have a lot of bad luck for some reason. “Maybe something had to be evened out?” He suggested. “Since I was blessed with such a wonderful mate like you, I also had to get a lot of bad luck to compensate. A human can’t have too much luck.”

“Well, if a little bit of bad luck is what’s needed for us to be together, I would gladly take it. I just wish that it could affect me and not you.” Victor said thoughtfully.

“But when it affects me, it affects you too, and the other way around. We’re in this together.”

“We are.” Victor agreed. “And I will do whatever I have to, to keep you safe and protect you from all the bad luck.”

“I will protect you too, Victor.” Yuuri promised. “Always.”

Chapter End Notes
So what do you think about the new trait? <3<3 And about the chapter in general? <3 I hope you find enjoyment in this story! <3 That's the main reason to why I'm still writing! <3

You're all amazing! <3

And I'm just gonna leave this link here, just in case... ;) <3 If you want to be a part of my very special inside group... ;) <3

https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/post/169078550311/sick-of-waiting-for-updates-consider-becoming-a

Kudos to all! <3<3
Chapter 75

Chapter Summary

For the first time ever, Yuuri prepares to skate without Victor’s support.

Chapter Notes

This is basically a chapter that builds up for the future... <3<3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

Yuuri felt his anxiousness increase as he was heading for skate America, the first time he would ever compete in the grand prix without Victor.

The cup of China which Victor was assigned to, overlapped with skate America, and they were forced to skate apart from each other this time.

But he did have Minako’s grandmother, Mari and Minako with him. And even though his coach was almost completely blind, he didn’t doubt her abilities for a second.

After all, she was the one who taught Minako how to dance.

“I can practically hear the gears turning in your brain.” Mari said as she noticed Yuuri’s worried frown. “You’ll be fine.”

Yuuri nodded while taking a few deep breaths to keep himself calm. He wasn’t even skating before tomorrow, so he had no idea why he felt so nervous now.

Maybe it was the pressure. He did so well in the Rostelecom cup, and people were expecting him to do even better now. He just wasn’t sure that it was possible.

Not without Victor.

~Yuuri, what’s wrong?~ Victor asked as he sensed it.

Yuuri scowled in annoyance with himself. Victor should be sleeping. He won the cup of China yesterday, and he should be recovering with a lot of sleep. He was so exhausted.

Even Yuuri could sense it.

~But I can’t sleep if you’re upset~ Victor stated. ~Please talk to me~

Yuuri was hopeless when it came to denying his mate’s pleas. He simply couldn’t.

So he told Victor about all of his self-doubt and worries. And in the end, Victor helped him through all of them.
And just as he was starting to relax, he noticed something that made the blood freeze in his veins.

The hotel was swamped with Victor’s fans.

“Is Victor here?” Minako asked in concern.

“No.” Yuuri said immediately. “He’s in China, in bed.”

“Then what are they doing here?” Mari asked.

Victor’s fans were very obvious. They never went anywhere without at least ten signs with Victor’s face on them. And they were all very verbal and loud when it came to expressing their love.

“Is there another way in?” Mari asked in concern. “If they are here for Yuuri…” She trailed off.

“I’ll ask.” Minako volunteered. “Watch my grandmother.”

“Yuuri, isn’t that your husband?” Minako’s grandmother asked as she pointed to a large billboard of Victor with the penguins.

Yuuri had to keep himself from snorting. Nothing made him as happy as seeing Victor in random places. And even though the commercial had created a lot of trouble for both of them, it was still one of the best commercials that had ever aired on international television. At least in Yuuri’s opinion.

Yuuri took comfort in seeing his mate’s face, and just as he managed to tear his eyes away from his mate’s picture, his eyes suddenly fell to a familiar face, walking towards him.

Yuuri felt his breath leave him in an instant.

“What?” Mari questioned.

Yuuri squeaked in surprise. “Uhm… Uhm…” He stuttered nervously.

Mari looked to the person walking towards them. The person who had suddenly made her little brother stunned in awe.

“Yuuri, who’s that?” She asked curiously.

Yuuri tugged on his sister’s jacket to get her absolute attention. “That’s Celestino Cialdini.” He said intensely. “He’s one of the best retired figure skaters in the world, he’s also an omega like me, and he had a daughter with famous fashion designer Gina Cialdini.”

“Oh…” Mari said, slightly impressed. “Does he know that you’re the new record holder?”

Yuuri nodded, not taking his eyes off the famous skater. “He even offered to coach me if I ever moved to Detroit.”

“Really?” Mari asked in disbelief. “Are you going to take him up on that?”

“I- I don’t know.” Yuuri stuttered out before he was spotted by the fellow omega.

“Yuuri!” Celestino greeted loudly, as he walked up to him, waving cheerfully. “How have you been?”

Yuuri blushed immediately. “Good.” He said with a shy smile. “You?”
Celestino chuckled warmly. “I’m exhausted, if I’m being honest.” He said fondly. “Our little cara figlia here, won’t let us sleep…” He turned to a small child in his wife’s embrace who was sleeping soundly against the mother.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to stare at the child in awe. She was so adorable. “Is she…?” He cut himself off before allowing his impolite question to escape.

Celestino smiled in assurance. “She’s actually an alpha.” He said, understanding Yuuri’s question and taking no offence at all. “And trust me, she can only be mistaken for an omega when she’s asleep. When she’s awake…” He trailed off. Leaving the statement hanging in the air.

“So how old are you now?” Gina asked, changing the subject.

“Well… I’m turning seventeen in a week.” Yuuri answered truthfully.

“I was actually very surprised when I didn’t see you in the grand prix in Canada last year.” Celestino spoke up. “But you are competing this year. right?”

“I am.” Yuuri smiled sheepishly, feeling oddly touched that the legendary Celestino kept track of his skating. “I was competing in Juniors last year. And I actually was in Canada last year, to support my mate.”

“Right, Victor Nikiforov.” Celestino beamed. “Wonderful skater. Yakov Feltsman has really done a wonderful job with him.”

Yuuri felt so proud at hearing his mate being praised like that. Victor really was wonderful. “He’s the best.”

“I’m sure that he won’t be for long.” Celestino smiled. “Since you’re competing against him this year…” He finished his statement with a playful wink.

Yuuri had already secured his spot in the grand prix final after winning gold at the Rostuloum cup this year. But he still wasn’t sure that he would be able to beat Victor. “I’m not sure about that.” He said lamely with a shrug. “It definitely won’t be easy.”

Celestino waved Yuuri’s insecurities off. “I didn’t take you to be the kind of omega who would back down from a challenge…?” He asked in slight amusement.

Yuuri felt a strike of pride surge through him at Celestino’s words. He was not the kind of omega who would back down from a challenge. He was too competitive for that. “I won’t.” He said, voice filled with determination.

“Well, this will surely be interesting then.” Celestino chirped happily. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen true mates compete with each other before, I’m really looking forward to it.”

Yuuri was slightly taken aback. “You’re going to watch it?”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Celestino declared. “It’s not every year I have the opportunity to see a fellow omega win gold.”

Yuuri smiled gratefully, when he suddenly felt Mari’s hand on his shoulder. He immediately flinched back to reality. “Right. Mr. Cialdini, this is my sister Mari, and that’s my current coach, Mayu Okukawa.” He introduced with an uneven voice. “Mari, Mayu-sensei, this is Celestino Cialdini, one of the greatest figure skaters in the world.”
“Nice to meet you.” Mari said politely. “I can tell my brother is a real big fan of yours.”

Yuuri felt Mari’s words made him want to sink through the ground. Did she have to embarrass him by calling him out like that?

Celestino laughed cheerfully. “Well, I’m glad that my career is remembered by someone.”

“Don’t even get me started...” Gina protested, her voice consciously lowered, as to not wake up their sleeping daughter. “You were, and still are amazing. You’re fooling no one with that adorable humbleness.”

Celestino smiled fondly to his wife. That’s when Minako returned with a scowl of annoyance. “They only have the main entrance. They offered to have some staff escorting you inside. But I think we can do that better ourselves... And...” She trailed off as she noticed Celestino. Her mouth fell open and her eyes widened with disbelief.

Gina stepped forward and pushed her husband back slightly. “Are you okay, miss?” She asked and handed their daughter over to Celestino before placing a gentle hand on Minako’s shoulder. “Miss?”

Minako gasped. “Oh I’m so sorry. ‘Ijustreallyloveyourskating, Mr. Cialdini.’” She rambled before bowing deeply in greeting. “And I never thought I would have the opportunity to actually meet you, it’s such an honor.”

That’s when Yuuri remembered that Minako was the one who introduced him to Celestino’s skating, back when he was eleven.

“This is my ballet teacher, Minako.” Yuuri filled in the confused Italians.

“Oh, in that case, the pleasure is all mine.” Celestino cheered in a hushed voice. “I would love to stay talk some more, but I think our little devil is stirring, and we should really get home and put her in bed, and pray to god that she stays there. But we’ll be back to see you performance tomorrow.”

Yuuri smiled brightly, as the Italians sent them a final cheerful wave before making their retreat back home.

“What a pleasant young couple.” Minako’s grandma pointed out with a fond smile. “Did you understand what they were talking about?”

Yuuri was just about to answer his coach, when he suddenly noticed the audience that was relentlessly staring at them.

Victor’s fans.

They had noticed him.

Yuuri took a tentative step back, before they started screaming in delight.

“We love you Yuuri!” One of them cheered.

“We’ll cheer you on in Victor’s place!” Another one chimed in.

“Can I take your photo?”

“Will you sign my shirt?”

Yuuri barely believed his ears. He have had so many assumptions on Victor’s fans. He never
believed that Victor’s fans would actually… Cheer him on...

“Don’t worry.” Mari said with a confident smile. “We’ll keep you safe.”

Yuuri had never been more grateful for his girls.

Yuuri shared a room with Mari, even though he really wanted one for himself.

Victor always had his own room. Even when Yuuri wasn’t there.

It was nice to have some personal space and actually relax. Mari didn’t give him too much trouble though. But she watched some American gossip channel that kept blinking before his closed eyelids.

“Victor Nikiforov is now officially the one who got away.” One of the people in the show said. Yuuri could hear Mari lower the volume as to not wake Yuuri up. But nothing caught Yuuri’s attention more than the mention of his mate. “Ever since Victor’s public announcement of his soulmate, five months ago, he broke more hearts than anyone has volunteered to count.”

“That’s right, Marie.” Someone else said. “But the world has quickly gone from pining to supportive of the incredibly attractive alpha hunk, as his soulmate turned out to be a Japanese skater known as Yuuri Katsuki. A young omega with eyes to kill for. Have you looked at those eyes?”

“Indeed I have, Veronica. That young omega will definitely be dangerous when he reaches maturity.”

“Let’s hope that our favorite alpha will be able to survive it. Considering how head over heels he already is over his young mate.”

“I’m sure they will definitely be the power-couple to fear in the future.” The other one said cheerfully. “Well, over to a story about Justin Bieber who has recently taken the world by storm, and released a wonderful new soundtrack…”

Yuuri stopped listening. What did she mean with hoping that Victor would be able to survive it? How could Yuuri’s heat be dangerous to Victor? Had he missed something?

Yuuri had read a lot about omegas. He only skipped the part of the first heat, since he got anxiety just thinking about it.

It would hurt more than childbirth, some people even described it to be worse than getting stabbed multiple times. Since the first heat would make his body prepared to bear children, it would cause eggs to grow in his empty ovaries. And since about a million eggs needed to grow, it would feel like a million tiny explosions in his stomach in the span of a week, maybe even more.

And there were no medicines for it. Since the first heat would also cause so many new hormones to act up, it was dangerous to mix it with any kind of remedy. Even alcohol was out of the question for the first heat, since the hormones could cause the alcohol to make permanent damage to the brain.

Everything even remotely associated with an omega’s first heat was written in bold giant letters that scared Yuuri beyond belief.

And he knew that he could have one at any moment, since omegas usually went into heat between the ages of sixteen to twenty years old. And he had almost been sixteen for a whole year.

He could go into heat right now, and everything would be turned around.
He really wasn’t ready. He didn’t even know if he ever would be.

Yuuri was ripped out of his thoughts by a knock on the door.

Yuuri shot up immediately. Why did he suddenly feel so on edge?

“It’s probably Minako.” Mari assured as she was slightly startled by Yuuri’s drastic move. “Calm down, and stay there.”

Yuuri nodded but didn’t take his eyes off his sister as she went to the door.

He watched her release a sigh of relief, before she unlocked the door and walked back inside the hotel room to grab her bag. “I’m not even surprised at this point.” She muttered, trying to hide the fond smile that was slowly spreading on her face. “Maybe you can get him to go to sleep.”

Yuuri sat up more, trying to get a peek at who was at their door, and understand why Mari was leaving.

When he finally saw his mate, Yuuri shot out of bed to reunite with him.

Victor was already waiting with open arms.

“How are you here?” Yuuri asked in disbelief, hugging Victor impossibly closer. “I thought you were in China?”

“I was.” Victor admitted sheepishly. “But I flew as soon as I got my gold medal, I didn’t even stay for interviews. I couldn’t miss your performance tomorrow.”

That’s when Yuuri noticed that Victor was still in his skating costume, and his Russia Jacket. “You didn’t even have time to change?”

Victor chuckled in slight amusement. “I slept almost the entire way here, so I wouldn’t give it away.” He admitted. “Yakov woke me up when we landed, but I took a taxi straight away, and now I’m here… Are you surprised?”

“Do you even have to ask?” Yuuri asked with a shy smile. “Can’t you feel it?”

“It’s more fun to hear you say it.” Victor pointed out.

Yuuri chuckled at his mate’s antics. “Oh, Victor. I am so surprised.” He mused fondly.

Victor beamed and hugged Yuuri close again. “I’m so glad to see you, Yuuri.” He declared. “I missed you so much.”

Yuuri nuzzled close to Victor, relishing in his scent. “I missed you too.”

The next day, Yuuri was more than ready to perform. Having Victor by his side was all the confidence he needed to do well.

And the competitions went by in a haste.

Victor stuck around however, since it was less than a week until Yuuri’s birthday.

He was turning seventeen. And Victor intended on celebrating it, just like all of his other birthdays.
Victor made a vow years ago, that he was going to be there for all of Yuuri’s milestones. He didn’t want to miss a single thing that his mate did. Not a competition, not a birthday, not anything.

So if it took flying through the night and not being able to eat or shower for thirteen hours, it would all be worth it. At least to him. If it meant getting to see Yuuri, he was willing to walk through hell and back.

Nothing was going to keep them apart. Especially not such a silly thing like borders or distance.

Their love was beyond anything.

And everything.

Their love was forever.

Chapter End Notes

Now I really need to go back to focus solely on my stupid school assignment... :( <3<3 But it was fun to focus on this during breaks... XD <3<3 But no more breaks for me until I'm done, wish me luck.. XD <3<3

I'm supposed to hand in my assignment the 8 of January, so I probably won't write anything before then! <3 But I'm always happy to read your comments and messages on tumblr <3<3 <3<3 You guys are the best! <3<3
Yuuri was relishing in the knowledge that he and Victor had two weeks together. First they were celebrating his birthday tomorrow, and then they would go to Switzerland together for the Grand Prix final in a week.

Yuuri only managed to claim a silver in skate America, so he didn’t feel great about his chances. Victor kissed his medal nonetheless. But it didn’t feel the same. It was more of a pity-kiss, and Yuuri didn’t want any of those. Which is why it was so important to him to win gold over Victor in the Grand Prix.

He didn’t want to let people down.

“Is it okay if I throw you a birthday party?” Victor suddenly asked, snapping Yuuri out of his thoughts. “I mean, I already planned one, but I just want to make sure that you want to show up.”

Yuuri blinked a few times to get his mind to keep up. He pulled himself away from Victor’s chest that he was currently resting on, so he could look at him clearly. “You threw me a birthday party?” He asked in disbelief.

Victor nodded with excitement. “It was supposed to be a surprise, but I got worried that you might not like a surprise like that.” He said thoughtfully. “So I figured that it would be better to ask you than scaring you.”

He asked in disbelief.

Victor nodded with excitement. “It was supposed to be a surprise, but I got worried that you might not like a surprise like that.” He said thoughtfully. “So I figured that it would be better to ask you than scaring you.”

There was a moment of silence.

“It sounds like fun.” Yuuri finally assured.

“Really?” Victor asked in surprise.

Yuuri nodded with a shy smile. “Thank you, Victor.”

Victor beamed and sat up from the nest so he could take Yuuri’s face in his hands. “Anything for you, solnechnyy.”

Yuuri closed the final distance between the two of them and allowed their lips to press together. Victor always tasted amazing. It might be because of his very expensive lip balm that he kept using,
or maybe it was just the way he was.

Amazing.

Victor pulled away slightly with a hum of content. “So what do you want for you birthday present, luchik?”

Yuuri shrugged slightly. “I don’t know… Haven’t really thought about it.”

Victor smiled knowingly.

“What?” Yuuri asked in confusion. Why was Victor smiling like that?

“Nothing…” Victor chuckled in amusement. “Nothing you need to know, anyways… You’ll see tomorrow.”

Yuuri narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

“Don’t look at me like that.” Victor exclaimed, feigning hurt. “Just because I cannot lie, doesn’t mean I have to tell you everything.”

Vicchan yipped in agreement from the sidelines.

“See?” Victor said, picking Vicchan up. “Who’s a genius dog?” He gushed. “You are!”

Vicchan licked Victor’s face in excitement.

Makkachin locked up from across the bed, wondering what the commotion was all about.

“I think you’re making Makkachin jealous…” Yuuri said in amusement.

Victor laughed warmly as he noticed the expression of his big poodle. “Are you, Makkachin?” He asked fondly. “Are you jealous that papa has gotten a new fluffy baby?”

Makkachin huffed and made his way over to Yuuri, curling up in the younger boy’s embrace.

“Well played…” Victor smiled and let Vicchan down in the nest.

Vicchan immediately darted for Makkachin, snuggling up close to his giant friend. Makkachin released a sigh of content and rolled to his side in Yuuri’s lap, silently asking for a belly rub.

“You guys are hopeless…” Yuuri smiled fondly to the two dogs who were now crowding him.

“Don’t mind me…” Victor told the two dogs sadly. “It’s not like I need any cuddles…”

Yuuri chuckled and managed to tug his way free from the dogs without them noticing. He then crawled over them and into Victor’s embrace. “I’ll always cuddle with you.” He promised.

Victor’s heart melted in the matter of seconds. “Thank you, love.” He said as he hugged Yuuri close. “You are the only one I will ever need.”

……………………………

The next morning, Yuuri woke up alone. He immediately startled awake, worried that Victor had somehow fallen out the bed during night. But when he was nowhere in his room, Yuuri had to think for several moments before remembering what day it was.
And as soon as he remembered that it was his birthday, dread hit him.

If a parade was waiting for him outside, he would just sink through his nest, into the ground, and down to the pit of the earth in embarrassment.

But surely Victor wouldn’t do that, right?

Victor had to know how uncomfortable that would make him. At least now, after seventeen years of knowing each other.

~Yuuri? Are you already awake?~ Victor asked. He had that special tone that was basically screaming that he was up to something.

He could feel Victor’s excitement when he told him that he was, and it didn’t take long before his bedroom door opened, and Victor came balancing in with a tray filled with stuff.

“Victor.” Yuuri exclaimed as he shot out of bed to help his mate from accidentally hurting himself.

Victor on the other hand, seemed to have no problem with balancing a tray. No matter how anxious it made Yuuri.

“Good morning, beautiful.” Victor greeted cheerfully. “Happy birthday!”

Yuuri practically hovered next to him. “Do you need help?” He asked worriedly.

Victor shook his head. “Just go back to bed so you can enjoy your breakfast.” He said with that beautiful heart-shaped smile Yuuri was so in love with.

Yuuri really couldn’t argue with that. So he made his way back to his nest, making sure to take some of the pillows away to make room for Victor.

Victor placed down the tray first, and made sure that Yuuri held it steady before sitting down himself.

“Where are my parents?” Yuuri asked in concern. They were usually the ones who woke him up on his birthday.

“They’re working.” Victor said gently. “And I wanted you all to myself today… Or at least for now.”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly. “Did you cook?”

“Your mom helped me.” Victor admitted. “Will you let me feed you?”

Yuuri chuckled fondly and allowed it.

After all, it was only him and Victor in the room. So there was no reason for him to refuse. He actually kind of liked it.

Not that he would ever admit it to anyone but Victor, of course.

Yuuri had never had a birthday party before. So he had no idea how to act under all the attention he received.

Most of the girls in his class showed up, and even Yuuko, and they all brought him gifts and wished
him a happy birthday.

Victor was ecstatic, he kept taking pictures of everything, and speaking to everyone. Yuuri practically had to glue himself to his mate’s side to keep him from disappearing from him.

Not that Victor minded.

It was first when it all calmed down and people started chatting with each other, that Yuuri finally released Victor’s side.

Victor then had to go check on the birthday cake, and left Yuuri by himself.

“Having fun?” Mari suddenly asked with a knowing smirk.

“Of course!” Yuuri assured as he stood in the middle of the room, not really knowing who to talk to when Victor wasn’t around. “Why wouldn’t I be having fun?”

Mari considered Yuuri for a moment, before shrugging. “Maybe I’m wrong…”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “Mari?”

Mari was already walking away. Just because it was Yuuri’s birthday, didn’t mean she had a day off work.

“Mari?” Yuuri called after her.

“Enjoy your party, little brother.” She said with a wave.

Yuuri frowned in confusion.

“Is everything okay?” Victor asked as he suddenly appeared at Yuuri’s side again. “Did she say anything to you?”

“Nothing I understood.” Yuuri admitted. He allowed his eyes to trail away from Victor for only a short moment, when he suddenly noticed Yuuko sitting by herself, looking very uneasy.

“Do you know where Takeshi is?” Yuuri asked Victor worriedly. He wasn’t used to seeing Yuuko without him.

“He said he couldn’t come.” Victor said thoughtfully. “Why do you ask?”

Yuuri’s frown deepened. “I think something is wrong…” He admitted. “Is it okay if I talk to Yuuko in private?”

Victor was momentarily stunned by the question. Yuuri never asked for his permission to do anything. “Of course.” He said nonetheless. “Let me know if you need me.”

Yuuri nodded. “I will.”

Victor watched Yuuri walking away to his friend, and he got a sudden urge to follow him. He knew it was pathetic to miss Yuuri when he was literally across the room from him. But knowing that didn’t change anything.

He just hoped that Yuuri would be back soon.

“Yuuko? Is everything okay?” Yuuri asked gently as he sat down next to his friend.
He noticed how Yuuko quickly wiped away a tear. “Yeah, of course.” She said with an uneven voice. “Are you enjoying your birthday?”

Yuuri nodded slightly. “Do you want to go somewhere and talk?”

Yuuko blinked a few times, before nodding as more tears filled her eyes.

“Okay.” Yuuri said and took her hand to lead her away. He noticed how Victor looked at him worriedly.

~We’ll be right back~ Yuuri assured his mate.

Victor nodded and sat down on a nearby chair, as he waited for his mate to return to him.

Once Yuuri and Yuuko got some privacy, Yuuko immediately broke down crying.

Yuuri didn’t know what to do, so he simply wrapped his arms around his friend and allowed her to cry against his shoulder.

That’s when he suddenly realized that he was taller than her. When did that happen?

“I’m sorry…” Yuuko apologized. “I’m sorry for crying…”

“It’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “Is everything okay?”

Yuuko shook her head against Yuuri’s shoulder. “I’m pregnant…” She whispered sadly.

Yuuri tensed. “What?”

Yuuko cried harder, she pulled away and hid her face in her hands. “I’m sorry…” She apologized again. “Me and Takeshi were idiots. He went into rut, and I joined him for it… And in the heat of the moment we forgot…” She sniffled loudly. “We forgot to use protection.”

Yuuri was completely taken off guard. He never expected her to admit something like that.

That’s when another thought struck him. “Does Takeshi…?”

Yuuko nodded before the question was even finished. “He knows…”

Yuuri nodded in understanding at the implication, but he really didn’t like it.

“He said he needed some time.” Yuuko continued. “Whatever that means…”

“He’s an idiot.” Yuuri declared. “I can’t believe that he would…” He couldn’t even get out the words. “He’s such a… I mean, I could just…”

“You will hurt yourself.” A dark voice suddenly called from behind him.

Both Yuuri and Yuuko turned towards it. “Takeshi?” Yuuko asked in disbelief.

“I’m done thinking.” Takeshi stated, walking forward.

Yuuri backed away in order to allow his friends some room. That’s when Victor also appeared again. Yuuri walked up to him in order to keep him from interfering the moment.

“I meant it when I said that I will love you forever.” Takeshi stated. “And I know that we haven’t decided what to do with our baby, but I want you to know that I’m here for you, no matter what.”
Yuuko sniffled and wiped away some stray tears. “I’m going to keep it.” She said, a little harsher than intended.

Takeshi beamed. “Then I will be by your side, for every step of the way. We will be a family.”

Takeshi smiled and reached into his pocket before going down on one knee. He then held out a small black box that he opened slowly, revealing a ring.

Yuuri gasped just as loudly as Yuuko did.

“Yuuko… Will you marry me?” Takeshi asked gently.

Yuuri grabbed Victor’s hand in excitement, as the question still hung in the air.

Yuuko let out a loud sob before nodding frantically. “Of course I want to marry you!” She exclaimed. “You big idiot.”

Takeshi chuckled fondly as he took out the ring and held it up to Yuuko.

Yuuko reached out her hand and allowed Takeshi to put it on.

As soon as it was on, she threw herself into Takeshi’s embrace.

Yuuri and Victor stood still and watched them like two grinning idiots. No matter what the world threw on them, they were still two hopeless romantics, who could do nothing else than to be ecstatic about the sudden turn of events.

Even though Victor barely had any idea of what was going on.

“I’m going to get married!” Yuuko cheered happily and kissed Takeshi’s cheek.

Seeing his friends this happy was definitely the best birthday present Yuuri could ever wish for. Even though the merchandise Victor had gotten for him wasn’t that bad either.

But so far, his seventeenth year had a great start. He was surrounded by the people he loved, he was doing great in school and he was going to the Grand Prix Final with Victor.

Hopefully, the rest of his seventeenth year would be just as great as well. He really wanted to use one of the travel coupons he got last year from Victor.

He wanted to go on a trip with his mate. Somewhere exciting.

He also wanted to look for a good place to study for college. He started to get more and more excited about going to Detroit and be coached by Celestino.

There was so much he wanted to get done before he turned eighteen.

Then he would truly be an actual adult, at least in America.

He could barely wait.

Chapter End Notes
Yay! <3 I almost forgot about Yuuko all together. Then I had to do some math, since her kids are 6 years old in canon, which means that Yuuko would have had them when she was nineteen, since she's two years older than Yuuri. And Yuuri is born so late in the year, so chances are that Yuuko already turned nineteen earlier that year... XD And plus 9 months, she still had to be nineteen... So it was a close call that I forgot about it, but there you go! <3<3

And most of us know that Yuuri will have his heat sometime when he's seventeen, but take a chill pill... XD It's a whole year until he turns eighteen, and my inbox is constantly smocked with people begging for the heat, so just be patient! <3<3 It will come when it's time! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading! You can find my tumblr here: https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/post/169078550311/sick-of-waiting-for-updates-consider-becoming-a

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3<3
Chapter 77

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor gets ready to compete against each other in the grand prix final.

Chapter Notes

This is what happens when I have a day off... I start writing and I can never seem to stop! XD So here's another update! <3

I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The airport was filled with people. It was very obvious that it was December, and people had were traveling away for Christmas. It was still almost a month until then, but that didn’t stop people from acting crazy.

“Remind me to call my parents and let them know how much I enjoy having access to a private plane.” Victor mused.

“You know, flying in economy class isn’t as bad as you make it sound.” Yuuri pointed out. He knew that Victor was very spoiled in general, but he would do what he could to teach his mate how to see the beauty in the world without money.

“But it’s always so crowded.” Victor whined. “And babies are always crying, and I can’t even have you in my lap without having flight stewards glaring at me.”

“They don’t glare at you.” Yuuri assured. “They’re just... confused... And I don’t think they like the fact that we’re not in our seatbelts.”

“Well, if it was actually a good plane, then maybe they wouldn’t have to worry about that...” Victor grumbled.

“It is a good plane.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Mine’s better.” Victor declared.

“Technically, it’s your parent’s.”

Victor hushed Yuuri with a fond smile. “Such an eye for details...”

Yuuri blushed slightly as Victor’s breath tickled his ear.

Victor noticed and repeated the motion.

“Victor...” Yuuri scolded while covering his ear.
Victor laughed warm and melodic. “You’re so cute.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly before reaching up to blow in Victor’s ear.

Victor made a full-body shiver.

“Did you…?” Yuuri asked in surprise. “...Reach out...?”

Victor seemed to have some trouble speaking. “No...” He managed to get out. “That was... Something else.”

Yuuri was just about to try the same thing again, when Victor chuckled loudly and tightened his grip on Yuuri. “I think that’s enough fun for today.” He said nervously, as he tried to avoid thinking about how tight his pants suddenly became.

“Is everything okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor avoided answering the question. “I’ll be fine.” He said instead.

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

Victor reached out to Yuuri, to let him know that everything was fine.

Yuuri responded immediately with a shiver of his own. “It was long ago since we did that.” Yuuri said with a slight smile.

“Probably because it doesn’t do that much.” Victor pointed out. “Our bond never closes.”

Yuuri nodded. “I like that.” He admitted. “I like being connected to you, always.”

Victor beamed, when he suddenly noticed paparazzi in the distance. “Let’s go this way.” He told Yuuri and turned them around.

“But our gate is the other way...” Yuuri pointed out.

“We’ll just go up and around everything.” Victor said with a bright smile. “It will be our warm-up for the Grand Prix.”

Yuuri looked at his mate skeptically.

“And there were paparazzi in the way.” Victor admitted.

“How do you see them so well?” Yuuri asked in disbelief and turned around to see if he could spot them himself.

He saw nothing.

“A lifetime of practice.” Victor said, slightly defeated.

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri whispered with a gentle squeeze to Victor’s hand. “I’m sorry you have to live through that.”

“It’s fine.” Victor assured. “We all have our struggles. The important thing is to still be able to live with them.”

Yuuri hummed in agreement. “And to help each other get through them... Together.”
Victor smiled and left a soft kiss to the side of Yuuri’s forehead. “Together.”

The flight to Switzerland went well, and they landed in Bern almost fifteen minutes before expected.

And as soon as they stepped out of the plane, they came face to face with the biggest poster of Christophe Giacometti that they had ever seen, dressed in Switz folk-dress.

“He’s wearing so many layers.” Yuuri said in amusement. “Are we sure that’s really Chris?”

Victor couldn’t help but snort at the remark. “We better hope so…” He said quietly. “God forbid that there’s two of them.”

Yuuri couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped him. And Victor should stop himself from enjoying it. It was truly the most beautiful sound in the world.

“Were we supposed to meet Yakov at the airport?” Yuuri asked.

“I’m pretty sure he said the hotel.” Victor admitted. “Did you hear anything from Minako?”

Yuuri took out his phone, it was still on ‘airplane mode’. Once it connected to the airport’s Wifi, he got three text messages, all from Minako. “Her grandmother is still unwell…” He said sadly. “But apparently Minako is coming here in her place.”

Victor nodded and turned on his own phone. “I’m sure I can get Yakov to vouch for you otherwise?” He suggested. “If Minako would rather stay with her?”

“Really?”

Victor nodded.

“I’ll call her and see.” Yuuri said as he immediately dialed his ballet teacher.

Yuuri managed to convince Minako to stay in Hasetsu during the Grand Prix. Minako’s grandmother was very old, and Yuuri didn’t want to be the cause of keeping Minako away from her, in case she… Well, he didn’t want to be responsible of taking the only relative away from a sick old lady.

Not over a competition, and especially not if it could be solved in a better way.

So Yakov became Yuuri’s coach for the weekend and he had never looked prouder. Mostly because he was fairly sure that either Yuuri or Victor would win. And whoever it was, he would still be credited as the gold medalist’s coach.

“Just remember that the one who’s going to give you the most trouble this season is Mr. Giacometti.” Yakov explained. “He’s skating for his country, and he has the greatest amount of support.”

Yuuri nodded in attention while Victor was completely lost in thought as he was playing with Yuuri’s hair.

“Vitya!” Yakov scolded.

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “I’m sure you’re right, Yakov.” he mused.

“He told us that Chris will be our biggest competition.” Yuuri clarified.
“Is that so?” Victor asked fondly.

Yakov scowled deeply in disapproval. “Vitya, I know that listening isn’t your strongest quality.” He grumbled. “But the sooner you pay attention, the sooner you will be able to get excused so you and Yuuri can get some sleep.”

Victor looked up at that with a cheerful smile. “So what were you saying?”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “You are excused.” He said reluctantly. “Just make sure to get some sleep so you’ll actually be able to skate tomorrow.”

“Yes, coach!” Victor agreed. “Come on, Yuuri, let’s find Chris!”

Yakov watched his two protégés disappearing from his line of sight. He just hoped that they would actually get some rest before morning.

If they allowed their excitement of competing together get the better of them, and caused them to skate poorly, he would have to come up with a good lecture.

He sighed yet again.

He better start planning it…

“Are you sure Chris is actually here?” Yuuri asked. “Doesn’t he live here?”

“He lives a few towns away, but he texted me and said that he would stay at this hotel for the competitions.” Victor explained.

“Oh…” Yuuri said in surprise. “So do you text each other… often?”

“No, only when…” Victor trailed off as he looked to Yuuri. “Are you… Jealous?”

“What?” Yuuri questioned before adjusting his question. “Do I need to be jealous?”

“Of course not!” Victor exclaimed.

“Cause you know, I know that he likes and admires you, and he is kind of attractive… In an adult way…”

“Yuuri, I don’t find him attractive at all.” Victor assured. “I mean, I don’t find him repulsive or anything, but compared to you, he might as well be a grey blob skating around.”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly. “You really think I’m more attractive than Chris?”

“I think you’re more attractive than anyone else in this world.” Victor stated. “No one could ever compare.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter as he moved closer to Victor. “Thank you.”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuuri. “I’m just telling you the truth.” He said gently. “That’s all I really can do…”

Yuuri chuckled slightly and nuzzled closer. “It doesn’t make you any less sweet.” He pointed out. “I love you so much.”
Victor smiled. “I love you too.”

“I’m I interrupting something?” Chris asked, as he happily walked up to them. “You know that they have private rooms here?”

“Hi, Chris.” Victor greeted first.

“Bonjour.” Chris smirked.

“Hi.” Yuuri said more quietly. For some reason, he felt slightly intimidated by the other alpha, so he subconsciously pressed closer to Victor

“Nice costume.” Victor grinned and nodded to a nearby poster of Chris.

Chris turned to it and chuckled fondly. “Yeah, I just got myself a very good manager. Not to mention handsome.”

“A manager?” Victor asked in surprise.

Chris nodded slyly. “His name is Masumi. And let me say, that the gods couldn’t even create a more glorious ass.”

Yuuri and Victor exchanged looks. Before Victor finally cleared his voice. “So, are you two… Together?”

Chris laughed in utter amusement. “I’m still working on it.” He admitted. “That man might be gorgeous, but he’s dumber than a sack of potatoes.” He said sadly. “All of my advances just end up going right over his head.”

“So are you telling me that the great Christophe Giacometti, is having love problems?” Victor mused.

“Of course not. I just need to up my game.” Chris said confidently. “Once he sees my short program tomorrow, he’ll probably be begging for this.” He caressed his own ass to prove his point. “I do look amazing in leather breeches.” He finished with a wink.

“I’m sure he’ll be impressed.” Victor assured, before noticing an odd emotion coming from Yuuri. “Honey, are you okay?”

Yuuri knew it was so stupid, but Chris was actually scary to him. But he had no idea why. He knew Chris was a good person, he just had some very irrational feelings right now. He definitely felt his nest instincts goin on high alert, and he wanted nothing more then to go up to the hotel room, make a nest, and stay there with Victor for the rest of time.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded.

“I was only joking…” Chris tried, waving his hands apologetically. “I didn’t mean to upset you or anything.”

“I-It’s fine…” Yuuri stuttered out. Hating himself and his uneven voice that always betrayed him when he was nervous. “Don’t worry about it.”

Victor was definitely not convinced by that.

“So did you guys want to go out and explore Bern?” Chris asked awkwardly.

“I think we’re just going to go back up to our room.” Victor said as he kept his eyes locked on
Yuuri. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine.” Chris assured as he glanced around the lobby. “I’ll find someone else to keep me company.” He unbuttoned the first three buttons to his shirt before leaving the couple to themselves. “Au revoir.”

As soon as Chris was out of earshot, Victor turned to Yuuri fully. “What did he do? What’s wrong?”

Yuuri shook his head. “It’s not him, it’s me.” he admitted. “I just want to go back to our room.”

Victor nodded. He was still frowning, but he released a sigh of defeat. “Let’s go.”

Victor kept a watchful eye over Yuuri, he seemed unusually anxious. And he had been nesting for over two hours.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Victor asked worriedly. “You seem worried.”

Yuuri didn’t answer, he just kept on adjusting pillows.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded.

“Yes?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “Did you say something?”

“Are you anxious about tomorrow?” Victor asked. “Is that why you’re acting so... odd?”

“Odd?” Yuuri questioned. “What’s that’s supposed to mean? Do you think I’m odd?”

“What? No!” Victor exclaimed. “I said that you were acting odd.”

“You don’t like my nest?” Yuuri asked.

“Your nest is beautiful, love.” Victor assured. “But you’ve been building it for over two hours?”

“So you think I’m slow?” Yuuri asked as tears began to fill his eyes. “I’m sorry…”

“No, don’t apologize.” Victor said gently as he walked up to his mate and wrapped his arms around him. “I’m just worried about you.”

Yuuri sniffled a few times into Victor’s chest, before finally managing to calm himself down. “I… I think I’m hungry.”

Victor pulled Yuuri away slightly, that’s when he realized how long it had been since they last ate. He wanted to smack his own head over how stupid he was. “I’ll get us something.” He said and took a step back when Yuuri suddenly grabbed him again.

“No, no, no… Please don’t leave.” He pleaded with those beautiful, big, sparkling eyes.

“Okay…” Victor relented. “I’ll order something up.”

Yuuri nodded as Victor’s frown deepened.

Something had to be wrong.

Victor pressed his palm against Yuuri’s forehead. “You’re not warm.” He said thoughtfully. Yuuri leaned into his touch, but it did nothing to ease Victor’s worry. “I’ll get us some dinner.”
Yuuri kept his eyes glued to Victor for the rest of the night. He had no idea why he felt so needy. He just wanted Victor to stay close to him. He somehow felt lonely, even though Victor was right there.

Victor also kept a close eye on Yuuri.

If something was wrong, he would probably know before dawn.

Hopefully…

The next morning, Yuuri was back to his usual self, as both he and Victor got ready to head to the ice rink.

Victor however, still couldn’t shake the feeling that something was wrong. Yuuri kind of… Smelled different? He wasn’t sure, it wasn’t bad or anything, just… Stronger.

But he seemed healthy. Determined even.

Victor wasn’t sure what to make of it. And their bond told him very little. There were too many emotions in both of them. They were going to compete against each other, for the very first time.

It was Yuuri’s seniors debut and it was Victor’s chance to do his first quad axel in a competition. He had landed it every time in practice, so he was excited to show the world what he was really capable of.

But all of his own emotions kind of turned into worry, as he didn’t sense anything else besides worry from his mate. “You’re going to do fine.” Victor assured. “Try not to worry.”

Yuuri nodded but made no attempt to either agree or disagree. He just kept staring out his own window. He knew something was off. It had been ever since yesterday, but he had no idea what it was. He didn’t feel sick or anything. It was probably just nerves and his anxiety acting up.

It was the first time he was performing without Minako or Minako’s grandmother. Which meant that he wouldn’t be able to keep his mind occupied by listening to the old lady’s rambling about how keychains were such an excellent device. Or Minako’s attempts to calm her grandmother down when she misheard Yuuri’s scores and threatened to beat up the judges.

It might be extreme, but it kept him distracted from worrying about the enormous pressure he was under.

No matter how skilled Yakov was, he probably wouldn’t be able to do the same.

He wasn’t even sure if Victor could.

“Yuuri?” Victor said gently. “Are you still with me?”

Yuuri looked to his mate. He seemed so worried. “Yes?” He answered nonetheless.

“You keep spacing out.” Victor explained. “Are you sure you’re up for skating today?”

“Of course.” Yuuri answered immediately. “I’m not going to let you just have the gold. That would be a very boring competition.”

Victor felt slightly relieved when he saw the flare of Yuuri’s competitive spirit. “Are you sure you’re ready to face me?” He teased. “I did win gold last year… And some people even refer to me as a living legend in figure skating.”
“Before I crushed all of your records…” Yuuri teased back.

“In juniors maybe…” Victor smirked. “You sure you’re ready to play with the big boys?”

Yuuri shot him a smile so confident that Victor almost fell to his knees, which would be kind of weird since they were in a taxi. “Bring it on, Nikiforov.”

Victor couldn’t help but to admire how good Yuuri looked in his jacket. He looked like a real competitor.

Which he was.

Victor still couldn’t believe that he would actually compete against his Yuuri.

They were actual rivals, fighting for a gold medal.

Victor didn’t mind losing to Yuuri, but that didn’t mean that he would just let Yuuri win, that would be an insult. If Yuuri wanted gold, he would really have to deserve it, and he really hoped that Yuuri felt the same.

Yuuri did.

But he also couldn’t help feeling strangely hot and cold at the same time. He knew something was wrong, but he was still willing to deny it and blame his stress and anxiety.

He felt slightly nauseous and still unusually needy to stay close to Victor. He hadn’t even left his side since they arrived.

And he was slightly anxious to be surrounded by so many alphas. Their scent was almost overwhelming. That’s also a reason to why he felt like he needed to stay close to Victor.

Victor’s scent meant safety and comfort, and that was something he was desperate for right now.

A part of him wished that he could grab Victor and pull him back to the hotel and into his nest. Then he could have Victor’s arm wrapped around him, and he could feel safe and protected again.

But that wasn’t possible. Not now, when so much was at stake.

He needed to perform.

He needed to win.

“Are you absolutely sure that you’re okay?” Victor asked as he noticed the time, it was only a few minutes left before they all had to be on the ice. And Yuuri was still looking stressed, in fact, he was looking terrified.

Victor couldn’t allow him to skate like that.

Yuuri sighed tiredly. He had to be fine, he had to be. “For the last time Victor I’m…” Yuuri felt the words die on his lips as he suddenly felt a sharp pain rip through the lower part of his stomach.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked as he sensed something in Yuuri’s stomach. “What’s wrong?”

“I…” Yuuri trailed off as he felt the pain again, and again, getting worse by every time. “Ahhhhhh!”
“Yuuri!” Victor practically yelled as Yuuri toppled towards the ground. He was right there to catch him, leading him safely to the floor. “What’s wrong? What’s going on?”

Yuuri’s screaming got louder and more desperate as tears started to fill his eyes.

“Yuuri!” Victor half-screamed as he tried to assess his mate. He heard someone calling for a medic in the background, but he only had one thing that he could focus on right now, and that was Yuuri. “Please talk to me, luchik. What can I do?”

Yuuri tried to stifle his screaming, but it only came out again, even louder than the other times.

Victor felt how the scream shattered his heart, and it made his body vibrate with fury for whatever was hurting his mate. He tried to go through everything, every organ that could possibly been hurting Yuuri, or everything that happened during the day and yesterday that could have done this to him.

That’s when he suddenly noticed the new scent that Yuuri was producing. It was so strong and sweet, but it was also drenched with distress.

That’s the moment when it all fell into place.

Yuuri wasn’t hurt.

Yuuri was in heat.

Chapter End Notes

*Evil laugh*

Come on... I had to... XD <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 78

Chapter Summary

Yuuri is in heat, and Victor does his best to handle the situation.

Chapter Notes

I'm feeling like the nicest writer in the whole of AO3 right now!! XD <3 Do you remember the time when I read a story and was left hanging desperately from a cliffhanger, and the writer updated the very next day? No? Me neither! XD <3 I'm still hanging from most of those cliffhangers this very day... XD <3<3<3

Anyways, I hope you'll like this new update!! <3<3 Thank you to everyone who was there to support me as I wrote! <3<3 You guys are the absolute best!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Is Yuuri okay?” Chris asked in fear, as he slowly began to approach.

The first thought that went through Victor’s mind, was that his Yuuri was in heat, and an alpha was trying to approach him, “Stay back!” He barked, making Chris flinch backwards in fear.

Yuuri was running out of air from all the screaming, and started to whimper in pain instead. It did nothing to stop Victor’s heart from shattering in his chest. He had never heard such a painful sound in his entire life. It made him want to rip his own ear off. Not that it would help.

“Sir, will you please step aside?” A medic suddenly asked.

She must have mistaken Victor for an idiot. He was not letting anyone get close to Yuuri when he was this vulnerable.

He let out a rumbling growl to keep them at distance.

“Everyone! Get away from them!” Yakov roared as he suddenly appeared in the room. “Victor, what’s going on?”

“He’s in heat.” Victor growled. “Nobody will touch him.”

Yakov swallowed nervously. “Vitya. I need you to step away from Yuuri.”

Victor looked up and sent him a glare so intense that Yakov was worried his heart might stop.

“I am NOT leaving him.” Victor declared seriously. “You’ll have to kill me.”

“Victor, don’t be an idiot. Get away from him, and we’ll get him someplace safe.” Yakov argued.

“Over my dead body.” Victor growled, placing his arm beside Yuuri to protect him from Yakov’s
“Victor.” Yakov sighed. “Please listen to me.”

“No!” Victor snapped. “I’m not leaving him. And I’m not letting him suffer this alone.”

“Do you even know how to control yourself?” Yakov questioned. “He’s an omega in heat. You’re a mature alpha.”

Victor’s growl intensified at the idiotic suggestion. “I won’t hurt him, if that’s what you’re implying.”

“I’m not, I just want you to think this through.”

Yuuri was sobbing against Victor’s chest as he clenched his own stomach in pain.

Victor’s heart shattered impossibly more, it would probably be a pile of dust in his chest in no time. But he knew that he could control himself. He had no desires at all.

Did Yuuri’s scent make him want to be closer to him? Yes, but that didn’t mean he was going to have sex with him.

He wasn’t an animal, and especially not a monster.

“Of course I can control myself.” Victor stated. “It’s Yuuri.”

And that was the purest truth he had ever spoken to his coach. Yuuri was the one person who made his life worth living. He was the light in the darkness. His everything.

And Victor was not going to hurt that. He’d rather die first.

Yakov sighed in defeat. “I’ll clear a path for you to the exit.” He said gently. “We should at least get him back to the hotel. He can’t have his heat in an ice rink.”

Victor nodded in agreement and hugged Yuuri close. “You’re going to be okay love.” He promised. “I’m going to take care of you. You’ll feel better soon.”

Yuuri pressed himself closer to Victor while curling further in on himself. “It hurts…” He said brokenly. “I… I don’t want it…”

Victor felt tears sting his eyes in the next instant. “I’m so sorry… I’m so sorry, Yuuri.”

Yuuri curled impossible closer and released sad whimpers as he tried to keep his breathing under control.

Victor would take the pain for himself if he could. Yuuri should never feel like this, never.

He was far too good to experience any kind of pain. And this was just ridiculous.

Victor blamed himself for not noticing sooner. Yuuri showed all the symptoms of pre-heat yesterday. And Victor had been too stupid to understand what it was. Maybe he was in denial, but that was no excuse.

Yuuri was his mate, and it was Victor’s job to protect him from things like this. He looked around the room and released a sigh of relief when he realized that it was empty. The grand prix final had already started.
He knew Yuuri was going to be very sad about missing it, once he felt better.

“You… You sh-should… skate…” Yuuri suddenly whispered.

Victor tensed. “What? No, of course not, I’m not skating without you.”

Yuuri clenched his fist and pressed it to his stomach. “I’ll b-be… Fine.”

“No.” Victor said, leaving no room for arguments. “It’s either both of us, or none of us. Like you said, we’re in this together. And I’m not letting you go through this alone.”

A whimper was all that Victor got in response. He brushed his fingers through Yuuri’s hair gently, hoping that it could somehow soothe him.

“Victor, let’s go.” Yakov snapped as he appeared in the doorway.

“Yuuri, I’m going to carry you.” Victor said gently. “Are you ready?”

Yuuri nodded but couldn’t get any other words out.

Victor took off his skates and discarded them on the floor so he wouldn’t fall with Yuuri. He then wrapped his arms securely around his mate, before lifting him bridal-style.

Yuuri wrapped his arms around his neck, and pressed himself impossibly closer to the alpha.

Victor did his best to take a deep breath and release calming pheromones for Yuuri. He wasn’t sure if it would help or not, but he was willing to do anything he could, to make it at least a little bit better for his mate.

Yuuri felt as if someone was frying him from the inside. His stomach felt like it was on fire. He realized that no book in the world could have prepared him for how excruciating the pain actually was. It was blinding.

All he knew was that Victor was there, and he was going to take him to safety, hopefully back to his nest. And he noticed that he was suddenly in a car, Victor was still hugging him.

The pain was so overwhelming. He could sense Victor trying to calm him down with relaxing pheromones, but they did nothing for the pain, they only helped so he wouldn’t scream in panic, and they made him slightly sleepy.

He did feel safe with Victor, he couldn’t deny that. But he really wished that he was home in Hasetsu, with familiar scents and his own perfected nest.

This was so stressful. He didn’t know where he was. Victor was the only thing keeping him sane right now.

After an eternity in the car, Victor finally lifted him out. He heard traffic everywhere, and it made him want to hide in Victor’s embrace. Knowing that they were all going to see him in this vulnerable state.

“No one is looking, love.” Victor assured. “You’re fine.”

Yuuri nodded against his shoulder but made no further comments. He suddenly felt Victor stop in his tracks. A few seconds later, he felt how they were traveling upwards. They were already in the elevator. Were they back at the hotel?
It felt as if everything moved in less than a second, but at the same time it felt like everything took an eternity. He just wanted his heat to be over.

Victor placed Yuuri into the nest as carefully as he could, but felt his heart clench when Yuuri curled into himself as tears kept falling from his eyes.

“There’s really nothing?” Victor asked his coach. “There’s nothing he can get to feel better?”

“No.” Yakov said apologetically. “He just needs to get through this.”

Victor nodded thoughtfully and sat down next to Yuuri. “He’s not going through this alone.” He stated.

“Victor, he will be in more danger if you’re in here, than if you’re in my room. We can call an omega doctor, and ask them to come and help him through this.”

“I’m his true mate!” Victor exclaimed. “And I’m not trusting anyone to be close to Yuuri when he’s like this.”

“Victor I…” Yakov started but was immediately interrupted again.

“What if we call a doctor here, and they take advantage of Yuuri when he’s like this? How would I ever forgive myself if I allowed that to happen?” Victor questioned. “How would I ever be able to look Yuuri in the eyes again?”

Yakov opened his mouth as if to answer, but closed it just as quickly. “Well I can’t stay in here.” He said grimly. “The scent is making me dizzy.”

“Then leave.” Victor snapped. “We can make it on our own.”

Yakov looked reluctant. He clenched and unclenched his fist as if it would help him to make up his mind. And after several moments, he released a sigh of defeat. “Fine.” He relented. “But I’ll come back to check on you in a few hours.” He said worriedly. “I’ll be next door if you need me.”

Victor nodded and walked his coach out so he could lock the door behind him.

No one else was getting in.

Especially not a stranger.

“Victor…” Yuuri whispered from the nest. It was so quiet that it was almost inaudible. But Victor could never miss anything that Yuuri said. He was far too well-trained for that. All of his senses were completely tuned to Yuuri.

Victor immediately made his way back to his mate, and he felt his heart shatter again as Yuuri reached for him, even though he was in so much pain that he could hardly move.

“I’m right here.” Victor assured, taking Yuuri’s hand and laying himself next to him in bed. “I’m not leaving you, Yuuri. We’ll get through this together. This is just one of those hardships we talked about.”

Yuuri nodded as a low whimper escaped him.

Victor brushed his hand up and down Yuuri’s back in an attempt to soothe him. “Can you talk, can I do something? Can I help?” He asked in concern, desperate to do anything to ease Yuuri’s pain.
Yuuri shook his head and curled closer to Victor.

Victor took the hint and wrapped his arms around Yuuri, while releasing as many relaxing pheromones as he possibly could.

Yuuri was shaking, vibrating against his chest like a scared animal.

That’s when Victor realized that he wasn’t shaking. He was purring, but definitely not from pleasure.

He had read somewhere that when an omega purrs, it can be from two different reason. They could either purr from being perfectly content and happy, purring n delight, or when they were so overtaken by pain that they could barely think straight.

Victor knew exactly which one of those it was.

He had studied a lot about omegas and heats, even first heats, but now, in the moment, he could barely recall anything.

Yuuri’s cries and whimpers made his brain want to shut itself down completely. It all hurt too much.

Yuuri felt Victor holding him close and he felt the scents from strange alphas fading away and being replaced by solely Victor’s. It made him feel safe. He knew that Victor would protect him if something happened.

That made the pain bearable.

He breathed in Victor’s scent and he felt his alpha pheromones causing him to be more and more sleepy.

He figured that if he could sleep, he should, hopefully the pain would be gone once he woke up.

Victor felt his heart stop dead in his chest as Yuuri stilled and grew quiet. “Yuuri?” He asked worriedly.

Yuuri didn’t answer.

Victor sat up fully and reached for Yuuri’s neck with trembling hands. As soon as he felt his mate’s heartbeat, he allowed himself to breathe again.

His mate was still alive.

But why was he so still?

“Yuuri?” He tried again, more firmly.

Yuuri stirred slightly before relaxing fully again.

Victor did the first thing he could think of. He took out his phone and he called Yakov.

“What’s wrong?” Was Yakov’s first question.

“Yakov, Yuuri… He… He isn’t answering.” Victor said desperately.

Shuffling movements, and a curt “I’ll be right there.” Was all he got in response.

A few moments later, there was a knock on the door.
Victor carefully moved away from Yuuri before darting for the door to let Yakov in.

“What happened?” Yakov asked as he stormed inside with worry written all over his face.

Yuuri felt awareness creeping up on him as his mate no longer seemed to be surrounding him, and he turned wide-awake once another alpha’s scent hit him like a bucket of icy water.

He needed them to get away.

Victor became frozen to the core as he noticed Yuuri growling angrily, but as soon as he made an attempt to reach him, Yuuri hissed. Loud and violently, causing Yakov to fall to the floor and back away in fear.

“What the hell?” Yakov exclaimed in shock.

Victor felt is own eyes widened with fear as he took in Yuuri’s appearance. His mate’s hair stood on end as he sat up stiffly while baring his teeth. But the thing that frightened him the most, were Yuuri’s eyes.

They were nearly completely black. The pupils were so inhumanly dilated that Victor was scared that something was seriously wrong. “Yuuri?” He said gently.

Yuuri’s eyes snapped to him immediately, as golden brown was slowly filling them again. “V-Victor?”

Victor felt his mobility return to him, and he quickly made it back to Yuuri’s side. He gently caressed his cheek. “Yuuri? Are you alright?”

Yuuri looked around the room in disorientation, before he suddenly wrapped his arms around his stomach and gasped.

Victor had no idea what just happened, but he could tell that the pain was back with a vengeance, as it seemed as if Yuuri wasn’t able to take a single deep breath.

“Yuuri, please breathe.” Victor pleaded.

All that came out was another heart-wrenching cry of pain.

Victor regretted waking him up, maybe Yuuri didn’t feel the pain when he was asleep like that. Bringing Yakov in seemed to have caused him to panic and wake up with the need to defend himself.

Either way, Victor needed to know more about this.

He never expected Yuuri’s heat to hit like this. He always thought that there was going to be time to prepare. He always expected Yuuri to be older.

But when he looked to his mate, he suddenly realized that Yuuri was older. He had aged so beautifully, right before his eyes.

And Victor didn’t even notice.

He was the biggest idiot on the planet. Not only had he failed Yuuri as his true mate, but he had also failed him as a boyfriend.

He should know how to act. He should know how to make it better for his mate.
Yuuri curled back into himself and stifled his cry into a nearby pillow.

Victor gently wrapped his arms around his mate and eased him down so he was lying down, as he was doing his best to get air back into his lungs.

Victor released more alpha pheromones and looked to Yakov apologetically. “I think you should leave. I think your presence might stress him.”

“Then why did you call me here for?” Yakov questioned with a deep scowl. He got back up to his feet as he kept walking backwards, making sure to keep his distance from Yuuri. “Look after him, Vitya.” He demanded.

“I always do.” Victor assured. He looked to Yuuri with an ocean of emotions. “I always do…”

…..

After about another hour of more screaming and crying, Yuuri finally went back to sleep against Victor’s chest.

Victor had his arms wrapped around him tightly. Terrified that Yuuri would wake up and more pain would haunt him.

Yuuri didn’t deserve that. He didn’t deserve any of this. Yuuri should never be in this kind of pain. He had done absolutely nothing to deserve it. He had been the kindest, sweetest human in this world. If anything, he deserved a medal for all of his accomplishments, not a painful heat.

Never a painful heat.

It wasn’t right.

As Victor managed to rip himself out of his deep thoughts, he suddenly noticed the time. And realized that it had been a while since they last ate.

But he couldn’t feed Yuuri when he was unconscious, so he knew that he had to wake him up at some point.

He was dreading it though.

“Yuuri?” Victor whispered quietly.

Yuuri didn’t want to wake up, he felt so painfree in the oblivion. Being awake meant being in pain, and he really didn’t want that.

“Yuuri?” Victor tried again.

Yuuri heard how worried he sounded, and he felt that it was his responsibility to comfort his mate, no matter how much it would hurt him.

Victor watched how Yuuri suddenly came to, with his eyes screwed shut in pain.

“I… I’m h-here…” Yuuri said shakily as he tried to blink his eyes open. “I… I’m… I’m okay…”

That was probably the least convincing lie Yuuri had ever told him.

Victor gasped as he realized it.

Yuuri lied to him.
He could lie?

Victor was just about to call him out on it, when he realized that there were more important things at hand. “Are you hungry?” He asked gently. “I need to get us dinner, do you want something special?”

Yuuri shook his head against Victor’s chest. “Jus... Just sleep...” He stuttered out. “Sleep...”

Victor frowned, but he understood. If sleep was the only thing that could save him from his misery, he should be sleeping as much as he possibly could.

“I’ll wake you up when it’s time to eat.” Victor spoke so softly that Yuuri thought that his voice had to be made from honey. “You can sleep while I get us something.”

Yuuri shot up from bed in an instant and clung onto Victor for dear life. “No, don’t leave me, Vitya!” He begged. “Don’t leave me!”

“I’m not going anywhere.” Victor assured him quickly. “I’m just going to take my phone back from my jacket and call for some delivery food. I’ll just be gone for a few seconds.”

Yuuri nodded sadly before whimpering again.

Victor hurried to his jacket as fast as he could before returning back to Yuuri’s side. “Just breathe through it, love.” He instructed as he dialed with his free hand. The other one was back to brushing up and down along Yuuri’s back. “Just try and go back to sleep... I’ll be here when you wake up, and then you might be able to eat something.”

Yuuri nodded and allowed the sound of Victor’s voice to lull him back to sleep.

Hopefully, it would be better once he woke up.

Chapter End Notes

So as I think I explained in this story, or I can just clarify. That the first heat is not about sex. It's basically a painridden week where an omega becomes fertile. It's worse for boys when it comes to the pain. But girls still experience a lot of pain, and also a period, so it's a question of picking your poison ＿(…)¬

But just so you understand. That even if Yuuri's sexual urges awakes towards the end of the first heat, he is still in no condition to have sex.

And the reason why no one is freaking out over the scent, is because it's almost completely masked by Yuuri's distress. And Victor is very used to the scent, so he's the very best at controlling himself.

It will be much harder during Yuuri's second heat, where Yuuri will be aroused instead of in pain... XD I'm wishing Victor the best of luck for that... XD <3<3

Anyway, thank you so much for reading! <3<3 And don't forget to check out my tumblr! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/sophialala

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3<3
Chapter 79

Chapter Summary

Victor will do everything he can to help Yuuri through his heat.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for slow updates <3 I had school for these past two days, so my pace wasn’t exactly up to speed... XD <3 But I hope you’ll like this nonetheless... It’s mainly a filler, but it has some sweet parts you might like! <3<3 I hope you do! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor wasn’t sure if he was allowed to be asleep with Yuuri, or if he should take the role as his guardian during the night.

This entire day had been one of the worst ones in his life. Not only was Yuuri in excruciating pain, but they also lost their chance to compete against each other.

And he knew that Yuuri was going to be sad about it. He was just too out of it right now.

Victor had managed to get Yuuri to eat a little bit of pizza, and he contacted Yuuri’s family while Yuuri was asleep again. They were all sick with worry when neither Yuuri nor Victor skated out on the ice when the competition started.

He also talked to his own mother, who tried to explain how Victor could reach Yuuri through their dreams, and talk to him. That was apparently something that his parents could do.

It all sounded very difficult, he wasn’t exactly known to be able to take control of his dreams, so he had no idea how to use their soulbond and reach out from his dream-self.

But he was still willing to try, if it meant being able to speak to Yuuri when he wasn’t crying or screaming in pain, he would do it.

He still didn’t feel any urges towards Yuuri. It might be because all of the heat pheromones were completely drenched in distress. Or maybe he was simply used to Yuuri’s scent. It wasn’t as special as everyone made it sound.

Everyone always claimed that the scent of an omega in heat is supposed to be irresistible. That it’s supposed to make you rock hard from a single sniff.

But those kind of claims were probably not meant for first heats. He had no idea how anyone could get hard from someone this hurt and defenseless.

That would just be sick.

Yuuri suddenly stirred, bringing Victor out of his thoughts immediately.
Yuuri started whimpering while clawing on his own T-shirt. “H-hot…” He said shakily.

Victor brought his hand to Yuuri and felt just how warm he was. It felt like he had a fever.

“Off…” Yuuri pleaded. “Get… Get it o-off…”

“Okay.” Victor soothed and pulled multiple blankets away from Yuuri and helped him take his shirt and pants off.

Yuuri seemed to relax at that, he curled himself back at Victor’s side and pressed his face against Victor’s chest, before releasing an uneven breath.

“You’re okay.” Victor assured him. “You’ll feel better soon.”

Yuuri nodded slowly before relaxing again. Victor sighed in relief and allowed his hand to brush against Yuuri’s back, his skin was so different. It was hot to the touch but not sweaty. It was very different from his own and kind of exciting.

Victor had never taken the time to truly appreciate how beautiful Yuuri’s skin was. It was so silky and smooth. And right now, it was almost electrifying because of the heat radiating from it.

Yuuri’s hair was also pretty amazing. It was so soft and velvety, black like the night, and every single strand was simply the definition of perfection. Even when it was ruffled or messy, it was still perfect.

Just like Yuuri.

Victor felt his heart hurting over how much he loved his Yuuri, every single detail about him. And his love only grew, getting more powerful by every passing second.

All of his life, he had thought that he was going to burst with love. He was so glad that he hadn’t.

Or he would have missed so many wonderful moments with his mate.

Victor closed his eyes and wrapped his arm around Yuuri again. That’s when he suddenly felt Yuuri shivering. And he was as cold as ice.

How could his temperature change so quickly?

He immediately reached for blankets and wrapped them around both him and Yuuri, hoping that it would make him warmer fast.

Yuuri nuzzled closer to him in his sleep, before suddenly started whimpering. “V-Victor?”

“Yes, love?” Victor said gently, as he was trying to make the pain go away by pure will. “How are you feeling?”

Yuuri felt horrible. He felt like he had been rolling around naked in the snow in Russia. The only thing that brought him some kind of warmth was his mate. “H-hold me…” He stuttered out behind clenched teeth.

“I am holding you.” Victor said softly, trying to squeeze Yuuri in assurance to let him know that he was right there.

Yuuri knew, but it didn’t help. He didn’t get warm enough. How could he make Victor understand that? “You… You’re not h-holding me… Enough…” He managed to get out.
Victor looked to Yuuri in disbelief. How could he possibly hold him more?

He didn’t ask him that though, instead, he took off his shirt and pants and hugged Yuuri tight. He knew that skin to skin contact was a survival tactic to stay warm. Maybe that would help his mate get warm.

Yuuri nuzzled impossibly closer, before releasing a sigh of content.

Victor felt himself relax as well.

He had succeeded.

They were currently under four different blankets, and Yuuri was pressed against him like a living ice cube.

But Victor didn’t mind.

He would happily freeze for a moment if it meant making it better for Yuuri.

But as he laid there with Yuuri pressed tight against himself, and he felt warmth beginning to spread to the both of them. He momentarily closed his eyes, and felt himself drifting off to sleep.

……………………………………

Yuuri didn’t know how much time had past during his heat.

Everything kind of moved in a blur. He didn’t know if it was night or day. He didn’t know where he was most of the time. The only thing he did know for certain, was that he was in pain and Victor was there with him.

Until he wasn’t.

Yuuri tried to force himself back to awareness again. He felt the pain in his stomach return, as he tried to blink his eyes open.

He looked around the room in disorientation, but Victor was nowhere in sight.

“V-Victor?” Yuuri tried and realized just how raspy his voice was. He cleared his throat slightly and tried again. “Victor?”

Victor didn’t answer. Nor did he leave any indication that he was around.

Yuuri took a deep breath before trying to sit up. The pain increased as he moved, but he didn’t care. His mate was missing.

He tried reaching out, but it didn’t seem to be working. He couldn’t make himself shiver, there was too much pain.

“Victor?” He tried again, louder. He placed his feet on the floor and got ready to search his mate out.

That’s when the hotel room opened and Victor came back in. “Yuuri, lyubov moya, what are you doing out of bed?”

Yuuri did the best to take a breath so he could answer. “You’re… gone… were gone.” He corrected brokenly.
“I was only speaking to Yakov outside, I didn’t want you to get scared because of his scent, but he brought things for you.” Victor announced as he placed a bag down on the floor.

Yuuri looked to it curiously while trying to lay himself back down again.

“Rice pillow.” Victor announced as he displayed the things he’d gotten. “So I can heat it up the next time you get cold.”

Yuuri nodded as he swallowed thickly while trying to keep the pain in control.

“A fan, next time you get too hot.” Victor said and placed the object aside. “More blankets, soup, ice cream, everything I could imagine that you would need. We’re going to make it through this, Yuuri.” He promised. “We only have a few days left.”

Yuuri reacted to that. “How long… left?”

Victor’s face fell slightly. “Five.”

Yuuri wanted to scream as he realized that only two days had passed. And in some cases, heats even lasted for longer than a week.

He wasn’t even halfway through.

“It’s okay though.” Victor assured him. “I’ll be right here. Your nest is still looking beautiful. Yakov even got us movies to watch. They’re Studio Ghibli, your favorites.”

Yuuri whimpered slightly as another wave of pain went through him, and Victor was there in an instant.

“I’ll try to release as many calming pheromones as I can.” Victor promised. “I’ll make you sleep through most of it, it’s going to be okay.”

Yuuri crawled closer to Victor and allowed his mate to move him back to his spot in the nest, while keeping his word of releasing calming pheromones in the air for Yuuri.

“I’m just going to unpack the rest of the things, but I’ll be right back, okay?” Victor said gently.

Yuuri released a low whine to the idea of Victor going away from him.

“Only a few seconds.” Victor assured. “I’ll hurry.”

Yuuri nodded, and as soon as Victor left him, he suddenly realized another problem at hand. “V-Victor?”

“Yes, love?”

“I…” Yuuri swallowed nervously. “I need to go to the bathroom.”

Victor blinked a few times. “Oh, of course.” He agreed as his eyes shifted to the bathroom and back to Yuuri. “Can you walk on your own?”

Yuuri pouted sadly as he shook his head in embarrassment.

“It’s okay.” Victor said quickly. “I’ll help you.”

Yuuri nodded and reached for Victor.
Victor’s heart almost exploded when he saw the amount of trust flooding in Yuuri’s eyes. He walked up to him and wrapped his arms around his back. “Are you okay?”

Yuuri nodded against his shoulder.

Victor gently took ahold of Yuuri’s legs so he could carry him bridal style into the bathroom.

Yuuri held on to him and his own stomach the whole way there, and as soon as they stepped inside, Yuuri slapped Victor gently on the shoulder. “I’ll be fine… From here.”

Victor nodded thoughtfully. And gently lowered Yuuri’s feet to the floor and watched him observantly to make sure he could actually manage standing by himself.

Yuuri whimpered and grabbed ahold of the counter.

Victor hovered like a worried parent. “Do you need me to…” He didn’t even manage to finish the question before Yuuri shook his head determinately.

“I’ll be… fine.” He said behind clenched teeth.

Victor nodded in understanding as he looked at Yuuri worriedly.

Yuuri noticed that Victor was lingering, but he had no idea why. Was he waiting to see him naked? Yuuri felt a blush creep up on his cheeks in embarrassment.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked. “Are you feeling hot again? Should I get you some ice cream?”

“No..” Yuuri squeaked out. “Just… could you?”

Yuuri looked at the door and back to Victor with pleading eyes.

Victor immediately turned beet red. “Oh, sorry, of course.” He cleared his throat awkwardly multiple times before making his exit from the bathroom. “Let me know if you need anything.”

Victor cursed himself the moment he stepped outside. He never meant to make Yuuri uncomfortable like that.

He didn’t want his mate to think that he was some kind of perv. Hopefully he didn’t. But he could see how uncomfortable Yuuri got, how embarrassed.

That was never his intention. He decided there and then that he could at least make himself useful while he waited for Yuuri to get done, if something happened, he would only be a few steps away.

He readjusted the nest like he knew Yuuri would want it, and he made sure to fill up two water bottles and he placed a few protein bars on the bedside table. Yuuri might get hungry or thirsty during the day, and he might not allow Victor to leave. So it was better to be prepared than stupid.

After a while, Yuuri called for him.

Victor dropped what he was doing and immediately darted for the bathroom.

Yuuri was shaking with exertion as he stood bent over the bathroom sink. Victor wasted no time before marching up there to scoop Yuuri up in his embrace. “Don’t strain yourself.” He scolded gently. “I’m here to help.”

“S-sorry…” Yuuri apologized as he pressed himself closer to Victor’s embrace.
Victor sighed in defeat. He could never stay mad at Yuuri, especially not now. Even if he was too stubborn for his own good.

“Towel.” Yuuri pleaded before Victor had a chance to exit the bathroom.

Victor then noticed that Yuuri’s hands were still wet from washing them. And no wonder, since the idiot who had designed the hotel had placed the towels all the way across the bathroom for some reason. Victor nodded and walked over to the towels with Yuuri in his arms.

Yuuri took it with him as he dried off his hands. He then allowed Victor to bring him back to nest so he could curl back in there, under the blankets, and go back to breathing through the pain.

He was starting to get used to it. In the beginning, it was more of a shock, it came all at once, and it kept getting stronger.

Now it was more of a constant sizzling feeling in his organs. It felt as if his intestines were made out of bubble wrapper, and someone kept twisting them so they all exploded constantly.

He knew that he was growing eggs, and it kind of made him envy women. They were born with them. Female omegas didn’t have to through this kind of pain. But on the other hand, they had to deal with both heats and periods every single month.

He would only have a heat every six months to once a year. It was different from person to person. He hoped that they were far apart. He didn’t want experience this again for a very long time.


Yuuri nodded. “Cold.” He agreed.

“I’ll warm up the pillow for you.” Victor stated and made a move to leave when Yuuri suddenly grasped his wrist. “No, I… I just need you…” He managed to get out.

“The pillow will be warmer.” Victor pointed out.

Yuuri shook his head stubbornly. “Just you.”

Victor released a sigh of defeat. He didn’t have the will or strength to deny Yuuri anything right now.

He didn’t know if he ever would...

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this! <3<3 And don't forget to follow me on tumblr! <3 I just started a new story there that's like a "Tumblr exclusive" A Vampire AU cause I was bored... XD But I also sometimes post extra chapters for Deary Beloved there, like deleted chapters or extra scenes or filler chapters from their childhood... XD It's really the best way to reach me regarding anything! <3<3 You can message me or send me asks... You know the drill... XD <3 https://www.tumblr.com/blog/sophialala1

Thank you so much for reading this, and I hope it made you a little bit happy, even if they are in such an angstly time! <3
Kudos to all of you! <3<3
Chapter 80

Chapter Summary

Yuuri’s heat begins to settle, and other things begin to arise.

Chapter Notes

Hi, I hope you’ll like this chapter! <3 Get ready for slight angst, cringe and embarrassment. XD <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri slept on. He didn’t even register anything besides the few times Victor woke him up to make sure he was still okay, when Victor told him to eat, to drink, and when he needed to go to the bathroom.

He knew it would impossible to sleep this much if it wasn’t for Victor. His pheromones filled his senses and made his breathing calm enough for him to go to sleep.

He had no ideas how other omegas did it. Omegas that didn’t have their own ‘Victor’ by their side.

Since all kinds of medicine were off limits, it had to be impossible to get some rest. Luckily, pheromones were completely natural and approved by almost every medical expert..

Yuuri thought that there be a way for omegas to get access to calming alpha pheromones in order to get by during the first heat. But on the other hand, that probably wouldn’t be the best thing either. If it wasn’t Victor’s pheromones, he would probably be more nervous. Strange alphas were really not something he was strong enough to handle in this state.

Apparently he had scared the life out of Yakov. Not that he remembered it. He didn’t remember most of his heat. But he was in on his fifth day, so he only had two more days to go, hopefully…

The pain was still bad, but it wasn’t agonizing anymore. It didn’t feel like his intestines were exploding, it only felt as if someone sat in the inside of his stomach with a tiny knife and stabbed his ovaries.

So he was doing a lot better, but on the other hand, he had hormones that were starting to get completely out of control. He even punched his pillow a few hours ago, from getting mad at it for not being perfect. It was lumpy, and no matter how much he tried it didn’t go away.

Victor quietly took it away and fluffed it just right for him. And that made him so happy he started crying.

Yuuri wanted to find a way to apologize to his mate, this definitely couldn’t be easy for him. He never meant for Victor to get stuck in a role like this. He shouldn’t be responsible for taking care of him so much.
But Victor was currently sleeping right now, and Yuuri didn’t want to bother him.

Compared to Yuuri, he probably hadn’t gotten a lot of sleep these days.

Yuuri blinked his eyes open so he could watch Victor.

Victor looked so beautiful when he was sleeping. He looked so strong and yet so gentle at the same time. His facial features were completely relaxed, and his hair was slightly out of place.

Yuuri took the liberty to brush a few of the loose strands away from his mate’s face. Victor leaned into his touch slightly but he didn’t wake up.

Yuuri was grateful.

Victor should be sleeping.

Yuuri could just take a moment to watch over him for a change, look the way he breathed, so slowly and peacefully. It was kind of an unusual sight, since Victor was usually bursting with energy.

This was different, but definitely not unwelcomed. Victor was beautiful no matter what, and sleeping was no exception.

Yuuri could watch him all day, especially like this. It was harder to stare at Victor when he was awake, since he always managed to catch him in the act, and it made Yuuri blush so much that he was forced to look away.

But maybe this was just creepy?

Yuuri averted his gaze, just in case.

But in some way, his eyes managed to lock themselves on Victor’s stomach.

Victor’s T-shirt had slipped up a little and revealed a little bit of skin on the lower part of his stomach.

Yuuri swallowed thickly as a new weird sensation started to creep up on him. It made his heartbeat raise and he felt his face heat up, but it wasn’t because of embarrassment.

His eyes continued to travel down Victor’s body and he found himself looking right between Victor’s legs.

That’s when Yuuri realized what he was doing and immediately turned around in bed and hiding his face in his hands. He was such a creep.

Or, it was normal, he knew what sex was, he wasn’t an idiot. But he had never felt turn on before, and it was such a weird sensation. It was as a mixture between embarrassment and some kind of weird urge. Like nesting but more physical.

He couldn’t really explain it.

He couldn’t say he hated it, but it made him feel really confused.

Was that how Victor felt when he went into rut? Was that why he was so embarrassed and refused to talk to him?

“Yuuri, are you awake?” Victor suddenly asked. His voice was so warm and soft, and it made Yuuri
shiver. “Are you cold?” He asked worriedly as he pulled up the blankets over Yuuri.

Yuuri pressed his face deeper into the pillow in an attempt to hide.

“How bad is the pain?” Victor asked in concern.

“Eight.” Yuuri answered honestly. It was better than the ten he experienced on his first day. But it was still very bad.

Victor frowned in concern. He had no idea why Yuuri was suddenly so far away, and why he had his back turned against him. “You should sleep.” He said thoughtfully as he moved closer to Yuuri so his pheromones would reach him.

Yuuri felt how Victor’s presence made his entire body tingle and the closer he got, the more he felt the weird feeling increase. And when Victor’s scent came washing over him, he suddenly felt his boxers getting far too tight. The pain also got worse and it made him whimper.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked immediately as he sat up fully and started climbing so he could get a good look at Yuuri.

Yuuri immediately shifted away and tried to hide under the blanket from embarrassment.

“Are you crying?” Victor asked in concern. “Yuuri please talk to me.”

“Look away…” Yuuri pleaded.

“What?”

“Please… Just… Please look away.”

Victor moved away and turned his gaze the other way. “I’m not looking.” He assured. “What’s going on?”

Yuuri peeked out from the blanket to make sure that Victor was looking the other way. “… I’m just feeling… weird.” He said brokenly. “Just… Don’t look at me.”


“No.” Yuuri squeaked out. “Just…” He trailed off as he was forced to hide his face under the blanket again. He really couldn’t deal with this. He just wished that someone would walk into the hotel with a giant bat and knock him unconscious for the rest of his life so he wouldn’t have to deal with this.

He wasn’t that lucky as Victor suddenly pulled the blanket away. “Yuuri, tell me what’s wrong.” He pleaded.

Yuuri started crying. And it did nothing to soothe Victor’s concern.

Victor started to regret his actions, but he knew that pulling the blanket back up wouldn’t help. So he started assessing his mate for injuries or something else that could be wrong.

He noticed that Yuuri’s face was unusually flushed. It could be either because of embarrassment or fever. He placed his hand on Yuuri’s forehead to make sure.

He wasn’t that warm.
“It’s okay.” Victor assured as he wiped Yuuri’s tears away. “I’m sorry. But why are you embarrassed?”

Yuuri’s crying increased as he turned himself away from Victor.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri mumbled something completely incoherent before covering himself back with the blanket again.

Victor sighed in defeat. Whatever it was, Yuuri didn’t seem to want his help. And he couldn’t exactly force him.

Victor was just about to lie back down when a scent suddenly hit him. Yuuri’s scent, but it was completely different. It was filled with horny pheromones, and Victor felt his pants starting to get tight.

He immediately stood up and rushed for the bathroom.

Yuuri curled in on himself and prayed for his heat to be over.

Yuuri managed to calm himself down and go to sleep on his own. And when he woke up again, Victor woke him up to eat.

“We don’t have to talk about it.” Victor assured. “I know what happened, and it’s fine.”

Yuuri turned red with embarrassment in a matter of seconds.

“No, no, no, don’t be embarrassed.” Victor pleaded. “Let’s talk about something else, how are you feeling?”

The pain had decreased to a slight dulling pain. It he still felt slight stabbing sensation every ten seconds. Hopefully that meant that most of his eggs were finished, and he was now at the end of his heat. “Not too bad…” He admitted. “It doesn’t hurt nearly as much.”

Victor nodded. “I think your heat is interfering with our bond.” Victor said gently. “I can’t feel you as clearly anymore.”

“I know.” Yuuri sighed. “I couldn’t reach out because of the pain. That might be it?” He suggested.

“Maybe…” Victor agreed. “I just really missed you.”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “I missed you too.”

Victor smiled back and made an attempt to reach out. That actually worked, and they both shivered accordingly. That made Victor able to sense Yuuri’s pain again.

“My god, Yuuri, the pain is still there.” Victor exclaimed and immediately began to fuss. “I thought you said it was an eight?”

“It is an eight.” Yuuri stated. “I’m not screaming or crying in pain.”

Victor frowned. “You’re acting like you’re pain-free, lie back down.” He ordered gently as he made sure Yuuri’s back was supported by enough pillows so he wouldn’t choke on their dinner. “Here.” He said as he handed him a box of takeout noodles.
Yuuri accepted it gratefully and managed to feed himself for the first time in almost six days.

Victor watched over him the whole time, looking for any little sign that Yuuri needed his help. But alas, he was strong enough to take care of himself right now.

“Did you like it?” Victor asked as Yuuri was done.

Yuuri nodded and handed the empty box to his mate.

Victor threw it straight into the garbage along with his own before lying down next to Yuuri.

The both lied there silently, staring at the roof.

“Do you want to watch a movie?” Victor suddenly asked.

Yuuri nodded. “That sounds good.”

Yuuri nodded and was glad that he placed in the DVD earlier, so all he had to do was to turn it on.

Yuuri moved closer to Victor and rested his head on his shoulder. Victor pulled Yuuri in closer.

“You know that you can go to sleep at any time, right? I’ll release some pheromones for you.”

“No.” Yuuri pleaded. “I want to watch the movie with you… I’ve slept too much already.”

“You’re still in pain.” Victor pointed out. “I don’t want you to suffer more than necessary.”

Yuuri shrugged. “It hurt more before. I’ll be fine. I think it’s starting to ease up. Maybe my heat isn’t as long as other omegas?”

“I really hope that’s true.” Victor stated. “I hate to see you in pain.”

“I’m sorry, Victor.” Yuuri apologized. “I never meant for you to…”

“It’s not your fault.” Victor quickly assured. “And I don’t mind caring for you… I just wish that it helped more.”

“It does.” Yuuri claimed. “I don’t think I would have managed my heat without you. It has to be horrible to go through all of this alone.”

Victor felt his heart break slightly at the idea of Yuuri being all alone in this, crying and screaming for a whole week.

That’s just awful.

“I’m glad I’m here with you.” Victor declared. “If I was in Russia and you in Japan, I might have just died from a broken heart. I’m not even sure if I would have had the courage to come and care for you. People always draw up heats to be… Something else.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “I don’t want to have a heat again…” He stated. “As soon as this one is over and I’m back in Japan, I’ll look up a doctor and get suppressants.”

“Don’t you have to be older?” Victor asked gently. “I had to be eighteen before I was allowed to take rut suppressants. And I read that omegas have to be twenty to take heat suppressants…”

“What?” Yuuri gasped. “Am I gonna suffer like this for three more years?”
“I don’t think your next heat will be any pain.” Victor said as reassuring as he could. “It will just be… Different.”

Yuuri allowed his gaze to find the television as he tried to suppress the memories of his previous embarrassment. “I still don’t want it…”

“You’re going to be okay.” Victor assured. “I’ll be there if you want.”

“No!” Yuuri exclaimed. “I think I will need to have that… Alone… Yesterday was too weird… I don’t want you to see how inexperienced I am.”

“I don’t mind. It’s not like I have a lot of experience either.” Victor said sheepishly.

“But you have enough experience to know what you like.” Yuuri pointed out. “I don’t even know how to take care of myself. I think I need to figure that out first, before I get you involved.”

Victor smiled fondly at Yuuri. “And this comes from the guy who wanted to have sex because he had seen a lot of porn…”

Yuuri turned red immediately. “Victor….”

“I’m sorry, it was just adorable…”

“Stop it.” Yuuri pleaded as he covered his face with the blanket.

“I’m sorry, I’ll stop.” Victor relented. “I’m just so amazed over how much you’ve grown. It feels like it was yesterday when you wore my gloves on your feet…”

“They were warm gloves…” Yuuri said carefully. “And I really liked wearing something of yours.”

“Well, next time we’re in Russia, you will have completely free access to my entire closet.”

Yuuri lit up a little at that. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “Really. What’s mine, is yours. All of it.”

Yuuri blushed slightly at that. “Same for you… You already have my heart. Anything else is nothing in comparison.”

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled. “You’re still too cute!”

Because some things never changes...

Chapter End Notes

Yuuri is growing up... XD <3<3 He just has a long way to go before he gets in touch with his eros... ;(<3 But he'll always be a Yuuri that is sweet enough to melt Victor's heart... ;) <3<3

I hope you liked these heat chapters, and I hope you're excited to how we'll move on for here... <3<3 Thank you so much for reading! <3<3

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scenes! <3 I love you guys! <3 https://www.tumblr.com/blog/sophialala1
Chapter 81

Chapter Summary

Yuuri is grateful his heat is finally over. And the couple gets ready to travel to Japan.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for being incredible slow with updating.. XD <3 But I've had school for this past week, and full days of it as well... XD <3 And I also started my diet this monday which is basically agonizingly hard... But It's over Saturday so yay!! <3 But just prepare that updates might be a bit slower for the upcoming time... XD <3 But they will come, so don't worry! <3<3

And as always, I really hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri had never been so grateful to not be in pain before. The feeling of just being able to walk to the bathroom without Victor’s help, was simply amazing.

But it was nothing compared to the feeling of finally being able to take a shower. To wash off all the remains of sweat, tears and pain. It almost felt like being reborn.

The warm, wonderful, cleansing water from the hotel’s shower left him feeling close to euphoric. It’s weird how a week of agonizing pain makes you appreciate the small things in life. Like a shower, of the feeling of combing your hair, or even wearing clean clothes.

The sun was shining outside and it was a beautiful day to be alive.

Yuuri took a deep breath as he stepped out from the bathroom in clean clothes. Victor was packing his bag, but he looked like a deer caught in the headlight when his eyes fell on Yuuri.

“Is everything okay?” Yuuri asked in concern.

Victor swallowed thickly as his face grew pink.

Yuuri frowned in concern. “Victor?”

Victor couldn’t believe his eyes as Yuuri stepped outside the bathroom. It was like he had aged about five years in there. And he was almost glowing with beauty. Victor had a hard time catching his breath.

Yuuri went back into the bathroom and looked at himself self-consciously. He couldn’t see anything different. He looked just like he always did, except that his hair was brushed away from his face.

But as he walked back into the bedroom, and Victor was still sitting unmoving and staring at him. “Victor.” Yuuri said as a blush quickly spread across his cheeks. “Why are you staring at me?”
“What?” Victor quickly gasped as he continued to pack his bag. “What makes you say that?”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully as Victor packed the towels that belonged to the hotel. “Why are you so stressed?”

Victor chanced a glance up to Yuuri and felt how he wanted to hide himself in a hole so he wouldn’t melt by the aura of beauty that his mate was practically radiating right now. “You’re too beautiful!” He blurted.

Yuuri was momentarily taken aback. “Oh?”

“I’m sorry.” Victor apologized. “I was just surprised. Give me a moment to adjust?”

“O-of course.” Yuuri stuttered nervously as he sat down next to Victor on the floor.

Victor moved closer to him with eyes full of attention.

Yuuri felt his heart speed up when Victor looked at him like that. Like he was the only person in the world. His eyes were filled with adoration as he brushed his fingers against Yuuri’s cheek.

Yuuri was almost scared of moving. It was such a special moment between them right now, and he was terrified of ruining it.

“Yuuri?” Victor said softly.

Yuuri looked at him in question.

“Breathe, love.” Victor instructed.

Yuuri didn’t even realize that he was holding his breath, but he released it anyways and relished in the feeling of air returning to his lungs.

“Why did you hold your breath?” Victor asked in concern.

Yuuri blushed heavily. “I don’t know…” He admitted sheepishly. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry.” Victor said gently. “Just don’t lose consciousness on me.” He mused. “We’ve had enough of that, don’t you think?”

Yuuri’s blushing increased.

“No, please don’t be embarrassed.” Victor pleaded. “It was a bad joke, I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine.” Yuuri assured. “I’m just sorry you had to go through that…”

“I’m not.” Victor stated. “Like I told you yesterday, there is no place that I would rather be, than with you.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I know.” He said sheepishly.

Victor took his hand and kissed it gently. “So don’t ever feel sorry about it, love. It was the best possible outcome.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “I wish I could have done the same for you… When you had your first rut.”
“When you were eleven?” Victor questioned. “You didn’t even know what sex was back then.”

“Still.” Yuuri protested. “It doesn’t matter that I didn’t know… I just wish you had someone there for you, like you were for me.”

“I had my parents.” Victor admitted as he cringed in recollection. “They kept coming to my door to make sure I was okay… And my dad kept giving me useless advice and my mom kept shoving weird magazines under the door…”

Yuuri snorted in amusement. “Really?”

Victor sighed. “…And then my aunt showed up and tried to give me instructions on how to… massage myself…”

“Oh god.” Yuuri cried as he covered his face in embarrassment on Victor’s behalf.

“So I did have help.” Victor finished. “But I can’t say I recommend it.”

“I’m so sorry you had to go through that.”

Victor chuckled. “Well, I luckily survived. So it’s all good now. I’m just glad I have my own apartment now. Having a rut in solitary really beats having it around other people.”

Yuuri looked at Victor thoughtfully. “Even…?” “He cut himself off and swallowed before getting the sentence out. “... Even with a partner?”

“Yuuri…”

“I’m just saying… You said that I could help after I had my heat.” Yuuri pointed out. “And I’m not sure if you remember the past week, but I did have my heat.”

“Maybe you should have a real heat before?” Victor suggested. “Take that time and learn about what you want, before trying to figure out what I want.”

“What if we want the same things?” Yuuri asked quietly as he looked up to Victor questioningly.

“Then we will know.” Victor said calmly. “There is no need to rush. Once you’re ready, we can have sex all day every day forever, if you want. There is no need for us to have sex right away.”

Yuuri nodded. “I just feel like you keep postponing it.”

“I just want to make sure that we won’t do anything stupid.” Victor said gently. “You’re still only seventeen. I’m not even sure if your body is developed enough to handle it.”

“It’s clearly developed or I wouldn’t be able to go into heat, right?” Yuuri quipped.

“Did you produce slick?” Victor questioned.

Yuuri’s face turned red in an instant. “...No…”

“Did you get hard? Did you feel the urge to touch yourself?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri’s face turned even redder than he thought was possible. “Victor…” He pleaded.

“Yuuri, if you can’t talk about it, you’re not ready to have sex.” Victor declared. “And that’s fine. We have our whole life before us.”
Yuuri nodded as he tried to force away his blush by pure will.

“You’re so beautiful, solnechnyy.” Victor stated and leaned in to claim a kiss. Which did nothing to ease Yuuri’s blush. “...And you’re definitely worth waiting for.”

“...And you’re absolutely sure that they are not hiding in the bushes?” Victor asked his coach as he and Yuuri stood ready to leave for the airport to travel to Japan.

Yuuri sat back and watched his mate talking on the phone. He looked so focused and pretty.

“...And you’re sure that the airport isn’t crowded with them?” Victor continued his questioning to his poor exhausted coach that had to deal with the media outburst for the past week.

He should probably feel bad for nagging him at this point, but he had to make sure that it would be safe for Yuuri. Everything else would have to come in second. “Well, thank you, Yakov. We’ll be down soon.”

Yuuri stood up from the bed and grabbed his suitcase.

“Are you ready to go, love?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded and stood up to grab his suitcase. Victor was quick to take his other hand in his own. “I’m sorry I was on the phone for so long.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Yuuri waved off. “What did Yakov say?”

“That he’s done everything in his power to make sure we get to Japan as safely as possible.” Victor explained. “The last thing I want is being chased by media with you by my side.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “I wish you wouldn’t get chased by people at all. You deserve some peace of mind.”

Victor smiled fondly as he leaned in to kiss Yuuri’s cheek. “It’s fine, solnechnyy.” He reassured his mate. “I know how to deal with it. It doesn’t bother me when I’m alone.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully when Victor suddenly kissed him on his nose, catching him by surprise.

“No worried faces.” Victor gushed as he kissed Yuuri on the cheek and started blowing raspberries.

“Victor!” Yuuri half screamed while trying to keep himself from falling over with laughter.

Victor hugged him close and nuzzled against his neck, scenting him. “Your scent is much stronger, love.” Victor explained gently. “It’s wonderful.”

Yuuri blushed yet again. It was almost ridiculous how easily Victor could cause that kind of reaction in him. But he wouldn’t change it for anything, Victor was the one person who was entirely allowed to make him feel like that.

A blushing mess.

“You smell wonderful too.” Yuuri responded lamely, and felt his blush increase over how stupid he sounded once the words left him.

“Thank you.” Victor chuckled fondly and took a step away. “We should leave now, lyubov. While it’s still safe.”
Yuuri nodded in agreement, and together, they left the hotel.

Getting to the flight to Japan was surprisingly easy. They didn’t run into any paparazzi or any fans, there was someone who looked like they recognized Victor, but they didn’t act on it.

Yuuri was grateful.

The flight was nice. Victor was asleep through most of it, and Yuuri got a chance to catch up on some games. Nothing online, but that didn’t matter. He still had some story based game that he was dying to get started. And a twelve hour flight was the perfect excuse to spend a few hours in front of a screen.

Victor woke up from time to time to asked questions about the game, but fell asleep before Yuuri was finished answering.

Yuuri smiled fondly and adjusted Victor’s blanket before going back to his game. Victor deserved some rest, even if it would result in him being jet-lagged once they were in Japan.

But Victor would return to Russia a few days after, so it might be for the best. His hours were right, in his own time-zone.

After Yuuri had finished the game, he noticed that it was starting to get a bit late in Japan, and they did have about five hours left before they landed.

So he curled up against his mate, and allowed the hours to wash away.

When Yuuri finally woke up, it was to Victor’s voice.

“Sleeping beauty?” Victor whispered fondly. “Are you ready to go home now?”

Yuuri hummed tiredly and hugged Victor tiredly.

“I would love to carry you, but I’m not sure if you want to be carried through an airport…” Victor said fondly.

Yuuri sighed and opened his eyes.

“You have the most beautiful eyes.” Victor said lovingly. “I’m so grateful to be able to see them from such a close distance.”

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled tiredly. “You do know that your eyes are literally on a list with most beautiful eyes in the world?”

“They are?” Victor asked curiously.

Yuuri nodded. “I’ll show you the article when we’re home.” He said as he tried to get out of his very comfortable seat.

Victor took his hand and pulled him up with a soft smile. “Your hair is adorable by the way.”

Yuuri frowned. That was Victor’s language for his hair looking like a bird’s nest. “Do you have a comb?”

“But it’s so cute…” Victor pouted.
“Please?” Yuuri asked and melted Victor’s resolve in less than a second.

“Unfair use of omega eyes…” Victor complained as he handed Yuuri a comb.

Yuuri accepted it with a smile of his own, until Victor’s face turned pink with happiness. “Thank you, Vitya.”

Victor swooned.

As soon as they got off the plane, Yuuri turned his phone back on. His dad was coming to pick them up, and he needed to make sure that he was there.

But instead, he was assaulted by a million notifications.

He knitted his eyebrows in confusion.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked as he noticed Yuuri’s buzzing phone and worried expression.

“Well…” Yuuri said nervously. “I think people know that we’re here…”

Yuuri showed Victor his phone and the article about them from the airport in Detroit, with the headline reading ‘Heading to Japan after the honeymoon?’.

Victor frowned. “We’ll hurry.” He said gently. “Hopefully, they’re not here yet.”

Yuuri nodded and called his dad. He was waiting for them outside.

So they only needed to get through the airport.

Yuuri could tell that Victor was tense. He looked everywhere around the airport as he had his arm wrapped tightly around Yuuri’s shoulders.

Yuuri wasn’t sure how to soothe him. Especially since Victor was protecting both of them. If Yuuri tried something, it might just be a distraction.

Suddenly, Victor stopped dead in his tracks.

Yuuri stopped as well and looked around, it took him a few moments before he too spotted a group of people right by the exit, they were sitting like a pack of hungry wolves who played around with their system cameras.

“Victor, it’s fine.” Yuuri said as confidently as he could. “We can just walk past them. Let them take a few pictures and call it a day.”

Victor looked like he was contemplating his choices.

“Stay close to me.” Victor finally said and hugged Yuuri a little bit tighter.

Yuuri nodded and allowed Victor to lead them forward.

They didn’t get far however, since the paparazzi jumped to their feet as soon as one of them spotted Victor.

“Mr. Nikiforov! Look this way, please!” One of them called as a million flashes went off in the blink of an eye.
“Keep your eyes forward and don’t give them any attention.” Victor whispered against Yuuri’s ear.

Yuuri nodded and sped up his pace to keep up with Victor.

More of them started calling Victor’s name and began to flock together in order to block their path.

Yuuri pressed impossibly closer to Victor and tried not to look like a scared animal before the cameras.

“Move.” Victor demanded as they were within speaking distance.

None of them reacted, but one of them made a mistake of stepping closer to Yuuri from the other way.

Victor immediately pushed Yuuri behind himself and ripped the camera from the strange man’s grip before smashing it in the ground.

All of the paparazzi froze.

Victor glared at them before taking Yuuri’s hand and pushing past them.

He really didn’t care what they would write about that. He would protect his mate no matter what. Even if Yakov would later yell his ears off.

Yuuri pulled on Victor’s hand a little as he noticed his dad’s car on the opposite direction of where Victor was heading.

Victor noticed and followed Yuuri until they were safe in a car.

“Hi, dad.” Yuuri greeted as Victor was going through a few breathing exercises to calm himself down.

“Good morning, did you have a good flight?” Toshiya asked cheerfully.

“We did.” Yuuri smiled gently. He was grateful that his dad didn’t ask about his heat. He really couldn’t handle that right now.

“That’s good.”

Yuuri looked to Victor and noticed how stressed he looked.

~Are you okay?~ Yuuri asked through the bond, in case Victor didn’t want his dad to know.

Victor looked to him and allowed his eyes to visibly relax. ~I’ll be fine~ He assured.

Yuuri nodded.

“So, Victor? How are you feeling? Toshiya asked as to break the heavy silence in the car.

“Glad to be back in Japan?”

“I am.” Victor said as his mood lightened up significantly. He would rather be burned alive than being rude to Yuuri’s parents. “It’s very beautiful here. And a lot warmer than it is in Russia.”

Toshiya laughed warmly. “Well, we’re always happy to have you.” He stated fondly. “You always bring a lot of joy to Yu-topia.”
“And to me.” Yuuri added with that adorable smile that made Victor want to cry from love.

Victor beamed and felt all of his bad mood disappearing into nothingness. Yuuri was the complete opposite to negativity in his world.

Whenever he was simply looking at him, Victor felt his heart soar with joy. No matter what happened earlier, he didn’t even feel like it was worth thinking about when Yuuri was beside him.

Yuuri was his light in the darkness and the shadow in a burning sun.

He made every hardship worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Luckily that paparazzi didn't have one of those safety straps for his camera... Or he might have been beheaded by Victor's fury... XD <3<3

I also want to take a moment to thank the wonderful SocialCatterfly who took time to help me proof-read this story. She's a digital artist who's amazing at what she does! <3 Follow her on Tumblr!! : https://socialcatterfly.tumblr.com/

And follow me on tumblr: https://www.tumblr.com/blog/sophialala1

There's were the magic happens! <3 Bonus stories, rants and everything! <3

Love you all and I hope you liked the chapter!! <3<3
Chapter 82

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor returns to Japan, and the news about Victor's outburst spreads over the world.

Chapter Notes

Whohoo! <3<3 Posting real quick before going to bed! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

For some reason, Yuuri felt weird about being back home.

It felt as if he hadn’t been home for years. He felt so grown up as he walked next to Victor into his home.

Vicchan was the first one to greet them, and he sniffed Yuuri curiously for a long moment before jumping up in Victor’s lap and trying to lick his mouth.

“Vicchan,” Yuuri scolded gently and lifted Vicchan away to save his boyfriend from being molested by his dog. “I’m sorry.”

Victor laughed happily. “Looks like you got competition for my lips now…” he said as he lowered his voice slightly. “What are you going to do about that?”

“Are you trying to make me jealous of my dog?” Yuuri questioned in amusement.

Victor blinked innocently. “What if I am?”

Yuuri placed Vicchan aside, before leaning forward to capture Victor’s lips with his own. Once he tasted the sweet strawberry lip balm, he couldn’t stop himself from laughing.

“What?” Victor asked in confusion.

“Did you know that Vicchan really likes strawberries?” Yuuri asked fondly.

Victor blinked a few times before Yuuri’s words sank in. “Are you accusing me of seducing Vicchan?” he asked, feigning hurt. “Such a horrible accusation.”

“You’re the one with the strawberry lip balm and no valid excuse,” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor struggled with making a good comeback, so he simply settled with pulling Yuuri in for another kiss.

Yuuri allowed it to consume him for a moment, before he carefully opened his eyes and noticed that they weren’t alone.
“Mari?” Yuuri gasped as he pulled away from Victor. There was suddenly something very embarrassing about kissing his mate around his family.

“Hey, kid,” Mari greeted much gentler than usual. “Did you have a good trip?”

Yuuri nodded as dark blush tinted his cheeks.

“I’m glad,” Mari stated. “And everything else...? Did that- Go okay?”

Judging from her blush, Mari could only be referring to one thing.

His heat.

“F-fine!” Yuuri blurted out, hoping that the mortification on his face would make Mari realize how uncomfortable he was and move on.

Mari nodded courtly. “Good, well, glad your back home.” She shot them both an embarrassed smile, before carrying on with her day.

“She’s probably just worried,” Victor assured. “You don’t have to feel embarrassed. It was just like having the flu... Nothing you could control.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “I just wish I forget about it all together... It was not exactly... Painless.”

Victor cringed as he recalled. “I’m so sorry you had to go through that.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri promised. “I just want to put it behind me and focus on better things.”

Victor tilted his head slightly with curiosity. “What do you have in mind?”

Yuuri smiled brightly with the perfect plan in mind. “Do you want to go out for cheesecake?”

How could Victor possibly refuse?

The next day, Yuuri got ready to leave for school.

Victor kept fussing over him, almost like he was worried. Yuuri could sense it too. He could tell that Victor was trying to hide it. He kept trying to hide it within other emotions, and foremost love.

Which is probably why he was so worried to begin with.

“I will be fine,” Yuuri assured. “I’m in school every single day.”

“I know,” Victor agreed reluctantly. “You just... You look a lot older,” he said cautiously, careful about his choice of words. “Prettier.”

“What do you mean?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “What’s different?”

Victor’s mind supplied a whole lot of words that was unsuitable for him to blurt out in that moment. Sexier, hotter, seductive, smelling like the sweetest kind of perfumed ever produced.

His stomach clenched slightly as he realized that other people would get to smell it, other alphas. “Can I scent you?” he blurted before he was able to stop himself.

Yuuri blinked a few times. “Of course,” he finally said. “But Victor, what’s really going on?”
Victor sighed in defeat. He hated the possessive part of himself. The part that was practically oozing jealousy and envy of other humans that got the chance to bathe themselves in the sunlight that was HIS Yuuri.

He knew it wasn’t fair, and it wasn’t logical. But he was an alpha and it was a part of his biology to feel like that.

A mate is one of the most treasured things an alpha could have. And Victor knew that he had the absolute best one. And he never wanted to lose him.

“I’m just-” Victor struggled slightly with the word. “Jealous.”

“Jealous?” Yuuri repeated. “Of who?”


Yuuri looked at his boyfriend worriedly. “It’s okay,” he reassured him. “Just... You know that you have nothing to worry about, right?”

“I know that you love me, and I know that you would never do anything to hurt me,” Victor agreed. “But I don’t trust other people. People are going to be able to see how beautiful you are.”

“People know I’m taken,” Yuuri pointed out. “Next thing is tattooing your name on my forehead.”

Victor snorted. “Well, the fact that you’re taken doesn’t matter to assholes.”

“Well no asshole is going to get me,” Yuuri assured. “If they try, I’ll kick their ass.”

Victor hummed sceptically.

Yuuri caught on immediately. “What? You don’t think I can do it?” he questioned.

Victor’s eyes widened. “What? I never said that.”

“You implied it, and now you’re avoiding the question,” Yuuri claimed.

“I didn’t mean it like that!” Victor exclaimed. “But you can barely harm a fly.”

“Flies aren’t assholes,” Yuuri pointed out. “And I can take care of myself.”

“I believe you.” Victor relented. “But you can never be too careful,” he took a moment to look into Yuuri beautiful, innocent eyes and felt his protectiveness flare. “Would you consider taking classes in self defence?”

Yuuri was taken aback by the question. “Self defence?”

“I don’t doubt you,” Victor stated, only to make that perfectly clear. “But I don’t think you can take on an alpha without actual training. Alphas are generally a lot stronger than omegas. And I’m not saying that to be mean, it’s just a fact.”

Yuuri narrowed his gaze slightly. He could take on an alpha if he wanted to. He was an athlete, and definitely not a bad one. If it hadn’t been for his inconvenient heat, he might even have had a gold medal right now to prove it.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded as Yuuri didn’t give him a response.
“I’ll think about it,” Yuuri relented. It didn’t sound like a horrible idea to get some extra training. But he was also cautious about adding more to his already busy schedule. Between school, figure skating practice and taking care of himself, he had next to no free time.

And he wasn’t sure if he was ready to give up what little he had to get a little bit better at fighting. He could probably watch YouTube tutorials and reach the same effect.

“Well, I really need to go to school now…” Yuuri said apologetically as he threw his backpack over his shoulder.

“I can walk you?” Victor offered. He really didn’t want Yuuri out of his sight.

“I don’t want you to be attacked by my classmates,” Yuuri said firmly. “They are still slightly obsessed with you.”

“You know I can handle a few teenage girls, right?” Victor said confidently.

“Well, I don’t want you to,” Yuuri stated. “If they touch you the wrong way, I might get expelled from bad behaviour, and I really don’t want that, now that I’m in my senior year.”

“I can follow you a little bit down the road?” Victor bargained. “I just don’t want you to walk all way by yourself.”

“Kimi lives around the neighbourhood, we usually walk together,” Yuuri stated.

“Kimi?” Victor questioned. “Who was that? Is she pretty?”

“Not prettier than you,” Yuuri stated with a soft smile.

Victor felt his cheeks tint pink by Yuuri’s sweet comment. “Yuuri…” he drawled.

Yuuri blushed slightly as he gazed to the front door and back at Victor. “Anyways, did you want to… scent me?” he asked cautiously as a light blush spread across his own cheeks.

Victor nodded eagerly and caught Yuuri in his embrace before Yuuri changed his mind.

Yuuri felt his heart beat in his throat as he entered his school and realized that everyone turned their attention to him as he walked past.

He sped up his pace so he could get to the classroom as quickly as possible, when he suddenly ran into Tina.

Yuuri automatically jumped back. “I’m sorry, I didn’t see you,” he apologized profoundly.

Tina’s face turned bright red as she stumbled over her words and rushed off.

Yuuri was left stunned. What was going on.

“Holy shit,” a familiar voice suddenly exclaimed.

Yuuri turned to it and saw Kimi and the rest of the girls from his class looking at him with their mouths open.

Yuuri felt his face burn with embarrassment. “What?” he asked worriedly as he looked at his reflection in a reflective window. Nothing seemed to be wrong. He wasn’t wearing a mustache or a
sign on his back. “What’s wrong?”

Neither of the girls spoke up, they just stared at him with wide eyes.

“Please?” Yuuri pleaded.

“You- Don’t know?” Kimi asked in awe. “Yuuri, you’re… glowing.”

Victor brought up his laptop as Yuuri left for school, fully intending on getting some work done of his own, when a notification suddenly popped up on his phone.

Victor ignored it, in favor of focusing, but after receiving about ten of them in a row, he finally had to give in.

He brought up his phone and cursed the world.

It seemed like another media shitstorm was going to come with a vengeance.

And he felt his blood starting to boil as he noticed that a bunch of them had mentioned Yuuri and his heat.

What could they possibly gain from that?

He clicked one of the articles and felt pleasantly surprised as he noticed that nothing that nothing negative was written about his mate.

Him on the other hand…

‘Victor Nikiforov smashes camera in alpha rage’ ‘Victor Nikiforov ignores his career over a week of passion’ ‘The Russian alpha hunk hides his mate from the spotlight - possessive much?’

And they kept going.

Article after article, describing just what a stupid alpha he was, that he didn’t deserve such a sweetheart of an omega.

They weren’t completely wrong. Victor had always known that Yuuri was way out of his league, but it still hurt to see it confirmed by an article.

Victor closed his laptop and pulled a blanket over himself.

He really missed Yuuri right now.

~Victor, what’s wrong?~ Yuuri asked as he sensed him.

Victor didn’t get a chance before his phone suddenly started ringing in his lap.

Seeing the angry face of his coach was really not what he needed.

But on the other hand, he might be able to help.

“Victor Igor Nikiforov, what the hell did you do this time?”

Victor cried.

“Victor, stop this crying this instant, you’re not a child,” Yakov scolded.
“Yuuri’s too good for me…” Victor sniffled. “I don’t deserve him.”

Yakov sighed deeply. “What did he do this time? sneezed? yawned?”

Victor realized how many times he have had similar conversations with Yakov about things like this, but this time it was different. “No,” he protested weakly. “They’re writing it in the magazines…”


Victor wiped away a few stray tears. “The ones who wrote about the camera… They- they are saying that Yuuri is too good to be with a thick-headed violent alpha like me…”

Victor could almost hear a dark growl escaping from his coach. “Did they now?” he asked darkly.

Victor nodded before realizing that Yakov couldn’t see him. “Yes.”

Yakov sighed deeply. “Vitya stop weeping. Go hug Yuuri or something, I’ll deal with this.”

“But Yuuri is in school,” Victor pouted. “And I don’t want to embarrass him by showing up there like this.”

~Victor, tell me what’s wrong, or I’m coming home right now~ Yuuri threatened.

Victor was just about to let Yuuri know that he was fine, when Yuuri suddenly reached out to get a better view of Victor’s emotional state.

~I’m coming home~ Yuuri stated.

Victor couldn’t find the strength to argue. The idea of having Yuuri with him right now, overpowered all of his other feelings.

He just wanted his boyfriend to hug him.

Getting out of school was easy. He just told his teacher that he had a bit of a headache. He knew that she knew how all of his classmates were staring at him. And she was probably also aware that the rest of his class would learn a lot more if he wasn’t around.

So she suggested that he should go home and get some rest. She gave him the chapters they were going through in today’s class, so he could read ahead if he felt better.

Yuuri thanked her and made his way home.

He needed to make sure that Victor was okay.

Well at home, he ignored all of his family’s calls and even Vicchan’s yips in favor of getting to his mate. He would apologize to them later, but Victor was his highest priority.

Victor was sitting in the darkness in his nest, looking all but five years old as he was bundled in a blanket and hugging Yuuri’s tissue box that looked like Makkachin.

Yuuri felt his heart hurt at the sight. “Victor?” he said gently and only got a sniffle in response. That drove him forward to wrap his boyfriend in his arms.

Victor was a lot bigger than him, but he managed to make himself smaller as Yuuri hushed him gently.
“Victor, what happened?” Yuuri asked in concern. “Did Mari say something to you? Cause I swear that I will…”

Victor shaking his head made Yuuri stop his threats and focus back on him. He wished he knew how to control his pheromones and soothe him the way Victor did for him, but he wouldn’t risk it and accidently send out anger. Which was mostly what he was feeling.

Anger for whatever it was that had made Victor cry.

“Victor?” Yuuri pleaded. “Please let me help?”

Victor nodded and took a few deep breaths. “Just hug me and tell me that you love me?” Yuuri could do that.

“I love you, Victor Nikiforov,” Yuuri stated with as much love and pride as he could muster. “You are the most beautiful, charming, kindest, sweetest, loveliest, dreamiest, most handsome man I have ever had the honor to meet.”

Victor closed his eyes and nuzzled closer to Yuuri. “More please?”

Yuuri nodded. “You are the reason I smile every day,” he admitted. “You are the reason I never feel lonely when I’m alone. You make my world so much brighter, and I would never be able to live without you.”

Victor felt a soft smile spreading on his lips.

“I always feel safe when I’m with you,” Yuuri continues and began playing with Victor’s hair, pulling his fingers through the short silver strands. “Reaching out to you during my first minutes in this world is probably still the best decision that I have ever made. I could never imagine anyone better than you to dedicate my whole life to. I’m yours, Victor, for as long as I live.”

Victor felt Yuuri’s love laying itself like cotton around his heart, and he could feel it being gently glued together. “It almost sounds like wedding vows,” he mused fondly.

Yuuri smiled slightly. “Yeah, remind me to rewrite them for our wedding…”

Victor chuckled. “You’re sweet…”

Yuuri wiped a few of Victor’s tears away before leaning forward and leaving a gentle kiss on his mate’s forehead. “I learned from the best.”

They stayed like that for a long time. Victor cradled in Yuuri’s embrace as his mate pampered him, telling him sweet words of love and petting him.

When Victor was finally calm enough to speak, Yuuri decided to give it another try. “Do you want to tell me what made you so upset?”

Victor nodded slightly. “The news about the airport is out,” he admitted. “And people think I’m too violent and stupid to have such a wonderful mate like you by my side.”

“And you believed them?” Yuuri questioned. He sounded upset, and Victor immediately wondered what he said wrong.

“They were right. You’re too amazing for anyone. I’m no different.” Victor admitted dejectedly.

“Seriously?” Yuuri pressed. “You allowed some stupid newspaper to make you doubt that you’re
good enough for me?”

Victor frowned thoughtfully.

“Look, I can’t judge you. I’ve doubted myself plenty as well, since you’re Victor Nikiforov and I’m… Just Yuuri,” he admitted shyly. “And Narumi telling me how unworthy I was, every single day, didn’t exactly help either… But my point is, I am enough. You are enough. We are destined to be together. And the rest of the world can go to hell if they disagree.”

“Yuuri…” Victor trailed off as he turned around and caught the determination in his mate’s eyes.

“I mean it,” Yuuri declared. “All that matters is you and me, if anyone has a problem with it, they can take it up with me.”

Victor momentarily froze. “No one is ever putting insecurities onto you again,” he declared seriously. “You’ve been through enough.”

Yuuri blinked a few times. ”But I know how to handle it,” he claimed.

“But you shouldn’t,” Victor protested. “Or- you should, but I wish you didn’t. I wish I could remove every hurtful thing anyone has ever said about you, about us. I wish you weren’t a professional at staying strong and knowing how to ignore hurtful comments. I wish you wouldn’t have to experience them at all.”

“Well, I don’t mind being stronger in that way,” Yuuri admitted. “Sure, it hurts, but it also makes me more confident in our love. For example, I would never let a newspaper’s opinion doubt your love for me,”

“I never doubted your love for me,” Victor claimed. “I just got sad that I’m so unworthy of an angel like yourself.”

“You are not unworthy,” Yuuri assured. “Who even said that? What newspaper was it? I’ll call them up and hold them responsible for this,” he brought out his phone and opened the browser, he would get to the bottom of this.

That was before Victor snatched the phone from his hands.

“Victor,” Yuuri snapped and tried to reach for it when Victor brought it further out of his reach. “They don’t deserve to hear your beautiful voice or waste your wonderful energy.”

“They made you cry,” Yuuri pointed out, as he was practically climbing on his mate, in his quest to reach his phone. “I’ll make them cry.”

Yuuri made an attempt to jump for it, and managed to knock Victor over, and the both ended up in a heap of pillows and blankets on the floor, laughing until Yuuri forgot what he was going to do with his phone.

Victor brought his hand up to the back of Yuuri’s head and pulled him in for a kiss.

Yuuri swooned slightly, as the sensation of Victor’s lips shot a wave of love through him that made his heart swell. Yuuri moved his lips slightly to part Victor’s, in order to deepen the kiss. Victor let him and accepted Yuuri tongue willingly.

Victor held him closer for a while, before grabbing him fully and flipped them around so Yuuri was underneath him and they switched positions entirely.
Victor taking control and Yuuri submitting to his mate’s wishes.

Yuuri only tensing slightly when he felt Victor’s hips roll against his own.

Victor seemed to notice it, as he immediately jumped away from Yuuri in horror. “I’m sorry I’m just gonna go to the bathroom,” he blurted before darting off.

Yuuri was left a disoriented mess on the floor.

Wondering if the embarrassment he was feeling was either his or Victor’s.

He did get his answer as he felt something entirely different radiating from his mate. It felt nice… Really nice.

Yuuri’s eyes widened as he blocked Victor to the best of his ability and placed his focus elsewhere.

Like, where did his phone even go?

Chapter End Notes

Also a great thank you to my wonderful beta who saved me the effort of proofreading! <3<3<3 https://violutzart.tumblr.com/ Check her out! <3<3 She makes amazing art and is a wonderful human being! <3<3

And check out my tumblr if you have time over! <3<3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/ And you will never miss anything related to me or my writing ever again <3 I have a few bonus chapters of dearly beloved there, as well as other stories and tons of fanart! <3<3

You guys are the best! <3 Gotta sleep! <3 Love you all! <3<3
Yuuri hated being at the doctor.

He hated the smell, the boring walls, the chills. It was just a really awful place to be in.

But he was required, to make sure that he was fertile after his heat, and to make sure that everything else was fine as well.

His mom and sister waited for him in the waiting room, but that didn’t help him now when he was completely alone in a sterile room.

With nothing to look at, besides a very creepy painting of a vase of flowers.

~You’re going to be fine~ Victor assured. ~I’m right here~

Victor was in Russia, but that didn’t keep him from showing his support.

Especially when Yuuri was feeling worried.

“Mr. Katsuki?” a voice suddenly asked.

Yuuri turned around from the board he was seated on to greet his doctor. A unusual young woman who immediately dropped her charts and stared at him with wide eyes.

Yuuri felt his cheeks burn hot at the way his doctor was acting, clearly embarrassed and slightly flushed.

It had been a few weeks since his heat, but he never got used to the effect he had on other people, especially alphas.

At first he thought that they were all messing with him, like it was some kind of weird joke that he didn’t get.

But eventually he realized that it wasn’t. His heat had just made him very attractive in the eyes of others.
Yuuri?~ Victor asked worriedly. ~What’s going on?~

“Mr. Katsuki, I’m so sorry, you just surprised me,” his doctor said as she put all of her items on a nearby table. “I have just never seen an omega in real life before, and it kind of caught me off guard.”

Yuuri’s blush increased. “It’s fine,” he assured. “It’s not the first time it happened.”

The doctor smiled apologetically. “So how are you adjusting to the changes?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Fine, I guess,” he said truthfully. “I’m just not used to people admiring me like that. I’m more used to people gushing over me and trying to feed me candy. But this… I don’t know, it’s different.”

“I’m sure it is,” the doctor agreed. “So how are things feeling in your body since after your heat? Have you had any cramps? hormonal imbalance?”

“No- not that I’m aware of,” Yuuri admitted.

“Hormonal imbalance, can show itself in the form of everything through drastic changes in emotions, to even feeling sweaty without any exercise,” the doctor explained.

“No I haven’t had any of that.”

The doctor nodded and wrote it down. “And how’s your appetite?” She asked gently. “After a heat, some omegas can feel their appetite increase, since the body wants to add more curves in preparation of carrying a child.”

Yuuri swallowed nervously at the mention at carrying a child, before immediately snapping back. “No, no, I’m eating like I always do…”

“Okay,” the doctor said with a thoughtful nod. “You are very fit, are you an athlete?”

Yuuri nodded. “Figure skater.”

“Oh right, I think I saw you on TV,” she said with a shy smile. “You are very good.”

~Tell her to focus on her job~ Victor pouted. ~Or get you a doctor who can~

Yuuri figured that it was only a matter of time before Victor would start to eavesdrop.

“Thank you,” he told her nevertheless.

She beamed happily. “So, are you currently in a relationship, or…”

Yuuri could feel the streak of jealousy radiating from his mate.

“I am,” Yuuri told her and raised his hand to show off his ring.

“Oh, it’s that serious?” she asked in disbelief. “Aren’t you a little young to be married?”

“It’s a promise ring,” Yuuri explained. “We’ll get married as soon as we can.”

“Isn’t that a bit rushed?” the doctor asked worriedly.

~Does she think that that’s any of her business?~ Victor quipped bitterly.
“It isn’t,” Yuuri stated. “I’ve known him for seventeen years, and he’s my true mate. And there’s no one else I would ever want to marry but him.”

~Yuuri~ Victor drawled happily.

“Oh, okay.” the doctor said as she averted her gaze slightly. “Let’s just carry on with the examination, shall we?”

Yuuri swallowed nervously as he realized what was coming next.

Well, he might as well get it over with.

Victor could finally take a normal breath again, when Yuuri left the health center.

The nerve of that doctor, trying to seduce his mate. Who did she think she was?

~She wasn’t trying to seduce me~ Yuuri tried to reassure him. ~She was just interested, but she backed off immediately when she realized that she had no chance, and that’s what matters~

Victor knew that Yuuri was right, and he was just being irrational, but he was getting very sick of people flirting with his Yuuri, especially when he was all the way across the world from him.

He couldn’t exactly tell people to back off all the way from there.

He could alpha command them, but that might upset Yuuri, especially since he would be the one to take the consequences from it.

So there was really nothing to be done, except pray that people would leave his mate alone.

Yuuri couldn’t help that he was beautiful.

~Will you be okay?~

Victor sighed. He would be okay, hopefully.

He might just be irrational because his rut was in a few days, and he knew that he would have to block Yuuri, and that meant that alphas could be flocking around his mate from every direction, and Victor wouldn’t even be able to know about it.

~I can tell that you’re worried~ Yuuri pointed out. ~What’s going on?~

~I’m just full of hormones right now~ Victor explained. ~My rut is coming up and I’m nervous about not being there to protect you~

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. He still really wanted to help his mate through it. But now that he knew that he was fertile, he didn’t want to make the same mistake as Yuuko.

She told him how easy it was to forget to use protection when Takeshi was completely out of it. And how both of them got completely turned around by all the pheromones running freely.

And Yuuri would not risk getting pregnant, at least not now. He was only seventeen. He couldn’t raise a family.

He asked his doctor about heat suppressants and birth control, but he wouldn’t get access to it before
he turned twenty.

Apparently that was the age where his body would be ‘fully grown’, and his hormones would settle down enough for it to be safe.

If he went on suppressants now, he could risk getting sterile, and that was not something he was willing to risk.

Just because he wasn’t ready to have a family now, didn’t mean that he wouldn’t be ready some day.

And he knew that he wanted a family with Victor eventually. Just not now, not when he still had college and his whole career ahead of him.

Victor was even thinking about changing his major and study business instead of language, which meant that he wouldn’t have time to raise a baby either for another three years.

So the only thing they could do was to hold up with sex for a while. At least penetrative sex, for him.

And then Yuuri would just have to get over his own insecurities so they could do other things without dying from embarrassment.

He knew that it was his embarrassment that affected Victor, and every romantic moment that could turn into something more, always ended up with them being two blushing messes.

~What are you thinking about, love?~

Yuuri had no choice but to tell Victor the truth.

~I’m just thinking about what I can do to help you through your rut~ Yuuri admitted.

Victor sighed. Hadn’t they been through this a million times?

He didn’t need Yuuri’s help.

Besides, Yuuri had more important things to worry about, instead of Victor’s rut. He had school, and a life, and figure skating practice.

His rut lasted for almost two weeks, and Yuuri could not miss two weeks of school because of him.

He wouldn’t let him.

~It’s not about you letting me~ Yuuri snapped, he suddenly seemed very upset. ~But we need to learn to do more things outside of sex, since I’m not going to be able to have ‘real’ sex with you until I’m over twenty~

Why was he so eager? It had only been a couple of weeks since his heat. And they did have their whole lives.

It often seemed like Yuuri was some kind of playboy looking for an easy fix, in the way that he was almost pressuring Victor into having sex with him.

But Victor wasn’t an easy fix, and Yuuri needed to lower his expectations about sex, and he needed to explore it more before throwing Victor into the mix.

Victor would gladly help him. But he would never forgive himself if they did something that Yuuri
was not ready for, because Yuuri was too eager to say no.

The best thing to do, was to keep Yuuri at a distance.

A safe distance.

At least until he was ready.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, if you haven't guessed it yet, the next chapter will contain slight smut. ;) <3 I hope you're excited <3<3

Also a great thank you to my wonderful beta who saved me the effort of proofreading! <3<3<3 https://violutzart.tumblr.com/ Check her out! <3

And check me out <3<3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/ And you will never miss anything related to me or my writing ever again <3 I have a few bonus chapters of dearly beloved there, as well as other stories and tons of fanart! <3<3

*Thows kudos bomb*
Chapter 84

Chapter Summary

Victor is in rut, and Yuuri does whatever he can to help him.

Chapter Notes

*!*!*! WARNING!*!*!*! This chapter contains smut, and I'm definitely no master at writing it, so read at your own risk! XD <3<3

I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor woke up with a low whine in the back of his throat.

His rut had arrived.

And his bed was too big and too cold.

He was all alone.

His apartment had a thick silence hanging in the air, it was almost deafening.

Victor turned around slowly and felt a streak of regret hit him that he didn’t have Yuuri with him right now.

His mate had offered but he had promptly denied it. But why, he couldn’t remember.

Something about him not being ready?

Victor sighed as all he could think about right now was his aching erection, begging to be released.

He really wished that he had something wet and warm to release in, but unfortunately, he wasn’t that lucky.

He suddenly started to remember Yuuri’s heat, and how amazing he smelled at the end of it, when the pain started to settle and all of the heat pheromones remained.

Not to mention how gorgeous he looked when he stepped out of the shower the day after.

His hair slicked back and that t-shirt that was hanging so loosely on his chest. It was almost transparent in the way it accentuated all of Yuuri’s beauty.

Especially his torso.

He looked like some kind of greek god.
Victor imagined how nice it would be to allow his fingers to explore it as he allowed his free hand to travel downwards and wrap around his cock, leaking with precum.

A dark moan escaped him as he started pumping it with the image of Yuuri stuck in his mind. How beautiful he would look if he was naked in the bed beside him. The kind of noises that he could make him make.

He wondered if Yuuri could be purring during sex. Having those sweet gentle vibrations around his cock as he came closer and closer until he finally reached the sweet spot of release.

His hand was suddenly very sticky and he realized that he had cum.

He cursed himself as he realized that he forgot putting a towel near the bed.

Now he was going to have to spend the next two weeks with sticky sheets.

Great.

Yuuri was in class when he suddenly sensed his mate, but something felt wrong.

It started with something tickling in his stomach, almost like butterflies, before it started to spread downwards, to a place he really wanted to ignore, since he was seated in a classroom with about thirty other people.

~Oh, Yuuri~ Victor said in a whisper that shot a really weird kind of vibration through him.

Yuuri stiffened, he grabbed his bag and made a run for it.

“Yuuri!” His teacher called after him.

“I- I have the stomach flu,” Yuuri called back to her. “I’m sorry!”

Everyone knew better than to question an omega’s health, so his teacher nodded to him with a worried frown. “Feel better.”

“I will!” Yuuri called back as he continued to run through the empty hallway of his school, until he finally was outside.

He released a breath of relief as he adjusted his pants. They were suddenly feeling oddly tight.

He knew he had an erection, and he knew he needed to get home before someone smelled him.

The scent of a turned on omega was almost as tempting as an omega in heat. And he didn’t want to take any chances.

He just needed to get home and fast.

~Victor, I can feel you, can you please not touch yourself before I get home?~ Yuuri pleaded. ~I don’t think I can handle another one of your orgasms until I’m safe at home~

Victor froze mid-movement.
Yuuri was speaking to him. Was he in danger?

Victor felt his entire body tense at the mere idea.

If anyone would dare touch his omega, they would be dead in a heartbeat.

Victor would make sure of it.

~No one is touching me, but I don’t want anyone to sense me~ Yuuri explained. ~And if you keep turning me on, someone is going to~

Victor frowned worriedly. Why wasn’t his omega with him?

Where was his Yuuri?

~I’ll be home in a few minutes~ Yuuri assured. ~Find something else to keep yourself busy with meanwhile~

Victor pouted, but he could do that. Especially if that was what Yuuri wished for.

His mate’s pleasure had to come first.

And his cock wasn’t that hard anymore so he could probably take a break for a while.

But what could he do?

He was all alone, and all that was keeping his mind occupied right now was Yuuri.

And it was not like he could leave his bed and go figure skating or anything.

He was stuck in bed. He was lucky if he made it to the bathroom or to his mini cooler where he kept his dinner without having to jerk off.

Sometimes being an alpha was a real curse.

“Yuuri? What are you doing home?” Mari asked as she caught sight of her little brother storming in from the door, slamming it behind himself.

“I’m sick, don’t go in my room.” Yuuri said courtly and stormed past her.

Mari wrinkled her nose.

That was not a pleasant smell.

Her eyes widened as she realized what it was, and promptly turned back to her task of folding towels.

Whatever would be going on in her baby brother’s room was something she would deny to her dying breath.

Yuuri closed his bedroom door behind himself and dropped his bag to the floor.

He had a task.

He was going to help his mate.
Victor was an idiot for not allowing him to be there.

He had no idea what he could do from Japan.

The first thing Yuuri did was taking off his pants to get rid of that awful pressure.

The second thing was crawling up into his nest. Where he was most comfortable.

He then reached out to Victor to let him know that he was ready.

~Yuuri~ Victor’s voice was practically a purr as he reached back to him and Yuuri felt his entire body tingle with want. ~You smell so delicious~

Yuuri felt a blush tint his cheeks as Victor’s voice echoed through him.

~Tell me what you’re feeling, love~ Victor pleaded. ~Do you feel good? Do you feel tight? I’m practically leaking for you~

Yuuri’s blush increased. Victor had never spoken like that to him before. It was definitely different, and he definitely couldn’t deny the fact that it was doing things to him.

Something tingled at the back of his neck as his erection grew.

~Oh, you’re hard, love~ Victor purred. ~You should take care of that~

Yuuri inhaled shakily as he tried to figure out how to do it. He looked down on himself and decided to remove his briefs to get better access.

His cock practically sprung up as it was released from the tight confinements of his briefs. And he gently wrapped his hand around it.

He made an experimental stroke and felt his breath hitch over how wonderful it felt.

~Just like that, baby~ Victor encouraged. ~Make me feel it, make me feel you~

Yuuri allowed a moan to escape him as he felt the sensation in his stomach increase. It felt so good.

He mirrored it on Victor the best he could.

He had never mirrored anything from a body part that low before. He just hoped that it was working.

~Yes~ Victor purred, his voice was dark and raw with pleasure and Yuuri felt it lead him closer to release. ~You’re doing amazing, can you feel it building?~

Yuuri could, and he picked up his pace as he noticed a white sticky substance starting to leak out from his filled cock.

~I’m close, Yuuri, I’m so close, fuck~

Yuuri whimpered as he finally felt himself hit his climax and the white substance ended up all over his nest.

His eyes widened at the mess he made.

~Amazing~ Victor panted. ~You’re fucking amazing, Yuuri~

Yuuri felt the blush return with a vengeance as he tried to collect his feelings.
That was probably the best feeling he had ever experienced.

He almost wanted to slap Victor in the face for claiming that sex was overrated,

It was freaking amazing.

He was still seeing both stars and fireworks.

Yuuri was just about to reach for his cock for a second round, when he suddenly felt Victor’s hand caressing his neck and started to travel down his chest, stopping briefly at his stomach.

~Does it feel good, Yuuri?~ Victor asked, Yuuri could practically hear the smirk in his voice. ~I’m going to make you feel really good~ he promised as the hand moved down to the inside of his thigh.

Yuuri flinched slightly as it tickled him.

~Sorry~ Victor apologized as he traveled back up and allowing his fingers to draw patterns around his hip-bone.

Yuuri threw his head back in his bundle of blankets and pillows and allowed his eyes to fall shut so he could enjoy the sensations.

~How are you feeling now, love?~ Victor asked. ~Talk to me, let me hear your gorgeous voice~

Yuuri could barely think enough to form words, which meant that he had a real hard time getting them over the bond.

~I love playing with your body, Yuuri~ Victor admitted. ~You give me all kinds of dirty thoughts. I want to know what kind of noises I could get you to make, I want to see you high on pleasure and I want to make you feel so good that you’ll stay with me forever~

Yuuri was already there. He never wanted to be anywhere else than by Victor’s side.

~I want to ruin you for other alphas~ Victor continued. ~I want you to know that no alpha but me will never be good enough for you~

Yuuri was shivering as Victor talked like that. He wanted to be his, with every single fiber of his body, he wanted to be Victor’s.

~Good~ Victor purred. ~Now let me take take care of you~~

Yuuri gasped slightly as he felt Victor’s hand leave his hip-bone and wrap around his cock again.

Yuuri curled his toes as he didn’t want to do anything to stop this wonderful haze of pleasure. His fingers dug into his sheets as he felt Victor’s other hand in his hair, stroking it gently.

He wanted to kiss him. He hungered for the feeling of Victor’s lips on his, the taste of his tongue, the scent of roses that always surrounded him when they were together, He wanted Victor’s weight on top of him. He wanted to be kept, to be ravished, to be picked apart piece by piece and then put together.

He wanted him fully.

He wanted him there.
Victor exhaled deeply as he was coming down from the high of his and Yuuri’s fourth orgasm together.

~Feels so good, Victor~ Yuuri spoke so softly and still so deep. His voice thick with want and need. ~More~

Victor was exhausted, the only thing that made him able to get through his past two orgasms was Yuuri and Yuuri alone.

But he had no idea how unsatible he was. He have had four orgasms in less than an hour and was still begging for more.

Victor was in rut and he still couldn’t take that much.

He would never survive Yuuri in heat, that much was certain.

The exhaustion made Victor’s mind a little bit more clear, and he suddenly realized that he and Yuuri were having sex.

Victor hid his face in his hands as he realized that this was their first time.

It wasn’t at all as he planned.

He wanted it to be a lot more romantic.

He had to comfort himself with the thought that it wasn’t really sex. It was just mutual masturbating.

There would still be a first time for the two of them.

He could still have that romantic night with an ocean view and the big bed with rose petals.

He had spent way too much time planning this.

He knew it still wouldn’t be for a while, Yuuri was still too young. His body wasn’t even fully developed until he was twenty

But this, this moment, he noticed a lot of more doors of possibilities opening up when it came to sex.

Things they could do and play around with.

Nothing felt better than giving Yuuri pleasure. To hear his voice as he came undone. Hear the quiver in his moans and feel the pounding of his heart as he reached his climax.

He wanted to give him more, he wanted to play with Yuuri’s pleasure until it was intense enough to make him purr in delight.

Another wave of rut haze was suddenly washing over him at the mere idea.

~Victor?~ Yuuri’s voice was soft as the plea escaped across the bond. ~Please give me another orgasm?~

Victor smirked.

Since he asked so sweetly…
I know a lot of you have been waiting for this, and 84 chapters later, it happened. So I really hope that it was worth the wait... XD

<3<3 Please leave a comment to settle my anxiousness about this! <3

Also, great thanks to my amazing Beta-reader who edited the shit out of this as I wrote it 5.00am in the morning, and every other sentence was a typo-paradise. XD <3 She really did an amazing job! <3 Show her some appreciation on Tumblr: https://violutzart.tumblr.com/ And check out her works here on AO3: http://archiveofourown.org/users/Violutz

And check out my tumblr if you have time to spare: https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/ I do my best to communicate with you over there! <3

Anyways, stay awesome! <3 And I hope you're not cringing too much! <3 * Throws kudos bomb in your face*

See you in the next one <3
Chapter 85

Yuuri and Victor have a long talk about the future.

Yuuri took a deep breath when he walked outside his house, spring had finally arrived.

The cherry trees were blossoming and the entire air was filled with romance.

Or maybe he was just feeling that way because Victor was coming to watch him graduate high school.

They hadn’t seen each other in four months, and his entire soul was practically screaming to be close to Victor again.

They had been apart for far too long.

But they did develop another trait with their bond.

Instead of just hearing what the other one heard, they could now also see what the other one saw. Just glimpses, but it was a whole new experience to see the world from Victor’s eyes. To be able to see his mate’s face when he was looking into a mirror.

Or see Makkachin when Victor was teaching him tricks. It was better than any kind of camera.

He also couldn’t complain when Victor used it to show Yuuri a glimpse of himself... Naked.

Yuuri grinned like an idiot for multiple hours afterwards.

Victor was definitely not hard on the eyes, quite the opposite actually. Yuuri could drink the image of Victor like it was his own personal life source.

He was truly beautiful.

Every last part of him.
Victor asked if Yuuri could do the same for him, but he found it too embarrassing.

Ever since his heat, he had started gaining more weight, which meant that he wasn’t nearly as muscular as Victor. And he didn’t want his mate to judge him for it.

He would lose the weight once he had graduated. But it had been a lot to do in school lately, so he barely had time to work out, and the only way to fend off the stress was with food.

It was a horrible habit. But it was only temporary.

School was over, and he would graduate in two days

Then he could spend the rest of his summer working out, and pray that he would get accepted to at least one of the many colleges he applied to.

His first choice was a five year long video game-development program in Detroit. Not only because it described literally everything he wanted to work with in the future, but also because the school was placed very close to the ice rink where he knew Celestino Cialdini coached children.

And the Italian had kept in touch to let him know that his word still stood fast.

If Yuuri moved there, he would coach him.

And that was an opportunity too amazing to throw away.

His family on the other hand, didn’t quite agree with him.

They didn’t like the idea of Yuuri moving across the world from them without some kind of protection.

They thought it was dangerous and reckless, especially since he was an omega, and especially since he was so young.

Victor tried to be supportive, but Yuuri could tell that he didn’t like the idea either.

He could understand them all, in a way.

Moving across the world from both his family, and Victor was the opposite of staying safe and protected, which was just what everyone wanted for him.

But staying safe wasn’t what he wanted.

He didn’t want to spend his life in a glass container.

He wanted to live.

Even if it was dangerous.

It was a price he was willing to pay in order to achieve his dreams.

Victor slept through most of his flight to Japan, so did Makkachin. They slept curled up together in the giant, puffy airplane seat.

So when they finally landed, Victor was feeling very disoriented.
“Mr. Nikiforov, we’re in Hasetsu,” his pilot told him.

Victor stretched himself out and Makkachin immediately jumped out of his embrace. Ready to take Japan by storm.

Victor followed his dog with a tired smile. He was really looking forward to seeing Yuuri again.

It was really early in Japan, so he was pretty sure that even though he himself was tired, Yuuri would probably be a little bit worse.

It was a Sunday, and he probably played video games until late last night. Which always seemed to stretch out until the brink of dawn.

Yuuri was impossible when it came to keeping a regular sleep schedule.

Maybe he might actually fit in Detroit, if he didn’t adjust, he would sleep through the nights and be awake during the days, like a normal person.

But on the other hand, he didn’t like the idea of Yuuri being across the world from him, alone and unprotected.

Sure, he would have Celestino Cialdini, but how much would he be able to watch out for Yuuri? Especially since he also had a kid to take care of…

Yuuri should never be a second priority, especially not when he was all alone in a strange country, not to mention what a magnet he was for trouble.

Victor would do his best to talk Yuuri out of it.

There were great educations in both Russia and Japan, there was no need for him to move to one of the most crime-ridden cities in the world to pursue video games.

If Yuuri wanted to make video games, Victor could buy him a company.

It would definitely be money well spent. Especially if it meant that Yuuri would stay safe.

~I’m at the airport waiting for you~ Yuuri suddenly told him.

Victor felt his heart flutter with love. He couldn’t allow his sweet, wonderful mate to put himself in danger.

He needed to save him.

..............................................................................................................................

Yuuri could barely detach himself from his mate when they were finally reunited again.

He also couldn’t stop the smirk that spread on his lips when he now knew what Victor looked like naked, and he couldn’t stop himself from imagining it.

Victor seemed to sense Yuuri’s thoughts as he began to chuckle in amusement. “U tebya gryaznyy um, Yuuri Katsuki,” he said fondly. “I can’t blame you though…”

Yuuri couldn’t stop the blush that spread across his cheeks at Victor’s words, telling him that he had a dirty mind. His Russian was still a little bit rusty from lack of practice. Victor and him mostly spoke English and sometimes Japanese. But Russian was slowly becoming a lost art among the two of them.
They should probably change it.

“Da,” Yuuri said. “But you are also the one who caused it…”

Victor bit back a snort when Yuuri’s dad suddenly walked up to them. “Yuuri, why do you always have to run?”

Yuuri shrugged with the most innocent smile he could possess. “It’s tradition,” he said simply.

Victor swooned.

So are you excited about tomorrow?” Victor asked later that day. “About graduating?”

Yuuri nodded as he adjusted a blanket in the nest he was building for himself and Victor. “It will be kind of weird though, it’s like the end of an era,” he said thoughtfully. “When I start college, I will be seen as an adult…”

Victor felt his stomach clench slightly over the meaning of those words.

Yuuri still looked so young in his eyes. He had those deep brown eyes that made him look like an innocent child whenever he wanted to.

And he knew that people were going to take advantage of that, of him.

And it broke his heart to pieces.

“Look, I kind of wanted to talk to you about your college plans,” Victor started as he felt a streak of guilt surge threw him.

Yuuri felt it too, but he had no idea what had caused it. “What’s wrong?”

Victor took a deep calming breath. “I don’t want you to move to Detroit,” he stated.

Yuuri’s eyes widened slightly. “Oh…”

“It’s just too dangerous,” Victor explained. “And it’s too risky, and I don’t like the idea about you being unprotected across the world from me.”

Yuuri sat down in his nest and frowned thoughtfully.

“It’s one of the most crime-ridden cities in the world,” Victor continued. “And if you want to make video games, there are other educations, all over the world. Just… Not all the way in America, not in a dangerous city.”

“I…” Yuuri stailed of before adjusting his glasses and catching Victor’s eyes. “…I don’t even know what to say.”

“I just want you to think this through…” Victor pleaded. “You will be all alone, no family, no friends. If something happens, everyone will be over a ten hour flight ride away from you.”

Yuuri quietly stared at his own hands.

“I don’t want you to feel sad,” Victor said apologetically. “I just… I care about you so much, and I wouldn’t be able to live with myself if something happened to you and if no one is there to help you. And I know that you think that Celestino will look after you, but he has a daughter that he will
prioritize, and I don’t want you to live anywhere where you aren’t prioritized.”

Yuuri felt Victor’s words hit him like daggers. He knew he couldn’t move to Detroit without Victor’s support. He already had almost his entire family turned against him.

The only one that stood by him was Mari, even though she too had her doubts.

So no one was supporting him fully, and he was starting to rethink his whole life.

“I mean, why do you even need to go there?” Victor asked. “There are thousands of great game schools in the world, and there are even more capable coaches. Is it really worth to put your life at risk over this decision?”

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted with a shrug. “I just… everyone has always encouraged me to go after my dreams… I supposed I got carried away…”

Victor could see and feel the doubts in Yuuri, and just how hurt he felt, and it immediately increased his sense of guilt. “You should chase your dreams,” Victor stated. “Just… be smart about it.”

“I was being smart about it,” Yuuri pointed out. “I talked to the principal of the school, and he told me that there are three rooms on campus that are specially adjusted for omegas and other vulnerable people, with an increased security door and built in scent blockers, kitchen and a laundry room, so I don’t even have to be among other students or in danger unless I go outside. And I would always wear scent blockers outside so no one would know. I would even consider taking self defence classes… I just… Nevermind, it’s stupid…”

“You’re never stupid,” Victor quickly assured.

“I just I thought that I could do this,” Yuuri said sadly. “I thought that I could stand on my own two feet without being forced to rely on others. That I for once in my life would get the chance to be independent, if only for a few years. Learning about figure skating from another omega world champion, and study the absolute best game development program in the world…”

Victor hated himself. He couldn’t take Yuuri’s dreams away from him.

“I’m just sad that I had to throw those dreams away only because I was born as an omega,” Yuuri finished with a heartbroken look in his eyes.

Victor couldn’t allow that. “Please don’t be sad,” he pleaded.

Yuuri felt tears already pooling in his eyes. “I just lost my dream Victor,” Yuuri said, followed by a sniffle. “You’re going to have to let me feel sad about it.”

Victor nodded while feeling like the worst person in the world.

He had just crushed Yuuri’s dream.

How would he ever be able to forgive himself.

Yuuri was crying and it was all his fault.

“Is there anything I can do?” Victor asked, his voice oozing with guilt.

Yuuri shook his head. “I just… I need time,” he stated. “I need to figure out what to do with my life now.”
“I’ll help you,” Victor offered.

“And don’t you dare tell me no,” Yuuri sniffled.

“You could apply for a college in Russia?” Victor suggested. “I’ll ask Yakov to take you on as his new protégé, we could live together, just you and me…”

“And what would I do there?” Yuuri questioned. “There are no gaming educations in St. Petersburg.”

“You could focus on figure skating,” Victor suggested. “There’s no need for you to set your whole future in stone right now.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully before sighing in defeat. “Okay…”

Victor didn’t like that ‘okay’ it sounded like the opposite of okay. It sounded like he had just agreed to roll himself in a pile of broken glass. “Yuuri, I— Is there anything I can do to make it better?”

Yuuri shook his head. “I’ll be fine, I just need some time,” he said again. “I just… I don’t want to move to Russia, and I definitely don’t want to stay here, I don’t want to spend my entire life like a sheltered kid. I want to get out in the world, experience things like a normal person…”

Victor felt his heart break even further. He understood his mate. Of course Yuuri wanted to live, of course he wanted to go out and experience things.

It was just a shame that they lived in such an awful world.

If Yuuri went to Detroit, there was a ninety percent chance that some asshole would target his mate.

And Victor was just not willing to risk it.

But was it fair for him to keep Yuuri from living his dreams, only to allow himself to get some peace of mind?

“Can you just tell me something?” Yuuri pleaded gently. “And be completely honest?”

Victor nodded solemnly. “You know I can’t lie, even if I wanted to.”

Yuuri took a deep breath. “Would you have allowed me to go to Detroit if I was an alpha?”

Victor was momentarily stunned as he considered the question. “I… I would not like the idea of you moving across the world, regardless of your dynamic,” he admitted. “But you being an omega is definitely making it harder. You’re just so gentle by nature, and you haven’t exactly had the greatest luck with people so far in your life.”

Yuuri chuckled a little at that.

“What’s funny?” Victor asked in confusion to the sudden change of Yuuri’s mood.

“I’m sorry, but bad things seem to happen to me no matter where I am…” Yuuri stated. “I don’t think that moving to Detroit is going to change that.”

“Well, you’re still alive, aren’t you?” Victor quipped. “That’s because you have had people around you that are able to protect you.”

“I’m not twelve anymore, Victor,” Yuuri protested. “I can take care of myself now, I may not be an
alpha, but I’m just as capable.”

“Really?” Victor asked skeptically. “What would you do if someone alpha commanded you? Or if someone attacked you when you’re walking home from school or from the ice rink?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Probably the same thing I would do if it happened here,” he stated. “I would fight them to the best of my ability, I’d hiss, I’ll kick and if that wouldn’t help, I’d pray for you to help me with an alpha command of your own. Or hope that someone else might help, I don’t know if you know, but eighty percent of alphas possess the protective gene, so I’m sure that someone would help if I got in trouble. Besides, the campus have a whole lot of more people around than the lone road between Yu-topia and the ice castle.”

“If you moved to Russia you would never have to walk anywhere alone,” Victor pointed out. “I would be with you all the time.”

Yuuri cringed slightly at that. “Victor, that… that doesn’t sound like the kind of life I want…”

“What do you mean?”

Yuuri adjusted his glasses before starting his explanation. “I want to be able to walk places by myself. I don’t want to be constantly protected. I don’t want to be treated like I’m made of glass. Life isn’t supposed to be safe, if it was, I might as well quit figure skating and spend the rest of my life in isolation.”

“Yuuri…” Victor sighed. “… I don’t want you to feel like you’re trapped.”

“You just don’t want me to be free?” Yuuri questioned.

Victor felt Yuuri’s words twist his guilt. He was right, Victor knew he was, but it was so scary. The idea of something happening to Yuuri terrified him beyond words. “Look, I just… I don’t know… I want you to be safe, but I also want you to be happy. And it breaks my heart that I can’t have both.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I really wish that I could be satisfied with something as simple as a life with you.”

“But you’re not,” Victor finished.

Yuuri nodded sadly. “You make me happy,” he then said. “You make me feel like the happiest man in the world. But I don’t want to live my life, having the world see me as nothing but the trophy husband of multi-billionaire Victor Nikiforov.”

“No one would ever think that of you,” Victor assured. “They know that you are so much more than that.”

“They already think of me as that now,” Yuuri pointed out. “And we’re not even married yet. I’m seventeen, and people are already expecting me to get pregnant and move into a house with you and get old and die without ever being able to accomplish anything on my own.”

“You shouldn’t care so much of other people’s opinions,” Victor said gently. “The important thing is that you are happy.”

Yuuri snorted. “Right…” he said sarcastically. “How can you say something like that, when I clearly know that you don’t mean it. You would be so much happier if I just lost my free will altogether.”

“You know that’s not true,” Victor protested. “I love you, every part of you, even your independent,
stubborn side that will surely bring me to an early death.”

Yuuri smiled slightly at that.

Victor took a deep breath, he knew he was going to regret what he was about to say. “...And if you want to move to Detroit, you’ll have my full support.”

Yuuri looked to Victor in disbelief, eyes sparkling with hope. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “I’m your soulmate. My life’s purpose is to make sure you’re happy and that you get everything you want in life. And if what you want is to spend five years of your life across the world from me, in a city that’s flooded with criminals, I have to let you.”

Yuuri stood up from his bed and wrapped his arms around his mate. “Thank you, Victor.”

Victor hugged him back tightly, almost like he was afraid of letting him go. “But I’m coming with you for the first two weeks at least, only to make sure that you’re settling in, and that it’s safe enough, even for my standards.”

Yuuri snickered fondly. “Of course,” he agreed. “I would expect nothing less.”

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Yuuri felt his heart pound as his name was called and he went up to take the diploma from his principal’s hands.

His principal smiled kindly as he handed it over.

Yuuri bowed politely as he had it in his hands.

“Good luck Katsuki Yuuri,” he told him before calling the next name.

Yuuri walked off the stage and briefly caught Victor’s eyes.

His mate was standing with his parents, Mari and Minako, and they were all cheering for him.

Yuuri felt slightly sad that this was all over. That he would never get to be a student in this high school again.

Time had just gone by so quickly. It felt like it was just yesterday when he hid behind his mother and was too scared to even go inside a classroom.

Now he was aiming to go in a school across the world from his mother, across from everyone he knew.

He was finally going to learn to stand on his own feet, without anyone’s help.

And he knew it was going to be hard, and scary and probably lonely.

But in this moment, he didn’t feel anything but excitement.

Excitement about the future.

Chapter End Notes
I swear to god, these boys are impossible with following my instructions XD <3 My plan was to focus a lot more on the graduation, but no... These two were all about the drama of Yuuri moving to detroit... XD <3 Well, I hope you liked it nonetheless <3<3

I love to hear your thoughts about this story so far! <3 And whether you're excited about the Detroit arc or not <3 Cause it's happening! <3 Phichit won't come for another two years though, he's only 15... ;) <3 But he's coming! <3 You can either let me know through a comment, or scream at me on Tumblr! <3<3

Tumblr: sophialala1 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

Also, big thanks to my amazing beta-reader Violutzart (AO3) and Tumblr: https://violutzart.tumblr.com/ <3<3 Check her out! <3 She's amazing! <3

And kudos to all of you! <3<3 I'll see you in the next one! <3<3
Chapter 86

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets celebrated for graduating high school.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this update took so long XD <3<3 There was so much I wanted to fit in, but this will have to do I think it's 13 pages XD So I hope you'll like it nonetheless <3<3 I'm sorry if it seems a bit all over the place XD <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor started gushing over Yuuri the second the graduation ceremony was over.

He took pictures of everything Yuuri did, and of all of his friends, he kept his arm around Yuuri as he spoke to Yuuri’s teacher.

And Yuuri wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world.

Having his mate by his side, was kind of making this important day complete in a way.

When he first started school, Victor was no more than a voice in his head. Now he was right there beside him, flesh and blood and one hundred percent beauty.

He could tell that all of his classmates were trying to sneak glances of his mate from time to time. Not that he could blame them, Victor was truly a feast for the eyes.

But he also couldn’t stop himself from leaning a little bit closer to Victor every time he caught them staring.

Being able to show Victor off was far too satisfying to put into words. It simply gave him such an unreal sense of love and pride to let his surroundings know that the most beautiful man in the world was his soulmate.

“What do you want to do next, love?” Victor asked gently, as they left the side of Yuuri’s homeroom teacher. “Take a final look of the gym? The bathrooms?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Or maybe we should call it a day and go home?” he suggested. “Mom is making katsudon.”

Victor hummed happily. “I’d never say no to katsudon,” he stated. “Especially when your mom makes it... But are you sure you’re done? We can take a second tour, it’s fun to see all the places where you got all of your knowledge,”

Yuuri snorted. “Really?”
Victor nodded. “Everything about you is of my greatest interest,”

Yuuri was just about to make a flirty remark, when he felt fingertips poking at his shoulder. He turned around and came face to face with two of his classmates, or more accurately, Victor’s fans.

“Hi Yuuri, will you sign our yearbooks?” Ima, the taller of the two girls asked.

Yuuri saw no reason why not, he had already signed in the majority of his classmates’. “Sure,” he agreed, and smiled when Victor handed him his pen.

~Thank you, love~ Yuuri said across the bond.

Victor smiled back to him.

Yuuri took the yearbook closes to him and placed it on a nearby table where he could write properly.

His classmates wasted no time before turning to Victor.

“I just wanted to say that I’m a really big fan of your work,” Saiuri, the shorter one of the two girls said as a bright blush spread across her cheeks.

Victor shot her his signature smile. “Thank you.”

Saiuri squeaked.

“Are you planning on doing any more commercials?” Ima asked. “I have an uncle who makes underwear.”

Yuuri might have tightened his hold on his pen a little too much at the implications’t tried of his classmate’s offer.

“Thank you for the offer, but I don’t make commercials,” Victor stated politely. “I just helped my parents with the one about climate change, but that was a one time thing.”

Ima and Saiuri let out a synchronized whine.

Yuuri shut the first book and handed it back to Saiuri, and shot them both a meaningful glare before accepting the book from Ima.

Victor could tell that Yuuri didn’t like it when his classmates spoke to him, so he focused on Yuuri’s writing instead. “You have the prettiest handwriting,” he said lovingly.

“Are you sure you’re not going to make any more?” Ima pushed. “I would really want to see a full feature film with you.”

Victor snorted slightly. “I’m flattered, but I can’t act,” he said apologetically. He would lie if he claimed that he hadn’t tried.

“With a body like yours, you wouldn’t have to…” Saiuri said lowly.

Yuuri slammed the yearbook shut and practically pushed it back into Saiuri’s hands. “It was fun going in the same class as you two, I hope you’ll have a good life,” he said as he grabbed Victor’s wrist and pulled him away.

“Yuuri?” Victor drawled slyly as he felt sensations coming from his mate. “If you wanted to get me in private, all you have to do is ask…”
Yuuri rounded a corner and make sure they were alone, before locking eyes with Victor. “Kiss me,” he pleaded.

Victor happily obliged, even when Yuuri pushed him up against a nearby wall. It didn’t hurt, but it was very unlike his mate. Yuuri was normally very shy and soft when it came to kisses.

Now he was determined and slightly rough.

Victor was just enjoying Yuuri’s taste, and the feeling of his mate’s fingers in his hair.

Yuuri was amazing at taking control, and Victor would happily lie himself down at his feet if it meant being able to be a part of these amazing moments.

Maybe he should allow strangers to admire him more often?

“Please,” Yuuri pleaded.

Victor blinked down at him. “What’s wrong, luchik?”

Yuuri licked his lips with a shy look on his face. “Please tell me that you’re mine?”

Victor smiled and took Yuuri’s face in his hands. “I’m all yours, lyubov moya,” he leaned in and claimed yet another kiss from his mate. That one was a lot softer and more tender, the both moved in perfect harmony with the other.

“I don’t like it when other people flirt with you,” Yuuri admitted after a moment. “I mean, I know I can’t stop them, and you deserve to be admired, but I don’t like the idea of people thinking that they can take you away from me with empty words.”

“No one is taking me away from you,” Victor assured. “You know that.”

Yuuri nodded. “I know…” he admitted. “But they don’t…”

Victor sighed as he brushed a few stray strands of hair away from Yuuri’s forehead. “If you want to, I can go back there and tell them that no man or woman will ever be better than my Yuuri,” he said with a gentle smile. “That should teach them…”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “No, it’s fine, you’re right. I know that you’re not going anywhere, I’m just being an insecure mess.”

“But you’re my insecure mess,” Victor said. “And I would never wish for anything to be different,” he took a short moment before continuing. “Besides, I’m insecure too when people are flirting with you, so I’m really not one to judge.”

Yuuri took a step closer to Victor and wrapped his arms around him. “We’ll figure it out,” he promised. “We got all the time in the world.”

Victor hummed in agreement. “Our whole lives,” he added.

Yuuri laughed fondly before nodding. “Our whole lives.”

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When Yuuri and Victor finally got back to Yu-Topia, Yuuri expected a nice quiet evening of celebration and katsudon. He did not expect that his family would throw him a surprise party with almost the entire population from Hasetsu.
It wasn’t really, but that was what it felt like.

“Congratulations Yuuri!” Everyone cheered.

Yuuri’s face turned into a dark shade of red, as he did his best to breathe and smile through the embarrassment.

“Oh, how nice, a surprise party,” Victor exclaimed, before pressing a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s temple. “Who would have guessed?”

Yuuri looked up to his mate.

Victor would have guessed, and this entire thing was probably his idea.

Yuuri knew him too well.

“Oh, look, presents,” Victor continued and practically pushed Yuuri in that direction.

Yuuri sent his mate a look that stated that this was clearly not over. This was without a doubt an excuse for Victor to get him a gift.

And Yuuri saw right through it.

But to his surprise, Victor didn’t give him a present.

And that was even more worrisome.

He was planning something…

Yuuri tried not to think about it, so he could chat with his friends and family for the rest of the day without allowing his suspicions get the better of him.

Eventually the sun was starting to set and most of the guests had to leave.

“I’ll start preparing dinner,” Hiroko said fondly and patted Yuuri on the head, before leaving the true mates on their own in the living room.

Victor kept his focus on Vicchan and Makkachin so he could avoid Yuuri’s eyes.

That did absolutely nothing to ease Yuuri’s suspicions.

“Victor?” Yuuri said softly, blinking a few times to make sure that if Victor looked at him, he would get distracted by his eyes and not choose his words as carefully.

“Yes?” Victor replied, keeping his gaze directed elsewhere.

Yuuri mentally groaned, the curiosity was killing him, and Victor knew it. He could probably sense it like it was his own.

“It was a nice party,” Yuuri said casually.

Victor hummed in agreement.

“You helped plan it, didn’t you?” Yuuri asked.

Victor chuckled as he nodded. “Was it really that obvious?”
Yuuri smiled fondly as he moved a little closer to his mate. “Kind of…”

“I do really like to surprise you,” Victor admitted. “You always look so cute when you’re blushing.”

Yuuri blushed at the mention of his blush. Why was he like this? “Anyways,” he prodded carefully. “I think you’re acting kind of strange…”

“Strange?” Victor repeated. “I’m not acting strange.”

“Then why won’t you look at me?” Yuuri asked.

“Because I don’t want to drown in your beautiful eyes, love…” Victor said. “I know what you’re doing, and I’m not ruining my surprise.”

“Surprise?” Yuuri asked curiously. “I thought we were done with surprises?”

“I haven’t given you my gift yet,” Victor stated.

“I thought you didn’t get me a gift?” Yuuri prodded.


Yuuri could have sworn that he felt a wave of excitement and slight horniness rush through him. So it was that kind of surprise…

Yuuri smirked knowingly.

“You know nothing,” Victor pleaded as he turned to Yuuri and noticed his smirk.

Yuuri did his best to stop, but the idea of Victor getting him a dirty surprise was too good to ignore.

Maybe he was going to allow him free access to his body?

Or maybe he had wrapped his cock in a bow.

Either way, Yuuri could barely wait.

“Yuuri,” Victor drawled with a pout. “I wanted it to be a surprise.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized as he tried to force the smirk off his face. “I still don’t know what it is though, so it will still be a surprise.”

Victor narrowed his gaze slightly. “But no more questions,” he said as if it was an order.

Yuuri laughed in slight amusement. “No more questions,” he agreed.

Victor released a breath of relief as he closed the final distance between them and kissed Yuuri’s cheek. “I think you’ll like it though…”

Yuuri didn’t have a single doubt in his mind that he would.

Yuuri could smell the katsudon in the air, and it made him want to float like a cloud of happiness into the kitchen to feed.

“Are you hungry, love?” Victor mused as he noticed Yuuri sniffing the air.
“I’m always hungry when there’s katsudon…” Yuuri stated as he glanced to the door longingly.

“I can get you something to eat while we wait for it to be done?” Victor offered. “A sandwich? cookies?”

Yuuri snorted. “I’ll be fine, it’s probably only a few minutes left.”

Victor looked Yuuri over as he tried to get ahold of himself. He really didn’t like it when Yuuri was hungry. His primal alpha instincts wanted to keep his mate constantly satisfied, and hunger did not resonate with satisfaction.

“What?” Yuuri asked with a blush as he caught Victor staring.

Victor immediately snapped out of it. “Nothing, I just don’t like it when you’re hungry,” he admitted sheepishly. “It feels like I’m letting you starve…”

“You’re not,” Yuuri assured. “This might actually be good for me, I’ve gained so much weight lately, that a little starvation is probably what I need right now.”

Victor’s whole body tensed at the implication. “Don’t say that,” he said a little too harshly before he realized, and took a deep calming breath. “Please don’t say that,” he corrected himself. “The idea of you harming yourself in any way is too painful for me. Even if it’s a joke.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened slightly in understanding. “I didn’t know…” he said apologetically. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Victor assured. “But can you please promise me that you would never actually starve yourself?” he pleaded. “I don’t think my heart could take it…”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully before he nodded. “Yeah, I promise.”

Victor’s eyes softened as he was flooded with relief. “Thank you.”

“Dinner’s ready!”

Yuuri shot to his feet and was halfway to the kitchen before his mother even got a chance to finish that sentence.

Victor smiled fondly and followed him.

He wouldn’t miss Yuuri eating his favorite food for the world.

………………………………………

“We’re so happy for you, dear.” Hiroko stated as she placed the bowl of katsudon in front of her son.

“Yeah, welcome to adulthood. There’s alcohol and bills,” Mari said and raised her glass towards her little brother.

“Mari,” Hiroko scolded.

Mari snickered as she put her glass back down. “It’s still true though.”

Yuuri stared at his bowl of katsudon like it was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Victor looked at Yuuri the exact same way. “Aren’t you going to eat?”
Yuuri nodded. “I just need to savour the moment.”

“So sweet,” Victor said with a gentle smile as his own katsudon was placed in front of him and the rest of the Katsukis sat down.

“Thank you,” Yuuri spoke up. “For everything… I- I wouldn’t have been able to graduate like this without you, every single one of you have helped me so much. And I’ll always be eternally grateful for it.”

Victor felt his heart melt as he took at the pure happiness on his mate’s face, he was without a doubt too precious. He was actually thanking his family and loved ones for loving and supporting him.

Like it wasn’t obvious.

If Yuuri only knew how much he meant to others.

Manako raised her glass. “To Yuuri!”

Everyone raised their own glasses as well. “To Yuuri!”

Yuuri fidgeted nervously on his chair under all the attention, but he couldn’t deny how grateful he was for all of them.

“So let’s eat then,” Hiroko said with a gentle chuckle, before digging into her own dinner.

Victor kept his eyes on Yuuri. He really had to savour the wonderful moment of Yuuri eating katsudon.

However, it wasn’t the kind of precious and pure moment that Victor expected it to be.

The moment the pork cutlet reached Yuuri’s tongue, Yuuri made a noise that could only be described as sinful.

“Mhhm…” Yuuri moaned over his dinner. “...So good…”

Victor completely lost his ability to breathe.

The world seemed to move in slow motion as Yuuri chewed with so much joy and enthusiasm.


Everyone stopped eating and stared at him. Even Yuuri stopped and looked at him worriedly before his face turned into something of pure amusement. “You should really try it, Victor…” he said as he licked his lips slowly. “...It’s really good.”

How was he suddenly this evil?

Victor stared at his mate in disbelief as Yuuri put his finger in his mouth and sucked it ever so gently to get some of the sauce away from his hands.

How couldn’t anyone else see this?

“I’m glad you liked it, honey,” Hiroko chirped proudly and the rest of the company returned to their dinner.

Yuuri kept his eyes on Victor though, he knew exactly what he was doing, and Victor couldn’t tell
whether he loved it or hate it.

If they weren’t surrounded by Yuuri’s family, he would probably take his mate into the bedroom and show him what true pleasure looked like.

He was pretty sure that he could make his mate moan a lot louder over that, than over food.

Katsudon was good, but it wasn’t that good.

~What’s wrong, Victor?~ Yuuri asked slyly. ~Didn’t you like your katsudon?~

Victor mentally groaned as he had to remind himself that Yuuri was only seventeen and probably didn’t have any idea about what he did to Victor.

Victor did his best to ignore his mate and focus solely on eating his food.

Good things come to those who wait…

………………………………………………….

“You’re being eager today,” Victor told Yuuri as they were finally alone in Yuuri’s room.

Yuuri was practically seated in Victor’s lap as he trailed kisses down the Russian man’s neck. “Maybe,” he admitted vaguely. “Or maybe it’s just that you smell so incredibly good.”

“Those are horny alpha pheromones, Yuuri,” Victor said with a light chuckle as Yuuri nibbed playfully on his ear.

“Is that so?” Yuuri asked as he pulled away slightly to claim Victor’s lips with his own, he moaned slightly as he could taste Victor’s scent on his tongue.

“God, that sound,” Victor gasped as he pulled away to catch his breath. “It will be the death of me.”

Yuuri snorted at the exclamation.

“Either that, or the sound of your beautiful laugh,” Victor claimed.

“Victor,” Yuuri said lowly, catching Victor’s attention immediately. “I’m very horny right now…”

Victor almost choked on air at the honest remark, before quickly pulling himself together. “You are?” he asked lamely.

Yuuri nodded as a blush spread across his cheeks, which only worked to make Victor’s pants that much tighter.

“Well, then I suppose your graduation gift will come of good use,” Victor said with a shameless wink.

“What?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “I thought your gift was you.”

Victor was slightly taken aback. “But you already have me,” he pointed out.

“No, I mean-” Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully as he was trying to figure out how to speak his mind without sounding too creepy. “I thought that you were just going to put a bow on… it…”

Victor had to struggle not to burst out laughing. Yuuri was the absolute cutest. “Is that what you would like me to do, Yuuri?” he asked teasingly. “Would you like me to put a bow on my cock?”
Yuuri blushed heavily. “Victor…”

“Should I pose?”

“Stop teasing.”

Victor chuckled. “Well, after that dinner, I would have to claim that you had it coming.”

Yuuri smirked at that. “It was very delicious katsudon.”

“Not as delicious as you, my love.”

Victor expected Yuuri to blush the way he always did when he was admired, which is why he was caught off guard when Yuuri practically attacked him with a deep kiss.

Victor fell backwards and Yuuri followed him with their lips still pressed together. Yuuri then shifted his legs so that he was pinning Victor’s hips to the mattress beneath as he moved to rub against his growing erection.

Victor gasped softly into Yuuri’s mouth at the sensation. His cock had never felt so trapped in his pants.

Yuuri pulled away with a sly smile. “Do you want me to take care of that for you… Vitya?”

Victor moaned before flipping them around so he was on top and in charge of the situation.

Even though he deep down knew that he would gladly be Yuuri’s slave if he wanted it. “Not until you open your present,” Victor bargained. “Then you can play with my cock as much as you want.”

Yuuri grinned like an idiot as he nodded with excitement.

Victor climbed off him and went to get the neatly wrapped present he had hidden in his suitcase.

Yuuri couldn’t stop himself from trying to sneak a peek, the box was big enough to be a console.

Victor walked back with it and gently placed it in Yuuri’s lap, with an unreadable expression.

Yuuri lifted the box curiously as he tried to guess what it was.

“You know, it will go a lot faster if you just open it…” Victor mused.

Yuuri gave the box an experimental shake. “But what’s the fun in that?” he quipped.

Victor snickered as he made himself more comfortable in front of Yuuri so he could fully take in his reaction.

Yuuri pulled of the wrapper slowly, mostly because he wanted to test Victor’s patience, but as soon as he remembered that Victor had in infinitive amount when it came to him, he just pulled the rest of it off and turned the box around so he could read the label.

“A vibrator?” he asked curiously as he blinked up to Victor.

Victor nodded and pulled out a second box from behind his back and handed it to Yuuri.

“There’s more?” Yuuri asked in disbelief, feeling like a vibrator was a big enough step for one day.

“There’s more,” Victor confirmed.
Yuuri looked to the small box and pulled the wrapper off effortlessly. Yuuri couldn’t read what it said and was forced to take off the lid, pulling a black piece of cloth out, it took several seconds before he realized what it was. “A blindfold?”

Victor beamed proudly. “It’s egyptian cotton, I’m sure it will feel very nice to your pretty face,” he explained. “And the vibrator is imported from a very fancy shop in Paris who specializes on making vibrators for male omegas.”

Yuuri shuddered pleasantly at the idea.

“Do you want to open it up and have a closer look?” Victor asked. “I talked to the woman who makes them, and she could only speak French, so I’m not sure if there’s any Japanese instructions.”

“Shouldn’t there just be an on and off button?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully.

Victor chuckled. “It’s 2011, Yuuri,”

Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly at Victor trying to lecture him about the technology's progress, he didn’t even know how to turn off ads on his computer, and therefore kept getting viruses.

Victor took the box from Yuuri’s lap and opened it up with ease, pulling out the device and looking at it closely.

Yuuri’s first thought was that it had almost the exact same color as the darker blue of Victor’s eyes.

“Okay, it has five different strengths of vibrations,” Victor explained as he read the manual. “And it gets stronger when you press this button, before it goes back to low. To turn it off, you just press the off button, which is the same as the on button.”

Yuuri nodded attentively as he took in the rest of Victor’s instructions. It didn’t seem too hard. Besides, after all the video games he had played, it would be a piece of cake to remember the buttons on a vibrator.

“Do you want to try it?” Victor asked after a while. “Or…?” He trailed off as he moved closer to Yuuri.

“Or what?” Yuuri prodded.

“Do you want me to use it on you?”

Yuuri muttered something completely incoherent. He wasn’t sure if he was ready for this. Would he even survive a full-body orgasm?

“It’s fine if you don’t want to do either,” Victor assured. “As long as you’re comfortable.”

“I mean, I want to try, but I’m not sure how it will be like…” Yuuri said carefully.

“We can take it slow,” Victor stated. “I’m just a little curious, have you ever played with yourself before?”

“Uhm, a little,” Yuuri admitted. “But not so much with, you know, my butt.”

Victor nodded, that’s what he suspected. “Well, in that case I think we should go very easy with the vibrator, maybe use the lowest setting and not- well, put it in.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed. That sounded reasonable.
“And I want you to talk to me.” Victor stated. “If we do this, I want you to let me know exactly what you like or don’t like, I could rely on the bond, but I don’t want to risk anything with you.”

Yuuri understood that. He didn’t want to risk anything either. “I’ll talk as much as I can, but if it’s too good, there’s going to be a lot more noise than actual words.”

Victor smiled at that. “Well, that’s the goal…”

Yuuri felt excitement tickle in the pit of his stomach. He really wanted to do this.

But then he remembered. “But what about you?” Yuuri asked in concern. “I don’t want you to focus solely on me, I want you to have fun as well…”

Victor snorted. “Do you have any idea how long I’ve been thinking about this moment?” He asked with a fond smile. “The moment when I could actually give you pleasure…”

“You gave me pleasure just a couple of months ago,” Yuuri pointed out.

“Yes, but that was from Russia, and all I could do was imagining your reactions.” Victor stated. “Now I have the opportunity to actually see them.”

Yuuri cringed slightly. “What if I have a ugly sex face?” he asked worriedly.

“A what?” Victor asked in amused confusion.

“Like, what if I make ugly faces during sex.” Yuuri clarified. “People do that sometimes.”

“It’s not possible for you to look ugly,” Victor assured. “Even when you try, you only look utterly adorable.”

Yuuri blushed at that.

“My only concern is if I will be able to handle it, handle you.” Victor said as he brushed Yuuri’s bangs back. “You’re too sexy, love.”

Yuuri shivered, almost like he was reaching out.

“Do you like being called sexy, Yuuri?” Victor mused as he leaned in closer to his mate. “My sexy Yuuri…”

“Oh god,” Yuuri gasped as he felt his breath hitch.

“My beautiful, sexy Yuuri…” Victor purred against his mate’s ear.

Yuuri released and actual purr that sparked all kinds of thoughts and ideas in Victor’s mind. “Do you want me to take care of you, love? Make you feel really good?”

Yuuri nodded helplessly.

Victor pressed his lips against Yuuri’s and gently led him down on the bed, while making sure that his mate’s back was properly supported by pillows.

He then pulled away slightly so he could enjoy the view. “You look so perfect like that,” he stated adoringly. “So beautiful.”
“I love you, Victor,” Yuuri said softly. “So much.”

Victor felt his heart melt slightly at the honest declaration from his mate. “I love you too, Yuuri,” he said back. “Every single part of you.”

Victor allowed his hand to brush against Yuuri’s flushed cheek and down his neck, making Yuuri shiver slightly.

“What do you want me to do, Yuuri?” Victor asked lowly. “What do you like?”


Victor licked his lips thoughtfully and allowed his hand to continue down Yuuri’s chest. “Like this?”

Yuuri nodded. “Just like that.”

Victor continued down further, until he reached the hem of Yuuri’s white button-up shirt, he tugged on it gently, but stopped immediately when he felt Yuuri stiffen.

“Uhm, can I keep my shirt on?” Yuuri asked carefully. “I’m not really happy with my body right now…”

“Of course, love,” Victor assured. “I want you to feel comfortable.”

Yuuri nodded gratefully.

“And just so you know, you’re gorgeous no matter what,” Victor stated. “I would be fine even if you wanted to wear a jacket during sex, just let me know, okay?”

Yuuri snorted, before his face melted into an expression of true love. “Thank you, Victor.”

Victor leaned in and captured Yuuri’s lips with his own. “Now, let’s get you an orgasm, shall we?”

Yuuri had never heard a better suggestion…

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for cutting there XD <3 I might continue it in the next chapter XD <3<3 We'll see <3<3 I have big plans for the next chapter XD <3<3 So I hope you're excited <3<3

Also, I started a new story called "The heroes of our time" which is a superhero AU starring Victuuri <3 I would be very grateful if you considered giving it a read and giving me your thoughts <3<3

Also, big thanks to my amazing beta-reader Violutzart (AO3) and Tumblr: https://violutzart.tumblr.com/ <3<3 Check her out! <3 She's amazing! <3

And follow me on tumblr <3<3 I'm very active there, and I'll answer to all of your messages <3<3
Stay amazing, guys <3<3

*Throws kudos bomb* <3<3
Chapter 87

Chapter Summary

Smut chapter™

Chapter Notes

Hi, yeah, you asked for this! XD <3 Great thanks to my beta who helped me write a lot of it <3 Check out ger works! <3 http://archiveofourown.org/users/Violutz

And I hope you'll like this chapter XD <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri did his best to keep himself quiet as Victor started up the vibrator. He didn’t want to alert the whole Yu-topia to the fact that he was having sex with his gorgeous alpha.

Even though a small part of him did.

“Oh, Yuuri, you’re producing slick…” Victor said with a voice so low and sexy that Yuuri had a hard time controlling himself. He wasn’t sure what way he should twist, since he both wanted to fuck himself on the device, while also wanting to get away from it.

The pleasure was almost too much.

Yuuri felt his vision blur as Victor began pumping his swollen cock, agonizingly slow.

Maybe this was how he died?

Well, at least he would go out happy.

“Should I slow down?” Victor asked as Yuuri had failed to respond to any of his comments about his beauty.

“Don’t you dare,” Yuuri panted as he spread his legs further to give his mate better access. “I need it…”

Victor chuckled in amusement. “Fuck, you’re too hot when you make demands like that… I’m too weak to refuse.”

Yuuri slowly bit down on his lower lip as he looked at Victor through his lashes, smirking naughtily. “Really? Should I do it more?”

Victor felt his breath leave him when Yuuri looked at him like that. How did he manage to go from adorable to a sinful monster in such a short amount of time? “I-... Uhm…” Victor stuttered out.

He never stuttered.
Victor took a deep breath and did his best to gather his thought before shifting closer to his mate’s face. “How are you so perfect?” he asked in disbelief as their noses brushed softly together.

Yuuri’s breath hitched as he let the compliment wash over him.

Victor quickly seized the moment when Yuuri was stunned with surprise and pressed their lips together. Silencing Yuuri’s following remark before it got a chance to leave his lips. He then increased the setting on the vibrator so he could truly get Yuuri to make those wonderful noises that he was slowly falling in love with.

Yuuri’s eyes blew wide open as he felt the toy vibrating more aggressively, his hands flying up to Victor’s hair, grasping his silver locks between his fingers and pulling a little roughly as he groaned deeply against Victor’s lips.

“You liked that, huh?” Victor smirked against Yuuri as he pulled away to gaze into his lover’s eyes. “Would you like me to pull it up even more?” he asked as his hand that was wrapped around Yuuri’s cock picked up it’s speed.

“Vitya...” Yuuri breathed as his grip on Victor’s hair tightened in approval. He felt his sanity slipping away, focussing on nothing but those captivating, blue eyes above him, the feeling of Victor’s warm fingers wrapped around his pulsing erection and the toy he wanted inside of him… so badly.

Victor loved hearing his Russian nickname rolling off Yuuri’s tongue. Almost as much as he loved seeing his mate come undone from underneath him. “Hush, love,” he said gently. “I got you…” he picked up his speed as he took in every single detail about Yuuri’s face, the erratic breathing, the unfocused eyes and that wonderful purr that was making his mind hazy with want and need.

Yuuri nodded, trusting his mate blindly as his eyes got watery, blurring his vision even more than usual when he wasn’t wearing his glasses, until his tears eventually spilled over his flushed cheeks. He was so close.

Victor’s wrist was getting a little sore, Yuuri sure had the greatest amount of stamina that’s ever been heard of. But he could tell that he was growing closer to Yuuri’s climax, which made him pick up his pace even further.

Yuuri squeezed his eyes shut as he felt himself surrendering to his orgasm, his hand covering his mouth as he stifled a sobbing groan. Drops of sweat covered his forehead, damping his hair as he panted roughly through his fingers.

Victor grabbed Yuuri’s hand and pushed it above his head, pinning it to the mattress and replaced it with his own lips. If anything was going to silence Yuuri’s beautiful sounds, it was going to be him. He wanted to devour every bit of pleasure his mate had to offer. He refused to let anything to go to waste.

“So... g-good,” Yuuri whimpered into Victor’s mouth, kissing him back weakly as his grip on Victor’s hair slowly loosened. He looked up at him and down at the mess they have made, eyes half lidded as he bathed in the afterglow of his orgasm. His hands slid down to Victor’s neck, fingers circling gently over his soft skin.

Victor was practically beaming with love and pride after succeeding in giving his mate exactly what he needed.

He felt as such a good alpha.
No one would ever be able to replace him.

No one could ever make Yuuri come apart like that, because no one knew him like Victor knew him.

Yuuri was his, and his only.

“Did you like it, love?” Victor asked gently and left a soft kiss to the tip of Yuuri’s nose.

Yuuri smiled lovingly and nodded, wrapping his arms around Victor to pull him as close as possible, leaving no space between them. “I did…” he whispered sensually in Victor’s ear.

Victor shivered at the feeling of Yuuri so close to himself, and he couldn’t help but to breathe in a deep portion of Yuuri’s scent, allowing it to flood his mind and leave him in a euphoric state. “I’m so glad,” he breathed softly and grabbed Yuuri a little tighter before flipping them around so that Yuuri was secure in his arms. “My little spoon,” he cooed and left a soft kiss to the back of Yuuri’s neck.

Yuuri smirked as he felt Victor’s erection brushing against his thigh and moved his hips back a little just to tease his boyfriend, moving in slow circular motions.

Victor gasped slightly as he felt Yuuri’s warm wet ass press tightly against his pulsing erection, even though he himself was still fully clothed, he couldn’t help but to feel his cock springing to life with a vengeance. “Yuuri?” he asked gently before swallowing thickly. “W-what are you doing? We’re not having that kind of sex.”

Yuuri turned around in Victors arms, gazing up at him with innocent eyes. “No? What should I do instead?” he asked sweetly as he purred against his lips. “Tell me…”

“No,” Victor said firmly before pushing away slightly. He needed to stay in control. “I should go…” he pushed himself up and climbed over Yuuri in an attempt to leave, when Yuuri suddenly grabbed his wrist.

“Please… stay,” Yuuri said softly as he gently tugged on his mate’s wrist. “Let me take care of you,” his eyes sparkled more than the combination of every star in the galaxy. “Please?”

Victor had never been able to resist Yuuri’s pleas in the past, and this time was not that different. And as he looked into Yuuri’s beautiful chocolaty gaze, he found himself unable to resist the offer. “Are you sure?”

Yuuri’s cheeks turned crimson as he slowly nodded, his eyes never averting from his mate’s. He had never wanted anything as much. He wanted Victor to feel just as amazing as he did. “I’m sure.”

Victor knew that Yuuri couldn’t lie to him, but he still searched Yuuri’s face for any signs of doubt.

When he couldn’t find any, he nodded uncertainty. “What would you like to do?”

Yuuri turned his head away as his blush spread down to his chest. There was so much he wanted to do. He wanted to touch him, taste him, swallow him. “I-I… Well, there’s this thing… I’ve been thinking about for a while now,” Yuuri mumbled shyly, avoiding Victors gaze.

“Oh?” Victor replied as he felt Yuuri’s excitement reflecting on himself. “What’s that?”

There was no going back now.

Yuuri swallowed and clenched his fists firmly. “I wanna taste you…” he whispered almost inaudible, his breath stilling completely as he awaited Victor’s reaction.
“Taste me?” Victor repeated in slight amusement as he admired the relentless blush on his mate’s face.

Yuuri took a deep breath and carefully turned his head back, looking back at Victor’s eyes, his pupils slowly growing larger with lust. “Can… Can I suck you off?”

Victor had to take a moment. A very long moment that probably didn’t last for more than a few seconds, but felt like an eternity. “Uhm, are you sure?” he asked gently. “I don’t want you to choke, and… And I doubt you’ll fit it all…In…”

Yuuri nodded as his fingertips drew lazy patterns across Victor’s chest, trying his best to release some relaxing pheromones. He didn’t want them to be nervous for this. All he wanted was to make Victor feel so good. “I can try?”

Victor narrowed his gaze slightly before relenting with a soft sigh. “Okay- just, don’t push yourself, and you can stop whenever. I don’t want you to feel pressured in any way.” he said carefully so Yuuri wouldn’t do something he would later regret. “And if you don’t like doing it, just stop, okay?”

“Okay,” Yuuri whispered as he toyed with the fabric of Victor’s shirt, his eyes looking away again.

“Yuuri, look at me,” Victor pleaded and gently placed his hand on Yuuri’s chin to turn his face towards himself. He wanted to make sure that Yuuri was absolutely sure. And that was hard when he avoided his gaze.

Yuuri did as he was told, and smiled softly. “I promise.”

There was a brief moment of silence

“Okay then,” Victor stated. “How do you want to do this?”

Yuuri tugged hard on Victor’s wrist so he stumbled back into the nest, before climbing on top of the Russian. “Like this,” he smirked before he leaned down and slowly mouthed at Victor’s neck, dragging his tongue over his weaker spots.

“I- Oh,” Victor gasped in shock at Yuuri’s sudden change of demeanor. He loved it but he was still momentarily startled over how strong his mate was, and as he felt Yuuri’s tongue on his neck, he felt his breathing pick up, until all that escaped him was a rumbling moan.

Yuuri felt the vibration of Victor’s moan against his lip which drove him absolutely wild, and desperate for more. His hands moved teasingly slow over Victor’s chest in a massaging motion until he reached the hem of Victor’s shirt. He moved his hands underneath the soft fabric. His fingertips explored every inch of his chest, gliding gently over each muscle.

Victor gasped as he felt his mate’s soft hands on his hard nipples, and another gasp escaped him as Yuuri gave them an experimental pinch. “Yuuri…” he breathed desperately. “Please, no more teasing…” he practically begged. “I… I need release, love.”

Yuuri smiled in slight triumph before leaning forward to rest his forehead against Victor’s. “I just want to take my time with you. It’s our first time, after all. And I want to remember everything,” he spoke softly as he cupped Victor’s cheek.

“Okay,” Victor agreed. “But please do it faster. I don’t know how much longer I can…” he trailed off as he caught Yuuri’s gaze, slowly drowning in his beautiful brown eyes.

“Vitya… come back to me,” Yuuri whispered, brushing his thumb over Victor’s cheekbone.
Victor leaned into Yuuri’s touch as he did his best to obey.

Why did Yuuri have to be the most godlike creature in the universe?

He didn’t deserve him, no one did.

“I’ll move faster, okay? Just relax. I’ll take care of you.” Yuuri stated confidently.

Victor nodded brokenly as he took a deep breath, bracing himself for what’s to come.

Yuuri captured his lips in a chaste kiss before his hands drifted downwards to the button of Victor’s pants, grabbing it between his fingers before he looked back up for approval, his cheeks tinting red once more.

“Just be careful,” Victor pleaded before surrendering completely to his mate. He trusted him to do as told.

“I promise,” Yuuri said softly and moved to kneel between Victor’s legs as he carefully undid the button and zipper, his mouth watering at the sight of Victor’s clothed erection.

“Do you need me to…?” Victor’s hands moved down to the hem of his underpants and looked to Yuuri for further instructions. “Or do you want to do it yourself?”

Yuuri shook his head determinately, desperate to prove himself. He hooked his fingers around the hem of Victor’s underpants and carefully pulled it down with his jeans, his eyes widening at the sight of Victor’s bare cock. He was big.

Perfect.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri looked up and swallowed thickly as he nodded.

He could do this.

“Don’t strain yourself,” Victor pleaded. “It’s fine if you don’t want to.”

“No!” Yuuri said, a little louder than intended. He coughed gently before lowering his volume. “I want to do this… I really do.”


“Only seventeen, hmm?” Yuuri smirked and lowered his head before he daringly dragged his tongue across Victor’s length, gasping softly at the new taste. The taste of Victor’s cock. God, it was good.

“F-Fuck…” Victor gasped as he shivered at the tickling sensation of Yuuri’s tongue on his cock. Where did he even learn how to do that?

“How did that feel?” Yuuri asked as he looked up, his breath ghosting over Victor’s erection.

Victor muttered gibberish Russian in response. That was all he was capable of in this state. His full focus went to making sure that he was lying perfectly still and not pushing his hard cock up in Yuuri’s face.

That would definitely ruin the mood.
Yuuri chuckled softly and leaned back down again, brushing his lips against Victor’s tip. It felt so warm and wet from leaking with precum.

Yuuri wondered what would taste like as he slowly licked it off his lips, moaning deeply. “You taste really good…” he purred, the corners of his mouth turning upwards.

He needed to taste more.

Victor was grateful he had been studying languages for almost three years, he definitely needed every curse-word he could think of right now.

Yuuri’s fingers gently wrapped around the base of Victor’s pulsing cock as he darted his tongue out once more and lapped up the viscous liquid that oozed from his lover’s tip.

Victor shuddered in response as his hands tangled in the sheets and blankets underneath him.

“What should I do now, Victor?” Yuuri asked, blinking up at his mate as his hand around Victor’s cock slowly started to pump up and down.

Victor made the fatal mistake of actually looking at his mate. Yuuri’s eyes were almost completely black with lust, and it made Victor pray silently to all the gods for nothing but survival. “Just, ah-” he gasped desperately. “Do whatever you want with me…” he whimpered slightly. “I’m all yours.”

“All mine,” Yuuri agreed. “My own sexy, strong, gorgeous alpha.”

Victor felt his own free will melting away like snow in the desert. And he was pretty sure that he never wanted it back.

“And I’m yours, Victor,” Yuuri whispered as his lips were suddenly brushing against his ear. “I’m your own, personal slut.”

Victor gasped, loudly.

Yuuri noticed and leaned up to Victor’s ear. “I’m such a slut for your delicious cock, Vitya,” it was time to prove to his mate that he didn’t watch all that porn for nothing. “Does it feel nice when I rub it? Suck it? Do you want me to go faster?”

“Nghdm….” Victor muttered as he was struggling to breathe like a human and not like a choked donkey.

Yuuri smirked knowingly and climbed back down at Victor.

Victor felt momentarily confused as Yuuri’s breath disappeared from his ear, he raised his head slightly to figure out where his mate went, but the sight and sensations that punched him in the face forced him to throw his head back and scrunch his eyes shut.

Yuuri wrapped his lips completely around Victor’s hard length as he allowed his tongue to travel along one of the veins, he tasted the salty aroma and felt something close to addiction surge through him.

Desperate for more, Yuuri moved deeper, bobbing his head up and down to extract more of that delicious liquid from his mate, sucking and licking like he was born to do so.

“Ahhh…” Victor groaned as his entire body seized up in agonizing pleasure. He could feel the tip of his cock touching the walls of Yuuri’s throat.
How hasn’t he gagged yet?

Yuuri had to pull away to catch his breath, spit and precome leaking out of his mouth as he got ready for a second round.

Victor’s need to make sure that Yuuri was all right was slowly killing him as he caught his mate’s face again.

Seeing Yuuri’s face sparkling with sweat and cum while he was panting for breath was something that could turn a fully healthy man blind with the force of beauty.

Victor would burst into tears if he wasn’t already crying from pleasure, he did lean into Yuuri’s touch though, when Yuuri thumbed his tears away.

“Don’t cry, love,” Yuuri pleaded. “I’ll hurry, okay?”

Victor nodded as he inhaled shakily. His entire body was practically quivering with exhaustion.

Who would have known that having sex with Yuuri would be worse than Yakov’s most brutal exercises?

Yuuri had gathered enough air into his lungs, and decided to give it a second try, leaning back down to suck on Victor’s dick.

He did it faster this time though, suking and licking in a pace that was the equivalent of a slow jerk off.

“Ah- I, oh god!” Victor gasped. “I’m close, Yuuri, I’m so close… Pull out…”

That was all the encouragement Yuuri needed to finish the job, ignoring Victor’s warning and feeling a streak of pride when he managed to make Victor cum with the cry of his name.

Yuuri had to pull away with a cough though, when Victor’s seeds filled his whole mouth, and slid down his throat in an alarming speed.

Victor shot up, even though all of his limbs literally felt like jelly. “Yuuri, are you okay?” he asked worriedly and took Yuuri’s face in his hands, using his thumb to wipe away some of his sticky liquid from his mate’s chin.

Yuuri nodded as he tried to clear his throat.

Even though it was still slightly hard to breathe, he was still feeling at peace.

The taste of Victor was everywhere, on him, in him, around him, next to him. And it was wonderful.

If given the choice, he would do it again, and again, and again…

“You promised to be careful…” Victor scolded worriedly as he left for Yuuri’s bathroom to get a damp towel to clean his mate up.

“Sorry,” Yuuri spoke hoarsely as Victor disappeared from his side. He took the short moment he was alone to try and clear his throat without much success. And once Victor returned, he put on his best innocent smile and blush to try and appease his mate.

All it got him was a fond shake of Victor’s head and a deep sigh. “What am I supposed to do with you?” Victor asked as he sat down next to Yuuri so he could gently wipe the towel across his mate’s
body to clean him off.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri said again, now a little bit clearer.

“It’s okay,” Victor assured with a sigh. “If we ever do this again, remember to stop when I’m
warning you. It’s not hot if you end up getting hurt.”

Yuuri felt a slight streak of annoyance with himself that he had choked on Victor’s sperm. “I just
wanted to try and swallow,” he admitted. “I didn’t expect there to be so... much of it.”

Victor chuckled in amusement. “Then I suppose you haven’t seen a lot of porn with alphas being
intimate with omegas?”

“Well, omegas aren’t exactly known for starring in porn…” Yuuri said apologetically as a light blush
spread across his cheeks.

“And thank god for that,” Victor mused. “Or most of the population would probably be dead from
bleeding out through their noses.”

“Wait, do you mean that alphas produce more sperm when they’re with an omega?” Yuuri asked in
confusion.

Victor smiled fondly. “You do know that the main thing about sex is to make a baby, right?”

Yuuri swallowed thickly as he nodded.

“Well, omegas are seen as the ultimate mate for an alpha, which makes the alpha’s instincts to breed
a lot higher when they are with an omega.” Victor explained. “Therefore, more sperm.”

“Oh,” Yuuri said, he really didn’t know that.

“That’s also why we need to be extra careful when we do have sex the- well, ‘usual’ way,” Victor
said sheepishly. “Since the chance of you getting pregnant is so high.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Yeah, I need to start going on heat suppressants and birth control before
we do it like that.”

“Yes,” Victor agreed. “Condoms only have a ninety-nine percent chance of working, and I’m pretty
sure it’s even less when it comes to us. It only takes one of my best swimmers for us to get a baby on
our hands.”

Yuuri shuddered at the idea of having to give up his life to take care of a burping, pooping baby.

He still had so many things he wanted to do before settling down.

Even if it was with Victor.

“We’ll be careful,” Yuuri stated. “Very careful…”

“I don’t want you to leave…” Yuuri pouted as Victor packed his bag a few days later. “You just got
here…”

“I know,” Victor spoke with so much sympathy Yuuri felt all but five years old. “But I have
school… But there’s only a few months left to summer break and then we can travel if you want to?”
“But that’s months,” Yuuri complained. “And I have nothing to do before fall, how am I supposed to last until summer all alone, with nothing to do?”

Victor smiled slightly as he realized how much Yuuri sounded like him. He took a break from packing and closed the distance between them. “I’m sure you’ll find something to do… You can practice for the grand prix?” he suggested. “Or just rest up? I’m sure you could use some time to just take it easy and relax before school starts.”

Yuuri sighed, Victor was right, but he also knew that being stuck in a house with his family for multiple months with nothing to do but fold towels and clean unused rooms would drive him into madness.

He could probably manage, if it wasn’t for the fact that Victor had turned into his own personal drug for the past days, and he wasn’t sure if he would be able to handle the mixture of solitude from his mate and boring days.

Especially since it was agonizing enough to deal with one of them.

“What if-?” Yuuri cut himself off. He wasn’t sure if he could handle a rejection from Victor. What if he didn’t want him there? “Nevermind…”

Victor frowned. “Yuuri,” he scolded lightly. “What did we talk about? Please tell me what’s on your mind.”

Yuuri swallowed thickly. “How much do you like spending time... with me?” he asked carefully.

Victor raised his eyebrows in surprise. “Yuuri, what kind of question is that?”

Yuuri blushed.

Victor sighed sadly. “I like spending time with you more than anything,” he admitted. “When we’re together, it feels like I’m complete.”

“Really?”

Victor nodded. “You’re the light in my life, and the reason I smile on my sad days, and being around you makes me happier than anything else. Even figure skating.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I feel the same,” he stated.

“So what did you want to ask me?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri braced himself. Victor wouldn’t let it go, so he might as well ask and get it over with. “What if I came with you to Russia?” he asked, trying to keep his hopefulness at bay.

Victor’s eyes suddenly started to sparkle with excitement. “Would you really want that?” he asked, allowing his hopefulness to light up the room

Yuuri felt his heart swell over someone wanting him so much. “If you want me?”

“Of course!” Victor exclaimed before Yuuri had even asked the question. “How could I ever not want you?” he asked in bafflement.

Yuuri smiled sheepishly before shrugging. “I don’t know…”

“Are you sure your parents would allow that though?” Victor suddenly asked. “I mean, it would
only be you and me. They might find that… Not optimal.”

“They trust you,” Yuuri assured. “And I’m almost an adult, so it’s not like they can trap me here. And since we’re bonded, you get the last say as my mate.”

Victor inched closer to Yuuri and pulled his fingers through his mate’s hair. “Still, I don’t know if I would feel comfortable in kidnapping you away from your family…”

Yuuri blinked slowly as an idea sparkled in his mind. “What if I would be a very good prisoner?” he asked lowly, gazing at Victor though his thick lashes.

Victor choked on air, and if he was drinking, he was sure that he would spit it all out at the suggestion. “Yuuri…” his throat was suddenly very dry. “I-I… hmm…”

“Victor?” Yuuri said with that sly grin that made Victor’s knees weak. “It was a joke…”

“Oh, haha,” Victor chuckled nervously. “Funny…”

Yuuri could feel the streak of horniness radiating from his mate as his own grin widened. “Would you like that, Victor?” he asked suggestively. “Having me as your prisoner?”

Victor let out a low whimper from the back of his throat. “Please, not now…” Victor begged as he crossed his legs and took a deep breath to keep his horny alpha pheromones from escaping into the air.

Yuuri backed down, there was a time and a place, and now wasn’t it. “Well, would it feel better if I got my parents permission to go to Russia with you?”

Victor nodded.

“I’ll ask them,” Yuuri stated and pressed a gentle kiss to his boyfriend’s cheek before leaving him alone in his room, awestruck.

Victor placed his hand on his cheek as a pink blush spread across his face.

He was so in love.

…………………………………

Yuuri smiled as he allowed his fingers to tangle with Victor’s, he brushed his forefinger over his mate’s knuckles and gently dragged his fingernails along Victor’s palms.

They were seated closely next to each other, as they waited for the plane to take off to Russia.

“I’m really glad we’re doing this,” Yuuri admitted as he intertwined his hand with Victor’s completely. “Just you and me for almost six months…”

Victor smiled as he raised Yuuri’s hand to his lips, giving it a gentle kiss. “Me too, luchik.”

“Sunbeam.” Yuuri translated.

Victor chuckled. “Your russian will be completely fluent when you go to America,” he said fondly. “I wonder if you will pick up an accent.”

“I hope so,” Yuuri mused. “I’ll have all my classmates confused on the very first day.”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “You would sound so cute.”
“Pfft…” Yuuri protested lightheartedly.

Victor responded with pressing a kiss to Yuuri’s forehead, and then another one to his cheek for good measure, only stopping when Yuuri was giggling. “You’re always cute,” he stated. “And I love you so much.”

Yuuri smiled adoringly to his mate, before leaning up to press a soft kiss to his lips. “I love you too.”

The engines started and Vicchan immediately rushed to Yuuri to seek protection in his owner’s lap.

Makkachin just rolled over and went back to sleep.

“It’s okay, Vicchan,” Victor assured the anxious toy poodle in his mate’s lap. “We’ll be in Russia soon.”

Vicchan leaned into Victor’s hand before settling in for the flight.

It was a long time since he had a good adventure.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, pushing the Detroit arc back in favor of a Russia arc XD <3 I hope you'll be okay with that XD

I really gotta sleep now XD <3 I hope you liked the smut XD

Thank you for reading! <3

Stay awesome!! <3<3

Kudos to all!! <3<3
Chapter 88

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor arrive to Russia and have very... "sweet" sex...

Chapter Notes

Happy Valentine's day <3

I made this chapter in the Valentine's day spirit ;) <3 Hopefully you'll like it <3<3

*****ALSO READ AT YOUR OWN RISK!!! IF YOU LIKE YOUR TEETH, YOU WILL HEED MY WARNING!! THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS SO MUCH FLUFF AND TOOTH ROTTING MATERIAL MIXED WITH SMUT! SO READ WITH CAUTION, PREFERABLY WITH YOUR TOOTHBRUSH NEARBY!!*****

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was weird arriving in Victor’s apartment, knowing that it was only going to be the two of them and their dogs for almost six months.

It would almost be like living together.

“We should probably go grocery shopping later…” Victor said thoughtfully as he stripped out of his jacket. “I barely have anything at home.”

Yuuri stopped momentarily at the door and took in Victor’s apartment. It looked a lot different if he compared it to the first time he was there.

Victor had added a lot of pictures to the wall and overall made his apartment a lot more homey. He even had a plant.

“Youuri?” Victor asked as he caught Yuuri looking around without making any move of stepping inside. “Is everything okay?”

“Yes,” Yuuri assured as he stepped inside and began to take off his shoes. “You’ve changed a little in here…”

Victor looked around his apartment as well, before turning back to Yuuri. “Do you like it?”

Yuuri nodded. “I like it a lot.”

Victor smiled and walked up to Yuuri to help him with his coat. “I’m glad.”

Yuuri turned to Victor and kissed him sweetly. “But do you have to have so many pictures of me?”
Victor chuckled. “But they are the best thing in this apartment,” he exclaimed. “They brighten it up so much.”

“I feel like they stare at me…” Yuuri mused. He wouldn’t have said anything if it was four, maybe five pictures of himself, but Victor had about fifteen on each wall.

“Have you gotten a look at your room in Hasetsu?” Victor quipped. “You’re literally sleeping on a pillowcase with my face on it…”

Yuuri would have to admit that Victor had a point. “Touché.”

“I’m sure we will get a lot of questions when we eventually do move in together and combine all of our merchandise,” Victor snickered. “It will be a very interesting looking home for strangers.”

“Well, maybe we won’t need all of our stuff when we move in together,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “Since I will be able to see your face all the time, I may not need to keep my pillowcases… Since the real deal is so much better.”

Victor had to clench his chest to stop his fragile heart from melting with love. This was how he would die. Yuuri would kill him with the power of his sweetness.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked in concern. He could sense that nothing was physically wrong with his mate. But Victor looked like he would collapse at any second.

“Too much love,” Victor whined as he sank to the floor only to be attacked by their poodles. “How will I survive six months of it?”

Yuuri chuckled fondly as he sat down next to his mate on the floor and scooped Vicchan away from his mate. “Well, if you die, I will just have to bring you back to life,” he mused.

“Maybe I’ll just die to get you to give me a true love’s kiss?” Victor smiled hopefully.

Yuuri shook his head fondly before leaning in and catching Victor’s lips with his own. “Every kiss with you is a true love’s kiss,” he assured. “And I don’t know how I would feel about kissing a corpse… This is much better.”

“You’re so smart, Yuuri,” Victor praised with his beautiful heart shaped smile. “Thinking practical like that.”

Yuuri snorted. “And you’re cute for thinking that love could kill you.”

“You haven’t experienced being in your own presence,” Victor claimed. “If I was half as adorable, you’d be on the floor just like me.”

“You’re plenty adorable,” Yuuri assured. “And I love you very much.”

Victor beamed. “I love you too.”

Victor was loving grocery shopping with Yuuri in Russia. There was so many things he wanted his mate to try, so many things he wanted to cook for him.

“Victor, I think we’ve gotten enough,” Yuuri said thoughtfully as he tried to get a grip of the million different Russian items Victor had placed in their cart. “Do we really need three kinds of pasta?”

“But this one is shaped like hearts,” Victor stated with a pout that Yuuri could not resist.
“Well, if you really want them,” Yuuri relented. “But we definitely don’t need this much ice cream, I’m trying to lose weight, and that will never happen if there’s too much unhealthy things at home.”

Victor could have sworn that cupid struck him with yet another arrow when Yuuri referred to Victor’s apartment as home. “Okay, we can put the ice cream back,” Victor agreed before turning to the candy section, eyes falling to a heart-shaped box of chocolate.

Dirty thoughts entered the Russian’s mind as he imagined eating chocolate from Yuuri’s naked body.

“No, no candy,” Yuuri shook his head and pushed the cart in the opposite direction.

“But Yuuri,” Victor whined. “I want something sweet…” he took a short moment to make sure that he had Yuuri’s full attention. “...For dessert.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “Oh?”

It took a moment before Victor could feel a streak of excitement traveling through his mate’s body.

“What kind of dessert?” Yuuri asked curiously.

Victor smiled brilliantly and slid down his sunglasses so he could look fully at Yuuri.. “I have a few ideas…”

Yuuri didn’t feel like he could come home fast enough with Victor.

The idea of having sex with his mate with a whole apartment to themselves made his heartbeat increase with excitement.

And as soon as they closed the door behind them, Yuuri practically attacked Victor with a kiss. Victor’s yelp of surprise went lost into Yuuri’s mouth as he did his best to not drop the bags to the floor. “Yuuri, hang on a second,” he pleaded. “We need to unpack… the…” he lost his voice as Yuuri began to kiss and nibble along his neck. “...Groceries…” he breathed.

Yuuri pulled away reluctantly and looked up at Victor behind thick lashes. “Do you still want it to be a surprise?”

Victor nodded as he swallowed thickly, no longer feeling sure.

Yuuri nodded too as he glanced to their bedroom. “So…?”

“I’ll unpack and you can wait in the bedroom,” Victor stated, as a smile started playing on his lips. “Maybe make us a pretty little nest?”

Yuuri’s eyes suddenly began to sparkle. “I’m gonna make us the sexiest nest you’ve ever seen,” he promised and pressed a soft kiss to Victor’s cheek.

Victor momentarily swooned as Yuuri backed away from him.

Yuuri shot him a smile before closing the bedroom door.

Unpacking groceries had never been done as quickly. Victor mostly threw things inside his cabinet, fridge and freezer as he placed all the candy aside.

He wasn’t sure exactly what he wanted to use so he better get ready for everything.
“Yuuri?” Victor called as he was ready to enter.

“No, no, don’t come in yet!” Yuuri pleaded. “It’s not done, I’ll get you once I’m finished.”

Victor smiled to himself and went over to their suitcases, he opened Yuuri’s and prayed that his mate shared his thoughts and ideas, and almost squealed once he realized that he did.

Yuuri brought the vibrator and the blindfold.

They never got to use the blindfold in Hasetsu, and that needed to be changed.

He picked the objects out, fully intending to use them on Yuuri, he placed everything on the sofa table, and felt slightly guilty as the dogs watched him.

They had no idea what would soon take place between their owners.

Poor innocent souls…

Victor wondered whether he should undress or simply just wait for his mate. He decided on the latter and made himself comfortable on the couch and threw a blanket over the items.

And then he waited, and listened.

Yuuri was really taking his time in there.

He couldn’t wait to see it.

Victor tapped his foot to the floor impatiently as he made himself busy with creating a playlist with romantic songs he and Yuuri could make love to.

He really wanted it to be perfect.

A thought hit him, and he realized that he should have gotten rose petals. That would be romantic…

“Vitya…” a soft voice suddenly purred in his ear, making Victor shiver. “I’m done.”

Victor smirked as he turned around. “Is that so?”

Yuuri nodded. “It’s perfect.”

Victor’s smirk increased. “Sit down, please?” he asked as he patted the seat next to himself.

Yuuri blinked curiously a few times before obliging.

“You’ve been very good, Yuuri,” Victor told him as he pulled his fingers through Yuuri’s hair. “You brought everything we need…”

Yuuri blushed slightly as a the corner of his lips turned upwards. “You found them,” it was more a statement than a question.

“I did,” Victor agreed. “And I realized that we never got a chance to use the blindfold in Japan.”

Victor almost chuckled as he sensed another streak of excitement going through his mate.

“We should probably change that then…” Yuuri purred as he shifted closer to Victor.

“That was exactly what I thought,” Victor said lowly and reached his hand under the blanket on the
“Is that…?” Yuuri asked as he noticed the very bumpy blanket.

“All the things I’m going to use on you, yes,” Victor smirked.

“And what about what I can use on you?” Yuuri asked, eyes sparkling with excitement.

“One thing at the time, love…” Victor said gently as he took out the blindfold from the box. “Let’s see if you’re still up for it, once I’m done with you…”

Yuuri let out a full-body purr at the suggestion.

Victor lit up like a thousand stars. “I really want to make more of that happening…” he said as he held up the blindfold in front of Yuuri. “Do you want this?” he asked. A part of him really wanted to make Yuuri beg for it.

He was so cute when he begged.

Yuuri nodded. “I really want it,” he agreed.

Victor gently placed the soft fabric over his mate’s eyes and tied it behind his head. “Does it feel good?”

Yuuri nodded as a very soft purr vibrated within him.

“So beautiful…” Victor sighed and turned on the music on his bluetooth speaker. “Wait here…” he said and left a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “I’m just going to get our treats into the bedroom… Saving the sweetest for last…”

Yuuri hummed with a smile playing on his lips. “I suppose I’ll wait for you here then…”

Victor loved the idea of Yuuri waiting for him. He really needed to develop that idea some more.

“I’ll be right back, mal’chik vanil’…”

Yuuri sighed dreamily at the Russian. He had no idea that Victor could become even sexier. And when the Russian spilled from his lover’s lips, he knew just how wrong he was.

Victor kept his senses directed to Yuuri to make sure that he didn’t feel scared or nervous while he got everything into the bedroom.

However, he almost dropped it all once he caught sight of Yuuri’s love-nest.

It was breathtakingly beautiful.

Yuuri had used most of the red silk scarves on the top of the nest to make it red and more passionate, and Victor felt his heart melt over the sweetness his Yuuri possessed.

His mate had made them a love-nest.

Victor would have died right there and then if he hadn’t already left his mate with the promise of great sex.

And he would never let his mate down.

So Victor placed the needed items around the bedroom the most urgent ones, like the flavored lube
and vibrator, on the nightstand. And the chocolate at the edge of the bed, that would be a good start.

He then placed the other kinds of candy on the nightstand further away.

Eventually, all that was missing from the love-nest, was Yuuri.

Victor walked quietly back into the living room, and caught Yuuri waiting dutifully on the couch, just where he left him. He closed the final distance between the two of them and gently brushed his lips against Yuuri’s ear. “Are you ready, my little treat?”

Yuuri exhaled shakily. “Yeah,” he managed to get out as another purr escaped him.

Victor smiled in triumph. “Can I carry you to our love-nest?” he asked lowly.

Yuuri nodded as raised his arms to the direction he thought Victor was standing in, which was slightly off, and Victor couldn’t stop the fond smile that spread across his features as he reached for Yuuri as well. Wrapping one of his hands under Yuuri’s knees and the other one around his back before lifting him up.

Yuuri grabbed ahold of Victor’s neck and held on tight. “You can drop me if I’m too heavy,” he said nervously.

“Don’t be silly,” Victor scolded lightheartedly. “I’m a lot stronger than you give me credit for, and you are not fat.”

“I’m a little chubby,” Yuuri pointed out. “I hope that’s not a turn-off…”

“Are you kidding me?” Victor asked in disbelief. “You could weigh more than my building and you would still be the most gorgeous and sexiest man alive.”

Yuuri blushed behind the blindfold as Victor lowered him down into their love-nest. “How do you feel, Yuuri?”

“Blind,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly, as he allowed his fingers to explore the silky surface underneath himself. “How about you?”

Victor smirked. “Incredibly turned on.”

Yuuri’s blush increased. “Oh?” he said with a sly smile. “What are you going to do about it?”

“I might take out my cock and play with myself…” Victor said lowly. “Allowing the image of you to drive me over the edge…”

“I thought you wanted to play with sweet stuff?” Yuuri asked, slightly confused.

“You’re all the sweetness I will ever need.”

“Victor,” Yuuri drawled. “Can I at least take off the blindfold and help you?”

“No, no, Yuuri…” Victor grinned as he shook his head slowly. “You should stay right where you are?”

“And what if I don’t?” Yuuri challenged.

“Hmm…” Victor said thoughtfully. “Maybe I should make sure you’ll lose that choice?”
“The choice of w-what?” Yuuri asked as his breath hitched slightly.

“The choice of leaving,” Victor clarified as he gently took one of the scarves out from the nest and gently pulled it over the length of Yuuri’s body. “I think this color would look very beautiful... around your wrists…”

Yuuri gasped slightly at the idea. “You’ll tie me up?” he asked carefully.

“Would you like that, Yuuri?” Victor asked. “Would you like to be completely at my mercy?”

Breathlessly, Yuuri nodded and raised his wrists slightly.

Victor tsked. “Yuuri, we need to get you out of your clothes first, or you’re going to have stains…”

“Oh,” Yuuri said as realization struck him. “I’ll just…” he removed his hoodie and T-shirt first, effortlessly sliding them over his head and blindly reaching them out to Victor who placed them on the floor, before he reached for his pants.

Victor stopped him. “Let me handle that, okay, lyubov?”

Yuuri nodded. “Okay,” he agreed and looked at a loss for what to do next.

Victor repositioned himself, so he was straddling Yuuri’s hips, before leaning in and claiming a kiss, really enjoying the natural taste of vanilla that was so incredibly Yuuri.

He then brought the scarf up to brush against Yuuri’s chest, drawing circular motions in order to tease the younger man. “Does it feel good?”

Yuuri nodded eagerly. “Yes.”

“How much do you want me to tie you up?” Victor then asked. “Just teasing or tight enough so you can’t move at all?”

Yuuri swallowed thickly. “Maybe start small?” he suggested. “Then if I’m being rebellious, you might need to get that under control…”

Something flashed in Victor’s eyes. “My, Yuuri... You really like this, don’t you?”

Yuuri chuckled a little. “Perhaps…”

“Well, let’s have some fun then, shall we?” he asked and took one of Yuuri’s wrists in his hand, kissing it gently before wrapping the scarf around it. “I’m not making it too tight then…” he said and secured a knot, locking the scarf in place.

Yuuri moved his hand freely. “You’re just tying one?” he asked in surprise as he waved.

“Oh no…” Victor said, allowing his voice to drop slightly. “I’m just getting started with you…”

Yuuri inhaled shakily as his blush crept down his neck and began to tint the upper part of his chest.

Victor was grateful that his bed had a very strong wooden headboard, so he could pull the other end of the scarf and trail it between the pillars, before he reached for Yuuri’s other hand. “Just so you won’t run away from me…” Victor whispered close to Yuuri’s ear.

Yuuri purred at the sensation.
He secured the scarf around Yuuri’s other hand and leaned back to appreciate his own handywork. “Perfect.”

Yuuri gave the scarf an experimental tug, even though he still had plenty of room to move his hands, he knew that he wasn’t getting loose from the headboard. He tried to reach the knots on his wrists, but his hands couldn’t reach each other.

The only way for Yuuri to get out, was if Victor untied him.

Yuuri suddenly felt Victor’s weight on his hips disappearing, which made him feel slightly anxious. “W-where are you going?” he asked worriedly.

“I’m right here, Yuuri…” Victor assured.

Yuuri nodded. It was weird, having to rely solely on his hearing, but it also made his body more attentive, and when he felt something soft and sticky being smeared along his neck, he practically jumped at the sensation. “What’s that?” he asked worriedly.

“Nutella…” Victor answered with his voice drenched in amusement. “I better get that off…”

Yuuri didn’t even have time to prepare himself, before he felt Victor’s tongue on his neck, licking and sucking the chocolate off him, before he went for Yuuri’s lips, sharing a chocolaty kiss with him.

It was no secret that Yuuri loved nutella, so when that wonderful chocolate was in his lover’s mouth, he couldn’t help but to do his best effort of licking it clean.

Victor hummed in content as he played with Yuuri’s exploring tongue, trying to make the nutella last was a true challenge when it came to Yuuri.

His mate hadn’t eaten anything sweet in weeks, due to his diet.

So this was a very rare opportunity for his mate to cheat, and get something sweet into his system.

Then it was up to Victor to make sure that they worked it off.

Together.

“Okay, Yuuri, let’s make this into a game,” Victor suggested. “If you can guess this next item, by smell and consistency, I’ll let you try some, if you guess wrong, or can’t figure it out, I’ll get the vibrator…”

“That doesn’t really sound like a punishment,” Yuuri pointed out as he licked the last of the nutella off his lips.

“You know I could never really punish you,” Victor stated. “But I would gladly tease you…”

Yuuri bit his lower lip as he thought about it. “Do I know the candy?” he asked. “Otherwise it’s cheating…”

“You know the candy,” Victor smiled as he reached for the jar of raspberry flavored jolly ranchers. “And you really like them…”

Yuuri heard the rustling of the jar, as he rummaged his mind for any kind of candy that could make that sound.

Victor opened the jar and took a piece of candy into his mouth, sucking it until it was smooth enough
to be dragged across Yuuri’s chest.

It would definitely leave a sticky mess, but that was a problem for the future.

“Ahh,” Yuuri gasped at the tickling sensation of having something smooth and slimy dragged across his chest, and he felt his cock twitch within his pants, when he realized that he couldn’t move his arms down to stop it.

He was completely helpless.

“Can you guess what candy it is, honey?” Victor asked teasingly.

“Almost…” Yuuri stalled, he really had no idea, but he could almost guess if he was given more clues, so it wasn’t really a lie. “Can I… taste it?”

“That would be too easy,” Victor claimed, taking the candy out of his mouth before leaning closer to Yuuri. “But you can taste it like this…” he offered and pressed his lips against Yuuri’s, whose tongue immediately asked for access.

Victor happily obliged as he opened his mouth and allowed Yuuri to taste him.

“I can only taste nutella,” Yuuri admitted.

“Does that mean that you’re giving up?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded with a sigh of defeat. “I hate losing,” he pouted.

Victor kissed his cheek. “I’ll make sure that you’ll feel like a winner in a moment.”

Yuuri fidgeted slightly in place as he tried to get more comfortable.

“Oh, but we should definitely take care of this first…” Victor said and tapped Yuuri’s pant-button with his fingernail.

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

There was something weirdly pleasant in having his pants removed when he couldn’t see anything, it was mostly one quick motion before he could move his legs freely and feel the breeze of the room tickling him in all the right places.

“If you weren’t tied up, I would probably make a joke about setting you free,” Victor said in amusement.

Yuuri snorted. “Well, at least my cock is free… Can’t say the same for my hands…” it was a lame attempt at a comeback, but he blamed his lack of sight. It was hard being sassy and confident when Victor had such a clear advantage over him.

The low buzzing of the vibrator pulled Yuuri back to his current situation. He bent his knees slightly as he spread his legs for Victor, he could hear the buzzing coming closer, and he felt something tickling in his abdomen with excitement.

“What if I just leave it here?” Victor asked and placed the vibrator on the mattress, close enough to Yuuri’s ass that he could actually feel it, but with his hands tied to the headboard, there was no way he could reach it.

“Victor,” Yuuri pouted as he wiggled his ass slightly in an attempt to reach the wonderful vibrations.
“Maybe if you guess the next one right, I’ll move it closer?” Victor bargained as he shook something.

It sounded like hairspray.

“Don’t worry,” Victor said gently. “It’s an easy one…”

Yuuri yelped in surprise to the loud slurping sound and the cold liquid that had been drawn across his chest.

“Hmm, maybe some more…” Victor said thoughtfully before he repeated the action and even more of that cold fluffy liquid was sprayed over him.

Luckily, Yuuri knew just what it was. “It’s whipped cream.”

“So smart, Yuuri…” Victor chuckled fondly before pulling a finger across his chest and having a taste of the white fluff. “And you make everything a little bit sweeter…”

Yuuri impatiently tried to use his legs to move the vibrator closer to himself, when he felt Victor’s hand being placed on his knee. “Do I need to tie your legs up as well?” he asked thoughtfully.

Yuuri shook his head, all he wanted right now was some pleasant vibrations. “Please?” he breathed.

“What do you want, Yuuri?” Victor asked lowly.

“You know what I want,” Yuuri stated and arched his hips slightly to prove his point.

“Okay then…” Victor agreed. “...Because you won the challenge.”

Yuuri heard a popping sound, and the sound of something jelly-like being smeared, then he felt the wonderfully slimy device gently rubbing over his hole without entering.

He wasn’t proud of the sound he made from the sensation. It was some kind of combination between a gasp and a moan, and it sounded incredibly odd.

Victor on the other hand, wanted to add that sound to his list of his favorite sounds coming from Yuuri.

It was so hot.

“Do you want it inside, Yuuri?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head. “No, I-uhm, just- gah... please... take care of m-my… cock… please?”

Victor loved when Yuuri sounded like that, but even more than that, he loved how Yuuri felt through the bond.

He loved the neediness, the attraction, the pure, unaltered love.

Everything.

Yuuri was addictive to him, and he constantly wanted more, so Victor obliged and wrapped his warm sticky hand around Yuuri’s cock and stroked it gently before pulling back. “Hang on, love,” he said as he reached for the flavored lube and poured a generous amount into his hand, he rubbed it in slightly to warm it up, before smearing Yuuri’s cock with it.
“Oh, Victor!” Yuuri cried out.

Victor beamed at his masterful plan, and increased his speed on the rubbing.

Both of the Russian’s hands were slippery and sticky, as he held onto the vibrator with one of them, and Yuuri’s cock with the other, doing his best to stimulate Yuuri perfectly.

Yuuri came with a sudden cry of pleasure, and Victor turned off the vibrator, while pumping Yuuri out fully.

Yuuri let out a shuddering breath as he allowed the glow of his orgasm wash over him and leave him in a haze of pleasure.

“Was it good?” Victor asked after a moment.

Yuuri nodded and said something incoherent in Japanese.

Victor reached up and untied Yuuri’s wrists easily.

Yuuri was so relaxed that he simply let his arms fall to his sides as he released a purr of absolute content.

“I think we need to take a bath after this…” Victor said thoughtfully as he laid himself down next to his mate and scooped him up into his embrace, before a very sticky Yuuri snuggled closer.

“I think you’re right,” Yuuri agreed as he took off the blindfold so he could look at his mate and the mess they made.

“But first…” he said as he sat up shakily and looked around at all the candy his mate had bought for them and made up his mind. “First I get to play…”

Victor swallowed thickly.

Now it was Yuuri’s time to shine…

Chapter End Notes

Well... this chapter got a lot longer than I expected XD <3 I'll leave Victor's orgasms for your imagination... ;) <3

I think I'll go a little easy on the smut in the future, there's a lot of storylines I want to explore in Russia and then abroad, and then in Detroit, so you can just take for granted that they have a lot of sex "Off-screen", okay? :D <3

Anyways, I hope you liked this chapter <3

Also, big thanks to my amazing beta-reader Violutz (AO3) and Violutzart (Tumblr): https://violutzart.tumblr.com/ <3 <3 Check her out! <3 She's amazing! <3
Chapter 89

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets the flu in Russia.

Chapter Notes

It's the flu season, and I managed to catch it myself when I was filming a documentary for school, so this chapter is very self-indulgent... XD <3 But I'm healthy now! <3 And updates should be back to normal! <3 Thank you for being patient! <3<3

Be sure to brush your teeth, this chapter is 95% pure fluff, and it's poisonous to teeth XD <3 But hopefully you'll like it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

About a month had passed since the true mates arrived in Russia.

And everything was still perfect.

They had fallen into a incredible domestic bliss where they had their routines, both together and separately, and neither of them had ever been happier.

In the mornings, Victor woke up first and did his best to wake his night owl of a boyfriend with nothing but kisses and sweet whispers.

Then they took their dogs for a morning walk, had breakfast, and then Victor went to school and Yuuri took a nap with their dogs until noon. That’s when Yuuri woke up fully and started working on ranking up in a few of his games, before reading a bit about programming. Mostly so he would be ready for school this fall.

He didn’t want to show up unprepared.

Victor came home early in the afternoon, around 2 or 3pm, they then took their dogs for a second walk, before later doing something together, they mostly went to the rink for practice, otherwise, they went to the movies or a museum, or simply sightseeing in St.Petersburg.

And when they day crept towards its end, they went back home, made dinner and relaxed, watched a movie or Yuuri played something on his laptop while Victor read a book, both of them curled up together in total and utter peace.

So it was safe to say that both of them were entirely happy in each other’s presence, it was first in the middle of April that Yuuri didn’t want to be close to his soulmate, or he wanted to, but he would hate himself if he somehow managed to infect Victor with the annoying bacteria he had caught.

“I told you, Yuuri, I don’t mind getting sick, I just want to take care of you,” Victor stated for probably the third time that morning, as Yuuri wrapped the blankets tighter around himself and
adjusted his face mask to keep his disease from spreading.

Victor had practically been thrown out of bed, as Yuuri realized that he was freezing and had a sore throat when he woke up, most likely the flu.

“You’re not getting sick because of me,” Yuuri replied stubbornly, voice slightly muffled and hoarse.

“You,” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri shook his head. “Go to your parents, I’ll be fine,” he claimed as he shivered and wrapped the blankets impossibly closer to himself.

“If you think I’m leaving you when you’re sick, you must mistake me for a different soulmate…” Victor said, followed by a sigh as he went to his closet and began searching on the top shelf.

Yuuri blinked slowly as he tried to figure out what his mate was up to.

Victor pulled out a giant blanket that looked incredibly soft and warm, Yuuri couldn’t help the low needy whine that escaped him from the sight.

Why had Victor kept that blanket from him?

“I didn’t think you would like this, since you usually don’t want warm blankets,” Victor explained. “This is very warm and very soft, perfect for the cold weather here, and for keeping warm during a fever... It’s yours if you want it.”

Yuuri looked to the blanket and then back up to his mate, before nodding carefully.

Victor beamed and folded it out. “So can you please lay down in bed and take that mask off so you can breathe properly?”

Yuuri glared half-heartedly before he did as told. “Just… Don’t get too close to me, if we’re both sick, there will be no one to take Makk and Vicchan for their walks.”

Victor rolled his eyes good naturedly. “If we both get sick, they can stay with my parents,” he said and pulled the blanket over Yuuri, before reaching for his forehead to feel his temperature. “You’re a little warm,” he observed, but I don’t think your fever is too high, it might just be a cold.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding and shivered again as he pulled the giant, soft, warm blanket closer to himself and sniffled.

Victor’s face melted in sympathy. “I’ll call my mom and see if she can go to the pharmacy for us, okay?” he asked gently. “And maybe see if she can take the dogs in case we both get sick.”

Yuuri nodded as he suddenly felt very tired in his warm cocoon.

Victor brushed his fingers through Yuuri’s hair before reluctantly walking into the kitchen to find his phone.

He was going to nurse Yuuri back to health, he just hoped that it wouldn’t get any worse.

Yuuri woke up a few hours later and felt a lot worse than he did earlier, he knew for sure that he had a fever, and it made him want to sink through the bed and into hell, only to get a little bit of warmth.

That’s when he felt it, something very warm and soft being placed against his back.
“How are you feeling, love?” Victor asked in a hushed voice that was purely perfect for Yuuri’s aching head.

“C-cold…” Yuuri stuttered out as he shifted closer to the heat on his back.

“I figured, that’s why I got you the rice pillow,” Victor explained gently. “It’s not a lot, but I don’t want to get you too warm, since I read that it could increase the fever.”

“It feels good…” Yuuri sighed in content before he tried to force his eyes open to figure out where Victor was in the room.

“I’m just going to take your temperature,” Victor murmured softly, before Yuuri felt something cold being pressed against his ear.

Yuuri gasped softly at the sensation. “Cold,” he complained.

“I know, just a second,” Victor assured before the cold thing beeped and got pulled away. “It’s not dangerous, but it is high,” he explained. “I’ll let you sleep some more, and I’ll wake you up in an hour.”

Yuuri nodded, he hated being sick, all of his principles and independences were thrown out the window, and he just wanted to be taken care of. “C-can you… hold me?” he asked tiredly. He just wanted Victor right there. He didn’t want to be left alone.

“Of course,” Victor agreed before moving the rice pillow, and crawling under the giant blanket next to Yuuri. “Try and get some sleep, lyubov,” he pleaded.

Yuuri sniffled yet again as he nodded and did his best to press closer to Victor, in order to steal some of his mate’s wonderful warmth, and nuzzle against the soft fabric of his mate’s shirt. “I’ll try…”

Victor hated to admit how much his inner alpha loved this. He loved being able to take care of Yuuri this fully.

To not only help him with small things, like handing him his skates at the rink, or pulling out his chair for him at dinner, but to actually make a difference for Yuuri and help him through his sick days.

Feed him soup, massage his feet, hand him tissues and so much more.

It made him feel like the world’s greatest alpha, being able to take care of his omega like this, much like every other time Yuuri was hurt or sick.

He knew it was instincts, but it made him feel angry with himself that he enjoyed it so much. That he loved it when Yuuri wanted to do nothing but cuddle and when Yuuri accepted all his help without any protests or arguments.

It sounded so horrible in his head. He should be miserable when Yuuri was miserable, not happy that he could take care of him.

But on the other hand, Yuuri didn’t seem to complain about being spoiled when he was sick.

Victor would just have to talk to him when he was back to normal, and actually ask him if he thought that Victor was taking advantage of his weak state, or if he was okay with Victor letting himself give in to his alpha instincts of taking care of his mate.
But since Yuuri was asleep, and Victor didn’t want to wake him up, he would have to settle with guessing, and for now, he would do whatever he had to, to make Yuuri feel better.

And try not to enjoy it too much…

Yuuri had to admit that he had never enjoyed being sick this much. Being under Victor’s constant care made him feel like the most treasured human in the world.

He loved having Victor’s undivided attention to himself. And he loved being pampered like this, but it also made him feel slightly guilty over having Victor slave away and doing everything for him, while he himself didn’t even lift his own spoon to feed himself, not that Victor gave him a chance to.

A voice in the back of his head reminded him that Victor enjoyed feeding him, so he let it pass, but now he felt like he was letting everything pass. Victor was fluffing his pillows, taking his temperature, bringing him water and food every time Yuuri as much as opened his eyes.

Yuuri could probably blame it all on being sick, but he knew that deep down it wasn’t the case. He just really loved having Victor take care of him.

He would probably enjoy all of this just as much, if not more, if he was healthy. But then he would probably be too proud to admit it.

Omegas aren’t exactly known for taking excellent care of themselves, which is why omegas are rarely seen as single, hardworking individuals. Most omegas get married to attractive and usually wealthy mates at a young age, and spend the rest of their lives being supported and provided for.

Yuuri didn’t want to be like that. He wanted to be more like Alisa, she had managed to make a career all by herself. Having a mate was just a bonus to the successful omega. She would never be seen as a trophy wife, even if she married a Nikiforov.

Which she was.

Yuuri wanted the same thing for himself.

But he also couldn’t deny how amazing it felt to just give in to his inner omega and allow Victor to be the alpha in the relationship.

“I think your fever is going down,” Victor said happily as he pulled away his hand from Yuuri’s forehead. “I hope it stays that way, how are you feeling?”

“Better,” Yuuri said hoarsely, just because his fever went down, didn’t mean his cold would.

“I’ll make you some tea,” Victor offered, but it was more like a statement, and Yuuri couldn’t find a reason to argue. “And you should save your voice, just use the bond.”

Yuuri smiled softly. ~Okay~

Victor smiled back before he left the bedroom.

Yuuri took the moment to curl around all of his blankets and get himself deeper into the nest.

He definitely shouldn’t be enjoying his fever this much.

~Do you want honey in your tea?~ Victor asked.
Yuuri would have to admit that this was a wonderful use for their bond. ~Yes, please~

Yuuri closed his eyes briefly, and it felt like only a few seconds passed, before he felt the bed dipping as Victor sat down. “Are you tired?” he asked softly.

Yuuri nodded.

“Would you like to sleep some more?” Victor asked as he placed Yuuri’s cup on the bedside table.

Yuuri shook his head as he sat up.

Victor made sure to pile plenty of pillows behind Yuuri’s back to support him fully. “It’s warm,” he warned his mate.

Yuuri nodded as he carefully grabbed his cup and blew on the surface before sipping. The tea was perfect. If Victor ever opened a tea shop, Yuuri would be forever first in line.

While Yuuri drank his tea, Victor reached for the TV remote. They started watching a movie yesterday, but Victor turned it off when Yuuri fell asleep, now it seemed like a wonderful time to continue it.

Yuuri finished his tea, and ended up falling asleep in Victor’s embrace again.

Victor smiled fondly and held his mate a little bit closer.

Enjoying the moment for as long as it lasted.

A few days later, Yuuri was completely recovered.

Victor still wasn’t showing any sign of being sick, so they came to the conclusion that it was probably something Russian that Victor had a couple of years ago.

But they still kept their eyes open for symptoms.

There was no such thing as too careful, especially when it came to the flu.

Every time Victor sneezed, Yuuri was there with a tissue and a worried frown, and eventually Victor had to talk to his mate, to let him know that he didn’t have to worry, and that if Victor got sick, he wouldn’t die.

“It might just be that omegas have a slightly lower immune system?” Victor suggested. “I might not catch it because of that.”

“But what if you do?” Yuuri quipped, sitting up straighter in the couch with the poodle shaped tissue box in his hands.

Victor shrugged. “Then I do,” he agreed. “But that doesn’t mean we have to go around and be worried about it.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “It’s just… You did such an amazing job with taking care of me when I was sick, I just wanted to repay the favor.”

“You don’t have to repay a single thing,” Victor assured. “Taking care of you was no problem at all.
In fact I- I kind of liked it actually…”

”You did?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. ”You don’t have to say it just so I won’t feel guilty…”

”Yuuri, I can’t lie,” Victor pointed out. “It’s the alpha in me… It kind of loves it when it’s allowed to
take charge and give in to its caring instincts, it makes me feel very pleased with myself when I’m
able to make you feel better.”

“I… I didn’t know that,” Yuuri admitted.

“That’s because I never said anything,” Victor stated. “It sounds so weird in my head... That I enjoy
it when you’re sick, just so I get the opportunity to take care of you. It sounds so selfish.”

“I know that you don’t mean it like that,” Yuuri assured. “You hate it when I’m hurt, and I know that
you would never wish for me to get sick.”

“Of course not,” Victor exclaimed. “I would take the sickness myself if I could.”

Yuuri smiled gently. “I know that, and there is nothing wrong with you giving in to your instincts. I
mean- I…” he swallowed nervously a light blush spread across his cheeks. “I kind of did that
myself… a lot…”

“You did?” Victor asked.

“I know, I’m horrible!” Yuuri cried out. “It was just so nice when you pampered me and took care of
me so much, that I kind of took it too far and I… I became a total baby.”

A smile of amusement began to spread across Victor’s lips. “Yuuri, it’s fine. You were sick.”

“I wasn’t sick at the end, I just exaggregated a little so you would continue,” Yuuri admitted. “And
I’m so sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize, I knew you weren’t that sick,” Victor explained. “I just ignored the
fact that you were healthy so I could continue caring for you.”

Yuuri looked to Victor in disbelief for a long moment before suddenly snorting in amusement. “Why
are we like this?”

Victor shrugged. “I think we’re overestimating our communication skills sometimes.” he said
thoughtfully. “We still have a lot to learn.”

Yuuri nodded before his face fell slightly. “I just… I find it embarrassing to admit that I’m not as
strong and independent as I wish I was,” he confessed. “Sometimes it’s nice to rely on someone, and
especially when that someone is my alpha.”

“You can rely on me all you want,” Victor said gently. “I would never think less of you, you’re the
strongest person I know, and relying on me doesn’t make you weaker.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “It just feels like I need to be strong all the time, just so I won’t be seen as
nothing but a weak omega.”

“If anyone would ever see you as that, they must be both blind and stupid.” Victor stated. “You have
nothing to prove. The whole world knows how strong you are. I would happily count all your
accomplishments as proof, but something tells me that your accomplishments aren’t the problem.”

“It’s not.” Yuuri said with a sigh. “I know I managed to accomplish a lot, but I also know that I
would never have been able to accomplish it alone. You’ve taught me so much, I’ve been given so much, all I’ve made, and all I’ve accomplished, is thanks to you and my family and my friends. And if things had been different, I probably would have been married and expecting my first child by now.”

“I don’t think that’s true,” Victor argued. “You’re amazing in so many other things, than just figure skating. You’re an amazing gamer, and that’s something you’ve accomplished despite people telling you to stop and go to sleep.”

Yuuri smiled half heartedly.

“You’re stubborn,” Victor continued. “Probably too stubborn for your own good, and not to mention determined, I don’t think it would be possible for you to let go of your dreams and settle for a normal life.”

“Maybe you’re right,” Yuuri agreed.

“I know I am,” Victor stated determinately. “I’ve been with you your entire life. I watched you grow into the person you are today, and I couldn’t be prouder to be your mate.”

Yuuri’s blush increased drastically. “How are you so perfect?” he asked in disbelief. “You always know the right thing to say.”

Victor leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “I’m just being honest… And speaking from the heart can never be wrong.”

Yuuri laughed a little at that.

“Too much?” Victor asked.

“A little…”

“Well,” Victor said before pulling Yuuri into his embrace. “Does that mean I’ve reached the limit of cheesiness and are now allowed to say whatever I want?”

“You’re always allowed to say whatever you want,” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor smiled adoringly to his mate. “I love you, Yuuri.”

Yuuri mirrored Victor’s smile, as he reached up to brush Victor’s bangs back, before allowing it to fall forward again. “I love you too, Victor.”

Victor leaned in and connected their lips.

Their first kiss in almost a week.

Hopefully, Yuuri was no longer contagious…

Chapter End Notes

If you got any teeth left, let me know! XD <3 I almost dropped my own teth as I wrote this XD <3 Luckily I balanced it out with some angst from my other stories… XD
#BestToothpaste XD <3

Anyways, I hop you liked this chapter! <3

Thank you so much for reading! <3<3

Follow me on tumblr! <3<3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

And all the kudos to you! <3 Love you all! <3<3
Chapter 90

Chapter Summary

Victor makes a decision to help his mate prepare for Detroit.

Chapter Notes

Just throwing this out real fast XD <3

I need to go to sleep XD <3<3

Just thought you might want to read this <3<3 So here you go! <3 I hope you'll like it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri really liked Victor’s classmates. It was a little hard to follow the Russian when they got overly excited and spoke super fast, but Victor always helped him out if there was something he missed.

But living with nothing but Russian, really helped him to learn it faster.

He was proud to say that he was almost completely fluent.

“Would you like to do that, love?” Victor asked, suddenly in Japanese.

“What?” Yuuri asked in confusion as he had been too lost in thought, trying to read a Russian billboard to actually pay attention. He turned to Victor’s friends apologetically. “I’m sorry, I didn’t listen.”

“It’s fine,” they told him cheerfully. “We just wondered if you and Victor wanted to come with us to a college party this Saturday.”

“Oh,” Yuuri replied, slightly stunned. “I don’t know,” he looked to Victor for help, he didn’t want to make this decision himself.

“You decide,” Victor said in Japanese. “They are usually no fun. Just a lot of drunk people trying to hook up with other drunk people.”

“If you don’t want to go, we don’t have to,” Yuuri assured. “But I don’t want you to miss something fun because you think that I don’t want to go.”

“So you want to go?” Victor quipped.

“It could be fun,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “I’ve never been to a college party before.”

“If you want to go, we can,” Victor said. “It might give you an insight to what college is actually like.”
Yuuri looked indecisive, which Victor picked up on immediately. “We’ll think about it,” he told his friends in Russian.

Yuuri smiled to his mate. He was grateful for Victor’s intuition, and his ability to always know exactly what he wanted without any words having to be exchanged.

That was the funny part of how they communicated. Sometimes, they could have full conversations with nothing but a look, and other times they had no idea what the other one was thinking, no matter how much they talked about it.

“Well, I hope you come, it would be nice with more people who won’t get completely shitfaced,” One of Victor’s friends said with a pointing look to one of his other friends.

“What?” the boy who received the look, asked innocently. “The beer was free for the night, I would be an idiot if I didn’t grasp the opportunity.”

“You peed out the window,” another one of Victor’s friends pointed out.

“It was a dare.”

“Well, I’ll see you tomorrow,” Victor told his friends, choosing the moment to split from the rest of the group. “Me and Yuuri are going this way,”

“See you tomorrow, Victor, and I hope we’ll see you this weekend, Yuuri.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri said vaguely before Victor all but pulled him in the other direction.

“See you!” Victor called before rounding a corner so he and Yuuri were out of their sights.

“What’s the hurry?” Yuuri asked. “The dogs are with your parents for tonight, there’s no need for us to rush.”

“Maybe I just want my boyfriend for myself?” Victor quipped. “We’ve been with my other friends for five hours.”

“If that was the case you would have pulled me towards your apartment,” Yuuri pointed out. “This street leads the other way.”

Victor smiled proudly. “I’m so glad you’re learning the streets around here.”

“But where are we going?” Yuuri asked.

“You’ll see,” Victor said secretively. “We’re almost there.”

Yuuri decided to take Victor’s word for it. He trusted his mate more than anything, and he knew that Victor would never put him in danger.

“In here,” Victor said as he turned to a door and held it open for Yuuri.

It was a giant building, and it looked more or less like a gym.

Did Victor find him to be that out of shape?

Yuuri was actually in his ideal weight.

“A gym?” Yuuri asked questioningly.
“Just go inside,” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri did as told, while also taking in the inside of the building.

It was definitely a gym.

A very expensive looking gym.

“Yuuri, meet Vladimir,” Victor said cheerfully as he gestured to a mountain of a man. “He’s my personal trainer in self-defence.”

“Oh,” Yuuri said lamely, before bowing politely before the giant man. “Nice to meet you, Vladimir.”

Vladimir chuckled in amusement. “So adorable,” he mused. “I suppose Victor didn’t lie in all his stories about you.”

Yuuri did a double take, why would Victor talk about him to his personal trainer? “Stories?” he asked curiously.

“Yes, Victor talks about you all the time,” Vladimir smiled. “And he always shows me pictures of you and your dog that looks like a tiny Makkachin, and then he usually lies himself on the ground and tells me he needs a moment to recover before he can get any training done.”

Yuuri snorted.

That did sound a lot like Victor.

“Vlad, I didn’t take him here so you could embarrass me,” Victor pouted, like the man-child he was.

“I know,” Vladimir chuckled good-naturedly. “You took him here to teach him self-defence.”

“You did?” Yuuri asked as he turned to his mate in disbelief.

Victor nodded. “You said you didn’t want to learn because you didn’t want to sacrifice your schoolwork or your free-time, now you have time. I’ve made us time.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at his mate remembering a conversation they had so long ago. Everyone who complained about Victor’s poor memory, definitely had no idea what they were talking about.

Victor had the best memory.

At least when it came to him.

“So would you like to learn now?” Victor asked gently. “For me?”

Yuuri nodded.

How could he possibly say no?

The private training rooms were just in line with the rest of the building. In top class and clean enough to eat dinner on the floor.

They had agreed to take it easy today, since Yuuri wasn’t wearing his training gear, and it was his first time.
But when Yuuri got ready to fight, turning to the mountain of a man with as much confidence and determination he could muster, Vladimir laughed at him, and turned him towards Victor.

“He’s your opponent,” the Russian man said. “I’m not looking to get killed by a feral alpha.”

Victor smiled as he took off his jacket. “Don’t worry, love,” he said gently. “I’ll go easy on you this first time.”


“Of course you can,” Victor stated cheerfully. “It’s not like I’m letting another alpha put their hands on you, no matter how much I trust them with my own life, I would never trust them with yours.”

“But…” Yuuri didn’t know what to say. This was not what he expected. “I don’t want to hurt you… I’m not even sure if I can.”

“Don’t worry about me, love,” Victor smiled gently. “I don’t break so easily.”

Yuuri swallowed nervously and took a step back when Victor took a step forward.

“Don’t be scared,” Victor said, his voice suddenly a bit worried. “I’m not going to hurt you, you know that, right?”

Yuuri nodded, but he still felt a bit sceptical. “What exactly are you going to do?”

Victor’s face softened a little. “I’m going to hold your wrist behind your back, and Vlad is going to instruct you on how to get out of the grip.”

Yuuri nodded cautiously. “Okay.”

Victor stepped forward and did just what he said, locking Yuuri’s wrist behind his back.

Yuuri gasped softly as he got a taste of Victor’s strength.

He was very grateful that he wasn’t his enemy, that was for sure.

“Okay, so what you want to do now, is the following,” Vladimir started to explain as he crouched down in front of Yuuri. “Your arm is in a very sensitive position right now, because if Victor tighten his grip or if you desperately try and struggle your way out, you could break your arm, so you want to use your other hand, and place it on your locked wrist to push it down.”

Yuuri did as instructed, pushing his wrist down so he was able to move a little bit more freely without feeling his arm seizing up.

“And now, when your arm is safe from breaking, you want to step down on your opponent’s foot as hard as you can,” Vladimir continued. “You don’t have to do that now, of course, you don’t want to break Victor’s foot.”

Victor chuckled against Yuuri’s ear. “I kind of need it for figure skating practice.”

Yuuri smiled slightly.

“After you stepped on his foot, he will lose his grip on your arm and you will be able to get loose, and that’s when you use your elbow, and aim for the nose.”

Yuuri nodded as he slowly mimicked the motion Vladimir showed him, and Victor pretended to get
hurt.

“Now you have to kiss it better, Yuuri,” Victor pouted.

Yuuri happily obliged, kissing his mate’s nose with much love and care as he could possess.

Victor beamed happily as they moved on to the next exercise.

Yuuri felt exhausted as they returned back to the apartment later that day. He had been forced to use muscles he didn’t even know he had.

Victor on the other hand was mentally cheering about having a mate to take care of, he drew Yuuri a warm bath, and gave him a long massage to really work out his sore muscles.

A good thing about their bond was that Victor knew exactly where the pain was located, and he knew just the right amount of pressure to use.

By the time Victor was finished with him, Yuuri was a purring mess, wrapped in a blanket in their nest.

Victor slept wonderful that night. Knowing that he had been able to make his mate a little bit safer in the world.

They had another time booked with Vladimir in a couple of days, and Victor was confident that Yuuri would get a lot better. He was a natural when it came to follow instructions. At least when he himself wanted it.

When Yuuri didn’t want to do something, he was a master to going against everything, rebellious to a fault, only to prove a point, even if it meant putting himself in danger.

Victor sighed, relieved that self-defence seemed to be something that his mate wanted to learn.

Yuuri would probably need it, especially since he still had his mind set on going to Detroit.

Victor wished that his mate would have picked a safer city for himself, instead of going straight for one of the most crime-ridden cities in the world.

He should probably take Yuuri to look for a good brand of scent blockers before he left. And he was also going to do everything in his power to prepare his mate for a life filled with danger.

He would never be able to live with himself if something ever happened to his mate.

Yuuri was his entire world, and he wanted nothing but for him to be safe and happy. He was just sad that he had to choose one of the options.

If Yuuri could be both safe and happy, it would be perfect. But now he had to send his mate to danger for the sake of his happiness.

Hopefully Celestino knew that Victor would hold him personally responsible if anything ever happened to Yuuri.

Let’s just say that Victor had a list of people he was counting on to assure his mate’s safety.

He trusted his mate, and he knew that he was strong enough to do this, and he knew that Yuuri was smart. He would never consciously put himself in danger.
But Yuuri also seemed to be cursed with a lifetime of bad luck.

If something was going to happen, it would definitely happen to him.

Which is why Victor had to prepare him as much as he could.

Even if that meant dragging him to self-defence practice twice a week.

He would make sure that Yuuri was ready for the dangerous world he was about to enter.

It was his duty as his true mate

As his alpha.

Chapter End Notes

So do you think Victor will get him ready in time? ;) <3<3

Let me hear your thoughts! <3<3

Oh, I also made a fanvideo for this fandom (And this fic) XD
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X2jDPnm1Yml&t=22s
Give it a watch and let me know what you think about it! <3 You can also let me know through tumblr! <3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

Kudos to all of you! <3 And I'm sorry for all the self-promotion, but I want you to see everything I make XD <3 You're welcome to ignore it <3 But it makes me happy to interact with you <3

Now I'm going to sleep! XD <3<3

Love you guys! <3
Yuuri had no idea how much time had passed since he began browsing through his clothes.

Victor had left the apartment to get them some treats for the party tonight, while giving Yuuri time to choose an outfit.

Only Yuuri had no idea what to wear.

He had never been to a college party before, and everything he owned was either too casual or too fancy.

Yuuri glared at his clothes, cursing his bad judgment when it came to shopping.

He then allowed his eyes to drift away from his side of the closet, and over to his mate’s.

He wondered if Victor had anything in his size…

No.

He should not take his boyfriend’s clothes.

Or…

Yuuri considered it.

He wondered what Victor’s reaction would be if Yuuri wore his clothes.

It was not like Yuuri had never borrowed clothes from him before, but it was usually jackets or gloves and one time a beanie. He had never worn one of Victor’s shirts.
It could be fun...

Victor was cheerfully whistling on a tune when he returned back to the apartment with sodas and candy for tonight.

Yuuri was still too young to drink, even though there weren’t any specific laws that forbid it. But he had to be eighteen to buy alcohol. And if he was too young to buy, he was too young to drink.

Simple logic.

And he was pretty sure that Yuuri wouldn’t like it anyways.

His mate was not a fan of bitter tastes.

Well, there was a few exceptions...

Victor couldn’t help but to smirk to himself as he recalled last night. And Yuuri’s beautiful face as he sucked him off.

He definitely was the most perfect human in the world.

Victor closed the door and greeted their dogs. Vicchan was definitely the more energetic of the two of them, and he kept jumping behind Makkachin as he begged for attention.

Victor chuckled gently and seated himself down on the floor so Vicchan could jump up into his lap and cuddle close while Makkachin left sloppy kisses all over his face.

He was so busy with their dogs that he almost lost his ability to breathe when he suddenly spotted his mate at their bedroom door.

Yuuri was wearing his shirt.

“Is it okay if I borrow this one?” Yuuri asked innocently. Like he had no idea what he was doing to Victor’s sanity. “I wasn’t sure what else to wear.”

Victor stood up and left the bag of stuff and their dogs behind, as he walked to his mate. Nothing else mattered besides getting a closer look of Yuuri in one of his shirts.

“You look beautiful in it,” Victor stated as he took in his mate’s appearance. He looked so gorgeous that Victor wondered if it was healthy to look directly at him.

Maybe he should be wearing shades…

“Victor?” Yuuri said quietly as a beautiful, rosy blush spread across his cheeks. “You’re staring…”


“Victor, your pheromones….” Yuuri smiled as his blush increased.

“Sorry,” Victor apologized as he took a calming breath. “I’m just a very weak alpha when it comes to your beauty, especially when you’re wearing my clothes. It makes my possessiveness spike through the roof.”

“I can take it off,” Yuuri offered. “If it’s too much?”
“No, please don’t,” Victor pleaded. “I really want my friends to see you wearing that, I want them to be able to smell me on you.”

“You could just scent me,” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor shook his head. “It wouldn’t be the same,” he explained. “They can’t see my scent. But they can see my shirt.”

“Should I be wearing a hat with your name on it too?” Yuuri said teasingly. “Or maybe have a billboard behind me at all times, saying I’m your mate?”

“Don’t give me silly ideas,” Victor chuckled before pressing his lips against Yuuri’s forehead gently. “Besides, a billboard might be a bit too much…”

“But a hat isn’t?” Yuuri asked.

Victor shrugged. “I’ll look into it.”

Yuuri snorted in amusement. “You’re adorable.”

“One of my best qualities,” Victor agreed, “But now we really need to go, we need to get our dogs to my parents before the party starts.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

Victor smirked as he brushed a loose strand of Yuuri’s hair behind his ear. “And when we come back home, I’m sure we can find a good reason for you to take that shirt off…”

There was no secret that Victor’s parents adored Yuuri. But Victor had to draw a line when his parents wanted to take Yuuri inside to feed him more cookies.

He and Yuuri had some place to be right now, and they were having dinner with his parents tomorrow.

They could gush over Yuuri then.

“You’re so much like your parents,” Yuuri said fondly.

“You think?” Victor asked in surprise. He never really thought about it.

Yuuri nodded. “You look really much like your dad ever since you cut your hair. But you still have a lot of your mom’s face. Especially her eyes.”

Victor smiled.

“You have your dad’s nose though, and his cheekbones,” Yuuri continued. “And if I squint a little bit, I could probably mistake him for you if he’s turned to the side.”

“Since when did you start analyzing my parents?” Victor asked in amusement.

“I guess I’ve always done it,” Yuuri admitted. “It’s just interesting to see how someone as perfect as you got made… I mean, you are the product of true love.”

Victor snorted. “I try to avoid the question of how I got made, as much as I possibly can.”
“I didn’t mean it like that,” Yuuri exclaimed. “I just, you know…”

“I know,” Victor assured. “And I love my parents, even when they are a bit… much at times. But I don’t think being the child of true mates has had any impact of how I am as a person, I’m just trying to be the best I can be, for you.”

Yuuri felt his heart melt at the honest declaration from his mate. “You don’t have to try, you will always be the best.”

Victor smiled adoringly to his mate. “You know, I used to believe that you would grow less lethal with age, since people always says that omegas stop being cute as they reach maturity and become hot instead. But you are both hot and adorable, and I think it might kill me.”

Yuuri snorted. “You survived for this long, so I’m pretty sure that there isn’t a lot of things I can do to kill you now.”

“Easy for you to say, you’ve never met yourself,” Victor pointed out. “If you had, I’m sure you would know what a dangerous power you hold.”

“A lot of people have met me, and so far no one has died,” Yuuri quipped with an amused smile.

“They must have hearts made out of stone,” Victor stated as he opened the car door for Yuuri and sat down next to him. “I don’t see any other way of survival.”

“You’re not dead,” Yuuri pointed out.

“That’s because I’ve had almost my entire life to get used to your wonderfulness.” Victor declared. “Otherwise I would have ascended to heaven at our first meeting.”

“Do you remember when you had to leave after we spent our first week together?” Yuuri asked as he recalled how sad he had been on the airport, clinging to Victor for dear life.

“I wanted to bring you so badly,” Victor cooed. “It broke my heart when you started to cry.”

Yuuri smiled fondly at the memory. “Three months felt like forever back then.”

“It still feels like forever when you’re not around,” Victor sighed sadly. “But our bond is a lot stronger than it was back then, so it gets easier, thanks to that.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “Do you think our bond is stronger because of the distance we’ve had between each other for so long?”

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “It makes sense, our shared soul is trying to do all it can to keep us closer.”

Yuuri shifted closer to Victor. “It feels good to have my other half closeby.”

Victor couldn’t help but to agree.

The infamous college party was nothing like Yuuri expected it to be.

He expected deafening music and wasted people grinding against each other.

But this party was the complete opposite. It was held in a big party local for students, and all of Victor’s classmates were gathered in a circle and quietly listened to a guy playing guitar.
“The night is still young,” Victor said as he took in Yuuri’s look of surprise. “It will get out of control…”

Yuuri nodded in understanding, as Victor wrapped his arm around him and lead him to the circle.

“Victor, you came!” one of Victor’s classmates cheered as he raised his bottle of beer towards the newly arrived couple.

“And you brought Yuuri,” another one exclaimed happily.

Yuuri should probably learn their names, especially since they had apparently taken the time to learn his.

The circle cracked up to make room for the soulmates, as the guy with the guitar went back to his gentle playing.

Yuuri and Victor sat down, and Victor’s classmates immediately started to chat away with them. Asking them how long they had been together, how they met, what it was like to have a soulmate. And after each question, Yuuri could tell that they got more and more affected by the alcohol.

And soon enough, someone put on music on speakers and people began to dance and do weird stuff. Someone took off their shirt and another one decided it was a great time to practice skateboarding indoors.

“Do you want to go home?” Victor asked gently. “I’m pretty sure it will only go downhill from here…”

“Please don’t leave,” Victor’s friend Sandra, pleaded. “I don’t want to go back to my dorm, and I don’t want to be left with all these drunk people alone, we can have fun. I heard Ivan is on his way. At least stay until then”

Yuuri didn’t want to leave her alone, and there was no harm in staying for a little while longer.

“We can stay,” Yuuri said. “At least until your other friend arrives.”

Victor nodded reluctantly, and Yuuri immediately sensed that something was wrong.

~Victor?~

Victor looked to Yuuri with a reassuring smile. ~I’m fine, love… We can stay for a while longer~

Sandra beamed. “Thank you, Yuuri. You’re definitely just as sweet as Victor says.”

Yuuri blushed, before suddenly feeling a streak of annoyance surge through his mate.

What was going on?

~Victor, if you want to go, we can~ Yuuri told his mate.

Victor shook his head.

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully.

Something was definitely wrong.
“Now, let’s do something fun,” Sandra declared. “Want to play, never have I ever?”

“I want to play!” a boy called Matvey stated as he wrapped his arm around Sandra and took another sip of his beer. “But we have to play with real alcohol, otherwise it’s no fun.”

“You’re seventeen,” Victor pointed out.

“So? I got wasted when I was fourteen, and I turned out fine,” Matvey smiled proudly. “Get the kid a beer.”

Before Yuuri had a chance to argue, a beer was suddenly placed in his hand and then removed by Victor. “Don’t push him,” Victor snapped.

“I’m not pushing, I’m just giving him the option of free choice,” Matvey pointed out. “If he doesn’t want to drink, it should be his choice, not yours, right?”

Victor’s next argument died on his lips.

“So what do you say?” Matvey asked as he reached out another bottle of beer towards Yuuri.

Chapter End Notes

Ooooooohhh is Yuuri going to drink? ;)

You'll see soon! <3<3 And you're also going to see a familiar face if you ever read "My sanctuary" XD I hope you're excited for that... XD <3<3

Follow me on tumblr! <3<3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

Kudos to all of you! <3<3
Yuuri looked at the bottle of beer like it might bite him.

He had never been offered the opportunity to drink before.

And he was curious.

He was really curious.

He had seen people having more fun as they drink, and letting more loose.

He had also heard that sex was a lot better under the influence of alcohol.

But he wondered what Victor would think of him if he drank.

Victor had never gotten drunk, and he barely drank at all.

Would he judge Yuuri if he did?

“It’s your choice,” Victor said gently as he could sense Yuuri’s inner battle. “But remember that you don’t have to do something that you don’t want to do.”

Yuuri nodded uncertainty as he accepted the beer. “I can just have a taste?” he suggested.

The room cheered for him, and Yuuri immediately felt embarrassment creep up on him.

“You don’t have to drink here,” Victor assured. “We can go home and I’ll get you something much better than a cheap beer.”

Yuuri considered Victor’s offer, but he had a feeling that this was a experience he needed to have.

He needed to do something crazy.

At least once in his life.

So he looked to the bottle before taking a big gulp of the cold, bitter beer.

It was disgusting.
Victor cringed in sympathy. “So?”

“It wasn’t the best thing I’ve ever had…” Yuuri admitted.

“I figured.”

“You just have to get used to the flavor,” Matvey explained. “Take a few more sips and you’ll see that it will taste better after a while.”

Yuuri looked at his bottle of beer thoughtfully, wondering if it was really worth drinking, just so he could have amazing sex with Victor later.

It would probably be amazing without it, but he still wanted to try.

He took a few more sips, and realized that it wasn’t so bad. He would probably never drink it only for the taste, but he could probably drink the rest without throwing up.

~Don’t let him push you~ Victor said gently. ~You don’t have to drink if you don’t like it~

Yuuri wanted to like it, and he was determined to make it so.

So he drank for several minutes until he finished his first beer.

Then he proudly placed down the empty bottle.

He had done it.

He had had his first beer.

Unfortunately, he didn’t feel any different.

“How do you feel?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shrugged as he tried to search his body for a buzz. “Not that different,” he admitted.

He looked up to Victor, and suddenly noticed that Victor had some kind of glow around him, or had he always looked that pretty?

“Want another one?” Matvey asked with a smirk.

Yuuri shook his head. He had gotten what he wanted out of the beer, so he didn’t need any more.

Victor looked stunning.

“Suit yourself,” Marvey said and took the beer for himself.

Yuuri smiled up to Victor, his mate’s hair looked so pretty like that, and Yuuri felt a strong urge to pull his fingers through it.

“What?” Victor asked in amusement.

Yuuri’s smile widened. “You’re really pretty…”

Victor chuckled. “Not that different, huh?”

Yuuri shifted closer to Victor and climbed up in his mate’s lap. “You just started to glow… It’s pretty…”
Victor felt nothing but pure amusement at his mate’s explanation. “Glowing?”

Yuuri nodded. “Like a star.”

Now it was Victor’s turn to blush. “I think that beer affected you more than you’re willing to admit.”

“It affected me just enough,” Yuuri assured as his voice dropped an octave. Making his horniness evident for the entire room. Especially his mate.

“Youri…”

Yuuri pressed his lips against Victor’s, silencing him with a kiss.

Victor’s eyes fluttered close as his entire body practically melted into Yuuri’s kiss.

Yuuri was very talented with his tongue when it came to kisses, and especially when his was turned on. And Victor would never wish for anything to be different, but he did wish that they were in the comfort of their apartment so he could act on it.

Now he had to stay in control, and make sure that it wouldn’t escalate.

So he reluctantly pulled himself away from Yuuri. “Maybe we should go home?” he suggested.

That time, Yuuri couldn’t find a good reason to argue. All he wanted was to get home and undress his mate. “Lead the way, soulmate…”

Victor smiled fondly as he helped Yuuri to his feet.

Yuuri looked around and noticed how the party had really taken off. People were dancing and having fun. Even Sandra was laughing happily as she danced with Marvey.

And he suddenly realized that he wanted to enjoy himself. “Vitya, will you dance with me?” he asked longingly as he blinked up to Victor.

Victor felt his heart flutter in his chest when Yuuri looked at him like that. And he couldn’t possibly find it within him to refuse.

“Of course, love.” Victor said as he took Yuuri’s hand and kissed it gently. “I’ll always want to dance with you.”

Yuuri beamed happily, before a guy suddenly slung an arm around Victor’s shoulders.

“Vitya, this must be the first time I’ve seen you on one of these parties,” the guy said. “Are you enjoying yourself?”

Victor shrugged the arm off. “I am,” he told the guy. “I’m with my true mate.”

Yuuri felt how the guy’s eyes was suddenly turned on him. “So you’re Yuuri?” the guy asked.

Yuuri straightened himself proudly. “Yes,” he said sternly. “And who are you?”

The guy chuckled in amusement. “I’m surprised Victor hasn’t mentioned me, I’m Ivan.”

“Ivan?” Yuuri repeated. He immediately decided that he didn’t like him. He especially didn’t like how close he was standing to Victor. And he also didn’t like how he suggested that Victor was keeping things from him.
“He’s in my class,” Victor elaborated, he didn’t seem especially happy about it though.

“Oh,” Yuuri said.

“Yeah, me and Vitya-boy are practically best friends,” Ivan exclaimed. “And still, it seems like he has forgotten to mention that his famous soulmate is an omega, how rude of him.”

Yuuri could tell how Victor immediately stiffened.

“How so?” Yuuri questioned. “My secondary gender doesn’t concern you,” he wasn’t sure if it was the alcohol or just annoyance that gave him the courage to speak up like that.

Ivan just smiled. “You’re brave for an omega,” he stated. “I heard that most of them are cowards.”

“Watch it, Ivan,” Victor warned.

“Right, sorry,” Ivan apologized insincerely. “I didn’t mean to offend you, I know how sensitive your kind is.”

Yuuri could tell that Victor was on the edge of his limit.

Only a few poorly chosen words from growling, and a few more to actually grow violent.

Yuuri turned to Ivan. “It’s fine,” he stated. “It’s not like it’s the first time that I’ve heard an ignorant comment from an idiot.”

Yuuri felt that Victor found it to be funny, and he couldn’t help but to feel a streak of pride as he noticed that Ivan didn’t have a good response.

“Victor,” Yuuri said, turning back to his true mate again. “Let’s dance.”

Victor would have to admit that Yuuri was the cutest creature in the universe when he was tipsy. He had no restrictions of speaking his mind, and he was definitely not afraid of being handsy in public.

A part of Victor even believed that he got turned on by it.

He also noticed that Yuuri kept sending angry glares to Ivan, and he had no intentions of stopping it.

Ivan was a real asshole when it came to his view on omegas, which is why he wanted to keep him and his idiotic comments as far away from Yuuri as possible.

And he was thankful when Yuuri finally wanted to go home.

But as soon as they made it to the door, Ivan returned, a lot drunker than he was a moment ago.

And he grabbed Victor’s arm.

“Hey, Victor, you’re not even going to grant me a dance?” he slurred as he spoke, and Yuuri could tell that his grip on Victor’s arm was close to bruisining. “The party has only just started.”

“Let him go,” Yuuri demanded.

“Yuuri, it’s fine,” Victor assured and ripped his arm free from Ivan’s grip. “I can handle him.”

“Aww, look how cute... Hey everyone, this omega thinks he’s able to defend his alpha’s honor!”
Ivan called to gain the room’s attention. “Isn’t that adorable?”

“I’m capable of more than you know,” Yuuri gritted out as he felt his patience being tested.

“Yuuri,” Victor soothed and placed a gentle hand on his mate’s chest, mostly to keep him from possibly attacking an alpha twice his size.

“Yeah, Victor, keep him under control,” Ivan mocked. “Maybe get him a leash while you’re at it…”

Victor whirled on Ivan faster than Yuuri even had a chance to process the words. “Don’t you dare speak of my mate like that,” Victor growled, stepping closer to Ivan until the other alpha shrunk in comparison. “If I hear you say a single disrespectful thing about him or omegas ever again, I’ll make sure you’ll regret it.”

Yuuri hated to admit how turned on he felt by Victor right then.

Victor stepped back again and took Yuuri’s hand. “Come on, love, let’s go.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement, when he suddenly felt Ivan grab his arm.

Yuuri immediately remembered the class he had in self-defence and pulled himself free from Victor’s hand to deliver a swift punch to Ivan’s nose.

He regretted it immediately.

It really hurt his hand.

But it was nice to see the bigger man cry out in pain.

“You broke my fucking nose,” Ivan cried as he cradled his now bleeding nose. “What the hell?”

“Yuuri, your hand,” Victor exclaimed as he immediately began to fuss.

Yuuri shook the pain off. “It’s fine,” he assured, it was getting better the more seconds that passed

Victor turned on Ivan. “What were you trying to do to him?” he questioned angrily.

“Victor,” Yuuri tried as he tugged in his mate’s jacket to get his attention. “Can we go home and get some ice for my hand?”

Victor couldn’t choose revenge over Yuuri’s well-being, so he nodded reluctantly as he shot a final glare to Ivan. “You will stay away from Yuuri,” he growled out as an alpha command.

Ivan nodded submissively.

Yuuri pulled Victor out before Ivan said something else to upset Victor further. It was enough that he had a bloody nose to deal with. If he got too much on Victor’s bad side, he would probably get a lot more damages.

Once they were out of the party local, Victor released a breath of relief before turning back to Yuuri. “How is your hand?” he asked gently.

Yuuri shrugged. “Better than Ivan’s nose…”

Victor smiled slightly at that, before his eyes turned worried again. “Did he hurt you?” he prodded. “When he grabbed your arm?”
Yuuri shook his head. “He barely even got a grip, I just reacted like you and Vlad told me to.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “I just don’t understand why he would do something as idiotic as even trying to grab you. What did he expect was going to happen? He’s in a room filled with a lot of alphas with the protective gene, including me, not to mention betas that adores you. There was no way for him to be able to do anything to you without having his head ripped off.”

“Some people just want to prove themselves,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “He probably thought that getting me was going to make you pliant enough to give him respect or something…”

“He’s such an idiot,” Victor grumbled angrily. “I should go up there and kick his ass.”

“Don’t,” Yuuri pleaded. “I really want to go home…”

Victor took a calming breath. “Okay,” he agreed. “Let’s go home.”

When they arrived back at the apartment, Yuuri immediately started working on undressing Victor. He had no idea how long he had before the alcohol in his system would wear off, and he was determined to make the most of it.

“Yuuri wait,” Victor said in between kisses. “I need to get ice for your hand…”

“My hand is fine, Vitya,” Yuuri assured as he pulled Victor towards the bedroom. “At least good enough for what we’re about to do…”

“Let me see it?” Victor pleaded. “Just to make sure?”

Yuuri released Victor and took a step back so his mate could examine his hand.

Victor frowned. “It’s going to get bruised,” he said thoughtfully. “I really hope the bastard’s nose is broken for good…”

“What has he done to you?” Yuuri asked. It wasn’t normal for Victor to be this upset. It felt like there was something else behind it.

“He’s just an asshole,” Victor sighed. “Sexist in every sense of the world, he hates both women and omegas, and he’s not afraid to get his opinions heard.”

“But why would he think that you two are friends?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully. “He was just so affectionate.”

“He probably knew that it would piss me off. I get annoyed when he as much as breathes in my direction.” Victor explained. “I just have a really hard time to accept people like him…”

“I understand,” Yuuri assured. “He doesn’t sound like the best kind of person.”

“Well, it’s only one more month until I graduate and can get rid of him for good.” Victor said gently. “Then we’ll have the whole summer to travel and do all kinds of fun things that will make him into nothing but a distant memory.”

Yuuri smiled. “I can’t wait…” he leaned up and claimed Victor’s lips with a gentle kiss. “I just hope that he’ll stay away from you until then.”

“Well, hopefully you knocked some sense into him,” Victor said in amusement.
Yuuri snorted. “Yeah, otherwise you can let me know, I’ll happily give him another round.”

“My hero,” Victor smiled before Yuuri kissed him again.

“You’re so hot, Victor…” Yuuri whined as he moved closer to Victor again. “And I’m really, really horny…”

Victor chuckled at that. “Let’s take care of that, shall we?”

Yuuri nodded happily. “It’s fun being tipsy.”

That earned him a laugh from Victor. “I’m glad you’re having fun, lyubov.”

“But beer is gross…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “Does all alcohol taste like that?”

“There are better…” Victor assured. “But I think you’ve had enough for tonight…”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “Now…” he said as his eyes grew sultry and sensual.

Victor felt his heart speed up as all of his blood traveled downwards to a very specific area from nothing but Yuuri’s look of passion.

“Let’s have amazing sex...”

Chapter End Notes

Yuuri is a badass <3 I was really happy to write this chapter, especially after all the shit Ivan put them through in "My Sanctuary" Yuuri really deserved to break the bastard's nose <3<3

And his hand will be fine <3 Victor will take good care of it after they've had their amazing sex <3

I really hope you're enjoying the Russia arc so far <3<3

See you in the next one <3<3

Kudos to all of you! <3
Chapter 93

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor visit Victor's parents.

Chapter Notes

Dear god, so I'm sorry about this chapter, I think this might be the fluffiest shit I've ever written XD <3 But to my defence, I've been reading a lot of angsty YOI fics- and my way of coping is to dive into this fic and write shit like this XD <3

I hope you'll like it, keep your toothbrush around closeby!! XD <3<3

Visiting Victor's parents was always an exciting experience for Yuuri.

He was always so overwhelmed by their love that he wasn’t sure where to hide. Victor had told him that he should just let him know if his parents got too much, and he would save him.

But he also had a very hard time to do that, especially when Victor’s parents were so excited to see him.

“You really look so beautiful, Yuuri, Vitya is so lucky to have you as his soulmate,” Victoria gushed as she brushed his hair.

Meanwhile, Igor was trying to find a perfect spot to get a photo of Yuuri in a perfect angle.

Yuuri was just a blushing mess.

“Mama, I think Yuuri’s hair is brushed through now,” Victor said with a tired sigh. “He doesn’t even have any tangles.”

“But it’s so soft,” Victoria said in awe. “He has such beautiful hair.”

“I know he does,” Victor stated. “But you’re being too much right now.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri spoke up carefully. ~Brushing my hair is better than feeding me candy~

Victor snorted. “Mama, please…”

Victoria nodded in understanding. “I’ll get the cookies from the kitchen…”

Victor took the moment to seat himself as close to Yuuri as possible.

“I think it’s time for me to get a haircut soon,” Yuuri said thoughtfully as he pulled his fingers through his hair. It was almost reaching his shoulders.
“I like your hair like this,” Victor cooed. “It’s so soft and fun to play with…”

“It gets in my eyes,” Yuuri complained. “And it’s a lot harder to take care of when it’s long, it always gets so messy…”

“If you save it for a little bit more, you can put it in a cute little ponytail,” Victor said before he felt his heart stop in his chest as he imagined it.

Too cute for words.

“Yeah, no,” Yuuri chuckled. “I like to keep my hair short, you’re welcome to save out your hair though.”

Victor smiled fondly. “Nah, I did the long hair thing for nineteen years, I think I’ll keep it short for a while.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Didn’t you cut it for that hair growing competition? Wasn’t your goal to grow it out?”

“The kid defeated cancer,” Victor pointed out. “He deserved to win a hair growing contest after that.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that logic. “I hope he’s still healthy. Do you know if he ever started figure skating?”

“I’m sure we’ll find out if we ever meet him in a contest.” Victor mused. “He is from Japan, so I’m sure you might meet him in nationals one day.”

“I hope so,” Yuuri smiled, before a flash suddenly went off.

“Perfect,” Igor beamed proudly.

“Papa,” Victor scolded. “Can you please put the camera away now?”

“You’ll thank me in a few years,” Igor smirked.

Victor rolled his eyes fondly.

“It will definitely make it to the highlight album,” Igor stated.

Yuuri perked up at that. That was something he was certain that he wanted to see. “Highlight album?”

“.................................

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile like an idiot when Victoria brought out a highlight album with her favorite pictures of baby Victor.

Victor’s parents had thousands of pictures of Victor, so it was very nice to see them narrowed down to the very best.

Yuuri admired every single one of the pictures, as he felt his heart flutter over how adorable Victor looked as a baby.

Giant puffy cheeks, and those amazing blue eyes that lit up when he laughed and turned impossibly sparkly when he cried.
The pictures of crying Victor, made Yuuri have to clench his chest to stop his heart from beating out of his chest to give Victor a giant hug.

“You’re so cute, Vitya,” Yuuri told his mate. “Dear god…”

Victor chuckled. “I was such a sensitive baby,” he stated. “I cried for everything.”

“That’s probably because you missed Yuuri, even if you didn’t know it yet,” Victoria said gently, as she pulled her fingers through Victor’s hair. “You became a lot happier when Yuuri reached out to you for the first time. I think there’s a picture of that day actually…”

Victoria turned the pages and stopped to point at a picture of a three year old Victor sitting on the floor and drawing picture of hearts. “This picture was a few hours after your first time communicating,” Victoria explained. “Vitya was determined to send you a picture of a heart to show you how much he loved you, then he started crying when he realized that he didn’t have your address.”

Yuuri felt his heart melt. “If I had been a bit older, I would probably put that picture on my wall and admire it every day.”


Victoria smiled fondly as she turned a few more of the pages. “And here is Victor when he was very mad, you had been crying for most of the day for some reason, and Victor wanted to visit you wherever you were to yell at your parents for not comforting you.”

Yuuri almost wanted to cry over how adorable Victor looked when he was little and angry. Silvery hair put up in a bun as he was stomping his foot on the ground and his face red with anger.

“He was so protective of you, even back then...” Victoria mused as she turned the page. “Oh and here’s a picture of Victor when he started to learn Japanese,” she smiled fondly. “He took that dictionary everywhere, and he always practiced the words out loud before speaking them over your bond. We usually heard him in the middle of the night when he was wishing you a happy morning, he was impossible when it came to sleeping through the night, he set his alarm on the time you woke up, just so he could greet you.”

Yuuri felt so much love in his body as Victoria told him stories of Victor. He had only known about his own side, of how Victor had always been there for him for as long as he could remember.

How he talked to him through everything scary when he was little, and he was always there when Yuuri had to do something hard, like going to the doctor, or his first day of school.

It almost felt unreal that Victor went through so much effort in his everyday life in Russia just to be there for him like that.

He was truly the best mate he could ever hope to wish for.

“Oh, and here is a picture Yakov took during your first week together,” Victoria said, which immediately pulled Yuuri back to reality. It was a picture of him and Victor asleep in Yuuri’s bed, surrounded by all of Yuuri’s merchandise.

“I remember this,” Yuuri smiled in recollection. “I was so worried that I was going to scare Victor off with my collection, so I hid everything under my bed.”

“I was so glad when you showed it to me,” Victor filled in. “But I did have to keep myself from
laughing at your attempt to hide the posters.”

“The tape wouldn’t come off, and I didn’t want to ruin them,” Yuuri stated. “It was the only thing I could think of.”

“What did you do?” Victoria asked curiously.

Yuuri felt a slight blush creep up on his cheeks as he remembered what a stupid idea it was. But to his defence, he was only ten. “I stole the paintings from the guest rooms, took them out of their frames, and taped the pictures over the posters.”

Victoria snorted.

“I first thought that you were a very big fan of sunflowers and landscapes,” Victor admitted. “I was thrilled that you were a big fan of me instead.”

“I’ll always be your biggest fan, Vitya,” Yuuri promised. “And I’ll challenge anyone who think they can have a better collection of you than me.”

Victor smiled in pure amusement. “You have already won with a landslide, since you have the real Victor to add to your collection,” he mused. ”The most exclusive one-ever-made edition.”

Yuuri laughed at that, before his face melted into an expression of pure love. ”My most beloved collectible.”

Victor’s heart melted.

Just then, another flash went off.

“I’m just being honest,” Yuuri stated as he and Victor returned back home to their apartment with their dogs. “I just really love your parents.”

Vicchan and Makkachin immediately ran for their toys, even though Victor’s parents kept their own set of dog toys at their house, it really couldn’t be compared with their own.

“Well, they really love you too,” Victor assured. “They already refer to you as their son in law to other people.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Victor nodded. “Not to mention how much they brag about you on social events, I almost think my mom plans ahead, since she always ‘happen to have’ multiple photos of us together in her purse, and my dad always brings you up in conversations, even if the conversation is about something completely unrelated. Like cars, or the weather...”

Yuuri felt completely stunned.

He knew that Victor talked about him to literally everyone, since every single one of Victor’s classmates seemed to know exactly who he was and what he was like.

Even the man who polished the ice at Victor’s ice rink greeted him by his first name.

But he had no idea that Victor’s parents did the same.
They were so… Famous? Big influences to the world?

What could they possibly say about him?

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked worriedly. “Why do you look so concerned?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I’m not concerned,” Yuuri quickly assured. “I was just wondering what they could possibly say about me that would interest anyone in their social circle.”

“Where do I begin?” Victor exclaimed. “You’re one of the most amazing humans on this planet, I could write a book about nothing but your beautiful smile, and a book series about the list of your wonderful accomplishments. There’s just so many of them, and my parents are ecstatic that my true mate is the most talented figure skater in the world, and that you never take any insolence from anyone about your secondary gender, you’re going to be so big once you graduate and start producing your own games and kick off your career as a figure skater. Keeping your world records and creating new ones like the force of nature you are…”

Yuuri listened to Victor’s very long rant, as all of his doubts about himself slowly turned into amusement of how Victor managed to make him up as such an amazing sounding person, at one point, Victor even claimed that Yuuri winning his first competition in Tokyo cured the children from cancer.

And even though Yuuri knew that at least ten of them were healthy and completely cancer-free due to the letters they sent to him, it was still a very far stretch, and even if all of them were completely healthy, it was not because he won a figure skating competition for charity seven years ago, but because medicine was advancing.

Victor strongly disagreed.

“You’re just magical,” Victor claimed. “Like a unicorn.”

Yuuri snorted. “You’re being ridiculous…”

“You’re right,” Victor agreed. “You’re more special than a unicorn. I haven’t seen any unicorns curing cancer lately.”

“Victor, I never cured cancer,” Yuuri stated. “You’re being very sweet and I get your point, but— What are you doing?”

Victor brought out his phone, and started typing away.

“I looked him up when you mentioned the hair growing competition, and I found his blog, guess what his first post was?” Victor handed his phone over to Yuuri who nearly dropped it.

“What?” he exclaimed in disbelief as his eyes widened at what he saw. “How Katsuki Yuuri cured my cancer, a story by Minami Kenjirou?”

“You’re not going to call a child that defeated cancer a liar, are you?” Victor asked in amusement. “He’s providing actual proof…”

“B-but—” Yuuri stuttered out as he read the post about how Minami claimed that he had never seen a better performance or ever met a sweeter person than Yuuri, and how much their brief conversation meant to him. How Yuuri saying that he couldn’t wait to skate with him, gave him the motivation and strength to get better and kick cancer’s butt.
Yuuri’s eyes were misty with tears by the time he finished. “I… I had no idea,” he said thoughtfully. “I didn’t know I made such an impact on his life…”

“You’re such an amazing human, Yuuri,” Victor declared. “Everything you do makes the world a better place. And I’m so grateful to be able to live so close to you, and see the miracles you bring to the world this up close.”

Yuuri had a hard time collecting himself after Victor’s words. He had to lay all his focus on breathing normally. “You know how you always claim that my cuteness is killing you?”

Victor nodded.

“Your cuteness is killing me just as much…” Yuuri admitted. “It’s like you’re trying to kill me with love.”

Victor chuckled at that, before leaning in to press a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “That’s the only way I would ever allow you to die.”

“Killed by my mate… How cruel,” Yuuri mused.

Victor shook his head slowly with a gentle smile still playing on his lips. “Killed by love.”

Chapter End Notes

"Killed by love" XD Just like I was when I wrote this XD

I can't handle these two, they're too much in love XD And there's nothing I can do to change it XD (Nor do I want to for that matter)

Anyway, a lot of things are coming up, and I think I'll get to the Detroit arc by chapter 100 or something XD <3 (I like to draw things out, you should know that by now) XD <33

Anyway, thank you so much for reading! <3<3

Kudos to all of you <3<3
Yuuri was furious.

The day had started out wonderfully, like everyday waking up next to Victor did.

Victor had woken him up and gone to school, Yuuri had slept in and had a normal calm day with his video games, when he suddenly felt Victor’s anger through their bond.

He had asked him what was wrong, and Victor had replied with one word.

Ivan.

How dare he still give Victor trouble? Wasn’t a broken nose enough for him to stay away?

Yuuri told Victor to try and not act on it. To go and find a teacher and report Ivan for harassment.

Unfortunately, Victor had an alpha’s mind, and was too stubborn to back down from a fight or ask someone else for help.

So it took a lot of pleading and bargaining from Yuuri to finally get him to agree.

But just as he did so, Yuuri felt a punch being delivered to Victor’s cheek.

Ivan was so dead.

Yuuri hated it, but he couldn’t let Victor fight back. He could get into a lot of unnecessary trouble if he did.

Victor was too good of a fighter, he could actually deliver some permanent damage if he wanted to.

And Yuuri knew that it wouldn’t be worth it.

So he pleaded with Victor to stand down and not kill that awful bastard who dared to hurt him.

Victor reluctantly agreed.
Yuuri looked at the time, and noted that Victor only had one more class before his school-day was over, and luckily, he didn’t have his last class with Ivan.

~You didn’t listen in, did you?~ Victor asked worriedly. ~He doesn’t even know what he’s talking about, so you shouldn’t listen to anything he has to say~

Yuuri figured that Ivan had said something about him to spark a reaction in Victor.

He could imagine a couple of hundred things that Ivan could have said, but he didn’t actually listen, so he had no idea of knowing what he had said. At least not for sure.

He just didn’t get why Ivan would try and start a fight with Victor like that.

Did he have some kind of death wish?

And why would he hit Victor?

Was that some kind of last resort in trying to get Victor upset?

Well, whatever Ivan wanted, didn’t matter.

Yuuri’s only focus should be that Victor was okay.

~I’m fine, love~ Victor assured after Yuuri asked him. ~He didn’t even know how to throw a proper punch, I’m sure he hurt his hand a lot more than he hurt my face~

Yuuri was relieved that Victor wasn’t hurt, and slightly amused about the idea of Ivan having a severely injured hand. Even though he definitely wished that the reason his hand was hurt was because he had hit it on anything else that wasn’t his Victor.

His blood still boiled as he imagined Ivan hitting his mate.

How could he?

~Calm down love, or you’ll be doing just what he wants, don’t let it get to you~ Victor pleaded.

Yuuri took a deep breath.

Victor was right.

But this wasn’t over.

Yuuri would find a proper way to get justice…

Victor was grateful when his last class was over. He really wanted to get home to Yuuri and lay his head in his mate’s lap and allow him to kiss him better.

His cheek barely hurt at all from the punch, but he could tell that it was going to leave a mark.

And that was going to upset Yuuri.

Stupid Ivan…

Well, at least he got what he deserved.

Victor braced himself as he tried to figure out what to say to Yuuri when he got home.
He knew that Yuuri would probably want to get revenge for this, even though it was a horrible idea.

Ivan was an idiot, and there was nothing that could be done about that. And Victor would not allow Yuuri to waste his time and effort on such a despicable human being.

Especially not after what Ivan said about omegas.

That bastard didn’t even deserve the hair from their drain after saying something so cruel.

He said that he hoped that omegas would go extinct soon, so they would stop poisoning the minds of hard working alphas and stop living like parasites sucking the life from society.

And it struck a nerve in Victor, because he remembered Yuuri telling him something similar on how some people viewed omegas, and that he was very sad about the fact that people would assume that he or any other omega would ever use the society’s privileges for their own gain.

If omegas had been selfish creatures, the world would have looked very different. The great war would probably kill the entire world’s population but omegas, and they would have taken over the world.

But no.

They sacrificed themselves for the good of the world, for their friends, family and mates.

How could anyone ever suggest that they were selfish parasites after that?

If someone would ever dare to call Yuuri a parasite to his face, Victor would knock their teeth out, which is why he was also grateful about that fact that Yuuri didn’t hear Ivan’s horrible opinions.

If Yuuri had heard it, Victor probably wouldn’t have been able to stop himself from fighting his classmate.

He knew it was stupid, but his alpha instincts sometimes made him very primitive and sometimes very irrational.

It made him feel like fighting someone to defend Yuuri’s honor would somehow make him into a better alpha.

He had this weird fantasy that someone would say something insulting to Yuuri and Yuuri would tell Victor to fight them.

And Victor would, then Yuuri would then jump into his arms before they walked towards the sunset together.

It was a very stupid fantasy and probably one that he would never be able to act on, since Yuuri would never actually ask Victor to fight anyone.

Not to mention all the aftermath he would have to deal with from fighting someone like that.

Alphas that fought were highly frowned upon and they usually got judged much harder by the law than betas.

Since they were averagely physically stronger than both betas and omegas that meant that it was a lot easier for alphas to inflict damage upon others and that was never a good thing.

It also didn’t help that alphas were known for being short tempered and quick to resolve to deliver
physical pain.

About seventy-five percent of judged criminals were alphas.

So Victor really didn’t want to feed into that stereotype and he was pretty sure that Yuuri didn’t want that either.

It was enough that he and Yuuri already had a entire ocean that stood between them, they didn’t need bars and prisons to be added to the equation as well.

Victor took a deep breath as he reached the apartment door.

He still hadn’t come up with a good speech to soothe Yuuri.

He just hoped that Yuuri wouldn’t do anything drastic.

Victor collected himself and opened the door.

He was immediately greeted by the dogs, but Yuuri didn’t even turn around in the couch.

Victor took a closer look and noticed that Yuuri was wearing his headphones and he could hear the faint sound of music blasting from them.

Victor smiled fondly before feeling a slight streak of worry. Hopefully Yuuri didn’t hurt his ears from the very loud music.

But since he didn’t want to startle his mate, he decided on reaching out to him first.

He noticed how Yuuri shivered before turning around with a surprised look on his face. “You’re home already?” he asked.

Victor smiled sheepishly before he noticed how Yuuri’s face changed from surprise to anger in a matter of seconds.

Yuuri’s laptop practically flew out of his lap as Yuuri shot to his feet and stormed over to him to get a closer look of his face.

Victor took a tentative step back as Yuuri’s anger was practically filling the whole room with darkness.

“Vitya,” Yuuri said softly before taking a step back with that same angry look in his eyes. “I’m going to make him regret it.”

“Yuuri...” Victor tried but Yuuri was already walking back to his computer that had been carelessly thrown in the couch during Yuuri’s outburst.

Victor wondered what could be so important that Yuuri didn’t even kiss his cheek better before getting back to his game, but as Victor peeked over his mate’s shoulder, he saw nothing but numbers.

It definitely didn’t look like a game.

“What is that?” Victor asked worriedly.

“I’m programming,” Yuuri stated. “Or well, coding…”
Victor felt momentarily stunned. “You know how to do that? Is it a game?”

Yuuri shook his head. “It’s a virus.”

“You’re making a virus?” Victor asked in disbelief.

Yuuri shrugged. “I found a good tutorial.”

“Why would you make a virus?” Victor asked as he sat down next to his mate to get a better connection with him.

Yuuri’s face darkened. “It’s for Ivan,” he said angrily. “I’m going to make sure that he’ll never be a bother to you again.”

Victor didn’t quite understand.

What was even Yuuri’s intentions?

“Yuuri?” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri managed to rip his eyes away from his screen and he looked at Victor with so much love, fear and worry, that Victor felt guilty about even going to school today.

If he had called in sick, Yuuri would be smiling now and not looking at him like that.

“Please don’t go through all that effort just to get back at him,” Victor pleaded. “He’s not worth it.”

Yuuri sighed before shaking his head. “You’re not talking me out of this. I know you would never allow me to actually fight him in order to get justice, but I can do this. It’s safe and it will hurt him a lot more than a punch in the face... he will regret even talking to you after this.”

“What kind of virus is it?” Victor asked thoughtfully.

“The kind that will hopefully expose him for the idiot he is. It will give me access to his computer, his files, his pictures, web history, everything,” Yuuri said as he turned the screen towards Victor so he could see it for himself. “All I need is his email.”

“He won’t know that you did it, right?” Victor asked worriedly. “Because I don’t want you to get into any kind of trouble from this. Not with the law or anything of the sorts.”

“He won’t know,” Yuuri assured. “I’ll send him a mail that tells him that your school is offering him to get this very good software for his computer for free, if he turns in his IP address along with other information that I’ll need to hack into his computer and get what I need to expose him.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was a genius, but he had never taken the time to truly grasp how much his mate knew about all of that technical stuff. He didn’t even know that Yuuri could create a virus and he definitely didn’t know that Yuuri knew how to hack into someone’s computer.

“I’m so turned on by you right now,” Victor admitted. “You’re so hot when you say so smart things.”

Yuuri smirked slightly. “I’ll teach that asshole that he should think twice before messing with my boyfriend.”

Victor swooned. “My hero.”
Yuuri is going to destroy the world one day, isn't he? XD <3<3 Not that I think that anyone will have anything against it XD Especially not Victor XD <3<3<3 He'd happily get ruined by Yuuri every single day, if you get what I mean... ;)

I'm sorry XD <3 I'll lead myself out XD <3<3 But hopefully you liked this chapter <3<3

And a huge thank you to my new beta-reader Morgan!! <3 She did an amazing job with this chapter <3<3 Please follow her everywhere!! <3<3 Her tumblr is http://stardreamz81.tumblr.com/ and her AO3 name is KDSkywalker

She deserves all the love for helping me out with getting my writing under control! <3<3

You can also follow my tumblr, where I now started posting sneak peeks of bonus chapters I'm writing for this story! <3<3 My tumblr: https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

Love you all!! <3<3
Yuuri couldn’t believe his eyes when he had finally managed to crack into Ivan’s computer. He knew that he was a complete creep, but he had no idea that it was to such a horrible extent.

“What did you find?” Victor asked casually as he poured dinner into Vicchan and Makkachin’s bowls. It was almost time for their evening walk.

“You don’t want to know,” Yuuri said determinately.

“What?” Victor prodded as he placed down the bowls to the floor. “Did you get in?”

Yuuri nodded as he frowned in disgust. “Yeah, I got in.”

Victor frowned as well, as he noticed Yuuri’s reaction. “How bad is it?”

“Very bad,” Yuuri stated. “I’m not even sure I can leak this… I mean, I want people to know how terrible he really is, but… He could go to jail for this…”

“Okay, just show me,” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri took a deep breath before turning the computer in Victor’s direction.

Victor narrowed his eyes as he tried to figure out exactly what he was looking at. “Is that…?”

Yuuri nodded. “That is a news article about an omega surviving getting her neck scratched out by an alpha in rut, in an attempt to remove her own alpha’s bondmark.” he said sadly. “It’s among Ivan’s recently closed tabs… It seems like he’s trying to figure out how to remove a bondmark…”

“What for?” Victor asked in slight panic as he teared his eyes away from the disturbing picture of an injured omega. “What’s wrong with him?”
Yuuri cringed as he looked through the rest. “Well, he definitely doesn’t like omegas, that’s for sure…”

Victor suddenly felt nauseous about the idea that someone could hate someone so pure as an omega.

It was just sick.

“Please stop reading,” Victor pleaded. “I don’t want you near his twisted mind.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured as he continued his scrolling. It was quiet for several moments, before he suddenly gasped.

Victor immediately tensed. “What?”

Yuuri looked to Victor and then back to the screen, contemplating his choices.

“Yuuri,” Victor pleaded.

“He, uhm…” Yuuri trailed off. “Don’t freak out.”

“Depends on what it is,” Victor stated.

Yuuri held his breath as he turned his computer towards Victor. “He has pictures of you…”

Victor was momentarily stunned. “Pictures of me?” he repeated in disbelief.

“Like a paparazzi…” Yuuri confirmed and showed them to his mate.

“Oh,” Victor said, he had no idea what else to do. Ivan was a lot creepier than he thought. He had taken pictures of him in the classroom, in the corridors, in the cafeteria, basically everywhere around the school area.

“I suspected that he liked you, but I had no idea that he was this crazy,” Yuuri said worriedly. “I’m just confused… Why would he try and figure out how to get an omega, if he wants you?”

Victor had to do a double take. “Get an omega?”

Yuuri looked like a deer caught in the headlights. “Uhm, yeah,” he said carefully. “Ivan, he- he kind of made some weird searches on how to… I don’t know, get an omega… by force…”

Victor clenched his jaw as he felt himself tense even more. “What did he search for exactly?”

Yuuri looked at Victor in concern before turning back to his computer. “Can you alpha command an omega to fall in love?” he read out loud. “How to break a soulbond? Can you train an omega to forget their soulmate?…” he looked up to make sure that Victor was still breathing before continuing. “Can an omega have two bond-bites? Can you legally separate an omega from their alpha? Can a shock collar make an omega mute? How to kidnap someone…”

“He wouldn’t dare,” Victor growled quietly. “I’ll call the police right now,” he said and brought up his phone. “He’s not going to as much as look at you again.”

“You can’t call the police,” Yuuri protested. “I committed a crime by hacking into his computer, we’ll be in so much trouble.”

Victor sighed in frustration. Yuuri was right. Even if Yuuri couldn’t get arrested, Victor could get into a lot of trouble as an accomplice. “Is there a way for you to publish something to the public? If
It’s on his Facebook page, I can report that to the authorities.”

“Maybe,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “But I can’t really share his web history in a Facebook post… People would be able to tell that he had been hacked, which would make the entire thing invalid, since it could be photoshopped.”

“What about the other things? Is there a way for us to prove any of this?” Victor asked.

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “I never expected him to be this creepy,” he admitted. “I thought that he might have some Omega-degrading porn, or some kind of web-diary that would embarrass him. I didn’t expect him to be a criminal in the making…”

“He can’t get away with this,” Victor stated. “If he is planning to hurt you like that…” he trailed off as a streak of anger surged through him. “I can’t let him.”

“Victor,” Yuuri said gently. “Try to calm down, we won’t let that happen… We’ll find something.”

Victor nodded as he took a deep, calming breath. “Okay,” he agreed. “But I’m getting a private investigator, and I’m going to tip the OPS off about him. Hopefully they’ll take him in for questioning where he will slip up and they’ll see him for the horrible asshole that he is.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. Victor was smart, and Yuuri trusted his judgement.

And he knew that Victor would never let anything happen to him. But Yuuri was also worried about Victor’s wellbeing. He didn’t want Victor back in school where creepy-Ivan would hurt him and photograph him, while secretly plotting to ruin his life.

“Can you get a bodyguard for yourself?” Yuuri asked. “I don’t want him to hurt you again…”

Victor nodded as a gentle smile played on his lips. “But you know that I could take him down if I wanted to, right?”

“Of course,” Yuuri didn’t doubt that for a second. “But I don’t want you to face any consequences for it. It’s better if you have a bodyguard who is professionally trained for it. I don’t doubt your abilities as a fighter, but I’m worried that Ivan might say something to you that could make you lose control. And I don’t want you to get in trouble for taking it too far…”

Victor understood. “I’m not sure if bodyguards are allowed on campus though…”

Yuuri frowned. “Can’t you tell them that you’ve been targeted by a crazy fan?”

“I guess,” Victor agreed. “I just have to hope that they’ll believe me.”

“Or maybe I should talk to your principal?” Yuuri suggested. “If I tell them that I’m so worried about you that I can’t eat or sleep, they kind of have to let you get a bodyguard, right?”

“I really don’t want you close to my school until Ivan has been handled,” Victor said thoughtfully. “Since it’s you he wants, I don’t exactly want to lead you into his waiting hands, if that makes sense?”

Yuuri nodded. “This sucks…”

Victor couldn’t argue against that. If there was a button he could press to simply erase Ivan from existence, he would.

He hated that Yuuri was targeted. He hated that there wasn’t anything specific he could do about it.
A part of him even wanted to send Yuuri back home to Japan to keep him safe.

But he knew that Yuuri would never forgive him if he did.

He wouldn’t want Victor to handle this alone.

"Victor…” Yuuri suddenly pulled Victor out of his thoughts. "I found something…”

Victor sighed. It was getting a bit much for him. He wasn’t sure if he could stomach more of Ivan’s disgusting opinions. "What did you find, love?”

"It seems like Ivan is a fan of chat rooms,” Yuuri said with a slight spark of hope in his voice. "I just found out his plans…”

Victor frowned thoughtfully as he once again moved to Yuuri’s side to see for himself.

Apparently Ivan had been chatting with other alphas on some anti-omega site, and written out all of his feelings about how Victor had belittled him, humiliated him and disregarded him, all in favor of an omega.

Someone suggested that Ivan should try and get the omega for himself, just to prove who the alpha really is. Someone else claimed that omegas were just living sex toys and that Ivan could use force if he needed to, followed by a lot of creepy links.

Victor shivered unpleasantly about the fact that there was horrible people like that out in the world.

"I might be able to leak this…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. "I’m changing his facebook password and then I’ll post the link to the chatroom on his profile, and make it look like he’s trying to promote his opinions or something…”

"Can’t you post the news article too, just so that people can see what he’s up to?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded. "I’ll see what I can do… But the bigger things will have to be dealt with by the private investigator or the OPS. It’s too hard to prove that he actually is breaking the law… He could get away by claiming that he’s writing a book.”

"Well, one thing is for sure,” Victor stated. "He is not getting away with this.”

…………………………………

When Yuuri was finally done with searching through Ivan’s computer, he was left with a unpleasant feeling in the pit of his stomach.

He really didn’t like having someone like Ivan out in the world. And he definitely didn’t like that there were so many underground networks filled with people whose sole purpose was to hate him and people like him.

"Yuuri,” Victor said gently as he played with Yuuri’s hair in an attempt to fend some of the tension away. "Please try and let this go… I’ll take care of it.”

A part of Yuuri wanted to believe that. He wanted to hand all of his problems over to Victor and allow him to deal with it.

But he knew that Victor couldn’t change the world, and he couldn’t change the minds of idiots. It was just something that had to be, and they would just have to learn to live with it.

"Please talk to me?” Victor pleaded.
Yuuri nodded in agreement. "I’m just sad…” he admitted. "I really didn’t know that omegas could be so hated… I mean, I know that we’re not loved by literally everyone, I just couldn’t have guessed that people would get together online to hate us…”

"They are sick, Yuuri,” Victor stated. “Or just idiots. Omegas are the reason to why society hasn’t collapsed yet. And I can’t understand why people are mad that you get some privileges to make sure you survive… An omega would never abuse their privileges, they’re too kind. And the privileges are there for that very reason.

Yuuri knew that Victor was right. The guilt complex within an omega was too strong for them to do something like that.

Yuuri felt guilty whenever someone let him go ahead in a line, he would never be able to go straight to the front with good conscience only because he’s an omega, and he doubted that anyone else with his secondary gender could either.

“Hating an omega is like… Hating puppies… or a rainbow. It’s not normal.” Victor continued. “Even if you were an alpha, I would still never be able to hate an omega.”

“That’s because you have the protective gene,” Yuuri pointed out. “What if it’s messing with your judgement? What if makes you believe that omegas are better than we actually are?”

“If you can give me one specific reason to dislike omegas, I will consider your theory,” Victor bargained. “But you won’t, because omegas are the perfect version of a human. If the world’s population was nothing but omegas, the world would be in a perfect harmony.”

“We’re not perfect,” Yuuri pointed out. “Just look at me…” he said thoughtfully. “I’m an anxious mess who need constant validation and support from my loved ones, because I’m too weak to do anything completely on my own.”

“It doesn’t make you weak,” Victor protested. “Looking to your loved ones for help is a sign of strength. Not all people have the courage to do that.”

“I’m constantly forcing you to reassure me,” Yuuri continued. “Every time I get insecure, you’re the one who needs to be strong and logical, and pick me together when I fall apart, which is far too often than I’m willing to admit.”

“It’s not an obligation,” Victor assured. “There is nothing I would rather do than make sure that you’re okay, you know that.”

“But I’m not exactly what someone would see as a perfect person,” Yuuri pointed out. “A perfect person wouldn’t be filled with so many flaws…”

“You’re perfect to me,” Victor stated. “Reassuring you, makes me feel like I’m needed, like I’m important. And I love that you trust me enough to share your insecurities with me. If you would suffer quietly, or not allow me to help, I would never be able to live with myself.”

“But you can’t deny the fact that you would be happier if I was completely free of insecurities…” Yuuri said as he searched Victor’s eyes for the truth.

“Of course I would be happier if you would be free of insecurities.” Victor admitted. “If you’re happy, I’m happy, but having anxiety doesn’t make you any less perfect to me. We share a soul, and my job is to reassure you when you need it, just like you do for me. We’re taking care of each other and make sure the other one is getting what they need, which makes us perfect. And if we are perfect, it means that you are perfect, which proves my point.”
Yuuri felt confused. He had no idea how Victor had managed to turn it around like that. “Wait, no, I mean…”

“You’re perfect Yuuri,” Victor stated.

“No, I’m…”

“You’re perfect,” Victor said again.

“Victor-”

“You’re perfect,” Victor said a final time. “And I will say it as many times as you need to hear it, until you finally believe me… We’re going to be together for the rest of our lives, so you better get used to it.”

Yuuri couldn’t help a slight smile from spreading across his lips as he thought about his future with Victor. Having his soulmate so close to himself… Forever.

“I just hope that I won’t be a burden for you,” Yuuri said worriedly. “I don’t want you to imagine our future- with you running out of breath from all of the supporting speeches you throw for me.”

“When I imagine our future, you know everything I’m going to say, so I won’t have to hold my speeches to you anymore,” Victor declared. “You know that I will spend the rest of my life fending away your insecurities, and I won’t give up until they’re gone. I won’t give up until you believe my every word when it comes to how amazing you are. You could never be a burden to me, you know how much I love taking care of you. Not because you need me to, I know you’re fully capable of taking care of yourself, but I love it because I love you. Besides, you would do the same for me.”

“I would,” Yuuri agreed. “But you don’t have those kinds of insecurities. You’re definitely the better half.”

“Or maybe you’re just the better one at reassuring?” Victor quipped. “I have insecurities too, but you always do an amazing job in making them go away. You can calm me down in seconds, and you always know what to say in order to make things better.”

Yuuri smiled slightly at that, he felt proud that he was able to make things better for his mate, even if it didn’t happen very often.

“There are no better halves between us,” Victor continued. “We just have different strengths and weaknesses. The important thing is that we’ll help with weighing each other up when we need it. That we’ll take care of each other.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “We will always be stronger together.”

“Yes,” Victor smiled. “And luckily, there is nothing that can keep us apart. No matter the distance between us, we will always be together.”

“And we could never be luckier…”

Chapter End Notes
So what did you think? I tried to balance the angst up with fluff at the end <3 And I can't wait t put Ivan away for good! <3 It's gonna happen y'all! <3 Let's just hope that he won't cause too much trouble before then... ;) <3<3
Chapter 96

Chapter Summary

It's Victor's last week of school when Yuuri suddenly starts feeling odd.

Chapter Notes

New chapter, yay! XD <3 Not beta:ed, I need to find a new beta reader, but my schedule is currently too full to actually find someone, since getting a beta-reader will take a lot of time and effort...

I have people who are interested, but I need to take time and contact them, and then I have to go through everything with them, I'm very specific with want I want, but I currently don't have the time or energy to deal with anything until my stupid school assignment is done XD

So let me know if you find any mistakes and I shall correct them <3

Other than that, I hope you'll like this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri felt extra clingy the next morning when Victor woke him up.

He knew that it was because he didn’t want his mate to be close to the psychopath known as Ivan. And also because Victor was very warm in their cold room, and he smelled amazing.

"Yuuri, I can walk the dogs myself and you can warm up inside if you want to?" Victor suggested in his fifth attempt to make Yuuri release him.

Yuuri shook his head. "They can pee on the plant in the living room, who need walks, anyways?"

"Yuuri," Victor chuckled in amusement. "This is my last week of school, then I can be home with you all days, every day until September."

"I want you to be home today," Yuuri pouted like a reluctant child. "I don’t want Ivan to be close to you."

Victor frowned slightly. "Yuuri?" he prodded.

"Yes?"

"How are you feeling?" Victor asked cautiously.

Yuuri thought about it for a moment, "Tired," he admitted. "And cold."

"Okay," Victor agreed. "Because it almost seems like…" he trailed off. "I mean, the last time you
acted this way was december, a little over six months ago…”

Yuuri’s eyes widened in realization. ”No,” he said determinately and scrunched his eyes shut before burying his face deeper against Victor’s chest. ”I don’t want it.”

Victor swallowed nervously as he sensed Yuuri’s fear. ”It will be okay,” he said gently, mind set on assuring his mate. ”We’ll get through it, together… We’ll get some scent blockers and more toys, I’m sure you’ll like this one.”

”No,” Yuuri snapped stubbornly. ”I don’t want to have another heat.”

”Yuuri-”

”No.”

Victor sighed in defeat. ”There isn’t a lot you can do to stop it…” he tried to explain. ”It’s a natural part of life, it means that you are healthy.”

”Healthy is stupid,” Yuuri grumbled.

”Okay, now you’re just being impossible,” Victor stated. ”It’s going to be okay… Yuuri?”

Yuuri sniffled as he shivered brokenly.

”Yuuri, love, what’s wrong?” Victor asked as softly as he could.

Yuuri whimpered quietly.

”Yuuri?” Victor asked again, there was a slight tremble in his voice from the thick worry that sat in the pit of his stomach. ”Please talk to me…”

Yuuri shook his head as tears began to soak Victor’s shirt. ”You’re mad at me,” he claimed between sniffles. ”I’m sorry…”

Victor felt his heart break for his hormonal mate. ”I’m not mad at you,” he promised. ”I can never be mad at you.”

Yuuri pulled away from Victor and turned away from him. ”I won’t bother you,” he declared as tears kept falling. ”Go to school, I’ll be… fine.”

”I could never leave you like this,” Victor said as he began brushing his fingers through Yuuri’s hair in an attempt to soothe him. ”I’ll call in sick, you need me more.”

”No!” Yuuri snapped angrily as he sat up straight in bed. ”You’re not allowed to miss school because of me.”

”Yuuri, it’s fine…” Victor promised, slightly timid by his mate’s outburst. ”It’s not like I have anything important to anyways, it’s just…”

”You’re going,” Yuuri said, leaving no room for arguments as he ripped all of the blankets to himself and disappeared into the living room.

Victor sighed in defeat.

This week suddenly seemed too long.

………………………. 
Yuuri felt proud that he managed to get Victor to go to school. And he even managed to convince him to bring Vladimir as extra protection.

The mountain of a self-defence teacher would be very capable of keeping Ivan’s creepy paws away from his mate.

And if Victor could go to school and be safe, Yuuri would think of it as the best case scenario in a bad situation.

Victor needed to spend his last week in school to finish his last tests, spend time with his friends and pick out some graduation stuff.

And it was not as if Yuuri was in heat right now.

He was just very hormonal, and apparently he would be so for the rest of the week, which is why it was probably best for Victor to be in school.

If Yuuri had to be hormonal, he might as well be alone. Victor would probably get sick of him otherwise.

And Yuuri never wanted Victor to get sick of him.

So he pulled the blankets closer to himself as he tried to go back to sleep.

The dogs were sleeping soundly, curled up against him.

Yuuri suddenly realized how much he missed Victor, and he wasn’t sure if he could sleep without him when he was like this.

He felt so incredibly empty and alone. All he had left of Victor was his scent, on the other side of bed, which Yuuri moved closer to slowly but surely.

He felt like an addict, addicted to his mate.

Victor was probably lucky that he was away from him, otherwise Yuuri would probably stick to him like glue.

He was so embarrassingly needy.

Yuuri felt tears sting his eyes over how mad he was with himself.

Why did he have to be like this? Couldn’t his heat wait for another year? Then he could be on heat suppressants and birth control, which would make his heat a lot more enjoyable, since they wouldn’t have to worry so much about pregnancies, and Victor wouldn’t have to restrict himself so much.

Yuuri worried about his mate, he always had to hold back with him. He knew that Victor wanted more, but he could never get it, and it felt so unfair.

And this time would be no different, Victor would focus only on him, and Yuuri would probably be too deep into his heat to remember his mate.

And Victor's needs would be forgotten.

And that was just horrible.

Yuuri sighed tiredly.
He couldn’t sleep.

He might as well get out of bed and see if he could level up in his game.

He brought the blankets with him and the dogs followed suit. And once he reached his computer, he realized that he still had access to Ivan’s computer.

And it might be the fact that he was an hormonal mess, or just the fact that Ivan had a class with Victor that made him see red.

He opened the tab so he could get a full overview of Ivan’s current screen.

It looked like he was taking notes of the class.

And Yuuri wasn’t feeling like the biggest person right now, and when he noticed that Ivan stopped writing, he marked a big section of the notes and pressed backspace.

He wasn’t even sure of why he did it.

A big part of him just wanted to get back at Ivan for ruining his week.

Not that it was his fault that Yuuri was in pre-heat, but he didn’t exactly make things better either.

And Yuuri really needed someone to blame.

Just to get a better outlook of the situation, Yuuri did his best to connect to Victor through their bond, hoping that he might get a glimpse of what was going on in the classroom.

It worked, and Yuuri was pleased to see that Victor was keeping his eyes on Ivan, even though a part of him also wanted Victor to pay attention to class.

But Yuuri couldn’t help but to smirk to himself as he noticed Ivan’s baffled expression when he looked at his screen.

~Yuuri, are you doing something to Ivan’s computer?~ Victor suddenly asked.

Yuuri answered him vaguely before he came back to himself and deleted some more of the notes that seemed important.

If Ivan didn’t know how to quickly remove latest changes, it really was his own fault.

Yuuri listened in on Victor and heard how Ivan was telling the teacher that his computer was acting up.

Yuuri couldn’t have been prouder over the idea that popped into his head at that moment.

He quickly looked through Victor’s eyes to make sure that the teacher was going up to Ivan to see for herself.

She was.

Yuuri quickly opened Ivan’s internet browser and searched up the first porn website that came to mind, before turning up the volume to the loudest setting.

Now he just had to wait.

.................................
Victor couldn’t stop himself from laughing at Ivan’s petrified expression, and Yuuri’s amazing creativity.

"Well, that might be the reason why your computer is acting up,” the teacher said sternly. "Those websites will fish in all kinds of viruses, so turn off your computer and go to the principal’s office, and you better have a good explanation as to why your computer is filled with that kind of…” she shuddered. ..."Pornography…”

Victor wished he could have gotten a closer look at the screen, so he could understand why his teacher seemed so upset.

~ It was teacher/student porn~ Yuuri explained over the bond. ~It was the first thing that came to mind~

Victor took a calming breath so he wouldn’t die of amusement, even if that pretty much made him the only one.

Ivan sent him a glare though, probably out of habit, and Victor couldn’t stop the gloating from shining through in his own expression.

Yuuri was brilliant, and Victor wasn’t even embarrassed over how much he was enjoying this.

Seeing Ivan get in trouble made him feel like justice was being served. It was still mild, compared to what would happen once the private investigator finished with collecting all the evidences against him and handed them in to a police station.

Or if the OPS would get their hands on Ivan first, which would probably lead to similar consequences.

But no matter what happened, they would still get the same outcome.

Ivan would regret putting a target on Yuuri.

Yuuiri deleted all evidences of himself on Ivan’s computer. He deleted the email, his access, everything, just in case Ivan took his computer down to tech support.

He already had everything saved on an external hard-drive, and he had already given the IP-address to the private investigator.

There was nothing that could be traced back to him.

Yuuri then opened his game and felt his temper flare when he realized that someone had killed his character in his sleep.

He was going to get redemption, even if he had to burn down every single village until he found the guilty one.

They should learn not to mess with an omega in pre-heat.

Victor went shopping before returning back home to his mate.

Yuuri could need something to cheer him up, especially in a time like this, and Victor had his mind set on doing whatever he could to make things easier for him.
It couldn’t be easy to have a hormonal wildfire like the one his mate was experiencing now. Victor had done his best to figure out the different emotions during the day, but something with Yuuri’s pre-heat seemed to weaken their bond, so he only got small fragments when his mood shifted.

But what he sensed- was enough to know that Yuuri would need some pampering when he was finally back home.

Which he was.

The first thing that Victor noticed when he opened the door, was his mate sleeping in the couch, which was odd. Yuuri had never been asleep when Victor returned from school.

It was late in the afternoon.

The dogs looked up happily, having slept curled up against Yuuri in the couch as his napping buddies.

If Victor came home, it meant that it was time for their walk, so they happily greeted the Russian before bouncing back to Yuuri, hoping to wake him up.

Yuuri groaned tiredly and pulled the blanket over his head.

Victor frowned worriedly. “Yuuri?” he asked gently as he moved over to his mate’s side. “How are you feeling, love?”

Yuuri’s face scrunched up tiredly before blinking his eyes open. “Vitya?”

Victor smiled at the familiar nickname. “How are you feeling?” he asked again.

“I’m fine…” Yuuri replied hoarsely before slowly sitting up. “What time is it?”

“Almost 4.00pm,” Victor said and sat down next to Yuuri to feel his temperature. He didn’t want his mate to be sick, and mistaking it for a pre-heat. But luckily, Yuuri didn’t feel warm.

“I’ve only been asleep for a couple of hours then,” Yuuri sighed in relief. “I missed you,” he then admitted. “I figured that you would come home faster if I took a nap… I was right.”

Victor felt his heart melt slightly at the honest declaration. “Do you feel up for a walk? It might be good for you to get some fresh air.”

Yuuri nodded. “Yes, I just…” he yawned. “I just need to wake up a little bit.”

“I got you scent blockers by the way,” Victor stated as he showed Yuuri the bag from his short shopping trip. “Your scent is changing a little, and I know it will be overwhelming once your heat starts, so I figured we might need them.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “That’s good.”

Victor felt slightly proud at the praise and it gave him the courage to carry on. “I also got a lot of treats, candy, chips, ice cream, everything you might need if you get cravings,” Victor had heard that it was a thing for omegas in pre-heat. He had texted his aunt most of the day to ask her for advice. And after a lot of meddling between his aunt and Alisa, he had gotten plenty of knowledge. “I also went to the healthy side, and got some carrot sticks, tomatoes, protein bars… I wasn’t sure exactly what you wanted, so we should probably go shopping later if you feel up to it.”

Yuuri nodded as he yawned again. “Sure.”
“Is there anything else you think you might need?” Victor asked. “Or something that you just want?”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. All he really wanted was Victor, he hadn’t even considered anything else. “Not that I can think of,” he admitted.

Victor leaned in and left a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “I’m sure you’ll think of something, there’s still a week to go.”

“Or more,” Yuuri said grimly. “I don’t understand why I need a pre-heat. It’s not like I need time to draw in a alpha, I already have the best one.”

Victor smiled like a proud idiot at that. “Well, maybe I should let you draw me in some more?” he suggested with a complementing smirk. “But I should warn you, I’m very easily seduced by my omega.”

Yuuri blushed at the statement. Something pleasant stirred inside of him at Victor calling him ‘his omega’. “But shouldn’t my body sense that I’m mated and shorten the time of my pre-heat?” he then asked. It didn’t make sense to him.

“Well, there’s more to a pre-heat than just finding a mate,” Victor explained gently. “It’s supposed to prepare you for the heat itself, both mentally and physically.”

“But why does my scent need to change?” Yuuri asked.

“Maybe that’s just a gift for me?” Victor asked smugly. “You do smell very good.”

“What do I smell like?” Yuuri asked curiously. “I mean, I think I smell the same, just a little stronger.”

Victor shook his head. “You smell a little bit more addicting,” he said as he sniffed Yuuri thoughtfully, “Maybe…” he sniffed some more. “I little bit of cinnamon maybe?”

Yuuri sighed. “Great, I’m a pastry.”

Victor snorted before breaking down in an amused fit of laughter.

“It’s not funny,” Yuuri complained with an adorable pout. “There’s nothing sexy about a pastry.”

Victor calmed himself down a little as he finally managed to get the adorable image of Yuuri dressed up as a pastry out of his head. “Luckily, you’re plenty sexy,” he said as he leaned in and kissed his mate’s neck, right by his scent gland. “My sexy cinnamon roll.”

Yuuri scoffed lightheartedly before pulling away from his mate. “The dogs need their walk,” he said matter of factly, making Vicchan yip in agreement. “And you shouldn’t be so close to my scent glands, you might get cavities.”

Victor smiled brilliantly. “Worth it.”

Chapter End Notes

I really love this Russia-arc, and I think it might be longer than I first thought XD <3 I might need to skip the vacation arc and jump straight to Detroit... XD
Decisions, decisions...

I'm sorry if I sound like a crazy person, or very drunk, but it's very late/early, and I've been studying all night XD <3 It's 6.00am and the E on my keyboard is constantly falling out of its socket, and it drives me to insanity XD <3

Well, anyways, kudos to you, and I hope you liked this chapter <3<3
Yuuri woke up in the middle of the night. He was on his fourth day of his pre-heat, or rather third night. It was 1.00am on a Thursday. Victor graduated tomorrow, and had his last test today. And Yuuri didn’t want to keep him up.

However, Victor was tuned to Yuuri completely and knew exactly when his mate couldn’t fall back to sleep. “What’s wrong?” he asked hoarsely as his hand came to rest on Yuuri’s forearm.

“I’m just going to drink something,” Yuuri said soothingly and placed Victor’s hand back on the mattress before standing up, bringing the blanket with him.

He was currently dying from heat, but he might get cold in a few minutes, just like yesterday had been all about.

Being in pre-heat was exhausting him.

Victor hummed. “Come back soon,” he pleaded.

Yuuri nodded as Victor cracked an eye open to look at him.

Then he made his way out to the kitchen, he filled up a glass with cold water, before pouring it over his own head.

It felt amazing. He sighed in content as he enjoyed a rare moment of feeling like the exact right temperature, before quietly shuffling his way back into the bedroom to rejoin Victor’s side.

Victor immediately noticed Yuuri’s return and reached out his arms for Yuuri as an invitation to cuddle.

Yuuri was heating up quickly, and he felt as he might start to boil if he accepted his mate’s invitation. Victor opened his eyes when no mate lied themselves down in his arms. “Yuuri? What’s wrong?” he asked in concern.

“I-I’m very warm…” Yuuri said apologetically. “I don’t think I can handle… body-heat.”

“No,” Yuuri said determinately. “You need to sleep, I’ll be fine.”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. “Well, I’m awake now, I might as well be helpful.”

“You’ll help me by sleeping,” Yuuri stated. “It will make me worry less.”

“Yuuri,” Victor drawled tiredly.

“You have school tomorrow… your last test… I don’t want you to be tired through it.”

Victor sighed. “It’s not an important test, it’s just between us classmates to see who is the best at remembering the classes and information about the teachers.”

“Still,” Yuuri protested lightly, “It’s one of the last days you’ll ever get to spend time with all your friends, then they might get jobs across the world while you continue with your other degree. I don’t want you to lose what little time you have left with them.”

“I can see them some other time, it’s not like they’re dying,” Victor pointed out. “I can still meet up with them in the future. I still see Georgi…”

“That’s different,” Yuuri claimed. “Georgi is your childhood friend, and rink-mate, not only your classmate.”

“Well, I’m sure I will see them in the future if I do miss them, but splitting up after college is a part of life.” Victor said as he couldn’t keep his eyes open any longer. “And I prefer spending time with you…”

Yuuri smiled slightly at the honest declaration. “You’ll see me for the rest of your life, but you only have a few days left with your friends, and I think you should enjoy them,” he said as he gently brushed his fingers through Victor’s hair. “Besides, I won’t do anything special tomorrow besides switching temperatures every other second, and having emotional breakdowns for every little thing.”

“I can help,” Victor said as he was slowly getting pulled back to sleep by Yuuri playing with his hair. “I’ll take good care of you,”

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “But I’ll see you when you get home, you can take care of me then, I already have everything I need in the apartment.”

Victor hummed sleepily before a light snore escaped him.

Yuuri smiled fondly as he suddenly felt chills traveling through his body.

Time for another temperature change.

Yuuri inched closer to Victor and allowed his mate to wrap him into his embrace.

Yuuri breathed in Victor’s calming alpha pheromones and allowed himself to join his mate in a blissful sleep.

Hopefully he wouldn’t be raging with hormones the next day.

Yuuri did feel a lot better the next day, he didn’t have any random temperature shifts, and so far he hadn’t been crying.
And that was a big accomplishment to him.

He had made himself a nest in the couch where he could watch movies to keep himself entertained.

The dogs were at Victor’s parents, in case Yuuri would somehow start his heat early.

It wasn’t common, but there was a chance that it could happen. And Victor would probably not want to leave him in case that happened, which meant that the dogs wouldn’t have anyone to walk them for a whole week.

And that was not going to happen.

Yuuri was rather alone, cuddling his pillows, than allow something so horrible to happen to their dogs.

He loved them far too much.

Yuuri felt tears sting his eyes.

Typical.

Now he was crying because he thought about how much he loved their dogs.

Stupid pre-heat hormones.

Yuuri dabbed his face with some nearby tissues as he did his best to pull himself together.

He was getting used to the sudden crying, but he still hated it.

~What’s wrong, love?~ Victor suddenly asked.

Yuuri cursed himself, but at least he could give Victor a good laugh.

~I just thought about how much I love our dogs, and my stupid tears wouldn’t stay inside~

Victor felt his heart flutter slightly as he felt his fondness grow for his hormonal mate. Even though he also felt bad for him.

It couldn’t be easy for Yuuri to wear his emotions so much on the outside.

Yuuri was usually a very private person with the most beautiful heart, but he rarely showed his emotions unless he could do something about it. Now, when he cried about every little thing, he was probably feeling very frustrated with himself.

A part of Victor wished that he could be there to take care of him, but the logical part knew that it would only make Yuuri feel worse. Yuuri hated when he felt like a burden, and he wanted to do things for himself when he could.

And Victor had a hard time allowing Yuuri to do things for himself when he could do something to help. If Yuuri reached for a tissue box, Victor wanted to give it to him. If Yuuri shifted to go up, Victor wanted to go for him, or carry him where he needed to go.

Allowing Yuuri to do things for himself was something he was working on, and last night, he even allowed Yuuri to get a glass of water for himself, and he considered that a victory.
It was probably good for him to be away for a few hours during the day, so he wouldn’t suffocate his poor, hormonal mate.

“Victor, you need to see this!” Sandra suddenly exclaimed as she pointed on her computer-screen with a lot of amusement.

Victor couldn’t help but to chuckle at the video of a dog punching a slice of lemon with its paw.

He would definitely show it to Yuuri when he got home.

Half of the day had passed and it was only a few hours left until Victor would come home.

Yuuri had kept himself busy with movies, but he eventually got very bored and decided to play some video games.

He put on his headphones and allowed himself to get fully emerged, when he suddenly heard someone knocking on the door.

He immediately took his headphones off and stared at the door worriedly.

Victor had told him not to open the door, no matter what. The only reason for him to open the door when he was alone, was if the apartment was on fire and he needed to get out.

Otherwise he should stay away from it.

Especially this close to his heat.

Suddenly the knock transformed to pounding. “I know you’re in there,” the voice declared. “Open the door.”

It took a while for Yuuri to pinpoint the voice, before he realized who it was.

Ivan.

Shit.

“If you don’t open the door, I won’t go easy on you.” Ivan said darkly as he twisted the doorknob only to find it to be locked. “Open the door, whore!”

Yuuri felt like frozen. He could do nothing but to stare at the door as panic crept up on him.

~Yuuri? What’s going on?~

Yuuri swallowed nervously.

Victor was going to get so mad.

~Ivan is at the door~ Yuuri said, and Victor could feel his heartbeat rising. ~He wants me to let him in~

Victor was out of the classroom faster than anyone even had the time to react that he was gone.

He was going to kill Ivan for making Yuuri scared in such an emotional state.
He wasn’t going to get away with this.

“Mr. Nikiforov, Victor?” Vladimir questioned as he placed a gentle hand on Victor’s shoulder to find out what was wrong. “Where are you going? Your school-day isn’t over for another hour.”

“My mate is in danger, I need to go home,” Victor stated shortly and to the point. If Vladimir decided to join him, it meant that he could have someone to hold Ivan down while he threw the punches, but he wasn’t going to allow his self-defence teacher to hold him back.

“Danger?” Vladimir repeated in disbelief. “What’s wrong?”

Victor’s face darkened as he ripped himself free from Vladimir’s grip, not having the time to explain. “Ivan is dead,” he said, turning his back on Vladimir to make his way home.

Logic slowly faded away as his instincts began to kick in.

And his inner alpha wasn’t going to let anyone put their hands on his omega.

“...”

“You’re really going to make me lockpick the door?” Ivan asked from the other side. “This won’t end well for you if you make me upset.”

Yuuri backed away to put some more distance between himself and the door.

~Tell him that I’m on my way, and I will have his throat ripped out if he’s not gone before then~ Victor said angrily.

Yuuri knew that Victor was going to get angry, and he partly felt like it was his fault.

Why did Ivan have to show up like this? Why couldn’t he just stay away?

“Fine,” Ivan sighed tiredly. “If this is how you want to play this…”

Yuuri’s eyes widened as he heard something being slid into the lock.

He was going to get in.

~Go into the bathroom and wait there until I’m home~ Victor ordered. ~I’ll be there in ten minutes~

Yuuri did as Victor told, locking the door behind himself with shaking hands.

~He’s not going to hurt you~ Victor said gently, probably just having picked up on Yuuri’s fear and seeing past the blinding fury. ~I’m almost home, just take a deep breath and try to stay calm~

Yuuri could do neither of those things. He felt like his skin was on fire and his lungs were filling up with water. He knew it was a panic attack, and not a light one.

He heard the front door slam closed, and he did his best to stifle a terrified sob.

“What are you hiding?” Ivan singsonged. Yuuri could hear his footsteps outside the door. “I can smell you…”

Yuuri could smell him too, the alpha scent was practically reeking from the other side of the door. A part of Yuuri, the omega part of him, kind of liked it. Victor’s scent was better, of course, but something about having a alpha closeby made him feel safe.
And Ivan’s scent was definitely not bad, but he knew it was a trick, and he couldn’t allow himself to fall for it.

“Hiding like a scared animal…” Ivan cooed. Yuuri could hear him leaning against the bathroom door. “This door looks very fragile…” he continued. “I don’t think it would be too hard to kick it down… Unless you want to unlock it for me and maybe I’ll let you talk to Victor before I kill him and take you for myself.”

Yuuri felt his heart stop completely in his chest.

Kill Victor?

Yuuri wasn’t sure what happened next, but his fear was suddenly gone, and replaced with an all-consuming fury. He was out of the door and had Ivan tackled to the ground before he even had time to process what was happening.

In the back of his head, he thought that he could hear Victor’s voice, but he was too far gone to hear what it was saying.

He knew that Victor wouldn’t like this. Victor told him to stay hidden and wait for him.

But Victor’s life was in danger, and Yuuri was not going to stand idly by and allow this psychotic alpha to lay a finger on his soulmate.

So Yuuri released a loud hiss, to make sure that he stayed in control, before he threw his first punch.

His fist hurt immensely when it struck Ivan’s face, it was the equivalent of punching the floor. The only difference was Ivan’s cry of pain.

Yuuri felt how the sound brought him back to reality. And he realized that he was actually beating someone up.

He immediately pulled back, as guilt got the better of him, he got up and went for his phone, mind set on calling the police.

But as he looked on his phone, he noticed that it had no service.

Ivan chuckled. “You think that I would actually allow you to call for help?” Ivan questioned as his fingers began to twitch. “I’m not an idiot.”

“Victor is on his way,” Yuuri stated sternly as he looked to the door to contemplate his choices. He could try and run, but he didn’t know if Ivan had more people that could be waiting for him. Not to mention that if he left, Ivan would also get away.

~Yuuri? What’s going on? Are you all right?~ Victor was panicked, and Yuuri immediately felt his heart break for him. He never meant to scare him.

But he also felt proud that he managed to handle this on his own.

That was, until he suddenly felt arms wrapping around his waist and wrestling him to the ground.

Yuuri was momentarily dazed as he felt legs straddling his hips.

“Now it’s my turn…” Ivan growled darkly.

Yuuri panicked, and kicked out in an attempt to get free, when he suddenly felt Ivan’s pheromones
surrounding him.

He was trying to get him to submit.

“No,” Yuuri cried and turned his head away, knowing it was pointless.

Ivan had him.

“Don’t move,” Ivan alpha commanded.

Yuuri felt the command vibrating through him like an echo, leaving him paralyzed.

“You could have made this so much easier for yourself…” Ivan said as he left Yuuri on the floor and went to get a bag by the front door. “But you decided to be a little bitch, which means you’re going to get treated like one.”

Yuuri felt tears sting his eyes from the utter helplessness he felt. He couldn’t do anything but to pray for a miracle.

“Freeze!” Someone suddenly barked. “Put your hands on your head and get down on your knees.”

Yuuri watched how Ivan’s eyes widen in fear to the stranger’s voice.

It was someone Russian, that much was certain.

Ivan locked eyes with Yuuri and stared at him for a long moment.

“Now!” Another voice, a female demanded, and Ivan complied.

The alpha got down on his knees and reluctantly placed his hands on his head.

And when one of the strangers walked over to Ivan’s side, that’s when Yuuri saw who it was.

The police.

“Is the kid okay?” the woman asked.

Yuuri noticed how a couple of warm, brown eyes entered his line of view and looked at him with a lot of concern. “Release,” the man alpha commanded.

Yuuri felt his mobility return to him at once and he immediately sat up and looked around fearfully.

“It’s okay,” the alpha assured him. “You’re safe.”

Yuuri wanted to believe that, but he was also still on the floor in Victor’s apartment.

In pre-heat.

Surrounded by strange alphas.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri turned to the familiar voice. His beacon in the darkness.

“Victor.”

Victor looked like he had been to hell and back, eyes wide with fear and worry and his body
glistening with sweat. His hair was messy and Yuuri could almost sense his heart rate going up to an inhuman speed.

Victor stumbled in the last few steps before falling to his knees at Yuuri’s side and bringing him into his embrace. “Are you okay, love?” he asked, voice quivering. “Are you hurt?”

Yuuri shook his head against his alpha’s neck, as he once again felt tears beginning to spill.

“You’re okay,” Victor said in a breath of relief. “You’re okay.”

The hug between them was almost desperate. Both of them had no intention of letting the other go, until a scoff from Ivan made Victor tense up.

“Victor,” Yuuri tried, even though he knew it was useless, Victor’s attention was already fully directed at the other alpha.

“You,” Victor snarled as he gently released himself from Yuuri’s grip to storm over to Ivan, only to be stopped by one of the police officers. “Let me go,” he demanded. “I’m going to kill him.”

“Sir, you need to calm down,” the police officer told him. “We got him, you need to take care of your omega.”

“I need to make sure he never comes near my Yuuri again,” Victor stated through clenched teeth. “I need him gone.”

“He is not getting away with this, we caught him in the act, you don’t need to worry about him getting out for a very long time.”

Victor suddenly froze. “In the act of what?” he questioned.

The police officer looked deeply intimidated by Victor’s anger. “W-we don’t know for sure,” she admitted. “When we arrived, Yuuri was under a alpha command not to move, and we found the perpetrator looming over him.”

Victor’s eyes widened momentarily as he took the words in, before he turned to Ivan again. “What were you trying to do to him?” he questioned angrily. “Answer me!”

Ivan smirked smugly.

The police officer could tell that Victor was at the edge of his limit. “Yegor, take him away,” she told her partner who held a firm grip on Ivan, before turning back to Victor. “You need to focus on your mate,” she said seriously. “He needs you a lot more than you need revenge.”

Victor knew she was right. He knew it, but his brain and instincts somehow refused to work together right now.

The adrenaline was pumping through his veins, and every fiber of his body was itching for a fight to the death with the bastard who had dared to threaten and scare his mate.

He needed retribution.

“Victor?”

Victor felt his temper deflate like a balloon at the sound of Yuuri’s voice, he turned to him and felt his heart break again.
Yuuri looked so small and vulnerable, and Victor was ready to give up his right arm if he could take that look of fear away from Yuuri’s face.

It didn’t belong there.

"My love, I’m so sorry," Victor apologized and once again joined Yuuri’s side. "I should have stayed home with you, I was an idiot for leaving you alone like this. If I had known that Ivan was this stupid, I never would have left. I shouldn’t have left you no matter what, but I swear that I will make this right…"

"Victor, stop," Yuuri pleaded. "It’s not your fault. I made you go. You couldn’t have known that he would come…”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuuri again. He needed him close. He needed to make sure that he was completely all right. Probably for his own sake rather than Yuuri’s.

That’s when he felt something across the bond. "You’re hurt.”

Yuuri looked at his bruised knuckle that he got from punching Ivan in the face. "Oh,” he said dumbly.

Victor sighed tiredly. "It’s fine, I’ll take care of it,” he assured as he brushed some loose hair behind Yuuri’s ear. "I’ll take care of you,”

Yuuri smiled half-heartedly before the police officer cleared her throat brought him back to reality. "I’m sorry, but if you’re feeling up to it, we really need to take your statement.”

Yuuri didn’t feel up to it. He wanted nothing else but to melt into his mate’s embrace and disappear for the rest of time.

But despite himself, he nodded.

He only hoped that Victor would be okay at the end of his story.

But knowing his mate, he probably wouldn’t be that lucky...

Chapter End Notes

I feel happy about putting Ivan away for good. This was just what he needed to get himself a life sentence XD <3 Sure, it’s not as satisfying as having Victor rip his throat out with his teeth (Like in "My Sanctuary") but I’ll take it XD <3

Now we’ll get some clingy boys for a few chapters and an even harder time for them to split up >;) *Evil laugh* I’m kidding, I’m sure they will be fine <3 Yuuri will make a lot of friends in Detroit, and he will start his modelling career and he’ll get coached by his omega-idol :) So there’s a lot of happy and fluffy times ahead, which is why I had to put in this little angst arc here XD <3

Done with explaining myself, I hope you liked it <3
Yuuri gives his statement to the police, and the boys takes a moment to recover.

Yuuri had just finished telling the police officer about how his day started, but he glanced to Victor nervously as he came to the part of his statement where Ivan stood outside the front door.

“You can continue,” Victor assured. “I’ll be fine.”

“Are you sure?” Yuuri asked skeptically. “I know you, and I know you’re going to get upset.”

“I need to know what happened,” Victor stated. “And I know that it can’t possibly be worse than it is in my head.”

Yuuri could understand that. He would probably feel the same if their situations had been reversed.

“Okay,” he relented. “But if it gets too much, please tell me?”

“Of course,” Victor agreed.

Yuuri trusted him.

Otherwise he would find out, if Victor got too mad and sad, he would just tell Victor to wait outside.

Yuuri looked to the police officer apologetically for pausing his statement like that, even if he wasn’t really sorry, making sure that Victor was okay was at the top of his priorities. “Well, when I heard him outside, I froze, and my brain couldn’t seem to work until Victor asked me what was wrong,” he retold, taking Victor’s hand to keep him calm. “Then Ivan started pounding on the door, and he told me that if I didn’t open, he would make me suffer for it.”

Victor had to take a deep breath. He already felt the anger against Ivan boiling within him, and the story was just getting started.

“What happened next?” the police officer asked.

Yuuri looked to Victor before continuing. “Uhm, he said that he was going to lockpick the door…” he said, still searching Victor’s emotions to make sure that he was okay. “Then Victor told me to
hide in the bathroom until he arrived.”

“So were you two speaking on the phone at the time?” the police officer asked.

Yuuri shook his head. “We’re true mates,” he explained. “We have a soulbond that allows us to speak with each other telepathically. Victor sensed that I was scared and left school to come for me.”

The police officer nodded thoughtfully. “Okay, cause we found an electromagnet outside, which was causing interference with our phone signals, so it would have been strange if you had been talking on the phone.”

Yuuri felt as if the light had suddenly been turned on in his head.

So that’s why his phone wouldn’t work.

“They are highly illegal,” the police officer explained. “We suspect that Ivan used one so you wouldn’t call for help, does it sound like that could be possible?”

Yuuri nodded. “He said that he wouldn’t allow me to call for help… I tried to tell him that Victor was on his way, but he didn’t seem to believe me… That was right before he tackled me.”

Victor went rigid. “He tackled you?”

“Yes,” Yuuri admitted. “It didn’t hurt me though,” he said in an attempt to soothe his mate. “I was mostly confused and scared.”

Victor didn’t seemed to be even a little bit reassured by that.

“But how did he managed to tackle you?” The police officer asked. “I thought you were hiding in the bathroom?”

“I was,” Yuuri said. “But Ivan managed to break into the apartment, and he figured out where I was hiding, he told me that…” he trailed off as he felt tears welling up in his eyes again. “He told me that he was going to… to kill V-Victor… Unless I…”

Victor rubbed his back gently as he placed himself in front of Yuuri to catch his eyes. “It’s okay, Yuuri,” he said with a voice so soft that Yuuri wanted to drown in it. “He didn’t hurt me, he never will.”

Yuuri nodded, he knew that he wouldn’t, but that didn’t take the fear away that someone else might try. “What if he had?” he asked brokenly. “If the police hadn’t showed up, he might have used me to…”

Yuuri didn’t have to explain, Victor understood. “I wouldn’t have let him,” he declared. “I wouldn’t leave you like that.”

“What if he had…?” Yuuri trailed off again as more tears began to spill. “I allowed him to get me, and I know that you would do anything to protect me, and I would have been forced to watch, I can’t…”

Victor hushed Yuuri as he gently wrapped his arms around him. “It didn’t happen, love, you’re safe now, we both are.”

Yuuri hugged Victor tighter as he shivered from the force of his sobs.
Victor held on tighter in response, before shifting his attention to the police officer. “Are we done here?”

The police officer nodded. “Yeah, I think I have everything we need to put him away for a very long time,” she assured. “The bag he brought was filled with items pointing to a very serious crime. Yuuri just filled in all the blanks, we have a clear motive and the evidence to put him away for life.”

Victor released a breath of relief. “I’m glad,” he admitted. “People like Ivan shouldn’t be allowed to exist in the world… The fact that he did this to my mate…”

“I understand,” the police officer agreed as she got ready to go. “Crimes against omegas are despicable, I’m just grateful we came here in time.”

“Thank you,” Victor said. He didn’t have words to explain how truly grateful he was, these people had saved his mate’s life, he was forever in their debt.

The police officer smiled gently. “We’re just doing our job.”

Victor spent the rest of the day at Yuuri’s side, he could tell that Yuuri’s stress levels were going up as soon as Victor was too far away, and Victor felt the same, he even waited right outside the door when Yuuri went to the bathroom.

Sitting together in Yuuri’s nest in the living room, was the only way to keep both of them sane.

Yuuri was half-asleep. The pre-heat was already stressful enough, and adding a traumatic event like this, was enough to knock anyone out.

“I should get new locks,” Victor suddenly spoke up. “Locks that can’t be picked.”

Yuuri hummed sleepily in agreement.

“And I should sue the doorman downstairs,” Victor continued, feeling his heartbeat pick up as his anger returned. “Why would he even allow Ivan to get into the building?”

“Don’t be mad,” Yuuri pleaded.

Victor released a sigh of defeat.

Yuuri was right.

Getting mad at the doorman wouldn’t do anyone any good. At least not now, he should focus on Yuuri and nothing else. “Do you want to sleep in the bedroom instead?” he asked gently.

Yuuri shook his head. “I’m comfy…”

Victor smiled slightly as he played with Yuuri’s hair, it was definitely getting longer.

Yuuri had complained about it multiple times, but he never got to the part of actually booking a haircut for himself. And Victor would lie if he said that he wasn’t grateful for it.

Yuuri looked really good in long hair. Well, it was barely reaching his shoulders, but it still felt amazing to pull his fingers through it. Victor would definitely not complain if it got even longer.

Yuuri nuzzled closer to Victor before relaxing fully. “I’m tired,” he said as if Victor didn’t already know.
Victor smiled fondly. “You should sleep.”

“You too,” Yuuri mumbled. “You’ll graduate tomorrow.”

“I’m not going to go, it’s just a ceremony,” Victor said quietly. “I’ll get another one as soon as I get my business degree. And I’m not leaving you alone again.”

Yuuri looked up at Victor, suddenly feeling more awake. “But it’s your graduation, you’ll never be able to say goodbye to your friends if you don’t go.”

“I’ll text them.” Victor said. “They’ll understand.”

“But…”

Victor hushed him. “You’re not going to be able to talk me into leaving you.” he declared seriously. “Not after what happened today, not for a long time.”

“But are you sure that you won’t feel trapped?” Yuuri asked. “We won’t be able to go anywhere for over a week, are you sure you want to waste your last day of freedom trapped in a apartment with an omega in pre-heat?”

“More than anything,” Victor assured and kissed the top of Yuuri’s head.

“But what about your parents?” Yuuri asked. “They were supposed to go to your graduation and congratulate you.”

“They’ll understand, they know you’re in pre-heat,” Victor said gently. “Besides, we can have a party once you’re out of heat, there’s no rush.”

“But it won’t be the same,” Yuuri claimed. “I feel like I’m ruining your special day…”

“You make every day special,” Victor stated. “I would rather spend my whole life watching you wrestle with body temperatures and handling your emotions, than spend a single day without you.”

Victor took a deep breath before continuing. “Being away from you is always weighing me down, and a stupid ceremony is not worth being away from you for three hours. I’d rather be here, treasuring every moment I have with you, just like I will for the rest of my life.”

Yuuri felt tears fill his eyes again, and Victor flinched. “Yuuri, I…”

Yuuri shook his head firmly so that Victor wouldn’t take on the blame. “Hormones…” he assured before wiping a few of his tears away with his shirt sleeve. “You’re always so sweet to me…” he said with a snuffle. “And I don’t know how to handle it.”

“You don’t have to handle it,” Victor said as he picked out a few tissues to wipe his mate’s tears away. “You just have to get used to it.”

Yuuri chuckled wetly. “I’ll try.”

Victor pressed his lips to Yuuri’s cheek, kissing a tear away.

“Victor,” Yuuri protested with a growing smile.

Victor kissed the other cheek, earning a soft laugh from his mate. It was like music to his ears, and it gave him enough courage to kiss Yuuri fully.
Yuuri didn’t pull away, instead, he melted into it, completely lost to the world around them. It was just the kind of reassurance he needed to know that he was going to be okay.

The fact that Victor still loved him like that, was all he needed to know.

He was just about to deepen the kiss when Victor’s phone suddenly rang.

Victor sighed as he reluctantly pulled away. “It’s Vladimir,” he said as he took out his phone and looked at it. “I completely forgot about him…”

“Answer,” Yuuri urged him gently.

Victor did. “Hello? Hi Vlad, yes, I’m sorry, but everything worked out, he’s safe… No he wasn’t hurt.”

Yuuri took the moment when Victor was on the phone to look at his own phone. He noticed that Chris - The figure skater from Switzerland, had tagged him in a post on twitter.

@Yuuri-K you should definitely show this to Victor, it will be you two in a few years… ;)

Link: *Married couple banned from ice rink after having sex on the ice - wife: Worth it*

Yuuri snorted.

It wasn’t the first time that Chris had tagged him on twitter, they had kept in touch and talked regularly from time to time. Chris had a very dirty sense of humor that he knew that Yuuri shared, even if Yuuri would never admit it.

Yuuri spent a few moments scrolling through Chris’s twitter-page, when he suddenly saw something that caught his eye.

@Chris_Giacometti: Halfway there… ;) Link: *101 sex positions for ultimate pleasure*

Normally, Yuuri would just shake his head and move on, but curiosity got the better of him, so despite himself, he opened the link and immediately felt a blush starting to build.

That looked really hot.

“Thank you Vlad, I’ll let him know you asked. We’ll see you in a couple of weeks, yeah, bye,” Victor ended the call and looked to Yuuri with curiosity. “What are you reading, love?”

Yuuri’s blush increased before he put his phone away. “Uhm, what did Vlad say?” he asked in an attempt to change the topic.

“He just called to make sure that we were okay, and he asked if the police came here before me… Apparently he was the one who called them,” Victor explained. “But what was that on your phone?” he asked curiously. “I thought I felt something…”

Yuuri’s blush returned immediately. “Oh, it was just Chris.”

Victor tensed. “What?”

“Oh, no, something Chris posted!” Yuuri hurriedly corrected himself. “He tagged me in a post about
married people, and then I scrolled through his page and noticed a link about sex positions. I did not get turned on by Chris!”

Yuuri brought out his phone to show the page he had just attempted to hide from his mate. “See?” he asked desperately.

“I believe you,” Victor assured him, placing the phone aside. “It was just a moment of paranoia on my part, my mind immediately jumped to conclusions, I never meant to accuse you of anything like that.”

“No it was the way I said it,” Yuuri claimed. “It came out completely wrong. It sounded like I was… I don’t know… Attracted to Chris or something…”

“But you’re not, right?” Victor prodded.

“Of course not!” Yuuri exclaimed. “Chris is… Chris. I don’t have any interest in him.”

Victor nodded. “So you don’t think he’s prettier than me?” he asked, suddenly looking very vulnerable.

“No,” Yuuri promised. “No one is prettier than you, or more handsome, or more beautiful, you are the best human in the world. You’re perfect.”

Victor smiled slightly at that. “Really?”

Yuuri nodded determinately. “Really.”

Victor’s smile grew as he took up the phone and looked at the website Yuuri was on. “My, my, Yuuri,” he said in amusement. “Are these the kind of things that turn you on?” he teased fondly.

Yuuri’s blush returned with a vengeance, and Victor couldn’t help but to chuckle. “So adorable.”

“Victor…” Yuuri pouted. “Don’t make fun of me,”

“I would never,” Victor exclaimed, feigning hurt. “But do you like anyone of these in particular? Maybe we should try one out? Practice for the heat…”

Yuuri sighed sadly. “We can’t…”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. “Why not?”

“Because I could get pregnant.” Yuuri said bitterly.

“We could do it the other way around?” Victor suggested. “We’ve done that before.”

“I know, but I just really want to bottom. I want to have you inside me, not some vibrator or some other substitute… I want you.”

“You will,” Victor assured. “It’s just a few more years. If you want, we can add it to a list?”

“A list of things we can do with your cock inside of me?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

“Why not?” Victor quipped. “It’s always good to have things to look forward to.”

Yuuri snorted. “I can’t really argue with that…”
Victor smirked knowingly. “It’s going to be sex worth waiting for…”

Chapter End Notes

I feel like I'm just giving you things to look forward to, I mean, this story has been going o forever, and it seems like you stick along for the small things, so I'm just adding more of that XD <3

So things for you to look forward to:

1. Yuuri's first Detroit roommate, a omega who is the next president of the USA to be, currently my favorite original character that I haven't written yet XD
2. Yuuri starting his modeling career for Celestino's wife (The fashion designer)
3. Yuuri's eros
4. Yuuri charming his whole school and is completely oblivious to all the broken hearts that fall around him,
5. Victor and Yuuri competing against each other
6. Victor starting his other degree and being amazing at it (Not that he was bad at languages, but the world stands no chance against businessman!Victor
7. Yuri Plitestsly
8. Phichit
9. Victuuri-wedding
10. Victuuri baby
11. Victuuri family, all of the fluff and happiness as babies are driving them to insanity, a happy (exhausting) domestic life

I will probably write past all and add thousands of fillers of this if I know myself right XD <3

Going strong for chapter 500 XD <3

Don't miss the exciting details, like Yuuri babysitting Celestino's daughter, and she gets extremely jealous that Yuuri already has a mate... XD Victor better watch out for angry 5-year-old XD

Or the exciting chapter where Yuuri and Victor finally have sex the way Yuuri mentioned he wanted. XD <3

I hope you stick around for these massive exciting plotpoints XD <3 This train will keep on rolling, my own personal therapy, it's up to you if you decide to tag along <3

Let me know what you're most excited for <3<3

Kudos to you! <3

Almost chapter 100 now! <3 I can't believe you've been around for that long XD <3

Love you <3<3
Yuuri spent that night shifting temperatures some more, one second he wrapped himself in every blanket he saw, and nuzzled into Victor in hope of borrowing some of his amazing body heat, and the next he pulled himself away, threw all the blankets off and began to fan himself.

Victor wanted to do something to help, but he felt so powerless against Yuuri’s pre-heat. It was not as if he could tell Yuuri’s body to stop giving him a hard time.

"Can I do something?" Victor asked as he sat up to look his mate over. "I can get you something to cool down."

"Can you get me a walk-in refrigerator?" Yuuri mused as he fanned himself.

"Yes," Victor said seriously. "But I don’t think it can be purchased until tomorrow… Unless I call some company abroad, but then it will still take some time to deliver…”

"It’s fine," Yuuri assured. "It was mostly a joke, I didn’t think that you would actually consider it, it’s such a ridiculous request."

"Nothing is ridiculous when it comes to you," Victor stated. "I would gladly get you a castle if it would make you feel better.”

Yuuri smiled slightly at that, but he could still feel the heat rising, no matter how much he fanned. "I’m just going to take a very cold shower," he excused himself.
Victor nodded and went up to join him.

"Victor, no, you can stay…” Yuuri said gently. "I'll be back in five minutes."

Victor nodded reluctantly. "Okay, don’t take too long…” he pleaded. "If you’re not back before ten, I’m coming for you."

Yuuri chuckled slightly as he made his descent. "I'll hurry."

…………………………

Victor kept looking at the watch as he counted the minutes his Yuuri was away from him.

And after seven minutes, Yuuri returned, looking very pleased.

Victor felt as if a weight had been lifted from his chest. "Better?"

Yuuri nodded. "A lot better," he confirmed before climbing under the blankets and nuzzling closer to Victor.

It took a moment for Victor to realize that Yuuri taking a shower, also meant that he washed off the scent blockers he was using, and once the wonderful smell of vanilla mixed with cinnamon started filling the air, Victor couldn’t help but inch closer to Yuuri, breathing in his scent.

"Oh," Yuuri said as realization dawned on him. "I forgot to block my scent…”

Victor hummed in content, rather satisfied with this turn of events. "Smells good," he said dreamily.

Yuuri blushed. "Thank you," he said shyly. "But I think I should take some scent blockers, just in case… I don’t want you to get turned on… I’m too sensitive for sex right now…”

"I won’t get turned on," Victor assured. "You’re not releasing those kinds of pheromones, you just smell amazing…”

Yuuri’s blush increased, and suddenly he felt the heat returning to him, which meant that he had to pull away from his mate. "I’m hot again…” he said to let Victor know.

"You’re always hot…” Victor mused. "The hottest omega in the world…”


"Oh," Victor said dumbly before releasing Yuuri from his grip and helping him with getting off the layers of blankets. "I’ll get you an ice-pack," he said and hurried away.

…………………………

The next day, Yuuri found himself to be very sensitive to everything touching his skin.

So in order to get himself through, he took off all of his clothes, and lived in his blanket nest in the living room.

Victor took off all the sheets and threw them in the laundry machine, while going out and shaking all the blankets off on the balcony.

He wanted Yuuri to be comfortable, and since he claimed that everything was covered in breadcrumbs, Victor decided to thoroughly get rid of them.

Victor shook the last blanket before making his way back to Yuuri. "How are you holding up,
love?” He asked in concern.

"I’ll live,” Yuuri assured. “I just feel like everything is scratchy, and now it feels like the scratchiness is on me…”

"Maybe you should take a bath?” Victor suggested. "Water can’t be scratchy… It might help.”

"Maybe…” Yuuri agreed. "But knowing me, I will probably feel like I’m jumping into a boiling stew or an ice bath, depending on what my body decides to be fitting.”

"A shower then?” Victor said thoughtfully. "Then you can change temperature yourself.”

Yuuri nodded. ”Yeah, it’s worth a try…”

"I’ll shake these blankets off and see if I can get rid of some scratchiness.” Victor offered.

Yuuri swallowed nervously.

"What?” Victor asked as he sensed his mate’s distress.

"Uhm, it’s just that… I kind of like that nest…” he admitted sheepishly. "The blankets are just in the right order…”

"I’ll get them back just the way they are now,” Victor promised. "Crumb-free.”

Yuuri nodded with a lot of skepticism, before releasing a breath of relief. "It’s fine if you can’t,” he assured. "I mean… they’re just blankets, I’m just weird right now.”

"I’ll get them back just as they are,” Victor stated, eyes filled with confidence. "Now off to the shower with you…”

Yuuri smiled half-heartedly before doing as told. Pleading to the gods that his mate was right, and that a shower could make all the itches go away.

Victor made up his mind that he wouldn’t let Yuuri down with such a simple task.

He could do this.

He could replicate a nest.

It shouldn’t be too hard, right?

Victor immediately brought out his phone to take a picture of it. He wouldn’t trust details to his poor memory, but he did his best to really examine the nest, taking a very important note of the blanket on top, Yuuri’s favorite.

Then, when he was satisfied that he could get the nest back just as it was, he took the blankets out to shake them off.

He then returned back inside to get to work. He shifted between staring at the picture and placing out blankets, he was confident about the order, but he he wasn’t sure about the placements.

He should have taken pictures from different angles.

But he did the best he could, and then he got to work with doing some vacuuming, if there was dirt on the floor, it wasn’t getting to Yuuri’s nest.
Everything that could be a bother to his mate needed to be gone. And Victor would do everything he could to make sure that Yuuri was comfortable.

And when he was done with the floor, he started doing the dishes, he needed to make himself useful, in any way he could.

And after a while longer, Yuuri finally emerged from the bathroom, looking amazing.

He took a few steps into the living room, before stopping dead in his tracks.

Victor knew he messed something up.

He turned off the water and walked over to his mate. “I placed a blanket wrong, didn’t I?” he asked cautiously, preparing himself for Yuuri’s excuses that would try and let him down easy.

Yuuri shook his head as he hiccuped.

That’s when Victor noticed that he was crying.

“Did I ruin it?” Victor asked worriedly, starting to panic slightly. He had no idea what Yuuri was thinking and it terrified him.

Yuuri continued to shake his head before more tears started to spill from his eyes and his crying got more intense.

Victor gently placed his hand on Yuuri’s shoulder, not sure if he was being reassuring or not. “Please tell me why you’re crying?” he pleaded.

Yuuri inhaled shakily. “It’s perfect,” he cried. “You made it perfect, and I- I don’t know what to say…” he tried to wipe his tears away, knowing it was futile. “Damn it,” he swore. “I… I can’t stop crying… You’re too sweet…”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuuri as he felt his heart flutter with joy over the fact that he had succeeded. “It’s okay,” he assured. “I don’t mind happy tears…”

Yuuri cried harder. “What would I… What would I do without you?” he asked shakily. “You’re so damn perfect… I can’t…”

Victor chuckled slightly. “You don’t have to worry about that,” he said before leaving a quick kiss on Yuuri’s cheek. “I will always be here for you.”

Yuuri wrapped his arms around Victor and cried into his shirt. “I’m so sick of crying….” he sniffled. “I’m sorry…”

“You don’t need to apologize,” Victor said as he did his best to lead Yuuri back into his nest. “I’m so proud of you for getting through this, it’s only a few more days now until your heat starts, hopefully the hormones will ease up until then.”

Yuuri nodded as he pulled a few of the blankets towards himself. “I don’t want to cry every single time we have sex…” he said with a look of worry on his face. “It’s embarrassing enough that I cry whenever you smile at me… Or when you say something sweet or when you…” he started crying harder again. “Or when you just exist… I love you so much.”

“I love you too,” Victor said and allowed Yuuri to pull him in for a desperate kiss.

“When you said that I would be killed by love, I never thought you meant it so literally…” Yuuri
said as he pulled away and managed to get his crying under control. “I feel like my heart might burst.”

“I’ll bring you back with a true love’s kiss,” Victor mused and pressed another kiss to Yuuri’s lips, a little bit more playful. “You’re not escaping my love that easily. Death is nothing compared to my everlasting love.”

Yuuri laughed fully at that. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

Victor shook his head, his face suddenly growing very serious. “We are lucky to have each other.”

Yuuri felt his heart soar as Victor did everything in his power to make him as comfortable as possible. He especially loved to nest with newly washed blankets in the bed, and having them smell like Victor’s fabric softener.

Everything was so soft and amazing, and he slowly started to feel like everything was prepared for his heat.

That’s when he began to produce slick.

He darted out of bed and into the bathroom, Victor only a few steps behind, terrified that he had somehow hurt himself.

“Yuuri, what’s going on? Are you hurt?” Victor asked frantically as Yuuri pulled down his boxers.

“I’m leaking…” Yuuri exclaimed as slick kept dripping out of his ass, leaving him feeling dirty and slimy.

The scent of the slick hit Victor like a slap to the face. “You need to start using scent blockers,” He said as he tried to keep his breathing under control and ignore his pounding erection. “Your heat… It’s close now…”

“Are you sure it’s not going to hurt?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “I… I’m not sure that I can handle pain… Everything is so heightened… Everything feels too strong… If it’s anything like my first heat… I’m not sure I’ll be able to take it.”

Victor looked at his terrified mate and felt his heart break for him. “It’s not going to hurt,” he assured. He knew it shouldn’t.

Victor had studied so much about heats, and absorbed every piece of information he came across. Yuuri’s heat should not hurt, the second heat was something to look forward to, not something to be dreaded.

Relief flooded in Yuuri’s eyes as he released a breath and reached for the scent blockers.

Scent blockers came in a lot of different forms, but they had gone with some scent blocker-spray, rather than a patch, mostly cause it was more practical. Especially now.

The apartment was also filled with scent blocker neutralizers, which was basically tiny boxes filled with crystals to neutralize the scents, so that no one outside would be able to smell Yuuri.

It was for their own safety.

Scents held such a high power over people, which is why they were so important to control.
“How do you feel?” Victor asked as Yuuri sprayed himself down. “Do you feel like it’s close?”

Yuuri nodded worriedly. “Are you sure you want to spend it with me?” he asked instead. “I don’t want you to feel left out, and I’m not sure how much control or awareness I will have during my heat… What if you’ll get left by the sidelines?”

“I’ll take care if myself,” Victor promised. “You don’t have to worry about me, if you’re comfortable, I might even enjoy your heat even more than you will…”

Yuuri smiled slightly at that. “I hope you will,” he said shyly.

Victor’s eyes were firmly fixed on Yuuri’s muscular chest. It was sparkling beautifully from the mist of the scent blockers, and it made him look god-like.

“Victor?” Yuuri said gently, prying Victor from his fantasies of kissing along it.

“Yes?” Victor said, dumbfounded.

“Not that I mind you staring at me… It’s actually quite the opposite…” Yuuri assured. “But it’s kind of turning me on… And I’m not sure if I’ll ever stop leaking slick if I don’t get it under control.”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “What if you didn’t stop leaking and we did something about it instead?”

A blush immediately began to spread across Yuuri’s cheeks. “Now?” he asked in disbelief.

“If you want to?” Victor said as he looked Yuuri over.

“Do you want to?” Yuuri quipped.

“When would I never not want to have sex with you?” Victor smirked.

“Every day from our first kiss up until a few months after my first heat…” Yuuri deadpanned.

Victor frowned. “That was different, you were a child.”

“I’m still only seventeen,” Yuuri pointed out.

“Oh my god, you’re only seventeen…” Victor said as his eyes widened in realization. “You’re still so young.”

Yuuri narrowed his gaze. “You didn’t think so a few seconds ago…”

“That was before you reminded me,” Victor exclaimed. “We’re committing a crime in Japan by being together like this.”

“Then it’s a good thing we’re in Russia,” Yuuri quipped. “Besides, I don’t think that rule applies to true mates.”

“How did you suddenly grow up so fast?” Victor asked in disbelief. “When did you suddenly become such a sex-god?”

Yuuri snorted. “Well, I think that the only way of being good at sex, is having a good sex-partner.”

“Yuuri,” Victor drawled as he clenched his chest to ease his beating heart.
“And I did watch a lot of porn…” Yuuri mused.

Victor couldn’t help but to chuckle at that. “Right… Your ‘practice’…”

“Well, I still think that you’re better than any pornstar,” Yuuri declared. “They don’t stand a chance to you, look at me… I’m practically leaking for you.”

Victor mentally died, or his brain stopped working at least.

Next thing he knew, he had Yuuri’s arms wrapped around his neck and he was walking into the bedroom with his mate in his arms.

Yuuri gasped as he was thrown into bed, landing in a sea full of pillows and blankets.

Victor was on him the next second, pressing his lips tightly against Yuuri’s. “I’m going to make you feel so good, Yuuri.” he said between kisses. “I'll make you purr in pleasure.”

Yuuri smiled softly at his mate’s seriousness, happy to oblige. “Bring it on… Alpha.”

Chapter End Notes

In case you’re wondering, yes. Chapter 100 will have a lot of smut containing Yuuri's first "good" heat <3<3 They'll have some good times <3<3

And just to clear things up about birth control and sex, since it's a very common question... :) Yuuri can't go on birth control until he's 20, since he as an omega have a very high level of hormones in his body, since he's still adjusting to getting heats and such... When he's 20, his body will be fully developed for him to be able to handle birth control and heat suppressants without risking getting sterile from all the hormone-mixing. <3 They could use a condom, but there's still a chance of the condom being bad or broken, or it could get ripped or all kinds of accidents could occur, that could lead to one of Victor's sperms fertilizing our lovable omega. Since omegas are VERY fertile, especially during heats, and the chance of a omega and an alpha getting pregnant after sex is a 100% chance, so therefore, they're being cautious.

I'm sure neither of them would be able to handle getting an abortion, which means that they would both have to put their dreams aside to focus on being parents, and I'm sure Yuuri at 17 wouldn't be so happy about that... Especially since he's so eager of going to Detroit and everything...

But yeah, to summarize: They will not have sex with Yuuri bottoming, until Yuuri over 20 years old :) <3 At least not using Victor's cock, but luckily they're other ways to have sex :) <3 At least for them for now <3

But geez, next chapter is chapter 100... XD Such a milestone... XD <3 It's reached 110825 hits, 1166 subscriptions, 5385 kudos and 4263 comment threads (Comments without my responses) which is a crazy amount <3 You guys are amazing for reading it for so long <3 It's 817 pages, almost as long as lord of the rings, and I can't believe I kept you hooked for so long <3 It's such an honor to have readers who are willing to read all of this (Even if it's not especially eventful... Like this chapter was basically about Yuuri sweating, Victor cleaning, and then flirting that transformed into sexy
times) <3 I mean, you guys are truly amazing for sticking with me <3 And I hope you'll stick around for the next 100 chapters, and the next 100 after that and so on XD <3 <3
This is their lives, which means that it can go on until they die of old age XD <3 It will probably take about 900 chapters more XD <3

Then we can continue with having them being reincarnated and having to reach out again... You get the deal, it can go on until I die of old age XD <3 Anyways, so glad to have you with me for this teeth-rotting ride. We'll all be toothless before this story is over XD <3 <3

Love you <3 You're the best <3

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Victor woke up in the middle of the night, by the sound of soft moaning. It took a few moments for his mind to process that the sounds came from Yuuri, and a few more seconds to realize that Yuuri was making those sounds in his sleep.

And… Why was the bed moving so much? Was Yuuri… Humping it?

Victor turned on the bedside lamp to find his theory very much confirmed. Yuuri was dry-humping the bed in his sleep, and making beautiful sounds while doing so.

Victor gently brushed his fingers through Yuuri’s hair. ”Yuuri?” he whispered softly. ”How are you feeling?”

Yuuri’s eyes opened and Victor almost flinched once he noticed how dilated his pupils were.

”Victor,” Yuuri purred in delight before shifting closer to him. His voice was so heavily accented with Japanese that his name got an extra vowel at the end, making it sound more like ’Victoru’.

Something that Victor hadn’t heard since Yuuri was a child.

”How are you feeling?” Victor asked in Japanese, knowing that omegas could forget a lot of things during heats, sometimes even their own names, language wasn’t too far off.

Yuuri hummed in content as he shifted even closer and began to climb on top of him.

Victor shifted away so he could make sure that his mte was all right, and not under some kind of hypnotization. ”Yuuri?” he prodded.

Yuuri smiled happily. ”Victor…”

”Are you okay?” Victor asked in concern.

Yuuri nodded. ”I’m perfect,” he replied in Japanese. ”And very, very horny for you…”

Victor blushed slightly.
“This heat feels really good…” Yuuri continued. “I want to have so much sex…”

“So bold,” Victor mused. “And you look really sexy when you look at me like that…”

Yuuri smiled as a soft purr vibrated through him.

Victor smiled back in return, feeling pride surge through him when Yuuri was so happy and content.

Yuuri dragged his finger across Victor’s chest, drawing lazy patterns. “Please…” he said quietly.

“What is it, Yuuri?” Victor asked. “Is there something you need?”

Yuuri shifted on Victor’s hips uncomfortably. “I… I need to be filled…” he said thoughtfully. “I feel so empty… I… I think I need babies in my belly.”

Victor momentarily froze. “What did you say?”

“Babies…” Yuuri repeated. “I need you to put babies in me…”

“Yuuri, no,” Victor said gently. “We can’t have babies now… You’re too young.”

“You don’t want my babies?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “I’ll make them real good, I promise.”

“I know you will,” Victor assured. “And one day, I will be lucky to be the father of your… Our babies… And I could never imagine having babies with anyone but you, but we’re in no rush…”

“We’re not?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “But I’m in heat now.”

“You’ll have more heats,” Victor assured. “We can have babies during one of those. Just… not for this one, okay?”

Yuuri nodded sadly. “So I’ll be empty?”

“I think we can find other ways to fill you up…” Victor declared. “We’ve been practicing for a long time.”

“We have?” Yuuri asked.

Victor frowned worriedly. “Yuuri, how far gone are you?”

Yuuri blinked uncomprehendingly. “Far gone?”

“Do you know who I am?” Victor asked

Yuuri nodded. “You’re Vitya, you’re my alpha and soulmate.”

“Do you know who you are?” Victor asked.

“I’m Yuuri, I’m your omega,” Yuuri stated proudly.

“You’re my soulmate,” Victor corrected. “You’re so much more than just my omega.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding.

“You know that, right?” Victor prodeed.

Yuuri nodded again. “I just really want to have sex right now…” he said shyly. “Please?”
His omega eyes were in full power, and Victor felt his resolve to get to the bottom of Yuuri’s awareness starting to crumble. "Of course," he said after a moment. "But I need to get up first."

Yuuri looked at him in confusion, and Victor decided to take charge and flip them around.

Yuuri laughed warmly at the action. "Fuck me good," he pleaded as he nuzzled into the blankets surrounding him.

Victor reached for their box of fun stuff. He had sorted through it the night before, after they had had their soft, sweet ‘practice session’, so everything was just where he needed it.

He picked out Yuuri’s vibrator, the one that was specifically made for him, and turned it on.

Yuuri hummed happily and spread his legs to allow his mate easier access.

Victor smiled fondly and placed his hand on Yuuri’s thigh. “Just relax, love,” he said gently. “I’ll take good care of you…”

Yuuri did as told, taking a deep breath for good measure.

Victor took the vibrator and gently pressed it against Yuuri’s ass, teasing the entrance.

The purr that escaped Yuuri was enough to make Victor’s cock grow hard against the tight confinement of his boxers.

Yuuri was producing so much slick that any lube would just glide right off, it was nothing compared to the thick, slimy substance that could only be produced by an omega in heat.

“In me…” Yuuri pleaded as he wiggled his ass in clarification.

Victor pressed the vibrator in a little bit, while searching Yuuri’s face for any kind of discomfort.

Yuuri’s breathing hitched slightly as he did his best to push the vibrator further inside himself.

“Vitya…” he begged. “Alpha, more…”

“I need to stretch you first…” Victor said and put the toy away, and replaced it with his own fingers.

“Patience, my love.”

Yuuri breathed heavily as Victor’s fingers entered him and began to push lightly against his walls.

Victor tried to work as fast as he could, he could tell how Yuuri’s desperation was growing for every passing second. but he also didn’t want to hurt his mate, which is why it was important for him to take his time.

“Please, hurry…” Yuuri whispered brokenly. “I need… I need more… A lot more.”

“I know, love,” Victor assured and added a third finger before being satisfied with his stretch.

Yuuri gasped at the sensation as he curled his fingers into the blankets underneath him. “So good,” he said shakily.

“Hmm, maybe I should just fuck you with my fingers?” Victor suggested.

Yuuri shook his head firmly. “You need to get deeper… it’s not enough…”

Victor tried not to take offence in hearing that he wasn’t enough for his mate.
Yuuri did have a point, his fingers weren’t as long as the vibrator, and when it came to Yuuri’s pleasure, he couldn’t find a reason that was good enough to argue.

Yuuri was far more important than his ego.

“Okay then,” Victor relented and pulled out from the warm slimy hole to reach for the buzzing vibrator.

Yuuri’s legs were practically shaking with anticipation as Victor finally slid the vibrator inside, bit by bit it got closer and closer to his prostate. Once it finally hit it, a shiver went through Yuuri that was so powerful that he could have sworn that he was seeing fireworks.

And feeling it vibrate against it was almost more than he could handle.

It was almost as if his entire body wanted to break free from itself.

“Is it okay?” Victor asked knowingly as his free hand reached out to grab Yuuri’s pulsing cock to stimulate it.

Yuuri couldn’t find the words to describe how amazing it felt, so he did the only thing he could think of.

He mirrored it to his mate.

Victor was pretty sure he was having an aneurysm when he suddenly felt the most intense kind of pleasure surge through him.

He wasn’t even sure if it was possible to feel that good.

He looked to Yuuri, who sent him a look that was so smug and flirty, that Victor barely even recognized his otherwise adorable and innocent mate.

This was a whole new Yuuri.

And definitely not a bad one.

“It’s okay,” Yuuri said casually, as if Victor didn’t already know how wonderful it felt.

"Is this…?” Victor asked vaguely. ”You?”

Yuuri nodded. ”Feels…” he moaned quietly as Victor shifted the vibrator. “…Good… right?”

Victor nodded as he tried to get adjusted to Yuuri’s sensations so he could work on making it better for him. He felt the pleasure mixed with the feeling of emptiness, and it made him realize just what he needed to do.

He pressed the vibrator further inside his mate and relished in the feeling of Yuuri’s pleasure at it was mirrored to him. He could tell Yuuri was getting close to climax as he sped up his pace on pumping his cock.

“V-Vitya, A-ah, I…” Yuuri stuttered out between moans and cries of pleasure. “I’m c-close…”

“You can cum whenever you like,” Victor assured as he felt himself getting close as well. Having Yuuri mirroring his sensations to him and seeing his mate in this state of pure and utter pleasure was driving him completely over the edge.
“Cum with me, Vitya…” Yuuri pleaded between strained breaths as he tried to keep himself back from his orgasm. “Together.”

Victor nodded as he couldn’t form a coherent sentence anymore as Yuuri suddenly reached for his cock and began to stroke it.

It was already leaking with pre-cum and Victor didn’t have to strain himself for long before a full-blown orgasm shot through him like a waterfall.

He pulled out of Yuuri and released him completely so he could ground himself and not ascend to a higher world.

Everything was so amazing, and he could hear a few mewl sounds from his mate, until he came with a cry of his own.

He felt Yuuri’s orgasm as well, it was a lot better than his own, even if he had no idea how it was possible. He felt tingles all over his body that echoed for long moments, even after the orgasm was over.

Yuuri purred happily as he rubbed in their mixed fluids on his chest. “Warm,” he drawled and cuddled into blankets.

Victor did his best to pull himself together so he could assess his mate.

It wasn’t easy, due to his shaking limbs and hazy mind, but eventually, he managed to get himself into a sitting position where he had a good view over his seemingly content mate. “Yuuri?” he asked gently.

Yuuri beamed and threw himself up to wrap his arms around his mate, knocking them both back in the ocean of blankets. “Thank you,” he said as he nuzzled into Victor’s neck. “That was amazing…”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at his mate’s happiness. He was so sticky and his hair stood in every direction, but his smile was in perfect place. “I’m glad you’re alright.”

Yuuri chuckled. “How could I not be?” he asked in amusement. “I’m with you.”

Victor felt his heart soar over the amount of trust Yuuri had in him. Even if Yuuri was pretty lost in his heat, he was still happy that something like that didn’t change.

“You always take care of me,” Yuuri continued as he started to play with Victor’s hair, brushing a few stray hairs away from his eyes. “And you’re always so amazing at it…”

Victor blushed lightly at the honest praise. “Thank you,” he said in loss of anything better to say. “You know how much I love taking care of you.”

Yuuri nodded and laughed softly against his ear. “I know,” he assured in a whisper. “And I love having such a strong and handsome alpha taking care of me…”

Victor felt his possessiveness flare at the words. He suddenly felt irrationally proud at being referred to like that.

Yuuri noticed immediately. “My big, strong alpha, with the most delicious cock…”

Victor growled lowly at the back of his throat as he pressed his lips against Yuuri’s, silencing him with a kiss.
Yuuri deepened it immediately, needing to taste more of his alpha. “You’re so hot, Victor,” he said as he finally found the strength to pull away. “And you’re all mine.”

“I am,” Victor agreed and flipped them around so that he was back on top. “And you’re all mine,” he said seriously, dragging his index finger along Yuuri’s chest. “My perfect omega.”


Victor was pretty sure that his heart was going to burst with love. Not only was Yuuri completely happy and content to the point that he was purring for him every time he got praised, but he was also giving in to his inner alpha’s every wish.

Yuuri knew exactly what he was doing when he said everything that Victor would love to hear. And Victor would never want anything to be different.

His inner alpha was thriving in the knowledge that Yuuri was only his and that his mate thought he was the best alpha.

It made him feel so proud.

“Will you fuck me some more?” Yuuri suddenly pleaded in English. “My sexy alpha…?”

Victor felt his smile widen to the point where it actually hurt his face. Yuuri was the absolute sweetest and sexiest thing, when he was in heat. Switching between a literal angel to the devil himself in a matter of seconds.

But no matter what he was, he was still perfect.

Victor loved every single part of his mate, and even though this was new, he was instantly smitten by the blunt and horny side of his mate.

And he knew that it was only a matter of time before he would be head over heels in love with his heat-Yuuri as well.

So Victor happily followed Yuuri’s request and reached for the vibrator. “Let's try some other settings on this thing, shall we?”

Yuuri nodded eagerly and turned around to proudly present his beautiful ass to Victor. “Thank you, alpha.”

Victor took a deep breath to keep himself from dying.

He only hoped that he would be able to survive the week.

But with a mate as wonderful as Yuuri…

… His chances didn’t look too good…

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter <3<3 And I hope it was worth the wait of being chapter 100 <3<3

Love you all! <3<3
Chapter 101

Chapter Summary

Yuuri’s heat has really taken a toll on Victor, and they come up with a way to work things out.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for slow updates XD <3 School decided to throw a giant project in my face, and we're making a short film <3 So I had a lot of meetings and planning and things, since I'm the first assistant director, I kind of had to make shotlists, storyboards, onepage and we've also been working a lot on the screenplay... So yeah, slightly busy, but I still found a little time to work on this, between eating and sleeping and classes, so here we are <3 Chapter 101 <3 Walking past chapter 100 with grace and beauty XD

But enough about me and excuses for not writing XD <3<3 I hope you'll like the update <3<3

As the heat moved along, Yuuri was getting back his consciousness more and more, which made him easier to talk to, but a lot more demanding and harder to satisfy.

Not to mention that Victor was exhausted. He had barely been able to keep up with his mate for the past six days, and he felt every muscle in his body screaming in protest every time he moved.

They’ve had sex so many times and in so many different and weird positions, almost everywhere in the small apartment.

And Victor wasn’t sure if he could take another round. As much as sex with Yuuri was amazing, he felt pounding in his wrist from all the stimulation and repositioning of the vibrator.

His neck was sore from sleeping on a blanket at the foot of the bed, he had no other choice when last night’s orgasm knocked him out completely.

And his arms were killing him from carrying Yuuri around the apartment and holding up his weight when they had sex against the wall all those times.

And he didn’t even want to mention how sore his cock was from pumping out so many orgasms under the span of a few days.

"Vitya?” Yuuri asked worriedly as he brushed his hand up and down Victor’s arm. "Are you okay?”

Victor took a deep breath. He wanted to be there for Yuuri, to help him through his heat.

He didn’t want to call quits now, they were almost at the end of Yuuri’s heat.
He could endure.

So despite himself, Victor nodded.

"Are you sure?" Yuuri prodded. "You look like you’re in pain, are you in pain?"

"Yuuri," Victor pleaded. "Don’t worry about me, how are you feeling?"

Yuuri frowned. "You didn’t answer my question."

"Yuuri, I…” Victor trailed off as he felt Yuuri reach out for the first time in weeks, he hesitated for a second before reaching back.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. "Victor, why wouldn’t you tell me that you’re hurt?"

“It’s not that bad,” Victor claimed as he made a half-hearted attempt to sit up.

“Stay down,” Yuuri scolded as he gently pushed Victor back into the pillows. “I can’t believe that you were trying to hide your pain from me… You would be furious if I did something like that to you.”

“I just wanted to help you…” Victor tried, doing his best to mimic Yuuri’s omega-eyes. “You needed me.”

Yuuri’s frown softened a bit, but stayed in place. “Victor…” he started but trailed off.

“Please let me help?” Victor pleaded. “I can still do something to for you…”

“You can barely move,” Yuuri exclaimed. “You need to rest. I won’t have sex with you until you’re recovered.”

“I’m not dying…” Victor pointed out.

“Well, I’m mad at you,” Yuuri declared. “I can’t believe that you thought it was a good idea to burn yourself out like this and not tell me.”

Victor sighed tiredly. “I didn’t want to stop… “ he admitted. “Making you feel good is definitely worth a little bit of pain.”

“A little?” Yuuri questioned in disbelief. “This is not a little…”

“Please don’t be mad at me,” Victor pleaded. “I’ll make it up to you… I’ll make you feel real good,” he sat up despite his pain and leaned towards Yuuri who immediately backed away.

“Victor, no,” Yuuri sighed. “Rest, I’ll take care of myself.”

“What?” Victor questioned. “You’re going to have sex without me?”

“I don’t really have a choice,” Yuuri explained. “I need to get through my heat, and you can’t help me.”

“I can help,” Victor protested. “I can hold the vibrator up for you.”

“How is that helping?” Yuuri quipped. “Besides, you’re in no state to get turned on, so I think I should just go into the living room.”
"You're leaving?" Victor asked. "But your nest is in here."

Yuuri looked around, like suddenly understanding where he was. "Right…" he agreed thoughtfully. "But I can go outside my nest… I'll be fine…"

"No, your nest is your safe place," Victor argued. "I'll go, I just… I just need to figure out how to use my legs again."

Yuuri definitely didn't like the idea of his injured mate trying to walk somewhere alone. "You should call someone to help if you can't walk," he said gently. "I could help you get into the living room, but I don't feel comfortable leaving you if you can't walk on your own."

"I can walk," Victor assured. "I just need to brace myself a little first…" his gaze shifted to Yuuri as he suddenly grew very serious. "And I would never allow anyone to get close to our apartment when you’re in heat, it's too dangerous," he declared. "And I could never leave you unprotected."

"I know," Yuuri sighed. "But what do we do? I need to get myself off soon, and I refuse to do it if it means that it could hurt you."

"Yuuri," Victor drawled. "I'll be fine… I can just lie here while you do what you have to do… I'll even talk dirty to you if it will help."

"But what if you get hard?" Yuuri asked. "I can feel you, and it definitely doesn't feel like you should get yourself off any time soon."

"Give me the blindfold and earplugs…" Victor pleaded. "I can get through it… I'm not an animal…"

"You won't get turned on by yourself, right?" Yuuri asked carefully as he reached for the box to pick out the required items. "I mean… You're really good at dirty talk."

Victor chuckled at that. "I'm glad you like it, love. But I'll be fine… Since I always fantasize about you and what I want to do with you, I think my cock has grown immune, otherwise I would have to walk around with a constantly hard cock… And that isn’t too pleasant."

Yuuri couldn't argue with that logic.

"But are you sure you'll be okay with this?" Yuuri asked. "It's definitely not an optimal solution…"

"When has anything in life ever been an optimal solution?" Victor quipped in amusement. "We'll make something good out of a bad situation, we're good at that."

"Still…" Yuuri said worriedly. "You just lying there while I get myself off, it's kind of weird…"

"It's only weird if you let it be weird," Victor pointed out. "You can pretend it's roleplay, and this is my punishment."

"I don't want to punish you…" Yuuri claimed. "I'm fine with teasing you, but I don't want you to actually feel bad."

"What if I told you that it's a fantasy of mine?" Victor asked.

That managed to get Yuuri's attention. "Really?"

Victor nodded. "I know it sounds strange, but kinks rarely makes sense… And I have this fantasy that you would kind of… I don't know… disregard me."
“Disregard you?” Yuuri asked curiously. Victor had never told him about fantasies before, and he was desperate to know more.

“Yes…” Victor said before clearing his throat. “Imagine this, we’re a bit older, and we just had a fight about something unimportant, like which color we’re going to paint the living room or something, but you get mad at me, and suddenly, there’s all this sexual tension in the room, and it ends up with you kissing me and shoving me towards the bedroom…”

Yuuri moved closer to his mate as he paid careful attention to his fantasy.

“You suggest that we should spice things up, and you get the handcuffs, cuffing me to the bed while trailing kisses along my chest… Then you smirk, and send me that look of pure amusement as you pull away, and tell me that I’ve been very bad to upset you.” Victor smiled to himself as he imagined it. “Then you get the vibrator and you lie yourself down next to me… Then you tell me that I’m not good enough to have sex with you… And you won’t even consider it until I beg for forgiveness.”

Yuuri shot his mate a look of disbelief.

“You know that I find every part of you incredibly sexy, right?” Victor asked in concern. “And I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable by this or think that I want you to change in any way, and we don’t have to do anything about it if you don’t want to.”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “I’m not uncomfortable, I actually find it kind of exciting to hear about your fantasies… And I really want to fulfill them, but… I…” he stuttered slightly as he couldn’t find a good way to express himself. “I don’t want to disappoint you.”

“You could never disappoint me,” Victor declared. “I find you amazing no matter what you do, even if you can’t get into character, I would still be highly turned on by you caring enough to try.”

“I thought we were trying to avoid getting you turned on…” Yuuri mused.

Victor was just about to give a good response, when Yuuri looked straight into his eyes. “Or was that just talk?” he asked teasingly. “Trying to trick your mate is a really bad thing to do…”

Victor’s eyes widened in disbelief as Yuuri’s demeanour suddenly changed.

“Maybe I should find a proper way to punish you?” Yuuri asked as his voice dropped an octave. ”I’m still very mad at you for trying to hide your pain from me…”

“Yuuri you don’t need to…” Victor started, but was immediately cut off by Yuuri placing a finger on his lips.

“It’s not nice to interrupt your mate, Vitya…” he said slyly. ”Maybe I should gag you?”
Victor swallowed nervously. "I'll be quiet," he promised.

Yuuri nodded in approval. “Good, alpha.”

Victor inhaled sharply. It was so exciting to roleplay with Yuuri.

He never expected his mate to be so good at it.

“Put up your hands,” Yuuri ordered, to which Victor immediately obeyed. His heart fluttering with excitement.

Yuuri grabbed one of the scarves he had nested into the bed, and secured Victor’s wrist against the headboard.

“Is it okay?” Yuuri asked, a lot more gently as he dragged his hand along Victor’s bicep to make sure that it wasn’t strained.

He didn’t want his already sore mate to hurt his muscles.

“I’m very comfortable,” Victor said with an amused smile. “You’re very good at this.”

Yuuri did his best to keep his face neutral, but Victor could tell that he was hiding a smile.

“Now, I want you to obediently stay there while I take care of myself,” Yuuri stated sternly as he placed the blindfold over his mate’s eyes.

“I don’t even get a kiss?” Victor asked with a pout.

Yuuri smiled in amusement as he looked at his mate who looked so dramatically sad about something he himself had asked for.

He didn’t want to break Victor’s fantasy by doing what he asked, he needed to stay in character.

So he leaned in towards Victor, lingering in front of his face, he noticed how his mate angled up his face in preparation for the kiss.

Yuuri considering giving in, before he managed to gather his composure. “You will take what I give you.”

Victor’s heart skipped a beat.

That was probably the hottest thing Yuuri had ever said to him.

Too bad his cock was too tired to actually react to it.

“Now behave,” Yuuri demanded. “Or I might not untie you afterwards…”

Victor tried the tightness of the scarves around his wrists, and there was no way that he was going to get out of them without Yuuri’s help.

He just wondered if Yuuri would actually leave him like that. His mate seemed to be very capable of surprising him today.

And he really wasn’t willing to risk it.

If he had been up to it, he probably would have put up more of a fight, trying to seduce his mate into
including him in his pleasure.

But since he felt like a truck had run him over, he decided to just enjoy this.

Hearing Yuuri making sweet sounds of pleasure was everything he currently needed. And knowing that his mate was enjoying himself was a gift in itself.

Yuuri did his best to stay away from Victor as he fucked himself with the vibrator, even though every single part of him wanted His mate to be a part of it.

But this is what Victor wanted, and it was just what he was going to get. And if Yuuri exaggerated his moans a little, to let Victor know what he was missing, he couldn’t exactly be blamed for it.

He was in heat.

Yuuri raised the force of the vibrations as he pressed it against his sweet spot. Again, and again, until he finally came, and he came hard.

Even if he didn’t think that it was possible, there was something very arousing in knowing that Victor listened to him and enjoyed it, was more of a turn-on that he ever could have expected.

But he was very excited to know what Victor thought about it, and whether or not it lived up to his expectations.

But looking at his mate’s face and observing his breathing, he was pretty sure that he had succeeded.

“Vitya?” Yuuri asked as he untied his mate’s wrists. “Was it okay?”

Victor nodded with a sigh of content as he used his newly freed hand to remove his blindfold. And once he was fully untied, he cupped Yuuri’s face and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. “You were fantastic,” he assured as he continued to leave soft kisses on Yuuri’s cheeks and his forehead. “God, you’re so sexy…”

Yuuri blushed lightly at the praise.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” Victor then asked. “That’s the most important part.”

“I thought you heard me…” Yuuri said shyly. “I… I tried to be extra loud…” he paused briefly. “For you…”

“So sweet,” Victor gushed as he cuddled Yuuri to his chest. “You play your part wonderfully, and still manage to find a way to be your amazing, sweet self,” he exclaimed. “You’re definitely a true talent.”

“Victor…. Your praise is turning me on…” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. Ever since his heat started, all of Victor’s praise seemed to go straight for his cock instead of his cheeks. “And I just came,” he elaborated.

Victor smiled teasingly. “Well, thank you for fulfilling my fantasy.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile too. “You’re welcome.”

“Do you have any fantasies?” Victor asked curiously.

“W-what?” Yuuri asked in surprise. It wasn’t an unexpected question, but it still managed to catch him off guard. “Fantasies?”
Victor bit his lip knowingly. “Are they kinky?”

Yuuri’s eyes widened, as he couldn’t seem to come up with a good response.

“You don’t have to tell me,” Victor assured. “I’m just curious now… What is going on in my sweet soulmate’s head?”

The blood in Yuuri’s cock seemed to find its way back to his face as he suddenly grew crimson with embarrassment. “Uhm… I think you should recover before we discuss that…” he said, quickly ending the conversation.

“Yuuri…”

“I need to sleep now,” Yuuri declared and turned away from Victor while hiding his face in his pillow.

Victor released a sigh of defeat, before leaning in to press a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s cheek. “Sleep well, love…”

Chapter End Notes

I wonder what those fantasies are... ;) <3<3 Victor is probably curious as well, even though he's doing his best to be respectful <3<3 XD Hopefully Yuuri will let us know, but knowing him, he'll probably hold out on us until he's horny enough XD <3

Too bad his heat is over XD <3 Maybe for the next one <3

Anyways, I hope you liked this chapter <3<3 Let me hear your thoughts <3 And follow me on tumblr <3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/ Fun things tend to happen there <3<3

Love you all <3 And now we're moving for chapter 200 <3<3 I wonder how many years will pass before we reach it <3<3
Yuuri slowly blinked awake, and he somehow felt like the world was glowing. The birds were singing outside, and the sunrise made the bedroom fall in a wonderful shade of orange light.

Yuuri turned over and noticed his mate who was sleeping soundly next to him.

He was so beautiful when he was resting so peacefully.

Yuuri had to resist the urge to kiss him awake. Victor was probably exhausted.

So Yuuri carefully snuck out of bed, stopping briefly as he felt how sore his body was, he braced himself against the wall before making his way into the bathroom.

Victor woke up with a groan as he felt his muscles protest at every slight movement when he stirred.

His eyelids felt like they were made of lead, and he immediately wondered why he was awake to begin with.

That’s when he felt it.

Pain that wasn’t his own.

Yuuri’s pain.

Victor’s eyes shot open in less than a second, that’s when he noticed how Yuuri wasn’t beside him in bed.

Victor was out of bed and out of the bedroom faster than his mind could register. “Yuuri?” he called as his eyes darted around the livingroom and the kitchen. “Yuuri!”

“Victor?” came a reply from the bathroom.

Victor almost ripped open the bathroom door with the force of his worry, only to find Yuuri perfectly fine, standing under the spray of the shower.
“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked worriedly as he took in Victor’s fear.

“Are you hurt?” Victor asked urgently.

Yuuri shook his head. “Just really sore…” he admitted. “I think I strained my shoulder somehow, is kind of hurt when I reached for the soap…”

Victor immediately stepped forward to see it for himself, touching the shoulder gently as he examined it.

“You’re getting wet…” Yuuri told his mate as Victor stepped under the shower beside him.

“I am,” Victor agreed, not allowing his focus to shift from Yuuri’s shoulder.

“Would you like some soap?” Yuuri asked.

“Does your shoulder hurt when I squeeze it like this?” Victor asked thoughtfully, adding some pressure.

“A little,” Yuuri admitted. “It’s not painful though, it’s just a little sore.”

Victor leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to it. “Better?”

Yuuri nodded. “A lot better.”

Victor smiled and pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s lips instead.

Yuuri smiled into the kiss. “How are you doing, Vitya?” he asked. “I thought you were exhausted?”

“Not anymore,” Victor assured. “I’m a little sore too, but kissing you makes everything better.”

Yuuri smiled. “I’ll gladly kiss everything better,” he said and shot a look between Victor’s legs. “If you want me to?”

“Maybe we should finish the shower first,” Victor suggested. “I don’t want you to drown. You’ll need access to air, if you intend to do something like…” he shot Yuuri a smirk. “…That.”

Yuuri chuckled as he kissed Victor again. “Buzzkill…”

After the shower, and after the best blowjob of Victor’s life, they decided to clean the whole apartment.

They had some music on in the background to keep up a good pace, Victor claimed that it was a good substitute for a work out.

Everything smelled like sex. And it wasn’t something Victor wanted his parents to smell when they came to drop off the dogs tomorrow. Not that he minded the scent himself.

It was actually quite pleasant.

“When did we even have sex here?” Yuuri asked in disbelief as he tried to get dried sperm off the kitchen floor.

“It was just in the beginning, I was getting us dinner, and you followed be and begged to suck my cock while getting yourself off.” Victor explained.
“Oh,” Yuuri said as a blush spread over his cheeks in recollection.

"How much do you remember?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shrugged. "Bits and pieces…” he admitted. “Mostly I remember how beautiful you were, and how much I wanted to have your cock in me and I also remember... some very strange positions…”

Victor smiled fondly. “Yes, you did like to bend yourself when I got you off, and sometimes you even bent me along with you…”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized, thinking back to a memory when he flipped them over. “I hope I didn’t hurt you.”

“I’m pretty bendy,” Victor said with a wink.

Yuuri snorted.

“But would you say that it was a good heat?” Victor prodded. “Even though you can’t remember all of it?”

Yuuri nodded. “It was a very good heat,” he agreed. "Very good…” A part of him kind of wanted another one, a week full of pleasure wasn’t exactly torture, but he also felt like he should take a while to recover before having that much intense sex again.

Not to mention that Victor also looked like he could use some rest.

"Did you enjoy it?” Yuuri asked. "I mean, I didn’t make you uncomfortable, right?”

"Being with you in heat was wonderful,” Victor assured. "You never fail to surprise me with how sexy you can be.”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly.

That’s when the song suddenly changed, and a soft spanish guitar rang out, immediately catching Yuuri’s attention.

"Vitya?” Yuuri asked.

"Yes, love?” Victor smiled to him.

"What song is this?”

Victor placed down the pillowcase for the one of the cushions on the floor, before making his way over to his phone, scrolling through his playlist. "In regards to love: Eros,” Victor read out loud. "Why, do you know it?”

Yuuri shook his head. "But I really like it…”

"I’m sending it to you,” Victor announced and copied the link.

Yuuri took out his phone as he felt it buzzing. "Thank you.”

Victor beamed. ”Anytime, love.”

"Did you know that Eros comes from one of the four greek words for love and stands for the sexual
desire?” Yuuri asked excitedly that night, as he made some research on the song that had caught his interest.

Victor was reading a book in bed while Yuuri sat with his laptop.

"I did not know that,” Victor smiled fondly. "But on the other hand, I never studied greek…”

"Oh, and the instruments used in the song are inspired by Spanish flamenco,” Yuuri said as he continues to read.

"Hmm, Spanish I know,” Victor mused, putting his book aside. "Te amo, Yuuri,” he drawled happily.

"Do you think I can use this song for my short program this season?” Yuuri asked, looking up from his computer.

That managed to get Victor’s full attention. "For your short program?” he repeated. "Have you thought about the choreography? The song has a pretty quick pace, so you'll need to move your feet constantly to keep up.”

"I know,” Yuuri agreed. "But I’m good at keeping up my pace, it’s the jumps I’m worried about.”

"You’re great at jumps if you’re confident in your program,” Victor stated.

"So do you think I should do it?” Yuuri asked. "Do you think I should use this song?”

Victor nodded. "You sound like you really like it, so I’m sure you can win with it.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. "Do you really think I can win?”

"If anyone is good enough to beat me, it’s going to be you,” Victor declared. "But that doesn’t mean I’m just going to let you win…”

Yuuri looked to Victor with amusement, and Victor could tell that he had just ignited Yuuri’s competitive flare. "Yeah, you better not.”

"But are you sure you’re going to get enough time to practice?” Victor asked, suddenly sounding a little concerned. "You won’t have access to a coach until September, and that’s barely a month to prepare, and you’ll also have your studies to focus on…”

"I know, but if I start now, I have almost five months.” Yuuri said. "And I mean, I never exactly had a real coach, so I’m pretty sure that I can do this alone, and I’ll have Celestino Cialdini during the most critical time, he can give me some final notes of improvements then, but I want to have my programs ready when I leave for Detroit.”

"Maybe I can ask Yakov to help you?” Victor suggested. "He’s really good, and I’m sure he would love to coach you…”

"He has enough people to coach,” Yuuri said with a worried frown. "I don’t want to take his attention away from you and everyone else at your rink, that wouldn’t be fair… And I can’t exactly afford him either…”

"Money is not a problem you need to worry about, love,” Victor declared. "I have enough for the both of us… Besides, I’m pretty sure that Yakov would gladly coach you for free.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that. "But I still don’t want him to drown in people to coach… He’s only
human.”

“Maybe I can find you another coach?” Victor suggested. “There are plenty of wonderful coaches in St. Petersburg. I’m sure I can find someone who can give Yakov some real competition.”

“You really don’t have to do that, Victor,” Yuuri assured. “I can manage without a coach.”

“What if I coached you?” Victor suddenly asked excitedly. “I know you better than anyone, and I know exactly what you’re capable of, I could coach you perfectly.”

Yuuri had never even considered that to be an option. “B-but you need to focus on your own skating, your own programs,” Yuuri claimed. “You can’t focus on me, I’ll only be a distraction.”

“I will always focus on you,” Victor claimed. “Even when you’re in Detroit, getting coached by Celestino, I will still want to help you in any way I can.”

“But…” Yuuri felt like he was running out of protests. “Yakov will be mad if you don’t focus on your own skating.”

“Yakov is always mad,” Victor waved off. “And he’s used to me giving up practice to daydream about you, so it’s better if I use that time to actually focus on figure skating, even if it’s your figure skating.”

Yuuri sighed in defeat. “But what if our relationship changes?” he asked. “I mean, being my coach is a lot different than just being my true mate, you would tell me what to do, you would boss me around, and what if it changes us?”

“We can talk about it,” Victor said gently. “I would never boss you around just to boss you around. And if I ever get too much, you can just tell me.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

“Besides, I’ve kind of coached you before,” Victor declared. “That summer about four years ago when I stayed in Japan for most of the summer, I helped you along with Minako’s grandmother.”

“But that’s different, we weren’t competitors back then,” Yuuri protested. “And all you did was telling me how amazing I was.”

”But you are amazing,” Victor pointed out.

“But if you really going to coach me, I need you to be tougher,” Yuuri stated. “I don’t want you to treat me like your adorable mate who figure skates for fun, I want you to take me seriously… Can you do that?”

”So are you saying that I can coach you?” Victor asked happily.

Yuuri smiled fondly. ”Yes, Victor. you can coach me.”

Victor lit up like a beam of sunshine and leaned in towards Yuuri to capture his lips.

Yuuri melted into it momentarily before pulling away. “I still meant what I said though…”

“I know,” Victor agreed, kissing Yuuri again. “And I’ll be a good coach, and you’re always welcome to leave me notes of improvements too, I’ve never coached anyone before, so I might not be especially good at it.”
“I’m not that worried,” Yuuri declared. “As long as we’re honest with each other, I’m sure we can make it work.”

Victor looked at his mate fondly, he was sure that he could bring Yuuri to his full potential.

Yuuri was extremely talented, and even though Victor risked signing himself up for silver by bringing Yuuri to gold, it would definitely be worth it. He wanted Yuuri to be as good as he could possibly be.

Otherwise it wouldn’t be as fun competing against him.

So this was building up to be a very exciting season.

Chapter End Notes

Looks like Victor is going to get some practice in being a coach, hopefully he'll get some newfound respect for Yakov XD <3

We'll see how much I write of their practices and preparation for the grand prix <3 I really want to get to Detroit, but I keep getting stuck cause there's so much I want to tell XD <3

But we'll see <3<3

Anyways, I hope you liked this chapter <3
Chapter 103

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri gets to enjoy some skating time

Chapter Notes

Soo... Last chapter got an unusually low amount of comments, and a lot of people seem to have unsubscribed from this story, (^_^) I get that it's a busy time with school almost ending and everything, and I hope that's the reason behind it, and not that I'm writing something boring or bad... The comments I did get seems to be overall positive, so I hope you still enjoy where this story is going <3

Love you all and I hope you'll like this chapter <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“That was great, one more time!” Victor called as Yuuri practiced his triple axel at the ice rink.

Yuuri slowed down his pace slightly so he could catch his breath.

“Everything okay, love?” Victor asked.

“Yeah,” Yuuri assured between breaths. “I just need a second.”

“Okay, water break!” Victor ordered, waving Yuuri over.

Yuuri did as told, skating over to Victor and gratefully accepting the water bottle.

“How does it feel?” Victor asked.

“It feels too early…” Yuuri grumbled, still grumpy after Victor had woken him up before 6.00am.

“But we get to have the entire rink for ourselves,” Victor pointed out. ”And after practice we have the whole day before us, we can go shopping and eating someplace fancy for lunch.”

Yuuri made a sound of acknowledgement. ”I still think I need a kiss to forgive this,”

Victor happily obliged, leaning in to leave a quick kiss to Yuuri’s lips. ”I’ll let you sleep in tomorrow, okay?” he bargained for Yuuri’s happiness.

Yuuri smiled and leaned over the rink wall, closer to Victor. ”Well, if that’s the case, then maybe we should do something fun tonight?” he asked, getting that look on his face that made Victor’s knees tremble.

”Hmm, what do you have in mind?” Victor asked, trying to keep his voice teasing so it wouldn’t tremble.
"Vitya!" A angry voice suddenly boomed through the rink. "How did you get into the rink before opening?"

Victor smiled innocently to his coach. "Mama called the janitor and asked him to open up."

Yakov did not look impressed.

"I’m Yuuri’s new coach,” Victor explained. "And we need time to practice."

Yakov looked between the true mates in disbelief for a few moments, before turning to Victor with a frown. "Vitya, I need to talk to you in private,” he demanded.

"No,” Victor protested looking to Yuuri. “Anything you want to say to me, you can also say to Yuuri."

"Fine,” Yakov relented, not finding a point in arguing over that. "You’re not fitted to be a coach, especially not to world record holder, he needs a real coach."

"I’m better than a real coach,” Victor claimed. "I know Yuuri better than anyone, and I have plenty of experience in how to coach, I’ve been listening to you ever since I was old enough to skate."

"There’s a big difference between coaching and being coached,” Yakov pointed out. "Coaching is not about motivating and giving tips, you need to learn about risks and safety, about sponsors and rules. You can’t do all of that for someone else while also focusing on yourself."

"I know all about that,” Victor assured. "And it’s just a question of time, and we have plenty of it during summer."

"You’ve never cared about rules or safety in the past,” Yakov barked, taking a step closer. "You’re too reckless to be a coach. It’s one thing to risk your own life with taking unnecessary risks, but I can’t allow you to put your mate’s life at stake just to feed your ego."

That sentence immediately sent a flash of anger through Victor. "I would never put Yuuri’s life at risk,” he said sternly.

"So you won’t let him do any jumps then?” Yakov questioned. "Every jump is a risk, and if you don’t know how to guide them, you could get him killed. This is not a safe sport to play around with and you need to know exactly what you’re doing."

"Victor is better for me than any ordinary coach,” Yuuri chimed in, having enough of hearing his mate getting scolded. "He knows exactly what I’m feeling and what I’m capable of. Not to mention that Victor would never push me too far like some other coach might, and he doesn’t treat me like I’m made of glass, because I’m not.”

Yakov sighed. "Yuuri…"

"I’m a professional athlete,” Yuuri continued, keeping his voice calm. "And I know my own limits, and I trust Victor, he would never risk my life."

"I’m not saying that he would, I’m just saying that he need so think this through, and not think that being a coach is a walk in the park,” Yakov explained. "It’s a big responsibility, and I need to make sure that he takes this seriously."

"I’ve never been more serious about anything in my life,” Victor stated. "I know what I’m doing.”
Yakov stared Victor down for a long while, before finally releasing a sigh of defeat. "So what is your plan?"

After being satisfied with Yuuri’s progress, Victor took the ice while Yuuri did some stretching by the benches close to the rink wall.

Yuuri was really impressed by Victor. So far, he was the best coach he had ever had. He really felt like Victor made him better.

At the end of practice, he managed to make a perfect landing on his triple axel five times in a row, making Victor reward him with wonderful kisses.

He was very good at the motivational parts.

“Hi, Yuuri,” Victor’s rink mate Mila suddenly greeted as she came and sat down next to him to put on her skates.

“Hi, Mila,” Yuuri greeted back.

“How long have you been here for?” Mila asked cheerfully.

“A few hours,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m just waiting for Victor to finish up so we can go out for lunch.”

“Your Russian is really good,” Mila suddenly exclaimed. “Is it hard speaking Russian when you don’t normally speak it?”

Yuuri chuckled slightly. “It is.”

“Do you and Victor speak Russian all the time?” Mila asked.

Yuuri would normally feel uncomfortable with answering so many questions, but Mila was only twelve and she always asked a lot of questions, so he was getting used to it.

“Uhm, most of the time,” Yuuri admitted. “But sometimes we speak English and sometimes we speak Japanese.”

Mila nodded thoughtfully. “Are you going to move here once you’re done with your computer school?”

“I don’t know,” Yuuri said with a slight smile, musing the idea of this being his life. “We’ll see.”

“Okay,” Mila chirped as she jumped off the bench to get on the ice. “Good luck with the stretches, oh hi, Yurio,” she said and ruffled a tiny blond boy’s hair.

“That’s not my name!” Yuri Plisetsky, Victor’s youngest rink mate snapped to her as he swatted away her hands before storming over to the bench next to Yuuri and flopped down angrily.

“Is everything okay?” Yuuri asked.

Yuri released a sigh of annoyance. “I’m sick of Mila’s stupid face.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “Why?”

“She keeps babying me,” Yuri huffed. “I’m ten, you know… I’m not a baby.”
Yuuri wasn’t sure what to say. It wasn’t like the age of ten meant that Yuri was an adult either.
“Well, have you tried talking to her?” he suggested. “If you told her how you felt, maybe she would stop?”

“I’m not talking to Mila about my feelings,” Yuri protested. “I’ll just focus on getting better, when I win the most gold medals, she’ll see what a mistake it was to underestimate me.”

Yuuri could almost see the fire in the younger boy’s eyes, and he had no doubt in his mind that Yuri was going to be a strong competitor when he was old enough.

“I’m sure you’ll win all the gold you can carry once you’re old enough,” Yuuri said with a reassuring smile.

Yuri beamed. “You bet I will!”

“Yuuuuuuri,” Victor drawled, gaining Yuuri’s attention. “I’m on water break, and I need kisses to carry on…”

Yuuri chuckled fondly at his mate’s dramatics. “I’ll be right there,” he called back, getting up to make his way to his mate.

Yuri gagged. “That’s so gross,” he complained. “You’ll get his drool in your mouth…”

Yuuri couldn’t stop himself from laughing at that, and he was still chuckling as he reached Victor.

“What’s so funny?” Victor asked curiously.

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “Not important,” he assured. “Just let me share my drool with you…”

Victor raised his eyebrows questioningly. “What?”

Yuuri just smiled and pulled Victor in for a kiss, which the alpha immediately melted into.

“Hmm,” Victor hummed contently before pulling away. “You’re an exceptional kisser…”

“Are we going home for a shower soon?” Yuuri asked. “Or how much longer are you going to practice for?”

Victor glanced up at the clock. “I can do ten more minutes, then Yakov will probably be busy with the younger ones… Is that okay?”

Yuuri pressed a soft kiss to Victor’s lips. “That’s perfect.”

After getting home, taking a shower and bringing the dogs out for a walk, Yuuri and Victor made their way to the city of St. Petersburg to do some shopping.

Victor walked into every single shop that sold clothes and accessories worth more than Yuuri’s entire room back in Hasetsu.

And Yuuri managed to drag Victor into a video game store, making Victor cringe at the games that had been used by someone else before and were half off.

“They still work,” Yuuri pointed out, as he found a game that seemed interesting.

“But still, who knows what people did with the games before leaving them here…” Victor said as he
poked at a few game-covers with his index finger like they might attack him.

"Played them?" Yuuri suggested.

"Very funny," Victor grumbled. "Can’t I just buy you a new copy of the games? the ones that are still wrapped in plastic."

"No," Yuuri said simply. "That’s a waste of money, and these games are perfectly fine as long as the disc isn’t scratched."

Victor sighed. "I just don’t want you to catch a disease."

"I won’t," Yuuri assured. "I’ve been doing this since you bought me my first console."


"I was probably a mixture between thrilled and mortified the amount of it all, I mean, a truck?" the omega asked fondly.

Victor shrugged. "It was the only way I could transport it all."

Yuuri chuckled and leaned up to press a soft kiss to Victor’s cheek. "I love you."

Victor sighed in content before pressing a kiss to Yuuri’s temple. "I love you too."

Yuuri went over to the register with a few of his picked out games, and the clerk lit up as he noticed the selection. "Wow, you have great taste," he said in amazement. "Death titans is probably one of the best games this year."

"Yeah, I’ve read about it," Yuuri admitted.

"Nice," the clerk exclaimed as he looked up and looked at Yuuri with sparkling eyes. "Have you played the prequels? Titan world and Apocalypse?"

"Of course," Yuuri said, he would never have bought this game without knowing what he was going in for.

The clerk smiled as he leaned against the counter and started batting his eyelashes in Yuuri’s direction. "Well, If you ever want to collab…" he said, biting his lip bottom lip suggestively.

Victor was at a loss. Did that clerk actually flirt with Yuuri when he was standing right next to him? And what did collab mean? What did he want to do with his mate?

Victor was just about to speak up, when Yuuri snorted in amusement.

"I’m mostly a solo player... thanks though," he said and grabbed his bag with games and took Victor’s hand.

Victor almost wanted to laugh at the heartbroken face the clerk was sporting as Yuuri disregard him so easily.

And as soon as they were out of the store, Victor felt like he had to make sure that Yuuri wasn’t feeling bad about it.

"He was very daring," Victor pointed out, trying to keep his voice casual as he searched Yuuri’s face for any sign of guilt.
"What do you mean?" Yuuri asked cheerfully. "I mean, I suppose it’s brave of him to have so many
different colors in his hair, but he’s probably not the first one."

Victor was confused. "No, I meant in the way he was flirting with you, with me standing right
there."

"He flirted with me?" Yuuri asked in disbelief. "When?"

"Just when we were inside," Victor exclaimed. "With the fluttering eyelashes and biting his lips and
asking you if you wanted to ‘collab’ with him."

"That was flirting?" Yuuri asked in confusion.

Victor blinked to his mate uncomprehendingly. He really didn’t seem to be aware.

"Well, hopefully he understood that you’re not interested," Victor said, throwing a glare back to the
store just to be safe.

"I hope so too," Yuuri agreed. "I hope he’ll find someone who’s interested in him…"

"And hopefully someone who realizes they’re being flirted to…” Victor chimed in teasingly.

"It’s not my fault that the only flirting I received in my life has been from you," Yuuri pointed out.
"I’m used to a higher flirting quality."

"What? You’ve been flirted with a lot of times," Victor protested. "I feel like everytime I turn my
back, there's always an alpha there, trying to seduce you."

"Don’t think anyone is trying to seduce me," Yuuri assured. "Or if they are, they are being very
secretive about it."

"So what do you consider flirting?" Victor asked, suddenly very intrigued.

"I don’t know," Yuuri admitted. "Maybe when you say that you think I’m beautiful, even though it’s
not even 6.00am?" he mused. "Or when you send me that look that only you can make?"

"What look?" Victor asked in amusement.

"You know that look, your look," Yuuri tried to explain. "The one where you look at me like I’m the
only one in the world that matters."

Victor felt his heart flutter slightly. "Don’t I always look at you like that?"

"You do," Yuuri agreed. "No wonder I’ve grown immune to flirting."

Victor snorted. "Well, as long as I get to keep you for myself," he said as a little bit of worry was
starting to spread across his features.

Yuuri kissed it all away.

"Always."

Chapter End Notes
Feel free to give me a holler if you're still reading despite the busy times <3 I could really use a comment boost XD <3 It will give me energy to push through the long schooldays <3

Love you, and you can also write me messages or asks on tumblr <3
https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

Kudos bomb for you <3 And I hope you're doing well <3<3
Chapter 104

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor talk about their summer and a little bit of drama happens at the rink.

Chapter Notes

*Throws confetti* You guys are truly the best readers a writer could ask for <3<3 I think there's been some new kind of record in amount of comments I've received from last chapter <3 And I've been smiling like an idiot throughout my days <3<3 And it really filled me with inspiration to my very core <3<3 So thank you for being there when I need you <3<3 I love you all <3<3 You're truly amazing <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Do you think we should travel somewhere?” Yuuri asked a normal evening as he scrolled through the internet, watching different images of beaches.

“Where do you want to travel?” Victor asked, glancing away from the TV to give Yuuri his full attention.

Yuuri shrugged. “The world is really big.”

“But what kind of place would you like to go to?” Victor prodded. “Historical? Big city? Tropical?”

“I guess tropical could be fun,” Yuuri admitted. “I’d like to see these clear, blue oceans…” he said, turning the computer to Victor so he could see the pictures.

“Well, as long as it’s not a stormy ocean, I’m all for it.” Victor said gently. “Otherwise we’re staying far away.”

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed, knowing perfectly well why Victor still didn’t trust oceans, he barely did so himself.

“So maybe Bahamas? Or Caribbean?” Victor suggested. “We could get a little bungalow with a great view, and we could watch the sunset at night as it disappears below the horizon.”

“And we could get some time to enjoy the sun and relax.” Yuuri chimed in. “And then later this summer we could maybe go somewhere else where we could go sightseeing?”


The next day, things were crazy at the rink, apparently Yuri had made a quadruple salchow without permission, and Yakov’s lecture could probably be heard through all of Saint Petersburg.

Not that Yuri seemed to care.
He was casually sipping from his water bottle while Yakov listed all of the dangers of a kid being reckless. Using Victor in a lot of examples.

"Should we interfere?" Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor shook his head. "It’s better to wait, Yakov will run out of air eventually."

Yuuri took Victor’s word for it. And very well, a few moments later, Yakov seemed to take a step back to collect his breath.

"... But I’m letting you get away with a warning this time," Yakov threatened the young boy. "But I suggest that you don’t test me again…"

"Okay," Yuri agreed uncaringly, before he suddenly caught sight of Victor and Yuuri. "Vitya!" he called and rushed over, almost stumbling on his skates in his hurry to get to the other Russian. "Victor, I just made a quadruple salchow," he said, puffing out his chest proudly. "I’m even better than you were at my age."

Yakov threw an accusatory glare in Victor’s direction.

"So I heard," Victor said, looking to Yakov apologetically. "But you should probably lay off them for a while," he tried. "You don't want to risk never being able to skate again, right?"

Yuri frowned. "You're just jealous because I’m better than you, isn’t that true?"

"Of course that’s the case," Victor mused. "I’m terrified of losing to you, which is why I’m giving you tips."

"Whatever," Yuri disregarded him before turning to the omega. "Didn’t I look cool?"

"Uhm, yeah," Yuuri agreed carefully. "But Victor is right, you should be more careful, I did a quad axel once and landed it poorly, and I almost broke my arm, I was lucky to get away with a sprain, but I had to wear a cast for months, and I wasn't allowed to skate at all."

Yuri’s eyes widened slightly at that. "You hurt yourself?" he asked fearfully. "Is your wrist okay now?"

Yuuri could tell that Yuri had the protective gene. That would be the only explanation to why an alpha like him; who was literally rude to everyone, would suddenly turn around and act so sweet and caring.

"It’s okay," Yuuri assured him. "But it was really scary, so I hope that you’ll be more careful than I was."

"I will," Yuri promised sincerely.

"Thank god," Yakov exclaimed in relief. "Vitya, get on the ice, we have a lot of practicing to do if you want to nail that quad axel."

Victor nodded before turning to Yuuri. "The sooner I do what he says, the sooner we can focus on you, so why don’t you do some warm up stretches while you wait?"

Yuuri smiled in amusement, pressing a quick kiss to Victor’s temple before making his way to the benches. "Whatever you say… coach."

Victor, swooned.
How did you reach out to Victor before you knew who he was?” Yuri asked curiously as he did his stretches next to Yuuri, mimicking his movements.

“I’m not really sure,” Yuuri admitted. “I kind of thought about him, and this warm feeling spread through my chest, almost like a vibration, it still does, but now I can control it, so I don’t need to reach out everytime he cross my mind.”

“I want a soulmate,” Yuri pouted. “But I don’t know how to do it, can’t you teach me?”

“I don’t think it can be taught…” Yuuri said apologetically. “And most soulmates won’t be able to reach out to each other until they’re teenagers or adults.”

“How come you reached out when you were a baby?” Yuri asked.

“I’m not sure,” Yuuri told the younger boy. “I guess I needed my soulmate earlier than most people…”

“Why?”

Yuuri thought back to all the times Victor had literally saved his life, and tried to think of how he could explain that to a kid. “Well, apparently I’m a magnet for trouble, and I think that if I hadn’t reached out and met Victor when I did, I probably wouldn’t be here right now.”

Yuri gasped. “What?”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri quickly assured him, desperate not to scare him. “I just had a lot of bad luck, but everything worked out fine. I’m still here, right?”

Yuri released a breath of relief before he suddenly frowned thoughtfully. “But how is Victor going to protect you when you leave for America?”

“Uhm,” Yuuri hummed thoughtfully as the unexpected question hit him out of nowhere. “I…. Hopefully he won’t have to protect me,” he settled with. “Hopefully I won’t attract any trouble over there. And I’ll do my best to be careful.”

Yuri nodded in understanding. “But you will still come here to visit, right?”

“Of course,” Yuuri assured. “You’re not getting rid of me that easily.”

Yuuri beamed. “Good.”

Yuuri smiled fondly to the kid beside him, when someone suddenly walked past them, and his dangling sport-bag slammed into the back of Yuri’s head, making the young boy hiss in pain.

Yuuri’s eyes widened in horror. “Are you okay?” he asked fearfully as he searched the blond hair for any sign of blood.

Yuri nodded as he breathed through the pain.

Once Yuuri was satisfied that the young Russian wasn’t critically hurt, he stood up and faced the giant man with the dangerous sport-bag.

“You should watch where you’re going,” Yuuri demanded as he stared him down.
The man turned to him in confusion. “Sorry?”

“Your bag hurt my friend.” Yuuri elaborated.

The man looked to Yuri. “So?” he questioned. “Maybe he shouldn’t be sitting in the way.”

Yuuri felt a streak of anger surge through him. “You’re not blaming a ten-year-old for getting hurt by your bag,” he stated. “You should apologize to him.”

The man smiled in amusement before taking a few steps closer to Yuuri. “Maybe we could discuss it over dinner?” he suggested, sniffing the air. “Omega…”

Yuuri scowled. “No,” he said simply.

The man snorted as he turned to Yuri. “Sorry, kid,” he apologized before turning back to the omega. “Better?”

“Answer is still no,” Yuuri stated.

“Come on, I did what you said,” the man drawled. “What will it take for you to go out with me?”

“I don’t want to go out with you,” Yuuri said simply. “You’re rude and unpleasant and I want you to stay as far away from me and my friend as you possibly can.” He could have said that he was already mated, and that Victor was less than a few meters away, but he wanted to make a point without having to hide behind his alpha.

The man huffed in annoyance. “I apologized, okay? What more do you want from me?”

“Learn to take no for an answer, asshat!” Yuri snapped from behind Yuuri.

“Shut up, midget,” the man snarled.

“What’s going on?” Victor suddenly asked as he walked past the giant man and over to Yuuri’s side.

“It’s fine, Vitya,” Yuuri assured him. “You can go back to the ice.”

“Is he bothering you?” Victor prodded, throwing an accusing glare in the strange man’s direction.

“I can handle it,” Yuuri promised. “He was just leaving.”

The man looked between Yuuri, Victor and Yuri, and realized pretty quickly how outnumbered he was before retreating to the other side of the rink with a sigh of defeat.

“What happened?” Victor asked once the man was completely out of earshot.

Yuuri glanced to Yuri worriedly.

Yuri nodded curtly before speaking up. “Yuuri defended me after that asshole over there slammed his bag into me,” he explained. “It was totally awesome.”

“Oh,” Victor asked in surprise before frowning worriedly. “Are you okay?” he asked, grabbing the young boy and searching him after any sign of injury.

Yuri swatted at his hands and wiggled away. “I’m fine!” he snapped.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked, turning to Yuuri instead. “He didn’t hurt you, did he?”
“He didn’t hurt me,” Yuuri reassured his mate. “He was just being an idiot.”

Victor released a sigh of relief. “Well, call me over if he comes back,” he pleaded as he kept an eye on the man. “I don’t like turning around and seeing a giant looming over you.”

“He’s not as giant as Vladimir,” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor snorted. “No one is as giant as Vladimir,” he mused. “But he’s not allowed to loom over you either,” he declared seriously. “No one is.”

“I’ll call you over if he comes back,” Yuuri agreed, if only to soothe his mate.

“Thank you,” Victor smiled and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “Fifteen more minutes then you’ll have my full attention.”

Yuuri smiled back. “I can’t wait.”

Chapter End Notes

Yuri already idolizes Yuuri, and I'm sure they'll grow up to be great friends <3<3 Even if Yuri's teenage years will make him a lot angrier, he'll still be his adorable self <3

Once again, thank you so much for all the amazing comments from the last chapter <3<3 It means so much to me that you're taking time out from your busy days to let me know that you're still there <3<3 I love writing for you <3 Thank you for reminding me of why <3<3

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Chapter 105

Chapter Summary

Time is closing in and Yuuri's move-date is coming closer and closer.

Chapter Notes

Sooo, I think this might be the last chapter before Detroit <3 I hope you'll like it <3<3
Still not Beta:ed, so let me know about mistakes <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Yuuri!" Victor called, his voice cracking with terror as he desperately tried to make his way past the trees in the forest in which he had lost his mate. "YUURI!"

"Victor!" A voice called back, hurt and broken in pain. "Please, help me!"

Victor pushed branches aside as he tried to push his way forward to get closer to his mate. "Yuuri, where are you?"

Yuuri didn’t respond for a long while, before a blood curdling scream echoed through the forest and jumpstarted Victor’s primal instincts.

"Yuuri!" Victor’s voice was more of a growl as he felt the sharp branches cutting into his skin. "Yuuri, I’m coming!"

"Help me!"

Victor’s heart was pounding through his chest as he noticed a shadow somewhere between the trees, standing with their back turned against him. He immediately knew that it wasn’t Yuuri.

“Where is he?” Victor demanded of the shadow as he tried to walk up to it. “Where’s Yuuri?”

He noticed that no matter how fast he walked, the shadow seemed to be too far away, until it suddenly turned around and revealed bright, red hair, and grass green eyes.


Tommy smirked. “He’s mine now…”

Victor paled as he noticed more shadows coming up from behind Yuuri’s old classmate.

“And mine,” Ivan claimed with a wolfish grin.

“And mine…” Another alpha chimed in.

“And mine…”
“And mine…”

“And mine…”

“Help!”

Victor shot out of bed, sweat covering his whole body as he felt like the blankets were strangling him.

“It’s okay,” Yuuri said gently “You’re okay.”

It was Yuuri.

He was okay.

“Yuuri,” Victor sniffled as he tried to see through the dark and the mist of his tears.

Light suddenly flooded the room as Yuuri sat up right in front of him. “I’m right here,” he reassured his mate.

Victor threw his arms around him, nuzzling into his shoulder. “You’re okay,”

Yuuri held on to him tightly. “You had a nightmare,” he said while softly stroking Victor’s hair. “It’s okay, it wasn’t real.”

Yuuri nodded as he tried to take a deep breath. “You were gone…”

“I’m right here,” Yuuri assured. “And I’m completely fine.”

Victor pulled away so he could look his soulmate in the eyes. Taking in the chocolaty brown and the swivels of honey, and allowing it to soothe him.

Yuuri felt his heart break for his mate. He looked so scared and he had no idea how to help him.

“What can I do?”

Victor shook his head. “Just… Just sit like that,” he pleaded, cupping Yuuri’s face. “I need to look at you.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding as he nuzzled into Victor’s hand, feeling how his mate’s heart rate went down.

“I can’t let anything like that happen to you,” Victor stated seriously. “We’re never going into a forest.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed. “No forests.”

Victor released a sigh of relief. “Good.”

Yuuri looked to his mate worriedly. “Do you want to tell me what happened?”

Victor nodded as he exhaled shakily. “I... We were lost,” he explained. “You disappeared and I…. I heard you, you were scared, in pain… And I couldn’t get to you. I couldn’t find you.”

Yuuri listened patiently as Victor re-told his dream.
“And then these shadows were showing up, people who at some point wanted you for themselves…” Victor said, his voice dropping low with anger. “And they got you… And I couldn’t do anything to get you back.”

“It was just a nightmare,” Yuuri assured him. “No one is taking me.”

“You were screaming for help,” Victor continued. “I had no idea what was happening, and I was so scared that you…” he trailed off.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri said, taking Victor’s hand and kissing it softly. “It must have been horrible.”

“It was,” Victor agreed. “If that ever happened, I…”

“It won’t,” Yuuri promised. “If someone tries anything in Detroit, I’ll kick their ass.”

Victor smiled slightly at that before his face fell again. “I can’t believe that you’re going to be so far away…”

“I’ve been far away before,” Yuuri tried. “And it’s only through college, then we’ll have the rest of our lives together.”

Victor nodded. “Yes, I know…”

“And we’ll visit each other plenty of times,” Yuuri continued. “I’ll come here whenever I have a break, and we can video-chat every day.”

“Yeah,” Victor sighed. “I know you’re right, I’m just… Worried.”

“I know,” Yuuri said apologetically. “But I’ll be safe in Detroit, I’ll get an omega roommate, and that dorm is one of the safest living areas in the whole city. It has a steel door, security guards… I’ll even get my own room.”

Victor always got a little calmer when Yuuri told him about the security in Detroit. It made him feel a lot better to know that his mate would get all the security a college could provide for him.

Victor had even talked to the principal himself when Yuuri got his letter of acceptance. Just to make sure that they cared about Yuuri’s safety as much as he did.

“I can’t believe that the summer went by so fast,” Victor said in disbelief. “We only managed to travel to five different countries.”

“Well, we did spend a lot of time at each location,” Yuuri pointed out. “It’s been an amazing summer.”

“Yes,” Victor said sadly. “I wish we had more time together.”

“We still have a couple of weeks,” Yuuri stated. “We can make the most of it.”

“We need to practice,” Victor sighed. “Your eros-routine still need some polishing, sometimes the movements seem a little stiff.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “And I need to start packing for Detroit soon… My family is almost done with packing up my room back in Japan… But we can practice, pack and still make the most of our time together… We only practice for five hours, we can still go on dates and have fun.”

“I know we can,” Victor smiled gently. “We’ll figure it out.”
Yuuri smiled before glancing to the clock. “We’re getting up in six hours...” he observed.

“We should go back to sleep,” Victor finished. “I’m sorry I woke you up like that.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “But are you sure you’re okay? We can talk about it some more if you want?”

Victor shook his head. “I’m fine, but please lie close to me?”

Yuuri nodded and cuddled up against Victor’s side and allowed his mate to wrap his arms around him.

“I love you, Victor,” Yuuri whispered quietly, hoping that it would help. He would gladly defeat Victor’s nightmares with the power of love if he could.

Victor smiled gently. “I love you too.”

The next day, it was time to start packing. Yuuri was leaving for Detroit in less than a week, and there was a lot to get finished before then.

Yuuri was on almost constant video chats with his family as they helped him pack his things into boxes back in Japan.

“So how are things over in Russia?” Mari asked. “How’s Vicchan?”

“Vicchan is good,” Yuuri said with a smile as he turned his camera around to show how Vicchan was sleeping curled up next to Makkachin. “And Russia is still wonderful. It’s been very calm lately.”

“It’s better than the alternative,” Mari pointed out. “How’s Victor?”

Yuuri frowned slightly at that as he remembered Victor’s nightmare. “He’s... Processing...” he said honestly. “It’s not going to be easy to be apart again.”

“Yeah,” Mari agreed. “Where is he now?”

“He’s out getting dinner,” Yuuri said, glancing to the door. “We were supposed to go out, but we couldn’t find the time or energy after practice.”

“Well, having a quiet time inside is nice too, right?” Mari asked.

“I guess,” Yuuri sighed. “But we kind of planned to make the most of our time together, and going to practice and then spending the rest of the day at home, it’s kind of a waste...”

“At least you’re together...” Mari pointed out. “But when are you coming to Japan? You need to drop off Vicchan and get all your school documents.”

“We’ll go there next week, mom told me that we’ll trade everything at the airport, before we fly the rest of the way to Detroit.”

“That’s one hell of a detour...” Mari said thoughtfully. “Don’t you rather want to come here and spend the night before going up in the air again?”

“Maybe... I’ll have to talk about it with Victor though,” Yuuri explained. “I’ll do it once he’s back.”
“Okay, well, do you want to bring this to Detroit?” Mari asked, holding up a plushie of Victor in front of the camera.

That was definitely the hard part about moving. Having to decide how much of his merch to bring without seeming like a crazy person.

But he also really wanted to bring that plushie. Victor had made it for him himself.

“Pack it,” he decided. He would just have to get a very good lock for his room.

Mari chuckled in amusement. “Okay then.”

Suddenly the front door opened and the smell of food was quickly filling the apartment. Yuuri turned around and noticed how his beautiful mate had his arms full of bags.

“Victor is back, I’m just going to help him with the bags, I’ll call you later,” Yuuri said urgently.

“Yeah, bye.”

Yuuri disconnected the call and rushed over to his mate’s side. “This is a lot of food,” he pointed out as he took a few of the bags from Victor.

Victor smiled. “I wasn’t sure what to get…”

“So you got the whole restaurant?” Yuuri mused.

“Just a little bit of everything,” Victor explained. “I hope you’re hungry.”

“I am,” Yuuri said as he opened the bag to breathe in the aroma. “Starving.”

“So Mari wondered if we wanted to stay a night in Japan before going to Detroit,” Yuuri said as they were throwing empty boxes away and did some of the dishes together.

“Oh?” Victor said thoughtfully. “That means we’ll need to leave a day earlier than planned, since you’re getting your key next friday.”

“I know,” Yuuri said. “But then I get to see my family a last time before I leave.”

“Then I think we should go,” Victor said. “It was a while since we last saw your family.”

Yuuri smiled. “And maybe… Maybe we can take a bath in the onsen… Together…”

Victor stopped wiping one of the glasses mid-movement. “Really?”

“I mean, yeah, well, if my parents allow it… I mean, it’s not like we’re allowed to have sex there, but we’ve seen each other naked a lot of times by now, so…”

Victor pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s lips to stop his mate’s rambling. “I’d love to.”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “I think it could be kind of sensual… You know, bathing together like that.”

“I’m sure it will be,” Victor agreed. “I just can’t believe that you’re leaving so soon… And now even sooner.”

“Well, you’ll still stay with me in Detroit for a few days, right?” Yuuri asked.
“Of course,” Victor smiled. “Your main concern should be how you’re going to get me to leave.”

“Your school starting might be a good reason…”

Victor snorted. “Probably.”

“I’m still glad you’re coming though, I don’t think I would be able to leave you here,” Yuuri admitted. “And then you’ll see for yourself how safe it is. It might calm you…”

Victor nodded. “Yes, I hope so.”

“I just don’t want you to have any more nightmares like that…” Yuuri said gently. “I don’t want you to be so worried that it’ll transform into fear.”

“I’ll be fine,” Victor assured. “Otherwise I’ll just kidnap Yakov and make the college in Detroit open a business program.”

“I don’t think Yakov would appreciate getting kidnapped,” Yuuri said in amusement.

“Well, as long as he’ll get to coach his star, I’m sure he’ll be fine.” Victor waved off.

“Well, you know him best,” Yuuri agreed.

“Whatever happens, we’ll make it work,” Victor stated. “If I so have to carry all of Russia next to America, we’ll make it work. You and I can get through anything, it’s what we’ve done ever since we were kids.”

Yuuri nodded and took Victor’s hand. “We’ll make it work.”

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... What did you think? <3 I make might the onsen and more summer events as bonus chapters <3<3

You can learn more about the bonus chapters on my tumblr <3 sophialala1.tumblr.com <3

You guys are wondeful lately <3<3 I love the ocean of comments, and it makes me feel more excited to move forward with this stoy onto its next step <3

Get ready for Detroit ya'll <3<3<3
Yuuri stood in awe for several moments as he stared at his college building.

It was so grand and beautiful, and slightly intimidating.

A part of him could barely believe that this was going to be his life.

That he was going to live right here, for five years.

“Is everything okay?” Victor asked as he took in the appearance of his petrified boyfriend.

Yuuri nodded without a word.

“It’s a very beautiful building,” Victor observed. “I wonder if there’s a map somewhere that can lead us to the living quarters.”

“Oh,” Yuuri looked around. “No.”

Victor chuckled at that. “Let’s see if we can find a map…” he offered.

Yuuri nodded and took his mate’s hand.

People were walking all around him to different places, and the air was filled with a pleasant bubble of conversation as students tried to locate their way around campus.

“Here are maps! Come and get your maps!” a very peppy girl with a ponytail called as she waved
pamphlets in the air.

“Over there,” Victor said and dragged Yuuri with him.

The girl immediately directed her attention to the couple as they approached. “Hello, are you students here?” she asked cheerfully as she handed a map to Victor while Yuuri stared at a nearby tree.

“My boyfriend is,” Victor announced proudly. “We’re trying to find the living quarters or someone in charge of handing out the keys.”

“Oh, there’s a reception in the main living building,” the girl explained. “It’s right here on the map…” she pulled out a marker from her pocket and drew an X on the map. “I would be happy to show you there myself, but I’m trying to get extra credits…” she said as she looked at her pile of pamphlets apologetically.

“It’s fine,” Victor assured. “Thank you for your help.”

“Holler if you need anything else.”

Victor examined the map for a moment before turning to his mate who seemed to be occupied with drinking in their scenery. “Yuuri?”

Yuuri flinched in surprise. “What?”

Victor tugged lightly on Yuuri’s hand. “Come on, we need to see your apartment.”

“Oh, right…” Yuuri agreed as he followed Victor’s lead. “Where are we going?”

“The living quarters,” Victor explained. “We need to get your key and get you settled before you drown in college experiences.”

“It’s so full of life,” Yuuri said in awe. “And it’s so beautiful.”

“It really is,” Victor admitted. “I’m glad that there’s no exploding cars or criminals running around with knives.”

Yuuri snorted. “I think the criminals have better places to be than a college campus… Maybe if you check a nearby bank?”

Victor chuckled fondly. “As long as they stay away from here, I’ll be happy.”

Yuuri smiled as he kept looking around, admiring everything around him. It was all so pretty, the trees, the statues, fountains, all the colorful people, one with blue hair.

“It should be that building,” Victor said thoughtfully as he looked between the map and the building before them. “Let’s get your key.”

“Welcome to the student center, what can I do for you today?” a middle aged woman with giant glasses asked as the true mates stepped up to the reception.

“Uhm, I was supposed to come here to get my key,” Yuuri said shyly.

“What’s your name, honey?” the woman asked gently.

“Yuuri Katsuki.”
The woman wrote something in her computer before she lit up. “Oh, you’re the other omega,” she beamed. “Your roommate is already settled. You need to have this,” she said and opened a drawer and took out a tag. “It’s for the main door, then you need this…” she took out a badge. “You show this to the security guards. You probably won’t need it later, since the guards will get used to you, but it’s always good to keep close if we get a new guard and they need to make sure that you really live there,” she explained. “And here is the key to the door. I recommend that you put it all on a keychain so you won’t lose them.”

Yuuri memorized everything as well as he could.

“Are the security guards safe?” Victor asked. “What kind of interviews have they been through?”

“They are all betas with the protective gene,” the woman said gently. “And they have all been thoroughly interviewed with both the OPS and our chief of staff. They are very well trained for all kind of emergencies.”

“Okay,” Victor said with a look of approval.

“And what about you, dear? Are you staying with Mr. Katsuki?” the woman asked.

“Only for a few days,” Victor assured. “Until he gets settled.”

“Okay,” the woman said before getting up to take out a big binder and pulled out several documents. “You need to sign this, this and this, and you’ll get a guest badge that you will have to return before you leave.”

“Okay,” Victor agreed as he skimmed through the document.

“Is that really necessary?” Yuuri asked. “I mean, he’s my true mate…”

“It’s very necessary,” the woman stated. “It’s a part of our security. We can’t have undocumented friends and acquaintances in that building. So if you’ll have anyone else staying over with you, you’ll need to get them over here first so we can sign them in.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully as he glanced to his boyfriend who looked to the document like it had just given him the best news he had ever heard.

“So no one is getting into that building unless they’ve gone through this process?” Victor asked.

“No one,” The woman confirmed.

“That’s very good,” Victor stated and signed his name and his personal information in all the marked slots, before sliding the documents back to her.

“Thank you… Mr. Nikiforov,” the woman said and turned back to her computer. “I’m just checking your criminal record,” she said before smiling. “It looks clean.” she said and reached down to take out a badge with the word ‘guest’ on it. “Just come back if you have any questions. The door to the secure area is directed against the square, it has a sign that says ‘only authorized students and staff’.”

“Thank you,” Victor smiled as he took his badge and turned to Yuuri. “We should get this kind of security in my apartment building too.”

Yuuri snorted. “I’m not sure your neighbors would like that…”

“That’s exactly why it’s needed,” Victor pointed out. “Do you want me to carry something for you?”
“I’ve got it,” Yuuri assured. “Thanks though.”

Victor kept his eyes on Yuuri in case he changed his mind as they made their way to the secured part of the campus, they found the sign and a security guard by the door.

“Is this the living quarters for omegas?” Yuuri asked the guard cautiously.

“Do you have an ID?” the guard asked.

Yuuri fumbled slightly with his tags and key before finding his badge and showing it to him.

The security guard nodded in approval before turning to Victor to examine his badge as well. “The tag pad is over there,” the guard said and pointed while stepping away from the door. “You hold your tag against it, and it will unlock the door. We have security guards here around the clock every day, so if you need help with anything, or if you worried about being followed, you can just let us know.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said quietly as the security guard opened the door for him and Victor.

“I love this place,” Victor smiled like a child on Christmas eve. “I almost want to live here myself.”

“I think the security guards might tackle you if you try and build a house around here,” Yuuri mused. “It feels like we’re getting into some kind of military base or something…”

“I know, isn’t it amazing?” Victor cheered. “I kind of want to try breaking in, just to have them stop me.”

“You’re not doing that,” Yuuri said in horror. “You could get hurt.”

“Okay, I’m not doing that,” Victor agreed in amusement. “But it would be kind of fun though…”

Yuuri shook his head fondly as they walked up a few staircases to get to the right floor. There were a lot of empty corridors that Yuuri had no idea what they were for, until they finally reached a big, blue steel door “Do you think this is it?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully.

“Try the key,” Victor urged excitedly.

Yuuri did, hearing the lock click as he turned it.

The door swung open with a squeak, and Yuuri peeked in curiously as his eyes met a couple of green eyes across the room.

“Hi,” the other man greeted and put his pen back on the magnetic surface of the whiteboard he was standing at.

Yuuri was momentarily stunned by how beautiful he was.

Objectively that is.

His eyes were green as a forest, and his hair was a perfect color of chocolaty brown as it was beautifully styled with a bit of wax to keep the naturally curly locks in place.

“H-hi…” Yuuri greeted back.

“I’m guessing you’re my new roommate,” the man said cheerfully. “I’m Nathan. Nathan Ortega,” he walked up and stretched out his hand towards Yuuri.
“I’m Yuuri,” Yuuri said as he shook it carefully. “Yuuri Katsuki.”

“Yuuri Katsuki, that’s a great name,” Nathan pointed out. “And kind of familiar… Are you a photo model?”

Yuuri’s face turned bright red. “No, no, no, definitely not,” he exclaimed. “I’m a figure skater.”

Nathan’s eyes widened in realization. “Right, weren’t you on the news?” he asked curiously. “I think you broke some record or something.”

“Yeah, I did...” Yuuri admitted sheepishly.

“That’s wonderful,” Nathan beamed. “I’m more into politics myself,” he admitted. “And I’m kind of an organization freak, so you’ll notice a lot of post-its everywhere, and I also like my whiteboard for scheduling, but I’m pretty flexible in case you want something to change.”

“Oh, okay,” Yuuri agreed as he took in the look of the room. It was very big and neat. It kind of reminded him of Victor’s apartment when he had first moved in and didn’t really have all of his stuff unpacked.

But it was a lot bigger.

“I lived here last year, so I’m kind of settled in already,” Nathan admitted. “But you’ll get Max’s old room, he was a total snob, and kept to himself most of the time, but his room is in perfect condition.”

“Oh, that’s good…” Yuuri said as he looked around the living area some more.

Nathan turned his attention to Victor. “And you are?” he asked politely.

“Oh, how rude of me, I’m Yuuri’s true mate, Victor,” the alpha introduced himself. “I’m just here to make sure that Yuuri gets settled.”

“Oh, okay, nice to meet you, Victor.” Nathan said cheerfully. “Well, come inside and look around, I’d be happy to give you a tour if you want one,”

“That would be nice,” Yuuri said.

“I remember when I first moved in here with Max, I was completely lost around here, so I’ll try to be as thorough as I can,” Nathan assured. “So, well, here’s the kitchen. We’ll share the fridge and freezer, we can either split it up in half, or we can go shopping together and share everything, it really doesn’t matter to me. The stove is pretty neat, but the oven is kind of slow, especially when you’re hungry.”

Yuuri laughed a little at that. “I think every oven is slow when you’re hungry…”

Nathan chuckled. “I think we’re going to get along fine.”

Yuuri was happy that he had ended up with a roommate that seemed so nice. But on the other hand, he had never met a rude omega before.

“Anyway, we have a common laundry room, so I think we should make a schedule there if we need to do laundry,” Nathan continued as he waved into a little room next to the kitchen.

Yuuri looked inside and saw both a laundry machine and a dryer that both looked pretty new.

“Max took his couch with him when he left for California, so we might need to get a new one, along
with a TV,” Nathan said as he looked around the empty living room thoughtfully. “If you watch TV that is. I usually watch late night debates or trivia shows… But I’ll be happy to buy a TV myself if you don’t want one.”

“No, I do watch TV,” Yuuri admitted. “So that sounds like a good idea.”

Nathan beamed. “Well, we also have a silent alarm,” Nathan continued. “And the button triggers are under the sink, behind the laundry machine, one in my bedroom and one in your yours… It’s a red button so don’t mistake it for a light switch.”

“I won’t,” Yuuri promised.

“Good,” Nathan smiled. “Well, I think that’s about it, you have your own bathroom connected to your bedroom, so I’ll let you get settled… I’ll be in my room if you have any questions. Your room is right there,” he said as he pointed to a closed door. “I look forward to living with you.”

“You too,” Yuuri said politely as he turned to his bedroom, still trying to process everything. It almost seemed too good to be true.

~He’s nice~ Victor said through the bond. ~I’m glad you’ll get to live with someone like him~

Yuuri smiled in agreement as he opened the door to his bedroom, gasping softly as he noticed the size of it. It was almost twice as big as his bedroom in Hasetsu.

Victor looked around as well, and stepped inside to examine it, nodding in approval as everything seemed fine. “I really like your closet,” he suddenly said as he opened it. “It’s really big.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue against that.

“Your things aren’t coming until tomorrow, so I think we should get you a bed, and some other stuff today,” Victor said thoughtfully. “What do you think about everything?”

Yuuri could barely find the words to describe it all.

It was only one word that fitted just right. “It’s perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm so excited about Nathan and all my other future OC's <3 And in a couple of years we'll see Phichit <3 So there are tons of fun things to come now <3 And I can't wait to write them all down <3

I can't handle my own fangirling over how much I love them all <3<3 XD

But I hope you're excited as well <3<3 Can't wait to hear what you'll think about everything <3<3 Next chapter will be some apartment shopping and getting to know Nathan a bit better <3<3 Get ready for Americas first omega president ya'll <3<3 Then we'll have Celestino, and getting ready for the grand prix, adjusting to college life with classes and everything... <3<3

Much excitement <3 I should not be drinking this much pepsi max on a Sunday XD <3 I'm being weird about all of this, and I'm blaming it on caffeine XD <3 Or happiness, I
really don't know XD <3

You guys are the best <3 Thank you for all the love for this story <3 It makes me so, so, so happy <3<3 I need to calm down now XD <3 If you (My special readers) see me writing on chapter 107, stop me! XD <3

<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3 KUDOS BOMB!!! <3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3
Chapter 107

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor go shopping to get Yuuri's new apartment together.

Chapter Notes

First of all, a BIG thank you to Karen, who helped me proofread and calm my anxious mind <3<3 I think she did amazing <3 Please go ahead and follow her tumblr! <3<3 She posts amazing things over there <3 http://glitterific-karen.tumblr.com/

And I hope you'll like this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You need to have a flower in your window,” Victor claimed. “It will really lift up the room.”

“Plants usually don’t survive in my presence,” Yuuri pointed out. “Whoever claimed that omegas are nurturing by nature have never seen me attempting to take care of a plant, I’ll either drown it or starve it.”

“Get one in plastic then,” Victor suggested. “It’ll be a lot harder to kill.”

“Fine,” Yuuri relented. “But I’m putting you in charge of its health. That means that you will have to visit a lot to make sure it doesn’t die.”

“I can do that,” Victor beamed before something else caught his attention. “Yuuri, you need to get those sheets.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly. “We’re going over the budget,” he warned.

“Budgets are just a fancy word for not living fully,” Victor claimed.

“Says the man who’s taking a degree in business…” Yuuri mused.

Victor feigned hurt as he hugged the sheets to his chest. “Now we have to buy these in order for me to heal… I need to sleep on Egyptian cotton, how else will I survive?”

Victor had insisted to pay for everything, so it really wasn’t right for Yuuri to tell his mate how to spend his money, so he allowed his mate to get him what he wanted.

He knew how much Victor loved buying things for him, and he really didn’t want to ruin his happiness. Especially not when he had already agreed to let Victor do this for him.

As long as Victor didn’t put an actual elephant in the cart, they would probably be fine.

“Wow, look, bathroom supplies!” Victor exclaimed as he pulled Yuuri and the cart along. “Oh, you
should get one of these pillows for your bathtub,” he said excitedly. “A perfect way to relax after a long day…”

Yuuri sighed and said nothing.

Victor reacted immediately. “Am I going to far?” he asked worriedly.

“Just a little,” Yuuri admitted. “I think I’ll soon have more stuff than I’ll be able to live with… I kind of want to see my floor and not having to climb in and out of my room.”

Victor snorted. “Okay, just take out all of the things that you don’t want,”

Yuuri looked into the cart, he had almost forgotten about everything Victor had picked out for him. Half the store was probably in there.

”Uhm…” Yuuri hummed thoughtfully. ”I don’t think I’ll need this china set… I usually use the same cup, and I never host any tea parties.”

”Right,” Victor agreed and took it out.

”I will probably never use this vacuum robot…” Yuuri continued.

And so they worked. Victor threw things into the cart, and Yuuri took them back out, until they were both happy with the selection.

And as they reached the register, Yuuri felt his pulse speed up as he realized how much it would all cost.

”I think we should put more stuff back,” Yuuri said urgently as they were coming closer to the front of the line.

”Why?” Victor asked in surprise. ”Is there something else you don’t want?”

”Uhm…” Yuuri said worriedly. ”I mean, I get that you have money, and that you think that this is something worth spending money on… But I think this will cost a lot… I mean… A lot, a lot…”

”Don’t worry about it, love,” Victor said gently. ”No matter how much I spend, I always catch up… My bank account is like a bottomless well, If I don’t spend any money, I’ll drown in them.”

”Still,” Yuuri said cautiously. ”It just… It doesn’t feel right…”

Victor was pretty sure that it was Yuuri’s omega conscience speaking, since his mate logically knew that Victor spending money on him would lead to nothing but good things.

Victor loved Yuuri and everything about him, including all of his insecurities. But that didn’t mean that he was going to let them get in the way of getting Yuuri what he needed.

”Well, look at it this way, if my bank account gets hacked tomorrow and I lose all of my money, wouldn’t it be better if they didn’t get as much?” Victor asked.

”Victor, I…” Yuuri tried. ”I mean, that doesn’t make any sense… The money would still be lost…”

”Money I spend on you will never be lost,” Victor claimed. ”Oh, look it’s our turn,” he said cheerfully and began to unpack things.

Yuuri wanted to make some kind of protest to Victor’s argument, but he couldn’t come up with
anything to support his case, and the cashier also seemed to be curious to their discussion, and Yuuri didn’t want to cause a scene, so he just helped Victor with emptying the cart.

Hopefully his stupid guilt would disappear soon.

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“We should probably go back, drop this off, and maybe we can take Nathan and get you two a new couch and a TV, oh, and a bed for you, and maybe we should rent a truck?” Victor asked excitedly. “I love shopping.”

Yuuri kept seeing the total on the register before Victor slid his card. There was so many zeroes, and that was dollars, if he converted it to either yen or rubles, he didn’t even want to know what it would land on.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked in concern.

“That was so much money,” Yuuri said worriedly. “That’s more than I ever spent in my entire life…”

Victor felt his heart break slightly for his mate. He sounded so worried.

“It really wasn’t that much,” Victor tried to assure him. “I mean, it’s not like we bought a mansion or anything. We only got stuff for your room and bathroom.”

“But it was all so expensive…” Yuuri pointed out… “I don’t-deser-” he cut himself off immediately as he knew that Victor wouldn’t let that word go past him.

“Yuuri,” Victor sighed, “I think you know what I’m about to say…”

Yuuri knew very well, and he knew he had messed up by wording it like that. “Yeah,” he agreed. “I know.”

“Then why would you say that when you know perfectly well that you deserve the world and more?” Victor asked.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I didn’t mean it like that… I just… I don’t always need the ‘very best’, and I don’t think that you should waste your money to make sure I have it… I don’t need sheets that are Egyptian cotton, or glasses made of crystal. I’m just… I’m too ordinary.”

“You’re not ordinary to me,” Victor declared. ”And you need to know that I’m never wasting anything when it’s spent on you. Whether it’s my time, my love, my money, or even my life. You’re always worth it.”

Yuuri took a deep breath as he tried to figure out a better way to make Victor understand what he meant.

”Besides,” Victor continued. ”If the situation had been reversed, you would go bankrupt around me…” he claimed. ”Every Time you take me somewhere, you always insist on paying, even if you don’t have nearly as much as me. You getting me cheesecake in Hasetsu, it’s just like me getting you five brand new ferraris and a small house.”

Yuuri felt as if he all the sudden ran out of arguments. He knew that Victor was right.

Yuuri was willing to give everything he had for Victor., and yet he somehow felt like it was completely outrageous for Victor to feel that way about him.
“Am I helping?” Victor asked cautiously.

Yuuri nodded. “Yeah, I mean… I know you’re right… I just… I always compare myself to you,” he admitted. “And I want to give you just as much as you give me. But I sometimes feel like it’s impossible. I mean, I could never get you a car, or a house, or anything like that… I mean, not to your standards… I could maybe get you a crappy house in the middle of nowhere, and a car that will bounce and growl when you try to drive it, but that’s about it… And it makes me feel insufficient as your mate.”

“My family is one of the richest families in the world,” Victor pointed out. “And it’s just pure luck that I was born into it. I won’t let you feel insufficient because fate decided not to give you as much money as me, it’s not your fault, and it makes no sense for you to compare yourself to a billionaire who just happened to have rich ancestors.”

Yuuri sighed in defeat.

Once again, Victor had a point.

“Besides, we both own something that’s more valuable than any amount of money in the entire universe…” Victor claimed.

“Our love?” Yuuri guessed, earning himself a kiss from his true mate.

Victor pulled away with a proud smile. “Our love.”

As the day was reaching its end, Yuuri and Victor were fairly happy that they managed to get everything they needed in only one day.

They even managed to make the second trip and get the couch and TV for the living room.

Nathan had been so happy about Victor paying for everything, that he had treated them all to what he claimed to be the best pizza in Detroit.

And they all had to admit that it was very good.

“So how long have you been married for?” Nathan suddenly asked. “I couldn’t help but to notice the rings.”

Yuuri and Victor looked at their own rings as if suddenly noticing they were wearing them.

They were both so used to having them on, that the rings were more or less a part of their hands.

“Oh, we’re not married,” Yuuri admitted. “They’re promise rings.”

“We’ll get married sometime after Yuuri graduates,” Victor finished.

“Oh,” Nathan said, raising his eyebrows in surprise. “I could have bet all my money on you two being married… I mean, you act more like a married couple than, well… Married couples.”

Victor snorted at that. “We’re true mates,” he explained. “We’ve been connected for almost eighteen years, I suppose it’s pretty safe to say that we know each other pretty well.”

“Eighteen?” Nathan questioned, turning to Yuuri. “But I thought you were only seventeen?”

“I am,” Yuuri confirmed with a light blush. “But I kind of reached out to Victor the same day I was
“Is that even possible?” Nathan asked in disbelief. “I mean, I know about true mates, my older brother and his wife are true mates, but they didn’t reach out to each other until they were teens, I’ve never heard about a baby.”

“Yuuri has always been eager for things…” Victor mused. “He was probably too impatient to wait…”

Yuuri snorted. “I’m sure the first thing through a newborn baby’s mind is looking for a potential mate…”

”Hmm, considering how eager you were about mating itself, I’m sure that-”

”Victor!” Yuuri quickly cut him off, Nathan almost choked on his pizza, as a fit of laughter bubbled through him.

”What?” Victor asked innocently, finding Yuuri’s blush highly adorable.

Yuuri frowned, even though Victor could tell that he wasn’t mad at all. Just a little embarrassed. “I’m sorry, lyubov,” he apologized nonetheless. “I was only joking,”

”Eto ne konets,” Yuuri muttered in Russian, letting him know that this wasn’t the end of that conversation.

Vengeance would be claimed.

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Vengeance would have to wait though, as Yuuri and Victor had to spend the rest of the evening on the floor, crawling around the apartment as they were screwing things together.

“Why does everything need to be assembled?” Victor complained as he stared daggers into the manual. “It doesn’t even make sense. There’s a picture of a screw on this page, and all the sudden, it’s a coffee table?”

“Did you lose a page?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully.

“Maybe,” Victor agreed as he looked around the chaotic floor.

“Can I look at the manual for a moment?” Nathan asked.

Victor nodded and handed it over, seeing no reason why not.

“Oh, I think I see the problem,” Nathan declared. “It’s not a screw, it’s a leg, and it’s not for an coffee table, it’s the manual for the footstool.”

“Oh,” Victor asked in surprise. “How can you tell?”

“My mom is a big fan of IKEA furnitures, being Swedish and all,” Nathan admitted sheepishly. “So I’m pretty much fluent in manuals and assembling.”

“You’re half Swedish?” Yuuri asked curiously.

“Yeah,” Nathan smiled. “Or well, my mom was born in Sweden, she moved here when she was pretty young and met my dad, so I’m born here, and I barely know Swedish at all, but I can make some real good meatballs…”
“That’s cool,” Yuuri said.

“So where are you from?” Nathan asked. “I mean, you do have a bit of an accent, but I can’t really place it.”

“I’m from Japan,” Yuuri admitted, “And Victor is from Russia, we kind of fused our languages together as we mixed it with English, so that might be why it’s hard to place the accent.”

“So that’s why you sometimes just switch languages…” Nathan said in understanding. “I kind of wondered about that,”

“Do we do that?” Yuuri asked in disbelief, looking to Victor for confirmation.

Victor looked just as confused as him.

“Yeah, I mean, it goes so fast, and it’s usually only a few words, but I guess it’s more noticeable for an outsider,” Nathan explained. “I mean, my mom curses in Swedish, and that’s about the only time I realize that she’s not an American… Something about unknown languages catches your attention I suppose.”

Yuuri had never thought about it like that, but it did make sense, Yuuri usually forgot about how many languages Victor spoke, until he suddenly exclaimed something that Yuuri couldn’t understand, then it suddenly sounded far more important, and it always piqued his interest.

“So you speak Russian, Japanese and English?” Nathan asked. “It must be fun to speak so many different languages, I mean, I wish I could learn more, but I can’t seem to find the time.”

“It helps if you have time to practice, or if you need it to get by,” Yuuri explained. “Or if you’re Victor…”

“I had to find more ways to tell you how much I love you,” Victor exclaimed. “And thirteen languages really isn’t that many…”

Nathan gasped. “You speak thirteen languages?”

Victor nodded. “Japanese, Russian, English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Chinese, Latin, Hindi, Arabic, Portuguese and sign language,” he recited proudly

Nathan raised his eyebrows. “So just the basics, huh?” he asked with an amused shake of his head.

“Something like that,” Victor mused.

“So which language is your favorite?” Nathan asked. “If you have one?”

“Japanese,” Victor said without a single doubt. “Probably because the most amazing person in the world introduced it to me.”

Yuuri blushed as Victor gave him his special look.

Just like he always did when Victor looked at him with so much adoration and love.

It was almost like a button.

“I would point out the fact that you two are adorable, but it’s probably just stating the obvious at this point,” Nathan mused. “I mean, you guys are very refreshing compared to most omega and alpha couples. I’m usually against alphas, because they tend to be too macho for my taste, but you seem to
be so much in love, and there’s so much respect in your relationship, and it’s just very sweet.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said sheepishly. He himself was also pretty against alpha and omega couples, especially because of how they were portrayed in movies and media.

But what Victor and he had- was a lot different.

Victor was never condescending with him, and he never expected Yuuri to just drop his entire life to please his wishes.

And Yuuri wasn’t helpless and aimlessly gazing out his window as he waited for his alpha to save him from his life and give it meaning.

Even though Victor was the biggest light in his life, he wasn’t fully dependant on him, and Victor’s wasn’t fully dependant on him either.

Nothing compared against being together, but they could survive being apart.

Their entire lives were proof of that.

In hindsight, he really wanted to thank his mom, Minako and Yakov for deciding that he and Victor needed to grow up apart.

Otherwise they probably would have turned into the world’s most awful stereotypes.

There were of course exceptions to the rule, like Irina and Alisa, and Celestino and Gina, and probably other couples.

But most of the alpha and omega couples were really cringeworthy.

Which is why he was so thankful for what Victor and he had.

And looking into his mate’s eyes, he knew that Victor felt the same.

“So,” Nathan said, breaking the true mates out of their moment. “We have a couch now, people,” he declared as he raised the furniture up into its real position and threw himself on it. “Yuuri, don’t kill me if I nest here, this couch is amazing.”

That’s when it suddenly hit Yuuri.

His roommate was an omega, he knew all about nesting, purring, and everything else that were caused by their instincts.

He was going to go into heat and pre-heat and nest and everything else, just like him.

They were going to understand each other completely.

And Yuuri had so much he wanted to ask him, Nathan was so much more like an adult compared to him. He was in his early twenties, but he seemed like he had so much knowledge about the world. And Yuuri wanted to know what he had been through, what he thought about how the world viewed omegas, if he had been confronted by people with different opinions, how heat suppressants worked.

But he really didn’t want to ask that around Victor.

He knew himself that he would not want to be questioned about personal things like that in front of
someone’s boyfriend.

So he would have to wait until Victor left.

That’s when a second thought hit him.

Victor was leaving, and soon.

Then he would be all alone in an alien country, hundreds of miles away from all of his friends and family.

Hundreds of miles away from Victor.

So he decided to make the most out of their time together.

It was almost over...

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? <3 I know you're all waiting for Phichit, but he's only 15-16 right now, so he won't be along for a few years <3 Also, I had to make Nathan half Swedish XD <3 Bringing some of my wonderful country into this AU <3

Oh, another thing! Some people have been asking about the bonus chapters for this story, and I just wanted to let you know that you can read about where to find them on my tumblr <3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

Anyways, I hope you liked the chapter <3 And have a kudos bomb! <3<3<3<3<3<3
Yuuri was so grateful when his boxes from Japan finally arrived the next day.

He had really missed being surrounded by his own scent.

Not that Victor’s scent was anything to complain about, Yuuri had probably even hugged him closer last night to be able to breathe in the familiarity.

His new home currently felt more like a hotel room, which is why he was looking forward to getting all of his stuff in place, maybe that would make everything more homey.

Nathan was out with some friends from his class, leaving Yuuri and Victor alone to unpack everything.

Which according to Yuuri was a good thing.

That meant that he wouldn’t have to explain himself.

“Oh, look, it’s the plushy I made for you,” Victor beamed as he picked it out from one of the boxes. He was in charge of decorating, while Yuuri tried to build his computer together.

“Right,” Yuuri smiled as he recalled asking Mari to pack it down for him. “I really wanted it here with me,” he explained. “I mean, it’s the closest thing to actually having you here yourself.”

“Well, if that’s the case,” Victor mused and scented it happily. “Now you have your own mini-me.”

Yuuri smiled so widely that he almost hurt his face. “Thank you, love.”

Victor placed it on Yuuri’s bed, leaving the plushie’s head to rest on the pillow, before turning back to search the box for other things. “Oh, I found a gold medal,” he cheered. “Would you like it above your bed, so people will immediately know how talented you are, or would you rather want it above the door, so that people can see that you’re talented but it won’t be like you’re bragging about it?”
“I don’t think a lot of people will be in my room besides you or maybe Nathan…” Yuuri said in amusement. “So I don’t think it matters where they are, put them wherever you like.”

Victor smiled as he looked at all the walls in concentration.

Yuuri admired him fondly as he felt his heart ache slightly at the idea that he would soon be in Russia.

“What about that wall?” Victor suggested as he held the medal against the wall across from where Yuuri was sitting. “That way you can see them the moment you wake up, oh, and I can put up the picture of you and me from the Junior Grand Prix beside it. So you’ll remember exactly when you got it.”

“That’s perfect,” Yuuri assured as he finished plugging in the computer and turned it on, letting out a victorious sound as it started up perfectly.

“Wow,” Victor said in awe, “You actually built it together all by yourself?”

“Well, I just plugged it in,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “I’m glad Mari didn’t decide to disassemble it, otherwise it would have taken a lot longer.”

“Still, I probably would have had to call someone,” Victor pointed out. “Or fly you in, you’re like the computer whisperer.”

Yuuri snorted. “The computer whisperer?”

“Yes,” Victor exclaimed. “You just know what’s wrong simply by looking at them. It’s almost like magic.”

“You can do it too,” Yuuri claimed. “You just have to into the computer’s control panel and…” Yuuri trailed off as Victor started smiling at him. “What?”

“You sound so smart,” Victor said fondly. “You’re going to blow everyone away with your amazing mind.”

Yuuri blushed shyly. “Well, I hope not, if they don’t know how computers works, I’m not sure I’ll have that much to learn in college.”

“They’ll probably know enough to help you get better,” Victor assured. “But you’ll be the best.”

“And you are definitely not biased?” Yuuri mused.

Victor shrugged. “Just being honest.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “Well, we should probably get everything together so we can go and see the ice rink.”

Victor didn’t miss how excited Yuuri sounded about it. “Is Celestino going to be there?”

Yuuri smiled shyly as he shrugged. “Probably… I mean, he sent me an email that he wanted to meet me soon, and apparently he has skating lessons for kids this afternoon.”

Victor beamed as he walked over to Yuuri and pressed a soft kiss to his forehead. “I can’t wait to meet this coach of yours,” he said lovingly.

Yuuri beamed back, excitement shining in his eyes. “Me neither.”
Yuuri squeezed Victor’s hand slightly as they walked into the ice rink together that afternoon.

Once again, Yuuri was in awe. The rink was almost as big as the one in St. Petersburg, only a lot newer and a bit less historical. But it was so clean and fresh that a part of Yuuri even wanted to take off his shoes in order to not drag any dirt inside.

He looked at their surroundings, the ice was mostly filled with kids and what looked to be their parents.

The kids were mostly skating away from their parents, even though they looked far too young to do anything of the sorts.

Yuuri almost got worried on their behalf.

"Excellent job, everyone," Celestino suddenly called as he gracefully slid across the ice. "But let’s meet in the center of the rink, so we can go through the next exercise."

Yuuri grabbed ahold of Victor’s arm tightly to steel himself.

His idol was so close.

"What’s wrong?" Victor asked in concern. Uncertain if Yuuri was scared or excited.

“I…. I…” Yuuri stuttered out. “What do I say? What do I do?” he asked worriedly. “Maybe this was a stupid idea, we should go, I mean, no we shouldn’t, but I don’t know? Should we?”

“We shouldn’t go, you should just go up there and say hi,” Victor said gently. “I’m sure he’ll be happy to see you.”

“What if he changed his mind?” Yuuri asked. “What do I do then? I need to find another coach here, but I don’t know where to look…”

“It will be okay, love,” Victor assured. “I’m right here, if he changed his mind, I’ll help you find another one, but I don’t think so. Anyone would be lucky if they got to coach you.”

Yuuri felt his breathing slow down a little at Victor’s words. He always knew just what to say.

“Yuuri!” a female voice suddenly called.

Yuuri quickly turned around and spotted Celestino’s wife, Gina. And she was carrying their daughter in her arms.

“Yuuri, I’m so glad you’re here,” Gina said with a brilliant smile.

Yuuri waved awkwardly. “Hi,” he said lamely.

Victor squeezed his hand in reassurance.

“Celestino said that you might drop in today,” Gina continued. “He’s a bit busy right now, but he’s very excited to meet you.”

“Oh, okay,” Yuuri said, looking to how Celestino attempted to teach the flock of children to slowly skate backwards.
“Hi,” a tiny voice suddenly said.

It took a while for Yuuri to realize that the voice came from the little girl in Gina’s arms.

“Hi,” Yuuri greeted back, suddenly realizing that he had no idea how to speak to children.

“You’re very pretty,” the girl said shyly as her cheeks flushed pink.

Yuuri had to admit that she was very adorable. “Thank you,” he said gently.

The girl smiled widely before turning her face against her mom’s shoulder.

Gina snorted. “She’s in a phase where she gets very shy when she gets attention,” she explained before trying to pry her daughter away from her hiding place. “Come on, Isabella,” she prodded. “Say hi to Yuuri’s mate too.”

Isabella looked up and caught sight of Victor. “You’re old,” she stated.


“You have grey hair,” Isabella explained. “That means you’re old.”

“Isabella, that’s no way to speak to someone,” Gina scolded.

“It’s silver,” Victor said with a pout, brushing his fingers through his hair self-consciously.

“I have black hair, like mommy,” Isabella said proudly, completely ignoring her mother’s comment, before turning to Yuuri with a smile. “…And like Yuuri.”

Yuuri shifted on his feet, not really knowing what to say or do. A part of him wanted to defend Victor’s honor, but he also didn’t want to start a fight with his future coach’s four-year-old daughter. “I… I really like Victor’s hair,” he finally settled with. “I think it’s very beautiful…”

Victor beamed proudly as Isabella’s eyes filled up with tears. “You… You don’t think my hair is pretty?” she asked before sniffling sadly.

Yuuri flinched like he had just been slapped. “Oh, yes, of course it’s pretty,” he quickly reassured.

“But not as pretty as the old man’s…” Isabella whined before breaking down in tears.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri tried to apologize, feeling his heart break for the little girl.

“Don’t worry about it,” Gina assured. “It’s late, and she gets very cranky when she’s tired.”

“I want papa!” Isabella cried. “Papa!”

“Gina, what’s wrong?” Celestino suddenly called as he skated to the edge of the rink.

“Papa!” Isabella cried, trying to wiggle her way out from her mother’s grip. “Papa!”

“It’s fine honey,” Gina told her mate. “Bella is just a little tired, and she just had her heart broken by your new protege.”

“I didn’t mean it,” Yuuri tried to assure him. “I just…”

“Oh, hi Yuuri, nice to see you!” Celestino cheered as he waved happily. “I’ll be off the ice in a few minutes, don’t go anywhere.”
“Oh, okay,” Yuuri agreed, looking between Victor and the Italians, as if searching for confirmation.

“Let’s sit down for a moment,” Gina suggested and waved them towards a nearby bench.

Talking to Celestino was amazing, he was so kind and understanding when Yuuri told him about his short program and free skate, and how Victor had helped by coaching him and helped him with figuring out some of the choreography.

“I’m very excited to see it,” Celestino declared. “I’m sure it will be amazing.”

“He really is amazing,” Victor agreed. “He’s done some amazing progress during summer.”

Yuuri blushed slightly under all the praise.

“I can imagine,” Celestino beamed. “So what is your program about, Victor?” he then asked.

“It’s about love from the soul, I call it Agape to match Yuuri’s Eros. It will be like we’re doing a duet,” Victor said proudly. “And my free skate is about the feeling it gives me when I’m performing a jump, it will be finished off with a quad axel. And I’m going to land it flawlessly.”

“Wow, that’s very ambitious,” Celestino chirped. “I’m sure it’s going to be interesting to see you two compete.”

Yuuri looked up to Victor proudly. He was really excited to go up against him.

He knew that the competition wouldn’t change them. They would still cheer each other on. And Yuuri wouldn’t mind if Victor won, because he knew just how amazing he was and how much he deserved it.

Victor felt the same way.

If Yuuri won, he would be nothing but proud of his mate.

But it would still be fun.

They both knew how to motivate each other, so both of them would be pushed to do their absolute best.

This Grand Prix would definitely be one to remember.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! <3 Such omega power in Detroit right now <3 I'm so excited about everything <3

No offense, but I kind of want to send Victor away ASAP just so the pining and character development can start! XD <3 #EvilWriter #NotReallyThey'llSeeEachOtherSoon #It'sAllForTheBest #ToughLove

Anyways, I'm almost done with my third bonus chapter for Dearly Beloved <3 And I'll post a sneak peek of it on my tumblr as soon as I'm done <3

So keep your eyes out for it, and follow me on tumblr so you won't miss it! <3
sophialala1.tumblr.com

Kudos bomb for you!! <3<3<3<3<3<3
Chapter 109

Chapter Summary

Yuuri has his first day of school.

Chapter Notes

Hi! <3 Long time no see <3<3 I'm super busy with film productions XD <3 And I'm going back there in 7 hours, just gotta get some sleep in between <3 So this chapter is not beta:ed, and it probably won't be, but I hope you'll like it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri shot up like a bullet when the alarm rang in the morning for his first school day, and he wasted no time of getting ready.

Victor whined at the loss when his warm mate left the bed at such an early hour. He was normally the early bird when it came to the two of them, but he slept so wonderfully next to Yuuri in his nest built on the softest blankets and pillows that they could possibly find.

Not to mention that Yuuri had been purring for most of the night.

Yuuri’s purring made Victor sleep like a happy little baby, fully content and at peace.

“You need to go up to,” Yuuri called from the bathroom. “You’re not allowed to stay in the omega building if I’m not here to supervise you.”

“Says who?” Victor asked tiredly, voice muffled by a pillow.

“It says so on my apartment contract,” Yuuri said, coming out from the bathroom with a toothbrush between his lips. “You can go and get some practice at the rink, I’ll only be gone for a few hours, it’s just an introduction day today.”

Victor nodded and sat up, reaching out his arms for Yuuri.

Yuuri compiled and allowed his mate to drag him back into his nest for a moment, all whilst trying to brush his teeth.

“Victor,” he complained as Victor nuzzled against his neck. “I need to spit…”

Victor pouted as he released his mate. “Hurry back, my love…”

Yuuri chuckled as he rushed into the bathroom.

Victor took the moment to look at his suitcase for something to wear, his eyes immediately landed on his training gear. If he was go to the rink, he might as well dress for the occasion.
He lazily rolled out of bed and grabbed his pants, just in time for Yuuri to return from the bathroom.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay today?" the omega asked worriedly. "I mean, if you're not, I could probably sneak you into class…"

"Don't worry about me today," Victor pleaded. "I will be perfectly fine, solnechnyy."

Yuuri smiled at the russian pet name. "I'm already missing Russia a little," he admitted. "I'll miss the language."

"We can speak all the Russian you want, love," Victor assured. "And whenever you come to visit, it will probably sound a lot more beautiful since you've missed it."

"I hope so," Yuuri agreed. "But it will not compare with how much I will miss you…"

Victor pressed his lips to Yuuri's forehead gently. "Let's not think about that, let's just enjoy our last days together…"

Yuuri nodded. "You're right."

Victor smiled. "Let's get you ready for school."

Yuuri held Victor's hand tightly as he stared up to the intimidating building were his classes were being held.

"Do you want me to walk you inside?" Victor asked carefully as he took in his boyfriend's worry.

Yuuri shook his head. "I can do this," he stated.

"Do you have everything you need?" Victor asked. "Laptop? Charger? Notepad? Pen?"

"Yes," Yuuri said confidently. "I'm just a bit nervous."

Victor felt just how worried he was, and he wished that he could do something to help, but this was Yuuri's path to walk alone, and Victor had to be strong enough to let him.

"Well, if you need anything, you know where I am…" the alpha said. "You'll do wonderful, love. Just remember that you're here to learn, just like everyone else in your class."

Yuuri nodded. "Yeah, you're right…"

Victor smiled fondly and gently kissed Yuuri's temple. "Have a good day at school, love," he said cheerfully as he gave Yuuri a light push in the right direction.

It helped Yuuri to start walking towards the entrance, but he still looked back a few times. "Have a good day at the rink," he responded. "Reach out if you need me…"

"I will," Victor agreed as Yuuri disappeared inside.

He stayed outside for a few moments, making sure that Yuuri didn't come rushing out in terror, before making his way to the ice rink.

It was hard to watch Yuuri leave him, but he knew that it was for his own good.

Yuuri was going to become amazing one day, and Victor was not going to stand in the way of that.
But he would still be there every step of the way.

He wouldn’t miss it for the world.

Yuuri was grateful for being early, he could probably never handle going into a full classroom all alone.

But being the first one at class also came with another kind of paranoia…

What if he was at the wrong hall?

He double checked the email he got, and confirmed it with the text on the door.

He was at the right place and twenty minutes early.

He released a sigh of relief as he looked around the hall for signs of any other students, when he suddenly spotted one.

He was on his phone and wearing headphones, looking completely unbothered by life as he held a skateboard under his arm. Yuuri wasn’t sure what to do how to greet him.

It was not like he could introduce himself to someone that didn’t even see him.

But suddenly he did, and immediately removed his headphones and put his phone away. “What’s up?” he asked casually.

“Uhm…” Yuuri said nervously, suddenly realizing that he had no idea how to speak with strangers. “Are you in this class?” he asked instead in an attempt to break the ice.

The guy smiled. “Hmm, depends if you are…” he said with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

Yuuri was immediately confused. “Why would that matter?” he asked.

The guy’s face fell. “Oh, uhm, nevermind…”

Yuuri averted his gaze slightly. He felt like he had just managed to create a very awkward situation. “So… What’s your name?”

“Oh,” the guy said, reaching out his hand. “Kevin. Kevin Styles.”

Yuuri shook it. “I’m Yuuri,” he greeted.

Kevin sniffed the air slightly. “Are you an alpha?”

Yuuri blushed as he remembered Victor scenting him thoroughly before they left. “Uhm, omega actually…” he admitted sheepishly. “I let my boyfriend scent me earlier, that’s probably him you’re scenting…”

“Boyfriend?” Kevin repeated before catching himself. “Wait, are you an omega?” he asked in disbelief. “And you’re into video games?”

“Yes,” Yuuri said simply. Almost as if challenging him to claim that he should be a stay-at-home-dad.

“Wow…” Kevin sighed in awe. “I didn’t think omegas played video games…”
“Why wouldn’t we?” Yuuri questioned.

“Oh, no, I didn’t, I mean…” Kevin stumbled over his words. “I didn’t mean it like that… I’m just saying it’s very rare, and I’ve never heard about it before. I mean, I know some girls play, but never an omega…”

Yuuri couldn’t exactly blame him. After a lifetime of playing online, he had gotten the same lecture almost daily.

But that didn’t mean that he wasn’t sick of it. “Maybe you just haven’t played enough video games…” he suggested.

Kevin looked at a complete loss for words as he couldn’t think of a good response, but in that moment, two other students suddenly arrived.

A girl and another guy.

“Are you guys in this class?” the guy asked as his eyes fell to Yuuri immediately.

Yuuri nodded and the guy extended his hand to him. “I’m Smith. Just Smith… Nothing else.”

Yuuri shook his hand as he was still slightly confused. “I’m Yuuri,” he said cautiously.

“I’m Stephanie,” the girl said with a wave. “Hey, do any of you know how many of us there are?”

“I’m pretty sure we’re twelve,” Smith said as he put on his sunglasses, even though they were indoors. “They only accepted two percent of the applicants…”

“It’s a good program,” Stephanie said thoughtfully.

“Pfft, it’s the best in the world,” Smith stated. “We’re definitely something special for managing to get in.”

Yuuri immediately noticed how Kevin shot him a smile, but he had no idea what it meant. “Well, I know what’s special about one of us…”

Smith and Stephanie looked to Kevin for an elaboration.

“We have an omega amongst us…” Kevin stated.

Yuuri felt his cheeks burn slightly at all the sudden looks he was being given.

“You’re an omega?” Stephanie beamed. “My older sister is an omega, but she wouldn’t go close to a video game if so her life depended on it…”

“Wait…” Smith halted. “Did you play world of warcraft about four years ago?”

“Yes,” Yuuri said, not knowing exactly what he was confirming.

“Are you omegawarrior?”

Yuuri wanted to sink through the ground at the mention of his old gamertag. “Yeah,” he reluctantly admitted. “Not anymore though… I haven’t played that game in forever.”

“You were like the best player in the game, you were always on the top of the battleground scoreboard,” Smith said in awe. “I even think I sent you a friend request, but you never replied…”
“Oh, sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I was thirteen and I once got a very creepy message from a stranger, so I only accepted requests from people I knew…”

“You don’t need to apologize,” Smith assured. “I’m just saying that you were very awesome. And thirteen? Dear lord, I was eighteen back then…”

“Wait, you’re only seventeen?” Kevin questioned. “Are you like one of those geniuses that skips through classes and graduates early?”

“No, we just graduate a little earlier in Japan,” Yuuri explained. “And my birthday falls in November, so I’m almost eighteen.”

“Kevin nodded in understanding. “You’re really cool, you know that, right?”

Yuuri blushed darkly. No one had ever used that word to describe him before.

Well, except from Victor at a few rare occasions.

“Are you married?” Stephanie suddenly asked as she noticed the ring on Yuuri’s finger.

Yuuri looked at it too, “No, just engaged… Or well, not really that either… It’s a promise ring… My true mate has the other one…”

Stephanie’s face fell. “You have a true mate…?”

Yuuri nodded happily. “His name is Victor.”

Smith sighed sadly. “All the good ones gets taken so early…” he muttered dejectedly.

“Is Victor a gamer?” Kevin asked.

Yuuri snorted. “Not really…” he said fondly. “He tries sometimes, but it’s not really his thing…” he recalled a memory of when he had played a horror game with his mate, and Victor had gotten so scared that he threw controller across the room and physically flung himself on the television to turn it off.

But to his defence, it was a game about clowns.

“What does he think about you starting school here?” Stephanie asked. “I mean, it’s not exactly common for an omega to be a gamer.”

Yuuri sighed.

“Maybe we just haven’t played enough video games?” Kevin said casually while shooting Yuuri a look of amusement.

Yuuri smiled.

He might actually be able to get along with these people.

Chapter End Notes

I really love Smith... He's my stange little original character that will be a lot of fun to
write into this story XD <3 He's the kind of person that would randomly walk into class with a pink wig on his head without giving anyone an explanation XD <3

Kevin is a chill guy with a skateboard that he loves dearly, and I don't know much about Stephanie more than the fact that she has an older sister that's an omega. XD

There will be more character even though Yuuri will be in a small class <3 But he'll be with them for five years, so there'll be plenty of time to get to know them all <3

Hope you're excited for future chapters, and I'm sorry that this update is probably filled with typos and grammatical errors, but feel free to point them out to me, and I can correct them during breaks on set <3

Love you all!! <3<3

Lots of kudos!! <3<3
Chapter 110

Chapter Summary

Yuuri goes to his first class, and Victor manages to charm all of Detroit.

Chapter Notes

Whooo! I've got a break from filming for 2 days! <3 So here you go! <3 A long chapter that I hope you'll like! <3

Be prepared though! <3 There's so much fluff that you'll need to floss! <3

Not beta:ed <3 So let me know if you find any mistakes! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri expected to get cut out of conversations as more people started to join the group of gamers, but for some reason, he always seemed to be in the center of attention.

People introduced themselves to him like he was someone they were trying to impress, it was probably mainly because of how the other people in his class made him sound.

Like he was some kind of celebrity in the gaming world.

And that was just ridiculous... In the skating world, maybe, but not in the gaming world.

Besides winning a few tournaments in a variety of different games, he hadn’t done anything spectacular.

Not like crushing a world record.

“So, Yuuri, what do you do in your free time?” Stephanie suddenly asked. “I mean, besides gaming…”

Yuuri noticed how all eyes suddenly turned to him. “Uhm, nothing special…” he lied.

He wasn’t sure if he wanted his entire class to know about his skating career. Maybe someday, but not on his first day of school.

Suddenly, a phone chirped in the middle of the group, and a girl named Hanna gasped dramatically. “Holy macaroni!” she exclaimed. “Did you guys know that someone saw Victor Nikiforov at our campus? Do you know if he’s going to school here?”

“Victor Nikiforov?” Smith asked. “Wasn’t he the dude that blew up like three years ago? Are people still into him?”

“He just stopped doing things because his mate got unwanted attention…” Hanna explained. “I
swear, he and his mate are goals, and Victor is so protective of him, he always cover him from journalists and the media and he once threw a paparazzi's camera into the ground for him…”

Yuuri looked at his clock, suddenly begging for a teacher to show up before someone got the idea of googling Victor and seeing a picture of him.

“Well, wasn’t his mate an omega?” Smith asked. “If that’s the case, of course he would protect him. What kind of weirdo wouldn’t protect an omega?”

The whole crowd suddenly got deadly quiet as they all looked to Yuuri again.

“Oh, I didn’t mean it like you NEED to be protected,” Smith assured. “I’m just saying, that I would gladly take a bullet for an omega any day… They truly make the world a better place.”

“Yeah,” Kevin agreed. “Is it true that omegas can’t say a single hurtful thing to someone without feeling bad about it?”

“Well, not really… Or kind of…” Yuuri tried to explain. “I guess it’s different for everyone, but I feel like I need to fix something immediately if someone gets hurt, even if I’m not sure what I’ve done wrong… And sometimes I feel like I can’t do stuff because there’s a chance that someone can get hurt… It’s mostly irrational… Or so everyone around me keeps saying.”

Yuuri noticed how most of them smiled to him like he was a kitten that had just done something adorable.

“But like I said, there are probably omegas out there who are less scared to speak their minds…” Yuuri said in an attempt to explain himself further. “We only have a bigger guilt complex than the other dynamics, it’s not that we’re saints or anything…”

“Omegas are pretty much saints…” Stephanie protested. “Trust me, I grew up with one. Most people talk about how their siblings stole their toys growing up, my sister practically gave me all of hers, she always took care of me and she’s my best friend… She’s nothing but proof to how amazing omegas actually are.”

Yuuri was momentarily stunned. He never expected to face an argument like that.

“Well, like I said, we’re all different,” Yuuri stated. “Saying that all omegas are saints, it’s just like saying that all alphas are… I don’t know, tall… And sure, alphas have the genes to grow taller than betas and omegas, but that doesn’t mean that there aren’t still alphas that are shorter than the average.”

Stephanie smiled fondly. “Okay, then Yuuri, we won’t call you a saint.”

Yuuri sighed. “That’s really not my point…”

“Good morning, class!” a teacher suddenly called at the end of the corridor.

Yuuri’s eyes widened.

Their teacher wore a long, black leather coat, his hair was green and messy, and he was carrying dry ice in a bucket that he waved in front of himself.

“That’s awesome!” Smith exclaimed.

The teacher smirked triumphily. “So are you guys ready to learn what it means to sell your soul to
the devil in exchange for the best graphics and a completely bug-free game?” he asked intensely as he walked up to classroom door and unlocked it. “If that’s the case, you’re at the right place.”

Yuuri stared at the teacher in wonder as he threw out the dry ice on the classroom floor and walked over it.

“Enter, you who dare!”

Yuuri swallowed nervously and followed his classmates inside.

This was definitely going to be interesting.

Victor didn’t get much training done as Celestino and his daughter was already at the ice rink, and Celestino was very excited to speak with him about everything.

“So Bella refused to let my leg go for several hours, so people eventually began to believe that she was a monkey…” Celestino finished his story and shot his daughter a look of amusement.

“No they didn’t!” Bella snapped. “I’m not a monkey, I’m a girl!”

“So the doctors say,” Celestino teased. “But how should I explain my monkey-daughter to strangers?”

Isabella’s face grew red with annoyance. “I’m not a monkey!” she said with a pout.

“Of course you’re not,” Victor tried to butter her up, in order to get her approval, she still didn’t seem to like him for some reason. “You’re a figure skater, like your papa, right?”

Isabella lit up at that. “I’m the best figure skater!” she exclaimed. “Look at this!” she started skating backwards. “I’m sure you can’t do this, old man…”

“I’m not old,” Victor protested. “I’m only twenty one.”

Isabella huffed. “I’m four, and you’re old.”


Isabella’s face fell. “Sorry papa…”

Celestino raised an eyebrow.

Isabella sighed. “Sorry, Victor.”

“And you should know that if you’re being mean to Victor, Yuuri will get mad at you,” Celestino explained.

Isabella gasped. “What?”

“He loves Victor very much, and he gets mad at people who are mean to him,” Celestino elaborated.

Victor thought that it might be rude to laugh in a four-year-old’s face, even though he really wanted to.

“I’ll be good, I promise!” Isabella declared. “Victor, do you want me to show you how to spin on the ice?”
“Okay,” the world winning figure skating champion agreed. He felt like he wanted to get along with the little girl.

No matter how much he hated it, she was still going to spend a lot more time with his Yuuri for the upcoming five years than he was.

“So you have to angle your foot like this,” Isabella explained and gave a demonstration. ”And you have to be careful, otherwise you can fall and get hurt on the ice…”

Victor smiled in amusement. ”I’ll be careful,” he promised and copied the little girl’s movements.

“You’re very good,” Isabella praised. “But your technique needs some work…”

“So how do we proceed, coach?” Victor mused.

Isabella beamed as she laid down a workout program for Victor, which included practice, drinking a lot of water, getting pink laces for his skates, and lastly, to have fun.

Victor nodded fondly to all of the instructions he received and wondered if he should film her and show to Yakov.

Telling his coach that he could be replaced by a four-year old would definitely cause the old man to lose some more of his hair.

So maybe it wasn’t such a good idea…

Victor looked at the time, and wondered why he hadn’t heard from Yuuri yet.

He had promised to reach out if he needed him, but everything seemed to be going fine.

Yuuri even seemed to be amused by something, but he wasn’t sure what.

Victor knew that he probably shouldn’t, but he couldn’t stop himself from looking through his mate’s eyes for a brief moment.

Yuuri was looking at someone else’s phone, a clip of someone dying brutally in a video game.

Victor couldn’t tell what was amusing about it. It was more close to terrifying.

But Yuuri does have a strange sense of humor.

Well, at least he now had people that shared it.

But didn’t that guy with the phone sit unnecessarily close to him?

Victor snapped back to himself on the ice, feeling positive that Yuuri what at least safe and sound and seemed to be enjoying himself.

But a strange part of him really wanted to let that guy with the phone know that Yuuri was very much taken and not going to be seduced by some brutal clip from a video game.

”Mr. Cialdini, I think I’m going to pick Yuuri up from school…” Victor said as he skated towards the rinkside.

”Is everything alright?” Celestino asked worriedly.
"It’s fine,” Victor assured as he began to unlace his skates. "I just really miss him, and I don’t want to wait for him to walk here alone.”

Celestino nodded in understanding. "I can drive you there if you want?” he offered.

"Thank you, but it’s not too far,” Victor smiled. "Only two blocks.”

"Okay,” Celestino agreed. "But just so you know, I will drive Yuuri here and back once I get his schedule. He won’t be walking anywhere alone if that worries you.”

Victor suddenly released a breath of relief. He didn’t even know that it was a worry he had before Celestino fixed it.

"That’s wonderful,” Victor said gratefully. "I’m so glad that he’ll be safe here.”

"And if someone treats him bad at the rink, I’ll just sick Bella on them…” Celestino mused.

"I’ll kick their butts!” Isabella exclaimed as she crossed her arms.

Celestino laughed warmly. "And I’m sure he’ll get plenty more friends that will help to keep him safe.” he said gently. "Yuuri is in good hands here in Detroit.”

That really meant the world to Victor.

If he could stay this safe and still have fun, it would be absolutely perfect.

Victor could sleep well at night, knowing that Yuuri would have a good, safe life across the world from him.

If anything, it would make their time apart a lot easier.

Yuuri barely even realized that three hours had passed.

His teacher was amazing, a bit dramatic maybe, but very good at what he was talking about. And his classmates were also amazing.

They were all so brilliant and smart and shared an interest with him that he otherwise had to enjoy alone.

Victor was always supportive, but he didn’t love games as much as he did. And it was hard to share that interest with someone who didn’t really love it.

He and Victor still shared his greatest interest which was figure skating, and Victor understood all of the inside jokes about having to adjust his routine during practice to avoid skating into children or old people. Or waiting for the hockey teams to finish their practice after an hour of scratching the ice with their stupid hockey sticks…

But he never understood the happiness of finishing a boss battle after four hour of struggling.

Victor normally tried to get him to play something else, as he didn’t like seeing him upset. He didn’t understand the point of Yuuri getting mad over something that was ‘just a game’.

And sure, Victor was right in a way. It was only a game, the only difference was that Yuuri loved it enough to allow himself to get mad at it and still continue.
That was all a part of what he loved.

Even if Victor didn’t understand it.

“So, Yuuri what are you doing now?” Smith asked. “A few of us are thinking about going to the arcade in the city, it’s totally awesome, if you want to come along it would be even more so.”

“Uhm, I can’t…” Yuuri said apologetically.

“We’ll totally walk you there and back,” Kevin chimed in. “In case you’re worried... Or are you allowed to leave the campus? You live in that protected section of the living quarters, right?”

“I’m allowed to leave, but I promised my boyfriend that I would meet him up after school,” Yuuri explained. “And we only have a few more days together before he leaves for Russia.”

“Can’t you bring him along?” Stephanie asked. “The more the merrier…”

Yuuri smiled slightly, grateful for the offer. “Maybe another time…”

“Do you need someone to walk you where you’re supposed to meet your boyfriend?” Hanna asked. “I’d be happy to do so.”

“I can come with,” Smith offered.

“All of us can come,” Kevin stated. “I think we’re all interested to meet that mysterious boyfriend of yours.”

Yuuri was still so surprised that he was around so many alphas and betas with the protective gene. It was getting more and more obvious as their strange offers kept coming.

“I thought you were going to the arcade?” Yuuri asked.

“Nah, this sounds way more fun,” Smith chirped. “We can go to the arcade any day, but if your boyfriend is only here for a limited time…”

As about eight different pairs of eyes stared at him with expectation, he soon realized that he didn’t have the heart to deny them.

And he also thought that Victor might enjoy meeting his new classmates.

“Okay,” he agreed. “I’ll tell him you’ll come.”

He immediately told Victor across the bond to let him know that he was bringing friends.

~That’s perfectly fine, love. I can’t wait to meet them~

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully.

Why was Victor sounding so smug?

“Is everything okay?” Kevin asked.

“Yeah, everything is fine,” Yuuri assured, changing his face accordingly. “He seems fine with it.”

The people around him blinked in confusion.

That’s when Yuuri realized that he had yet to mention that Victor and him could communicate
“Oh, yeah, me and Victor are true mates, and true mates can kind of communicate with each other without really speaking… We have a soulbond that we can talk with each other through,” Yuuri explained as he picked up his bag and began exiting the school with his fellowship of classmates.

They still looked equally confused.

“So you can read thoughts?” Smith asked.

“Only Victor’s, and not really,” Yuuri tried to explain. “I can only hear him if he lets me hear him.”

“I’ve heard about true mates being able to feel each other’s emotions, but never being able to speak with each other,” Hanna said thoughtfully. “But it sounds cool, how did you learn it?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Desperation?” he suggested. “Victor and I grew up at different continents, communicating like that was probably our soul’s way to stay connected.”

“How is it that you keep getting more interesting the more we learn about you?” Stephanie asked in disbelief. “Soon you’re going to reveal that you’re a secret agent or a celebrity or something.”

Yuuri blushed lightly. “Well, I’m definitely not a secret agent…” he said in an attempt to avoid the question, as he finally reached the exit.

He took one step outside before freezing in shock.

Victor was standing there, in his normally handsome self, with a giant bouquet of colorful flowers.

“Did you have a good day at school, love?” the Russian asked cheerfully.

Yuuri walked up to him. “I thought I was meeting you at the rink?” he asked as a blush began to grow across his cheeks.

Victor handed the flowers to his mate and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. “I missed you,” he announced before looking over Yuuri’s shoulder. “Hi, Yuuri’s friends,” he greeted happily.

Yuuri turned around and noticed how his classmates had somehow turned into shocked statues, their mouths wide open as if they couldn’t believe their eyes.

Hanna was the first one to make a high pitched squeak of joy. “You’re dating Victor Nikiforov?!” she asked, far too loudly to be human. “Who even are you?!”

Yuuri wasn’t sure where to hide, when Victor suddenly wrapped his arm around his waist. “You didn’t tell them you were dating me?” Victor asked with a smirk.

“Well, I… I was going to, I just… It didn’t really come up… I told them your real name though… I just didn’t mention your last name…” Yuuri said nervously. “I thought I could prepare them on the way to the rink, I didn’t know that you were… well, going to be… here.”

Victor smiled fondly before nuzzling his nose against Yuuri’s temple. “Have I ever told you how adorable you look when you blush like that?”

Yuuri blushed even more. “Vitya…”

Victor beamed before turning to Yuuri’s shocked friends. “I hope you’ve all been good to my Yuuri,” he said, making his voice slightly stern to get his point across.
They all nodded, still looking like they had no idea what else to do.

Yuuri sighed. “Well, this is Victor,” he said lamely, gesturing in his boyfriend’s general position.

Eventually, Kevin stepped forward and extended his hand. “Nice to meet you, Victor.” he said, voice quivering slightly. “I’m Kevin.”

Victor recognized him as the guy with the brutal clip of that video game, but he decided that he would be nice.

Like his mother always said, ‘kill them with kindness’. “Nice to meet you, Kevin.”

Immediately, Hanna walked forward, her cheeks pink with shyness. “I’m Hanna,” she said and extended a shaking hand.

Victor shook it with a smile. “Hi, Hanna.”

Hanna squeaked and adjusted her glasses. “I… I really liked your work in that commercial… I got like four bottles of that perfume… I mean, I… I really like penguins, it… It was very amazing of you to support that cause.”

A part of Victor wanted to ask why she would buy perfume for men, but she also seemed too nervous to handle that kind of questioning.

“Thank you, Hanna,” Victor said politely. “And I’m glad you liked the commercial, the director was kind of strange for wanting me to take off my shirt, but if it helped saving thousands of penguins, it was definitely worth it.”

Hanna nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, it really did help, I think that campaign managed to collect billions of dollars, and that really helped with building protective habitats for them and sue all of the illegal hunters in that area.”

“Well, I’m glad then,” Victor smiled. “Did you hear that, Yuuri, I saved penguins.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Of course you did, Vitya.”

Eventually the rest of Yuuri’s classmates managed to collect the courage to approach Victor as well.

Victor was glad that they all seemed to really care for his mate. Sure, a few of them were crushing really hard on his omega, but they all seemed to be aware that they had no chance to steal him away from Victor.

And Yuuri was his adorable, oblivious self, and didn’t even seem to be aware of the broken hearts that laid scattered all around him.

Even though a part of Victor wanted to gloat about it, he also felt a little sad for them.

It really couldn’t be easy to lose someone like Yuuri to someone like him.

All of his actions spoke for themselves, and his love for Yuuri could not be mistaken.

But in an attempt to make amends, Victor got all of Yuuri’s friends some milkshake from the outdoor school café, before stealing Yuuri away for skating practice.

They could all use some comfort-food while they grieved the loss of the world’s most beautiful omega.
“I like your friends,” Victor said as they walked away from campus. “I hope I didn’t scare them.”

“I’m sure you didn’t,” Yuuri assured. “I’m actually pretty sure they liked you as well.”

Victor beamed. “Really?”

Yuuri nodded. “How could they not? You’re amazing.”

Victor smiled. “You’re too sweet, Yuuri,” he said lovingly. “Oh, I also think I managed to charm Isabella today,” he declared proudly.

“You did?” Yuuri asked in surprise. “Are you planning on charming the whole city before you leave?”

Victor fluttered his silvery eyelashes. “As long as I get to charm you the most.”

Yuuri snorted. “Of course, Vitya.”

Victor kissed Yuuri’s temple, before pulling away to open the ice rink’s door for his mate. “Now let’s go and practice your eros…”

Yuuri stepped inside with a smile. “Now it’s my time to charm…”

Victor swooned.

Chapter End Notes

I will continue this fluff until your teeth are rotten >:D <3

Next planned drama won’t be until the grand prix (^w^) <3 So I’ve got plenty of time to choke you all with sweetness and love <3<3<3<3

Hahaha, thank you for reading! <3<3

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3<3<3

ALSO!! ALSO!!! CHECK THIS BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART OUT!!!! <3<3<3<3
http://eleneiro.tumblr.com/post/173519813101/sophialala1-eleneiro-dearly-beloved-i it made me tear up so much! <3 I mean, it's so gorgeous!!!!! :O <3 I died! <3 LOVE IT! GO IN AND ADMIRE THE SHIT OUT OF IT!! PLEASE!!! <3<3<3
Chapter 111

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor say goodbye, as Victor leaves for Russia.

Chapter Notes

Dropping this off real quick <3 I hope you'll like it <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I can’t believe you’re leaving tomorrow…” Yuuri said late at night as he played with Victor’s fingers lazily. He had school the next day, and Victor was leaving in the afternoon.

“I know…” Victor agreed as he gently intertwined his hand with Yuuri’s. “We’ve been together for so long now, it’s probably going to be a lot harder to be apart this time…”

Yuuri nodded against his pillow as he gazed into Victor’s eyes from under his lashes. “I’m really going to miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too…” Victor declared. “But we’ll see each other soon… It’s only a couple of months before the competitions start.”

Yuuri sighed. “A couple of months…” he repeated.

“We can do it,” Victor said gently. “We have before…”

“It has still never been easy…” Yuuri pointed out.

“I know,” Victor sighed. “But imagine how good it will be to see each other again after some time apart…”

Yuuri thought about that for a moment. “It will still never be better than the joy of seeing you every day for the rest of my life.”

Victor’s heart made a quad axel. “Yuuri…” he drawled. “We’ve talked about you being too adorable before sleep… You will only make me miss you in my dreams…”

Yuuri snorted. “You’re adorable…”

“I know,” Victor smirked and leaned in to steal a kiss from the omega.

Yuuri lingered more than he should, savoring the moment until Victor pulled away.

“Yuuri…” Victor cooed as he wiped away a stray tear from his mate’s cheekbone. “Please don’t cry…”
Yuuri sniffled as he wiped his eyes. “I’m sorry…” he apologized. “I… It’s just… h-hard…”

“Come here,” Victor pleaded and pulled Yuuri up against his chest and held him close. “It’ll be okay, love… It’s not too long.”

Yuuri nodded as his tears kept falling.

Victor did his best to stay strong, even though as his own tears were threatening to spill as well. “…And I can come visit you sooner… And if you get a long weekend, I can have my private yet pick you up and you can come to Russia… We’ll make it work, we always do.”

Yuuri sniffled again. “You’ll be so… So f-far away.”

A tear finally fell down Victor’s eye as he hugged Yuuri impossibly closer. “I know…” he whispered brokenly. “But you have all your other friends here, and Celestino, and your school… Time will fly by until we’ll see each other again…”

“Why can’t we just be old already?” Yuuri asked. “When we’re old and grey, we’ll never have to be apart again…”

Victor laughed a little at that and wiped his tears away with his free hand. “Well, I’m all set with the grey hair… I’m just waiting for you…”

Yuuri laughed wetly at that, before being able to collect his emotions and speak evenly. “It’s almost like we’re both in pre-heat…” he mused. “So many emotions…”

“When will you have your heat?” Victor asked worriedly. “It won’t be during the grand prix again, right?”

“I think it will fall in January…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “If it will continue to fall every seventh month…”

“I’ll have my rut in January…” Victor stated.

Yuuri frowned. “Oh, right…” he swallowed thickly. “That probably means that we can’t spend it together…”

Victor shook his head apologetically. “I don’t trust myself when I’m in rut… And I don’t want to put you in danger.”

“I know,” Yuuri sighed. “I don’t really trust myself when I’m in heat either… And knowing us, we’ll do something stupid, especially if we’re stupid enough to spend it together in the first place…”

“We’ll just both be horny across the world from each other…” Victor stated sadly. “Such a cruel fate…”

“We could always videochat?” Yuuri suggested. “Or have phone sex.”

“Why would we need phones when we have our bond?” Victor asked in amusement.

Yuuri smiled shyly. ”Right…”

“If we just use our bond, we can probably get through it just as well as if we were together,” Victor assured. “We’ll just skip the part about risking a pregnancy.”

“I can’t wait until I’m on birth control…” Yuuri admitted. “Or on heat suppressants, so I can at least
have the option of choosing when my heat will fall…”

“It’s only a couple of years…” Victor assured. “I mean, I could take another dose of rut suppressants, so I’ll get my rut in February, that way we can spend your heat together…”

“Isn’t that dangerous?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor shrugged. “Just a little bit unhealthy, and it’s make my rut in February a little bit more intense, but it’s manageable.”

“It’s not worth it.” Yuuri stated. “The only way I’ll let you do it, is if I get to be there for you in February.”

Victor shook his head. “No… Not if my rut will be an intense one. I don’t want you to be there if I’m completely out of it.”

“I was completely out of it during my heat,” Yuuri pointed out.

“That’s different,” Victor sighed. “I’m older, bigger, stronger… I can handle you even if you get desperate, I can just lift you up and take control… If I lose it, and you can’t defend yourself…” he trailed off as he shifted uncomfortably. “I could never forgive myself if I…”

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “But I know that you won’t… I know that you would never hurt me, no matter what.”

“I love how much you trust me,” Victor said gently. “But the problem is that I don’t trust myself.”

“There are ways I can keep you under control,” Yuuri tried. “Ropes, toys…”

Victor chuckled in amusement. “Do you really want to keep me in bondage for two weeks?” he asked fondly. “That’s pretty kinky, even for you…”

Yuuri blushed darkly. “W-well, if it will help you get through it, it’ll be better than being alone… I’m ready to do anything.”

Victor smiled. “You’re too cute.”

“So is that a yes?” Yuuri prodded.

“We’ll see,” Victor decided. “I think I need to think about it… Besides, it’s only September.”

Yuuri nodded. “Yeah, you’re right.”

Victor leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “But now you really need to sleep. luchik… You have school tomorrow.”

Yuuri snuggled closer to Victor, until he was laying comfortably on his chest. “Goodnight, Victor.”

Victor gently played with Yuuri’s hair as he was beginning to drift off to the slow rhythm of Yuuri’s breath and purrs. “Goodnight, Yuuri.”

The next day, Yuuri was late to class, due to lingering too long with his boyfriend outside.

Victor was going to the rink, and then he was going into the central city to do some shopping for his flight back to Russia.
And Yuuri had a lecture about storytelling through video games. Their first assignment was coming up with a concept for a full game and then pitch their idea to their class.

It was done individually, and Yuuri had no idea what he wanted to go for.

A part of him wanted to keep it simple, to work on a game that was only meant to be fun, like a first person shooter game or simply tower defence. But that wasn’t an option, he had to create a story.

“How about a very angry squirrel going on a murder spree after someone stealing his acorns?” Smith suggested after the teacher asked for their suggestions.

“Well, that means that the main character’s initial motivation is anger and revenge, but you also need to establish some obstacles and a clear goal for the character,” the teacher explained. “Say that the squirrel have the opportunity to get his acorns back if he agrees to kill a certain amount of humans for the squirrel overlord, while also having to work against the superhero squirrel, who is trying to stop him, there you have your story.”

Yuuri took careful notes, while trying to scribble up a story himself.

He was starting to get a few ideas, but nothing was decided yet.

“Great, now I want to make a game about the squirrel overlord,” Kevin exclaimed.”Find out his motivation for stealing all the acorns.”

Everyone laughed a little at that.

“I look forward to hearing your ideas,” the teacher mused before continuing on to explain how engaging the player in the games made for higher chances of profit, both with selling merch, and getting gamers to different conventions.

Yuuri could barely believe that this was actually school for him now.

It was amazing.

Victor was actually starting to like Detroit, despite the rumors and... well, the kind of sketchy looking places. It did have a lot of great stores, and some very cute coffee shops and restaurants.

Yuuri’s school day was over in thirty minutes, so Victor decided to get him some vitamin packed juice from a local juice bar, and one for himself so he would survive going back to Russia without his mate.

He was pretty sure that he was going to cry for most of the plane ride home, so hopefully some vitamins might help him to look somewhat human once he arrived.

It was a nice walk to stroll through the city and back to Yuuri’s school, it was different from both Japan and Russia, since no paparazzis were after him in America.

They didn’t know that Yuuri was going to school there, which meant that they didn’t know that Victor was visiting him there either.

So he could just walk around freely.

It was very liberating.

Once he reached campus, he made his way over to a bench were he could wait for his boyfriend.
Yuuri visibly flinched when the class was over and he noticed the time.

How did it pass so quickly?

"So, Yuuri? Do you want to hang out today?" Stephanie asked. "We can talk about different concept ideas…"

"Can’t," Yuuri shot her down immediately. "Victor is leaving in a couple of hours, I need to say goodbye."

"Oh," Stephanie said. "How about after?"

Yuuri shook his head. "I don’t think I’m going to be able to think much once he’s gone."

Almost all of his other classmates frowned worriedly. "Are you sure that you don’t want to do something?" Kevin asked. "I don’t think you should be alone."

"Kevin is right," Smith agreed. "I’m pretty sure that your mate would agree as well. He wouldn’t want you to sit alone and grieve him, he would want you to move on and find happiness again."

"He’s leaving, he’s not dying."

-Yuuri pointed out with an amused smile. "And I’ll be fine…"

"Well, otherwise, we’re just a text message away," Stephanie stated.

Yuuri was grateful for the concern of all of his classmates. "Thank you," he said shyly. "It really means a lot."

Kevin patted him gently on his back. "That’s what friends are for, right?"

Victor visibly lit up once he spotted his mate and Yuuri noticed him in return, and it didn’t take many seconds before his mate was tightly wrapped in his embrace.

"Have you been waiting long?" Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor shook his head. "For you, I could wait forever…"

Yuuri snorted as a blush spread across his cheeks. "You’re very cheesy sometimes…" he said quietly.

Victor beamed proudly. "I love you too," he exclaimed before leaning forward and claiming a deep kiss from his boyfriend, before handing him the juice.

Yuuri looked at the drink in surprise. "Is this the moment when you’ll roofie me and kidnap me home to Russia?"

Victor gasped dramatically. "Yuuri!?"

"Just kidding," Yuuri assured. "Not that I would mind that arrangement…"

"I don’t think the rest of Detroit would be too happy if I kidnapped their most beautiful omega." Victor mused.

"Hmm, maybe I’ll just have to kidnap you then…" Yuuri quipped. "I’ll call Yakov and tell him that
he won’t be getting you back until I’m done with college.”

Victor laughed. “Careful, he might lose the rest of his hair after such a brutal message.”

Yuuri smirked as he sipped on his juice. ”...Or save it…”

Victor snorted and pulled Yuuri closer so he could blow raspberries on his cheek.

Yuuri giggled and almost spilled his juice in response.

“You’re such a little devil at times,” Victor stated in amusement. “But you still manage to stay adorable.”

“Pfft,” Yuuri protested lightheartedly. “You only say that because you’re my soulmate.”

“Maybe,” Victor agreed. “It’s still the truth though…”

Yuuri smiled slightly, before realizing how much he would miss his and Victor’s playful banter once Victor was gone.

“Youuri,” Victor drawled. “We agreed, no sad faces today.”

Yuuri took a deep breath, collecting his emotions. “Yeah, I know,”

Victor smiled sadly and took Yuuri’s hand. “Well, we’ll still have a couple of hours…”

Victor packed slowly, dreading the moment of his departure.

Yuuri sat close to him, carefully trying to memorize every single detail about his mate.

He knew it was silly, they were only going to be apart for a couple of months at the most, but it was going to be terrible to not being able to gaze into Victor’s beautiful eyes for hours on end, or not being able to pull his fingers through Victor’s soft, sliverly hair.

He was just going miss him.

Far too much.

“I think this is everything,” Victor declared with a sigh and zipped his bag shut. “It’s time…”

Yuuri nodded. “Are you sure I shouldn’t follow you to the airport? That way we’ll at least get a couple of more minutes.”

Victor shook his head. “It will feel better to leave you here, where I know you’ll be safe.”

“Are you really sure?” Yuuri prodded. “Because I might be able to..”

“Yuuri,” Victor halted. “I’ll be fine,” he he said and pressed a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “Please stay here?”

Yuuri swallowed his emotions and nodded, before he followed Victor to the door.

Victor stopped in front of it, before turning back to his mate. “You know that you can just reach out, and I’ll turn my plane around and come back to you. And if you miss me too much, I’ll fly you over, or fly here, it’s not a permanent goodbye, we’ll see each other soon.”
“I know…” Yuuri admitted, “It feels so stupid to be sad, yet we are.”

Victor smiled gently. “We’re probably becoming a bit too over-attached.”

“Probably, yeah…” Yuuri agreed.

Victor cupped Yuuri’s face gently. “Please stay safe here, and have fun with your friends and your games, and continue to practice so I might actually get some competition this year.”

Yuuri chuckled in amusement. “I’ll kick your butt Victor…”

“Hmm, are you sure you wouldn’t rather spank it?” Victor said lowly.

Yuuri grew bright red in the matter of seconds.

“There’s my sweet mate,” Victor mused and pressed his lips against Yuuri’s, before stepping back and readjusting his bag. “Goodbye, love.”

Yuuri took a deep breath. “Goodbye, Victor.”

Victor gave him one last reassuring smile, before turning around and walking away.

Yuuri closed the door behind him, and stayed by it for a long moment.

He was gone.

Victor was gone.

Yuuri did his best to hold back his tears.

~Just because I’m leaving, doesn’t mean I’m leaving~ Victor said gently through the bond. ~I’ll always be with you~

Yuuri smiled at the sound of Victor’s voice.

He missed him already.

“Yuuri?” Nathan asked as he came out from his room. “Did he leave?”

Yuuri nodded sadly.

Nathan cringed in sympathy. “Are you okay?”

Yuuri shook his head as he could no longer hold back his tears.

Nathan walked forward and wrapped his arms around the younger man. “You’ll be okay,” he said gently. “You’ll see him soon…”

Yuuri nodded as tears kept falling. “I… I know…” he sniffled brokenly before wiping all of his tears away, and making an attempt to collect himself.

~Please don’t cry~ Victor pleaded over the bond.

Nathan nodded and wrapped an arm around Yuuri’s shoulders and led him towards the couch, sitting him down, “I’ll make you some tea,” he said, putting on the television for Yuuri before walking into the kitchen. “And maybe we could order something later?” he suggested. “Something with a lot of fat and a lot of comfort… Like burgers or fried chicken?”
“Yeah,” Yuuri said quietly, he really felt like he needed it. And he could work those calories off during practice tomorrow.

“Okay,” Nathan said cheerfully. “Do you want something else? I think there’s some ice cream in the freezer,” he said sheepishly. “Oh, and another good cure for sadness is a good distraction, if there isn’t anything good on TV, I have some DVDs that might help you feel better.”

“Thank you, Nathan,” Yuuri said with a soft smile.

Nathan smiled back. “That’s what friends are for.”

Chapter End Notes

It got a little bit sadder than I expected XD <3 These boys are hopeless XD <3

I hope you liked that chapter <3 Kudos to you <3<3
Chapter 112

Chapter Summary

Yuuri’s friends are there for him, as Victor travels back to Russia.

Chapter Notes

Trying to post again, since apparently Ao3 had some problems that kept people from getting notifications <3<3

I hope it works now :) <3

......................................

Leaving this real quick! <3

Today was our final day of shooting, which means that we're now heading into post-production, which means that I get some more time to write, as I'm not responsible for editing! (^w^) <3

Thank you for being so patient and understanding during these past weeks <3

Kudos to all of you <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor could feel Yuuri crying, but he knew that he couldn’t go back to him.

Not only because he literally couldn’t, as he had turned in his guest badge. If he tried, he’d probably be physically thrown out of Detroit by the guards.

But he also couldn’t go back because he knew that he would only stand in the way for his mate.

Yuuri both wanted and needed to grow.

Without him.

He had wonderful people around him, and he didn’t need Victor to suffocate him and keep him from spending time with people who would help him grow stronger.

Yuuri would be fine.

And that was all Victor needed to know.

So he composed himself as he took a seat on his plane.

He took the seat Yuuri sat in during their flight to America.

It smelled like him.
Yuuri smiled slightly as Nathan went out of his way to cheer him up.

Not only did he order food from probably all of Detroit’s fast food places and called it a ‘smörgåsbord’, but he also sat down with him and really listened to all of his sad rambles and assured him that everything was going to be okay.

Yuuri also got a lot of texts from his friends from school.

They were all worried about him being sad.

"Are you sure that you don’t want to go out with your friends?” Nathan asked. "I can come with you if you want?"

Yuuri shook his head. "I don’t want to cry in front of them,” he admitted. "I don’t really want to cry in front of you either, but I can’t really help it…”

Nathan smiled gently. "I’ve always known that being able to cry freely is a sign of strength.”

Yuuri chuckled. "I’m sure most people wouldn’t agree.”

“Well, most people are too stupid to see past their own brains,” Nathan mused. “Besides, it doesn’t matter what other people think, as long as you are happy with yourself, you’re going to be just fine.”

Yuuri was grateful for Nathan’s words and he was amazed by his positive attitude.

Yet another text message went off on Yuuri’s phone, from his classmates trying to convince him to go to the arcade.

"Do you really want to come with?” Yuuri asked cautiously. “They want to go to the arcade.”

“I can distract your friends while you win all the games,” Nathan offered. “I’m not really a gamer myself, but I’ve heard that I’m very good at playing with people’s hearts…”

Yuuri’s eyes widened in surprise.

“What?” Nathan shrugged. “We’re cursed with the beauty of omegas, we might as well use it to our advantage…”

“Even if someone gets hurt?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“Why would anyone get hurt?” Nathan asked. “I play with hearts, I never break them. And it’s not like I go out of my way... Most people fall for me with nothing but a smile, and it’s not like I will make myself into a robot to keep people from falling in love with me… I just like to have fun with others, I’m not looking for anything serious.”

That was a completely new concept for Yuuri.

He could never imagine to flirt with someone for his own gain.

But on the other hand, he had never really had the chance to flirt with anyone but Victor, since they had been destined to be together from the moment he was born. Not that he ever wanted anything to be different, but he could understand that other people might find it to be interesting to try out different mates, even if it wasn’t for him.
"So you don’t want to find someone you could settle down with?” Yuuri asked. "I mean, I get that it could be fun to move between different people, but I don’t think it compares to the joy of finding the one."

Nathan smiled in amusement. "Everyone is different,” he said gently. “And who knows? I might find my soulmate some day, but I’m in no rush. First, I need to become president of the United States and get the Nobel peace prize before I’m ready to even consider finding myself a wife or a husband.”

“Oh,” Yuuri said dumbly. “Well, it makes sense… I don’t think that I would want to settle down either if I hadn’t met the right person.”

“And why would you?” Nathan asked. “No one should settle down just for the sake of it, life’s too long to be unhappy.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

Nathan really had some valid points.

“So what do you say?” Nathan asked. “Do you want a fellow omega to help you win games tonight?”

Yuuri snorted. “Sure…” he agreed. “Let’s do it.”

The arcade was filled with people from Yuuri’s class, and a few kids that were all very loud as they roared at the consoles.

Normally, Yuuri probably would have backed out and gone home, but having Nathan by his side gave him the confidence to approach his friends.

“Yuuri, you made it!” Stephanie cheered as she practically pushed Kevin to the ground in her rush to give Yuuri a hug in greeting.

Yuuri hugged her back, he was still very stiff. It would probably take him a few more weeks to warm up to them fully.

"And you brought your roommate, right?” Stephanie asked and turned to Nathan. "I'm Stephanie,” she said cheerfully.

"Nathan,” Nathan said, giving her a smile that made her face go red.

"Hi…” Stephanie said, voice shaking slightly as she waved awkwardly.

Nathan chuckled fondly. "Hi.”

Stephanie suddenly found both the roof and the floor to be very interesting, as she seemed to be looking for a place to run, when Kevin suddenly approached.

"Yuuri, I’m glad you came!” he said, eyes sparkling. ”Are you ready to get crushed in mortal battlefield?”

"Sure,” Yuuri agreed, turning to his roommate. "We could take turns?” he suggested.

Nathan snorted. "I think I’ll leave the gaming to you, but I think I’ll need something to drink, I suppose they don’t sell alcohol around here?”
"Only on Saturdays," Kevin said apologetically. "But there’s a vending machine by the entrance that sells soda, I’d be happy to get you one."

"Sure," Nathan agreed. "Thank you."

Kevin smiled sheepishly and blushed, before walking away to get the omega something to drink, only to stop dead in his tracks and practically running back. "Yuuri, I’m so sorry, I forgot to ask if you wanted something."

Yuuri was momentarily taken aback. "Uhm, no, I’m fine, thank you."

Kevin shot him a smile before walking off again.

"He really has it bad…” Nathan mused. "I mean, I know we’re beautiful and all, but still…”

"Nathan was it?” Smith suddenly asked as he wrapped his arm around Stephanie’s shoulders and leaned to her while extracting his hand. "It’s always a pleasure to meet Yuuri’s mysterious friends."

Nathan smiled as he shook his hand. "And you are?"

"S-Smith.” Smith actually stuttered. "You’re an omega?"

"Guilty as charged,” Nathan beamed. "Thank you for noticing."

Smith seemed to be at a loss for words as he swallowed nervously. “Oh…” he said dumbly. “That’s nice… I mean, for you, or wait, I didn’t mean it like.. Uhm, nevermind…”

Nathan chuckled fondly. “Yuuri, your friends are adorable.”

Yuuri smiled slightly, impressed over how collected Nathan was.

If he had been in his roommate’s position, he would probably sink through the ground in embarrassment.

Suddenly, Kevin returned, carrying about seven different bottles of soda. “I didn’t know what kind you wanted,” he explained himself. “So I kind of…”

“took them all?” Nathan asked in amusement. “Well, you’re too kind, Kevin, was it?”

Kevin nodded with a light blush.

“Thank you, Kevin,” Nathan said and took one of the bottles.

Kevin’s face grew bright red. “You’re welcome, Nathan…”

Nathan beamed. “So, are we going to play any video games or what?”

Yuuri nodded as he caught sight of the game that Kevin talked about. “This way,” he said as Nathan and the rest of his friends followed him close behind.

They spent the rest of the night playing games and having fun, until the arcade closed for the day.

By that time, Nathan had given his phone number to all of Yuuri’s friends and agreed to go out and hang with them some other time.

Yuuri’s friends even followed them back to their apartment building, with the excuse that they
wouldn’t be able to sleep unless they knew that the coolest omegas in Detroit didn’t make it back home safely.

Yuuri had never felt so comfortable with a group of people before, he felt just as safe as if he had been with Victor.

That’s when he suddenly remembered.

He had forgotten to reach out to Victor for hours.

Was he okay?

Victor hugged his pillow closely as he nuzzled deeper into the airplane seat, savoring Yuuri’s scent. He could feel that Yuuri was happy, that he was having fun.

And Victor did his absolute best to be happy for him, even though his heart was aching with longing.

He really missed his mate.

His sweet, wonderful Yuuri was just getting further and further away from him.

And it was horrible.

He must have drifted off, because he slowly woke up to the sound of Yuuri’s beautiful voice. He instinctively reached out his hand in search of Yuuri’s, but he didn’t feel anything but air and loneliness.

~Victor, are you okay?~ Yuuri asked gently. ~I haven’t heard anything from you, I didn’t know if you were asleep or not~

Victor smiled fondly at the sound of Yuuri’s voice.

~I slept for a little bit~ Victor admitted. ~It’s late in Detroit, you should go to sleep too~

Yuuri couldn’t argue against that. It was indeed late, and he should definitely go to sleep.

“Yuuri, have you seen the TV-remote?” Nathan called. “Never mind, I found it!”

“Ohkay,” Yuuri called back before refocusing on Victor.

Having a roommate definitely kept his mind occupied.

It might be just what he needed.

~Did you have fun tonight?~

~I did~ Yuuri admitted. ~But I still miss you… My bed is really cold without you~

Victor felt his heart break for his mate.

~I really miss you too~ Victor said sadly. ~I wish I could be there, holding you close~
Yuuri picked up the plushie Victor had made for him and hugged it gently and did his best to transfer the sensation over to Victor.

Victor smiled when he felt as if Yuuri was in his embrace, the illusion completed with Yuuri’s scent surrounding him.

If he and Yuuri weren’t soulmates, he would probably never survive.

~Thank you, love~ Victor said gently.

Yuuri smiled fondly before curling up in bed with the plushie that smelled like his soulmate.

~I can’t wait until we’re together again~ Yuuri said with a longing sigh. ~Two months can not pass quickly enough~

Victor chuckled fondly and kissed his own hand, mirroring it to Yuuri.

Yuuri brushed his fingers over his hand where he felt Victor’s lips lingering.

~We’ll be together soon~

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, Victor will get lots of cuddles and fluff in the next chapter <3<3

I love writing Nathan, he’s such a self-aware omega, and it's so much fun to hear all of his opinions on things <3 (And to see everyone fall for him so easily... Maybe Yuuri will learn a trick or two? ;) )

Anyways, thank you so much for reading, and for the sweet comments that you always give me <3<3

You are truly the best readers! <3<3

Kudos to all of you <3<3<3
Victor felt like a child when he stopped by his parents to pick up Makkachin, he broke down in tears as soon as his mother asked him if he was okay. He then allowed her to wrap him in blankets and make him tea with jam.

“My poor baby,” Victoria cooed and brushed her fingers through her son’s silvery hair. “Are you sure that you don’t want to stay here for the night? I don’t want you to be sad in an empty apartment.”

“I’ll be fine, mama,” Victor assured. “I have to get back there eventually… It’s not like I can move back home, I’m twenty one.”

“You’re always welcome back home,” Victoria said gently. “I’m your mother, and I love you. I would move mountains if it made you smile. If you want to move back in with your papa and I…”

“Mama, no, thank you,” Victor said in amusement. ”I’ll be fine alone… Besides, I’ll have Makkachin.”

"How cruel, taking our other baby with us!”Victoria exclaimed dramatically. ”To who will I give my motherly love?”

Victor shrugged. ”Papa is enough of a man-child to keep you busy.”

Victoria snorted. ”Well, I can’t argue with that,” she said with a playful wink.

Yuuri wanted to throw his alarm clock into the wall in the morning.

Compared to Victor’s soft kisses and gentle hugs, the alarm might as well have woke him up with a
hammer to the head.

~You’re awake~ Victor said happily. ~Did you sleep well?~

Yuuri looked at the time, and noticed that it was almost afternoon in Russia.

Victor had been up all day.

Their time zones were completely different, now it was Victor’s turn to live in the future.

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~I did~ Yuuri said sleepily. ~Still missed you though… Did you get any sleep on the plane?~

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~Yes, love~ Victor assured. ~I’m actually at my parents now, I’m thinking about spending the night here~ he admitted. ~I can go back to the apartment tomorrow~

Yuuri thought that it sounded like a wonderful idea, and he told his mate as much.

He didn’t want Victor to feel lonely.

Luckily, Victor started school the day after tomorrow, then he might have some friends to spend time with.

Hopefully he might end up in a class as wonderful as his.

He really wanted Victor to be happy.

Even if he wasn’t there.

“Yuuri?” Nathan called as he gently knocked on his door. “Are you up?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri called back, rubbing his eyes.

“Do you want to help with breakfast?” Nathan asked. “I just realized that I’m running very late, and a couple of extra hands would help a lot.”

“Sure,” Yuuri agreed. “I’ll be right there.”

Nathan was just as much of an early bird as Victor, but he took it one step further.

Victor enjoyed dragging out his mornings. Waking up early and then spending hours naked and cuddling with Yuuri.

Nathan was up and ready to go. Fully clothed and fixed for the day, only minutes after his alarm went off.

If Yuuri got to decide, he would sleep until late in the afternoon and spend his whole day in sweatpants, playing video games in Victor’s lap.

But unfortunately, the whole society worked in favor of the early birds, leaving him with no choice but to put on his glasses and getting out of bed and into the kitchen were Nathan was cooking something that smelled amazing.

“Oh, okay,” Yuuri agreed and got to work.

“Be sure to watch your fingers,” Nathan warned. “Or I’m sure your friends will call you an ambulance once you get to school.”

Yuuri snorted. “I don’t really think they’re that protective,” he assured.

Nathan chuckled. “Don’t underestimate the protective gene,” he mused. “I once stubbed my toe in class, and my classmates literally carried me to the nurse’s office to make sure I was okay…”

“How hard did you hit your toe?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

“ Barely,” Nathan admitted. “But apparently the sound of an omega in distress is enough to make the adrenaline rush in every single person with the protective gene. So if you as much as yelp, you’ll have the whole class rushing to your side to assure your safety.”

Yuuri had no idea it was that powerful.

He knew that Victor was at his side every time he as much as got a papercut, ready to clean and bandage it.

And if Yuuri ever got startled by something as simple as a bird flying out from nowhere, the alpha immediately stepped forward and wrapped Yuuri into his embrace.

It was just as silly as it was sweet.

“You know, for this Halloween, I’m thinking about dressing up as if I have been in a terrible accident, blood and all,” Nathan mused. “It beats dressing up as a sexy nurse.”

“Isn’t that kind of mean?” Yuuri asked. “Scaring people like that?”

“This is America,” Nathan said matter-of-factly. “And celebrating Halloween without something scary, is just like celebrating Christmas without Santa.”

“I could live with that agreement,” Yuuri muttered under his breath, at the reminder of that creepy, old, red man.

Nathan snorted. “So I’m guessing you’re not much for the holidays?”

Yuuri shook his head. “Or at least not the American ones…”

Nathan nodded in understanding. “Well, you’re still going to have to live with my tacky decorations,” he stated. “I’m celebrating no matter what.”

Yuuri looked to Nathan worriedly. “I… Sure,” he agreed. “But could we maybe keep Santa to a minimum? He’s really creepy.”

Nathan gasped. “You’re scared of Santa?” he asked in disbelief.

Yuuri nodded as his cheeks grew red with embarrassment.

“I’ll keep him out,” Nathan promised as a slight smile spread across his lips. “But we’re getting a Christmas tree.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed, really hoping to let the conversation go before embarrassing himself further.
“If it’s to any comfort, I’m terrified of butterflies,” Nathan admitted. “And pretty much bugs in general…”

“Really?” Yuuri asked.

Nathan seemed like the kind of person who wasn’t scared of anything.

“Yeah,” Nathan shrugged. “We all got our fears.”

“I guess you’re right,” Yuuri agreed, thinking how Victor, who could take down his self-defence coach that was twice his size, who could stand still and protective in the face of any danger- jumped in fear every time a McDonald’s commercial was airing on TV.

Nathan smiled briefly and took the omlette off the stove. “I’m also going to be a little late today, I’m going to a seminar for female empowerment with a couple of friends, but I’ll probably be back around 6.00pm.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed before his words sank in. “Female empowerment?”

“Yeah?” Nathan asked. “Feminism and equality is something that every single human on the planet should learn more about,” he stated. “And you don’t have to be a woman to participate.”

“Oh, right…” Yuuri said sheepishly “Well, have fun.”

“Want to come?” Nathan asked. “It could be fun, and I’m sure my friends would love you.”

“Maybe…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “I kind of have an assignment that I need to start working on… And I also have figure skating practice.”

“Okay,” Nathan agreed and dug into breakfast, placing his omelette on a piece of toast and grabbing a handful of tomatoes. “Text me if you change your mind, I gotta run, have a good day.”

Yuuri blinked after him, before he noticed the time. “Nathan was starting class in five minutes.”

It was probably not a great decision on his part to make such a giant breakfast.

Well, at least they would have left-overs.

Yuuri dug into the breakfast as well, realizing that he didn’t start school for an hour, giving him plenty of time to get out of his zombie-like state and catch up a little with Victor.

~I think Makka really misses you~ Victor said. ~When I came to pick him up, he looked behind me, as if looking for you~

Yuuri fought the urge to clench his chest.

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~Tell Makka I miss him too~ Yuuri pleaded. ~And tell him to be good to you~

Victor smiled fondly. “Do you hear that, Makka?” he said in amusement. “Yuuri told you to be good to me.”

Makkachin snored in agreement.

Victor chuckled and scratched his fluffy friend behind his ears.
~Are you going to practice today?~ Yuuri then asked. ~You probably shouldn’t skate if you’re jetlagged~

Victor snorted.

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~Why do I get the feeling that you’re trying to get me to slack of so you can have the gold medal all to yourself?~ Victor asked.

Yuuri could clearly hear the amusement in his voice, they had a inside joke about trying to sabotage each other.

It started when Victor baked cookies for Yuuri during summer, and Yuuri accused him of trying to fatten him up enough so he wouldn’t be able to skate, and then it continued with Victor having such a powerful orgasm that he accused Yuuri of trying to make him unable to skate the next day so he’s gain more practice time for himself.

And then it had just continued on with similar remarks.

All of them equally silly.

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~Is it really that obvious?~ Yuuri mused.

Victor chuckled to himself.

Yuuri was truly adorable.

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~I hope that gold medal will be worth all your efforts to trick your poor mate~

Yuuri laughed quietly.

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~You know I look good in gold~ Yuuri quipped.

Victor swooned a little, despite sitting down.

He loved it when Yuuri talked with so much confidence, and he was completely right.

Few colors suited Yuuri as well as gold.

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~Well, if you do manage to win, what do you say about celebrating with sex in nothing but that golden medal?~

Yuuri immediately blushed.

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~Only if we do the same if you win~

Victor could definitely agree to that.

……………………………………

~It’s a deal~
I told you that they would be fine <3<3

They are just very angsty and dramatic XD <3 i still love them though <3 I probably always will <3 They're so grown up :') <3

I hope you liked this chapter that only covered a few minutes of their lives XD <3 I'll pick up the pace soon <3 Just gotta let them settle a little first <3

Kudos to all of you <3<3
Chapter 114

Chapter Summary

Victor tries to adjust his sleep schedule, and Yuuri makes a decision about his short program.

Chapter Notes

So... Lots of interesting things in this chapter ^_^ First off, a OC that was suggested by KDSkywalker (Ao3) who left me a character prompt :) <3

And second, a lot of my own feminism propaganda snuck its way into this chapter... I tried to keep it to a minimum though so I hope you'll like it (^w^)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The rest of the day moved forward smoothly for Yuuri. They had a workshop about character development and storytelling. They got to sit together in groups and come up with a character together.

Yuuri’s group came up with a fantasy based game, about a undercover healer with a mission to overthrow the kingdom and take his rightful place on the throne.

They even gave him a full backstory as an orphan bastard, that had spent years on the street and learned how to cure people with medicine. Then one day he was approached by a seer that told him that his absent father was the king that had ordered his death.

“Can we just make this game already?” Smith pleaded. “It’s awesome and I want to play it.”

“We’ll get to make our own game two years from now,” Kevin stated. “Let’s just remember this idea.”

“Can’t we make the protagonist into a woman though?” Stephanie pleaded. “Every single game ever always revolve around a man.”

“Not Tomb Raider,” Smith pointed out.

Hanna slow clapped. “Wow, you give us one game, how generous...”

“Well, it’s not like a woman can become queen,” Kevin pointed out. “She’d be forced to marry someone.”

“Why?” Hanna questioned. “This is a fictional universe were we can make the rules, why not just make a badass queen that kills all the assholes that wronged her?”

“It will sell better if the protagonist is a guy,” Kevin pointed out. “Guys play a lot more games than girls...”
“So what?” Hanna quipped. “Why are girls always forced to play games with male protagonists while guys practically recoil as soon as they see a girl on the cover? Are we that creepy to you?”

“What?” Kevin gasped. “I never said that I had a problem with it. I’m just generalizing…”

“Great, then it’s settled,” Hanna beamed. “Our protagonist is a woman.”

Stephanie looked to Yuuri momentarily before her eyes suddenly lit up with excitement. “Let’s make her an omega as well!”

“What?” Everyone, including Yuuri, gasped.

“It has never been done before, and it’s genius,” Stephanie exclaimed. “And I would totally play a game with an omega as the protagonist, I mean come on, wouldn’t you love to see a killer omega going through the town, and no one being able to shoot because it goes against their instincts? Oh, and she can get the special powers, like omega eyes to get what she wants or hissing to get people to stay away so she’ll have more time to gather up enough stamina for an attack.”

“Wouldn’t it be very out of character for an omega to go on a killer spree?” Kevin questioned, before everyone turned to Yuuri.

Yuuri’s face went bright red. “You’re asking me?” he asked in disbelief. “I don’t know the first thing about being in that character’s situation.”

“What if we raise the stakes?” Hanna asked. “We make it so the king kidnapped and killed the protagonist’s true mate.”

“Wow... That’s dark,” Smith pointed out.

“It would certainly be enough to send an omega on a killer spree,” Yuuri stated. “I like it.”

Everyone smiled at him.

“Well, I think we finally found our story.”

Victor hugged Makkachin as he restlessly tried to fall asleep.

It was far from easy.

He had gotten so spoiled by having Yuuri at his side for months that he wasn’t sure if he could go back to replacing him with Makkachin again, not to mention that falling asleep on the plane might not have been his most brilliant decision.

He was completely jetlagged

Victor sighed and grabbed his phone in hope of being able to stalk his boyfriend a little.

Yuuri hadn’t been active on social media for what felt like ages, but his friends did post pictures of what they were doing, and if he was lucky enough, Yuuri might be included somewhere…

Yes!

Victor’s eyes sparkled as he saw a picture from Hanna’s Instagram, of a table with a bunch of notes and Yuuri’s beautiful hand pointing to them.
He would know that hand anywhere.

It was wearing the other half of his own ring.

He sighed longingly as he zoomed in and stared at Yuuri’s hand some more.

He was probably determined. He was pointing determinately, like making a point.

Victor was happy that Yuuri was somewhere where he would be able to do amazing things, learn important things, get friends and grow as a person.

He had spent enough time in his life with horrible people, like Narumi, or creepy Tommy.

Now he had people that basically fought for his attention.

The world was finally as it should be.

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Yuuri almost yelped in shock when Celestino came to pick him up for their practice and Isabella literally threw herself into his arms.

“Careful, Bella,” Celestino scolded. “You can’t throw yourself at people, they could fall.”

“Yuuri is strong. I knew he would catch me,” Bella claimed as she blinked up to Yuuri with giant, brown eyes. “You’re coming to practice with us now, right?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed, making the four-year-old smile widely.

“I told you, Papa,” she claimed, turning to Celestino.

Celestino shook his head fondly. “Yes, Bella, you can definitely tell the future.”

Isabella beamed. “Yuuri, I’m going to teach you how to skate today.”

“Are you trying to make your papa lose his job?” Celestino mused and opened the door for his daughter and gestured for Yuuri to get in on the other side while he placed his daughter in her chair.

Yuuri did so while he listened to Isabella’s explanation on how she would make sure that Yuuri got the best coaching he deserved with her help, and how she and Celestino were coach partners. Like business partners but without the briefcases.

Yuuri had to admit that Celestino’s daughter were truly making her own little place in his heart.

She was truly adorable.

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The ice rink was a little calmer than it had been the previous days, and a lot calmer than the one in St. Petersburg.

There were about five other people in there.

A girl that skated in circles, two middle aged ladies that seemed to be skating for fun, a man that worked on the speaker system and a janitor that seemed to be taking a nap by the benches.

“They are going to make the best speaker system here in the whole wide world,” Isabella explained. “Then I will listen to my favorite songs with the highest volume.”
“Bella, no,” Celestino stated. “We’ve talked about this…”

Isabella promptly ignored her father. “Yuuri, what’s your favorite song? We can listen to that too.”

“Uhm, I don’t really have a favorite song,” Yuuri admitted. “And I don’t think it’s such a good idea to listen to music on the highest volume… It can break both the speakers and your ears.”

Isabella gasped. “It can?”

Yuuri looked to Celestino who nodded in immediate agreement.

“Yes…” Yuuri said carefully.

Isabella looked away thoughtfully before lighting up. “Morgan!” she called before grabbing Yuuri’s hand and pulling him away from his coach. “Morgan, you have to meet my best friend Yuuri.”

The girl who skated in circles stopped and turned to Yuuri with blushing cheeks. “Hi,” she said in confusion with a gentle wave.

“Hi,” Yuuri said back, suddenly wishing that he could somehow hide.

“Isn’t Yuuri the most beautiful human in the whole world?” Isabella asked the much older girl.

She was probably a few years older than Yuuri, and the omega had no idea how she would have made friends with Celestino’s four-year-old daughter.

“Uhm, sure…” Morgan agreed.

Isabella beamed and turned back to Yuuri. “Morgan is here every day,” she explained. “She doesn’t even compete, she does it instead of going to the gym.”

Morgan’s face grew red. “Well, I mean, I used to skate when I was younger,” she tried to explain herself. “So it was the only place that came to mind when I realized that I was gaining weight. But I also dance, I actually have minor in it.”

“Yuuri is the best dancer in the world,” Isabella declared.

“Bella, Yuuri, come on, we need to put on skates before stepping onto the ice,” Celestino called.

“I don’t doubt it,” Morgan said, still a little bit stunned after having a four-year-old throw an omega in her face.

“Bella, we should go to your dad,” Yuuri said carefully.

“Okay!” Isabella agreed and hugged Yuuri’s arm. “I’ll coach you until you’ll be able to kick Victor’s butt.”

Yuuri laughed a little at that. “Thank you,”

Isabella giggled happily. “You’re welcome.”

“Are you done bragging about our protégé?” Celestino asked his daughter in amusement.

Isabella nodded before smiling mischievously. “For now…”

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Yuuri spent a few hours practicing his free skate, feeling slightly uncomfortable about having a four-year-old watching his short program.

But as soon as Gina showed up to take a very reluctant Isabella home, Yuuri finally got some work done.

“It’s a very good program,” Celestino stated. “But… I don’t know, it feels a bit stiff…”

“Stiff?” Yuuri asked. “Should I relax more?”

“No, not that,” Celestino said thoughtfully. “Hmm, It’s like something is missing, but I can’t put my finger on it.”

Yuuri drank some water while his coach regarded him.

“Have you considered skating the routine more femininely?” Celestino suddenly asked.

Yuuri almost choked on water. “Do you mean like a woman?”

Celestino nodded. “I think that would make the program a lot more elegant,” he said thoughtfully. “Didn’t you say that the song had a backstory?”

“Yes, it’s about a man traveling from town to town and seducing the town’s most beautiful women,” Yuuri explained.

“It doesn’t really sound like an omega…” Celestino pointed out. “You know, I get where you’re coming from. I used to be young as well, and trying to be extremely macho to make up for the fact that I was an omega, and I refused to do anything that would make me seem feminine, but in hindsight, I don’t get what the fuss was all about. We should just be who we are. No matter our secondary gender.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “It’s just that… I feel like if I do something as simple as skate as a woman, people will soon expect me to wear skirts and see me as a joke.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t think so much about what other people think of you,” Celestino suggested. “You only do what makes you feel comfortable. No one will see you as a joke for skating like a woman, why would they? They don’t make fun of women for skating like women.”

“But as an omega, it’s almost like people are expecting me to be like a woman,” Yuuri tried to explain. “And a man acting like a woman are always seen as less.”

“That’s because of sexism,” Celestino stated. “We should be able to express ourselves however we like. Women should be able to wear whatever they want, and so should men. Despite their secondary gender. If an alpha man wants to wear a dress, it should be seen just as normal as for an omega woman to wear a suit.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but notice just how much Celestino sounded like Nathan.

“You’re right,” Yuuri agreed.

“But if it makes you really uncomfortable, you don’t have to do it,” Celestino stated. “You’re the first priority.”

Yuuri shook his head. “I’ll do it,” he said confidently, determined to prove to himself and the rest of the world that there was nothing wrong with being a man and acting like a woman. “Change has to
Celestino smiled proudly. “I can’t wait to see you win gold with this program,” he declared before clearing his throat. “Come on now, from the top!”

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? I hope you're agreeing with my opinions, otherwise you'll probably find this story very disturbing soon... XD

Yuuri dancing Eros like the beautiful katsudon that he is <3 Having Nathan rant about equality between all genders... More is likely to come <3

I'm all about letting people be who they are, as long as they are comfortable with themselves <3

I'll throw all the stereotypes out the window if I have to XD <3

Sexism can go somewhere else! XD

Kudos to you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 115

Chapter Summary

Yuuri realizes that college is apparently not only for adults, and Victor meets his new class when one classmate in particular takes a special interest in him.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for a long break, I was kind of drained after shooting and I took a little time to just relax and hang with my friends and do more fun things, like going to the tivoli and visiting lakes, eating out etc....

And I thought that I would get more time to write... XD

Anyways, here's an update <3<3 I hope you'll like it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 115

Victor woke up the next day and was just about to reach out to his mate when he realized that it was in the middle of the night in Detroit.

Stupid time zones...

Victor always started his mornings by greeting Yuuri, he had done so ever since he was three years old and found out about his mate’s existence.

And now he couldn’t?

Well, he would just have to tune in with Yuuri as much as he could, and once he was awake, he would be the first one to wish him a good morning.

Until then, he might as well get on with his day.

He had to go to his apartment and clean.

The morning that he and Yuuri left for Detroit, everything had been so rushed that it more or less looked like a train had crashed in the living room and clothes had been sprinkled everywhere.

So he would have to deal with it.

Makkachin jumped out of the bed when his owner started to stir and yawned loudly to get his attentions.

"Yes, Makka..." Victor agreed sleepily. "I’m coming..."

..................................................
Yuuri woke up the next day to the same stupid, annoying alarm and felt his longing for Victor return with a vengeance.

Why did he have to be so far away?

~Good morning, luchik~ Victor said gently and Yuuri felt a soft kiss mirrored on his hand. ~Did you sleep well?~

Victor smiled to himself as he felt Yuuri’s bad morning mood ease up.

~I dreamed of you~ Yuuri admitted as his response.

Victor felt his heart flutter at the statement.

~Did I do something good~ Victor mused.

Yuuri did his best to recall his dream.

~You made me breakfast, and for some reason you cried because you kept burning bacon~

Victor laughed fondly.

~When will I ever learn to make them right?~ Victor asked in amusement.

Yuuri smiled to himself, and suddenly wished that his dream would come true.

Not Victor crying, but him being in the next room.

Then he could get out of bed, into the kitchen and hug Victor from behind as he stood by the stove.

Victor would probably complain about Yuuri distracting him from making art, and Yuuri would laugh at him while slowly trailing kisses along Victor’s neck and down his back, until Victor finally agreed to give him a proper good morning-kiss.

Then Yuuri would help him and they would talk about their plans for the day and simply settle into their domestic bliss.

He really missed summer.

~So what are your plans for today?~ Victor suddenly asked.

Yuuri smiled gently.

Maybe some things could stay the same...

Victor decided to go to sleep rather early.

He had taken Makkachin for his evening walk, and as he came back to his newly cleaned, empty apartment, he realized that he had nothing to do, no one to talk with.

Yuuri was at school with all of his friends, and Makkachin was pretty bad at responding to him.
His parents went to sleep early themselves, and he couldn’t think of a single person to hang out with.

Especially not on the evening before a school night.

Georgi had some upcoming theater in Moscow, and all of his old classmates worked as translators in one way or another.

He had never felt more alone.

~Is everything okay?~ Yuuri suddenly asked.

Victor didn’t want to disturb him when there was literally nothing Yuuri could do for him. So he swallowed his emotions and told Yuuri about his plans of calling it an early night.

~Okay~ Yuuri agreed. ~You could alway try and save the bacon from my dream… And when I go to sleep we can have breakfast together~

Victor smiled gently and told his mate that it might give Yuuri the motivation to actually go to sleep at a reasonable hour for once.

~I’ll do my best~

~Have a wonderful day at school, and be the genius I know you are~ Victor said fondly. ~I’ll talk to you tomorrow after my first day of school, wish me luck~

Yuuri did so immediately.

He really kept his fingers crossed for his mate, he knew that Victor was going to do brilliantly.

He only hoped that people in Victor’s age were a bit more… mature…

Yuuri thought that going to college and spend time with adults would make him more of a adult himself.

The only problem was that the people in his class, despite their age, could probably never be seen as adults.

They were currently duct-taping a bottle of coke on Kevin’s skateboard in an attempt to get it over to Smith across the room.

They were more like children than actual adults.

"Shouldn’t we continue with the assignment?” Yuuri asked. ”I mean, we’ve been at this for twenty minutes.”

"Yeah, this is the last attempt,” Stephanie assured. ”If this doesn’t work, we’ll give up.”

"Yeah,” Kevin agreed. "Or maybe we could try and disassemble a computer fan and use as an engine?”

"No!” Everyone exclaimed at the same time.

"Fine,” Kevin relented as he got ready to push the skateboard across the room for the twentieth time.

"You know, if you would have just gotten up and handed me the coke in the first place, we could
probably be done with the assignment by now,” Smith mused. "But no, you didn’t want to get out of your chair… And look at you now…

"If your bottle was less round, you would have had your coke at the first try,” Kevin quipped. "And I would have been a genius.”

"Instead you had to re-do it six times, try four different positions where you wouldn’t knock into chairs, spend ten minutes tracking down tape…” Smith recalled before he was cut off by Kevin.

"Would you stop? I’m telling you, this will work.”

Smith snorted. "If you say so, man…”

Kevin nodded determinately, his face set in concentration as he gave his board the push of his life, sending it off.

The board smoothly rolled across the floor, underneath a chair, and then straight forward until bumping into Smith’s shoe.

The whole room cheered and Smith applauded him for his success.

Kevin looked like he had seen death in the eye and survived.

Yuuri chuckled a little at the absurdity of the whole situation.

Never in his life would he expected to see someone this happy over successfully being able to deliver a coke to someone.

“Well, I’d better wait with drinking it,” Smith then said. “This isn’t really a good place for a coke fountain…”

Everyone hummed in agreement before turning back to their laptops.

“So where were we?”

Victor woke up the next morning, probably about two hours before he actually needed to wake up.

He could feel that Yuuri was still awake.

It was midnight in Detroit.

~I’m working on my assignment~ Yuuri assured as Victor reached out to him. ~I finally got some inspiration for my own concept. I’m going to make a sci-fi game about two true mates trying to chase each other through the galaxy to be together, fighting aliens as they travel through different dimensions. The user gets to jump between the two characters to experience both character’s story arc, and at the end they’re going to feel full satisfaction once their characters are united.”

Victor understood very few of the words, but he could tell that Yuuri was passionate about it and the story sounded wonderful and interesting. He would gladly watch Yuuri play it, or watch it as a movie.

~I’m going to make the tagline ‘Love to the end of the galaxy and back’~ Yuuri admitted. ~Which is actually a very good description of our love...~

Victor squealed into his pillow, startling Makkachin.
It was far too early for Yuuri to be so adorable.

He could then feel Yuuri’s hand brushing through his hair. ~I would definitely chase you to the end of the galaxy and back~

Victor sighed dreamily, feeling blessed beyond words that his mate was such an adorable romantic.

~I’m the lucky one, Vitya~ Yuuri told him. ~Thank you for being such an inspiration to me~

That’s it.

Victor would just have to lie down and die.

Yuuri’s sweet words were too powerful for his poor, fragile, alpha heart.

~Then I will have to fly to Russia to bring you back to life... I better book a ticket right now...~
Yuuri mused.

Victor snorted and assured his mate that he would be fine after some time recovering.

He then felt Yuuri’s fingers press against his cheek for what felt like a kiss.

Victor would pretend that it was a kiss.

~Thank you for saving me a trip, love~ Yuuri said in amusement. ~Even if I wouldn’t mind seeing you. I really do miss you… Especially now...~

Victor did a double take.

Why ‘especially now’?

Yuuri was quiet for long while, before finally finding his courage. ~I’m kind of horny~

Victor chuckled in adoration as he felt Yuuri’s urges starting to transfer over to him.

And since he had a lot of time on his hands. A quicky in the morning really couldn’t hurt…

After having long-distance sex and convincing Yuuri to go to sleep, Victor was more than ready to start his first day of school.

It was the same university were he studied language, but it was in a different building.

He was pretty familiar with the campus, but he did feel a little bit nervous about having a new class to introduce himself to.

Most people would probably recognize him, since he did have his face periodically plastered all over St. Petersburg.

But he still had to make a good impression.

He didn’t want his classmates to see him as a spoiled, rich kid who didn’t know anything besides figure skating and taking off his clothes for the environment.

There was a lot more to him than that.

And he also wanted to make a few friends that he could hang out with during his three years there.
They would never be able to replace Yuuri, but having friends was a lot better than being alone.

Victor looked at his phone and made sure that he showed up just in time.

The teacher was unpacking her belongings at the front desk and the students were taking their seats.

Victor spotted a sign with his name, and was grateful that there were assigned seats.

Especially the first day.

But before he had the chance to sit down, he heard footsteps coming from the corridor behind him, and a man a few years younger than himself came rushing in.

Victor just managed to turn around when the man stumbled over his own feet and almost fell to the floor, if it hadn’t been for Victor catching him.

The man blinked up to him with wide, blue eyes. First in slight fear and then gratefulness.

“Thank you,” the man said, standing up.

Victor felt his protective instincts flare to make sure that the man was truly okay.

That’s when he felt his scent.

He was an omega.

The man placed his hand on Victor’s arm gently. “You’re a knight in shining armor…” he declared. As he spoke, his eyes began to flutter a little more and a smile spread across his lips. “I’m Artur.”

“Victor,” Victor said before realizing that almost everyone was staring at him.

Artur smiled and looked around a little. “Oh, that means you’re seated next to me,” he chirped and took Victor’s hand to pull him along. “That means that you can protect me during class too. Make sure I don’t fall for you again…”

Victor was pretty sure that Artur was flirting with him, but he had no idea how to handle it.

The only omega that had ever flirted with him was Yuuri.

Which made Victor realize that Artur should be aware of his ring, or the very unhidden bondmark on his neck.

Not to mention that his scent had a lot of traces of Yuuri.

The scent of another omega should make Artur keep more of a distant, right?

Or what if… What if he was choosing to ignore them?

Victor had never been good at turning people down harshly. He usually just started to flash his ring and brag about his beautiful mate until whoever was flirting with him got the hint.

Maybe he should just find a better way to make it perfectly clear that he was taken...

“Hello, class.” the teacher greeted and closed the classroom door. “I’m Miss Kozar, and I will be your teacher during this semester.”

Victor sighed as he noticed Arthur looking at him with a smile from the corner of his eye.
It would just have to wait until after class.

Chapter End Notes

Dun, dun, dun... Prepare for jealous! Yuuri™ XD Especially if Artur decides to push on. ;)

I'm sorry for adding in so many OC's lately <3 I know it can be confusing when all these unfamiliar names start to appear in a fanfiction... <3 I'm trying to spread them out, and repeat their names as much as possible <3 But I think I'm done with introducing new characters now <3 I will probably only use the established ones and maybe mention someone in the background <3

Thank you for reading <3 And I'll try to get the next update out a little quicker XD <3
Chapter 116

Chapter Summary

Yuuri finds out about Victor's classmate.

Chapter Notes

I'm so glad that a lot of you are excited about this <3<3 Gotta love some drama from time to time ;) <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Yuuri woke up, he realized that it was in the middle of the night
And he had no idea what caused him to wake up, until he felt something close to panic coming from Victor.
He immediately reached out.
~I'm fine, I can handle this~ Victor assured. ~Go back to sleep~
Yeah, as if Yuuri was going to be able to leave him like that…
He had to figure out what was wrong.
So Yuuri took the liberty of looking through Victor's eyes, and seeing a very beautiful man, sitting very close to his mate.
He immediately connected to Victor's hearing, in order to get a better understanding of what was going on.
The teacher spoke in rapid russian about the importance of statistics, but that wasn't what caught Yuuri’s attention.
What caught Yuuri’s attention was that beautiful man telling Victor what an attractive alpha he was.
He immediately tensed.

~Victor, who’s that?~ Yuuri asked.
Victor sighed.
Of course Yuuri would find out.
Artur hadn’t exactly been discrete about his intentions.
And when the omega placed his hand on his thigh, Victor almost jumped out of his own chair.
He moved Artur’s hand away and kindly told him to stop.

It might be something instinctual, but he somehow found himself unable to speak harshly to the omega.

~Victor?~ Yuuri prodded.

..........................

~He’s just a classmate~ Victor assured. ~It’s fine, he won’t touch me again~

He touched him?

Yuuri felt his hand curl into a fist.

How dared he?

Victor was his mate, his soulmate.

Not someone for strange men to grope.

On Victor’s first day nonetheless.

How come no one was interfering?

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~He touched you?~ Yuuri questioned.

Victor could tell by Yuuri’s tone that he was mad.

Not at him, but he was definitely not happy about the current situation.

~Where?~ Yuuri pushed.

Victor sighed

..........................

~He barely graced my thigh~

Yuuri gasped.

Why the hell would Victor allow that?

If someone had done that to Yuuri, hands would be broken.

~I can’t really do that~ Victor stated. ~He’s an omega~

Yuuri froze.

An omega?

An omega was groping his future husband and was able to get away with it?

No.

Not under Yuuri’s watch.

..........................
Tell him to go to hell if he as much as look at you again~ Yuuri demanded. ~He’s not allowed to touch you like that. No matter if he’s an omega or not~

Victor knew that Yuuri was right.

But saying that to an omega went against all of his instincts.

It was just like screaming at a baby, or scaring a puppy.

He just couldn’t do it.

~If you can’t do it, you’re welcome to use my name as the scapegoat. Tell him that if he doesn’t leave you alone, your mate will come and hunt him down from Detroit~ Yuuri stated. ~And considering Detroit’s rumor, it should be more than enough to keep him away~

Victor felt oddly touched by Yuuri’s concern.

He knew that jealousy wasn’t something that should be encouraged, but it suited his mate oddly well.

Not that he would ever tell Yuuri that.

…………………………………………………..

~I told him to stop, and I think he listened~ Victor assured. ~So try not to worry and go back to sleep, I can handle myself~

Yuuri wouldn’t have doubted his mate if it had been an alpha or a beta going after him.

But he knew that Victor could never harm an omega.

Not that he should ever use violence, but if that omega didn’t back off…

Well, then Yuuri would just have to make his way to Russia himself.

No one. Not even a fellow omega would get away with taking advantage of the sweetest alpha in the universe.

If that omega as much as touched a single strand of Victor’s hair, Yuuri would have his head.

Never underestimate an omega protecting his mate.

…………………………………………………………

Victor made sure to keep his legs and most of himself as far away from Artur as possible.

He had finally managed to convince his very reluctant mate to go back to sleep, and he didn’t want to cause anything that would have him woken up again.

“Thank you for listening,” the teacher suddenly said. “You can find your schedules on our website, using your school-ID to log in. And tomorrow we’ll have a lecture about the basics in marketing. Feel free to network with each other for a while. I’ll leave the classroom unlocked and you can leave when you feel like it. Or until the janitor kicks you out.” she shot the class a smile before collecting her things and disappearing out of the classroom.

A part of Victor wanted to go straight home and forget about this day, but he had promised himself that he would make some new friends.

“So what are you doing now?” Artur suddenly asked. “Would you like to hang out?”
“Uhm, I think I’m going to meet the rest of the class,” Victor said and turn around, only to have Arthur grasp his wrist.

“Don’t you want to sit down and talk to me?” Artur asked as his eyes widened with sadness, and unshed tears began to sparkle like the galaxy.

Victor was familiar with them. But Yuuri’s omega-eyes were far more beautiful and irresistible. So he had a pretty good resistance for them.

“Maybe later,” Victor agreed and gently tugged his hand loose from the omega’s grip.

Artur frowned but allowed Victor to walk away.

Victor sighed in relief and introduced himself to a few other people. Very friendly, and completely unaware who he was, which was actually very comforting.

He talked to them for a long while until he suddenly felt hands wrapping around his arm.

“Victor, would you like to introduce me to your friends?” Artur asked with big eyes.

Victor had trouble finding his voice at first, stunned by the sudden approach. “Uhm, yeah, this is Vendela and Bartok,” he told the omega once his mind managed to catch up. “And this is Artur,” he told told the other two.

“Nice to meet you,” the two other Russians greeted the omega.

“Hi,” Artur said before gazing up at Victor again. “Do you want to get out of here?”

“Not right now,” Victor said. He wished that he was able to tell him off like a normal person, but his instincts were constantly in the way. “Why don’t you talk to these two for a while and I can talk to someone else from the class?” he turned to the other two. “I really want to meet the whole class,” he explained himself.

“Right,” Vendela agreed. “So Artur, where are you from?”

Victor was just about to turn away when Artur grabbed him again. “Why are you so rude to me?” he questioned in annoyance.

“Rude?” Victor repeated. “When have I been rude to you?”

Artur frowned. “Why don’t you like me? Am I not beautiful enough for you?”

“I already have a mate,” Victor declared. “And he is the most beautiful omega in the whole world, so my standard is pretty high.”

Artur’s frown deepened. “You have a mate?”

“Yes,” Victor stated. “He’s my soulmate, and I would never want anyone but him. I love him beyond words... So you’ll probably have more luck with someone else.”

Artur sighed. “You really do like to play hard to get, don’t you?”

Victor’s eyes widened in shock at the accusation. “I’m not playing hard to get,” he exclaimed. “I really do have a mate,” he held out his hand to show of his ring. “I’m engaged to him, and I have his mark on my neck,” he gestured to his neck to make himself perfectly clear. “I’m very much taken.”
Artur snorted. “Calm down, I’m not looking for a mate for life…”

“You wouldn’t get me even for a second,” Victor stated. “I’m loyal to my mate.”

Artur smiled brilliantly. “We’ll see, Victor.”

Victor frowned as Arthur walked passed him, swaying his hips.

“Alphas usually aren’t able to say no to me for too long…” Artur continued. “I always get what I want.”

Victor looked around to the other people in his class, everyone looked just as surprised as him to the unusually pushy omega.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Victor,” Artur said before he finally left.

“So do you know him?” Vendela suddenly asked as she showed up by his side. “I saw how he acted during class and I was pretty sure that he was your boyfriend… Now I’m not so sure…”

“He’s not my boyfriend,” Victor said immediately. “My actual boyfriend would probably rip his head off if he was here.”

“Well, look at it from the bright side,” Bartok chimed in. “Now you can have two omegas instead of one.”

Victor did not like that statement. He did not want to have two mates. He wanted to be able to give all of his attention to Yuuri.

Yuuri was the only one for him, and besides, Yuuri did not like sharing.

“One mate is enough for me,” Victor told his classmate. “I just wish that I could make Artur understand that.”

“Just hold your ground,” Vendela suggested. “He’ll probably get the hint that you’re not interested in someone else.”

“I think it’s very sweet how loyal you are,” another girl in his class stated. “Your boyfriend is very lucky.”

Victor snorted at the ridiculous statement. “Trust me, if you would have met my Yuuri, you would see that I’m actually the lucky one.”

A synchronized ‘aww’ rang out among his classmates.

“You must really love him,” Vendela said gently.

Victor smiled as he thought of Yuuri, his eyes suddenly landing on his ring. “I really do.”

“Well, we can change the name signs so you won’t have to sit next to Artur in class,” Vendela suggested.

“Dibs!” Bartok called. “I would never in my life complain about a handsy omega, leave him to me,” he practically ran across the classroom to switch his and Victor’s name signs.

“It’s probably not a permanent solution, but you could always tell a teacher if he gets too much,” Vendela stated. “You shouldn’t have to feel unsafe in school, and I’m sure your mate would agree.”
“He would,” Victor said fondly. “Yuuri is very protective of me.”

Another synchronized ‘aww’ rang out.

“Well, your mate is in luck, cause you just ended up in the best class in Russia, and we will all take care of each other,” Vendela stated. “Right?”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Vendela smiled brightly. “No one is getting hurt in business class.”

Victor laughed a little at that, but he was truly grateful.

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? Will Artur be able to let Victor go? ;) <3 How will this end? ^w^ <3

I love hearing all of your thoughts <3<3 Comments are my fuel <3

Thank you do much for reading <3 And for all the comments I got in the last chapter <3
It really made my day <3<3

*KUDOS BOMB* <3<3<3<3<3
Yuuri woke up at the wrong side of the bed the next morning, as he recalled what happened in Russia while he was asleep.

~Good morning, love~ Victor greeted him nonetheless. ~Did you sleep well?~

~Depends~ Yuuri stated. ~Did that omega touch you again?~

Victor knew that Yuuri’s strict tone came from worry and not anger. But did he have to sound so hot?

Yuuri in the mornings, when his voice was still hoarse and his hair was an adorable mess was the equivalent of a sex god.

And now, his voice mixed with his protectiveness and worry, was enough to make Victor swoon so hard that he almost fell off his couch.

~He didn’t touch me again~ Victor assured. ~And the rest of my class is filled with really good people. So I’ll be fine~

That was a huge relief off of Yuuri’s chest.

He was happy that Victor ended up in a good class, even if it had a very rotten egg in there.

Stupid, handsome guy.

Who did he think he was?

~Could you please try and let it go?~ Victor pleaded. ~You’re making this a bigger deal than it actually is. It was not as if he groped my ass, he just barely brushed his fingers against my thigh~
Yuuri felt a growl churning at the pit of his stomach.

~He still touched you against your will~ Yuuri pointed out. ~And I heard the way he was flirting with you. It made you feel uncomfortable, and that is not okay~

Victor felt his heart flutter as he fell even more in love with his adorable mate.

~I only got uncomfortable because I only want you to flirt with me~ Victor stated. ~You’re best at it~

Yuuri snorted at the ridiculous excuse. The fact still remained that someone had put their hands on his mate.

And Victor making jokes wouldn’t change that.

~So if an alpha put their hands on me and made flirtatious comments, would you want me to tell you to just let it go?~ Yuuri questioned. ~And would you?~

Victor sighed. He hated when Yuuri was right.

It happened far too often.

And if an alpha had treated Yuuri like Artur had treated him, there would be rolling heads in Detroit.

So it was unfair of him to ask Yuuri to let it go.

But he also couldn’t ask Yuuri to help him. He didn’t want Yuuri anywhere near something that could be potentially dangerous.

And knowing his mate and his temper when it came to him, it would most likely lead to a fight.

And Yuuri should never be fighting.

~You know that I wouldn’t be able to let it go~ Victor admitted. ~But you’re better than me. And there’s nothing you can do right now~

Yuuri frowned.

He could go down there and kick that omega’s ass.

~And that’s very sweet of you~ Victor said gently. ~But there is no need for that. Artur might have just felt low on confidence today and felt like he needed to prove a point. But I’m no longer seated next to him, and it’s not like he hurt me~

Yuuri sighed.

Victor could be right.

But it still itched in his fingers at the thought of another omega going after his mate.

He knew that Victor would never cheat on him, and that wasn’t even the thing he was most scared of.
But what if that Artur-person decided to hurt Victor, knowing that Victor had no chance of fighting him back without risking going to jail?

Or what if he decided to take advantage of Victor’s kindness, and get him to spend his time, money and energy on him?

Yuuri wasn’t sure how much a strange omega could affect his mate, he just knew that if he himself had been evil, he could probably take over the world with someone as powerful as Victor by his side.

But what kind of omega was this Artur?

If Yuuri would have flirted with someone who turned uncomfortable, he would be beating himself up with his stupid guilt-complex for hours afterwards, not to mention trying to find a billion different ways to apologize.

~Did he at least apologize to you afterwards?~ Yuuri asked.

Victor sighed.

~No~

Yuuri frowned.

Stupid, evil Artur.

He was really dragging the rest of omegas down in the dirt by acting like some kind of creep.

“Yuuri? Are you up?” Nathan suddenly called. “I can’t find my coffee cup.”

Right, Yuuri cleaned a little last night and placed all of the dirty dishes in the dishwasher. “Have you checked the dishwasher?” he called back.

There was a moment of silence. “Found it, thanks!”

Yuuri decided that he needed another omega’s advice on this, so he put on his glasses and made his way out of bed.

Nathan was reading the newspaper as he sipped on his coffee. “Morning,” he greeted without looking up.

“Nathan?” Yuuri asked carefully. “Can I ask you for advice?”

Nathan looked up immediately and closed the newspaper. “Sure, what’s wrong?”

Yuuri suddenly felt a little bit embarrassed by the undivided attention. “Uhm, there’s this really creepy omega in Russia that’s been bothering Victor during his first day of school… And… Well, I’m not sure what to do about it.”

Nathan sat down at a chair. “Bothering him how?”

Yuuri took a deep breath. “Flirting with him, and practically groping him.”

Nathan snorted.
Yuuri frowned. “That’s not funny.”

“I’m sorry, I know it isn’t,” Nathan assured. “That just reminded me of this bitch I knew in junior high. She was an omega too, and she was absolutely insane. She had this idea that she was the most beautiful creature in the universe and that everyone had to be in love with her, no matter what. I put her in her place by playing the game a lot better, but, well, I was also kind of a bitch when I was younger, so I’m not sure I’ll give you the best kind of advice…”

“What happened?” Yuuri asked.

“Well, I became everyone’s best friend, and gained their trust instead of their lust,” Nathan stated. “An omega’s beauty can be kind of blinding at first glance, but if the omega is a horrible person, the illusion is usually broken pretty quickly… She started to repel people instead of seducing them. And she started to blame me, thinking that I had corrupted them. But by that time, I practically had the whole school behind me.”

“So… Are you saying that I should go there and become friends with people?” Yuuri asked in confusion.

“What? No, of course not, that would be crazy. I’m just saying that you should stay calm…” Nathan assured. “Your mate won’t be seduced by another omega because he will always compare them to you, and since you’re a lot better, that other omega will only become a lot worse until his or her appeal is completely gone.”

“But I’m not worried about Victor getting seduced,” Yuuri explained. “I just don’t want him to get hurt. He has the protective gene, which means that he has no way of defending himself if Artur tries something.”

Nathan hummed thoughtfully. “Well, your mate is an alpha, so he could just command the bitch to keep his distance.”

Yuuri almost gasped at Nathan’s choice of words.

“Or he could just ignore him.” Nathan suggested. “Nothing pisses a vain omega off more than being ignored.”

“Do you think that it would make him stop?” Yuuri asked.

“It would make me stop… And it made that bitch in my junior high stop,” Nathan shrugged. “It’s been said that actions speak louder than words. But sometimes, it’s what you don’t say or do, that sends the loudest message.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

“…Or at least it said so in my book,” Nathan admitted. “But it feels like it can be applied to this situation.

Yuuri smiled a little at that, once again taken off guard by what felt like Nathan’s endless well of wisdom. “Thank you, Nathan.”

Nathan smiled. “Anytime, roomie,” he glanced at the clock before flinching. “Oh, looks like I’m running late again…”

“I thought you didn’t have school today?” Yuuri asked.
“I don’t,” Nathan admitted. “But I’m running for president over the student council. And my team and I are going to prepare posters and put them all around campus.”

“Oh,” Yuuri said in surprise.

“The election is in two weeks, so if it’s not too awkward, tell your friends to vote for me, okay?” Nathan asked sheepishly. “My program is absolutely the best. The two people running against me have probably never read a book in their entire lives.”

“Who are they?” Yuuri asked.

“Chad Bryans, head of the football team and Lisa Thompson, the most stereotypical mean girl in the universe… I swear, she would put Regina George to shame.”

“Who’s Regina George?” Yuuri asked in confusion. Nathan had never mentioned her before.

Nathan clenched his chest. “So young, so much to learn,” he cooed. “You’re lucky to have me as your mentor. I’ll teach you everything I know,” he declared as he swallowed the rest of his coffee and made his way to the door. “Call if you need me, I’ll be in the school café until 4.00pm, so you’ll probably be home before me.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “I’ll see you later.”

“Later,” Nathan agreed with a smile before leaving.

Yuuri took a few moments to process Nathan’s advice.

He was truly grateful for his roommate. Even though Nathan was kind of harsh sometimes, Yuuri understood where he was coming from.

Nathan was twenty four, and Yuuri had no idea what he had been through in life, but he had clearly grown stronger and wiser from it.

It was inspiring to live with such a driven person.

Nathan didn’t allow anything to hold him back from being himself, and he was amazing at what he did.

As contradicting as it sounded, Yuuri somehow wished that he could be more like him.


Yuuri almost flinched at the sound of Victor’s voice.

He momentarily forgot him.

~Yes, I’m still here~ Yuuri assured. ~I was just talking to Nathan, and he gave me some advice to give to you~

Victor raised his eyebrows at that.

~What kind of advice?~
Let's hope that Nathan's advice will work <3 Otherwise Yuuri might need to pay his mate a visit ;) <3

I love to see how protective you all are over Victuuri <3 A lot of you even volunteered to fight Artur yourselves and that's just too sweet XD <3

Glad to see that I'm still able to affect you so much, even after 117 chapters XD <3 Like, jesus, I can't believe you've read this for so long! XD You could have spent your time reading through the whole Harry Potter series, or The lord of the rings series XD Instead you're here, reading my little fanfiction which literally has a chapter where they only shop for furnitures and assemble them XD <3

I'm so grateful for you <3

Thank you for reading and for supporting this story so much <3 I'll blame you if it goes on forever XD <3<3<3

*Kudos bomb*
Chapter 118

Chapter Summary

Yuuri follows Victor to school to make sure that Artur keeps his distance.

Chapter Notes

Dropping this off real quick <3<3 I hope you'll like it <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt a little bit worried the next day.
Not about going to school, but rather having his mate with him on high alert.
Yuuri had been drinking energy drinks throughout the night in order to stay awake. He was going to make sure that Artur behaved.
It was very sweet of him, but Victor did wish that he could get some nightly rest.
~I’ll sleep when I know you’ll be safe~ Yuuri stated. ~I won’t sleep any well anyways if I know he’ll be there… Touching you...~
Victor felt slightly guilty that Yuuri felt so worried about him.
Especially when it affected him so much that he neglected sleep.
Artur definitely needed to keep his distance today.
Otherwise Victor would have to deal with his very unhappy mate.
And if Yuuri was unhappy, he would be unhappy.
But Victor wouldn’t let it come to that.
So he really hoped for a good day at school.

Yuuri sighed tiredly as he opened his fifth energy drink for the night. It was almost 5.00am, but he didn’t have school in the morning, so he was pretty sure that it was fine.
He was working on his game concept while he waited for Victor to start school.
He even made a few sketches and a moodboard to support his idea.
He was supposed to have a presentation in two days, and he was actually very excited about it.
It was a game he himself wanted to play, which made it a lot easier to convince someone else to do
But he was starting to lose his focus.

~Can you please go to sleep?~ Victor pleaded. ~I can feel how tired you are, I won’t be able to focus~

Yuuri had decided that he wouldn’t let Victor talk him out of this one.

He slept so badly last night, and he didn’t want to go through that again.

~I’ll sleep once I know I won’t have nightmares~ Yuuri stated. ~Just… Pretend that I’m asleep if it’s easier~

Yeah, like Victor could magically ignore Yuuri’s suffering.

~Just as much as I can ignore the fact that you’re walking into a school where an omega is out to get you~ Yuuri quipped. ~Just stop fussing and focus on school… I’m studying, and I would do that even if you didn’t have a psycho at school~

Victor sighed.

Yuuri’s stubbornness was truly a force to be reckoned with, especially when he had made up his mind like this.

He could convince him at times, but never when Yuuri got like this.

Not even an asteroid crashing to earth would be enough to change his mate’s mind.

~But can you at least promise me to get some rest if we can both agree that it’s safe?~ Victor tried to bargain. ~I don’t want you to stay up all night because of this~

Yuuri knew that Victor meant well, but his arguments were kind of old.

Of course he would stay up all night to make sure his mate was safe.

Victor would do the same for him.

~I’ll go to sleep once I’m done with my assignment~ Yuuri declared.

Victor rolled his eyes.

Of course.

Well, at least he was at school now. Hopefully Yuuri would change his mind if Artur kept his distance.

Victor walked into his building and into his classroom and released a breath of relief.

Artur wasn’t there.

But on the other hand, he was early.
“Victor, hi,” Vendela greeted. “We were just talking about you.”

“You were?” Victor asked in amusement.

“Yeah, there’s this huge sign of you in the square in the middle of St. Petersburg,” Vendela said. “Are you actually a famous figure skater?”

“Depends on how you define famous,” Victor said sheepishly.

“So humble~ Yuuri mused. ~Just tell them how amazing you are, otherwise they might get a heart attack once they see for themselves~

Victor smiled fondly at Yuuri’s words.

He was too sweet.

“According to google, you’re the world record holder,” Bartok chimed in.

“Yeah, I guess I am,” Victor agreed.

“For now~ Yuuri said teasingly.

~Yuuri~ Victor drawled. ~If you’re going to listen in, you can’t do your adorable commentary… People will think I’m crazy if I laugh at your jokes~

Yuuri chuckled a little to himself.

He could see Victor’s point.

~It wasn’t a joke~ Yuuri mused. ~But I’ll stop~

Victor was grateful, even though he kind of missed Yuuri’s voice already.

“And this is your mate, right?” Vendela asked as she turned her phone to Victor.

Victor felt his heart swell at seeing his mate look so happy.

It was the picture of Yuuri right after he had done his quad axel and crushed Victor’s high score in juniors. He had a broken wrist, but he had never looked prouder.

And he looked so young.

It was before Yuuri first heat, so his sexy glow was nowhere to be seen, but he still looked as beautiful as he had always done.

“Yes, that’s my Yuuri,” Victor beamed proudly.

“He’s so adorable,” Vendela gushed. “I just want to give him a teddy bear.”

Victor could almost hear Yuuri’s smartass remark, even though his mate was completely silent.


“What?” Vendela gasped “And you actually let him play them?”
“It’s not really my choice,” Victor shrugged. “Besides, he’s terrifyingly good at them.”

“So you’re telling me that all omegas are basically just like normal people?” Bartok questioned. “I mean, I’ve never met one, besides Artur, so I really don’t know…”

“They are people,” Victor stated. “Or, well, Yuuri is an angel, but he’s special.”

~Maybe you should save that line until Artur arrives?~ Yuuri suggested. ~Just so he’ll know what he’s up against~

~Or maybe I should scream it across all of Russia?~ Victor mused. ~That might be enough to the message across~

Yuuri snorted, but he was also slightly worried that Victor was being serious.

~I think the classroom will be enough~ Yuuri assured.

Victor smiled a little.

"What’s so funny?” Vendela asked.

Victor immediately snapped back to reality. “Oh, I was just speaking to Yuuri,” he assured. "He’s kind of with me today,"

Vendela and Bartok exchanged confused glances before looking around. "Uhm… Where?"

"Well, it’s kind of hard to explain,” Victor admitted. “But Yuuri is my soulmate, in the literal sense. We share a soul and we have a bond that keeps us connected. We can communicate through it and do other things meant for soulmates,” he tried to explain. "It’s almost like telepathy, but it only applies to us."

Vendela and Bartok blinked uncomprehendingly.

“So you can hear him in your head?” Bartok questioned.

“Yes,” Victor stated. He realized that it had to be hard for someone else to understand. Especially someone who barely even knew about soulmates or true mates. “Hang on, I think I can show it,” he said as he picked out his phone from his pocket and called his soulmate.

Yuuri momentarily panicked when Victor called him up.

He wasn’t prepared to talk to people he didn’t know.

And in Russian nonetheless.

Yuuri was still slightly awkward speaking it. He understood it perfectly, but there was a big difference between speaking and understanding. And it would probably take a lifetime of practice to speak it flawlessly.

Unless he was Victor Nikiforov, multi-talented genius.

But he also knew that Victor didn’t call him up to challenge him. He was just trying to prove to his friends that he wasn’t crazy.
And it was Yuuri’s obligation to help his mate with those matters.

So he answered his phone.

“Hi, Victor,” Yuuri greeted.

“Hi, beautiful,” Victor greeted back. “You’ve been listening to our conversations, right?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly.

“Would you mind telling me how many fingers I’m holding up?” Victor asked.

~Three~ Victor said over the bond.

“Three,” Yuuri replied, hearing Victor’s friends gasp.

“Is there a hidden camera in here?” Vendela asked worriedly.

“Of course not,” Victor assured. “I just speak to him through our bond, I can tell him anything.”

“Can he read up what it says on the blackboard without you telling him?” Bartok asked.

“Yuuri?” Victor chirped as he turned to it. “Can you read that?”

Yuuri looked through Victor’s eyes, there was some kind of business quote. “Can I say it in English?” he pleaded. “My Russian is a little…” he trailed off slightly.

“Whatever you’re comfortable with,” Victor said gently.

Yuuri swallowed nervously. “A business that makes nothing but money is a poor business…” he read slowly, hoping that his translation was somewhat accurate.

“Your Russian is so wonderful, love,” Victor praised. “I’m so proud.”

Yuuri blushed. “Well, I’ve had a wonderful teacher…”

Yuuri heard a squeal coming from Victor’s friends, making his blush increase.

“You’re always so sweet, solnechnyy,” Victor mused. “But you should really go to sleep, it’s almost 5.00 in Detroit.”

Yuuri snorted. “No.”

Victor sighed. “Well, I’ll talk you later…”

“Have a good day at school, Victor,” Yuuri said gently.

He wanted to say something about hoping that Artur would keep his distance, but he didn’t want to embarrass Victor in front of his new friends.

“You too, honey,” Victor said cheerfully. “I love you.”

Yuuri smiled. “I love you too,” he decided to just end the call after that. He knew that Victor had a harder time hanging up than him.

And knowing his mate, they would end up in a ‘you hang up first’ battle. And he had heard that normal people found that very annoying.
So he decided to be the strong one, for both of them.

~I miss you already~ Victor pouted.

~I’m still right here~ Yuuri assured. ~Just a single thought away~

Victor smiled to himself.

Yuuri was always so adorable.

“Okay, you guys are like… Superheroes or something,” Bartok exclaimed. “Why aren’t you solving crimes?”

“How?” Victor asked in amusement.

Suddenly, more people started to fill the classroom.

People that all came with the bus tended to show up in packs.

And at the back of the group, Artur.

“I don’t know…” Bartok shrugged. “You can… maybe speak to each other and confuse the criminals until they confess?”

Vendela snorted. “That’s a terrible strategy.”

Victor walked to his new seat at the back of the classroom, as far away from Artur as he could possibly get.

~He should be the one to keep his distance, not you~ Yuuri stated, making Victor fully aware that Yuuri was currently guarding him like a hawk all the way from Detroit. ~He better stay away~

“Well, it seems like duty is calling,” Bartok said with a wiggle of his eyebrows before leaving Victor’s side. “Artur, I convinced Victor to trade places with me, I really want to ask you about what hair products you’re using, you look absolutely amazing.”

Artur seemed to accept the praise. “It’s natural omega glow,” he said proudly. “One of the many reasons why people find me so beautiful.”

~It’s natural omega glow~ Yuuri mimicked in the worst Russian accent Victor had ever heard. ~Can he be any more obnoxious?~

Victor had to keep himself from bursting out laughing like an idiot.

~Well, as long as he keeps his distance from you, I guess it’s okay~ Yuuri stated.

Victor smiled.

~Does that mean that you’re going to sleep?~ Victor asked hopefully.

Yuuri yawned tiredly.

~Maybe later... If he behaves~
Victor sighed.

Well, it was probably as good as it was going to get.

Chapter End Notes

Let's hope that Yuuri will get some sleep XD <3<3

Thank you for reading <3<3
Chapter 119

Chapter Summary

Yuuri falls asleep during Victor's class and they have a sweet talk once Yuuri wakes up.

Chapter Notes

Just a short little filler <3<3 I hope you'll like it <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor smiled fondly as he felt Yuuri starting to fall asleep despite his stubbornness.

His professor was very talented at keeping the interest of her students, but Victor could tell that it wasn’t of interest to his mate.

Yuuri was slowly drifting as Victor only kept his eyes on his professor and his notes. He made a few comments about Victor's handwriting being beautiful, and that the professor’s laptop wasn’t a good brand.

But slowly but surely, he fell asleep.

And Victor had to refuse the urge to fistpump.

Yuuri really needed a little bit of sleep, he had practice with Celestino later, and he needed to be in top condition for that.

Victor had practice with Yakov after class.

It would be his first practice session in Russia in two weeks, which meant that Yakov would probably be extra tough on him.

So he was glad that he wouldn’t have to spend that time worried about Yuuri.

If his mate could stay asleep until tonight, he would be very grateful.

Yuuri slowly blinked awake, feeling well rested, despite being in yesterday’s clothes and having his laptop almost falling out of his bed.

What time was it?

Yuuri fumbled after his phone, and once he saw the time, he gasped.

He was supposed to watch over Victor.

~Good morning, solnechnyy~ Victor said cheerfully. ~Did you sleep well?~
Yuuri frowned. He was pretty sure that Victor had tricked him.

~Me?~ Victor asked innocently. ~Such a wild accusation without any proof~

Yuuri rolled his eyes.

~But are you okay at least?~ Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor smiled fondly.

His day had actually been very uneventful.

Artur seemed to relish in the attention he received from Bartok, he only glanced Victor’s way twice during class, but it was more as if he was checking if Victor was looking at him, than wanting to get his attention.

Victor refused to pay him any, he had his mind set on following Yuuri’s advice and ignoring the other omega.

He didn’t want to do anything that would have Artur think that he liked him.

And he especially didn’t want to cause a situation that would wake Yuuri up once he had finally gone to sleep.

So as soon as class was over he took his bag and walked straight to the ice rink, only to be greeted by a tired sigh from his coach.

Yakov had spend the earlier part of the day with his younger skaters, and he was completely drained when Victor showed up.

Luckily, Victor was very confident about his programs, and he only needed Yakov to bark at him a little.

His grumpy coach was a very good motivation for him, because Yakov was never satisfied and neither was Victor.

So they made a good team.

Then he came home, took Makkachin for his evening walk and then he started to watch a documentary about the jungle or something.

~I’m glad you had a good day~ Yuuri said softly. ~I’m sorry I fell asleep on you… I’m a terrible boyfriend~

Victor suddenly wished that he could hug Yuuri close, but since he couldn’t, he hugged Makkachin and mirrored it to Yuuri.

~You are the best boyfriend in the world~ Victor assured, and it felt just like he was in his embrace. ~You lasted a lot longer than I would ever dream of lasting myself, and you’re the most thoughtful, protective, sweetest human on this earth. And I’m so lucky to have you~

Yuuri felt his heart swell.

If it hadn’t been 2.00pm in the afternoon, he would claim that it was too early for Victor to be so
sweet to him.

~Please trust me~ Victor pleaded. ~You’re so wonderful, and I love you with all my heart, which is rare, since I’m very picky~

Yuuri snorted.

~Victor Nikiforov never settles for anything but the best~

~Victor Nikiforov needs to stop talking about himself in third person, otherwise his true mate will have no choice but to make fun of him~ Yuuri mused. ~But thank you~

Victor smiled. He could feel that Yuuri was smiling too, which was all he needed to know.

~And I’m glad you’re picky though~ Yuuri said thoughtfully. ~I wouldn’t want you to settle for anything beneath you. You do deserve the absolute best~

That was Yuuri’s subtle way of saying that he was glad that Victor had good taste so he wouldn’t go for trash like Artur.

But Yuuri had too much class to utter those words, so Victor would just have to use his excellent language skills to translate Yuuri’s words into his actual thoughts.

And Yuuri was being very petty about Artur.

Even though Yuuri was the sweetest human in the galaxy, he should definitely never be crossed.

Victor hoped that no one else flirted with him in the future.

For their sake.

Yuuri was a nemesis he wouldn’t wish on anyone.

~Celestino will pick me up in an hour, do you want to skype a little before that?~ Yuuri asked shyly.

~I really miss seeing your face~

Victor clenched his chest.

How could he possibly say no?

“Yuuri!” Isabella cheered as Yuuri got into Celestino’s car. “I got to play a video game today!”

“You did?” Yuuri asked in surprise, turning to his coach.

“Super Mario,” Celestino confirmed. “He’s such a lovely Italian.”

“I beat papa, and I won the medal,” Isabella stated. “I’m going to be just as good as you one day.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “I’m sure you’ll be better,” he assured. “You’re a lot younger than I was when I started.”

Isabella lit up like the sun. “Papa! Yuuri says that I might be better than him.”

“I heard him, doll,” Celestino chuckled fondly. “And that’s a wonderful compliment, so you should
Isabella smiled widely in the backseat. “Thank you, Yuuri,” she exclaimed happily. “Or grazie!”

Yuuri felt his heart skip a beat over how adorable Isabella was.

If he and Victor ever had kids, he would definitely have to teach them Italian.

Hopefully they would have Victor’s language gift.

Yuuri immediately stopped his line of thought.

Why was he thinking about kids?

“Is everything all right?” Celestino asked.

Yuuri snapped back to reality. “Oh, yes of course,” he assured. “I just had a weird night.”

Celestino nodded in understanding. “Maybe we should take it easy on the jumps and focus mainly on choreography today?” he suggested. “You’re always nailing your jumps, I think it’s the short program that needs the most work.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

“Yuuri, did you know something?” Isabella asked shyly.

“What, Bella?” Yuuri asked gently.

Isabella blushed. “Mama wants to design your costumes.”

“Bella!” Celestino exclaimed as he parked his car. “What did we talk about before leaving?”

Isabella bit her lip thoughtfully. “That it was going to be a surprise?”

Celestino sighed and turned to Yuuri. “It’s your choice of course. My wife just asked me who was designing your costumes for this season, and I didn’t know, so she kind of offered to do so herself. I was about to ask you after practice if you had someone else in mind.”

“Wow,” Yuuri said in surprise. “I haven’t actually thought about it… I always order my costumes online, but I usually wait until the end of October.”

“Well, Gina wants to do it for free right now,” Celestino smiled. “And you’ll get to make suggestions and adjustments so they’ll be perfect for you…”

“That’s very nice of her to offer…” Yuuri said gently. “But it’s too much… I don’t think I can accept.”

“Of course it’s not too much,” Celestino assured. “She’ll get some advertisement if you wear her designs, she’s gotten a real interest in figure skating lately, and she wants to extend her brand into making custom-made figure skating costumes. And if her designs are worn by a gold medalist, it will definitely give her the boost she needs.”

“Oh right,” Yuuri agreed. He couldn’t accept free costumes just like that, but if he got free costumes while helping Gina out, it sounded like a very good deal. The Cialdini’s had already done so much for him, so it made him feel happy to finally get a chance to give back.
“You don’t have to decide now, of course,” Celestino stated. “But maybe think about it?”

“Yeah, okay,” Yuuri agreed, but he had pretty much made up his mind. He wanted to let Gina design them.

Celestino patted him on the shoulder. “Let’s focus on your short program for now,” he said with a smile.

Yuuri smiled back. “That sounds like a good plan.”

Chapter End Notes

So I suppose the Artur crisis is solved... For now... ;) <3<3 Let's hope that he'll keep his distance <3<3

He'll still be in Victor's class, and getting on Yuuri's nerves XD <3 #I'mInNoRush ;) <3 #WhenHaveIEverBeen? XD

Anyways, I'm so glad you seem to like this arc! <3 Thank you so much for reading <3<3
“Bravo, Yuuri!” Celestino cheered. “That was excellent.”

Yuuri blushed slightly and skated over to his coach. “I’m still a little bit worried about the combination spin though,” he admitted. “I feel like I’m moving my head strangely.”

“You look completely fine,” Celestino assured. “But during the first strings of the song, maybe try and relax your hips a little more?”

“How?” Yuuri asked, shifting on his feet a little.

“Like this?” Morgan, the hobby-skater asked and demonstrated, leaning on her hip.

“Exactly,” Celestino agreed.

Yuuri skated up next to her and mimicked her movements, while he was trying to figure out exactly how she moved.

He was trying to move with more femininity, and watching a female move felt like a very good place to start.

”And maybe use your hands more so it looks like you’re more confident?” Morgan said carefully. ”I mean, it looks great when you drag your hands around your body, so maybe use more of that and... maybe embrace yourself… like this,” she said and demonstrated again.

Yuuri followed suit, it looked really good when she was doing it, so he kind of hoped that he looked somewhat decent himself.

Morgan blushed. ”Yeah, that’s it…”

Yuuri turned to Celestino for approval, which his coach granted immediately with a thumbs up.

Yuuri smiled shyly and tried the first part of the program again, and felt like he was finally onto something.

He knew that he was at his best when Victor was watching him.
Having Victor as an audience made it a lot easier to feel sexy and confident.

So he sometimes imagined Victor watching him from the sidelines. And pretended that he was going to seduce him with all he had.

He was going to prove to Victor that he had chosen the most beautiful omega. Every single human in the world was going to fade in comparison.

He would make sure that Victor would never be able to take his eyes off him.

"I think it’s time to call it a day,” Celestino stated as he glanced to the clock. "But you’ve made wonderful progress today, so you should be very proud."

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully as he skated to the exit to take his skates off.

Isabella was laying a puzzle on the floor closeby, and she lit up when Yuuri exited.

"Yuuri, will you have dinner with us?” Isabella asked cheerfully.

"What?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

"Papa said I should ask,” Isabella stated. "We’re having pasta!”

"Uhm, I don’t know,” Yuuri said sheepishly.

He really didn’t want to intrude.

"We would love to have you,” Celestino chimed in as he walked up to them. "You can also talk to Gina about ideas for costumes,” he stated. "If you would then decide on something else, it’s completely fine, and we’ll support you either way, but you should at least know what you’re declining."

"Pretty please, have dinner with us?” Isabella pleaded with giant eyes. "I’ll show you how to eat spaghetti without spilling.”

"Bella,” Celestino scolded. "Don’t push."

"Sorry,” Isabella said with a blush.

"It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. "Yeah, yes. I would love to have dinner with you.”

"Yes!” Isabella cheered. "Papa! Yuuri said yes!”

"Are you sure?” Celestino asked. "You didn’t have any other plans?”

"Well, I was planning to make some ramen,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. "My roommate had dinner with his friends while they worked on his project earlier, so it would just be me... But it’s nicer to have company.”

Celestino smiled gently. "Glad to hear it,” he chirped. "It will be lovely to finally have you in our home."

Yuuri did feel a little anxious as Celestino stopped the car outside the most adorable house Yuuri had ever seen.
He trusted Celestino, but there was still something strange about going home to someone for the first time, especially when he was all alone.

~Yuuri? Your heart is raising, what’s wrong?~ Victor asked sleepily.

It was in the middle of the night in Russia, so Yuuri took a deep breath and told his mate to go back to sleep, he was just being an anxious mess.

~You have nothing to worry about~ Victor assured. ~They love you. How could they not?~

Yuuri smiled shyly.

Celestino exited the car and got to work with getting his daughter out of her chair in the backseat.

“Yuuri, you need to see my room,” Isabella exclaimed as she was finally free.

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed as he exited the car as well. He didn’t have to wait long before Isabella grabbed his hand and pulled him along.

“I have a barbie house, you can play with it if you want,” Isabella offered.

“Uhm, I’m not really sure how to play with barbies,” Yuuri tried.

“Don’t worry, I can teach you,” Isabella beamed.

“Bella, your mama and I need to speak to Yuuri, maybe you two can play later?” Celestino bribed.

Isabella scowled. “You just want him for yourselves, and you had him for all of practice, it’s my turn to play with Yuuri.”

“He’s a person love, not a toy,” Celestino told his daughter.

Isabella pouted. “Yuuri should get to decide,” she quipped.

“Of course,” Celestino smiled. “Yuuri, what do you want to do?”

Yuuri swallowed nervously.

“Do you want to play with me, or talk about boring adult stuff?” Isabella asked. “I have a barbie car.”

“Uhm, I think I’m going to talk to your parents first,” Yuuri said apologetically. “Maybe we can play later?”

“But…” Isabella tried.

“Bella, respect his decision,” Celestino warned.

Isabella deflated, opened the door and disappeared inside.

“She’ll be grumpy for a few minutes, but she’ll be fine once she had eaten,” Celestino assured. “Maybe you can play some super mario with her later? It will definitely make her happy.”

Yuuri nodded. “Sure.”

Celestino smiled and gestured for Yuuri to go in first.
Yuuri did, and took in his coach’s home.

It was just as sweet on the inside as it was on the outside. It was a little bit messy, but it was to be expected since a wildfire like Isabella lived there.

But they definitely kept a Italian theme, and even though it wasn’t exactly Nikiforov standard, it was still obvious that the Cialdini’s had money.

“Make yourself at home,” Celestino pleaded as he took off his coat and turned towards the kitchen. “Honey, look who I brought!” he called happily.

“Yuuri?” Gina called before making her appearance. “Great to see you, honey,” she said gently. “I hope you’re hungry.”

Yuuri nodded shyly. “Yes, ma’am.”

Gina clutched her chest. “So sweet,” she gushed before waving him towards the kitchen.

Yuuri walked in with Celestino right behind him. “Here, have a dinner roll, while you wait,” Gina said and handed Yuuri a piece of bread. “Dinner will be ready in a few minutes... Honey, why don’t you give Yuuri a tour of the house?”

“All right,” Celestino smiled and placed his hand on the younger omega’s shoulder. “Well, here’s the kitchen,” he stated as he gestured around.

Yuuri smiled.

It felt just like he was being welcomed into their family.

After dinner, Gina brought out her sketchbook and showed Yuuri some of the ideas she had for potential costumes.

Yuuri’s eyes widened in awe.

They were all so beautiful.

No wonder Gina’s brand was so successful. She was incredibly talented.

“I was thinking something softer for your free skate, since you’re skating to Yuki no hana, a Japanese song, yes?” Gina asked with a gentle smile.

“Yes,” Yuuri confirmed. “It means snow flower.”

Gina lit up. “So maybe something light blue then?” she suggested. “Maybe some flower patterns in the shape of snowflakes?”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. It sounded perfect.

“And what about your short program?” Gina asked. “Did you have something in mind?”

Yuuri thought for a moment. “I was thinking about it a little when I looked at Victor’s old costumes in Russia,” he admitted. “There’s this blue one, he wore it the first time I ever saw him.”

“Do you have a picture?” Gina asked excitedly.
Yuuri nodded. The best thing about dating someone famous, was that Victor was always a google search away.

“Wow, it’s very pretty,” Gina beamed. “I really like how half of it is almost completely transparent…” she clicked her pen and turned the page on her sketchbook. “But it would look much better in black,” she stated. “Oh, and maybe a little bit more transparent around the chest area,” she spoke as she drew apparently. “And the crystals would look a lot better in this pattern…”

Yuuri stared in amazement as he saw his costume for eros being created right before him. It was absolutely perfect.

But there was one thing missing.

“Uhm, we’ve also made a few changes to the program,” Yuui said sheepishly. “So it wouldn’t hurt if the costume was a little bit more…” Yuuri searched a moment for the right word. “Feminine.”

Gina hummed thoughtfully as it seemed like her pen was searching for something. she placed it by the hips of her drawing and sketched out half a skirt. “Something like that?”

Yuuri felt his heart swell. “It’s perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm so excited about the Grand Prix <3<3
We're almost there!! <3<3
Kudos for all of you <3<3
Chapter 121

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets to meet Nathan's friends and Victor has a streak of bad luck.

Chapter Notes

I can't believe that I've written about 30 pages of fanfiction and barely 1/3 of a page for my assignment that's supposed to be 2-3 pages XD <3 I've had this assignment for a week, and I have almost one more week to finish it XD <3 (We're writing while we're in post production, so we're supposed to do it at the same time, which people are not doing XD)

June 3rd will be my last day of school, then I'll have a summer break <3 And during summer I'll have a lot more time to write, but I will also make a documentary and produce a short film, so we'll see about that XD <3

Let's hope for the best!!^^<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Yuuri returned back from practice that evening, he ran into Nathan and his friends as they were putting up voting posters all across campus.  

"Yuuri!" Nathan greeted. "Did you have a good time?"

"Yeah," Yuuri said with a gentle smile. "Aren’t you coming home soon? It’s almost 10.00pm."

Nathan checked his phone to see the time for himself. "Well, we’re almost done," he assured. "Oh, and you should meet my friends!" He exclaimed and threw his arm around him. "You guys! Here’s my roommate, Yuuri."

Yuuri blushed darkly as he waved.

"Oh, hi," a boy with giant glasses said shyly.

"Hi, Yuuri," a tall guy with blond hair said cheerfully.

"That’s Thomas and Scott," Nathan introduced them. "They’re in my class."

Yuuri nodded. "Nice to meet you,"

"Yuuri is in game developing," Nathan told his friends.

Thomas eyes widened.

"Thomas is a big gamer himself," Nathan explained. "And he’s always complaining that there aren’t
any good games out there, so it’s up to you and your classmates to fix it.”

"Oh," Yuuri said carefully. "Uhm, we’ll do our best…”

Nathan smiled. "Didn’t I tell you how adorable he is?"

"You did," Scott confirmed before a soft smile broke across his features. "But you failed to mention his beauty."

"Don’t even try, buddy," Nathan mused. "Yuuri is practically married to someone you wouldn’t be able to beat, if you so gave your life for it."

"You’re married?" Scott asked in disbelief.

"Uhm, kind of," Yuuri admitted.

"How old are you?" Scott questioned.

Yuuri swallowed nervously. "Seventeen…”

"Is that even legal?" Scott asked.

"Well, we’re not exactly married," Yuuri said sheepishly. "But he’s my true mate, and we’re both bonded and engaged."

Scott released a sigh of defeat. "How come all the good ones are either taken or not interested in dating?"

"You’ll find someone someday," Nathan assured. "It’s all about patience, my friend."

"Yeah, you’re probably right," Scott agreed.

"Have I ever been wrong?" Nathan quipped. "People are so desperate for relationships nowadays, but there’s nothing wrong with enjoying a relationship with yourself."

"Nathan is right," Thomas agreed. "Being alone is a lot better than being with the wrong person."

Nathan cringed in sympathy. "Still thinking about Angela?" He asked gently.

Thomas shivered. "Please don’t remind me."

Nathan patted his friend’s shoulder gently. "Well, me and Yuuri should probably head home," he said thoughtfully "We can put up the rest of the posters tomorrow."

"Otherwise me and Scott can finish?" Thomas offered. "Unless you want us to walk you home?"

Nathan snorted. "Our building is right there," he said in amusement as he gestured to the building next to them. "I think we’ll be able to make it twenty steps on our own."

"Right, of course," Thomas agreed as a blush spread across his cheeks. "Forget I asked."

"It was a sweet offer," Nathan assured. "But you should probably go home and get some sleep too, we have an early class tomorrow."

"Yeah," Thomas said before sighing dreamily. "Good night, Nathan."

"Night, you guys," Nathan chirped before tugging Yuuri along.
"Good night, Yuuri!" both Thomas and Scott called after him.

"Good night," Yuuri called back as he reached for his badge to show to the guard at the door.

The guard nodded in approval and opened the door for them.

"So how was the dinner by the way?" Nathan asked curiously. "You said that you were having it with your coach and his family?"

"Yeah, Celestino and his family," Yuuri confirmed. "They are really wonderful."

"He sounds awesome," Nathan admitted. "I really admire people with the will and energy to keep up a sport. I barely make it to my weekly pole dancing classes. If I was an alpha, I would probably never work out. But since we have a lot easier to gain weight, I kind of have to keep it up so I won’t turn into a human meatball."

Yuuri snorted. "Human meatball?"

"Yes," Nathan claimed. "You should have seen me in high school, before I started pole dancing... I felt like a human marshmallow."

Yuuri really couldn’t imagine it.

Nathan was really fit.

"How did you get into pole dancing?" Yuuri asked.

"My brother’s true mate is a pole dancing instructor," Nathan stated. "She convinced me to try it out, and I found it pretty fun... I’ve been hooked ever since."

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

"You should definitely come with me sometime," Nathan exclaimed as he opened the door to their apartment.

"What?" Yuuri flinched. "No! I mean, I really don’t think that it’s something for me..."

"Why?" Nathan asked in surprise. "Isn’t figure skating like dancing?"

"It is," Yuuri agreed. "But I don’t think that I can swing around on a pole."

"Swinging is the easy part of it," Nathan stated. "Holding yourself up with nothing but your thighs, that’s a workout."

"Oh," Yuuri said. "Well, if I’m being honest, I really don’t know that much about it..."

"That’s why you should try it out," Nathan claimed. "If you try pole dancing, I’ll try figure skating."

That sounded like a fun idea. He would love to skate with Nathan and show the fellow omega that part of his life.

"It’s a deal."

The next day, Victor was slightly late for class, maybe a minute or two, so it wasn’t the end of the world, but he still found it to be slightly stressful to know that he had arrived after Artur.
He was glad that Yuuri was sleeping. Yuuri had his big presentation tomorrow, and Victor was not going to let Artur ruin it.

If Artur did something to him that would cause Yuuri to wake up and mess up tomorrow, Victor would never forgive his classmate.

He might not be able to cause Artur harm, but he could probably perfect his cold shoulder enough to cause the omega to get frostbite.

But he shouldn’t get ahead of himself. For all he knew, Artur might have fallen in love with Bartok and would never bother him again.

He could at least hope for that to happen.

Victor entered the classroom and released a breath of relief when he noticed Artur sitting between Bartok and another alpha with the protective gene.

They both seemed to be keeping the omega busy.

So Victor carefully made his way to his seat, hoping that he wouldn’t be noticed.

But apparently nothing got past the omega.

“Good morning, handsome,” Artur greeted.

Victor didn’t answer, he just sat down, hoping that the omega would get the hint.

"Hi, Victor,” Vendela said "You barely made it in time.”

"Yes, I know, my dog, Makkachin got the idea of chasing a squirrel this morning, so everything dragged a bit late,” Victor explained.

"You have a dog?” Vendela asked in excitement.

Victor nodded and brought out his phone. His background was a picture of Yuuri, Vicchan and Makkachin on the beach of Hawaii during their evening walk in the sunset during summer.

Victor couldn’t help but to feel his heart swell when he took in Yuuri and all of his beauty. It was truly a wonderful picture of him.

Vendela gasped. "Your mate is so beautiful!” she exclaimed. "Is he a photo model?”

"He should be,” Victor stated. "He’s truly the most beautiful human in the world.”

Victor heard a annoyed scoff coming from Artur, and he had to fight the urge to confront the omega about it.

His Yuuri was the most beautiful. No matter what Artur thought about it.

It was better to let it go.

Yuuri told him to ignore Artur, and that was just what he was going to do.

"Good morning class,” the teacher greeted as she walked into the classroom. "I’m sorry I’m a bit late, but let’s get started.”
She then proceeded to open a powerpoint and go through their first assignment.

They were going to work in pairs to pitch a business idea and present a budget.

It sounded very exciting, up until the point where the teacher presented the pairings she had decided on.

And Artur’s name was next to Victor’s.

Artur turned around in his seat and shot Victor a smile.

Victor swallowed nervously.

He needed to come up with a new plan and fast.

Chapter End Notes

You guys asked for drama, and I'm giving it to you XD <3

But don't worry, nothing too creepy will happen to Victor <3 Can't have Yuuri leave Detroit right now XD <3 But that doesn't mean that he won't be able to help a little from afar ;) <3

Let's see what will happen <3<3
Chapter 122

Chapter Summary

Victor does his best to keep away from Artur and Yuuri does something to help his mate.

Chapter Notes

I HAVE A SUMMER BREAK!! <3<3 Finally!!! <3<3

Well, it's late, so I'll leave you with this <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So it looks like we’re meant to be together,” Artur said as he approached Victor after class. “So what do you say? My place or yours?”

“We should stay in school,” Victor declared. He really didn’t want to be alone with the omega. “We can sit in study hall and finish this.”

“It could take hours,” Artur pointed out. “And didn’t you say that you had a dog? I’m sure he wouldn’t like to spend the whole day alone.”

Victor didn’t like it when strangers played the Makkachin-card.

The only one who could do that was Yuuri, but he always had a great point. Artur seemed to have weird intentions.

"We can go to my place,” Victor relented. ”But we need to finish the assignment pretty quickly, I have practice later,” he said as sternly as his voice could allow.

Artur smiled happily. "That’s fine… I don’t think we need to work for too long…” he said and gently placed his hand on Victor’s arm. ”So where do you live?”

Victor didn’t feel too good about taking Artur to his home.

He still had a lot of Yuuri’s scent lingering there, and he didn’t want it replaced by another omega.

Besides, if Yuuri would come to visit soon, he definitely wouldn’t be happy about it.

Victor remembered when he was in Japan and found that teddy bear that Yuuri had received from Tommy, and how it was drenched in the other alpha’s scent.

Victor was willing to rip the other alpha’s head off.

Yuuri would undoubtedly feel the same way if Artur scented something in Victor’s home.
Which meant that Victor would have to do his best to prevent it.

“You should probably stay out here for a moment,” Victor said gently. “Makkachin has a tendency to jump people.”

“Okay,” Artur agreed and took a step back.

Victor released a sigh of relief, unlocked his door, and walked inside.

Makkachin jumped happily at Victor at his arrival and immediately went over to the table where he knew that Victor kept treats.

Victor opened the jar and walked over to his guest room and threw a treat inside.

Makkachin jumped after it and Victor closed the door, trapping his dog on the other side.

“I’ll let you out in a second, buddy,” Victor assured his poodle before glancing around his apartment, spotting things that belonged to Yuuri that Artur should not get to touch.

He grabbed his laundry basket and walked around, taking everything that was Yuuri’s and gently placed then on the bottom of the basket, before throwing a t-shirt over it and putting it against the wall.

If Artur would look there, at least Victor would have reasonable reasons for begging his teacher to allow him to switch partner, since that would be severely creepy.

But once Victor was satisfied that Artur wouldn’t get his hands on something important, he went back to his door to let the omega in.

“Thank you,” Artur said with a smile and walked inside.

The omega took a moment to look around Victor’s apartment with curiosity. “Your apartment is very nice,” he stated. “And you live here all alone?”

“Well, I live with Makkachin,” Victor corrected. And Makkachin barked in agreement behind the closed door, making Artur flinch.

“I’m not really a fan of dogs,” Artur admitted. “Do you mind if he stays in there?”

Victor turned to the guest room, contemplating his decisions before releasing a sigh of defeat.” Yeah, okay,” he agreed reluctantly. ”But then we need to hurry even more. It’s almost time for his walk.”

"Of course,” Artur chirped and brought out his laptop and sat down on the couch.

Victor took out his own laptop and sat down next to him.

It was better to get it over with.

……………………………….

About three hours later, Victor deemed them to be finished.

“Well, if we’re finished, it means that we finally have some time for ourselves,” Artur said with a smile, shifting closer.

Victor shifted away immediately. “I actually have things to do, so you should leave.”
Artur chuckled. “Are you always such a prude?”

Victor swallowed his emotions as he shook his head. “I’m just not interested in you,” he said seriously. “I’m in a committed relationship.”

Artur sighed tiredly. “What’s so special about him? What does he have that I don’t?”

“My heart,” Victor said simply. “And no one can take it away from him.”

Artur narrowed his gaze. “Fine,” he snapped and gathered his things. “You’re not worth my effort anyways, no matter how much money you have.”

A part of Victor felt insulted that Artur was only going after him because of his money, but the bigger part of him was relieved that it seemed like he was finally backing off.

Artur pushed all of his things into his backpack and strode for the door. He stopped in front of it and turned back to Victor. “But don’t come crying to me when all your ugly babies will look like him.”

Victor tensed.

How dared he insult Yuuri like that?

“Good bye, Victor,” Artur said coldly before storming out, slamming the door behind himself.

Victor stared at the closed door in disbelief.

He kept telling himself that Artur said what he did out of anger and he didn’t really mean it, but it still didn’t change the fact that he had insulted Yuuri, and Victor did nothing.

If Artur hadn’t been an omega, he would have received an alpha command for his insolence. But the idea of putting an omega under an alpha command literally hurt him.

He could never do that.

But Artur had insulted Yuuri.

His Yuuri.

The most beautiful human in the world.

And he was getting away with it.

Victor felt a whirlwind of emotions storming within him and he had no idea what to do about it.

That’s when he suddenly felt Yuuri waking up.

It was morning in Detroit.

~Good morning, beautiful~ Victor greeted only seconds after Yuuri woke up.

Yuuri sighed tiredly and hugged his Victor-plushie close.

~Did you sleep well?~ Victor asked.

Yuuri did sleep well, but now he was feeling on edge after hearing Victor’s voice. He sounded upset.
~I had an assignment with Artur~ Victor admitted.

Yuuri was suddenly wide-awake.

Artur?

That stupid omega that couldn’t keep his hands in check?

Why would Victor have an assignment with him?

~Well, we weren’t allowed to choose our partners~ Victor explained. ~But we finished the assignment and he stormed out when I rejected his approach~

Yuuri scowled

Approach?.

How dared Artur approach HIS mate?

HIS Victor?

Yuuri would make his way to Russia and…

~Yuuri, you have your presentation today~ Victor reminded him. ~And I think he’s done. He got mad and stormed off~

Yuuri huffed angrily. He wasn’t satisfied with that answer.

Who the hell did Artur think he was, for even trying to steal Victor away?

Victor was HIS, not Artur’s.

And Artur deserved a broken nose for his stupidity. He had clearly made Victor upset and that was against all the rules in the universe.

Victor couldn’t hurt an omega, and for Artur to take advantage of that was just sick.

It was just as bad as an alpha taking advantage of an omega with an alpha command.

~That’s definitely not the same thing~ Victor argued. ~An omega could never force me to do something I don’t want. If he gets too bad, I can just run away. An alpha is a lot more dangerous to an omega, which is why the rules are that much stricter~

Yuuri didn’t agree.

A threat was a threat, no matter their secondary gender.

~I will be fine, love~ Victor assured. ~Just focus on your day~

Yuuri wouldn’t let it go, but he decided to move forward with his day.

Artur was definitely on thin ice. And if he took as much a single step in the wrong direction, Yuuri would go down there and kick his ass.

~I know you will~ Victor mused. ~But he didn’t do anything to me, he just flirted badly and left. But our assignment is done and I basically said that I wasn’t worth the effort~
Yuuri went rigid.

He said what?

Victor… Beautiful, kind, sweet, adorable, funny, amazing Victor… Not worth the effort?

Artur was going to regret those words.

Yuuri opened his laptop and searched Artur up on facebook.

~Yuuri? What are you doing?~

Yuuri ignored Victor, he wouldn’t approve of his plan.

Victor’s instincts told him to never hurt an omega in any way.

But Yuuri needed justice.

So he tracked down Artur’s profile by looking through Victor’s facebook friends and then sent him a message.

A very well-crafted message.

He then closed his laptop, feeling very happy with himself.

~Yuuri?~ Victor prodded.

~Don’t worry, Vitya~ Yuuri reassured him. ~I got your back~

Victor frowned. What was that supposed to mean?

“Makka!” Victor called his dog so he would stop sniffing the dirt and actually do his business during his walk.

Makkachin happily bounced over to him, luckily unaware about everything going on with the people around him.

~I sent Artur a message~ Yuuri admitted. ~He should stay away from you for now on~

Victor sighed tiredly. He didn’t want Yuuri to get involved in this, he loved his mate and he knew that Yuuri meant well, but he didn’t want him to get in trouble, and he definitely didn’t want someone as rude and pushy as Artur to interact with his sweet, perfect mate.

What if Artur replied with something horrible?

~I can take that~ Yuuri assured. ~I’m not scared of him. He’s not even that good looking~

Victor snorted. Of course Yuuri would track him down.

~Compared to you, no one is beautiful~ Victor assured.

Yuuri smiled at that, while he researched everything he could about Artur.

He was definitely into his own looks, considering how many selfies he posted of himself. And he also had a very expensive lifestyle, he posted pictures of his very expensive-looking car, a pool,
pictures of a nail-salon, travel photos, jewelry and so much more.

Yuuri didn’t like to generalize, but Artur was definitely a stereotypical gold-digger. Everything he posed with was gifts from others. Boyfriends, girlfriends or even his parents.

He didn’t seem to get anything by himself.

Yuuri wouldn’t have cared about it at all, if Artur hadn’t gone after Victor.

Victor did have a lot of money, and he was attractive, and successful, and strong, and brave, and romantic, and caring and… Well, he was probably the best catch anyone could ever dream of catching.

But Yuuri claimed him during his first minutes alive, and that should count for something.

Artur was not going to steal him away so he could afford getting his nails done.

Victor deserved so much better.

“Yuuri, are you up? Don’t you have school early today?” Nathan called from the other side of his door

“Yeah,” Yuuri called back. “I just need to take care of something…”

“Are you dressed?” Nathan asked. “Are you wearing clothes?”

Yuuri looked down on himself. “I wear a T-shirt and sweatpants.”

The door opened and Nathan walked inside with two different blazers. “Which one says ‘I’m smart and responsible and would make an incredible student council president’?”

Yuuri blinked questioningly before clearing his throat. “The blue one,” he settled with.

“Are you sure? Nathan prodded. “Isn’t the black one more serious?”

Yuuri lost his focus completely when his phone vibrated with a response from the other omega. ‘LOL’

Yuuri frowned. What the hell did he mean by that? Did he think that it was some kind of joke?

“What’s wrong?” Nathan asked as he took in Yuuri’s reaction.

Yuuri shook his head in disbelief and opened his laptop again. “I’m declaring war.”

Nathan frowned in confusion. “With whom?”

“Artur.”

Nathan raised his eyebrows. “The omega that flirted with Victor? What did he do?”

“He’s being stupid,” Yuuri stated. “I’m trying to educate him.”

“How?” Nathan questioned and walked over to Yuuri’s side so he could see the computer screen for himself. “Wow… Remind me to never get on your bad side… You’re really dragging that poor bastard in the dirt.”
“He started it,” Yuuri protested. “I’m just making myself perfectly clear what will happen if he ever puts his hands on Victor again.”

Nathan leaned in closer. “Just because a protective alpha can’t hurt you doesn’t mean that you’re safe,” he read out loud. “Touch Victor again and there won’t be enough alphas in the world to keep you safe from my anger… Yuuri, don’t you think it’s a little bit excessive to use threats?”

Yuuri shook his head. “It’s not a threat, it’s a promise,” he pressed send and watched how Artur read it, but he never got a response.

Hopefully that meant that his message had achieved its purpose and Artur would stay away.

At least for now.

Chapter End Notes

Such drama! XD <3 I really enjoy writing this XD <3 Let's hope that Victor's rejection and Yuuri's threats is enough to keep Artur away XD <3

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3<3<3<3
Chapter 123

Chapter Summary

It's time for the grand prix! <3<3

Chapter Notes

Sorry for not updating in a while <3 I'm at my parent's and their internet makes me want to scream in frustration XD I also made a time jump here, because I was getting too impatient XD <3 I hope you'll like it <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A couple of months passed by and Artur had managed to stay away from Victor. Yuuri was grateful, because that meant that he could focus on the world around him. It was finally time for the Grand Prix, and Yuuri was as ready as he could be.

He was currently heading for his first competition of the season, Cup of China. Victor was competing parallel with him at Internationaux de France.

It somehow seemed like the people planning these events had done everything in their power to keep him and Victor apart.

Yuuri was assigned to Cup of China and The Rostelecom cup and Victor was assigned to Internationaux de France and Skate Canada International. And if they both did well, they would meet each other in the Grand Prix final in Germany.

And this time there wouldn’t be a heat in the way.

Hopefully.

Yuuri glanced out the airplane window as he prayed to the higher powers that he wouldn’t have to experience something like he did last year.

Having a heat in a room with all of his fellow skaters and their coaches was definitely not a experience to remember fondly.

"Are you all right?” Celestino asked worriedly. "You look a little stressed.”

"Just a bit worried about the competition,” Yuuri admitted. "I don’t want to lose and be forced to stand by the sidelines during the final.”

"You’ll do great,” Celestino assured. "I know you’re probably sad that Victor won’t be there, but he’s with you in spirit, right? And not to mention that we will all be there,” he nodded to Isabella who was asleep in Gina’s embrace."We’ve been told that Italians make the best cheerleaders. We’re
very loud.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. He knew that he had a lot of support. Even his classmates back in Detroit had agreed that they were going to have a Grand Prix party at Kevin’s place where they could watch the live stream on his TV.

They couldn’t afford a trip to China, so that’s was all they could do. But to Yuuri, it was more than enough. He never expected to be in a class where people would cheer him on, and especially not together like that.

He had been really lucky. Or maybe the gods thought that he had enough bad luck in his life and decided to give him a break?

Probably not.

Otherwise they wouldn’t have allowed Artur to be in Victor’s class.

Yuuri sighed tiredly as he thought about him. He had kept his distance, but Yuuri still didn’t trust him at all.

Something about his first response rubbed him in the wrong way, and his lack of response only fed his paranoia.

He had this strange feeling that Artur was biding his time, and sooner or later he would try something again.

He only hoped that Victor wouldn’t let his guard down.

Just in case, Yuuri was his extra eyes and ears on late nights when Victor had classes early. Otherwise he wasn’t able to keep himself awake.

But that was probably a good thing, because if he ever did wake up, that would mean that something was wrong and that was definitely not something to hope for.

~You should probably try to sleep, it’s late in China~ Victor suddenly said. ~I don’t want you to be too jetlagged~

Yuuri smiled softly. Of course Victor kept track of their time zones, and apparently even the ones they weren’t even in yet.

~You know I’ll never stop looking out for you~

Yuuri felt his heart melt.

……………………………………

~I’ll never stop looking out for you either~ Yuuri declared. ~And it’s almost dinner time in France. What are you having?~

Victor felt his heart flutter at his mate’s thoughtfulness. And he was currently eating a very strange protein shake with meat in it, due to it being healthy and that he was skating tomorrow.

~Does it at least taste good?~ Yuuri asked worriedly. ~Otherwise I’m sure that a croissant won’t hurt~

Victor smiled fondly. He really wished that Yuuri was with him, they could go for croissants together and have a wonderful time.
Stupid ISU-people, keeping him apart from his beloved… If it wasn’t for the fact that he was sure that Yuuri was going to win and they would see each other in the final, he would probably file an official complaint about this. It did feel a bit corrupt.

~They probably want to build the tension for the final~ Yuuri said thoughtfully. ~A lot of magazines are actually writing about us~

Of course they were. Him and Yuuri were probably living advertisements in the eyes of the ISU’s PR department right now. He wondered how many tickets were sold for the final and how much they were charging for one.

“What’s wrong?” Yakov asked as he joined Victor’s side at the hotel’s cafeteria with his own strange protein shake. He was probably eating it in solidarity. “Is it Yuuri? Is he okay?”

“Yuuri is fine,” Victor reassured his coach. “We were just talking about the ISU. It feels like they are using Yuuri and me to sell more tickets for the grand prix final.”

Yakov released a tired sigh. “I wouldn’t be surprised, but it’s not something for you to worry about.”

“But it is,” Victor protested. “If they staged the entire grand prix after me and Yuuri, there might be a chance that they could tamper with the results to fit their agenda.”

“They won’t do that,” Yakov assured. “That’s corruption, and it’s too big of an event to even dare attempt something like that. It’s completely different from just building up some tension and marketing themselves and their skaters.”

Victor nodded. Yakov did have some good points.

“Now drink your smoothie,” Yakov ordered as he took a sip of his own, cringing as the flavor hit his tongue.

“Taste good?” Victor mused.

Yakov scowled, highly unamused. “Just drink it up.”

Victor did.

If only to appease his coach.

Yuuri felt his breath leave him as he watched the live stream on his phone from the ice rink in China. Victor was so beautiful in his short program costume, he looked like a literal angel, and when he danced to Agape, he looked even more like one.

“Yuuri, it’s time for the warm up,” Celestino called to him. “You have to put your phone away.”

Yuuri looked to his coach like a deer caught in the headlights. “But he’s not done,” he protested. He had barely started.

“You can watch the full stream later,” Celestino pointed out. “But you need to dance your own program now.”

Yuuri sighed in defeat and put his phone away to follow his coach.
It was almost 10.00am in China and 4.00pm in France, and apparently the competitions took place at almost the exact same time.

Which was horrible, because that meant that he was not going to be able to watch Victor’s short program, and most likely, Victor would miss his.

Stupid schedule.

Yuuri really wanted to have a long talk with whoever wrote it.

And just to make things worse, he was the first one to skate. Which meant that there was almost no chance that Victor would manage to finish his routine, get his points, have his interviews and also find a way to watch Yuuri skate.

Which meant that this was the first time that Yuuri was going to skate at a competition without Victor cheering him on.

He tried not to let it get to him. Otherwise Victor might sense it, and he needed his full focus right now.

So Yuuri focused on the steps ahead of him. And then on the ice.

Yuuri heard the announcer speak in the distance, but his ears were tuned to Victor’s. He was on the last notes of the song.

He skated slowly as Victor’s performance came to its end and the audience practically roared in awe.

Victor had done amazing.

Of course. Victor always did amazing, and it really sounded like he had broken a world record or something.

Which meant that Victor had succeeded. He would probably get to the final no matter how he did on his future performances.

Would he be able to do the same?

Compared to Victor he was…

No.

He was strong and capable.

And he was the most beautiful omega in the world. Beautiful enough to keep the most desired alpha satisfied.

No one would be able to measure up with him. No one would be able to take his place in Victor’s heart.

Only he was good enough for the great Victor Nikiforov.

And no one could take that away from him.

”Now we’ll have to ask all skaters to leave the ice as Yuuri Katsuki will perform his short program for this season.”
Yuuri took a deep breath.
It was time.
........................
~It’s my turn now, wish me luck~
Victor’s eyes widened.
Yuuri’s turn?
Now?
What? How was he going to be able to see his mate’s performance? He was surrounded by reporters.

"Yes, Victor has been working very hard for months and he is very proud of his score today,” Yakov assured the reporter.

Victor looked to his bag twenty feets ahead of him.
His phone was in his bag, and if he was fast enough he might be able to catch Yuuri’s performance before it was over.

"Yakov, can I be excused?” Victor asked hopefully.

"What?” Yakov questioned. “Vitya, we’re in the middle of an interview.”

"But you’re doing really well without me, I’m sure you’ve got this,” Victor tried and attempted to sneak away when Yakov grabbed his arm.

"You can wait for another five minutes.”

Victor let out a low whine.

He was going to miss Yuuri’s performance.

"What’s the matter with you?” Yakov asked in disbelief.

"It’s Yuuri…” Victor stated. And before he was able to finish his sentence, Yakov released him.

"Hurry back,” Yakov warned before turning back to the reporters.

Victor had never been so grateful. And he realized that he should probably play the ‘Yuuri-card’ more often if it made it this easy to get out of obligations.

But on the other hand, he never wanted to use Yuuri’s name in vain.

Victor made it to his bag and practically ripped out his phone in his hurry to see the cup of China’s live-stream.

Hopefully the stream would be a bit behind so he would make it in time.

But that was the moment that the entire world seemed to be working against him.

First his internet stopped working, and the webpage couldn’t be reached. Then it told him that he had to have an account to watch the live stream, and then he couldn’t get his password right.
And as soon as he reached the video, there was an ad that couldn't be skipped.

Victor was ready to throw himself onto the ice and scream in frustration, when he finally got the live-stream to work.
Just in time to see Yuuri skate off the ice.

"That was a beautiful performance of Yuuri Katsuki. I have never seen anything like it,” the announcer exclaimed in awe. ”I never expected Eros to be so…”

"...Eros?” the other announcer mused.

Victor felt his heart crack a little.

He had missed Yuuri’s short program.

How would he ever recover?

~You can see it at The Rostelecom cup~ Yuuri said gently. ~Or watch it when it gets published?~
Victor sighed sadly. That wouldn’t be the same. He would never be able to watch Yuuri perform Eros in front of an audience for the first time.

~It’s okay, love~ Yuuri tried. ~I can give you a private show once the competitions all over… Just you and me~
Victor was still not fully convinced.

~You’ll be the only one to watch me make the explicit version~
That caught Victor’s attention.

Explicit version?

~The one with no ice and no clothes~
Victor couldn’t stop himself from smiling like an idiot.
And suddenly, he didn’t feel so sad anymore.
He had something amazing to look forward to…

Chapter End Notes

I think I'll make a time jump to the final itself <3 Let's just say that they both did fine here <3 No new records, but they both left the ice as winners <3

Kudos to all of you <3 And I really hope to get some more time, and internet soon XD <3<3
Chapter 124

Chapter Summary

Yuuri goes to a Christmas market with his friends and makes up a plan for the Grand Prix final in Germany.

Chapter Notes

Hi! <3 I made a quick update! <3 A little filler before the grand prix final! <3 I hope you'll like it <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So what are you going to get Victor for Christmas?" Stephanie suddenly asked.

Yuuri had agreed to go out with his friends to do some Christmas shopping when a traveling market had arrived to Detroit. It was freezing outside, and Yuuri was starting to regret his decision. Being inside and watching a movie sounded a lot better right now.

"I don’t know," Yuuri admitted with a shrug. He hadn’t really thought about it. Victor’s birthday and Christmas was the week after the Grand Prix Final.

And the Grand Prix final was in less than a week.

The stress was really starting to get to him.

"Wow! They’re selling hot chocolate," Kevin exclaimed in awe. "You guys want some? My treat."

"How can you afford everything?" Stephanie asked in disbelief. "I mean, you’re also a college student, are your parents rich or something?"

"Or something..." Kevin said vaguely. "Oh, look. candied almonds!"

Yuuri and the group followed him, when Yuuri suddenly stopped dead in his tracks, feeling his heart speed up.

"Yuuri? Are you okay?" Stephanie asked worriedly.

"I… I…” Yuuri stuttered nervously. "I need to walk the other way…”

"What’s wrong?" Kevin asked, sounding equally worried.

Yuuri looked away as his face turned red with embarrassment. "I… I just… I can’t walk past… hmm…” he trailed off as the man he was dreading turned to him with a giant grin.

"Ho, ho, ho! Merry christmas!" The man cheered as he adjusted his giant fake belly.
Yuuri immediately jumped back.

~Yuuri? What’s wrong?~ Victor suddenly asked, sounding sleepy but very worried. ~Why are you scared?~

Yuuri felt a little better knowing that Victor was with him. And all of his friends were looking at him like he he had a knife through his chest.

"We just want to help," Stephanie said gently. "Why are you scared?"

"You’re not scared of Santa, are you?" The man dressed as Santa asked in amusement as he took a step closer.

"Stop," Yuuri pleaded as he backed away even further.

"Dude, stay away from him," Smith told Santa.

"Do you know that man?" Kevin asked as he glared at the man dressed in red. "Do we need to call the cops?"

"He just freaked out," Stephanie explained, gesturing to Yuuri. "There has to be something wrong with that man."

"What?" Santa asked in disbelief. "I haven’t done anything wrong..."

"Yet..." Kevin snarled. "You stay away from my friend... Understood?"

Yuuri knew that he had to speak up. "I... I’m sorry, it’s not you it’s just..." he gestured to the man’s costume. "I’m just not... I... I don’t really..."

A synchronized ‘ohh’ traveled among his classmates and Yuuri felt his face grow impossibly warmer and he was suddenly struck with the dread of what his classmates must think of him.

"It’s okay," Smith assured. "We’ll just walk somewhere else, right guys?"

"Yeah, of course," Stephanie chimed in. "I think we should take Kevin up on his offer and get some hot chocolate."

"Sounds great," Kevin agreed. "Come on, let’s go."

"I... I’m sorry..." Yuuri said dejectedly. "I didn’t mean to..."

“Have a merry Christmas!” Santa called, making Yuuri flinch.

"Don’t worry about it," Stephanie cut him off with a gentle smile. "Now that I think about it, there is something very creepy about a man that gives presents to strange children and forces them to sit in his lap..."

"I’m not really sure why..." Yuuri tried to explain.

He had a vague idea, since his fear of Santa really increased after he was almost kidnapped by that old man when he was thirteen. Something in his mind must have made him associate strange old men with danger.

He should probably talk to someone about it.
"It’s fine, you really don’t have to explain your fear,” Kevin assured. "I mean, it’s us. We’re your friends, we won’t judge you for being scared.”

~Yeah, you better not~ Victor chimed in before releasing a breath of relief. ~But are you sure you’re okay? I know how you feel about him, and America is hopeless when it comes to that man. I’m lucky that there aren’t a holiday celebrating clowns~

Yuuri was grateful for his mate’s words. Having a holiday celebrating his phobia was really not something he was happy about.

"Are you okay?” Kevin asked. "You’re shivering."

"Yeah, just cold…” Yuuri admitted.

"Here, take my coat,” Kevin offered as he began taking it off.

"And you can borrow my scarf,” Stephanie offered and began unwrapping it from her neck.

"What? W-wait…” Yuuri protested when he suddenly felt Smith’s beanie being placed on his head.

"We can’t have you catching a cold before the Grand Prix Final,” Smith explained. "Otherwise I’m sure your mate will go all Russian on us…”

"Russian?” Yuuri questioned as his friends kept dressing him for the cold.

"Yeah, bringing the mafia and a man named Rasputin with a mustache and a russian hat.” Smith stated.

Yuuri couldn’t stop himself from laughing at that ridiculous description.

~Trust me, I can take them all with nothing but a glare~ Victor mused.

Yuuri didn’t doubt that for a second, but he was still not over the mental image of Victor going ‘Russian’.

~You have such a beautiful laugh~ Victor said longingly. ~I can’t wait to see you in Germany… I really miss you~

Yuuri smiled softly. He missed Victor too.

When he was competing in Russia, Victor was in Canada.

Yuuri got to see Victor’s parents and Makkachin as they showed up to cheer him on, but Russia really wasn’t the same without Victor, and it really made him miss him even more.

"Do you think he’s talking to Victor?” Kevin whispered. "He would have felt Yuuri’s fear, right?”

"Yeah, Victor felt it,” Yuuri said shyly.

"Tell him we say hi,” Stephanie chirped.

"Wait, did he hear the thing about Russia?” Smith asked worriedly. "Cause I didn’t mean it in a bad way.”

"He’s fine,” Yuuri assured. "He didn’t get mad.”
I’m glad that he made you laugh~ Victor stated. ~So I’ll forgive him~

Yuuri wanted to make a good comeback about Victor being cute and silly, but then he realized how late it was in Russia, and Victor should probably go to sleep.

~I will~ Victor promised. ~Have fun with your friends, and if you see another Santa, tell him that I will send Rasputin and my hat to kick his ass~

Yuuri couldn’t help but to snort at that, despite how weird he had to look when he was talking to Victor in public.

"I feel like they’re making fun of me…” Smith said with a pout.

"Of course not,” Yuuri assured. "Victor is going back to sleep.”

~Don’t stay out too late~ Victor pleaded. ~You should be asleep when I wake up~

Yuuri wouldn’t promise anything. They had just gotten the assignment that they were going to write over Christmas. Which meant that he didn’t have any classes for four weeks. And knowing himself, he would probably stay up for most of the night and sleep through most of the day tomorrow.

He was hoping to spend some time in Russia and maybe a week in Japan during the time that he was free from school. He really missed his family and Hasetsu.

He felt like he was missing everything while he was in Detroit.

Yuuko’s and Takeshi’s triplets had learned how to walk, Mari had a boyfriend with a motorcycle and his parents were adding a new fountain to the onsen.

It didn’t sound like a lot, but when he was talking to them, he realized just how much he missed the little things.

But he also needed to go to Russia. If not to see Victor, then to give Artur a piece of his mind.

He needed to make it perfectly clear that Victor was very happy with him.

Then a thought hit him.

Was Artur going to watch the Grand Prix final?

If he was, then maybe he could make his statement clear by using a few cameras and Victor’s undivided attention in Germany.

If Artur saw how happy Victor was with him during the final, he might get some good sense and let Victor go.

For good.

It was at least worth a shot.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? <3 Will Yuuri’s plan work? ;) <3 Prepare to see him flirt in front
of every camera he can find, and Victor being a helpless mess to all of his advances XD <3

Also, I read through all of your comments, and I'm surprised that no one have figured out the drama that will take place during the grand prix final... :) <3 My special live-readers already know, due to me leaving spoilers when I got a bit tipsy, XD so don't tell anyone, you guys! <3

But you others... Hopefully it will be a great surprise! (^w^) <3<3

Kudos bomb!! <3<3<3
Yuuri was practically shaking with excitement as the pilot said that they were getting ready for landing.

Victor had already arrived twenty minutes ago, and he was waiting for him.

"Maybe we should go through tomorrow’s schedule right now?" Celestino suggested. "I have a feeling that I will lose you to your rival the minute we land."

"Yeah," Yuuri agreed. Knowing himself he wouldn’t be able to focus on much else when he was in Victor’s presence.

"So you’ll have this afternoon and night off," Celestino stated. "The competition won’t start until tomorrow afternoon, so I suggest that we’ll go to the rink at 8.00am to get some practice done."

"Yeah, that sounds great," Yuuri said.

"Can I come to practice?" Isabella asked excitedly.

"Honey, we’re going shopping," Gina reminded her daughter. "Yuuri needs to focus tomorrow, he’s going to compete in the final."

"Is that where he wins gold?" Isabella asked.

"Yuuri has already won gold," Celestino pointed out. "But tomorrow he could win over everyone."

"Everyone?" Isabella repeated in awe.

"That’s why they call it the final," Gina explained. "It’s the final competition for the season."

"What happens after that?" Isabella asked worriedly. "Yuuri will still stay, right?"
"Of course I will," Yuuri assured. "I still live in Detroit, and there will be more competitions coming up."

"I'm sure you'll be able to compete at Worlds unless school is taking up too much time," Celestino said with a smile. "And you're always welcome to our home any time."

"Yes," Gina agreed. "You're like family to us, we always love having you."

Yuuri felt his heart swell for his Italians. They were truly the best bonus family he could ask for.

He suddenly felt the plane hit the ground, and he felt his heart speed up once again with excitement.

……………………………….

~I've landed~ Yuuri exclaimed happily. ~I'll see you soon~

Victor felt his heart flutter as he adjusted the bouquet with flowers that he got from a stand at the airport.

He wondered if he should have gotten candy or chocolate, but considering that they were competing tomorrow, it didn't sound like such a great idea.

So flowers would have to do.

"I think his plane is landing now," Yakov said tiredly as he glanced to a timetable. "Have you heard from him?"

Victor nodded. "He'll be here soon..."

"Try not to smother him in those bone-crushing hugs you seem so fond of..." Yakov pleaded. "We don't need any drama during this competition. And explaining two injured skaters that hugged each other to death is not what I need this weekend."

"Okay, Yakov," Victor said, but he wasn't hearing him any more as a flight attendant opened the door to Yuuri’s gate.

"Calm down, you'll get a stroke," Yakov warned as he noticed his skater’s very unhidden excitement.

~It's a bit crowded, but I'm coming~ Yuuri stated. ~Are you at the gate or arrivals?~

Victor told his mate that he was right outside the gate door and ready to greet him.

~I can't wait~

People began to walk out from the gate, clearing their throats as Victor was standing right in their way.

"Vitya, you need to let other people pass, back away from the door," Yakov barked.

Victor did so reluctantly, when he finally spotted his mate’s beautiful face among the crowd.

"Yuuri!" Victor chirped, watching Yuuri’s eyes light up with happiness.

"Victor!" Yuuri called back as he ran the last three steps before crashing into Victor’s embrace.

Victor was surprised that he didn’t drop his flowers at the impact, but he was too happy to pay it any
mind.

He and Yuuri were finally back together again.

"I missed you," Yuuri said as he hugged him impossibly tighter. "So much."

"I missed you too," Victor declared as he nuzzled into his mate’s neck, relishing in his scent and scenting him.

Yuuri released a sigh of content when he suddenly noticed the other Russian. "Hi, Mr. Feltsman," he greeted shyly.

"Hi, Yuuri," Yakov greeted back. "Did you have a good flight?"

"Yeah," Yuuri assured. "Just a bit long…"

Yakov smiled good-naturedly. "Well, at least you arrived on time, otherwise Victor might have taken his own plane to pick you up in the air. He’s been acting like a rabbit on sugar for the past thirty minutes."

"I have not!" Victor protested before he remembered the flowers in his hand. "Right, here’s for you, my love."

Yuuri looked at the flowers in disbelief. "But Victor, I didn’t get you anything…"

"You gave me everything by stepping outside that door," Victor explained. "You brought my soulmate to me."

Yuuri smiled as a light blush tinted his cheeks pink. "You’re the sweetest man in the world, Vitya," he stated lovingly. "I’m so lucky you’re mine."

Victor kissed Yuuri’s cheek gently as he handed him the flowers. "Always yours, lyubov moya."

Back at the hotel, Yuuri wanted nothing else but to fall into a nest of pillows and sleep, but he also wanted to savor every moment he could with Victor, so sleep would have to wait.

"Do you want to go out and explore Berlin?" Victor asked cheerfully, happy to once again have the opportunity to walk around with his beautiful mate in a wonderful city.

"Sure," Yuuri agreed, that would give him motivation to stay awake.

"I can feel just how tired you are," Victor admitted. "But if you go to sleep now, you won’t be able to sleep through the night, and that will make you exhausted tomorrow."

"I know," Yuuri agreed. "But I’m sure that you can help me stay awake," he said with a smile.

Victor smiled back. "I know a few tricks…" he said and leaned in to claim a kiss from his mate.

"Hmm, I think I need one more for good measure…" Yuuri mused.

"Is that so?" Victor asked and leaned in again, only to have Yuuri wrap his arms around his neck to trap him there.

Victor grinned into the kiss. "You caught me…"
"I’m not letting you go,” Yuuri stated as he tugged on Victor to get him over to the bed, only to almost stumble and fall in a heap with Victor over him.

Victor laughed warmly. "I feel like you’re just trying to get to bed.”

"I don’t intend to sleep,” Yuuri assured as he rolled them around to end up on top.

Victor wanted to relish in the confidence his mate had obtained.

He was magical.

"We shouldn’t have sex before tomorrow,” Victor still said despite himself. "We can’t afford to be sore.”

"Yeah, you’re right,” Yuuri said reluctantly before a smile broke across his features. ”After?”

Victor smiled brilliantly and left a kiss on Yuuri’s knuckles.

"After.”

Yuuri yawned as Victor wrapped his arm around his waist as they strolled through the streets of Berlin, taking in their surroundings.

"It’s very beautiful,” Yuuri stated. ”But everything looks beautiful when I’m with you.”

Victor smiled. ”That’s because you light up the world with your beauty.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. ”That doesn’t even make sense…”

"Neither does love,” Victor pointed out. ”But I still know it’s the truest thing in the world.”

Yuuri wasn’t even going to argue, he was too tired to remember what they were talking about.

"It’s cold,” Yuuri said instead.

Victor hugged him a little closer and kissed his temple. ”We should go back to the hotel,” he said thoughtfully. ”I think we’ve seen everything worth seeing.”

Yuuri knew that there was a lot more to explore, but he was also too tired to show any enthusiasm. So it would probably be better for both of them to explore Berlin another day.

"Maybe we can rent a movie and watch at the hotel?” Yuuri suggested. ”Something old or…” he yawned again. “...Or something Russian?”

Victor chuckled fondly. ”We’ll find something for you to fall asleep to,” he assured, seeing right through his mate. ”Something with little dialogue.”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly. ”You’re sweet.”

"And you’re adorable,” Victor quipped. ”Even when you can barely keep your eyes open.”

"Being awake for almost thirty hours will do that,” Yuuri pointed out. ”Jetlag is the worst part about traveling.”

"I know,” Victor said apologetically. “But you’ll get to sleep soon, you just have to eat first.”
Yuuri sighed. “So many obligations…” he looked up to Victor with a slight smile, letting his mate know that he was only joking.

Victor already knew by Yuuri’s tone. “Yes, my poor soulmate will never get his rest, so many things to do before then, eat, shower, change, brush his teeth, the list will never end.”

Yuuri laughed in amusement. “It’s better to be Victor Nikiforov, human god.”

“Human god?” Victor questioned with a grin.

“I’m not sure what I’m saying, I have sleep deprivation,” Yuuri claimed.

“Well, then let’s hurry back before you accidentally reveal all your secrets to the world around us,” Victor exclaimed and picked up their pace. “To the hotel!”

The first thing Yuuri did when they returned back to the hotel was to throw himself on the top of the bed, face first.

Victor was pretty sure that his face would be stuck in a permanent smile due to how happy he had been all day with Yuuri.

His mate was even more adorable than he remembered him.

Victor wasn’t sure if it was the fact that he was adorably exhausted, which made him clingy and overly honest, or the fact that his confidence seemed to have boosted itself up into a very sexy level.

Yuuri being sexy, amazing and fully aware, could either be a blessing or a death sentence.

Hopefully Yuuri would have mercy on his fragile, little heart.

Suddenly, Yuuri took off his glasses and turned back to him with a very smouldering look that made Victor’s knees go weak like noodles.

“Wanna shower together?” Yuuri asked with a sly grin.

How could Victor possibly resist an offer like that? It was probably as close to sex as they could get, on a night before a competition. So Victor nodded and took off his shirt. Yuuri did the same and followed him into the bathroom, suddenly seeming a lot more alert.
Chapter 126

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor prepare for the competition, and Victor realizes just how beautiful Yuuri's eros is.

Chapter Notes

I really need to work on keeping things short XD <3 My intention was to write a LITTLE bit of preparation and then the whole short program, but things rarely turns out as planned XD <3<3 Anyways, I hope you'll like this chapter <3 100% fluff XD <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri felt his heart flutter as Victor woke him up the next morning by playing with his hair and leaving soft kisses on his neck and down his back.

“Yuuri,” Victor said, with a voice so soft that Yuuri wanted to disappear into it. “It’s 7.00am. You need to be at the rink in an hour…”

“Five more minutes?” Yuuri pleaded.

“Of course, love,” Victor agreed as he was getting out of bed himself.

“Vitya, no…” Yuuri pouted. “You’re so warm, come back…”

Victor chuckled gently. “I’m afraid you will have to get out of bed and come to me if you want to borrow my exclusive body heat.”

Yuuri sat up and rubbed his eyes so he could glare at his mate’s blurry shape. “You’re not playing fair,” he complained.

“I wasn’t aware this was a game,” Victor said innocently. “Besides, all is fair in the name of love.”

Yuuri narrowed his gaze before removing the cover to expose his very naked body to his mate’s hungry eyes. He then laid himself back down and pushed his butt up in the air.

“Now, that’s unfair,” Victor claimed as Yuuri gave his butt a little wiggle. “I feel like you’re trying to murder me.”

“How would I murder you?” Yuuri asked innocently. “A little nudeness has never killed anyone.”

“Whoever said that, hasn’t seen you in all your glory,” Victor stated. “You’re so beautiful that I could go blind and still consider it to be worth it.”

“Well, technically you’re not dead if you’re blind…” Yuuri said in amusement.
“I would probably die of sadness that I would never get to see such beauty again though…” Victor declared.

“So I would first throw my naked body in your face, then wait for you to go blind, then wait for you to get sad enough to die… That’s a very bad murder plan…” Yuuri pointed out.

“That’s why it’s the perfect crime,” Victor claimed. “No one will suspect it to be murder.”

Yuuri put on his glasses, tired of seeing Victor as a blurry blob.

“Good morning, beautiful,” Victor said with the brightest smile Yuuri had ever seen. Especially at 7.00am on a Saturday morning.

Not even Nathan was that cheerful in the mornings.

"We have a long day ahead of us, so we better get ready,“ Victor said and put on a t-shirt to hide his beautiful muscles, at least in Yuuri’s opinion. "But when all of this is over, we really need to take a day where we won’t leave the bed.”

Yuuri had never heard a better suggestion, and it gave him the strength to get out of bed himself.

Yuuri and Victor walked into the rink hand-in-hand and spent five minutes saying goodbye, even though they were only going to be on different sides of the ice.

"You look very well rested," Celestino said in surprise as Yuuri joined his side. "Did you sleep well?"

"Too well,” Yuuri said longingly, turning around to catch Victor’s eyes.

Victor smiled and blew him a kiss, only to get barked at by Yakov.

~Worth it~ Victor assured.

"How did you two get any training done when you were in the same rink?" Celestino asked in amusement.

"We’re good at behaving when we need to be,” Yuuri said fondly. "But we’re still catching up on all our months apart… But we’ll be back to normal in an hour or so,"

Celestino snorted. "Well, you can start your warm-up by skating a couple of laps around the ice,” he instructed.

Yuuri nodded. "Yes, coach.”

Celestino shook his head fondly when Yuuri reached Victor’s side and Victor started skating with him. Even though Yakov yelled at him to come back.

The true mates were completely enthralled with each other, so Celestino smiled at the other coach and shrugged. Yakov only sighed and sat down on a bench with his face in his hands.

He had probably been through this one too many times.

An hour later, both Yuuri and Victor were beginning to feel the thrill of the competition, and they could finally focus properly.
Even though Victor got constantly distracted when Yuuri was practicing the beginning of his routine. The part where he was allowing his hands to travel along his body.

Why did he have to look so beautiful?

"Vitya! You're spacing out again!" Yakov scolded. "I want to see a perfect combination spin, not half a spin and then drooling."

"I'm not drooling," Victor protested.

"Well, you're not focusing," Yakov stated. "So do it one more time and do it right."

Victor sighed. "Fine…"

He skated in slow circles when he heard Celestino clear his throat. "Just think of it as practice."

Victor looked over to Yuuri and watched him gaining speed. And he almost lost his ability to breathe when Yuuri shot through the air and made not four but almost five spins. A quad axel. And he landed it perfectly.

Yuuri looked over to him with a smile.

"Yuuri has a quad axel in his program too?" Yakov asked in disbelief. "Did you know about this?"

Victor had no idea, but he felt his heart swell with pride.

Yuuri was so talented.

"Bravo, Yuuri!" Celestino cheered. "One more time."

"Victor!" Yakov called. "We're moving over to jumps. We'll show them what a gold medalist looks like."

The day moved forward and eventually they had to get off the ice so the people in charge could decorate and polish and everything else they needed to do before the competition would start.

Yuuri and Victor were instructed to get changed and then prepare by doing some light stretching.

But in the locker room, Victor once again felt his knees go weak when Yuuri got out his Eros costume from his bag and began dressing.

"Vitya?" Yuuri asked gently, gazing back at him. "Could you zip me up?"

Victor swallowed thickly at the sight of Yuuri’s exposed back. It was almost a shame to cover it with clothes.

"Of course," Victor said anyways, he couldn’t refuse an opportunity to help his soulmate. But he did take his time, pulling up the zipper slowly before leaving a soft kiss on Yuuri’s neck, making him shiver.

"Do you need help?" Yuuri asked.

"If you don’t mind?" Victor said sheepishly and turned around.
Yuuri got to work, paying extra attention to make sure the zipper wouldn’t get caught in any of the feathers or gemstones that decorated Victor’s torso. ”It’s a very beautiful costume,” Yuuri said softly. ”You look like an angel.”

”So do you,” Victor stated. ”Or, well, a very rare kind of angel…”

”Lucifer?” Yuuri mused.

”No, I mean… isn’t there an angel of sex?”

”There is,” came a sudden voice. ”His name is Christophe Giacometti.”

Chris entered the locker room with his bag as he threw the soulmates a smile. ”I hope I’m not intruding.”

”Not at all,” Yuuri assured. ”We were just about to start doing some stretches.”

”Is ’stretches’ code for something?” Chris asked in amusement, causing Yuuri’s face to flush red. ”Cause I’ve been trying to do some ’stretches’ in the locker room myself, but the arrangers weren’t too happy about it… Just thought I should warn you.”

”Thank you, Chris,” Victor said, wrapping his arm around Yuuri and pulling him close to himself. ”But we like to do our ’stretches’ in private…”

Chris shook his head fondly. ”No sense for adventure…” he finished his statement by taking off his shirt and then his pants, revealing everything.

Victor turned Yuuri around on pure instinct. Still feeling like he should guard Yuuri’s innocence, even if there wasn’t much of it left.

”Let’s find an empty corridor,” Victor said and led Yuuri out.

Victor couldn’t get over how unfairly gorgeous Yuuri looked in his eros costume. It was just like all of his beauty had been amplified to a dangerous level.

And when Yuuri was stretching, clenching his muscles like some kind of greek god, Victor found himself falling more and more into a blissful trance.

He couldn’t possibly look away from his mate.

”Yuuri, it’s almost time, Gina needs to fix your hair and makeup!” Celestino suddenly called, breaking Victor out from his mindless staring.

”What time is it?” Yuuri asked worriedly, reaching for his phone before realizing that his costume didn’t have any pockets and his phone was stuck in his bag in a locker.

”It’s thirty minutes before it starts,” Celestino said. ”Oh, and Bella wants to show you something.”

Yuuri got up from his position and reached out his hand for Victor. ”Want to come?”

Victor nodded eagerly and allowed his mate to help him to his feet, not missing the way Yuuri’s arms tightened beautifully at the display of strength.

He was so lucky.
Victor felt a streak of jealousy surge through him when he laid his eyes on Celestino’s daughter.

She was completely dressed in Yuuri’s merchandise from head to toe.

And Victor wanted it all.

Well, in his size of course.

"Where did you get that t-shirt?" Victor asked the girl as gently as he could.

"That’s a secret," Isabella grinned proudly.

"We had it specially made from a friend of mine," Gina admitted as she laid out her styling products next to Yuuri. "A good thing about working in the fashion industry is that you can make practically any type of clothes that you want."

"Do you take orders?" Victor asked excitedly. "Because I have a very beautiful picture of my Yuuri that I would pay a fortune to get on a soft hoodie."

"Victor," Yuuri pleaded. "That picture is horrible, my eyes are looking completely uneven, I look like a drug addict."

"You were eleven in the picture," Victor pointed out. "And it’s sweet enough to make anyone rip their own teeths out."

Isabella’s eyes widened and she carefully walked to take cover behind her father.

"I didn’t mean literally!" Victor quickly assured as he noticed how Isabella’s eyes were quickly filling up with tears..

Celestino laughed warmly at the terrified young man before him. "It’s fine, she’s just not used to vivid descriptions like that. I’m sure Yuuri looked adorable."

"He really did," Victor said dreamily. "He still does, even though he’s dangerously handsome now. I think my heart might burst with love,"

Yuuri snorted before closing his eyes so Gina could do his eyeliner.

"I think I can help you put something together," Gina said. "It’s only fair, since I helped Yuuri make a shirt with your face on…"

Yuuri’s cheeks turned red in an instant.

"Is that so?" Victor asked in amusement. "What picture did you use?"

"The one with you and the penguins," Yuuri admitted sheepishly. "It’s a very good shirt, very soft."

Victor wanted to ask if the fact that he wasn’t wearing a shirt played any part in making his decision on which picture he chose.

But he decided against it.

He didn’t want to embarrass Yuuri too much.

"I would love to buy a shirt from you, Mrs. Cialdini." Victor declared. "If your talent with the Eros costume is anything to judge by, I would gladly by all my future clothes from you."
Gina beamed happily. "Thank you, Victor. You’re too sweet, and please, call me Gina.”

"Okay, Gina,” Victor agreed before glancing at Yuuri and regretting it immediately.

Yuuri was practically punching him with his beauty.

"And just a little bit of mascara,” Gina said thoughtfully. "Then I think we’re done.”

Yuuri nodded and glanced up to Victor and felt his heart flutter as he noticed that his mate seemed to be at his breaking point.

Victor’s attention was solely on him and it made him feel wonderful. He almost wanted to take a picture and send it to Artur, showing him how Victor looked like when he was truly in love.

Unfortunately, he didn’t have his phone.

"There,” Gina said proudly. "You’re ready to knock them all dead.”

Yuuri turned to Victor. "How do I look?”

Victor sighed dreamily and kneeled at Yuuri’s feet. "Can I just worship you?” he pleaded. "You’re too beautiful for words…”

A light blush spread across Yuuri’s cheeks at the sudden action. "Victor…”

"Victor!” Yakov suddenly snapped. "I’ve been looking everywhere for you, you need to tell me when you decide to wander off like that.”

"But I didn’t wander off,” Victor protested. "I just followed my heart,” he claimed and gestured to Yuuri.

Yakov sighed tiredly. "It’s time for the lottery to decide who goes first. Both of you should be there.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand and kissed it gently as he stood up.

"It’s time.”

Chapter End Notes

Right, and I just found out that this fic is in the top 20 of most "hits" YOI fics!! :O
That's freaking incredible!! <3 I mean, "My Sanctuary” is as well, but that fic only gained popularity due to there being almost no other fanfics to read XD <3 And even though this has probably earned hits by being 126 chapters long, it's still amazing <3 <3 And I love you so much for being so amazing and supportive of this story <3 <3 I never could have done it without you <3 <3

You're the absolute best!! <3 <3

Oh, and more of you are figuring out the drama! <3 <3 I just love seeing it <3 <3 So glad all of you are excited <3 <3

Infinity amounts of kudos!! <3 <3 <3 <3 <3
Chapter 127

Chapter Summary

Some final preparations before the performances are being made.

Chapter Notes

I had to cut this into two different parts XD <3 There was to much text for one chapter XD <3 Gotta keep them somewhat even XD <3

Oh also, let me know if you find any mistakes! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Let’s all give a warm welcome for this year’s grand prix finalists,” the announcer spoke cheerfully as he began reading up everyone’s names.

Yuuri skated just in front of his mate, and he was pretty sure that Victor was staring at his ass.

Because of their bond, he could sense even the slightest details in his mate’s body.

And right now, Victor was feeling slightly horny.

~Eyes on the ice, Vitya~ Yuuri scolded light-heartedly.

Victor almost flinched as he adjusted his eyes.

How did he know?

It was not like he was staring, he only looked briefly.

Hopefully…

"We’ll start with a five minute warm up before the skaters will take the ice to present us with their short programs, starting with Christophe Giacometti,” the announcer said. “It’s going to be a very interesting competition.”

Yuuri had been forbidden by his coach from doing any quads during warm up, so he stuck to triples.

Victor knew that he didn’t have his mind in the game, while Yuuri moved so gracefully on the ice, so he stayed away from jumps altogether until the announcer said that the warm up was over and everyone had to get off the ice.

Victor stayed close to Yuuri at all times, and even ended up going to Celestino instead of Yakov.

"Victor?” Yuuri asked in surprise at seeing his soulmate at his side. He noticed that there was a camera directed at them, and he couldn’t help but to take a step closer to Victor. "Shouldn’t you be
“Preparing?” he asked gently while brushing his fingers through Victor’s hair.

Victor leaned into the touch and moved even closer to Yuuri, he was almost magnetic. “You’re all the preparation I will ever need,” he declared and placed his hand on Yuuri’s waist, pulling him in for a kiss.

Yuuri deepened it and hoped that Artur was crying somewhere in Russia.

He should probably feel bad, but he didn’t have any sympathies for people that touched his Victor in the wrong way.

They deserved hellfire and nothing less.

“Victor!” Yakov snapped as he broke up their kiss with a look of annoyance. “Where the hell is your head today? I’ve been calling for you for a full minute.”

“I can’t hear you, the music is too loud,” Victor claimed before leaving a quick kiss on Yuuri’s cheek and backing away reluctantly. “I’ll miss you!”

“I’ll miss you too!” Yuuri called to him before feeling Celestino’s hand on his shoulder. “I see that you’re getting in character…”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “What?”

“No, no, it’s a good thing, it will help you perform better,” Celestino quickly assured. “But go easy on him, he looks like he’s about ready to sell his soul to be in your presence.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “He always looks like that… He’s so beautiful…”

Celestino chuckled in amusement. “I’m also pretty sure that that costume of yours is having an impact on him,” he said thoughtfully. “And I know that you’re going to go to the same hotel room once the competition is over, and I’m just making sure that you’re careful and don’t…” the rest of the sentence was left unspoken.

Yuuri’s face turned crimson. “We won’t,” he assured. We don’t…Especially not during a competition.”

Celestino released a sigh of relief. “That’s good, you need to be in top shape tomorrow.”

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “We won’t. We’re just flirting, nothing more.”

“It’s okay, I trust you,” Celestino said gently. “I’m just looking after you.”

“Thank you for that,” Yuuri said shyly. “But you have nothing to worry about. Both Victor and I are fully aware of our boundaries.”

“Good,” Celestino said with a soft smile. “So do you feel ready to perform?”

Yuuri nodded. “As ready as I’ll ever be.”

“You’ll do great,” Celestino assured. “Your program is practically bulletproof. You’ve really learned to master the quad axel and you did wonderful at practice earlier. Just allow Victor to fuel you, you’re always at your best when he’s around.”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly. “That’s because it’s dedicated to him.”
Celestino beamed proudly. “Use it.”

“Victor? Are you even listening to what I’m saying?” Yakov questioned.

Victor glanced to Yuuri longingly. “Isn’t he beautiful?”

Yakov sighed. “What’s the matter with you? You’re always able to focus with him in the same rink, are you close to your rut or something?”

“What? No, of course not,” Victor stated as he broke free from his trance. “But are you blind? How can you not see how beautiful he is?”

“I see very well, but I have more important things to worry about,” Yakov declared. “Like getting my student to focus so we didn’t spend months preparing, only for you to throw away your chances at winning by acting like a horny teenager.”

“I don’t do that,” Victor protested. “I don’t have to be horny to appreciate true beauty.”

Yakov rolled his eyes. “Just promise that you’ll at least try to do your best? You’re up next, and you’re not going to win by glancing at Yuuri every other second.”

“I always do my best,” Victor assured. “But Yuuri is my main inspiration for the routine, it’s called ‘love of the soul’.”

“I know, but try and picture him internally,” Yakov pleaded. “He’ll still be there once you’re finished.”

Victor suddenly felt an unpleasant memory come back to him. “Can you watch him?” he asked worriedly. “Because if he’s not there when I’m done…”

“I’ll watch him,” Yakov promised. “But considering that he has an entire Italian family surrounding him, I’m not sure that I’ll be of any good use.”

“I’d rather have him too guarded than not at all,” Victor said as he once again looked to Yuuri with thoughtful eyes. “He’s my everything.”

Yakov felt his heart twist at the honest words, and he would gladly give his own life if it meant protecting something so dearly of Victor’s. “I’ll make sure that nothing happens to him,” he promised.

Victor smiled softly. “Thank you, Yakov.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. Feeling stupid for being such an emotional mess. “You’re welcome, Vitya.”

“That was a wonderful performance,” the announcer said in awe. “Maybe Christophe Giacometti will claim gold for yet another year?”

“You’re up,” Yakov said. “Just focus on your love for Yuuri. I’ll deal with anything else.”

“Can you promise me another thing?” Victor asked.

“Sure,” Yakov agreed.

“If Christophe Giacometti puts his hands on my Yuuri, cut them off with a butter knife.”
Yakov chuckled fondly. “Gladly.”

………………………………………….

“It’s Victor’s turn,” Yuuri said as he walked away from his coach with determined steps to wish his mate good luck.

Celestino followed him, knowing better than to let Yuuri walk anywhere on his own.

Victor stood on the other side of the rink wall and reached out his hands for Yuuri when he finally walked into his line of sight. “Did you come to wish me luck?” he asked lovingly.

“Of course,” Yuuri admitted. “Not that you’ll need it, you’re always amazing.”

Victor smiled fondly. “That’s because I always have you to cheer me on,” he pointed out.

“And this year is no different,” Yuuri assured. “I’ll always cheer for you.”

“That’s why I’m the luckiest man in the world…” Victor said as he gently placed his hand on the back of Yuuri’s neck and pulled him in for a kiss, completely ignoring the camera pointing right at them.

As soon as he pulled away, Yuuri let out a short amused giggle. “Don’t even get me started on how lucky I am…”

“I guess we’re both lucky then,” Victor relented.

Yuuri nodded and pressed a final soft kiss to Victor’s lips. “I love you,”

Victor smiled. “I love you too.”

“And now, let’s give a warm welcome to Victor Nikiforov,” the announcer said excitedly.

“I guess that’s my queue,” Victor said and left a quick kiss to Yuuri’s cheek before skating out on the ice, leaving Yuuri in awe.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter should be coming right up <3 Then you will finally get to know what the drama will be all about <3<3 Congratulations to all of you who guessed it <3<3<3 I’m so proud of you!! <3<3
Chapter 128

Chapter Summary

It's time for the performances!

Chapter Notes

Hi! <3 So sorry that I couldn't publish right away <3 AO3 stopped working just as I managed to publish the first part <3 So here's the second part <3 I hope you'll like it <3<3

Also, for you who weren't able to guess! <3<3

Previously on Dearly Beloved;

“Class, please welcome our new student. Tommy Johnson.” The teacher beamed. “He’s an exchange student from Germany.” She turned to the boy. “Is there something you would like to share about yourself?”

“So how did you get into figure skating?” Tommy asked. He sounded so genuinely interested and Yuuri was happy to supply him with information about his favorite sport.

“I suppose I’ve always enjoyed it. I went skating with Mari for the first time when I was two or three years old, I think… Then I started training ballet with a childhood friend of my mom’s. Minako was the one to get me into the sport for real.” Yuuri explained. “And I’ve been practicing it ever since.”

“That’s cool. I mean, I’ve barely heard about someone who’s an omega, being a professional athlete before.” Tommy said thoughtfully.

Yuuri chuckled. “I’m barely a professional.” He claimed. “My mate is a professional, I haven’t even won a real competition yet.”

“You will.” Tommy declared. “I’m sure of it.”

“Victor?” Yuuri asked, suddenly sounding a lot more vulnerable. “There’s actually something I want to tell you.”

Victor frowned in momentarily confusion. “What?”

Yuuri averted his gaze slightly before it fell back to Victor. “I made a friend.”

Victor didn’t know how to react. His first reaction was to be happy, but why did Yuuri seem so nervous? What kind of friend would make Yuuri nervous to talk about? What if it was…?

No. It couldn’t possibly be a… Boyfriend? Or girlfriend?

No, no, no, no, no… That couldn’t be happening.
Victor quickly denied his brain and allowed Yuuri to finish. “A friend?”

Yuuri nodded. “His name is Tommy.”

“Well…” Yuuri started carefully. “Tommy is… very protective of me.”

Victor could live with that. He couldn’t disapprove of anyone who wanted to keep his mate safe. He just wondered why Yuuri found it to be a problem. “That doesn’t sound too bad.” He pointed out.

“It’s not.” Yuuri agreed. “Like I said, he’s really nice… To me.”

“Isn’t that what’s important?” Victor asked. He really couldn’t see the problem. He actually suspected that he and Tommy could get along fine.

“I guess…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “I just wish that he didn’t treat the rest of the world like dirt.”

“It can’t be that bad…”

“He made Narumi cry.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Your nemesis, Narumi?” Victor asked with a slight smile. “What did she do to deserve it?”

“Victor, it’s not funny.” Yuuri scolded. “And she didn’t do anything special. Tommy was just overreacting and way out of line.”

“What did he do then?” Victor mused.

Yuuri grew quiet for a moment, before finding his voice again. “He uhm…”

Victor frowned worriedly. He suddenly couldn’t remember what was funny. Especially when Yuuri looked like that. “Yuuri, what did he do?”

“Well… He gave her a very graphic description of torture.” Yuuri said worriedly. “I think he has a hard time with controlling his anger.”

Victor had his mind made up. Yuuri was not going to see this Tommy again. He was evil and manipulative, and should be kept across the world from Yuuri at all times.

Tommy scoffed. “I don’t feel lonely.” He stated. “Besides, you won’t have to worry about me for much longer. I’m moving.”

Yuuri looked to his friend in disbelief. “Moving?”

Tommy nodded. “Back to Germany. My mom got a great offer.”

“You’re leaving?” Yuuri asked, feeling oddly betrayed.

“Don’t look like that. It’s not like I’m dying.” Tommy chuckled. “And come on, there’s nothing for me here in Japan. It’s probably for the best.”

“That’s not true. You have school here.” Yuuri exclaimed. “And you also have your daytime job here… And…” He couldn’t come up with anything else.
“You know that there are schools and jobs in Germany as well?” Tommy mused.

“That’s not the same.” Yuuri protested before his face fell in defeat. “Will I ever get to see you again?”

Tommy shrugged. “Maybe.”

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now:

“Victor Nikiforov has claimed gold on every single competition he’s been assigned to this season, and his short program is the other half of his true mate’s, Yuuri Katsuki, who’s had a equally flawless road to the final,” the announcer said as Victor entered his start position. “On love: Agape, is according to Victor, a song about the love of the soul, and he’s stated that his true mate is the main inspiration for his routine.”

Yuuri felt chills travel up his spine when the beautiful voice of the opera singer echoed through the rink and Victor started moving.

Yuuri recognized the song, not only from practicing with Victor back in Russia, but also because the melody of the song matched his own.

Just like the rings they wore.

Victor moved beautifully, his body was merely an instrument to channel the emotions of the song, every movement he made was perfectly executed, his face held a thousand emotions, and above all, love.

It was so magical to see such a beautiful program being brought to life by the living legend, and Yuuri’s heart and soulmate, Victor Nikiforov.

His jumps were perfect, Yuuri expected nothing less, and as soon as he was finished, the entire rink was left in a stunned awe.

Yuuri was positive that Victor had just broken the record.

It was performed completely flawless, and at such a high difficulty, it would be an impossibility for him to score under 100.

“A flawless performance being delivered by Victor Nikiforov,” the announcer declared. “We’re currently watching a repeat of his quad axel on the big screen and it’s… Well, it’s simply beautiful, perfect even. Victor Nikiforov can be very proud of his delivery today.”

If Victor wasn’t proud, it was probably because Yuuri was feeling enough pride for the both of them. He knew how talented Victor was, he had watched him ever since he was nine years old, but he would never get sick of seeing it.

“Did you like it?” Victor asked happily as he returned back to the rink wall.

Yuuri nodded excitedly. “I’m so proud of you, you did amazing.”

Victor beamed as he stepped off the ice. That’s when he realized that he had to get his points, but
Yuuri was the next one to skate, and he couldn’t leave him.

“Good job, Vitya,” Yakov praised. “Let’s go and get your points.”

“I can’t,” Victor said apologetically. “Yuuri is skating.”

“They need to clean the ice first, and Yuuri needs to talk to his coach, you’ll make it back in time,” Yakov assured.

“I’ll be fine, Victor,” Yuuri said with a shy smile. “I’ll wait for you to come back.”

Victor nodded reluctantly and followed his coach.

His score was 130.

Victor had broken the world record, but he barely had time to register the number, before practically running back to his soulmate who was just about to skate off.

He spotted Yuuri as he got some final notes from his coach, but something looked very different about him.

Yuuri smiled as he approached, but it wasn’t his usual shy smile that he had perfected. It was something new, something far more confident.

And as soon as Victor reached him, he felt his knees go weak from the way Yuuri was looking at him, his eyes almost looked like a swivel of gold and honey, and he was simply the image of perfection.

“I’m so happy I made it,” Victor said gratefully as he took Yuuri’s hand and kissed it gently.

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Your fans won’t stop throwing plushies onto the ice,” he explained. “You have quite a lot of them.”

“One of the arrangers told us to wait a while longer,” Celestino chimed in. “We don’t want a plushie to hit Yuuri while he’s skating.”

Victor tensed at the suggestion. “Can’t the guards confiscate everything?” he asked hopefully. “I can’t allow something like that to happen.”

”I’m sure it won’t,” Celestino assured. ”If someone tries, they are basically signing their own death sentence.”

”That doesn’t even matter if Yuuri gets hurt,” Victor said worriedly.

Yuuri knew that he had to do something to calm Victor down, otherwise he would have to deal with his mate’s stress while skating.

So he leaned in close. ”Vitya,” he said softly, catching Victor’s attention in an instant. ”I’m going to seduce you with all I have.”

Victor felt his breathing leave him momentarily. And he completely forgot what he was talking about. ”Really?”

Yuuri nodded and pressed his lips against Victor’s ear. ”When you look at me, you’re going to see just what you created by giving me such intense pleasure a few months ago.”
Victor’s cheeks tinted pink. "Is that so?"

Yuuri smirked as he pulled away.

"The ice is finally looking good, so give a warm welcome to Yuuri Katsuki,” the announcer cheered.

Yuuri looked Victor deep in the eyes. "Never take your eyes off me."

Victor felt the words echo through him, how could he possibly look away?

Yuuri skated out, confident that he had Victor’s full attention.

Now the rest of the world would be able to see it. They would see Victor’s undivided love and realize that there was no point in even trying to keep them apart.

Victor belonged to him, and no one would be able to change it.

Yuuri stopped in the center of the ice and struck his starting pose, allowing his hip to rest as he relaxed his arms.

That’s when the music started.

Yuuri allowed himself to get completely immersed in it.

He knew who he was dancing for.

He shot Victor a smile and watched in amusement how Victor’s eyes widened.

It gave him the confidence to continue on with the rest of his routine.

………………………….

Victor had never been more enthralled in his entire life.

Yuuri’s body had to be defying some kind of laws by moving with so much beauty and grace.

He was so strong, so powerful.

Victor wanted to float over to his mate on a pink cloud and do nothing but worship him for the rest of his life.

Yuuri was a god, Victor was sure of it. He was only lucky enough to spend his life in Yuuri’s presence.

His heart was beating faster as Yuuri gained speed and shot up in his quad axel and landed it perfectly.

The audience gasped in awe, and Victor had to fight the urge to express his love for Yuuri in front of the whole rink.

Screaming how much he loved Yuuri from the top of his lungs would definitely distract his mate from his performance.

And that would be cheating.

Besides, he was feeling too stunned to even breathe properly. If he tried to do anything like screaming, he would probably faint.
So he allowed himself to just enjoy the show, all whilst trying to stay alive.

It was a lot harder than it looked.

But the song was finally reaching its end and Yuuri was going into his final combination spin, Victor would have questioned his humanity due to the way he was still moving, if it wasn’t for his ability to sense Yuuri’s exhaustion.

The last notes drummed out and Yuuri struck his final pose and was finally able to breathe again.

“That was a masterful performance by Yuuri Katsuki,” the announcer exclaimed in awe. “Probably one of the highest difficulties an omega has ever been able to perform.”

A part of Victor wanted to jump over the rink wall and help his mate out, it almost looked like he was about to collapse. But this was Yuuri’s moment to enjoy.

People were throwing him roses and plushies and a lot of merchandise

Victor even spotted a pillow with his own face on it, and he just knew that Yuuri would like it.

So Victor did nothing but cheer for him. Hopefully the loudest, until he eventually got his soulmate’s attention.

Yuuri smiled at him, and if that wasn’t the most beautiful sight in the world, Victor wasn’t sure what was.

Nothing would ever compare to Yuuri’s smile.

Nothing.

“Victor, I did it,” Yuuri cheered as he skated towards him. “I actually did it.”

“You did,” Victor assured as he greeted his Yuuri with open arms and a kiss to the top of his head.

“And you did it amazingly.”

“I was so scared that I was going to fall on my quad axel,” Yuuri admitted as he hugged Victor close. “I’m so glad I didn’t.”

“Me too,” Victor said gently. “But you were so beautiful. I couldn’t take my eyes off you for even a second.”

A light blush spread across Yuuri’s cheeks as he pulled away. “I’m so glad…”

“That was wonderful, Yuuri!” Celestino cheered as he wrapped Yuuri into his embrace. “You did it perfectly. I’m so proud.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Thank you for believing in me,” he said honestly. “I could never have done this without you.”

“Of course you could,” Celestino assured. “You work harder than anyone I have ever seen, and you’re talented beyond words. You could have a rock for a coach and still manage to surpass everyone’s wildest imagination.”

Yuuri blushed deeply as a shy smile spread across his features.

Victor was certain that he fell even more in love with his mate. “I’m sure that your score will even
surpass mine,” Victor said proudly. “Would you like to find out?” he extended his hand to Yuuri, who took it without hesitation.

“I would love that.”

Victor was right.

Yuuri landed on a score of 135, a new world record.

And Victor couldn’t be prouder. “I better bring it tomorrow,” Victor mused as they walked away from the kiss and cry. “I can’t make it too easy for you to win gold, you may have won the battle, but the war is still going.”

Yuuri laughed fondly. “Or maybe we should stand on opposite sides of the ice and call for the gold medal and see which one of us it chooses?”

Victor snorted. “Well, I do manage to attract quite a lot of gold medals,” he said with a smile. “I would just add that one to my collection.”

Yuuri smiled fondly when a familiar voice suddenly called for him.

“Youuuri!”

Yuuri froze and turned around, he could feel Victor’s hand wrapping around his own as he looked around for the source of the voice.

“Youuuri,” the same voice called again, a lot closer.

That’s when Yuuri saw him.

His old classmate.

The one who had managed to cause so much drama when he was younger, his red hair and green eyes were still as vivid as he remembered them.

He could feel Victor tense, and he himself was also very surprised to see his childhood friend in the ‘skaters only’ section.

“Tommy?”

Tommy smiled and nodded. “Someone should also do something about all these security guards, it was far too easy to sneak in this way.”

“What are you doing here?” Victor questioned in annoyance. “Didn’t you move to…?” he trailed off.

“Germany?” Tommy finished. “Where do you think you are, Nikiforov?”

Victor didn’t answer.

“Well, it’s good to see you,” Yuuri said in order to break the awkward silence. It felt just as if he had traveled four years back in time.

“It’s good to see you too,” Tommy said with a soft smile. “It’s been too long.”
Victor wanted to make a remark that it hadn’t been long enough, but he kept it to himself. He knew that Yuuri was good friends with that creep, and no matter how much he hated it, he needed to keep his opinions to himself if he didn’t want to push Yuuri away.

“I didn’t think you liked figure skating?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “How come you’re here?”

“I had to cheer for my best friend,” Tommy stated. “You did amazing by the way.”

Victor glared at the other alpha. How dared he walk in there and praise his mate? And also pretend that they were still best friends? Yuuri hadn’t even talked to him since he left.

Or had he?

Victor was suddenly feeling a little insecure.

“So how long are you in Germany for?” Tommy asked. “Do you have time to catch up after the grand prix? For old time’s sake?”

Victor was praying to the higher gods that Yuuri would decline such a creepy offer. He didn’t want Yuuri anywhere near that manipulative bastard again.

He was nothing but trouble.

“Uhm, Victor and I are staying here a few days after the competition,” Yuuri admitted. “We were planning on exploring Berlin.”

“Well, that’s perfect, I’ll be your guide,” Tommy stated. “I’ll show you everything you need to see.”

Victor fought the urge to growl. Now he was interfering with his and Yuuri’s plans? Who the hell did he think he was?

“Uhm, sure,” Yuuri agreed. “That could be fun.”

“I’ll call you, I still have your number,” Tommy declared with a wink. “But I think I need to get out of here before any of the guards find me.”

“Yeah, you better run,” Victor said in annoyance.

Tommy snorted in amusement before walking off.

Victor glared after him.

He was not going to allow that red-haired weirdo to claw his way back into Yuuri’s life.

Yuuri was happy. He had good friends and a good life in Detroit.

There was no need for Tommy to ruin all of that.

So if Yuuri decided to take Tommy up on his offer, Victor had to make it perfectly clear that Yuuri didn’t have any room for people like him in his life.

He was going to keep his soulmate safe.
He's back! XD <3 This will definitely be interesting XD <3<3
Thank you for being patient <3
Love you guys!! <3<3<3
<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3 *Kudos bomb!!* <3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3
Chapter 129

Chapter Summary

Seeing Tommy again causes a conflict to arise between the true mates.

Chapter Notes

Hi <3 You guys there? XD I only got 15 comments out of 1243 subscribers XD <3 So there's most likely one of these 6 + 1 options:

1. Either there's only 10% still reading.
2. You guys didn't like the last chapter.
3. Most of you haven't gotten a notification.
4. You don't like commenting, or you've been too busy to do so.
5. You haven't had the time to read.
6. I'm just being my paranoid self.
(7). A combination of all above

Anyways, let me know if you're still around <3<3

AKA: I'm spoiled from receiving about 25-30 comments after each update and I need comments like I need air XD <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So… That was weird,” Yuuri said after a long moment of silence. “I never expected to see him again.”

Victor made a non-committal sound.

”Are you okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly, he wasn’t used to Victor not talking to him.

"I just don’t like him,” Victor admitted. "Something is clearly wrong with him, and I don’t want him near you.”

"Victor, he’s my friend,” Yuuri stated. "He was the only one who was nice to me in junior high.”

"But he was so weird,” Victor claimed. "Leaving you scented teddy bears, texting you not to trust me.”

"He never had any ill intentions,” Yuuri protested. "He just didn’t know how to be friends with someone, but that’s not his fault.”

"He chose to be alone,” Victor declared. "He pushed everyone away, and he didn’t even want to try to be nice to other people.”

"He was nice to me,” Yuuri pointed out.
"That’s because he was in love with you,” Victor exclaimed. "Which is all the more reason to why he should stay away from you.”

"Tommy wasn’t in love with me,” Yuuri assured. "He even told me himself that he doesn’t see me like that.”

"That’s because you hadn’t had your heat back then,” Victor claimed. "But you can’t seriously believe that Tommy would be happy with just being your friend?”

Yuuri was starting to get annoyed by Victor’s way of speaking. Like he was a lot more aware of their surroundings, and that Yuuri was too dumb to see something that wasn’t even there.

"Tommy knew that we would only ever be friends,” Yuuri stated. "And he never forced himself on me like Artur does on you.”

"But I would never consider Artur a friend,” Victor pointed out. "And I would definitely never spend time with him if I didn’t have to.”

"That’s because Artur is crazy,” Yuuri quipped. "Tommy would never do the things he has done, because Tommy is actually decent. Sure he was a bit intense but…”

Victor scoffed. "Intense?” he questioned. "He was manipulating you to be his friend, he threatened people around you with violence… He is not someone you’re friends with. He belongs in a prison, not in your contact sheet.”

"He’s not that bad,” Yuuri protested. "He has never hurt anyone,”

"That you know of,” Victor chimed in. "Trust me, he has probably hurt a lot of people and never told you about it.”

"Why would he do that?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. "He uses threats of violence, and he once shoved a guy away from me, but he never punched anyone or used any physical violence.”

Something with that statement rubbed Victor the wrong way. "He shoved a guy away from you? What guy?”

"It was one of Narumi’s friends,” Yuuri admitted. "But it’s not important, I’m just saying that…”

"What do you mean not important?” Victor cut him off. "Why haven’t you told me about that?”

"Because I was a kid and I knew you were going to get mad and travel to Japan, and you had a test and…”

"That doesn’t matter,” Victor cut him off again. "If you’re ever in trouble you need to tell me. I’m your true mate, I should have been the one to keep you safe.”

"It was four years ago,” Yuuri pointed out. "And I’m fine. But you’re not listening to me, I’m telling you that Tommy…”

"No, Tommy is evil and manipulative, and I don’t want you to see him ever again,” Victor stated.

Yuuri shook his head angrily. "It’s not your decision.”

Victor wanted to slap himself. He was going at it completely wrong. "I’m sorry,” he apologized. "I know it’s your decision, but I just want you to be safe. I will protect you with my life which is why I feel like it’s stupid to take such a foolish risk.”
"I can take care of myself, Victor," Yuuri stated. "And I trust Tommy. He won’t hurt me. But if you don’t want to see him, you don’t have to, I can see him alone."

Victor felt as if he just had been hit with a hammer. That was the complete opposite of what he wanted. "If you think that I will let you go out and see him alone, you’re out of your mind."

"I’m sorry? Let me?" Yuuri questioned. "I’m an adult, I don’t need your approval to see my friends."

Victor sighed tiredly. Why was Yuuri twisting his words like that? "I know you are, but you’re my soulmate. I can’t let anything happen to you. And walking out alone in a strange country to see a psychopath is way too dangerous."

Yuuri frowned in annoyance, he was too mad at Victor to think straight. "So what are you going to do? You’re going to alpha command me to stay inside?"

"If I need to, yes."

Yuuri felt his heart break. Victor really didn’t trust him at all.

"I’m going to find my coach," Yuuri said, averting his gaze. "Don’t follow me."

"Yuuri," Victor called, but Yuuri was already walking away from him. "Yuuri!" he tried again, but he knew that he had gone too far.

He would never use a alpha command on Yuuri unless he really had to, like getting him out of a burning building or something. But he was trying to make Yuuri understand that he would stop at nothing to keep him safe.

And now he had probably achieved the complete opposite effect.

Good job, Victor…

……………………………………

"Yuuri," Celestino cheered. "I knew you’re were going to break the record...Where’s Victor?"

"I don’t care," Yuuri said dismissively.

Celestino frowned thoughtfully. "Did he get mad because you beat his score?" he asked worriedly. "Because I’m sure he’ll get over it."

"I don’t want to talk about him right now," Yuuri said, still feeling the hurt from Victor threatening to alpha command him. "Where’s Gina?"

Celestino regarded his student for a long moment before deciding to let it go for now. "She’s talking to one of the reporters about your costume."

Yuuri looked around. "Then where’s Bella?"

"With her," Celestino assured. "She wanted to talk about her merchandise to the camera."

Yuuri smiled fondly. "I’m glad she’s having fun."

"Of course," Celestino exclaimed. "She loves figure skating."

Yuuri saw Victor going to Yakov on the other side of the rink, looking really hurt.
It made something twist inside Yuuri’s chest.

He should apologize.

Wait.

No.

He had nothing to apologize for. Victor was the one who wanted to control his life, so he should be the one to apologize.

He couldn’t allow his stupid omega-conscience to give in and allow Victor to decide who he could or couldn’t spend time with.

Yuuri would never force Victor to stop going to school so he wouldn’t have to deal with Artur. So what gave Victor the right to force him to stay inside and not meet his childhood friend for what would probably be the last time ever?

How could he make Victor understand that?

………………………………………………

“What took you so long?” Yakov questioned as he laid eyes on his student. “And where’s Yuuri?”

“He’s with Celestino,” Victor said with a sigh. “We ran into one of Yuuri’s old classmates, a total psycho, and Yuuri wants to meet him again after the competitions.”

“Why?” Yakov asked in confusion.

“I don’t know, he’s probably brainwashed for being friends with that crazy kid,” Victor said angrily. “I knew this was going to happen, I knew Tommy was going to cause a fight between me and Yuuri, because that’s what he does. He makes me and Yuuri fight. This is all his fault, why would he need show up here?”

“Have you talked to Yuuri about how you feel?” Yakov asked.

“Yes, but he won’t see reason,” Victor said in annoyance. “He thinks that I’m trying to control him or something. But I’m just trying to keep him safe. Tommy is dangerous.”

“Why would Yuuri want to see someone who’s dangerous?” Yakov questioned in disbelief.

“Because Yuuri doesn’t think he is dangerous,” Victor explained. “Yuuri only sees the best in people, and he’s too oblivious for his own good. I saw the way Tommy was looking at him earlier. I can’t allow that psycho to be near the most important person in the world to me.”

Yakov sighed. “Are you sure that you’re not just jealous?” Yakov asked. “I know that you’re protective to a fault when it comes to Yuuri. Maybe your mind is just exaggerating?”

Victor gasped at the suggestions. “My instincts are never wrong,” he claimed. “If I have a bad feeling like this, I know I’m right. Tommy is a danger and I need to keep Yuuri away from him.”

“Your instincts have been wrong plenty of times,” Yakov pointed out. “Last week you had a feeling that Mila was going into rut, but it turned out that she had just skipped breakfast.”

“She was acting like she was in rut,” Victor pointed out with a pout. “I have good instincts, I’m not a psychic.”
“I’m just saying that you could be wrong,” Yakov said gently.

“Do you know what happened the last time I ignored my instincts with Yuuri?” Victor questioned. “He nearly drowned. He stopped breathing because I thought that I could make him happy despite having a bad feeling. I’m not letting that happen again.”

“I know,” Yakov said tiredly. “But you can’t protect him from everything. He needs to be able to make his own mistakes and learn from them.”

“Not like this,” Victor stated. “Not when the stakes are too high. If Tommy is crazy enough to hurt him…”

“Then go with him,” Yakov said. “Keep him safe… And if that Tommy-person turns out to be crazy, you can just get him out of there, and he would see that you were right.”

“Yuuri is mad at me right now,” Victor said sadly. “I think I took it too far.”

“Then apologize,” Yakov stated. “I’m sure he’ll forgive you. You two can’t stay mad at each other for too many hours. Be the bigger person and tell him that you’re sorry.”

“I guess,” Victor relented. “But I can’t go right now, he’ll think that I’m only apologizing because of you.”

Yakov rolled his eyes. “As long as you do it eventually.”

Victor took a deep breath. Hopefully Yakov was right and Yuuri would forgive him enough to let him come with him to keep him safe.

He wasn’t sure what to do if Yuuri wanted nothing to do with him.

Yuuri was his everything, and he had to keep him safe.

And he was willing to do whatever it takes, to ensure his mate’s safety.

Whatever it takes...

Chapter End Notes

So let me know what you think about the drama <3 Hopefully you’re still liking this story <3

Love all of you <3 Even if you never comment <3

Kudos!! <3<3<3
Yuuri was starting to feel his resolve crumble when Victor approached him an hour later, when the competition was over and all the skaters were allowed to mingle with each other.

He was with Chris when Victor walked up to him with those stunning, blue eyes of his.

“Yuuri, can I talk to you?” Victor asked gently.

Yuuri couldn’t find it in his heart to say no. “Of course,” he responded and followed Victor away from the crowd.

“I’m an idiot,” Victor admitted as soon as they were out of earshot. “I never should have said the things I said, and if you want to see your childhood friend, of course you should.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Victor nodded. “As long as I’m right there with you, just in case.”

Yuuri felt a bit reluctant. Why did Victor always have to make conditions like that?

“Please?” Victor prodded. “I’m too protective of you to be able to stay away.”

Yuuri couldn’t refuse Victor’s pleas. He was too weak for his mate. “Okay,” he agreed. “But you have to promise that you will behave.”

“I will if he will,” Victor said reluctantly.

"I just don’t want you to get into a fight,” Yuuri said. “And if you really hate him so much, it feels like too big of a risk… I mean, he has the protective gene, so I know that he won’t hurt me, but I don’t want him to hurt you just because you won’t stop insulting him.”
“I won’t insult him,” Victor promised. “And as long as he keeps his hands away from you and think before he speaks, I don’t think that we will have a problem.”

“I hope you’re right,” Yuuri said thoughtfully, it still didn’t feel right to him. He didn’t want to feel like he was the one controlling his mate when he just got mad at Victor for attempting just that. Maybe it was better to just cancel the whole thing… “I mean, otherwise I can just not see him…”

“But you want to see him,” Victor pointed out.

“I know…” Yuuri admitted. “But you are more important to me. I don’t want to put you in an uncomfortable position.”

Victor felt his heart twist.

He constantly forgot about the fact that Yuuri had such an easy time to push all of his own wishes aside to please others, especially him.

“Yuuri…” Victor tried.

“I know what it’s like to be worried for your mate’s wellbeing… And I don’t want to put you through that just to see an old classmate…” Yuuri explained. “I’ve been fine for the past four years without him, I’ll be fine even if I don’t see him now.”

“Yuuri, if you want to see him, we will see him,” Victor stated. “And I will do everything I can not to get on his bad side. I have no right to control you, but I will do everything I can to protect you.”

“I know you will,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m just a little bit worried… I mean… What if you’re right? What if he wants to hurt me? Hurt us?”

Victor sighed sadly. “I’m sorry, Yuuri,” he apologized. “I don’t want you to think like that… I don’t want you to fear the world, I’m not Tommy. I want you to see the best in people, I just wished that people wouldn’t take advantage of it.”

“I’m still careful though,” Yuuri stated. “I would never want to see Tommy if I didn’t trust him and he has never given me a reason to doubt him,” he assured. “I know about his problems with other people, but I think he’s getting better. I mean, he didn’t say anything mean to you today, right?”

Victor thought back to their conversation. And Yuuri was right, he didn’t say anything mean, but he still had that annoying look on his face.

But that wasn’t exactly something that Victor could use as proof.

“Yeah, I guess…” Victor agreed.

“And you did get along in the past,” Yuuri pointed out. “And he knows that I will only get mad at him if he says anything rude to you, so it shouldn’t be a problem.”

Victor wasn’t so sure about that.

Tommy had his weird way of getting his opinions made, even without speaking a single word.

Sneaky bastard...

Yuuri noticed the reluctance on Victor’s face. “Is there a specific reason to why you hate him so much?” he asked thoughtfully “Something that I don’t know about?”
“No,” Victor admitted. “I just don’t like him because I find him creepy.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. "Well, do you think you can push that aside for a few hours?" he asked cautiously. "He just want to give us a tour of Berlin… It won’t take too long."

"I'll be fine, love," Victor assured. "As long as you’re around, I will always be fine."

Yuuri could only hope that was true.

Later that night, Yuuri and Victor put the fight completely behind them and focused on more pleasant things.

Like being in each other’s company.

Victor fell asleep relatively early, completely tangled with Yuuri who tried to get sleepy by playing a game on his phone.

But in the middle of a boss battle, Yuuri got a text from Kevin, saying that he should check a gossip magazine. He asked if it was true and if he and the others had to fly over to Germany to kick Victor’s ass.

Yuuri frowned worriedly and opened the article, feeling his stomach twist as he saw the headline.

‘Trouble in paradise? Victor Nikiforov in massive fight with his true mate after defeat at the grand prix final’

“Yuuri?” Victor asked as he woke up after feeling his mate’s distress. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri locked his phone and put it aside. “It’s not important,” he said, because it really wasn’t.

It was just very annoying.

He was working so hard to show everyone how happy Victor and he were together, and then a single, stupid article managed to undo all of his hard work.

And especially with nothing but lies.

He and Victor didn’t fight because of the results of their short programs, but that didn’t seem to matter. The reporter had a photo of when he and Victor were fighting and when Yuuri stormed off.

So they really had a good case.

“You’re worried,” Victor said as he was trying to wake himself up so he could help his mate though whatever was troubling him. “Please tell me?”

“You will only get upset,” Yuuri said gently. “And you should sleep, we can talk about it in the morning.”

Victor was suddenly wide-awake. “Why would I get upset?” he asked. “Did someone say something to you?” he asked as he nodded to Yuuri’s phone. “Was it Tommy?”

“No,” Yuuri said with a tired sigh. “Why would you assume that it was him?”

“Because he said that he had your number, and now you’re upset about something from your phone,” Victor stated. “I’m not incompetent of putting two pieces together.”
“Well, it’s not Tommy,” Yuuri said and opened the article for Victor to read. “It’s your stupid fame.”

Victor looked at the article in confusion before realizing what it said. “I’m calling Yakov,” he declared as he got out of bed. “He can have it revoked.”

“People have already read it, Victor,” Yuuri said tiredly. “It’s no use.”

“I can’t have them lie about that,” Victor exclaimed. “I can’t let the world think that I wouldn’t be happy for your success. You did deserve it completely, and I would never get mad at you for winning.”

“I know that,” Yuuri assured. “But I’m not sure what you’re hoping to accomplish…”

Victor stood silent with his phone in his hand for several moments before sitting back down. “I don’t know either,” he admitted.

“Maybe we should just correct them through social media?” Yuuri suggested. “It probably won’t reach the whole world, but it will reach those who matter.”

“Yuuri, you’re a genius!” Victor cheered. “I will make a post right away.”

“It might be easier if you just share the link and explain the truth,” Yuuri chimed in.

Victor smiled. “What would I do without you?”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “Well, you probably wouldn’t have to fend off so much drama…”

“I’ll gladly do it with you,” Victor declared. “So how do I share the link on Instagram?”

Yuuri helped Victor through the process of taking a screenshot and writing their own version of the fight, but they probably made an overuse of the words ‘private’ and ‘personal’. Because that was exactly what it was.

The world didn’t have a right to know why or what they were fighting over. And neither did the media, or anyone else for that matter.

But they did write that they had talked through it and made up, and they even included a selfie of the two of them.

Much to Yuuri’s reluctance.

But he got to kiss Victor in the picture, so he couldn’t possibly refuse.

They really hoped that the media might calm down and not make another false article just to get people to read it.

Otherwise Victor swore that he would talk to the ISU about having outside reporters banned from the event.

They didn’t have a place on a figure skating event anyway. Not if their only goal was to get some gossip to feed their own agenda.

Hopefully the ISU’s PR division would agree.

Having a bunch of gossip magazines writing about one of their skaters couldn’t make them look especially good either.
But in the best case scenario, everything would calm down, and the article filled with lies would be taken down and no one would attempt such a stupid thing again.

Both of them had to focus about the competition tomorrow, not about gossip or any other unnecessary drama.

So hopefully the outside world would let them be.

At least for one day.

But that was probably too much to ask…

Chapter End Notes

The drama is rising! <3<3 Now there's a lot of things going on XD <3<3

I can't wait to see what happens <3 I hope you're excited as well <3<3

Thank you for always being so supportive when I need you <3<3

*Kudos bomb* <3<3<3<3
The next day, things went by so fast.

Both Yuuri and Victor were equally focused, so they didn’t speak much. They only sent each other brief smiles when their eyes met, or hearts over the bond to make the other one’s heart flutter with love.

But before they knew it, it was time for the free skate.

Yuuri wore a light blue costume that Gina had designed for him. It had tiny snowflakes embroidered into the fabric and a few ice crystals that were supposed to match the diamond crystals of his Eros costume.

Victor wore a red button up shirt and black slacks with suspenders, that had Yuuri constantly swooning over how handsome he looked. He was skating to a Russian love song.

They both found it oddly perfect that they had both chosen native love songs.

Even though Victor’s song was a lot more on the nose. He was skating to a song called Ty moya zhizn' by Mavjuda, a Russian singer.

And it was basically about how much in love he was. As if his Agape wasn’t enough.

To be fair, Yuuri’s song, Yuki no hana, was also very on the nose, just filled with a lot more metaphors.

But they were both determined to show their love for each other in front of the whole world.

Yuuri was the second one to skate, and Victor was the last one out of the five competitors.

Besides Chris, who was performing right before Victor, there were two others competitors. Pao Ling from China and Lucas Ramirez from Spain.

They were both very skilled, but Victor knew that they still had a long way to go before they would
be a real threat to win the gold medal.

“And that marks the end of the five minute warm-up,” the announcer said. “And we’re welcoming Lucas Ramirez to take the ice.”

Victor was closest to the exit, so he happily skated to it while he waited for his soulmate to join him.

Yuuri looked slightly anxious as he took his hand and stepped off the ice. The competitive spark he had yesterday seemed to be gone.

“What’s wrong, solnechnyy?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Nervous,” Yuuri admitted. “I barely have any hard jumps in my program… What if I look stiff? Then this whole performance will be a flop…”

“Your program is beautiful, love,” Victor assured. “And you don’t need to have difficult jumps. You have a very complicated step sequence, and I wouldn’t even dare attempt all of your combination spins. You’re the only one with enough stamina to make this program work…”

“I don’t know…” Yuuri said as he swallowed thickly. “I know it will be terrible. I’m already nervous. It shows… I…” he cut himself off. “I don’t want to fail.”

Victor opened his arms to Yuuri and allowed his mate to hug all of his fears away.

Yuuri held on tightly, terrified of losing the one thing that made him feel safe.

“Whatever happens, just skate the way that you can say that you liked the best,” Victor said gently. “The score isn’t important,” he declared. “And in the bigger picture, neither is the gold medal… It’s just a piece of metal. What’s important is that you’re having fun, and that you feel that you did your best. That’s all you can do.”

Yuuri was silent for a long moment. “But what if I’m not doing my best? What if I can do better?”

Victor knew just what Yuuri was talking about. “Yuuri, no,” Victor stated. “You’re not adding jumps or changing your routine spontaneously. That’s how you sprained your wrist in juniors.”

“I know,” Yuuri said reluctantly. “But I don’t want to have any regrets after today.”

“As long as you step off the ice in one piece, you shouldn’t have any regrets,” Victor assured. “I know that you will do your best, you would never do anything but your best… But as your soulmate, I have to ask you…”

“I know, I’ll be careful,” Yuuri promised with a soft smile.

“Thank you,” Victor said and pressed a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s cheek. “And remember to have fun while you’re skating.”

Yuuri nodded. “I will.”

“Yuuri,” Celestino suddenly said from a little bit away. “Do you have time for a moment?”

Yuuri realized that he had promised that he would go straight to his coach after the warm-up, but had inevitably been distracted by Victor.

But considering how wonderful Victor was, he really couldn’t be blamed.
Not that it was a valid excuse, so he quickly apologized and joined Celestino’s side.

Victor kept a watchful eye on his mate, watching the way Celestino talked to him so he wouldn’t bring back Yuuri’s anxiousness.

But much to his relief, Celestino seemed to be calming Yuuri down even more with whatever he was saying.

Yuuri even laughed a little.

Victor regretted the fact that he wasn’t listening in. He really wanted to know what was funny.

But on the other hand, it might be considered cheating to listen in on the final notes given to Yuuri by his coach.

The figure skating board should definitely establish some rules in the sport regarding true mates. How else would they know?

“That was a wonderful performance by Lucas Ramirez,” the announcer cheered. “We’re watching the reprise of his quad salchow on the big screen. Masterful landing.”

Victor made his way to Yuuri.

It was his soulmate’s turn to skate.

As soon as Yuuri stepped onto the ice, he felt his anxiousness return to him, his feet felt uneven, and he got fiercely annoyed with himself for feeling like he did.

He wasn’t nervous yesterday.

What had changed?

The stakes were still the same.

If anything, he should feel calm.

He had the highest score yesterday, and even if he didn’t do completely perfect, he still had a good chance of winning.

But what if he failed completely and people started to see him as a failure?

What would his family think about him? They were all terrified for him when he left the safety of Japan to follow his dreams. What if they thought that he did all of that for nothing?

Yuuri felt his heart pound as the audience cheered for him.

He didn’t deserve it.

He would only make a fool of himself.

“Lyubov moya?” Victor asked gently, his voice cut through the voices in Yuuri’s mind like the sun in the darkest cave.

Yuuri felt his muscles relax slightly at the soft tone, he looked to Victor hopefully. Silently asking
him for something magical that could make all of his worries go away.

“Are you okay, love?” Victor asked, he probably saw straight into Yuuri’s heart, as the bond allowed him to feel his mate’s fear.

“I don’t know…” Yuuri admitted. “I’m not even sure why I’m nervous…”

Victor regarded him for a moment. “It might be the excitement that shows itself in a weird way…” he suggested.

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. Victor might be right, it could be excitement. He knew that he was very excited yesterday, and there was no reason to why it should have changed like this.

It had to be it.

“Yeah…” Yuuri said unsurely. “That has to be it…”

“It could be a lot of things,” Victor then said. “The pressure of the competition, the audience, the media, but it doesn’t matter… You don’t skate for them… You skate for you. You do it because you love it, because you’re wonderful at it, you don’t need a gold medal to prove anything. Every single person in this rink knows just how talented you are. It’s your senior debut, and you’ve already crushed the world’s record. You have your whole career in front of you, no matter what happens, you’ll still have that. You’ll still have everything.”

Yuuri exchanged looks with Celestino who nodded in approval. “We’ll cheer you on,” he said with a proud smile as Gina walked up next to him with Isabella in her arms. “All of us.”

“Kick Victor’s butt!” Isabella cheered and waved her ‘Go Yuuri’ flag.

Yuuri smiled at that before his eyes fell back to Victor.

Victor smiled as well. “You heard the kid, kick my butt.”

Yuuri snorted before the announcer cleared his throat.

“Now, it’s time for Yuuri Katsuki to take the ice,” the announcer spoke.

Yuuri swallowed nervously before collecting enough courage to skate off, knowing that he had an army of support behind him.

………………………………………………

Victor could tell that Yuuri was still nervous when the music started, but he did his best to send all of his love and support across the bond.

Yuuri started off well. A little bit stiff perhaps, but that was to be expected due to how nervous he was.

He stumbled a little at the end of his first combination spin, but other than that, he did great.

Victor could feel all the love that Yuuri had poured into his performance, he could feel the words of the song warming his heart to a melting point.

Yuuri would definitely score great.

But as soon as Yuuri struck his final pose, Victor could feel his heart break.
He could feel that Yuuri was close to tears, even as he smiled softly to the audience and began skating off the ice, leaving all the plushies and gifts behind.

Victor decided to greet Yuuri with a hug, but as soon as his mate stepped off the ice, he put on his skate guards and calmly walked in the opposite direction.

“Yuuri?” Victor called after him before following. Yuuri ignored him and kept on walking.

Victor felt his stomach twist.

Something was definitely wrong.

Yuuri only had one thought on his mind, and that was that he needed to find someplace quiet and lonely where he could have his breakdown.

He couldn’t cry in front of the cameras, in front of the whole world and everyone he knew.

He needed to get away.

His performance had been awful, just awful. His movements robotic, his execution clumsy.

How he made it to the final, he had no idea.

But it was probably his last time. After this horrible performance, no one would ever want to watch him skate again.

~Yuuri, what’s wrong?~ Victor asked across the bond. Yuuri could feel that Victor was following him, but there were people everywhere, and he couldn’t afford to stop. ~Yuuri, please talk to me?~

Yuuri swallowed thickly.

He couldn’t.

Not when they weren’t alone. If he stopped for a moment and saw the love in Victor’s eyes, he would break down in tears, and everyone would see him for the horrible failure that he was.

Yuuri released a sigh of relief when he finally spotted a bathroom, he walked towards it with determination, and probably opened the door with a lot more force than was necessary.

It was empty.

Thank god.

Victor walked in only seconds after and locked the door behind them.

“Yuuri? What’s the matter?” Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri couldn’t hold back his emotions any longer, and he felt his chest burning with every breath he took. And no matter how much he tried, he couldn’t stop the tears from falling.

“Love, no…” Victor said softly and walked forward to wrap his arms around him.

Yuuri felt his knees buckle and he leaned his entire weight on Victor who helped him to the cold stone floor.
“I… I…” Yuuri tried, but the words felt like they were stuck in his throat. “I failed…” he managed.

“No, no, no,” Victor assured him. “You didn’t fail, you did great.”

Yuuri shook his head against Victor’s chest. “It was horrible… I’m horrible.”

“Of course not,” Victor promised. “You did great, you did your best.”

“No,” Yuuri sniffled. “I didn’t…”

“Yes you did,” Victor argued. “And it was an amazing performance. I loved watching it.”

Yuuri couldn’t make Victor understand.

Victor was like a over-encouraging parent, he thought that everything Yuuri did was amazing. He was blind to his most evident flaws, like his lack of talent and horrible lack of skill.

“No, you just… you can’t-” Yuuri coughed painfully as he tried to get some air into his lungs. “You can’t see it!”

“See what?” Victor asked as he did his best to release calming alpha pheromones into the air around him and Yuuri. He needed his mate to calm down.

Yuuri felt the pheromones calm him enough for his brain to produce words. “You can’t see how badly I did,” he said dejectedly. “You can’t see my flaws, my lack of talent… You can only see the good parts.”

Victor took a deep breath to calm himself down so he wouldn’t break down in tears as well.

Nothing made him more upset than hearing how low Yuuri regarded himself.

“You made it to the grand prix final for the second time,” Victor said slowly so that Yuuri would truly listen to him. “You did amazing yesterday, you got a score higher than anyone in the entire world, ever. And you did amazing today, if that’s what you call lack of talent, I’m not sure what you would regard as actual talent.”

“What if they only scored me that high because I’m an omega?” Yuuri asked. “What if I really am talentless, and everyone just lets me live in a lie because they feel sorry for me?”

“I can’t lie to you, Yuuri,” Victor pointed out. “And I mean it. I definitely mean it, when I say that you are the most talented and amazing figure skater in the whole world. And no one… No one, could skate Eros better than you.”

“You could,” Yuuri stated. “You can do everything better than me.”

Victor sighed tiredly. “You can’t really think that,” he said sadly. “I wish you could see you as I see you.”

“I can,” Yuuri said and looked through Victor’s eyes. “All I see is an ugly crybaby with no place in a grand prix final.”

“That must be because you can’t see well without your glasses,” Victor said in an attempt at humor. “Because I see, and I have to point out that my vision is flawless. I see a beautiful young man who is blind at his own success. A man who could save the world and still not believe that it was him…”

“You think too highly of me,” Yuuri protested. “I’m nothing like that.”
“You are, pryanichek,” Victor assured. “Your brain is just being very mean to you right now… And if it wasn’t a part of you, I would kick its ass.”

Yuuri snorted half-heartedly.

“I just wish that I could do something to make you believe me,” Victor said thoughtfully.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I’m sorry you have to deal with…”

Victor hushed him before he could finish. “Don’t apologize for something you can’t control. You had a bad day today, but it’s not the end of the world. You still managed your insanely difficult program.”

“Barely,” Yuuri protested.

“But you did,” Victor quipped. “Most people would have pulled out of the competition after feeling like you did, but you didn’t. You gathered all of your strength and you faced something that scared you, and that takes so much bravery.”

“I never could have done it without you,” Yuuri admitted. “If it hadn’t been for you or Celestino, I would have just curled up into a corner and stayed there.”

“I doubt that,” Victor declared. “You’re a lot stronger than you know, you’ve made it so far all by yourself. I’m just there as a cliff for you to lean on, but you don’t need me in order to succeed.”

Yuuri wanted to argue, he had a whole list in his mind that explained exactly why he needed Victor in order to do such an easy task as keep on breathing.

But he knew that it would get him nowhere.

Victor would only keep arguing until he had made all of his points perfectly clear.

And Yuuri’s list would look tiny when Victor brought out his encyclopedia to support his arguments.

So Yuuri released a sigh of defeat before pulling away from his mate.

Victor got up and brought him a tissue from the paper towel dispenser so he could wipe the rest of his tears away.

“You are the last person on this planet that I would ever consider to be weak,” Victor continued. “But when you do need me, I’ll always be here for you.”

Yuuri felt tears fill his eyes again at Victor’s sweet words. “Thank you,” he said. “I wish that you wouldn’t have to deal with me when I get like this… It has to be very frustrating.”

“I’m just glad that I can help,” Victor admitted. “But I do wish that you would start to believe my words a little bit more. I don’t want you to think that I don’t mean what I say when I’m pouring my heart out to you.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed apologetically. “I do believe you, and I know that you mean everything I say it’s just…”

“Your brain is louder than me,” Victor recited. They had the exact conversation during an especially hard day during their summer together.

Yuuri had been moody for most of the day and Victor had hovered like the over-protective alpha he
was, until Yuuri reached his breaking point during dinner.

Victor had spent hours comforting him then, and he was ready to do the same now.

But Yuuri would never go for it as he was already back on his feet and did some final touches in front of the mirror to try and cover up the fact that he had been crying.

Victor stood up as well and helped Yuuri with adjusting his hair.

As soon as they were finished, Yuuri looked to the bathroom door worriedly.

“I’ll be right by your side,” Victor reassured him. “And if you feel like it’s too much, just tell me and we’ll find someplace private again, okay?”

Yuuri nodded. “Okay.”

Victor carefully took Yuuri’s hand and kissed it gently. “Let’s go and see your score.”

Chapter End Notes

Let's hope that Yuuri did well <3<3 I did my best to save the angst with Victor's words of encouragement <3 Hopefully you won't think that the arc is too angsty <3 The fluff will always be there <3<3

Thank you so much for reading <3
Chapter 132

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets disappointed over his score, but he's determined to make sure that Victor does better than him.

Chapter Notes

This chapter got sooooo long XD <33 Hopefully you'll like it <3

Yuuri felt his spirit sink as his eyes fell on the scoreboard.

He did score low, especially for him.

It was his lowest score of the season.


“With half a point,” Yuuri quipped. Lucas Ramirez was only fifteen and probably the worst skater in the final, and he was half a point behind him.

The only reason why Yuuri was still in the top was because of his performance yesterday.

But he was certain that unless something terrible happened, Victor and Chris would knock him down from the podium with little effort.

They had both saved their best routines for last.

“They must have underscored you,” Victor stated. “You did great, you should have scored over 200, at least.”

“Maybe if I had skated it like it should have been skated,” Yuuri pointed out. “But I skated badly, and I deserve to be judged thereafter.”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “I still feel like you deserve more than 195.3.”

Yuuri shrugged. “It’s still a good score,” he said. “Just not as good as usual, but if I would have been in better shape, it would probably be a lot higher.”

Victor frowned. “It still feels unfair, you should be allowed to skate again.”

“No one else is allowed to skate again,” Yuuri said matter of factly. “You only get one chance, those are the rules. I don’t want to break the rules in order to win, that’s not fair to anyone else.”

“I know,” Victor said dejectedly. “It’s just awful to know that you could have crushed the record if
you had been in your best shape.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “Hopefully you will crush the record with your free skate. You could win the medal for the both of us.”

Victor smiled slightly. “If I win, will you kiss it?”

“With all my love,” Yuuri promised.

Victor hugged Yuuri close as Pao Ling left the ice.

Yuuri held his breath. His score would determine if Yuuri would make it to the podium or not. He scored low yesterday, but he had a great free skate today, and maybe even good enough to bump Yuuri to fourth place.

Pao Ling’s score showed up at 200.1, and Yuuri was still in the lead.

Yuuri felt like a weight lifted from his chest when Celestino suddenly entered the backstage area where Yuuri and Victor were watching the competition from the TV.

“So this is where you ran off to,” Celestino said in relief. “Victor, Yakov is looking for you.”

Victor looked to Yuuri worriedly. Not sure if he could leave him or not.

“I’ll be fine, Victor,” Yuuri assured him with a soft smile. “Go find your coach, it’s almost your turn.”

Victor nodded as he got up, he pressed a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s cheek before walking towards the corridor. “I’ll be back soon,” he promised. “If Yakov’s lecture doesn’t last until my free skate.”

“Otherwise I’ll find you,” Yuuri declared. He had to wish Victor luck before his performance.

Victor smiled before walking out.

Celestino approached Yuuri carefully and sat down on the bench next to him. “Are you okay, Yuuri?”

Yuuri nodded. “Yeah, I just had a bad day today…” he admitted. “I’ve talked about it with Victor and I’m feeling better now.”

“I’m glad he was here,” Celestino said gently.

Yuuri smiled a little. “Me too.”

“But in the future, I would really appreciate it if you tell me when you’re not feeling good,” Celestino said. “I wouldn’t be able to live with myself if something happened to you.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I just rarely know ahead of time… I can feel a bit moody, but I don’t know if it’s going to stay that way or if I’m going to have a panic attack… I usually push through and it normally gets better…”

Celestino nodded in understanding. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

Yuuri shook his head. “I usually like to be alone or with Victor if I’m panicking. I really don’t know what to do with other people around or what helps…”
“Have you considered therapy?” Celestino asked. “I’ve heard that it can be a lot of help to just talk to someone.”

“I have,” Yuuri admitted. “But I don’t see the point, I’m not depressed or anything like that. I feel just fine except in times like this, or on bad days.”

“It could still be a good thing,” Celestino said gently. “You’ve been through a lot in your life. You’ve only told me a little, but I think it would do you a lot of good to talk to someone who knows how to help… Maybe your bad days won’t be as bad…”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. Maybe Celestino was right.

“You will have to forgive me if you feel like I’m interfering too much in your personal life,” Celestino said apologetically. “I think I’ve surrogated on you…”

Yuuri blinked in confusion. “What?”

Celestino’s cheeks tinted pink. “Well, when omegas grow older, and they spend a lot of time with someone very young, there’s like this mental thing that happens in our mind that makes us believe that the young person is… Well, our baby.”

Yuuri’s mouth hung open in surprise. Why had he never heard about something like that before? “Uhm…”

“I know,” Celestino said and waved his hand in reassurance. “I know that you’re not my baby. You’re eighteen… But my mind sees you as very young and vulnerable, and I just want to protect you the same way I want to protect my Bella.”

Yuuri was still very confused.

“I don’t want you to be as the americans say ‘freaked out’,” Celestino said in slight amusement. “You don’t have to think anything of it… But just know that I care about you, and I never want to see you get hurt… You’re like a son to me.”

Yuuri could hear the emotions in his coach’s voice and he had no idea what to do, he just hovered awkwardly.

“I know that Gina can sense my feelings too, which is why she’s also affected,” Celestino admitted. “Every day when I come home from training, she always asks me if I’ve asked you what you’re having for dinner, and what condition your gear is in. And if she doesn’t like my responses, she always offers to make you dinner or take you shopping.”

Yuuri felt like a light was suddenly ignited in his mind.

That explained a lot.

The Cialdini’s always treated him like an extra family member.

But was that because of Celestino?

“I…” Yuuri said nervously. “I’m not really sure what to say…”

“You don’t have to say anything,” Celestino assured. “Just know that we will watch out for you, and that you have to tell us if we make you uncomfortable in any way, or if you feel like we’re intruding. You don’t have any obligations towards us, you’re still your own person. But we might ask you
more questions and try to be a bigger part of your life because we care about you.”

Yuuri nodded. “Okay,” he agreed. He felt so oddly touched by Celestino’s words, even if he had no idea what to do with them.

He really cared about Celestino and his family too.

Isabella had even become something of a little sister to him.

Celestino smiled before placing a gentle hand on Yuuri’s shoulder. “Thank you for being so understanding.”

“Of course,” Yuuri said. “I just don’t know what to say or do… You have all done so much for me, and I don’t even know how I could possibly pay you back.”

“Don’t worry about that, Yuuri,” Celestino pleaded. “You don’t owe us anything…”

“Of course I do,” Yuuri protested. “You have taken me in as a part of your family. You have helped me get to where I am today…”

“You did that yourself,” Celestino said fondly. “You’ve trained so hard and so long that I was scared for a moment that you would break. You’re so incredibly strong that I’m not even sure if you could be considered human. I have never met anyone like you. So determined and stubborn. You can fall on the ice and get right back up as if nothing happened. And you’re so humble about it. The way you help my students with their skating, the way you are with Bella… I’m so proud of you, Yuuri. And I know that I have no right to be proud, since I’m not the one who raised you. But you’re turning into such a wonderful young man, and I’m so happy that I get to see you grow.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter by Celestino’s words. He had no idea how he could be so lucky as to find such an amazing coach to help him through this part of his life, but he wouldn’t trade it for anything.

Not even a gold medal.

“And if you want me to coach you for Worlds or the next Grand Prix, I would be honored to do so,” Celestino stated.

“Of course I want that,” Yuuri admitted. “You’re the best coach I’ve ever had.”

Celestino wiped a tear away. “Thank you, Yuuri.”

Yuuri would otherwise give that title to Victor, since he was the definite best coach he could ever imagine. He knew him like no one else ever could.

But Victor was a competitor, his rival. And Yuuri wouldn’t want anything to be different. Victor deserved to thrive as a skater, to show his talent to the whole world. Not have his talent represented through someone else...

Speaking of Victor.

“It’s almost Victor’s turn,” Yuuri exclaimed as he saw Chris entering his final pose on the TV.

Celestino smiled. “Let’s go and cheer him on.”

Yuuri practically ran over to Victor while Chris was still greeting his audience.
Victor pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead as greeting. “How are you feeling, love?” he asked gently.

“A lot better,” Yuuri admitted. “How are you feeling?”

“Good,” Victor smiled. “I’m excited to show my love to you for the whole world… Again.”

Yuuri snorted. “Well, you always do seem to find new ways to keep everyone entranced by that.”

“That’s because I’m at my truest self when I’m expressing my love for you,” Victor declared. “Everyone can see that, so they can’t take their eyes away.”

“Neither can I,” Yuuri declared. “You’re too beautiful, looking at something else would be a waste of sight.”

Victor chuckled fondly and pulled Yuuri in for a final kiss.

“Christophe Giacometti lands on a score of 204.6 and it puts him in first place,” the announcer cheered. “Now it’s time for Victor Nikiforov to take the ice and perform his free skate.”

“Please don’t let Chris win gold,” Yuuri pleaded. “We’ll never hear the end of it. I’ll rather get bronze.”

“I’ll do my best,” Victor promised and left a final kiss on Yuuri’s cheek before skating off.

Yuuri sent Victor as much love as he could over the bond, and Victor kept his gaze locked on him as the music started.

Yuuri felt how the announcer’s words melted away, and all that was left was Victor and the music. He couldn’t take his eyes off his mate. Not even for even a second, as Victor kept searching him out in the rink.

It felt like it was just the two of them.

Like Victor was showing him his ideas on an early morning in St. Petersburg.

He was just amazing.

When he jumped, he might as well be flying, with no chance of failing.

Yuuri almost felt how he jumped as well, as Victor kept the bond wide open.

~Words cannot express how much love I feel for you, Yuuri~ Victor said across the bond. ~But I know that you can feel it, I know that you can see it, and I hope that someday you will be able to hear my voice over the voices in your head. I hope that I can drown the voices that tells you that you’re not enough, because you are, Yuuri. You are more than enough~

Yuuri felt his eyes fill with tears for the second time that day, but for a completely different reason.

~You are my heart, my everything. I’ve known you from your first day alive and I’ve seen the amazing man you are turning into today~ Victor continued. ~And I don’t care how many times I will have to tell you that you are perfect, but I will never stop until you believe me~

Yuuri quickly wiped his tears away so he wouldn’t miss Victor’s final step sequence.

Victor struck his final pose with his hand extended to Yuuri. ~I love you, Yuuri~ he said. ~And you
Yuuri couldn’t wait to hug and kiss Victor as he skated towards him.

His performance had been perfect.

And Yuuri could not be more proud.

Victor wrapped Yuuri into his arms as he stepped off the ice and showered him with kisses. He was still high on adrenaline and excitement, and he smelled amazing.

Yuuri even swooned slightly.

It was known that people produced a lot more pheromones after intense physical activity, and Victor was no different.

His alpha pheromones were all over the place, and Yuuri wanted to breathe in every last one of them.

“What did you think, love?” Victor finally asked. “Did I make you proud?”

Yuuri nodded with a bright smile. “You always do.”

Victor beamed proudly and leaned in for another kiss which Yuuri happily granted him.

That was until Yakov came and places his hand on Victor’s shoulder, he was smiling, which was a rare occurrence. “Let’s get your score, Vitya,” he said with his usual, grumpy voice.

Victor rolled his eyes good-naturedly and wrapped an arm around Yuuri before he attempted to walk away.

“Victor, your skate guards,” Yuuri reminded him and picked up the first one from the ground.

“Right,” Victor chuckled and accepted it gratefully. “Thank you for watching out for me.”

“Always,” Yuuri promised and handed Victor the other one.

But on their way to the kiss and cry, a man and a woman suddenly approached them.

Victor stopped cautiously and pushed Yuuri back.

“Mr. Katsuki?” the woman asked gently.

“Yes?” Yuuri asked in confusion. He had no idea who she was.

“My name is Annika, and I’m from omega protective services,” the woman introduced herself. “Would you like to come with me for a moment. We have a few questions about the competition.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully “What kind of questions?”

Annika sent a glare to Victor before turning back to Yuuri. “I think it’s best if we talk in private.”

Yuuri didn’t miss that glare. “Victor is my true mate,” Yuuri told her. “Whatever you want to talk about, you can say it in front of him.”

“Actually, this matter regards Mr. Nikiforov, and we think it’s best if we speak without him present,”
Annika said apologetically.

“Can he bring his coach?” Victor asked. “I don’t want him walking anywhere alone with you.”

“Of course,” Annika agreed, not even looking at Victor, her focus was completely on Yuuri. “If you want to bring someone, it’s completely fine, whatever makes you comfortable.”

Yuuri didn’t like this, he didn’t like her. He couldn’t like anyone who was being rude to his soulmate.

“Celestino!” Victor called, gaining the Italian’s attention in an instant.

“What’s wrong?” Celestino asked as he walked up to them and noticed his protégé’s stern expression. “What happened?”

“We have a few questions for Mr. Katsuki,” Annika told the coach. “We’re from the OPS and we would appreciate if Yuuri could take some time to answer them.”

“They won’t allow Victor to hear,” Yuuri said in annoyance. “He’s my true mate and they won’t even look at him.”

Celestino looked to Victor worriedly. Victor looked him straight in the eyes. “Watch out for Yuuri,” he pleaded as he took a step back.

Yuuri turned to him in disbelief.

“I’ll be out here once you’re done,” Victor promised. ~If they try anything, let me know and I’ll come running~

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed reluctantly before following his coach and the OPS people out in a corridor.

Annika and the man exchanged looks before they turned towards a room with a couch and gestured for them to sit down.

“What do you want to know?” Yuuri asked. Desperate to get this over with.

The man turned to him and looked him in his eyes. “Release,” he said as an alpha command. Or a releasing alpha command.

Yuuri looked to Celestino in confusion. “What’s going on?” he asked.

“Yuuri, have you been under an alpha command during this competition?” Annika asked.


Annika nodded thoughtfully as the man took out a notebook. “Yuuri, how did your mate react to your score yesterday?”

Yuuri suddenly realized what was going on.

That article from yesterday.

They thought that Victor had alpha commanded him to fail so he himself could win.

“He was happy,” Yuuri explained. “He was proud of me.”
“But you had a fight about it?” Annika asked. “Did he say anything to you during that fight?”

“No,” Yuuri snapped. “We didn’t fight about my score, we fought about one of my old classmates.”

“Why would you fight about that?” Annika asked in concern.

Yuuri narrowed his gaze. He really didn’t trust her. “My mate doesn’t like him, and I thought that he was being unfair. He called me naive and I got mad.”

“Have your mate ever showed any tendencies to violence?” Annika asked. “Has he ever threatened you?”

“No,” Yuuri answered truthfully. He felt offended that she would even ask him that. Victor has never done anything in his life to be regarded so lowly.

“Has he ever insulted you or belittled you?” Annika asked.

“No,” Yuuri said firmly. “Victor is the kindest, sweetest human in this world.”

Annika just nodded. “And he has never asked you to do something that you don’t want to do?”

“No,” Yuuri said yet again. It was starting to get annoying. “He has never done anything like that.”

“There is no need for you to get upset, Yuuri,” Annika said gently. “We’re just asking these questions for your own protection. We were told that your alpha might have asked you to give up your chances at winning for his own gain. And Victor is a very powerful alpha, he has a lot of connections. And we wouldn’t want him to take advantage of you, just because you are his soulmate.”

“I appreciate where you’re coming from,” Yuuri said stiffly, because on some level he did. If another omega was trapped in a abusive relationship and the OPS would step in to help like this, it would be great. “But Victor has never taken advantage of me, and he never will.”

“So he has never given you anything on a condition?” Annika asked. “Money? Expensive gifts?”

“Never with a condition,” Yuuri stated.

Annika nodded thoughtfully. “And he didn’t ask you to perform badly today?”

“No,” Yuuri said with a tired sigh. “I feel anxious sometimes, I push myself too hard, and I’m scared of failing. I had a bad day today, and no matter how much my mate encouraged me, I couldn’t seem to snap out of it. So I skated badly, but that’s not his fault.”

“Does your mate make you feel like that?” Annika asked. “Insufficient?”

“No…” Yuuri said, he could feel emotions building up in his throat. “I do that to myself for god know what reason… But Victor… Victor always thinks that I’m enough! He loves me no matter what and he’s the best damn boyfriend in this entire world, and I will not hear a single bad assumption of him again, so I’m leaving.”

“Of course,” Annika agreed sheepishly. “Thank you for taking the time to answer our questions.”

Yuuri didn’t answer, he just left.

He needed Victor to know just how much he loved him and how awful these people were for saying those things about him.
He needed Victor to hold him and tell him that everything was okay.

That everything was going to be fine.

~Yuuri?~ Victor asked right before Yuuri spotted him.

It felt as if Victor read his mind as he walked up to him and pulled him into a tight hug. “Are you okay, love?” he asked gently.

Yuuri nodded against his shoulder. “I am now.”

Chapter End Notes

I wonder who tipped the OPS off... *Eyebrow wiggle* XD <3 There so much drama going on everywhere, and I'm struggling to braid it all together XD <3

And I'm just an anxious mess XD <3 I feel like it's just a matter of time before everyone gets mad at me for writing this drama arc XD <3 It seems like you're enjoying it, so I'm just crossing my fingers and hope that you'll keep on liking it <3<3

Thank you so much for reading <3<3

Kudos to all of you <3<3<3<3<3
Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor enjoys their victory, and Yuuri confronts the OPS.

Chapter Notes

I don't really have a lot to say, this is mostly a filler XD <3
I hope you'll like this chapter <3<3

Yuuri didn’t mind his bronze medal.

Not when he could admire just how beautiful Victor looked with his gold medal.

He still got to stand next to him on the podium and enjoy the view.

For his senior debut, bronze wasn’t bad at all. And especially when he was going up against both Victor and Chris, the 'unbeatable champions'.

He got a world record with his short program, and Victor got a record in his free skate.

And this was just the first competition between them with many to come.

"Yuuri?" Victor suddenly said.

Yuuri looked up to him, despite the instructions of looking at the cameras.

Victor smiled as he removed his gold medal and placed it around Yuuri’s neck.

"Victor?" Yuuri asked in confusion as Victor took his hands and pulled him up to the top of the podium.

"I promised that I would win the gold medal for the both of us,” Victor stated. "So you deserve this just as much as me, we share one soul, so there’s no reason why we wouldn’t be able to share a medal.”

Yuuri blushed slightly but found himself unable to come up with a response, so he did something else, he took the ribbons of both the medals and placed them around Victor’s neck as well. “Then we’ll share both of them,” he agreed. “That makes you half a bronze medalist.”

Victor rolled his eyes fondly. “The things I’ll do for you…”

Yuuri smiled and gently pressed a kiss to Victor’s cheek, momentarily forgetting that they were in front of at least forty cameras, and once he realized that, he blushed again.
Victor kissed him back, a soft kiss onto the side of Yuuri’s temple, and the photographers practically climbed over each other to get a good picture of the moment.

“You look very good in gold, lyubov,” Victor told him before leaning in to whisper in Yuuri’s ear. “Maybe you should wear it tonight and nothing else?”

Yuuri gazed up to Victor suggestively. “Are you trying to break our deal?”

Now it was Victor’s turn to blush, he completely misjudged Yuuri’s reaction. He thought that he would be embarrassed, not turned on.

“Uhm,” Victor stuttered out.

“Better keep it in the pants, guys,” Chris suddenly told them from his place next to them on the podium, due to how close he was standing, there was a good chance that he had heard everything. “There are actually kids watching these competitions…”

“Has that ever stopped you?” Victor quipped.

Chris chuckled fondly. “Touché.”

Victor loved his idea of sharing medals with Yuuri, because when they finally stepped off the podium, Yuuri was still beside him, and they had a very childish reason to stick together through all of their interviews and photoshoots.

So they walked through the rink as if they were physically attached, and no one had the heart to separate them.

Not even Yakov.

“We should do this on the banquet,” Victor mused when they were finally alone.

“What?” Yuuri asked. He had just realized that he was able to eat again, so he mentally went through a list of things he wanted. Things that weren’t stocked with proteins or vitamins.

He really craved a burger.

The nausea might even be worth it.

“Be connected by a medal,” Victor elaborated. I love being this close to you…”

Yuuri snorted. “I think that will push Yakov to bring a scissor,” he said. “He’s not looking too happy right now.”

Victor turned to his coach who had a very evident vein on his forehead. “He always look like that,” he said with a shrug. “But wouldn’t that be a good idea?”

“We don’t need a medal to stay connected,” Yuuri assured. “If you want to, I can stay by your side no matter what tomorrow.”

Victor smiled. “Really?”

Yuuri nodded. “I love being close to you too.”

And if that wasn’t the sweetest statement Victor had ever heard…
“Victor?” Yuuri asked gently.

“Yes?” Victor beamed.

“Can we go back to the hotel soon?” Yuuri asked. “I’m craving a shower and food…”

“We can go right now,” Victor declared, locking eyes with Yakov. “Yakov, we’re leaving!” he called across the rink.

Yakov frowned before storming over.

“Is he mad?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor looked completely unbothered. “I can’t tell…”

“Vitya, you still have interviews,” Yakov said in a hushed voice. “You have a responsibility as a competitor to show your best side and act like a proper adult.”

“I’ve done that,” Victor protested. “But I’m human, I have needs.”

“What kind of needs?” Yakov questioned.

“Hunger, sleep, surfing on my phone, spending time with my soulmate,” Victor counted. “I’ve been here for twelve hours, I deserve some free time.”

Yakov released a sigh of defeat. “Yes…” he said reluctantly. “But may I have a word with you?” he asked. “In private?”

Victor sighed tiredly and took off his part of the ribbons and allowed Yuuri to carry both the medals. “I’ll be right back,” he assured and kissed Yuuri on the forehead.

Yuuri knew that he probably shouldn’t, but he couldn’t stop himself from listening in.

“Vitya, I know that you’re eager to get back to the hotel,” Yakov told Victor in Russian. “But I hope you’re being mature about this. Yuuri may be eighteen but he’s far too young to be on birth control, and I hope that you’re aware that the ‘power of love’ is not going to keep you protected from a potential pregnancy.”

“Yakov,” Victor protested as his cheeks turned red with embarrassment. “We’re not going to be doing anything like that,” he assured.

“Good,” Yakov said gruffly. “Then you’re excused.”

Victor returned to Yuuri with a lot less enthusiasm.

“We’re not going to be doing anything like that?” Yuuri questioned. “What happened to our deal?”

Victor smiled again and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s neck. “What we will be doing will not lead to any pregnancies,” he assured.

“Does that mean that you already have everything planned out?” Yuuri asked, raising an eyebrow in challenge.

“Honey, I’ve spent two months without you,” Victor said lowly. “That’s sixty one nights with nothing to do but to think of different ways to give you pleasure.”
“Oh?” Yuuri inquired as his face flushed from the statement.

Victor nodded. “It’s a lucky thing that I’m taking you to Russia after this is all over, it gives us more time to act out my favorite ways…”

“And what about my ways?” Yuuri asked. “Do you think you’re the only one who’s been lonely and horny for two months?”

Victor seemed to be choking on air as he inhaled too quickly. “Does that mean that you’ll share your fantasies with me?”

“Maybe the milder ones,” Yuuri agreed. “I don’t want to scare you off…”

“You could never do that!” Victor immediately protested. “And you do know that telling them to me, means that there’s a 99% chance that they might come true.”

Yuuri considered that for a long moment before snapping out of his thoughts. ”Maybe,” he settled with.

Victor pouted slightly, but was immediately brought back to reality when he spotted the OPS people talking to one of the ISU arrangers.

”Yuuri?” Victor asked carefully.

Yuuri noticed them too, a frown immediately making its way to his features. ”Let’s just walk past them,” he said simply. ”They are following non-existing truths.”

Victor couldn’t help the fear that settled within his chest. He knew that the OPS existed so that no wrongdoings would come to his mate, but he had never in his life expected that the OPS would suspect him to be one of those wrongdoings.

What if they really believed that he had hurt Yuuri? Could they break them apart?

Yuuri would probably never go for it, but would they listen to him? Or would they believe that he was just protecting his alpha?

”Victor?” Yuuri prodded as he noticed his mate’s expression. ”What’s wrong?”

Victor didn’t say anything, he just sighed. ~What if they really think that I’m that terrible to you?~ He asked across the bond. ~What if the think that you would be better off without me and send me to prison for mental abuse?~

Yuuri was taken aback, it wasn’t like Victor to be so filled with doubts.

That was more his thing.

“They can’t do anything without a thorough investigation,” Yuuri said calmly. “And if they investigate us, they are going to find nothing but love.”

“But what if they only see what they want to see?” Victor asked. “Like the questions they asked you…”

That’s when Yuuri realized that he was an idiot for not realizing sooner that Victor had listened in.

“They won’t do that if they truly care for my well being,” Yuuri stated. “Separating true mates is not even allowed. I would die without you.”
That made a shiver run straight through Victor’s entire body. “Please don’t say that,” he pleaded. “It… Please… I just can’t handle the thought alone.”

The thought that he would be taken away and Yuuri being so heartbroken that it killed him, was something from his darkest nightmares.

“Sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “But you know what I mean… And I don’t think that they would allow an omega to die just to keep him or her from getting hurt… It kind of defeats the purpose…”

Victor looked to the OPS people worriedly.

Yuuri hated that look. Victor should never look so worried, so with an angry exhale, he made his way over to the OPS people without a second thought.

“Why are you still here?” he asked them in annoyance.

“Yuuri?” Victor called from behind him. “Yuuri, I’m fine, we can just go back to the hotel…”

“In a minute,” Yuuri called back, before turning to the OPS people yet again, he wasn’t sure what was fueling his rage. Maybe it was the heartbroken look on Victor’s face, or maybe it was hunger and exhaustion. Either way, he had to make his point perfectly clear. “You have made my mate very upset, he’s worried that you would separate us just for the sake of it. And I don’t want you to linger around us and worsen his fears.”

“Mr. Katsuki,” Annika said gently. “We understand that you are worried for your mate. But you can tell him that as long as he doesn’t harm an omega, he can stay calm.”

“He would never do that,” Yuuri claimed. “He has the protective gene, he wouldn’t even be able to.”

Annika regarded Yuuri for a moment before looking to Victor.

Then Annika did something completely unexpected.

She grabbed Yuuri’s arm and pushed him behind herself. “You’re coming with us,” she said sternly.

Yuuri didn’t even register the slight pinch in his arm, as his mind was completely frozen by the feral growl his mate possessed.

“Let him go!” Victor practically shouted as he stormed towards the woman that had dared to put her hands on his mate. “Now!”

“Or what?” Annika challenged, completely fearless.

~Victor, I’m fine~ Yuuri said as gently as he could. ~Stay calm~

Victor allowed Yuuri’s statement calm him slightly, but he still wasn’t at ease.

He needed Yuuri back by his side.

“You can’t take him,” Victor claimed. “There are laws.”

“We make the laws concerning omegas,” Annika stated. “And if we decide that he is ours, he is.”

Even Yuuri got startled by that statement.

Could they really do that?
He looked to Victor fearfully.

Victor’s eyes widened before they hardened on Annika. “If you try, I will hold you personally responsible,” he snarled as he towered over her dangerously. “And I will use every single one of my resources until I have him back at my side again. You won’t get far with him.”

Annika smiled. “And what if Yuuri wants this?” she questioned. “What if he just told me that you were planning on hurting him and begging me to take him away. What then?”

Victor felt his heart break within his chest.

He knew that it wasn’t true, but the mere idea of it felt like a dagger twisting inside of him.

“I would call you a liar,” Victor stated. “I would never in my life hurt him, I would rather be cut apart with a butter knife or eaten alive by flies. I know that Yuuri knows this, and I know that if you let him go, he will willingly come back to my side.”

“And what if he doesn’t?” Annika asked. “What if he wants to be away from you?”

Victor exchanged a look with Yuuri, and he knew just how wrong Annika was.

But he also knew that the truth remained.

“If Yuuri really wants to be apart from me, then I would let him go,” Victor declared. “But if you try to take him against his will, I swear on my own head that I will have you punished for it.”

Annika smiled softly and released Yuuri’s arm.

Yuuri immediately walked past her and allowed himself to be wrapped into the embrace by his worried alpha.

“You have nothing to worry about, Victor,” Annika said after Victor’s heartbeat returned to its normal rhythm. “Yuuri could not have chosen a better alpha, I even believe that he could not be in safer hands than in yours. Many alphas would have gone to attack or denied their omega’s will altogether. You have a good patience and very high respect for Yuuri, and it’s good to see.”

Victor felt his heart swell by her words. Of course he respected Yuuri, he didn’t have higher respect for anyone in the entire world, and he was grateful that she was able to see that.

As for his patience, he was very sure that it wouldn’t have been as long if Yuuri had actually gotten hurt or hadn’t calmed him down like he did.

“So will you please believe that we are no monsters?” Annika pleaded. “We are not out to harm a perfectly healthy relationship. We only had to make sure that no harm would come to an omega under everyone’s noses. It’s our job.”

“I know,” Victor relented. “But the fear of losing my soulmate is not a fear that vanishes with ease.”

“I understand,” Annika assured. “If something were to happen to my wife I’d… Well, I’m just glad that the anonymous tip was mistaken about you, and I’m sorry for the inconvenience.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri finally spoke up. “If the tip hadn’t been wrong, I’m glad that you arrived and looked into this.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” Annika said. “I was worried that we might have made you scared of us, which was never our intention. If something does happen to you, we really wish that you would
contact omega protective services. We’re here to help.”

Yuuri smiled to the woman, for the very first time. “Thank you,” he said.

And he truly meant it.

Chapter End Notes

Let’s hope that Yuuri gets some dinner soon, so he won’t start fights with everyone who looks at Victor wrong XD <3

Can’t wait to see what you thought about this chapter <3 And you do know that I have a tumblr, right? <3

https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/

Hope to hear from you soon <3<3
Victor kept his arm wrapped around Yuuri all the way back to their hotel room.

They had gotten takeout by Yuuri’s request. Victor didn’t think it was the greatest idea to eat burgers, due to the strict diet they had both been on.

But after a swift strike of Yuuri’s omega eyes, Victor couldn’t find it within himself to deny him anything.

If Yuuri wanted something unhealthy, Victor was willing to travel across the world to give it to him.

But luckily there was a McDonald’s close to the hotel.

So after getting their food back to the hotel, Victor took great pleasure in watching his mate dig into the food.

A happy Yuuri was a perfect Yuuri.

Victor practically beamed with joy from the smile the burger brought to his mate’s lips.

It was all good and innocent, until Yuuri released the most sinful moan of pleasure.

“This burger is so good,” Yuuri purred with a mouthful.

Victor, who was just about to take a bite of his own burger, stopped mid-movement, completely stunned by the sound.

His mouth was watering, but he no longer felt a craving for burgers, but for his mate.

Another sinful moan vibrated through Yuuri’s chest as he took in another bite of his burger.

Victor realised that his eyes were completely glued to the strength of Yuuri’s yaw as he chewed, and
the way his throat bobbed as he swallowed. He looked so strong and powerful, and Victor wanted to drag his tongue all across the muscles.

Then Yuuri licked some ketchup off his lips, and Victor immediately felt his pants grow tight.

That’s when Yuuri noticed his mate’s craving, and he decided to turn into the devil himself.

“Aren’t you going to eat, Vitya?” Yuuri asked as he wrapped his fingers around his wet drink and gently took the straw between his lips, sucking at it slowly.

Victor had spent years practicing his self-control, but he felt it crumble, when Yuuri gave him such a sultry look. It was as if his eros persona was taking him over.

“The burgers are so juicy,” Yuuri claimed as he closed his eyes and took another bite of his burger.

The moan that escaped him then, was fully intentional.

Victor was certain.

“Yuuri,” Victor sighed in awe.

Yuuri swallowed. “Yes, Vitya?”

Victor felt a soft heat bubbling in his stomach from the intensity of his need.

A primal part of him wanted to grab Yuuri and throw him into the bed and claim every single one of his sweet sounds for himself.

He was very possessive in that way.

And he really didn’t like the idea of a burger bringing his mate more pleasure than him.

“I…” Victor stuttered out.

Yuuri was just smirking, he had never been this amused over his mate’s suffering before.

But to his defence, a blushing and horny Victor, was among his favorite versions of his mate. He just made a mental note of making it up to his mate later.

“You’re being cruel to me,” Victor finally said, a small pout on his lips.

Yuuri realized that he had a bit of sauce on his finger and decided to lick it off, taking massive pleasure in how Victor’s breath stuttered. “What do you mean?” he asked, blinking innocently.

Victor narrowed his gaze. Yuuri was fully aware of his behaviour.

“Am I doing something wrong?” Yuuri asked with a playful spark in his eyes. “Something bad…?”

Victor prayed to the gods above to give him strength to survive.

“Should we shower before or after?” Yuuri asked with a meaningful look that Victor had no trouble deciphering.

”Are you sure you’re up for it?” Victor asked as he finally managed to get his brain to work. ”You’ve had a pretty rough day…”

”I’m fine, Vitya,” Yuuri assured. He knew that he should be exhausted, but somehow the idea of sex
had managed to make its way to the top of his priorities after getting some food in his system.

But on the other hand, he really wanted Victor to be satisfied as well, and he could sense that his mate was still hungry.

“But I think I should take a shower first,” Yuuri then said. “And you should eat, you haven’t touched anything.”

“Are you sure that you don’t want a bath?” Victor prodded. “I’d be glad to join you for one…”

Yuuri really liked that offer, but he wasn’t doing anything until his soulmate was well fed.

“Food first, bath later,” Yuuri stated. “I don’t want you to have sex without energy.”

“You’re all the energy I will ever need,” Victor claimed as he leaned in for a kiss.

Yuuri stopped him by placing a french fry in front of his own lips, making Victor flinch before realising what he just kissed.

Yuuri chuckled fondly with a shake of his head. “Eat, Vitya,” he pleaded. “We have the whole night ahead of us.”

With a reluctant pout, Victor did as told.

He was actually kind of hungry.

Once Victor was done eating, he was able to make sense of all of his thoughts, and decided that he really wanted to spoil his mate for the night.

Even though Yuuri claimed to be fine, Victor could still sense his sore muscles and aching feet.

So while Yuuri cleaned up after their dinner, Victor drew them a bath, the hotel had a great supply of hygiene articles, among the selection there was both bath salt and bubbly soap.

He also found candles and matches that made his heart flutter in anticipation for his mate’s reaction.

“Victor? Are you almost done?” Yuuri asked as he gently knocked on the door.

“Yes, love,” Victor told him as he began stripping out of his clothes. “You can come inside.”

There was a moment of hesitation before the door opened cautiously.

Yuuri wasn’t prepared for something this luxurious, and he couldn’t hold back the gasp of awe that escaped him, and even though he just got air in his lungs, he might as well have lost it all the moment he caught sight of his unbelievably beautiful soulmate who stood before him without clothes.

Victor’s body was almost magically illuminated by the candlelight, and Yuuri had to resist the urge to take him right there and then.

“Why are you still wearing clothes?” Victor asked in amusement. “Were you planning on bathing with your free skate costume?”

Yuuri strongly disliked the fact that the tables had turned and he was once again back to being a blushing mess. “Uhm…” he stuttered out. “I couldn’t reach the zipper on my back…” he admitted sheepishly. That’s when he once again thought of a way to turn the situation to his advantage. “Could you help me?” he asked as he turned his back to Victor to reveal the upper part of his
exposed back. He then looked back at Victor from behind his shoulder. “...Alpha…?”

Victor barely resisted the urge to whine with want.

How was Yuuri so fully aware of all of his weaknesses?

It really wasn’t fair…

So with a blushing face, Victor made his way over to Yuuri, standing unnecessarily close in an attempt to win his advantage back.

He wasn’t sure what game they were playing, but Yuuri had somehow managed to ignite his competitive spark, and he was determined to win.

Even though he knew that he would win no matter what.

There were no losers in their love.

Yuuri shivered as Victor brushed his lips over the mark on his neck.

”Zipper…” Yuuri reminded as his breath hitched.

Victor chuckled gently. ”Of course,” he said as he slowly pulled the zipper down and allowed his finger to track the shape of Yuuri’s spine.

Yuuri couldn’t stop the purr that escaped him from the action.

Victor looked as if he had just discovered the cure for cancer. ”You liked that,” he smirked fondly.

Yuuri blushed reluctantly as he turned to Victor fully, suddenly aware of the fact that they were both very naked. ”Can you blame me?” he asked. “Especially when you touch me like that…”

”Touch you like how?” Victor mused.

”Like I’m an instrument you can’t wait to play…”

Victor’s heart fluttered as he looked deep into Yuuri’s golden brown eyes, seeing his mate’s desire as if it was written in his forehead.

”We should get into the bath before it gets cold,” Victor declared. ”Like you said…” He delivered a sweet kiss to Yuuri’s lips. ”We got all night…”

What started off as a cute flirting battle was now growing excruciating.

They finished their bath, really taking their time to tend to each other's needs. Yuuri even shampooed Victor’s hair and Victor insisted on giving Yuuri a foot rub, despite the impossible position.

Yuuri was just happy that he was in top shape and a lot more flexible than he would have been if it had been summer.

But when they were all done and clean, they got dressed and retired to the king sized bed for a makeout session, even though they were both fairly certain that their clothes would soon be a distant memory as they got started.

They still had their little competition going, and they were insisting on turning the other one into a
blubbery mess with the power of their own seduction.

“This is the longest foreplay we’ve ever had,” Yuuri finally pointed out. “I thought you had a plan?”

Victor smiled knowingly as he kissed along Yuuri’s neck. “I like to take my time with you,” he claimed. “And you were the one who said that we were in no rush…”

“We’re not,” Yuuri agreed. “But you’re very hard…” he nodded to Victor’s evident erection that pressed against his thigh. “I don’t want you to die from blood loss because all your blood moved to one location.”

Victor snorted as he tugged on Yuuri’s shirt enough for his mate to lift his arms so he could take it off. “That’s really not how the body works, lyubov,” he stated fondly.

“You know what I mean,” Yuuri claimed as he removed Victor’s shirt as well.

Finally they were moving in the right direction.

“I know,” Victor assured. “But don’t worry about that, I’m fully aware of my own limitations.” He also wanted to pick Yuuri apart until he lost his patience and demanded to be pleasured. And in that moment, he could also take the moment to ask Yuuri about his fantasies.

If he was horny enough, surely he would have to tell.

“If you say so…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “But I’m getting hard as well, and I don’t have the same patience as you…”

“Hmm… So what do you think that we should do about it?” Victor mused. “Any special requests?”

Yuuri blushed deeply. “Whatever you want,” he blurted. “I don’t mind, take your time…”

“Yuuri,” Victor drawled. “Please tell me your fantasies?”

“They’re embarrassing,” Yuuri claimed. “And you would never want to do them…”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. “Does it include harming you?”

“No,” Yuuri assured. “Or not exactly…”

“Is it a roleplay fantasy?” Victor prodded with excitement. “Should we get costumes?”

“Vitya,” Yuuri whined, his face was growing redder with each passing second.

Victor was pretty sure that he was starting to get on the right track. “Bondage?” he asked, taking Yuuri’s increasing blush as a yes. “Would you like me to dominate you?”

“Please stop,” Yuuri pleaded. “I’ll tell you if you stop asking.”

Victor had never found himself to be quiet so fast, as he pulled back and sat down in front of Yuuri like an obedient dog.

Yuuri released a breath of relief. “Okay… While I tell you, can you promise me that you won’t talk?” he asked worriedly. “And I can’t have you teasing me about this… I… Just… Promise me?”

Victor nodded. “I promise.”
Yuuri regarded him for a moment before taking a deep breath to calm his nerves. “I... I have a lot of fantasies...” he admitted sheepishly. “And the reason that I don’t think that you would go for them, is because one of them is...” he swallowed thickly. “A rape fantasy.”

Victor’s eyes widened and he fought to contain a gasp.

“So it’s not exactly a rape fantasy,” Yuuri quickly assured. “Since I know it’s with you, and it would be completely consensual... It’s just... When we had those self defense lessons, and you grabbed me, all these other scenarios started to make their way into my head. And I got this fantasy that I would be in your apartment in Russia, doing something boring, like cleaning or washing the dishes, and then you would break in.”

Victor listened intently as Yuuri described his fantasy with flushed cheeks.

“I would be scared for a moment, since I wouldn’t be sure that it was you, but I can feel your scent as you grab me and force me into the bedroom,” Yuuri told as if he was picturing it. “You’re not exactly violent, but you’re definitely not gentle... I try to resist, as a part of the game, but you grab me and tie me up before undressing me... You take your time there, as you know that the ‘real Victor’ won’t be back for hours, and I’m all yours for the taking. Then you start touching me and whisper what you’re going to do to me, and how it’s going to satisfy you. Then you start, and I have no choice but to give in to your every wish... You get to use me like I have no will on my own, like I’m just an object for your desire... Like a treasured toy...”

Victor realized that his mouth was completely dry and he found it to be difficult to swallow.

“At least that’s the start of my fantasy...” Yuuri then finished.

Victor felt his heart crash into the inside of his chest. “There’s more?” he asked cautiously.

Yuuri nodded. “Then you tame me... You train me to be a perfect fit for you... You get me a collar, a cage and you make sure that no one else would be able to take me away... You take me out when you need someone to satisfy you, and you know that it’s only me who can. You know that I’m right there for your every need.”

Victor was confused.

Was Yuuri being serious?

Was his fantasy really to be kept as a sex slave?

“I knew you would hate it,” Yuuri exclaimed as he noticed his mate’s reaction. “Just forget I told you.”

“No, no, no,” Victor halted. “I don’t hate it... I just... I need to understand, know more... Why do you want this?” he asked cautiously. “I thought you wanted an equal relationship? Keeping you as a prisoner sounds like some kind of abuse...”

“Oh god,” Yuuri whined. “It’s not,” he claimed. “It’s just a part of a fantasy. I don’t want it to be my life.”

Victor released a breath of relief. “But do I have to stay in character the whole time?”

“No... I... I want it to be you,” Yuuri explained. “Just, maybe just a evil version of you, at least at first... Like a version of you that doesn’t already have me, and you’re driven mad about the idea of me ending up with someone else.”
“So I take you for myself?” Victor asked. “Even if it’s against your wishes?”

“Well, it’s not exactly against my wishes if I want it,” Yuuri said. “I want to be with you, you know that,” Yuuri claimed. “I just don’t know it yet… In the fantasy…”

“So I’m hoping that by kidnapping you and locking you up, you will see that we are meant for each other?” Victor asked in disbelief.

Yuuri shrugged. “We’re soulmates,” he said. “I have to fall for you somehow.”

“And you would really want to be treated that way?” Victor asked, he felt like he had to make sure. “You would want your own wishes to be cast aside like that?”

“I know that you know what I want,” Yuuri stated. “And you could still be sweet, even if you’re rough.”

“But we would need to have safe words, and a lot of them,” Victor then said. “I wouldn’t be able to live with myself if I hurt you.”

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed. “But we really don’t have to do anything if it makes you uncomfortable. There are a lot of fantasies I have that can never come true.”

For some reason, Victor suddenly felt offended. In what way wouldn’t he be able to bring Yuuri full pleasure? “What do you mean?”

“Well, unless you’re able to grow some tentacles, I think I will have to let some of my fantasies go…” Yuuri said with a shy smile. “Watching too much porn wasn’t the best decision in my youth…”

Victor couldn’t help but to laugh at that. “You’re so kinky, Yuuri,” he said with a fond smile. “Thank you for opening up to me.”

Yuuri blushed slightly. “Thank you for not running away in fear…”

Victor leaned forward and gently pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “Never.”

“But I don’t want to fulfill my fantasies right now,” Yuuri then said. “Or maybe not even for years… I want to have sex fully for them… I don’t want to be scared of the possibility of a pregnancy.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “We’ll save it for the future.”

Yuuri smiled gratefully. “But we did have another fantasy saved for today, didn’t we?”

“The medal!” Victor exclaimed happily as he ran away to get it, leaving Yuuri alone on the bed.

As Victor returned with the golden medal around his neck, Yuuri couldn’t stop himself from grinning at the obvious tent between Victor’s legs.

“What?” Victor asked as he looked down. “Oh…”

“Let’s take care of that, shall we?” Yuuri asked lovingly as he reached for Victor’s hips. “My wonderful champion…”

A part of Victor wanted to abort, since he had such a beautiful plan already, but the stronger part of his brain was terribly curious of Yuuri’s intentions.
“Can I…?” Yuuri asked shyly as he tugged on Victor’s pants gently.

Victor nodded in approval.

Yuuri beamed as he carefully slid Victor’s pants down, smiling as his cock bounced up to horizontal position.

Yuuri then stood up and gently pushed Victor down in the bed.

Victor complied completely, even as he felt his brain beginning to shut off when Yuuri kneeled before him and licked his lips.

And he could hold back the Russian swear words when Yuuri dragged his tongue across his cock.

Yuuri smirked. “I take it that I won?” he said slyly.

“Yes, you won,” Victor agreed as he felt Yuuri’s warm breath on his length, and he was suddenly desperate for more attention to it. “Please…?”

“What do you want, Vitya?” Yuuri asked. “Do you want me to use my hand or mouth?”

“Mouth,” Victor said without much thought. He was already leaking pre-cum.

“Do you think I can deepthroat you?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully.

Victor swallowed thickly at the mere idea. “Just… Just don’t push yourself, love,” he pleaded.

“I won’t, Yuuri assured as he carefully made his attempt to take in all of Victor but was forced to pull out when he almost gagged.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked worriedly, even though he was barely hanging on to reality from the haze of his pleasure.

Yuuri nodded. “Let me try again?” he pleaded as he moved in for a second attempt.

Victor hummed in affirment but it came out as more of a moan when Yuuri repeated his action.

Yuuri would have smiled in victory, if it wasn’t for the fact that his mouth was more busy tending to his alpha’s needs.

“Yuuri, I… ahhh,” Victor cried as Yuuri picked up his pace. “I’m… close…” he managed to get out.

Yuuri pulled out, he was still bad at swallowing. But he helped Victor to his climax with his hand, taking pride in the desperate way that his alpha cried out his name in.

“Wanna go again?” Yuuri asked teasingly.

Victor muttered gibberish Russian as he lied down in bed to collect himself.

What had he done in his life to deserve his wonderful soulmate?

It didn’t make sense that he could be so lucky…

“Victor?” Yuuri prodded. “How was it?”

“I’m in heaven,” Victor said fondly. “You finally managed to kill me.”
Yuuri laughed at that before quieting down with a smile. “I suppose that I will have to tend to myself then…”

“Never,” Victor exclaimed as he pulled Yuuri down into the bed with him before climbing up and kissing him intensely.

It took Yuuri’s breath away.

When Victor pulled away, he did so with a spark in his eyes. “Why don’t you cum inside me?” he asked hopefully.

“Really?” Yuuri asked excitedly.

Victor nodded. “It was a long time since we did it last.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that. “Do we have any lube?”

“Aren’t you producing slick?” Victor asked.

“Not a lot right now,” Yuuri admitted. “It kind of has to be stimulated when I’m not in heat…”

“Then let’s stimulate you a little, yes?” Victor purred as he flipped them around and slid down Yuuri’s pants.

Yuuri blushed a little as Victor roamed him with his eyes.

“So sexy, Yuuri,” Victor drawled. “I’ll make you feel so good…” he said as he leaned down.

Yuuri didn’t even realize what was happening before he felt Victor’s tongue at his entrance.

And he definitely wasn’t proud of the surprised yelp that escaped him.

“Is this okay?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Yes,” Yuuri assured. “I was just a little surprised.”

“Should I continue?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded and threw his head back against the pillows as Victor licked him until he was leaking slick.

“You taste so good…” Victor said in delight. “Your slick tastes like the sweetest honey…”

Yuuri blushed intensely at that. “Is it a lot?” he asked worriedly.

“Enough,” Victor said with a reassuring smile as he dragged his fingers around Yuuri’s entrance to collect slick.

“Do we…?” Yuuri asked between strained breaths to keep himself from moaning. “Do we have the vibrator?”

“No,” Victor said apologetically. “Unless you packed yours?”

Yuuri shook his head.

Victor gently pressed a finger inside of Yuuri. “Does this help?” he asked.
Yuuri moaned in pleasure as he nodded furiously. “So good…” he got out. “Feels amazing…”

Victor smiled as he added another finger. “And this?”

Yuuri nodded again. “Are… Are you…? Ready?”

Victor almost forgot about himself. “In a minute,” he assured as he took the slick and rubbed it around his own entrance before quickly starting to stretch himself. He had practiced that a lot without Yuuri, so it only took a few minutes before he was ready for his mate.

“Let’s switch position again?” Victor pleaded as he lied himself on his back and pulled Yuuri with him.

Yuuri crashed their lips together in a breathtaking kiss.

Victor wrapped his hands around Yuuri’s buttcheeks and pulled him impossibly closer.

Yuuri felt his cock at Victor’s entrance and carefully pushed it inside, allowing Victor’s moans to encourage him.

And as he thrust back, he felt Victor’s fingers entering him again.

So he built up a steady pace where he could fuck Victor while also fucking himself on Victor’s fingers.

They both came with cries of pleasure before collapsing on each other.

Yuuri pulled out and Victor scooped him up to be the little spoon.

Yuuri cuddled closer immediately.

They stayed like that for a long moment, before Yuuri noticed the stickiness. “Vitya?” he said cautiously. “I think we need a second bath.”

Victor laughed fondly.

He agreed completely.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this XD <3 It was supposed to be about them crashing into their hotelroom and jumping straight into sex XD <3 But these characters have a mind of their own XD <3 And they are impossible to write sometimes XD <3

But I hope you liked this nonetheless XD

ALSO!!! Watch check out this wonderful piece of fanart!!!! <3<3<3
https://archiveofourown.org/works/15119921
Chapter 135

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor go out in Berlin to meet Tommy.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! XD I've been working on my screenplay, filming my documentary... There was a lot of drama, yada, yada, yada... It's really warm in Sweden and I'm dying XD We're supposed to be a cold country! I don't understand! XD Well, anyways, here's an update! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The morning after, Victor was the first one to wake up to his purring mate.

Nothing in this world could ever bring him more joy than having his mate so happy and content that he purred in his sleep.

He was forever grateful.

It was such a beautiful moment. Yuuri was completely relaxed, his head resting on Victor’s chest as he breathed evenly. He was completely wrapped in the blanket and had somehow managed to trap one of Victor’s legs in his cocoon.

Victor was slightly afraid to move.

He wanted the moment to last forever.

But unfortunately it couldn’t, as Yuuri suddenly stirred a few moments later.

"What time is it?" Yuuri asked sleepily, not opening his eyes but being fully aware of the fact that Victor was already awake.

"I don’t know," Victor admitted. "My phone is in my bag…"

"Mine too…” Yuuri sighed sadly. “It’s a good thing that we’re in no rush…”

Victor both loved and hated the fact that it seemed like Yuuri had forgotten that they were meeting Tommy today.

He wasn’t sure if he should say anything. If he kept Yuuri to himself all day, would that make him into a terrible mate?

They were going to Russia the day after tomorrow, if he just acted like he had forgotten himself, they might be able to avoid Tommy altogether.
“What are you thinking about?” Yuuri suddenly asked.

Victor was hit with dread.

He couldn’t lie.

“What makes you think that I’m thinking of something?” Victor asked in an attempt to buy time.

“You’re thinking very loudly…” Yuuri said fondly. “Even a deaf person would be able to hear it.”

“Well, deaf people have higher senses,” Victor said, hoping that he could change the subject.

“Is something wrong?” Yuuri asked, suddenly sounding a lot more awake and worried as he sat up so he could look into Victor’s eyes. “Why are you avoiding my question?”

Victor swallowed nervously, cursing himself for his stupid idea.

He couldn’t keep things from his soulmate.

“I just want to have you for myself today,” Victor finally admitted. “I want to stay in bed and cuddle and talk with you about everything.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “Why can’t we do that?” he asked before realisation dawned on him and he climbed out of bed, almost stumbling as his legs were both trapped in the blanket.

Victor grieved the loss of Yuuri’s warmth by hugging his abandoned blanket.

“I completely forgot about him,” Yuuri exclaimed in terror. “Do you think he’s mad? Do you think he’s waiting?” He managed to fish out his phone from his bag and finally noticed the time. “It’s almost 12.00pm! Half the day is lost!”

Victor hated to admit how good it felt that Yuuri had forgotten about Tommy.

It somehow made him feel more important that Yuuri was able to forget other people while he was around. Probably the infamous alpha-jealousness...

Victor sighed as the logical part of his brain came to its senses and realized that he had to comfort his soulmate.

“He’s not going to be mad,” Victor assured. “He should be grateful that he gets to see you at all.”

“But we have the banquet tonight, and we need to eat and get dressed before then,” Yuuri said as he untangled his phone charger from his bag. “That means that I’m only going to get to see Tommy for a few hours, we can’t see all of Berlin during that little time.”

“So we can travel here again whenever you want,” Victor said cheerfully. “You still have your checkbook, right?”

“I do,” Yuuri admitted. “But I wanted to use it to go somewhere else in Germany… Like Köln… They’re having Gamescom there next year.”

“We can take more trips,” Victor said reassuringly. “Wherever you want to go, I will take you. I promised you the world, and I want to discover every inch of it with you.”

Yuuri felt his heart swell at Victor’s words.
What had he done to deserve him?

“And if Tommy gets mad, it’s not your fault,” Victor continued. “You just won bronze in a world-
wide competition yesterday, of course you were going to be tired today. Not to mention that he’s the one who intruded to our plans. If he wants your time, it’s going to be on your conditions.”


“You can’t blame yourself for forgetting,” Victor said gently. “You’re human, not a computer.”

“Well, my brain needs some upgrading software,” Yuuri said as he finally managed to power up his phone.

“Has he tried to reach you?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded. “Several times… But he doesn’t seem mad at least,” he said in relief. “When can we go out?”

Victor shrugged. “As soon as we are dressed and ready.”

“An hour?” Yuuri guessed.

“Something like that,” Victor agreed. “Maybe two if we take an hour for cuddling…”

Yuuri found it very difficult to refuse an offer like that, but he knew that if he went back to bed with Victor, he wouldn’t be able to leave it again.

So he shook his head reluctantly. “We can cuddle tomorrow before or after we’re packing.”

“Fine…” Victor relented with a childish pout. “Does that mean that I have to get out of bed now?”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “I’m sorry, Vitya…”

Victor sighed dramatically. “The things I’d do for you…”

“…………………………………………..”

“How can you be so warm?” Yuuri asked in disbelief as Victor took his hand out in the cold December weather.

It was snowing outside, not enough to be remotely close to a blizzard, it was simply falling softly and sparkled under their feet as they walked.

“It’s not that cold…” Victor said fondly. “If it would be this temperature in Russia, people would have barbecues.”

“It’s freezing,” Yuuri complained as he pressed closer to his mate in search of some warmth.

“You need a better coat,” Victor said thoughtfully as he wrapped his arms around him. “I’d give you mine if you’d let me…”

“No,” Yuuri said immediately. “You’ll get cold.”

Victor rolled his eyes fondly, even though Yuuri was full of surprises, he could also be completely predictable. “Then I suppose I will have to buy you a new coat,” he said as a smile spread across his lips. “I can’t let you freeze in Russia.”
“I’ll be fine,” Yuuri assured when he suddenly noticed his old classmate.

Tommy was leaning against a statue in the middle of a square. He seemed to be writing to someone on his phone.

Yuuri wasn’t sure how to approach, but Victor wanted Tommy’s time to be over with, so he just walked straight up to him.

“Yuuri!” Tommy greeted happily as he put away his phone and caught Yuuri in an embrace.

Victor glared at the red haired boy.

Stupid Tommy… Think he can hug Yuuri like that.

“Congratulations on getting bronze, yesterday,” Tommy said as he pulled away. “It’s so impressive, especially since it’s a competition for the whole world.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said shyly. “I had some trouble with my free skate, but other than that, it went pretty okay.”

“If breaking the world record is considered ‘okay...’” Tommy mused. ”Seriously, good job.”

Victor was done with having that creep admire his soulmate, so he carefully wrapped his arm around Yuuri again and pulled him close.

“Hi, Victor,” Tommy greeted with a lot less enthusiasm.

“Hi, Tommy,” Victor spat as if his name was poisonous.

~Be nice~ Yuuri pleaded.

Victor released a sigh of defeat. “So you offered to be our guide?”

Tommy smiled as he nodded. “I’ll take you to the best places in Berlin.”

Victor narrowed is gaze in suspicion. He wasn’t letting down his guard one bit. Something about his smile seemed terribly wrong.

He wouldn’t trust Tommy if so his life depended on it.

“So where do we start?” Yuuri asked curiously.

Victor felt his heart swell at his mate’s sweetness. He was so kind and trusting towards others, and Victor had his mind set on protecting that innocence until his final breath.

If Tommy proved to be the asshole Victor was sure he was, he would make him pay for breaking Yuuri’s trust.

He hoped with all of his heart that Yuuri was right about him, even though his instincts told him the complete opposite.

“Did you know that omegas travel to Berlin from all across the world only to shop at one specific store?” Tommy asked as he nodded to a giant building.

Yuuri turned around so he could see what Tommy was looking at and immediately felt his heart stop. “A-a nest store?” he asked in disbelief.
“The biggest one in the world,” Tommy mused.

Victor glared at him.

How dared he take HIS mate to such an intimate place as a nest store?

What’s next? Lingerie?

No.

If Tommy did something like that, Victor would knock him out where he stood.

Even creepy had to have a limit.

~Can we go inside?~ Yuuri asked hopefully across the bond, as he looked to Victor with those beautiful eyes of his.

Victor would love to give into his mate’s wishes more than anything.

If it wasn’t for Tommy.

He didn’t want Tommy to know that kind of blankets Yuuri liked, or what brought him joy to nest with.

It was just too weird.

~Maybe another time?~ Victor pleaded. ~I don’t want him in there with us~

Yuuri could understand that. Getting nesting supplies was kind of personal, and getting them with Victor would be very intimate. Probably not the greatest time to bring an old friend with him.

But he definitely made a mental note of remembering it.

His nest in Detroit could really use a few more blankets…

“So do you want to go inside?” Tommy asked. “See if there’s anything you’ll like?”

“I think I want to see what else is in Berlin,” Yuuri said sheepishly, feeling bad about the lie but also knowing that it was for the best. “Victor and I have to go back to the hotel in three hours so we can get ready for the banquet.”

“Can’t you skip it?” Tommy asked. “I thought you didn’t like parties and stuff like that.”

“Well, it’s not exactly a party,” Yuuri assured. “It’s just a time for the skaters to relax and talk to each other, show good sportsmanship and such.”

Tommy snorted. “You’re dating your rival, isn’t that proof enough that you’re a good sport?”

“There will also be a lot of sponsors there,” Yuuri explained. “It’s a good opportunity to network.”

“Why do you need sponsors?” Tommy asked in confusion. “You’re engaged to a living bank.” He shot a meaningful look to Victor.

That struck a nerve in Yuuri. “I don’t want Victor to pay for my career,” he said as his eyebrows furrowed in annoyance. “I can take care of myself.”

Victor had to fight the urge to laugh in the German’s face. His Yuuri was so strong and independent,
and he couldn’t be more proud.

“I know, I didn’t mean it like that,” Tommy quickly assured. “I’m just saying that Victor would help you out if you needed him, right?”

“Yes,” Victor stated firmly. “I’m always there if Yuuri needs me.”

“There you go,” Tommy said with a shrug. “You don’t need sponsors.”

“But I do,” Yuuri pointed out. “I’m not getting money from Victor just so I won’t have to work for something. And even though I know he’s there for me, doesn’t mean I will use him. I know that he will support me through anything, but I still want to accomplish things on my own.”

“Of course,” Tommy agreed. “I think I forgot how independent you are…”

Yuuri could understand that. Due to his secondary gender, a lot of people would expect him to act like Tommy described.

Relying on his alpha for comfort and stability.

But Yuuri couldn’t do that.

Sure, it was great that Victor had a lot of money. It was a safety for the both of them. They would never have to worry about how they were going to survive in the future, they would be able to live a nice and comfortable life without struggles.

But Yuuri could never imagine giving up the joy of getting something for himself in return of living off his alpha.

Victor shouldn’t be able to pay for their life together.

If Yuuri could, he would contribute, and he would spoil his mate as much as possible.

Because Victor deserved it.

“But that means that we have little time,” Tommy then said. “And we have a lot more to explore if we only have three hours.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement and took Victor’s hand to keep him calm.

Victor released a sigh of relief when he held Yuuri’s hand in his own.

Vowing to not let him go until they were safe back at the hotel.

But a lot could happen before that…

Chapter End Notes

Tommy is a slippery fella, isn’t he? XD

It’s strange, but I really love watching you take sides and predict how things will go... XD
I can't wait to hear your thoughts! <3<3

Kudos bomb!! <3<3
Chapter 136

Chapter Notes

So here's a little bit shorter chapter <3 I hope you'll like it <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor only felt his annoyance grow as their tour continued.

Tommy still hadn’t done anything to prove Victor’s point, but he was being annoying about everything.

He only showed them things that he thought would impress Yuuri, like video game stores and Japanese food places that made katsudon. Now they were walking through an alley to get to some other nerd store that sold merchandise for games and movies.

Victor really wasn’t comfortable with not knowing Tommy’s intentions. He seemed a bit too fond of Yuuri to just be friendly.

And he… He kept touching Yuuri’s arm… Whenever he told a story or gave Yuuri a compliment...

Victor didn’t like that one bit, and he kept placing himself between them whenever he could.

Yuuri wasn’t even aware of it, he just thought that it was an act of friendliness, not subtle flirting.

Victor knew better, and he really wanted to punch Tommy in the face for it.

If only there was a way for him to do that without upsetting Yuuri or having to deal with the legal complications…

Stupid laws that forbid people from giving other people well-deserved punches.

“So what are you doing in Japan?” Tommy suddenly asked Yuuri. “Do you study or work or something else?”

~Lie~ Victor pleaded. He didn’t want Tommy to know that Yuuri was alone in Detroit. Who knew what that creep like him could do with that kind of information?

Yuuri sighed sadly. He felt bad that Victor had to feel so worried around Tommy. He wasn’t exactly a serial killer, just a bit socially awkward.

But he didn’t want to add fuel to Victor’s fire, so he decided to do as told.

“I’m working at my parent’s onsen,” Yuuri lied. “Whenever I’m not in the ice rink.”

Tommy looked at him skeptically. “I thought you lived in Detroit? The announcer said so during your performance.”

Yuuri momentarily froze.

“His coach is from Detroit,” Victor quickly chimed in. “They must have gotten it wrong.”
Tommy didn’t seem convinced, but he decided to let it go. “So how long are you working at your
parent’s for?” he asked. “I always thought that you were aiming for higher education.”

“I… Maybe someday,” Yuuri said nervously. Why was he this bad at lying? “I have my whole life
to get a education… There’s no need to hurry.”

“Well, there are some great universities here in Germany if you need any tips,” Tommy said with a
wink.

Victor snapped. “Yuuri is not moving here,” he stated seriously. “He’s not going to be close to a
psycho like you.”

“Victor,” Yuuri gasped.

Tommy snorted. “A psycho?” he asked in amusement. “Why do I have the feeling that you have no
idea what you’re talking about?”

“You know very well what I’m talking about!” Victor demanded. “And I’m just warning you to stay
the hell away from Yuuri. I’m not an idiot, I see the way you looking at him, I know that you’ll use
your disgusting manipulation to get what you want. But I’m telling you that you will never have
him.”

Tommy seemed completely unbothered as Yuuri gently grabbed Victor’s arm.

“Vitya, please calm down,” Yuuri pleaded. “We talked about this, and you promised that you would
at least try…”

“That was before he started to drool after you,” Victor stated. “And question you about your life, and
try to talk you into giving up your life to be close to him… I don’t trust him, he’s up to something…”

Yuuri looked to Tommy who shrugged in confusion.

“Victor I… “ Yuuri tried. “Do you want to go back to the hotel?”

Victor nodded. “I don’t want him to hurt you.”

Yuuri felt his heart break for his mate, he really didn’t like to see Victor so scared.

“I’m sorry, Tommy…” Yuuri apologized to his old friend. “But I think that we need to go…”

“Oh, well…” Tommy started, when someone suddenly called his name.

“Tommy-boy!” The strange person called as he stepped out of the shadows with a few other men.

Tommy tensed and immediately stepped forward, covering Yuuri from their view. “What are you
doing here?” he asked in annoyance.

“Had a few guys watching you, Tommy…” the man said. “Who are your friends?”

“None of your business,” Tommy snapped.

The man smirked. “So I’m assuming that you still don’t have my money?”

Victor could feel the tension in the air, and he gently tugged Yuuri back, ready to grab him and run if
these people wanted trouble.
If things had been different, he would have stood his ground and fight them. But he really couldn’t allow Yuuri to get hurt.

Taking his mate to safety was his top priority.

“What money?” Tommy asked, right before he was shoved up against the wall of the ally by two of the men as the third one brought out a switchblade.

“Don’t test my patience,” the man snarled.

“Victor, get Yuuri out of here!” Tommy shouted as he pushed the men back.

“What? No!” Yuuri snapped, ready to run to his friend’s aid when he felt Victor grabbing him and dragging him the other way.

“Come with me,” Victor alpha commanded.

He really had no other choice, Yuuri would be ready to give up his own life to save a stranger, and Victor couldn’t let him. He had to be selfish and get his mate to safety. He would make things right later.

“Victor, no, we have to go back!” Yuuri cried as he tried to fight the alpha command. “They could kill him!”

“I need to get you to safety,” Victor claimed. as he rounded enough corners until they were finally back to the main street. “Wait here, “ he pleaded.

“No!” Yuuri snapped. “I’m not letting you go back there alone!”

“Yuuri…” Victor pleaded. “I can’t let you get close to danger… I can take care of myself.”

Yuuri shook his head. “I’m not letting you go, they had a weapon, what if they hurt you?”

“Tommy is there alone, I hate him, but I can’t let him die,” Victor said with a sigh of defeat. “You should call the police, and I’ll go try to scare them off… Make sure that the creep is still alive. I won’t go close or risk getting hurt, I promise.”

“Victor, I… no,” Yuuri said helplessly. “Please don’t make me stay here while you put yourself at risk.”

Victor felt his heart get torn apart. He wanted to stay with Yuuri, more than anything. But he also felt like he had a responsibility to protect the people around them, and unfortunately, Tommy was a person around them. And he knew that Yuuri would be crushed if he died.

“I’ll be right back,” Victor promised and pressed a quick kiss to Yuuri’s forehead before pulling away. “Call the police!”

Victor looked at the walls as he tried to recall what alley they had been in when Tommy was attacked.

He was almost worried over how easy it had been to leave him behind to save Yuuri from potential danger.

But his soulmate did come first, no matter what.
Victor listened intently after the sound of a fight but felt his dread grow when he heard nothing.

It could mean one of three things…

Tommy had gotten away and the other people gave up on chasing him, Tommy had gotten away and were still being chased through the alleys, or Tommy was dead or bleeding out where they left him.

And how was Victor going to be able to explain that to Yuuri?

Finally, Victor recognized a sign, and he immediately recognized where he was. He was close to where they were. He rounded a corner and saw Tommy.

But it was not how he expected.

Tommy was smiling and giving the man who held the switchblade earlier a hug, before another man slapped him gently in the chest and said something that made all of them laugh.

Then the men walked off, leaving Tommy by himself.

Victor quickly hid behind the corner.

What had just happened?

~Are you okay?~ Yuuri suddenly asked worriedly. ~Is he alive?~

Victor wasn’t sure what to tell him.

Had Tommy just played them?

Chapter End Notes

Dun, dun, dun... ;) <3 I hope you liked it, I had no idea that this was going to happen, but I have to say that I'm intuigued! <3 I can't wait to see what will happen, so I'm off to write the next chapter <3<3 I hope you liked this one! <3<3
Chapter 137

Chapter Summary

The drama rises.

Chapter Notes

I have no idea what happened XD <3 This story just started writing itself XD <3 I hope you’ll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri felt his panic grow for every second that Victor was out of his sight.

He had talked to the police in English and they told him that they were sending a patrol to help and that he should wait for them to arrive.

Yuuri hated it.

He absolutely hated it.

He wanted to help, he wanted to make sure that Victor wouldn’t get hurt.

Standing on the outside made him feel like a joke, but he knew that he would be an idiot if he walked in there.

If he would get hurt, Victor would be so mad at him, and he would definitely break the laws to extract revenge on the people that hurt him.

Yuuri didn’t want him to do that, so despite how horrible it made him feel, he waited.

And waited…

He looked around, and despite being a very popular street, there weren’t a lot of people around.

Yuuri only froze when he suddenly saw the people that had threatened Tommy walking out from the alley.

Yuuri took a careful step back as he felt his heart drum in his chest. He looked through Victor’s eyes and only saw a brick wall.

Was he hurt?

How come he didn’t feel it?

“There he is!” a voice suddenly called, snapping Yuuri out of his thoughts.

Yuuri reached out to Victor in panic, praying to the gods that it would reach his mate in time.
Victor had no idea how to handle the situation.

He was still standing and glaring daggers at the brick wall in front of himself.

Then finally, he found enough anger in himself to storm over to Tommy and deliver a swift punch to the side of his face.

Tommy fell down with a grunt. “Victor…” he said hoarsely. “I thought that you…”

“You’re a pathetic excuse for a human being,” Victor spat. “I can’t believe that I came back for you…”

That’s when Victor felt a chill going straight through his body.

It was definitely Yuuri. But it didn’t feel like he was reaching out, or that he was just worried.

It felt like it had done five years ago, when Yuuri was almost taken from the rink.

Victor didn’t even waste another second on Tommy as he ran as fast as he could back to his mate. He could sense Yuuri’s fear, and as he looked through his mate’s eyes, he could see Tommy’s friends walking towards him.

Why wasn’t he running?

What if they hurt him?

Victor told his mate to run, when he suddenly felt a sharp pain to the back of his head that sent him falling to the ground.

Next thing he knew, everything was spinning.

His eyes fluttered close and he reluctantly fell into an oblivion of darkness.

~Yuuri, run!~

Yuuri felt as if his legs were getting heavier than lead as his fear crippled him.

He tried to remember his self defence classes, but those were for one single opponent, not three. And they definitely didn’t involve a weapon.

“Don’t move!” One of the men alpha commanded as they reached him.

Yuuri felt all of his mobility leave him all at once, and he almost felt like a statue.

But he somehow felt unable to focus on himself as he got a sharp sensation from Victor.

Something hit his mate in the head, and he needed to find out what happened.

But he couldn’t.

So he did the next best thing.

He hissed.
The men flinched away from him in an instant.

And Yuuri did another thing he never thought that he would do.

“Help!” Yuuri cried. “Help me!”

The men’s eyes widened in fear as a few people further away began running to the omega’s aid.

But someone managed before them.

Yuuri only managed to catch the glimpse of red hair as his old friend tackled into the men.

Tommy.

………………………………………

Victor felt his head spin as he tried to figure out where he was and what had happened.

One second, he was running, and the next, something hard knocked into his head.

Wait.

Why was he running?

Victor looked around, he was in an alley. How did he get there?

Then all of his memories returned to him all at once.

Yuuri!

Victor forced his body to stand, using the wall to keep himself steady as he walked on uneven feet.

He reached out, and felt some of his worry ease when Yuuri reached back.

~Victor, where are you?~ Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor looked though Yuuri’s eyes, and felt his blood boil when he noticed who Yuuri was looking at.

Tommy.

And he was on the ground, fighting the people he had previously been friendly with.

What was he doing?

Did…

Did he knock him out?

~Are you okay, Vitya?~ Yuuri asked, sounding almost terrified. ~I… It feels like you’re hurt… Please talk to me…~

………………………………………

~I’m fine, love~ Victor claimed. ~I… Someone must have knocked me out… I’m coming…~

Yuuri felt his heart break.

Victor was unconscious?
And he promised that he wouldn’t put himself at risk.

Now he was hurt...

“Yuuri, are you okay?” Tommy asked worriedly. “Did they hurt you?”

“No…” Yuuri said cautiously. “But… But I can’t move…”

Tommy growled at the man under him. “You alpha commanded him, you bastard?” he questioned before delivering a final punch, knocking the man out before walking over to Yuuri.

“Release,” Tommy alpha commanded, making the previous one disappear before he hugged Yuuri tightly.

Yuuri only had one thought on his mind as soon as the alpha command was gone, and that was finding his mate.

“Tommy, where is Victor?” Yuuri asked as he pulled away.

“He’s probably back in the alley,” Tommy said thoughtfully. “He came back for me, but when he tackled one of those guys, they knocked him out,” he said as if he was recalling the events. “They talked about taking you, as they sensed that you were an omega, and I knew that I had to save you… Even if it meant putting myself at risk.”

Yuuri felt his heart break. He never wanted anyone to put themselves at risk for his sake.

And now Victor was hurt, and probably lost somewhere in that alley.

“I… I need to find Victor,” Yuuri said apologetically.

Tommy nodded in understanding. “Did you call the police?”

“Yes,” Yuuri admitted. “Victor told me to call them before he went back.”

“Good,” Tommy said in relief. “I’ll keep an eye on these guys until they arrive.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said, he had no idea what else to tell someone who had just saved his life.

Tommy smiled gently. “You’re welcome.”

Victor had to stop several times to steady himself.

He wasn’t sure who had knocked him out. He had his bets on Tommy, but he had no proof since he didn’t see it.

But whoever it was, they did a good job.

Victor had never had a concussion before, but he was pretty sure that he had one now.

He was feeling nauseous, dizzy and confused. And all these stupid walls all looked the same.

Victor felt Yuuri reach out, and he immediately responded with reaching back.

~I’m coming for you, Victor~ Yuuri assured. ~Just hold on~

Victor was doing just that, and he was eternally grateful that Yuuri was unharmed.
He was scared, yes.

But he would be alright.

Victor was sure of it.

Yuuri did his best to follow his instincts to find his mate.

The best thing about reaching out, was that he got a somewhat good feeling of where Victor was.

Whenever they were in the same room and reached out, they immediately made eye contact, because the act of reaching out, was their souls reaching for each other, and their bodies were a lot weaker than their souls.

So Yuuri figured that if he just allowed his soul to lead him, he would find his mate.

He rounded a corner, and finally caught sight of his Victor.

But he immediately felt his heart stop at the sight.

Victor was standing with his back turned to him, but his normally sliverly hair now had a red stain in it.

“Victor!” Yuuri called in horror as he ran the final distance to his mate.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked as he turned around in time for his soulmate to grab him and turn him back around.

“What happened?” Yuuri questioned, hand hovering over his head. “Who did this?”

“I… I don’t know,” Victor admitted. He would have loved to blame Tommy immediately, but the truth was that he wasn’t sure. And he couldn’t lie.

“You promised that you wouldn’t put yourself at risk!” Yuuri said angrily. “You promised!”

Victor tried not to let it get to him. He knew that Yuuri’s anger came from worry. “I’m sorry,” he said dumbly.

Yuuri released a sigh of defeat. “I… I’ll take you to the hospital…” he stated. “I need to make sure that you’re okay…”

“I feel fine,” Victor said in an attempt to reassure his mate. “Just a bit of headache…”

“Victor, you’re bleeding,” Yuuri told his mate seriously. “You’re not fine.”

Victor hated the fear in Yuuri’s voice, and he was willing to do anything to make things right.

“Let’s get you out of here,” Yuuri said gently and took Victor’s hand.

Victor nodded and followed his mate without any arguments.

It was a small step in the right direction at least.

And hopefully Yuuri’s anger would soon vanish along with his worry.
Dear god, things just got complicated XD <3 I hope you're enjoying this arc! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your wonderful comments! <3<3
Chapter 138

Chapter Summary

Victor does his best to convince Yuuri of his side of the story.

Chapter Notes

I have no idea what's going on with this story tbh XD I wanted everything to be revealed, but apparently these characters had other ideas XD <3

Anyways, I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor went rigid when he and Yuuri walked out of the alley to find Tommy waiting for them.

The police had arrived and were in the midst of arresting the three people that Tommy had knocked unconscious.

“I’m so glad that he’s okay,” Tommy said as he walked up to them.

“He’s not okay,” Yuuri snapped. “He’s hurt, I… I need to get him to a hospital.”

“I’ll come with you,” Tommy offered. “It’s the least I can do for dragging you into this mess.”

“No,” Victor said darkly. “You’ll stay the hell away from my mate.”

“Victor,” Yuuri scolded his mate. He got that Victor was mad at Tommy for causing all the drama, but it really wasn’t his fault that some psychos wanted to beat him up. And Tommy did do his best to make up for it, he even saved his life.

“He’s evil, Yuuri,” Victor claimed. “I saw him being friendly with those people. He even hugged one of them… He planned this, I know he did.”

“Why would I do that?” Tommy asked in disbelief. “I would never allow anything to hurt Yuuri. If I would have known that those psychos were looking for me, I never would have offered to be your guide.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully.

He wanted to believe Victor above all else. But his story didn’t make a lot of sense.

Why would Tommy plan something like this? He knew how much Victor meant to him, he wouldn’t cause anything to hurt him, right?

Besides, it sounded incredibly far fetched that Tommy would go through so much trouble and even hand his friends over to the police, just for the slight chance to impress him.
But Victor was his true mate, and he wouldn’t lie. He couldn’t lie.

“How badly did they hit your head?” Tommy asked as he frowned worriedly. “You told me that something happened with Yuuri, and you had to get to him, then one of those guys hit you with a bottle. I wanted to check on you, but I figured that you would have wanted me to go to Yuuri instead.”

“Yuuri, he’s lying,” Victor claimed. “I was still with him when I sensed that you were in trouble.”

“That’s because they split up,” Tommy stated. “There were about seven of them. Three of them went to go after you, Yuuri, after they noticed that Victor had left you unprotected. They figured that an omega would be worth a lot more than what they believed I owed them.”

Yuuri remembered that there were more than three when they first confronted Tommy. They were three that grabbed him, but there were still two of them standing a bit further away. And there was a big possibility that more could have joined.

“No,” Victor snapped. “There were five, but they split up when you told them to.”

“When I told them to?” Tommy asked in confusion. “Why would I tell them to split up? Two of them were holding me, two of them ran away after they thought that they killed you, and three went for Yuuri. You’re just confused.”

Yuuri wasn’t sure what to believe anymore.

“Think about it, Yuuri,” Tommy pleaded. “How stupid would I be to ruin the only chance I would get to see you again?”

“No, you’re not stupid,” Victor claimed. “Just crazy.”

“Trust me, if I was crazy, I wouldn’t be trying so hard not to punch you!” Tommy snapped. “I’ve taken so much shit from you today, and I would love to get you back for it.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” Yuuri said darkly.

“No, because I know you would kill me,” Tommy stated. “You know me, Yuuri,” he said gently. “Do you really think that I would be capable of all of this?”

Yuuri didn’t think so, but he also couldn’t deny Victor’s story.

What if he really did see something?

But if Victor was right, it also meant that Tommy really was a monster.

How else could he do something so horrible?

"I… I don’t know…” Yuuri admitted. "I just… I need to be with my mate right now… I need him to be okay… Whatever else happened… It doesn’t matter right now.”

Tommy’s face fell a little. "Right, yeah, of course… I mean, if you talk to the police officers, I’m sure they could give you a ride to the hospital.”

Yuuri looked to Victor worriedly. His mate seemed to be only a few seconds away from physically attacking the other alpha, and he realized that he should probably act fast.

“Victor,” Yuuri said gently, gaining his mate’s attention. “Let’s go…”
Yuuri felt like he could finally breathe when Victor was cleared from any serious damage.

The wound in his head was superficial, but he did have a concussion, which the doctor’s told him could lead to memory loss, nausea, dizziness, confusion and a few other symptoms.

Yuuri wasn’t sure if the confusion and memory loss was a reason to what Victor saw. If his mind was playing trick on him, it could explain why he saw the things he saw.

Yuuri really hoped that that was the case.

“Well, I suggest that you stay away from physically demanding activities,” the doctor said as he began cleaning up the room. ”Get plenty of rest and no skating for at least two weeks.”

Victor nodded as he frowned thoughtfully. ”Can a concussion create illusions?” he asked. He really wanted the doctor to prove to Yuuri that a simple punch to the head wouldn’t make him see things that weren’t there.

”Illusions?” the doctor repeated in confusion. ”What do you mean?”

”I think I remember something right before I was knocked out,” Victor stated. ”How am I sure that it’s real?”

”Well,” the doctor started. ”An impact to the head is a very complicated matter, in some cases, yes, there have been patients talking about hallucinations or memory loss due to the damage made to their brain.”

”What does that mean?” Yuuri asked worriedly as he hugged Victor’s hand a little bit tighter.

”There’s no need to worry, I don’t believe that the impact made to Victor’s head is severe enough for him to get hallucinations. But it also varies between people…” the doctor said before turning to Victor. ”That said, I want to inform you that a head injury could temper with the memory. And since you said that the memory in question took place right before you received the trauma to your head, there is a chance that there might be a blank space in your memory to the moments leading up to that, and your mind inserted something that would seem to fit in the lost space.”

That was not the answer Victor wanted. ”So you’re saying that I could have made my memory up?”

”In short answer, yes,” the doctor said. ”And since you’re an alpha, the possibility is even greater. Alphas have difficulties with showing their injuries and hurt to the people around them, and since the idea of memory loss could be considered a weakness, the brain could have come up with a memory of its own to make the memory seem intact.”

Victor frowned.

He knew what he saw.

His mind couldn’t have made something like that up, right?

”What is it that you think you saw?” the doctor asked. ”Pink elephants? Bright light? A loved one?”

”No,” Victor said, he really didn’t feel like talking about it anymore.

Yuuri looked at his mate in disbelief. What if it was important? What if the doctor needed all of this information to properly do his job, and Victor was lying?
“He saw my friend being friendly with the people that attacked us,” Yuuri answered for his mate. If Victor was lying to not seem weak, Yuuri would definitely not encourage that kind of behaviour.

“Your friend?” the doctor asked in confusion.

Victor glared at the wall. How could Yuuri still consider Tommy a friend? After all he had done?

“Is he jealous?” the doctor asked Yuuri.

“No, I’m not,” Victor snapped. “Tommy is dangerous, and I want my mate to stay away from him.”

The doctor nodded in understanding. “Well, there is also a slight chance that your mind saw what it wanted to see…”

“You don’t know anything,” Victor snapped at the doctor. “I’m not crazy, I didn’t make it up, I really saw it, and you should not work in medicine.” he stood up from the examination table and stormed over to the door. He stopped right before walking out. “Yuuri?” he said with pleading voice.

“He didn’t mean it,” Yuuri tried to excuse his mate’s behaviour. “Thank you for all your help.” He then walked to his mate and took his hand before walking out of the hospital with him.

Yuuri didn’t like Victor’s silence as they returned back to the hotel. He was tense and stoic, and not at all the usual, lovable soulmate he knew that he was.

It all felt… wrong.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked gently.

Victor released a calming breath. “Yes?”

Yuuri swallowed nervously. “Are you mad?”

Victor was quiet for a long moment. “What do you think?” he then asked.

Yuuri flinched as if he had just been slapped in the face.

“I…” Yuuri tried. “Is there something I can do?”

Victor sighed tiredly. “I’m tired,” he said as he walked over to the bed and lied down.

Yuuri felt his heart break in his chest. Victor had never been like this to him before. Even if he was hurt, he always put him first.

Now he didn’t even want to talk to him.

In that moment, Yuuri felt his phone vibrate in his pocket.

He didn’t know what else to do, so he took his phone up, and noticed that it was a text message from Tommy, asking if everything was going alright.

Yuuri wrote him back and told him the truth. That Victor had been cleared and he was resting.

Tommy wrote him back immediately and told him that he was glad.

Yuuri didn’t know what to make of it.
Tommy seemed sincere, but so did Victor.

But Victor didn’t want to talk to him or explain his side of the story so that he could understand.

If Victor actually was right, and Tommy did something to hurt him…

Yuuri would make sure that Tommy would pay.

No one was allowed to harm Victor and get away with it.

But how could he know who was right?

Yuuri had a idea, but he was sure that Victor would never go for it.

But Yuuri would have to meet Tommy alone.

If it was only Tommy and him, Yuuri could trick him and get him to speak the truth. He was less guarded around him and he probably wouldn’t guard his words as carefully.

But if Victor was right, there was a chance that Tommy could be dangerous.

Was that a chance he was willing to take?

He looked to Victor, and how he was breathing deeply on the bed.

Sad and hurt.

Yuuri made up his mind.

He had to find out the truth.

Chapter End Notes

So I tried to do some research on concussions, but nothing I found wanted to agree with the plot, so I’ll blame it all on the fact that this is an AU, and I get to make up the rules with how brains works XD <3

Ohhh... And Yuuri meeting Tommy alone... How will this end...? :) <3<3

Well, at least we all know that this is a fluff story! <3 And it will all be okay! <3<3

Anyways, I'll stop ranting! XD

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS BOMB! <3<3<3<3<3<3<3
Yakov felt his temper flare when Yuuri explained his very idiotic plan.

“And you actually think that this is a good idea?” Yakov questioned.

Yuuri nodded cautiously. “I will be careful,” he promised. “I just need you to watch over Victor.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “And what if he wakes up?” he asked. “How do you expect me to tell him that you’re putting yourself in danger? At least bring someone.”

“I can’t,” Yuuri said apologetically. “He would never open up if someone else is around.”

“And what if he alpha commands you?” Yakov questioned. “What then?”

“He won’t,” Yuuri assured. “And if he does, I know that he’s a bad person.”

“And what are you going to do with that information if he hurts you?” Yakov asked. “Or what if he does something else to you?”

“He has the protective gene, he can’t hurt me,” Yuuri stated. “And if he alpha commands me, or try to take me away, I can just reach out to Victor. He will be able to find me.”

“And what if he kills you?” Yakov asked seriously. “If Victor is right and the kid is crazy, I don’t think the protective gene will be strong enough to keep you safe.”

“Mr. Feltsman… Even crazy people with the protective gene can’t harm omegas,” Yuuri explained. “There haven’t been a single murder case in history where an alpha with the protective gene has killed an omega. There have been kidnapping cases, but never a murder case.”

“Well, nothing says that this won’t be the first,” Yakov pointed out before taking a deep breath to calm himself down. “Just… I’m begging you… Don’t do this.”

Yuuri felt his heart break from the genuine plea from his soulmate’s coach. “I… I have to… I need to know if Victor was wrong, and if he was right, I need Tommy to confess. I can’t let him get away… If the situation was reversed, Victor would do the same for me.”
Yakov scoffed. “If the situation had been reversed, Victor would have believed you over everyone else… He wouldn’t even question you. If you told him that someone hurt you, they would be in for a death sentence.”

“Not if it was someone Victor cared about,” Yuuri protested. “If I told him that you hit me in the head, Victor wouldn’t just start beating you up, he would want to know the truth.”

Yakov sighed. He knew that Yuuri was right. “So what is your plan exactly? And what do you want me to tell Victor if he wakes up?”

“Well,” Yuuri started. “I’m meeting Tommy right outside the hotel, I will keep the recorder on on my phone. I want to see what he has to say about today, and if he slips up, I’ll have proof,” he said. “And if Victor wakes up, tell him that I’m with Celestino to prepare for the banquet.”

“He can look through your eyes,” Yakov pointed out. “Lying to him won’t get you far.”

“Hopefully it will win me some time…” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “I won’t be with Tommy for long. I’ll keep the GPS activated on my phone. And if I’m not back in three hours, you can expect that something is wrong. Victor and I have tracking apps on our phones to make sure that we won’t bother each other during class and such, so if Victor is still asleep, you can just use his phone. His passcode is 1129.”

“Don’t you think I should wake him up if something is wrong?” Yakov questioned in disbelief. “He would want to know.”

Yuuri cringed slightly. “Not when he’s still recovering…” he said thoughtfully. “I don’t want to put him through that kind of stress if it’s not absolutely necessary.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “Your kindness is foolish. If Victor finds all of this out…”

“I know,” Yuuri cut off. “And hopefully he won’t. Which is why I need you to look after him. Try and get him to go to the banquet or something, keep him distracted.”

“Have you met Victor?” Yakov questioned. “If he wakes up and you’re not here, he’s going to go crazy.”

“Not if he thinks that I’m safe,” Yuuri claimed. “Tell him that I’m with Celestino and try to keep him occupied.”

Yakov sighed. “I really hope that you know what you’re doing…”

“I do,” Yuuri assured. At least he hoped so.

Yakov narrowed his gaze before releasing a breath of defeat. “Fine, but you better be careful.”

Yuuri nodded with determination. “I will.”

Yuuri felt his heartbeat raise when he saw Tommy waiting for him right outside the glass doors of the hotel.

He double checked his phone to make sure that it was recording and that his GPS was activated. He then went outside to greet his old friend.

“Hi, Yuuri,” Tommy greeted with a smile.
“Hi,” Yuuri said dumbly.

“So how is he?” Tommy asked, his voice filled with concern.

“He’s asleep,” Yuuri stated. “And I think he’s mad at me for not believing him.”

Tommy lit up a little at that. ”You don’t believe him?” he asked in surprise.

Yuuri shook his head. He did believe Victor, but not fully… But there was no need for Tommy to know the full truth. ”I didn’t think that his story would make any sense… I mean, you’re not an idiot.”

Tommy frowned slightly before quickly smiling again. ”Well, I’m glad that you believe me.”

Yuuri smiled back. ”Well, friends don’t lie to each other…”

”Yeah, no they don’t,” Tommy agreed.

And suddenly, there was a thick, awkward silence between them.

Yuuri didn’t know what to make of it.

”So… Did you want to explore more of Berlin?” Tommy asked.

”Just… No alleys,” Yuuri pleaded.

Tommy chuckled fondly. ”No alleys,” he agreed.

Victor woke up and felt a lot better. The pounding in his head had been reduced to a slight humming, but he still managed to crack his eyes open.

”Victor, are you awake?” Yakov asked gruffly.

Victor’s eyes widened. How did Yakov get into his and Yuuri’s hotel room? And more importantly, where was Yuuri?

”Where’s Yuuri?” Victor asked hoarsely as he turned around in bed, hoping that his soulmate was napping beside him.

”He’s with his coach,” Yakov stated. ”The banquet is in a few hours, and I want you to go.”

”I’m hurt, Yakov,” Victor said dramatically and fell back into bed. ”I’m tired, I want to sleep.”

Yakov sighed. ”Fine, then I guess that Christophe Giacometti will have to keep Yuuri entertained tonight…”

Victor hated that his coach knew exactly which buttons to press. ”Fine,” he relented. ”I’ll go…”

”But you’re not going like that,” Yakov stated. ”You look horrible, I got you everything you need to look presentable tonight.”

Victor looked to the bag that Yakov held out for him and he took it gratefully.

It contained a face mask, his hair products, soap, perfume, body lotion, and everything else he used when he needed to look nice.
“You better get to it, Vitya,” Yakov stated. “Yuuri is doing the same.”

Victor yawned tiredly but got out of bed nonetheless. He needed to reach out to Yuuri to make sure that he was okay, but he didn’t feel any urgent distress, and he wasn’t too worried if Celestino was with him.

He didn’t want to disturb his mate either, there was a chance that Yuuri might be upset with him from how he acted earlier, which meant that it might be better for his soulmate to spend some time with Celestino and his family.

“Vitya, hurry,” Yakov urged.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m going,” Victor said with a roll of his eyes.

What was all the rush about?

…………………………………………

“Are you still cold?” Tommy asked worriedly.

Yuuri shook his head.

It had been an hour, and Yuuri had yet to pull a confession out of him. He was starting to doubt this plan.

He should just accept that he would never know the truth, and simply believe Victor.

His soulmate came first, and even if he was wrong, he still deserved to know that he had his full support.

“So…” Yuuri said awkwardly as they walked down an unfamiliar German street. “…I think I should be heading back to the hotel…”

“Already?” Tommy asked in surprise. “We have a lot more to see.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “But I want to be there for Victor when he wakes up, I don’t want him to worry.”

“So you’re just going to ignore your own life to please your mate?” Tommy asked in annoyance. “I thought you had more self-respect.”

“I love Victor,” Yuuri said simply. “And if I have to give my time to him, I would gladly do so.”

“So that’s how your life together will be like?” Tommy asked in disbelief. “For you to just drop everything to please your alpha?”

“What?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “No, that’s not it at all.”

Tommy sighed tiredly. “He doesn’t deserve you, Yuuri.”

Yuuri frowned. “Victor deserves the world, and I’m just sad that I can’t give it to him.”

“He should have protected you today,” Tommy claimed. “He shouldn’t have left you by yourself and in potential danger.”

“He did protect me,” Yuuri quipped. “Just not in the way you think… He knew that I would be crushed if I lost a friend, and he tried to save me from getting hurt by saving you.”
“He’s an idiot,” Tommy snapped.

“Watch it,” Yuuri warned feeling his temper flare. “That’s my true mate you’re talking about.”

Tommy took Yuuri’s hand. “I could be more for you, Yuuri,” he said pleadingly. “If you just gave me a chance.”

“No,” Yuuri said, pulling his hand away. “I’m destined to be with Victor. He is my soulmate.”

Tommy looked around as if he was desperate for a sign, or something that would help him get Yuuri on his side. “What if he wasn’t?” he suggested. “What if I was?”

“You’re not,” Yuuri stated, feeling his annoyance grow. “And you can never be.”

Tommy’s eyes filled with tears. “You know…” he stated, averting his gaze. “I would do anything for you.”

Yuuri took a deep breath to gather his emotions. “I… I’m sorry, Tommy,” he said honestly. “I just… I can only love him.”

“Unless he was gone,” Tommy muttered under his breath.

Yuuri’s heart stopped. “What did you say?”

Tommy flinched. “Wouldn’t you want that?” he asked. “Then you could be free to be with anyone of your choosing, you wouldn’t have to be tied to someone who doesn’t care about you the way I do!”

“Victor cares,” Yuuri snapped. “He cares more than you will ever know!”

Tommy shook his head in disbelief. “Then how come he let you go out alone with me?”

Yuuri felt like his patience had reached its limit. “If you hadn’t knocked a bottle in his head, he would be here now.”

“I…” Tommy tried. “I didn’t mean to hit him so hard…”

Yuuri saw red, and he didn’t even register the pain in his knuckles as it collided with Tommy’s jaw, making him fall to the ground.

“Don’t you ever come near me or my mate ever again,” Yuuri growled. “And if I ever see you again, I will have you arrested for attempted murder.”

“Yuuri, I…” Tommy stuttered out.

Yuuri turned around and walked away.

He was trying not to let his feelings get to him, but he could feel his heart break within his chest.

Victor was right.

Tommy was a monster.

And now it was his own fault for getting his mate hurt.

~Yuuri?~ Victor asked gently. ~What’s wrong?”
Yuuri swallowed his emotions and quickly wiped his eyes before the tears had a chance to run down his cheeks.

He wished that he didn’t know. He wished that he would just have believed Victor from the start. If he trusted his mate, none of this would have happened.

He should have never met his friend again.

This was all just a huge, horrible mistake.

~Yuuri, why are you outside?~ Victor asked in confusion. ~You’re worrying me, please tell me what happened?~

Yuuri took a deep breath.

He needed to tell his mate the truth.

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Chapter End Notes

YAY!! <3 Yuuri finally got to punch Tommy right in the face! <3 After all the torment from Stranger Danger, I really felt like it was the best way to mark the one year anniversary! <3 Even though it ended on a sad note, we know that they will be okay, since they have each other <3 (Victor will just have to get through his freakout when Yuuri tells him the truth...)

ANYWAYS! <3 Thank you all so so so much for following this story for A YEAR! <3 I can’t even believe that a whole year has passed since I started writing this fic, and I never expected so many of you to like it, so it just means so much to me <3<3 THANK YOU! <3<3<3

KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3

PS: Sorry for being bad at answering comments lately <3 I read them all and I love them with my soul, but I hate the fact that if I answer a comment on page 3, I immediately get pushed back to page 1 and then I have to wait for the pages to load and everything... XD (I know, poor me) But still, I’ll answer the comments that has questions or a heart put into them <3<3 You're all still valid, but I've answered over 14000 comments throughout my fics, and I'm getting worned out XD <3<3 Still love you though!! <3<3 I'll stop ranting now <3<3 LOVE YOU!! <3<3
Chapter 140

Chapter Summary

Yuuri tells Victor the truth, and they talk through it.

Chapter Notes

Finally had some time to write! <3<3 I hope you'll like this! <3<3

~You were right~ Yuuri told Victor across the bond. ~I’m so sorry, Victor~

Victor frowned in confusion.

What did he mean? Right about what?

~I just saw Tommy~ Yuuri admitted.

Every single muscle in Victor’s body tensed at the words.

Tommy?

What?

~Please don’t be mad~ Yuuri pleaded. ~I’m fine, he didn’t hurt me…~

That was bullshit. Victor could feel Yuuri’s heartbreak as if it was his own.

~Not physically at least~ Yuuri corrected. ~But it’s fine, I’m never going to see him again~

Victor felt his worry grow.

Where was Yuuri now? Was he alone out there with Tommy?

No…

No, no, no, no...

“I’m almost back at the hotel,” Yuuri said reassuringly. “I’ll be at the entrance in a few minutes.”

That was still too long in Victor’s opinion.

So he stopped getting dressed and went for the door instead.

“Vitya! Where are you going?” Yakov snapped.

Victor ignored him as he left the door open and rushed to the elevator. He pressed the button several
times in his eagerness to have Yuuri in his line of sight.

Why was he so reckless? Why would he go out and see Tommy by himself?

Didn’t he know the risks? Didn’t he know how dangerous it was?

Victor felt his blood pressure rise as his thoughts spiraled away, and he began to imagine all the worst case scenarios.

What if Tommy brought his friends and cornered Yuuri, taking him away? Or what if he drugged him? Alpha commanded him? Manipulated him?

The list was endless. Had Yuuri really thought this through? Or had he been foolish enough to march into danger without some kind of plan?

Victor asked him, but Yuuri didn’t respond.

Victor could feel that his mate was embarrassed and sad, and decided that he couldn’t push too hard.

He knew Yuuri too well. If he was pushed too hard, Yuuri closed down. Victor would just have to pry it out in some other way.

Preferably in person.

If only this stupid elevator would arrive at some point….

At that moment, the elevator dinged and opened up.

Victor went in immediately and began clicking the next button with all of his might.

“Vitya! Where are you going?” Yakov asked, looking very worried as he walked out of the hotel room. “Is Yuuri alright?”

“I’ll find out,” Victor stated before the doors closed and the elevator began to move down.

He tried to take deep breaths to calm his nerves, but he somehow felt unable to do so without knowing that Yuuri was safe and sound.

Yuuri was still so young. He had just turned eighteen years old, but he still had so much to learn about the world.

Victor wasn’t mad at him, but he was scared for him.

Yuuri was the love of his life, if something happened to him…

Victor didn’t even want to finish that thought.

It wasn’t even an option to him.

He just had to make sure that Yuuri would never do anything so stupid again.

The elevator doors opened in the lobby and Victor practically rushed out of the elevator before they were even fully open.

He went to the doors and stepped out in the cold weather when he finally saw his Yuuri.

He was walking a bit further away, all alone and he looked completely devastated.
Victor felt his heart break for him.

Even if Yuuri had been an idiot, it would never justify him being this crushed.

Victor realized too late that he wasn’t wearing neither shoes nor a jacket as the weather became his biggest foe in reaching his beloved mate.

Yuuri seemed to notice. ~Victor, go back inside~ he pleaded. ~You’re going to freeze~

Victor didn’t care. He just needed Yuuri in his arms, so he continued forward.

Yuuri began to run.

They finally reached each other in a bone crushing embrace.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri whispered sadly. “I should have believed you from the start.”

Victor hushed his mate. “You don’t need to apologize,” he assured. “I know you’re sorry.”

Yuuri pulled away. “I… We should go inside…”

Victor nodded and shifted on his feet. “Yeah…”

Yuuri took his soulmate’s hand and walked inside with him.

Determined to make things right.

………………………………………

Yakov did not look happy when Victor and Yuuri returned back to their hotel room, but after seeing the looks from the two mates, he immediately swallowed his anger.

“Are you okay?” the grumpy coach asked instead.

Yuuri and Victor nodded in sync.

“I think we need some time alone,” Victor said apologetically.

Yakov nodded sternly. “I’ll see you two at the banquet later, yes?”

“Yeah,” Victor said dismissively.

Yakov left with no arguments.

Victor closed the door when Yuuri went inside and he locked it behind them.

They stood in silence for a long time before finally finding the words to speak again.

“What happened?” Victor asked.

Yuuri cringed slightly. “I was an idiot,” he stated. “I should have trusted you from the start about Tommy…”

“That doesn’t matter,” Victor assured. “Just tell me what happened. What got into your head?”

“I…” Yuuri tried but felt his heart clench. “I couldn’t get what the doctor said out of my head. About the fact that there could have been a chance that it wasn’t a real memory… And I knew that if it was, I… I needed to hear him say it.”
“And did he?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded sadly. “Yeah…”

Victor took a deep, calming breath. “I just… How could you be so reckless? If you knew that there was a chance that Tommy is actually violent and has a lot of sketchy connections… Why would you go out there alone?”

Yuuri clenched his jaw and averted his gaze. “I know that what I did was dangerous and reckless.” Yuuri admitted. “But you have no right to judge me after what you did. You literally ran into a fight where you knew people had weapons.”

“To save your friend,” Victor exclaimed.

“I told you not to!” Yuuri argued. “If you would have asked me, I would have told you that I would rather have you safe than him. You could have stayed with me, we could have gotten help, but you were too concerned with being the hero that you rushed into danger and left me alone to deal with the aftermath…”

Victor felt his arguments die in his throat. “You would have been crushed if he died,” he stated. “I was protecting you.”

“And how would that work out if you got hurt or worse?” Yuuri questioned. “Do you think that I would ever be able to recover from that?”

“Do you think that I would if something happened to you?” Victor quipped. “At least I didn’t do what I did behind your back.”

“You wouldn’t have let me go,” Yuuri claimed. “And I needed to know the truth.”

“Why couldn’t you just believe me?” Victor asked. “Don’t you trust me?”

“Of course I trust you,” Yuuri exclaimed. “I trust you more than anything in this world, but I had no evidence, and there were two completely different versions of the story, and you were so confused that you couldn’t even find your way out of the alley. And Tommy had just saved my life. I didn’t know what to believe.”

Victor understood, and he realized that he might have been a bit unfair, but he still hated the fact that Yuuri went out without a backup plan and put himself in danger. There had to be a smarter way.

“Still, what you did—”

“I know,” Yuuri cut off. “I know that you were worried, and I know that things could have gone a lot worse than it did, but I did take precautions, I told Yakov what I was going to do, I kept the GPS activated on my phone and told Yakov how to find me if things went wrong.”

“And what if Tommy would have destroyed your phone?” Victor asked.

“I only stayed in public places with him, where I had people around. If things would turn sideways, I’m sure that someone would’ve help,” Yuuri explained. “I was as careful as I possibly could be. I stayed close to the hotel, I looked out for signs and… And… And I’m not an invalid. I know how to protect myself. I was careful, and nothing in life is completely safe. I’m sure that this is safer than going to a general store in Detroit.”

Victor sighed. “I know,” he finally admitted. He didn’t like that statement, but he understood where Yuuri was coming from. “I’m just… I’m so scared of what could have gone wrong. And I don’t
know what I would have done if Yakov woke me up and told me that you were missing… I…”

“I’m fine, Vitya,” Yuuri said gently. “And I’m so sorry for worrying you… If there had been a better way to learn the truth, I swear that I wouldn’t even go near him… It wasn’t a waterproof plan, but it did work… I know that he was the one who hurt you, and I got him back for it.”

That’s when Victor noticed Yuuri’s bruised knuckles. “Yuuri! You’re hurt!” he exclaimed in terror. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“It doesn’t hurt,” Yuuri admitted, but Victor wouldn’t hear it, he just led Yuuri to the bed and ran over to the mini fridge in search of an ice pack.

“Victor, please sit down,” Yuuri pleaded. “You have a concussion.”

“And you have a broken hand,” Victor quipped.

“It’s hardly broken…” Yuuri assured. “But hopefully Tommy’s jaw is…”

Victor smiled slightly at that, before the truth of Yuuri’s words finally settled in. “Are you okay?” he asked gently. “I mean, it couldn’t be easy to learn that your childhood friend…”

Yuuri sighed. “I will be fine,” he promised. “I just need some time… I mean… I really thought that he was my friend… I really thought that he would never…” he trailed off as tears filled his eyes. “I just… I don’t know who to trust anymore…”

Victor sat down next to Yuuri and wrapped his arms around him. “You can always trust me,” he assured. “I would never do anything to hurt you.”


Victor kissed the side of Yuuri’s forehead. “We’ll be okay, Yuuri,” he said gently. “I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Let’s hope that Tommy stays gone <3 And hopefully they might have some time to stop by the nest store before going to Russia? ;) <3<3 We’ll see <3<3 They first have a banquet to attend… ;) <3<3

Thank you for reading and for leaving such sweet comments! <3<3 I love you all!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3

Oh, also!! Read my first bonus chapter for dearly beloved here: https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/
Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel his knees wobble when Victor walked out of the bathroom, fully dressed and ready for the banquet.

And he had to be breaking some kind of law due to how amazing he smelled.

“Do you have scent amplifiers?” Yuuri asked dreamily. “You smell so good…”

Victor smiled at that. “I don’t know if I should be happy that you like my scent or disappointed that you don’t recognize my perfume brand.”

“That’s perfume?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “It’s so strong…”

Victor frowned a little. “When is your heat?”

Yuuri shrugged. “In a few weeks, hopefully…” he said as his cheeks dusted pink. “It should be in the middle of January… Why?”

“Just… You seem a little sensitive,” Victor said gently. “I’m not wearing that much perfume.”

“Oh,” Yuuri said awkwardly. “Well, I… Maybe I just like it a lot?” he asked. “I don’t need to be in heat to appreciate how wonderful your scent is.”

Victor smiled at that. “You’re too sweet,” he said lovingly. “Maybe we should stop by the nest store tomorrow and get supplies, in case it comes while you’re in Russia?”

Yuuri immediately felt his heart flutter with excitement. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “If you want to?”

Yuuri nodded shyly. “Just the two of us.”

Victor gently pressed his lips at Yuuri’s forehead and caressed his cheek. “Just the two of us.”

……………………………………………. 
Yuuri and Victor arrived to the banquet a few minutes before it had officially started. There were mostly sponsors around, and a few coaches.

Yuuri felt a little worried. He was never comfortable in social gatherings.

Victor could sense his mate’s worry and immediately wrapped his arm around Yuuri’s waist.

“I’ll stay by your side, okay?” Victor said gently. “You don’t need to worry.”

Yuuri felt his heart swell and took a deep breath. “What if someone brings up my bad performance?” he asked. “No one is going to want to sponsor an anxious mess…”

“That would be their loss when you win gold next year,” Victor stated. “And no one has a right to make you feel bad about something like that, and I will pity anyone who’ll try with me around.”

“Thank you, Victor,” Yuuri said honestly.

“Of course,” Victor said and hugged Yuuri a little tighter as they approached Yakov.

“You came,” Yakov said as if he was surprised. “And on time.”

Victor nodded. “I couldn’t allow Yuuri to be late for his first banquet in seniors.”

Yakov’s attention then shifted to Yuuri. “How did it go?”

Yuuri shrugged. He really didn’t feel like getting into it, but he also felt like he owed Yakov the truth. “Tommy is an asshole.”

Yakov nodded sternly. “Are you all right?”

“Yes,” Yuuri assured and glanced to Victor. “Or I will be…”

“Good,” Yakov said and changed his attention back to Victor. “Well, Vitya I’ve talked to a few sponsors who want to set you up for a deal, they’ll give you free gear for a year in exchange for some marketing through social media.”

Victor sighed. “I can pay for my own gear, Yakov.”

Yakov frowned. “It’s still impolite to not hear them out. I strongly suggest that you talk with them before turning their deal away.”

“Yuuri, there you are,” Celestino suddenly said. “I’ve been talking to some sponsor that would love to meet you.”

Yuuri glanced to Victor worriedly. He really didn’t want to be without his mate.

Victor seemed to feel the exact same way. “Uhm, can I go with Yuuri?” he asked Yakov pleadingly. “We are supposed to stick together.”

“Vitya,” Yakov said tiredly. “You will still be in the same room. If you need each other, you’re literally within walking distance.”

Victor looked to Yuuri worriedly.

Yuuri looked to his coach, Celestino seemed to be prepared to let him stay with Victor if he wanted to. But he somehow felt like he should take responsibility and talk to his sponsors like a adult.
Not hide behind Victor.

No matter how badly he wanted to.

“I…” Yuuri said before gathering his words. “Yakov is right,” he said. “And it’s just for a little while…”

Victor looked at his mate worriedly. ~Are you sure?~ he asked gently.

Yuuri nodded. ~I’ll be fine~

“Okay,” Victor relented. “But you know where I am if you need me, right?”

“Of course,” Yuuri assured. “And if you need me, I’ll be close…”

Victor smiled. “Good.”

“And don’t strain yourself,” Yuuri pleaded before turning to Yakov. “Mr. Feltsman, if Victor looks tired, please take him somewhere where he can rest, and let me know in case Victor won’t.”

Yakov nodded and placed his hand on Victor’s shoulder. “This way, Vitya.”

Yuuri looked after his mate as he walked off, before turning to his own coach.

“Are you ready?” Celestino asked.

Yuuri nodded. “Let’s do it.”

Victor hated not being close to Yuuri. He constantly looked over his shoulder to make sure that Yuuri was okay, and he sometimes listened in to make sure that people were respectful to him.

He knew far too well how it felt like to be young, and have weird people trying to talk you into suspicious deals. And even though Celestino was at Yuuri’s side and would help him fend off the weirdos, he still felt like he should be there as well.

The more people protecting his Yuuri, the better.

“Vitya,” Yakov suddenly hissed.

Victor turned back to the sponsor he was supposed to be listening to. “Sorry, did you say something?”

The man before him frowned in disapproval. “Children…”

Victor cringed for the inevitable lecture from his coach as the offended sponsor stormed off.

“Vitya,” Yakov sighed.

“I know, but Yuuri is talking to people,” Victor said dumbly. “I need to make sure that no one tries to invite him to their basement for a ‘special photoshoot’.”

“No one is going to do that,” Yakov assured. “And if they did, do you seriously think that Yuuri would be foolish enough to accept? Or do you think that Mr. Cialdini would encourage him to do something like that?”
Victor frowned as he once again looked over to Yuuri. “I still don’t want to risk anything when it
comes to him.”

Yakov nodded in understanding. “You still need to learn to let him go a little…” he said gently. “I
know that you want to be physically attached to him, but you two have your own separate careers,
your own lives, and acting like children on an official event won’t be beneficial for either of you.”

“We’re not acting like children,” Victor protested. “It’s been a long day, and we want to get through
it together, that doesn’t make us childish, it makes us in love.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “You won’t stop until I’m bald, will you?”

Victor shook his head. “Maybe the lack of hair will make my wisdom actually get through your thick
head?”

Yakov snorted in amusement. “Just wait until it happens to you…”

Victor gasped. “I have my mother’s hair, I won’t go bald.”

Yakov chuckled. “Just wait and see, Vitya… Just wait and see…”

Yuuri kept looking over his shoulder everytime he could in order to make sure that his mate wasn’t
affected by his concussion.

He asked Victor to stay back at the hotel to rest, but he already had his mind made up that he wanted
to go to the banquet, and he assured him that nothing could go wrong as long as he had his mate by
his side.

Unfortunately that was no longer the case.

Yuuri tried to pay attention when the sponsors talked to him, he really did. But it was as if his heart
only wanted to pay attention to Victor.

Somehow he managed to get through the conversations with the sponsors with polite answers and a
slightly strained smile.

And finally they politely excused themself and went to speak with other people.

Celestino turned to his protégé with a smile. ”That went very well,” he beamed. ”Nike are very good
sponsors, and an excellent start for your career.”

“Yes, right,” Yuuri agreed. ”Sorry, I just… can I go to Victor?” he asked carefully. ”I… I want to
make sure that he’s okay.”

Celestino regarded the younger omega for a moment. He did look very anxious. ”Of course,” he
agreed. ”I’ll see if I can find Gina.”

Yuuri smiled briefly before making his way over to his mate.

Victor smiled as he approached. ”Hi there, beautiful,” he greeted and took Yuuri’s good hand and
kissed it softly.

”Hi, you,” Yuuri greeted back. ”I missed you.”

”I missed you too,” Victor admitted. ”The banquet is so boring without you by my side.”
Yuuri felt his heart swell. "Then I suppose that I will have to stay here…” he mused. "Wouldn’t want you to be bored."

"That’s the best statement I’ve heard all day,” Victor declared. "Thank you for looking out for me.”

Yuuri chuckled fondly. "Always.”

Just as Victor leaned in to claim a kiss from his mate, there was suddenly someone who cleared their throat. "I’m sorry, you’re Yuuri Katsuki, right?” The man asked.

He was dressed in a very cheap suit that seemed to be very old. A few buttons had fallen off and the fabric had lost its shine what seemed to be decades ago.

In general, he didn’t look like a sponsor. And there was something about his smile that made something crawl under Yuuri’s skin.

"Uhm…” Yuuri stuttered. "I… yes…”

The man’s smile widened. "It’s a pleasure to meet you, Yuuri, your reputation precedes you. I’ve heard that you’re a very talented young man.”

"Thank you…” Yuuri said cautiously and looked to Victor. His mate was sizing the man up. Which meant that he probably had a similar feeling.

"I’ve heard that you just turned eighteen,” the man continued. "You do still look very young…”

Yuuri swallowed nervously, suddenly very uncomfortable with the conversation.

"But that might be your omega glow, it does make you people seem a lot more youthful,” the man said, taking a step closer. "I would love to sponsor such a wonderful young man as yourself… If you want me to?"

Yuuri really didn’t feel good about that offer.

"Do you represent a company?” Victor questioned sternly. Something was definitely wrong with that man, and he felt like he needed to go to the bottom of it. "What do you have to offer?”

"Oh,” the man said, digging into his pocket. "I make custom made skating gear. I would be able to supply you with a lifetime of free skates.”

"Yuuri has skates,” Victor stated. There was no way that such a creepy man would even get to talk to Yuuri alone. He just wanted him out of his sight. "So he’s not interested.”

Normally Yuuri would have been annoyed with Victor speaking for him. But that man felt really uncomfortable, and he just wanted him to go away.

"Yuuri!” Celestino suddenly called as he rushed over with terror in his eyes. "Victor, get Yuuri away from that man.”

Yuuri didn’t even have time to react before Victor pulled him back and Celestino blocked both of them from the man’s reach.

Victor wanted to take Yuuri out of there, but he also felt like he should stay close in case he needed to protect the older omega.

"How dare you come here?” Celestino asked the man vehemently. "You’ve been banned from these
events.”

The man seemed to have trouble with finding his voice.

"You will leave," Celestino stated. "And you will never attempt to contact another skater, is that understood?"

The man swallowed thickly as a security guard approached. "Is something wrong?"

"Yes," Celestino stated. "This man is not allowed in these events after what happened in the eighties when he took advantage of a minor omega. I have a personal restraining order that he’s violating. And he needs to be escorted out of here."

The security guard nodded in understanding and grabbed the man’s arm. "This way, sir.”

Celestino turned to Yuuri. "Are you all right?" he asked worriedly. "Did he say something to you?"

Yuuri felt fear bubbling inside of him. Celestino had never looked so scared before."W-who was that?" he asked fearfully.

Celestino sighed in defeat. "A man from my past. I don’t ever want him near you, understood? He is a sick, sick man."

"Celestino?" Gina called as she gently walked up to his husband. "Was that…?"

A nod from Celestino made Gina’s face turn into a scowl of pure hatred. "I’ll kill him,” she declared and got ready to storm after the man and the security guard when Celestino held her back.

"Honey, it’s fine,” Celestino assured. "He’s gone."

"He should have been put away for life!” Gina snapped. "I can’t believe that he was so close to you again…"

"He approached Yuuri," Celestino stated. "I had to protect him."

Gina gasped and immediately turned to Yuuri. "My dear, Yuuri. Did he say something to you? He didn’t get your number or or contact information, right?”

Yuuri shook his head. "I… what’s going on?" he asked worriedly. "Did he…?" he turned to his coach curiously. "Did he do something to you?"

The wounded look on Celestino’s face told Yuuri all he needed to know.

Victor unconsciously tightened his hold on Yuuri’s hand.

Yuuri turned to Victor, his mate was almost completely rigid with fear and anger.

"Yuuri,” Celestino said seriously. "If you ever see that man again, call the police and find someone who can protect you. Okay?"

Yuuri nodded in understanding. "I will,” he promised.

Celestino released a sigh of relief. "Good. Thank you."

"Can I asked what he did?” Victor asked carefully. ”And what do you think he wanted to do with Yuuri?”
Celestino’s face darkened. "He was my sponsor when he still had his shop… I was young and naive and believed the best in people. He took advantage of that… When I was seventeen he took me away from the crowds and alpha commanded me to go down on my knees and open my mouth to him…"

Victor felt his heart twist within his chest. He really wished that there was something he could have done to prevent it. Even though he knew it was impossible.

Celestino cleared his throat. ”Anyways… I told my coach and he was put away for a very long time. I thought it was for good, but apparently I was wrong…”

"I…” Yuuri tried but he couldn’t find any words to express how horrible it truly was. ”I’m so sorry…”

Celestino smiled gently. ”Thank you, Yuuri.”

Gina still looked furious. ”I still want him dead,” she admitted. ”A scum like that doesn’t even deserve to breathe the same air as the rest of us. He’s a waste if space, a parasite, a-”

”Honey,” Celestino said soothingly. “Don’t work yourself up, he’s gone now.”

“Thirty years too late,” Gina stated as tears started to fill her eyes. “Excuse me,” she said before walking off.

“Gina,” Celestino called after her before turning to the true mates. “I’ll just make sure that she is…”

Victor and Yuuri nodded in understanding as the older omega followed his wife towards the restrooms.

As soon as they were gone, Yuuri released a tired sigh. “I hate this day,” he stated. “Can it just be over soon?”

“Do you want to go home?” Victor asked gently.

Yuuri nodded. “I’m not really in a party-mood… I don’t think I ever was…”

Victor could understand him completely, it had been a long day for all of them. Especially for Yuuri.

“I’ll just tell Yakov to inform Celestino once they are back,” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “I’ll be right back.”

“Okay,” Yuuri said as he looked around the party. Those who didn’t give him worried looks seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Chris walked in with his coach, completely unaware of what had just happened and he waved to Yuuri cheerfully.

Yuuri waved back with a lot less enthusiasm, he just couldn’t find his cheerfulness anywhere.

Chris seemed to notice as he walked over to him. “Where is your soulmate?” he asked carefully.

“Yakov,” Yuuri answered simply.

Chris frowned worriedly. “Is everything okay?”

Yuuri shook his head sadly. “It’s been a long day…”
Chris nodded thoughtfully as Victor returned.

"Yakov said that it’s okay to leave,“ Victor stated.

"You’re leaving?“ Chris asked in surprise. “The banquet has barely even started."

"You’re an hour late, Chris,“ Victor told his friend sternly before taking a deep breath to calm himself. “I’m sorry, we’ve just had a very long day."

"So I’ve heard,“ Chris said thoughtfully. “Anything I can do?"

"Just enjoy the banquet for the rest of us,“ Victor said gently. “And let us know if something exciting happens."

"Of course,“ Chris agreed. “It will be just like you are here."

"Thank you,“ Yuuri said gratefully. He was so thankful that Chris didn’t push them for answers, but simply accepted what they wanted and showed his full support.

Chris shrugged. “Of course.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand and held him close. “Let’s go.”

Yuuri wasn’t prepared for the cold air that hit them outside. The snow was blazing and the air was freezing.

"Want to walk?“ Victor asked with a smug smile, he wasn’t serious, but he was willing to say anything to see the adorable look on Yuuri’s face.

"Walk?“ Yuuri asked nervously.

"Just kidding, love,“ Victor assured. “I have my car waiting.”

Yuuri released a breath he didn’t know he was holding. The idea of ending this horrible day by walking in a snowstorm was definitely not something he would enjoy. But he was glad that it was nothing but a joke.

Victor chuckled fondly. “Come on, luchik…”

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri turned around, and immediately tensed.

“Tommy?”

Chapter End Notes

I know, too much drama... Can't they get a piece of mind? XD No, not today!!
#WorstDayInTheirLives

Anyways, yeah... I'm not sure if I'm the one writing anymore XD Otherwise I wouldn't write 12 pages that I don't even have the energy to proof-read XD
Still, I hope you liked this, and I'll try not to let you hang off the cliff for too long XD
Chapter 142

Chapter Summary

Tommy confronts the couple.

Chapter Notes

*Pulling you up from the side of the cliff* There you go! XD That wasn't too bad, was it? XD

Anyways, this is another looooong chapter XD <3 And I hope you'll like it! <3

PS: Bring your toothbrush for the ending #Spoilers.

"I… I need to explain," Tommy stated as he walked towards them.

"Stay back," Victor demanded. "I'm calling the police," he brought out his phone and immediately pressed in the number.

"Yuuri, please," Tommy continued. "I never meant to hurt you, you have to believe me."

"No," Yuuri said. "You've done nothing but lie to me. I'm done believing you."

"I thought I was helping you," Tommy admitted. "I read what it said in the paper, about Victor manipulating you so that he could win gold. I just wanted to show you that there are better options out there. I even called the OPS to help."

"Victor didn't do anything like that," Yuuri snapped. "And you could have asked us about it, instead of doing the stupidest stunt in the universe."

"I…" Tommy stuttered. "I thought that if you saw how well I could protect you, you would see that Victor isn’t the only one who’s capable of keeping you safe."

Yuuri felt his anger grow. "So you decided to knock him out and risk his life, just so you could seem like a hero?"

"I never meant to hurt him," Tommy exclaimed. "I didn’t expect him to come back for me, but he confronted me, and I knew I had to act fast or lose you forever."

"You lost me forever the moment you decided to hurt my soulmate," Yuuri snapped. "I… I told you to stay away from us. I don’t want to see you."

"Yuuri, please," Tommy begged and took a step forward.

"Stay back," Victor demanded and stepped forward to shield his mate.
Tommy sighed. “This doesn’t concern you,” he stated. “I’m speaking to Yuuri.”

“You must be joking,” Victor said and handed his phone to Yuuri. “Yuuri is MY soulmate. And I’ll give my life for him in an instant, and you are a threat to him. Be grateful that I’m not ripping you apart.”

Tommy scoffed. “Like you could…” he said with an evil glare. “You’re a pathetic excuse for an alpha…”

Victor felt his temper flare in an instant. He was a very proud person, and he couldn’t allow this scum to question his status like that.

“Victor, no,” Yuuri said urgently, grabbing his arm. “Ignore him.”

Victor felt his heart racing.

“Have actually been able to protect Yuuri from anything at all?” Tommy asked in amusement. “From where I’m standing, it seems like all you can do is get him into trouble.”

Victor had heard enough, and he refused to hear a single disrespectful word come out of that horrible man’s mouth.

“Victor!” Yuuri called, but it was already too late. Victor had already tackled Tommy to the ground, and held him down like a struggling fish.

“Shut up!” Victor growled in the alpha’s face.

Yuuri heard the dispatcher speaking German on the phone, but he no longer cared about that. His mind was currently occupied with trying to prevent his mate from committing murder.

So Yuuri placed the phone down on the ground and ran up to the alphas in an attempt to get Victor away.

But he might as well be air.

“Victor, please stop,” Yuuri begged.

Victor felt his mind ease up at the sound of Yuuri’s voice, but the second he turned his face towards his mate, Tommy took advantage of the situation and shoved Victor away.

Victor realized absentmindedly that there was no longer a barrier between his mate and the threat, and it made his instincts take over and he once again threw himself towards the other alpha.

Yuuri felt his panic grow.

Victor was already hurt and had been order by a doctor to rest.

This was the complete opposite of resting.

“Victor,” Yuuri tried again for what felt like the hundredth time. “Stop fighting!”

He wished that he was able to alpha command. If he was an alpha, this fight would not even be a problem right now. No one would fight on his behalf and he would be able to fend for himself.

This sucked.
“Please!” Yuuri tried.

“Yuuri, go inside and get help,” Victor ordered.

“I…” Yuuri tried, but he couldn’t get out his words.

“Now!” Victor snapped.

Yuuri flinched and took a step back. He didn’t know what else to do but to do as Victor said.

He had never seen Victor in an actual fight before, and he was terrified beyond belief at the mere idea of Victor getting hurt.

He opened the door and quickly ran inside, his mind felt like a whirlwind and he had to stop for a few seconds to remember where he was and what he was supposed to do.

His mind was screaming commands at him, and he knew it was critical to help his mate stay safe.

He swallowed thickly and felt his lungs working again as he saw three security guards that were on a break by the elevator.

“Is everything all right, kid?” one of them asked.

Yuuri didn’t even manage to get any words out before he involuntarily broke down crying.

Victor should definitely thank his parents after this for making him take self-defence classes throughout his life.

When he was younger, he had accused his parents of being paranoid. They had been convinced that someone would try to kidnap him, since he was a billionaire’s son and all, and they had made him learn all kinds of self-defence techniques ever since he was five.

But they definitely came to good use now.

He had the perfect knowledge on how to swiftly hold someone down painfully without risking killing them.

And he would lie of he said that he didn’t feel some kind of pleasure from Tommy’s painful grunts.

After everything he had put them through, it wasn’t more than right.

“Let go,” Tommy demanded as he was struggling.


“You’re keeping us apart, we’re supposed to be together,” Tommy claimed as he vainly tried to push Victor away.

“What part of no don’t you understand?” Victor asked in annoyance. “Yuuri doesn’t love you, he doesn’t want you, All he wants is for you to leave him alone.”

Tommy huffed in annoyance. “You don’t know shit… I felt Yuuri reach out to me.”

“You’re delusional,” Victor stated. “If he was truly your soulmate, he wouldn’t hate you like he does. He doesn’t want you in his life, he’s just too polite to tell you to go fuck yourself.”
“You don’t know Yuuri like I do,” Tommy declared. “Every time you look away he smiles to me. Every time that you’re not there, he tells me words of love and I know he feels the same. He’s just scared of you.”

“Scared of me?” Victor questioned. “Do you have any idea how stupid you sound?”

“You could ruin his life with the snap of your fingers if you wanted to,” Tommy stated. “You have money and influence and your alpha status. If Yuuri gets on your bad side, you could take his whole life away from him and make him serve at your feet.”

“I would never do that,” Victor said behind gritted teeth.

“Yeah?” Tommy asked in disbelief. “Give me one good reason to believe you.”

“Because I love him!” Victor snapped. “A concept that you clearly don’t understand. Why else would you assume that love is about control, manipulation and threats?”

Tommy averted his gaze.

“What?” Victor questioned. “Are you finally out of lies to tell?”

Tommy scoffed. “You can’t keep us apart forever,” he said angrily. “Yuuri will be mine.”

Victor adjusted his grip and pressed Tommy deeper into the ground. “Over my dead body…”

Tommy smiled, he actually smiled. And it made him look distorted. “That could be arranged…”

Victor was just about to respond, when the doors to the banquet hall finally flew open and three giant men came running towards them.

“Mr. Nikiforov, we can take it from here,” one of the men said as they approached.

Victor may or may not have delivered a final blow to Tommy’s stomach as he got up, if only to make a point.

Tommy rolled over and tried to get to his feet, when the other men grabbed him and held him back.

“Where’s Yuuri?” Victor asked, feeling his worry grow when his mate didn’t return.

“Inside,” one of the men said. “We couldn’t allow him to run back into a fight.”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. How in the world did they manage to convince Yuuri to wait inside? Unless they…

“Did you alpha command him?” Victor questioned.

The man shrugged. ”For his own safety.”

Victor felt his heartbeat rise. Yuuri had to be panicking in there.

He was just about to head inside when one of the men grabbed his arm. ”Did you call the police?” he asked seriously.

Victor nodded as he looked around, spotting his phone in a pile of snow.

He picked it up and realized that the phone call was still calling.
He pressed the phone to his ear. "Hello?" he asked cautiously.

"Sir, a patrol car is heading to your current location," the woman on the line said. "This call has been recorded and can be used in a court of law. Just stay calm and know that help is on the way."

"Thank you," Victor said and gave his phone to one of the men. "Hold on to this," he pleaded. "I need to go to my mate."

The man nodded and continued the phone call in German.

Victor dropped everything else and went to find his soulmate, now when he could finally focus again, he could sense Yuuri’s fear and worry across their bond.

~Are you okay?~ Yuuri asked urgently.

Victor immediately responded to settle his mate’s fears. And he could feel how Yuuri’s heartbeat slowed down at the reassurance.

~Thank god~

Victor asked Yuuri the same question, and he was not comfortable with the lack of answer.

~I will be when I see you~ Yuuri finally admitted.

Victor released a breath of relief as he hurried inside, and immediately locked eyes with Yuuri. He was standing in the lobby all by himself. His eyes were red and puffy from crying, and he was visibly shivering.

"Yuuri," Victor sighed with all the love he could possess as he ran the final distance to his mate. Yuuri didn’t waste any time to wrap his arms around him. “I’m so glad you’re okay,” he sniffled. “I don’t know what I would have done if…”

Victor hushed him and gently brushed his hand up and down his back in soothing motions. “I wouldn’t let him. I would never allow you to get hurt like that.”

Yuuri nodded against his shoulder. “Just… Please… Don’t do things like this to me again… I… It breaks my heart to feel so helpless… I…”

“I’m so sorry,” Victor apologized. “I just wanted you to be safe… If something would have happened to you…”

“I would be fine,” Yuuri stated. “I’d rather get beaten to death than know that you died on my behalf.”

Victor felt his heart break. “Don’t say that…” he pleaded. “You’re the most important thing in my life…”

“And what do you think you are?” Yuuri finally snapped. “You keep throwing yourself in danger and leave me behind without answers. This was the second time today, and I don’t ever want it to happen again.”

“It was the only way to keep you safe,” Victor tried. He needed Yuuri to understand.

“Victor…” Yuuri sighed tiredly. “Safe is the last thing I want to be when you are in danger. How
would you feel if I did something like that to you? You are not my protector, you are the love of my life. And I don’t want to live without you.”

Victor’s eyes widened in understanding. “I… I’m sorry, Yuuri. I just… I don’t know how to think when you are in danger. My brain shuts off, and protecting you is all I know how to do.”

“Then I need you to learn another way to do so,” Yuuri stated. “Because if you keep doing this, sending me away in the face of danger and deal with things yourself, it’s just a matter of time before you’ll get yourself killed. You need to learn how to let me in. Accept my help.”

“I can’t.” Victor said apologetically. “If you got hurt, I would crumble. And I’m a selfish, selfish alpha…”

“Yes, you are,” Yuuri agreed as he wiped away the remains of his tears. “But I can’t live like this… Something needs to change. I…” tears once again filled his eyes. “I can’t lose you…”

Victor completely understood where Yuuri was coming from, but he couldn’t even imagine a version of himself that would ever willingly allow Yuuri to be in danger.

“You won’t lose me,” Victor said instead. “Not even death would be strong enough to keep me away from you.”

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “Please?” he begged. He just needed something… Anything, that would keep him from falling apart. He needed some kind of reassurance that he wouldn’t be left behind and having Victor die for him.

“I… I can’t lie to you, Yuuri,” Victor admitted. “And I will do everything in my power to keep you safe from danger. I’m not capable of doing anything but that.”

“But we’re stronger together,” Yuuri claimed. “You’re only one person, and you can’t handle everything by yourself. And even though I’m not physically as strong as you, I’m still not incapable of helping.”

“I know,” Victor admitted. “I know you’re right, but… I’m just not capable of not protecting you.”

“That’s not a good enough answer…” Yuuri said in disappointment. “I… I need you to either promise me that you will at least try to change the way you act in emergencies or I’m going to change the way I act. I will stop listening to you. I’m going to be just as reckless as you are. Throwing myself at the threat and take it out myself, because I refuse to let you die on my behalf.”

“Youuri…” Victor pleaded. “You know I can’t make you promises that I don’t know if I can keep.”

Yuuri set his face. “Fine,” he agreed.

“Youuri…” Victor tried.

“No, it’s fine,” Yuuri claimed. “You made your choice.”

“You’re not going to throw yourself at danger,” Victor stated. “I won’t let you.”

“Then you will have to alpha command me,” Yuuri quipped. “Cause I’m done with standing by the sidelines.”

“Fine, I’ll try to change the ways I act,” Victor relented.

“How?” Yuuri pressed.
“I won’t ask you to leave or stay back,” Victor said dejectedly. “I won’t try to push you away.”

“Promise me?” Yuuri pleaded.

“What?” Victor asked.

“Please…” Yuuri begged. “Promise me that you’ll keep those words.”

Victor took a deep breath. “I promise.”

In that moment, sirens began blaring outside the door.

The police had arrived.

“We should probably go outside,” Victor said thoughtfully. “I need my phone back, and I’m sure that they have a lot of questions.”

“I can’t,” Yuuri admitted.

“You don’t need to be scared,” Victor said gently. “There are three people holding Tommy, and now cops… He won’t get to either of us.”

“Victor, I’m not scared, but I can’t go outside,” Yuuri admitted. “I can’t even move my legs.”

Victor frowned in confusion. “Why?”

“Alpha command,” Yuuri said reluctantly. “I’m told to stand still…”

Victor felt his temper flare at the reminder that his mate had been commanded by an unfamiliar alpha. He took a deep breath and allowed his pheromones to reach Yuuri. “Release,” he then spoke slowly as an alpha command.

Yuuri moved his feet. “I think my feet are asleep…” he said thoughtfully. “It’s itchy…”

“Remind me to lecture the asshole who did this to you,” Victor pleaded. “No one has a right to alpha command you.”

Yuuri smiled slightly and took Victor’s hand. “Let’s just go outside…”

Victor couldn’t help but to feel a small streak of joy in seeing Tommy getting wrestled into the backseat of a police car.

The police officers approached them not long after and shot questions at them like it was their life’s purpose.

What surprised Victor the most was how calm and collected Yuuri was while answering their questions. Apparently he had listened in on his and Tommy’s conversation through their bond, and was not afraid to overuse the words ‘death threats’ and ‘attempted murder’. He even played his omega card and told them how scared he was of the mere idea of getting kidnapped.

It ended with the police officers apologizing for questioning them to roughly and offered to drive them back to their hotel safely.

They gladly accepted that offer.
As soon as they were back at the hotel, Yuuri was ready to collapse on the bed and sleep for a year.

“I need a shower,” Victor declared as he made sure that the door was locked behind them. “My hair smells like melted snow.”

“Okay,” Yuuri said and lazily kicked off his shoes and crawled further up on the bed.

Victor smiled fondly at the sight and removed his suit jacket and tie.

The shower felt amazing. It was as if the long, horrible day slowly disappeared down the drain.

He still felt like he should talk to Yuuri though. His mate was still shaken after everything that had happened, and no one could blame him.

It had probably been the longest day in his entire life. He had lost a friend, been to the hospital with his soulmate, realized that his coach had been sexually assaulted, and then been attacked. Twice.

Victor was surprised that he was still able to stand up normally. Sure, he himself had lived through similar things today, but it definitely didn’t take as much of an emotional toll on him as it did on Yuuri.

He had tried to come up with an alternate solution if they were ever attacked like this again. An idea on how he could prevent Yuuri from having his heart broken and feel useless, but still manage to keep him safe. But so far, he didn’t see a single way to make it possible.

He just hoped that he could make Yuuri understand that in some way.

They were biologically different, protectiveness was written into an alpha’s DNA. The urge to keep a loved one safe overwrote everything else. No matter how much he wanted to include Yuuri, he knew that he was still willing to give up his life in the blink of an eye to give Yuuri a chance of survival.

And it was selfish, he knew that, but he couldn’t change what he was.

And he was a protector.

Victor sighed deeply as he grabbed a towel to dry himself off.

He was ready to go out and hold his speech to his mate.

But as soon as Victor opened the door, he felt like he wanted to die of cuteness overload.

Yuuri had fallen asleep while undressing himself.

He was lying curled up on the middle of the bed, hugging Victor’s pillow.

He had managed to get off his pants, but he was still wearing his button up shirt, socks and his tie was in his hand.

He was simply too precious for words.

He had to be completely exhausted to fall asleep like that, but the fact that he still searched out Victor’s scent to get lulled off to sleep was too adorable.
Victor decided then and there to keep his speech until tomorrow, he would hate to disturb such a pure sight.

Tomorrow was their final day in Berlin. It was packing day, but most things were already packed, which gave them plenty of time to do fun things to get better things on their minds.

And this time…

Tommy wouldn’t get in their way.

Victor carefully snuck over to get his underwear and sweatpants from his suitcase. Making sure not to make a sound to accidentally wake up Yuuri.

Once he was dressed, he carefully approached his mate to help him get the rest of his shirt off, and his glasses.

Yuuri only scrunched his face a little when Victor lifted him to take the shirt off, it really wasn’t easy due to the grip Yuuri had on the pillow. He then released a sleepy whine from the back of his throat when his head finally touched his own pillow.

Victor took off his glasses and Yuuri let out a sigh of content when he could finally snuggle against Victor’s chest.

Victor wanted to cry at the sweetness.

“I love you…” Yuuri mumbled tiredly in Japanese. “…So much…”

“I love you too, Yuuri,” Victor told him and gently held him closer. “With all my heart.”

Chapter End Notes

So Tommy is finally gone! XD I'll let you know that it wasn't easy to get him out of the story! XD <3 But now they can take it easy for a while <3<3
#ReturningToFluffOverdose #IHopeYouEnjoyedTheDrama <3<3

Let me know what you thought of the arc! <3 Now we only have one more problem...
#AnnoyingRussianOmega XD

Anyways, love you!!

<3<3<3<3 *KUDOS BOMB* <3<3<3<3
Chapter 143

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor enjoys the morning of their final day in Germany.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay <3 I did an attempt at resurrecting a few of my seemingly dead fics XD <3

Anyways, here's a new update for this one! <3

WARNING: You better use flossing for this one! XD <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor felt his heart flutter with love as he woke up the next morning. Yuuri had apparently turned to an octopus during the night and completely wrapped himself around him.

Victor could tell that he was dreaming about something, due to how his eyelids twitched.

Victor hoped that it was a good dream, he gently brushed his fingers through Yuuri’s hair, but immediately regretted it as Yuuri stirred.

He retracted his hand and pretended to be asleep.

“Vitya?” Yuuri asked sleepily.

Victor didn’t respond, he simply rolled them over and hugged Yuuri a little closer.

Yuuri was a little rigid at first, probably surprised from the sudden shift of positions, but it didn’t take long before he relaxed and snuggled against Victor in an attempt to fall back asleep.

Victor had to keep himself from squealing from the overwhelming cuteness, that would just ruin the moment. Instead, he tried to force himself to fall back asleep, if only for Yuuri to get a few more hours.

It was still early, the sun had barely risen, and the snow was storming outside.

Victor couldn’t think of a better reason to stay inside and cuddle.

The second time Victor woke up he was feeling cold. He looked over and saw that Yuuri was lying on the other side of the bed, completely wrapped in his blanket.

Victor would never stop feeling amused by Yuuri’s talent of trapping himself in blankets while he was asleep.
He was like a soft, peaceful cocoon.

Victor carefully got out of bed, he really wanted to surprise his mate with breakfast. He knew that Yuuri would be terrified if he woke up and Victor was gone. So Victor let go of all of his dignity and sent Yakov a text message with a desperate plea for takeout breakfast.

Yakov replied seconds later with a question of what they wanted.

Victor sent him a menu and dozens of happy emojis.

Yakov replied with a grumpy thumbs up.

Say what you wanted about the Russian coach, but he always came through when Victor needed him. He also knew that Yakov was probably worried about him, since the attack and everything that happened yesterday.

Yakov sent him a text shortly after Victor and Yuuri had returned to the hotel, asking what the hell had happened.

Victor told him the short story, that Tommy had shown up and gotten arrested. That Yuuri was upset but mostly tired.

Yakov said that he was glad that no one got hurt, but Victor had a slight suspicion that Yakov only agreed to get them breakfast just so he could see for himself.

The tough shell that Yakov displayed was mostly just an act. Growing up with him, Victor knew that Yakov was nothing but a sweetheart. He worried about the people close to him, and he went out of his ways to help them out. Even though he did everything with a scowl.

Victor took his phone with him as he awaited his coach’s response and lied down next to Yuuri.

He would just watch over his mate while he slept.

He couldn’t think of a single better way to spend his time.

Yuuri woke up to the scent of coffee and hushed Russian conversations.

It took him a moment to understand what was being said, since his sleepy mind refused to make sense of the words.

“Yakov, I’m fine,” Victor assured his Russian coach. “And I’ll see you back in St. Petersburg…”

“You better not get into any trouble,” Yakov warned. “I won’t be here to get you out of it.”

“Don’t worry, Yakov,” Victor said fondly. “We’ll stay safe. We’ll mostly be packing today.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “Okay,” he relented. “I better go now, or I’ll miss my flight.”

“Yeah,” Victor agreed. “Have a safe flight.”

“I will,” Yakov said gruffly.

The door closed and Yuuri finally saw Victor approach.

“You’re awake,” Victor said with a smile.
Yuuri nodded as he attempted to sit up but then realized that he was completely trapped in his blanket.

Victor chuckled gently. “Do you need help, love?”

“Why…?” Yuuri asked his blanket as he tried to get out of it. ”Why am I stuck?” he asked in confusion as he tugged on the blanket sleepily.

Victor put their breakfast and coffee on the bedside table before climbing up in bed to aid his mate. "It’s pretty drafty in here,” Victor said thoughtfully. ”You must have gotten cold.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement as he was finally able to get the blanket off with Victor’s help. ”Thank you, Vitya.”

Victor beamed. ”You’re welcome, my beautiful burrito,” he said cheerfully and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. ”Are you hungry?” he then asked. “Yakov got us breakfast.”

”He did?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. ”That’s so nice of him.”

”Isn’t it?” Victor agreed in amusement. ”He’s always so thoughtful.”

Victor grabbed the bag of breakfast and the coffee cups and placed everything in the bed. ”So how would you like to spend our final day in Germany?” he asked. ”Do you still want to go to the nest store?”

Yuuri nodded. ”I’m really curious about it,” he admitted. ”I’ve never heard of anything like that before…”

”Me neither,” Victor smiled. ”I’m sure they’ll have a lot of soft blankets.”

Yuuri shivered at that idea. ”Victor,” he complained. ”You’ll trigger my nest instincts…”

”Today, you can let your instincts be as free as you wish,” Victor declared. “And whatever you want, you will have.”

“Victor…” Yuuri protested lightheartedly. “I don’t want you to buy me things.”

Victor gasped dramatically. “My, Yuuri… Are you trying to tell me that we’re not going to use this wonderful opportunity to the fullest to get the both of us the perfect nest?”

Yuuri’s mouth opened as if to say something, but his protest never came out.

“You always make the most perfect nests,” Victor said, making Yuuri blush furiously. “And I really want see what you can do if you have all the right tools. It will be magical.”

“Well-” Yuuri tried, swallowing thickly.

“Please?” Victor said, looking Yuuri deep in the eyes. “Let me buy you a perfect nest?”

Yuuri’s face was practically crimson as his resolve crumbled and he nodded. “B-but we won’t spend a fortune,” he said as a condition. “I don’t want you to spend all of your money on a nest.”

“I actually got an app,” Victor announced cheerfully. “It lets me see my bank balance in my phone,”
he picked it up and immediately got to work, putting in his passwords and smiling widely as he turned it to Yuuri. “This should be enough for a good nest, yes?”

Yuuri felt his lungs stop taking in air as he tried to comprehend all the zeros he was looking at. He managed to count to eleven digits before Victor took his phone away.

“I just thought that you should see it,” Victor said as put his phone away. “You don’t need to worry about money running out, I have plenty. Those are just my own money, the money I’ve gotten for being in my parents brand, from my grandparents and my sponsors, and there’s always more coming in. I don’t spend money too often, I live a simple life, and I’m good at saving. But I don’t want to sit on a pile of money when I could use them for something fun like getting us a perfect nest. If I die one day, I won’t be able to bring my money with me. It’s better to spend it while we are alive.”

Yuuri was still stunned. Victor always threw his billionaire title around so casually. And it was hard to comprehend just how much one billion was. And Victor had more that one billion… A lot more…

He had so much money that it was almost scary.

And that was just him.

His parents had a lot more than he did.

And Victor was their only child, meaning that all of their money would go to Victor one day.

And the day Yuuri married Victor - half of that money would be his…

Why was he having trouble breathing?

“Yuuri?” Victor asked worriedly. He thought that showing his money would be reassuring, but his mate seemed to experience the complete opposite. “Are you okay?”

“I… Wha-, I mean… That’s… That’s a-a lot of money,” Yuuri stuttered nervously.

“Yes?” Victor prodded, feeling his heart speed up. “Is it worrying you?” he asked carefully, Tommy’s words seemed to be echoing in his head. What he said about Yuuri being scared of him.

He knew deep down that it wasn’t true, but he was starting to doubt it. Especially since Yuuri seemed to be panicking.

“No!” Yuuri exclaimed. “Or maybe? I-I don’t know,” he admitted. “I just… I never really processed the amount… And I… It’s so much… Too much… You could buy a castle!” he suddenly exclaimed.

“Yes…” Victor said cautiously, feeling slightly worried as he could see the gears turning in Yuuri’s head. “But I don’t need a castle…” it took a moment for him to add “Do you want one?”

“Me?” Yuuri questioned like it was madness. “No, of course not, I’m just thinking… I mean, you could buy whatever you want, whenever you want, it’s just… I’m not used to that idea…”

“That’s okay,” Victor smiled gently, starting to feel relieved that Yuuri didn’t seem scared, just slightly shocked.

Hopefully it would sink in and he would feel calmer, and in the best case scenario - he would let Victor spoil him today.

“I can’t believe how stupid I am,” Yuuri suddenly stated.
“Don’t,” Victor pleaded. He really it hated when Yuuri went after himself in such a negative way. “You’re not stupid.”

“But I am,” Yuuri protested. “You’ve told me so many how much money you have, I’ve been at your parents home, at your aunt’s spa, I’ve seen your life for myself, but I still never understood. I… You’re really rich…”

Victor couldn’t help but to laugh at that. Yuuri looked so adorable when was stating the obvious. “Yes, I am, love,” he said fondly. “And one day, you’ll be too.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “You should get a prenup.”


Yuuri took a deep, calming breath. “I… I could never handle the responsibility of that much money…” he said sheepishly. “What if I lost it?”

“You’re not going to be carrying the money in your hands,” Victor pointed out. “And I know that you would handle it well.”

“Still… I… I’m not comfortable with getting all that money, just by marrying you…”

“You already have my money,” Victor stated. “As far as I’m concerned, we’re already married. You’re already my wonderful husband who I will spend the rest of my life with, the husband I’ll cherish and love until my final breath. The husband I will spoil and travel and experience life with. You’re my everything, Yuuri. And if I one day lose all of my money, and I’ll turn as poor as a church rat, I would still want to give you everything I have. What’s mine is yours. For as long as we both shall live.”

Yuuri was completely taken off guard by the declaration of love. And he couldn’t stop tears from filling his eyes.

Victor flinched. “Yuuri?”

Yuuri laughed wetly as he wiped his tears away. “You… You see me as your husband?”

“Of course,” Victor said as if it was obvious. “We just need to have a wedding, then we’re all set.”

Yuuri smiled as a blush tinted his face.

Victor felt as if he just fell in love with Yuuri for the first time again. That look on his face… The look of pure happiness and true love was so powerful that Victor felt his heart flutter like a butterfly’s wings.

Yuuri was too adorable. His eyes were shining like the galaxy, his cheeks were a mixture of red and pink and reminded him of the most amazing rose. His smile was brighter than the strongest star, and he was just so perfect that Victor wanted to lie down the world at his feet.

“I love you, Yuuri,” Victor said with all the love his heart could carry.

“I love you too,” Yuuri said with just as much love as Victor. “I love you with everything I know. Money or no money. I would give up everything and live a life in poverty for the rest of my life just to have your heart.”

Victor felt his heart swell at the words and he gently wiped away a stray tear from Yuuri’s cheek. “You had my heart from the moment you were born, lyubov moya,” he said lovingly. “You are my
soulmate and the love of my life, and I could never in my life imagine a better protector to my weak, fragile heart.”

“Your heart is strong, Vitya,” Yuuri declared. “Everything you feel, you feel so strongly. Your heart has been through so much in your life, and it’s still beating strong inside of you.”

Victor smiled like an idiot. “You are the sweetest human,” he stated. “And I can not think of a single person in this world who could blame me for wanting to give you everything your heart desires.”

“I already have it,” Yuuri said with a knowing smile. “I have you.”

And that was it, Victor felt his heart flood over with love, and he couldn’t stop the embarrassing squeal from escaping him.

The squeal made a very unattractive snort escape Yuuri, and it made both of them laugh warmly.

Their laughter filled up their hotel room as they enjoyed the beginning of their day. They had a wonderful time ahead of them as they got ready to spend their final day in Germany.

Chapter End Notes

Too much fluff? I don't think so!! >:D <3<3<3

Fluff will probably be the main theme until the next drama arc will start XD <3

I hope you're excited for the future, and the next chapter which will contain the nest store! <3<3 (a lot of you wanted that, and I love taking your suggestions! <3<3 It'll make it such a much better fic <3 So don't be afraid to ask for things! <3)

Lots of love!! <3<3

KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3
“Ready?” Victor asked as he squeezed Yuuri’s hand in reassurance.

Yuuri took a deep breath as he gazed up to the biggest nest store in the world.

It was slightly intimidating.

But also incredibly exciting.

"I’m ready,” Yuuri assured. "But can you maybe try and keep an eye out for me? I don’t want to go crazy in there…”

"Honey, I can’t take my eyes off you,” Victor declared. "And I promise to save you from losing your mind."

Yuuri smiled. "Thank you, Victor."

Victor kissed Yuuri’s hand gently before leading him inside.

Yuuri held his breath as he stepped inside the warmth of the giant store. It was five stories tall and everything was bursting with colors.

And they weren’t even in the actual store yet.

It was like a lobby where they kept carts and shopping bags, there were even a few employees that stood ready to assist them.
"Guten tag," A teenage girl greeted cheerfully before saying something completely uncomprehendingly in German. At least in Yuuri’s opinion.

Victor however, was fluent and smoothly explained the situation to her.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” the girl apologized. “English it is. My name is Jenny, and I’d be happy to help you find whatever you’re looking for,” her German accent was thick as she took out a piece of paper from the folder she was holding. “Here’s a map of the store,” she said and handed it to Yuuri. “Would you like an assistant right away, or would you prefer to shop alone?”

Victor looked to Yuuri. “What do you want to do?”

“I… Maybe we should start alone?” Yuuri asked as if he wasn’t really sure. “I kind of want to look around.”

“Of course,” Jenny agreed. “You have the map and you only need to come back here if you want some help, or ask one of our employees among the shelves,” she said cheerfully. “Have fun exploring.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said shyly as he pulled Victor along, very excited to see what was in the actual store.

“Yuuri, we should take a cart,” Victor pointed out.

“There are more of them inside,” Jenny called.

Yuuri smiled as he once again pulled Victor with him, this time, his alpha followed him willingly.

Yuuri gasped loudly when he and Victor stepped through the vault that led to the actual store and saw the samples of nests that they had built.

“Victor...” Yuuri sighed in awe.

“Do you see anything you like?” Victor asked, he couldn’t help but to smile at Yuuri’s precious reaction.

Yuuri nodded furiously. “That one is amazing,” he said as he ran up to it.

It was a round bed with pillows all around the edges and blankets that were spiraling towards the center of the bed.

“Wow,” Yuuri said as he touched the blankets. “They’re really soft…”

Victor walked up to feel for himself. The blankets were made of satin and almost felt silky to the touch. Victor definitely wouldn’t mind sleeping on a blanket like that, especially not when the joy on Yuuri’s face lit up the whole store.

“Should we get these?” Victor asked knowingly.

Yuuri nodded carefully. “But only one or two… I want to see what else they have first.”

“Of course,” Victor agreed as he noticed a line of carts closeby. He knew that they would need one. “I’m just gonna get us a cart.”

Yuuri nodded but didn’t take his eyes of the nest. “Yeah…”
Victor carefully snuck away to get them a cart, before returning to his mate and added the two first items to their cart.

He really couldn’t wait to see what else they would find.

Yuuri completely fell in love with another nest on the opposite side of the store, the blankets were so soft that Yuuri actually purred in delight before turning to Victor with his omega eyes and asked if they could get them.

Victor was willing to buy their entire stock right there and then, but they settled for five.

Yuuri had never looked this excited about a store before, and Victor felt his heart flutter every time something caught his mate’s attention.

He loved that Yuuri allowed him to spoil him with things.

Even things that Yuuri wasn’t sure that they needed, Victor put in the cart anyways, and Yuuri allowed him to do it.

It had been Victor’s dream for years to do something like this, and he was enjoying every second of it.

“Should we go upstairs?” Yuuri asked. “The second floor is focusing on accessories.”


They had browsed the second floor for a few minutes, walking past a lot of sparkly pillows and blankets that Yuuri didn’t like at all, before he suddenly froze.

Victor looked at Yuuri’s face and tried to figure out what he was looking at, and it seemed like his eyes were glued to different kinds of bed canopies.

“Pretty…” Yuuri said quietly and in awe.

Victor felt ready to buy them all at the quiet remark.

“You should take a closer look,” Victor pointed out, and gently pushed the cart forward and pulled Yuuri along.

Yuuri allowed his fingers to brush through the soft fabric of the drapes and of the cold surface of the wooden pillars.

He knew that neither Victor nor him had the bed for it, but it didn’t stop him from wanting them.

“I should get a new bed,” Victor suddenly declared. “I really want to have one that looks like that.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “And whenever you come to visit it will be yours, and when we finally move in together, we’ll know just which bed to use for our bedroom.”

“You have such a good eye for interior design,” Victor cheered. “Are you sure that you want to focus on video games?”

“At least the game protagonists will have good-looking homes,” Yuuri mused. “But how will you get this bed to St. Petersburg?”

Victor looked at a sign by the bed. “They have a storage by the registers on the first floor,” he said happily. “I could get a demolished one. It will fit on the plane.”

“It will look so beautiful,” Yuuri said dreamily.

“Oh, and I need these drapes too,” Victor stated. “Otherwise it will just look naked.”

Yuuri snorted but felt his heart flutter as he imagined what a beautiful nest he could make with everything.

He might not even be able to leave it…

Well, that was a problem for another time.

“Victor, look at those lights,” Yuuri suddenly exclaimed once he noticed a fairy light string in another bed canopy. “It looks like glitter…”

Victor would never in his life deny Yuuri something that glittered. “How many do you think we need for our nest?”

Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully. “Probably four or five…”

“Let’s get six,” Victor smiled. “Just to be safe.”

Yuuri nodded like a man on a mission as he pulled the cart towards the lights.

This was definitely the best shopping trip of Victor’s life.

The third floor was all about scents.

Scented candles, essential oils, room fresheners, scent blockers, scent enhancers, everything that they could think of. They even had special kinds of perfumes that were specially made to stick to fabrics and could last up to four days.

Victor had thought that he had seen the peak of cuteness, but he had to revalue that as he watched his mate sniff different kinds of scents and smile brightly at the ones he liked and scrunch his nose at the ones he didn’t like.

He really wanted to burst out crying over how cute his mate was. But he knew that Yuuri would probably get worried if he did that, so he decided to stay strong.

“This one smells like you,” Yuuri smiled and reached out a candle for Victor to smell.

Victor did and immediately pulled back at the strong alpha scent that probably only an omega would like.

“You hate it,” Yuuri said in slight amusement.

“It smells…” Victor searched for the right word. “…Strong…”
“Maybe I should get it for Detroit?” Yuuri said thoughtfully.

“Of course you should,” Victor stated. “You can light the candle every time you miss me.”

Yuuri blushed sweetly. “And here is one with vanilla scent,” he said sheepishly. “Everyone always say that I smell like vanilla…”

Victor took the other candle and smelled it longingly. It smelled almost like Yuuri.

Yuuri did smell a lot better, he didn’t smell only like vanilla, he simply smelled like Yuuri. A scent that could never be extracted. But the vanilla certainly reminded him of his soulmate, and he would definitely get the candle.

“Amazing,” Victor smiled. “You smell so much better... but this is the best smelling candle I’ve ever smelled.”

Yuuri mirrored his soulmate’s smile. “I wish that you could just scent everything I own and allow that smell to last forever.”

“Are you sure that you wouldn’t get sick of that scent?” Victor asked.

“Would you get sick of mine?” Yuuri quipped.

“Touché,” Victor mused as he took a few scent-enhancer sprays to put in the cart. It would be wonderful to use in the nest during Yuuri’s heat. If he could scent everything and enhance it, it would make Yuuri feel safer.

A strong, familiar alpha scent made an omega feel protected during a heat. It was pure instincts, and Victor really wanted Yuuri to have the best heat that he could possibly have.

Completely stress-free.

“The next floor is only focused on blankets and pillows,” Yuuri said excitedly. “Or do you want something else scent related?”

Victor shook his head. “I’m satisfied with this,” he assured. “Let’s continue…”

The fourth floor was all blankets and pillows lying on tables and draped across walls.

Yuuri looked at the blankets already in the cart and the ones lying on the table, and suddenly felt like he had made a huge mistake in getting so many already.

Victor didn’t think if it as a problem though, as he immediately approached a table of blankets. “Yuuri, these are in egyptian cotton,” he said happily. “Feel it.”

Yuuri approached carefully and allowed his fingers to brush across the surface of the fabric. It was probably the softest thing he had ever touched, and he couldn’t stop a needy whine from vibrating at the back of his throat.

He immediately caught himself and blushed furiously. “Sorry,” he apologized. “That was so embarrassing.”

Victor still stood in awe, eyes wide from his mate’s reaction. ”We’re getting ten of these,” he stated.

”Ten?” Yuuri questioned. ”Victor, that is the most expensive blanket in the entire store.”
"What colors would you like?" Victor asked instead. His adorable heart-shaped smile was perfectly in place.

Yuuri had no chance of resisting it. "Uhm… Maybe the brown and golden ones?" He suggested. "They look very warm and would match the wood on the bed pillars."

"You have so wonderful taste, Yuuri," Victor praised. "When we move in together in the future, you’re going to make our home look so wonderful."

Yuuri blushed at the praise, and felt a shiver of excitement at the idea that he would get to help with deciding the looks of their home. "But I don’t want to do it alone," Yuuri then decided. "I want you to be happy about how we live as well."

"We’ll decide together then," Victor agreed. But he knew deep down that he would give in to Yuuri’s every wish if it would make his mate smile so beautifully.

He would rather live in a ugly home with a happy Yuuri than the opposite. Not that Yuuri was capable of making anything look ugly.

Everything Yuuri even looked at turned to beauty before Victor’s eyes.

It was just like magic.

"Victor, feel this blanket," Yuuri said in awe as he held it out to his mate.

Victor felt it, it was so thin and soft that it reminded him of running water.

"Wow," Victor sighed. "Let’s get twenty."


“They are so small, almost like scarves” Victor pointed out. “And I don’t think that they are used to keep you warm…”

“No, they are made to be put between pillows and under the sheets to provide some volume to the nest,” Yuuri explained. “But we don’t need twenty.”

“You can never have too much volume,” Victor stated and put the blankets into their almost full cart.

Yuuri didn’t even protest, he just shook his head fondly.

“Oh, pillows!” Victor exclaimed with excitement and pulled Yuuri along before his mate would change his mind.

“Do we need pillows?” Yuuri asked. “You have a lot of pillows already.”

“There’s room for more,” Victor assured. “I might need to get rid of some old pillows… So we need new pillows and a lot of new pillowcases.”

Yuuri nodded determinately and immediately began looking around.

"Yuuri?" Victor whispered and fought the urge to swoon at the cuteness Yuuri displayed as he perked up at the quiet whisper and looked at Victor with his big cinnamon-colored eyes. “Find me the softest pillow in the store?” he pleaded.

Yuuri smiled shyly at that. “Anything for you, Vitya.”
The fifth floor was mostly filled with heat supplies and books about omegas. Which was also were most of the customers were residing.

Most of the store had been fairly quiet, but the heat department was bursting with life.

But to their surprise, there didn’t seem to be a single omega up there.

Except for Yuuri.

The moment that he and Victor stepped onto the fifth floor, every single eye fell on the omega.

A part of Yuuri wanted to turn around and go back, but he really wanted to see what was on the heat floor.

Victor felt very annoyed with their surroundings. They weren’t even omegas, why would they be on this floor? All the other floors where literally for anyone who wanted to give their bedroom a makeover.

The fifth floor should be solely for omegas and their mates or family members.

“Can I help you?” an employee suddenly asked as he stepped forward.

“Why are there so many people here?” Victor asked bluntly.

The employee looked around, like he was completely unaware about the people sneaking looks at them.

“Oh, well, it’s a popular department,” the employee said apologetically. “Would you like some privacy? I can ask them to leave since you…” he gestured to Yuuri like he was making a statement. “...Are an omega,” he finished.

Yuuri blushed shyly. “Uhm… It’s fine,” he assured. “I don’t want people to leave on my account…”

The employee nodded to one of his colleagues who immediately approached two teenage girls who was staring at them. “It’s no trouble at all,” he assured. “Omegas are our first priority in this store. It’s in our policy to make sure that omegas feel comfortable in here. It’s a lot more important than easing people’s curiosity.”

Victor felt as if a weight was lifted from his shoulders. If the employees didn’t do something, he would have had to do something himself. And he was far less polite when it came to protecting his soulmate’s privacy.

“I have a right to be here,” a middle aged woman claimed. She was speaking to the female employee who was trying to get people off the floor.

“Excuse me,” the male employee excused himself to join his co-worker’s side.

Yuuri moved closer to Victor. “Maybe we should just leave?” he suggested. “I don’t like this…”

“You,” Victor said gently. “This is a store for omegas, one of the very few in the world. You deserve to be here more than anyone. This is a department for heats. She has no reason to be here just so she can spy on you and make you feel uncomfortable. If she’s curious about omegas, she can find more books somewhere else.”
“Maybe she knows an omega?” Yuuri suggested. “Maybe she’s shopping for them?”

Victor sighed. “Don’t you think that she would tell them if that was the case?” he asked gently. He loved that Yuuri believed in the best of everyone, but he refused to let him think that he wasn’t allowed his privacy because of nosy assholes.

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted. “Maybe she doesn’t want them to know?”

Victor sent Yuuri a meaningful look, and Yuuri knew that his mate was right. It was too far-fetched.

“Well, I’m not leaving,” the woman snapped. “I’m looking for a very specific book about omegas, and I have a right to be shopping in peace.”

“Should I talk to her?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head. “It’s fine,” he assured. “As long as we have a little bit of privacy, I don’t care if there’s more people on the floor.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “So what would you like to look at?”

Yuuri looked around and immediately saw something that caught his eye.

A variation of electric blankets that went both ways. Both from warm to cold and cold to warm.

Perfect for the temperature shifts during his pre-heat.

“There are blankets looks nice,” Yuuri said shyly as he pulled Victor along.

Victor’s eyes widened. “Yuuri, those are perfect,” he cheered happily and grabbed three. “One for you, one for me and one for Makkachin.”

Yuuri smiled. “I’m sure Makkachin will love the heat function during cold days.”

“I’m sure he will too,” Victor agreed. “And I’m sure that they will help you keep your temperature under control during your pre-heat.”

“I just wish it was a little softer,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “Especially since my skin gets so sensitive the few days before the heat strikes.”

“You could always take one of the smooth blankets and use as a layer before this,” Victor suggested. “It might help.”

Yuuri looked at his mate in awe. “How are you so perfect?”

Victor smiled and kissed Yuuri’s cheek. “You must be rubbing off on me,” he mused. “Cause you are the pure image of perfection.”

A scoff from the woman who was browsing by the books had Victor turning his head with an angry glare.

“Victor,” Yuuri pleaded. He really didn’t want his mate to cause a scene or get into trouble.

Victor forced his mind to co-operate and listen to Yuuri.

That woman was not worth his effort.
“Do you want to look at something else, love?” Victor asked gently.

Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully. He really wanted to find a book about omegas, and this store had more books than any store he had ever seen.

The only problem was that the middle aged woman was standing there and practically blocking the whole aisle.

“Uhm… I think we could go and pay,” Yuuri finally decided. “We’ve gotten so many things already.”

Victor didn’t miss the brief look Yuuri gave to the book section, and he couldn’t allow a rude woman to stand in the way of Yuuri getting something that he really wanted.

But he also knew that Yuuri wouldn’t put himself first in this situation. “Of course, lyubov,” Victor agreed. “I’m just going to find a book first.”

Yuuri held onto Victor as the alpha attempted to move towards the books. “Vitya,” Yuuri pleaded. “Don’t do anything reckless… She will only make you mad.”

“You’re right,” Victor agreed, before he felt the best idea ever strike him like a lightning from a clear blue sky. “Excuse me?” he called to the employees who immediately made their way over to him.

“Can I help you?”

Victor smiled brilliantly. “I would like to buy a copy of every single book about omegas in this store.”

“Victor!” Yuuri protested.

“Oh, of course,” the employee agreed. “We’ll pack them in a box for you and get it down to the registers.”

“Thank you,” Victor chirped and took Yuuri’s hand. “Let’s go pay, love.”

Yuuri’s face was crimson but he couldn’t find it within himself to be upset with his mate.

Victor was a genius and a problem-solver.

And Yuuri was actually very impressed by Victor’s display of power.

That instead of bull-headedly facing the problem like he was trying to prove something, he just flashed his money and got his will through.

The woman even looked offended as he put the book she was holding back in its spot and walked over to the candy section of the floor.

"Should I apologize to her?” Yuuri asked carefully. "She looks upset.”

"You’ve done nothing wrong,” Victor assured his mate. "....And now she may shop in all the peace she wants”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully before Victor wrapped his arm around him and nuzzled into his neck.

“Vict-tor,” Yuuri protested to the tickling sensation and he couldn’t help but to giggle.
Victor chuckled fondly, proud that he managed to distract his mate from spiraling in his thoughts and actually laugh.

“So do you think you’re going to be able to make a good nest with all these stuff?” Victor asked knowingly

“No, Victor,” Yuuri said, struggling to keep a straight face. “I’m going to build the best nest.”

Chapter End Notes

I realized that I forgot to leave a disclaimer for the fluff in the beginning XD <3 So Imma do it now!

Disclaimer: BRUSH YOUR TEETH!!

Done! <3

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! <3

Kudos to all of you wonderful people reading! <3<3
Chapter 145

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor goes to Russia.

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: So many dental bills... XD I'm just going to send them right back, cause I have warnings in my tags and you brought this upon yourself XD <3 It's like charging a candy store for selling you candy XD <3 I just produce, I'm not forcing you to eat the fluff XD <3<3

Anyways, here you get some more fluff! <3 Now when I'm not financially responsible I'm going to make sure that all your teeth fall out! >:D <3<3

Happy reading! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was very early in the day when Yuuri and Victor took off towards the airport.

Yuuri was exhausted as he hadn’t slept much, and he couldn’t help but to lean on Victor every chance he got.

Victor smelled so wonderful as he held him close, and his shoulder felt like the most comfortable pillow.

“You should sleep on the plane,” Victor said fondly as he hugged Yuuri a little bit tighter.

Yuuri hummed in agreement, too sleepy to fully respond.

“We’re almost at the airport, love,” Victor said gently. “And even though I would love to carry you to the plane, I’m sure that you would prefer to walk…”


Victor couldn’t help but to smile. “Of course,” he agreed. “Take all the minutes you need…”

Yuuri kept his word and walked into the airport beside Victor.

Behind them was a moving firm that Victor had hired to get their bags and the things they bought in the nest store into the airplane.

It was too much for two people to carry by themselves.

Victor sent his mate amused glances every other second, as Yuuri rubbed his eyes and yawned.
“You’re pretty,” Victor suddenly stated.

Yuuri blushed. “Vitya…” he complained. “My brain is not fully awake… It’s too early for you to be so sweet…”

Victor beamed. “It’s never too early to admire you.”

Yuuri snorted. “I’ll recite you a poem before I go to sleep tonight… Or some time when you’re half-asleep, see how you like it…”

“A poem?” Victor mused. “You know poems?”

Yuuri nodded. “Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate,” Yuuri recited before taking a break to recall the words. “Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date… Meaning you’re better…”

“Yuuri!” Victor squealed. “That was adorable!”

Yuuri chuckled sleepily. “It’s not really a poem though, it’s a sonnet… But I can’t remember the rest right now…”

Victor leaned in and kissed Yuuri’s cheek. “You’re the sweetest sleepy person in the world.”

“And you’re the sweetest… awake person in the world…” Yuuri quipped, making Victor laugh.

“Thank you, luchik,” Victor chuckled. “Come on now… Let’s get on the plane.”

Yuuri fell asleep almost as soon as the plane was in the air. It was to be expected when the he played video games until 5.00am even though he knew that they were going to wake up at 9.00am to get ready for the airport.

There had apparently been some new update on his favorite game and he was playing with his classmates.

Victor was pretty tired when Yuuri explained it to him, so he could be wrong.

But that didn’t change how adorable he was when he was sleeping.

Victor could watch him forever.

When Yuuri didn’t have a nest, he slept very uneasy, and Victor made it his mission to try and relax him.

It started with Yuuri leaning on his shoulder, but somehow during the trip, Yuuri managed to move into Victor’s lap and cuddle into the crook of his neck.

Victor held him close and brushed his hand up and down his back in soothing motions, mostly as an experiment to see if Yuuri would purr, but he had no such luck.

Apparently he wasn’t relaxed enough in the air, even if he was dozing.

And when the plane landed, Victor didn’t even attempt waking him. Instead, he released some relaxing pheromones to keep his mate asleep.

He carried him to the car, and it wasn’t until they drove up to the Nikiforov manion that Yuuri finally
woke up.

“What the-?” Yuuri asked in confusion as he looked out the window. “How long was I asleep?”

“Around four hours,” Victor admitted. “Did you have a good rest?”

Yuuri looked around the car as if he was looking for something. “When did we get off the plane?”

“I carried you out,” Victor said gently. “You must have been very tired.”

“Why didn’t you wake me up?” Yuuri asked. “I could have walked.”

“And disturb your beauty sleep?” Victor asked in disbelief. “Do you take me for some kind of monster?”

Yuuri snorted. “If I knew that you were only looking out for my looks, I would have brushed my hair this morning…”

“I like it like this,” Victor assured with a smile as his fingers moved to play with the strands of Yuuri’s hair. “Natural and cute.”

Yuuri leaned in and captured Victor’s lips with his own before pulling away with a smile that matched Victor’s. “You’re such a flatterer…”

“What can I say?” Victor asked with a shrug. “I can’t lie to you.”

“Victor?” Yuuri said cautiously.

“Mhm?” Victor asked with a hum.

Yuuri smiled. “When we come back to the apartment, I want to do things to you…”

“Things?” Victor inquired.

Yuuri nodded as a light blush spread across his cheeks. “You look very hot today.”

Victor’s heart melted in an instant. “Let’s hurry with getting Makkachin back then.”

……………………………………………

“Mama, Papa!” Victor called as he stepped through the grand doors of the Nikiforov mansion, his fingers were tightly intertwined with Yuuri’s. “I’m here to pick up my baby.”

There was a moment of silence before ascending footsteps could be heard.

“Vitya!” Victoria cheered as she walked to the entrance with Makkachin at her heels, bouncing cheerfully behind her. “Congratulations on winning the grand prix, my love…”

She finished her statement by pulling Victor into a bone crushing embrace.

Makkachin took that moment to search attention from Yuuri.

“Hi buddy,” greeted the cheerful dog. “No, Vicchan is in Japan,” he explained as Makkachin sniffed behind him. “You’ll see him next time…”

“Oh, and Yuuri,” Victoria cheered as she released her son and turned to the omega. “You did so good, a new world record? We all cheered you on.”
“Thank you,” Yuuri said shyly and allowed Victoria to pull him into a much gentler hug, knowing that she had Victor’s watchful eyes on her.

“Are you hungry?” Victoria asked. “Igor is making dinner.”

~Do you still want to go home?~ Victor asked across the bond.

Yuuri smiled ~We can stay for a while~

“We’re starving, mama,” Victor said dramatically. “We barely had time for breakfast.”

Victoria gasped. “That will not do,” she said. “Come on inside, it’s freezing out there… Igor, Yuuri and Vitya are staying for dinner!” she called to her husband.

“Wonderful!” Came a reply from the kitchen across the house.

“Are you thirsty?” Victoria asked. “I’d be happy to make you a cocktail, you’re eighteen now, Yuuri, yes?”

“Mama,” Victor scolded. “It’s only two in the afternoon.”

“It’s a special occasion,” Victoria stated. “Besides, it’s not strong alcohol, we don’t get drunk in this house.”

Yuuri looked to Victor as if he searched for approval. He had never been offered alcohol so casually before.

~What do you want to do?~ Victor asked gently. ~You’re an adult now~

“I’ll be fine with some water,” Yuuri told his future mother in law with a shy smile. “I don’t really like the taste of alcohol.”

“Of course,” Victoria beamed. “You can go inside the living room. I’ll be right there.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand again as he walked him inside and patted his thigh so Makkachin would follow them.

As soon as they sat down in the sofa, Makkachin jumped up in it and placed himself between the true mates.

“Makka…” Victor complained. “Not fair…”

Yuuri chuckled in amusement as he scratched the dog behind his ears. “It’s fine, Vitya… Makkachin just doesn’t want to feel left out.”

“Fine,” Victor relented with a childish pout. “But just because he’s so adorable.”

Makkachin licked the side of Victor’s face to show his gratitude.

“Yes, you are the most adorable little puppy in all of Russia…” Victor said in a high pitched voice that had Yuuri bursting out in a fit of laughter.

“Please do that voice again,” Yuuri pleaded with sparkling eyes.

“And you are the most adorable true mate in the whole world,” Victor said in that same voice as he relished in the sound of Yuuri’s laughter.
“It’s so cute,” Yuuri drawled as he looked at Victor’s lips in amazement. “Why have you never used that voice before?”

Victor chuckled. “If I would have known that it would make you so happy, it would have been the first voice I ever spoke to you with.”

“You are adorable,” Yuuri stated and reached over Makkachin so he could kiss his mate.

Victor melted into it.

He loved it when Yuuri were both well-rested and happy, it was very well needed after their horrible time in Germany. And he couldn’t wait until his other surprise would make Yuuri even happier.

“Are you thinking about something?” Yuuri asked as he pulled away from the kiss.

“What makes you think that I’m thinking about something?” Victor asked.

“You kiss different when you’re deep in thought,” Yuuri explained. “Not bad, just… different.”

“Well, I’m planning you a surprise for when we get home, but I won’t tell you anything else,” Victor stated.

Yuuri’s eyes sparked with curiosity.

“Water for everyone,” Victoria announced as she returned with water bottles. “Dinner will be ready in a few minutes, why don’t you tell me about the nest store meanwhile? Was it big?”

Victor looked to Yuuri, urging him to start.

“It was beautiful,” Yuuri admitted. “They had so many blankets in all shapes and qualities, and they had nest samples that were simply magical.”

“Wow, did you find anything you wanted?” Victoria asked cheerfully.

Yuuri nodded. “A lot of things.”

“I need to tell Irina to take her fiancé there,” Victoria stated. “I’m sure she would love it as well.”

“They’re engaged?” Victor asked in surprise.

Victoria cringed. “Forget I said that,” she pleaded. “Irina will probably want to tell you herself.”

“I’m so happy for them,” Victor cheered. “When’s the wedding?”

“I actually don’t know…” Victoria admitted. “Igor told me about it, but he never mentioned a date…”

“I guess we’ll just have to wait for a wedding invitation then,” Victor said with a dramatic sigh.

“Speaking of weddings…” Victoria suddenly said with a meaningful look. “Do you two have any plans yet?”

“Mama,” Victor scolded. “Yuuri just turned eighteen.”

Victoria shrugged. “I got married to your father when I was eighteen…”

“We’re in no rush,” Victor assured as he exchanged looks with Yuuri. “We live on different
continents right now… We’re both in college, it’s not really the time…”

“Okay, fine,” Victoria said and brushed Victor’s bangs away and attempted to tuck it behind his ear, before realizing that it was too short. “But I love weddings, and I can’t wait to see yours… You’re my only baby, Vitya… I’m not going to be mother of the groom at any other time.”

“We will get married one day, mama,” Victor assured her before he kissed the ring on Yuuri’s hand in reassurance to his mate.

Yuuri blushed sweetly at the action. “We talked about getting married after college,” he finally spoke up. “But that’s almost five years from now, and we’re not really sure how life will be like then…”

“That’s fine, honey,” Victoria assured. “As long as I have the promise of a wedding one day in the future, I’m perfectly fine with waiting.”

Victor and Yuuri looked at each other with matching smiles.

“One day for sure…”

Chapter End Notes

Victoria is me wanting time to pass so they can get married already XD <3 But Yuuri is right! 5 more years to go before college is over XD <3 So there’s nothing to do but to be patient! <3 At least we get one wedding in the future #Irina/Alisa <3

Ahhh so many exciting things! <3 We also have Victor's surprise in the next chapter! <3 And then we have Victor's birthday/Christmas, New Years eve, Yuuri's heat and the Artur drama to deal with! <3

Buckle up! It will be a fun ride!! <3<3

<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3~KUDOS BOMB!!!~
<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3<3
Chapter 146

Chapter Summary

Victor's surprise might be too powerful to Yuuri to handle.

Chapter Notes

More fluff with a little hint of angst in this chapter! XD <3<3 (I feel like I'm cooking a stew XD) Anyways, I hope you'll like it! <3<3

Yuuri couldn't help but to relish in the scent of Victor's apartment.

It smelled just like his mate and Yuuri immediately felt a wave of safety washing over him.

That was, until he picked up on an unfamiliar scent and visibly froze. “Victor…” he said urgently. “I… I think someone is here…”

“It might be the surprise,” Victor said cheerfully, making Yuuri anxious of what kind of surprise his mate had planned.

“But they should have left by now…” Victor stated as he smelled the air slightly. “Yeah, I think that there are only scent traces of them…”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully as he sniffed again. Victor was right, it was too faint for someone to be present.

“Close your eyes,” Victor pleaded as he took of his jacket.

Yuuri decided to humor his mate. He looked so excited and Yuuri didn’t want to ruin it for him. So he closed his eyes at his mate’s request.

“You’re going to love this,” Victor assured as he walked away, making Yuuri frown in confusion.

“Victor?” Yuuri called, still blind by his closed eyes. “Where are you going?”

“I’m just making sure it’s perfect,” Victor said happily as Yuuri heard him come closer and place his hands on his shoulders. “Walk forward,” he instructed. “And careful so you don’t stumble.”

Yuuri nodded as he did as told, walking forwards carefully. He knew that Victor would catch him if he stumbled, but he still thought that it would be an unnecessary hassle. And he really wanted to know what the surprise was.

He could tell that Victor was taking him into the bedroom, and there was an unfamiliar scent in there, something wooden…
“Okay, open your eyes,” Victor said excitedly.

Yuuri did and almost choked on a gasp. “Oh my god,” he said in awe. “You had it assembled?”

Before his eyes was the bed that Victor had gotten in the nest store, fully assembled and ready to nest in.

Yuuri looked around and saw that all the blankets were neatly folded and placed in different piles.

“Victor…” Yuuri said in disbelief. “I can’t believe you did this…”

“I didn’t want to spend the whole day screwing a bed together,” Victor admitted. “I would much rather spend it with you.”

“It looks so beautiful,” Yuuri stated. “It’s perfect…”

“I’m so glad you like it,” Victor smiled. “Is it good enough to nest in?”

Yuuri nodded as he looked around, wondering where to start.

“You don’t need to nest right now,” Victor assured as he noticed Yuuri’s thoughtful expression. “We could watch a movie or unpack or something… Maybe take a long, nice bath, or make some snacks for tonight…”

Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully. “I… I think I would like to nest first,” he finally admitted. “I… My fingers are tingling…”

Victor smiled softly at that. “Do you want me to help you with anything?”

Yuuri looked around before he walked over to the piles of blankets and allowed his fingers to trace the materials.

He was glad that he didn’t choose any bright or strong colors this time. The nest store was wonderful in regards to finding matching colors.

Yuuri had gone for a gold, beige and brown color theme, and he was sure that it would look amazing in Victor’s bedroom. He had always dreamed of a golden nest for as long as he had nesting instincts.

His normal nests were always bursting with colors because he had gotten all of his blankets at different stores, and the softest blanket was usually the most colorful.

But the nest store had made every soft blankets in a variety of different colors, and Yuuri loved that he could finally make one of his dreams come true.

He would get his perfect golden nest with all of the softest blankets.

They would feel so good against his skin. And Victor would love it too. He would think it was perfect, and he would love him even more for making such a perfect nest.

A perfect golden nest.

So soft and silky and...

“Yuuri?” Victor snapped urgently as he turned him away from his blankets.

Yuuri flinched.
“Are you okay?” Victor asked worriedly.

“What happened?” Yuuri asked as he looked around, nothing seemed to be wrong.

“I… You were in some kind of trance,” Victor said, taking a deep breath of relief that Yuuri seemed to be overall okay. “You wouldn’t answer me…”

“What?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “I… I must have…”

Yuuri trailed off as Victor gently caressed his cheek with a worried frown. “Honey, your pupils are very dilated.”

Yuuri blushed. “I… I think it might be nesting instincts. Those blankets are so soft… The idea about using them might have been a bit overwhelming…”

“Do you want to take a break?” Victor asked. “You should sit down…”

Yuuri nodded cautiously and allowed Victor to lead him to the empty mattress.

He sat down and looked at his blankets worriedly.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Victor asked seriously. “Cause I will throw those blankets out if-”

“Don’t you dare!” Yuuri snapped immediately. He flinched as he realized his own tone and was immediately struck by guilt. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry…”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Victor assured. “I won’t throw the blankets out…”

Yuuri tried to slow down his breathing. He found it a bit easier when Victor released relaxing pheromones for him. But he still felt horrible.

“Just breathe, love,” Victor instructed.

“I didn’t mean to snap at you,” Yuuri admitted. “I don’t know what’s happening… I… I just really want to nest… I want them so much… I want them more than I ever wanted a blanket before…”

Victor didn’t know just how deep the nesting instincts went, he had no idea it was this serious. “Yuuri, it’s fine, take your time… The blankets are yours to use as you please.”

Yuuri swallowed thickly. “I’m a horrible mate, I’m so sorry. I don’t want you to think that I love the blankets more than you or that I’m ungrateful… I love you more than anything and I love that you got me these wonderful blankets. I just… I’m horrible… I snapped at you.”

“You thought that I was getting rid of something you love,” Victor said gently. “It doesn’t make you horrible, you could never be horrible.”

“You would never snap at me like that,” Yuuri stated. “You’re too perfect…”

“Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “Please don’t do this to yourself. You have instincts that I will never be able to understand. An omega has a hazard of hormones until they’re in their early twenties. It’s not your fault for getting upset at the idea of losing something that makes you happy. It would be like you suggesting to get rid of Makkachin for making me sneeze. I wouldn’t stand for that either.”

“Makkachin can never be compared to a pile of blankets,” Yuuri protested.

“But you love blankets in a way that only omegas can understand,” Victor pointed out.
“That’s still no excuse to snap at you,” Yuuri quipped. “You should get rid of the blankets,” he said reluctantly. “I don’t like what they’re doing to me.”

“Yuuri, I’m not getting rid of the blankets,” Victor assured. “Just try and calm down.”

Yuuri tried, he breathed deeply and looked for Victor’s reassurance, which the alpha happily gave to him.

It took multiple minutes, but eventually, he was able to think clearly again.

“I’m sorry for being so difficult,” Yuuri then apologized. “I just… I wish I could be better… For you.”

“You are perfect just the way you are, Yuuri,” Victor assured. “You’re my soulmate and the man I love more than anything in this world. And I would never wish you to be different.”

“Maybe a little less self-destructive wouldn’t hurt?” Yuuri said with a humorless laugh.

“I take you as you are,” Victor stated. “Just getting you… The perfect you that you are, is worth everything else. And sure, I do sometimes wish that you wouldn’t be so hard on yourself, but it’s something we can work through.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding.

Victor took his hand gently before continuing. “The people you have met in your life haven’t exactly done you any favors,” he then stated. “Those boys in your first grade, Takeshi, Narumi, Tommy… They were all people that put you down. And I wish so badly that I could have been there to protect you from all those horrible people that hurt you when you were still so young…”

“Victor, it’s not your fault,” Yuuri assured.

“It’s not yours either,” Victor pointed out. “People hurt you out of jealousy and anger when you had done absolutely nothing to deserve it. And they used the kindness inside you to free themselves of guilt, and you still carry all those evil feelings and memories every single day.”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “Celestino thought that I should see a therapist…” he admitted.

“I don’t think that’s a bad idea,” Victor said gently. “You’ve been through so much in only eighteen years… I think it might do you some good to talk to someone that actually knows how the brain works… I will always be there if you need to vent or talk or anything like that… But I don’t know enough to actually be of use.”

“Are you sure that you don’t want to change major to become a therapist?” Yuuri mused.


Yuuri kissed Victor softly. “You know it was a joke, right?” he asked once he realized that Victor could have missed the sarcasm. “You don’t really need to become a therapist.”

“I know,” Victor assured. “But I still meant it when I said that there is nothing that I wouldn’t do for you.”

“I know,” Yuuri smiled. “There’s nothing that I wouldn’t do for you either.”

“I know,” Victor smirked. “Do you know that an omega close to their heat is said to never turn away a blanket, not to anyone… There’s even been reports of omegas trying to run into burning buildings
to get their favorite blankets out... Still you offered to get rid of all of them just to soothe me... I feel so honored.”

“You’re a million times better than any blanket in the universe,” Yuuri stated. “And I’m not that close to my heat... I should have a couple of weeks...”

“That’s still close,” Victor pointed out. “And since it’s still irregular, it could hit at any time, right?”

“I guess we’ll know once my pre-heat starts...” Yuuri said apologetically “But I will not have it before a week from now. I don’t want to miss your birthday tomorrow or new years next week.”

“Whenever your heat decides to start, it will be perfectly fine,” Victor declared. “We’ll find our own way to celebrate.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “Really?”

“Really,” Victor confirmed. “We can get through anything as long as we’re together. And your heat is definitely not something that I would complain about.”

Yuuri blushed at that. “I really wished that I was more aware... I’m kind of worried of how I’m like... I don’t want you to get uncomfortable.”

“You could never make me uncomfortable,” Victor assured. “You’re like... Imagine if I would purr and be cuddly and saying all the right things to make you hard, all while I’m on a high of happy and begs you to fuck me.”

Yuuri swallowed thickly. That sounded amazing. “Is... Is that how you are doing your rut?” he asked cautiously.

Victor sighed. “No, Yuuri,” he explained. “I’m far less sweet... I’m easily aggravated, uncomfortable, tired and horny.”

“But alphas never lash out on their mates during ruts,” Yuuri pointed out. “And I remember last year. When you talked to me over the bond... You were very sweet to me.”

Victor’s face flushed red with embarrassment. “I’m sorry about that,” he apologized. “I don’t know what happened for me to drag you in like that... I mean, you were only seventeen and had just gotten through your first, horrible heat.”

“Please don’t be sorry,” Yuuri pleaded. “That was an amazing day for me,” he admitted. “The way you spoke to me, it was... so hot... And it was the first time that I’ve ever been- uhm... Well, pleasured.”

Victor could only smile at that, Yuuri was so adorable.

“What I’m saying is that...” Yuuri said before taking a deep breath to settle his nerves. “I still want to spend your rut with you.”

“Okay,” Victor agreed.

Yuuri did a double take. “Okay?” he questioned. “Do you mean it?”

“Yes, love,” Victor assured. “But I do have a few conditions.”

Yuuri sighed. “Of course...”
“They’re for your own protection,” Victor stated. “Like if I’m trying something that you don’t want, hiss at me and get out. If I’m hurting you, let me know, don’t suffer in pain, I… I could never forgive myself if something happened to you.”

“I will look after myself,” Yuuri promised.

“Good,” Victor stated. “We can treat it as a trial rut. If anything happens to you, we will never spend my rut together again.”

“Victor…” Yuuri pleaded.

“My rut, my decision,” Victor stated. “And I don’t want you anywhere near me if it’s dangerous.”

Yuuri could understand that. But he also thought that ‘never’ was a bit of an overstatement. Their lives were so long, and he was not planning on missing out on a lifetime of Victor being horny and wonderful.

But Victor was right, it was his decision, which meant that it had to be played by his rules.

“I won’t let you hurt me,” Yuuri assured. “…Unless it’s good pain,” he then added.


“So am I,” Yuuri declared. “I’m not going to abandon you over some good hair pulling or hot back scratches. I have a high tolerance to pain, and I don’t want you to set the bar for what I can handle and not.”

“I’m not going to come out of my rut haze to find you bloody and bruised,” Victor said in slight panic. “If you want to have rough sex, we will do it when I’m actually able to control myself. You’re not going to let me hurt you when I can’t tell when to stop.”

Yuuri took a deep breath, Victor was once again right. “What about you?” he asked. “What if you want me to be rough with you when you’re not all there? Do I listen to you?”

“I trust you, love,” Victor assured. “And you will still be fully aware, you’ll be in control and you’ll know just how much I can take.” he explained. “I trust you the way you trust me to take care of you during your heats.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “But you are older,” he then pointed out. “And you’ve been sexually active for almost eight years, I’ve been for one year… You know the human body a lot better than me.”

“You’re a natural, Yuuri,” Victor assured. “You know my body better than I do. I can never get as strong orgasms as I do when you give them to me.”

Yuuri blushed at that as a shy smile made its way to his lips. “You really think I’m good at it?”

“Of course,” Victor promised. “You’re the best person I’ve ever had sex with.”

“But you’ve only had sex with me,” Yuuri pointed out.

“Exactly,” Victor agreed. “And I could never even imagine having sex with anyone else or imagine anyone being better at satisfying me… You’ve ruined me to other people.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel strangely proud at that. He loved the idea that Victor would never need someone else to keep him satisfied.
He loved knowing that he was enough.

“I would never want to have sex with anyone but you either,” Yuuri promised. “No one has a better ass than you.”

Victor laughed at that. “You like my ass, Yuuri?” he asked with fluttering eyelashes.

“It’s perfect,” Yuuri stated seriously. “So firm and round and pretty…”

Victor felt like he wanted to lie down on the floor and melt as Yuuri called his ass pretty. How he could make something so cheesy sound so adorable was forever a mystery to him.

“You are the sweetest human in the world,” Victor declared. “And I know that you will do great during my rut. And I trust you to look after yourself.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said gratefully. “I won’t let you down.”

Victor gently tucked a few strands of hair behind Yuuri’s ear. “I love you so much, Yuuri.”

“I love you too,” Yuuri declared as he leaned in to capture Victor’s lips. He allowed his fingers to tangle in the silver strands of his hair as he deepened the kiss.

Victor melted into it and allowed Yuuri to push him down into the mattress, before he suddenly pulled away.

“What?” Victor asked worriedly, thinking that he did something to turn Yuuri off.

Yuuri brushed his fingers against the mattress with a frown. “So scratchy…” he complained.

Victor smiled fondly “Do you want to give nesting another try?”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “But…” he said nervously. “Can I… Can I be alone?”

“Of course,” Victor agreed.

“Not that I want to kick you out of your own bedroom,” Yuuri quickly assured. “But it’s hard to give into my instincts if you’re watching me.”

“I’ll be in the living room,” Victor assured and pressed a quick kiss to Yuuri’s lips. “Good luck, darling.”

Yuuri blushed adorably at that. “I’ll make it perfect for you.”

Victor smiled. “I don’t doubt that for a second.”

Chapter End Notes

My plan was to write a nesting chapter, but these two always seem to go away from my intended plot XD <3 Well, it’s still fun to write XD <3

I hope you liked this! <3 Next one will be a nesting chapter XD <3

Also! <3 I’m craving fanart right now! XD <3 IDK why XD It’s been long since the
latest beautiful artwork I received, but I'm jealous at other writers who get so much all the time... (I'm sad, and fully aware) Anyways, if you feel like creating something for me, I'd be eternally grateful! <3

Long comments are also very welcomed <3<3

Ugh, I'm PMSing too hard, sorry guys XD <3

LOVE YOU TONS!!! <3<3<3<3<3

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Chapter 147

Chapter Summary

Yuuri finally gets to nest with all of his new blankets and pillows.

Chapter Notes

It's so fun to have time to write daily updates! <3 I'm back in my apartment for the summer, ready to start my short film project XD It's slow, but I think I'll get there... Hopefully XD <3

Well, anyways, I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

100% fluff! XD <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor tried not to pry, but he couldn’t deny the fact that he was slightly worried over his mate.

Yuuri seemed to have a whole new reaction to the blankets, and a part of Victor suspected them to be cursed, but he knew that that was nothing but paranoia. Still, he couldn’t explain why Yuuri acted the way he did.

Yuuri had never asked to nest alone before.

And even though Victor stayed away for the first thirty minutes, he felt like it was his responsibility to make sure that Yuuri was okay by himself.

So he quietly made his way to the door to check on his mate, but Yuuri didn’t even seem to notice him.

He was completely focused on the blankets and the mattress, he walked around the bed in a fast pace to stretch the blankets out to avoid wrinkles, and he build it up with pillows and used blankets to fill everything out.

Victor tried to rip himself away, but Yuuri was enchanting to look at. The way he structured everything with so much determination and love was almost magical.

He seemed to know exactly what he was doing, even though he placed a pillow in one spot and then moved it somewhere else.

It was almost as if he was playing some kind of game or tried to assemble a puzzle.

And he was completely invested.

Victor smiled fondly as he finally managed to rip himself free and go back into the living room.
He would check on Yuuri soon.

Until then, he would get to nest in peace.

Yuuri had never felt so happy about nesting before.

Everything was so soft and nice, and the bed only got softer and softer, the more blankets and pillows that he added.

Eventually, it was hard to reach everywhere, so he had no choice but to climb up in his nest.

But as soon as he was in it, he realized just how good everything felt against his skin, and he realized that he needed more.

Before he knew it, his pants were off, and then his shirt, and he had the softest blanket wrapped tightly around him, it felt so good.

It gave him enough energy to continue his work.

He grabbed more blankets and the pillows until everything was in the nest.

Then he started dividing them out, he didn’t have a clear pattern in mind, but he really like the idea of being surrounded.

So he began placing pillows around the edges and adding blankets in the middle, both for softness and for warmth.

He then took the small blankets and stuffed them into the empty spaces, making the nest look more structured, it also served to keep the pillows from sliding apart. It was starting to look so pretty, and Yuuri felt his chest blooming with pride.

He tried it out. He lied down and felt the softness of his nest surrounding him. It was so relaxing and so, so, so soft, and he felt something vibrating within him.

It took a moment for him to realize that he was purring, and the revelation made him smile.

He knew that Victor loved his purrs.

“Vitya!” Yuuri called as he snuggled deeper into his nest.

Victor was going to be so proud of him. The nest was finished and it was perfect.

He listened for footsteps, but frowned when he didn’t hear any.

He carefully looked up towards the door, and notice his mate standing there, staring at him with wide eyes.

How long had he been standing there?

That’s when Yuuri suddenly noticed that he was naked and purring and lying in a perfect golden nest.

And Victor had been watching him the whole time…

Embarrassment hit Yuuri like a racing train, and he suddenly realized how stupid he had to look.
His first instinct was to hide.

Luckily, he had pillows and blankets everywhere, and he quickly crawled underneath them and begged that he could disappear for good.

Victor had never been this aroused in his entire life.

Not only was Yuuri naked and purring and almost looked like he was in heat, but he was also lying in a nest that looked absolutely perfect for sex.

Not to mention that amazing smell.

Yuuri was letting out all kinds of pheromones that only served to tighten the pressure in Victor’s pants.

And when Yuuri called his name, Victor felt chills travel through his entire body. His voice was so soft and silky and happy. And Victor just wanted to lay himself down at his mate’s feet.

There was a short pause before Yuuri looked up from his nest and their eyes met.

Victor could only stare at him in awe.

He was so illegally beautiful…

But before Victor had a chance to tell him that, Yuuri’s face flushed darkly with embarrassment and he quickly crawled under the blankets to hide.

Victor immediately walked forward to reassure him, but he froze in his steps as his hand touched the bed.

Was he allowed to enter the nest without Yuuri’s approval?

“Yuuri, honey?” Victor asked gently. “Can I…?” he trailed off, not really knowing how to ask if he could join his nest.

“Yes,” came a shy reply from under the blankets.

Victor carefully climbed up in the nest, careful not to push any pillows down, before sitting cross legged beside his hidden mate. “Please don’t feel embarrassed,” he pleaded. “I didn’t mean to watch you nest. I just couldn’t stay away…”

“How…” Yuuri tried before swallowing nervously. “H-how much did you see?”

Victor smiled fondly as he gently brushed his hand up and down Yuuri’s back. “Enough to fall in love with you all over again,” he admitted. “You could make a blind man see, in fear of missing such a beautiful sight.”

“Vitya…” Yuuri protested before taking a deep breath to calm himself down. “I… I didn’t mean to get so caught up in it… I… How creeped out are you?”

“Not at all,” Victor assured. “I am however slightly turned on…”

Victor saw how the blanket shifted. “Really? By what?”

“How about your naked body?” Victor asked in amusement. “For starters.”
“I can’t believe I took off my clothes,” Yuuri said in agony. “It just… The blankets were so soft… And…” he trailed off again.

“You don’t have to explain yourself,” Victor assured. “Is it okay if I take off my clothes and join you in your beautiful nest?”

There was a moment of silence.

“Okay,” Yuuri finally relented.

Victor wasted no time before taking off his shirt and then his pants. He did keep his boxers on though before leaning over Yuuri. “Do you want to come out of hiding?” he asked gently.

“Will you make fun of me?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“I would never make fun of you,” Victor promised. “You trust me, right?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed before carefully sitting up and taking off the blanket.

Victor couldn’t help but to smile fondly at the way Yuuri’s hair stood in all directions from the static of the blanket.

“You’re so beautiful,” Victor told his mate. Because despite his hair, he was still the most beautiful man in the world.

Yuuri blushed at that. “So are you,” he said honestly.

“And your nest is perfect,” Victor stated. “You look so beautiful in it… The gold in the blankets goes perfectly with the gold in your eyes.”

“My eyes are brown,” Yuuri stated.

Victor shook his head. “Not if you really look at them…” he said adoringly. “I’ve been looking into your eyes for as long as I’ve known you, and they glimmer with gold in a certain light.”

Yuuri smiled softly. “I didn’t know that.”

“Look through my eyes, Yuuri,” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri did, but immediately stopped once he realized how creepy it was to stare at himself.

“What?” Victor asked worriedly. “Did you see it?”

“Have you ever stared at yourself when you’re staring back?” Yuuri asked.

Victor had no idea what he meant, so he tried to look through Yuuri’s eyes to see himself and immediately got what he meant. “Let’s never do this again…” he said in amusement.

Yuuri chuckled fondly. “Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked getting some insight on nesting XD <3 Yuuri really got to let loose...
For better or for worse (Not that Victor is complaining) XD <3

He's close to his heat, so it made his nesting instincts more intense, as you might be able to tell XD <3 Not to mention that he finally got to make his dream nest! <3<3

#Living for the fluff XD <3

I hope you like it as well! <3<3

Kudos to you! <3<3
Yuuri woke up to the vibration of his phone and immediately reached for it to turn it off.

It was Victor’s birthday, and Yuuri had made up his mind to surprise him.

He carefully turned his head to make sure that Victor was still asleep. It was early, even for him.

Victor held him tightly in his sleep, and Yuuri tried to get his sleepy mind to come up with a good escape plan.

He gently took Victor’s hand and lifted it away from his stomach. Apparently that was enough to get Victor to stir.

“Where are you going?” Victor asked sleepily.

Yuuri thought his answer through. “Bathroom,” he said after a bit of thought. He couldn’t lie, but he could go to the bathroom, which would make it the truth. “I need to go to the bathroom.”

Victor snorted sleepily and let him go completely. “Hurry back, my love,” he pleaded. “It’s cold without you.”

Yuuri smiled fondly and lean down to kiss Victor’s cheek. “Happy birthday, Vitya,” he said quietly.

Victor smiled. “Thank you…”

Yuuri swept his hair away carefully before backing away and making his way out of the bedroom.

Makkachin was asleep on the couch in the living room, but immediately woke up and began wagging his tail when he caught sight of Yuuri.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to go and greet the dog first, he was too adorable to refuse.

Makkachin rolled over and exposed his belly to Yuuri as his tail kept on slamming into the cushions.

Yuuri smiled fondly and assured the dog that he would be right back, before sneaking into the
Victor stayed awake for a long while, waiting for Yuuri to return from his bathroom visit, but he never came.

He frowned thoughtfully as he looked to the slightly ajar bedroom door.

What if something was wrong?

He was just about to investigate, when he heard the sound of the fridge opening and closing, and the rustling of pans.

Yuuri was cooking?

Victor considered getting up to help him, but he also figured that Yuuri would have asked if he needed help.

It seemed like he wanted it to be a surprise.

Maybe a birthday surprise?

Victor smiled to himself as he rolled over in bed.

Yuuri had allowed him to surprise him so much lately, that this was a wonderful time for him to allow Yuuri to surprise him back.

So he closed his eyes and feigned sleep in case Yuuri would check up on him.

Yuuri had never been so proud of a breakfast before.

Even though he wasn’t sure about the flavour, it still looked amazing.

He had spent a lot of time with his mom in the kitchen growing up, and learned a few tricks.

Whenever they were celebrating something, it was tradition to make a cute looking breakfast.

And Yuuri had done his best to recreate his mother’s special.

A sleeping teddy bear made out of fried rice with a blanket made out of a fried egg. A few sandwiches shaped like pandas and heart-shaped pancakes with syrup.

He then had his first present to Victor neatly wrapped and placed on the breakfast tray. He was getting another one tonight after the birthday party that his parents had planned for him. He only hoped that Victor would like them both.

Once he was satisfied that the tray was perfect, he carefully took it and carried it to the bedroom.

He felt his heart flutter the moment he laid his eyes on Victor.

He could tell that he was feigning sleep, but he was also adorable when he did that. Almost like he was trying to look beautiful.

Yuuri placed the tray on the bedside table before carefully climbing into the nest and curling up in his mate’s embrace.
Victor hugged him tightly at once. “That was a long bathroom visit…” he finally said with a teasing smirk.

“I got hold up,” Yuuri mused. “There was a cooking fairy in the kitchen… It told me to bring you your birthday breakfast.”

Victor snorted. “Cooking fairy?”

Yuuri hid his face in the crook of Victor’s neck in embarrassment. “Forget I said that…”

Victor chuckled fondly. “Something tells me that the fairy did an amazing job,” he mused. “Something smells amazing.”

Yuuri blushed sweetly. “Do you want to see?”

Victor nodded eagerly and released Yuuri so he could get the tray. And once he saw what Yuuri had made for him, his eyes immediately filled up with tears.

“So cute…” Victor sniffled. “Yuuri,” he drawled. “How do you expect me to eat this?”

Yuuri laughed fondly. “You can start with opening the birthday present.”

Victor smiled as he took up the small box, he couldn’t help but to smile at the blue wrappers with poodles.

“It’s not that special,” Yuuri said as Victor began to peel off the wrapper. “But… I hope you’ll like it.”

“Everything you give me is special,” Victor assured.

Yuuri nodded carefully before holding his breath as Victor opened the box.

Victor’s breath hitched as he saw a fluffy little miniature of his Yuuri attached to a keychain.

“It’s called a pochayuuri,” Yuuri explained. “Apparently my fanbase in Japan thought that I looked like the Hello Kitty character Pochacco, so they decided to fuse us together.”

“That’s genius,” Victor said in awe and picked up the little figurine.

That was it.

That was the cutest thing he had ever seen in his entire life.

His adorable Yuuri with a fluffy dog butt and an adorable hat with ears.

If he lost his sight right now, he wouldn’t mind since he had still been allowed to see this.

The peak of cuteness.

“Well, it’s still an ordinary keychain,” Yuuri then said apologetically. “I have another present for you tonight though… Hopefully you’ll find that one a little more…”

“Yuuri,” Victor cut off. “I love this. It is a beautiful gift and I will treasure it with my whole heart.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “I’m glad you like it…”

“I love it,” Victor corrected. “Have you seen how adorable this is? Look at the tiny paws… Oh and
the little hoodie. Who made this? I need more.”

Yuuri snorted. “I… I found it through one of my fan-sites actually,” he admitted. “I know how happy I get every time I get some merchandise of you, so I thought that merchandise of me might make you happy.”

Victor stopped listening after that first part. “You have fan-sites?” he asked, sounding ecstatic. “What are they called?”

“Well, I don’t know all of them,” Yuuri said apologetically, noticing how Victor’s smile only grew. “What?”

“Nothing,” Victor assured. “I’m just so happy that you’re being appreciated.”

“All figure skaters have fans,” Yuuri said with a shrug.

“But not all figure skaters have dedicated fans that will create their own merchandise for them,” Victor quipped. “Especially not merchandise that is this adorable,” he said and turned back to his pochayuuri.

“You’d be surprised,” Yuuri mused, pleased that Victor didn’t seem to hear it.

“How did you find the site?” Victor asked. “Can you send me the link?”

“Sure,” Yuuri agreed. “But not today.”

“Why not?” Victor asked with a pout.

Yuuri took Victor’s hand. “I want to spend this day with you, with all my focus on you… And that’s very hard if you’re online shopping.”

Victor smiled at that. “You always have my full attention.”

“Otherwise I would have to find a puppy costume…” Yuuri teased.

Victor’s eyes widened. “Would you?”

Yuuri snorted. “What wouldn’t I do for your attention?”

Victor gently pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s lips before pulling away with a smirk. “We’re pathetic, aren’t we?”

“No we’re not,” Yuuri assured. “We’re just in love.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this! <3<3 Remember to brush your teeth! <3<3
Chapter 149

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri attend Victor's birthday party in the Nikiforov mansion.

Chapter Notes

You guys are getting too comfortable with all the fluff, I hear you complaining about how all your teeth are falling out, so I'm adding some angst to even things out XD <3 I hope you'll enjoy this chapter! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You look beautiful,” Yuuri told his mate as they drove up to the Nikiforov mansion for Victor’s birthday party.

“So do you,” Victor quipped. “Will you stay by my side tonight?”

Yuuri smiled. “There is nowhere else I would rather be.”

Victor kissed Yuuri’s hand gently. “And do I get to brag about you to other people? Do I get to show you off?”

“Vitya,” Yuuri said gently, trying to find the right words. “I… I love you so much… But I don’t want people to think of me as your trophy…”

“No one would think that,” Victor assured. “We’re equals, I just want everyone to know just how much I love you.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “Okay,” he agreed carefully. “But please don’t parade me around… I’ll be fine if you only brag about me to people who ask, but I don’t walk up to strangers just to show me off…”

“I want you to be comfortable,” Victor assured. “So let me know if I’m going at it too strong. My love for you is infinite, so it’s hard for me to tell when to stop.”

“I’ll tell you,” Yuuri promised. “Come on now, let’s celebrate your birthday.”

Yuuri had never been to one of Victor’s birthday parties before. Or at least he had never been to a birthday party planned by Victor’s parents before.

Most of the birthdays that Yuuri had spent with Victor had been calm and been mostly about them and their families, but this was a full-blown party.

The Nikiforov mansion had never been this full of life.
There were balloons everywhere, and people’s chattering was traveling through the rooms.

“Welcome Mr. Nikiforov,” Boris, the butler greeted with a bow and turned to Yuuri. “Welcome Mr. Katsuki.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said shyly, feeling slightly unpracticed using the Russian language.

“May I take your coats?” Boris asked and extended his hand.

Victor had already taken off his coat and handed it to Boris out of habit, before smiling to Yuuri. “May I?” he asked as his hands hoovered but Yuuri’s shoulders.

Yuuri nodded cautiously and allowed Victor to help him out of his coat before it was handed to the butler.

“Thank you,” Yuuri said before Victor managed to rush him inside.

“Victor,” Yuuri said gently. “You didn’t thank him…”

“Who?” Victor asked, before his mom suddenly appeared with a warm smile.

“Happy birthday, my Vitya,” Victoria said and captured Victor in her embrace.

“Thank you, mama,” Victor said with a smile.

“When did my baby boy get so old?” Victoria mused as she ruffled her son’s hair.

“Pfft…” Victor replied. “You’re the one to speak… Aren’t you halfway to a hundred?”

Victoria hushed her son. “It’s not polite to remark your mother’s age, Vitya,” she scolded. “I still have my youthful glow.”

“Of course, mama,” Victor agreed before turning back to Yuuri. “What were you trying to tell me?” he asked gently.

“Oh, I just…” Yuuri tried before he was interrupted again.

“Happy birthday, son!” Igor cheered. “Everyone!” he called to the room and knocked a spoon against his glass. “The guest of honor has arrived!”

“Happy birthday, Victor!” The entire room cheered.

Yuuri had never felt so trapped under attention before. Even though he had literally performed in front of thousands of people, he had still never felt this crowded.

Victor seemed to sense that immediately. ~Are you okay?~ he asked worriedly.

Yuuri looked to his mate anxiously and that seemed to be enough.

“Thank you, everyone!” Victor told the room before leading Yuuri away from the crowd.

“We have drinks and snacks in the dining room!” Victoria called to avert the unwanted attention from her son and his anxious mate.

Yuuri and Victor walked up the stairs and into Victor’s old bedroom, before Victor carefully released his grip on his mate.
“What happened?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Nothing,” Yuuri tried. “I… I just got nervous… There were so many of them.”

“Let’s stay here for a while,” Victor said gently.

“Victor, no,” Yuuri said with a plea. “We can go back down… I don’t want you to miss your birthday party.”

“My birthday party will still be there in a few minutes,” Victor assured before leaning closer to Yuuri and smelling his neck.

“It’s not pre-heat,” Yuuri assured. “I’m just… weird...”

“You do smell a bit stronger,” Victor pointed out. “Are you sure you can tell when you’re in pre-heat?”

“I…” Yuuri realized that he wasn’t sure. It was usually the mood swings that tipped him off. “I’m not sure.”

“We should go back home to the apartment,” Victor said thoughtfully. “I’ve made my appearance, everyone will understand.”

“No,” Yuuri said immediately. “Please, let’s go back down and celebrate you with your family and friends. Your parents has spent so much time planning this for you. It can’t be for nothing.”

“That doesn’t matter,” Victor assured. “They still have plenty of people to entertain. I can’t let you be somewhere where you’ll be uncomfortable.”

“I can stay here?” Yuuri suggested.

“I’m not leaving you alone either,” Victor declared.

“I’ll be fine downstairs,” Yuuri assured. “I’ll just stay close to you… I won’t get worried or scared as long as you’re right there.”

“I was right there just moments ago,” Victor pointed out. “You were still scared.”

“Only because a hundred people were yelling in my direction,” Yuuri quipped. “And I can handle some fear, it won’t kill me.”

“I can’t handle your fear,” Victor stated. “It might kill me…”

“Please don’t be dramatic,” Yuuri pleaded. “We can do this. It’s just for an hour of two… I know that there’s nothing dangerous down there, and you know it too.”

“You know that our soulbond turns all your fears into danger to me.” Victor pointed out. “I don’t like this.”

“I won’t get scared,” Yuuri assured. “I’ll stay close to you, I know that nothing can hurt me when you’re by my side.”

“Yuuri…”

“Please?” Yuuri tried. “Let’s just stay for a piece of cake? Maybe you can open a few presents? I… I just really want you to have a wonderful birthday. I’ll still be in pre-heat tomorrow.”
Victor sighed tiredly and made the mistake of looking into Yuuri’s eyes.

It had been six years since he met Yuuri, and he still had no way of denying them.

“Fine,” Victor relented. “We’ll stay for an hour, but then we’ll go home and you will let me take care of you, deal?”

Yuuri nodded with a smile. “Deal.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand. “Then let’s go.”

Yuuri kept close to Victor, he held onto his arm tightly as they walked back down.

He took deep breaths.

It wasn’t so bad. They were just people… Friendly, nice people. Victor’s friends.

Friends of the Nikiforovs.

There was no reason to feel scared, Victor was right there, he would protect him if someone tried something.

“Victor, where did you go?” Georgi asked as he stepped out of the crowd. “Hi, Yuuri, how are you?”

Yuuri tugged on Victor’s arm slightly. Georgi was walking too fast, he was smelling too strongly. He could attack.

“Don’t speak to him,” Victor snapped and pushed Yuuri behind himself.

Georgi took a step back. “What?” he asked in confusion. “I didn’t…”

“Well, you better not!” Victor cut off and took a step forward.

“Victor,” Georgi said gently. “Why are you mad?”

Victor turned back to Yuuri, suddenly realizing that his anger were uncalled for. “Sorry,” he apologized. “Hormones…”

“Oh, yeah, that sucks…” Georgi agreed. “Close to your rut?”

“Yeah,” Victor lied, not wanting to pull attention to Yuuri.

“Well, I’ll tell the guys to keep their distance,” Georgi said apologetically before walking away.

Victor released a breath of relief and turned back to Yuuri. “Are you okay?” he asked.

Yuuri nodded.

He was okay. He had to be.

For Victor.

“I’m fine,” Yuuri assured. “He just walked too quickly.”

Victor sighed. “I knew this was a bad idea…”
Yuuri’s eyes filled with tears.

“Yuuri, no, don’t cry,” Victor pleaded as he closed the distance between him and his mate and wrapped his arms around him.

Yuuri tried to trap the tears in his eyes. Stupid hormones. Why now?

Why did he have to ruin Victor’s birthday like this?

“Take a deep breath,” Victor instructed.

Yuuri breathed in deeply and immediately felt the effect of Victor’s calming pheromones.

“Good, love,” Victor praised as Yuuri exhaled. “One more.”

Yuuri did, with a lot more ease than the first one.

“Good job, love,” Victor said gently. “Do you feel better?”

Yuuri nodded against Victor’s chest and Victor carefully pulled away. “Do you still want to stay?”

Yuuri nodded without hesitation.

Victor sighed. “You’re too stubborn for your own good… Literally.”

“I’m good now,” Yuuri assured. “I can do this.”

“Let’s find my mom,” Victor said. “I’ll ask her if she can speed up her plans.”

Yuuri nodded reluctantly. It did sound like the best possible option.

Victor wrapped his arm around Yuuri’s waist and held him close as they made their way towards the kitchen. Mind set on getting out as much as possible out of this birthday party so they could get home soon.

Yuuri needed to get ready for his heat.

Chapter End Notes

Heat + Party = Bad idea XD <3

Also! I'm currently writing chapter 152! I'm ahead of this story for the first time in my life!! <3<3 #Proud #DailyUpdates #GetReadyForMoreAngst! XD <3
Chapter 150

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gives the party a second try.

Chapter Notes

I'm so glad so many of you were excited about this! <3<3
Here's another chapter! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Is everything okay?” Victoria asked worriedly.

“Can we go away and talk?” Victor asked and tightened his hold on Yuuri.

There were a lot of people in the dining area, and Victor didn’t want his mate to get scared.

“Of course,” Victoria agreed and put a few plates aside before leading Victor and Yuuri into the kitchen.

~Is it okay if I tell her?~ Victor asked gently. ~Otherwise I can come up with a lie~

~It’s fine~ Yuuri assured. He trusted Victoria.

“What’s wrong?” Victoria asked carefully after she closed the door and made sure that they were alone.

“Yuuri’s pre-heat just started,” Victor explained. “So we need to get home soon.”

“Oh,” Victoria said in surprise. “Would you like me to pack some cake for you?” she offered. “You can open your presents tomorrow or whenever you have time, they’re not going anywhere.”

“Can’t he open them now?” Yuuri asked shyly. “I… I want him to enjoy his birthday. I want him to get to celebrate it with all the people that care about him that he normally won’t get to see… I don’t want to ruin that.”

“You’re not ruining anything,” Victor assured. “You know that I will choose to be with you every chance I get.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “But I want you to enjoy this. Georgi is here, all of your old classmates, your relatives… You’re not going to see them in a long time after today.”

“Yuuri,” Victor sighed. “It’s fine, I don’t need to see them every year.”

“Still, what if something happens? Then I’ll be the reason you missed your final chance of seeing
them,” Yuuri pointed out.

“No one is going to die, love,” Victor assured.

“That’s right,” Victoria agreed. “Everyone is very healthy… And if you’re not feeling well, you should be resting, honey.”

“I’m not feeling bad,” Yuuri assured. “It’s pre-heat, I’m not sick, just nervous and hormonal.”

Victoria looked to Victor as if making sure that Yuuri was correct.

“But that nervousness is affecting me,” Victor stated. “If something scares him…”

“… You will get angry,” Victoria finished for him. “Stay here, I can talk to everyone, make sure that they will keep their distance for the rest of the night.”

“Mama?” Victor called as Victoria was about to step out of the kitchen.

“Yes?” Victoria asked gently.

“Tell them that I’m almost in rut,” Victor pleaded. “I don’t want people to get curious. Yuuri doesn’t need unwanted attention.”

“You don’t need to do that,” Yuuri stated. “I can handle it.”

“I know, but you shouldn’t,” Victor pointed out. “Taking the blame is my birthday present to me.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that. He couldn’t deny a request from Victor on his birthday.

“Okay,” Yuuri relented. “But it only takes for someone to smell me to realize the truth.”

Victor leaned in to Yuuri’s neck and pressed his face against the scent gland, carefully scenting him. “Now they won’t.”

Yuuri smiled shyly as he blushed. Feeling strangely protected as he wore Victor’s scent.

The scent of his alpha.

Why was he suddenly feeling so turned on by that?

He looked to the kitchen door worriedly. Luckily, Victoria had already left.

“Yuuri, your scent is going to break through if you get aroused,” Victor said, voice thick with amusement.

“How do I stop?” Yuuri asked.

“Think of Yakov’s feet,” Victor suggested.

That did the trick immediately, and Victor couldn’t stop himself from laughing.

“Is that what you’re thinking about when you’re trying not to cum?” Yuuri suddenly asked.

Now it was Victor’s turn to blush. “Yuuri… Don’t ask these questions on my birthday…”

“Oh my god, it’s because it’s true,” Yuuri accused, smile evident on his lips.
“Yuuri,” Victor drawled.

“Sorry,” Yuuri apologized, still very amused. “You’re adorable when you blush…”

Victor placed his hand on Yuuri’s cheek and pressed their lips together in a quick kiss. “And you are always adorable.”

“Pfft…” Yuuri protested. “You’re just saying that because you are the most adorable.”

Victor kissed Yuuri again. “It’s not a contest,” he said as he pulled away. “I would get crushed.”

“I don’t believe that for a second…”

When they returned back to the party, everything felt a lot better.

People weren’t crowding them, most of them even looked away when they approached. Yuuri kept close to Victor, but he didn’t feel scared anymore, and Victor visibly relaxed.

The best thing about letting people think that Victor was close to his rut, was that everyone respected that. They knew that they were more protective and on edge. Especially around their mate, so no one would even dare to look at Yuuri the wrong way.

If they had known that Yuuri was in pre-heat, they would probably ask a lot of intrusive question, or stare at him as they tried to figure out how pre-heat looked like.

This was the best solution, and saved them both a lot of stress.

And having everyone at a distance, made Yuuri feel a lot safer.

The only scent that reached him was Victor’s, and that was just what he needed.

To be surrounded by his alpha.

“Happy birthday, Victor,” a familiar voice suddenly cheered.

“Irina!” Victor cheered back. “You came!”

“I couldn’t miss my nephew’s birthday,” Irina said and ruffled Victor’s hair. “If you keep aging like this, you’ll soon be checking into a retirement home, didn’t you just turn ten?”

“Funny,” Victor scoffed with an amused shake of his head. “Do you think you can turn your spa into one?”

“I’ll see what I can do,” Irina mused before turning to Yuuri cautiously. “Hi, Yuuri, how are you?”

“Good,” Yuuri said shyly. “How are you?”

“I’m good, Yuuri,” Irina said happily. “You’re all grown up, last time I saw you, you were just a teenager.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that.

“I’ve told you about Yuuri plenty of times,” Victor protested. “On how he is in college in America, in the best video game school in the world.”
“Of course,” Irina agreed. “Kii academy university, I remember. So what do you want to be when you grow up?”

“I… I don’t really know,” Yuuri admitted. “So far we haven’t really done much else but coming up with concepts and learning about storytelling. But I really like programming, like creating video game mods and things like that.”

“That sounds interesting,” Irina smiled. “Is a mod a kind of computer chip?”

Yuuri felt amused by that, he never thought that he would have to explain what a game modification was. “Uhm, kind of,” he said, “But without the chip. It’s a modification made right into the software system.”

“That’s brilliant,” Irina cheered. “So you can make whatever you want appear in a game?”

“Well, within a limit,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m still learning, so right now I can mostly make the addition of vehicles in the game or animals as the game characters.”

“That’s still amazing,” Irina claimed. “It’s like you’re a god.”

Yuuri blushed at that, not even Victor had sounded so impressed by something so simple before.

“Where’s Alisa?” Victor suddenly asked.

“Oh, she should be around here somewhere…” Irina stated as she looked around before smiling. “She’s with Igor, I should probably get her before he manages to go through our entire childhood…. Alisa!”

It took a few seconds before Alisa appeared and wrapped her arms around Irina’s waist. “Is it true that you used to have freckles when you were three?”

“God, I don’t even remember that,” Irina said as her face flushed pink with embarrassment. “Igor should not be allowed to speak to people.”

“I think that’s very cute,” Alisa claimed. “I love skin with beautiful pigments like melanin. It means that your face was better protected by the sun… Do you have pictures, why didn’t you show me them?”

“I have pictures,” Irina assured. “Somewhere deep down in a photo album…”

“I want to see,” Alisa drawled. “I would love for our future children to have cute, tiny freckles…”

“One thing at the time,” Irina said gently. “Also…” she nodded in Victor’s direction.

“Oh my god, Victor,” Alisa cheered and gave him a hug. “You’re so tall. I mean, I know that alphas grow a few extra centimeters in their twenties, but I never imagined you to be so much taller than me,” she said as she pulled away. “It was such a long time since you were at the spa, but Irina has kept me updated about you and Yuuri. How is he by the way?”

Victor laughed. “Why don’t you ask him?”

Alisa’s eyes widened as she finally saw Yuuri.

“Yuuri?” the other omega asked in disbelief. “Oh my god, I haven’t seen you since you were thirteen. You’re all grown up.”
Yuuri glared at her.

How dared she hug Victor and compliment him like that? And rub her omega scent all over him? Didn’t she know that he was taken?

“Yuuri?” Alisa asked carefully.

Yuuri averted his gaze. He knew it wasn’t her fault. She did nothing wrong besides being friendly. Unfortunately his brain refused to see it like that, and he suddenly felt convinced that she was trying to steal his mate away.

But that was never going to happen…

“Yuuri?” Victor asked worriedly as he turned to his mate fully. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri answered with a low whine and pressing his lips against Victor’s. Victor was so surprised that he almost stumbled, at his mate’s sudden display of love.

Victor melted into the kiss for a moment before he gently pulled away. That’s when Yuuri’s eyes started to fill with tears.

“You don’t want me?” Yuuri asked sadly.

“Of course,” Victor quickly assured. “Yuuri I…”

“Do you think she’s prettier than me?” Yuuri questioned as tears began to spill from his eyes.

Victor was completely stunned by the wild accusation.

Yuuri took his silence as a yes as he felt his heart break. “I… I need to be alone…” he said before walking away.

“Yuuri!” Victor called and immediately left to follow him.

“Pre-heat?” Irina asked her mate.

Alisa nodded. “Definitely.”

Chapter End Notes

For future reference, don’t take an omega in pre-heat to a party XD <3<3

Thank you so much for reading! <3<3 I'll see you tomorrow with the next part! <3<3
Chapter 151

Chapter Summary

Yuuri tries to deal with his hormonal outburst.

Chapter Notes

I hope you'll like this chapter! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri regretted his decision the moment he could no longer feel Victor’s scent. His head was practically spinning with all the alphas and betas around him, and their powerful scents.

He just wanted to go somewhere far from there. Somewhere where he could be alone.

He didn’t want to speak to Victor, he liked Alisa better than him.

It made sense, she was a lot prettier than him, and a lot more successful and perfect for a Nikiforov.

He was just a Japanese boy who liked playing video games and figure skating. He didn’t have his own company or a degree or a gold medal in the grand prix.

He didn’t belong in here.

He wasn’t rich or famous, he was just an omega who happened to be born with a lot of good luck.

Getting someone like Victor had to be too good to be true.

“Yuuri? Are you okay?” Georgi suddenly asked as he placed a hand on his shoulder. “Where’s Victor?”

Yuuri flinched away. “Stay back,” he demanded fearfully as he backed away, only to knock into someone else.

“Are you okay?” the person asked gently.

Yuuri felt his breathing speed up.

He was surrounded by alphas.

He had nowhere to escape.

Or…

The front door was right there…

Yuuri made a run for it.
“Yuuri?” Victor called into the crowd.

He was starting to panic as Yuuri was no longer in his line of sight. He was completely gone, and he could tell that he was scared.

He tried to look through Yuuri’s eyes but saw nothing but blurry darkness, which did nothing to soothe his fears.

“Yuuri!” he called again.

“Victor?” Georgi asked worriedly. “What’s wrong with Yuuri?”

“Did you see him?” Victor asked, because that was all he was interested in.

“He seemed terrified,” Georgi explained. “He didn’t even say anything before running outside.”

“Outside?” Victor asked in panic. It was freezing outside and if Yuuri had just gone, it meant that he wasn’t wearing a jacket.

What was going on with him?

He didn’t spend any more time thinking about it before taking off in Yuuri’s direction.

Yuuri finally felt like he could breathe again.

The outside was quiet and calm, and no one was around to crowd him.

Sure, it was a bit cold, but it was refreshing. It helped his mind think clearer.

Crap.

He had just made the overreaction of the century.

He was an idiot.

A stupid, hormonal, self-pitying idiot.

Victor was probably furious at him.

Could he fix this? Could he even go back inside?

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri flinched as he turned around to see Victor walking up to him in a fast pace. He didn’t know why, but something about that triggered something within him and he began to back away.

He knew that Victor would never hurt him, but he was still an alpha and a lot bigger than him, and he looked really upset.

Somewhere along the line, his foot got caught in the snow and he fell.

The snow froze him down immediately and he was desperate to get up, even though his instincts told him to run away and hide.
“Yuuri!” Victor called in panic as his mate fell into the snow. He hurried over but immediately froze as Yuuri yelped and tried to get away.

Why was he afraid of him?

Victor felt his heart break. “Yuuri? Lyubov moya?”

“Sorry…” Yuuri apologized as he curled in on himself. “I’m so sorry…”

“Come on,” Victor pleaded and approached Yuuri so he could help him up. “You’ll freeze…”

“I deserve it,” Yuuri exclaimed and pushed Victor’s hands away. “I ruined your birthday.”

“No, of course not,” Victor assured and made a second attempt to save his mate from frostbite. “Please, love… Get up from the snow.”

Yuuri shook his head. “I… You don’t deserve this…”

Victor really didn’t want to do it, but Yuuri left him no choice. “Yuuri, get up from the snow,” he alpha commanded.

Yuuri froze for a few seconds before carefully standing up, tears streaming down his face as he did. Victor felt his heart break. “I’m sorry, but I can’t let you freeze to death over a hormonal outburst,” he stated. “Let’s go inside.”

“No…” Yuuri tried. “Please… Just leave me alone. There’s people in there. They’ll… They’ll think I’m a freak.”

Victor sighed tiredly. “Go inside,” he alpha commanded again, hating himself as Yuuri sniffled brokenly before starting to walk. “It will be okay, Yuuri,” he tried to assure his mate as he wrapped his arm around him in an attempt to keep him warm. “I promise.”

……………………………………….

Yuuri felt his cheeks burn from the sudden temperature shift and the embarrassment of having people turn his way as they walked inside.

Victor paid them no mind as he led Yuuri in the opposite direction and towards his old bedroom up the stairs.

Once they were inside, Victor walked over to his old bed and grabbed the closest blanket before returning to his mate and wrapping it around him. “Why did you go outside?” he asked seriously. “You’re shivering.”

Yuuri shrugged and averted his gaze.

Victor sighed tiredly. “Please talk to me.”

“Or you’ll alpha command me again?” Yuuri asked. “You shouldn’t have come for me. I… I was fine. I needed to be alone.”

“It’s a Russian winter out there,” Victor pointed out. “I couldn’t allow you to freeze out there, alone.”

“I could finally think,” Yuuri stated. “When there’s so many people I… I just see alphas and betas, everyone smells like danger… I can’t…” he choked on a sob. “I-t’s my fault f-for i-insisting to stay
“Here… I thought I could… I wanted to, I didn’t want to ruin…”

“Yuuri, please stop and take a deep breath,” Victor pleaded. He could tell that Yuuri was on the verge of a panic attack, and he refused to allow his mate have one on his birthday.

Yuuri tried to breath in, but as soon as he tried, it got cut off by his own crying, and that only made his panic grow. He couldn’t breathe, his lungs were burning. “I… I…”

“Shh,” Victor shushed him. “You’re okay, just breathe…” He released plenty of calming pheromones, and moved closer to his mate.

Yuuri only felt his guilt grow as Victor tried to calm him down. Victor didn’t deserve this, he didn’t deserve to be trapped with a burden like him. He deserved so much better.

“Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “Breathe in…”

Yuuri’s inhale sounded more like a punctured lung than an actual breath, and Victor had to fight to keep himself from crying. “Good,” he praised nonetheless. “And out slowly.”

“I… I can’t…” Yuuri protested as he gasped for air. “I can’t breathe…”

“Yes you can,” Victor assured and led Yuuri over to his chaise and sat him down. “Put your head between your knees,” he instructed.

Yuuri did, it made it a little bit easier to breathe.

Victor released even more pheromones and gently brushed his hand up and down Yuuri’s back. “That’s it,” he said gently. “You’re doing wonderful.”

Yuuri nodded cautiously as he kept his focus on taking deep breaths.

Victor had so many things he wanted to tell his mate, but he kept them to himself in fear of upsetting him.

He felt guilty.

Yuuri had told him before that he was nervous around other people during his pre-heat. He even saw the way he flinched to Chris’s presence during his first heat. He should have known that this wouldn’t end well, but he still ignored all the signs.

It wasn’t even Yuuri’s fault.

Yuuri never cared about himself when he thought that he could make his alpha happy. And those instincts to please had to be even stronger when he was hormonal.

Victor was the one who should have been responsible and take Yuuri home as soon as he noticed his fear, not attempt to keep him calm at a party.

That was on him, not Yuuri.

Everything that happened after was just consequences of his actions, and Yuuri had to suffer for it.

“One more breath,” Victor instructed.

Yuuri nodded and took another breath, making sure to exhale slowly.

Yuuri continued to breathe as Victor coached him, but after being able to breathe for a while, he was starting to feel very sleepy.

Victor noticed Yuuri’s heavy eyelids and immediately took a deep breath in an attempt to stop himself from producing so many pheromones.

“We should go home,” Victor said thoughtfully. “You need to get some rest, and this party is not working out for either of us.”

“Can’t I sleep in here?” Yuuri asked and glanced to Victor’s very big, soft-looking bed. “You can go back down…”

“I’m not leaving you alone,” Victor stated. “You’re not having the best luck right now… If I leave you alone you’ll probably fall out of the bed and hurt your head.”

“I don’t want you to babysit me,” Yuuri claimed. “If I fall and hurt my head, that’s my problem, not yours.”

Victor sighed tiredly. He had enough of this. Without thinking it through, he walked over to the wall, and punched his hand into the rough cement. He didn’t punch too hard, just enough to draw blood.

Yuuri gasped.

“Don’t worry about it,” Victor said behind clenched teeth. “It’s my problem, not yours.”

Yuuri stood up and closed the distance between him and Victor and took his hand with his own. Victor could feel him shivering with fear and cold and he immediately felt guilty.

“Y-you’re hurt…” Yuuri said unevenly.

“Do you understand how it feels to see the person you love most in the world get hurt and tell you not to care?” Victor asked. “Of course I’m going to care if you get hurt, of course I’m going to do everything in my power to keep you safe. Seeing you hurt or scared is literally the worst thing in the world. And seeing how little you care about yourself is destroying me. It needs to stop.”

Yuuri couldn’t think of a single thing to say. Mostly he felt upset that Victor would blame him for something that he had done so many times himself.

Victor ran into alleys to fight criminals with weapons, Yuuri insisted to stay at a party. How could Victor be upset with him?

How could he hurt himself over this?

“Yuuri!” Victor snapped. “Do you understand?”

Yuuri winced at the harsh tone, and since he couldn’t lie, he just nodded.

“I need you to say it,” Victor stated. “I need you to promise me that things will change and you will stop hurting yourself in order to please me.”

“Like you promised me that you would stop throwing yourself in danger to protect me?” Yuuri questioned.
Victor felt his throat dry out immediately. “That’s different,” he claimed.

“Why?” Yuuri asked. “Because you are the one who has to suffer for your mate’s poor decisions?”

“I apologized for what I did,” Victor pointed out. “I told you that I would try to change.”

“Fine, I’ll try to change,” Yuuri relented, not really meaning it. He didn’t know if it was even possible.

“Yuuri,” Victor sighed. “I can tell that you don’t really mean it.”

“Trying is like that,” Yuuri said with a shrug. “If I fail, at least I tried… It’s not a promise.”

“That’s not fair,” Victor stated. “I am actually trying. I’m trying to control my temper, I’m trying not to start arguments if I don’t have to. I’m doing everything in my power to be better.”

“And you don’t think that I do?” Yuuri questioned. “Do you think that I’ve just decided to hate myself? Do you think I like feeling like I’m not good enough? Like I’m a constant disappointment to you? Because I don’t… It’s a daily struggle for me just to process that someone like you was stupid enough to fall in love with me. It’s sometimes even a struggle for me to feel loved.”

Victor felt a dagger twist within his chest. “You can’t mean that…”

“No, I just made it up,” Yuuri said sarcastically. “Like I haven’t been trying to tell you this my entire life. But yes, if it will make you feel better, I can try to stop.”

Victor felt guilt spread throughout his whole body. Why couldn’t he find the right thing to say?

“Please, Victor… Just go downstairs…” Yuuri pleaded. “I really need to be alone. I can reach out to you if I need you but right now… Please?”

Victor had no idea what to say to make it better. He just hoped that some time alone was what Yuuri needed. He would never forgive himself if solitary made Yuuri feel worse.

But he really couldn’t tell. All emotions coming from Yuuri was currently anger and sadness.

“Try to rest, Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “Let me know if you need me.”

“I will,” Yuuri agreed.

Victor nodded and reluctantly left his true mate alone in his old bedroom. Hoping that it would finally be a good decision.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully falling in the snow won’t lead to any nasty side effects... ;) And hopefully the panic attack won’t affect the heat... ;)

Okay

I'll stop XD

I hope you’re enjoying the daily updates! <3 It will probably last for a few more days
until they'll go back to how they usually are XD #Irregular XD 😄

Anyways, kudos to you for reading! 😄😄😄
Chapter 152

Chapter Summary

Victor tries to keep his distance from his mate.

Chapter Notes

So this is like an information bomb, so many apologies XD <3<3 But hopefully you'll like it anyways! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri took a deep breath as he lied down in Victor’s old bed. After years of sleeping there, it still had a very faint lingering scent of Victor, and Yuuri pressed closer to breathe it in. He was still cold and a little bit wet from the snow, but the bed felt really nice and soft.

This was probably the worst pre-heat of his life, but it made him feel a little bit better that Victor didn’t have to be stuck with him.

Victor deserved to enjoy his birthday, not be stuck with him in his apartment out of obligation.

This was better.

Yuuri had gotten almost the whole day with Victor, he could spare him for a few hours so he could have some fun.

He truly deserved it.

Yuuri closed his eyes and tried to relax.

If he slept for a moment, he would hopefully feel better when he woke up.

Victor went downstairs like Yuuri asked him to, but he didn’t go further than he would have an overview of the stairs.

If Yuuri wanted to be left alone, it was fine. But no one was going to disturb him while he rested.

“Where’s Yuuri?” Victoria suddenly asked gently as she approached her son.

“Upstairs,” Victor admitted. “He wanted to be alone for a while. The party became a bit too much for him.”

“Poor baby,” Victoria said sympathetically. “Does he want something to drink? Eat? Maybe a few blankets?”

“He wanted me to enjoy my party,” Victor admitted. “But it’s hard to do that without him…”
“I know,” Victoria sighed and placed a supportive hand on Victor’s shoulder. “Do you want me to get the cake out? It might cheer you up.”

“I’m not really hungry,” Victor said apologetically.

“You don’t need to be hungry to eat cake,” Victoria pointed out.

“Can you bring it here?” Victor asked. “I want to make sure that no one walks upstairs and disturbs him.”

“Okay, honey,” Victoria agreed and patted Victor’s cheek gently before walking away.

Victor took a deep breath as he tried to focus on Yuuri’s feelings. He felt tired and a little bit sad, but he no longer felt angry or upset.

Victor was grateful.

Hopefully Yuuri would feel better if he slept for a bit. His outburst could also be a side effect from waking up so early. It really wasn’t something that his mate was used to.

“Is Yuuri okay?” Irina suddenly asked as she approached carefully.

Victor sighed. “He’s resting,” he admitted. “I hope he’ll feel better soon.”

Irina looked around them before walking closer to Victor. “He’s the one in pre-heat, isn’t he?”

Victor nodded. “How did you know?”

“I’m engaged to an omega,” Irina stated. “Alisa also gets very jealous and territorial during her pre-heats. She won’t even let me go to work. We both have to stay inside for a few days every nine months.”

“She won’t let you go to work?” Victor asked.

“Well, our job includes secluded rooms and a lot of naked bodies. I won’t let her go when I’m in rut either. If someone looks at her wrong when…” Irina trailed off. “Anyways, it’s normal with a little bit of jealousy. It’s mainly about protection. You never know if there’s gonna be a person who’s stupid and goes primal. If a naked alpha would force their way on her… I wouldn’t be able to hold back.”

Victor then noticed a light scar on Irina’s neck.

“You’re bonded,” Victor stated.

Irina smiled shyly at that. “Yes,” she admitted. “We bonded a few months ago… She’s the one. My unofficial soulmate.”

“I’m happy for you,” Victor said honestly. “I’m glad you found someone who makes you happy.”

“Thank you, Vitya,” Irina beamed. “We will just have to remember to keep our mates separated if their pre-heat ever falls on the same week,” she mused. “Or things might get ugly… Omegas are all about peace and love until there’s a threat to their mate during their pre-heat.”

Victor strongly felt like there was a story behind that statement. “What happened?”

Irina took a deep breath, but amusement was still evident on her face. “An old client of mine, a male
omega in Igor’s age started flirting with me over the desk at the spa. Next thing I know, Alisa came out from nowhere and hissed at him before telling him to go fuck himself and get the hell out. I was pretty sure that she would knock his teeth out if he didn’t listen.”

Victor couldn’t even imagine that. Alisa was always so calm, talking about zen and the importance of breathing. The mere idea of her getting mad and using foul language was completely ridiculous.

“An omega in pre-heat or heat are very dangerous if they are provoked,” Irina stated. “I know that she would never hurt me, the same way you know that Yuuri would never hurt you, but the rest of the world better watch out.”

“Well, I do know that,” Victor assured.

“I’m just telling you that you should probably keep Yuuri away from omegas during his pre-heat,” Irina continued. “That omega you told me about, the one in your class… You should probably make sure that he and Yuuri never cross paths.”

“I’m not exactly planning on having him over,” Victor stated. “Yuuri hates him, and I have no plans of making him more upset than he needs to be.”

“Good,” Irina sighed. “Because you know how a stressful pre-heat will affect the heat, right?”

Victor did not know about that. “No?” he admitted. “How?”

“A calm and peaceful pre-heat will make them more aware and calm during a heat,” Irina explained. “If they’re put through too much stress, they’ll be completely out of it, and they won’t remember a single thing afterwards. They turn animalistic somehow, and sometimes they will even ask to get hurt,” she said with an uncomfortable shudder.

Victor tried to recall Yuuri’s last heat. He had been completely out of it, he talked about having babies and barely even remembered who he was. And when he recalled the pre-heat, he remembered Ivan attacking him.

That wasn’t exactly something that would be considered a calm and quiet pre-heat.

But he read somewhere that all omegas were out of it during the heat. And Yuuri did become more and more aware as the days passed.

“So you’re telling me that Yuuri can be more aware if he has a good pre-heat?” Victor asked.

“Yes,” Irina confirmed. “Alisa is usually all there, asking me what we should have for dinner later, if I remembered to lock the doors and where we put…’” she blushed. “Nevermind…” she excused herself before continuing. “Point is, she’s all there, compared to when she’s been stressed out. Then she’s more like a… Well, a pure omega. All instincts.”

Victor really wished that there was still time to fix Yuuri’s pre-heat. He really wanted him there. Yuuri was amazing during his heat, but he really didn’t want him to be overtaken by his instincts during his heat just because he had a hard time the days before.

Yuuri deserved to remember the pleasure.

“Anyways, I do think that you should get Yuuri home as soon as possible,” Irina stated. “The stress of being in an unfamiliar place can’t be good for him.”

“I will take him home as soon as possible,” Victor assured. “But he’s currently refusing to go home
because he has somehow convinced himself that I would rather be here celebrating my birthday than home with him.”

“Yeah, pre-heat can also make them kind of irrational,” Irina said apologetically. “I usually do whatever Alisa tells me to. No matter if it’s going out of the house for a few hours so she can nest in peace or brush her hair until she purrs.”

“So do you think that I should wait it out?” Victor asked. “Stay down here until he wants to go home?”

“That’s what I would do,” Irina said with a shrug. “It’s better than forcing him to do something he doesn’t want.”

Victor nodded in understanding before looking towards the dining room. “I wonder where mama left…” he said thoughtfully. “She was getting cake, but she hasn’t come back yet.”

“I can go check on her,” Irina volunteered before walking away.

Victor nodded and once again looked at the staircase.

No one was walking up there.

He focused on Yuuri’s emotions and felt that he was asleep.

Good.

He needed some rest.

Victor thought about going up there and check on him, when he suddenly heard people singing the Russian happy birthday song. He looked away from the staircase to see his family and friends walking up to him with a giant birthday cake on wheels and everyone held their presents.

“Happy Birthday, Victor!” they all cheered.

Victor smiled, oddly touched by the gesture.

“Let’s get this party out of the way now, shall we?” Victoria said and handed Victor the first piece of cake.

Victor took it gratefully. He really couldn’t wait to go home. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

So now we know a lot more about omegas! <3 I really like to get in some information whenever I can, so it won't come as a surprise when I finally do use the information XD <3 I also thought that it helped to explain why Yuuri’s reaction was so intense <3<3

Hopefully you liked this chapter <3 I also really thing that Alisa and Irina are so adorable together, and I can't wait to write their wedding! <3<3

Kudos bomb for you!! <3<3
Chapter 153

Chapter Summary

Victor gets Yuuri home, and Yuuri suffers the consequences from falling in the snow.

Chapter Notes

So... I know that falling in snow or being cold doesn't automatically causes a fever. Fevers are usually caused by a virus that is carried by other humans. But for the sake of plot, this is now how fevers work! XD <3<3
I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri wasn’t sure if he was dreaming when he finally heard Victor’s voice next to him again.

“Are you ready to go home, lyubov moya?” Victor asked as he gently played with his hair.

Yuuri nodded tiredly. “Did you have a good party?” he asked.

“I did,” Victor assured. “I had cake, and opened my presents and talked to pretty much everyone I know.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that. “I’m glad.”

“I missed you though,” Victor stated. “It’s never the same when you’re not there.”

“I’m still glad you had fun,” Yuuri admitted as he gently caressed Victor’s cheek. “I’m sorry I freaked out.”

“It’s fine,” Victor assured and gently took Yuuri’s hand and kissed it softly. “I wasn’t really handling the situation that good either.”

“You did your best,” Yuuri claimed. “I mean, considering the circumstances.”

“Look, we don’t need to talk about this anymore,” Victor said gently. “I just want to get you home right now.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement and sat up. “What time is it?”

“8.00pm,” Victor said fondly.

“Is the party over?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. He doubted that a party of that size would end in only two hours.

“People are probably going to stick around for a bit longer,” Victor admitted. “But I’m getting pretty
“Okay,” Yuuri agreed and stood up and looked around in confusion.

“Are you looking for something?” Victor asked.

“I…” Yuuri stuttered. “I feel weird…”

Victor felt immediately on edge. “Weird how?”

“It’s like the floor is moving…” Yuuri admitted.

“Okay, sit back down,” Victor instructed and helped Yuuri to sit back down at the side of the bed. “Do you have a headache? Are you dizzy?”

“A little,” Yuuri admitted.

“Do you need to see a doctor?” Victor asked.

“No, no, it’s not that bad,” Yuuri assured. “I think it’s the traces of the panic attack and too little sleep… It feels like it might transform into a migraine.”

Victor cursed the world. Why did all bad things have to happen to his Yuuri?

“I’m fine now though,” Yuuri admitted. “I can walk just… Maybe… Can you make sure that I don’t fall?”

“Of course,” Victor agreed and reached out his hand.

Yuuri took it gratefully and stood up.

Victor immediately wrapped his arm around Yuuri to support him. “Let’s go slow, okay?”

Yuuri nodded as a small smile spread across his lips. “I’m not that dizzy,” he stated. “I think I can walk by myself without you holding onto me.”

“Why risk it?” Victor asked with a shrug.

Victor had a point.

Victor gently kissed the side of Yuuri’s temple and tightened his hold. “Let’s go home.”

Victor had made sure to have all the guests moved to the entertainment room to leave an open path to the front door. He knew that Yuuri would feel embarrassed if people looked his way, and he wanted to keep his mate as sheltered as possible.

“What everyone?” Yuuri asked as they walked down the stairs.

“Entertainment room,” Victor said gently. “My parents are sharing the pilot to their new reality show with the family.”

“They’re always up to something,” Victor said in amusement. “The first episode is how they traveled to India and schooled homeless children. I thought that the whole thing is a bit biased, but I’m glad
“Your parents are so extraordinary,” Yuuri said fondly. “I’m so glad that you were born with such loving parents.”

“Well, Irina thinks they are rubbing off on me,” Victor admitted. “She told me that I was being very dramatic and reminded her of my dad.”

“What did you do?” Yuuri asked.

Victor sighed as they finally reached the bottom of the stairs. “I might have held a very passionate speech over how much I love you when I showed her my pochayuuri.”

Yuuri laughed a little at that. “I wish I got to hear it,” he admitted. “I’m sure it was beautiful.”

“It’s nothing that you haven’t heard before,” Victor promised as he helped Yuuri putting on his coat.

Yuuri nodded and held onto Victor as he felt his head starting to pound.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Yeah,” Yuuri said and took a deep breath in hopes of soothing the pain.

Victor frowned thoughtfully and gently pressed his lips against Yuuri’s forehead and almost winced over how warm it was.

“Yuuri, I think you have a fever…” Victor said as his worries began to rise.

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “Of course…”

“Will this affect your heat?” Victor asked.

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted.

“Maybe seeing a doctor isn’t a horrible idea,” Victor said thoughtfully.

Yuuri nodded. “I… I just really don’t feel like being around a stranger,” he said hesitantly.

“I understand, but I don’t want to take any risks with you,” Victor stated. “If the fever is connected to your heat, it could be something serious.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed reluctantly. “But can we wait until tomorrow?” he pleaded. “It might just be a twenty four hour thing.”

“But if you get worse, we’ll go to the emergency room right away,” Victor bargained.

Yuuri nodded. “Fine.”

“Good,” Victor said gently. “I hope the car is warm. I don’t want you to get colder. I’m scared that you might have gotten sick from falling in the snow.”

Yuuri blushed. “Maybe…”

Victor sighed. “Let’s get you home and to bed…” he said gently. “Hopefully you only need a little rest.”

………………………………………….
Back at the apartment, Yuuri insisted on taking a shower and changing into more comfortable clothes.

Victor took that moment to prepare Yuuri’s christmas present. Because it was still a special occasion, and they had agreed on one gift for every occasion.

And Victor was not missing the chance of getting Yuuri a gift.

But he did still shoot anxious looks to the bathroom door from time to time, and used their bond to look through Yuuri’s eyes to make sure that he was okay.

He did take his time, but he didn’t seem to be on the verge of collapsing or feeling worse, so Victor allowed him to take all the time he needed.

And when Yuuri finally emerged, Victor felt his heart melt.

The fever made Yuuri look a bit paler, but that also made his rosy cheeks a lot more prominent, making him look adorable.

He also walked straight up to Victor and curled up at his side as he shivered.

Victor grabbed one of the warmer blankets on the couch and wrapped it around Yuuri.

“How bad do you feel on a scale of one to ten?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Five,” Yuuri admitted.

Victor swallowed thickly. It was still halfway to horrible.

“How do you feel on a scale of one to ten?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Five,” Yuuri admitted.

Victor swallowed thickly. It was still halfway to horrible.

“Not too bad though,” Yuuri assured. “Just tired and cold.”

“Are you well enough to open your christmas present?” Victor asked gently.

“I have one for you too,” Yuuri admitted. “It’s in my suitcase, wrapped in my hoodie…”

“How bad do you feel on a scale of one to ten?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Do you want me to get it?” Victor asked knowingly.

“Do you want me to get it?” Victor asked unknowingly.

“Do you want to,” Yuuri said shyly. “Otherwise I can go… I just need a minute…”

“Do you want me to get it?” Victor asked knowingly.

“I’ll get it,” Victor insisted. “You should stay off your feet.”

Yuuri huddled in the blanket as he got up enough for Victor to be able to leave to get the gift from his suitcase. He returned moments later with the wrapped gift and gave it to Yuuri.

“You’re giving me your own christmas present?” Yuuri asked in amusement.

“I gave it to you so you can give it to me,” Victor explained as he took up his present to Yuuri from the sofa table. “Merry christmas, Yuuri,” he said and handed the gift to his mate.

Yuuri gave Victor his christmas present. “Merry Christmas, Victor.”

Victor opened it with a lot of excitement, as it was a similar box as the one he got that morning. And his mind was desperate to get another Pochayuuri.
But what he got was even better.

Victor got a keychain of himself as a Hello Kitty character based on Purin, to go with his Pochayuuri. It was called Pomvik, and Victor loved it with his whole heart.

Yuuri opened his gift slowly as his eyes tried to focus on where he could peel off the paper and his fingers fought to cooperate. Opening presents with a fever was anything but easy.

Victor eventually helped him as he could feel his mate’s frustration grow.

Yuuri got a tablet that he could use for his graphic design course in school.

He didn’t even think that Victor would remember that, since he told him almost a year ago that he was worried about the course since he couldn’t afford all the equipment.

But apparently Victor’s life mission was to make sure that Yuuri would never be worried about anything.

Yuuri had never been so grateful, but he couldn’t find the energy to give it his full appreciation.

Victor assured him that it was okay before practically begging him to go to the nest.

The only good thing about Yuuri being sick was that he didn’t mind Victor taking care of him like the protective alpha that he was.

Victor kept watch over Yuuri like a hawk to make sure that his fever didn’t rise to a dangerous level and that he was comfortable.

He also felt his chances of a fully aware heat-Yuuri slip away before his eyes.

Hopefully it wasn’t too late.

Chapter End Notes

Yuuri is definitely not having a calm and relaxing heat XD <3

Can it possibly get worse? XD (Of course it can)

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter! <3<3 Thank you so much for reading, even though I was a bit late ^^ <3<3

Love you all!! <3<3

<3<3<3<3 KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3<3
Chapter 154

Chapter Summary

Victor does his best to nurse Yuuri back to health.

Chapter Notes

Here's the daily update! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt like he wanted to thank the gods when Yuuri’s fever started to go down the next day.

Yuuri slept most of the time, and Victor passed the time by reading his omega books in hopes of finding an answer of what to do if an omega was sick during their heat and pre-heat.

So far he hadn’t had much luck, but he did learn a lot about omegas.

For example, the book confirmed what Irina said about heats. That a good pre-heat would make the omega more aware during the actual heat.

But he also learned that omegas did have a greater need to please and pleasure during pre-heat and they needed their alphas praise almost constantly. They should not be criticised or questioned in their emotional blizzard. And if there was an ongoing fight, the book strongly recommended to put it aside until the heat was over.

Otherwise there was a chance that the omega would do crazy things in order to settle it themselves.

Victor looked to Yuuri thoughtfully.

Who would have known that omegas were so complicated?

Victor put away the book and took up another one.

That one actually had a chapter about sick omegas.

It didn’t say anything he didn’t already knew though. It said that the omega needed to take it easy and stay off their feet if they had a fever. It said that massages were the best cure against sore muscles but not use too much force since they easily bruised.

But it also said that if they were sick during the heat, they should not have sex or do anything else that might drain them out of energy. Best solution was to keep them sleeping and help them relax with calming pheromones, but if the fever got too high, they should immediately go to see a doctor or rather have a doctor come see them.

Victor already had his family doctor on speed dial.
But so far, Yuuri’s fever wasn’t too bad.

The book said that to see an omega’s actual temperature they should feel the neck, since that was the only part of the body that wasn’t affected by the temperature shifts during pre-heat.

Victor gently placed his hand against Yuuri’s neck, and it was warm but not dangerously so, and as soon as he tried to pull away, Yuuri reached for his hand.

Victor didn’t have the heart to refuse his mate comfort, so he left his hand to Yuuri, who immediately cuddled up against it, leaving Victor to continue reading his book with one hand.

He was also waiting for his mom to come and pick up Makkachin, so he decided that he could put the book away for a moment and give his full attention to Yuuri.

His poor, sick, hormonal Yuuri…

His Yuuri who is so sweet and caring and loving.

He who had to battle so much all by himself.

What Yuuri told him was still echoing in his head.

That he hated himself… That he couldn’t feel loved… That he felt like a disappointment… That every day was a struggle to him.

Victor hated that. He wished that he could just make all those dark thoughts go away.

But deep down, he knew that he couldn’t. It was Yuuri’s battle.

That didn’t mean that he couldn’t help his mate though. He would show Yuuri that he was loved, he would do whatever he could to prove that Yuuri’s thoughts were wrong.

That would be his own battle to fight.

Even though Yuuri tried to push him away or pull himself away, Victor vowed to never let it rattle him. He would stand by Yuuri’s side no matter what.

He would do…

Victor’s thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of the doorbell.

His mom.

Victor looked to Yuuri and was grateful that it didn’t wake him up. So he carefully sneaked away from his mate before making his way to the front door.

He looked through the peephole to see his mother on the other side with multiple grocery bags before opening.

“Hi, mom,” he said in a hushed voice.

“Hi, love,” Victoria said gently. “How is he?”

“He’s asleep,” Victor said honestly. “He has a slight fever.”

“I’m sorry,” Victoria said sympathetically. “Well, I brought you some food that’s easy to cook. I
wasn’t sure if you had gone shopping or not.”

Victor smiled. “Thank you, mama.”

“Of course,” Victoria said and handed the bags over to Victor before turning to Makkachin. “Are you ready for a vacation, boy?” she asked the happy poodle.

Makkachin wagged his tail as he walked up to his master’s mother.

Victor handed her the leash and left a soft kiss to Makkachin’s head. “Be a good boy, Makka,” he told the dog.

Makkachin licked Victor’s face in reassurance.

Victor smiled gently. “I’ll let you know if his condition changes.”

“Thank you, Vitya,” Victoria said gratefully. “We’re all worried about him, he’s such an important member of our family.”

“I know,” Victor agreed. “I’ll make sure he’ll feel better.”

“Let him know that we’re all thinking about him,” Victoria pleaded.

“I will,” Victor promised.

Makkachin was already straining towards the elevator, and Victoria knew that it was time to go. “But don’t forget to look after yourself, honey,” she said worriedly. “I know you will take care of him, but don’t neglect yourself.”

“I won’t,” Victor assured. “I don’t want to risk getting too weak to look after him.”


“You too,” Victor said a lot quieter before closing and locking the door.

He was grateful that his parents were willing to drop their lives to help him whenever he needed them.

He had no idea how he would be able to manage everything without them.

Victor took a deep breath before making his way back to the bedroom, only to find Yuuri awake and rubbing his eyes.

“How are you feeling, love?” Victor asked gently.

“Tired,” Yuuri admitted.

“Yeah, that’s understandable,” Victor said as he carefully approached and placed his hands against Yuuri’s neck. He didn’t feel nearly as hot as he did yesterday. “But I think your fever is breaking.”

Yuuri smiled carefully. “I’m glad.”

“You don’t feel worse?”

“No,” Yuuri said honestly. “I think that raspberry jam on garlic bread did the trick…”
Victor snorted as he recalled his desperate remedies from last night.

He was desperate to do everything in his power to make Yuuri feel better, and after a few google searches he found a few ‘do it yourself’ treatments, and he did all of them.

Yuuri went along with it after Victor’s adorable pleas. No matter how disgusting the combinations were.

But he had to give credit to Victor, because they seemed to have worked.

He didn’t feel nearly as tired as he did yesterday.

“Are you hungry?” Victor asked. “You haven’t eaten since yesterday.”

Yuuri nodded.

He was kind of hungry.

“I’ll make you something,” Victor volunteered.

“I’ll help,” Yuuri stated before Victor shook his head as Yuuri attempted to get up.

“Rest, Yuuri,” Victor pleaded. “Please?”

Yuuri looked into Victor’s eyes for a long while before releasing a sigh of defeat. “Fine,” he agreed. He knew that taking care of him when he was sick was something that Victor took great pride in. And he really couldn’t allow his own stubbornness stand in the way for that. “But let me know if you need me, okay?”

Victor smiled gently. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm also thinking about having a poll on which one of my old stories I should aim to update in the near future! :)

So leave me comment on which one you would like to read the most! :)

1. Stranger Danger 3
2. Do you believe in ghosts?
3. The land of magic

I just need to know what to focus my attention on! <3 I don't want to put time on a update only to be met by silence ^^-3<3

Dearly beloved will of course stick to daily updates for as long as I'm able! <3

Lots of love! <3<3
Chapter 155

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor tries to get to the bottom of Yuuri's feelings and an unexpected guest comes to visit.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, I've been working on a writing prompt an a AU for Dearly Beloved for a lot of hours, and I've also made a fun piece of fanart to go with it! XD <3

Anyways, here's the update! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor was constantly by Yuuri’s side.

Making sure he was hydrated, well fed and comfortable.

Yuuri wasn’t sure what to do. He could tell that Victor was loving it, and he didn’t exactly mind either. He was just worried that Victor would get sick of him sooner or later.

“What are you thinking about, love?” Victor asked gently. They were watching one of Yuuri’s favorite movies in the couch, but Yuuri didn’t seem to pay any attention to it.

“I was just…” Yuuri started but trailed off. Victor didn’t want to hear about him putting himself down. He had agreed to try and stop. “Nothing important.”

Victor straightened himself. “That doesn’t sound like nothing important,” he pointed out. “Besides, nothing you think about is ever unimportant.”

“It’s only my irrational brain,” Yuuri stated. “I don’t want you to be bothered by it.”

Victor felt immediately struck by guilt. “Yuuri, I never meant that you should keep your thoughts to yourself,” he tried to explain. “I want you to feel better, not just act like you do.”

Yuuri sighed. “But I don’t know how to feel better,” he admitted. “It’s not like I can turn it on and off.”

“I know,” Victor agreed. “But talking about it usually helps, right?”

“Sometimes,” Yuuri admitted. “But I don’t want you to feel sick of it. I don’t want you to feel like no matter how many times you reassure me it won’t matter.”

“I was an idiot.” Victor stated. “I shouldn’t have lashed out on you like that. You didn’t deserve to feel even worse about something that was already hurting you.”
“I get that it has to be very frustrating,” Yuuri said apologetically. “To say something over and over and feel like nothing is enough. To feel like I don’t believe what you’re telling me when you try to assure me that you love me. And even though a part of me wished that you would understand, I really wouldn’t wish this upon my worst enemy.”

“How about this then?” Victor said as he shifted them around so he could look into Yuuri’s eyes. “As soon as you hear one of those voices in your head, you speak them out loud, and I can tell you that they are wrong.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “I love you so much for trying to help me, but if I did that, I would never be silent. What I feel isn’t just a voice here and there, it’s a constant questioning of every single action I make.”

“How?” Victor asked gently. He really wanted to get to the bottom of this.

“Well, I feel embarrassed about almost everything I do, and I’m terrified of doing something that will make me feel embarrassed. I feel like I always have to choose every single one of my words, because if I choose the wrong word at the wrong time, everyone will hate me and I will end up completely alone.”

“You know that I will never leave you,” Victor stated.

“I know that,” Yuuri agreed. “Logically I know that… But the irrational part of my brain makes everything twisted. It makes me feel like I was a disappointment to you from the moment we met. Like you saw me and decided to settle just because we were soulmates, and you were too kind to turn down a ten-year-old. And every day from that moment has just been you trying to get by. That you put me up on a pedestal because you don’t want to see the truth that I’m completely ordinary.”

That was probably as far away from the truth that Victor had ever heard.

“And it doesn’t exactly help that I’m not the only one who thinks that either,” Yuuri continued. “I’ve been on hundreds of your fanpages and so many say the exact same thing. That they pity you for being destined to someone like me. That you could do so much better if fate hadn’t been so cruel to you. That…” Yuuri trailed off as his eyes filled with tears.

Victor took it as his cue to push those thoughts away. “Those people are idiots,” he said seriously. “They don’t know what a blessing you are.”

Yuuri sniffled sadly.

“Fate could never have found a better match for me,” Victor continued. “You make every day of my life worth living, you make me want to be better because you deserve the best. The moment I met you, it was like the world was suddenly full of colors, you were so beautiful and adorable and kind and sweet and just the most perfect human I had ever met. You were anything but ordinary to me. I remember that day, I remember hearing two boys talking about you getting a high score because of your secondary gender. But it was clear to me that they didn’t even watch your performance, because it was worth a score even higher. You are magical on the ice. You are magical when you smile, when you laugh, when you speak… I love you, Yuuri. And I could sit here all day and just go through all the different ways that make you perfect, but you already know all of them. You may not believe them, but one day, you will.”

“What if I don’t?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “What if this will be the life you’re looking at? A life of constantly having to reassure and validate the man that is supposed to give you the life of happiness that you deserve…”
“Then I will gladly take it,” Victor stated. “If having to reassure you every day for the rest of my life is the price I will have to pay to be with you, I would consider it cheap. Because the joy I get from being with you is priceless.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that. “I really do wish that I could be different though,” he admitted. “If I would be flawlessly happy and content with everything, it would make things so much easier.”

“Even if I sometimes wish that you would be like that, completely happy and content every day for the rest of your life, I would never want to change you. You feel the way you do, and it’s not fair of me to expect you to just exist for me. It’s not fair that I expect you to just go along with things and be happy no matter what. You have a strong personality, and I love you for it.”

“You like my stubborn and self-pitying personality?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

“You are stubborn, but I would never consider you to be self-pitying,” Victor protested. “Self-pitying would be if you would just give up and think that happiness is something that you will never have. To accept defeat. And that’s one of the many things I love with your stubbornness. You use it to fight those dark feelings that are trying to bring you down.”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “Well, being depressed gets kind of boring after a while.”

Victor snorted. “I’m so proud of you for still fighting for your happiness,” he said honestly. “You are so incredibly strong.”

Yuuri blushed. “I… Thank you, Victor,” he said shyly. “Thank you for always being so kind.”

“You deserve nothing but kindness,” Victor stated. “And please don’t think that you can’t speak to me,” he pleaded. “No matter what your brain tells you, I feel better when I know that you trust me.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “I’ll do my best.”

A few hours later, Yuuri’s temperature shifts started.

“I hate this,” Yuuri sighed as he huddled under a blanket and closely pressed up against Victor.

“I know,” Victor agreed as he tried to get Yuuri as warm as possible. “Do you want to go to the nest? It has a lot of warmer blankets.”

“I like the couch,” Yuuri stated. “I don’t want to spend all day in bed. Being in the couch feels a little bit like being awake.”


In that moment, there was suddenly a knock on the door.

Both of them turned to the door immediately.

“Are you… expecting someone?” Yuuri asked cautiously.

“No,” Victor said thoughtfully. “You should go into the bedroom, I’m just going to see who it is.”


“I’m just not going to open the door then,” Victor stated.
Yuuri nodded. That sounded like the safest option.

“Vitya?” came the voice from outside. “I can smell you, I know you’re home…”

Yuuri tensed immediately and Victor cursed his bad luck.

So much for giving Yuuri a calm pre-heat…

“Is that… Artur?” Yuuri questioned.

Victor nodded reluctantly.

“What is he doing here?” Yuuri asked in annoyance.

“I don’t know,” Victor admitted. “Let’s just pretend that we’re not home?” he pleaded.

Yuuri released a breath of defeat. “Fine…”

“Vitya?” Artur called again before his voice dropped several octaves. “Don’t hide from me, baby…”

Yuuri started to growl at the evil omega catcalling his true mate. “I will kill him.”

Chapter End Notes

Dun, dun, dun!! XD <3 Not what Yuuri needs right now, but what can we do? XD <3<3

Anyways, I hope you liked this chapter! <3<3

KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3
Chapter 156

Chapter Summary

Victor manages to calm Yuuri down and they reach an agreement.

Chapter Notes

You all survived the cliffhanger! <3 Congratulations! <3

I hope you’ll enjoy this update! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuuri, no,” Victor pleaded and attempted to grab Yuuri’s arm but missed by several inches.

Yuuri saw red as he walked up to the door with a raging fire burning within him.

It’s bad enough that Artur had been terrorizing Victor in school for months, but for him to come to his home was crossing the line in so many ways.

How dared he?

Yuuri was just about to rip open the door and scratch the other omega’s eyes out, when he felt his alpha grabbing his arm and pulling him back.

“Yuuri, go to the nest,” Victor alpha commanded.

Yuuri glared at him defiantly, even though he could feel his legs beginning to ache at his refusal.

“Uncommand me,” Yuuri demanded.

“I can’t,” Victor said apologetically. “This is for your own safety.”

Yuuri still refused to allow Victor to be alone with a potentially dangerous omega. And he could feel his legs starting to burn.

“Please, Victor…” Yuuri pleaded. “It… It hurts…”

Victor’s eyes widened. “Please just go to the nest,” he pleaded as he began to lead Yuuri towards their bedroom.

Yuuri ripped himself free. “No!” he snapped before he felt his knees beginning to buckle and he couldn’t stop a painful whine from escaping him. “Don’t make me leave you.”

“I’ll come with you,” Victor assured. “I don’t want to see him, he can stay outside there and knock on the door until his knuckles bleed. I’m not going to open the door for him.”

“You… You won’t see him?” Yuuri asked in confusion.
Victor shook his head. “It’s definitely not worth it,” he stated. “Come on now, to the nest.”

Yuuri walked willingly when he knew that Victor wouldn’t confront the other omega and that Victor would stand by him.

He still felt his legs aching from the strained muscles but he made it all the way to the nest and climbed up into the blankets and pulled Victor with him.

Victor just managed to close the door behind them to block out all the sound.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked gently as he sat down right in front of Yuuri.

Yuuri nodded shyly. “I’ll be fine,” he assured.

“What hurt you?” Victor asked seriously. “And how did you manage to resist my alpha command?”

“I… I don’t really know,” Yuuri admitted. “I was scared that he would get to you, and you are what’s most important.”

“But did it hurt you?” Victor asked worriedly.

“A little,” Yuuri said apologetically. “My legs are aching…”

Victor felt guilt hit him like a truck. “I never meant for you to get hurt,” he stated. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured. “I’m not that hurt, I can still walk.”

“I still hurt you,” Victor said reluctantly. “I didn’t think it could actually hurt. Alpha commands are taught to be the safest way to get people to safety.”

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “I didn’t know that it could hurt either.”

“How badly?” Victor asked. “How badly does it hurt?”

“Not as much anymore,” Yuuri said as he tried out his legs. “The muscles are just a little bit sore.”

Victor carefully placed his hand on Yuuri’s calf. “Here?” he asked gently.

Yuuri nodded carefully.

Victor began to massage the tense muscles. “Does this feel good?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri said shyly. “It feels really good.”

Victor smiled gently as he continued. “Lie back, try to relax.”

There was a moment of hesitation before Yuuri did as told. “You’re not trying to get me to fall asleep so you can meet Artur… Right?”

“Of course not,” Victor reassured his mate. “I don’t want to see him, not even to tell him off. You are my first priority and I don’t want to be anywhere else but at your side.”

Yuuri relaxed a little at that. “Thank you.”

“Of course,” Victor said gently before giving his full attention to Yuuri’s leg.
Yuuri took a deep, calming breath as Victor worked his muscles with the perfect amount of pressure and gentleness.

“Victor?” Yuuri suddenly asked.

“Yes, love?” Victor inquired.

“Do you… Victor trailed off. “I… Maybe… Uhm… Your classes starts in the beginning of January, right?”


Yuuri blushed slightly before he found courage to continue. He knew that Victor would say no, which made it so much harder to ask. He didn’t want to accidentally upset his mate.

“Do you think that I might be able to come with you to school?” Yuuri asked carefully. “I really want to have an actual conversation with Artur.”

“No,” Victor said simply.

“Please?” Yuuri tried.

“No,” Victor said more determinately. “You will only end up in a fight, and I won’t stand for it.”

Yuuri nodded dejectedly.

Victor sighed as he caught himself with his harsh tone. “I know you must think of me as a hypocrite,” he said apologetically. “When I was eighteen I came to your school to lecture Narumi. And now when the situation is reversed I won’t let you do the same.”

“I get it,” Yuuri assured. “You just want to protect me…”

“I do,” Victor assured. “I mean, I went up against an opponent that was four years younger than me, I knew that there was no way of me losing the fight. Artur is still a year older than you and I don’t want to see you get hurt.”

“Yeah…” Yuuri reluctantly agreed. “It’s just… You will never be able to tell him off fully, since you are unable to fight him if need be. You are helpless against him, I’m not.”

“I’m not helpless, I can alpha command him if I need to,” Victor pointed out.

“But he doesn’t respect you,” Yuuri pointed out. “He’s not understanding you when you tell him no. He would just find a way around the alpha command.”

“And you think that you can change that?” Victor asked in confusion.

“It’s worth a try,” Yuuri said gently. “He might back off if he gets to see that you are taken by another omega.”

“It’s not worth the risk,” Victor stated.

“But maybe if…”

“The answer is no, Yuuri,” Victor said sternly. “Please let it go.”

Yuuri averted his gaze. “Fine,” he relented.
Victor visibly deflated with relief. “Thank you, love,” he said gratefully. “I don’t know what I would do if he hurt you… My brain might even abandon the protective gene all together in order to protect you.”

“I don’t think it works like that,” Yuuri said apologetically. “You can’t really abandon something that is a built-in part of you.”

“If you can fight an alpha command I can definitely fight my protective gene,” Victor stated. “But please don’t let it come to that…”

Yuuri nodded. He really didn’t want to cause his mate any harm.

He just wanted him to be safe.

But Victor’s wishes came first.

Even though he was certain that Victor wouldn’t grant him the same favor if there was an alpha in Detroit that took pleasure in harassing him where he lived.

Victor would be on the next plane from Russia and get into a physical fistfight.

But Yuuri hoped that if he granted Victor this small favor of not putting himself at risk, Victor would do the same for him.

It was definitely worth a try.

Chapter End Notes

I know a lot of you wanted a fight, and I hope that you're not too disappointed! XD <3

I have my plans, but you won't know them yet! XD <3

See you in next chapter! <3<3

I also finished the prompt I talked about! <3 You can read it here! <3
https://archiveofourown.org/works/15663078 It's an alternate universe to Dearly Beloved of what would happen if Yuuri and Victor met as adults! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3

And thank you so much for reading! <3<3

<3<3<3<3 KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3<3
Chapter 157

Chapter Summary

Yuuri’s heat arrives early.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all your input!! <3<3 The story that got most votes was the land of magic, so I'm currently working on chapter 4! <3<3 Thank you so much for helping me out! <3<3

I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri could tell that he was close to his heat when he threw a whole rage fit after feeling a breadcrumb in his nest.

He banished Victor to the living room as he tore the nest apart in order to redo it.

But in the middle of reconstructing the blankets, he was struck by guilt and immediately started crying as he curled into himself on the floor.

And that’s the scene Victor walked in on.

“Yuuri, lyubov moya, what happened?” he asked desperately as he began searching Yuuri’s body for injuries.

“I… I…” Yuuri stuttered. “I hate all these stupid hormones,” he cried.

“It’s only a couple of more days,” Victor tried to reassure him. “You’re doing so good, love…”

“I’m sobbing on the floor in a disaster of blankets!” Yuuri snapped. “How is that considered good? I snapped at you! I suck at this!”

“No you don’t,” Victor said gently. “You’re doing great. This is just a minor setback.”

“I ruined my nest,” Yuuri sobbed as he turned his face into a pillow and cried into it.

“You can rebuild it though, right?” Victor asked. “You always make such beautiful nests.”

Yuuri’s crying eased a little at that. “Maybe I don’t want to rebuild it,” he then said. “Maybe I want to lie here and feel sorry for myself.”

“Well, maybe I can help you?” Victor offered.

Yuuri scooped armful of blankets towards himself. “My nest!” he snapped.
Victor sighed. He felt like he was dealing with a child. “If you let me help you with your nest, you’ll get an ice cream,” he tried to bribe.

Yuuri looked up. “Ice cream?” he asked with sparkling eyes.

Victor was stunned that it actually seemed to work. “And maybe a new toy…” he mused, trying to reach out to the inner child of his mate.

Yuuri bit his lip knowingly. “A sexy toy?”

Victor was taken off guard by that statement.

Yuuri didn’t want sex during his pre-heat. His body was too sensitive and he felt like everything hurt. He couldn’t even get an erection.

For him to mention sex so blatantly and with that look in his eyes was very uncharacteristic.

“Yuuri?” Victor said gently. “How do you feel?”

Yuuri seemed to be looking right through him as he began crawling towards him with lust in his eyes.

“I feel amazing,” Yuuri claimed as he seated himself in Victor’s lap and began to trail kisses along his neck. “Alpha…”

“Did your heat start?” Victor asked worriedly. He hadn’t prepared anything.

A pre-heat usually lasted a week, but there had only been five days.

“What?” Yuuri murmured against Victor’s ear as he began rubbing his ass against Victor’s cock.

Victor groaned. He really needed to get Yuuri into the bed and get their stuff.

“Fill me with babies, alpha,” Yuuri pleaded.

That’s when Victor was struck by Yuuri’s heat pheromones.

They arrived like a slap in the face and Victor panicked. “I… I…” he tried but he couldn’t get out any words as Yuuri began to suck on his jaw and increase his relentless rubbing against Victor’s growing erection.

Victor knew that he had to put some distance from his mate right now.

He needed to get scent blockers, lube, vibrators and probably something to restrain his mate.

“Vitynetka…” Yuuri purred. “My strong, sexy alpha…”

“Yuuri!” Victor exclaimed as he desperately tried to get away, only to have Yuuri tighten his grip and send them both falling into a heap entangled with each other..

“I’m going to make you feel wonderful,” Yuuri assured as he began to tug on Victor’s shirt and kiss his stomach.

Victor’s breath hitched.

This was not good.
Not good at all.

But why did it have to feel so amazing?

“Kiss me,” Yuuri begged. “Take me, make me your bitch, fuck me raw…”

That actually managed to snap Victor out of his trance.

Nothing was more of a turn-off than Yuuri begging to be hurt.

“No,” Victor stated. “Yuuri, get off me.”

Yuuri stilled his movements and sat up to look at him.

He looked so confused and disoriented.

Victor felt his heart break for him.

“I’m just going to get some things to get us through,” Victor reassured him. “Just wait here.”

“Don’t leave!” Yuuri snapped as he desperately wrapped himself around Victor. “Please, please, please, I’ll be good, I’ll be really good, just please don’t leave me.”

“I won’t,” Victor assured as he struggled to keep them seated and not falling over again. “I…” he trailed off as he could feel Yuuri shivering with fear and he could sense how terrified Yuuri was across the bond.

The bond was definitely weaker when Yuuri was in heat, but he could still pick up on emotions that were so strong.

He knew he couldn’t leave his mate without risking a possible panic attack.

And that was definitely not what Yuuri needed.

So he hugged his mate tightly, and used all of his strength to lift both of them up.

Yuuri held on for dear life.

“Okay,” Victor said in a wheezing breath. “I’m just gonna get some stuff from the living room, I’ll take you with me, okay?”

Yuuri nodded against his shoulder.

Victor released a breath of relief as he made his way into the living room and looked around for scent blockers.

He knew that they took them out when Yuuri claimed that Victor’s scent was starting to get too overwhelming.

But he didn’t remember where he put them after he used them.

Yuuri released a low whine from the back of his throat as Victor walked around with him, making the alpha freeze in his tracks.

“What’s wrong, Yuuri?” Victor asked gently. “Are you hurt?”

“Empty…” Yuuri said sadly. “Feel empty.”
“I’ll fill you up soon, I promise,” Victor reassured the omega. “I just need to find the scent blockers.”

Yuuri sniffled as he tightened his grip of Victor and snuggled closer.

Victor almost cried out in victory as he finally saw the scent blocker patches lying discarded under the sofa table.

But it also meant that he had to put Yuuri down to reach them.

“Yuuri, honey, can you sit down on the couch for me?” Victor asked gently.

Yuuri nodded carefully before releasing his grip and allowing Victor to put him down and pull away.

Victor quickly reached for the patches and took one out before turning to Yuuri. “I’m just going to put a patch on your neck, is that okay?” he asked cautiously.

“Yes,” Yuuri agreed and turned his head away to expose his neck. “Anything for alpha…”

Victor cringed slightly at that statement before hurrying up so he could get Yuuri back to bed.

He carefully placed the patch on Yuuri’s scent gland and released a breath he didn’t even realize he was holding before gently placing his hand on Yuuri’s jaw and turning his face back.

Victor tried to look into Yuuri’s eyes, but the omega was completely focused on his lips as he breathed heavily.

He needed to get him to the nest as soon as possible.

“Come on, love,” he said and gently wrapped his arms around Yuuri who climbed up the rest of the way and wrapped both of his arms and legs around him before taking in a deep breath of his scent.

Victor knew that it was a way for him to seek comfort, Victor had planned to scent the nest and then spray it down with scent enhancers, but that would have to wait until Yuuri was asleep.

So Victor got Yuuri back into the bedroom and placed him down in the pile of pillows and blankets on the floor, before quickly running to the closet to get their toy box.

Yuuri followed him closely and gently hugged him from behind as he trailed kisses along his neck and face.

“Please fuck me,” Yuuri begged. “I need your cock… I need it now…”

Victor managed to get the box out and present it to Yuuri.

Yuuri frowned like Victor had personally offended him.

“Do you see a toy you want?” Victor asked worriedly as he noticed Yuuri’s expression.

“You don’t want me yourself?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “I… I thought you loved me.”

“I do!” Victor quickly exclaimed. “And I would love to make love to you if I could, but we don’t want a baby right now…”

Yuuri frowned as if Victor was speaking a different language. “Why not?” he questioned.

“We’re too young,” Victor said gently. “A baby is too much responsibility.”
“I’ll take care of it myself,” Yuuri promised. “Pretty please?”

“Yuuri, no,” Victor said as gently as he could. “We could maybe get a puppy, but no baby, not yet.”

“When?” Yuuri asked.

“When you want a baby outside your heat,” Victor stated. “Then I’ll give you as many as you want.”

Yuuri’s eyes sparkled with want. “Promise?”

Victor nodded. “I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m not going to include too much smut since I’m continuing with the story! <3 So don’t get your hopes up! XD <3

Thank you so much for reading! <3 I love you all! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 158

Chapter Summary

Yuuri drifts in and out of awareness as the new year is waiting on the threshold.

Chapter Notes

Lots of stuff happening in this chapter! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was new years eve, and Yuuri was starting to get a little more aware, to Victor’s great relief.

It came in waves, one minute Yuuri was there, asking what day it was and how close he was to the end of his heat, and the next minute he was trying to dry-hump the pillows and ask Victor to fill him up with seed so he could grow a baby.

Victor felt so bad for him in those confused states.

He was still incredibly sexy and adorable, because it still was his Yuuri in his purest, most instinctual form.

But he did prefer his aware Yuuri. He was still just as sexy and adorable as always, he was just a bit more relaxed.

But right now, he was aware. And when Victor told him that there was only twenty minutes left until midnight, he begged Victor to keep him awake.

“If you’re tired you should sleep,” Victor said gently. “I can wake you up with a kiss if you’d like?”

“No,” Yuuri said with a shake of his head. “That’s not the same.”

“So how would you like me to keep you awake?” Victor asked.

Yuuri smirked and took Victor’s hands and gently moved them to his hips. “Maybe this could pass the time?”

“Again?” Victor asked. “I thought you were satisfied?”

“I’m in heat,” Yuuri pointed out. “I can have sex forever.”

Victor felt his legs shake with exhaustion at the mere suggestion. The position he had to be in when he got Yuuri off was probably staining his thighs more than sex itself.

“I’m not sure if I can,” Victor admitted apologetically.

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “Well, can you maybe give me the vibrator then?”
“Of course,” Victor agreed as he began searching under the blankets.

Everything was still a mess on the floor, but neither of them had considered fixing it. Between Yuuri’s heat waves and just surviving, there wasn’t much time left for things such as order.

“I found it,” Yuuri exclaimed a few seconds before Victor heard the vibrator being turned on.

If there was ever a time that Victor had been jealous of an inanimate object, it had to be now.

The way Yuuri moaned was so enticing and beautiful, and he really wished with all his might that he could switch places with it.

“Uhm, do you… need help?” Victor asked shyly.

“I-I’m fine,” Yuuri said between heavy breaths, making Victor regret his decision.

“Please?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri held his breath for a moment before exhaling shakily and giving the vibrator to Victor.

“Thank you,” Victor beamed, feeling oddly happy about being allowed to strain his own muscles.

“Just… Don’t push yourself,” Yuuri pleaded. “Like… Like last time.”

“I won’t,” Victor promised as he began working on his mate.

Yuuri pushed his hips up to allow Victor easier access while he began stroking himself to his climax.

He came with a cry of pleasure and immediately rolled over to his side to snuggle into the blankets.

“Are you okay?” Victor asked. “Was it good?”

“Mmm, alpha…” Yuuri purred. “So good…”

Victor sighed as he realized that his mate’s awareness was once again lost to his instincts. “Do you want more?” he asked gently.

Yuuri shook his head. “Hold me?”

Victor gladly did, he pulled up Yuuri tightly against his chest, blankets and all as the omega snuggled to make himself comfortable.

“Do you still want to be awake for the new year?” Victor asked in hope of maybe bringing Yuuri’s awareness back, and to his surprise, the omega nodded.

“I want to kiss you at midnight,” Yuuri admitted as he began looking around. “Where’s my phone?”

“Probably in the kitchen or living room,” Victor said. “Do you want me to get it for you?”

Yuuri nodded.

Victor got up on stiff legs and made his way out of the humid room.

He got Yuuri’s phone from the sofa table and made his way back.
Yuuri was trying to get the blankets and pillows back up into the bed as Victor returned. “Here’s your phone, love,” he said and held the phone out to his mate.

Yuuri didn’t hear him as he was dragging the blankets along and spreading them out.

He was nesting.

Victor pretended like he wasn’t there and carefully snuck back out from the bedroom.

He decided that he would start Yuuri’s phone for him while he was busy and make sure that there wasn’t anything on it that might upset him in his confused state of mind.

But once the phone booted up, Victor felt all the colors drain from his face as there were several missed calls from Celestino, Mari, Hiroko and the rest of Yuuri’s family and friends. And not to mention a lot of notifications from a lot of different magazines.

Yuuri had tagged Victor’s name as someone of interest, so as soon as one of the bigger gossip magazines wrote something about him, Yuuri got a notification.

And what Victor saw, did not make him happy.

It made him terrified.

‘Victor Nikiforov abuses his omega Yuuri Katsuki’

What the hell did that mean?

Victor unlocked the phone and opened the article with shaking hands.

There was an audio clip.

He pressed play.

…………………………

“Yuuri, go to the nest,” Victor alpha commanded.

“No!” Yuuri cried.

There was a sound of a slap and Yuuri crying out in pain.

“Please, Victor…” Yuuri pleaded. “It… It hurts…”

“This is for your own safety.” Victor cooed.

“Uncommand me,” Yuuri demanded.

“It’s definitely not worth it,” Victor stated as more slaps and punches could be heard. “Come on now, to the nest.”

Yuuri whined in pain.

…………………………

Victor felt his heart pound in his chest as the recording stopped.

It was an edited version of the night when Artur came to visit.

Victor was going to kill him. Or maybe get someone without the protective instinct to do it for him.
He would NOT allow Artur to get away with this.

This recording…

It could send him to prison.

It could get Yuuri investigated by the OPS, and if they saw how out of it he was, they would know that he had a stressful pre-heat, and they would demand to know what caused it.

And Victor wasn’t sure that their side of the story was that believable when they had an actual recording against them.

It was an edited recording, but it was very well edited. If Victor hadn’t been there, he might actually believe that it was real.

This was not good.

Not good at all…

He had to call Yakov, he had to deal with this.

“Vitya?” Yuuri called from the bedroom. “I need you…”

Victor took a deep breath as he grabbed his own phone and turned Yuuri’s off.

He just needed to get Yuuri to sleep so he could handle everything.

He was not going to let this lie keep them apart.

And once he got his hands on Artur…

There would be no mercy.

Chapter End Notes

DUN DUN DUN!! XD <3<3

If there wasn't enough reasons to hate Artur before, there definitely is now XD <3<3

Hopefully he'll gets what's coming for him XD <3<3

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3<3
Chapter 159

Chapter Summary

Victor tells Yuuri the truth.

Chapter Notes

I love all of your reactions XD <3 Artur is truly growing to be the most hated character in my fanfic XD <3 He's lucky that he's fictional XD <3

Anyways, I hope you'll enjoy this daily update! <3<3

Victor tried to take deep breaths as he waited for his coach to pick up.

It was 2:00am and Yuuri had finally gone to sleep. Hiding something this big from his mate hadn’t been easy, but luckily Yuuri had another streak of confusion and had simply asked Victor to play with his hair until he fell asleep.

It took him almost two hours.

But he was confident that Yuuri was asleep, and he was ready to get this media storm under control.

This really wasn’t the best start of the new year.

“Vitya, I’ve been trying to get ahold of you for hours, why the hell haven’t you answered?” Yakov barked.

“Yuuri is in heat,” Victor said in a hushed voice.

“Have you seen the article?” Yakov questioned instead. “What the hell happened? Why did you say those things? Is Yuuri alright?”

“Yuuri is fine,” Victor assured. “And I would never hurt him like that, that audio clip is completely fake.”

“It’s your voices, Victor,” Yakov said seriously.

“It’s been edited out of context,” Victor stated. “And there are sound effects, I would never lay a finger on my soulmate.”

“I know you wouldn’t,” Yakov agreed. “But how the hell do we fix this? Do you know who did it? A neighbor maybe?”

“Artur,” Victor said behind gritted teeth. “He came here and upset Yuuri. I stopped Yuuri from fighting him by alpha commanding him to go to the nest, Yuuri fought the alpha command and
managed to hurt himself. Artur must have recorded it from outside the door or something.”

Yakov sighed tiredly. “Why would he do something like that?” he asked in annoyance.

“Because he’s crazy,” Victor snapped. “I’ve told you about what he’s done. He’s not stopping, this must be a part of some very idiotic plan.”

“Can you talk to him?” Yakov asked. “Get him to confess?”

“I… I don’t know,” Victor said brokenly. “Yakov, I… I need help. I don’t know what to do.”

Yakov was silent for a long moment, before finally speaking. “Okay, I will talk to the newspapers, I will call everyone I know and see what I can do about this mess. You should focus on Yuuri. And if the OPS stop by, make sure that Yuuri is free of bruises and in perfect condition and tell them the truth.”

“The OPS are usually omegas,” Victor pointed out. “How do you expect me to get my mate who’s in heat- close to another omega?”

“You’re going to have to figure that out, Vitya,” Yakov stated. “I’ll do what I can, but you have to do your part. Bribe him or something, I don’t know. Talk to him.”

“I… I’ll try,” Victor relented.

“Good,” Yakov said in approval. “And look after yourself. Don’t let this affect you more than necessary.”

“Yeah,” Victor agreed vaguely.

“Victor?” Yuuri suddenly called from inside the bedroom.

“Yakov, I have to go,” Victor said apologetically. “Thank you,”

“I’m just doing my job,” Yakov said.

Victor knew that he was doing so much more than that. He was his coach, not his manager, but he somehow didn’t mind being both.

He was truly a rock.

Victor ended the call and looked into the bedroom to see Yuuri looking around the bed for something.

“Are you okay, love?” Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri’s eyes were filled with tears. “You… You didn’t leave me?”

“Of course not, lyubov moya,” Victor assured him as he closed the distance between them. ”Never.”

Yuuri wasn’t sure what day it was when he finally woke up and became aware of his surroundings. He just had an odd feeling that something was wrong with Victor.

His mate felt nervous across the bond. Yuuri tried to ask him what it was, but Victor just changed the topic or reassured him that everything was okay.
Yuuri didn’t believe him.

Victor was constantly on his phone, and when Yuuri finally asked where his own phone was, Victor tensed up and said that it had to be around somewhere.

It was so unlike him.

Something had to be wrong.

“Victor, please talk to me,” Yuuri pleaded as he finally found enough courage to confront his mate. “If something is happening that can affect the both of us, I deserve to know.”

“I know you do,” Victor agreed. “But you just came out of your heat. You need a little time to recover.”

Yuuri felt his heartbeat rise.

It had to be something serious.

“Yuuri, no please, calm down,” Victor pleaded. “I have things under control, there’s no need for you to stress yourself out.”

“Okay, you need to tell me,” Yuuri stated. “You can’t keep something big from me like this, and the sooner you tell me the better.”

Victor sighed tiredly. “Okay,” he relented as he carefully sat down in front of Yuuri. “Just know that I won’t let anything happen to you,” he vowed. “And none of this could affect you badly.”

“Okay, now you’re scaring me,” Yuuri said worriedly. “What happened? Did I...” he felt his heart stop as panic crept up on him. “Did we... have sex? Like...”

“No, no, no,” Victor quickly assured. “It’s nothing like that.”

Yuuri released a breath of relief.

Thank god that he wasn’t pregnant.

“Then what?” Yuuri asked.

“There’s a huge media storm about us,” Victor admitted. “All lies, but people don’t seem to care for the truth. It’s a pure witch hunt.”

“What are they saying?” Yuuri asked worriedly, trying to think back to their time in Germany, the Grand Prix, and everything else that had happened in the closest weeks.

“They are saying that...” Victor trailed off as he collected himself. “They are saying that I hurt you.”

Yuuri frowned as he tried to process that outrageous accusation. “What?”

“Yeah,” Victor agreed. “I... Do you remember during your pre-heat... When Artur came here?”

Yuuri took a breath to calm himself down as he remembered how angry he had been. “Yes?”

“I think he knew that you were here and that he was planning to upset you,” Victor said gently. “He-uhm... He kind of recorded our conversation and put it out of context.”
“How?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

Victor carefully took out Yuuri’s phone from his back pocket and gave it to him. “You can check any news site you want,” he said apologetically. “It’s all anyone seems to care about.”

Yuuri opened the first news app he came across and cringed at the headline. He clicked the article nonetheless and came across the audio clip.

He pressed play and listened through the clip with a focused frown.

“And adding this with the article from the grand prix—” Victor started but got cut off by Yuuri shushing him and replaying the clip. His phone was almost completely pressed against his ear.

Victor looked at Yuuri worriedly, he could feel his anger and annoyance grow across the bond, and as soon as Yuuri was finished listening to the clip, he stood up and got out of the nest.

“Yuuri?” Victor called after him before following him out to the living room.

Yuuri got out his laptop and clicked away.

“What are you-?” Victor tried before quietly walking around so he could sit down next to Yuuri, only to feel extremely confused by all the open tabs on his screen.

Something was downloading, something was updating and something seemed to be booting up.

Yuuri moved his mouse all around his desktop, and all the sudden there was a audio program opened and a bunch of soundwaves and Yuuri released a breath of relief.

“They can’t use this as actual proof,” Yuuri stated as he leaned back and wrapped a blanket around himself. “You see there,” he said and pointed. “There are flaws in the editing. It’s good, but the soundwaves are clearly proving that there are transitions and an imbalance in the audio levels. The slap should be muffled, like our voices, but that is still clear, and made as a stereo file instead of a mono. Which means that it’s probably taken as a sound effect from the internet. And there is an edit where there’s no sound at all, not even the natural sound from the recording device which shows that there’s an edit. We’ll be fine.”

Victor felt his heart making quad axles in his chest. “How… How do you know all of this?” he asked in awe. He was so unbelievably starstruck by his genius of a soulmate.

“We got to take an editing class when we were making trailers for our video game concepts,” Yuuri admitted. “And our teacher was a very big audio enthusiast, and he noticed every single one of our mistakes. We did the same mistakes as this moron,” he gestured to his screen. “We tried to patch everything up with transitions and sound effects and it didn’t work out. Just like this.”

“I don’t think I ever been so proud of you my entire life,” Victor declared to which Yuuri blushed adorably. “I need to tell Yakov about this, he can fix this in no time.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri smiled. “It’s a good thing Artur sucks.”

Victor pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s cheek. “It’s a good thing that you are so brilliant. You’re my hero.”

“Victor,” Yuuri drawled as his cheeks got impossibly red.

“I’ll be right back,” Victor assured as he went to get his phone.
Yuuri went back to his laptop, and may or may not have gone into facebook to stare daggers into the evil omega that seemed to be trying to ruin their lives.

He looked even more annoying now.

What had he hoped to accomplish by spreading these lies?

Did he think that Victor might get scared by the threats of the media and break up with him so that Artur could sweep in?

Did he think that Yuuri would get scared and intimidated by his poor computer skills and give up?

That was not going to happen.

Yuuri only knew that Artur wanted Victor for himself, and he was apparently willing to go through any kind of stupidity to get him.

He needed to be stopped.

Chapter End Notes

Yuuri is going to war XD <3 Who's surprised? I know I'm not XD <3 Don't scare Victor, Yuuri will murder you XD

I'm so happy to still be four chapters ahead! XD <3 #Proud

I hope you're excited to see how all this will play out! <3 Lots of love and KUDOS to you all <3<3
Chapter 160

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri talk about what to do with their Artur-problem.

Chapter Notes

The daily update is here! <3 I'm sorry for the short chapters, but that's the price for frequent updates! <3 And so far no one has complained, so I'm sure you all think it's fine! <3

I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor had never felt so relieved as he did when the news sites began to retract their accusations and instead write about how the audio clip was fake.

The omega protective services had even paid them a visit just to make sure, and Yuuri had given them a big piece of his mind that had ended with them apologizing.

Again.

Yuuri was furious with Artur, and it made Victor slightly worried.

Yuuri had always been so forgiving, so to see him act so vengeful was almost surreal.

Victor had to work almost twice as hard just to get him to smile and relax.

He really didn’t like it when Yuuri was silent and tense.

It was hard work, but eventually Yuuri melted into his touches and smiled at his compliments and silly jokes.

Victor was just glad that he could pry the happiness out of his mate. In an ideal world, Yuuri would forget about Artur altogether and just enjoy the time they had left together.

But Victor would take what he could get.

There were only a couple of more days until Victor started school, and Victor was a bit terrified that Yuuri would somehow sneak with him and end up in a fight that could lead to him getting hurt.

He understood that Yuuri wanted to get even after what Artur had done to them. He wanted that as well, but he never wanted Yuuri anywhere near a fight.

There had to be a better way.
Maybe he could get a restraining order? He should call his lawyer and see if there was something to do.

Artur did try to ruin his life.

Yuuri was a witness and his classmates would hopefully stand by his side if he needed them.

They had seen Artur’s behaviour first-hand.

Or maybe he could tell his teacher and ask if he could take the class from home where he wouldn’t have to see the evil omega.

Or maybe he should just drop out…

Maybe find a school in America close to Yuuri where he could study a business program.

“You’re thinking very loudly,” Yuuri suddenly said, cuddling closer to Victor. “Do you want to share?”

“I’m thinking about Artur,” Victor stated. “I’m thinking about how I can make sure that I will never have to cross paths with him ever again.”

Yuuri hummed thoughtfully, completely content in Victor’s embrace on the couch. “Have you come up with any good plans?”

“A few different ones,” Victor admitted. “Maybe I should get a restraining order?

“He would probably play his omega card, and it will end with you having to be responsible that the distance is held,” Yuuri said bitterly. “He seems like he’s cowardly enough to do something like that.”

“What about me asking my teacher if I can finish the program from home? Then I won’t have to see him, and I can get my diploma without any interaction.”

“That would just isolate you from the rest of the world,” Yuuri pointed out. “You don’t deserve to suffer because of him.”

“What about dropping out completely and moving to America?” Victor asked. “I hear they have some wonderful schools in Detroit.”

“What? Victor, no, you can’t give up your entire life in Russia because of him. You’ll lose Yakov, the access to your parents, your whole life would be turned upside down,” Yuuri stated.

“Maybe I need to stir the pot a little?” Victor asked. “It might be good with a change of scenery. Besides, I wouldn’t mind if it meant also being close to you.”

Yuuri’s heart melted at that. “You’re so sweet, Vitya,” he said gently. “And if you wanted to move to America because of you, I would support you with all I have. But I don’t want you to rip your life apart because some asshole won’t leave you alone.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was right. But he was running out of options. “What do you think I should do?”

“If I’m being completely honest, I think you should let me get a round with him,” Yuuri stated. “I could get him in an alley and scare him so much that he would never even dare to look your way again.”
“And how would you scare him?” Victor mused. Having a hard time imagining Yuuri harming a fly.

“Well, I would love to fly Takeshi here, he doesn’t have the protective gene, but he is my friend and I know he would help,” Yuuri started. “Then I would have him alpha command Artur not to make a sound as I push him up against a brick wall in an alley and tell him exactly what I would do to him if he lays a finger on you or try to do anything to hurt you.”

“And what would you do?” Victor inquired, slightly intrigued by this dark side of his mate.

Yuuri bit his lip thoughtfully. “I haven’t gotten that far yet,” he admitted. “But I would definitely do something that hurt.”

Victor thought as much. “I’m sure you would, love,” he agreed.

“You don’t believe me,” Yuuri claimed in disbelief.


“Well, for starters you’re not denying it,” Yuuri pointed out. “And you’re not worried.”

“Well, you’re just not that violent by nature,” Victor said apologetically. “I was very worried during your pre-heat,” he admitted. “And I’m sure you would be very dangerous if you were provoked, but I can’t imagine you tracking someone down and hurting them.”

“Well, you’d be surprised over the things I’m willing to do for you,” Yuuri stated.

Victor smiled gently. “I guess I just wouldn’t want you to get your hands dirty over someone who’s completely unworthy,”

“If it would keep you safer, I would gladly jump into a bottomless hole of dirt,” Yuuri claimed.


“I just… I feel useless,” Yuuri admitted. “He’s out there, trying to ruin your life, trying to separate us, and there’s nothing you will let me do to help.”

“Just having you by my side is all the help I will ever need,” Victor admitted. “It helps me keep my sanity.”

“But what if his next plan succeeds?” Yuuri asked. “What if he does something else that actually manages to keep us apart?”

“That won’t happen,” Victor assured.

“Are you really willing to risk it?”

Victor sighed. He knew that Yuuri had a point, and he wasn’t completely sure.

He had been so scared when he thought that he was going to prison over something that wasn’t even true. And he had no idea of what else Artur was capable of.

But he really didn’t want Yuuri to put himself at risk.

There had to be a way to execute this safely.

“If I let you talk to Artur, can we put up some rules to make it safe?” Victor asked.
Yuuri lit up at that. “You’re going to let me talk with him?”

“With conditions,” Victor stated. “For example, you will not use violence, only words.”

Yuuri nodded. He could go with that.

“And second of all, you will not provoke him to hurt you,” Victor said seriously. “You can say whatever you want, but don’t challenge him.”

“Ohkay,” Yuuri agreed.

“And third of all, you will only speak to him with me present. I’m not leaving you alone with a psychopath,” Victor stated.

“Ohkay, but I have some demands too,” Yuuri said.

Victor tilted his head curiously. “Okay?”

“Yes, I don’t want you to interrupt me or try to calm me down in the middle of our conversation. I don’t want him to think that you control me,” Yuuri said. “If you need to tell me something, I want you to use our bond.”


“And I want you to let me fight if he throws the first punch. I know how to defend myself and I just… I want to humiliate him,” Yuuri claimed.

“But if I think that you could get hurt, I will use an alpha command to break up the fight,” Victor quipped. “I won’t stand by to see you get hurt.”

“Fine,” Yuuri agreed. “And I have one final thing….”

“Yes?”

“I want to show him that you belong to me,” Yuuri stated. “I want to kiss you in front of him and show him that he stands no chance.”

Victor smiled at that. “I love that condition.”

Yuuri smiled back. “So do you think I’m allowed to come with you to school?”

“Yes, we only have a lecture the first day and it’s free attendance for the general public,” Victor assured. “So you can be by my side the whole day.”

Yuuri loved that. “Thank you for letting me do this, I promise to be careful.”

Victor’s heart soared at the honest declaration. “I know you will,” he said proudly. “And I love you for it.”

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes
A plan! <3 Finally! <3 I'm so proud of them! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3 And I hope you're excited for the next one! <3<3
Chapter 161

Yuuri comes with Victor to his school.

I'm so excited for your reactions to this! <3<3
I hope you'll like it! <3<3

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel excited as he was walking with Victor to his school, holding his hand. It was cold outside, but luckily it wasn’t snowing.

It had been over a week since he got out of his heat, and he was now fully recovered. He was leaving for Detroit in a week, but he would then return for Victor’s rut three weeks after that. But as soon as Artur had been dealt with, hopefully he and Victor could enjoy some time together in peace.

“Are you feeling cold?” Victor suddenly asked. “I don’t want you to get sick again.”

“I’m fine,” Yuuri assured. “You’re keeping me warm.”

Victor chuckled fondly as he pulled Yuuri closer to himself and wrapped his arm around him. “Well, we’re almost there.”

“I can’t believe that I’ve never been to your school before,” Yuuri said. “And now I’m going to be in the same class as you, almost as if we were classmates, except you are the only one that will understand what people are talking about.”

“Don’t underestimate yourself,” Victor chided. “You are just as brilliant and amazing as you are beautiful.”

“Well, I might have better luck if the teacher needs help with their computer,” Yuuri said shyly. “But I’m really not good at marketing or money in general… I mean, if it wasn’t for Nathan, I never would have learned how to make a budget.”

“Well, maybe you’ll learn something today,” Victor said happily.

Yuuri had a hard time believing that he would be able to keep his eyes off Victor for even a second to be able to pay attention. He had a feeling that sitting next to someone as beautiful as Victor wouldn’t be the best motivation to look at a teacher and a bunch of diagrams.
Hopefully Victor would still be able to focus though.

As soon as they came to the university building, Victor immediately went to open the door for his mate, making Yuuri blush.

“Have you made it your life’s goal to keep me from opening doors?” Yuuri asked in amusement as he stepped inside.

“How did you figure that out?” Victor asked teasingly as he took his hand again.

Yuuri was momentarily taken aback by how beautiful the building was on the inside.

It looked almost like a museum. The historical structure of Saint Petersburg was heavily imprinted into the building. The walls were so detailed with artwork that had to be hundreds of years old.

“It’s so pretty,” Yuuri said in awe and looked up only to see that they were under a dome. “Wow…”

Victor had to stop himself from melting over how cute Yuuri was when he admired his school building. He could watch him all day.

“How old is this building?” Yuuri asked in amazement.

“I think it was built sometime around the 13th century,” Victor said. “But I’m not really sure. Almost all the buildings in Saint Petersburg are old.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding.

“Victor!” Someone suddenly called.

Yuuri tightened his hold on Victor’s hand before he saw how the alpha smiled.

“Oh, that’s my friends,” Victor admitted. “I’ll introduce you. I’m sure you’ll like them.”

Yuuri nodded shyly as he stayed close to his mate as they approached the group of people.

“This is Yuuri,” Victor announced proudly as he closed the circle they were standing in. “My true mate.”

Yuuri saw how the other Russians looked at him in disbelief, but said absolutely nothing.

“I think they got stunned by your beauty, love,” Victor said in amusement.

“Oh, sorry!” Vendela apologized. “It’s just… wow,” she said and gestured to Yuuri.

Yuuri blushed even darker. “Uhm… thank you?”

“I just, uhm, I mean…” Vendela tried nervously before gently slapping Bartok in the stomach. “Say words, Bartok.”

“I…” Bartok said. “Well, nice, to- uhm, meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too,” Yuuri said shyly. “Victor has told me a lot about you, you seem very kind.”

Vendela squealed.

~Why are they acting like they’ve never seen an omega before?~ Yuuri asked across the bond.
Victor smiled fondly. ~Because they’ve never seen an omega as beautiful as you~ he claimed.

“Yuuri is going to sit in on our lecture today,” Victor beamed. “So he’ll be our classmate for the day.”

“That’s awesome,” Vendela stated. “You’re very welcome.”

“Hi, Victor,” a voice suddenly called from behind them.

Yuuri turned to the voice in barely a second.

Artur.

“Artur,” Victor greeted bitterly.

Yuuri assessed the man in front of him, but he did feel puzzled. He… He didn’t look like an omega.

When Yuuri met Alisa, Nathan, Celestino, even that girl on the grand prix, he was immediately struck by their unwavering beauty.

Artur didn’t have that.

Of course that could be because he hated the man, but it did feel weird.

But if he wasn’t an omega…

That would explain a lot.

Like why he didn’t feel guilty about the destruction he caused, why he could be so disliked by the people around him and why his omega eyes didn’t work on Victor.

Victor had claimed that he was so used to Yuuri’s that no eyes would compare, but it was still weird for an alpha with the protective gene to not give into a omega’s plea.

What if…

What if he was faking it?

Like Narumi…

What if he pretended to be an omega in order to attempt to win Victor’s heart.

“And you must be Yuuri,” Artur suddenly said before making air quotes. “The true mate.”

“I am,” Yuuri stated. “And you must be Artur,” he said and mocked the air-quotes. “The omega.”

Artur frowned in confusion.

~Yuuri?~ Victor asked gently. ~What do you mean?~

~I’ve been around enough omegas to know what we look like~ Yuuri told his mate. ~Omegas glow and intimidate me. Artur is not an omega~

Victor looked to Artur in confusion.

Was Yuuri right?
When he thought about it, it did make a lot of sense. He had never disliked an omega before. Omegas were all good at heart, that was literally the first thing to know about them. Artur was… not good at all.

But why had he felt so protective towards him?

Or had it been nothing but his basic alpha-protectiveness?

He didn’t really feel like he needed to protect him the same way he needed to protect Yuuri. When Bartok had offered to take Artur off his hands, Victor had happily agreed. If he felt protective, he would never have accepted such a sketchy offer, right?

Maybe he just had a hard time using violence because of his alpha status. Alphas were protective towards all. They were the leaders of society.

Maybe Artur was just a beta, and Victor just didn’t want to hurt him since he was protective by nature?

No matter what it was, he trusted Yuuri. And if Yuuri said that Artur wasn’t an omega, he wasn’t an omega.

“What are you trying to say?” Artur questioned. “You don’t think I’m an omega?”

“I know you’re not,” Yuuri stated. “I live with an omega, I get coached by an omega, I’ve met enough of my kind to tell them apart from the rest. My best guess is that you’re a beta with omega perfume.”

Artur gasped in offence. “How dare you?”

Victor didn’t even realize that he was growling before Yuuri gently patted his chest.

“I’ve got this,” Yuuri assured him.

Victor took a deep breath to restrain his anger.

“I’m an omega,” Artur claimed. “I’m not sure what you’re supposed to be though.”

Yuuri exchanged looks with Victor. ~Do you trust me?~ he asked worriedly.

Victor nodded.

Yuuri took a deep breath as he stepped forward and hissed.

Everyone around them froze, including Artur.

Yuuri stepped forward so he was standing right in front of him. “Hit me,” he demanded.

Victor felt panic creep up on him as he saw Artur’s hand twitch.

“You can’t, can you?” Yuuri questioned. “An omega isn’t affected by the hiss. But you’re not an omega, are you?”

Artur was practically fuming with anger.

“You’ll stay away from my soulmate from now on,” Yuuri stated. “Now that everyone knows that the OPS won’t protect you, you’re not nearly as safe as you think.”
Artur’s eyes widened as he struggled to move.


Victor sighed as he felt his mobility return to him, and he didn’t waste any time before wrapping Yuuri into his embrace. “Please don’t do things like that to me,” he pleaded. “I almost had a heart attack.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized again before turning back to Artur, to whom the hiss was directed at. “But at least he won’t bother you again,” he said gently. “Now you know that you can protect yourself. So you should call your lawyer later and ask about that restraining order.”

Even though Victor had been terrified for Yuuri’s well-being, he really couldn’t deny his mate’s brilliant mind.

He turned around and noticed that all of his friends seemed to be frozen in shock. They stood a bit further away, so they shouldn’t have been so affected by the hiss. They were probably just stunned.

There was a lot of information to process.

Eventually, Artur managed to move again, but he didn’t dare approach. He simply looked around fearfully before quickly escaping the building.

Yuuri looked after him with a glare. “He better stay gone,” he grumbled in Japanese. “Hopefully he’ll crawl back from the hole he came from and stay there.”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at that. “You’re my hero, Yuuri. You know that, right?”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “I guess we can finally call it even.”

Chapter End Notes

I bet you weren't expecting that!! >:D <3<3

God... I love myself a good plot-twsit <3 It makes me feel young XD <3

Hopefully this will be enough to keep Artur away for good ;) <3<3 If not, Victor can at least defend himself without risking prison ^^ <3<3

Thank you so much for reading!! <33

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Yuuri found the business class surprisingly interesting. But he couldn’t help but to spend most of the time admiring his mate.

Victor had the most amazing handwriting. And his notes were so smart. Even someone who didn’t attend could probably learn a lot from the notes alone.

And Victor looked so handsome when he was paying attention. The way his eyebrows furrowed in concentration could be described as nothing but beautiful.

Yuuri could also tell that Victor knew that he was watching him, because whenever the instructor opened a new document or turned on the lights to write on the whiteboard, Victor took his hand and kissed it gently or wrote a quick heart in his notes that had Yuuri blushing like a maniac.

It wasn’t until almost half of the lecture had passed that the doors suddenly opened and Artur came in.

He apologized for being late and walked up to the top of the auditorium.

Yuuri sent a glare to him.

What was he doing?

Did Yuuri’s message not reach him correctly?

Was he an idiot or something? What part of staying away didn’t he understand?

“Anyway, let’s continue,” the instructor said with a clearing of his throat.

~Why is Artur back?~ Yuuri asked as if Victor would magically know the answer.

~I don’t know, love~ Victor admitted. ~Pretend like he’s not here~ he suggested.

How could Yuuri do that?

This whole thing reeked of an evil plan.

What was he planning?
Yuuri looked back again, and noticed how Artur was glaring at him.

Well, someone was definitely a sore loser…

~Yuuri~ Victor pleaded. ~Don’t pay attention to him, he doesn’t deserve it~

Yuuri ripped his eyes away from the wannabe omega and tried to focus on Victor again.

Victor looked at him worriedly and gently wrapped his free arm around him. “Don’t let him get to you,” he whispered. “He probably doesn’t want to fail the class.”

~He glared at me~ Yuuri pointed out.

That had Victor turn around in his seat and glare at Artur.

How dare he?

Artur pretended to write something in his notebook when Victor looked his way, making the alpha release a huff of annoyance.

He better keep his eyes on that notebook unless he wanted trouble.

No one glared at his Yuuri without consequences.

Victor turned back to the teacher and tried to catch up with what he had been saying, but only after he made sure that Yuuri was alright.

Yuuri seemed very annoyed, but he relaxed a little when Victor hugged him a little tighter. He did have a hard time letting this go.

If Artur wanted something to look at, Yuuri would gladly give it to him.

Yuuri leaned his head on Victor’s shoulder and snuggled against him.

~Are you tired?~ Victor asked worriedly.

~Focus on the class, Vitya~ Yuuri pleaded. ~Don’t mind me~ he softly pressed a kiss to Victor’s jaw before pulling back slightly so he wouldn’t get busted by the instructor, but he could still hear a scoff of annoyance from Artur.

Mission accomplished.

~You’re not making it easy~ Victor pointed out in amusement.

~Sorry~ Yuuri apologized before gently caressing Victor’s hair. ~I’m just trying to make a statement~

Victor leaned into the touch. ~You’ll killing me with love~ he claimed. ~You’re too sweet~

Yuuri smiled lovingly. ~You know that I will never let you die~ he stated. ~I’ll chase your part of the soul down and keep you in my heart~

Victor closed his eyes and took a deep breath to keep himself from squealing.

Yuuri’s cuteness was too strong.

Victor gently pressed a kiss to the top of Yuuri’s head before trying to pay attention again.
Yuuri turned to Artur with a gloating look in his eyes.

He knew he was pitiful, but he honestly didn’t care.

Victor was his, and Artur needed to see that.

Artur was practically shaking with fury.

Yuuri shrugged and turned back to Victor, very happy about his display of love.

~I think he got the message~ Victor mused.

Yuuri knew that Victor was right, but who could blame him for wanting to rub it in?

~I really hope so~ Yuuri stated. ~For his sake~

Once the class was over, Victor quickly packed his things together before turning to his mate and making sure that Artur didn’t approach them.

Artur averted his gaze and left the auditorium without a word.

Victor was relieved.

“Can you show me more of your school?” Yuuri asked shyly. “I don’t know if I’m ever going to come back here, but I really want to know where the love of my life grew to be such a genius.”

Victor felt his heart spin in his chest. “Of course, love,” he agreed. “I’ll show you everything your heart desires.”

“Can we come with?” Bartok suddenly asked. “It’s not everyday that we have the chance to learn more about Victor. He’s a mystery to all of us.”

“That sounds fun,” Yuuri admitted, he was very curious about Victor’s friends as well.

“But we can’t stay too long,” Victor said apologetically. “We can’t forget about Makkachin.”

“Right,” Yuuri agreed.

“Can’t we all hang out at your place?” Vendela asked.

Yuuri tensed as he thought about all of his nests in Victor’s apartment.

He really didn’t want strange people close to them.

“The apartment is a mess,” Victor told them as he felt Yuuri’s anxiousness. “Maybe we could do that some other time?”

“Sure,” Vendela agreed. “Or maybe we could all go out some time?”

Victor looked to Yuuri for confirmation.

“Maybe,” Yuuri agreed hesitantly.

“I only have a week left with my mate,” Victor said with a pout. “And I don’t like sharing.”

Yuuri was grateful for Victor standing up for him like that. Yuuri wasn’t really fond of going out
with people he didn’t know, especially around alcohol.

He knew it would be fine if Victor was there though, but he would much rather spend the time with his mate alone.

“I guess we’ll just have to make the most of today then,” Vendela said. “Before Victor hogs you.”

Yuuri smiled as he looked up at his mate. “I really don’t mind being hogged by him,” he admitted. “Victor is always wonderful to be around.”

Victor pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s cheek. “You’re too sweet.” He could tell that his classmates were probably thinking the same thing, if the way they were clenching their chests was anything to go by.

If this was their actual first time that they’ve met a real omega, they were really in for an experience.

Yuuri would blow them all away.

“Anyways, we should probably get going if you want to see everything,” Victor stated. “It’s a big school.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “Lead the way.”

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? Is Artur gone for good?<3 Let me know what you thought!!

<3<3

<3<3<3<3<3 KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3<3<3
Chapter 163

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets a tour of the school.

Chapter Notes

I almost forgot to update XD <3 I'm working on a bonus chapter for this story, and I completely lost track of time XD <3

Anyways, here's the update! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

No matter how adorable Yuuri’s reaction was to everything around his school, Victor still considered cutting the tour short in the way his friends were all crowding his mate.

He loved seeing Yuuri this admired, but he had to draw the line somewhere, and when Bartok began touching Yuuri’s arm when he laughed at his jokes, Victor wasn’t even embarrassed about physically removing the other alpha’s hand.

Yuuri was to be seen and admired by other people, not touched.

Never touched.

“I think someone is getting jealous,” Bartok said teasingly.

Yuuri knew that he was right, but he also couldn’t blame Victor. His friends were a bit too affectionate, and he was grateful for Victor keeping his personal space intact.

“Oh maybe you should keep your hands to yourself,” Vendela said bitterly. During the past few months, something resembling a romance had been awakened between Victor’s classmates. And it was plain to see that Vendela was the one getting jealous.

Bartok sent her a look of confusion. “I was just being friendly.”

Vendela scoffed. “Yeah, right.”

Yuuri suddenly felt very uncomfortable. He felt like him being there had suddenly caused tension.

~It’s not you~ Victor quickly reassured him. ~They still have a lot of things to figure out~

Yuuri could only take Victor’s word for it.

“So, Yuuri,” Vendela said, completely ignoring Bartok’s statement. “How did you know that Artur wasn’t an omega?”
“Uhm, I guess it takes one to know one,” Yuuri said shyly. “I’ve met a lot of omegas, and they always give me a special feeling. They’re kind of… I don’t know, glowing…”

“Oh, like you?” Bartok asked.

“Oh, I don’t…” Yuuri started to protest but was immediately cut off.

“You do,” Victor stated. “Like a beautiful star.”

Yuuri blushed darkly.

“I just… Artur was so incredibly pretty,” Vendela pointed out. “It made so much sense for him to be an omega.”

“Omegas are a lot more than pretty,” Victor stated. “And Artur was rotten on the inside. Omegas aren’t.”

“But how can you tell them apart?” Vendela asked. “I mean, Victor has spent his entire life with you, but he was still certain that Artur was an omega.”

Victor felt a bit guilty at that. He had no idea how he could mistake someone like Artur for an omega. How he could consider a monster like Artur to be even remotely similar to his beautiful Yuuri.

He had to be both blind and stupid.

Yuuri gently squeezed Victor’s hand in reassurance. “Well, omegas are humans, just like anyone,” he said gently. “And all people are different, just like omegas are all different. Artur could have been an omega with some very severe psychological damages, that’s not impossible. So I’m not really sure how to tell us apart from the rest, maybe just don’t let the fact that someone claims to be an omega cloud your judgement. Try to see them for the person that they are.”

Victor smiled at his mate, Yuuri was always so wise and it made him all the more beautiful.

“But all omegas glow?” Vendela asked. “Isn’t that a way to keep you apart from the rest?”

“Uhm, I suppose that depends,” Yuuri said carefully.

“When you’re mated to someone, they are the only one that glows,” Victor chimed in.


A synchronized ‘aww’ rang out among Victor’s classmates.

“Well, we should probably head home now,” Victor said apologetically as he gently tucked a few loose strands of hair behind Yuuri’s ear. “We’ve seen everything important.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement, momentarily breathless. “Okay…”

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Victor told his classmates.

“Wait, will we see Yuuri again?” Bartok asked worriedly.

“Uhm, probably,” Yuuri said cautiously. “It’s not like Victor and I will break up anytime soon, he’s my mate for life.”
“Oh, right,” Bartok agreed as a light blush spread across his cheeks. “Well, I hope we’ll see you again.”

Victor tensed a little at that before gently leading Yuuri out. “Bye, guys,” he called.

Yuuri barely had time to say goodbye before Victor had already led him out of the door of the school. “Uhm, Vitya, are you okay?”

“He likes you too much,” Victor grumbled. “I don’t like it.”

“Well, he’s not going to act on it,” Yuuri reminded his mate. “He knows I’m taken.”

Victor released a breath of relief. “Yeah, I know…”

“And I don’t think he meant any harm,” Yuuri said. “He’s just… He has never seen an omega before. He was probably trying to figure out what everything meant. I think he has the protective gene, and it probably makes him confused since he’s never known about it.”

“You’re right, love,” Victor agreed. “I just think my rut is approaching… It makes me more tense.”

“Did you stop taking suppressants?” Yuuri asked.

“Yesterday,” Victor agreed. “So it should arrive during the second Sunday in February.”

“I’ll book a flight when we get home,” Yuuri said gently.

“I’ll fly you here, there’s no need to book a flight,” Victor pointed out. “Otherwise the jet will get sad that it never gets to fly anywhere.”

Yuuri snorted. “Right, we wouldn’t want your jet to get upset…”

“I’m so glad you understand,” Victor beamed.

“So you’ll be pretty hormonal for a while now, right?” Yuuri asked cautiously.

“Not too bad,” Victor assured. “I’ll probably get very possessive the few days leading up to the rut, but other than that, I should be fine.”

“But won’t the fact that you pushed the rut forward a month make it more intense?” Yuuri asked.

“Maybe,” Victor agreed. “Every alpha reacts differently, and I’ve never been this close to you during the time before my rut. So I suppose we’ll see… In worst case scenario, I’ll fly you home early. I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

“You could never make me uncomfortable,” Yuuri quickly assured. “Besides… Your possessiveness… It’s kind of hot.”

Victor smiled a little at that. “Really?”

Yuuri nodded. “It’s probably instincts or something… But I feel very proud when you make me feel like I belong to you.”

Victor’s smile widened. “Then I’ll make sure to claim you good,” he stated.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to blush at that as he suddenly felt very turned on. “Let’s just hurry home…”
Victor chuckled fondly. “Gladly.”

The days passed and the time came for Yuuri to travel back home to Detroit.

Artur was still in Victor’s class, but he kept to himself and spoke to no one.

Yuuri could live with that, since he also knew that Victor would be safe in case he needed to defend himself.

He was no longer helpless against an omega.

Artur had also stopped using his omega perfume, and his plain beta scent was slowly quieting all the rumors about his secondary gender.

Even though a part of Yuuri wanted him gone completely, he still thought that this punishment would do.

He would spend the rest of his time in school with no friends and where everyone would know just what a terrible person he was.

And if he later became a problem, Victor would talk to the principal and his lawyer to have Artur suspended.

But hopefully he’ll keep to himself now when his secret was out and he knew that he stood absolutely no chance to Victor’s heart.

Besides, if Artur went to prison, he would never get to see him again.

This way, he could always look though Victor’s eyes and see how the beta suffered in solitary.

There was no way to prove that Artur had recorded them, edited it and sent it to a newspaper, so this was probably the best solution they could come up with.

At least for now.

“I’ll miss you,” Victor declared as it was time for Yuuri to go.

Victor had offered to fly with him to Detroit, but Yuuri didn’t want him to make such a long journey and miss school. And he had Celestino picking him up, so he really didn’t need the extra protection.

“I’ll miss you too,” Yuuri admitted. “But I’ll see you in three weeks.”

“Yes you will,” Victor said lovingly. “But please read up on ruts so you’ll know what you’re getting yourself into. And remember that it’s never too late to back out. I will be fine and I would never blame you for it.”

“I know what I’m getting into and I want to do this,” Yuuri assured. “We’ll have a wonderful week together.”

Victor smiled at that. “Reach out to me once your safe at home and try to get some sleep on the plane.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised before leaning in to steal a kiss from his mate. “Goodbye, Victor.”

Victor kissed Yuuri again a few more times before he was ready to let him go. “Goodbye, Yuuri.”
Chapter End Notes

It's always so bittersweet when they have to part ways <3<3

Luckily there's only three weeks <3

They'll be together soon <3<3

I'm so excited for the rut <3 It will be the first time they'll spend one together <3 It'll be interesting to see how Victor will react with Yuuri closeby! <3<3

Well, anyways <3 Thank you so much for reading! <3<3

<3<3<3 !!!KUDOS!!! <3<3<3
Chapter 164

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor skype and talk about the near future they’ll spend apart.

Chapter Notes

Short little filler chapter <3 I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~I’m home~ Yuuri told Victor late that evening. ~I miss you already~

Victor smiled as he felt his heart twist at the declaration. He missed Yuuri too.

Luckily, he still had the nest and all of Yuuri’s scent left.

He needed to clean it away soon and replace it with his usual bedsheets.

But not yet…

He still needed to enjoy Yuuri’s lingering scent for a little while longer.

Even Makkachin seemed to be comforted by Yuuri’s scent as he had comfortably curled up between the pillows and stuck his nose under a blanket.

~I just unpacked my laptop, we can skype for a bit if you want to?~

Victor had never heard of a better suggestion.

It felt weird being back at his apartment.

Yuuri had gotten used to just walking up to Victor’s apartment, he had almost forgotten about all the safety measurements he had to go through to come home.

And once he was home, it was so quiet.

Nathan wouldn’t come back to Detroit for another two days, which meant that he had the apartment all for himself until then.

He was grateful that he at least had his computer so he could talk to Victor.

“Hi, Yuuri,” Victor greeted as they connected. He turned his phone camera around. “Makkachin misses you,” he said and filmed the dog that was snuggled under the blankets.

“I miss him too,” Yuuri admitted as he felt his heart swell with love for the poodle. “And I miss you.”
“I miss you too, lyubov moya,” Victor declared.

“This apartment is so quiet,” Yuuri then said. “It’s so weird not to have Nathan around.”

“But he’s coming the day after tomorrow, right?” Victor asked gently.

“Yeah, “ Yuuri assured. “At least that’s what he said.”

“Well, do you have groceries?” Victor asked worriedly. “Nathan is usually the person you go shopping with.”

“Yeah, Celestino helped me out,” Yuuri said fondly. “And he wants me to come to dinner at his house tomorrow.”

“That’s nice,” Victor said happily. “I’m glad you’re being taken care of.”

“Yeah, he’s great,” Yuuri stated. “Oh, and Bella asked about you. She wanted you to know that she can make a combination spin now.”

“Wow, tell her congratulations from me,” Victor mused.

“I will,” Yuuri promised. “What time is it in Russia right now?”

Victor turned his camera against a clock. “Almost midnight.”

“Vitya, you have school tomorrow, you should sleep,” Yuuri scolded.

“I can’t sleep until I know that you’re safe at home,” Victor pointed out.

“Well, now you know,” Yuuri quipped.

“So what are you going to do the rest of your day?” Victor asked. “I want to know that you won’t be feeling lonely.”

“Well, it’s almost 6:00pm, so I guess I’ll eat something, play some online games for a few hours and then sleep,” Yuuri said. “What did you eat?”

“Oh, I just had some leftover katsudon from yesterday,” Victor admitted. “It wasn’t as good as it was right from the stove, but it was still great.”

“I’m glad it didn’t go to waste,” Yuuri said fondly.

“Do you want me to keep you company while you’re cooking?” Victor asked. “I won’t be able to sleep well anyways until I know you’re well fed and content.”

“Vitya, I’m not starving,” Yuuri chuckled in amusement.

“Still,” Victor said softly. “Humor me, please?”

How could Yuuri possibly say no?

Victor felt like he could walk to school the next day without feeling anything weighing him down. He knew that Artur was no longer a problem, and he didn’t have to worry about Yuuri feeling lonely at home.
His mate was currently asleep in Detroit and had a whole day of fun ahead.

He knew that Celestino would take good care of him.

After knowing that Artur wasn’t an omega, he could once again go back to his belief that omegas weren’t anything but good.

And Yuuri could not be in a safer place than in a city surrounded by kind omegas and people with the protective gene.

He really wished that he could be there too though. He really couldn’t wait until their life together would begin.

But that time would come.

Just like all the other milestones they had reached in their lives.

In a few years, this time apart would be nothing but a distant memory.

And they would both be a lot stronger for surviving this.

Besides, he could still feel his mate, and that was all he needed to get through his day.

His friends also welcomed him with a lot of enthusiasm.

Now when they had met an actual omega, they were all bursting with questions.

Luckily, Victor was well informed and agreed to even loan them some books about omegas.

He figured that he could make the world a better place by informing as many people as he could about the beauty of omegas.

Do some damage control after Artur had tainted their reputation.

Luckily they got to meet Yuuri and see how truly wonderful he was.

If Yuuri wouldn’t be able to turn someone’s opinion around, no one would.

He was the perfect representation of omegas.

Victor was still a little bit bitter that he had allowed himself to be fooled for so long by Artur though.

He should have known that Artur wasn’t a real omega. He had allowed a little bit of sweet scent change everything he knew.

There had been so many things that hadn’t made sense and yet he hadn’t been able to put the pieces together.

He tried to remember if he had heard about an evil omega before, and all he could think about was the man that flirted with Irina during Alisa’s pre-heat, and the girl that Nathan had told Yuuri about.

But they hadn’t been evil, at least not like Artur.

The man that had flirted with Irina had backed off the moment he learned that she was mated, and it also sounded like the girl Nathan used to know had also backed down once she realised that no one liked her behaviour.
None of them had attempted to send someone innocent to prison.

Victor didn’t even feel sorry when he saw how Artur kept his head down and didn’t even attempt to speak to anyone during recess.

He could be lonely for all he cared.

If he wanted to, he could choose another school to fool, or he could apologize for all that he had done.

Victor doubted that he would forgive him, but he would probably still appreciate the effort.

But until then, Victor would mind his own business and excel in school.

He was there to learn. And now that he didn’t have any obstacles, it was only a matter of time before he would be the best in business.

He wasn’t named Victor for nothing.

Chapter End Notes

I almost caught up with myself :O <3 Which means that daily updates may not last forever <3

Anyways, it'll still be a few more days <3

KUDOS <3<3
Chapter 165

Chapter Summary

Yuuri goes to his coach for a dinner and gets a offer he can't refuse.

Chapter Notes

I'm so excited for this, you have no idea! <3<3 I even wrote a bonus chapter on this!! <3<3

Anyways, I'll hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Yuuri! Yuuri, I need to show you what Santa brought me for Christmas," Isabella cheered the moment Yuuri stepped inside Celestino’s home.

The four-year-old rushed away into her room to get her items and present them to the omega.

“She missed you,” Celestino told him. “She was more or less devastated when we told her that you were going to Russia with Victor.”

Yuuri smiled fondly as Isabella returned with a doll.

“Look how pretty she is,” Isabella beamed as she handed the doll to Yuuri. “She’s an omega.”

“Oh? Is she?” Yuuri asked in amusement.

Isabella nodded with a lot of determination. “That’s why I will take such good care of her. It’s my job as an alpha,” she turned to Celestino. “Right, papa?”

“Yes, honey,” Celestino assured as he gently brushed his fingers through his daughter’s hair. “She’s very lucky.”

Isabella beamed. “Yuuri?” she asked shyly. “Will you come to my tea party?”

“How will you have a tea party?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Isabella smiled brightly. “Yes, but only my best friends are invited.”

“Oh, well, I’d love to come to your tea party,” Yuuri said gently.

“Is it okay if I steal you for a moment first?” Gina suddenly asked as she came out of her studio.

“Uhm, yeah, sure,” Yuuri agreed.

“Isabella, why won’t you help me with dinner?” Celestino asked and reached out his hand to his daughter.
Isabella looked into her room and to Yuuri as if she was trying to make up her mind, before finally releasing a sigh of defeat. “Okay…”

Yuuri followed Gina as she walked over to her desk and brought out her sketch book.

“Please, have a seat.” Gina pleaded as she gestured to the couch.

Yuuri did as told, and Gina joined his side quickly thereafter and opened the book to show him an amazing costume.


“You like it?” Gina asked hopefully.

Yuuri nodded. “I love how it glitters on the dark side.”

“Would you like to wear it?” Gina asked.

Yuuri looked up to her with big eyes. “You mean… to worlds?”

“I was actually thinking if you wanted to wear it to a photoshoot?” Gina asked carefully. “I’m thinking about making a collection for all of my designs, but I’m in dire need of a good model.”

“Uhm… I… I don’t really take good pictures,” Yuuri said apologetically.

“Of course you do,” Gina protested. “Yuuri, you are a beautiful young man, and I think that you would be a wonderful face to my work. But only if you want to of course.”

Yuuri really wanted to help her. She had done so much for him and this was a wonderful opportunity to pay back.

But he was also terrified of messing up so that no one would want to buy her designs.

“Maybe… Maybe I can try?” Yuuri asked. “I mean, if I’m terrible at it, there’s still time to find someone else, right?”

“So you want to do this?” Gina asked hopefully. “Because I’ll pay you good money for your time.”

“Oh, no, you don’t have to pay me,” Yuuri quickly assured. “I’m just happy to help.”

“Don’t be silly, honey,” Gina said gently. “Of course you’re going to get paid for your work. And I’m sure that you could use the pictures to apply for your own model jobs. My photographer has a lot of connections, so I’m sure she can introduce you to the big companies.”

Yuuri’s face grew redder for every word Gina spoke. “Oh, well, uhm, maybe…” he said hesitantly.

“Oh, sorry, we don’t have to take it so far just yet. We can start with a few photos with the outfits and see if you even like it first, okay?” Gina asked gently.

Yuuri nodded. “That sounds good.”

…………………………………………

~Victor, Gina just asked me to model for her~ Yuuri told Victor late that night. ~But I’m not sure if it’s a good idea… I mean… I don’t usually take good pictures~

Victor wanted to laugh out loud at that crazy statement from his beautiful mate.
He had about ten pictures of Yuuri in his bedroom alone, not to mention that Yuuri was also his phone background, laptop background and he had about forty different Yuuri-related merchandise spread out in his apartment.

Yuuri was almost everywhere he looked.

And no one could take a better picture than him, Yuuri had absolutely nothing to worry about.

But he should still warn his mate about the inevitable fame that would definitely get its hold of his beautiful mate.

~Well, it’s only a few pictures for Gina’s portfolio~ Yuuri assured. ~I doubt that anyone would want to see them except other designers~

Yuuri sounded just like him when he tried to convince himself that the commercial he helped his parents with would only reach environmentalists.

But he was excited for his mate, and he knew that Yuuri would be wonderful.

And he trusted Gina to treat Yuuri with respect and not be like that creepy director that convinced him to take his shirt off.

If anyone tried to do something to Yuuri that would make him uncomfortable, Victor would use all of his money and influence until heads were rolling in Detroit.

He would always have Yuuri’s back.

And this was no different.

Yuuri should be able to do everything his heart desired, then it was up to the rest of the world to make sure that Yuuri didn’t misplace his trust.

And Victor would always make sure that no one took advantage of his mate.

~So... do you think I should do it?~ Yuuri asked carefully

There was still a little bit of fear and worry in his voice, and Victor was desperate to make it go away.

~I think you should do whatever you want, love~ Victor said gently. ~I will stand by your side, no matter what~

Yuuri felt his heart soar at Victor’s words.

And suddenly he felt a lot safer.

Knowing that he would have Victor’s support during this made it all a little bit easier.

~But never sign anything without having a lawyer look it over first~ Victor pleaded. ~And if a photographer asks you to do something that makes you uncomfortable, say no without hesitation. And always make sure to have Celestino with you at photoshoots. And...~

Yuuri smiled fondly as his mate went over every single useful advice he had to offer.

He was so incredibly grateful for it.
~Thank you, Victor~ Yuuri said gratefully. ~I’m so lucky to have you~

Victor’s heart made a quad axel.

Of course he would do everything in his power to help his soulmate.

As long as Yuuri was happy, Victor would be happy too.

Besides, he really couldn’t waste such a wonderful opportunity.

If Yuuri became a famous model, it meant that his face could be literally everywhere.

Magazines, billboards, commercials and literally hundreds other options.

Victor would hopefully never go a day without seeing Yuuri’s beautiful face in ordinary places.

If that didn’t happen, he would just have to take it into his own hands and buy up free spaces in St. Petersburg and put Yuuri’s face on them.

Someone as beautiful as Yuuri deserved to be admired.

And Victor vowed to be the person to admire him the most.

He would support Yuuri’s career until his dying breath.

There was no one else who he would ever believe in so strongly.

Yuuri would be his star.

Chapter End Notes

Prepare for model!Yuuri!!! <3<3

Here's the bonus chapter:

https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/post/174285542646/dearly-beloved-bonus-chapter-4-
aprils

Or, well... most of it XD <3<3

I hope you're excited for this too, I've been waiting over 100 chapters for this!! XD <3
Ever since Yuuri met Gina back in the days! <3<3 I'm finally making it happen! <3

He'll kill us all! <3

#WorthIt <3<3

Anyways, kudos for reading!! <3<3
Chapter 166

Chapter Summary

Nathan comes back to Detroit, and Victor gets an interesting assignment.

Chapter Notes

I caught up!! <3<3 Which means daily updates for at least 5 more days!! (/^w^)/ <3<3

I just love where I am in the story now, so I hope you'll enjoy this chapter XD <3<3 5 chapters in the past... (^.-)

#Proud! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri woke up the next morning because of the front door closing quietly.

“Yuuri? Are you home?” Nathan called.

“Yeah,” Yuuri called hoarsely, voice still thick with sleep.

Nathan pushed open his door a little, making Yuuri cringe at the light that flooded his room.

“It’s a beautiful day to be a vampire,” Nathan teased. “Late night?”

“Online tournament in Raging Wars,” Yuuri confirmed.

“Well, I wanted to see if you wanted to go out for brunch,” Nathan stated. “But I assume that you would rather catch up on sleep?”

Yuuri rubbed his eyes. He did feel a little hungry. “No, I can come with… I just… I just need a moment.”

“Of course,” Nathan agreed. “I need to organize the whiteboard for the week and unpack everything. Just come up whenever you’re ready.”

Yuuri nodded before blindly reaching for his glasses and his phone.

~You’re awake early~ Victor mused. ~Is everything alright?~

Yuuri wasn’t sure whether his mate was teasing or genuinely worried but he decided to tell his mate the truth. That Nathan was back and they were going out for brunch.

~I’m glad~ Victor admitted. ~I hope you two have fun~

Yuuri felt his heart flutter. He really hoped that Victor had fun with his friends too.
~Thank you, love~

Yuuri smiled and finally got himself out of bed.

Ready for a day of catching up.

Victor was happy that Yuuri was no longer alone in Detroit.

Nathan always took good care of his mate and Victor could tell that Yuuri felt safe around him.

He was a really good friend to his Yuuri.

Victor should probably feel jealous that Yuuri lived with a man that was objectively very attractive, but the fact that they were both omegas was very reassuring.

People of the same secondary genders usually had the same attraction to each other as siblings.

The mere idea just felt wrong.

Victor was the same with other alphas, which is why it was so funny when Yuuri got jealous of Chris when he was younger.

It was never going to happen.

Betas on the other hand didn’t have that problem. They could be attracted to alphas, omegas and other betas.

Point was, he knew that Yuuri would never leave him for Nathan.

Not to mention that Victor was fully aware of how much his mate loved him and he knew that he would never choose anyone else over him.

“Okay, your homework for this weekend is making an investment,” the teacher stated. “You need to make sure that the money you spend will turn into three times as much. You can write the assignment on anything and keep track of the stocks, whether it’s a company, a public figure or a project. Show how much money your putting in, and account for all the profits. It’s supposed to be theoretical, so you won’t need to use real money.”

Victor made some notes of the instructions, already thinking about where he could put his money. He wanted to use real money, he would learn nothing from a textbook.

“You’ll find the full assignment on the web, you have six weeks to complete the assignment. We offer workshops on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,” the teacher declared. “Other than that, you’ll have no classes. Reference to the literature and good luck to all of you.”

“Wait, we don’t have classes for six weeks?” Bartok asked in disbelief.

“This is a big assignment and it will determine a third of your grade,” the teacher claimed. “And you should think about this as a trial for your future. This is how your life could look like after you graduate in two years. You can reach me by email if you have questions, until then you’re on your own.”

Victor packed his things, he had made up his mind on what he would put his money in.

It was someone he believed in with all his heart.
“So you’re going into modelling?” Nathan asked in surprise as they just sat down in a local café, safe from the cold weather outside.

“Well, I’m not sure I’ll make a career out of it,” Yuuri pointed out. “I’m just going to help Gina out with that one photoshoot.”

“Well, it sounds very fun, I’m happy for you,” Nathan assured. “But if you do go into it professionally, be sure to be careful. I’ve heard plenty of horror stories of omegas getting exploited by creepy photographers.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised. “Victor already gave me a full speach.”

“Yeah, he should know first-hand,” Nathan said apologetically.

Yuuri blinked a few times at that. “What do you mean?”

“Wasn’t that what happened with the commercial?” Nathan asked. “I read that the director made him take off his clothes even though he wasn’t comfortable.”

Yuuri tensed.

Victor had never told him about it like that.

He had said that the photographer had been creepy, and he knew that Victor didn’t like the idea of showing too much skin to the whole world.
But Yuuri had never put those pieces together.

Had Victor been used?

~What’s wrong love?~ Victor suddenly asked worriedly. ~You’re upset~

~What really happened when you were filming the commercial?~ Yuuri asked seriously, seemingly out of nowhere. ~Did the photographer take advantage of you? Did he make you feel uncomfortable?~

Victor smiled fondly at his mate’s concern.

~I knew what I was getting into, and yes, I found him uncomfortable, but I liked the result of the product~ Victor admitted casually. ~He didn’t take advantage of me like that~ he assured. ~If he had, my parents would have thrown him into the deepest pits of hell~

Yuuri still didn’t like that idea that someone had made Victor uncomfortable that way, but it did feel a little better to know that Victor was fine and that he hadn’t been hurt, not even emotionally.

“Are you okay?” Nathan asked worriedly.

“Yeah,” Yuuri assured. “I was just asking Victor about what happened.”

“Oh, right, I forgot that you do that,” Nathan admitted. “What did he say?”

“He said that he knew what he was getting himself into, and even though the director had been creepy, he had never felt unsafe,” Yuuri explained. “He knew that he had people around him for
support if things had turned badly.”

“So do you,” Nathan assured. “If anyone tries anything funny with you, I’ll take everything I know about law and sue them for everything they own. And if you wait for me to become president, I’ll just banish them to a abandoned island somewhere in the atlantic.”

Yuuri chuckled a little at that. “Same goes for you,” he stated. “If you ever need help, don’t be afraid to ask.”

“Thank you, Yuuri,” Nathan said just as a waiter arrived with their orders.

“It’s on the house,” the waiter said and shot Nathan a wink. “Pretty omegas shouldn’t pay for food.”

“Wow, thank you,” Nathan said with a brilliant smile. “Is there something I can do to thank you?”

The waiter blushed. “Well, uhm, how about your number?”

Nathan bit his lip thoughtfully before taking out a napkin and smoothly taking the waiter’s pen away from the man’s shaking hands, writing his number down and then putting the napkin and the pen in the man’s apron pocket.

The waiter’s face was crimson by then. “T-thank you…” he stuttered nervously before quickly retreating with the napkin.

“He was so cute,” Nathan mused. “And how nice, we don’t need to pay.”

Yuuri was still in awe. “Uhm, are you sure, isn’t it… stealing?”

“You, Yuuri,” Nathan said fondly. “After being an omega for twenty four years, I have come to learn that sometimes, one should take an advantage when it is freely given. We need to get through so much shit on a daily basis anyways, fighting sexism, prejudice and all kinds of hardships, a free brunch is very welcomed once in a while.”

“But…” Yuuri looked to the waiter worriedly. “I don’t want him to demand something of you in return.”

“Well, we can’t be held responsible because he decided to give us free food,” Nathan pointed out. “It goes out from his paycheck, and he can assume anything he wants, if I didn’t tell him that I would give him sex for dinner, he has no rights to make demands.”

Yuuri nodded.

Nathan had a point.

“Besides,” Nathan said as he glanced over his shoulder and smiled at the waiter. “He is pretty cute…” he stated. “I wouldn’t mind spending my heat with someone like him, I’m sure a waiter would be an excellent servant…”

“Uhm…” Yuuri stuttered nervously. He had never spoken to someone so casually about sex before.

“Sorry,” Nathan quickly apologized as he noticed the other omega’s mortified expression. “I’m not making you uncomfortable am I? I thought you spent your heat with Victor over Christmas?”

Nathan smiled softly at that. “Well, we don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to,” he assured. “We have literally thousands of topics to choose from.”

“I do want to,” Yuuri claimed. “I… I’m just not that… Experienced.”

“How many heats have you had?” Nathan asked. “Not counting the hell-heat.”

“Two,” Yuuri admitted. He didn’t need a clarification to know what the hell-heat meant.

“Well, I’ve had twenty,” Nathan shrugged. “I’ve got three every year, and I had my first when I was eighteen. I’ve had about ten different heat partners, some good, some… less good. But it’s safe to say that I’m pretty used to talking about sex, I can’t have a heat partner without first having an open discussion.”

“That’s true,” Yuuri agreed.

“It gets easier,” Nathan assured. “My last roommate, Max, he wasn’t one to talk about sex or heats either, I had to turn to one of my cousins for advice.”

“Is your cousin an omega?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Nathan nodded. “She’s ten years older than me, but she gave me all the information I needed, I still call her from time to time to ask random questions. It’s good for omegas to help each other. Betas and alphas are as clueless as virgins when it comes to our bodies.”

Yuuri kind of wanted to protest. Victor knew almost more than him.

“Well, I’m sure Victor knows a lot if he cares about you,” Nathan then said. “Most mated alphas and betas do their best to study at least, which is a lot more than I can say for the rest of the population. I once was with an alpha who asked me if I laid eggs. Like I was some kind of bird.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to laugh a little at that.

“Oh, and that’s not the worst one,” Nathan continued as he noticed that Yuuri was easing up.

They then had a wonderful brunch as they discussed their different experiences as omegas, comfortable to know that their similarities would only bring them closer together.

Chapter End Notes

I just love the pure friendship between two omegas <3<3 And I can't wait for Yuuri's next roommate to make his appearance (I even think you could guess who it is) (^-^)
<3<3 Well, I'm getting ahead of myself (>.<) <3 Two years ahead of myself... (I might be a few days ahead in the actual story but years are out of the question) <3

Anyways, I'm so glad that you guys seem to be excited for things to come <3
#FluffAlert! <3<3<3

I love you! Thank you for reading! <3<3

<3<3<3 KUDOS <3<3<3
“Yuuri, I have a proposition for you,” Victor chirped on the phone call later that day.

“Oh?” Yuuri asked in surprise. “What kind of proposition?”

“Do you remember when you told me about you and your friends coming up with that video game?” Victor asked.

“Yes?” Yuuri said cautiously. “The kingdoms of grief?”

“Yes!” Victor exclaimed happily. “How would you and your friends like to complete the game with all expenses taken care of?”

“Uhm…” Yuuri said unsurely. “Victor, I… I mean…”

“I have this assignment that we’re going to invest in a project, and I would like to do something for you,” Victor explained. “I believe in your idea, and I would love to see it being made.”

“I mean, that’s amazing,” Yuuri stated. “But… We haven’t gotten to learn how to make actual games yet,” he said apologetically. “So even if we had all the money in the world, we wouldn’t know what to do with them.”

Victor felt disappointment deflate him in an instant. “Oh…”

“But it was a really sweet offer,” Yuuri assured. “And when we do have the knowledge to make the game, I’ll be happy to let you invest a little in it.”

“Yeah,” Victor agreed with a sigh.

“Don’t you have a backup plan?” Yuuri asked carefully.

“I guess I could invest in my parents reality show,” Victor said dejectedly. “I’m sure a lot of people
would enjoy watching them do crazy things.”

“Do you really need to spend real money?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “I mean, I get that it’s not a problem for you, but your classmates can’t have the same financial advantages, right?”

“We’re supposed to do something hypothetical but I prefer to learn by experience,” Victor stated. “And since I have the opportunity to actually do so, I figured that it might be fun to put my money into something I truly believe in.”

“Oh, but are you sure that it won’t get you in trouble?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “I mean, if you don’t follow the instructions, you’re not technically doing the assignment.”

“I talked to the teacher, and he said that it was fine,” Victor assured.

He had talked to the teacher after class, and even though he had been reluctant at first, his resolve crumbled as Victor began to tell him about Yuuri and how he had a chance to make his soulmate’s dreams come true.

The teacher had agreed but told Victor that the program wouldn’t be able to replace real money if his investment would fail.

Not that it would be a problem for Victor Nikiforov.

“Okay,” Yuuri relented. “But are you sure it’s a good idea? I don’t want you to lose money over an assignment.”

“I wouldn’t be losing my money if my money went into something I believe in,” Victor pointed out. “And I believe in you with my whole heart.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “I believe in you too,” he admitted. “And I’m sure that you will put your money into something great.”

Victor pouted slightly, he really wanted to put his money in his Yuuri.

“I really wish I could help you though,” Yuuri admitted.

“It’s fine, love,” Victor assured. “I’ll think of something.”

There was a brief silence between them for a moment.

“When is your photoshoot for Gina by the way?” Victor then asked.

“Oh, it’s this weekend,” Yuuri said as he looked it up on his phone. “It’s Saturday at 4.00pm.”

“And what are you doing this Sunday?” Victor asked.

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted. “Maybe I’ll just stay in and play video games…”

“That sounds nice,” Victor said longingly before he suddenly thought of something. “Yuuri?”

“Yes?” Yuuri said, not really trusting that tone in Victor’s voice.

“How would you like to do another photoshoot this Sunday?” Victor asked, his excitement was suddenly back. “For me?”

“I want to make you into a brand,” Victor said as his heart was suddenly soaring with happiness. “I can fly out to Detroit and stay at a hotel and I can arrange everything. I’ll be your manager and by the end of the six weeks that I have, I want you to have a perfume and your own logo to put on things.”

“Wow,” Yuuri said, mostly in shock but also a little confused. “Uhm… But… But what if no one wants to buy things with me on them?”

“Then they are all idiots,” Victor claimed. “Please? Will you let me do it?”

Yuuri really couldn’t find it in his heart to say no. “Okay,” he agreed carefully. “But… I don’t really have that much time to help, I have school…”

“I know,” Victor quickly assured. “But I’ll take care of most of it, I just need you to approve things.”

“Oh, okay,” Yuuri said gently. “I’ll be happy to help, but you’re also getting closer to your rut… Are you sure that you’ll be able to handle everything before then?”

“I can do it,” Victor said confidently. “I’ll be busy with talking to different business people, so I don’t think that I will be so affected by having you close. And then we can fly to Russia together a few days before my rut starts.”

That sounded like a good plan. And Yuuri trusted his mate. “Okay,” he agreed. “Let’s do it.”

Victor called his pilot the very next minute.

“………”

“You look stressed,” Nathan pointed out as Yuuri finally came out of his bedroom after speaking to his mate. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri assured. “Victor is coming to Detroit and is going to turn me into a brand…”

“Oh?” Nathan asked in surprise. “That’s… nice?”

“He has sweet intentions and it’s for his assignment,” Yuuri explained. “I trust him, and I want to help.”

“Oh, okay,” Nathan agreed. “But… You do know that it will affect your life, right?”

“Yeah, but I’m already a public figure,” Yuuri pointed out. “And I suppose that it would be nice to be seen as myself instead of Victor Nikiforov’s mate.”

“I’m not arguing with you there,” Nathan assured. “I just hope that you’re thinking things through. If you became a celebrity, there might be paparazzi after you, and thousands of people will be begging for your attention. And a lot of people will be jealous and there is always a lot drama and lies and backstabbing in that industry, and I think that you need to consider them before making a crazy decision. It’s a lot easier to become famous than forgotten.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. Once again, his roommate was right.

He did have a lot of things to consider.

“Well, anyways, I think it’s great that your mate loves you so much,” Nathan stated. “I’m sure it will be great. Oh, and once you’re a A-class celebrity, you could always encourage your fanbase to vote for your favorite omega friend for president.”
Yuuri laughed a little at that. “I’ll be sure to convince them all that you would be the best leader of America.”

Nathan beamed. “Oh, I forgot to tell you, apparently my grandparents think that I’m making a mistake about proceeding a career in politics,” he said, slightly bitter. “They think that I should keep my head down and become first gentleman instead.”

“What?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. “But… You’re so good with politics, you know everything about laws and news and everything else.”

“They’re scared I’ll get assassinated. They don’t think America is ready for an omega to be president,” Nathan said tiredly. “And it just sucks, because… I know I would make a better leader than any alpha in my class. And I just don’t want to leave the fate of our country to someone who is less competent, just because they are alphas.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “That’s not right.”

“It’s just hard sometimes,” Nathan sighed. “I mean, I at least thought that my own family would be supportive.”

Yuuri felt his heart break for his friend. “Well, you’ll always have your friends to believe in you,” he said gently. “People can create their own families. Family don’t end or start with blood. We can all make our own.”

Nathan smiled carefully. “Thank you, Yuuri,” he said gratefully. “I’m glad to have you as my friend.”

Yuuri smiled back. “It’s going to be so weird when you graduate and move out. I don’t think I’ll ever get a roommate better than you.”

Nathan snorted. “You’ll probably get someone great,” he assured. “And if they turn out to be an Artur, you can just call me up and I’ll kick their ass and then sue them for injuring my feet from all the asskicking.”

“Actually, Artur wasn’t an omega,” Yuuri said sheepishly.

Nathan gasped. “Really?”

Yuuri nodded. “It’s a really funny story actually…”

They spent the rest of the night eating takeout food and talking about all and nothing.

And Yuuri was grateful that he had finally realized what it was like to have a real best friend.

Chapter End Notes

Also!! Phichit is not coming until 2 more years! XD <3<3 So calm down a little XD <3 I love him, and I'm also super excited for him! <3 But good things are worth waiting for! <3<3

And as we've all learned by now, it's that this story is not fast XD <3 We're only on chapter 167 XD <3 And there's still so much I want to fit in! <3<3
Dear god, this story will be with me until we're all old and grey XD <3

Thank you for sticking around!! <3<3
Chapter 168

Chapter Summary

Victor arrives to Detroit with his mind set on kickstarting his mate's career.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3<3 And I have chapters to last a entire week!! <3<3 (^w^) I'm currently writing chapter 175! <3 #Proud <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor could barely wait to get off the plane and start Yuuri's career.

He had spent most of the flight reading up on how the process looked like and he was desperate to make things the right way.

And the first thing on the list was to hold a meeting with the client and go over a business plan with a lawyer.

Yuuri had classes for a few more hours, so Victor would just go to the hotel, unpack and get his notes in order.

Then he would take Yuuri out for a business dinner.

It would be difficult to stay professional, but it was not an unwelcomed challenge.

It would also be very funny to see how Yuuri would react to it.

He really hoped that Yuuri would take it seriously as well, it would make it a lot easier to write his assignment, not to mention how cute his mate would look as he looked through his very thorough business plan.

He was sure that Yuuri would be pleased.

Yuuri struggled a lot with the animation process.

The program they were using was a lot like playing with clay, but he was still not completely familiar with the tablet, and it made everything kind of lumpy.

“Wow, it looks great,” Kevin said in awe. “How did you make the arms? I still can’t figure out how to get out of these weird menus.”

“Oh, you just open the main menu by double tapping and then you press the red arrow to get to the start field, then you move your camera and work on the body part you want.”
“Hey, guys, check this out,” Smith suddenly said as he showed off his tablet.

Yuuri almost choked on his own laughter as he took in the abomination Smith had created.

For some reason he had used too many layers and managed to crack the foundation and there were limbs going in every direction and it was twitching in the most uncomfortable way.

“Dear god, you created a monster!” Kevin said dramatically.

“Awesome, right?” Smith asked in amusement. “It’s my deranged child.”

“Put it out of its misery,” Stephanie demanded with a chuckle. “This has to be some form of child abuse.”

“Maybe it needs another layer…” Smith said thoughtfully, before the tablet froze. “Oh no…”

“I called it,” Kevin said. “It’s taking control of the tablet.”

“I murdered my child!” Smith cried.

“It’ll probably visit you from the other side like the rest of your demons,” Stephanie mused.

“You’re all haters,” Smith grumbled as he restarted the program.

“Well, at least we’ve learned that too many layers will crash the program,” Yuuri pointed out. “Smith is therefore a good teacher.”

“See? Yuuri appreciates me,” Smith said with a grin.

“He’s just too kind to call your design out for being what it is,” Kevin claimed. “A curse.”

“Just wait until you need help creating monsters for horror games,” Smith said happily. “You will all come crawling back.”

“I prefer to have a functioning game,” Kevin stated. “With all your layers, the game will crash every time one of your bugged out monsters appears.”

“Pfft,” Smith protested before starting over.

Yuuri decided that he was happy with his blob with limbs and decided to move on with transferring it to his laptop to insert a skeleton to make it move.

“And that marks the end of today’s workshop,” the teacher declared. “Tomorrow we’ll have a special visit from 3D animator Gob Hobberson, so bring your notepads.”

“It’s been five hours already?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

“Time flies when you’re having fun,” Stephanie pointed out.

Yuuri shivered as he felt Victor reach out.

~I’m right outside, love~ Victor said gently. ~Are you ready for our meeting?~

“Are you cold?” Kevin asked worriedly.

“Oh, no,” Yuuri quickly assured. “It’s Victor, he’s outside.”
“Victor is here?” Hanna asked in surprise.

“Yeah,” Yuuri said fondly. “He’s having a school assignment that I’m helping him with.”

“What kind of assignment?” Kevin asked.

“Uhm, something about marketing,” Yuuri said vaguely. “He’s taking me out for dinner,” he said as a light blush spread across his cheeks.

“Well, it sounds like a fun assignment at least,” Smith mused.

Yuuri looked to his friends, they were all looking at him like they knew something he didn’t.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Stephanie quickly assured. “Have fun on your date.”

“Oh, it’s not a…” Yuuri tried to protest but he could tell that his friends had already made up their minds.

Maybe he should just let Victor explain.

Yuuri released a sigh of defeat. “Well, would you like to say hi to him?”

All of his friends nodded in unison.

Yuuri packed down the last of his things and took a deep breath to calm his nerves. “Let’s go.”

Victor was feeling very proud of himself. He was in one of his finer suits and was completely ready to blow his mate away.

He had taken extra care and packed everything he needed in file that he kept in his briefcase.

~My friends want to say hi~ Yuuri said sheepishly. ~Is that okay?~

Of course it was. If there was ever a better time to intimidate Yuuri’s friends it would be when he looked his best.

It didn’t take long before Yuuri exited the building with his friends following him closely.

Yuuri was definitely the most popular boy in the class, and Victor couldn’t be prouder.

He did however get slightly nervous when Yuuri stopped dead in his tracks and stared at him with wide eyes.

Victor was hot.

Victor was really, really hot.

Was he even real?

Was he actually standing there? Dressed in a suit? Looking so unfairly gorgeous that someone should arrest him?

Really?
Really?!

Yuuri felt his face grow crimson in an instant.

~Are you okay?~ Victor asked across the bond as he approached.

God…

He looked even hotter when he walked.

“Hello, Mr. Katsuki,” Victor said with a smirk. “Are you ready for our meeting?”

Yuuri felt as if he was having a stroke.

Was he the only one seeing this?

He looked around and noticed that his friends were just as stunned as him.

And Yuuri had never felt so lucky.

Because they could look…

But Yuuri could actually touch.

He quickly closed the distance between him and his mate and wasn’t sure what to do when Victor took his hands instead of leaning in for a kiss.

He did leave kisses on each of his knuckles though, before looking him deeply in the eyes. “You look beautiful.”

Yuuri swooned slightly as his face wouldn’t stop blushing at his mate’s relentless charm. “I… You… Uhm… You too…” he said as he cringed at his own shyness.

“I know,” Victor agreed before turning to Yuuri’s friends. “Hi, Yuuri’s friends,” he greeted cheerfully.

Yuuri’s friends simply waved in his direction, unable to utter words.

Victor beamed in approval before putting his focus back on his mate. “Are you ready to go?”

Yuuri nodded helplessly.

“Good, I have a car waiting,” Victor stated proudly before wrapping his arm around Yuuri’s to lead him away. “I’ll see you soon, Yuuri’s friends!” he called over his shoulder.

Yuuri couldn’t take his eyes off his mate for even a second.

Even as Victor opened the car door for him and sat down next to him, Yuuri couldn’t think about anything else besides kissing Victor breathless.

“You’re very cute when you look at me like that,” Victor stated.

Yuuri blinked innocently. “Looking at you like how?”

Victor bit his lip thoughtfully. ~Like you have a suit kink~

Yuuri’s face turned bright red. “Victor…” he drawled.
“It’s fine,” Victor quickly assured. ~I have a hoodie kink~ he claimed and shot Yuuri a playful wink.

Yuuri looked down on his hoodie and became pretty sure that Victor was trying to murder him.

He actually traveled all the way to Detroit only to have him killed.

If he died, he would definitely haunt Victor for this.

It wasn’t fair by any means.

“So…” Victor said as he cleared his throat. “I think it’s best if we tone down the flirting to keep our heads clear,” he said gently. “I have made a very thorough business plan that I need you to look over, and I have a few contracts that you should read through and sign.”

Yuuri only felt more turned on as Victor talked so professionally, but he swallowed thickly as he tried to pull himself together. He would help no one if he lost his mind to his lust. “Okay,” he agreed, taking a deep breath. “So how do we start?”

Victor smiled proudly as the car slowed down. “Let’s start with dinner.”

Chapter End Notes

Victor as a businessman is making me swoon XD <3 Poor Yuuri, now he finally gets a taste of his own medicine from all the time he has killed his mate XD <3<3

Thank you so much for reading! <3 And I hope you’re excited about the next one <3 (It's 8 pages instead of 5) <3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 169

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri makes some agreements over dinner.

Chapter Notes

Daily update!! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Can I take your order?” A waiter asked as he approached with a notepad.

Yuuri felt incredibly underdressed for the restaurant of Victor’s choosing.

He was dressed in normal clothes, for a place that was probably the fanciest restaurant in Detroit.

Tablecloths and candlelights.

And waiters that looked like they were attending a royal ball.

Yuuri browsed the menu for anything he could pronounce as the waiter looked at him expectantly.

“I’ll have the coq au vin,” Victor said, flawlessly french. “And my soulmate will have the confit de canard,” he said and gave Yuuri a beautiful smile. “It was your favorite when we were in Paris.”

Yuuri had never been so grateful for Victor’s French before.

“And what would you like to drink?” The waiter asked.

“A bottle of your most expensive wine,” Victor said and handed the menus back to him.

The waiter bowed politely before retreating into the kitchen.

“Uhm… Are you sure that the most expensive wine is the best?” Yuuri asked cautiously.

“Otherwise we can just send it back and drink sodas,” Victor assured. “I just want to see what quality they hold. If they come back with some cheap bottle of chardonnay, I will publicly apologize on Detroit’s behalf.”

“Victor,” Yuuri scolded gently. “Just because they don’t have wine worth over thousands of dollars, doesn’t make them a bad restaurant.”

Victor gently took Yuuri’s hand. “I just want you to have the best things,” he stated. “You deserve nothing less.”

Yuuri smiled shyly at his mate’s declaration.
“But I’ll be nice,” Victor promised. “Oh, and here’s your lawyer.”

Yuuri turned around as an unknown man suddenly approached.

“You must be Yuuri,” he said cheerfully, his Russian accent was evident. “I’m Albert Petrov, I’m commonly known as the Nikiforov’s family lawyer, Victor has hired me to handle the legal aspects in this business deal for you,” he said and extended his hand.

Yuuri’s mouth opened, but no words came out. He finally cleared his throat and managed to shake the Russian’s hand. “Uhm, nice to meet you, Mr. Petrov.”

“Please, the honor is all mine, Victor has been speaking so fondly of you,” Albert assured.

~You hired a lawyer?~ Yuuri asked Victor in disbelief.

~Of course, I have to make sure that you won’t be getting tricked~ Victor stated. ~Albert is all yours for this~

~But… But I trust you~ Yuuri pointed out.

~I’m still in training, I don’t want to mess this up~ Victor claimed as he brought up his briefcase. “Albert, I have a few documents for you that I want Yuuri to sign,” Victor said and took out a folder and handed it to the older Russian.

Albert accepted it with a fond smile. “Thank you, Mr. Nikiforov.”

Yuuri was still in slight shock as a waiter approached to take Albert’s order.

Albert only wanted water and the waiter was quickly on his way.

“Okay,” Albert said as he had read through the first document. “So this first document is about the photoshoot this Sunday,” Albert stated and handed Yuuri a copy of the contract. “It states that you will be there on time and allow yourself to be photographed. Then the rights to alter the pictures and the rights to the pictures themselves will go to Mr. Nikiforov, but you have the final say before anything gets published. If the first terms are broken, you would have to give a notice to Mr. Nikiforov that you won’t be arriving, and a time for rescheduling will take place. If Mr. Nikiforov breaks the terms, you will have a right to sue him for at least seven hundred thousand dollars for emotional damages.”

Yuuri swallowed nervously. That was a lot of information to process.

“Someone is surely looking out for your well-being,” Albert stated and shot a knowing look to Victor.

“But… What if I change my mind after the pictures have been taken?” Yuuri asked hesitantly, feeling happy as he noticed Victor beaming with pride.

“Well, this contract leaves control to you,” Albert said reassuringly. “It states that the model, Yuuri Katsuki has the right to pull out at any given time before and after the photoshoot and if it’s the latter, he has the right to have every taken picture deleted from existence. Not even the photographer will be able to use it for their portfolio.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. He knew that Victor would never have it any other way. “It sounds good.”
Yuuri carefully looked over the contract.

It looked amazing. All paragraphs and bolded letters and… was that a heart at the bottom? “Did you write this yourself?” Yuuri asked his mate.

“I had to follow a few instructions, but yes,” the alpha admitted proudly.

Yuuri felt his entire chest flutter with pride.

Victor was amazing.

“By signing, you promise to uphold your deal of the contract to the best of your ability,” Albert claimed. “You don’t need to sign anything right now. Mr. Nikiforov will be available to accept the terms of agreement at any given point.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding and put the copy of the contract aside for the moment.

“And this is a contract of the rights to turn your name into a brand,” Albert continued as he gave a copy of the second contract to the omega. “It states that your name will be associated with your face and used to earn money. A graphic designer will also create a logo that will reflect you and your brand.”

Yuuri nodded as he skimmed through the contract.

“This contract also leaves you with the right to have the final say, and that nothing will be put forward without your approval,” Albert reassured. “It gives Mr. Nikiforov the right to come up with the details surrounding the brand. Tagline, the message and theme for the brand itself, but nothing goes forward without your approval. If Mr. Nikiforov breaks these terms you will once again have the right to sue him for a minimum of seven hundred thousand dollars.”

“Why seven hundred thousand dollars?” Yuuri asked curiously.

“Because that’s three times the sum I’m putting into the project which is what I need to earn to pass my assignment,” Victor said sheepishly. “And apparently business is all about money, but if I were to break any of my terms, I’ll be happy to give you everything I have,” he claimed. “You already have my heart and half my soul, but all my money is the least I could give if I’m stupid enough to break my word to you.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. He knew that Victor was serious, and he trusted him with all of his heart. “I believe you,” he assured. But then a horrible thought struck him. “You’re spending two hundred thousand dollars on this?”

Victor visibly shrunk at the accusation. “Well, I know I’ll get it back, so technically I’m just putting my money in a box that I will soon get back with even more money.”

“But… What if this fails?” Yuuri asked in slight panic. “I’m not even a model. I… I don’t know what I’m doing.”


“But…” Yuuri tried to protest. “You’re putting so much money in me, and…”

“I believe in you,” Victor calmed him down. “This is why I’m doing this.”

Yuuri nodded as he did his best to calm himself down.
Victor gently took his hand. “Like I said, if you don’t want to do this, I completely understand.”

“No, it’s not… I just… I don’t want to let you down,” Yuuri admitted. “I love you, and I just wish I could assure you that everything would be great… But what if I take ugly pictures?”

Victor sighed. “You won’t,” he assured. “I’ll be there, and I’ll make sure that the photographer takes nothing but good pictures. You’re so beautiful so I doubt that they would face much of a challenge.”

Yuuri blushed at that.

“Well, we do have one more contract, if you don’t mind me interrupting?” Albert asked sheepishly. “The one about the perfume?”

“Oh, right,” Victor agreed and gestured for Albert to continue.

Albert did. “Well, the perfume deal states that Mr. Nikiforov would like to create a scent inspired by you that will resonate with the brand. You signing will make you agree to give up a scent sample for a perfume company of his choosing that can later be used to produce a perfume with your essence.”

“So… A vanilla perfume?” Yuuri asked in confusion.

“With a hint of cinnamon,” Victor agreed.

“Hmm,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “Can I add a paragraph to the contract?” he asked the lawyer.

“Certainly,” Albert agreed and took out his pen.

“I don’t want Artur to ever get his hands on it,” Yuuri said grimly. “So can it be added that everyone needs to show their IDs before buying it, and that if he attempts, it won’t be sold?”

“That can be arranged if Mr. Nikiforov agrees to sign on for it,” Albert assured.

Victor hadn’t even thought about that possibility.

It was only more proof on how amazing Yuuri was.

“I’ll be happy to sign on for that,” Victor claimed. “And add Tommy to that list, and Narumi.”

Yuuri smiled fondly.

Albert wrote the names down in a section and made some very determined lines and wrote some dates. before giving them to Victor to have them reprinted.

“Anyways, I still recommend taking twenty four hours to read through the contracts by yourself,” Albert said and took out one of his cards and handed it to Yuuri. “You can call me day or night and book me up for a meeting whenever you wish. I’ll be in Detroit for the next three weeks to oversee this process and help Mr. Nikiforov with other legal matters.”

Yuuri nodded and put the card in his pocket. “Thank you.”

Albert drank up his water. “Enjoy your dinner,” he said gently before picking his things up. “I’ll go and talk to the photographer you wished for and inform her about the terms and conditions.”

“Thank you, Albert,” Victor said gratefully before the lawyer nodded in goodbye.

“I’ll talk to you soon.”
As he disappeared, Yuuri was left holding three different contracts and Victor was left with a bright smile. “He’s good, right?”

“I would not want to get into a legal battle with him,” Yuuri agreed.

“Well, if it ever comes to that, he’s yours,” Victor assured. “You deserve the best lawyer you can get, I’ll pay for him of course.”

“So you’re saying that if I decide to sue you, you’ll help me?” Yuuri asked in amusement.

“What else are soulmates good for?” Victor asked with a shrug.

“Victor…” Yuuri drawled. “You’re not looking out for yourself here.”

“Well, I’m looking out for you, and you’re the one that needs to be protected here,” Victor claimed. “I’m just putting money and my reputation into this. You’re the one that everyone is going to see, you’ll be in the spotlight and I’ll be the one to blame if things go wrong. I need you to be safe and not get any backlash from this.”

Yuuri could understand that. “Well, I do trust you,” he assured. “But if things go wrong, I would prefer that we’re in this together. I don’t want you to get into trouble.”

“If I mess this up, I deserve the trouble,” Victor stated. “This is the business I’m getting into, and I don’t want my clients to think that I’d be taking advantage of them. I want them to know that they are safe. Just like you.”

Yuuri felt oddly touched by that. “So you’ll give all your clients the right to your lawyer?” he asked, a little worried.

“No,” Victor quickly assured. “That’s just for you, just like this romantic business dinner and other special benefits.”

Yuuri felt his heart soar.

He felt special.

“You’re my first official client, Yuuri,” Victor said proudly. “How am I doing?”

How could Yuuri describe it?

“You’re spoiling me for the future,” Yuuri said simply. “I’ve never had my integrity this protected before.”

Victor smiled gently. “Your integrity is very important,” he claimed. “Everything about you is, and I will do everything to protect you with everything I have.”

“I actually told Nathan,” Yuuri admitted. “And he did have some good points.”

“Oh?” Victor asked.

“Yeah, like… how fame could affect me negatively,” he said cautiously. “I don’t want to spend the rest of my life running from paparazzi and screaming fans… And I don’t want people to keep spreading lies about me, about the both of us…”

Victor understood that. “Yeah, of course.”
“I just… I just wished that there was some way to avoid that,” Yuuri said.

“Well, fame is a complicated thing,” Victor said. “Especially for people like us who are basically forced into it in order to keep up our careers.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

“The most important thing is to know what you want,” Victor said gently. “If you want to keep your head down and just focus on figure skating and video games, or if you want to stand out and take the world by storm. There are pros and cons for both options. Fame can give your careers a boost, you won’t have to try so hard to find sponsors or investors and you’ll have a much easier time to reach out to the general public. But you also know about the backside of fame, it also exists. Keeping your head down would protect you from most of that, but not everything since your soulmate is apparently a very popular name to put in false headlines.”

“It’s not your fault,” Yuuri assured. “You were born into your life, and it’s not fair that people take your name in vain just because of that.”

“I also chose my path,” Victor claimed. “If I really wanted to stay out of the spotlight, I would have lived my life very differently. But I like having my accomplishments recognized and I don’t mind people wanting to take pictures with me or wanting my autographs, the fame isn’t bad in itself. The only thing that bothers me is when you get affected.”

“I just don’t like it when people lie, or try to paint either of us in a bad light,” Yuuri admitted. “Or the paparazzi…”

“Well, like I said, it’s up to you,” Victor said. “But you know that I will be here to help you with everything, right?”

Yuuri nodded.

“And if you get famous enough that people won’t leave you alone, I’ll hire bodyguards for you. I’ll buy up all the magazine companies and make sure that they never write about you. I want you to do whatever you want in life and I want you to feel safe doing it,” Victor stated.

Yuuri blushed, feeling his heart flutter with love for his mate. He was too good, his heart was almost aching with love.

It really wasn’t fair of Victor to be so wonderful while also looking so hot.

“So… What do you want?” Victor asked.

Yuuri wasn’t sure. He felt like he had spent most of his life as a side character to Victor and his fame.

And he was already in the spotlight because of it, and also because of his figure skating career. People were already making up lies about him and trying to set the course of his reputation as ‘Victor’s omega’.

If he did make a bigger name for himself, there was still a chance that he could gain some control and be his own person.

Not to mention that he knew that he would be safe as long as he had Victor. His mate would never let anything bad happen to him. It wouldn’t be that different from the way they lived now, except a few alterations. But he felt like he was ready to take them.
But before he had a chance to say that to Victor, the waiter came back.

“Dinner is served.”

Chapter End Notes

You wouldn't believe the amount of research that went into this chapter XD <3<3 I literally know nothing about business, I just looked up some standard contracts online, looked how a business agreement is made, what is necessary for a brand and so many other small details, I even googled French dishes to see what they would order XD <3

I'm making things way harder than they need to be XD <3

Anyways, I hope you liked this business meeting! <3 And that you're excited about the course of Yuuri’s career! <3

I know I am! <3

Thank you so much for reading! <3<3

<3<3<3 KUDOS!! <3<3<3
“Hi, Yuuri,” Nathan greeted as Yuuri came home. “You’re home late.”

“Yeah, I sent you a text that I was going out with Victor,” Yuuri reminded, in case his roommate had forgotten.

“Yeah, I saw, but I’ve never heard about a dinner that lasted four hours,” Nathan mused.

Yuuri blushed. “Well… We, uhm… We kind of went back to Victor’s hotel… And…”

“Yeah, you don’t have to say anything else,” Nathan assured. “Did you have fun?”

“I did,” Yuuri assured. “And… And…” he sighed before figuring out how to ask. “You’ve studied law… right?”

“I have,” Nathan agreed with a smile.

“Uhm… Well, I was just wondering….” Yuuri took a deep breath, he really hated to ask for things. “I…”

“Do you want me to help you with something?” Nathan asked.

Yuuri nodded shyly. “If you don’t mind?”


Yuuri smiled sheepishly as he made his way over to Nathan with the contracts.

Nathan took them with a lot of excitement as he skimmed through. “Wow,” he said as he read through it. “Victor must really trust you.”

“He does,” Yuuri agreed as he sat down next to him.

“I get it,” Nathan then said. “Considering that you’re soulmates and everything, but he really shouldn’t make these kind of contracts in the future… Imagine someone taking advantage of this,
leaking their own pictures and then taking seven hundred thousand dollars from Victor’s pocket…”

Yuuri turned crimson. “Oh, well, uhm… Money isn’t really that much of a problem to him…” he admitted shyly. “And we haven’t even talked about kids…”

“You know what I mean,” Nathan stated. “I mean, it’s sweet and all, but it’s not a good contract on his part…”

“How about mine?” Yuuri asked.

“I’d sign it if I were you,” Nathan said. “You have absolutely nothing to worry about, nothing at all holds you responsible for anything. You could literally show up to the photoshoot with a cigar between your lips, unshowered and messy, and Victor would have no way to chide you for it.”

Yuuri snorted at that. “Not that I’m planning to,” he protested.

“I know,” Nathan agreed. “But it’s still sweet of him to even turn his contracts into declarations of love.”

Yuuri blushed. “He’s always amazing.”

Nathan smiled fondly. “I’m glad you found someone like him,” he admitted. “And if this goes well, and you turn into the next Kim Kardashian, Victor will be rolling around in money.”

Yuuri wanted to point out that he already was, but that’s when Nathan turned serious again. “Hang on, it doesn’t say anything about what you’re getting paid in these…”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

“No, the only money that is mentioned is the money you’ll get if he breaks the contract,” Nathan stated. “He should definitely look over that. Right now, all the money will go to him, and that’s not fair, he shouldn’t get paid for you.”

Yuuri looked to the contracts worriedly. “Uhm, he probably forgot to add it…” he said thoughtfully.

~Is something bothering you?~ Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri told him that Nathan was looking over the contract and didn’t see where the money went.

~Oh, well, it should be stated close to the bottom of the brand deal~ Victor stated. ~What contract is he reading?~

Yuuri took the second paper that held the details of the brand and looked near the end and almost gasped at what he saw.

~Victor you can’t let me get 80% of the profits when you’re doing all the work~ Yuuri protested.

Victor smiled fondly at his mate’s protest.

Of course Yuuri should have the big sum. He was the face of everything, and besides, he needed the money more.

Yuuri was stubborn when it came to paying for his college all by himself, so who could blame Victor for trying to help in any way he could?
~Well, it doesn’t feel right, I think we should lower it to 50%~

Victor sighed, but he also couldn’t deny his mate’s wishes.

If Yuuri wanted less, he could get less. He would still get access to all of Victor’s money once they were married, so the money would still technically go to him eventually.

Besides, he was very sure that 50% of the gains would still get his mate plenty of money so he could have a good life in Detroit. Maybe get a driver’s license, more blankets for his own nest, he could get a dog sitter so he could have Vicchan in Detroit, despite his busy schooldays.

He really wanted his mate to be as happy as he possibly could be.

~Nathan also wants me to tell you not to write any more contracts to give your clients so much power~ Yuuri mused. ~It’s apparently not good for business~

Victor smiled fondly at that.

……………………………….

~Tell Nathan that my other clients will never have the super special soulmate-deal~ Victor mused.

Yuuri snorted.

“What’s funny?” Nathan asked.

“Oh, just Victor,” Yuuri admitted. “He says the funniest things sometimes.”

“Okay?” Nathan prodded, still having no idea what he meant.

“Yeah, well, at least he said that he won’t be giving anyone else such a good deal,” Yuuri assured. “It’s just for me.”

“That’s good,” Nathan approved. “But I still think that you should take the 80% of the money, I mean, it’s still your face that’s going to draw everyone in. And modelling and approving still takes a lot of work.”

“I don’t want to discredit Victor like that,” Yuuri stated. “He still deserves to get paid for everything he’s done, and he’s the one who need to pay everyone else. I can’t bleed him dry.”

“I guess you’re right,” Nathan agreed. “Well, I’ve reread everything five times, and it still looks good. I mean, if Victor hadn’t written them, I’d be a lot more suspicious, since it almost sounds too good to be true. But I know he loves you and he wouldn’t trick you.”

“Yeah, no he wouldn’t,” Yuuri said lovingly.

“And if he does, just come to me, and we’ll take that lawsuit to the next level,” Nathan mused with a wink.

“Actually, Victor kind of gave me his own lawyer…” Yuuri said sheepishly.

Nathan snorted. “Well, there you go then,” he said with a fond shake of his head. “Why would you even feel worried? You have so many security measures that you’ll be impossible to screw over, and if anyone tries, you’ll still have the OPS that will have you back. If Victor turns evil and tries to take everything away, they’ll be on the case so fast that heads will start to spin.”

“I don’t think they will help with this…” Yuuri said unsurely. “I mean, I’m not in any physical
“Yuuri, have you not noticed that the press never writes anything bad about omegas?” Nathan asked.

“Uhm…” Yuuri tried to protest, but when he thought about it, he realized that the only one that was targeted was Victor. He became the abuser and villain, while Yuuri turned into an innocent damsel.

“The OPS has literally destroyed whole magazines for tainting omega’s reputation,” Nathan claimed. “You know Missy Harolds, the actress? One gossip magazine leaked a false rumor that she was doing drugs, it was the last story they ever printed before OPS closed them down.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

Nathan nodded. “Everyone is looking out for you,” he assured. “So try not to worry so much, you’ll get worry wrinkles.”

“Omegas don’t wrinkle,” Yuuri pointed out.

“Are you really willing to risk it?” Nathan mused.

Yuuri snorted as he gathered all of his contracts together. “Thank you for helping me.”

“Of course,” Nathan chirped. “But you owe me IT support the next time my computer decides to rebel.”


Nathan smiled. “You should sleep. Don’t you have early classes tomorrow?”

“I do,” Yuuri said reluctantly. “How about you?”

“I just have to finish my debate arguments,” Nathan said tiredly. “I’m going up against Chad Bryans.”

“Isn’t that the guy who ran for student council president against you?” Yuuri asked.

“Yeah, the neanderthal is still pissed about that, which is why I need to knock him down a few pegs…” Nathan said in amusement. “I’m not stopping until he quits being a butthurt baby because lost against an omega.”

“Well, you are the best, the sooner he realizes, the better,” Yuuri pointed out.

Nathan chuckled fondly. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

Nathan VS Chad!

A drama that doesn't affect Victuuri for a change! XD <3

It won't be the main focus, since Yuuri's modelling career is currently the main arc, but I do love my sidestories, and I hope you're excited for it as well <3<3
Thank you so much for reading another daily update! <3<3

KUDOS! <3<3

ALSO!!! Check out this amazing fanart of Nathan by Sitriel!! <3<3
www.deviantart.com/sitriel/art/Nathan-761096050
Chapter 171

Chapter Summary

Victor can’t stay away from Yuuri’s first photoshoot.

Chapter Notes

I made a little time jump! <3
I hope you’ll like this! <3<3

Yuuri had never expected taking his picture to be so… fun.

It wasn’t a secret that omegas reacted well to constant praise, but Yuuri had no idea that it was this effective.

“Beautiful!” The photographer praised. “Raise your chin a little, yes! Just like that!”

Yuuri had never felt more beautiful or in touch with himself as he did in that moment. Hearing people praise him from every direction was enough to fill his confidence for a year.

It had been so embarrassing at first, and Yuuri hadn’t been able to keep himself from blushing and apologizing every other second.

But after following the photographer’s instructions for a while, it didn’t take long before he eased up at all the praise.

“Pull up the shirtsleeve a little, you look so great!” Gina cheered from the sidelines.

Yuuri did.

“Amazing!” Gina cheered. “Oh my god! That’s such a beautiful picture.”

Yuuri felt validated in a way he never had before.

Victor always praised him, but certainly not like this.

Now he got admiration from every single look and movement, and it made him want to do even more to please.

“Wow! That was so amazing, let’s take a short break,” The photographer called. “I need to change the battery to the camera.”

Immediately two girls approached and gestured Yuuri to sit down before they started to fix his hair.

Yuuri felt like he wanted to retract every statement he’s ever made about how omegas pursuing a
modelling career were choosing the easy way.

Sure, this was very easy, but it also made him feel so good.

He really couldn’t judge anyone for wanting to do this for a living.

“You’re doing so good,” Gina said as she approached. “I’m so proud, my costume looks perfect on you, I don’t think anyone could give it more justice.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “Thank you.”

“No, thank you,” Gina corrected. “Oh also, Victor is here.”

“He is?” Yuuri asked in disbelief before reaching out and immediately seeing his mate by the computer where the photos were immediately uploaded.

He was smiling and looked up as soon as he felt Yuuri.

“I’m just going to say hi,” Yuuri quickly excused himself before making his way over to his mate who reached out for his hands and kissed them gently.

“You’re unfairly gorgeous,” Victor claimed with a knowing smile. “I didn’t want to disturb you by announcing my presence.”

“You could never disturb me,” Yuuri assured. “But what are you doing here? I thought we agreed that you wouldn’t be coming to this photoshoot?”

“I couldn’t stay away,” Victor stated. “The meeting with the stylist ran short and I didn’t have any other plans to keep me away from you… Besides, I really didn’t want to miss your first photoshoot. Are you having fun?”

Yuuri nodded shyly. “I mean, I never thought that I would be this confident doing something like this,” he admitted. “Everyone is looking at me but somehow it doesn’t bother me that much… When they tell me exactly what to do, how to stand, how to smile, it kind of takes the awkwardness away…”

“I’m so glad you’re enjoying this,” Victor stated. “Your pictures are looking incredible. You’re extremely talented.”

Yuuri smiled gently and stood up on his tiptoes to kiss Victor on the cheek.

He was wearing makeup to match the colors of his costume, and he really didn’t want to mess it up too much, but he did feel slightly embarrassed when he saw the kiss mark on his soulmate’s cheek.

“Sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I’ll get a napkin or,” Victor gently tugged on his soulmate’s hand to stop him from walking away.

“It’s fine,” Victor assured. “I like bearing more of your marks, even if it’s less permanent.”

That had Yuuri blushing furiously. “Victor… You can’t say things like that so bluntly…”

“Sorry,” Victor apologized. “But who could blame me when you look so beautiful right now?”

Yuuri took a deep breath to settle the butterflies in his stomach.

Victor’s flirting made Yuuri want to throw himself at his alpha. Especially now, when he looked
“Yuuri?” Gina called. “Are you ready?”

“I need to go,” Yuuri said apologetically. “You’re welcome to stay and watch.”

“You couldn’t possibly keep me away,” Victor declared.

Yuuri reluctantly pulled away from his mate and walked back to his position in the spotlight.

The makeup artist and hairstylist immediately walked up to him to refresh him for the next set of pictures.

“Okay, we’ll take five more minutes with this, before switching to the next outfit, okay?” The photographer asked.

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

“Wonderful!” The photographer exclaimed. “Slay the camera!”

Victor swooned at every single picture that Yuuri took. He eventually had to sit down to collect himself.

He knew that Yuuri could take great pictures, but he had no idea that he was this fatal

The look in Yuuri’s eyes could kill a person who hadn’t been used to his beauty.

Victor took great pride in still being able to breathe.

He was a bit worried about the photographer though, he seemed to have a bit too much of an interest in his Yuuri.

So far, he was fine, he kept a professional distance and he only praised Yuuri’s work. But if his comments changed into remarks about Yuuri’s body, Victor would put a stop to him faster than the flash would have time to fade out.

But as long as he kept to his work, there would be no problems.

Victor was pretty sure that this rut was starting to affect him.

He did feel a lot more protective towards Yuuri. He felt like ripping something apart if it so much as looked at his omega wrong, and he really wanted to take Yuuri back to the hotel and kiss every single inch of his body.

He looked so beautiful, and Victor felt his heart soar every time a picture was taken of his Yuuri and he looked so proud and happy.

Victor already knew that he had made the best business deal of his career.

Putting his money in Yuuri was definitely not a decision he could imagine regretting.

He didn’t even care about the money, he was just so grateful that he would be able to make his mate this happy about something he was so good at.

“I think that’s all we need,” the photographer finally said. “Are you feeling okay?” he asked as he approached Yuuri.
Victor immediately joined their side and put himself between Yuuri and the photographer. “You were so amazing, love,” he stated seriously. “Gina will be so happy.”

Yuuri beamed happily. “I really hope so.”

“You should listen to your mate, Yuuri,” the photographer claimed. “You really do have a talent for this.”

“Don’t tell my mate what to do,” Victor snapped as he turned to the photographer, but he felt himself deflate as Yuuri grabbed his arm.

~Vitya?~ Yuuri asked carefully.

Victor sighed and turned back to his mate.

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized. ~Hormones~

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “Maybe… Maybe you should go back to the hotel?” he asked carefully. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Can’t you come with me?” Victor asked.

“Uhm, I really need to talk to Gina,” Yuuri said apologetically. “I need to make sure she’s happy.”

“I can wait,” Victor offered.

Yuuri nodded cautiously. “Just… Let me know if it gets too much.”

Victor felt slightly embarrassed about his outburst. He knew that the photographer wasn’t actually a danger, and he knew that he actually couldn’t do anything to his Yuuri.

Not when he and all the other people around them made sure that Yuuri was safe.

He wouldn’t dare.

~Just… Try to calm down~ Yuuri pleaded as he carefully walked away.

Victor released a sigh of defeat.

He couldn’t let Yuuri out of his sight, but he could stay calm.

He was just very hormonal, he knew that no one was out to steal his mate.

But did Gina have to hug his Yuuri so closely?

Victor suppressed a growl and stopped himself as he realized how silly he was.

He then made a vow to himself.

He wouldn’t act on anything unless there was actual danger or if Yuuri specifically asked.

He would be a good alpha and allow his soulmate to grow.

He would make Yuuri proud.
Yuuri loves modelling! <3 I'm so proud of him! <3<3

And Victor is starting to feel his rut XD <3

I love a good mix of emotions! <3 Just like I love these two! <3

I am however a little bit worried that I'm writing too far ahead and that a lot of you aren't able to keep up, so I'm thinking that I might slow down and publish updates every other day? <3

Thoughts? <3<3

Anyways, thank you so much for reading! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter Summary

Yuuri helps Nathan with his speech and Victor prepares the final details for Yuuri's photoshoot.

Chapter Notes

I must have been crazy or something cause chapter 172 was only 2 pages XD
So I smacked 172 and 173 together, and this is the result XD <3
I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri was still high on happiness as he followed Victor out the photo studio after a job well done.

“I really liked the makeup style,” Yuuri said in an attempt to start a conversation with Victor. His mate had been so stoic and tense ever since he snapped at the photographer.

However, his attempt seemed to be working as Victor visibly relaxed. “Yes, it was beautiful and it went perfect with the costumes,” he beamed. “And you looked amazing.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “Thank you for stopping by,” he said gratefully. “I’m glad to have had you there on my first photoshoot.”

“I’ll be on every single one of them if you wish me to,” Victor stated. “I was so proud of you, you did so amazing.”

Yuuri blushed. “Well, I’m used to Minako’s specific instructions in ballet,” he admitted. “It made it easier to do what I’m told… And I really liked how happy people got when I did things right… I mean… I guess it’s because I’m an omega, and pleasing is built into our DNA like protecting is in yours.”

Victor smiled fondly. “I’m glad you liked modelling, hopefully you’ll think it’s just as fun tomorrow.”

“I’m sure I will,” Yuuri assured. “Tomorrow I will have you to encourage and praise me. And I think that almost everyone I’ve ever met can agree that your praise is the one of most value to me.”

Victor felt his heart soar. “I’ll praise you like I was born to do so,” he promised. “No one will stand a chance to me.”

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “Nothing could make an omega more confident than the praise of their alpha.”
That sparked something in Victor immediately. He was trying to look back at all the times Yuuri had been low on confidence.

Had he not been praised enough?

“Victor?” Yuuri asked as his mate suddenly quieted down.

“Sorry,” Victor apologized. “I was just thinking…”

Yuuri regarded his mate worriedly. “Want to share?”

Victor hesitated for a moment. “Have…” he cut himself off. “Have I not praised you enough?”

Yuuri felt as if he just been slapped. “No, I… Of course you have,” he assured. “My low confidence has nothing to do with you.”

“Then why isn’t your confidence always on top?” Victor asked.

Yuuri felt his heart ache a little. “Well, everyone isn’t you,” he said apologetically. “If it was only me and you in the world, and your opinions were the only ones I would ever have to face, then maybe things would been different.”

Victor could tell that Yuuri felt hurt by that, and he immediately wished that he could take the question back. “Yuuri, I…”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “I just wish that you wouldn’t have to question if you were enough.”

“I asked it wrong,” Victor claimed. “I didn’t mean to make you feel like…”

“No, I understand,” Yuuri assured. “And it’s fine, really… I mean, I’m fine now, my confidence is on a peak. And whenever it crashes, it’s never you who causes it. It’s me and my stupid brain that overthinks everything, but that shouldn’t be something that you have to deal with. And it’s never something that you have to feel responsible about.”

“But I’m your mate,” Victor claimed. “If anyone is to be held responsible…”

“It’s not you,” Yuuri cut him of again. “Please… Let me deal with myself when I need to without knowing that I’m making you feel guilty?”

Victor nodded hesitantly. “I can’t promise that I won’t try to help though.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I wouldn’t expect anything else from my soulmate.”

Victor smiled back, grateful to see Yuuri happy once again, and knowing that his mate trusted him with such an important task. And he promised himself to test out a new theory, and see what would happen if he gave Yuuri a little taste of constant praise.

Maybe his words of love would even be enough to cure something like anxiety.

Well, there was only one way to find out...

…………………………………….

Yuuri had never felt so happy as he did when he returned back to the apartment.

Victor had been so happy with him and Yuuri felt his heart soar every time his mate told him just
how much he loved him and how proud he was.

It seemed to be a lot more than usual for some reason.

“You look happy,” Nathan remarked as he caught sight of his roommate.

“I had a very good day,” Yuuri stated.

“That’s great, I take it the photoshoot went good then?” Nathan asked.

Yuuri nodded. “It was great, everyone was so amazing,” he said fondly. “And Victor stopped by, and he was so sweet.”

“I’m happy for you,” Nathan smiled. “I had a good day too actually,” he said. “My brother called, apparently I’m going to be an uncle.”

“Wow!” Yuuri said in awe. “Congratulations.”

“Thank you,” Nathan beamed. “Is it weird that I’m kind of hoping that they’ll have an omega? I feel like I could probably be a good influence that way. If they have an alpha or beta I’d probably be the annoying uncle who constantly tries to teach them how not to be assholes.”

“I’m sure you would be helpful either way,” Yuuri assured. “Whatever they’ll be, they’re lucky to have you as an uncle.”

Nathan smiled. “Thank you, Yuuri…” he took a deep breath. “You see? This is why omegas are so great,” he said and gestured to Yuuri. “We’re never after something, we’re decent just because we are. I would never help someone and expect a sexual favor in return. I would just help them because I can.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed.

“And that’s not everything!” Nathan exclaimed. “Omegas would never just go up to someone randomly and call them a whore or a slut just to feel better about themselves.”

That made a streak of worry surge through Yuuri. “Nathan? Did something happen?”

Nathan deflated a little at that. “School is just hard right now,” he said vaguely.

“Did someone…”

Nathan shook his head. “They’re just jealous,” he said grimly. “Not that it’s an excuse, but it’s still not enough to ruin their lives over. They’re young, they’ll learn how to be better.”

Yuuri suddenly felt very mad on his friend’s behalf. “Nathan, you need to tell someone,” he pleaded.

“I’m telling you,” he pointed out. “You understand me, you know it’s not that simple… I’m choosing my battles, this is not one I’m going to win.”

“But you can tell your teacher and…”

“Have them suspended or expelled?” Nathan finished. “How will they learn to be better if I do that? All it will lead to is more hate and resentment.”

Yuuri released a sigh of defeat. He felt so helpless.
“I’m sorry, I feel like I’m buming you out,” Nathan said apologetically.

“Please, don’t apologize,” Yuuri pleaded. “I’m glad you told me, I just wish that there was something I could do.”

“Maybe you could help me with my speech?” Nathan asked carefully. “Maybe you can look it over and make sure they won’t hate me even more… If you think I sound too harsh, maybe you could just make a note and then give it back to me? If you want to, of course!”

“I’d love to,” Yuuri assured as Nathan handed him a piece of paper. “When are you giving the speech?”

“This Friday,” Nathan said with a tired sigh. “So I still have a few days to finish it.”

“What’s the occasion?” Yuuri asked.

“Assignment,” Nathan said simply. “We’re supposed to hold a speech to our class about something that’s important to us, and I chose the way that omegas are treated in society. So many people get it wrong and think that we’re taking advantage about everything that we are being given, they think we call the OPS just because someone looks at us wrong, I’m just trying to inform them about how it really is, what so many of us have been through and why all the repercussions are necessary.”

Yuuri nodded.

“Please don’t read it right now though,” Nathan said with a shy smile. “You’re making me nervous.”

“Oh, sorry,” Yuuri quickly apologized as he folded the paper.

“Thank you for helping me,” Nathan said gratefully.

Yuuri smiled. “You’d do the same for me.”

………………………………………….

“No, I don’t want it to be grey, I said silver, it’s supposed to shine,” Victor scolded the set decorators.

“But, the store didn’t have any shiny fabric,” the set decorator said carefully.

“Then go to a different store,” Victor sighed. “There are almost forty stores in Detroit that sells fabric, how many did you visit?”

The set decorator swallowed nervously. “One?”

Victor figured. “Well, go to another one then,” he ordered. “It has to be perfect for Yuuri’s pictures.”

The set decorator rolled his eyes.

“What was that?” Victor questioned immediately.

“Nothing, sir!” The set decorator quickly assured. “Sorry, sir! I’ll get to another store right away, sir!”

Victor glared after him

Why did it have to be so hard to find good help?
But luckily enough, it was starting to look really good.

The set was built to resemble Yuuri’s short program costume from the song Eros, accompanied by Agape.

Victor had decided that the brand should symbolize Yuuri’s duality.

On how he could go from Agape to Eros in the blink of an eye.

The tagline was ‘Yuuri Katsuki - with Love’.

It was also a great declaration for Victor’s love to him.

Since he was the company behind the name, it was only fair.

He had talked to his parents, and they gave him some good tips on how to start his own company, and he got his own that was loosely connected to the Nikiforov empire.

He was now the proud owner of Victor Nikiforov Company. He was pretty sure that he was going far ahead of his studies, but he was lucky to have so many knowing people in his social circle to help him.

If he had been playing it safe, he could have included Yuuri’s brand into the Nikiforov empire, but he really wanted Yuuri all to himself.

He wanted his own name to stand behind Yuuri, not his parents.

And he had a strong feeling that it was the right call.

It was his assignment after all.

“Mr. Nikiforov?” Someone suddenly asked.

Victor turned around to a short man with a giant bag of white, fluffy feathers.

Victor smiled happily. “They’re perfect!”

Yuuri had never read a more relevant or inspiring speech than the one he was reading at the moment.

Nathan’s speech was nothing but amazing.

The way he described his childhood, the daily struggles, coming to terms with what he was, the jealousy that had constantly followed him through his lifetime, how people had protected him, how others had tried to ruin that.

Yuuri could relate to all of it.

Even though a few of the comments were literal burns on assholes, he couldn’t consider it to be too harsh.

Some people deserved to hear it.

Yuuri sighed as he drew a marker over it.

He had promised to help.
And he wasn’t helping anyone if he kept his opinion to himself.

He carefully wrote a comment in the corner.

‘Too harsh, but also true :)’ Yuuri wrote, wondering if the smiley was too much.

~Everything is ready for tomorrow~ Victor chirped. ~I hope you’re excited~

Yuuri smiled fondly.

He really was.

Chapter End Notes

I'm 6 chapters ahead! XD <3 And I can keep it up for as long as I'm able if you are there to read! <3 I just get worried when the comments are decreasing and I see that people are unsubscribing (^w^) <3

But all of you 30 people that care to comment, I'll be looking out for you, and if you disappear, I'll just slow down XD <3

Much love to you! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Yuuri smiled as he woke up the next day.

His alarm rang a few minutes before he received a text message from Victor.

‘A car is waiting for you downstairs to take you to the photo studio, I hope you had a wonderful night of beauty sleep <3 Not that you need it ;) <3’

Yuuri wanted to melt at the sweet message.

Victor usually didn’t text, he normally reached through the bond.

This had to be his own way to stay professional, and it was just the sweetest thing.

Yuuri replied tiredly with a thumb up and a few hearts, feeling slightly nostalgic as he realized that it was how they used to communicate when he was little.

Victor replied with a kiss emoji and a few winky faces.

Well, they never used to communicate like that.

Yuuri chuckled fondly as he got out of bed.

He put on his sweat pants and a T-shirt, since Victor apparently had costumes for him at the photo studio.

Then he made his way out, only grabbing his bag with his keys and badge.

Nathan was in the living room, doing his morning yoga. “Good afternoon,” he greeted in amusement. “Heading off to work?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri confirmed. “Any last-minute advice?”

“Don’t choose beauty over brain,” Nathan stated. “Even though it’s fun to be pretty, brain will get you a lot farther.”
“Not great advice to give a model,” Yuuri mused as he put his shoes on.

Nathan shrugged. “Don’t eat yellow snow?”

“Better,” Yuuri said in amusement.

Nathan chuckled fondly. “Good luck!”

……

Downstairs, there was a car waiting for him, and the driver had a sign with his name on it.

“Yuuri Katsuki?” The driver asked.

“Yes?” Yuuri asked tentatively as he stepped forward.

The driver smiled. “Mr. Nikiforov is waiting for you at the studio,” he stated. “There’s breakfast for you in the backseat.”

~That’s him~ Victor confirmed, having looked through his eyes. ~I hope you’ll enjoy your breakfast, I want you well-fed and happy as you arrive~

Yuuri smiled fondly as the driver opened the door for him and he got inside.

Victor had gotten his favorite tea and a sandwich that he had clearly made himself.

He didn’t know anyone else in the world who would make him a heart-shaped sandwich.

He was too cute.

“Would you like some music?” The driver asked as he started up the car.

“No thank you,” Yuuri said politely before sending Victor a message of thanks.

Victor only responded with more hearts.

……

The moment Yuuri arrived at the photo studio, he was completely stunned by the size.

Yesterday’s photoshoot had been a small studio, about a dozen people, this was practically a warehouse, and people everywhere.

Yuuri felt slightly nervous as he had no idea what to do or where to go.

“Hi there, beautiful,” Victor suddenly chirped.

Yuuri turned around just in time for Victor to press a soft kiss to his cheek.

Yuuri swooned as he saw his mate all dressed up and fancy. “Hi,” he replied lamely.

“Did you enjoy your breakfast? Did the driver treat you nicely?” Victor asked, a slight hint of warning in his voice.

“It was perfect,” Yuuri assured.

“I’m glad,” Victor said in relief. “Did you see the set?” he asked as he gestured to something that could only be described as a magical kingdom.
“Wow,” Yuuri said in awe. “It’s beautiful.”

Victor beamed with pride. “Not as beautiful as you.”

Yuuri blushed at that. His smile was perfectly in place, and it made Victor feel so good about himself.

“Let’s get you into hair and makeup.”

………………………………………………

“So… What would you like me to do?” Yuuri asked carefully as the stylist was forming his hair with some wax and Victor was watching her every move.

“Oh, well, we’re going to do both outfits, both are inspired by the Eros and Agape costumes that we wore for the Grand prix, you’re going to pose with some different colored feathers being dropped around you, and then the editor is going to merge them together so it looks like two of you,” Victor explained excitedly. “We don’t have the perfume yet, but we do have the bottle, and the exact theme of the perfume, but it’s basically just colored water.”

“Am I going to hold the bottle?” Yuuri asked, desperate for details.

“Yes you are,” Victor confirmed. “Do you want to see it right now?”

Yuuri nodded.

Victor snapped his fingers and someone with a notepad was instantly at his side. “Will you get the bottle for my Yuuri?” he asked her.

She nodded without a word and disappeared away from the hair and makeup corner.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel his heart beat a little bit faster over the power his alpha displayed. It was like being mated to a king.

Victor could tell that Yuuri liked it, so he repeated the action and a man with an identical notepad approached.

“Why don’t you get my Yuuri some water?” Victor asked with a smile.

“Right away, sir,” the man agreed before rushing off.

“There’s a lot of people here,” Yuuri said, trying to keep his voice as casual as possible.

“Yes, It would have been impossible to arrange this all by myself,” Victor stated. “But everyone is handpicked and had wonderful recommendations from people I know, so I trust that they will do a good job.”

“Here’s the bottle,” the first woman with a notepad said as she held out the most amazing looking bottle to the omega.

Yuuri gasped and took it with caution. He then held it as carefully as he would hold a living baby bird. “My god… Victor… Are you sure you’re actually going to be able to manufacture these?” he asked in disbelief as he took in all the swirls and golden accents on the bottle.

“They’ll be a bit pricey, but I’m sure people are going to want them,” Victor assured. “Not only will the scent be divine, but they could also keep the bottle as a tiny decoration for their home.”
“It’s beautiful,” Yuuri agreed. “I… I’m actually kind of scared of dropping it…”

“Well, we have five more sample bottles, so if you do, we’ll just take another one,” Victor reassured him.

Yuuri held up the bottle and watched how it shimmered of gold in the light.

“It’s your bottle Yuuri, I wouldn’t even get mad if you threw it to the ground and smashed it,” Victor mused before correcting himself. “Or, well, as long as you don’t step on any shards or hurt yourself.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I don’t want to break a masterpiece,” he stated. “It does look a little bit different from the concept you sent to me though…”

“I know,” Victor said with a slight blush. “Apparently I didn’t consider the fact that a round base prevents the bottle from standing, now it can, and it also looks neater, don’t you agree?”

“Yeah, it looks amazing,” Yuuri assured. “I just… I can’t believe that I have my own perfume bottle… And that it looks so fancy. I mean… It looks like if a royalty would release a perfume. When you first mentioned it, I thought I was going to get a blue bottle in the shape of my glasses.”

Victor snorted. “As adorable as that would be, I think this bottle will have to do for your debut,” he said fondly. “But a lot of famous people release different versions of their perfume, and I’m sure your growing fanbase is going to buy it all.”

“G-growing fanbase?” Yuuri asked in confusion.

“Right! I forgot to tell you!” Victor exclaimed. “I got my twitter back, and I’ve been posting sneak peaks of this project for the past days, and I’ve gotten over ten million retweets.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “Are people actually excited for this?” he asked in disbelief.

“Of course,” Victor assured. “People are hanging by the locks as they are waiting for pre-orders to start.”

“But it’s not even developed yet?!” Yuuri asked in confusion. “How are people willing to buy something that doesn’t even exist?”

“They love you, Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “And they want to support us in this.”

Yuuri blushed at that. He had no idea that there were people out there who even cared about him when he didn’t do something related to figure skating.

He wasn’t Victor.

“You look so beautiful,” Victor said, seemingly out of nowhere. “And this is going to be great.”

Yuuri nodded cautiously as a light blush spread across his cheeks.

“So, makeup looks great, your hair looks great, let’s get you into a costume now, shall we?” Victor asked and reached out his hand to Yuuri.

Yuuri took it gratefully. “Whatever you say… Mr. Nikiforov.”

Chapter End Notes
Victor is an organized businessman! <3<3 *Swoons*

And this flirting is heating up!! <3

Will Victor survive? Will Yuuir survive? Will they kill each other with their own beauty? XD <3

Yuuri is weak for suit! Victor and Victor is weak for model! Yuuri XD <3

This is going to be interesting! XD <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 174

Chapter Summary

The flirting intensifies between the boys.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

“Perfect, excellent!” Victor cheered from the sidelines as he watched the pictures being uploaded.”You look beautiful! Amazing!”

Yuuri could definitely get used to this.

Having Victor’s undivided attention on him like this, was making something flutter wonderfully inside of him.

“Down with the right shoulder a little,” the photographer instructed.

Yuuri adjusted, and may or may not have been making bedroom eyes at the camera just to get Victor spiraled on.

He could sense that Victor was turned on, but desperately trying to hide it, and Yuuri found it highly amusing.

It was his own way to get back at Victor after his mate had been teasing him so relentlessly with his suit.

No one had to adjust their sleeves or fix their tie as much as Victor had during the past hours.

Yuuri wondered if Victor was really right, and if he did have a suit kink.

He was leaning more and more in favor of that theory.

But who could blame him?

His head was just filling up with different fantasies of what Victor could do to him wearing that.

He couldn’t really stop it, but he was pretty sure that Victor would understand.

He had a really strong feeling that Victor was having his own ideas about him, especially when he was wearing costumes like these.

And if he glanced at Victor a few times during the photoshoot instead of looking at the camera, he’d just blame it on the lack of sight.
Victor was struggling to keep his smile in place and his enthusiasm under control.

If he let it go for even a second, he’d probably push his mate down into the pile of feathers and kiss him breathless.

Yuuri was teasing him.

Victor was fully aware of that.

But he needed to hold himself together, and ignore the pang of jealousy that struck him every time Yuuri looked into the camera and not at him.

He knew he was being crazy, and that his hormones were probably affecting him more that he anticipated.

But Yuuri was in his final outfit, his eros outfit, and Victor was pretty sure that they already had enough pictures to fulfill his vision.

So the torture was almost over.

As soon as they were done, he could take Yuuri home and go back to the hotel room to take care of himself with the most wonderful mental image in his head.

“I think we got it,” the photographer finally declared.

“Wonderful,” Victor praised before walking up to his mate. “Now take a picture of the two of us, together,” he asked the photographer.

Yuuri looked up to his mate in confusion. “Victor?”

Victor responded by gently pressing their lips together before elegantly deepening the kiss.

Yuuri couldn’t stop a stifled moan from escaping him at the surprise from the sudden kiss, but it didn’t take long before he melted into it.

The flashes that went off were nothing Yuuri paid any mind to, until he realized that Victor was going to look at these pictures…

He made eye contact with the camera as he allowed his fingers to travel up to Victor’s hair and tug until the control was left to him.

He pulled away from the kiss as he began to kiss trails on Victor’s jaw.

Victor growled lowly before lifting Yuuri up and lying them both down in the feathers.

Yuuri wrapped his legs around Victor’s waist as Victor nibbed along his neck.

Deep down he realized that maybe they were taking it too far.

But Victor was smelling really good, and having him on top of him, wearing that suit was turning him on in ways he couldn’t even begin to describe.

He just really wanted to have sex.
And preferably right there.

But that’s when Victor suddenly pulled away, his pupils were blown into twice their normal size and Yuuri couldn’t help but to release a soft gasp at the sight.

Victor smiled gently before pressing a final kiss to Yuuri’s lips and getting up to adjust his suit again.

The photographer looked terrified as he held the camera with slack hands.

Victor cleared his throat awkwardly. “Did you get any good pictures?” he asked.

The photographer swallowed thickly before nodding.

“Great, good,” Victor said before reaching out his hand to pull Yuuri up.

Yuuri took it before his cheeks tinted pink and he suddenly realized that they had almost had sex in front of a crowd of almost thirty people.

“I’m taking Yuuri home,” Victor stated. “I’m assuming that all of you will have this place cleaned up within an hour?”

People around them nodded.

“Wonderful,” Victor chirped before turning back his focus to Yuuri. “Let’s go.”

“I can’t believe we almost…” Yuuri said before trailing off as embarrassment got the better of him.

“We were still far away from it though,” Victor pointed out. “It was just a… very intense makeout session.”

“It’s just… Can you promise that you won’t be wearing a suit during your rut?” Yuuri asked. “I… I think you were right about me and…. them…”

Victor made a mental note into his long term memory.

He would not forget about that little piece of information.

“Maybe I should undress right now?” Victor suggested. “Do you think that might help?”

Yuuri’s blush increased. “You’re going to kill me before your rut even starts, Vitya,” he claimed.

Victor smiled at that. “It only serves you right for all the times you’ve killed me.”

“You still look plenty alive to me,” Yuuri pointed out.

“Only because I keep coming back to life to continue my eternal death,” Victor claimed dramatically. “It is my lifelong destiny.”

“I guess I’ll join you in that then,” Yuuri mused. “We can enjoy eternal death together.”

“You just killed me again,” Victor stated and raised his hand to clench his chest. “You’re too sweet.”

An idea suddenly sparked in Yuuri’s mind. “Then maybe I should be a little bad?” he suggested as he leaned in closer.

Victor almost felt his self control crumble, and it took a moment for him to remember that they were
still in the car.

“Not today, love,” Victor said reluctantly. “I… I need to fix things before Wednesday. The… The perfume…”

Why did Yuuri have to be so irresistible?

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “Yeah, okay…”

“But one thing I don’t understand…” Victor said thoughtfully. “I’ve worn suits before…”

Yuuri blushed. “Yeah, for parties…” he pointed out. “Never… Well, for something like this…”


Yuuri nodded as he gently played with the hem of Victor’s suit jacket. ~I want you to fuck me in one of those~ he said across the bond so that the driver wouldn’t hear. ~I want you to tie me up and play with me, I want you to dominate me~

Victor hitched on his breath as a blush spread across his cheeks.

That’s when the car suddenly slowed down and Yuuri’s apartment building came into view.

“Well, this is me,” Yuuri said, his voice had once again turned back to its soft and innocent default. “I’ll see you Wednesday, Vitya…”

Victor felt unable to respond for several seconds, only when Yuuri opened the car door did he find his voice again.

“I love you,” Victor called to his mate.

Yuuri smiled. “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m so excited about the rut! <3<3 And I’m so excited about your reactions to it! <3<3

I start school Monday the 3rd of September, so updates might slow down then, as I’m making my thesis and a bunch of other stuff (^w^)

But I hope you enjoyed these constant updates! <3 I have 5 chapters ready to publish, so at least you’ll get 5 more days more of this! <3<3 Then we’ll see! <3<3

Thank you so much for all the support you showed me lately <3<3

I love you guys!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 175

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor visit the perfume company that will produce Yuuri's perfume.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3 (Sorry it's late) <3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wednesday arrived in the blink of an eye.

And Yuuri wasn’t sure if he was mentally prepared to spend another day with his unfairly gorgeous mate.

Maybe he could talk Victor out of wearing a suit?

~The suit is good for business, love~ Victor stated. ~You’re just going to have to handle it~

Yuuri was taken aback. Victor had never denied him anything before.

That’s when it hit him.

Victor was enjoying this.

Yuuri narrowed his gaze at nothing in particular.

Fine.

If Victor said that suits were good for business, maybe he should give his mate a taste of his own medicine…

Victor frowned slightly as Yuuri was running late.

He was waiting for him outside in a car, so he could keep a good view over his mate’s building.

He would know if Yuuri went outside and wandered off.

But it only seemed like something was dragging out on time.

~I’m coming out now~ Yuuri assured before the doors swung open.

Victor suddenly felt as if his mate was walking in slow motion.

He was wearing a suit.
A very good looking suit.

He was trying to get him back!

Victor gasped at the mere idea.

Yuuri knew exactly what he was doing as he pulled his hand through his hair and adjusted his glasses.

Victor got the sudden urge to fan himself.

Yuuri was not playing fair.

“Hello, Vitya,” Yuuri greeted as the driver opened the door for him. “Sorry, I’m a bit late.”

Victor took a deep breath to calm himself down. “It’s fine,” he assured. “We should just get going.”

Yuuri smiled knowingly. “I wasn’t sure what to wear,” Yuuri said as he unbuttoned the top of his shirt. “I hope this is fine.”

Victor couldn’t take his eyes off Yuuri’s exposed collarbone, and it didn’t take long before he was struck by Yuuri’s magical scent.

“You… You’re not wearing scent blockers…” Victor stuttered out nervously.

“Oh? I didn’t know I was supposed to,” Yuuri admitted, looking very unapologetic. “I thought that they were going to take a sample of my scent… Does that require scent blockers?”

Victor felt like he wanted to slap himself. Of course Yuuri wouldn’t be wearing scent blockers. That would defeat the entire purpose of today.

“Right, of course,” Victor agreed as he cleared his throat awkwardly.

Yuuri suddenly felt slightly guilty over causing his soulmate’s flustered silence. “Victor, I…” Yuuri started, but was interrupted when Victor placed a finger on his lips.

“Don’t apologize for being beautiful,” Victor pleaded. “I’m just being hormonal, and you’re just being you.”

Yuuri blushed slightly at that as Victor was suddenly very close to him.

“Your gorgeous, sexy, wonderful self,” Victor spoke in Russian, which did nothing to lessen Yuuri’s growing blush.

“I… I…” Yuuri tried. but trailed off as Victor kissed him, needy and hot.

Yuuri moaned into the kiss as he deepened it, his fingers immediately curled in Victor’s hair as the alpha growled with need.

“Vitya…” Yuuri panted as he pulled away. “We… Uhm…. Deep breaths…”

Victor pulled away as well. “I’m losing my self control,” he stated as he took a deep breath to calm himself. “It’s two more weeks until my rut.”

“Unless it comes early,” Yuuri pointed out.
“It won’t,” Victor assured. “I’m far too busy to have my rut right now.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “You do rest too, right?” he asked worriedly.

“I’m fine,” Victor reassured him.

Yuuri didn’t buy it. “Victor, you can’t over-work yourself. You need a balance.”

Victor sighed. “I’m fine love,” he assured. “I get my nightly rest, and I don’t feel tired at all.”

“But have you stopped for a few seconds to breathe?” Yuuri asked.

“Please don’t worry about me,” Victor pleaded. “I’ll let you know if I get tired, okay?”

Yuuri nodded reluctantly. “I trust you, Victor,” he admitted. “Please don’t make me regret that.”

“You won’t,” Victor promised. “I will take care of myself.”

Yuuri smiled gently. “Thank you.”

Yuuri didn’t know what to expect as he took in the giant factory Victor had taken him to.

He hadn’t even considered how perfume was made before, and now that he could see thousand upon thousands of his perfume bottles, the reality of the situation was suddenly getting to him.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked as he felt Yuuri’s worries.

“Uhm, I…” Yuuri tried. “I just never considered that so many people were going to smell me…” he admitted worriedly.

“Well, hopefully they are going to smell themselves, just with a bit of improvement,” Victor reassured his mate.

“Yeah, I mean… I know you’re right… But I just… What if an alpha use it to get off, or a beta use it to seduce an alpha, pretending to be an omega?”

Victor did not like the idea of an alpha getting off to his Yuuri, and he couldn’t stop himself from growling at the mere idea.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

“We’re calling off the project,” Victor stated and turned him and Yuuri around to walk out.

“What?” Yuuri asked in slight panic. “Victor, no, stop and breathe.”

Victor huffed in annoyance but did as told.

“Is… Is this your rut talking?” Yuuri asked cautiously.

Victor sighed. “I don’t want anyone else to smell you,” he said determinately. “You’re mine.”

“You know I am,” Yuuri reassured his mate. “But you’ve spent a lot of time and money into this. You can’t just cancel everything like this.”

Yuuri looked around in slight panic. “I… I think my rut might be coming early,” he said reluctantly. “I feel… Angry…”
“Okay,” Yuuri said calmly. “How bad is it? Can you make it back to the hotel?”

“Not that early,” Victor protested with a sigh. “But there are only days left. Three, maybe four…”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Okay, but let’s not make any rash decisions right now then,” he said gently. “I think we should just let me leave a scent sample, then we can go to Russia. And if you still feel the same once your rut is over, we can call off the project then… Does that sound good?”

Victor nodded hesitantly. “But no alpha will take your scent sample,” he demanded.

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed. “Let’s find a beta then.”

Victor nodded and took Yuuri’s hand.

Yuuri smiled to his mate. “It’s going to be okay, Vitya,” he said gently. “I’m right here and I’m not going to leave you.”

Victor felt as if something heavy was suddenly lifted from his shoulders. “Thank you, lyubov moya.”

“You’re welcome,” Yuuri said softly, making Victor’s heart flutter.

“Mr. Nikiforov?” a woman suddenly asked.

Yuuri released a breath of relief as he caught her scent and didn’t feel any alpha traces.

“We talked on the phone,” the woman elaborated. “I’m Maria.”

“Maria, hi,” Victor greeted, reaching out his free hand to shake hers. “I’m sorry, I’m a bit… emotional right now, so I think it’s best if we’re quick.”

“Oh course,” Maria agreed. “Come this way,” she said as she gestured for them to follow.

Victor let go of Yuuri’s hand and instead wrapped his arm around his waist and shot glares at everyone who even dared to turn their heads in their direction.

Yuuri did his best to release calming pheromones, even though he wasn’t as skilled as Victor, he really hoped that it would work.

Victor took deep breaths of the soothing scent and tried his best to calm down.

“So I’m assuming that you’re Yuuri?” Maria asked and gestured to a couch in the backroom so they could sit down.

“I am,” Yuuri said simply, trying to keep his attention on Victor.

“And have you ever done this before?” Maria prodded.

“I haven’t,” Yuuri replied. He figured that if he didn’t break his attention, Victor would have nothing to get nervous about.

He knew that it would probably help him if he had been in pre-heat.

“Well, all we really do is take a cotton pad with some scent extractor and dab gently on the scent gland,” Maria explained.

“Will it hurt? Does it contain anything that can cause a allergic reaction?” Victor questioned.
“It has the same formula as scent blockers but the other way around,” Maria explained. “So if there’s no allergies against that, then this won’t be a problem.”

Victor nodded. “And it won’t hurt?”

“No more than cotton and water,” Maria assured.

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed. “And once you’ve taken a sample?”

“Then we will have all the data we need to create a liquid based form with your essence,” Maria stated. “It may also be altered to be stronger or to lift a certain element of the scent. That way it won’t be exactly identical to yours.”

“See?” Yuuri said gently to his mate. “No one is going to smell me.”

Victor released a breath of relief.

“So what part of the scent would you like to highlight?” Maria asked.

“We should probably stick with the basics,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “The vanilla should be the strongest, I don’t want everyone walking around like a turned on omega…”

Victor smiled softly at that.

“Do you agree, Mr. Nikiforov?” Maria asked.

“Whatever Yuuri wishes for,” Victor stated. “But still keep a little bit of the cinnamon, just for the spice.”

Maria nodded in understanding.

“I want all of you in it,” Victor told his mate. “And I wish I could identify the scent that makes it you. Vanilla isn’t really the scent you have. I’ve been smelling vanilla beans, but they don’t even come close to your addictive aroma.”

Yuuri blushed at that.

“Well, the scent extractor will be able to identify all the elements, but we will work with it until we finish a result that you will be pleased with,” Maria assured. “If we take a sample now, we will be finished in a maximum of two weeks, then we just need your approval before starting shipment.”

“Uhm, how many bottles are being sold?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“Fifty-two thousand,” Maria said. “A crate of one thousand bottles in fifty two countries, everywhere where you have an established fanbase.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. It was a lot. “H-how much for a bottle?”

“Sixty dollars,” Victor stated. “Pretty standard price… But if I got it my way, I’d deem them to be priceless. You’re scent is worth billions upon billions of dollars.”

“Not many could afford that though,” Maria pointed out, like they had had the same conversation before.

“Maybe that’s for the best,” Victor grumbled.
“Sixty dollars is expensive enough,” Yuuri assured. “But it’s still high… I mean, I don’t know anyone that would pay so much just to smell like me.”

“Well, you should think again, because the exclusive pre-orders of one hundred samples for eighty dollars per bottle, shipping worldwide are already sold out,” Maria said with a knowing smile. “So should we get the process started?”

Yuuri stared at her in disbelief.

Him? Sold out?

“A-Are they all sold to Victor?” Yuuri asked. That was the only way it would ever make sense.

“I didn’t even get one,” Victor said with a pout. “But at least I have the real one.”

Yuuri needed some time to process that, but he knew one thing for sure.

Victor had made an excellent business deal.

Chapter End Notes

So... Victor just made 8000 dollars on nothing but an expectation XD <3<3

Who thinks he'll reach seven hundred thousand dollars? (His assignment goal) (^w^) <3<3

Hopefully he'll give the money to charity, god knows that Victor doesn't need more money to throw around XD <3<3

I love these two, and I'm so proud! <3<3

I love you guys too!! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 176

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor decides to spend some time apart so Victor can get some work done before the rut strikes.

Chapter Notes

Sorry! <3<3 I almost forgot to publish today! XD <3<3

Anyways, here's the daily update <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

As soon as they were out of the perfume factory, Victor felt a lot better, more collected.

“I should go home and pack,” Yuuri said. “We can go right now, I only have workshops anyways, I can create my own design in Russia.”

“I still have things to do though,” Victor said reluctantly. “And like I said, I still have a few more days until it gets really bad. We can aim to go back to Russia on Saturday? That’s still almost a week before it’s planned to strike.”

“Can’t you take care of your things from Russia?” Yuuri asked.

“If I’m going to Russia with you, my rut will definitely come within a couple of days,” Victor stated. “And I like to get as much as possible done before then. I want people to work while I’m gone. I don’t want to come out of my rut with nothing finished.”

“So… I guess that means that we won’t see each other before Saturday,” Yuuri sighed.

Victor nodded apologetically. “At least we’re in the same city. If it gets to much, you know where to find me. And I can always come to you.”

Yuuri smiled slightly. “It’s nice to have you closeby.”

“It’s nice to be closeby,” Victor stated as the car slowed down. “I’ll see you Saturday,” he said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

“I’ll see you Saturday,” Yuuri agreed and pressed a kiss to Victor’s lips before pulling away and getting out of the car.

Thursday was going by agonizingly slow.

Yuuri had a workshop in animation again, and he was trying to make a character inspired by a figure skate, which looked downright awful.
He made a mental note not to go into the field of animation.

“Oh my god, Yuuri, that looks adorable,” Stephanie exclaimed. “It looks like a disney character.”

“Maybe a reject…” Yuuri grumbled dejectedly.

Stephanie tilted her head. “Are you okay?”

Yuuri sighed. “I can’t do this, it looks stupid.”

Yuuri flinched as he suddenly realized that all of his friends were crowding all around him.

“Maybe remove the legs?” Kevin suggested. “Have it animated as it glides around.”

“And maybe lean more towards the cartoon way, bigger eyes, rosy cheeks…” Smith chimed in.

“It’s such a cute design, I don’t think you should just drop it.” Stephanie added.

Yuuri sighed. “I’m just not inspired by it… I want to do something original.”

“A figure skate with a face is very original,” Stephanie assured.

“Maybe give it some hair?” Hanna suggested.

Yuuri shook his head as he pressed ‘delete’. He needed to start over.

All of his friends gasped in panic.

“You didn’t save it,” Stephanie said, breathless.

“I didn’t like it,” Yuuri stated. “It’s better to start over than struggle with a lost concept.”

Stephanie sighed. “I’ve never met a bigger talent that is blinded by his own… well, talent.”

“It’s not talent it’s just… struggling.” Yuuri claimed.

“It looked great,” Kevin pointed out.

“I just… I don’t know what kind of game it could ever fit into,” Yuuri stated. “I want to figure that out first. I want to know what they’re there for, their abilities, their goal. I need the backstory before creating a character.”

“So why don’t you create one?” Stephanie asked.

Yuuri put away his tablet and brought out a piece of paper and a pen. “That’s a great idea…”

His friends kept hovering until Yuuri looked up to them. “Uhm…” he said awkwardly.

“Yeah, of course,” Everyone scattered as they went back to their own tablets.

Yuuri felt happy about finally having a goal.

----------------------------------------

After the workshop, his friends asked if he wanted to go out for something to eat with them, but in the corridor, as Yuuri was about to decline their offer, someone suddenly called his name.

“You’re Yuuri Katsuki, right?” A giant guy asked.
Yuuri recognized him from the posters that used to be spread all across campus.

Chad Bryans.

“Why?” Yuuri asked, taking a step back.

His friends responded by taking a step forward.

“You’re Nathan’s roommate?” Chad asked, but it sounded more like a statement.

Something in Yuuri’s face must have given him away, because a smile spread across the alpha’s features. “You need to get him to pull out from his speech tomorrow, unless he wants trouble.”

“Why?” Yuuri asked. “Are you scared of hearing the truth?”

Something in Chad’s eyes flared at the accusation. “No one is interested in a whore’s opinion.”

Yuuri felt his temper flare. He would not stand for anyone speaking ill of his friend. “But they’re supposed to be interested in yours?” he asked in disbelief. “No wonder you lost the election.”

Chad growled as he took a step forward but was immediately shoved back by Smith.

“Don’t you dare,” Smith growled at him.

Chad huffed in annoyance as he took a step back. “You think you’re so perfect, even though you’re too scared to defend yourself,” he snarled to Yuuri. “Just like Nathan, you keep hiding behind your alpha-friends to keep your hands from getting dirty…”

“Just like Nathan, I don’t feel the urge to fight to prove my dominance over idiots like you,” Yuuri claimed, barely believing the words that came out of his mouth. “So you better leave Nathan alone.”

“Or what? You’ll call the OPS on me?” Chad mocked.

“Maybe I will,” Kevin stated. “You seem to fit the type that will end up in jail in one way or another.”

“You don’t know anything about me, you fucking nerd,” Chad growled to the other alpha.

Kevin was unfazed. “You better leave my friend alone,” he said darkly. “And Nathan too… If I catch you trying to harm either of them or another omega, I will literally skin you alive.”

“Intense…” Smith remarked.

Chad scoffed in disbelief, but did turn slightly uncomfortable as Kevin didn’t release his glare.

“Whatever,” Chad huffed. “You tell Nathan to pull out,” he snapped, pointing a finger at Yuuri. “Otherwise you’ll all be sorry.”

Yuuri watched how the alpha stormed off, and he was left with a lump in his stomach.

~Yuuri? What’s going on?~ Victor suddenly asked.

...............................................

~Don’t worry about it~ Yuuri pleaded. ~It’s about Nathan, but I’ll deal with it~

Victor reluctantly let it go.
He had vowed to not interfere unless Yuuri asked.

He didn’t seem hurt or scared, just nervous and a bit angry.

Therefore Victor trusted that he had things under control.

He only hoped that he wouldn’t regret it.

“Mr. Nikiforov?” Albert urged. “Do you approve of that billboard?”

Victor blinked at the businessmen in front of him. “Uhm, let me see them again?”

He needed to focus on this.

…………………………………..

“Yuuri?” Nathan called as Yuuri stepped inside the apartment. “I’m so glad you’re home I was wondering if I could practice my speech on you… What’s wrong?” he asked as he caught sight of his roommate.

“I… I kind of ran into Chad…” Yuuri said apologetically.

Nathan turned worried in an instant and turned Yuuri around. “Did he hurt you?” he asked in slight panic. “I swear, I will call the OPS faster than…”

“He didn’t hurt me,” Yuuri assured. “He just… He asked me to give you a message… B-but I don’t want to…”

Nathan sighed tiredly. “He wanted me to pull out,” he stated, sounding much older than his twenty four years.

Yuuri nodded reluctantly.

“Did he threaten you?” Nathan asked worriedly.

“No, but he kind of threatened you, which is why I felt like I needed to tell you,” Yuuri said apologetically. “He said that I should tell you to pull out unless you wanted trouble…”

“He’s such a coward…” Nathan said in annoyance. “And don’t worry, I’m not mad at you, and I’m not pulling out.”

“You should call the OPS, tell them that someone threatened to hurt you,” Yuuri stated.

“Chad would never hurt me, he’s too scared for that,” Nathan stated. “His version of trouble is false rumors and name calling… I swear, it’s like I’m in the same class as a five-year-old.”

“Still, I don’t think you should risk it,” Yuuri stated. “If he does something to you…”

“I’ll be fine,” Nathan promised. “Did he talk to you alone?”

“No, all my classmates were there,” Yuuri said.

“Yeah, we’re safe,” Nathan assured. “What kind of idiot would announce his plan to hurt omegas in front of a dozen people and then make good on it? It would send him straight to prison, and I know he’s too smart for that.”

“So what do you want to do?” Yuuri asked.
Nathan took a deep breath as he considered his options. “I... I’m going to hold my speech. I’m going to show him that I’m not afraid of him. And I’m going to call the OPS as a safety measure. Ask them to keep an eye out in case he tries anything.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. It sounded like a good plan.

“And I’m changing my speech to let him know exactly how I feel about him and his bullshit,” Nathan declared. “I’m going to make him understand.”

Chapter End Notes

The Nathan VS Chad drama is rising, and somehow Yuuri managed to get himself involved XD <3<3

Hopefully Nathan's plan will work! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading!! <3<3

<3<3<3<3 KUDOS <3<3<3<3
Chapter 177

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor can't stay away from each other anymore, so they decide to go for a walk together in Detroit.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Will end on a cliffhanger! (Just so you don't scream at me) <3<3

Anyways, here's the daily update, I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri didn’t have a workshop during the Friday, and he couldn’t help but to worry about Nathan.

He was holding his speech in the biggest building on campus, and Yuuri knew that the speech was going to cause drama.

It was a wonderful speech, but Yuuri was sure that it would offend most of the population that didn’t know a lot about omegas.

Nathan had really committed to getting the truth out.

Hopefully no one would give him trouble for it. Especially Chad.

Yuuri sighed tiredly as he took up his tablet again and made a tenth attempt to design his own character.

He had decided to give in to the cartoon format that his friends seemed to like. But he also decided to put his own spin on it. So he decided to make the character into a very fluffy cartoon character with big eyes and bright smile, but if someone hurt it, it transformed into a horrifying frizzly monster with black eyes that roared and scratched everything in its way.

He was surprisingly happy with the concept, and he knew just how to animate it.

~I miss you~ Victor suddenly said across the bond. ~I want to see you~

Yuuri missed his mate too, but he really didn’t want his mate to trigger an early rut while they were still in Detroit.

He had no plan of what to do if it arrived that early.

From what he knew about ruts, it was almost impossible to move an alpha when they were in rut. They tended to get really paranoid, especially around other people and especially around alphas.

There was a lot of horror stories about alphas in rut going primal and attacking random people
because they assumed that they were out to hurt their mates or other family members.

And Yuuri never wanted Victor to live with the knowledge that he had taken someone’s life.

~Maybe we can keep some distance?~ Victor suggested. ~I just want to see your face~

Yuuri would never be able to refuse such a sweet plea from his mate, so he agreed to meet him.

~I’ll come to your apartment, we can go for a walk?~ Victor asked. ~But please wear scent blockers, otherwise I’ll just get desperate~

Yuuri could go for that.

He knew that Victor would do the same for him if he had been in pre-heat.

Victor would never stand for Yuuri feeling lonely and missing him.

So how could he possibly do that to Victor?

No.

His mate deserved all the love and care in the world, and Yuuri was willing to give him everything he had.

~I’m walking now, I’ll reach out once I’m outside, okay?~

Yuuri smiled at nothing in particular, he really couldn’t wait to reunite with his mate again.

Two days without him when they were in the same city was far too much.

…………………………………….

“Hi, beautiful,” Victor greeted as Yuuri approached him, his mate was looking just as beautiful as always. He was dressed in Victor’s old hoodie and jeans, and Victor had to fight the urge to kiss him right there and then.

Yuuri went for a hug, and Victor melted into it.

“I figured that if I wore scent blockers and your old hoodie, I’d smell like you and it might help with keeping your hormones in check…” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “You can scent me better if you want to?”

Victor did so happily.

Marking Yuuri as his for the whole world to know.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to swoon slightly over how much stronger Victor’s scent was.

If things had been different, he would love to lie naked next to his alpha and just breathe everything in.

“You know… In two years, when you’re on birth control, we’re going to have the best sex ever…” Victor declared.

Yuuri smiled smugly. “What if I won’t put out until I’m thirty?” he teased. “I did tell you so when I was fourteen…”
“And I said that we wouldn’t do anything until you were eighteen, but I folded like an old towel…” Victor said with a fond shake of his head. “But if you want to wait until you’re thirty, I suppose I’ll be fine…”

“I’m just teasing,” Yuuri assured. “But you’re sweet…”

It took a few seconds, before Yuuri noticed the blush on Victor’s cheeks, and the lingering smell of sex.

~Did you get yourself off before reaching out to me?~ Yuuri asked as he looked Victor in the eyes.

Victor’s face went from a faint blush to crimson. “I…I…”

Yuuri had never felt happier about any piece of knowledge in the world. “Was it to me?”

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled. “…You already know that.”

Yuuri wanted to do a quad axel out of joy.

Finally he had actual proof that Victor was human and not a god.

Even though a god wasn’t completely ruled out… yet…

Victor was still disturbingly perfect.

“You’re making fun of me!” Victor exclaimed.

“Never, Vitya,” Yuuri reassured his mate. “I just find you so adorable… And I feel honored.”

“I got the samples from your photoshoot,” Victor admitted as he suddenly found the ground very interesting. “You looked very beautiful.”

Yuuri couldn’t stop himself from kissing his mate after hearing that, but he immediately pulled away as he remembered how sensitive Victor was. “Sorry,” he apologized. “I just fell in love with you all over again.”

Victor smiled shyly, before it transformed into amusement. “You have a very interesting mind, Yuuri Katsuki.”

Yuuri smiled back. “You always know what to say to get me going,” he mused. ~Knowing that you got yourself off to my image is very flattering~

Victor snorted and gently pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “And here I am, trying to be the gentleman you deserve.”

“I don’t want a gentleman, I just want you,” Yuuri admitted. “Just the way you are…”

……………………………….

It was a surprisingly warm day in Detroit, considering it was the beginning of February.

Victor even had to take off his coat and carry it and Yuuri was perfectly comfortable in his hoodie.

“Are you cold?” Victor asked. He could tell that Yuuri was content, but he still thought that he should ask.

“I’m fine,” Yuuri assured. “It’s warm out…”
“It feels like it’s slightly under 20° celsius,” Victor said thoughtfully.

“Do you have a build in thermometer?” Yuuri asked in amusement.

“I’m from the north,” Victor mused. “If I don’t need to wear a coat, it means it’s over 10°, but it’s too cold do be without a shirt, which means it’s under 20°.”

Yuuri snorted. “You should be a meteorologist.”

“A Russian is closer to a psychic than a meteorologist,” Victor claimed.

“Do you know if it’s going to rain tomorrow?” Yuuri asked.

Victor hummed thoughtfully and reached up a finger as if to test the air.. “Probably…” he said. “But only after we go to Russia,” he claimed.

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed. “It only make sense for it to rain when I can’t see it for myself… But you’re forgetting about a small detail…”

“Hmm, what’s that?” Victor asked.

“I can text Nathan and ask,” Yuuri stated.

“Oh no, I have been exposed,” Victor said dramatically. “How will I recover?”

“I still love you,” Yuuri promised.

“Then that’s all I will ever need,” Victor smiled.

Yuuri leaned his head against Victor’s shoulder as they once again returned to campus.

“It was a beautiful walk,” Yuuri stated. “Thank you for taking me.”

“I would never want to go anywhere without you,” Victor stated and pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

“So… I guess I’ll see you tomorrow…” Yuuri stated.

“Katsuki!” Someone suddenly yelled, making Yuuri flinch.

“I thought we had a deal!” Chad yelled in disbelief as he approached at an alarming speed.

“Yuuri, who’s that?” Victor asked stiffly.

Chad didn’t slow down, and Yuuri could tell that Victor was tensing up.

“Who’s this guy you’re whoring up with?” Chad asked mockingly. “Another one of your nerd-crew?”

Victor growled and his entire body went rigid. “What did you just call my mate?”

This wasn’t going to end well…

Chapter End Notes
I hope I'll have time to update tomorrow when school starts <3<3 I have all the chapters ready, but I might have a long, busy day (^w^') <3

Anyways, I'll do my best! <3<3

Thank you for reading yet another update! <3<3

KUDOS!!! <3<3<3
Chapter 178

Chapter Summary

Never insult someone in the presence of their alpha close to their rut.

Chapter Notes

I made it!! I survived!!! Here's the update!! I hope you'll like it!!! <3<3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What did he say?” Victor demanded.

“What the hell did you just call my mate?” Victor shouted, feeling his temper flare into alarming degrees.

Chad took a tentative step back, immediately recognizing an alpha about to go feral.

“Run!” Yuuri ordered the other alpha.

Chad swallowed thickly before carefully backing away and starting to run.

“Yuuri, who is he?” Victor demanded. “I’m going to kill him.”

“Victor, no,” Yuuri said gently.

“Was he waiting for you?” Victor asked in panic. “What would he have done if I wasn’t…” he trailed off.

“Breathe,” Yuuri pleaded desperately. “His name is Chad, he’s in some weird political battle with Nathan, he’s a complete idiot and a sexist, but he doesn’t deserve to die.”

“Then I’ll rip his limbs off,” Victor claimed. “Every single one.”

“Stop it!” Yuuri snapped. “You’re not going to prison over that.”

“I need him gone,” Victor said behind clenched teeth as he glared after the fleeing alpha.

“This is your rut speaking,” Yuuri tried to explain. “Think it through.”

Victor shook his head in defiance. “I’m not letting him get away. I need him expelled, thrown in jail, executed.”

“Victor,” Yuuri sighed.

Victor looked away.
“Nathan has him under control,” Yuuri assured. “He’s not violent, he just tries to intimidate people. He’s a coward.”

“No one has a right to intimidate you,” Victor snapped. “I don’t care about his intentions, he was waiting for you. If I hadn’t been here, he might have…”

“Victor, he wouldn’t. I’m too close to my building,” Yuuri assured. “If I call for help, there’ll be a bunch of guards coming to protect me. Chad wouldn’t even be able to touch me.”

Victor growled lowly at the mere idea.

“Look at me,” Yuuri pleaded, gently placing his hand on Victor’s cheek so he could look him in the eyes. “I’m okay.”

Victor released a breath of relief as he looked down into Yuuri’s beautiful, warm eyes. “You’re okay,” he repeated.


“I love you too,” Victor promised as he carefully began to relax.

Yuuri gently tucked a few of Victor’s stray hairs back in their positions. “Thank you for calming down,” he said quietly after a few moments had passed.

Victor felt his heartbeat slow down. “Thank you for stopping me from committing murder.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “I’m sorry I didn’t warn you about him,” he apologized. “I had no idea that he was going to approach me. I… I,” he suddenly paled as he reached for his phone.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked worriedly.

“I… I need to call Nathan,” Yuuri said in slight panic. “I have to make sure he’s okay.”

“Yuuri, breathe,” Victor pleaded as he noticed his mate’s rising fear.

Yuuri nodded, took a deep breath and then pressed call.

He waited for a signal.

Two signals.

“Yuuri?” Nathan asked in confusion. “You never call me, is everything okay?”

Yuuri released a breath of relief. “I’m glad you’re safe,” he said as he visibly relaxed. “I just saw Chad…”

“In the apartment?” Nathan asked in confusion.

“No, I… I went out with Victor,” Yuuri admitted. “They, uhm… They almost got into a fight…”

“I see Chad now,” Nathan stated. “He left at the beginning of my speech and now he looks like he’s seen a ghost… What happened?”

“Don’t provoke an alpha close to their rut,” Yuuri warned. “Especially if you’re another alpha.”

“Okay?” Nathan asked in confusion. “But are you both okay?”
“We’re okay,” Yuuri promised. “You?”

“I’m okay, I just finished my speech and made some alphas cry, but I’m uninjured and not crying backstage,” Nathan mused. “Wait, where did you meet Chad?” he then asked in confusion.

“Uhm, right inside the gates of campus,” Yuuri said.

“What was he doing there?” Nathan asked. “Was he planning on seeing you? Or did he just run into you after ditching my speech?”

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted. “He just approached out of nowhere.”

Nathan sighed in annoyance as he contemplated his decisions. “I’ll talk to the creep, see what the hell is wrong with him,” he finally stated. “You should go back to the apartment, I’ll be home in an hour or two.”

“You shouldn’t talk to him alone,” Yuuri pointed out but the line went dead. “Hello? Nathan?”

“Is he okay?” Victor asked worriedly.

“He… He hung up,” Yuuri admitted, staring at his phone like it might give him answers. “He was going to speak to Chad alone.”

“That doesn’t sound like a good idea,” Victor stated.

Yuuri shook his head in agreement. “You should go back to the hotel, I’ll make sure that Nathan doesn’t get himself into trouble.”

Victor crossed his arms as he looked to Yuuri in disbelief. “You don’t actually think that I will be able to let you wander in there unprotected? You must think I’m someone else.”

“The OPS is in there, plenty of alphas and betas with the protective gene, I’ll be fine,” Yuuri assured. “I just don’t want you to end up in a fight because he chooses his words poorly.”

Victor took a frustrated breath. “Okay, I’ll behave,” he stated. “I’ll ignore everything he says, I’ll pretend that he’s an offensive robot, like he can’t help it.”

Yuuri regarded his mate skeptically.

“Please?” Victor pleaded. “I don’t know what to do if something happens to you and I’m not there...”

Yuuri felt his resolve crumble. “I… Okay,” he agreed. “But don’t do any physical advances unless it’s to protect yourself. And don’t overdo it, use the things you know about self-defence and end the fight, like you did with Tommy. Don’t let your rut make you thirsty for blood.”

Victor nodded. “I promise.”

Yuuri nodded hesitantly. “I trust you,” he said after a moment. “Let’s go.”

Yuuri held onto Victor’s hand as they walked inside the largest building on campus.

There was a lot of people around, even a few reporters, but mostly people in suits that seemed to be into politics.
Yuuri looked around, hoping that he could spot his roommate.

“This way,” Victor said and tugged on Yuuri’s hand. ~I can smell him~ he admitted sheepishly.

Yuuri followed his mate without questions.

If Victor was close to his rut, it made sense that he would have a higher sense of smell. And omegas had to be particularly easy to track down due to their high fertility.

Yuuri was wearing scent blockers, which probably helped Victor with filtering him away.

Victor took them away into a lone corridor without any people.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Yuuri suddenly heard Nathan ask. “I can handle it when you’re being a jerk to me, but going after my friends is taking it way too far.”

“You have some nerve,” Chad snarled. “Dragging me out here and accuse me of shit.”

Yuuri could see Nathan and Chad speaking to each other, and he carefully held Victor back in hopes that Nathan could settle it alone. He wanted to keep his mate as far away from a fight as possible.

“Don’t you dare approach Yuuri again,” Nathan demanded. “If he tells me that he’s even seen you around, I swear that I’m going to call OPS on you.”

Chad scoffed. “You’re a fucking coward,” he stated. “Why don’t you just fight me yourself? Man to… well, whatever the hell you’re supposed to be…”

“The use of violence is only used by those who are too scared to use their words,” Nathan stated. “If I wanted to fight you, I’d just prove to the world that I’m just as pathetic as you. Not to mention that the OPS would arrest you on principle.”

“Well, you’re certainly pathetic enough to hide behind a whole organization…” Chad stated. “You’re threatening with the OPS as if they lived in your pocket…”

“Do you have any idea how much I had to fight them to actually study here?” Nathan questioned. “They send a representative to check on me every other week, and I have protected you and your brainless goons for months now. But I only get more certain that I’m wasting my time and efforts.”

“We don’t need your protection,” Chad claimed.

“Oh? So you think I should just tell them the truth then?” Nathan asked. “Do you think I should tell the OPS about all the threats you’ve made? All the name calling? touching? What do you think will happen to you once I tell them?”

“I haven’t done anything you haven’t deserved…” Chad quipped. “I see the way you move… I see how you’re whoring your way around to get alphas to stand up for you… Everything gets handed to you like you’re the fucking king of the world… Guess what? I’m sick of it.”

“And I’m sick of idiots like you,” Nathan stated. “Stay away from me. And stay away from my friends.”

Nathan turned away from the alpha and stormed off when he suddenly caught sight of Yuuri and Victor. “Uhm… What are you doing here?” he asked in confusion.

“I… I had to make sure you were okay,” Yuuri said, his face turning red with embarrassment. “I got worried.”
Nathan softened at that. “Thank you, but I can fight my own battles.”

“You should both go home,” Victor said, taking a deep breath to calm himself down. “I think I need to talk with Chad… Alpha to alpha.”

“No,” Yuuri said sternly. “You are going back to the hotel.”

Victor averted his gaze in reluctance, locking eyes with Chad who looked at him with wide eyes. Victor knew that he could take him. He knew that he could knock some sense into him. That pathetic alpha was going to regret everything he had ever done to an omega.

It wasn’t right.

That Chad person was sick. And if he could do so many horrible things to Nathan, there was nothing that stopped him from doing them to Yuuri.

And that wasn’t going to happen, not on Victor’s watch.

“Nathan, you need to tell OPS about him,” Victor stated. “Not only for you, but for Yuuri too.”

Nathan sighed. “Look, I get that you’re trying to help, but I…”

“Please?” Victor asked desperately. “I… I can’t have a dangerous alpha close to my Yuuri.”

“He’s technically not yours,” Nathan pointed out. “Yuuri is his own person.”

Yuuri locked eyes with Nathan. “It’s a soulmate thing…” he explained.

Nathan sighed. “I feel like you two are ganging up on me, not fair.”

“It’s for your own good…” Victor said. “Chad is a coward, but he can get dangerous. I don’t trust anyone who doesn’t have the protective gene.”

Nathan looked to Yuuri. “What do you think I should do?” he asked nervously.

“I… I think you should do whatever you think is right,” Yuuri admitted. “If you are absolutely certain that Chad will never hurt you, I think you should act on that. But if you think that there’s even the slightest chance that he might be dangerous… I don’t think you should risk it.”

Nathan turned to Chad who stood frozen, knowing that he had been completely caught in the act, and if he did anything, there would be witnesses.

“Do you still feel like you don’t need my protection?” Nathan asked the terrified alpha.

“Please?” Chad begged. “I… I won’t do anything,” he promised. “I- I’m sorry…”

“He’s probably just saying that because Victor is here,” Nathan stated. “If it had been just you and me, he probably would have kept up the tough act.”

“No, no, I swear!” Chad exclaimed. “I’ll never bother you again.”

Nathan regarded the alpha suspiciously.

“Please?” Chad begged. “I’m sorry. I… I can’t get kicked out, my dad would kill me.”

Nathan sighed in defeat, cursing himself for his soft heart. “Fine, you get one last chance,” he stated.
“You say anything, or do anything degrading to anyone, I won’t hesitate to call you out.”

Chad nodded in understanding. “Thank you… Thank you so much.”

“And if you even dare go after Yuuri, I… I…” Nathan took a deep breath. “I’ll send Victor on you.”

“Hey,” Yuuri snapped. “Don’t drag my mate into this.”

“Sorry,” Nathan said sheepishly.

“It’s fine,” Victor assured the omega before turning to Chad. “I’d be happy to be the one to rip you apart if you do anything like that,” he stated. “But for the record, if you touch Yuuri, I will kill you.”

Chad swallowed thickly.

Yuuri could hear the evident promise in his mate’s voice, and it made something unpleasant stir inside of him. He only hoped that it was just the rut talking.

“Come on,” Victor said, turning back to the omegas and wrapping his arm around Yuuri. “I’ll take you home.”

“Actually, I need to talk to my teacher,” Nathan said apologetically. “But I’ll see you at home, Yuuri.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed.

Victor turned back to Chad. “And you should get off campus before I change my mind and rip you apart right now.”

Chad winced at the threat, before backing away and running in the opposite direction.

Victor huffed in approval.

“Well,” Nathan said awkwardly. “I’ll see you around, Victor. Thanks for the help, I guess…”

Nathan smiled slightly before averting his gaze and walking off.

“I think you scared Nathan too,” Yuuri said worriedly as soon as the other omega was out of earshot.

“Sorry,” Victor apologized. “I was just doing everything in my power not to rip Chad’s head off.”

“You did good,” Yuuri assured. “Hopefully he won’t be a problem again…”

Victor beamed proudly as he leaned closer to Yuuri. “Was I a good alpha?”


Victor felt his heart flutter. “I’ll take you home.”

Chapter End Notes

Please let him be the first villain who is smart enough to stay away!!! (T^T) <3<3 I hate not having control sometimes XD <3
I know I'm the writer, but I have literally no control sometimes! XD <3 Well, at least we know that Chad is terrified of Victor, hopefully that will be enough XD <3<3

I really hope so XD <3

Anyways, I hope you liked this! <3

Thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter 179

Chapter Summary

Nathan feels bad about having used Victor as a threat against Chad and apologizes to Yuuri with a gift.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3 I hope you’ll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri was busy packing when Nathan finally returned back home. He was carrying a wrapped box. “Hi, Yuuri,” he greeted cautiously.

“Oh, hi,” Yuuri greeted back and looked at his t-shirts, debating which one to bring.

“I… I wanted to apologize for using your mate as a threat,” Nathan said. “It wasn’t cool…”

“Victor is fine,” Yuuri assured, it had already slipped his mind that he got mad. “He was actually flattered that you considered him to be tough enough to be used as a weapon.”

Nathan released a breath of relief. “I’m so glad you’re not mad,” he admitted. “I even got you a gift in case you were…”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Nathan nodded. “I just… I could tell that Chad was scared of Victor in a way he has never been scared of anything before. And I figured that if I really wanted him to leave you alone, it was best to scare him with something he actually fears,” he admitted. “But I also know how sensitive you are about him, and I was scared that I made you mad for using him.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “I’m not mad.” He fell silent for a moment before he figured out how to voice his concern. “Are you sure it was the right call with Chad though?” he asked worriedly. “You don’t think that he will try something?”

Nathan sighed. “I think he’s too scared of that,” he admitted. “Especially now when there are witnesses. He knows that both you and Victor will back me up if there are any questions to clear up. He knows that if he does something, there will be consequences that not even he will be able to wave off.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “I hope you’re right.”

“I’m sorry for dragging you into all of this though,” Nathan said. “It wasn’t even your problem to begin with.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “It wasn’t exactly your fault. Chad was the one to get me involved, not
you.”

Nathan smiled apologetically “Well, do you still want the gift?”

“What is it?” Yuuri asked curiously.

Nathan handed Yuuri the gift and took a step back, anticipating the reaction.

Yuuri opened it carefully, revealing a pocketbook ‘everything you need to know about ruts’.

“I figured, since you’re going to Russia tomorrow, it might be good to get some extra tips,” Nathan said sheepishly. “Not that I don’t think that you don’t know what you’re doing, but I figured that no one can ever have too much knowledge.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said happily and gave Nathan a hug. “It’s perfect, I really needed something like this.”

Nathan chuckled fondly. “And tell Victor that I’m sorry too… I don’t want him to feel objectified as a giant mass of muscles.”

“Well, Victor is really strong,” Yuuri pointed out.

“You’ll be careful with that, right?” Nathan asked worriedly. “Alphas in rut can be pretty… intense.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised. “Ruts aren’t as bad as heats, so he’ll still be there, he won’t be a blacked out sex machine.”

Nathan smiled sadly. “I really hope you’ll be more aware during your next heat,” he admitted. “It’s quite wonderful.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “Hopefully no one will try to kidnap me or send my mate to jail during my next one.”

“I’ve never met anyone with as much bad luck as you,” Nathan remarked. “It’s almost scary.”

“I guess I’m cursed,” Yuuri mused. “Have you ever been unaware during a heat?”

“A few times,” Nathan admitted. “I was so scared from the hell-heat that I kept freaking out before my first real one, and I was completely gone during it. Then when I was twenty, my girlfriend broke up with me during my pre-heat, I was really gone during that one as well.”

Yuuri then realized that he never had, and probably never would, experience the pain from a breakup.

And during a pre-heat… That had to be terrible.

“How do you manage a heat… Alone?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Nathan snorted. “Well, there are these great devices that some people call sex toys.”

Yuuri’s face went crimson. That was such a stupid question. “I mean… I… How…? When I’m that far gone, I can barely think of anything else besides Victor’s… well…”

“Yeah, that’s probably because he’s around,” Nathan explained. “It’s much easier to think with no mate around, especially alphas. And fingers are great if it’s only to get the worst edge off or you can’t make it to the toys.”
Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

“And if you have an aware heat, it’s basically like just being really horny,” Nathan stated. “No blackouts, just a really nice week with a lot of quality time with your body.”

Yuuri could barely imagine it. “It sounds great,” he admitted. “Victor told me that I have a weird baby obsession during heats,” he then said. “Does that go away?”

Nathan cringed in sympathy. “Not really,” he said apologetically. “Which is why most birth controls for omegas is given with an injection. Otherwise we’ll stop taking birth-control pills during pre-heats. It’s something instinctual I guess… I even read that some omegas actually panic and put their fingers down their throats to get the pills out…”

“God…” Yuuri said in disgust. He really hated throwing up. “Are you…?”

“Yeah, I get injections,” Nathan stated. “Once every six months I get a shot, keeps me safe from pregnancies, but not baby thoughts.”

“Do you want babies?” Yuuri asked. “Outside the heat?”

“Maybe someday,” Nathan said with a shrug. “But I could also consider adopting. I have a preference for beta women, so the chances of conceiving is pretty slim. But if I find a good alpha or a beta man, then sure. But not until I’ve achieved all my dreams. Babies are too much of a responsibility to get on a whim… I really need to be in a place in my life where I feel willing to focus on parenthood.”

Yuuri could understand that.

“How about you?” Nathan asked. “Do you want babies?”

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted. “I think so, I sometimes think about how fun it might be to have babies that look like a mix between Victor and I running around, but I’m also terrified of getting pregnant and giving birth…”

“Yeah, but I’ve heard it’s not as bad for omegas,” Nathan said gently. “Apparently our hips are wider and it allows us to dilate a lot more. And since we have our weird alien skin, we never burst like beta and alpha women does. And males only have our one hole so… I guess the chances are even smaller there.”

“My sister scared me when I was a kid,” Yuuri admitted. “She said that giving birth was like pooping out a watermelon.”

Nathan snorted. “That sounds traumatizing.”

“Yeah, I made a vow to stick with dogs instead,” Yuuri mused.

“Smart,” Nathan chuckled. “And do you know if Victor wants kids?”

“I also think he might want them someday,” Yuuri said fondly, almost swooning a little as he imagined how sweet Victor would look, holding a baby.

Their baby.

Victor’s alpha gentleness and protectiveness radiating from him as he played with tiny baby hands.

Yuuri took a deep breath to settle his nerves, reminding himself on how he wouldn’t be able to skate
if he was pregnant, how he wouldn’t be able to work, or model, or go to school.

No.

No baby until he was a proper adult.

“But I know that he doesn’t want one right now, he’s still in college, he’s competing, he doesn’t have time to take care of a family on top of that, and neither do I,” Yuuri said. “And I know he would never leave me to raise a child by myself. If I got pregnant, he would do everything in his power to help and drop everything else in his life. And I know that he wouldn’t want that any more than I do.”

“It’s always so amazing to see how well you two know each other,” Nathan mused. “It’s almost like you’re twins, but, well, mates.”

“Well, we share a soul like most twins shared a uterus,” Yuuri said in amusement. “Only twins are separated as they are born, me and Victor will always have our bond, we’re stuck with each other.”

“You don’t seem to mind,” Nathan remarked.

“I really don’t,” Yuuri admitted. “I could never wish for a better soulmate than him.”

“I’m sure he feels the same,” Nathan assured. “Anyways… I should let you get back to your packing.” Nathan was just about to walk away when Yuuri stopped him.

“Thank you, Nathan,” Yuuri blurted out. “I… I haven’t had a lot of people stand up for me the way you did with Chad, and… I don’t know, I just… I’m really grateful that I got you as my roommate… And my friend...”

Nathan smiled shyly. “You came running to protect me when you thought I was in danger,” he pointed out. “You don’t need to thank me. Like you said, we’re friends, we’ll help each other.”

Yuuri smiled back.

“For the record, you are a much better roommate than Max,” Nathan then said. “We never became as close friends as you and I.”

“How was he like?” Yuuri asked curiously. “Max?”

Nathan hummed thoughtfully. “Well, he was nice and everything, but he didn’t really talk much, he mostly kept to himself and focused on his studies.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding.

“He did help me a lot though,” Nathan continued. “I was feeling very homesick during my first year away from home, he always helped me by putting on a movie or finding a good distraction. He did what he could despite not being a people-person.”

“He sounds nice,” Yuuri admitted.

“He was,” Nathan assured. “But so are you.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “You too.”

Nathan smiled back. “Take care of yourself in Russia, okay?”
“I will,” Yuuri promised.

Nathan nodded in approval before leaving to his own room. “If you get pregnant during the week, I’m dibsing the role of godfather.”

Yuuri swallowed nervously.

Nope. That wasn’t going to happen.

No baby. Not now.

Chapter End Notes

I love their friendship (TwT) <3

And I'm excited for all of you to read about the rut! <3 I hope you liked this filler tho! <3

KUDOS! <3<3
Chapter 180

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor arrive in Russia and do some last minute planning for Victor's rut.

Chapter Notes

Daily update!! <3<3
I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri pretty much devoured the book about ruts on the plane.

Victor leaned on his mate’s shoulder from time to time to read over his shoulder before going back to his business papers.

It was a nice, long plane ride, and as they returned back to the apartment in Russia, Yuuri immediately went to the bedroom to prepare a nest for Victor.

He read in the book that nests could have a positive impact on alphas as well, as their mate’s scent would help with keeping them grounded.

Victor stopped at the threshold and admired his mate fondly.

This was the first time Yuuri had made a nest for him instead of himself, and Victor could tell.

He made it with a much bigger space in the center, and instead of putting pillows around the edges in bed, he kept them all by the head, creating a half-circle.

“It’s pretty,” Victor said lovingly.

Yuuri blushed as a sweet smile spread across his face. “Thank you,” he said shyly as he continued with tucking in a few blankets among the pillows. “I want it to be perfect for you.”

“It’s for you too though,” Victor reminded.

“Apparently alphas feel safer with a decided spot to sleep,” Yuuri stated. “I can pretty much sleep upside down, since I normally build my nest with pillows all the way around. Alphas can get worried and feel confused if they don’t know where the head of the bed is…”

Victor regarded his mate. “But you’ll be comfortable too, right?”

Yuuri nodded. “I barely use pillows when we’re together anyways,” he admitted. “Sleeping on your chest is the best pillow I could ever find.”
Victor felt his heart pound faster, and the comment made him feel strangely aroused.

Knowing that Yuuri enjoyed his body in any way was enough to make a pleased tingle bring his erection to life.

“What else do you like about me?” Victor asked. “Besides my huggable chest?”

Yuuri looked to Victor with wide eyes. “I only get to choose one more thing?” he asked in slight panic.

Victor shook his head. “As many as you want, luchik.”

Yuuri smiled slightly and looked at Victor thoughtfully, thinking about where to start. “I love your eyes,” he finally admitted. “You know that blue is my favorite color, and your eyes are my favourite shade of blue.”

Victor felt his heart flutter at that. “What else?”

Yuuri bit his lip, deep in thought. “Your smile is the most beautiful smile in the world,” he claimed. “Every time you smile, it makes me want to smile too… Your hair is always so soft and pretty, it makes you look magical.”

Victor felt arousal beginning to take him over.

“The only thing I don’t like about you, is that you’re so handsome that it sometimes hurt to look at you for too long,” Yuuri admitted. “It’s like looking at the sun…”

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled with a pout as he closed the distance between them and sat down in the bed across from Yuuri. “I want you to look at me,” he stated. “I want you to like what you see, not get hurt from it.”

“Oh, well, don’t get me wrong, I love what I see, but your beauty is also too strong sometimes…” Yuuri said shyly. “I mean… I feel like even the gods would be jealous of you. You literally have no physical flaws anywhere.”

“Are you jealous of me?” Victor asked teasingly.

Yuuri considered the question for a moment before shaking his head. “Getting to admire you is more rewarding than anything.”

Victor wanted to melt at that as he leaned in closer to Yuuri. “You are the sweetest soulmate I could ever hope to wish for,” he admitted. “And I’m so grateful that you’re mine.”

“There is no one else I could ever imagine being with,” Yuuri admitted. “You are not only my soulmate, you are also my best friend. You are the love of my life, the sweetest, kindest, most beautiful man on this earth.”

“You stole the words right out of my mouth,” Victor mused. “You make me so happy, and I don’t know what I would ever do without you.”

“You don’t ever have to find out,” Yuuri promised. “I’ll always be by your side.”

Victor felt tears fill his eyes as he finally leaned in completely and captured Yuuri’s lips with his own.

Yuuri carefully pulled away. “I… Can I finish the nest first?” he asked shyly, his fingers itching as
he squeezed the blanket he was holding. “Please?”

“How could I ever deny you anything?” Victor asked fondly as he moved to get out of Yuuri’s way, when Yuuri grabbed his wrist.

“You can stay,” Yuuri said gently. “I’ll nest around you.”

Victor blushed as he nodded and allowed Yuuri to move him to the center of the bed.

Yuuri smiled as he began to nest around Victor, using his body as measurement to see how big he needed to build it.

Victor watched Yuuri from what felt like a front row seat.

He had a perfect view over his mate as he climbed around amongst the blankets and pillows and carefully scenting them.

After a few minutes, Victor also noticed that Yuuri was quietly purring.

It was barely noticeable, it was just a low vibrating sound coming from his mate as he smiled at a particularly soft blanket.

Victor had to take deep breaths so he wouldn’t squeal in response to the overwhelming cuteness.

It might disturb Yuuri’s process.

But luckily, it didn’t take too long before he deemed the nest to be finished.

“How are you feeling?” Yuuri asked.

“A little horny,” Victor admitted. “Not rut-horny, but I definitely wouldn’t mind if you fucked me a little.”

Yuuri snorted. “Just a little?”

Victor shrugged. “If you feel like it?”

“When it comes to you, I always feel like it,” Yuuri claimed. “But are you sure you want to do anything right now?” he asked worriedly. “I feel like maybe we should prepare a little in case your rut strikes tonight or tomorrow… Meal preps, taking out scent blockers, scent neutralizing the apartment, sterilize all of our sex toys… Why are you smiling?”

Victor couldn’t help the proud smile that broke across his features after hearing Yuuri planning so much. He himself was usually the one who planned things, and it was so adorable to see Yuuri take on that role.

“You’re just too cute,” Victor stated. “Making up such thorough plans.

Yuuri blushed. “… I guess Nathan is rubbing off on me,” he said apologetically. “Or you…”

“It’s sweet,” Victor stated. “You’re sweet.”

Yuuri smiled. “So are you,” he said before sighing in content. “But what do you want to do? How close do you feel like your rut is?”

“I don’t know,” Victor admitted. “It’s never affected me like it has this time,” he said thoughtfully.
“It can be everything between a few hours to a few days.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding.

“But…” Victor continued. “If I learned anything from your heat, it’s that it’s better to be prepared.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “But I also don’t want to neglect your other needs…”

“You won’t,” Victor assured. “My needs are fine, and if it was a rut-need, I’d be jerking off right now.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “Maybe you’d even let me help with that?” he asked shyly. “Once it starts…”

Victor held his breath for several seconds as his mind processed that question. “Yeah…” he finally settled with. “I would really like that.”

“What else do you want me to do?” Yuuri asked. “I think we need to talk about that.”

“How much do you want to do?” Victor asked.

“Well, my only limit is that we don’t do something that will get me pregnant…” Yuuri said. “I’m open to anything else.”

“Roleplay?” Victor asked tentatively.

“Uhm, what kind?” Yuuri asked.

“Do you… Do you remember near the ending of your first ‘real’ heat?” Victor asked with a small smile. “The fantasy I shared with you?”

“About me being an asshole?” Yuuri asked.

Victor bit his lip thoughtfully. “That was pretty hot…”

Yuuri nodded cautiously. “I… I might be able to do something similar,” he agreed. “But you need to have a safeword, or something to let me know if it gets too much or if you changed your mind and you’re not into it.”

“How about Makkachin?” Victor suggested. “It’ll kill the sexual tension like magic. Oh! Or Yakov!”

“Oh my god,” Yuuri said as he hid his face in his hands.

“It’s perfect,” Victor argued. “It’s more original than the traffic light system.”

“I mean, sure,” Yuuri said as he struggled to come up with the right words. “But hearing you call for your coach or your dog as we’re having sex, that feels kind of traumatizing…”

Victor snorted. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

“Maybe figure skating terms?” Yuuri suggested before quickly stopping himself. “No, wait, Yuuko’s babies are named after figure skating terms…”

“It doesn’t have to be anything special either,” Victor pointed out. “We can go with the traffic light system.”

“It feels best,” Yuuri agreed. “At least for a start.”
“Start?” Victor repeated in amusement.

“Oh, I just mean that, uhm…” Yuuri blushed furiously before taking a deep breath. “I just mean that this will probably not be the only time we do something like this? Right?”

“Probably not,” Victor agreed.

Yuuri nodded. “Then we have time to come up with something else later then,” he stated. “Hopefully I won’t screw this up.”

“You won’t,” Victor assured. “And if you feel uncomfortable, you don’t have to do it,” he assured. “I will be perfectly happy just having you by my side.”

Yuuri smiled slightly at that. “And… There is something that I kind of want to try,” he admitted sheepishly. “I read about knotting in the book, about how it makes alphas feel wonderful, and it said that it doesn’t have to be penetration, it can swell by stimulation… I guess I’m wondering if you would let me try?”

“Of course,” Victor agreed. “You get to explore me as much as you want,” he assured. “Just… If I tell you to fuck me without lubricants, ignore that, and find the lube… I don’t want to be unable to walk due to my poor decisions that I assumed was a great choice in the heat of the moment.”

Okay,” Yuuri agreed. “And… I don’t want to hurt you either,” he stated. “So I don’t want to spank you or hit you or anything like that, so if you have any kind of awareness, please don’t ask that of me…”

“I won’t,” Victor assured. “And if I alpha command you to do anything, get out. Call my parents and go and stay with them for the rest of the week. I… I don’t trust myself completely, and if I make as much as one minor alpha command, there’s nothing that stops me from making another, maybe a horrible one. And if you feel unsafe or scared in any way, it’s probably for a reason, and I need you to get out.”

“I’ll go,” Yuuri promised. “If you act too different or if I sense that you are dangerous, I’ll go.”


Yuuri smiled back before clearing his throat. “So, I… I think we need to start with the rest of the planning.”

Chapter End Notes

I'll try to keep the smut down a little for their first time together <3 So don't get too much of your hopes up XD <3

I know there are some of you that are purely here for the smut, and I hope that you won't be too disappointed ^^ <3<3

Anyways, the next one is a sliiiiight smut chapter, so I hope you'll like that one <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3<3
Yuuri woke up to a wonderful smell in the middle of the night, he knew it was Victor but his scent was so… Different.

Strong

Powerful.

Yuuri stirred slightly, when he suddenly felt a hand traveling up and down his spine.

“Yuuri,” Victor said sweetly.

His voice was a lot deeper than Yuuri had ever heard it before, and it didn’t take long before the omega was suddenly wide awake as he felt as if he had been slapped in the face with tingling pheromones.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “Why aren’t you wearing scent blockers?”

“I want you to smell me,” Victor said simply. “Do you like it? Do you like my scent?”

Yuuri nodded uncertainty as he sat up and looked around in the bedroom. “But I think that you should wear a scent blocker patch,” he said cautiously. “I… It’s not good for me,” he claimed.

Victor’s eyes widened. “Dangerous?”

Yuuri swallowed thickly. “No, just… It arouses me, and we agreed beforehand that I should stay in as much control as possible.”

Victor frowned slightly but nodded. “I’ll put one on,” he agreed.

“Thank you,” Yuuri said gratefully and quickly got up to get the box.

“No, no, don’t leave me…” Victor pleaded as he desperately followed Yuuri and grabbed him, wrapping his arms around the younger man’s waist.

Yuuri stopped his movements with a huff. “Vitya, I… I’ll just take the box from the dresser, it’s right
there,” he said and pointed.

The alpha slowly released his mate. “Oh…”

Yuuri made a second more successful attempt in getting his mate the scent blockers.

He gently took out a patch and placed it on Victor’s neck. ”There we go,” he proudly declared.

Victor smiled, but it wasn’t his usual gentle, everlasting-love smile. This was… Different.

Expectant.

”How do you feel?” Yuuri asked.

Victor quirked his head a little, smile still perfectly in place. “How do you think I feel?”

Yuuri searched the bond, and he felt a lot of mixed emotions from his mate.

Love, excitement, drowsiness, worry, and a few other ones Yuuri couldn’t exactly identify.

But above all, it was Victor’s horniness that caught his attention.

And it made Yuuri blush.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Victor said teasingly, carefully caressing Yuuri’s cheeks. “Do you still want to help?”

Yuuri nodded excitedly. “What do you want me to do?”

“Will you let me finger you?” Victor asked. “And later maybe fuck me?”

Yuuri raised his eyebrows in confusion.

He was not prepared for Victor to ask that.

“Uhm, I mean, if that’s what you want, then yes... But… But how will it help you? Don’t you need your… Don’t you need your cock to be stimulated?”

Victor licked his lips before leaning in close and scenting Yuuri thoroughly, and then ending it with a soft kiss to Yuuri’s jaw and trailing his lips up to the omega’s ear. “Why don’t you mirror it to me as I give you the best blowjob you’d ever had?”

Yuuri swallowed thickly before nodding.

Victor beamed proudly.

He was surprised by how good the rut made him feel.

Something about Yuuri made him feel grounded and in control.

And he didn’t feel a single trace of anger.

It was definitely a very welcomed change.

He was still horny, but his inner alpha really wanted to care for his omega first, or in this case, the same time.
Hearing Yuuri moan and cry out in pleasure would be like soothing music to his ears.

And despite the scent blockers and the scenting, Victor could still smell his mate.

And his Yuuri smelled amazing.

Victor couldn’t stop himself from kissing Yuuri on the neck, trying to soak up every last bit of scent he could come across.

Yuuri leaned into the touch, feeling almost as a magnet to his alpha’s attraction.

“So hot…” Victor murmured as he nuzzled into the Yuuri’s neck, making the omega shiver.

“Vitya,” Yuuri sighed in content. “I… I’m getting wet…”

Victor smirked. “Good.”

Yuuri didn’t get more of a warning before Victor climbed on top of him and pushed him down in the soft mattress and grabbing a tight hold of his wrists.

It would have felt amazing, if a pillow with a zipper hadn’t been in the way, and if the pointy piece of metal hadn’t carved into Yuuri’s over-sensitive skin on his back, making the omega gasp in pain.

Victor literally flew off him immediately, he moved all the way to the other side of the bed before hovering with worry. “Yuuri, did… Did I hurt you?” he asked in panic.

Yuuri felt around his back, pleased to know that there wasn’t a bleeding wound. “No… I… I’m okay… Just something sharp in a pillow…”

Victor glared at the pillows accusingly before spotting the pillow to blame.

It was one of his old ones, and he knew that it was mostly decorative.

It wasn’t a nest pillow, and Victor couldn’t help but to accuse it of hurting his wonderful, perfect mate.

“Victor what are you…” Yuuri asked but trailed off as Victor grabbed the pillow and stormed out of the bedroom. “Victor!”

Yuuri ran out of the bedroom and after his mate.

Victor opened one of his big windows in the living room and threw the pillow outside.

Yuuri blinked in disbelief.

What just happened?

“Now it will never hurt you again,” Victor declared before walking back to Yuuri and pulling him back to the bedroom.

Yuuri followed him happily, but still hoped immensely that the pillow didn’t hit some innocent bypasser.

“Let me see your back?” Victor pleaded as he gestured for Yuuri to lie down on the bed.

Yuuri did, he lied down on his stomach so his mate could have a full view of his back.
He felt Victor’s fingers brushing over the area where the sharp metal had poked him, and then he felt soft lips kiss the spot, making him flinch over the tickling sensation.

“There,” Victor said proudly. “I kissed it better.”

Yuuri blushed. “Thank you,” he said awkwardly before Victor threw himself down beside him and began to smell his hair.

Yuuri didn’t know whether to take charge or let his mate do his thing.

He was mainly there as an assistant, and he wanted to do whatever Victor needed him or wanted him to do.

The sound of Victor smelling him was quickly transformed to grunts, making Yuuri feel slightly worried about his mate.

He shifted slightly and noticed that Victor was stroking himself.

“V-Victor?” Yuuri asked cautiously. “I… I want to help…”

Victor paid him no mind as he raised his pace and his grunts turned into moans.

Yuuri decided to sit the first round out and allow Victor to do what he needed to do.

But as soon as Victor hit his climax, he immediately rushed away to get a moist towel to clean his mate up.

“Yuuri?” Victor called after him, his voice hoarse and worried.

“Coming,” Yuuri assured as he frowned at the sink for giving him too cold water.

Once it hit the right temperature, he immediately rushed back to join Victor’s side.

“I… I figured I’d help,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly as he showed Victor the towel. “Can I?”

Victor was still panting with a pink blush across his cheeks as he nodded.

Yuuri quickly got to work, but deemed it futile to get rid of the cum stains from the blanket and instead focused on the cum on Victor’s lover stomach and higher thigh.

Victor sighed in pleasure at the gentle touches.

Yuuri lingered slightly as he realized just how much his alpha enjoyed it. “How do you feel?” he asked carefully.

“Wonderful,” Victor admitted. “Sorry for leaving you out…”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “It was a rut haze, right?”

Victor nodded.

“I’m glad you’re back with me though,” Yuuri admitted as he put the towel aside.

Victor responded by kissing him, soft and gentle. “Thank you for being here with me.”
Poor Yuuri, getting left out XD <3<3

Also, I wanted to take a moment to ask some of you to stop sending me questions of birds and bees in the A/B/O universe <3

It was fun and bearable in the beginning, but now I get so many all too often... About, three every chapter... private messages on tumblr... All questions about ruts, heats, pregnancies... Some I've anwered in the story already, some I've tried to answer in the A/N in some chapters... And I get that a lot of you haven't read A/B/O stories before, but literally everything is a few google searches away <3

I didn't invent this AU, it's been around for years, which is why I can't tell you how it works. I can only tell you the tweaks of all the changes I've made to better fit with my own story <3

But this is not a story for A/B/O beginners <3 Sure, it's a good story to get eased into the universe without so much non-con, bitching rituals, forced knotting, slavery and other elements that could be found uncomfortable <3

Here's a link to a crash course where you can find all the basics: https://pack-the-pack.tumblr.com/post/166590023516/took-me-five-days-but-i-finally-finished-pls

There are a lot more information out there for you who are genuinly curious <3

But I won't answer more questions about the basics of omegaverse, I'll just answer questions about my story <3

I hope you'll understand <3

I love you, and I will do my best to answer the majority of all of your comments <3 If you really want a reply, just write "Please reply" And I will! <3<3

Until then, I'll see you tomorrow with a new chapter <3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 182

Chapter Summary

Yuuri is slowly getting the hang of taking care of Victor through the rut.

Chapter Notes

Sorry the update is late! XD <3 I went to see the incredibles 2 with my friends, and lost track of time XD <3

Anyway, here's the daily update <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It didn’t take long before Yuuri got the hang of taking care of his mate.

Yuuri had studied up as much as possible about ruts, but never in his life did he expect an alpha in rut to be so… Sweet.

Well, maybe it was just an exception because Victor wasn’t just any alpha in rut. He was his alpha. His soulmate.

And Victor was always sweet by nature.

Sure, he was horny beyond belief, but Yuuri found it very endearing.

Victor was always so close, so soft and so tender.

He was also so hot that Yuuri wanted to melt at literally everything he did.

Simply watching his alpha breathe was enough to make him produce slick.

He absentmindedly wondered what it would be like if his heat ever hit at the same time as Victor’s rut.

Without birth control, it definitely wouldn’t take long before he was pregnant.

Victor was too irresistible.

Yuuri was barely keeping it together most of the time.

Victor had taken a pill to ease some of the symptoms of his rut. It made him less horny but also very sleepy, so he decided to take a nap while Yuuri worked on his assignment.

But after almost two hours, the alpha started to stir and he blindly reached out his hand, looking for his mate.

Yuuri quickly put his tablet away and shifted closer to him.
Victor pulled him in and hugged him closely.

“Victor?” Yuuri whispered quietly.

“Hmm?” Victor replied sleepily.

“Are you hungry?” Yuuri asked. He himself was starting to feel hungry, and he could imagine that Victor was feeling the same.

Victor nodded as he pushed himself up by his elbows and looked around the room. “Did you clean up?”

Yuuri blushed lightly. He had been very bored during Victor’s nap, and he was willing to do whatever he needed to procrastinate his assignment. “Maybe…” he said vaguely.

Victor snorted. “I’ll get us food,” he stated.

“I can do it,” Yuuri offered. “You can rest.”

“You cleaned,” Victor pointed out. “I’ll get us dinner.”

Yuuri backed down and allowed Victor to do as he pleased, but he did follow him, since Victor never asked him to stay.

He also couldn’t help but to admire Victor’s naked form as he walked around in the kitchen.

Victor took out two of the meal preps they made the day before and put them in the microwave before looking back at Yuuri and smiling softly. “What would you like to drink?”

“I’ll take some water,” Yuuri stated. “It’s good to stay hydrated.”

Victor chuckled fondly. “You’re so smart.”

Yuuri snorted. “Do you need help?”

“I’ve got this,” Victor assured. “You can focus on your assignment.”

Yuuri cringed, he really didn’t want to focus on animating a fluffy cartoon when his naked alpha was in the next room.

“Yuuri?” Victor prodded when he noticed that his mate didn’t make any attempts to leave.

“Oh! I—I’m good here,” Yuuri assured. “I have a great view.”

Victor snorted. “As lovely as you are, I have to admit that your beautiful gaze on me is giving me an erection.”

Yuuri blushed shyly. “I take it that the medicine didn’t help then?”

“Well, I don’t have an erection right now,” Victor shrugged. “So I guess it helps unless I’m provoked.”

Yuuri laughed a little at that, but figured that he didn’t want to cause any trouble for his mate. The pill had the opposite effect of Viagra, and Yuuri didn’t want to do anything that might cause problems with his mate’s blood pressure.
“Well,” Yuuri relented. “You know where to find me,” he said as he backed away and returned into the bedroom.

“Yuuri…” Victor drawled from the kitchen. “That wasn’t helping.”

“Should I come back?” Yuuri asked in confusion.

Victor sighed. How did Yuuri think that telling him that he was waiting in the bedroom for him was going to stop his erection?

“No, it’s fine,” Victor assured. “I’ll be there soon.”

“Okay,” Yuuri called from the bedroom.

Victor stared at the microwave, praying that the time could somehow pass faster.

He closed his eyes as he tried to push through his irrational thinking, but he eventually lost the battle and walked to the bedroom, only stopping at the threshold.

Yuuri was on his tablet, eyes furrowed in concentration.

He was so hot.

Victor wanted to jump him right there and fuck him until Yuuri was screaming his name out of pleasure.

He wanted to fill him with babies until Yuuri was happy, pregnant and content.

Victor immediately shook that idea away.

Yuuri didn’t want babies.

He himself didn’t want babies.

There would be no babies.

But imagine how adorable they would look.

How beautiful Yuuri would look as he caressed his round stomach.

No.

No, no, no.

There would be no babies. This was just the rut messing with his head.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked as he noticed his presence, he tilted his head thoughtfully as their eyes met.

“Are you okay?”

Victor took a deep breath. “My mind is playing tricks on me,” he admitted. “It’s the rut. It makes me want to have babies.”

“Oh?” Yuuri said in surprise. “Well, not today…”

“I know,” Victor immediately agreed. “It’s the rut, not me. It’s just like you during heats… Stupid mating instincts.”
“Well, it’s sweet, and one day, in the far off future, I’m sure we can have babies,” Yuuri stated. “Maybe even more than one, but… Yeah, not now.”

“I can’t help it,” Victor sighed. “You would look so pretty with a pregnant stomach.”

Yuuri raised his eyebrows. “Are you saying that I don’t look pretty now?”

Victor gasped. “Of course you do!” he exclaimed. “No one is prettier than you.”

“But I would look prettier pregnant?” Yuuri asked.

“I…” Victor trailed off. “I’m in rut, don’t hold me accountable for this.”

Yuuri softened. “I won’t,” he promised. “But I have to admit, you’re very cute when you’re worried that you said the wrong thing.”

“So you’re not mad?” Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri shook his head. “How can I be mad at you when you’re trying to be so sweet?” he asked. “And especially when I’m so much worse during my heat.”

“Well, you’re not really there during your heats,” Victor pointed out. “You’re all instincts. I’m here, I can think clearly despite everything… My head is just… Weirdly hormonal….”

“I’ve been there,” Yuuri admitted. “At least you’re not throwing crying fits over breadcrumbs and panicking out in the snow…”

“Yeah,” Victor agreed. “I only threaten to murder people and throw evil pillows out of windows.”

Yuuri snorted. “Well, you do so adorably.”

“Thank you,” Victor beamed. “So do you.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “How come we’re both so dramatic?”

“It most be our shared soul,” Victor stated fondly as he closed the distance between them and took Yuuri’s hand. “But I don’t mind being dramatic for you. My love for you will always be stronger.”

“I love you too,” Yuuri admitted. “And I don’t mind either.”

Victor smiled and gently pulled Yuuri in for a kiss.

Yuuri opened his mouth and deepened it and Victor pushed him down on the bed. He held on to his alpha as he shifted to make them both comfortable.

That’s when the alarm to the microwave suddenly went off, making Victor whine in annoyance.

“I think it can wait for two more minutes,” Yuuri stated.

Victor smiled as he turned back and picked up one of the vibrators that had been left in the bed. “Can we make that twenty?”

Victor’s microwave stopped heating after the alarm went off, meaning they had all the time in the world.

Yuuri smiled. “Twenty it is…”
Lucky alphas to get medicine for their rut problems XD <3 (It was mentioned in chapter 39 if you don't remember and think I just made it up) XD <3

Anyways, you're almost all caught up with the chapters I was ahead with XD <3 School has been busy this week, and next week will probably be the same (^w^) <3<3

I'll try to update weekly, but we'll see how things turn out! <3

I love you and thank you for reading! <3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 183

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor discuss the rut and the near future.

Chapter Notes

This is just a little filler chapter of them talking XD <3 It's so easy to write dialogue between the two of them <3

I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A week had passed, and Victor’s rut symptoms were over as well as the rut itself.

He was back to his normal suited-up self as they got ready to head back to Detroit.

Yuuri was still in awe over how fast the week had passed and how easy it had been.

He had probably imagined Victor to be like he was when he was heat.

But ruts worked very differently, that was something he had learned this past week.

But of course, Victor had medication to ease most of the symptoms. A luxury that didn’t exist for omegas.

He could get a doctor and a surgeon within minutes if he ever showed up at a hospital, but he wouldn’t be able to get anything to ease his heat in a lifetime.

His only options were heat suppressants which could help him with timing his heats, instead of guessing, and also delay them if he needed to.

And birth control, through injections.

Once every six months.

But he couldn’t take anything to ease the raging hormones during a pre-heat, or keep him more aware during his actual heat.

Doctors didn’t even want to research it, since omegas weren’t allowed to put through experimental procedures, it made the whole process very difficult.

“Are you ready to go?” Victor asked as he gave a final look over the apartment to make sure that they didn’t forget anything.

Yuuri nodded. “Yeah, of course.”
“You’re being quiet,” Victor remarked as they took their seats on the airplane.

“Yeah, my mind is being loud,” Yuuri admitted. “I’ll be fine.”

“Please talk?” Victor pleaded. “That usually makes you feel better.”

Yuuri hesitated for a moment. “I just… I’m not completely happy with my design for school, and it’s too late to fix anything,” he stated. “I just… I wanted to prove myself, prove that I can be really, really good at this, and get a great job in the future. But I also feel like I might have sacrificed it all in favor of having a great week filled with sex. And I’m scared that people will think that I think sex with my alpha is more important than my career.”

“Are you saying that you regret spending my rut with me?” Victor asked, trying to make sense of Yuuri’s ramblings.

“No!” Yuuri quickly assured. “I just… I feel like I’m constantly leaning into the stereotype. The week with you was amazing, and I would probably choose it again. But who would ever want to hire someone like me?” he asked. “Someone who would drop all of their responsibilities for sex.”

“Well, you didn’t drop anything,” Victor pointed out. “You still made your assignment. And it doesn’t have to be completely perfect. You deserve to take breaks once in a while. You worked with your writing assignment over the holidays, you haven’t had a week off in forever.”

“But I feel like I need to work harder in order to catch up with the rest,” Yuuri claimed. “They don’t have anything to worry about in the future… They… They aren’t omegas.”

“Being an omega doesn’t make you less talented than anyone else,” Victor stated. “It actually seems like you are the best… I might have looked through your eyes a couple of times during your classes, and I haven’t seen anyone with your talent.”

“Well, first of all, you’ll always be biased in my favor,” Yuuri pointed out. “Second of all, even if I was a better animator than the rest, it still probably wouldn’t matter in the eyes of a gaming company. I mean, who would you hire? An alpha with a rut once a year, a beta with no physical needs for a time off, or an omega with multiple heats, chances of pregnancies, who takes time off for their alpha’s rut, who’s not especially good at anything, and that will most likely distract all the other workers with their mere presence?”

“I would hire you every time,” Victor declared. “And if someone don’t want to hire you because of your secondary gender, I will gladly help you sue them for everything they have.”

“But how will I know that is the reason?” Yuuri asked. “How do I tell the difference between someone who won’t hire me because of my secondary gender, and someone who won’t hire me because I’m bad at what I do?”

Victor didn’t have a clear answer right away.

“That’s why I feel like I need to be perfect,” Yuuri continued. “It will rule one option out…”

Victor took a deep breath. “If no one wants to hire you, I’ll get you your own studio, get some employees, I’ll make sure that you’ll be able to achieve all of your dreams.”

Yuuri cringed at that. “No, I… I don’t want that… I don’t want to be coddled like that.”
Victor didn’t know what else to do except going around game studios and threaten them with lawsuits.

But that also went against Yuuri’s wishes.

He wanted to promise his mate that no one would ever do something so cruel to him. But he couldn’t lie, and he couldn’t promise him that other people wouldn’t be assholes.

The world seemed to be overpopulated by assholes lately.

“Is there anything I can do?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head. “I… I know you’re here. That’s enough,” he stated.

Victor could tell that there was still something else on Yuuri’s mind. “There something else,” he observed.

Yuuri sighed before smiling fondly. “How can you always tell?”

“Superpowers,” Victor claimed with a gentle smile.

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “Well, it’s more of a question actually…”

“Okay?” Victor prodded.

“Did… Did I let you down?” Yuuri asked. “During your rut… I-I feel like I could have done more. I’m scared that having me there made you focus too much on me and you didn’t have time to care for yourself like you were supposed to…”

“Yuuri,” Victor said calmly. “This week has been the best rut of my entire life,” he assured. “I’ve never felt so calm, safe and happy. You were perfect all the way through it. You gave me just what I needed. And I love you for talking me into letting you join me.”

Yuuri nodded hesitantly. “And you don’t feel like I held you back?” he asked.

“Of course not,” Victor promised. “You made it all so much easier.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that before his face fell. “And now I feel bad because you once again have to deal with this insecure side of me,” he admitted. “I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize,” Victor assured. “I pried it out of you.”

“Still…” Yuuri protested. “I just wish that I could make it disappear…”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand and kissed it gently. “Just give it time,” he said gently. “You are stronger than anyone I know. I know you can overcome this.”

“I actually looked for therapists in Detroit,” Yuuri admitted. “I want to deal with my brain in the right way, but I haven’t found anyone that specializes on omegas.”

“Do they need to?” Victor asked. “Your mind is not that different from mine.”

“Well, I do have a lot of things that are different though,” Yuuri pointed out. “If I go to a normal therapist, I’m not sure they will be able to help. They don’t know about why I react the way I do, or about the guilt complex of omegas. For me to go to a normal therapist, it’s just like it was for women to go to the doctors in the 50’s.”
Victor cringed at that. “Would you let me help?” he asked carefully. “I could get an international therapist to fly out to Detroit for your sessions.”

“No,” Yuuri said reluctantly. “It’s too much trouble. They would be cranky from flying for hours, and I don’t want them near my mind then... I’m not looking to feel worse.”

“Maybe I can try and convince someone to move to Detroit then?” Victor asked. “There are clinics, they just need an employee.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “I... I don’t know... I mean, I guess you could ask if you know of anyone... But I don’t want you to force them or convince them to move to Detroit. I want someone who is willing... Not someone who is just out for your money.”

“I’ll look around then,” Victor stated. “I want to at least try and help.”

“Thank you, Victor,” Yuuri said gratefully. “I... I don’t know what I would ever do without you.”

“You never need to find out,” Victor assured. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Yuuri smiled sheepishly. “I love you,” he admitted. “So much.”

“I love you more,” Victor quipped.

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “You’re not going to win that battle.”

Victor shrugged. “That have never stopped me from trying.”

Yuuri smiled. “I love you more than more.”

Victor snorted. “It’s on.”

And the love battle continued all the way to Detroit

Chapter End Notes

These boys provides me with too many opportunities XD <3

I'm thinking about maybe making a time jump soon, otherwise I'll just continue to dig down in deep detail like I'm doing now XD <3 I literally wrote 5 pages of them just talking XD <3

Ugh! I'm so torn!! XD <3 I want to write it all!! XD <3 #SendHelp XD <3

Anyways, thank you for reading cute little uneventful chapters like this! <3<3

You guys are the best! <3

I love you! <3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 184

Chapter Summary

Victor finishes a few of the last details to his project, and Yuuri suprises his mate.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for your input from last chapter <3 I'm just finishing this arc, then I'll do a few months time jump <3 Until then, I hope you'll like this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor dropped Yuuri off at his apartment and kissed him goodbye before going straight to the perfume factory to see how they had progressed during his week away.

He met up with Maria and she took him to the back room to show him a sample of the perfume. Victor fell in love with it immediately.

It smelled just like Yuuri.

“IT wasn’t a simple scent to break down,” Maria admitted. “There was over two hundred different elements to Yuuri’s scent, and ten completely unidentifiable.”

“But you managed?” Victor asked. The scent sample was almost completely identical.

“Well, it was difficult, since we also had to take the scent shifting into account, this is the one that is purely fabricated, an exact match wouldn’t be possible,” Maria stated. “But it is as close as we could get.”

“It’s perfect,” Victor assured. It might be the best anyways, there is only one of Yuuri and that is just the way it should be.

“Well, we just have to finish the final allergy tests, but with your approval, we will be able to ship as soon as everything is ready,” Maria said. “Probably in two days or so.”

“Everything in its time,” Victor halted. “We will ship in one weeks, as our earliest release date. That’s for the pre-orders, the rest will be released in three. We have a whole commercial campaign to get through first.”

“Of course,” Maria agreed. “We’ll have someone call you as soon as the pre-orders are ready for shipping. How many would you like to produce once this campaign is over?”

“Well, I assume that people would want to get more as soon as the first batch is sold out,” Victor said thoughtfully. “But I also think it might be smart to settle for a smaller batch, see how they do, and if they do well, we can expand the brand, and if it doesn’t, we’ll take the profit and celebrate a job well done.”
“Certainly, Mr. Nikiforov,” Maria agreed. “I’m sure these will do well, I can for sure tell you that our employees have grown fond of the scent, omegas are a true gem, and their scent is no different.”

“I know,” Victor said simply. Yuuri had no match, he had the best scent in the universe.

Once Victor got a bottle of the perfume, he would spray it all around his apartment.

He had considered what Yuuri told him before his rut, that some people might use the scent for uncomfortable actions, but he decided that it would be fine, considering that it wouldn’t be to his actual Yuuri, just to a similar scent.

Yuuri’s scent was still different from this perfume, and refusing to produce the perfume would be the same to never release any pictures of his mate in fear that someone might be getting off from them.

As long as he himself was the only one who had access to Yuuri, it would be fine.

Everyone else could at least get the honor to see his mate and admire him from afar.

At least for as long as Yuuri was fine with it.

"Yuuri!” Nathan greeted cheerfully and tackled the other omega with a hug. “I’m so glad you’re back.”

"Wow,” Yuuri said, surprised by his roommate’s enthusiasm. “It’s good to see you too.”

"I just had the best week of school in my life” Nathan declared as he released Yuuri and practically skipped to the couch. “No one has bothered me at all.”

"That’s great,” Yuuri smiled. “I really hope it stays that way.”

"Me too,” Nathan said before sighing in relief. “I’ve been so paranoid,” he then admitted. “But it seems like Chad is genuinely scared, and his friends that all heard my speech last Friday apologized. It’s so weird but also really amazing.”

"I’m happy for you,” Yuuri assured.

"Thank you,” Nathan smiled. “And how are you? How did the rut go?”

"Oh, it was great,” Yuuri said happily. “It was a lot easier than I thought though, he wasn’t nearly as desperate as I anticipated.”

"Let me guess, he’s on medicine?” Nathan asked knowingly.

Yuuri nodded.

Nathan sighed. “Alphas are so lucky.”

“They are,” Yuuri said in agreement. “But I’m also glad that they won’t have to go through the same struggles. I would never wish for Victor to lose control the same way I do.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Nathan admitted. "But I would probably sell my right arm on the black market if it meant that I could get something to ease the symptoms of pre-heat.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to agree on that. “That would be amazing,” he stated. “But I do like my arms…”
“Yeah, I like mine too…” Nathan stated. “Fine, I’d sell my whiteboard.”

Yuuri gasped. “But you love that.”

“Not as much as I would love to have a pre-heat without crying my eyes out or getting rage fits from watching political debates,” Nathan mused. “By the way, is it okay if I spend my heat here in the apartment?” he asked. “I’ll be in my room the whole time, I just don’t want to go through the hassle of going home to my parents and staying in my room there…”

“Yeah, of course,” Yuuri assured. “I mean, this is your apartment too.”

“Yes, but it can be awkward, knowing that I’m in heat in my room…” Nathan pointed out. “I mean, the doors are soundproof and none of the scent should seep out, but if it makes you feel uncomfortable…”

“I’ll be fine,” Yuuri assured. “And it makes me feel better that you’re safe at home.”

“And…” Nathan cringed slightly. “Would you mind if I got a heat partner?” he asked shyly. “There’s this really pretty girl in my class, Amy… And we’ve been together a few times in the past and we’ve talked about it, and I think she might want to spend my heat with me…”

“Oh,” Yuuri said awkwardly. That felt a bit weird.

“I promise that she won’t leave my room, I have a mini fridge so you can have the kitchen and live normally,” Nathan assured. “If you’re okay with it?”

“Uhm, I-I guess,” Yuuri agreed. “As long as you both stay safe and don’t wander, I’ll be fine.”

“We won’t wander,” Nathan promised. “I’ll keep her busy and I won’t leave my nest for anything if I’m in heat and there’s a fire, a fireman better carry me out…”

Yuuri snorted. “I suppose it’s fine then,” he stated. “My heat will probably fall in July, but I think I might be going home to Japan over the summer, or Russia…”

“Oh, okay,” Nathan said. “It’s good to plan ahead.”

“I think I’m stealing your personality,” Yuuri mused. “I never used to plan ahead before, at least not the way I do now…”

Nathan laughed. “I have succeeded,” he cheered. “I’m turning you into a copy of myself.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to laugh at that as well.

He had really missed his roommate.

Victor felt longing for his mate as night began to fall.

It had been such a nice week with Yuuri, and he was almost mourning the fact that it was over.

Most of the preparations were done, tomorrow he would see Yuuri and show him the finished result for the photoshoot and ask him to sign the contract of approval.

He really hoped that Yuuri would like it. He himself was completely in love with it. Being able to see the two versions of his soulmate at the same time was a true blessing.
His only worry was that more people might feel the same way, and he didn’t want any stranger to develop those kind of feelings for his Yuuri.

Hopefully he was just biased and he saw his mate as much more beautiful than the rest of the world did.

Not that it was likely, but he could always hope.

At least he could keep the best pictures to himself.

The pictures where he and Yuuri kissed and Yuuri looked straight into the camera would probably be his favorite picture forever.

He looked so dangerously hot. If someone else were to see it, they would probably die on the spot.

He did the world a favor by keeping those pictures a secret.

~Are you awake?~ Yuuri suddenly asked.

Victor smiled at the sound of Yuuri’s voice.

~I am~ Victor stated. Yuuri could hear there was a smile in his voice.

Yuuri tried to keep his excitement at bay as he waited outside Victor’s hotel room door for a good moment to knock.

He had decided to surprise his mate. He knew that Victor didn’t like him going anywhere outside of campus when it was dark outside, but Yuuri was glad that he took the risk.

Hopefully Victor wouldn’t be mad at him.

~I miss you~ Yuuri said cautiously. ~It’s late and I’ve gotten used to having you next to me in bed~

Victor felt his heart twist. He felt the exact the same way.

But he also couldn’t get into Yuuri’s building after the dorm office was closed, and he didn’t want Yuuri to come all the way to him.

Maybe he could pick him up and bring him?

~No, you don’t need to do that~ Yuuri assured. ~I’m already here~

Victor frowned thoughtfully before he suddenly heard a knock on the door. He immediately got out of bed and rushed over to the door to unlock it without a single sign of hesitation.

His heart skipped a beat when he laid his eyes on Yuuri.

“Hi, you,” Yuuri greeted shyly.

“Yuuri? How did you get here?” Victor asked as he stepped aside to let Yuuri inside his room.

Yuuri carefully walked inside with a shrug. “Walked?”

“Yuuri,” Victor drawled. “We talked about this. No walking outside after dark.”
“I wanted to see you,” Yuuri claimed. “You’re too close, my soul is constantly reaching for yours when we’re not together…”

“Still,” Victor said with a sigh. “You took an unnecessary risk.”

Yuuri felt his heart break a little. “Nathan was staying with a friend close to your hotel, I figured that I could walk with him and go to you,” he said as he averted his gaze. “I didn’t want to be alone…”

“Why didn’t you just tell me?” Victor asked. “I could have picked you both up.”

Yuuri swallowed his hurt and managed a smile. “I never get to surprise you,” he said simply. “You fly across the world to surprise me, I can’t even walk three blocks… I figured that if Nathan was allowed to go outside, so was I… We’re both adults.”

“It wasn’t smart,” Victor stated. He agreed that both Yuuri and Nathan should have the same rights as everyone else, but he couldn’t help but to imagine all the ways that things could have gone wrong.

“Please stop,” Yuuri pleaded. Victor’s judgement didn’t do anything besides making him feel horrible. “I know it was a risk, but I’m here and unharmed now, isn’t that what’s important?”

Victor sighed. He still wasn’t happy about Yuuri’s recklessness, but he could also tell that his words did nothing but making Yuuri feel bad about himself, and that was never his intention.

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized. “I’m happy to see you.”

Yuuri smiled shyly as he closed the distance between himself and Victor, throwing his arms around his soulmate. “I’m glad you’re so close.”

Victor melted into the hug and returned it gently. “Yuuri,” he sighed lovingly. “What brought this on?”

Yuuri shrugged. “We’ve been together for too long,” he said thoughtfully. “I… I’m going through withdrawal without you now.”

“I’m going back to Russia soon,” Victor assured. “It will be easier then.”

Yuuri nodded and took a deep breath to keep himself from crying. “I hope so…”

“If we could manage being apart from spending almost six months together, we can get through being together for two,” Victor pointed out.

“I know we can,” Yuuri agreed. “But it will never be easy, will it?”

“No,” Victor admitted.

Yuuri sighed. “Then let’s just enjoy the time we have together,” he pleaded. “For as long as we can…”

Chapter End Notes

Poor boys, they have such a hard time staying apart for too long XD <3

Luckily their love will overcome all! <3
Chapter 185

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor talk.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3<3
I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuuri… I… I have to talk to you,” Victor suddenly said, bringing Yuuri out of his daydreams.

“Yes?” Yuuri asked worriedly, he could hear by Victor’s tone that something was wrong.

Victor wiped away a tear that ran down his cheek as he sat down across from him in the bed.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel his heartbeat increase.

What was it?

Victor took his hands. “Yuuri, I… I don’t want to be with you anymore,” he finally admitted.

Yuuri searched Victor’s eyes for answers.

What?

Was this some kind of sick joke?

Victor looked devastated, and Yuuri felt his heart break in his chest.

Victor couldn’t lie.

“Oh, I… Why?” Yuuri finally managed, tears filling him up from what felt like his chest. He suddenly felt like he couldn’t swallow.

“I just don’t love you,” Victor said. “I’m not sure if I ever have.”

Yuuri felt his whole world come crashing down around him. “I…” Yuuri couldn’t say anything else as tears where now falling freely from his eyes.

“It’s not your fault,” Victor tried to reassure him as he took off his ring and threw it carelessly to the ground. “You can’t help that you’re impossible to love.”

Yuuri felt the dagger in his chest being twisted. “Please… Stop talking…”
“I just don’t know what to do with you…” Victor said. “You won’t have my children, you’re always broken and I’m too tired to pretend that I feel love for you when I don’t.”

“I… I don’t understand…” Yuuri sniffled.

Why now?

How could Victor be capable of being so cruel?

Yuuri loved him so much, maybe he had just been blind?

“I feel sorry for you, Yuuri,” Victor said, voice cold. “You disgust me…”

“Please?” Yuuri practically begged, he didn’t even know why or what for. “I… I’m sorry.”

Victor looked away as he cleared his throat and got up from the bed. “I will find someone much better than you,” he said. “Someone who is worthy of my love…” He began to walk towards the door, and as if on autopilot, Yuuri ran after.

“No, please,” Yuuri cried, he couldn’t breathe. “I… I’ll do anything, please just… Just please don’t leave me… I…” his voice quieted down. “I love you.”

Victor turned to him with a look of pity. “I can’t believe you actually thought that I loved you,” he said, a smile suddenly spreading across his features. “You pathetic bitch…”

Yuuri felt all of his strength leave him as he fell to his knees, he felt like he wanted to break, like he didn’t know what to do. Without Victor he was nothing, just a lost soul.


…………………………………..

“Wake up,” Victor pleaded. Yuuri was crying and shivering in his sleep, quietly saying his name between sniffles. “Yuuri… please, I’m right here…” he said as gently as he could.

When Yuuri still didn’t wake up, Victor decided to turn on the bedside lamp to get a closer look. The room flooded with light as Yuuri finally woke up with a look of terror.

Yuuri sat up straight in bed as his crying increased and his breathing became strained and painful.

Victor could tell that he was having a panic attack and he immediately moved into action. “Yuuri, it’s okay, it was just a bad dream,” he reassured his mate as he moved closer to his mate and released calming pheromones. “Please, breathe.”

Yuuri shut his eyes tightly as he curled in on himself.

Victor felt his heart break as he desperately tried to think of a way to calm his soulmate down. He took a deep breath not to panic himself. This was probably the worst nightmare Yuuri has ever had.

“Yuuri?” Victor tried as he reached out through the bond and gently brushed his fingers through Yuuri’s hair.

Yuuri leaned into the touch as his crying sounded like it was settling down.

“Yuuri, lyubov moya, you had a nightmare,” Victor tried to explain. “You’re okay. I’m right here…”

Yuuri carefully looked up at him, his eyes red and filled with tears. “V-Victor…”
“Shh,” Victor hushed him as he heard the quiver in his voice. He moved closer and Yuuri had another outburst as he threw his arms around him, crying into his shoulder.


“I… I love you so much…” Yuuri sobbed. “I…” he trailed off.

“It’s okay,” Victor reassured him. “I’m right here,” he promised. “Just try to breathe, can you do that for me?”

Yuuri nodded against his shoulder as he gave it his best shot.

Inhaling shakily and exhaling even worse.

“That’s it,” Victor encouraged him. “One more time, okay?”

“O-okay…” Yuuri agreed and did another attempt.

It sounded a lot better.

“That’s great, you’re doing so good,” Victor assured him. “One more time.”

Victor continued to coach Yuuri through his breathing until it was completely evened out and Yuuri was leaning comfortably against his chest.

They stayed like that for what could have been hours. Victor didn’t keep track of time, he simply focused on keeping his mate calm and not pushing him to speak.

Yuuri held on to one of Victor’s hands and quietly played with the fingers as Victor brushed his free hand up and down Yuuri’s back in soothing motions. He could stay like that all night if he needed to. He never wanted Yuuri to be so scared again.

Even more time passed, and Victor started to wonder if Yuuri had fallen asleep, when Yuuri suddenly spoke.

“I… I dreamt that you left me,” Yuuri admitted. “You told me that you had never loved me, that you had been pretending all this time…”

Victor felt slightly hurt that Yuuri had actually believed it. “I would never leave you,” he declared. “I love you with all my heart.”

“I- I know,” Yuuri assured. “But… It just felt so real…”

Victor hugged Yuuri a little tighter and kissed the top of his head. “Did it feel more real than this?” he asked as he gently intertwined their hands.

Yuuri shook his head. “It was just scary… I… I didn’t even know what to do. I… You were so mean to me, and I was completely pathetic…”

“What did I do?” Victor asked. He really felt like he needed to get to the bottom of the nightmare.

Yuuri hesitated for a moment. “You called me broken,” he admitted. “And you thought I was useless because I wouldn’t have your children… It was like… All my fears had mutated into one dream.”

“Do you think it’s possible for me to go into your dream and kick my own ass?” Victor asked. He was so mad at his dream-self. How dare he hurt Yuuri like that?
Yuuri snorted. “No, I don’t think it’s possible,” he said apologetically.

“You know, my parents can meet in their dreams,” Victor stated. “I’m not sure how they do it, but if we ever learn it, dream-Victor better watch out.”

Yuuri snuggled closer to the alpha. “I’m glad the real one is so much better…”

Victor felt his heart swell. “I’m sorry you had a bad dream, love,” he admitted. “How are you feeling now?”

“Better,” Yuuri assured. “I’m glad I came to you… I don’t know what I would have done if I had been alone in my room.”

Victor couldn’t help but to suddenly feel guilty. “Did I… Did I cause this?”

“No,” Yuuri said as if it was obvious. “Of course you didn’t.”

“I hurt you last night,” Victor stated. “I kept digging into you for coming here, when all you wanted to do was surprise me.”

“Well, I did act a bit reckless,” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor felt his heart twist. Yuuri was defending him. He had hurt his soulmate, and Yuuri was making up excuses to justify it. “Please don’t defend me,” he pleaded. “I messed up…”

“No, you didn’t,” Yuuri assured. “You were just being honest…”


Yuuri averted his gaze. “I don’t want you to walk on eggshells around me,” he stated. “I prefer it when you’re being honest… This has nothing to do with you, it was just a stupid nightmare.”

“I might have been able to prevent it,” Victor grumbled.

“There are a lot of things that could have been prevented,” Yuuri claimed. “But I’m right here, with you… And I wouldn’t change that for anything.”

“You’re too good for me, Yuuri,” Victor stated. “And if my dream-self ever say anything hurtful to you again, tell him to go straight to hell…”

Yuuri smiled sadly. “I will,” he promised.

Victor released a breath of relief that Yuuri was once again calm. “We should go back to sleep,” he said as he glanced to the clock on the bedside table. “It’s in the middle of the night.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement as he pulled up the blanket around the two of them and snuggled closer to his mate. “Good night, Victor.”

Victor smiled sadly and hugged Yuuri impossibly closer, praying that Yuuri would stay safe in his dreams. “Good night, Yuuri.”

Chapter End Notes
Heh, sorry about the confusing first part of this chapter! XD <3 It was very fun to write XD <3

I'm back to a new arc in chapter 188, until then, you'll have to live with a few fillers and wrap up of Victor's assignment XD <3 But at least you won't have to wait more than a day for them, right? XD <3

Ugh, I'm rambling XD <3 I'm mostly writing for fun whenever I have time, so my focus is a bit loose, and the pacing is a bit off ^^ <3 But hopefully you'll find some enjoyment in them <3

I'm having a good time writing <3

Anyways, thank you for reading! <3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 186

Chapter Summary

Both Yuuri and Victor reaches the end of their assignments.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt his heart speed up as he watched the first shipment of perfume leave the factory.
There was no going back now.

Yuuri was in school, presenting his design and the animation to his class, so Victor was on his own to oversee everything, just as they agreed.

Yuuri had approved the perfume, even though he didn’t see the appeal, he thought that the scent was too subtle, even though Victor experienced euphoria everytime he smelled it.

So Victor went with his gut and released it the way it was.

Yuuri also approved the design of the posters that would be the face of the brand, even though he complained about flaws in himself that didn’t exist. At least not in Victor’s opinion.

But everything was moving forward, all he really had to do was overlook the numbers and follow through with his assignment.

It also meant that he could go back to Russia.

Victor swallowed thickly. He really didn’t feel ready to leave Yuuri yet.

Luckily he had two more weeks before he had his presentation, he could stay in Detroit until then.

He felt something sting in his heart as he realized that after leaving, he would have to wait until April to see Yuuri again.

At worlds.

It wouldn’t be the same as it was now, when they could simply spend time with each other.

When they competed, they only got short moments together.

So Victor would have to enjoy all the rest of the time they had together.

For as long as it would last.
~Victor, I… I think I’m panicking~ Yuuri suddenly said. ~I’m up next and I’m scared that everyone is going to hate my design~

Victor immediately focused on his mate, he could feel Yuuri’s anxiousness and he was desperate to help.

~You’re going to do amazing~ Victor assured. ~And if they do hate it, try to remember that it’s just an assignment. Not the end of the world, I will still love you, no matter what~

Yuuri felt his heart melt a little at that, but it did nothing to ease the lump in his stomach.

“Yuuri, why don’t you come up and present what you’ve been working on?” the teacher asked.

Yuuri felt his heart speed up as he carefully brought his laptop to the front of the class.

He connected to the HDMI cable that went to the projector and held his breath.

~It looks amazing ~ Victor stated. ~Just breathe~

Yuuri took a deep breath.

“So, Yuuri, what have you been working on?” the teacher asked curiously.

Yuuri blushed in embarrassment from all the attention. “Uhm, I made my design which I tried to base on a cartoonish-style,” he tried to explain. “The character is t-two dimensional…” he hated how his voice stuttered.

~You’re doing amazing, love~ Victor reassured him. ~Tell them about the concept~

“I… I was thinking that the character would make a good protagonist in a game where it can shapeshift from the sweet character that it looks to be, into its demon shape,” Yuuri said, barely even registering the words that escaped him. “The idea is that it changes form when it gets hurt or when the health is low…” He opened the program to show the short clip of the animation.

“Wow,” Kevin gasped in awe. “You even animated?”

Yuuri blushed as he nodded.

~Look how impressed they all are~ Victor told him. ~You are amazing~

Yuuri blushed at Victor’s praise.

“That’s very impressive, Yuuri,” The teacher stated. “There are a few technical errors, like the right leg is not completely attached, so it makes it twitch a bit and reveal the background, but that could be fixed with a little bit of tweaking.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

~Pfft, what does he know?~ Victor grumbled. ~It looks amazing~

“But I really appreciate the amount of details you put into the fur, it looks very realistic,” The teacher claimed as he pointed to the fur.

“Thank you,” Yuuri said shyly.
“My only critique is the transition, I think it would have looked more fitting if there had been a light for example, to really mark the fact that a transition has taken place,” the teacher stated. “The mutation look a bit cheap.”

Yuuri nodded. He had a point.

~He’s an idiot~ Victor stated. ~You don’t need to hide anything with a light, the light would just be unrealistic, where would it even come from?~

Yuuri tried to keep Victor’s words of support at bay so he could really take in the feedback his teacher gave him.

“I disagree,” Smith spoke up. “I think the mutation was more original, it really showed the transition, a light would only hide it.”

“Good point, Mr. Smith,” the teacher said. “Yeah, it’s all a question about style choice. Both are equally right, and many would argue that there is no wrong or right when it comes to art. All we can do is make our observations and leave our own opinion. Mr. Katsuki is free to do whatever he feels is right with his own character.”

Yuuri was just longing to go back to his own seat.

“Well, it was an excellent design and a nice touch with the animation,” the teacher said, “Mr. Smith, would you like to present your work?”

Yuuri gratefully closed his laptop and unplugged it.

“Good work, Yuuri.”

After the class Yuuri walked outside his building only to find Victor waiting for him. Yuuri didn’t waste any time before running up to him and searching comfort in his soulmate’s embrace. “I hate presenting,” he admitted. “I’m too awkward…”

“You did so good,” Victor assured. “I saw everyone’s reaction, they were blown away by your talent.”

“We were,” Stephanie assured as she and the others walked up by their side. “You’re definitely the star of our class.”

Yuuri blushed at his classmate’s praise.

“Can you teach me how to do the animation thing?” Kevin asked. “I never get past the point of installing the skeleton, I couldn’t make my design move if my life depended on it.”

“Oh, yeah, sure,” Yuuri agreed. “There was a good tutorial online… I can send you the link.”

“Awesome,” Kevin beamed.

“So what are you guys doing now?” Stephanie asked. “Do you want to hang out or something?”

Yuuri looked to Victor questioningly. ~Do you want to?~

Victor shrugged subtly. ~That could be fun~
“Sure,” Yuuri replied to his friends. “What do you want to do?”

Victor was practically beaming with pride after hearing how much Yuuri’s friends admired his mate.

Yuuri deserved all the love and admiration, and he was glad that he had so many friends that practically showered him with it.

Victor had always known that Yuuri would be capable of greatness, and seeing that he was right was filling him with satisfaction.

He finally had all the proof he needed to convince both Yuuri and the rest of the world of how wonderful he was.

“Oh, Yuuri, how did it go with the photoshoot by the way?” Stephanie asked.

Yuuri blushed a little. “Uhm… Which one?”

All of his friends stopped drinking their milkshakes immediately. “There’s more than one?”

~You haven’t told them?~ Victor asked in amusement.

Yuuri’s blush didn’t ease. “Uhm, well, I did one for Victor,” he admitted. “For his school assignment.”

“What kind of assignment requires a photoshoot?” Kevin asked. “I thought you studied business?”

“I do,” Victor stated as he looked to Yuuri for permission. ~Can I tell them the truth?~

Yuuri nodded as he took Victor’s hand for emotional support.

“My assignment was money investment,” Victor declared with a loving smile to his mate. “And I put my money in Yuuri.”

No one said anything for several moments.

Finally, Smith broke the silence. “But… Like, how?”

“I turned him into a brand,” Victor stated and kissed Yuuri’s hand to settle his mate’s embarrassment. “The first shipment of his own perfume just left the factory today.”

“What?” Stephanie exclaimed. “Yuuri, why haven’t you told us?”

“Oh, well, I…” Yuuri tried. “I didn’t think you’d be interested…” he admitted.

“Of course we are,” Stephanie claimed. “You’re going to be famous!”


“He’s already famous,” Kevin pointed out. “He’s a professional athlete.”

“Right!” Stephanie said as if she just remembered it. “But still, that’s so exciting!”

“Are you interested in buying?” Victor asked. “They will be released in all beauty stores in Detroit next week, you can go to a store and ask the owner to put a sample away.”

“What, Vitya, no, they don’t want to smell like me,” Yuuri protested.
“It’s still a very pretty bottle though,” Victor pointed out. “They don’t have to use the perfume, they will just be supporting you.”

“No,” Yuuri said turning to his friends. “Please don’t spend your money on it.”

His friends looked among themselves, as if deciding together what to do.

“Okay,” Stephanie spoke up. “If you don’t want us to, we won’t do it.”

Yuuri released a breath of relief. “Thank you.”

“So, Victor…” Stephanie said. “How are you marketing this online?”

“Oh, mostly through Twitter,” Victor admitted. “But I’ve also purchased a few ad spaces on facebook and google.”

Suddenly, everyone took their phones out.

“Uhm, what are you doing?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“Just because you don’t want us to have it, doesn’t mean that we can’t convince others to get it,” Kevin smirked.

“What? Others?” Yuuri asked in slight panic.

“Retweeted!” Stephanie exclaimed.

“Me too,” Smith said, waving his phone.

“Wait, you really don’t need to do this,” Yuuri assured.

“We will support you, Yuuri,” Stephanie said. “And hopefully Victor will get an A+.”

Yuuri really couldn’t argue with that logic. If it benefited Victor, it really couldn’t be a bad thing. “I… I hope he does too…”

Chapter End Notes

I love when people support them! <3 They deserve all love and support! <3<3

And it's nice to wrap this arc up! <3 It's been a wild ride! <3 It's one more chapter before the next arc starts! <3

I hope you're excited!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 187

Chapter Summary

Victor present his assignment to his teacher

Chapter Notes

Last chapter of this arc! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3

Victor was proud of all the progress he had managed while he was in Detroit, and he finally was ready to present his achievements to his teacher.

He had reached his goal, and almost all of the perfume had been sold out.

Yuuri’s friends had apparently made him go viral, and the popularity of the perfume had been unbeatable.

So far the profits were a bit over one million dollars, but money was still rolling in and the perfume factory was ready to do a second batch.

“So, Mr. Nikiforov, I hope you’ve been productive,” the teacher said as he gestured for him to take a seat.

Victor did so happily, his papers were carefully sorted into his folder, and his assignment had been carefully executed.

He wasn’t worried.

“Yes sir,” Victor said and laid everything out. “I take it that you read the assignment itself? I sent it by email.”

“I did,” the teacher assured. “It was very interesting, but also very extraordinary that you managed to follow through on such a big project. How was your client’s response?”

“He was happy,” Victor said with a longing smile. “It was very rewarding to do something like this with him. He has been perfect all the way through the process.”

The teacher nodded in understanding. “I do however want to talk to you about the contract you signed with him…”

“Yeah, I know,” Victor said sheepishly. “It was only for him though, he is my soulmate.”

“Okay,” the teacher said hesitantly. “Well, I can’t really discredit you for it, since you are way above the assignments criterias, but it’s practically my only note for this. You’ve done a remarkable job.”
Victor smiled. “Thank you.”

“I mean, the profits can practically speak for themselves,” the teacher stated. “The point was to get back three times as much as you were willing to invest, you have almost made five times as much.”

Victor smiled. He knew that Yuuri would be a great success.

“And it’s still making money,” Victor added. “The second batch will soon be released. This was just the first three weeks.”

“Well, it’s safe to say that you made a good business deal,” the teacher claimed. “I suppose congratulations is in order.”

“Thank you,” Victor beamed as he shook his teacher’s hand.

“Take the weekend off, Mr. Nikiforov,” the teacher pleaded. “This couldn’t have been easy, and you look like you could use a break.”

“Yes, I will definitely catch up on some sleep,” Victor mused as he gathered his papers and made his way out of the classroom. “It was a very good learning experience,” he claimed. “Thank you for the opportunity.”

“You’re going to do great things, Mr. Nikiforov,” the teacher said. “Keep that ambition up, it will get you far.”

Victor left the classroom feeling accomplished and proud.

~I’m so proud of you~ Yuuri suddenly said. ~Sorry for listening in, but I needed to see his reaction~

Victor could never be mad at Yuuri for that, but he did feel slightly worried about the fact that it was very late in Detroit.

~Oh, I set my alarm for this~ Yuuri assured. ~I’m going back to sleep, I just wanted to let you know how proud I am~

Victor felt his heart flutter with love.

~I love you, Vitya~

Victor took a deep breath so he wouldn’t start crying in the middle of an empty corridor.

His Yuuri’s cuteness was too strong.

“Hi, Victor,” Someone suddenly greeted, making Victor flinch in surprise, and he felt his good mood drop as he recognized the owner to the voice.

“Artur…” Victor said bitterly.

Artur smiled as he walked past him.

That’s when Victor suddenly felt it.

Vanilla.

He grabbed Artur by the arm and pushed him up against the wall. “Where did you get that perfume?”
Artur grinned. “Maybe it’s my natural scent?”

Victor glared at him. “You are not supposed to have that.”

“My daddy got it for me,” Artur declared. “I think the barrier had a few flaws… I wonder who else might be able to get ahold of it.”

Victor growled under his breath and roughly released Artur from his grip. “This isn’t over,” he stated.

“I don’t expect it to be,” Artur said with a shrug. “Like I told you… People don’t tend to deny me things for too long…”

~Can I kill him?~ Yuuri asked across the bond.

Victor cursed himself for alerting Yuuri to this as he quickly left Artur behind.

He needed some fresh air. He needed to think.

~How did he even get it?~ Yuuri asked.

~Someone got it for him~ Victor said in annoyance. ~I guess the plan of blocking him wasn’t completely waterproof~

Yuuri frowned.

Stupid Artur.

He was practically the only person in the whole world that he wanted to keep his scent away from, and now he had it.

~Well, you do have a right to sue me now~ Victor pointed out. ~I’m so sorry, Yuuri… I… I’ll make this right. I’ll hire someone to break into his apartment and steal it~

Okay, Victor was definitely losing it.

~Victor, no… You don’t have to do that~ Yuuri assured. ~Maybe just stop selling them and let him use up the bottle~

Victor released a breath of frustration. Yuuri had a point, he would always be the smarter one out of the two of them.

But it still bothered him so much that a rotten person had access to his beloved mate’s wonderful scent.

That shouldn’t have happened.

~And I’m not going to sue you~ Yuuri added. ~You are my soulmate, I don’t want to face you in court or be against you in any scenario, we’re on the same side, always~

Victor felt unworthy of Yuuri’s love.

He had messed up, and Yuuri was far too forgiving.
Again.

~If our roles had been reversed, would you sue me?~ Yuuri quipped.

Victor sighed. Of course Yuuri was right.

He could never sue his soulmate.

~But please… Tell your principal about Artur~ Yuuri pleaded. ~I have a bad feeling that he’s planning something, and I don’t want you to get hurt~

Victor stood in the hallway for several moments, contemplating his decisions.

~He has done so many things to get under your skin~ Yuuri pointed out. ~You are a celebrity, and it makes people like Artur into a threat, and I’m just as worried about you as you are about me. The only difference is that you have a threat right under your nose~

Victor didn’t want his mate to feel that kind of worry. He knew far too well how it felt like.

There had been too many threats to his Yuuri during his time in school, and he never wanted his mate to live with that kind of worry.

………………………………………

~Okay~ Victor agreed. ~I’ll talk to him~

Yuuri felt a giant weight being lifted from his chest.

~Try to go back to sleep~ Victor pleaded. ~You have an early morning tomorrow~

Yuuri smiled fondly, his heart always fluttered when Victor was looking out for him.

………………………………………

~I will~ Yuuri promised ~Tell me what happened tomorrow, okay?~

Victor smiled at his mate’s sweetness as he made his way to the principal’s office to tell the truth about his psychotic classmate.

Hopefully he would believe him.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is a small time jump! <3

I skipped the world championship, and jumped straight to summer, so I hope you won’t be too disappointed by not getting figure skating for a while! <3 (^w^)

But lots of family fluff! <3<3

Thank you for reading, and I hope you liked the "Getting Yuuri famous" arc! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Yuuri was excited about summer being right around the corner.

Not only because he was planning on seeing Victor and his family as much as possible, but also because the summer meant that Victor would be out of school.

And far away from Artur.

Yuuri was willing to walk to Russia when Victor had told him that his principal didn’t believe him, and therefore refused to do anything.

Victor even tried to reach out to his lawyer and see about the restraining order, but without actual proof, there was nothing to do.

If they had made a report to the police when Artur had knocked on Victor’s door and disturbed them when Yuuri was in pre-heat, they would have at least had a foundation for a restraining order.

But too much time had passed, and there was nothing anyone could do, unless Artur did something else.

That sucked.

But at least Victor would be safe during summer.

Not that Artur had done anything, but him just being in the same class as Victor, was enough to make Yuuri furious on a daily basis.

Luckily, he now had a therapist that Victor helped him get.

She was an omega with an actual degree. One of three that existed in the world.

Her name was Anna Evergarden, she was from England and more than willing to explore America.

Yuuri really appreciated her, especially when he needed to rant about how mad he was about Artur.

Anna was always understanding, and really listened to him. She never told him how to think or how
to react. She gave him freedom to express himself freely without any judgments.

She had an expensive fee, which Victor wanted to take care of.

But ever since Yuuri got more work in modelling and his brand was starting to sell a clothing line, he had enough money to take care of it himself.

And it made him feel wonderful.

He was always grateful that Victor was there for him and willing to help him with anything, but it felt amazing that he didn’t need to rely on him financially.

It made him feel like he could finally take care of himself.

But everything came with a price, and he had noticed that his fanbase had grown dangerously big.

Sometimes when he was out with his friends, he noticed kids filming him from across the street or through windows.

It was very uncomfortable.

He had nothing against fans that approached him and asked for a picture or an autograph, but he didn’t like people from the shadows that treated him like a zoo animal.

Not even Victor’s tweets were enough to stop their behaviour.

But in the big picture, his fame had brought out more positivity than negativity.

If secret photographers was the price to pay for independence, he would take it.

“So when are you going home?” Nathan suddenly asked, bringing Yuuri out of his thoughts. He had his suitcase packed for the summer and standing by the door, ready to go.

“Tomorrow,” Yuuri said. “I’m going to Japan, and then Victor will come as soon as he’s done with school.”

“Okay,” Nathan said. “I’ll just stay with my parents for a few weeks, then I’m coming back here to steer up my side-projects. So if you feel too crowded, you’re always welcome back early.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “I’ll miss you too.”

Nathan smiled back. “Have a great summer, Yuuri,” he pleaded. “May you finally have a good heat.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said. “Have a great summer too.”

Nathan walked up and threw his arms around the younger omega. “I’ll see you in September.”

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed, hugging his friend back. “Stay safe and out of trouble.”

Nathan chuckled fondly. “I make no such promises.”

Yuuri felt a slight pain in his chest as he realized that it would be his last year living with Nathan, then he would have a stranger to live with.

“Bye, Yuuri,” Nathan said as he walked out of the door.
“Bye,” Yuuri said right before the door closed.

The apartment suddenly grew a lot more quiet.

He was glad that he only needed to sleep through the night before he could go home to his family. See his parents, his sister, and Vicchan.

He had really missed his dog during almost the entire year they had been apart.

It was so strange, that he was almost longing more to see his dog than the rest of his family.

But in his defence, he hadn’t been able to talk to Vicchan on the phone, the way he had the others.

Hopefully he would still recognize him.

Otherwise his heart would probably break.

~Did Nathan leave already?~ Victor asked in concern.

~Yeah, he just left~ Yuuri stated.

Victor felt his heart twist.

Yuuri was all alone.

~I’m fine though~ Yuuri reassured him. ~I’m going home tomorrow~

Victor pouted slightly as he realized that he couldn’t go with him.

He still had one more week of school.

~But that also means that there’s only one more week until we get to see each other again~ Yuuri pointed out.

They hadn’t seen each other in two months, since the world championship that Victor won once again.

But they had barely had any time together in what felt like forever. So this summer was well-needed for the both of them.

Time to catch up, relax and just be with each other.

It would do them both good.

27 hours later.

Yuuri felt his chest fill with nostalgia when he could see Hasetsu in the distance the next day.

Or maybe it was two days later…

He was very jetlagged.

“Did you miss it here?” Minako asked, she was the one to pick him up from the airport.

“I did,” Yuuri admitted. “But it’s strange… It feels like time hasn’t moved here at all.”
“Well, Yutopia has a lot more guests lately,” Minako stated. “Ever since your career took off, people come from all over the world to see the childhood home of Yuuri Katsuki.”

“I still can’t believe it,” Yuuri said in awe. “Last year, barely anyone knew about me… I was just an average figure skater. Now I’m even certified by the JSF, I have my own clothing chain…”

“Yuuko’s triplets are always dressed in your merch,” Minako stated. “It will be fun to see their reaction when they meet you.”

“How old are they now?” Yuuri asked.

“Almost three,” Minako said fondly. “They’re all alphas, Yuuko and Takeshi really have their hands full.”

“How’s the ice castle doing?” Yuuri asked. “Is Yuuko still working there?”

“Sometimes,” Minako said. “Her parents are still running it, she works behind the reception from time to time, but she’s mostly home with the girls.”

“I haven’t talked to her since before I left,” Yuuri admitted. “We’ve texted a little but I barely know anything about her life now.”

“You’ll catch up,” Minako assured. “You have all summer.”

Chapter End Notes

The struggle of brushing over so many big events XD <3

I easily could have written 30 more chapters of the spring and Victor and Yuuri being apart XD <3<3 But this story needs to move forward! <3 There are a lot of exciting things to get through! <3

Anyway, I hope you liked this chapter and that you're excited about summer! <3

Also! If you have a moment and you're interested in reading about my Vampire AU, I'll leave the link here! <3

https://archiveofourown.org/works/15974687/chapters/37262441

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 189

Chapter Summary

Yuuri greets the rest of his family.

Chapter Notes

Fluff warning!! <3<3
I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Vicchan!” Yuuri called his beloved dog that immediately perked up at the sound of his voice.

Vicchan almost stumbled over himself in his rush to get to Yuuri.

Yuuri sat down on the floor and accepted his friend with open arms.

Vicchan didn’t stop jumping in his arms, he was completely overjoyed by seeing his owner again.

“I missed you too, buddy,” Yuuri assured as he hugged the dog close.

Vicchan ripped himself free and ran away, only to return seconds later with a squeaky toy.

Yuuri laughed fondly as he reached out his hand to accept the toy and throw it across the hallway.

Vicchan darted off in the speed of light, and almost caused Mari to stumble over him.

“Yuuri,” Mari greeted. “Welcome back from the city of crime, have you joined any gangs during your year away?”

“Funny,” Yuuri mused. “Campus is pretty safe, most of the things happens in the city, we usually stay away from that.”

“We?” Mari prodded as she put down the pile of towels she was carrying.

“Yeah, me and my friends,” Yuuri clarified. “I’ve told you about them.”

Mari walked up to him and ruffled his hair. “I’m just messing with you, it’s good to have you back.”

Yuuri smiled. “It’s good to be home.”

…………………………………….

“Yuuri!” Hiroko greeted excitedly as she put back the plate she was cleaning into the sink an rushed to embrace her son.

Yuuri knew that there was no way to escape, so he simply braced himself for the impact.
Luckily, his mother wasn’t as spontaneous as his soulmate, so at least he wasn’t tackled to the ground.

But he was almost squeezed to death. “Hi, mom.”

Hiroko pulled away with a smile. “I’m glad to have you home. We’ve all missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too,” Yuuri admitted.

“We’re having katsudon tonight,” Hiroko declared. “We need to celebrate that you’re back home.”

Yuuri’s mouth watered at the mention of his mother’s katsudon.

It’s been too long since he had any.

“That sounds wonderful.”

……………………………………

“So how have your studies been going?” Toshiya asked during dinner.

“It’s been good,” Yuuri assured. “I’ve learned a lot.”

“And your roommate, Nathan, is he good?” Mari asked.

“Yeah, he’s great,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m learning so much from him as well.”

“That’s lovely, dear,” Hiroko smiled. “You should invite him here sometime.”

“Maybe I will,” Yuuri agreed.

It would be fun to introduce his roommate to the Japanese culture, Nathan was already in love with the food, and he could speak a few phrases in Japanese, so maybe it could be fun.

“How’s the katsudon?” Hiroko asked.

Yuuri smiled as he took yet another bite. “The best one I’ve ever eaten.”

……………………………

“I’m taking Vicchan for a walk,” Yuuri told his mom. “I really need some fresh air.”

“I’ll come with you,” Mari declared as she dropped what she was doing. “I’ve been inside for too long.”

“You won’t smoke though, right?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“Around you? I’m not an idiot,” Mari stated as she shoved Yuuri towards the front door playfully. “You’d just preach to me for the rest of the summer and my ears wouldn’t be able to handle that.”

Yuuri snorted. “I’m not that bad…” he protested.

“You try to have a baby brother for eighteen years,” Mari quipped.

“I managed an older sister,” Yuuri mused.

Mari laughed at that. “Touché, baby brother.”

The air outside was crisp, despite being the beginning of summer, and it was quiet.
Yuuri had almost forgotten how quiet Hasetsu was, both Detroit and St. Petersburg were both cities filled with life, this was so... peaceful.

“When is Victor coming?” Mari asked to break the silence between them. “Or are you going to him?”

“He’s coming in a week,” Yuuri admitted. “Right after he’s done with school.”

“How is he?” Mari asked. “We’ve been a bit worried about him over here. You told us that he’s the one responsible for your brand, and products just keep on coming to Hasetsu, we suspect that he’s working around the clock.”

“Oh, no,” Yuuri said fondly. “Victor has hired a lot of people to help him,” he admitted. “He’s fine. I did the design of the clothes when I was bored and I wanted to keep up my skills with animating. Then Gina helped me with choosing fabrics and Victor ordered them to be made. He mostly oversaw the process, his lawyer handled most of the legal aspects.”

“You’re really growing up,” Mari mused. “It feels like it was just yesterday when you dragged around your unicorn and begged me to play with you. Oh, or the time when you were really small and wanted to be a dog…”

Yuuri sighed as he blushed with embarrassment. “Why couldn’t I be born into a family with horrible long term memories?”

Mari chuckled fondly. “What would be the fun in that?”

Vicchan suddenly barked, making Yuuri flinch before a flash went off.

“Let’s go back home,” Mari urged and sent a glare to the photographer before urging Yuuri in the right direction. “I swear to god, they’re everywhere these days.”

“Even when I’m not home?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“I don’t think most photographers are aware that you live in Detroit,” Mari explained.

“Right,” Yuuri recalled. “My real address is hidden thanks to the school. When someone look me up, Hasetsu is the first result of my place of living.”

“Well, that’s good,” Mari pointed out. “I just hope that there won’t be more of them now that you’re home. Otherwise Victor will have to take you to Russia.”

“I don’t think photographers are especially interested in me,” Yuuri claimed. “The pictures will be hard to sell due to magazines being afraid to mention me. Nathan said that if they mention me in a bad way, OPS can have the whole magazine destroyed.”


Yuuri felt good to have his sister’s approval.

“Just… Try not to wander too much around Yu-Topia,” Mari pleaded. “I’m not sure how to determine whether someone is a guest, or a fan of yours, hoping to spot you in your home… I don’t want anyone to be gross to you.”

“I barely left my room when I lived at home,” Yuuri pointed out. “I was either in my room or at the ice castle.”
“Oh, speaking of that, you should probably not go there alone,” Mari added. “Yuuko-chan says that she sometimes needs to send people away because they keep asking when you will show up or demanding to see you. I don’t want you near those either…”

Yuuri sighed. “So you’re saying that I’ll spend my summer in Hasetsu as a prisoner?”

“Just a week,” Mari shrugged. “When Victor gets here, he can keep you safe.”

“I can handle fans,” Yuuri declared. “And if there’s a lot of them, I don’t think that anyone would dare to do anything creepy. I’d rather meet a hoard that wants pictures and signature than one lone fan that wants something… else.”

“I just don’t want you to get hurt,” Mari stated. “You’re still my younger brother, and I will never stop being protective of you. But if you want to be reckless and live on the edge then fine. If you can survive Detroit, you can probably survive this little village.”

“Thank you for trusting me,” Yuuri said gratefully.

Mari made a non-committal sound. “I still don’t like it though,” she admitted. “I trust you, but I don’t trust strangers, and I know that no matter how much I wish to protect you, you’re still an adult and capable of making your own decisions. You have made your own decisions for almost a year now, and you’re fine.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “Well, I can’t say that I’ve made completely flawless decisions, but I’m alive.”

Mari ruffled Yuuri’s hair fondly. “And that’s all I’m asking for.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this! <3

Mari is finally allowing her brother to grow up! <3 I’m so proud of her! <3<3

And Yuuri is getting so independent!! <3<3 MY BABY! (TwT) <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3
Chapter Summary

Victor gets worried after Yuuri has a run in with a guest.

Chapter Notes

More fluff!! <3<3
I hope you'll like it! <3<3

As Yuuri walked back inside Yu-Topia he couldn’t help but to treasure the joy of being home.

Yu-topia smelled so familiar and it filled him with so much nostalgia.

Vicchan shook himself off from the cold and trotted in towards the kitchen.

“He usually sleeps in your room during the night,” Mari admitted. “I tried to take him to my room a few times so he wouldn’t feel lonely, but he always runs away and back to yours.”

Yuuri clenched his chest.

Too sweet…

“I guess some habits die hard,” Mari finished.

“I’ll take him to my room,” Yuuri stated as he followed his fluffy friend.

Vicchan was drinking from the water bowl, and Yuuri watched him fondly as he drank.

“Do you want to go to sleep buddy?” Yuuri asked his dog once he was done.

Vicchan probably didn’t understand that, but he wagged his tail and returned to Yuuri’s side nonetheless.

Yuuri picked up the water bowl and brought it with him in case Vicchan would get thirsty during the night.

He was so caught up in his own world, that he didn’t even see it coming when he almost knocked straight into a guest.

“S-sorry,” Yuuri apologized and stepped aside to let him pass.

But he didn’t.

Yuuri looked up to him and couldn’t help but to feel very uncomfortable from the smile he was
Yuuri frowned slightly and made an attempt to walk past the man himself, but the man blocked him.

“I…” Yuuri tried.

“You’re out of bounds,” Mari suddenly snapped.

Yuuri looked up to Mari gratefully and quickly rushed past the man and over to his sister’s side.

“This is a private section, you should go back to your room,” Mari declared as she stepped forward to cover her little brother from the man’s sight.

“Sorry,” the man apologized as he averted his gaze before walking off.

Mari released a breath of relief. “Are you okay?”

Yuuri nodded. “Yeah…”

“Good,” Mari sighed. “Go to your room, and be wary of that man… I don’t trust him.”

Yuuri didn’t trust him either. “I will,” he promised.

Mari smiled to him and ruffled his hair. “Good night, little brother.”

“Good night, Mari.”

…………………………………….

“So how was school today?” Yuuri asked his mate later than night as they talked over skype.


“Well, math is still important though…” Yuuri pointed out. “A businessman that’s bad at math probably wouldn’t be so reliable.”

“But I’m good at math,” Victor pouted. “I just don’t want to study it more, it’s boring… Especially when it doesn’t even matter, I want real examples, I’m not looking to putting my money in Dmitri’s new china plate collection.”

Yuuri snorted. “It’s less than a week now,” he pointed out. “You can do it.”

“Thank you for believing in me,” Victor smiled. “So how’s Yu-Topia? Is it good to be home?”

“It is,” Yuuri admitted. “But it feels different… So many things have changed since the last time I was home.”

“For the better, I hope,” Victor said.

“Some,” Yuuri said hesitantly. “My family allows me more freedom, since they know that I’m able to take care of myself. But… I don’t know, I’m worried about other people…”

“What other people?” Victor asked in concern.

Yuuri shrugged. “Everyone knows about me here… There was a hoard of fans at the train station, a photographer in the bush outside, and some creepy old man that eyed me up in the kitchen.”

Victor felt his heartbeat raise. “Do you have a lock on your door?”
“No,” Yuuri admitted.

Victor fell silent for a moment. “You should get one;” he finally stated. “I don’t like that there are creepy people where you live.”

“Well, I don’t think that they’ll be stupid enough to walk to the private section of Yu-Topia,” Yuuri claimed. “It could get them banned for life, and most of the people around here are regulars.”

“Don’t underestimate people’s stupidity, Yuuri,” Victor pleaded. “It’s better to stay safe.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “I’ll get one tomorrow,” he promised.

“Good,” Victor sighed in relief. “And could you maybe use something to block your door during tonight?”

“You’re being paranoid,” Yuuri stated. “I’m not going to block my door like there’s a serial killer on the loose.”

“Fine,” Victor reluctantly agreed. “I’m just worried.”

“I understand,” Yuuri assured. “But I’ll be fine. I have my family here, and I survived the first seventeen years of my life without any incidents.”

“Yeah…” Victor agreed. “I’m sure you’re right…”

“I can’t wait until you’re here though,” Yuuri admitted. “I’ve missed you, and Yu-Topia is always best when you’re here with me.”

“I miss you too,” Victor assured. “And I’m really looking forward to spending my summer with you.”

Yuuri smiled lovingly when Vicchan suddenly jumped right up in his lap.

“Vicchan,” Yuuri scolded as Vicchan almost knocked his laptop over. “We’ve talked about spontaneous jumping.”

“Don’t be a hypocrite, love,” Victor smiled knowingly. “They do say that dogs take after their owners…”

“Very funny,” Yuuri grumbled, even though the amusement was clear on his face.

“Just look at Makka,” Victor said and snapped his fingers so the giant poodle joined his side. “He’s handsome, charming, lovable, dashing and everything his wonderful owner is world-known for.”

“I can’t argue with that logic,” Yuuri mused. “I’m sure Vicchan misses him.”

“Makkachin misses Vicchan too,” Victor assured and pointed to the screen. “Makka, look there, can you see who it is?”

Makkachin’s tail began to wag back and forth as he jumped off the bed and ran out towards the hallway.

“No, Makka, in the computer!” Victor called.

Yuuri laughed fondly. “I don’t think he knows what that means.”
Victor released a sigh of defeat. “Well, at least he’s happy.”

“That’s what’s important,” Yuuri stated.

Suddenly, Yuuri’s door swung open, making the omega flinch.

“I’m going to bed now,” Mari announced.

“Oh, I- okay,” Yuuri said, releasing a breath of relief.

“Are you okay?” Both Mari and Victor asked at the same time, only in different languages.


“Sorry,” Mari said with a shrug. “I just wanted to check on you… Are you talking to Victor?”

Yuuri nodded and turned his laptop around.

“Hi, Mari,” Victor greeted with a wave.

“Hi,” Mari greeted back.

“I hope that Yuuri stays safe at home,” Victor declared. “I heard he had a run-in with a guest.”

“Yeah,” Mari said with a sigh. “Well, the guest is back in his room across Yu-Topia, I don’t think he’ll come back.”

Victor did not like to put his faith in guesses and probabilities.

He wanted a clear reassurance that Yuuri would be safe.

“Are you sure?” Victor pressed.

“Well, if he comes back I’ll be in my room,” Mari pointed out. “If something happens, I’ll know.”

“Good,” Victor said as he took a calming breath. “I really hope you’re right… If something happens….”

“Victor,” Yuuri said soothingly. “I’ll be fine.”

Victor nodded. “I love you, Yuuri,” he said instead of continue arguing. “And I trust that you know what you’re doing.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said gratefully. “And I love you too.”

Victor smiled gently. “I can’t wait until school’s over.”

Chapter End Notes

A little pinch of potential drama! ;) <3<3

Just like Dearly Beloved is supposed to have XD <3<3

I hope you liked this chapter! <3<3
KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 191

Chapter Summary

A magazine reveals that Yuuri is back in Japan, and Yuuri insists on handling it alone.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri woke up to the feeling of Vicchan sniffing close to his ear.

He slowly cracked his eyes open and noticed that the sun was already up. Vicchan started wagging his tail and whining with excitement as he noticed that Yuuri was awake.

“Good morning to you too,” Yuuri greeted his fluffy friend as he sat up and reached for his phone. “What time is it?” he asked no one in particular.

His phone had about a hundred notification, and Yuuri considered if it was even worth looking. He had a feeling that it would only be upsetting.

Eventually he convinced himself to look, and he was right. Some newspaper had apparently taken the liberty of writing that he was back home in Japan.

He sighed deeply.

That meant that there was a big chance that Yu-Topia would soon be crowded with fans and photographers.

Yuuri reluctantly got dressed and left his room, only to almost knock into his sister.

“Yuuri, you decided to wake up,” she said teasingly.

Yuuri frowned. “Are there…?” he asked vaguely.

Mari blinked at him. “Is there…?” she asked in confusion.

“Some paper published the picture from last night, apparently everyone knows I’m home…” Yuuri explained.

“So far we just have our normal guests,” Mari assured. “I don’t think the news have spread very far… Either that, or no one cares.”

“I hope it’s the latter,” Yuuri admitted. “Anyway, if it’s safe, I’m taking Vicchan for a walk…”

Mari grabbed his shoulder. “Give him breakfast first,” she pleaded. “I’ll check outside, to make sure
that no one is lurking in the bushes.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed as he patted his leg for Vicchan to follow him. “Come on, boy.”

Vicchan yipped happily and followed him close, raising his pace as he realized that they were heading for the kitchen.

“Good morning, Yuuri,” Hiroko greeted. “Did you sleep well?”

“I did,” Yuuri assured.

Hiroko smiled and went back to wiping the tables as Yuuri poured breakfast for Vicchan.

“Have you seen Mari?” Hiroko asked. “She was coming to help.”

“Yeah, uhm, she was going to look outside to make sure that it’s safe,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly.

“Safe?” Hiroko repeated. “Why wouldn’t it be safe?”

Yuuri sighed. “This newspaper wrote about me being back home,” he said with a blush of embarrassment. “So there’s a chance that fans and media will show up…”

Hiroko’s features softened. “I’m sorry that you have to deal with that, honey.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “I really don’t mind the fame that much, but it’s annoying when it’s right outside the front door, waiting to watch Vicchan pee on a bush.”

Hiroko chuckled fondly. “It’s good that you have a sense of humor.”

Yuuri smiled. “It is kind of funny though,” he pointed out in amusement. “How far people are willing to go just to get a picture of another human.”

“People have a habit of worshipping celebrities,” Hiroko agreed. “It kind of removes the humanity sometimes. People assume that just because they can see someone on a screen or in a magazine, they somehow belong to everyone. And they forget that the person has thoughts and feelings of their own.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “Hopefully it won’t come to that,” he admitted. “So far, everyone has been respectful.”

“Yuuri, no one is outside,” Mari suddenly said. “You can go out.”

“Oh, okay,” Yuuri said and looked to Vicchan who was done eating.

“Do you want me to call someone to have the article removed?” Mari asked.

“I… I’m not sure who,” he admitted. “Victor usually calls Yakov when someone writes about him. But it’s in the middle of the night in Russia… I’ll just ask Victor about it once he wakes up.”

Mari nodded in understanding as she grabbed a rag and started to help her mother.

“Oh, Yuuri, once you’re done walking Vicchan, would you like to help with cleaning?” Hiroko asked. “The floor needs mopping in the common room.”

“Well, I was actually thinking about seeing Yuuko,” Yuuri admitted. “Can I help with cleaning later?”
“Of course, honey,” Hiroko assured. “Have fun.”

Victor woke up to his alarm in the morning. He blindly reached for his phone when Makkachin began to stir.

The big poodle yawned sleepily as he walked closer to Victor’s face and rested his head on the human’s chest.

Victor frowned at his phone as he noticed how many notifications he had.

Notifications usually meant trouble, and he immediately felt his heartbeat increase as he noticed Yuuri’s name.

He felt calmer as he felt across the bond and didn’t notice any immediate distress or danger. It gave him the courage to open the article.

‘Yuuri Katsuki home in Japan for the summer’

Victor frowned.

What gave that magazine the right to leak Yuuri’s position like that. Didn’t they know how dangerous it could be?

~You’re awake~ Yuuri suddenly said across the bond. ~Did you sleep well?~

Victor didn’t waste any time before telling Yuuri about the article. His mate needed to know about the risks.

~I know~ Yuuri admitted. ~I’m not sure who to call or what to do… No one has ever written about me without my approval before~

Victor assured Yuuri that he would take care of it, or at least that he would try.

~You don’t need to do that~ Yuuri said. ~I can do it myself… I just… Who do I call?~

Victor smiled fondly at his mate’s independence. He couldn’t rob his mate from it.

~The OPS is a good start~ Victor said. ~They also have the highest authority~

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

~If they won’t help you, let me know~ Victor pleaded.

Yuuri smiled.

~I will~ Yuuri promised.

Victor trusted him and decided to go on with his day.

He really wasn’t looking forward to school, so he needed all the cuddles he could get from Makkachin to get strength.

Not only was the subject boring enough to make him want to go to sleep in class, but Artur was still
wearing Yuuri’s perfume, with the sole goal of pissing him off.

It was awful, because it wasn’t a crime.

Artur was allowed to do whatever he wanted, even if he only had the worst intentions in mind.

Victor made a conscious choice to stay away from him. If he lost his temper with Artur, everything could be turned on him.

Artur was still a beta and Victor was an alpha, meaning that Victor was a lot stronger and could therefore cause a lot more damage. The law was shaped thereafter.

An alpha attacking a beta would get a much higher punishment than the other way around.

With great strength comes great responsibility, and Victor wasn’t willing to risk anything.

If he was going to kick Artur’s ass, he really needed a good reason, but even then, he wouldn’t be able to go all out.

The only one that would be able to get away with something like that, was Yuuri.

Not that Victor would ever let him.

He was confident in Yuuri’s skills, and he knew that his mate could deliver some serious damage to the annoying beta.

But there was a chance that Yuuri could get hurt, and Victor would never risk that.

He would rather go to jail than risk Artur hurting his soulmate.

~The OPS told me that they would take care of it~ Yuuri said a while later. ~Thank you for helping me~

Victor’s heart almost ached with love.

He really couldn’t wait to see him.

Chapter End Notes

Success! <3<3

I’m so proud of them! <3

I hope you liked the chapter! <3<3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3<3

<3<3<3<3<3 KUDOS!! <3<3<3<3<3
Yuuri had a few run-ins with fans when he went to ice castle. Most of them were young teenage girls and they wanted nothing but selfies. Which meant that so far his fame hadn’t caused too much trouble.

He did however get slightly worried when he met Yuuko’s daughters and they all screamed from the top of their lungs as they saw him.

Yuuko excused their behaviour and assured him that they always reacted like that when they were excited.

Even though they were only two years old, they were already huge figure skating fans. And Yuuko might have exaggerated Yuuri’s greatness to impress them.

She also used her childhood friend as a threat to the girls. Asking them what Yuuri would think if he ever found out about their bad behavior.

So it was safe to say that he was idolized by the triplets, but after a while they eventually eased up and managed to speak to him normally.

Or, well, as normally as two-year-olds were capable of.

Yuuri mostly spoke with Yuuko and talked to the triplets through her, she was an amazing translator for her children. Yuuri had no idea how she did it.

“You’ll probably get used to them soon,” Yuuko assured. “They are very sweet when they’re not so… excited…”

A loud bang could be heard from somewhere in the house, followed by crying.

Yuuko sighed. “Takeshi?”

“I’ll go,” Takeshi volunteered as he tiredly got up from the couch to find out what had happened.
Yuuri felt the crying going straight to his heart. “Aren’t you worried?” he asked, seeing how Yuuko leaned back in the couch.

“They always cry,” Yuuko stated. “Day and night, they pull each other’s hair, they take each other’s toys… It’s a never ending circle. That wasn’t a dangerous crying, no one is hurt, Axel is probably just scared.”

Once again, Yuuri was very impressed by his childhood friend’s superpowers. “Well, you’re doing an amazing job…” he said in awe. “I don’t know how you do it…”

“It gets easier,” Yuuko assured. “The first weeks I had constant breakdowns, Takeshi was my rock, he always knew what to do… I never could have managed this without him.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding when he suddenly felt something tug on his leg.

“Lutz wants to be held,” Yuuko explained. “Do you want to? Otherwise I can take her.”

Yuuri looked down at the baby with the giant brown eyes and he couldn’t refuse, so he carefully picked her up and Lutz looked at him like he was the sun in the universe.

“Hold still,” Yuuko pleaded as she took out her phone.

Yuuri blushed slightly at both having a baby look at him like Lutz did, while also having a camera pointed at him.

He heard the click and immediately relaxed, knowing that the pressure was over, when he suddenly heard another click.

Yuuko smiled. “On a scale of one to ten, how fast do you think Victor would retweet this picture?” she asked as she turned her phone to Yuuri so he could look at the picture for himself.

Yuuri really couldn’t deny the fact that Victor would probably break his phone in his urge to retweet it. “Uhm, I don’t know,” he lied. “Maybe you should wait with posting it?” he suggested, mostly to save his mate from leaving school early and run to Japan. “He might not have time to check his phone today.”

“Whops, I just posted it,” Yuuko said innocently.

Yuuri cringed slightly as he braced himself for his mate’s reaction.

…………………………………….

Victor had just arrived to school when he got a notification on his phone.

Apparently Yuuko had published a photo with both him and Yuuri tagged.

‘@V-Nikiforov, your soulmate would make a wonderful father ( ^▽^ ) He won the heart of my children (˚v˚) @Yuuri-K and baby Lutz’

Victor opened the picture faster than he was willing to admit, and his entire body froze in an instant.

This was it.

This was the moment his Yuuri would kill him with his beauty.

He couldn’t breathe. It was too overwhelming.
“Victor?” Bartok asked as he noticed the other Russian’s frozen state. “Are you okay?”

Victor couldn’t answer.

Yuuri was holding a baby.

Yuuri was smiling at a baby.

The baby looked at Yuuri like he was the center of the universe.

Too cute.

Way too cute.

“What’s wrong?” Vendela asked as she joined Bartok’s side.

Bartok shrugged. “Victor is holding his breath…”

Vendela nodded in understanding as she gently put a hand on Victor’s shoulder. “Victor?”

Victor’s sudden squeal could probably be heard all across Russia.

……………………………………….

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully when he suddenly felt Victor’s heartbeat rise into an alarming speed.

“Is something wrong?” Yuuko asked worriedly.

“Uhm…” Yuuri said uncertainly. “I… I think Victor saw the picture, but I’m not sure…”

“Can’t you ask?” Yuuko asked.

“I am,” Yuuri stated. “I’m just waiting for him to collect himself.”

~Picture… Twitter… Too cute…~ Victor suddenly said. ~My heart…~
………………………………………

~Are you okay?~ Yuuri asked in concern. ~I… I did try to stop her~

Victor’s eyes widened.

Yuuri tried to stop him from experiencing this blessing?

~Wait, what? No, I just… I didn’t want you to get distracted in school~ Yuuri admitted. ~She could have sent it to you later… And maybe not post it for the whole world to see…~

Victor frowned determinately.

The world needed to see this.

He pressed the retweet button with enough force to almost crack his screen.
………………………………………

“Victor retweeted!” Yuuko chirped happily.

Yuuri was not even surprised.

“You should see what he wrote,” Yuuko said in amusement and handed Yuuri her phone.
Yuuri snorted.

~Vitya...~ Yuuri drawled. ~You’re tweeting the obvious~

How could Yuuri blame him for that? He was beautiful, and Victor needed the world to know about that, but he couldn’t do that without also spreading the information that he was taken.

~You’re too sweet~ Yuuri said. ~But you should put your focus on school now~

Victor knew that Yuuri was right, but that didn’t mean that he had to like it.

He really wanted to focus on Yuuri, he even had to fight the urge to run out of school, go home to pack and grab Makkachin, and then go straight to Japan.

Yuuko was too lucky, getting to see something so beautiful with her own eyes.

Victor could barely wait until this stupid week was over so he could dedicate his summer of attempting to take an even better and more adorable picture of Yuuri.

Hopefully it was possible…

“It’s always so strange to see you talk to Victor like that,” Yuuko said, bringing Yuuri back to reality. “Not bad strange,” she quickly assured. “Cute strange, like when you suddenly smile at nothing, or when you’re concentrating and you sort of… frown at air.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “Yeah, I… I usually don’t think about how it most come across to other people… It makes so much sense to me, because, well, it’s Victor… And I’ve talked to Victor my entire life…”

“I know,” Yuuko said in amusement. “I still remember when we saw him on the TV in the ice castle and he spoke to you… It was the moment when I realized that your Victor and Victor Nikiforov was the same person.”

“Yeah, I never knew him as Victor Nikiforov until I realized how the rest of the world reacted to him,” Yuuri admitted. “But Victor has always been good at separating the Victor he is to me and the Victor he is to others… Most of the world is irrelevant to him. He loves his fans and my fans, but for some reason he kind of… I don’t know how to describe it, but he almost looks through them… And the moment he turns to me, it’s like he transforms. He looks at me like I’m the center of the universe.”

“I’ve seen it,” Yuuko assured with a fond smile. “And you look at him the exact same way.”

Yuuri felt his heart swell. “He is the center of my universe,” he claimed. “He’s my whole world.”

Yuuko clenched her chest. “I’m so glad you have a true mate like him,” she said. “You’re so… worthy of each other.”

Yuuri smiled, feeling honored to be considered worthy of Victor. “I guess fate made a good decision then, choosing Victor and me to be true mates…”

‘@Yuuko91 There will be time for that in the future (○´•ω•`)♡ For now he’s just mine! (っ•ω•)っ'}
Yuuko smiled fondly. "It sure did…"

Chapter End Notes

Fate made the best choice!! <3

These two are meant to be! True mates or not! <3<3

Yuuko is a warrior! Takeshi too! <3<3 The triplets is a handful, even though they're all super adorable! <3<3

I hope you liked this chapter! <3<3
Victor practically glared at the clock at the end of class.

The sooner class was over, the sooner this day would be over, and the sooner the day was over, the closer he would get to see Yuuri again.

It felt like the closer he got, the slower time would move, but now there was only minutes left, and finally, the bell rang.

Thank god.

Victor mentally added eight hours to the time and realized that if he hurried home, he might be able to skype with Yuuri for a few hours before his mate went to sleep. He grabbed his things and made his way outside, his friends walking with him through the corridor.

"I think I’ve learned how to sleep with my eyes open,” Bartok stated.

"Yeah, I’d rather watch the grass grow than go to another math class,” Vendela added.

"So what are you doing now?” Bartok asked. "Do you guys want to hang out?”

"I think I’m just going to call it a day,” Victor said apologetically. "I need to take Makkachin out and maybe see if Yuuri wants to talk for a few hours.”

"Yeah, cool, how about you Vendela? Want do do something?” Bartok asked.

"Victor?” Artur suddenly called.

Victor promptly ignored him.

"Victor?” Artur called again. Victor could feel his own annoyance grow.

"I take it you heard about Yuuri then?” Artur asked. “About how he was seen together with a Japanese beauty in Japan?”

Victor couldn’t help but to snap at that. "Don’t you say his name,” he told the beta. "His name is too
beautiful to be spoken by someone like you.”

Artur smirked. “What did Yuuri do to you to turn you so pathetic?” he asked. “I could almost mistake you for an omega.”

Victor tensed.

How dared he?

“Victor, don’t listen to him,” Vendela said. “He’s just trying to upset you.”

Victor was fully aware, and he hated how well it worked.

“Did I step on a sore toe?” Artur asked with a grin. “He has to be great in bed considering how strongly you feel like you need to stand up for him.”

Victor clenched his fist.

“But on the other hand, that’s all he’s good for,” Artur pushed. “Isn’t it?”

Victor growled. “I suggest that you keep your mouth shut before I close it for you…”

“With your lips?” Artur asked. “Gladly.”

“Victor,” Vendela said carefully. “Just walk away.”

~Victor?~ Yuuri suddenly asked, his voice was like cotton around his heart. ~What’s wrong?~

Victor felt the world melt away as he focused on his soulmate.

Yuuri was the only person that could make his anger fade away.

~Just go home~ Yuuri pleaded. ~Don’t let him get to you. He wants you to do something stupid~

Victor released a breath of defeat.

Yuuri was right.

He wouldn’t give Artur the satisfaction of giving into his cruel game.

He should just leave.

Victor turned his back on Artur, ready to go home and forget about this all together.

“I hope your precious Yuuri doesn’t have an accident this summer,” Artur called after him. “It’s almost funny how easy it would be to take him away from you.”

Victor stopped dead in his tracks.

“Not that I would ever get my own hands dirty,” Artur continued. “Luckily I have a lot of friends…”

Victor’s blood went cold in an instant.

He knew that he was growling, but he felt as if he was no longer in charge of his body.

Artur threatened Yuuri’s life.
He was so dead.

Next thing he knew, he had a firm grip around the beta’s throat and tightly pressed him up against a wall.

~Victor, no, let him go!~ Yuuri said in panic. ~Please, don’t kill him. I… Don’t get his blood on your hands~

“Victor, stop!” Someone called in the void, but the only voice he was listening to was Yuuri’s.

Artur made some choking sound as he looked at him with wide eyes filled with panic.

~Take a deep breath~ Yuuri pleaded. ~He’s not worth losing your freedom over. We’re supposed to spend our summer together~

Victor felt his resolve crumble.

~Please, Vitya~ Yuuri said, his voice trembling with fear. ~Let him go~

Victor did.

Artur fell to the floor like a sack of potatoes, coughing for breath.

Victor stepped back as he suddenly noticed a foul smell, and a puddle of urine was slowly forming under the beta.

~Nikiforov!~ Victor’s teacher suddenly snapped. “My office, now.”

Victor still felt slightly disoriented.

Did he…? Did he almost kill Artur?

~It’s going to be okay, Vitya~ Yuuri reassured him. ~You did the right thing~

Victor knew that Yuuri was right, but he still felt… Weird…

“We’ll get your things, Victor,” Vendela told him. “Just go with him.”

Victor walked, his mind still felt foggy, he felt like a zombie as he followed his teacher.

“Are you okay?” his teacher suddenly asked.

Victor just blinked at him.

He didn’t understand the question.

~Victor?~ Yuuri asked in concern. ~… Are you okay?~

Victor wasn’t sure. It felt as if his body was moving on its own.

“We should go to the nurse’s office first,” the teacher said thoughtfully and waved for Victor to turn.

Victor did.

Where was he going?

~Just try to breathe~ Yuuri pleaded. ~You’ll be okay~
Victor nodded. He trusted his mate.

He walked into the nurse’s office and a woman with kind eyes approached him carefully. “What happened?” she asked worriedly.

“Mr. Nikiforov attacked another student,” the teacher said. “The boy is still alive though.”

The nurse brought out a flashlight and Victor suddenly realized that he was sitting down on the side of a bed.

When did that happen?

“Mr. Nikiforov, can you follow the light with your eyes?” the nurse asked.

Victor blinked at her.

What light?

The nurse frowned in concern. “Is he an alpha?” she asked the teacher.

“Yes,” the teacher confirmed.

The nurse nodded in understanding. “What happened before the attack?”

“I don’t know, I wasn’t there,” the teacher admitted. “I just heard students screaming, and I walked in just as Victor released Mr. Sokolov.”

“Okay,” the nurse said thoughtfully. “It is actually remarkable that Mr. Nikiforov let him go, it seems to me that he has just gone feral.”

“Feral?” the teacher repeated in shock.

“He’s unresponsive but he still does what he’s told. He can hear but he cannot understand,” the nurse explained. “He seems numb and exhausted, all of which are symptoms after an alpha has gotten upset enough to become feral.”

The teacher looked to Victor worriedly.

“He will be fine,” the nurse assured. “He just needs some rest… I do suggest that you find out what triggered him though,” she suggested. “An alpha rarely attacks like that unless it’s to protect someone close to them. Mr. Sokolov has to have done something very concerning to cause this kind of reaction.”

“I’ll ask a few students,” the teacher agreed. “Will you look after him? He’s not dangerous now, right?”

“I’ll look after him,” the nurse assured. “He just needs to gather his thoughts for a while, he should calm down enough to talk in a few moments.”

The teacher nodded. “I’ll be back soon.”

~You’re going to be okay~ Yuuri said in relief, his voice was so soothing. ~Now the truth will be out. Artur can’t deny this… He dug his own grave~

Chapter End Notes
I love these dynamic traits, and a feral alpha is always interesting! <3

Luckily, no one died! <3<3

To see what happened to Artur, check out my tumblr! <3<3


I hope you liked this chapter! <3 Thank you so much for reading! <3<3
Chapter 194

Chapter Summary

Victor gets discharged by the nurse, and Yuuri makes sure he's okay.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mr. Nikiforov?” the nurse prodded. “Are you ready to speak?”

~Take a deep breath~ Yuuri instructed. ~You have the truth on your side~

Victor did as Yuuri told him and took a deep breath.

~You’re doing great~ Yuuri assured. ~Can you talk to her?~

“I’ll just wait then,” the nurse said gently and walked over to a few folders and took out a paper. “Let me know when you’re ready.”

“He threatened to kill my true mate,” Victor said. “Artur said that he would get a friend to do it…”

“Oh, I see,” the nurse said. “Why would he do that?”

Victor wasn’t sure, so he shrugged. “Maybe to get me mad?” he said hesitantly. “I… I don’t know what he wants…”

“Has Artur and you been at odds before?” she asked in concern.

“Since the day I met him and he felt me up,” Victor admitted. “I don’t know how many times I’ve told him to back off…”

“But he’s persistent?” the nurse finished for him.

Victor nodded. “He makes my mate upset,” he said. “And that makes me upset.”

The nurse frowned in concern and wrote something down. “Does Artur know about your soulmate?”

Victor almost laughed at how stupid this all was. “He knows,” he assured. “And he uses him to get to me.”

“Like today?” the nurse asked.

“He has never threatened to kill him before,” Victor said. “It… it made me lose it…”
“Victor… What secondary gender is your true mate?” the nurse asked. “Is he a beta?”

“Omega,” Victor said simply.

“And you have the protective gene?” the nurse prodded.

“Yes,” Victor nodded.

“I have to tell you, that you have remarkable self-control,” the nurse stated. “Most alphas would kill at a single threat to their mate, and some alphas would kill at a single threat to an omega. Artur threatened both to you, and he’s still breathing… How did you stop yourself?”

“Yuuri stopped me,” Victor admitted. “I would have killed him if it wasn’t for him. I had no control, my body was not… It wasn’t in my control… Yuuri brought me back.”

Her face softened in sympathy. “It sounds like you have a very powerful bond.”

“We do,” Victor said. “We’ve been bonded for most of our lives.”

“Well, I’m grateful that your mate kept you from making a bad decision like murder,” the nurse admitted. “I don’t think that you can be held accountable, since Artur should be fully aware of the risks of provoking an alpha. Going after an alpha’s mate or family member is usually a death sentence.”

Victor sighed deeply as he felt more control over his body again. He was starting to come down from whatever adrenaline rush he had.

“You did good, Mr. Nikiforov,” the nurse assured him “And you should probably take it easy for the rest of the day, is your mate in Russia? Do you have any family closeby?”

“My parents live pretty close.” Victor said.

“I think you should go to them,” the nurse said. “You’ll probably feel very tired soon, the adrenaline is already beginning to settle, I can tell…”

Victor nodded before he remember his dog. “I need to get home to Makkachin first,” he recalled. “He needs to go for a walk…”

“Makkachin is your dog?” the nurse asked.

“Yes,” Victor said. “He’s been home alone all day.”

“Okay,” the nurse said, “Well, you’re free to go, I’ll talk to your teacher… Try to take it easy though.”

“I will,” Victor promised.

~Yeah, I’ll keep an eye on you~ Yuuri chimed in.

Victor smiled fondly at his mate’s statement.

He was too sweet and caring, and Victor was so grateful to have him in his heart.

It made him feel less alone.

“Take care,” the nurse said as she walked back to her folders to do some last notes. “I hope you’ll
Yuuri felt like he could finally breathe again as he knew that Victor was going to be okay.

Victor’s friends had talked to the teacher and told the truth, and they told Victor that the teacher would talk to the principal to see about getting Artur expelled.

One thing was for sure.

They couldn’t allow them to be in the same class after today.

For that, Yuuri was grateful.

It was almost 2:00am and Yuuri was starting to feel a little bit tired, but he couldn’t go to sleep before Victor was safe at home with his parents.

He needed someone to watch out for his mate if he himself was asleep.

Otherwise he wouldn’t be able to rest well with all the worry.

He was still scared over how close Victor had gotten to kill someone. Even if it was an asshole like Artur, he still didn’t want his wonderful, kind-hearted Victor to do something so horrible.

No matter what Victor was claiming, he knew that it would take a toll on him, and he never wanted his mate to have to deal with that.

Yuuri looked at the date on his computer while also browsing the web for plane tickets.

He really wanted to be there for Victor, but the earliest flight went from Tokyo the day after tomorrow, and then after almost ten hours of flying it would be time for Victor to go to Japan, and it would just be an unnecessary waste of money.

It was money that he could spend on a gift to Victor instead.

He had almost never given Victor a spontaneous gift.

Now was a good time to start.

Victor practically melted into his mother’s embrace as he arrived to the Nikiforov mansion.

“My, poor baby,” Victoria cooed as she hugged him close. “I’m sorry you had such a bad day, I hope that Artur gets what’s coming to him.”

Victor nodded against her shoulder in agreement. “It was scary.”

“I know, love,” Victoria agreed. “Let’s get you inside so you can rest, I’ll make you some tea.”

Victor smiled gratefully and allowed his mother to lead him inside, Makkachin close behind.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Victoria asked. “I’m sure your father can relate, he too has gone feral a few times in his youth.”

“I’d like that,” Victor admitted.
Victoria smiled warmly to him. “Do you have school tomorrow?” she asked in concern. “I think you should stay home for the day and relax.”

“I have school,” Victor said reluctantly. “I only have one more class tomorrow, and a test this Thursday. I need to go to the lecture, otherwise I won’t pass, and it’s a big part of my grade.”

“Oh okay,” Victoria said in understanding. “Let’s just get you rested up for today then.”

Victor nodded in agreement and allowed himself to get pampered by his mother.

Yuuri couldn’t help but feel his heart soar as Victor’s family took care of him.

Victoria wrapped Victor in blankets and Igor hugged him and reassured him that everything was going to be okay.

And the better Victor felt, the better Yuuri felt.

This day had been an emotional rollercoaster, and he couldn’t wait to put it behind.

He was glad to be back in his normal timezone where he was ahead of Victor, it meant that he could watch over his mate in the morning.

Just like he used to do when he was little.

It wasn’t as simple as being in the same time zone, but at least he didn’t have to wake up in the middle of the night.

Living in Detroit had really given him a newfound respect for Victor and his ability to live in a timezone that was several hours behind.

Sure, Victor claimed that he preferred it, as he could start everyday with wishing him a good morning instead of having to wait until Yuuri woke up.

But Yuuri didn’t feel the urge to wish Victor a good morning every morning since he was usually too tired.

He preferred to have more time with his mate.

Which is why he couldn’t wait until his mate came to Japan to him.

Then they would have the same time zone, and an infinite amount of quality time.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you're excited about summer! <3<3 I'm having fun writing it! <3<3 And I finally reached chapter 200! <3

So it's fun that we made it so far! <3 I'm proud of us! <3<3

Thank you so much for reading and supporting this story!! <3<3

<3<3<3<3 KUDOS!!! <3<3<3<3
Chapter 195

Chapter Summary

Victor talks to his parents and makes a decision to go to Japan earlier.

Chapter Notes

More fluff! <3 You can't escape it! Just give up and drop all your teeth! <3

I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I think the first time I went feral was when I was a teenager,” Igor admitted as the Nikiforov family was gathered in the living room, Makkachin snoozing in Victor’s lap. “Irina, your aunt, she had a fight with her boyfriend and he hurt her, I attacked due to a mixture of protectiveness and raging hormones. She’s my baby sister, and even though I know she’s fully capable of protecting herself, it was still something that triggered me, due to her being my family.”

Victor could understand that, he knew how protective Mari was of Yuuri. If Mari would catch someone hurting him, she would probably go feral too. He didn’t have any siblings himself, but he could see how the bond between siblings had to be incredibly strong. “What did Irina do?” he asked worriedly.

Igor smiled in amusement. “She, uhm… She tackled me to the ground and held me still until I calmed down…”

Victor laughed fondly. He knew Irina was a badass, and the idea of her wrestling her older brother to the ground was only more proof to that. “So he’s still living?”

Igor nodded. “Yeah, but he was probably scarred for life, even though we were all in the same school, he ran in the opposite direction as soon as he saw me in the corridors, and as soon as we graduated he moved away from Russia.”

“Well, I’m glad Irina didn’t get hurt,” Victor admitted.

“Trust me, if I hadn’t lost my temper, she would probably have kicked his ass herself,” Igor said. “Your aunt is a wildfire when she’s upset.”

Igor nodded in understanding, he had rarely seen his aunt upset, but the mere idea of it terrified him. Igor was by no means a small man, and the knowledge that she could take him down was almost unbelievable.

“And the second time I went feral was when your mother was pregnant with you,” Igor continued. “We were out shopping for baby stuff, and someone almost knocked her over in their urge to get to the register... He survived because your mother stepped in front of me and calmed me down. Having
a pregnant mate makes every threat more dangerous, and an alpha’s instincts are all heightened, it’s almost like being in rut.”

Victor suddenly felt a sudden wave of nervousness.

“You’ll see in the future,” Igor said gently. “It’s not exactly as bad, but it’s different… It changes everything, as an alpha there are few things that are more important than family, and there are few things that you wouldn’t do to protect it.”

“Those are the instances I’m glad to be a beta,” Victoria stated. “I may not have the charm of an alpha or the beauty of an omega, but it’s nice that I won’t have to deal with all those primal instincts.”

“You’re perfect,” Igor reassured his wife. “You have more charm and beauty than anyone in this world.”


“And it only serves to make you all the more beautiful,” Igor declared.

Victor rolled his eyes at his parent’s silliness.

They were truly hopeless.

Luckily Yuuri and him weren’t that bad…

They could stay cool.

~I’m going to bed now~ Yuuri admitted, making Victor smile. ~I love you~

Victor felt his heart soar and he suddenly wished that he could go to sleep right next to his mate.

He was really craving a hug from him right now.

“What time is it in Japan now?” Victoria suddenly asked, bringing Victor out of his longing for Yuuri. “I noticed that he’s talking to you.”

“Oh, sometime after 2:00am,” Victor said. “Yuuri just told me that he’s going to sleep.”

“He’s such a night-owl,” Igor said fondly.

Victor couldn’t disagree with that. “Well, it works great now when he’s in Japan,” he stated. “It gives us more time together.”

“That’s lovely, dear,” Victoria said. “I’m sure it will even out when you finally move in together though… Me and your father always fall asleep at the same time, and then we meet in our dreams. I think it’s good for true mates to be together as much as possible. Our soul is complete that way.”

“How do you do it?” Victor asked. “I want to see Yuuri in my dreams.”

“Well, just as any ability between true mates, it sort of just happens when it’s supposed to happen,” Victoria explained. “And I think you need to sleep at the same time for a long time. Eventually, your souls will reach for each other in your sleep, and like that you can meet.”

“But you can still visit Yuuri when he sleeps,” Igor chimed in. “If you reach out to him while you’re awake, you can send pictures over to him, and they will affect his dreams.”
“Oh, that’s right, honey,” Victoria lit up. “It won’t let you see his dreams though, for that to work you need to be together long enough to be able to read each other’s thoughts fully.”

Victor blinked. “Even the thoughts that aren’t spoken across the bond?”

Victoria smiled gently. “Me and your father have been bonded for almost forty years,” she pointed out. “We’re practically the same person, there are no secrets between us.”

“Not that we need any,” Igor agreed. “We’ve learned that everything is easier when we work together.”

Victor almost envied his parents. They were so in sync with each other. Years of being together had only served to strengthen their bond, and it almost seemed impossible for them to get sick of each other in any way.

He really couldn’t wait until both him and Yuuri were grown up and no longer had to face the difficulties of a long distance relationship.

Hopefully they would grow stronger as well.

Two days later, Yuuri spent most of his morning helping out at home. There were boxes that needed to be put into storage, and he saw it as a good alternative to going to the gym.

He also kept his senses open for Victor waking up.

It was the day of Victor’s test today, and Yuuri had to make sure that Artur was still out of school. He had even prepared an angry email in Russian to Victor’s principal in case he wasn’t.

He also wondered if he could move through Victor’s body and give Artur a slap with his regards.

If it wasn’t for the fact that it could get Victor into trouble, he might just kick his ass like that.

And if he knew how to do it, of course.

“Honey, as soon as you’re done with the flour, you can start with the potatoes,” Hiroko called.

“Okay, mom,” Yuuri called back. He managed to put three more bags of flour in the back of the storage when he suddenly felt Victor waking up.

~Good morning, beautiful~ Victor greeted sleepily. ~Are you having a good day so far?~

Yuuri smiled fondly at his mate’s concern as he reminded him that he only needed to go to sleep alone one more time before he would come to him.

~Or maybe I should skip the class tomorrow and come early?~ Victor suggested. ~Tomorrow is mostly about saying goodbye~

Yuuri couldn’t deny that it would be amazing to have Victor with him as soon as possible, but he also didn’t want Victor to miss out on saying goodbye to his friends.

~We’ll see each other this September~ Victor pointed out. ~It’s you that I haven’t seen in forever… I miss you~

Yuuri missed him too.
Of course he wanted to see Victor earlier if he wanted it too.

~It’s settled then~ Victor smiled ~I’ll fly out as soon as I’ve taken my test today and I’ll be in Japan by tomorrow~

Yuuri felt his heart flutter with excitement.

~I’ll meet you at the athe train station~ Yuuri declared. ~I can’t wait to see you~

Victor beamed with happiness as he jumped out of bed to get out his suitcase to pack the essentials.

He didn’t need much, most of the packing belonged to Makkachin, his beloved dog needed his food and all of his toys and bed and a few blankets that smelled like home.

Makkachin quirked his head in confusion to why his human was putting all of his belongings in bags, but he wagged his tail when Victor mentioned his best friends.

Vicchan and Yuuri.

Victor smiled fondly at his dog’s excitement. “We’ll leave as soon as I come home from school,” he promised him. “Papa will hurry.”

Makkachin wagged his tail as Victor took him out for his walk.

He pulled on his leash to where their car usually stood parked when they were going on an adventure, but quickly lost his enthusiasm when Victor took him on his walking route.

And as Victor got home, he kissed his dog goodbye before going to school.

Hopefully Artur was still gone.

Yuuri could almost do a quad axel out of joy when Victor told him that Artur had been expelled.

It also meant that there was enough proof to get a restraining order to the beta, which Yuuri strongly advised his mate to get.

He didn’t trust Artur at all, and having the law protect Victor was a dream come true.

He never wanted Victor to lose it like that again. His mate was so lost and scared afterwards, and it was so painful that he couldn’t be there to help him.

He was so grateful that Victor had his loving parents that were more than willing to look after him.

If Victor had been all alone, Yuuri would probably have bought a plane ticket, money be damned.

Yuuri almost dropped the bag of flour when he remembered it.

He had forgotten to get a gift for Victor, and his mate was coming early.

He quickly put the bag down before running out of the storage and almost knocking into his mother.

“Youuri?” Hiroko asked in concern.

“I’m sorry mom, I’ll help you later, I need to get a gift for Victor!” he called as he ran away.
“His birthday isn’t for months!” Hiroko called back.

Yuuri ran into his room to get his wallet and then he ran to the front door.

“I’m making up for the past.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter! <3 And don't put your toothbrush away, there's a lot of fluff to come XD <3<3

Thank you for reading!

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Victor couldn’t help but to feel calm wash over him as the plane took off.

Everything had been taken care of, and he would soon be able to hug his Yuuri.

Makkachin jumped up in the seat across from Victor and curled up into a ball.

Victor leaned back his chair and closed his eyes.

It was late in Japan, and Victor didn’t want to be too jetlagged. He wanted to soak up every single second with Yuuri.

Yuuri woke up the next morning and immediately got ready to pick Victor up from the train station.

It wasn’t very far, so he could go there alone without hearing anyone nag him about it.

One of the best things about being over eighteen.

Even though he wasn’t considered an adult in Japan, he technically lived in Detroit, which made him an adult on vacation.

Or he would claim so if anyone asked.

The walk to the train station felt long, especially in the heat. Yuuri worried a little over how Victor was managing.

His mate usually wasn’t very good at handling the heat.

~I’m fine~ Victor assured. ~I bought a fan at the airport~

Yuuri snorted in amusement at his mate’s statement, but he was glad that he was okay.
He finally arrived at the train station. There was still a couple of minutes left before Victor’s train would arrive, so he decided to sit down at a bench where he could wait, he took out his phone so he could catch up on what had happened on social media during the night.

“Excuse me?” someone suddenly asked, making Yuuri look up from his phone.

Yuuri wasn’t prepared to be approached, but he couldn’t help but to smile gently at the quivering teenage girl. “Yes?”

“Y- you’re Y-Yuuri…” she said nervously.

Yuuri nodded in confirmation.

Her face turned pink. “Oh, I… I just wanted to let you know that I love you,” she blurted out before covering her own mouth. “I’m sorry!” she squealed. “You’re just really beautiful, and I really love your perfume and I… I’m even wearing your T-shirt…” she gestured to herself as if Yuuri hadn’t recognized it right away. “Can I… Can I get a selfie?”

“Oh, of course,” Yuuri agreed. “What’s your name?”

“Niko,” the girl said as she took out her phone and swallowed nervously.

“Nice to meet you, Niko,” Yuuri said. “And please don’t be nervous… I… I’m not dangerous.”

“Oh, no! Please don’t think that’s what I thought,” Niko pleaded, shaking her hands in front of herself in panic. “I have just admired your skating for so long as well as the rest of your career, and even though we live in the same town, I never thought that I would ever get to meet you.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured her. “I’m just a bit nervous too,” he admitted sheepishly. “I haven’t really met that many actual fans.”

“I’m so honored to be the first,” Niko said as her face turned crimson.

Yuuri carefully moved aside on the bench so she could sit down next to him and take the picture of the two of them.

Niko was smiling from ear to ear as she finally had her picture, and Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel happy for her.

“Oh my god, you’re Yuuri Katsuki!” another teenage girl suddenly cried from across the train station. “Mama, look, that’s Yuuri!”

Yuuri shrank a little bit as many people turned in his direction, and all the sudden he had a full crowd surrounding him.

“Can I get a picture?” someone asked.

“Oh, sure,” Yuuri agreed

“Can I have an autograph?” someone else asked.

“Yeah, of course,” Yuuri agreed, doing his best to keep up with pens and cameras directed to him.

It went pretty well, all things considered.

But when he suddenly heard the breaks of the train, it was as if the rest of the world melted away.
“Are you okay?” someone asked.

“Yuuri?”

“I... I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized as he carefully squeezed through the crowd, most people stepped back to allow him to pass but there were a few that he had to gently push away to get past.

But that didn’t matter in the moment.

People were beginning to get off the train, but Yuuri only had eyes for one person.

And when he heard Makkachin’s familiar bark, he felt his heart soar.

That’s when Victor stepped off the train, looking like he stepped right out from a fashion magazine.

The way he always did.

Yuuri could feel Victor reaching out, he immediately reached back and their eyes met.

Victor’s smile was bright enough to cure the world of any illness and Yuuri felt as if he was literally floating towards his mate, when in reality he was running.

He crushed into Victor and Victor hugged him tightly.

“I’ve missed you,” Yuuri admitted as he nuzzled into Victor’s shoulder.

“I’ve missed you too,” Victor declared and pressed a soft kiss to the side of Yuuri’s head.

Neither of them let the other go, until Makkachin’s barks cut through their trance and the poodle was desperately trying to get Yuuri’s attention by jumping in place.

Yuuri pulled away from his mate and crouched down. “Hi, Makka, I missed you too,” Yuuri assured the poodle.

Makkachin proceeded with knocking Yuuri over before climbing up in his lap and trying to leave sloppy kisses on the omega’s face.

“Makka,” Victor scolded and held his dog back.

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured his mate with a smile, he pressed a final kiss to Makkachin’s head before getting back up to his feet. “Do you need me to help you carry anything?” he asked.

Victor looked around himself. “Uhm, you can take Makkachin’s suitcase, he’s not very good at carrying it himself.”

“Is he insulting your carrying techniques?” Yuuri asked the poodle.

Makkachin barked in agreement.

Yuuri looked to Victor teasingly as he took the suitcase with poodles on.

“I would do no such thing,” Victor protested. “I have simply failed to teach my son to carry his own luggage.”

“Well, pretty dogs like Makka shouldn’t need to carry their own stuff, isn’t that right, handsome?” Yuuri cooed to the dog. “No, you should have servants...”
Makkachin wagged his tail as his tongue rolled out, making it look like he was smiling.

“You’re spoiling him, love,” Victor told his mate with an amused smile. “You’ll give him hubris.”

Yuuri snorted. “You sound jealous,” he pointed out.

“What if I am?” Victor asked with a knowing smile. It wasn’t the case but he was still curious what Yuuri would say.

Yuuri responded by leaning up and capturing Victor’s lips with his own.

Victor almost melted at the gentleness of the kiss and he felt his heart flutter like a couple of butterfly wings.

“He simply takes after his owner,” Yuuri said as he pulled away. “Whom I love with all my heart.”

Chapter End Notes

They are back together! <3

I hope you liked this chapter! <3<3 Please leave me a comment to tell me what you thought! <3<3<3
Chapter 197

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri quickly fall in sync with each other as they get ready to enjoy their summer.

Chapter Notes

More fluff! <3<3 I'm not letting up! <3 This is your life now! XD <3<3
Also, I kind of turned it into a cooking show #NotSorry XD <3
Anyways, I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The tender moment between the true mates were suddenly interrupted when they both noticed that they had quite a big audience.

“Uhm, are they your fans or mine?” Victor asked in a hushed voice that sent a tingle down Yuuri’s spine.

“Maybe both?” Yuuri suggested. “They asked me for a few pictures and autographs before your train arrived.”

Victor beamed. “Hi, Yuuri’s fans!” he greeted loudly and waved his hand cheerfully. “Isn’t he amazing?” he asked as he gestured to Yuuri.

Yuuri blushed shyly at his mate’s declaration, but he wasn’t especially surprised. Victor loved his fans almost more than he loved his own. He claimed that he didn’t have as much in common with his own fans as he had with Yuuri’s.

Everyone nodded in agreement as they carefully approached the couple.

“You’re Victor Nikiforov,” a teenage boy said in awe. “Yuuri’s boyfriend.”

Victor smiled brightly. “I sure am,” he agreed. “Although soulmate or fiancé is a better term,” he waved his right hand to flash off his golden ring as proof.

A few of them gasped before all of them started talking at once, asking for pictures with the both of them and even Makkachin.

Since they were in no rush, they happily obliged, and didn’t leave the train station until everyone was happy.

And when it was finally just the two of them and Makkachin, they both visibly relaxed in each other’s company as they made their way back to Yu-Topia.
“I’m sure Vicchan will be overjoyed to see you two,” Yuuri said with a fond smile. “He missed you.”

“We’ve missed him too, right, Makka?” Victor asked his dog. “Didn’t you miss Vicchan a lot?”

Makkachin barked in agreement as he began to tug on his leash to move faster.

“That’s his way of saying yes,” Victor explained. “We better hurry before Makkachin rips my arm off.”

“Vicchan!” Yuuri called as they stepped inside Yu-Topia. “Look who’s here.”

The could hear the tapping sound from Vicchan’s claws as he hurried to the front door, and he froze as he noticed Makkachin.

Makkachin’s tail began to wag back and forth as he started to shake with excitement.

Victor quickly took off Makkachin’s leash as he took out his phone to save the moment forever with a video.

Makkachin and Vicchan stared at each other for several moments before Vicchan eventually yipped and rushed to Makkachin, he rounded him and jumped on Victor, then he jumped at Yuuri for good measure before jumping on Makkachin again and rushing away.

Makkachin happily bounced after the smaller dog.

“They’re too cute,” Yuuri cooed.

Victor couldn’t help but to agree. “They sure are.”

Yuuri smiled and took off his shoes before picking up Makkachin’s suitcase. “Where would Makkachin like to unpack?” he asked fondly.

“Hmm, we should probably keep most of the things in your room if that’s okay?” Victor said with a smile.

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed. “It’s a tradition.”

Yuuri sat down on his bed as his room was suddenly filled with Victor and Makkachin’s stuff. Even though there was less space to move, he really felt his heart soar after seeing Victor’s things surrounding him.

It almost felt like he was moving in, which he was, in a way…

“You seem happy,” Victor remarked as he looked to his smiling mate.

“I am,” Yuuri agreed. “How could I be anything but happy when you are here?”

“Youu,” Victor drawled. “You’re too cute and I’m so happy to be here.”

Yuuri laughed a little at that. “It almost feels like you’re moving in,” he pointed out. “It’s nice to see our things together.”

Victor looked around. “Hopefully we will have a bigger place when we do move in together,” he
said with amusement. “Otherwise we’d probably be stranded in a bed most of the time as the floor is covered with stuff.”

“I don’t really see a problem with that,” Yuuri mused. “There are worse things in life than being stranded in a bed with you.”

Victor blushed sweetly. “We should make a bucketlist of things to do when we live together,” he said. “And put ‘stranded in a bed’ at the very top.”

“That sounds like a lovely idea,” Yuuri agreed. “But it’s almost four more years before then, I’m sure we’re going to need a very long list.”

“We don’t need to have an actual list,” Victor assured. “Just as long as we remember all the things we want to do.”

Yuuri smiled. “I think we can do that,” he said. “Otherwise we would just have to come up with new things.”

“I’m sure we will do both.”

“Oh, I almost forgot, I have a gift for you,” Yuuri admitted.

“A gift?” Victor asked, his eyes sparkling in awe. “But it’s not a special occasion…”

“I know,” Yuuri admitted. “But I finally have more money to spend, I wanted to give you something special.”

“Really?” Victor asked excitedly. “Does that mean that I get to give you more gifts as well?”

Yuuri hesitated for a moment. “Yes,” he said carefully. “But don’t overdo it, I have a small dorm.”

“Of course,” Victor beamed.

Yuuri took out the gift from under his bed and handed it to Victor.

Victor had never been so excited to open a gift before. Or at least not to his recollection.

He opened it up and gasped. “Yuuri,” he drawled. Yuuri had gotten him a wrist watch made in gold. An expensive brand which Victor already owned three models of. “This is beautiful.”

“It’s set to Detroit’s timezone,” Yuuri explained. “When we were kids, you told me that you used to wear two wrist watches, one with my timezone and one with yours. Now you have one for my current time zone.”

Victor smiled fondly. “I can’t believe that you remember that…”

“I remember most things,” Yuuri assured. “And you don’t have to wear it now, you can just wear it when we’re apart again. It will spare you from doing math.”

Victor promptly put the watch on his wrist. “I will never take it off.”

Victor would never get over how much he adored Yuuri’s family.

After not having seen them for almost a year, he had almost forgotten how much love they showered him with.
He received hugs from all of them, even Mari, which he didn’t expect. He had always had a slight fear of her, since she had always been the older alpha and the main guard over his Yuuri.

But it finally felt like the title had shifted to him.

And he couldn’t be more grateful.

There was no greater honor than the honor to be seen as a protector over the sweetest human in the world, but he was also glad to know that Mari would always be there anyways.

Just as a precaution.

“Victor, would you like to help with dinner?” Hiroko asked.

Victor nodded excitedly. The idea of learning from Yuuri’s favorite cook was too amazing to refuse. “I’d love to.”

Hiroko beamed. “Yuuri, why don’t you teach Victor-chan to slice the salmon?”

Yuuri nodded and walked Victor over to the fish and handed his soulmate a couple of gloves. “Salmon have a very strong scent, so I usually wear gloves so I won’t have to smell like fish for the rest of the day.”

Victor was almost more excited to learn from Yuuri, and he took in his soulmate’s every word with all of his attention. “You’re so smart,” he praised him.

Yuuri blushed shyly. “It’s trial and error,” he assured. “Anyways, so the first thing we need to do is to cut the fish in half.” He stated. “Would you like to try?”

“Why don’t you show me first?” Victor asked suggestively. Unable to refuse an opportunity to see his soulmate show off his skills.

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed and took out the biggest knife Victor had ever seen.

Victor swallowed nervously.

“Are you okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly, immediately sensing his mate’s nervousness.

“Please be careful,” Victor pleaded. His dream had suddenly turned into a nightmare. “That’s a big knife…”

“Well, it’s easier with a big knife since it will be able to reach through the whole fish,” he explained. “Using a small knife could in this case be more dangerous, and the fish will probably be unevenly cut.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “Well, you know me… I would feel a lot safer if you used a butterknife.”

Yuuri snorted. “I’ll be fine, Vitya.”

Victor trusted that, and he wasn’t disappointed as Yuuri was so precise and careful, and the fish looked amazing as it was split in half.

“But now we have to get rid of the bones,” Yuuri said. “Salmon has very small bones so we’ll need pliers,” he stated and picked two out from under the counter. “And the key is to pull your fingers across the fillet and simply search them out. Then you pull the bone towards where the head used to
Victor nodded as he made an attempt to do just that. “Here’s one,” he said.

Yuuri nodded. “Exactly,” he agreed. “Try to pull it out.”

Victor did, and he couldn’t help but to feel surprised over how long it was. “Wow.”

“Good job,” Yuuri praised. “You’re a natural.”

“I have a wonderful teacher,” Victor claimed and pressed a kiss to the side of Yuuri’s head.

Yuuri smiled fondly and they continued to cook in a domestic bliss.

Victor did his best to memorise everything Yuuri and Hiroko told him, and by the end of it, he would have to admit that they were much better at explaining than the world’s most famous chefs.

He would know.

Then they ate and went to sleep together.

Finally content over being back together with a whole summer to enjoy.

Chapter End Notes

It's always so good to see them happy!! <3<TwT><3 It makes me happy! <3<3

I love them and they deserve all the summer lovin'! <3<3

There are lots of things planned! <3 And now you're only 3 chapters away from 200! <3 I really hope you'll like that one! <3 It's so cheesy and filled with so much fluff that I think I died from overdosing on it XD <3 Luckily, the story had to go on and chapter 201 & 202 are a little bit more "Back to normal" But I can feel the second wave of fluff™ Getting ready to attack! XD <3 So if this story stops updating, just assume that I died a very happy death, drowning in fluff XD <3<3 #Best Way to go

I love you! <3

Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS!!! <3<3<3
Chapter 198

Chapter Summary

Yuuri has a run in with the strange guest.

Chapter Notes

A little pinch of drama before the final fluff assault XD <3 Brace yourselves! XD <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The summer was relentless with its heat, even though it was still rain period, the humidity definitely did its part to keep everyone’s temperature as high as possible.

“Why is the ice castle closed?” Victor cried dramatically as he took off his shirt and hugged the cooled towel closely to his chest.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel bad for him. “Well, Yuuko’s parents are on vacation in China, and Yuuko and Takeshi are busy with the girls,” he said apologetically.

It was slightly above 40ºC, and it was taking a toll on everyone.

Several fans had been placed around in Yu-Topia in hopes of fending off the heat, but most of them had been occupied by guests.

Victor sighed and took out his phone and stared at it accusingly. “The heat will last for three more weeks,” he pouted.

“Well, we could always go to Russia,” Yuuri suggested. “But it feels like an unnecessary journey.”

“Can I buy something?” Victor asked hesitantly.

“Like… shopping?” Yuuri asked.

“Kind of,” Victor agreed. “There’s this firm nearby that can install a full air condition system in the house. All of Yu-Topia could be cooled down.”

“Oh, well, uhm, I think you need to ask my parents about that,” Yuuri said. “They are the ones that will need to maintain it.”

“Mrs. Katsuki!” Victor called as he got to his feet and rushed away with his phone high in the air.

Yuuri would have followed him if he wasn’t too tired from the heat.

He settled with fanning himself lazily.

Victor would come back eventually.
“I was right,” someone suddenly spoke behind him, making Yuuri flinch.

Yuuri turned around and noticed that it was the guest he had seen almost a week ago.

“You do have a wonderful scent,” the man finished with a smile.

Yuuri moved away slightly as he put the fan away. “Sorry,” he apologized. “I didn’t know anyone else was in here.”

“I just came in,” the man said as he sat down next to him.

Yuuri moved away further.

“I’m Touma,” the man said. “I’m a big fan of your work… Yuuri.”

“Oh, I- uhm, thanks,” Yuuri said lamely, moving even further away as he felt the man’s strong alpha scent.

“Why are you moving away?” Touma asked. “Am I making you uncomfortable?”

Yuuri gathered his courage. “Yes,” he said honestly. “I would really appreciate if you moved back a little.”

“Are you scared of upsetting that pretty boyfriend of yours?” Touma asked teasingly, moving closer. “Maybe he should learn how to share…”

“Victor!” Yuuri called loudly and got up to his feet. “Stay away from me,” he ordered the man before moving towards the kitchen only to almost knock into Victor.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked worriedly as he assessed the omega. “Are you hurt?”

Yuuri felt as if his voice got caught in his throat.

He had no idea how to explain this to Victor so he simply shook his head and turned to the man that was shamelessly sitting where Yuuri used to.

“Did he bother you?” Victor questioned and sent an accusing glare to the man.

~Stay calm~ Yuuri pleaded across the bond. ~But he’s the same man I ran into a week ago… I had no idea that he was still here~

Victor tensed. ~What did he say to you?~

Yuuri knew that he couldn’t tell Victor the truth, he would only end up in a fight if he did.

“What did you say to him?” Victor asked the man instead, knowing that Yuuri wouldn’t say anything that would upset him.

Yuuri’s eyes widened as he carefully stepped in front of Victor to keep him from charging forward, just in case the man chose his words poorly.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” the man apologized. “I just told Yuuri that I’m a big fan of his. I didn’t know that he would get uncomfortable… Maybe it’s my age?”

Victor narrowed his gaze.
He didn’t trust him. Yuuri would never call for him unless he was worried or scared.

That man had done something.

“You need to leave Yu-Topia,” Victor declared. “I don’t want you close to my mate.”

“I’m a paying guest,” the man pointed out. “And I don’t think that you have the authority to kick me out.”

“I- I do,” Yuuri chimed in. “Please leave.”

The man snorted. “Cute.”

“You heard my brother,” Mari said as she entered the common room, having followed Victor. “Leave our home.”

The man scowled. “This is outrageous,” he claimed. “I demand to speak to the owner.”

Mari sighed. “Victor, watch him,” she ordered before walking back toward the kitchen. “Dad!”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand as he stared the strange man down. ~Please tell me what he told you?~ he asked his soulmate.

Yuuri felt his resolve crumble, but he still stood by his instincts to keep quiet.

For Victor’s safety.

Victor couldn’t help but to think that Yuuri was scared for him.

Yuuri had been so scared and worried when he had attacked Artur, and he was probably thinking that it could happen again from every little thing.

~Did he threaten to kill you?~ Victor asked.

~No~ Yuuri replied honestly, suddenly feeling like he might be taking this too far.

Maybe he had overreacted?

“This is ridiculous,” the man huffed in annoyance. “I haven’t done anything wrong.”

Yuuri got a bad feeling.

All the man did was moving closer and making a weird suggestion.

Yuuri could have just said no.

No one forced him to get his whole family and Victor involved.

~I… I think I might have overreacted~ Yuuri admitted. ~Maybe he didn’t do anything wrong…~

~If he didn’t do anything wrong, you would have told me what he did~ Victor pointed out. ~And you wouldn’t have gotten scared unless he did or said something something stupid~

Yuuri did some mental math. He didn’t get his heat for another two months, so it wasn’t pre-heat. But there could have been something else.

Maybe it was his anxiety. Anna had told him that it could show itself in weird shapes. But she also
told him to trust his instincts, and his instincts told him that the man could be capable of hurting him.

He did ignore a direct request from him, even though he knew that he made him uncomfortable.

Victor brought him out of his thoughts when he gently kissed his hand. ~Don’t overthink it, love~ he pleaded. ~If he made you uncomfortable you have every right to ask him to leave your home~

Yuuri felt his heart melt slightly at Victor’s sweetness, and he knew that he was right.

He wouldn’t allow his omega-conscience to put him, Victor and his entire family in danger.

Getting a potential threat to go away was the best solution.

“Is something wrong?” Toshiya asked as he entered the common room with Mari on his heels.

The man stood up. “These children wants me kicked out for absolutely no reason,” he claimed. “As a paying guest I have a right to be in the common room without risking getting thrown out for scaring someone.”

Toshiya looked to Yuuri. “Is that what happened?” he asked his son.

“He, uhm… He moved closer to me even when I asked him to stay back…” Yuuri admitted.

“I’m sorry, my hearing is not what it used to be,” the man claimed. “There’s a chance I misheard you.”

Toshiya crossed his arms. “I’m sorry sir, but my children are my first priority. And if you scared one of them, I have no choice but to ask you to leave.”

The man stood at his full height. “This is ridiculous, you can’t throw me out with no evidence!” he claimed. “I’m not an enemy you would want to make, Mr. Katsuki.”

“I’m sorry you feel that way,” Toshiya apologized. “But my son has been hurt enough in his life. I’m not willing to put him through more, due to my poor judgment. So I will politely ask you to leave one more time before I call the police.”

The man scoffed, but he seemed to give up. “This isn’t over,” he said before storming to his room to gather his belongings.

“Are you okay, Yuuri?” Toshiya asked.

Yuuri nodded. “Thank you for believing me.”

Toshiya smiled gently. “You have never given me a reason not to,” he stated as he walked up to Yuuri and carefully squeezed his arm. “And I would never want to see you get hurt.”

Yuuri felt warmth spread in his chest at his father’s words.

Toshiya ruffled his hair fondly before walking over to Mari and doing the same to her. “Mari, doll? Make sure that the man leaves,” he asked her. “And don’t tell him where the guest umbrellas are.”

Mari smiled at that. “You got it, dad,” she said happily. “Whatever you say.”

Toshiya nodded in approval. “And Victor, I think that the air condition is a wonderful idea… It is quite warm in here,” he admitted. “If you do find a good deal, please let me know.”
“Of course,” Victor assured. “I’ll find the perfect contractor.”

Toshiya smiled fondly before he left to take care of his work. “Take care, kids.”

“I’m just going to make sure the creepy guest doesn’t steal any towels,” Mari announced. “You two can continue with what you were doing.”

“Or… Maybe we should take our dogs for a walk?” Yuuri suggested, feeling like he needed some fresh air.

“Yuuri, it’s pouring down outside,” Victor pointed out.

“It’s just raining,” Yuuri said with a shrug. “Besides, I know where the good umbrellas are,” he said, smiling at Victor in a way that could melt the alpha’s heart.

Victor couldn’t resist that smile if so his life depended on it. “Okay, love,” he relented. “Let’s take a romantic walk in the rain…”

Chapter End Notes

I love it when everyone stands up for Yuuri! <3 And I’m so proud of him for allowing his common sense to win over his omega conscience! <3<3

But is it really over? Will anything ever be over? XD <3

Let me know about your favorite villains, and which one (Hypothetically) you would want to see return and what they would do! <3<3

#Curious! <3

I love you! <3 Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS! <3<3<3
Chapter 199

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri discusses their plans for the summer.

Chapter Notes

Smut warning!

I hope you like this chapter! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the summer moved along smoothly, and it didn’t take long before the summer carnival was back in Hasetsu.

“There are clowns there,” Victor pouted. “And last time we went, you got scarred for life…”

“They were teenagers having sex, it wasn’t a brutal murder,” Yuuri pointed out. “And I’m fine, besides, we’ve done the exact same position.”

Victor glanced to Yuuri’s bedroom door worriedly. “Aren’t you worried that Mari might hear us?” he asked in a hushed voice.

“She won’t,” Yuuri assured. “She sleeps with earphones and music whenever you’re here. I think she’s scared of hearing something she might regret.”

“Does she know…?” Victor asked worriedly.

“I’ve had three heats, I spent your rut with you… I’m pretty sure she knows…” Yuuri said in amusement. He couldn’t help but to find Victor utterly adorable as he worried about his older sister finding out that they were having sex.

“Right,” Victor agreed in recollection. “But she also knows that we haven’t… you know…”

“I think she would notice a baby bump,” Yuuri stated. “Why are you so worried about Mari all the sudden?” he asked, a hint of worry in his voice. “Did she say something to you?”

“No, of course not,” Victor assured. “She just scares me sometimes… I’m sure that if anyone would ever be able to kill me, it would probably be her.”

“She wouldn’t get far,” Yuuri claimed. “I would never let anything like that happen to you.”

Victor’s heart melted a little at that.

“Besides, I’m sure you could take her,” Yuuri admitted. “She’s mostly about the talk, you had actual training.”
Victor snorted. “If Mari would ever attack me, I’m sure that I would deserve it,” he claimed. “And if I ever hurt you, and she goes feral, I would gladly lie down my life at her feet.”

Yuuri frowned. “You would never hurt me,” he said as if it was a fact. “And nothing you would ever do to me would be worth paying for with your life.”

“I suppose we think different there,” Victor admitted.

“Victor,” Yuuri sighed, he needed to make him understand. “Fine, so if I ever hurt you, please kill me.”

“What?” Victor exclaimed. “Yuuri, no, that’s not the same…”

“It is to me,” Yuuri claimed. “We always say that our secondary genders don’t matter. We’re equals, or are those just empty words?”

“Of course not,” Victor reassured his mate. “But... You’re younger than me…”

Yuuri rolled his eyes. “Come on, we’re not bringing age into this,” he stated. “What’s next? Ethnicity? Height?”

“You,” Victor drawled. “Please don’t question my logic, because I don’t have any when it comes to you…”

“Then you can’t make statements like that,” Yuuri stated. “You can’t tell me that you deserve to die for hurting me, when you don’t believe that I deserve the same for hurting you.”

Victor was at a loss for words for several moments. “Fine…” he finally relented. “I won’t let Mari kill me.”

Yuuri took Victor’s hand and kissed the knuckles gently. “Thank you.”

Victor smiled at that. “How did you ever get so wise?” he asked in disbelief. “I can’t argue with you, you’re too smart…”

Yuuri snorted. “I’m just trying to think things through,” he admitted. “And I know that you would never stand for me saying the same thing…”

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized. “Sometimes I can be very selfish.”

“Your heart is always in the right place,” Yuuri assured. “But maybe we should stay away from scenarios involving our death?”

“I’d like that,” Victor agreed.

Yuuri smiled gently. “So... About the carnival…” he said in order to get to more fun topics. “Maybe I can pay all the clowns to leave the carnival early?”

“Oh no, you’re turning into me,” Victor said dramatically, amusement clear on his face.

“I don’t think clowns are nearly as expensive as all the things you’ve threaten to buy for me though,” Yuuri pointed out. “But I think that after having you in my life for almost nineteen years, I’m finally getting your personality traits.”

“We’re going to turn into my parents,” Victor said, laying back onto the bed, feigning exhaustion. “They are practically a blob of each other.”
Yuuri laughed warmly at that. “I wouldn’t mind being a blob with you.”

“I wouldn’t mind being a blob with you either,” Victor quickly assured. “But I hope that you won’t turn too much like me, I love you just the way you are.”

“I will always be me,” Yuuri promised. “But I’m not the same person I was when I was ten… I think changing is quite inevitable.”

“I know,” Victor agreed. “But I’m lucky, because you only grow better with the years.”

Yuuri blushed sweetly at the comment. “So do you,” he admitted. “I do miss the long hair though…” he said teasingly.

“But now it’s so much easier to flip it,” Victor said and threw his head back to get the bangs out of his face.

Yuuri gently pulled his fingers through Victor’s hair, marveling over how it was always so soft. “I suppose it’s quite lovely as it is now too…” he admitted. “If only it didn’t make you look so sexy…”

Now it was Victor’s time to blush.

“It almost makes it hard to control myself,” Yuuri continued, voice dropping a few octaves. “I just want to tug on it and hear you moan in pleasure…”

Without thinking it through, Victor sat up and tightly pressed his lips to Yuuri’s.

Yuuri melted into the kiss immediately as he allowed his hands to roam around in Victor’s hair, gently tangling in the silvery strands.

Victor pulled Yuuri back down on top of him and carefully shifted so they would both fit comfortably on the tiny mattress.

“Please fuck me,” Victor pleaded. “You can’t say things like that just to tease… I’m only human.”

Yuuri smiled and kissed Victor on the forehead. “Whatever you want, Vitya.” He proceeded with tugging on Victor’s shirt. “Do we have condoms and lube? I don’t want my mum to wash out cum from the sheets.”

“I have condoms somewhere in my bag,” Victor said vaguely. “They’re from last year though, I don’t know if they’ll be very safe…”

“Whatever you want, Vitya.” He proceeded with tugging on Victor’s shirt. “Do we have condoms and lube? I don’t want my mum to wash out cum from the sheets.”

“I have condoms somewhere in my bag,” Victor said vaguely. “They’re from last year though, I don’t know if they’ll be very safe…”

“Well, they’re better than nothing,” Yuuri stated.

They didn’t have to worry about Victor getting pregnant in case it ripped, and it was not as if they had any risks of spreading STDs. They only had sex with each other and they were both clean.

Yuuri gently pulled away from Victor and went to the bag. He knew which compartment they were in last summer, and he was pleased to see that they were still there, along with a half-full bottle of lube.

“Does lube go bad?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“I don’t think so?” Victor asked from the bed. “It should last for a few years…”

Yuuri brought up his phone and hoped that no one in his family would ever get the hands on his web history. “We’re good,” he assured once he found his answer.
He didn’t waste any more time before returning to Victor’s side.

Victor excitedly kicked off his pants and leaned back.

“Are you comfortable?” Yuuri asked gently.


Yuuri smiled and put the condom and the lube aside in favor of giving his mate a soft kiss. Victor’s whole body visibly relaxed at the kiss and he really couldn’t help but deepen it. The taste of Yuuri was too addictive to refuse.

“I love you,” Yuuri said as he pulled away. “With all my heart.”

“I love you just as much,” Victor assured.

Yuuri blushed slightly as he gently caressed Victor’s thigh, his fingers tracing the muscles. “Does this feel good?” he asked as he moved closer to the ass.

Victor nodded. “You would know if it didn’t,” he stated. “You’d feel it through the bond… Go with your instincts.”

“I really like verbal confirmations too though,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly.

“Well, in that case…” Victor said, leaning up to kiss Yuuri’s nose. “It feels very good.”

Yuuri beamed as his blush grew stronger, but he felt confident enough to carry on. “We’ve done this so many times… But for some reason it always feels like it did the first… I’m scared I’ll be too rough or too gentle…”

“You won’t,” Victor assured. “Or I’ll let you know.”

“Promise?”

Victor smiled. “I promise.”

Yuuri nodded, trusting his mate as he squirted out a good amount of lube in his hand, before smearing it up his fingers, making sure that they were thoroughly coated before carefully sliding in his index finger in Victor’s hole.

“Mmmh, feels wonderful,” Victor hummed in content, shifting slightly so Yuuri had better access and could reach deeper.

Yuuri slowly allowed Victor to get used to the sensation before adding another finger. “Still good?”

“Yeah,” Victor assured. “It feels so good when you move slowly…”

Yuuri slowed down his movements a little. “Like this?”

“Maybe a little faster?” Victor said thoughtfully.

Yuuri adjusted his pace.

“Perfect,” Victor sighed. Yuuri could tell that he was already leaking pre-cum.

“You’re doing great,” Yuuri told his mate. “Are you ready for a third finger?”
Victor nodded.

Yuuri added a third finger and carefully watched Victor’s response, happy to see that he was enjoying it.

“I’m ready for you now,” Victor declared and spread his legs even further apart.

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed and carefully pulled his fingers out and reached back for the condom and more lube.

He struggled for several moments to open the condom, since his fingers were still covered in lube.

“Let me help,” Victor then offered as he took the small package away from his mate and opened it with ease. “You can just hold the lube for a while.”

Yuuri blushed shyly as Victor pulled down his shorts for him, releasing his dick from its confinement before gently draping the condom on it, and then one on himself.

“There we go,” Victor said proudly. “Packaged and ready…”

Yuuri laughed at that. “You really know the best times to make jokes, don’t you?”

Victor smiled smugly. “I made you laugh.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly and gave Victor another kiss. “That you did,” he relented.

Victor leaned back down. “Now… Please make sweet love to me.”

Yuuri opened the lube on slippery fingers and smeared it over his hard cock before climbing over Victor, he held himself up on his arms as he kissed his mate with all the love he possessed.

Victor whined needily at the back of his throat as he allowed Yuuri to deepen the kiss, the kiss grew strong and passionate and slowly but surely, Yuuri reached down to guide his cock inside his mate.

Victor gasped at the sensation but got used to it quickly as Yuuri moved inside of him. He tried to keep himself quiet but as he got closer to his climax, he found it harder and harder.

And when Yuuri began to stroke his cock, Victor let out a loud moan that somehow transformed to a needy growl.

“Shh, Vitya,” Yuuri cooed as he picked up his pace. “You’re doing so good…”

Victor felt Yuuri’s eyes go straight to his soul. There was so much love and adoration in those eyes that he couldn’t hold back the tears as he finally came with a cry of pleasure.

Yuuri pulled out before his own climax to assess his mate. “Victor, are you okay?” he asked worriedly as he noticed that Victor was crying as he came.

“You’re too beautiful,” Victor said between pants of exhaustion. “I was overwhelmed.”

Yuuri’s face softened and he subconsciously reached to wipe the tear away, before remembering that his hands were still covered in lube. So instead, he took his softest blanket and gently wiped the tear away from Victor’s cheek.

Victor laughed wetly. “You’re too sweet,” he declared and lean in to steal another kiss from the omega. “Did you cum?”
Yuuri shook his head honestly. “It’s fine though,” he assured. “It won’t stay hard for too long…”

Victor looked to Yuuri pleadingly. “Can I…?”

Yuuri nodded before Victor even finished the question. “If you want to.”

“I do,” Victor stated and moved so they could switch positions, he then wrapped his hand around Yuuri’s cock and stroked it gently. “What kind of alpha would I be if I denied my precious omega an orgasm?”

Yuuri blushed sweetly. “I… I would be fine though,” he assured, but found it hard to say it confidently as Victor’s strokes made his entire body tingle.

“Fine is far from amazing,” Victor pointed out. “And I want you to feel amazing…”

Yuuri nodded in agreement, he couldn’t find the strength to argue as he was getting closer to his climax.

He came with a gasp that Victor captured with his lips. He then allowed Victor to gently trace his fingers across his body as he came down from the high.

He felt like an addict and sex was his drug.

“You know… After you’ve had an orgasm, you kind of glow a little brighter,” Victor suddenly said, breaking the silence. “You’re beautiful.”

Yuuri blushed.

“And the carnival could be fun,” Victor continued. “But let’s stay away from clowns, okay?”

Yuuri took a deep breath as a smile spread across his features. “Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for giving me your thoughts in the last chapter! <3 I really love to invite you in so you can have a chance to affect the story and what might happen <3<3 It's also very interesting to go back and know what you thought about the past! <3 What you thought worked and what didn't <3

But for some reason, there are always people who can't seem to stay constructive, and instead decides to go on a rampage... XD <3<3 Thank you to all of you that stood up for me, it's truly amazing to see how much you care about this story and how well you know these characters <3

I love you! <3

Thank you for reading! <3<3 Next chapter is a giant milestone! I mean... 200 chapters?!?!! :O <3

I don't think I'm able to stop writing this story... XD <3 So I guessing 300 is the next milestone! XD <3<3
Feel free to jump off this story anytime though! <3<3 We all know what happens to TV shows that airs for too long XD <3 A fanfiction is not that different XD <3 And I still don't have a ending in mind, so this can go on forever <3<3 Hopefully it won't drop too much in quality <3<3

I do have a question for you though, why are you still reading? What do you like about this story? <3 Please share your favorite memories and/or what you think about the story as it is now! <3<3

I'm very curious <3

Thank you for being amazing! <3

I see you tomorrow with chapter 200 <3<3
Chapter 200

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor enjoy the Japanese carnival in Hasetsu for the second time.

Chapter Notes

I'm not even going to apologize for the fluff in this chapter... XD <3

Rest in peace <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri would have felt bad that he used his omega status to ask the director of the carnival to give the clowns a day off, if it wasn’t for the fact that he was doing it for his mate.

Besides, he wrote the man a check that would cover the salaries for all the clowns so that no one would have to suffer.

The clowns got to enjoy the carnival without their heavy costumes giving them heat strokes.

Hasetsu was hot enough as it was, without throwing a thick costume into the mixture.

It was the beginning of July, and it was no longer raining, but the heat wasn’t going anywhere.

The sun was frying most of the things in its path, and Yuuri was constantly putting sunblock on his mate and reminding him to drink plenty of water.

Victor always took care of him during the cold winters in Russia. The least Yuuri could do was to give back during this brutal summer.

Victor would never protest about Yuuri wanting to smear him with stuff, having his mate’s hands on his body was always a treat, even if it wasn’t anything sexual about it.

It was just lovely and intimate, and Victor couldn’t get enough of it.

“So what would you like to do first?” Yuuri asked cheerfully as they arrived to the beach where the carnival was being held.

Lots of tents had been put up, and there were more people selling food this time around. The ferris wheel and the rollercoaster were still there though, just like they had been seven years ago.

There was also a lot of performers that were spread out across the carnival to display their different arts.

“I don’t know,” Victor admitted. “We can just walk around, see if anything catches our attention?”
Yuuri smiled. “That sounds like a great idea.”

And so they did, they held hands and strolled through the carnival with looks of awe as they took everything in.

It was early in the afternoon but they were both getting hungry from the constant scent of food and candy.

“Maybe we should get something to eat?” Victor suggested. “Something sweet for moi sladkiy?”

Yuuri blinked a few times before the correct translation fell into place, and it made him smile fondly. “Saying it in Russian doesn’t make it less cheesy,” he stated. “I would say it in Japanese, but you know the language too well…”

Victor smiled proudly. “You can just say it in English,” he pointed out.

What was the fun in that?

Yuuri suddenly remembered when he and Nathan went over and compared pet names in different languages, and he thought of a language that Victor didn’t know.

He knew his pronunciation would be terrible, but it was worth it just to throw Victor off.

“Something sweet for min söta?” Yuuri asked smugly.

Victor’s eyes widened. “What was that?” he asked.

Yuuri smiled proudly. “Swedish.”

“You know Swedish?” Victor asked in disbelief.

“Nathan is half-Swedish,” Yuuri reminded his mate. “He asked me if we use pet names in Japan, and I told him that we don’t use them as much as you do in Russia. Then we started going over Swedish pet names, and I just happen to remember that one.”

“I’m learning Swedish,” Victor declared.

“I only know maybe ten Swedish words,” Yuuri pointed out. “There’s no need for you to learn a whole language.”

Victor sighed in defeat. “Fine…” he relented. “But I still think that we should get something sweet…”

Yuuri snorted. “Whatever you want… Snygging….”

Victor gasped. “Yuuri….”

…………………………………………..

After getting sugar into their system, the enthusiasm for the carnival was a lot stronger in the both of them.

They laughed, they took pictures and they started playing a few of the rigged carnival games, believing they could cheat the system, when they suddenly started to get approached by fans.

They were all very pleasant, so neither Yuuri nor Victor had anything against spending time with them.
A few teenage boys even declared that they would win them something in the games. Victor and Yuuri cheered them on from the sidelines, and then tried to cheer them up as they cried from losing.

After a few selfies they cheered up and went on with the activities on the carnival.

Victor also decided to recreate the picture he took of Yuuri when he was eleven, getting him a cotton candy and asking him to pose.

The only difference was that Yuuri was a lot more comfortable in front of the camera, and Victor even got tears in his eyes from smiling so much.

Yuuri was too pretty.

And as night began to fall, the carnival got a whole new light to it. They had put lanterns and fairy lights all over, and it almost looked magical.

Both of them were snacking on some popcorn and contemplated whether or not to take another ride on the ferris wheel.

The day had been nothing but perfect, and Victor was glad that he had eventually agreed to go. Without any clowns carnivals were amazing.

It was also amazing to see Yuuri so happy.

Just as they thought that the night couldn’t get better, Yuuri caught sight of the claw machine.

He had been keeping a lookout for it most of the night, but it wasn’t until now that he finally saw it.

He quickly grabbed Victor’s wrist and pulled his mate with him.

“Pick out something you want,” Yuuri said excitedly.

“Wow!” Victor cheered as he looked to the machine in awe. “They don’t have a plushy katsudon anymore though…”

“Pick something else,” Yuuri encouraged.

Victor smiled. “What about you jumping in there?” he suggested. “Then I would get everything my heart desires…”

Yuuri’s heart melted at the cheesy declaration. “Vitya, even if I would fit, it would defeat the purpose of me winning you something.”

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “If you get to win me something, I get to win you something, deal?” he bargained.

“But you’ve already won my heart,” Yuuri retorted. “What else could you possibly win?”

Victor clenched his chest and mumbled something incomprehensible in Russian. “Too cute,” he finished.

“But you’ve got a deal,” Yuuri relented as he turned back to the machine. “So what do you want?”

Victor looked at the list of prizes. “Hmm, oh! That one!” he exclaimed and pointed.

Yuuri looked inside the machine to make sure that he could fulfill Victor’s wish.
He could.

He put in a coin and focused on steering the claw.

Victor looked between Yuuri and the machine in awe, his heart filled with excitement.

Yuuri focused deeply on how to measure the distance, feeling slightly worried that he may have lost his touch. He hadn’t played a game like this since he had his gameboy.

But once he believed that the claw was in the right position, he pressed the red button and said a silent prayer.

It would be very embarrassing if he failed after making such a big deal about this.

“Did you do it?” Victor asked with an excited smile.

Yuuri didn’t want to answer as the claw disappeared among the toys and grabbed the soft, red heart pillow.

And picked it up.

He did it.

Yuuri held his breath as the heart traveled over the other toys below, and finally fell into the hatch where it could be fetched.

Victor practically jumped in place as Yuuri took it out.

“Victor Nikiforov,” Yuuri said dramatically, holding the heart out. “I hereby officially give you my heart.”

Victor blushed as he accepted it with a smile. “I’ll take good care of it,” he promised and hugged it close.

Yuuri didn’t have a single doubt in his mind. “I know you will.”

Victor beamed. “I wish I could give you my heart too…”

“I already have it,” Yuuri teased. “I took it when I was born and I’m not giving it back.”

Victor gasped, feigning surprise. “I knew it!”

Yuuri smiled. “Do you want it back?”

Victor shook his head fondly. “Never,” he stated. “I would much rather keep yours. It’s a fair trade.”

“It is,” Yuuri agreed. “And it’s yours for as long as you want it.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand and kissed his knuckles. “You will never get it back.”

Yuuri and Victor made their way away from the carnival as people became a little too happy around them, alcohol being served generously at different stands.

They calmly walked around Hasetsu, making their way to the castle just as they enjoyed each other’s company.
They had such a wonderful day, and they were happy to soak it all in.

They knew that life wouldn’t always be this simple, that they wouldn’t always be this happy.

Life had its up and downs, but that made moments like this all the more beautiful.

They still had their whole life ahead of them, and so much more to get through and so much more to experience.

But for now, this was enough.

“Victor, look,” Yuuri said and tugged on Victor’s hand to get his attention.

In the distance, millions of colors burst through the sky.

“Fireworks,” Victor said with a fond smile. They had the perfect view from Hasetsu castle, and they could see how the fireworks reflected into the lake.

Yuuri moved closer to Victor and gently leaned his head against the alpha’s shoulder. “This is perfect,” he stated. “Victor?”

“Yes, Yuuri?” Victor asked with a smile.

“Will you marry me?”

Victor gasped. “Yuuri?”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “I don’t have a ring, and we probably won’t get married for a while, but… I don’t want you to be my boyfriend anymore,” he admitted. “I want to at least be your fiancé.”

Victor felt his heart flutter. “Really?”

“Really,” Yuuri reassured. “And I won’t apologize for springing this on you, I know you love surprises.”

“That I do,” Victor said, his eyes sparkling with happiness. “And of course I want to marry you, how could I possibly say no?”

“So you’ll be my fiancé?” Yuuri asked.

“Yes, Yuuri,” Victor declared. “And one day, I’ll be your husband.”

Yuuri smiled and leaned up to capture Victor’s lips with his own. “I can’t wait for that day,” he said as he pulled away. “It will be magical.”


Yuuri blinked. “Why?”

Victor smiled. “We need to do this right.”

Yuuri wasn’t sure what he meant by that, but he took off his ring and gave it to Victor.

Victor beamed as he got down on one knee, making the younger man blush deeply. “Yuuri Katsuki…”

“Wait, no! I already proposed,” Yuuri exclaimed.
“And now it’s my turn,” Victor quipped. “Yuuri Katsuki, will you marry me?”

Yuuri nodded as he reached out his hand to Victor so he could get his ring back, he felt strangely naked without it. “Of course I will,” he admitted as Victor gently draped the ring on his finger before pressing a soft kiss to it. “Otherwise I never would have asked.”

“You didn’t get down on one knee,” Victor pointed out.

Yuuri sighed in amusement and went down on one knee. “Then please give me your ring so I can do it right?”

Victor smiled as he took of his ring and gave it to Yuuri. As Yuuri saw it’s condition, he realized that it might have been resized one too many times, it was so slim that it was barely holding together. “We should probably get new rings…” he said thoughtfully. “This has almost been stretched to its limit.

Victor cleared his throat. “You had a question first?”

“Oh, right,” Yuuri agreed as he took Victor’s right hand. “Victor Nikiforov, will you marry me?”

Victor nodded excitedly. “Of course I want to marry you,” he stated. “It’s been my dream for years.”

Yuuri leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to Victor’s lips. “I’m happy that I’m able to make that dream come true.”

“You make all of my dreams come true,” Victor declared. “One by one.”

Yuuri smiled as he gently draped Victor’s ring onto his finger. “So do you,” he assured. “You are my dream.”

Victor felt his heart melt. “I love you, Yuuri,” he admitted as he tucked a few loose strands of Yuuri’s hair behind his ear. “My beautiful fiancé.”

Yuuri blushed sweetly. “I love you too,” he admitted. “And I can’t wait to call you my husband… However long it might take.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I think I might be taking a little break from AO3 until I've stocked up on chapters again! (^w^) <3 I only have 3 or 4 chapters left, and I would rather want to leave you on this happy note rather than a cliffhanger! <3<3

But we made it to 200 chapters! <3<3

I'm so proud of all of you for reading so far! <3<3 And I'm so glad that the majority of you enjoy this story! <3<3

Don't forget to follow me on Tumblr to keep up to date with bonus chapters and updates etc! <3

I'll see you when I see you! <3<3
EDIT: This story is not ending! I just have a lot to do in school right now so I have to set the story on the side for a bit XD <3

Love you! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 201

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor make their way to Russia so they can attend a wedding.

Chapter Notes

I survived my assignment! <3<3 I will soon have to start my next one, but I do have a bit of time to write, so hopefully you'll like this new part! <3

Chapter 201! <3 Over halfway to 400 and 20.1% to 1000! <3 Let's see how far we can go! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The time had come for Yuuri and Victor to go to Russia. Yuuri didn’t have his heat for another three weeks, but before then, they had a wedding to attend.

Irina and Alisa were getting married, and both Yuuri and Victor had been invited.

Both Makkachin and Vicchan would come with them, and they were both asleep across from Victor and Yuuri on the airplane, crowding each other in the same chair.

Yuuri was really enjoying being alone with Victor again.

He loved his family, but after almost two months with them, he was ready to be apart from them again.

It was like the longer he was there, the more they were going back into their old routines, and Yuuri was feeling more and more like a child.

“What are you thinking about?” Victor suddenly asked, probably hearing Yuuri’s loud thinking.

Yuuri sighed in content. "I…. I guess I’m just happy about going to Russia with you. Being home got a bit much…”

Victor could understand that. “Yeah, being around family is like that after a while.”

“It’s weird, because I never get sick of you,” Yuuri admitted. “I can be with you in a single room, days on end, around the clock, and I never feel like I want to get away. I spend two months with my family and I’m practically climbing the walls.”

Victor had noticed. The past few days Yuuri had practically begged him to go out somewhere whenever they could. They didn’t even do anything special, they mostly walked around, or went to places to sit down and talk about anything.
“Well, I’m your true mate,” Victor pointed out. “Being sick of me is like being sick with yourself.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “It would be strange if I ever got sick of being complete.”

Victor smiled fondly. “But please tell me if I ever become too much though,” he pleaded. “I’d rather you tell me, so I can give you space, rather than you trying to escape.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised. “But I don’t think it will be a problem because…” he trailed off for a moment, finding the right words. “Because you don’t treat me like a child anymore. You never tell me what to do or not to do, you’re always supportive when I want to do things… You always support me, not matter what.”

“You your family supports you too,” Victor pointed out.

“I know,” Yuuri sighed. “But not in the same way… I just feel like… It’s stupid, but it feels like they treat me like a child and you like my body guard rather than my mate. I know they love you, but they keep sending you after me or ask you to calm me down whenever I’m upset with them… It annoys me. It shouldn’t be your job. I don’t want them to use you to keep me pliant.”

“That’s not what they do,” Victor assured. “I think that you’ve grown a lot in Detroit… You grew up away from them, and they haven’t seen the transformation in you, and I think they are confused with how to deal with it. They ask me to mediate between you because I know how to do it. I would never stand for them trying to control you, they are just trying to understand you.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “Yeah, I… I guess you’re right,” he agreed. “I just wish they would talk to me instead of you. I’m trying to tell them what I’m feeling and what I want, and instead of hearing me out, they disregard me and turn to you. Like I’m somehow crazy for wanting to go outside to get you a surprise…”

Victor smiled fondly. “I know you had nothing but the sweetest of intentions, but I had to agree with them then. It wouldn’t have been smart for you to go out after dark just to get us condoms and chocolate.”

Yuuri sighed. “It still doesn’t make it fair… You would have been able to go out.”

“I know,” Victor said apologetically. “And I know that it’s not fair, but they are only trying to protect you. I didn’t like you going outside alone either. Especially not after dark.”

“I know, but at least you tell me,” Yuuri pointed out. “You don’t turn to any of them and tell them to ‘talk some sense into me’ when I’m standing right there.”

“They did apologize,” Victor said.

“Yes, but then they did the same thing a few days later,” Yuuri claimed. “I don’t know… I think we chose the right time to go back to Russia before an actual fight broke out.”

Victor was grateful for that too.

He wasn’t sure what to do if Yuuri had started fighting with his family with him in the middle.

He would always be on Yuuri’s side, but he still couldn’t bear to be rude to Yuuri’s family. They were always so sweet to him, and he loved them all very much.

His only option would probably be to take Yuuri away.
Kind of like he did now.

“I’m glad you never did fight with them,” Victor admitted. “I wouldn’t know how to act if you did.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I’m just frustrated… I guess…”

“It’s fine,” Victor assured. “You have a right to be frustrated, it’s not fair to you. You just want to be treated like everyone else, but everyone loves you too much to treat you normally… Me included.”

“I know,” Yuuri sighed. “And I appreciate how much you all love me, but being coddled is one of the worst things I know… Not only because it makes me feel like no one trusts me, but it also makes me trust the world less. Whenever I do go out alone, I keep hearing everyone’s voices in my head, and it makes me paranoid. I flinch whenever someone walks too close and I’m terrified that something will happen to me because that would prove everyone right.”

“Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “I… I wish that you wouldn’t have to feel like that,” he admitted. “And I wish that I could change the world and make sure that everyone is good, but I can’t.”

“But the majority of the world is good,” Yuuri claimed. “Not everyone is out to hurt me or kill me. Most of them are actually willing to help me and protect me. Building up the world to be so unfairly dangerous is wrong.”

Victor felt his heart twist slightly. “But all it takes is one bad person for me to lose you,” he stated. “And after what Artur told me… I… I’m just scared he wasn’t lying.”

“But keeping me locked inside and isolated from the world isn’t the answer either,” Yuuri pointed out. “If he was serious about having me killed, staying inside wouldn’t have helped. The only way to keep me completely safe would be to place me into an underground bunker. And that isn’t a life I want to have.”

“I know,” Victor agreed. “I don’t want that for you either, but I don’t want you to take unnecessary risks. There has to be something in between.”

“I don’t want to take risks, I just want to live normally,” Yuuri admitted. “I want to be able to go outside without fearing someone will get their hands on me or kill me. I want to be able to travel to you, to Hasetsu, back to Detroit whenever I want. I don’t want to be escorted everywhere… I just… I just don’t want to live in fear…”

Victor could see how much this was tearing on Yuuri, he didn’t deserve what everyone else had been doing to him, and the freedom that he had lost.

He was right about the majority of the people in the world being good, but Yuuri has had so many evil people coming after him in his life, and he wasn’t the only one being paranoid.

Victor was always paranoid for him.

Whenever Yuuri walked out of his sight, Victor always tuned into their bond, almost being on the edge in fear that Yuuri would suddenly reach out to him in panic.

But Yuuri was right. No matter how worried he was about him, he had no right to take away his freedom only to feel better.

It wasn’t right.

“Okay,” Victor agreed. “When we get to Russia, you can go or do whatever you want,” he
promised. “And you can do the same in Detroit... All I’m asking you is that you will be careful.”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Victor nodded. “You’re my fiancé, and I don’t want you to feel trapped,” he admitted. “And I trust you, I don’t want you to ever think that I don’t... You’re the love of my life and I want you to be happy. And if freedom makes you happy, then that’s what you will have.”

Yuuri took Victor’s hand and squeezed it gently. “Thank you,” he said gratefully. “I... I won’t make you regret it.”

“It feels strange,” Victor admitted. “You thanking me for giving you something that should be taken for granted. I shouldn’t be the one to decide whether or not you should be allowed to be free.”

“Well, technically you don’t...” Yuuri pointed out. “If I really wanted to, I could go against you and my family to do whatever I wanted. I could call OPS and report you for taking away my freedom, and go out late at night to sketchy bars and weird parties, but... But I don’t want to do that... I want you to support me, I don’t want to report anyone, especially not you or my family, who’s helped me so much through my life... Not to mention that the guilt would eat me alive if something happened to me and I was on bad terms with everyone I love.”

Victor moved impossibly closer to Yuuri, he really couldn’t bear it if anything did happen to his mate and he would be all alone.

Having a good and safe agreement made him feel a lot better. He would rather have Yuuri tell him where he went, than having him sneak away and get hurt.

“Either way, I still want you to be safe,” Victor stated. “And you know that with freedom, comes responsibility. If you want to go anywhere, anytime, I really want you to tell me where and when. Because if something does happen, I want to know everything so I can help.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised. “I won’t be careless, I will stay in public places and I will do everything I can to stay safe.”

“Good,” Victor said in relief. “I believe you.”

Victor saw how almost all the tension left Yuuri’s body.

“Thank you for hearing me out,” Yuuri said gratefully. “And for understanding.”

“I’m your soulmate, Yuuri,” Victor reminded him. “There will never be anything that you won’t be able to tell me. Whatever you need, I will do whatever I can to make sure that you get it.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. ~That’s why I love you~

Victor smiled back. ~I love you too~

Yuuri’s smile faltered slightly. ~Did he hear that?~

“Yuuri?” Victor asked worriedly. “Are you not using the bond?”

~No~ “No,” Yuuri replied.

Victor blinked a few times.

~What is he thinking? Can he hear my thoughts? Is this normal? Is this a new thing with our bond?
Why is he looking at me like that? What am I thinking, please stop thinking… This is not good, this is really not good…

“Yuuri, no, please, it’s okay… I… I think I can hear your thoughts,” Victor admitted.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. ~Can I turn it off? He will only get worried if he hears what I’m thinking, my brain is so stupid. Victor doesn’t need that burden. I need to stop thinking, or think about something else. Something normal, or maybe sing a song…~

~Wow… It definitely isn’t quiet in there…~

Yuuri felt the words like a dagger in his heart. ~No, I… Victor is going to know how broken I am now. He’ll be so worried or so annoyed. Poor Victor, I wish I can change my brain, it really isn’t a good thing. This is terrible. Of course it’s not quiet. My brain is a mess, and now Victor will see, what if he stops loving me?~

~That will never happen~

Yuuri’s mind suddenly went quiet as he took Victor’s thought in.

“I love you,” Victor reassured him. “Every part about you, even your brain. That will never change.”

Yuuri took a deep breath, closing his eyes.

Victor frowned thoughtfully. He couldn’t hear Yuuri anymore.

Yuuri looked at him. “Can you hear me now?”

Victor listened for a moment before shaking his head.

“Thank god,” Yuuri breathed in relief. “I think our bond went too deep…”

“Why did you stop it?” Victor asked. “How did you stop it?”

“I…” Yuuri said, suddenly looking apologetic. “I pushed you out of my mind like I do with other thoughts I don’t want…”

“But… It was an ability,” Victor argued. “It was supposed to bring us closer.”

“I’m not ready for that,” Yuuri admitted. “I… I need to handle myself first. I… I can’t let you go into my unfinished project. I’m working on my mind… I… I don’t want you that close to it before I’m happy with it myself.”

Victor felt his heart break a little, but he could see where Yuuri was coming from. If he wasn’t ready, he wasn’t ready. “I’m sorry if I pushed too hard.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “I… I can let you back in when I feel ready,” he bargained. “Just… Not now.”

“Do you know how?” Victor asked. “Can you still hear me?”

“It’s like a door,” Yuuri admitted. “And no, I can’t hear you anymore… I’ll keep the door closed for now.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “Okay,” he agreed. “But please know that I wouldn’t be bothered by it. I would only be happy about being able to help you more.”
“I know that’s what you think,” Yuuri admitted. “But my brain is something that I really don’t like about myself, and I don’t want you to see it. At least not now. I love you for wanting to help, but this is something I need to do on my own.”

“I understand,” Victor assured. “And I’ll be here whenever you’re ready. I won’t judge.”

Yuuri had a hard time believing that, considering that judging his thoughts was the first thing Victor did. He probably didn’t mean it, but it still hurt.

“If you don’t believe me you can read my mind,” Victor declared, he could tell that Yuuri was hesitant.

Yuuri shook his head. “I’ll take your word for it,” he declared. “You can’t lie to me, right?”

“Right,” Victor agreed, he could still feel like there was some kind of doubt in his mate, but that Yuuri didn’t want to talk about. He wouldn’t push, but he wouldn’t give up either.

He would prove himself worthy of Yuuri’s trust.

Chapter End Notes

A new bond skill that got a bit much for poor Yuuri! <3 Let's hope they'll figure it out! <3<3

I hope you'll follow this story along, even as we go past chapter 200! <3

They still have a long way to go, and I will probably not stop until they're at the retirementhome XD <3

So whatever you feel is a "The end" for you, you're welcome to leave at that point <3<3

Thank you so much for reading! <3<3

KUDOS! <3<3
Chapter 202

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor arrive at Victor's apartment in Saint Petersburg, and talk about their new ability.

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this update! <3

Not sure if I should warn for cliffhanger or not XD <3 I don't think it's a cliffhanger, but I know some of you are very sensitive about it, so I suppose you can take the warning then XD <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Do you recognize where you are?” Yuuri asked Vicchan as they stepped inside Victor’s apartment.

Vicchan wiggled in his grip, excited to run across the floor and play with Makkachin who bounced happily below them.

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed and placed his fluffy friend down on the floor.

Vicchan proceeded with rushing across the floor and into their bedroom.

“He seems to be in a rush,” Victor remarked.

“He does,” Yuuri agreed. “Vicchan?” He quickly took off his shoes and went to find his tiny dog.

He walked into the bedroom and found Vicchan at the edge of the bed, wagging his tail as if he was showing off to Makkachin who sat on the floor next to the bed, waiting for permission.

“Makkachin, at least you know how to behave,” Yuuri said as he looked to Vicchan in disapproval.

Vicchan yipped happily as he jumped around in bed.

Yuuri shook his head fondly and went to carry him down.

Vicchan took off again and ran into the living room, Makkachin not far behind.

“They seem to be having fun,” Victor said with a smile.

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “Vicchan is taking his own liberties though…”

“I’m glad he feels at home,” Victor admitted. “We should unpack their things, and then ours,” he finished his statement with a soft kiss pressed to Yuuri’s head.

Yuuri blushed slightly as he followed his mate. “Should we go grocery shopping?” he inquired. “Or
do you have anything for today?”

“We can go out,” Victor said. “Do you have something in mind?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Whatever you want is fine.”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. Yuuri seemed to be closing off. “Yuuri?”

“Yes?” Yuuri asked, almost like a deer caught in the headlights.

“Is everything okay?” Victor asked worriedly. “You seem… quiet…”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “Well, I… I guess I’m just thinking a lot…”

“Can I help?” Victor prodded.

Yuuri shook his head. “I’ll be fine.”

“I don’t see it as a burden,” Victor told Yuuri, taking him off guard. “Whatever you’re dealing with or whatever you’re worried about, please… Let me help you.”

“I…” Yuuri said nervously. “I can handle this,” he assured. “I just… I need to do it alone.”

“You don’t have to be independent all the time,” Victor stated.

Yuuri sighed. “Victor…”

“Please, hear me out,” Victor pleaded. “I love you, and I know that you want to prove yourself. I know that you’re worried about what I think of you, but I don’t see you as weak, and I never will.”

Yuuri felt his resolve crumble slightly. “I love you too, Victor,” he promised. “But… I just don’t want this to be something that you have to fix. You’ve helped me with literally everything… I don’t want you to be my therapist, I want you to be my mate.”

“Why can’t I be both?” Victor asked. “I can’t just stay at the sidelines when you’re fighting a battle with yourself. If there is a way that I can help, then please… Let me help.”

“I heard you,” Yuuri admitted. “You heard the chaos in my mind, and you immediately remarked over how loud it was. I don’t want to put you through that. I don’t want you to hear all of my doubts or fears or weaknesses. If you did, you would never let me do anything. If you would hear how scared I am in public places, you would never let me go outside. If you heard how worried I was every time I’m attempting something new, you would never let me do it. My fear and anxiety is how I deal with everything. And you can’t magically fix it.”

“I can try,” Victor said. “I know it will take time, I know there’s no quick fix, but I’m willing to do everything I can, because I know that you would do the same for me.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue against that. “I know,” he agreed cautiously. “And I love you for wanting to help me, but I can’t…” he trailed off. “I don’t want you to fix me. I want to be fixed. I don’t want you to glue together the broken pieces, I want to be right, complete… For you.”

Victor felt the words twist in his heart. “And I don’t want you to fight alone,” he argued. “I don’t want you to feel like you’re broken, like you need to be fixed… You’re not broken, you have never been broken… You just… You have always been forced to deal with too much, and you’re still doing your best to hold yourself together. Any normal human would have broken down, but you’re so incredibly strong.”
“I’m pathetic,” Yuuri argued. “I can’t do a single thing to help myself. I feel like I have to rely on you with everything. And you deserve so much better.”

“You are more than I deserve,” Victor claimed. “I’m too lucky to have been destined with someone as wonderful as you… Anxiety or not, I love you. I love you for who you are, not for what you have. And I want to be everything I can for you, because you deserve nothing less.”

Yuuri sighed. “I… I’ve been bottling up for too long,” he admitted. “I haven’t had a therapy session in a while, and I’m feeling like I’m losing the abilities to handle myself… Being at odds with my family caused a lot of stress… I’m probably taking it out in all the wrong ways.”

Victor gently pulled Yuuri with him towards the couch. “I think our soul knows that you are struggling,” he said thoughtfully. “Maybe the mind reading was our own way to solve that? Maybe if I heard everything you’re thinking, I would know how to handle it, and you would never have to feel like you’re bottling things up?”

“Maybe,” Yuuri agreed hesitantly. “It’s just… That’s one more thing you would have to deal with…”

“What other things are there?” Victor asked in confusion.

Yuuri took a deep breath. “You’ve been taking care of me almost my whole life,” he stated. “You’ve been there through everything. When I was scared of going to the doctor or the dentist when I was little, you were always there, telling me that everything was going to be okay. Whenever I had a problem, you always told me how to solve it. You’ve been comforting me, loving and protecting me my entire life. I want it to be over for you.”

Victor frowned in confusion. “Over for me?”

Yuuri nodded. “I want you to be able to lean back and allow me to take care of you for once, return the favor…”

“I don’t need to be taken care of,” Victor pointed out. “I’m fine.”

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “But it feels like I’m always the taker in our relationship. I feel like I’m forcing you to be the strong one because I’m always so weak…”

“You’re not weak,” Victor stated.

“Well, I’m not strong,” Yuuri argued. “At least not like you.”

“You, I… I hate to play the dynamic card, but there’s something I think I’ve learned about you,” Victor admitted. “I read that omegas do need a lot more attention than others, you respond to other people’s opinions so strongly. When you get praised and validated, most of your anxiety kind of fades… And whenever someone criticizes you, it grows so much stronger.”

Yuuri blinked a few times, taking in his soulmate’s theory.

“But feeling strongly is not a weakness, it’s a strength,” Victor continued. “And you should not be ashamed over how your mind works. I know that you got worried about me hearing you, and that you don’t want me to worry. But I would rather hear your every thought than having you close off on me. When you’re struggling with something and won’t let me help, that’s when I get worried.”

“I don’t mean to do that,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m just scared because I hate the way I’m thinking, and overthinking, and thinking some more… My brain is literally never silent, and I hate it so much…”
And you’re my true mate, you share my opinion on almost everything… I’m just scared that you will hate my brain as much as I do.”

“I wouldn’t,” Victor promised. “There is not a single part of you that I could ever hate.”

“You can’t stand me being insulted,” Yuuri pointed out. “My brain is worse than Narumi, Artur and everyone you ever hated put together… I’m not sure that you would be willing to hear that without constantly telling me to shut up… And that’s something that I can’t do… I’m still figuring out how to just make it… less…”

“I would still rather hear it than knowing that you hear it all by yourself,” Victor claimed. “I would never want to silence you, your mind is your right… I just want to change the way you think. If your mind would have the same volume but filled with nothing but love and positivity, I would never want to hear anything else.”

“How do you know that it will ever change?” Yuuri asked. “What if it won’t change? What if I’ll always be like this?”

“Then I will love you no matter what,” Victor promised. “But I will never give up on you.”

Yuuri blushed shyly.

“Please,” Victor pleaded. “Give me a chance…”

Yuuri’s resolve turned to dust as soon as he looked into Victor’s puppy eyes. They were filled with so much love and determination and a need to prove himself.

Victor had practically never denied him anything, so how could Yuuri do that to him?

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed. “But if it gets too much for either of us, I don’t want it… I want to be close to you, and I love everything that our bond has brought us so far, but if this ruins anything between us, then I don’t want anything to do with it.”

“Me neither,” Victor assured. “But when have a bond ability ever been a bad thing?”

Yuuri couldn’t think of a single ability that hadn’t proven useful or brought them closer together. Maybe he should trust in fate.

It did give him Victor.

And he trusted Victor more than he trusted himself.

He just hoped that Victor wouldn’t stop loving him because of this.

Yuuri closed his eyes, took a deep breath…

… And let Victor in.

Chapter End Notes

How will they adjust?! <3<3
Spoiler alert!

They will figure it out! <3 #LoveWins #CloserToDreamVisits #INeedThisOkay?!

I hope you liked the update! <3 I'm currently focusing on finishing one of my older stories "My Sanctuary" So I might do daily updates on that story instead for a bit! <3

I hope you'll understand! <3 If you're looking for a angst version of Dearly Beloved, that's the stroy for you! XD <3

Anyways, I'll update this when I feel like it! <3

I love you! <3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 203

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor go out of Saint Petersburg to attend a wedding.

Chapter Notes

FLUFF ALERT! <3 Brace yourself!! <3<3
I hope you like the update! <3<3

Getting used to mind reading proved to be a bit of a challenge.

Especially since both Yuuri and Victor thought of the words before speaking them, so everything sounded a bit like an echo. Eventually they learned to tune that out and just hear the thoughts when they listened for them.

They also noticed that the thoughts, just like their voices, faded if there was too much of a distance between them. It wasn’t rangeless, like their bond.

But it was really nice, at least in Victor’s opinion.

Yuuri was still worried that he would have a mental breakdown or a panic attack, but other than that, he was slowly getting used to it.

He really liked listening to Victor’s thoughts, his mate didn’t have a single bad bone in his body and he was so incredibly sweet.

Especially when he played with Vicchan and Makkachin.

The thoughts Victor had for their dogs were the absolute purest Yuuri had ever heard.

It was amazing to see how much Victor loved Vicchan, and how he always took his side to even out the game between Vicchan and Makkachin.

Since Makkachin was so much bigger, Victor reasoned that Vicchan needed a helping hand from time to time, and even in his head, he encouraged the toy poodle to do his best.

Yuuri’s heart practically melted at the sight, and he couldn’t think of anything but how much he loved Victor.

And he could see how happy that made his mate, which affected him in return.

He was still slightly weary of the power though, but so far he felt like it was something he could get used to.
The days moved along, and it got easier with time.

And eventually it was time for them to attend the wedding of Victor’s aunt Irina and Alisa.

Yuuri also had a mental note to apologize to Alisa in person after the outburst he had during his pre-heat last December.

Victor had apologized on his behalf, since he didn’t have their number and it would be too weird to call either of them.

But he still thought that Alisa deserved an apology in person. It wasn’t her fault that he had been hormonal, but somehow she got caught in the middle of his outburst and that wasn’t fair.

“She’s not mad,” Victor assured him in the car to the wedding. “She understood exactly what you were going through.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “But she still deserves an apology.”

Victor’s face melted a little in sympathy. “I’m sure it will make her happy,” he relented.

“I hope so,” Yuuri said hopefully. “I mean, even if she says that she’s fine, there still might be a part of her that wonders about whether or not she did something to deserve it… I know I would.”

~He’s too sweet~

Yuuri blushed a little at the unexpected thought from his mate. “I… I’m just trying to do the right thing,” he admitted.

Victor kissed Yuuri’s hand softly. “I know,” he assured. “But that doesn’t make you any less sweet.”

Yuuri smiled a little. “You’re the sweet one,” he quipped. “You’ve just rubbed off on me.”

“Well, then I’m so glad I did,” Victor smiled. “I love your sweetness.”

“I love yours too,” Yuuri admitted. “And I love you.”

Victor felt his heart melt. “I love you too.”

The car stopped a few kilometers outside of Saint Petersburg, at a giant church where the ceremony was being held.

Yuuri wasn’t sure why, but even though he was dressed in his best suit, he still felt underdressed.


~Do they remember me?~ Yuuri asked worriedly. ~I hope they don’t remember me as the pathetic omega that ran away in fear on your birthday~

Victor regarded his mate ~You were in pre-heat~ he reminded him. ~No one can hold you responsible for how you acted. You were scared~

~They might still remember though~ Yuuri pointed out as a blush spread across his cheeks. ~What if they make fun of me? What if they judge me? What if they think I’m not good enough for you? I’m no one… I’m just…~
Victor could hear that Yuuri was spiraling, so he immediately halted it by stopping, assessing the situation, and taking Yuuri’s hands with his own. ~I won’t let anyone make you feel bad about what happened~ he promised. ~I’ll be by your side, and I will remind you about how much I love you, as much as you need~

Yuuri felt a little calmer at that.

“Vitya!” Someone suddenly cheered.

Victor lit up. “Babushka! Yuuri, this is my grandmother,” he said excitedly as an old woman approached with quick steps. She looked to be over a hundred years old, she was dressed to the teeth with diamonds and pearls and she shared the same heart-shaped smile as Victor.

“My darling, Vitya,” she cooed as she walked up to Victor and pinched his cheek.

Yuuri watched in amusement how Victor seemed to be de-aging before his eyes. His smile looked so childish and adorable.

“Babushka, have you met Yuuri?” Victor asked as he turned to his soulmate.

Victor’s grandmother gasped, and Yuuri was immediately worried that it might be her last.

“You’re Yuuri,” she said in awe. “Wow, you are so pretty…”

Yuuri blushed shyly at the comment. “So are you,” he replied lamely.

“Oh, and you speak Russian!” she cheered as she clapped her hands in amazement. “I was so happy when I found out about you. Victor wasn’t taller than to my knee back then…” she recalled. “Oh, and how he spoke of you… Always so excited to tell me about the things you did. How you learned to read and count, how you sent him the prettiest hearts… I can go on forever…”

Yuuri looked to Victor as he felt his heart soar at the new knowledge.

“I’m so glad I got to meet you, Yuuri,” the old woman said. “For what I’ve heard, I have no doubt that Victor will be in good hands.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said gratefully, bowing politely. “I’m glad to meet you too.”

The old woman smiled and gently patted his cheek. “So sweet,” she cooed before turning to Victor. “You take good care of him, Vitya,” she pleaded. “A good boy like him is not easy to come by.”

“I know,” Victor agreed. “Baba, where’s deda?” he asked. “I want him to meet Yuuri too.”

“Oh, he’s talking to your father’s cousin Dimitri,” she stated. “Be sure to speak loudly, dear, his hearing is not what it used to be.”

“I will,” Victor agreed as he pulled Yuuri along. “I’m sure you’ll love my deda. He’s such a sweetheart. He always carry candy around.”

Yuuri took Victor’s word for it, he felt himself being forced out of his comfort zone, but he was also happy about meeting so many of Victor’s family members and relatives.

“Deda!” Victor called as they approached two men, one young and one a lot older. “Deda!”

The old man turned around slowly, squinting as he saw Victor before his eyes widened. “Victoria! You cut your hair!”
Victor gasped at the comment. “Deda, it’s me, Victor,” he stated.

Yuuri was trying to keep himself from laughing. Victor was too cute.

“Dickor?”


The man’s eyes widened even further before a smile spread across his lips. “Vitya!”

Victor released a breath of relief. “Hi, deda.”

Victor’s grandfather limped happily to the young alpha and pulled him into his embrace. “You’ve grown tall!” he exclaimed in amazement. “I thought you would never reach the alpha height…”

Victor pouted childishly. “I’ve been tall for years deda…”

“You’ve what?” the old man asked in confusion.

“I’ve been tall for years!” Victor half-shouted.

The old man snickered. “Figure skates doesn’t count, Vitya…”

“I’m taller than you,” Victor claimed, crossing his arms.

Yuuri felt like this day was the best thing ever. This was a whole new side of Victor that he couldn’t help but to fall in love with.

“Well, I’m a beta,” the old man said teasingly. “So that’s not proving a lot…”

~Why are you so sensitive about your height?~ Yuuri asked curiously.

Victor had no reason to worry about how tall he was. He was over 180 cm.

Taller than most people.

~I used to be very short before I turned fourteen~ Victor admitted. ~I was very mad about it when I was little~

Yuuri smiled to his mate, he would never care about his mate’s height, he was adorable, just the way he was.

Victor smiled back as he heard the thought. “Deda, this is Yuuri,” he exclaimed and gestured to his true mate.

“Yu who?” the old man asked.

“Yuuri!” Victor half-yelled again.

The man gasped and turned to Yuuri with wide eyes. “Your soulmate?”

Victor nodded excitedly. “Isn’t he beautiful?”

Victor’s grandfather regarded him for a moment, making Yuuri feel slightly worried. “He is,” he finally decided. “But you should know better than to parade him around like a trophy… Tell him that he’s beautiful, not me.”
“He does that plenty,” Yuuri assured, jumping to his mate’s defence. He couldn’t stand for anyone thinking that Victor only saw him as a trophy. He knew that it wasn’t true and he knew that Victor might even get upset at the suggestion alone.

The old man blinked in surprise before smiling brightly. “You’re such a brave boy,” he told the omega and reached into his pocket. “Have a caramel,” he beamed. “And one for you, Vitya, for being honest with your mate.”

“Thank you dedushka,” Victor smiled.

“Vitya, there you are,” Victoria suddenly said as she approached. “Irina wants to see you.”

“Me?” Victor asked in surprise.

“Oh, Yuuri can come too she said,” Victoria assured. “If you go into the church and up the stairs, it’s the door on the right.”

“Okay,” Victor agreed, still slightly confused but still willing to do as asked.

~What do you think she wants?~ Yuuri asked curiously as Victor took his hand and pulled him along.

Victor shrugged and gave his mate a reassuring smile. ~I guess we’ll see~

Chapter End Notes

I'm gonna get busy again with my assignment and film project, so we'll see how much I'll be able to write! <3<3

But hopefully I will be able to finish the wedding arc and bring peace to My Sanctuary before going on a short hiatus! <3<3

I will probably keep writing at every opportunity I get, but I probably won't be able to keep up with daily updates <3 I hope you'll understand! <3<3 Much love! <3

Thank you for reading and for leaving supportive comments to keep me going! <3<3

I love you! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
“Vitya!” Irina cried as she caught sight of her nephew and his true mate.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked worriedly.

“I still can’t decide which tiara to wear!” Irina said in agony as she held two tiaras in her hands. “You and Yuuri have both done fashion things, please help me!”

“Oh,” Victor said as he looked at the different tiaras.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile as he heard Victor’s inner debate about what tiara would suit his aunt the best.

Yuuri could even see the mental images Victor was recalling from fashion magazines.

“The silver one,” Victor finally decided. “It goes best with your necklace, and it will also make the golden rings stand out more.”

“What do you think, Yuuri?” Irina asked.

“I agree with Victor,” Yuuri decided after a moment. “The golden one might match with the rings though… But then I think that you shouldn’t wear the necklace…”

Irina hummed thoughtfully. “Yuuri, could you go to Alisa and see which tiara she’s wearing?”

Yuuri’s eyes widened slightly. ~Me? Alone with Alisa? What if she’s still mad? What if she’ll get mad and chase me out? What if I ruin the whole wedding?~

Victor felt his heart melt in sympathy for his mate and his ability to get to such strange conclusions. ~You’ll be fine~ Victor assured. ~Do you want me to come with you?~
Victor heard Yuuri’s inner battle as he considered the question.

~No~ Yuuri finally decided. ~I’ll be fine~ he assured before smiling politely to Irina. “I’ll be back in a moment.”

Victor looked after his soulmate worriedly. He didn’t like it when Yuuri was feeling anxious, he wanted to keep a close eye on him.

“So how do I look?” Irina asked, distracting Victor from his worry.

“Oh, uhm, good…” Victor said by automatic. “Great,” he said in an attempt to sound more convincing.

“You’re worried,” Irina stated.

Victor sighed. “What gave it away?”

“You’re still looking at the door,” Irina said in amusement. “He’ll be fine, he’s less than ten meters away.”

“I know,” Victor admitted. “I’m working on it…”

“There is no one but family and loved ones at this wedding. He’s not getting hurt, you have my word,” Irina vowed.

“I know that no one will hurt him, but that’s not the same as him not getting hurt,” Victor pointed out. “His mind is not always kind to him…”

Irina frowned worriedly. “What do you mean?”

Victor shrugged. “I just want to keep an eye on him. Meeting our entire family might be overwhelming… I don’t want him to think something that isn’t true.”

Irina looked at her nephew with sympathy. “I’m sure he’ll be fine,” she assured. “He’s a lot stronger than anyone sees. Omegas may not be the strongest on the outside, but on the inside they can take us all down.”

“Alisa?” Yuuri asked hesitantly as he knocked on the door to the omega.

“Come in,” came a cheerful voice from inside.

Yuuri swallowed nervously and opened the door

“Yuuri,” Alisa greeted as she saw him. “I’m so glad you could make it to the wedding. How’s Victor?”

“Oh, he’s good,” Yuuri said, he almost felt blinded by her godlike beauty. In a wedding dress she looked just like a fairy princess. “H-he’s with Irina.”

“Oh?” Alisa inquired. “Is she dressed up? Is her dress pretty? I imagine that she looks just like a goddess. Her hair is so dark and fabulous, and in contrast to that white dress she has to look marvelous. Oh god, I can’t wait to see her. I mean, I saw her this morning but I haven’t seen her in the dress, we made a deal not to see each other as brides, but I can only imagine how beautiful she has to look…”
Yuuri struggled to keep up with Alisa’s quick Russian, it took her a few seconds to realize that Yuuri wasn’t following.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized. “Am I speaking too much?”

“Oh, no, not at all…” Yuuri assured. “I-I’m just not as talented at languages as my mate.”

“Oh, you’re just fine,” Alisa chirped, switching to English. “For not being native, you are very talented, I almost can’t hear your accent.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said sheepishly.

Alisa smiled. “You’re welcome…”

Yuuri then suddenly remembered what he came for. “Oh, right… I… I’m supposed to ask which tiara you’re wearing…”

“The golden one,” Alisa smiled. “It goes best with the rings and my earrings.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “It also goes with your hair.”

Alisa beamed. “Oh, tell Irina to wear the silver one, it would go perfect with her necklace!”

“Okay,” Yuuri nodded as he turned to the door. “I- I also wanted to apologize,” he said. “For what I said during Victor’s birthday… I- I didn’t mean it.”

“I know,” Alisa assured. “You were in pre-heat, yes?” she asked.

Yuuri nodded shyly. “And probably in the middle of a panic attack,” he admitted.

Alisa smiled in sympathy, which for some reason caused her to look even prettier. “You don’t need to apologize for that,” she assured. “Besides, you only called me pretty. It’s not as if you insulted me or anything.”

Yuuri realized that he might have over-thought it a little. Just because everything stayed with him for what felt like forever, it didn’t mean that it was the same for others. “Right,” he agreed.

“I didn’t take any offence,” Alisa clarified. “I mean, I understand how it is. I once attacked an omega for flirting with Irina… I see how you would get mad when I even hugged your alpha… It’s something primal I suppose…”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “It sucks that there isn’t anything to ease the hormones.”

Alisa shrugged. “Well, not medicine, but I realized that it helps with doing yoga and drinking some chamomile tea with honey. Aroma therapy is also very helpful… It calms the nerves and it makes it easier to keep all the emotions in check… I also ask Irina to give me all her attention… Having your alpha close when you’re near your heat is one of the best things.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that. He had never had a pre-heat without Victor, and he could barely imagine what it was like.

“But every omega is different,” Alisa said. “I hope that I helped.”

“You did,” Yuuri said gratefully. “Thank you.”

“Of course,” Alisa chirped. “Us omegas need to look after one another.”
“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “You look beautiful by the way.”

“Thank you,” Alisa smiled. “Oh, I was also wondering… Can I tell you a secret?”

Yuuri nodded. “What kind of secret?”

“I now pronounce you wife and wife,” the priest said fondly as the church was silent. “You may kiss each other.”

Everyone cheered as the brides kissed each other.

It was such a lovely moment and not a single person in that church would ever be able to doubt their love for each other.

Yuuri felt his heart swell. After Alisa told him that she was pregnant, he could almost see what a happy family they would be.

Any child would be lucky to be born into so much love.

Yuuri only wished that he could have kept the secret better.

Luckily Irina already knew, and Victor found out as soon as Yuuri returned to the room.

Yuuri tried to keep it out of his mind by singing a Japanese folk song, but Victor had gotten worried and Yuuri had accidentally slipped and thought of it.

Victor had to sit down to process the information that he was going to have a cousin, then he couldn’t be happier.

It was easier once the truth was out.

Now they just had to keep it to themselves.

But everything was easier when it was the two of them together, no one else could read their thoughts or force the truth out of them.

And as long as they had each other, they could overcome anything.

Chapter End Notes

They are getting the hang of it, even though secrets are completely out of the question! XD <3<3 Especially within talking distance! <3<3

But they can get through anything! <3<3 #LoveWins

Thank you so much for always making me feel safe when I'm posting updates on this story! <3<3

I love you! <3<3

KUDOOGOOS!!! <3<3<3
Chapter 205

Chapter Summary

A little bit of drama breaks out at the wedding reception.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The wedding reception gave Yuuri anxiety.

Not because of the people, just the fact that everything in the room looked to be valued to over millions and millions of dollars.

And Yuuri had a very strong feeling that he would accidentally knock into something and ruin it for good.

And then owe the Nikiforov family money that he didn’t even have.

“You’re my mate, Yuuri,” Victor spoke out loud as he heard the omega’s irrational thinking. “If you do ruin anything, no one will make you pay. It’s not like they will keep anything here after the wedding.”

Yuuri blushed slightly. ~I’m just worried~ he admitted. ~Even the glasses are made of crystal~

Victor looked around.

They had definitely spent a lot of money on the wedding, but he knew that they would never hold Yuuri responsible if he broke anything.

They had plenty of money to go around. If something broke, they could just get a new one.

~It’s my anxiety~ Yuuri then said thoughtfully. ~I- I’m sorry~

~You have nothing to be sorry for~ Victor reassured his mate. ~Do you want to go home?~

Yuuri considered the question for a moment. ~No~ he finally decided. ~That would be rude~

~They will understand~ Victor promised. ~I’m sure they wouldn’t want you to stay if you don’t feel well~

~Maybe we can stay for a little while?~ Yuuri suggested. ~I don’t want to look bad in front of your family~

Victor suddenly realised that disappointing his family was the main reason to why Yuuri was
anxious. Yuuri didn’t even need to think it or say it, it was just a look he had.

~Let’s just go outside for a moment?~ Victor suggested. ~Get some air~

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

So they went outside.

It was in the middle of August and Russia was starting to chill down in preparation for the fall.

Yuuri took a deep breath from the chilly air and allowed it to calm him down.

Victor did his best not to read Yuuri’s thoughts and allow him some privacy. “Do you want to talk?” he asked carefully.

“It feels better to be outside,” Yuuri admitted. “The air isn’t so heavy.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “It’s a beautiful evening,” he agreed.

“I wonder how our dogs are doing with Yakov,” Yuuri said. “They are probably confused about who he is.”

“I think they’ve won him over,” Victor said in amusement. “Yakov is soft on everything that’s adorable. When Makkachin was a puppy, he used to watch him when I skated and he always spoke to him in a high pitched voice.”

Yuuri smiled at the mental image.

“I’m sure they’re fine, they are probably sleeping in his bed while Yakov sleeps on the floor,” Victor stated.

“I hope he won’t hurt his back though,” Yuuri admitted.

“The floor is not that different from his rock hard mattress,” Victor mused.

Yuuri laughed a little at that, and Victor cherished the sound. It almost felt like it had been too long since he heard Yuuri laugh like that.

“Thank you,” Yuuri said gratefully. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Victor stated. “Are you feeling better?”

Yuuri nodded. “A little.”

Victor carefully listened in on Yuuri’s mind. He could tell that he was still a little worried about the fact that his family saw him as a charity project, but Victor knew that it wasn’t true and he didn’t want to reveal that he was listening, so he decided to prove it instead.

“Are you ready to go back inside?” Victor asked.

“Yeah,” Yuuri said, taking Victor’s hand. “Just please don’t leave me.”

Victor kissed his soulmate’s hand. “Never.”

………………………………………………

Heading back inside, Victor suddenly felt a lump in his stomach, it felt like something dangerous.
Yuuri seemed to sense it as well as he stopped in his tracks. “What’s happening?” he asked worriedly.

Victor heard the sound of someone growling, an alpha.

“Irina calm down!” Someone cried.

“I’m okay!” Alisa called as well, the rest was just worried murmurs.

Victor wanted to go ahead to make sure that it was safe before bringing Yuuri there, but he had promised not to do that.

~Did Irina go feral?~ Yuuri thought worriedly. ~With Alisa pregnant, it’s really possible, Victor shouldn’t go in there, more alphas means more reasons for her to potentially get more upset. It’s better if we wait out here until Alisa calms her down~ “Victor, we should go back outside.”

Victor agreed with Yuuri’s reasoning, but his alpha instincts also wanted to go in there and make sure that his aunt was okay and that no one had been hurt.

“I know,” Yuuri said, having read his thoughts. “But there are so many alphas in there that are capable of doing that. You might cause more harm than good by going in there.”

“I know,” Victor reluctantly agreed. “But… But I have to do it… She’s my aunt, I… I need to help…”

Yuuri frowned worriedly. He understood where Victor was coming from, but he also didn’t agree.

He wanted to keep his mate safe.

“You promised you wouldn’t leave,” Yuuri said, it was a low blow but also necessary to keep Victor safe. “What if something happens to me when you leave me alone?”

Victor felt the blood drain from his face. He couldn’t leave Yuuri alone.

Something always happened when he left his beloved mate alone.

Never again.


Yuuri squeezed Victor’s hand in quiet reassurance as he led his mate outside, feeling guilty every step of the way.

He knew it was the right thing to do, it would keep both Victor and Irina safer, alphas rarely went well together when something like this happened. A feral alpha was unlikely to be soothed by another alpha. The only one who could calm Irina down was Alisa.

But he still felt horrible for using himself as leverage to get Victor to do what he asked.

“Please don’t feel guilty,” Victor pleaded. “It’s not your fault that my instincts cause me to act like a moron.”

“You’re not a moron,” Yuuri claimed. “You are a natural hero… I’m just keeping you from doing what you’re supposed to because I’m too scared of losing you.”

Victor sighed. “We both do that.”
“Then we’re both morons,” Yuuri stated as they were once again out in the cold.

Only now it wasn’t refreshing, just cold.

Victor looked to the door worriedly. “I’m going to call my mom, see what’s happening in there…”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed as he shifted a little on his feet, both as an attempt to stay warm and to fend his anxiousness away.

Victor took out his phone and called his mother, it took a few signals before she finally responded.

“Vitya, where are you?” she asked worriedly.

“I’m outside with Yuuri,” Victor said. “What’s going on in there?”

“Oh, uhm, Irina got a bit upset,” Victoria said apologetically. “She’s calming down a little now though.”

“What happened?” Victor asked.

“Uhm, your father’s cousin has had a bit much to drink,” Victoria said. “He accidently scared Alisa with a spontaneous hug. Irina immediately responded with violence… He’s fine, but it’s still odd for her to do something like that.”


“They’re both fine, love,” Victoria assured. “Your father’s cousin is still waiting for an ice pack, but he will be okay.”

Victor released a sigh of relief. “Okay, we’re going back inside then,” he declared. “Is there anything or anyone I should avoid?”

“I don’t think so?” Victoria said thoughtfully. “Irina and Alisa went away for a bit, your father is attending to his cousin, so I think you should be fine.”

“Okay, see you soon,” Victor said before hanging up and directing all of his attention to Yuuri. “It’s safe in there,” he told his mate. “One of my relatives spooked Alisa, and Irina got a little upset.”

~Do you think it’s because Alisa is pregnant?~ Yuuri asked. ~I’ve read that alphas can be more aggressive with a pregnant mate~

~Maybe~ Victor agreed. ~Let’s go inside, you’re getting cold~

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that, so instead he did as his mate suggested and followed him inside.

Hopefully that was the end of the drama for tonight.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you like it! <3

Thank you for reading! <3<3
KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 206

Chapter Summary

The wedding comes to an end and Yuuri and Victor go home to unwind after a long day.

Chapter Notes

My last finished pre-written chapter! <3<3

I'm currently writing chapter 207! <3 I have no idea when it will be finished since I have other stuff to write! XD <3<3 #Assignment

But I will publish once I have something ready! <3<3

That said, I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor managed to talk to his aunt a little before the party was over.

She was still a bit off from having gone feral but she did admit that having a pregnant mate is what caused it. She didn’t even realize that it was a hug nor that it was from her cousin. She just reacted to the fact that her mate got scared, which meant that it was danger.

And danger to her mate and unborn child caused her alpha instincts to take over and deliver a swift punch to the drunk man.

But she did feel better after her new wife pampered her with both hugs and encouragements.

Yuuri was by Victor’s side the entire night, even as the evening turned into night and it was time to go home.

All things considered, it had been a good wedding and both of them had really enjoyed seeing Victor’s side of the family.

It was also good to see Victor’s aunt and Alisa tie the knot and marry each other.

They were both beautiful brides.

“Is Yakov awake or should we get Vicchan and Makkachin tomorrow?” Yuuri asked as he noticed that it was almost midnight with another hour drive to get through.

“We can get our babies tomorrow,” Victor said as he moved closer to Yuuri, he was getting really sleepy as he leaned his head on his soulmate’s shoulder. “They’ll be fine with Yakov for tonight.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.
“If you’re looking for someone to cuddle with, you’ve got me,” Victor continued. “I don’t mind.”

Yuuri smiled fondly and pressed a gentle kiss to the top of Victor’s head. “I liked meeting your family,” he admitted. “They all reminded me of you in one way or another.”

“Really?” Victor asked in surprise. “Everyone always say that I look so much like my mom, and all of them look so much like my dad.”

“You look like your dad too,” Yuuri stated. “You have his face shape, his jaw and his nose… And his height. You’re both very tall…”

Victor smiled fondly as he could see the images going through Yuuri’s mind as he compared him with his family.

“But you have your mother’s hair and eyes, which is probably what most people notice about you,” Yuuri explained. “But I’ve looked at you so many times that I can’t help but to see all the small details that you share with your family.”

Victor felt his heart soar. “You’re too sweet to know me so well,” he gushed.

“You know me just as well,” Yuuri pointed out. “You always tell me how much I look like my mom. I bet you would search after similarities if you met my relatives.”

Victor’s face fell slightly. “You don’t have as many though…”

“Well, it’s my dad’s brother and my mom’s cousin that come to visit once in a while… Since all my grandparents are dead it gets pretty hard for them to stay in touch…” Yuuri shrugged. He had never met either of his grandparents, and even though he thought that it was kind of sad that he never got to know them, he was still grateful that he never had to lose them.

“So how’s your uncle like?” Victor asked. “And your mom’s cousin?”

“My uncle is like my dad, they don’t say much,” Yuuri admitted. “Whenever he comes to visit he’s always alone and he sometimes ruffle my hair, but I haven’t seen him since I was eight… My mom’s cousin is always smiling, she once brought me candy for my birthday. I know she has a boyfriend, but I’ve never met him.”

Victor loved knowing more. “I wish I get to meet them one day,” he admitted.

“They might come to our wedding,” Yuuri said with a smile. “You can meet them then.”

Victor beamed. “I can’t wait.”

As they returned back to the quiet apartment, Yuuri took off his jacket and shoes and immediately began nesting on the couch.

He found that it was a very good way to unwind after a stressful day. Even though nothing bad had happened to him, he still felt a lot of stress after meeting the entire Nikiforov family.

There was so many of them, and they were all so rich and proper.

Yuuri knew that it wasn’t what Victor wanted but Yuuri still felt like a black sheep among them.

Compared to them, he must have seemed very insignificant. If it wasn’t for the fact that he had Victor’s heart and soul, he didn’t think that they would even waste their breath on him.
Victor noticed Yuuri’s worries and heard his thoughts. It hurt him a little to know what Yuuri was thinking about him and his family, but he still couldn’t blame him.

There was a bit of truth in there. For a Nikiforov, most of the world was insignificant if it wasn’t something very special.

But what Yuuri seemed to miss, was the fact that he was very special. He was one of the most successful models in the business, he had his own brand, he was at the top of his class in university, he was a record breaker in figure skating.

He was so many things. He was so special, even without his status as his soulmate.

If Yuuri wasn’t his soulmate, Victor was pretty sure that he would pursue him anyways. Yuuri was so perfect for him, and it didn’t take a soulbond for him to see that.

He just wasn’t sure how to make Yuuri see that.

“We should go to the rink tomorrow,” Victor said. “I really miss the ice.”

“Yeah, sure,” Yuuri agreed as he adjusted a pillow to be fluffed up. “It sounds like fun.”

Victor smiled as he approached his mate. “Would you like to take a bath with me?” he asked lovingly. “With bubbles and candles?”

“Oh, okay, just… in a minute?” Yuuri pleaded. “I just want to nest for a bit…”

“Of course,” Victor relented. “I’ll start preparing,” he said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s cheek. “Take the time you need.”

Yuuri felt his heart soar with gratefulness for his mate. He loved him so much for understanding him. He did feel calmer as his nest was coming together nicely, he wondered if he could ask Victor to cuddle with him there after the bath.

It would be the perfect ending of the day.

Once his nest was perfect, Yuuri took a step back and released a breath of relief.

He felt a lot better.

Sometimes giving into his instincts was just what he needed to feel better about the stress around him.

He was ready to give his full attention to Victor.

He made his way to the bathroom and found his alpha by the sink, examining his eyebrows.

“Hi, beautiful,” Yuuri said to catch his mate’s attention.

Victor smiled before turning around. “Do you think my eyebrows need trimming?”

Yuuri stepped forward to get a closer look. Victor looked perfect, just like he always did. “Your eyebrows are beautiful,” he reassured him.

“I should probably book an appointment with my stylist to get an impartial opinion,” Victor said. “You would find me beautiful with two bushes for eyebrows, or worse, a unibrow.”
Yuuri smiled slightly at that. “Probably yeah,” he admitted.

“You’re sweet,” Victor said as he pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “How do you feel?”

“Calm,” Yuuri stated. “Happy to be with you.”

“I’m happy to be with you too,” Victor assured. “And I’m glad you’re feeling better.”

“I’m not sure what it is,” Yuuri admitted. “I guess it’s bad memories from your birthday… I- I feel nervous around parties…”

Victor took the piece of information into his long term memory, just like he did with everything that affected his Yuuri.

“I think I should ask Anna about it when I’m back in Detroit,” Yuuri admitted. “I miss therapy…”

“Can you ask her to come here?” Victor asked. “I can pay an apartment for her. She will get to see Saint Petersburg for her normal salary.”

“She lives with her boyfriend in Detroit,” Yuuri admitted. “I don’t think she would be willing to leave him behind.”

“She can bring him with?” Victor suggested.

“I can wait,” Yuuri promised. “Thank you though.”

“Anything for you,” the alpha said as he carefully started to unbutton his own shirt.

Yuuri then remembered that they had a bubble bath to enjoy. Victor was already reaching for the rose petals and he handed the matches to Yuuri to light the candles.

“Careful,” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri nodded in understanding, a small smile spreading over his lips as he realized that Victor trusted him with something dangerous like fire.

“I will.”

Chapter End Notes

More freedom for Yuuri, even if it's something simple like using matches <3<3

I'm so proud of them for evolving! <3 I believe in them! <3<3

Thank you for reading these daily updates! <3 I will miss the daily feedback! <3<3

I love you all for being so wonderful! <3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 207

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor have a nice day in Russia

Chapter Notes

I just wanted to write a bit of fluff! <3 So take out your dentals before reading!! <3 (I'm assuming you're just as toothless as I am) XD <3

Today was our last day of shooting my "pilot" so now we're heading into post-production which means a lot less responsibility for me, so hopefully I will soon be able to give you more chapters! <3<3

I still have my assignment, but it's always fun to write on something I love, in order to get rid of the writing's block for the things I hate AKA my assignment! XD <3<3

#Logic

Anyways, I hope you like this chapter!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri was really enjoying his time in Saint Petersburg as he was allowed to do things, prove himself that he was capable of going outside without finding trouble.

It was early in the morning, and Yuuri took the dogs for a walk.

He really enjoyed the crisp morning air as he wandered around in the neighborhood, waving shyly to people who pointed at him in awe.

He didn’t get recognized in Russia as often as he did in Detroit or Hasetsu. It was very refreshing to just get a few recognitions instead of being crowded by fans.

He came home to the scent of bacon and eggs, Victor’s breakfast.

“Welcome back,” Victor said happily as he walked to the entrance to help with the dogs. “Did it go okay?”

“It went great,” Yuuri assured. “It’s just a bit cold outside.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hands and did his best to kiss the cold away. “Are you ready for breakfast?”

Yuuri nodded excitedly. “I am.”

After breakfast, they decided to go to the rink to practice for a while. It was also a wonderful day to walk, so they did.
Strolling through the streets of Saint Petersburg, surrounded by nothing but buildings and their love practically painted the world in a beautiful colors.

It was a lot warmer during the day than it was in the morning. It was still early in the fall, and the remains of summer were still lingering. The air was crisp and not too heavy.

Victor held on to Yuuri’s hand tightly as they walked past people that were obvious fans.

Yuuri was polite and waved shyly in their direction, Victor only managed a smile before he felt his worry take over.

He tried to keep his worry hidden, at least to the public eye.

But he knew that Yuuri could sense it, as the omega moved closer to him and released calming pheromones.

They reached the rink, and Victor immediately felt calmer when they were inside the safety of the walls.

It was fairly empty in the rink, most people were probably enjoying the warm day outside in the sun, rather than being inside a cold ice rink.

But for that, both of them were grateful.

It was always nice to practice with a lot of space.

And less people meant more space.

They took the ice and allowed the rest of the world to melt away.

It was just a lot of fun to have these moments where they could just do something fun together, and something they were both incredible at.

“Could you imagine how unbeatable we would be if we ever went into pair skating?” Victor asked knowingly. “It would be so much fun to always be with you instead of against you.”

“I don’t think I could handle that kind of pressure,” Yuuri admitted. “I mean, it’s fun to skate with you like this, when it’s for fun. But knowing that I’m not just representing myself, but also you… No… I don’t think I would be able to do it.”

“You would be amazing,” Victor assured. “A lot more amazing than anyone else in this world. At least according to the record book.”

Yuuri smiled gently. “I love you for believing in me so strongly, but it’s not exactly allowed for two men to compete in pair skating, and I really don’t want to put that kind of tension on us. For my success to be dependant on yours and the other way around…”

Victor could see Yuuri’s point. “We should start our own competition. Where anyone despite gender can skate with one another,” he declared. “I just want the world to see how good we are when we put our strengths together.” He grabbed Yuuri’s hand and spun him around as to prove his point.

Yuuri laughed as he got out of the simple spin. “You can just film it and upload it to youtube,” he pointed out. “There’s no need to start a whole new competition just so people can watch us skate together.”

Victor’s eyes widened. “What a wonderful idea!”
Victor started skating towards the rink wall with Yuuri not far behind.

“Vitya,” Yuuri said pleadingly. “You don’t have to film anything right now… I thought that we were just skating for fun…”

“We are,” Victor assured. “But we look so good and it’s such a shame for such beauty to only reach our eyes.”

Victor made it to the rink wall when the doors opened.

“Yura, you came just at the right time!” Victor cheered as he caught sight of the young blond.

“Would you like to film me and Yuuri while we skate?”

“Why would I do that?” Yuri questioned as he crossed his arms defiantly. His grandfather watched him in amusement.

“Pretty please?” Victor tried as he batted his eyelashes.

Yuri sighed in defeat. “Fine! But then you owe me being my cameraman,” he claimed.

“Of course!” Victor agreed and handed his phone to Yuri. “Yuuri, little Yurio will help us!”

“What did you call me?” Yuri questioned but didn’t receive an answer as Victor skated over to his beloved mate, completely blinded by love. So he decided to just aim the camera at them and get it over with.

“O-Okay,” Yuuri agreed hesitantly “But doesn’t he need to practice too?”

“It’s not like he’s competing,” Victor pointed out.

“Still,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “His grandfather is here and everything.”

“Nikolai is always here on weekends,” Victor assured. “And if he would have minded, he would have said so.”

Yuuri nodded uncertainly but allowed his worry to be swept away as Victor took his hand and pulled him along on the ice.

They skated a fairly easy routine. Just a few spins and a few simple single jumps.

Victor allowed his mind to drift a little as he enjoyed the feeling of skating with his soulmate.

Yuuri was just amazing and kept up with him perfectly.

But something within him caused his competitive spark to ignite. Which is probably why he made such a terrible decision as to make a triple flip with barely no speed, causing himself to land it poorly and crash to the ice.

Yuuri was at his side the next instant. “Victor, are you hurt?” he asked in panic as he reached through the bond.

“I only hurt my confidence,” Victor assured as he sat up with a childish pout. He moved his feet and his hands and found himself relatively unharmed

Yuuri gently took his hands and cringed at the redness on his palm. “Your palms might bruise,” he said apologetically.
Victor nodded in agreement. “No one said that figure skating is without risks.”

Yuuri frowned. “Why would you attempt to jump that way?” he asked. “You barely had any speed.”

Victor shrugged. “I got caught in the moment,” he said vaguely ~I wanted you to see how good I am~

“I know that,” Yuuri reassured his mate as he heard his thoughts. “I know you’re amazing, so please don’t feel like you need to prove yourself to me.” ~You could have hurt yourself so much worse, I don’t know what I would have done if you had hit your head~

Victor looked into Yuuri’s beautiful brown eyes and felt guilt claim him.

Yuuri shouldn’t have to look at him like that, he should just have stayed happy. Victor swore to himself to never act reckless again.

What was he thinking? Attempting a difficult jump with no speed?

He was an idiot and Yuuri should pity him, not worry about him.

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized. “I didn’t mean to worry you.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured, he really didn’t want Victor to feel bad about a stupid accident. “I’m just glad that you didn’t hurt yourself worse.”

“Yura, you are not uploading that,” Yuri’s grandfather suddenly stated.

Victor and Yuuri turned their heads at the same time and saw how Yuri was being scolded by his grandfather.

“But grandpa, it’s not like he hurt himself,” Yuri tried to protest. “And I don’t think there’s a single video in this world that shows that Victor is also human. His ego is too big for his tiny head.”

~Victor doesn’t have a tiny head~ Yuuri thought in annoyance, making Victor smile.

“Yura…” Nikolai warned.

“Fine,” Yuri relented and handed Victor’s phone to his grandfather. “But don’t blame me when Victor’s head explodes.”

Yuuri helped Victor back to his feet before they skated over to Victor’s youngest rinkmate and took Victor’s phone from Yuri’s grandfather..

“Thank you, Yuri,” Yuuri said. “And I’m sure that Victor’s head won’t explode if that worries you.”

Yuri blushed slightly at the comment. “I… It was just a joke,” he assured. “I know heads don’t explode, I’m not stupid.”

Victor smiled in amusement. “I don’t know about that, Yura,” he teased. “You know how the face goes red when you’re embarrassed or annoyed? That’s the blood boiling, and if it reaches enough pressure, it might explode…”

~Vitya~ Yuuri pleaded to his mate. He really didn’t want Victor to traumatize a child.

Yuri’s eyes widened as he looked to his grandfather. “That’s not true…. Right?”
Nikolai also wore a look of amusement. “Well, I’m not a scientist, but it seems like Victor knows what he’s talking about.”

Yuri looked to Yuuri as a last attempt to find the truth.

“They’re joking,” Yuuri assured the young boy, feeling unable to scare someone so young and vulnerable. “Heads don’t explode, right, Victor?” he looked to his mate with a pointed look.

“No they don’t,” Victor relented, he was still highly amused.

“I knew it!” Yuri exclaimed.

Nikolai ruffled the young blond’s hair with a fond chuckle. “Let’s skate now, Yurochka. Your mother wants us home for dinner in a few hours.”

“Do you want to see me make a double toe loop?” he asked excitedly as he jumped up on a nearby bench and pulled out his skates from a bag.


Yuri’s face fell a little. “I… I guess.”

Yuuri felt his heart ache. “We’ll skate with you,” he volunteered. “Right, Vitya?”

Victor was surprised by his mate’s sudden declaration but didn’t feel opposed to it. “Of course,” he agreed. “It will be fun to pass on our wisdom to the younger generation.”

Yuri lit up at that and quickly secured his skates. “I’ll show you how it’s done!”

Chapter End Notes

I'm also sorry for not answering any of your comments, I've read them all and I love every single one of you for sending me encouragement! <3<3

On the rough days when I'm questioning everything, my screenplay, my visions and my ideas, I re-read your comments and allow them to fill me with happiness and trust in my own abilities <3 I like to think that if you like something, it means that it's actually good and that I have some kind of skill for managing to get your praise! <3

I love all of you, you are the most amazing readers in the world! <3<3

So much love to you and billions of kudos!! <3<3<3<3<3<3<3
Chapter 208

Chapter Summary

Yurio gets hurt and Yuuri and Victor discuss their future.

Chapter Notes

I'm still swamped in my assignment! XD <3<3 I just found a little time to finish this chapter while finishing "My Sanctuary"! XD <3 #MakingTheMostOfMyFreetime

I hope you'll like this chapter! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri felt like his heart physically stopped beating as he watched the young boy crash to the ice and cry out in pain. Yuri had attempted to turn on the ice too quickly and managed to slip.

Yuuri was at Yuri’s side the very next instant. “W-where does it hurt?”

“My… My foot… I… I… I twisted it…” Yuri said between sniffles.

Yuuri looked to Victor with panic in his eyes, like his mate might somehow hold the answer of what to do.

“Can you move your foot?” Victor asked in concern.

Yuri moved a little and nodded. “It hurts…”

“Yurochka!” Nikolai called from the sidelines. “Is he okay?”

“He’ll be fine!” Victor called back before turning to Yuri. “I think it’s just twisted… Can I take off your skate?”

Yuri nodded as tears kept falling from his eyes.

“Be careful,” Yuuri pleaded, feeling his heart ache for the young boy.

Victor smiled reassuringly to his mate. “You know I always am,” he stated as he began taking off the laces on Yuri’s skate.

Yuuri kept careful watch when he suddenly felt Yuri clutching onto his jacket. “Can… Can you hold my hand?” he pleaded shyly.

Yuuri felt his heart swell that this young boy turned to him for comfort, so he nodded and gently took the smaller hand.

Yuuri held on for dear life as he braced himself for the pain of Victor taking off his skate.
Victor removed the skate and Yuri’s sock as carefully as he could and breathed out in relief when he saw that the ankle wasn’t broken, it wasn’t even sprained.

“You’ll be fine, Yura,” Victor stated. “But you shouldn’t skate for maybe a few weeks.”

“It really hurts,” Yuri claimed with tears in his eyes.

Yuuri had no idea what was happening or why his instincts were suddenly on such high alert.

Was he close to his pre-heat? Was it his omega side that made him feel an unreasonable amount of empathy?

Or was he surrogating on this boy? Like Celestino had done on him?

No.

Definitely not.

He was not old enough for something like that.

“Let’s get you back to solid ground, okay?” Victor asked Yuri as he easily lifted the young boy from the ice.

Yuuri hovered not far behind, and he couldn’t help but to feel his heart soar as he admired his strong mate.

Victor would make such an amazing father.

Yuuri regretted the thought the second he thought it.

He noticed that Victor heard, if the way his mate stopped, turned back to him, and looked at him with wide eyes was anything to go by.

Yuuri swallowed nervously. ~Please pretend that you didn’t hear that~ he pleaded desperately. He really didn’t feel emotionally prepared to handle a confrontation like this.

Victor could feel how embarrassed Yuuri felt so he decided to let it go and just get Yuri over to his grandfather.

But he couldn’t deny the fact that Yuuri thinking that he was a good potential father was the sweetest thing in the world.

One day, he might be the father of his and Yuuri’s children, and knowing that Yuuri would trust him with such an important task was the biggest compliment he could ever get.

“Is he okay?” Nikolai asked worriedly as his grandson was handed to him over the rinkwall.

“He’ll be fine,” Victor reassured him. “It’s a light twist, but he shouldn’t be skating for a little while, at least not until he’s free of pain.”

Nikolai nodded in understanding and helped his grandson to the bench.

“It doesn’t hurt that much anymore,” Yuri said gruffly and wiggled his foot. “I don’t want to stop skating.”

“Just for a while,” Yuuri reassured him. “Otherwise you might not be able to skate again at all.”
Yuri’s eyes widened.

“When you’re hurt, you need to rest,” Yuuri clarified. “A twisted foot means that there’s a strain on the muscle, and if you strain something that is already strained, you can tear it apart altogether.”

Yuri looked to his grandfather worriedly.

“He’s right, Yura,” Nikolai stated. “You need to rest if you’re injured. We can come back as soon as you’re good again, maybe I will feel better as well so we can skate together?”

Yuri lit up at that. “Really?”

Nikolai smiled. “Really.”

Victor looked up on the clock and noticed that it was almost time for the dogs to go for another walk.

“Well, me and Yuuri should go home as well,” Victor told Yuri and his grandfather. “Our dogs need to go for another walk.”

“Right,” Yuuri agreed as his eyes fell to the clock as well.

“Then maybe we should go home, Yura?” Nikolai suggested. “And maybe we should stop by a candy store?”

Yuri’s eyes sparkled with happiness. “Okay!”

Yuuri and Victor smiled at the sight, before their eyes accidentally met and Yuuri averted his gaze, as embarrassment once again took ahold of him.

Victor frowned worriedly.

They really needed to talk about this.

…………………………………….

It wasn’t until after dinner that Victor finally felt the strength to bring up the topic of Yuuri’s embarrassment.

“It was pretty scary when Yurio fell earlier,” Victor started gently. “I’m grateful that he wasn’t hurt worse.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “He’s still so young… Far too young to retire due to an injury.”

“He is,” Victor assured. “It warmed my heart to see how gentle you were with him though, he really trusts you.”

Yuuri blushed at that. “I… I think I might be close to my pre-heat,” he admitted. “My hormones were a bit… weird…”

“You don’t have to be embarrassed about it,” Victor assured. “Instincts are strange at times, but we still have them and they are not to be ashamed of, especially not yours.”

“I just don’t want kids right now,” Yuuri blurted. “I just… it’s annoying that my mind and body seem to want one more than anything.”

Victor sat down next to Yuuri on the couch. “Well, there’s nothing wrong with that. You are a mated omega who currently lives with your alpha,” he explained. “If this had been the middle ages we probably would have mated by now.”
“Probably,” Yuuri agreed. The things that were currently standing in the way for them to mate for real, start a family and marry each other was higher education, their careers and their common hobby that was figure skating.

And those were obstacles that didn’t exist hundreds of years ago.

“So the instinctual part of you has no idea of our circumstances,” Victor stated. “It just looks to your biology and acts accordingly.”

“I know,” Yuuri said. “It just strange, I mean… I’m only eighteen and nowhere ready for taking on the role as a… parent.” The word even sounded strange to him. “So it feels like a constant battle between me and… me… Between the part of me that wants a family and the logical part of me that knows that it’s not time.”

“Well, I still don’t think that you should be embarrassed about it,” Victor said gently. “I think it’s so sweet of you to consider our future and the idea of a family.”

Yuuri smiled a little. “Do you?” The question was out before he even had a chance to think it through, but he was genuinely curious.

“I do,” Victor admitted. “And this is going to sound strange, but I am a little bit worried about it…”

Yuuri looked to his mate in concern. “Why?”

Victor shrugged. “Well, I wouldn’t say that I’m worried about having a family with you. We love each other so much that I’m sure that we will love our children just as much and they will grow up to be amazing people, but I’m mainly worried about you being pregnant and you giving birth… I… I’m so incredibly protective of you, and people keep telling me that it will only get worse with a pregnant mate… Not to mention that I can barely stand you getting a papercut… Seeing you scream and cry in pain will probably kill me…”

Yuuri felt his heart break for his mate. “You made it through my first heat though,” he said in hopes of being encouraging. “And I’m sure that we can make it through anything as long as we have each other.”

Victor smiled half-heartedly. “You’re right, love,” he said gently. “But I still think that it’s best for us to wait with children until we both feel ready for the emotional impact it will have on us, as well as being in a place in our lives where we are ready for the responsibility.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement.

“But please don’t feel embarrassed for what your instincts tell you,” Victor pleaded. “And know that children and our future family is something that we can talk about. It’s not a dark secret or something unmentionable.”

“I just don’t want you to feel like I’m putting something upon you that you don’t want,” Yuuri said sheepishly. “I know you will make a wonderful father one day if or when we decide to have children, but I don’t want you to think that I’m objectifying you, or just see you as a good mate to breed with, because there are so many more reasons as to why I love you.”

Victor smiled and felt his heart soar. “I would never think that, and I feel honored that you see me as a good potential father.”

“You were so good with Yurio,” Yuuri stated as he thought back on Victor’s actions earlier that day. “You were so gentle with him and you knew just what to do… You were so amazing.”
“So were you,” Victor assured. “You will be an amazing father one day as well, all children adore you.”

Yuuri’s face flushed pink at the praise. “I love you,” he admitted. “So much.”

Victor leaned in for a soft kiss, lingering slightly to treasure the moment. “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

No babies anytime soon, but at least they can talk about it now! <3<3

I love these two and their wholesome love! <3

Thank you for reading! <3

Kudos to all of you!! <3<3
Yuuri was in the midst of leaning most of his body into the refrigerator when his phone suddenly rang.

He was suffering from symptoms of his pre-heat and he had reached the point where the temperature shifts were at their worst, so talking to his older sister felt like something he wasn’t especially excited about.

But he did still answer.

Otherwise the repercussions would probably be a lot worse.

“Hello?”

Victor looked out from the bedroom as he heard Yuuri greet someone in Japanese.

~It’s just Mari~ Yuuri reassured him.

“So… were you and Victor planning on coming home after your heat?” Mari asked worriedly

“Well, yeah,” Yuuri admitted, feeling slightly embarrassed when his sister mentioned his heat. “Why?”

Mari seemed to be contemplating what to tell him. “I think you should stay in Russia with Victor,” she finally stated. “Mom and dad agrees…”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “Why?” he asked again, he was still confused.

“Well, do you remember the man that we kicked out a few weeks ago?” Mari asked.

“Yes?”

“Well, I’ve been noticing him around our neighborhood,” Mari said with suspicion. “And we’re all worried that he might be searching for you…”

Yuuri felt a lump grow in his stomach. “Oh…” he said lamely.
“I just think that it might be best if you stay away from here, at least until we know it’s safe,” Mari said.

Yuuri nodded in understanding as he felt tears fill his eyes. “O-okay…”

“Are you okay?” Mari asked worriedly.

Yuuri swallowed thickly and rubbed the tears away from his eyes. “Yeah, I’m fine,” he said very unconvincingly.

“Is it Victor?” Mari questioned. “Did you have a fight?”

“No,” Yuuri assured as he took a deep breath to collect himself. He had already cried four times today. “It’s hormones… I’ll be fine.”

“Can I talk to Victor?” Mari asked.

Victor had already started to approach as he noticed that Yuuri was emotional, and he wasn’t far away when Yuuri reached the phone over to him. “Mari wants to talk to you.”

Victor suddenly felt a bit nervous as he accepted the phone. “Hello?” he asked in Japanese.

“Can you hug my baby brother for me?” Mari asked. “And keep him safe in Russia.”


“Thank you,” Mari said gratefully. “And take care of him during his… You know…”

“I will,” Victor promised.

Mari released a sigh of relief. “You can put Yuuri back on.”

Victor handed the phone over to his fiancé. “She wants to talk to you again.”

Yuuri felt a lot more collected after getting a short break, he was still a little sad that he wouldn’t get to see his family in a while, but he also knew that he would be fine as long as he had Victor.

“Hi, Mari,” Yuuri said as he once again held the phone, he was starting to feel cold, so he once again made his way back towards his nest in the couch.

Victor followed him and wrapped a blanket around him to keep him warm.

“Stay safe in Russia,” Mari pleaded. “And if you really want to come home, you can. Don’t think that we don’t want you here.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed. He knew that if he decided to go home, he would probably live like a prisoner. Especially if there was a crazy person out there looking for him.

“Call me once… well… you know…” Mari said awkwardly. “And don’t get pregnant.”

“Bye, Mari,” Yuuri said, suddenly feeling desperate to end the conversation.

“Bye, Yuuri.”

Yuuri hung up the phone and released a breath of relief.

“What was it about?” Victor asked worriedly. “I didn’t want to listen in…”
Yuuri regarded his mate worriedly. “I… I guess I’m staying in Russia until it’s time to go to Detroit,” he said with a shrug.

“Oh, okay,” Victor agreed. “I thought you wanted to go home for a few weeks?”

“It’s not safe,” Yuuri said with a sigh.

Victor frowned. “What do you mean?”

Yuuri’s eyes filled with tears again. “I hate being me sometimes,” he said grimly. “I keep ruining everything.”


“I ruined all of our plans just because I can’t keep people away.”

Victor regarded his mate worriedly. “What people?”

Yuuri looked into Victor’s caring eyes and felt his heart ache slightly. “The man from Yu-Topia… He, uhm… He’s apparently sneaking around the area…”

Victor tensed. “Why?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Mari thinks he’s looking for me,” he admitted. “Which is why she doesn’t want me to come home. She’s worried he might try something.”

“Have they called the police?” Victor questioned. “He has no right to be around the area.”

“Well, there aren’t exactly any laws against it,” Yuuri pointed out. “The police can’t do anything if a crime hasn’t been committed.”

“He threatened your father,” Victor claimed. “Threatening is a crime.”

“It was too vague… And if he lives in Hasetsu, there’s no reason that he shouldn’t be allowed to walk wherever he wants.”

“How about the OPS?” Victor asked. “Can’t they send someone to question him? Make him crack and then arrest him?”

“We don’t know if he’s even after me,” Yuuri admitted. “It’s just Mari’s theory, and I don’t want to test it.”

“You shouldn’t,” Victor agreed before taking a deep breath to calm himself down. “I’m sorry, love… I… I wish there was something I could do.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured. “You’re doing enough. It’s not your fault that people suck…”

“It’s not your fault either,” Victor stated. “No one can blame you for being beautiful.”

“It’s my scent,” Yuuri claimed bitterly. “I reek of unmated omega.”

“That’s not a reason for people to harass you,” Victor pointed out. “And if they say otherwise, they are just assholes. Those are the kind of people who try to justify rape and forced bonding.”

“I should make a habit of wearing scent blockers,” Yuuri said. “And maybe a mask to keep my face hidden.”
Victor gently took Yuuri’s hands. “You don’t have to change a single thing about yourself to please others,” he assured and kissed his mate’s knuckles lovingly.

“I’m just sick of causing trouble,” Yuuri admitted as he did his best to fend off the intruding blush. “If I can’t even be at home without…”

“It’s not your fault,” Victor declared. “That man was just looking for someone to creep out, you were just unlucky enough to catch his eye.”

“Unlucky is probably the best word to describe my whole personality,” Yuuri said humorlessly and tightened the blanket around his shoulders.

“It has to even out somehow,” Victor tried. “We’ve been so lucky our entire lives… Bad luck is bound to strike from time to time.”

“I guess you’re right,” Yuuri said sadly. “Well, at least it’s worth it,” he stated. “There’s nothing I wouldn’t suffer if it mean that I get to keep you.”

Victor felt his heart melt at the declaration. “You’re too sweet.”

Yuuri smiled a little. “You’re the sweet one,” he claimed. “Thank you for being patient with me… Even though I’m a hormonal mess.”

“You don’t need to thank me,” Victor assured. “I actually find you very adorable when you allow your feelings to show.”

Yuuri blushed at that. “It’s not really my feelings though… The real me wouldn’t cry over something so stupid like not finding my socks.”

“I know,” Victor assured. “But it doesn’t make you any less sweet though.”

Yuuri snorted before his eyes filled with tears and he began crying again. “Stupid hormones…” he sniffled.

Victor smiled fondly as he wrapped his mate into his embrace. “It’ll be over soon,” he assured. “We’ll get through it,” he promised. “Together.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Yuuri, it's not easy being a beautiful omega XD <3

Also, I've noticed a big decrease in comments lately <3

I'm not sure if the fandom is dying or if you've found someone else during my time away (^w^)

Or maybe most of you aren't reading my other stories... <3 (^w^)

My Vampire AU only got 8 comments, my Dragon AU only got 9 comments and my newest Hogwarts AU only got 3 (^w^)

Maybe I'm just spoiled after getting used to 20-30 comments per update XD <3<3
Anyways, thank you to all of you who are still sticking along! <3 
Kudos to you and all your wonderful comments!! <3<3
Chapter 210

Chapter Summary

Yuuri does what he can to keep his hormones under control and Victor does what he can to help.

Chapter Notes

I'M ALIVE!! XD <3<3 The assignment has been killing me for the past 7 weeks, but now I'm heading into seminars and adjustments with it! <3 So now it will hopefully calm down a little! <3<3

So I hope you'll like this update! <3<3

FLUFF ALERT! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor couldn’t help but to smile in amusement as Yuuri was giving his best attempt of yoga.

Apparently Alisa had given him tips of how to keep his hormones under control, and yoga was on the list along with a lot of other rituals.

Not to mention that Yuuri doing yoga provided Victor with a lovely view.

Especially when Yuuri bent forward.

“You’re thinking very loudly,” Yuuri said in amusement.

Victor’s smile widened. “Can you blame me?”

Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly. “Why don’t you join me? I hear that couple yoga is more effective.”

Victor shook his head. “You’re doing wonderful on your own,” he assured. “And for the sake of the lower part of my body, I think it’s best if I keep some distance from you.”

“What do you mean?” Yuuri asked in confusion, but a meaningful look from Victor made his cheeks flush pink. “Oh…”

“But if you need me to help, all you need to do is ask,” Victor assured.

Yuuri nodded in understanding before giving an attempt at the next position.

Victor tilted his head slightly to get a better look. Yuuri was amazingly flexible.

“Does it help?” Victor asked curiously.

“Well, I’m not sobbing,” Yuuri mused as he leaned over his thigh and focused on his breathing.
“I’ll make you some tea,” Victor said as he got up from the couch and pressed a soft kiss to the top of Yuuri’s head before continuing to walk away. He could still watch Yuuri from the kitchen.

They had gotten a very beautiful tea kettle, and they had imported Yuuri’s favorite chamomile tea from Japan, and Victor always found it exciting to play with it.

He was trying to get Yuuri used to having jam in his tea, as it was very popular in Russia and it was Victor’s favorite.

Yuuri was starting to grow fond of it and Victor couldn’t be happier.

Every time he was thinking about their future, he always imagined having Japanese tea in the pantry, and a jar of freshly made Russian lemon jam.

Then he and Yuuri would sit at the breakfast table and read the newspaper together.

It was a silly fantasy, but Victor really wanted it to come true one day.

But getting Yuuri used to jam was a good start.

“How about if I get a little bit of honey in mine?” Yuuri asked shyly. “I don’t like it when it’s too sour.”

Victor smiled fondly. “Whatever you want, darling,” he stated as he turned on the stove and placed the kettle over the heat, before walking back to Yuuri’s side. “You smell amazing…”

Yuuri smiled at that. “So do you,” he admitted. “You always do.”

Victor fought the urge to wrap Yuuri in his embrace. Yuuri still had four more yoga positions and he himself had a kettle to watch.

If he started cuddling with Yuuri now, he would never have the willpower to stop.

“How about if I get a little bit of honey in mine?” Yuuri suddenly asked.

Victor reached out his hand out of pure instincts when he realized that Yuuri just gave him his hand.

“I need some help with my balance,” Yuuri clarified with a adorable smile that had Victor’s knees wobble.

“You’re too sweet,” Victor claimed. “Why would you do this to me? You know how weak I am for romantic gestures.”

Yuuri just snickered in amusement. “I love you,” he said. “And you are perfect.”

Victor blushed sweetly before his eyes filled with tears.

Yuuri stopped his yoga and gently cupped Victor’s face. “Don’t cry, love,” he pleaded. “I’m sorry if I went too far.”

“You didn’t,” Victor promised. “You’re just so wonderful that I can’t handle it…”

Yuuri smiled gently and pressed a soft kiss to Victor’s cheek. “I thought that I was the one in pre-heat?”

“Maybe I stole your hormones?” Victor asked.
Yuuri laughed at that as he wiped away a tear that dropped from Victor’s silvery eyelashes. “If you did, you would know,” he claimed.

Victor smiled fondly as he pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s cheek before the kettle started to whistle in the kitchen.

“You better get that,” Yuuri said with a smile. “Or I will…”

Victor snorted as he ruffled Yuuri’s hair fondly. “Always so punctual,” he teased.

“No one likes over-boiled tea, Vitya,” Yuuri responded with a smile as he switched to a different position.

“Can tea even get over-boiled?” Victor mused as he took the kettle off the stove with a mitten.

Yuuri shrugged. “I have never wanted to find out.”

Victor smiled as he poured the hot water in the cups and put in the tea bags, lemon jam and a little bit of honey for Yuuri.

“Ready for a break?” Victor asked as he placed the tea on the coffee table.

Yuuri nodded as he stretched. “So far this is a pretty good pre-heat,” he stated as he made his way to his nest on the couch.

“Well, it depends on what you’re comparing it with,” Victor said with a soft smile, feeling the sadness behind Yuuri’s statement.

“No one has terrorized us, no one has tried to kidnap any of us… And I haven’t had a panic attack during your birthday party…” Yuuri said with a shrug. “So I’ll have to say that this is the best one yet.”

Victor wrapped his arm around his mate and hugged him gently. “You deserve nothing but good pre-heats from now on,” he said seriously. “Hopefully you’ve spent a lifetime of bad luck… There has to be some kind of limit, right?”

“I guess we’ll see,” Yuuri said as he bent forward to take his cup of tea, sipping on it slowly. “I probably shouldn’t be speaking so soon either,” he admitted. “I might still fall and break a leg if I’m not careful…”

“I’d catch you,” Victor promised.

Yuuri smiled shyly at that. “I’m sorry I’m so bitter,” he apologized as a light blush tinted his cheeks. “At least I’m not sobbing…”

“Don’t apologize for your feelings,” Victor pleaded. “I’ve already told you, I don’t mind.”

“I know,” Yuuri admitted. “I just feel bad when I’m pouring my emotions out on you.”

“That’s what I’m here for,” Victor admitted. “I’m here to support you, but I can only do that if I know what you’re feeling.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Yuuri agreed. “You could read my mind…”

Victor shook his head. “I prefer if you tell me because you want to,” he admitted. “I trust that you will.”
Yuuri felt strangely touched by that. “I love you,” he blurted. “That’s how I’m feeling right now.”

Victor smiled fondly and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s temple. “I love you too.”

Yuuri knew that he was close to his heat when he almost felt possessed by his nesting instincts. Everything had to be perfect as he was both sweating and freezing at the same time. Victor regarded him worriedly. “Do you need me to…”

“No!” Yuuri snapped as he bundled a blanket. “Stay away.”

Victor frowned. “Yuuri, love… breathe.”

Yuuri ignored him completely.

Victor sighed in defeat, knowing better than to approach, but still wanting to find a way to help. He knew that Yuuri really liked his scent, so he took off his shirt and gently reached it out to his mate. “Do you want this?” he asked as he took a cautious step forward.

Yuuri stopped his movement as his eyes locked with the shirt before nodding shyly.

Victor got enough courage to close the distance between himself and his mate, his shirt fully outstretched.

Yuuri whined as it was within reach, quickly snatched it before returning to the nest.

Victor raised his hands in surrender and took a step back. Happy that he was able to do something to help, even if it meant being shirtless.

“Let me know if you need me, okay?” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri nodded without turning around, completely focused on the task at hand.

Victor sighed fondly as he left Yuuri to himself. Hoping that the heat would arrive before Yuuri was consumed by his nesting instincts. He figured that he might as well make himself useful, he double-checked the fridge so they had prepared enough food, he double-checked the scent blockers by the door, so no scent would be getting in or out.

And he double-checked the locks.

No one was getting in unless they had permission, and so far, there was no plans for a third person to join Yuuri during his heat.

Victor wanted Yuuri all to himself, and hopefully he would be present this time around.

They had done everything humanly possible to give Yuuri such a good pre-heat as they could. So hopefully Yuuri would enjoy this one to the fullest.

He really deserved it.

“Vitya,” Yuuri suddenly called, a coyness was evident in his voice.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked as he adjusted a blanket on the couch and returned to the bedroom only to
find his mate naked and beautifully draped across the nest with a shy blush.

“Join me?” Yuuri asked shyly.

Now it was Victor’s turn to blush. “Did your…?”

“Smell me,” Yuuri encouraged.

Victor could practically feel the heat pheromones in the air, and he made a decision to reach for the scent blockers instead. “We both know I’m too weak for that,” he said apologetically and threw the box to Yuuri.

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “And I thought that I was being seductive…” he grumbled as he dug out a scent blocker patch from the box.

“Too much for your own good,” Victor reassured his mate. “How do you feel?”

“Horny,” Yuuri admitted. “Very, very, horny…”

Victor swallowed thickly as he braced himself for the upcoming week of pleasuring his mate. “Let’s do something about that, shall we?” he asked with a seductive smile.

Yuuri smiled dashingly. “I thought you’d never ask…”

Chapter End Notes

I won't be writing any smut this time around, it's too much effort! XD <3 I'd prefer to move on to autumn cuddles! <3 I hope you'll understand! <33

Thank you for sticking around even though my updates have been so few these past weeks! (^w^)

KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3
Chapter 211

Chapter Summary

Fall is upon them, but they still decide to make the most of their time together before school starts.

Chapter Notes

I'm just gonna drop this here before I continue with my boring assignment! XD <3 I have to prepare for a seminar tomorrow! <3 Wish me luck! <3<3

I hope you'll like this new chapter!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As Yuuri’s heat was over, fall had practically claimed all of Saint Petersburg in a spectrum of beautiful colors, all from a pale yellow to an intense red.

The air was crisp and even though most of the days were clear and sunny, there were a few exceptions when the rain was pouring down.

Today was one of those days.

A light thunderstorm was murmuring in the background as Yuuri and Victor huddled under a blanket together and watched a movie with their dogs fast asleep at their sides.

“The thunderstorm is getting closer,” Yuuri observed as he glanced out the window and silently counting the seconds between the lightning and the sound.

“Probably,” Victor agreed. “It'll probably sweep through or go away.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “It’s interesting to see a thunderstorm somewhere that isn’t in Japan. Japanese thunderstorms are usually very intense.”

“They’re usually pretty mild here,” Victor reassured. “They don’t last too long and they only show up once or twice during summer and fall.”

Yuuri hummed thoughtfully as he turned back to the movie.

“Something on your mind?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shrugged. “I’m just trying to figure out how the weather can work so differently across the world…”

“It’s a big world,” Victor smiled. “And we still haven’t explored all of it.”

“Can we go somewhere soon?” Yuuri asked. “I still have the checks that you gave me.”
“Where would you like to go?” Victor asked curiously.

“Could we go someplace historical?” Yuuri asked excitedly. “Like Rome or Greece?”


“Where would you like to go?” Yuuri quipped. “Is there anywhere that you haven’t been to?”

“A lot of places,” Victor admitted. “And the places I’ve been to I’ve mostly been in because of official business or competitions.”

“So where would you like to go?” Yuuri prodded.

Yuuri regarded his mate with amusement, Yuuri looked too sweet when he was looking at him like that. Something was shining beautifully in his eyes.

“I want to go anywhere where I can be with you,” Victor claimed.

Yuuri snorted. “That’s vague…”

Victor laughed a little as well. “Well, how about China? See the great wall of China? Or I hear that France is beautiful this time of year. We can try different kinds of cheese and visit Disneyland?”

“That sounds wonderful,” Yuuri said in awe. “Maybe we can take a long trip and visit all of them?”

Victor leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to his soulmate’s forehead. “But that means that the dogs would have to live with my parents.”

Yuuri looked to the dogs, suddenly feeling a little guilty. “I- I’m sure they’ll be fine,” he finally decided. “They love your parents.”

“And my parents love them just as much,” Victor agreed. “I even think they’re planning of turning my old bedroom into a playroom for the dogs.”

Yuuri gasped slightly as he thought of all the childhood treasures that were still being preserved in Victor’s old bedroom. “They wouldn’t thought, would they?”

“Luckily I’m their firstborn,” Victor mused. “They won’t replace me so easily… The gym might be in danger though…”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “I suppose they would enjoy their own playroom…”

“The whole world is their playroom,” Victor quipped. “I’m sure they will be fine.”

Yuuri reached up and gently brushed Victor’s hair out of his eyes. “You’re so beautiful,” he suddenly stated. “I- I don’t say that enough…”

“You said it yesterday,” Victor reminded his mate.

“I did?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “Hmm, I still don’t think it’s enough… You deserve to hear about your beauty at least fifty times every day…”

“You don’t want to take it there,” Victor warned. “Because you know that if you get to compliment me so often, I want the same rights.”

“I’ve never forbidden you,” Yuuri claimed. “If you want to compliment me, I wouldn’t stop you.”
“I know,” Victor agreed. “But I would probably annoy you,” he admitted before adding. “... A lot.”

“You could never annoy me,” Yuuri promised. “Even if you tried.”

“So you wouldn’t be annoyed if I told you how beautiful your eyes are?” Victor asked.

Yuuri blushed but shook his head nonetheless.

“And how beautiful you are when you blush?” Victor pushed as he allowed his hand to caress his soulmate’s soft cheek.

“No,” Yuuri said.

“Or your smile?” Victor pressed. “It’s so bright, so sweet, so beautiful…”

Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly. “Now you’re just naming different body parts,” he stated. “What’s next? My fingers?”

“I’m getting there,” Victor claimed, completely serious.

“I know you love all of me,” Yuuri assured. “You don’t need to mention every little thing.”

“I told you that I would annoy you,” Victor smirked.

“You didn’t!” Yuuri exclaimed. “I just don’t want you to waste your breath by going into small details when you can do what I do.”

“Just say you’re beautiful?” Victor asked.

Yuuri nodded.

“You’re beautiful,” Victor said adoringly.

Yuuri blushed, despite himself. “So are you.”

Victor leaned in and gently captured Yuuri’s lips with his own in a tender kiss.

Yuuri melted into it, before Victor suddenly pulled away.

“...And your lips…” Victor said as he placed his thumb on Yuuri’s lower lip and stared at it intensely. “So soft and pretty…”

Yuuri laughed at that.

“And your laugh!” Victor exclaimed and placed a hand on his heart. “It’s more beautiful the the songs of angels.”

“You’re too sweet,” Yuuri stated as he kissed Victor again, mostly to keep him quiet.

“I can’t stop,” Victor said between quick kisses. “You’ve opened the gates, the flood needs to be poured out…”

Yuuri smiled into the kisses. “Whatever did I do to deserve you?”

“If you let me finish my declaration of love, you’ll see,” Victor stated as he pulled away.

Yuuri sighed fondly. “Okay,” he agreed. “Pour it out.”
Victor smiled in victory. “This will take some time…”

Yuuri allowed Victor to go into every single detail of everything he loved about him, but to Yuuri’s surprise, he didn’t feel embarrassed by it after a while. He simply felt more confident and happy.

Something about getting praised like that by his alpha made something flutter pleasantly inside of him.

And he also felt a little bit horny, but just as he was about to initiate something with Victor, a lightning struck somewhere nearby, cutting off all electricity.

“Now that was just rude,” Victor told the weather. “I still had a few more things… I didn’t even get to how pretty your feet are…”

“You can go on,” Yuuri said. “Let’s just find some matches and we can light a few candles.”

He was glad that his phone had a built-in flashlight. It made it a lot easier to navigate in Victor’s apartment, despite the darkness.

“I’m not sure if I have matches,” Victor said thoughtfully. “I might have a lighter somewhere…”

He turned on the flashlight on his own phone as he joined Yuuri in the search.

“Have you ever had a blackout before?” Yuuri asked. “Maybe it was just a fuse?”

Victor looked out the window. “A big fuse…” he said. “All of St. Petersburg is dark.”

Yuuri looked out as well and it felt almost surreal, the city that was so full of light and life was now pitch black. “Wow,” he said in awe. “A big fuse indeed…”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand. “We’ll get through it,” he stated confidently. “How long can a blackout last?”

They eventually got to borrow matches from a neighbour so they could light their candles.

The blackout lasted through the whole night and as the candles burned out, Victor and Yuuri fell asleep on the couch along with their dogs, and awoke with a startle as the power came back at 5.00am and the TV turned on in full volume.

There was a moment before they were able to identify the sound, and once they did, they found their own reactions of clutching to each other very amusing.

But they had survived the blackout, which was the important part. Hopefully the weather would be better that day so they could get to the ice rink and maybe later plan their trip around the world.

Summer was at its end but they still had a few weeks before school.

And they were determined to make the most of them.
I just need to let them travel a bit, maybe just a chapter or so! <3 Next chapter will be Disneyland and tooth-rotting fluff (As if this chapter wasn't enough) XD <3 But I love writing it, so hopefully you'll enjoy it as well! <3<3

I hope you liked the chapter, and I'll see you once I'm free again! XD <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 212

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor go to Disneyland.

Chapter Notes

A cute little fluffy filler for you to enjoy! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Traveling with Victor was just like traveling with a guide. For some reason he always knew which way to go and as soon as they got lost he had no problem asking the locals for directions in their native language.

Yuuri had his phone as his backup guide, where he could search for addresses and places to go to.

But when he got to hear Victor speak french, he was willing to throw his phone into the seine.

They hadn’t intended to go to Paris, it was more a spontaneous decision they made when they saw a train for it as they were switching hotels.

Victor had gotten them a beautiful hotel room with a view of the eiffel tower.

It was almost magical to be back to that city.

The city where they shared their first kiss.

Today they were taking the train so they could go to Disneyland.

Something both of them were very excited for.

It was horribly early in the morning, and Yuuri felt more or less like a zombie whilst Victor was whistling and making himself ready for the day.

Yuuri was usually cold in the morning, which is why he usually had tea for breakfast, but since they would get tea on the way to the train, he used his mate in search of warmth, following him around the hotel room and practically begging for warm hugs and cuddles.

Victor found him utterly adorable as he did his best to warm him up while also helping him get ready.

“It’s going to be warm and sunny today,” Victor warned. “And you’ll probably feel warmer once you’re more awake, so I think the hoodie will be enough.”

Yuuri pouted tiredly. “But your coat smells so nice…”
“You’ll be able to smell it tonight when we’re back,” Victor promised. “But let it go for now, okay, babe?”

Yuuri reluctantly did as told and settled for grabbing Victor’s hand instead. “Then I’ll just stay close to you,” he declared. “So prepare yourself to be physically connected to an omega for the day.”

Victor smiled fondly. “I could never ask for a better arrangement.”

Once they were on the train and Yuuri had gotten some coffee instead of tea, he was feeling a lot warmer and was able to release Victor’s hand in favor of researching what kind of attractions they could visit in Disneyland.

Victor watched over his shoulder as he mentally planned the day.

It would be a long day, but it would also be very exciting.

Hopefully it would be a day to remember.

Both Yuuri and Victor were stunned by the giant castle before them.

Everything in Disneyland was bursting with energy and life. There were mostly kids around but also a lot of teenagers and adults with the spirit of children.

It was beautiful.

“Victor look!” Yuuri suddenly exclaimed. “Mickey Mouse!”

Victor laughed at his fiancé’s enthusiasm. “Do you want to take a picture with him?”

Yuuri blushed shyly. “Not now,” he decided. “Unless you want a picture with him?”

“I want one with Minnie,” Victor claimed as he caught sight of the iconic mouse. “Here, take the camera,” he said as he handed the camera to his mate and grabbed his wrist to pull him along.

Yuuri smiled fondly as he took the role as his mate’s photographer with all the professionalism he could muster. Even as Victor kept making funny faces at the camera that almost made it impossible to keep himself from laughing.

When they were satisfied with the first set of pictures, they made it for the rollercoasters.

Neither of them were scared of heights nor speed, so they rode practically everything, only with a few exception for the things that looked actually dangerous.

Victor bought all the pictures of them, swearing that he would treasure them forever.

Yuuri got them some merchandise, finding a T-shirt with Mickey Mouse that would be perfect for Victor along with a Mickey plushie, and Victor got Yuuri Mickey mouse ears and a sparkling, blue backpack with Donald Duck that he insisted that Yuuri should wear for school.

“I’m not in kindergarten,” Yuuri protested lightheartedly, but he already knew that he would lose the fight as Victor gazed at him with his loving, blue eyes.

“You’d be the coolest kid in school,” Victor stated.
“But then I’m getting you the Daisy backpack,” Yuuri declared, already picking the purple bag off the shelf.

“Fine,” Victor relented happily as he hugged Yuuri’s backpack close to his chest as they went for the register.

The cashier looked at Victor in awe. “You’re Victor Nikiforov,” he said in French.

“I am,” Victor replied in English as he held his fiancé’s hand.

“Wow!” the cashier replied in awe. “I love your skating!”

“Thank you,” Victor said with a smile as he handed him the money.

Yuuri smiled as well. Victor really deserved to be praised for his talents.

“And you’re Yuuri Katsuki,” the cashier cheered. “This is so amazing. Are you going to perform in Disney on ice?”

“No, we don’t really have any plans for that,” Victor admitted. “We’re just on vacation.”

“Well, then I recommend watching it, they’re selling tickets to it right now, since you’re both figure skaters, I’m sure you’d like it.”

Victor and Yuuri looked to each other, both of them already making up their minds.

“We’d love to.”

The ice show was magical, beautiful music and a wonderful show.

It was nice to watch figure skating when there was no contest behind it.

Sure, competing was amazing, the rush, the joy, validation.

But this was so beautiful. All the dancers looked so comfortable and they were so talented.

Neither of them could imagine doing it for themselves, since the beauty to them was to come up with new ideas and new concepts of skating.

Having to skate to the same choreographed number all the time would probably get dull after a while.

But watching it now for the first time was incredible.

And as the day turned towards its end, it was time for them to go back to their hotel in Paris.

The day had been wonderful and they had the most amazing memories to bring with them into the fall.

They had two more days in France before they were going to their next destination which they still hadn’t figured out yet.

But the most important thing was that wherever they went, they went together.

They got to explore the world side by side and they loved every second of it.
“What are we doing tomorrow?” Yuuri asked sleepily as he allowed his body to melt into the big soft bed after a long day full of adventure.

“How about going to the louvre?” Victor suggested. “I’ve always wanted to see Mona-Lisa myself, see if it lives up to its reputation.”

“Sounds wonderful.” Yuuri agreed as he rearranged the pillows a little to be more comfortable.

Victor watched him fondly. “Still no nesting instincts?”

Yuuri shook his head. “It’s weird nesting in hotels,” he stated. “There are no familiar scents.”

Victor understood.

“Can we cuddle for a bit?” Yuuri asked as he shifted to leave a spot for Victor.

Victor could never deny such a sweet request as he lied down next to Yuuri and allowed the omega to snuggle up against him and hug him like a lost teddy bear.

“I had so much fun today,” Yuuri admitted. “I love traveling with you.”

“I love traveling with you too,” Victor assured as he placed a soft kiss to the top of Yuuri’s head.

“Where should we go after France?” Yuuri asked.

“Wherever we want,” Victor said with a smile. “We don’t need to figure it out right now.”

Yuuri nodded as he breathed in Victor’s scent and felt like he was in the safest place in the world as he breathed out slowly.

“Are you that tired?” Victor asked in amusement.

“Just comfy,” Yuuri claimed as he snuggled closer. “You smell so good…”

Victor gently petted Yuuri’s hair as he took out his phone to look through social media. They had posted a few pictures of their Mickey Mouse ice cream and their matching backpacks and they were almost up in one hundred thousand likes.

Most of them were fans that wrote supportive comments but there were a few that thought they were spoiling themselves too much and they should give money to charity instead of wasting it on trips.

Victor chose to ignore that negative part and instead look at what people he followed had posted.

Georgi was playing a part in a play that premiered in Moscow in a few days, Chris was working hard on his skating and mostly posted pictures of his routines and his cat.

A few of his classmates mostly posted pictures of their daily lives, their dinner and people they were spending time with.

But it seemed like the world was doing good.

And the most important part of his life was now soundly asleep.

Victor put his phone away so he could enjoy the moment to the fullest.

It had been such an amazing day and this was the perfect way to end it.
Together.

Chapter End Notes

Ugh, assignment-hell is still killing me! XD <3 Now I have a break for a few days though! <3<3 Let me know what stories you’d like me to update! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS! <3<3
Chapter 213

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor visit Greece.

Chapter Notes

Today is my birthday! <3<3 So here's a fluffy update for you to enjoy! <3<3
The last chapter in their little travel log <3
I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri could barely believe their amazing view over the ocean from their bungalow as they had reached their final destination that was Greece.

It was still summer in Greece, and the air was still.

Victor even agreed to take a dip in the ocean, despite the vow he made seven years ago.

He still didn’t trust the ocean fully, but he trusted that Yuuri was a much better swimmer and that the weather wouldn’t change out of nowhere.

However, Yuuri wasn’t allowed to dive below the surface.

Just to be safe and for Victor not to relive the trauma they went through as kids.

They stayed mostly in shallow places and somehow started a water war that ended with both of them kissing on the beach so they got scolded by a lifeguard.

Apparently they should get a room.

Yuuri felt a bit embarrassed and Victor felt mostly amused and would definitely do it again if given the chance.

It was a very good kiss.

“I feel like I have sand everywhere,” Yuuri complained as he tried to brush himself off. They were heading for something to eat.

Victor hummed thoughtfully. “You do have a little bit in your face.”

Yuuri looked to him worriedly. “Where?”

Victor placed a hand on the back of Yuuri’s head and pulled him in for a kiss as he used his other hand to brush the little bit of sand away from Yuuri’s cheek.
Yuuri pulled away, breathless. “Thank you.”

Victor smiled as he kissed Yuuri again. “You’re welcome.”

Yuuri blushed a little as he grabbed Victor’s hand again. “Greece is so pretty,” he stated. “We should get married here.”

“You don’t want to get married in a church?” Victor asked in surprise.

“Maybe,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “But it would also be very nice to get married on a beach.”

“Perhaps we should get married more than once?” Victor suggested. “Why limit it to a one-time-event?”

“Well, speaking for my family and most of my relatives, I don’t think they would enjoy coming to ten different versions of our wedding,” Yuuri mused. “It would be nice though.”

Victor sighed. “Who needs their loved ones on their wedding?” he pouted. “We’re getting married for us.”

“Well, if we’re just getting married for us, we could get married every day for the rest of our lives.” Yuuri pointed out.

“Mhm, that would be lovely,” Victor claimed. “Getting to spend every day promise to love you forever.”

Yuuri smiled fondly as he reached up to kiss Victor’s cheek. “We don’t need a wedding for that.”

“Fine,” Victor agreed. “We’ll get married once, and it will be perfect.”

“Wherever or however we decide for it to be.” Yuuri added.

Victor felt his heart flutter as he hugged his mate close. “Definitely.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile fondly at his mate as Victor did his best to translate the menu.

Victor had never studied Greek, but he kept claiming that his knowledge of Latin and other European languages gave him enough of a foundation to understand what the menu was saying.

“There is no shame with using the English menu,” Yuuri tried for the second time.

“It’s fine, I know what I’m having,” Victor said confidently as he put the menu away.

“If you say so,” Yuuri agreed as he did the same.

“Are you ready to order?” A waiter asked in accented English as he approached.

Yuuri looked to Victor expectantly, but to his surprise, fluent Greek rolled off Victor’s tongue.

Yuuri’s eyes widened in disbelief as his mate and the waiter held a conversation.

The waiter laughed a little before turning to him. “And what will you have?”

Yuuri was still slightly stunned when the question hit him. “Uhm, I… I’ll have the gyros with the roasted potatoes…”
“Excellent,” the waiter said before saying something else to Victor in Greek and then walking off.

Yuuri blinked to Victor uncomprehendingly. “Well… You speak Greek…”

“I found an app on my phone,” Victor admitted with a smile. “I wanted to see that adorable surprised face of yours.”

Yuuri blushed at that. “I can’t believe you managed to trick me.”

“I still have a few tricks up my sleeve,” Victor said proudly. “I just never thought about it, and you never asked me if I learned Greek.”

Yuuri snorted. “You’re too cute,” he claimed. “Learning a whole language just to surprise me.”

“Well, I had to get you back somehow for surprising me with knowing Swedish,” Victor pointed out. “And I still don’t know fluent Greek, just a few polite phrases.”

“Oh,” Yuuri said in understanding. “Is that what you told the waiter? Polite phrases?”

Victor knew that look. “Jealous?”

Yuuri sipped on his water innocently. “I knew you weren’t flirting,” he assured. “But he did seem to enjoy your Greek a little too much…”

Victor smiled fondly. “I told him that I barely know any Greek but I want to impress my fiancé so I’d like to have the most popular dish on the menu.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter. “You’ve impressed me my whole life,” he stated. “With and without Greek.”

“I love to impress you,” Victor admitted.

“You always do,” Yuuri assured as he took Victor’s hand. “I love you.”

Victor beamed. “I love you too.”

………………………………

Walking back to the hotel was one of the most romantic walks of their lives.

The sun was almost right below the horizon and the sky was like a painting of blue, pink and purple. Stars had begun to spread above them and the waves created a slow rhythm that felt like music.

And being with each other made the romance even thicker.

“I wish this summer would never end,” Yuuri admitted as he held Victor’s hand a little bit tighter. “This is so amazing… I wish every day was like this.”

“It could be,” Victor stated. “As soon as you graduate, we can take a year to just travel.”

“We still have the dogs,” Yuuri pointed out. “We can’t just abandon them for a year.”

“We can visit them every other week,” Victor assured. “They will be fine.”

“It sounds like a dream,” Yuuri admitted. “To just be together like this. No responsibilities, no stress, no worries.”
“We’ll make it happen,” Victor said as he pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

“It almost feels like our lives are too short,” Yuuri claimed. “I won’t graduate until I’m twenty three, and there are so many things I want to do with you… Get an apartment or a house, get married… maybe get a car…”

“We’ll have time for all that,” Victor assured. “But to get a car you need a licence…”

Yuuri sighed. “I’ve been meaning to get one, but then the modelling and school took up too much of my time.”

“Maybe this year then?” Victor suggested. “I can try to get one as well and then we can study together over skype.”

Yuuri hugged Victor’s arm a little as he looked across the ocean. “It’s going to be terrible to be away from you after this summer,” he said as something twisted uncomfortably in his chest.

Dread.

“I know,” Victor assured. “Maybe I can try and see if I can get a project in Detroit this year as well?”

“Vitya,” Yuuri drawled. “You’re going to make your teachers suspicious if you keep going to Detroit every time you get a project.”

Victor snorted. “What can they do? Stop me?”

“They wouldn’t dare,” Yuuri mused. “But it’s still not a good idea to test the educational system in the name of love.”

“I’m willing to overthrow the educational system in the name of love,” Victor declared.

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “I’m just saying that it’s not a good idea.”

Victor smiled fondly as he unlocked the door to their bungalow and led Yuuri inside before locking the doors.

Yuuri turned on the dimmed lights before taking Victor’s hand and tugging him towards their secluded balcony where they could enjoy the rest of the sunset.

Victor followed him willingly and felt his heart flutter when Yuuri stole a kiss from him.

And then another one.

And then another one.

And eventually they began to lose layers of their clothes as they were in desperate need of more skin-to-skin contact.

They made love that night, to the most romantic view of their lives.

Savoring every moment before summer was truly over.

Chapter End Notes
I love seeing them so happy <3<3 Soon it's time for a mini drama! <3<3 It'll be fun to pick up the pace a little again <3

I hope you liked the chapter! <3

Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 214

Chapter Summary

Victor learns the hard way not to mess around with rut-suppressants.

Chapter Notes

Ugh, now I need to fix the final details to my assignment (>.<) But 12th of December, I'll be free after almost 4 months of constant writing <3<3 Whoever told me that a University degree would be easy - deserves a punch in the face XD <3

Anyway, thank you for bearing with me, even though the mini-hiatus that I tend to go on for days on end to focus on school <3<3 Your patience has been wonderful <3<3

But without further ado, I hope you'll like the update! <3<3 #LetTheDramaBegin

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel his heart ache as he stepped off the plane in Detroit.

Victor was with him and so was Makkachin and Vicchan but it still felt like he was all alone.

“Honey,” Victor said gently as he took his soulmate’s hand. “You’re not alone,” he assured. “I’ll stay as long as you want me to, I’ll even get an apartment here.”

“No, you… You have to go back to school in a few days,” Yuuri pointed out. “I can’t keep you from that.”

“I won’t leave you if you don't want me to,” Victor claimed. “I can finish my education after you’ve graduated.”

“Now you’re just being silly,” Yuuri said fondly. “Why does it always make you look so cute?”

Victor shrugged with a smile. “I’m naturally cute,” he mused. “The silliness only brings it out more evidently.”

Yuuri shook his head in amusement. “I’m glad you’re here.”

“I’m glad to be with you,” Victor declared.

Yuuri regarded his mate with slight worry, Victor seemed to be a little bit on edge.

It might be because they were soon to be separated again, but something else seemed to be behind it.

He listened in on his thoughts, and Victor sounded very paranoid.
As soon as they got into the car, Victor was upset about the driver being an alpha, and for some reason he thought that he was trying to flirt with Yuuri, even though all he did was ask for the address.

“Are you okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly as they got out of the car at Yuuri’s campus. “You seem… tense.”

“I’m fine,” Victor said as he looked around, glaring at a few students that were hanging out outside while moving closer to Yuuri. ~What’s their problem?~ he thought bitterly. ~They’re not getting my Yuuri, they might as well look somewhere else~

Yuuri recognized that kind of thinking. “Victor, is your rut coming up?” he asked carefully.

“I don’t get my rut until February,” Victor stated reassuringly. “It’s almost five months away.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. It did sound weird that he would get it now. But maybe being around each other for so long could trigger it early?

“I’m okay,” Victor assured with a smile.

Yuuri regarded his mate. “If you say so,” he agreed hesitantly.

Victor didn’t exactly seem to be dying, just tense, but it could be because the lack of rest. They had been traveling for almost three weeks without a break.

Maybe it was draining on him?

Victor took Yuuri’s hand as they approached the school reception where they could get a visitation badge for Victor.

“Please don’t worry so much.” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri exhaled deeply and did his best to relax. If Victor said he was fine, he was fine.

Yuuri trusted him.

Until he started growling.

“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked, tugging on Victor’s hand so he could look him in the eyes.

Victor looked at the offensive alphas that were eyeing Yuuri up.

They looked at his beautiful mate as if he was some kind of specialty in a meat market. Looking at him up and down and licking their lips suggestively.

Did they have no self-control?

He was standing right there, holding Yuuri’s hand.

“Victor,” Yuuri urged, snapping Victor out of his trance and he could finally focus on his beautiful soulmate.

Yuuri looked so angelic today, he was so beautiful and his eyes were sparkling wonderfully.

“What’s going on?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “Why are you growling?”
Victor swallowed thickly. He was growling? He didn’t even notice…

“Maybe you should wait outside?” Yuuri suggested carefully. “Watch the dogs while I deal with this?”

Victor saw how two alphas were standing in the corner of the room with smug smirks. Looking like they were just waiting for Yuuri to go inside so they could attack him or take him away.

“No,” Victor said. “I can’t let them…” he trailed off slightly.

Yuuri looked over his shoulder. There were two guys standing in the corner of the room with their phones, looking to be playing something together.

Not exactly textbook thugs.

“Vitya,” Yuuri said gently. “I- I think something is going on with you… I think it’s a rut, but it also seems early.”

Something seemed to be dawning on Victor, but he just nodded.

Yuuri listened in on Victor’s thoughts, but Victor seemed to be avoiding him by rambling incoherently in Chinese.

“What are you doing?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “What don’t you want me to know?”

Victor averted his gaze. “You’re going to get mad.”

“I won’t be mad at you,” Yuuri promised as if it was obvious. “But please tell me.”

Victor seemed to be considering it for several moments before finally giving in. “I… I ran out of suppressants when we were in Belgium… I’ve been taking them every other day instead of every day… Apparently it wasn’t as effective.”

Yuuri processed the words for several moments.

If Victor was this close to a rut, he couldn’t live in an omega apartment.

He didn’t even know how he might try to explain to Nathan that he brought his rutting alpha to their home.

Yuuri knew that he would panic if Nathan brought a alpha to their home, especially if that alpha was in rut.

Sure, he knew that Victor would never do anything to Nathan, but Nathan couldn’t know that.

This was very, very complicated.

“I should find a hotel instead,” Victor said in embarrassment. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner.”

“You didn’t know,” Yuuri jumped to his mate’s defence. “And we’ll figure it out,” he said reassuringly. “I’ll stay with you through it.”

“You have classes tomorrow,” Victor pointed out. “I don’t want you to miss school.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri promised. “I can catch up.”
Victor cursed his own decisions. He hated this. He felt like the worst mate in the world for doing this to Yuuri.

“Don’t think like that,” Yuuri pleaded. “You would do the same for me.”

Victor knew that he would. “It’s not the same,” he said nonetheless.

“You’re allowed to make mistakes, Vitya,” Yuuri assured. “As long as you don’t make it a habit to hide things from me.”

“I know,” Victor assured. “It wasn’t smart.”

“I love you,” Yuuri explained. “And I want to help you, in whatever way I can.”


Yuuri smiled gently. “I’ll text Nathan to let him know that I won’t be home for another week,” he said as he took Victor’s hand. “But first we should find a hotel.”

“What about the dogs?” Victor asked worriedly.

Yuuri looked down on their fluffy friends that stared at them expectantly.

“Well, I- I guess I can check and see if Celestino might take them for a week,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “Otherwise I’m sure Detroit has a good dog daycare center.”

“This is a mess,” Victor sighed.

“We’ll figure it out,” Yuuri reassured his mate. “Life isn’t easy to plan, but we’ll make it work. It’s only a week.”

“How can you be so calm?” Victor asked in surprise.

Yuuri shrugged. “Balance?” he suggested. “If we both panic, there will be no one left to think.”

Victor couldn’t argue with that logic.

“Yuuri!”

Yuuri felt his heart speed up at the sound of his classmate’s voice.

“It’s about time that you showed up, me and the gang were just about to…”

“Kevin, stop,” Yuuri pleaded as he pushed Victor back slightly.

Victor stared the other alpha down. Feeling his muscles go rigid with anger.

“You’re so beautiful, Yuuri,” the other alpha told his mate. “Why don’t you come back home to my place and I’ll fuck you real good…”

“Shut up,” Victor snapped, trying to step forward when Yuuri pushed him back again.

“Victor, we need to go,” Yuuri said urgently before turning back to his classmate. “I- I’ll see you in a week.”

“To do what?” Victor questioned, but Yuuri was already pulling him out of the building.
“Hurry back, my love.”

“What the hell is his problem?” Victor asked angrily, on the verge to rush back inside and punch his fist into that smug face the other alpha was sporting.

“Victor, take a deep breath,” Yuuri pleaded. “You’re overreacting.”

“Overreacting?” Victor repeated in disbelief. “Didn’t you hear what he was…”

“He just asked if we wanted to join him and the gang in the arcade,” Yuuri explained. “It was not like he flirted or anything like that.”

“He asked you to have sex with him,” Victor snapped. “How could you not see that?”

Yuuri blinked in confusion. Perplexed how Victor would reach that conclusion. “Okay,” he said calmly. “I think your rut is making you see and hear things that aren’t there,” he explained. “He never asked me anything like that…”

“But the way he was looking at you,” Victor said grimly. “I should kill him for it.”

“He didn’t look at me like anything,” Yuuri assured. “Let’s just get you somewhere where you’re not a danger to yourself or others.”

Victor huffed reluctantly but allowed Yuuri to lead him away.

He would follow Yuuri anywhere.

Chapter End Notes

Life is indeed hard to plan <3 An unplanned rut is sure to be interesting <3 Hopefully Yuuri will get Victor inside to safety before he starts a fight with all of Detroit XD <3<3

There's a reason why alphas need to keep tracks of their ruts and stay indoors during them XD <3

Poor Victor, he needs all the support he could get in order to pull through <3<3 Luckily Yuuri will always give it to him, let’s hope he won’t fall too far behind in school <3<3

Thank you for reading <3<3 And I hope you’re excited about this arc <3<3

Love you! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 215

Chapter Summary

Yuuri does his best to fix everything and get Victor someplace safe.

Chapter Notes

Just dropping this off before going back to my assignment <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Getting Victor to a hotel was not the easiest task in the universe.

Especially when Victor was ready to pick a fight with everything that moved.

It was probably why alphas stayed indoors when they were close to their ruts.

This felt like walking around with a bomb about to go off.

“Can you wait in the car while I get the dogs inside?” Yuuri asked pleadingly as the car stopped outside Celestino’s house. His coach had accepted the challenge of watching them for a week. “I don’t want you to get hurt from picking fights with my second family.”

“You’re leaving me?” Victor asked with slight panic.

“No, no, no,” Yuuri promised. “I’ll just be gone a few minutes to make sure the dogs are settled.”

Victor regarded the words for a moment before nodding reluctantly.

Yuuri pressed a soft kiss to Victor’s cheek. “I’ll be right back.”

…………………………

“Yuuri, it’s so good to see you,” Gina cheered and caught Yuuri in her embrace. “Did you have a good summer?”

“Yuuri!” Isabella cried from the living room as she saw him. “I’ve missed you so much!”

Yuuri was almost knocked over when the little girl attacked him with a hug.
“I’ve missed you too,” Yuuri assured. “But now I’m back.”

Isabella smiled brightly. “Do you want to see my new figure skates? They’re pink!”

“Maybe later,” Yuuri said gently before turning back to Celestino. “Thank you so much for doing this,” he said gratefully. “If they cause any problem, please call me and we’ll figure it out.”

“They’ll be fine,” Celestino assured. “And we’re happy to help, it’s nice to have dogs without the long-term commitment.”

“How’s Victor?” Gina asked worriedly. “It can’t be fun to get an unexpected rut like this. His hormones has to be all over the place.”

“He’s holding up,” Yuuri admitted. “We’ll go to a hotel and I’ll make sure he’ll be okay.”

“I’m sure he’ll be more than okay,” Gina assured. “As long as he gets those hormones under control.”

“We talked about going past a pharmacy to pick up some rut-easers,” Yuuri said. “I just hope that he won’t attack anyone… He’s very… tense.”

“I might have a package at home,” Gina stated. “Hold on, I’ll check the medicine cabinet.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said shyly.

“Anything else you need?” Celestino asked. “Scent-blockers? Protein bars?”

“Uhm, I’m not sure, I- I haven’t planned that far ahead yet…” he admitted sheepishly.

Celestino smiled sympathetically. “It sounds like the rut came as a surprise to both of you.”

“It did,” Yuuri said tiredly. “But it’s okay, we’ll figure something out. There’s always room-service and I think I might be able to get away for short moments while Victor is sleeping off the rut.”

“That doesn’t sound like the best idea,” Celestino said. “Knowing you two, he’ll probably wake up and run after you outside… Clothes or not.”

Yuuri hated the idea of that.

“I can go shopping for you and drop the things off outside your hotel room,” Celestino said. “Just send me a list.”

“You’d do that?” Yuuri asked in disbelief.

“Of course,” Celestino claimed. “You’re family, Yuuri. And family look after each other.”

Yuuri felt like a giant weight had been lifted from his chest. “Thank you.”

“Here!” Gina called as she came rushing back with the rut-easers. “I’m not sure if it’s the brand Victor uses, but I’m sure it will work just as well.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said again. “Both of you, thank you so much.”

“Of course, honey,” Gina said gently. “Now have fun and be safe.”

“We will,” Yuuri promised as he began to walk back out, only petting the dogs goodbye before
walking out completely. “Bye.”

“Bye, Yuuri!” the Cialdini family waved at the door as Yuuri walked back to the car.

Yuuri could see that Victor was pouting and looking away from him out the other window.

A part of him didn’t want to know what was going through Victor’s head. He had probably twisted his meeting with the Cialdini’s as something terrible.

He just hoped that it was fixable as he sat back in the car.

Victor didn’t even look at him.

“Victor?” Yuuri asked carefully.

Victor just turned further away.

Yuuri sighed and turned to the driver. “Can you take us to the best hotel in Detroit?” he asked him.

“Most stars?” The driver asked.

“Yeah,” Yuuri replied, glancing to his mate worriedly. “My mate deserves to rest up someplace fancy.”

The driver chuckled fondly as he clicked on his GPS. “Virtue hotel is the most luxurious hotel in the city. It has five stars and it’s only three miles from here.”

“That sounds great,” Yuuri said. “Thank you.”

“Of course,” the driver said, smiling politely through the rearview mirror.

“Don’t you dare speak to him like that!” Victor snapped at the driver. “He’s not for you to objectify or harass you asshole!”

Yuuri cringed in sympathy and took his mate’s hand. “Please ignore him,” he asked the driver. “He’s having a very bad day.”

“He’s in rut,” the driver stated. “I can smell his pheromones.”

Yuuri blushed a little.

“What did I just tell you?” Victor questioned angrily. “One more word and I’ll have you fired!”

“Victor,” Yuuri cooed gently. “Your mind is playing tricks on you.”

Victor pulled his hand free and looked away again.

Yuuri felt slightly hurt as he decided to read Victor’s mind. Victor had never been mad with him before so he was at a loss of what else to do.

~Yuuri doesn’t seem to care about me, he keeps flirting with everyone and everyone is flirting back~ Victor thought bitterly. ~I can’t believe I’m going to lose him to a fucking driver of all people. I really thought he had a bit more class than that~

Yuuri couldn’t believe his mate’s thoughts. First insulting someone for what they worked with, and then accusing him of cheating.
Vitya~ Yuuri said across the bond. ~Stop that thinking right now, you know that I would never flirt with anyone but you, and you’re never losing me~

Victor looked at his lap dejectedly.

~You know how much I love you~ Yuuri continued. ~Please don’t distrust me like that~

~Stupid hormones~ Victor grumbled angrily before looking to Yuuri pleadingly. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured. “I know hormones far too well.”

“I never meant to…”

“I know,” Yuuri said gently. “We just need to get away from other people and let you calm down a little.”

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized again. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured. “Just know that there is no one else and there will never be anyone else that I would ever choose over my soulmate. Over you.”

“I know,” Victor agreed. “I hate this.”

“Welcome to a life of raging hormones,” Yuuri said in an attempt of humor. “It sucks.”

“Not even you are this bad,” Victor claimed. “You would never accuse me of…”

“Only on your birthdays,” Yuuri cut him off.

Victor quieted down at that.

“I’ve done it all, thought it all,” Yuuri continued. “There is nothing you can say or do that I haven’t already done to you. So however you decide to put yourself down, remember that I’m right down there with you.”

“No you’re not,” Victor claimed. “You have stronger hormones than me, it’s worse for you.”

“You can’t measure hormones, it’s different for everyone,” Yuuri pointed out. “But they’re no excuse. We just have to try to be better than our instincts, even if it’s difficult.”

Victor nodded in agreement.

“So far, I’m terrible,” Yuuri admitted. “I just hope that you can be better than me… But if you can’t, I’m still here for you.”

Victor felt his heart soar at Yuuri’s words. “I love you.”

Yuuri smiled reassuringly. “I love you too.”

……………………………

At the hotel, Yuuri felt his worry return to him.

Victor’s breathing sped up and his muscles tensed up.

Yuuri sent him reassuring words across the bond as he approached the reception.

“Hello, how may I help you?” the girl in the reception asked politely.
Victor glared at her.

“Hi, we would like a room for a week,” Yuuri said carefully while reading Victor’s mind to make sure that his mate didn’t take the words wrong.

“Of course,” the girl said, slightly nervous under Victor’s piercing gaze. “King sized bed or two queens?”

“King sized,” Yuuri said, looking to Victor for confirmation.

Victor didn’t look away from the girl.

“Okay,” The girl said. “Our honeymoon suit is available.”

“That’s perfect,” Yuuri said and handed over his credit card.

The girl took it, shaking slightly with nervousness.

Yuuri kept his eyes on Victor and tried to gain his attention as the girl processed the payment before handing the credit card back to Yuuri along with a keycard. “Enjoy your stay.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, at least they're at a hotel now <3<3 Now they only need to solve the rest of all their problems! XD <3<3

I hope you liked this update! <3<3 Let me know if you did <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 216

Chapter Summary

Yuuri visits a sex store in Detroit to get things for him and Victor.

Chapter Notes

Here's an update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The honeymoon suite was amazing.

It was almost as luxurious as the room they had in Paris, minus the view.

But it was a perfect room to spend Victor’s rut. It had a kitchen, a big bathroom and judging by the smell, it had scent blockers.

He could probably close the drapes as well to give Victor the sense of security and solitude.

Hopefully it would be enough to calm him down.

“How are you feeling?” Yuuri asked his mate that seemed to be searching the corners of the room.

“Sometimes there are hidden cameras in rooms like these,” Victor stated. “I don’t want any creepy alpha to see my omega naked.”

“Your omega has a name you know,” Yuuri said in an attempt at humor as he approached Victor and hugged him from behind.

Victor seemed to relax at that. “I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I don’t know where this paranoia comes from.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured. “But this is America, if there’s a hidden camera you can always sue.”

“It would still mean nothing if it meant that some stranger got to see you in your most vulnerable state,” Victor explained. “I just want you to be safe.”

“I am safe,” Yuuri promised. “I’m always safe with my alpha.”

Victor felt something primal stir inside of him when Yuuri called him that.

“I’m going to send Celestino a list of things we will need for the week,” Yuuri suddenly declared as he left a soft kiss on Victor’s shoulder before pulling away. “Is there anything you need?”

“Just you,” Victor claimed. “If you still want to stay?”

“Of course,” Yuuri assured. “Where else would I ever want to be when I could be with you?”
“School?” Victor suggested.

Yuuri shook his head. “I’d choose you over everything.”

Victor felt his heart skip a beat from the overpowering love.

“We need a lot of lube,” Yuuri said as he dug up his phone from his jacket pocket. “Maybe some condoms so we won’t mess things up too bad in here and some toys to keep you stimulated in the things I can’t help with… But… I-I…” Yuuri trailed off as he looked for the right words. “I don’t want to send out Celestino to get that for us… Is it okay if I go out a short while by myself?”

Victor felt his heart stop for a moment. “Please don’t.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “What if I get Nathan to meet me up? I wouldn’t be alone then.”

“Why can’t Celestino get the things?” Victor asked. “Sex is natural.”

“It’s embarrassing,” Yuuri said as a blush crept up on him. “It’s like you asking Yakov to get you a sex-doll or something.”

Victor snorted.

“Not funny,” Yuuri said as his blush grew stronger.

“It’s a little funny,” Victor quipped.

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “What if I ask Kevin?” he asked. “He’s an alpha and a friend, he can keep me safe without embarrassing me.”

“Yes, and while you’re at it, why don’t you invite Tommy?” Victor quipped. “You know how much I want you to get sex toys with alphas that are in love with you.”

“Kevin is not in love with me,” Yuuri stated immediately.

“Yuuri,” Victor drawled.

“He’s not,” Yuuri said more forcefully.

“He looks at you like if you were on the front cover of playboy and he was a fifteen-year-old boy,” Victor stated.

“Ew, that’s gross,” Yuuri said in disgust at the mental image. “And not true, we’re just friends, I’m friends with everyone in my class.”

“And everyone in your class is in love with you,” Victor pointed out.

“No, they’re not.”

“Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “They are.”

“People can be friends without being attracted to each other, Victor,” Yuuri explained. “You’re just sensitive right now.”

“I can promise you, that if you told your classmates that we are broken up, they would be throwing themselves at you the very next second,” Victor said confidently.
“They’re not that desperate,” Yuuri claimed.

“But you are that beautiful,” Victor quipped. “I’m sure that people are willing to murder me for a chance to have you by their side.”

“Don’t say things like that,” Yuuri scolded. “I would kill anyone that tried.”

Victor released a breath he didn’t know he was holding. “I’m sorry,” he apologized.

“It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “You’re in rut, you wouldn’t think like that if you weren’t under the influence of it.”

Victor knew that he was right about Yuuri’s friends, but he decided to not argue more with Yuuri about it.

“But would you be comfortable if I went out to get things with Nathan?” Yuuri asked carefully. “I really don’t want my coach getting me sex toys.”

Victor could tell how much it was tearing on Yuuri, and he really couldn’t refuse those beautiful brown eyes of his. “Fine,” he relented. “But you will only take a car with a good driver from a fancy firm that will take you everywhere,” he said as a condition. “You will not walk into any allies or dangerous areas. It’s still Detroit, a city of crime.”

“I’ll be careful,” Yuuri stated seriously. “I promise.”

………………………………….

“Hi, Yuuri,” Nathan greeted as he got into the car and looked around it in surprise. “So you had a financial uprise during the summer, I assume… Or is Victor paying for it?”

“I’m paying for it,” Yuuri admitted. “My brand did very well during the summer.”

“Well, congratulations,” Nathan said as he hugged him. “I’ve missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too,” Yuuri assured. “I wish we had more time to catch up, but I need to get back as soon as possible.”

“Of course,” Nathan agreed. “You know, there is this great store I know of… I usually get heat supplies from there, but they have a giant range of things for alphas.”

“Where?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Nathan smiled smugly. “You’ll see…”

………………………………………

Yuuri had never been so confused by a store before.

He was intrigued, disgusted, fascinated, uncomfortable and a little bit turned on.

They really had everything regarding sex that Yuuri could ever imagine. He had taken pride in being so well-educated in all the different kinks people had.

But this store opened doors he wasn’t even sure he wanted to open.

Wearing that much latex really couldn’t be healthy...

“You’re not having an aneurysm, right?” Nathan asked in amusement.
Yuuri’s face turned red in an instant. “No, no, no, I’m fine,” he lied unconvincingly.

“You look perfectly fine,” Nathan snorted. “It almost seems like you’ve never been inside a sex store before.”

Yuuri swallowed thickly and averted his gaze.

Nathan gasped. “Oh my god, you’ve never been inside a sex store before.”

“I get things online,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “It’s easier, and I never have to explain myself to anyone.”

Nathan sighed fondly. “So much to learn,” he mused before walking deeper into the store.

Yuuri followed him nervously.

“Julie!” Nathan suddenly greeted.

A woman who seemed to be in her late twenties looked down at them from where she was standing on a footstool. “Nathan,” she said with a bright smile. “I didn’t think your heat was for another few months.”

“It’s not,” Nathan assured. “But I brought you a new customer,” he gently pushed Yuuri ahead of himself so he was forced to face the unknown woman. “This is Yuuri,” he said happily. “Yuuri, that’s Julie, she’s the owner of the store.”

“H-hi,” Yuuri said shyly.

“Hi, Yuuri, welcome,” Julie said with that same warm smile that felt very motherly. “Is there anything special you’re looking for?”

“His alpha is in rut,” Nathan spoke for him. “He needs some supplies to get them through.”

“Oh?” Julie said knowingly. “Do you have any special preferences?”

Yuuri blushed at the question.

“I’ll just browse among the scent blockers,” Nathan declared. “Holler if you need me!”

Yuuri was both relieved and terrified that Nathan left his side. It was all very confusing.

Julie climbed down from the footstool and picked up an empty box from the floor. “Let me show you what we have…”

Victor hated feeling like this.

Yuuri told him to relax and take a few hours to relax and get some sleep, but all he could think about was Yuuri.

He was out there, in potential danger.

What if someone pulled a gun on him? Or what if someone stole from him?

No one was there to keep him safe. He doubted that Nathan would be able to protect his soulmate. He was so small and fragile-looking.
It was probably just as effective as relying on Vicchan as protection against a dinosaur.

He knew that he would give it his best effort, but the danger would sweep him aside like air.

He just hoped that he would be back soon.

He checked in on him from time to time, but he seemed to be okay.

For now.

Victor kept looking at the door, if Yuuri so much as stumbled outside, he vowed that he would come to his rescue immediately.

He would not be sitting around in a hotel room if Yuuri could get hurt out there. Other people and their safety was completely irrelevant.

~I’m just going to drop Nathan off then I’ll come to you~ Yuuri promised. ~Are you still doing okay?~

Victor had to admit that he was okay, even though he missed Yuuri with all his heart.

~I’ll be home soon~ Yuuri said gently. ~I love you~

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at that. ~I love you too~

Chapter End Notes

Nathan is such a good/bad influence on Yuuri! XD <3 I love it! <3<3

Yuuri will probably soon be a regular there! XD <3<3

Hopefully Victor will appriciate it as well... ;) <3<3

Anyways, I hope you liked the chapter! <3

Thank you for reading! <3

KUDOS! <3<3
Chapter 217

Chapter Summary

Getting his items to his alpha proves to be more of a challenge than Yuuri expected.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3 The drama continues! <3<3
I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri couldn’t help but feel like he was carrying something illegal.

He had bought a wide range of sex toys, and about four bottles of lube, some even with flavours.

The woman in the store had been very helpful and gave him a whole magazine that explained how everything worked and what alphas found enjoyable along with reviews.

He had also gotten a set of soft leather handcuffs that would probably come in handy.

So it wasn’t that he regretted that he had gotten them, but he felt terrified that someone else might find out what he had gotten and call him out on being a kinky creep.

Nathan had only given him praise and told him that he was proud of him for not running out screaming. But the moment they walked out of the store, they got dirty looks from everyone.

Nathan called them stuffed up, but it really didn’t help the tinge of embarrassment that threatened to be Yuuri’s demise.

And as Yuuri was on his way back into the hotel, he practically felt his heart stop when a group of alphas walked out and blocked the door.

“Nice bag,” one of them remarked. “Did you enjoy the dirty store?”

Yuuri felt like he had trouble taking a deep breath.

“Why don’t you show us what you got?” Another one of them said teasingly, Yuuri could smell the alcohol on his breath.

“Yeah,” yet another one laughed. “Maybe we’ll even use it on you,” he gave a playful wiggle with his eyebrows that made Yuuri take a step back.

There were five of them, and they all seemed to have plenty of money. Not only because they were living in his hotel that was apparently the best hotel in Detroit, but also because they all looked like the kind of people that had more money in the bank than brain cells in their heads.
“Come on, sweetheart,” one of them cooed. “Give us a pretty smile.”

Yuuri felt anger flare, but for some reason he was unsure if it was him or Victor. “Get back,” he warned.

“You made him mad,” a dark-haired alpha said and slapped the man that said it lightly on the chest while chuckling in amusement.

“What?” the man snorted with a shrug. “He looks like an omega, I hear they are great fucks. Like a whore without payment.”

“I think that’s just called a slut.”

All of them laughed, and Yuuri fought the urge to roll his eyes.

They clearly had the maturity of thirteen-year-olds.

~I’ll kill them~ Victor suddenly snapped.

Yuuri felt fear grasp him at the sound of Victor’s voice.

There wasn’t a single doubt in his mind that Victor didn’t mean what he was saying.

If he didn’t get to Victor first, a fight would definitely hurt someone.

Yuuri knew that the only way to get to Victor was through those assholes. So he decided to push through.

And of course one of them was stupid enough to grab his arm.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Yuuri knew the proper way to defend himself, but he knew that Victor would only get more upset if he hurt his hand.

So he decided to settle it with words.

“I’m going inside to fuck my rutting alpha unconscious,” he said, showing no emotions at all. “If you try to stop me, I will take my newly purchased vibrator and shove it down your throat.”

The alpha released him immediately as if he had been burned, his eyes widening in fear.

Yuuri brushed himself off and continued inside.

“Good evening, sir,” the woman at the reception greeted cheerfully.

“Good evening,” Yuuri greeted back, feeling strangely proud of himself for managing to scare five full-grown alphas at their own game.

He headed towards the elevator when it suddenly opened up and he came face to face with his furious alpha, looking ready to rip the world apart.

Yuuri immediately hurried forward to get Victor back into the elevator and back to their room.

“What did they do to you?” Victor questioned angrily as he struggled to get past Yuuri to get to the men that had dared to insult him.
“Nothing, Vitya,” Yuuri promised as he managed to block Victor long enough for the elevator doors to close. “I’m okay.”

“They wanted to...” Victor snarled but trailed off as he was practically shaking with fury.

“They didn’t,” Yuuri promised him. “I scared them off.”

Victor looked down at him in disbelief.

Yuuri raised his bag as he smiled shyly. “Never get between a horny omega and the idea of sex with their mate.”

Victor still looked confused.

Yuuri reached up and pressed a soft kiss to Victor’s cheek. “Please try to calm down.”

Victor sighed in frustration. ~I want them dead for what they said to you, I want them bloody and beaten...~

“I know,” Yuuri said reassuringly, trying to stay calm despite his mate’s murderous declaration. “But that will cause more problem than it’s worth. I’m fine.”

“Not thanks to them,” Victor said angrily as he averted his gaze.

“Vitya,” Yuuri tried.

Victor closed his eyes as he took a deep breath. “I’m so angry with them,” he admitted.

“I understand,” Yuuri said gently. “But they don’t deserve your anger, they were just stupid.”

Victor growled lowly in the back of his throat.

“They didn’t know better,” Yuuri continued. “They probably didn’t even know that I was an omega. They were drunk.”

“Don’t make excuses for them,” Victor said bitterly.

“I’m not,” Yuuri protested. “I’m just trying to calm you down.”

“I don’t want to be calm,” Victor claimed. “I want them dead.”

The doors to the elevator opened up on their floor. Yuuri released a breath of relief as he took Victor’s hand and pulled him towards their room. “You just need to take a moment to breathe,” he assured. “You’ll feel better once you’re no longer blinded by anger.”

Victor rolled his eyes but allowed Yuuri to lead him back to their room rather than go with his instincts and hunt those assholes down.

Even though they deserved it.

“Do you have the keycard?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Victor nodded and reached for his pocket, fishing the card out.

“Good,” Yuuri said with a shy smile as he moved closer and released calming pheromones for his mate.
Victor took a deep breath and Yuuri could tell how the tension was letting up from Victor’s shoulders.

He avoided reading Victor thoughts for his own sake. He didn’t want to hear or see all the gruesome ways Victor wanted to kill other humans.

And once they were inside the hotel room, Yuuri closed the door behind himself and locked it before taking Victor to the bed and making him sit down.

“I’m still angry,” Victor claimed.

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “But you would only have gotten more angry if you got to do as you wanted, and I don’t want you to do something terrible just because some asshole couldn’t choose their words better.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was right, but he still hated it.

“You have a right to be angry,” Yuuri continued. “I would have gotten angry too if someone said something like that to you.”

Victor sighed tiredly.

Yuuri shifted a little on his feet, considering his next words. “I’m sorry that I keep making you worried.”

“It’s not your fault,” Victor said immediately. “I just wish I could delete every single creep from the face of the earth.”

“I wish so too,” Yuuri admitted. “But since we’re not gods, I guess we’re going to have to learn to live with them.”

Victor nodded reluctantly. “Doesn’t mean I have to be happy about it though.”

Yuuri smiled fondly as he sat down next to his mate and took his hand. “I’m proud of you, Vitya,” he said gently. “For being stronger than them.”

Victor felt a little bit better at Yuuri’s praise. “Thank you for keeping me sane.”

Yuuri kissed Victor’s hand softly. “Always.”

Victor had no idea how anyone could say such foul things to someone as sweet as Yuuri. He once again felt his temper flare, when Yuuri suddenly rustled his bag. “Do you want to see what I got for us?”

Victor’s mind seemed to change track immediately as curiosity got the better of him.

Yuuri could tell, as he felt pride spread through him at getting his mate to let go of his anger.

At least for now.

Chapter End Notes

People can’t seem to leave Yuuri alone sometimes <3 Luckily he knows how to speak
for himself! <3

ALSO!! To all of you that would like to interact with Dearly Beloved! Yuuri and Dearly Beloved! Victor - This is your lucky day! <3

I just created roleplay tumblrs for the both of them: Give them a follow and send them asks <3 I'm sure they will love to hear from you! :) <3<3

Victor - https://dearlybeloved-victornikiforov.tumblr.com/
Yuuri - https://dearlybeloved-yuurikatsuki.tumblr.com/
Chapter 218

Chapter Summary

Victor chooses his words poorly and Yuuri gets upset.

Chapter Notes

Daily update! <3<3
I hope you will enjoy it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt a lot better after getting to indulge himself in cuddles with Yuuri. His mate made everything better, his presence alone was more soothing than any kind of medicine. The rut hadn’t started yet, but Yuuri didn’t seem to be in any hurry. Yuuri did everything he could to help Victor feel calm.

He brought out his computer and downloaded Victor’s favorite movie for them to watch as he cuddled up next to him. He then did his best to stay close and keep his voice soothing.

And without warning, Victor fell asleep.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to admire him.

Victor always looked angelic when he slept. He looked angelic when he was awake as well, but he looked so peaceful and serene when he was resting.

Compared to how intense he looked when he was angry, this was a welcomed contrast.

Yuuri gently brushed Victor’s hair aside and kissed his forehead before heading for the shower.

He still felt like all kinds of dirty from the sex store. Holding a model of someone else’s alpha penis was enough to make anyone feel uncomfortable.

Yuuri was only happy that Victor didn’t check in on him during that time.

But it would be nice to wash the weird memories off. Hopefully he’d be done before Victor woke up.

Victor couldn’t quite relax without Yuuri by his side.

His dreams turned dark in an instant.
He dreamed that Yuuri was sleeping next to him, when those assholes from earlier broke into their hotel room and grabbed Yuuri before running out.

And no matter how much Victor struggled, it felt like the bed was eating him and kept him from getting up.

That’s when Yuuri’s voice woke him up.

“Vitya, are you okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “You had a bad dream, I’m right here.”

Victor didn’t waste a single moment before sitting up and bringing Yuuri into his embrace. “I’m so glad you’re okay,” he admitted as he hugged a little tighter. “Please don’t ever let something like that happen.”

“It won’t,” Yuuri promised. “I would have kicked their ass if they tried to take me away from you.”

Victor had a hard time believing that, but he still appreciated the attempt.

“You don’t think I could do it?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. Suddenly he looked offended.

“Yuuri,” Victor said calmly. “It was five of them… And they were all alphas.”

“So?” Yuuri questioned. “They had arms like twigs. I could take them.”

Victor snorted.

Yuuri frowned. “I could take you,” he declared.

Victor sighed fondly. “You’re too cute,” he said, reaching out to brush Yuuri’s hair aside, when Yuuri moved away from him.

“Don’t patronize me,” Yuuri snapped.

Victor blinked in confusion.

“I’m not useless,” Yuuri elaborated. “I can’t believe you would think that about me.”

“I- I didn’t,” Victor assured. “I just know that you’re not stronger than me,” he stated. “You’re strong, but not that strong.”

“Try me,” Yuuri challenged.

“Yuuri,” Victor sighed.

“Try me,” Yuuri said again, more determinately.

“I’m not going to fight you,” Victor said, leaving no room for arguments.

Yuuri had no idea why he was getting so mad about this, but for some reason he felt desperate to settle it. “If you won’t, I find someone who will.”

Victor growled at the idea of Yuuri fighting an unknown alpha. About someone hurting Yuuri. “No you won’t,” he said seriously.

Yuuri winced at the harsh tone.

“I’m not letting anyone hurt you,” Victor claimed. “I’ll have them killed before they get to touch a
Yuuri knew he had to put his own ego aside. Victor was the one with raging hormones. Not that he would forget about this though. It hurt to hear how little faith Victor had in him. He knew that he could take down an alpha, maybe not Victor, but he would definitely give Victor a fight. He was an athlete and not a bad one. And he had taken classes in self-defence. Victor needed to see that he wasn’t a helpless child. But that would have to wait for another time. “Fine,” Yuuri relented with a shrug. “You’re right. I probably wouldn’t be able to take down a alpha.” Victor sighed tiredly. “I didn’t mean it like that,” he claimed. “I just…” “It’s fine,” Yuuri assured. “You don’t need to explain, just focus on staying calm.” “You’re hurt,” Victor stated. “I didn’t mean to hurt you, I was just being honest.” “I know,” Yuuri said. “So you don’t need to explain.” “You could probably win a fight with a small alpha, like Isabella or Yurio,” Victor tried to explain. Yuuri couldn’t believe that Victor was saying those things. “Please stop talking.” Victor closed his mouth. “I’m just trying to keep you safe.” “I need to go to the bathroom,” Yuuri stated before walking off. “Yuuri,” Victor called after him, but Yuuri ignored it and closed and locked the door. Victor was left at a loss of what to say to fix this. Yuuri was really mad at him. But he couldn’t lie, and he knew that Yuuri wasn’t strong enough to go against a fully grown alpha. And he would be crazy if he allowed his mate to try something so dangerous. Alphas fought with their muscles, omegas fought with their words. It was the way things were. And he loved Yuuri for trying to be different and strong, but some things simply couldn’t be changed. Yuuri got to learn how to fight in case of an emergency, but he shouldn’t pursue it. And the idea of him fighting Yuuri was simply ridiculous. Not to mention unfair.
He couldn’t hurt Yuuri, it went against every single one of his instincts.

But that didn’t mean that he didn’t feel guilty. He could tell that Yuuri got hurt by his words, which meant that he had to find a way to fix it.

Maybe he could pretend to fight Yuuri and allow him to win so he could feel better about himself.

But he didn’t want Yuuri to underestimate the strength of alphas.

It could only cause problems for the future.

He should probably do something sweet to get Yuuri to forget about the argument altogether.

He just needed to think of something.

And soon.

He couldn’t live with Yuuri hurt and sad.

It went against his vow.

Yuuri mostly stood in front of the sink as he tried to let go of his annoyance.

Victor needed his full support, not bitterness about his own insecurities. Maybe he was weak… Maybe it was his place in the world to just run from danger and rely on Victor to save him?

That would suck.

No, Victor couldn’t be right about that.

He wouldn’t be that kind of person who couldn’t take care of himself.

Never.

Yuuri took a deep breath as he wiped away a tear that forced its way out.

What was so bad about his mate thinking that he was almost as weak as a five-year-old? There were probably better things to be mad about than something so stupid as this.

He loved Victor, and he knew that he was only saying what he was saying out of love for him.

He would never intentionally hurt him.

So he needed to pull himself together and focus on Victor.

Once his rut was over, they could talk about this.

Like equals.

Now Victor was all instincts and stereotypes. He had gotten into the primal state where he believed that his alpha status was what defined him.

It wasn’t him speaking. Not really.

His normal Victor without hormones wouldn’t think so little of him.
The only thing he could do was to let it go and push his own dignity aside for a week.

Victor would do the same for him.

Chapter End Notes

Miscommunication is the worst <3 Hopefully they'll be able to sort it out before it escalates <3<3

I hope you're still liking this drama <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Victor felt his heart break when Yuuri returned from the bathroom. He could tell that he had been crying.

Victor immediately got up from the bed and closed the distance between himself and his mate so he could hug him close. “I’m so sorry, love,” he apologized. “I never meant to make you feel bad.”

“I know,” Yuuri assured. “But let’s just forget about it, okay?”

Victor could never imagine a better solution. “Okay.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “I love you.”

Victor kissed Yuuri’s forehead and brushed his fingers through his hair. “I love you too.”

The sound of a phone chiming immediately snapped them out of their moment together.

“That’s probably Celestino,” Yuuri said apologetically. “I think he brought us the groceries.”

Victor felt his heart speed up when he noticed how Yuuri moved to the door. “Stop,” he pleaded.

Yuuri sighed tiredly but took a step back and allowed Victor to go for the door instead.

Victor did so with determined steps.

“I guess I’ll see what he wrote,” Yuuri said with a shrug as he went to get his phone from the bed.

Victor unlocked the door before opening it with an angry swing, but no groceries were outside. “I think he got the wrong room,” he said as he closed the door and locked it.

When he didn’t receive an answer from Yuuri he started to feel worried again. What if it was a trap to
get him away from Yuuri?

“Yuuri?” Victor said more forcefully as he hurried into the bedroom to see Yuuri sitting on the bed, frowning at his phone. “What’s wrong?”

Yuuri jumped at the question and quickly pressed buttons on his phone. “N-nothing important,” he said unconvincingly. “It wasn’t Celestino.”

Now it was Victor’s turn to frown. “Who was it?”

Yuuri averted his gaze. “Ask me again in a week,” he pleaded. “Not now.”

That only caused Victor’s temper to flare. “Did someone write something to you?” he questioned.


“Who was it?” Victor pushed. “I want a name.”

“No,” Yuuri said determinately. “I won’t tell you. Please trust me, it’s for your own good.”

Victor mentally went through anyone it could be.

Tommy texting him from prison, the creep Kevin texting him declarations of love, those alphas from earlier texting harassing comments.

He needed to know.

“Tell me who texted you,” Victor alpha commanded.

Yuuri’s eyes widened in disbelief. “I- I don’t know,” he admitted. “They were anonymous…”

Victor noticed how Yuuri got upset again.

“But it’s nice to know that you trust me,” Yuuri said bitterly as he threw his phone onto the bedside table.

“Yuuri, I-” Victor cut himself off. He really messed up this time. “I’m sorry.”

“I know you are,” Yuuri said sadly.

“Please forgive me?” Victor pleaded as he walked up to Yuuri and fell to his knees before him. “I don’t know… I don’t know what came over me.”

“Over-protectiveness, jealousy, distrust, fear… Something like that,” Yuuri said tiredly before sighing. “I forgive you.”

Victor felt undeserving of it. “Why am I like this?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Hormones?”

“I never meant to alpha-command you,” Victor promised. “That was wrong of me.”

“It was,” Yuuri agreed. “But it’s fine. It’s the rut speaking, I know it’s not really you.”

“I’m the worst,” Victor claimed. “I understand if you want to leave.”

Yuuri fell down on his own knees before Victor and raised his chin gently so he could look him in
the eyes. “I never want to leave you,” he promised. “Through better and through worse, I will stand by you.”

Victor smiled sadly at the declaration. “It sounds like wedding vows.”

“One day it will be,” Yuuri stated. “And what kind of mate would I be if I didn’t mean them?”

“A smart one?” Victor tried.

Yuuri snorted. “You’d do the same for me.”

“Maybe I’m not especially smart either?” Victor said fondly.

“Then let’s be idiots together,” Yuuri declared. “Through better and through worse.”

Victor felt his heart flutter at the words. “Through better and through worse,” he repeated.

Yuuri kissed him softly before getting up and reaching out a hand for Victor. “Let’s get through this rough patch together, okay?”

Victor felt his heart flutter as he hugged Yuuri tightly. “Together.”

It was in the middle of that night that Yuuri woke up by his phone vibrating again.

Someone with a hidden number had apparently gotten ahold of his phone number and found it very amusing to send him death threats.

Yuuri eventually blocked the number and deleted the messages to keep Victor from seeing them.

It was not as if they could be used as evidence. A hidden number that most likely came from an untraceable phone was impossible to connect to someone.

So unless they changed into a real number, there was nothing he could do except keeping his alpha from seeing them and stress himself into madness.

But in a way, he was glad that whoever it was wouldn’t make themselves known.

If they did, Victor would go on a road to murder, especially under the influence of his rut.

Victor outside his rut would hopefully not go so far. He would still be furious, but not murderous.

Hopefully…

Yuuri put his phone away and got ready to go back to sleep when he heard Victor growling in his sleep.

He carefully read his thoughts and immediately felt a blush creep up on him from seeing himself get fucked against a wall by Victor in his dream.

It didn’t look too uncomfortable…

Yuuri closed his eyes and reached through the bond so he could get an overview of Victor’s condition.

It took him less than a second to realize that Victor’s rut had started.
He gently took his mate’s hand and held onto it as he made his dream-self do the same.

~I’m right here~ Yuuri told him. ~Even when you wake up~

Victor stirred a little at that. ~Wake up?~

Yuuri smile fondly and kissed Victor’s hand softly. ~It’s okay~ he reassured him. ~You can enjoy this for now~

Victor hummed in content as he deepened their kiss in his dream.

Yuuri smiled as a silly grin spread across his face.

Victor was truly the sweetest dreamer.

Victor had a very powerful rut that forced Yuuri to take charge multiple times to keep them both under control.

Had to be a little bit rougher, not that Victor seemed to complain about it.

He did however make sure that Victor had a good time and thoroughly enjoyed himself as the days melted together and the scent blockers were being used as if they were band aids for a bleeding wound.

Yuuri wasn’t sure if Victor’s rut was making the alpha weaker, if he submitted willingly or if he was right.

A few times, he managed to flip them both around so he could overpower Victor.

So much for a weak omega…

It wasn’t really a good comparison though, it wasn’t exactly a fight, more of a heated wrestling match for dominance.

Victor would probably be stronger in a fight. He never seemed too reluctant to be bottoming, which meant that he probably wasn’t showing his full strength.

But he made his point that he wasn’t useless against an alpha. Or, well, against Victor.

If he got to use his own methods, he could probably take his alpha down in less than a minute.

Victor would never see it coming.

Yuuri still couldn’t let the argument go, and as Victor came out of his rut, he started planning the best way to bring it back so they could settle it.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t the best at bringing things up.

So out of the blue, a day after Victor’s last rut-day, he just blurted it out.

“Victor, I-I think I’m going to start boxing,” Yuuri said awkwardly.

Victor only raised his eyebrows. “What?”

Yuuri didn’t plan it that far. “Yeah,” he just said. “It might make me a better fighter.”
“Why would you need to fight?” Victor quipped.

Yuuri shrugged. “Just in general,” he said as casually as he could.

“Is there even boxing for omegas?” Victor asked instead.

“Probably not,” Yuuri admitted. “But no one can stop me from fighting people from other secondary
genders, especially if it’s a beginner’s class.”

“I don’t understand,” Victor said as he looked at Yuuri thoughtfully. “Oh, you’re still hung up on
that,” he said after a quick reading of his mind.

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “Can you blame me?” he asked. “You compared my strength to a five-year-old
girl.”

“But boxing?” Victor questioned.

“Fine, it was a stupid excuse, but you know what I meant,” Yuuri claimed. “You think I’m weak.”

“I’m sorry for saying it like I did,” Victor apologized. “Of course you’re stronger than a five-year-old
girl.”

“But weaker than any other alpha?” Yuuri asked bitterly.

Victor sighed in defeat. “I’m sure you’re stronger than some.”

“Some?” Yuuri questioned.

“What do you want me to say?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head. “I don’t know,” he admitted. “It’s just… You’ve always been the one who
believes in me… I guess I was just thrown off to know that you don’t.”

“I do believe in you,” Victor immediately reassured him. “I just don’t want you putting yourself in
danger.”

“I won’t be putting myself in danger,” Yuuri protested. “I would just like it if you wouldn’t think like
that of me.”

“I… Don’t,” Victor said hesitantly. “Yuuri, what is this really about?”

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “I’m just sick of being your damsel in distress,” he said dejectedly. “I’m good at
getting myself in trouble and you’re always there to help me get out of it, and it feels like it’s starting
to define us.”

“That’s not true,” Victor stated. “You’re not a damsel, you’re the one who constantly gets the both of
us out of trouble. Without you, I’d probably be in prison now.”

“Why?” Yuuri asked. “If it wasn’t for me, you would have no reason to be mad or paranoid.”

“If it wasn’t for you, I would have no reason to get up in the mornings,” Victor claimed. “I would
have no reason to smile, no reason to plan for the future, no reason to improve myself to be better. I
would be a spoiled, uncaring asshole with no real purpose, probably consumed by my career or
figure skating.”

“No you wou-”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at his mate’s words. “You make my life worth living too,” he admitted. “And I’m sorry to do this to you again.”

“Do what?” Victor asked in confusion.

Yuuri took a deep breath as he took up his phone and restored his deleted messages. “I didn’t want to bother you during your rut,” he admitted. “But we have a new problem.”

Chapter End Notes

I'M DONE WITH MY ASSIGNMENT!!! \(TwT)/ <3<3 So now I might have more time for writing! <3 I'm already 4 chapters ahead in Dearly beloved! <3

So if you can't wait for tomorrow's update, be sure to check my tumblr to find out how to read the next 4 chapters + my 9 exclusive bonus chapters immediately <3

https://sophialala1.tumblr.com

Anyways, I hope you liked this update! <3 Thank you so much for reading! <3<3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3
Chapter 220

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor falls into a heated argument about the anonymous messages.

Chapter Notes

The drama reaches its peak! <3

Sorry for not updating yesterday, I got into a project for school that's a charity organization that works to raise money for people with disabilities all around the world <3 We sent a radio broadcast LIVE at night after a full day of school, so all I wanted afterwards was sleep XD <3

But here's the update, I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt his heart speed up as he noticed the tired look on Yuuri’s face. “What kind of problem?”

“Please, try to stay calm,” Yuuri pleaded as he carefully handed over his phone to Victor.

Victor was confused at first in seeing so many messages from a strange number.

And once he saw what they said, he suddenly had trouble breathing. “What is this?” he asked.

Yuuri shifted anxiously. “I don’t know if it’s an angry fan or someone we know… But someone seems to be very mad at me.”

Victor glared at the phone again. “I want to see you scream in pain as I force my giant cock into your tight ass?” he read out loud. “I want to see the blood run down your pale skin as I slice you open? What the hell kind of psycho is this?”

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted.

“This is serious, Yuuri,” Victor claimed. “When did this start?”

“The day before your rut started,” Yuuri said apologetically. “I wanted to tell you but you had so much to think about, so I just blocked the number and hoped that whoever it was would go away.”

Victor knew why Yuuri did what he did, but now he was terrified of what might happen to him.

Who was this person and what did they want?

The messages went on and on telling him how they didn’t like being ignored, how they wanted to break Yuuri’s bones, cut his skin, choke the life out of him.
Victor dropped the phone as if it had physically burnt him when he saw a photoshopped picture of Yuuri dead and bloody.

“This is exactly what I’m talking about,” Victor said seriously. “This is why I try so hard to protect you, it’s because of assholes like that.”

“It might just be a kid looking for attention,” Yuuri tried.

“I’m calling the police,” Victor declared.

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “We need to check out today and go back to my apartment.”

“And I’m getting you a new phone,” Victor stated. “New number, new everything.”

Yuuri nodded along.

“And you’re not going out alone anymore,” Victor stated.

Yuuri’s heart skipped a beat. “What?”

“I don’t want you to run into whoever it is somewhere where you’re unprotected,” Victor stated.

“But I- I don’t want to go back to the way things were,” Yuuri claimed. “I don’t want to lose my freedom just because someone found my phone number.”

“That someone is sick and probably very dangerous,” Victor said seriously. “Would you rather go outside and fulfill that psycho’s every fantasy, than stay inside where you’re safe?”

“It might not even be something to worry about,” Yuuri protested. “And I’d rather want to be able to be free and go wherever I want, than allow some internet troll to scare me into hiding.”

“That’s not-” Victor cut himself off as he saw the determination on Yuuri’s face. “Yuuri, please?”

“Why don’t you try it for once?” Yuuri asked. “Try not to go outside without always having someone with you, look over your shoulder every other minute, avoid eye contact with everything and everyone to see how fun it is.”

Victor searched his whole brain for a good argument.

“I don’t want to live that way,” Yuuri stated. “I’ve spent my whole life being safe, but I’m done living like a criminal on parole.”

“Why do I feel like we keep having the same argument over and over?” Victor asked tiredly. “Can you put your pride aside for just a moment to see it from my point of view? What if someone wrote that to me? Would you want me to go outside?”

“No, of course not,” Yuuri stated. “But I would never order you to stay indoors and live your life with no freedom. I would tell you to be extra careful, but I wouldn’t want to control your life because I trust you.”

Victor felt guilt spread in his chest.

“So why is it so hard for you to trust me?” Yuuri asked.

“I do trust you,” Victor protested. “But I can’t trust the world after everything it has done to you.”
“I’m not asking you to trust the world, I’m just asking you to trust me to handle it,” Yuuri claimed. “I’m not ten years old anymore.”

Victor set his jaw to keep his next words swallowed. Unfortunately, his mind wasn’t as easily controlled.

He could see the hurt on Yuuri’s face the second he heard it.

“Omegas are too weak to handle the world?” Yuuri repeated in disbelief.

“I- I didn’t mean it like that,” Victor protested. “I just… Omegas are like angels, and angels don’t have the common sense to see the people that wants them harm, which is why they need someone to protect them, to keep them safe.”

Yuuri felt like all the air left his lungs and he suddenly felt exhausted.

“No, wait,” Victor said. “I just mean that omegas are so sweet and kind-hearted, and they will always see the best in everyone.”

Yuuri gathered all the courage he could possess. “I’m glad that you don’t just see me as a stereotype.”

“Yuuri,” Victor pleaded. “You know that’s not true.”

“I don’t know what I know anymore,” Yuuri snapped angrily. “I thought that it was only your rut that made you say things like that, but to know that you actually feel that way…”

“You know what I mean,” Victor claimed. “You are the sweetest-”

“Stop!” Yuuri bit back. “I don’t want to hear it. I’m not some pink little bunny jumping over a field. I’m a person!”

“I know that,” Victor assured.

“Do you?” Yuuri questioned. “Have you forgotten all the times I didn’t see the best in everyone? The times where I was able to take care of myself? Have you not met Nathan? Does he seem that weak to you? Or Celestino? Or Alisa? What omega have you met that doesn’t have a thing called common sense?”

“I never said that all omegas were like that,” Victor protested. “But you are very naive.”

“How?” Yuuri asked, now feeling more angry than anything else. “How am I naive?”

“You can’t tell when people are in love with you,” Victor stated. “You think that everyone is looking out for you with no hidden intentions. You think that just because someone is nice to you, that they’re a good person.”

“So what would you want me to do? To have no friends? To never leave my house? To never do anything or speak to anyone because they could be a potential danger?” Yuuri asked. “Am I your soulmate or am I your pet?”

“You,” Victor snapped. “You know how much I love you and I only want you to be happy.”

“Within your restrictions,” Yuuri quipped. “How can you expect me to be happy if I can’t be free?”

“I have always allowed you to be free!” Victor claimed.
Yuuri snorted humorlessly. “How generous of you to allow me to be free.”

“Now you’re just twisting my words,” Victor said. “You know what I mean, you have never been my prisoner. I have never kept you from doing anything you’ve wanted. I’ve always given you my full support. And now you’re accusing me of keeping you as a pet?”

“Fine, I want to be able to go wherever I want whenever I please,” Yuuri stated. “What do you feel about that?”

Victor sighed in defeat. “Fine, it’s not like I can stop you.”

“Good!”

“Good!”

Both of them stood in silence for several moments, not even looking at each other.

The tension could almost be cut with a knife.

Neither of them knew what to say.

Until finally, Victor did.

“Please be careful,” Victor asked as a final attempt to get Yuuri to see reason. “I can’t let you fall into the hands of that… monster…”

“I’m always careful,” Yuuri said tiredly. It was the truth. “I just wish that I didn’t have to be.”

“Me too,” Victor agreed as he reached for his phone. “I’ll talk to the police, then we can figure out where to go from there, okay?”

Yuuri nodded. “Okay.”

Victor carefully moved closer to his mate and pressed a soft kiss to his temple. “I love you.”

Yuuri smiled sadly. “I love you too.”

The police were surprisingly helpful and immediately began trying to track the phone number.

They managed to narrow it down enough to see that the person texting him came from somewhere in Europe.

It wasn’t much, but Yuuri felt a little bit safer with the knowledge that it wasn’t anyone from America or more specifically Detroit.

Victor immediately began trying to figure out who it could be.

There was a chance that it was Tommy, texting from a prison in Germany. Ivan, texting from a prison in Russia or Artur, texting from wherever he was in Russia, though he doubted that he would be able to come up with such crazy imagery since he didn’t seem very attracted to Yuuri.

And the person texting him clearly had a sick attraction.

It could be a fan, like Yuuri said.
A fan with too much time on their hands and a crazy obsession.

Or it was someone they knew…

Hopefully the police would figure it out, and Victor decided to keep his eyes open for anything weird in Russia.

It was a new problem they would have to face, only this time they would be continents apart.

Leaving Yuuri alone in America when a psycho had threatened him was probably the hardest thing that Victor had ever had to do.

But it was almost time for competitions.

And this year, the gold medal could go to either one of them.

Chapter End Notes

Their love will always remain <3<3 No matter the fight, their love for each other is usually the source of it <3<3

Poor boys <3<3 Hopefully the evil culprit will soon be caught <3<3

I love having a new exciting arc, I hope you enjoy it as well <3<3

Let me know what you think!! <33

Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS <3<3
Chapter 221

Chapter Summary

Celestino tells Yuuri about a new upcoming skater and Victor does everything he can to keep Yuuri safe.

Chapter Notes

Here's finally an update! XD <3<3 My hours are completely turned around, life's been hectic lately! XD <3
But I hope you'll like the update! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The months went by quickly as school picked up its pace and put both Yuuri and Victor to work.

Missing the first week of his classes meant that Yuuri had to work twice as hard as everyone else to catch up. He hadn’t been there for the lectures and was therefore instructed to get all the information he needed about coding from books.

And that was anything but easy to understand.

Victor also had to struggle a little to catch up. He had started a class that was heavily reliant on insurance policies, like if they made a bad business deal they got to learn how to possibly recover from that.

It was a lot of ifs and maybes.

Victor preferred when it was a real problem or a real example to fix.

But as luck had it, both of them were forced to study something they needed but didn’t like.

The figure skating was therefore a saviour for the both of them.

After a long day of studying, getting to the ice rink and focus on something entirely different was wonderful.

The text messages from the unknown psycho got a lot further apart and more vague, which made Yuuri believe that whoever it was probably got sick of not getting his attention and were slowly giving up.

At least that’s what he hoped for.

“Yuuri! You need to straighten your back a little bit more,” Celestino instructed. “Make it curved… That’s it, beautiful!”
Yuuri hadn’t done any modelling jobs during the semester, instead he focused on getting a driver’s license.

The driving was fun, but not in the city where it was constantly chaotic.

Just trying to make a parallel parking when cars were honking all around, made his anxiety shoot through the roof.

Luckily he was now able to start his therapy with Anna again.

She was very helpful with helping him deal with everything in his life.

He talked to her about his fight with Victor and what Victor said to him regarding omegas and stereotypes and all of that.

She helped him see that Victor was only saying the things out of love with no ill intentions, but Yuuri still had a right to his emotions and was allowed to feel angry about it.

Having to deal with a threat like the messages could tear relationships apart, which is why it was so important to communicate with each other about it.

He and Victor did talk a lot about it, but as the messages slowed down, they didn’t find a reason to keep worrying each other. They simply accepted the idea that it might just have been a fan looking for attention.

If it didn’t escalate, they didn’t help anyone by losing sleep over it.

“Oh, take a water break,” Celestino ordered, snapping Yuuri out of his thoughts.

Yuuri quickly changed direction and skated over to the rink wall to accept the water bottle from his coach.

“You’re doing great,” Celestino told him. “How do you feel about the step sequence?”

“It’s intense,” Yuuri admitted. “But I- I’m sure I can do it.”

“I’m sure you can too,” Celestino assured with a warm smile. “You really have the stamina for it.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said as he took a greedy gulp of water.

“Did you hear the news by the way?” Celestino asked as he brought out his phone.

“News?” Yuuri repeated in confusion. “What news?”

Celestino smiled and put up a video on his phone of a kid skating a routine.

He was very talented, he jumped really high and he skated with something that could only be described as pure joy.

“He’s good, no?” Celestino said knowingly.

“He is,” Yuuri agreed as he looked closer. It was footage from the Junior Grand Prix in Canada, and he was the silver medalist.

“His name is Phichit Chulanont, he’s sixteen years old, and he comes from Thailand,” Celestino explained. “And he’s an omega.”
Yuuri’s eyes widened as he looked to Celestion for any signs that it was a joke. “Really?”

Celestino nodded. “I’m thinking about offering to coach him,” he admitted.

“Definitely,” Yuuri said excitedly. “I’m sure he’d do amazing with you as a coach.”

“So you wouldn’t mind sharing me?” Celestino asked teasingly.

“Well, in my experience I’ve noticed that skaters usually help each other. The coach is mostly for guidance,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m sure we could help each other.”

“I’m sure you’d be able to help him with a lot,” Celestino assured. “He’s a big fan of yours, I’m sure he would give you his full attention.”

“Of me?” Yuuri asked. “There’s plenty of omegas that have succeeded in skating.

Celestino fast forwarded the video to an interview with the younger boy.

“Mr. Chulanont, what is your inspiration in getting this far?” an interviewer asked.

“Well, first of all, it’s the best thing in the world,” Phichit said with a giant smile. “I have loved figure skating my whole life and it’s fun to give back to the community. I grew up watching Yuuri Katsuki and I got so inspired when I read an interview with him where he said that he hoped to bring more omegas to the sport. And after seeing omegas like Sara Crispino succeed in the ladies’ category, I felt like I had a responsibility to keep motivating omegas to pursue figure skating. It has really given my life a purpose and I’m so happy to share my love for the sport with others.”

Yuuri felt so touched by his words. He was too cute.

So tiny and innocent-looking.

He probably hadn’t had his heat yet…

But he felt like an amazing rink-mate.

“So what to you think?” Celestino asked. “Do you think I should ask him?”

Yuuri nodded. “I think it would be a mistake if you didn’t.”

Celestino smiled fondly. “Would you like to come with? The Junior Grand Prix final is a week before the cup of China.”

“It sounds fun,” Yuuri agreed. “Where’s the Junior final?”

Celestino smiled knowingly. “Saint Petersburg.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. It was a chance for him to surprise Victor. “I’d love to come,” he admitted.

“Good,” Celestino beamed. “And you’ll probably have a lot of free time to spend with Victor.”

Yuuri smiled at that. “I hope so,” he said. “I’ve missed him so much.”

“Are you going to be okay with school? Do you need me to sign a note?” Celestino asked, making Yuuri laugh.

“I’m in college not kindergarten,” Yuuri pointed out in amusement. “And we won’t be studying
coding then, just concept development, which I’m sure Victor can help me with considering his knowledge of marketing.”

“As long as you don’t fall behind,” Celestino said gently. “If it gets too much, just let me know and we’ll figure something out with practice and such.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised. So far he had control over everything, but he appreciated the offer.

Celestino ruffled his hair fondly. “Now, get back out there and give it all you got for another thirty minutes.”

Yuuri nodded as he gave his water bottle back to Celestino. “Yes, coach.”

Victor was exhausted when he woke up the next morning.

For some reason he had felt drained of energy ever since he and Yuuri parted ways.

If he had been completely convinced that Yuuri was safe, he probably wouldn’t have been so reluctant to leave him.

But knowing that Yuuri could be in danger all the way around the world from him, kept Victor on constant edge.

Everytime Yuuri reached out, he was terrified that the psycho had done something else.

Sure, he hadn’t done anything in a long time, but it worried Victor that Yuuri was letting down his guard.

Not that he wanted Yuuri to be constantly worried, but it would be a better option than him getting too comfortable so the psycho could take him down with minimal effort.

He only hoped that Yuuri would stay smart and keep an eye over his shoulder.

Just like he was doing.

He did some check-ins with Yuuri, more often than he was willing to admit.

Not just in person, he also followed him online.

He checked his social media accounts, chat forums, every time someone mentioned Yuuri, he found out.

If Yuuri had a stalker, he would out-stalk them.

If someone would write something remotely similar to the text messages, Victor would be on their case immediately.

He was doing everything he could from Russia to keep Yuuri safe.

Hopefully it would be enough.

As Victor arrived to school, he could almost feel the worried looks from his friends.

“You look tired,” Vendela observed.
“Rough night?” Bartok asked.

Victor yawned. “Yeah, something like that,” he admitted. “It was another loose end.”

“Isn’t it smarter to just let it go?” Bartok asked. “You’re working yourself out trying to find whoever sent those messages.”

“You didn’t see how appalling those messages were,” Victor protested. “That someone would even think like that…”

“It’s still not worth being up all night to look for a ghost,” Bartok claimed. “If I had a mate that got messages like that, I would probably feel sad for them, but I wouldn’t kill myself over it.”

Vendela sighed sadly. “I think it’s sweet of Victor to show how much he cares for his mate,” she said with a pointed look to Bartok.

Victor still wasn’t sure what their relationship was. Sometimes it felt like they were a couple, but the next one, Bartok was talking about another girl or guy that had caught his attention.

Vendela even changed her facebook status to ‘it’s complicated’.

“I’m just saying…” Bartok said with a shrug. “If Yuuri needed Victor’s help, he would have asked for it.”

“Yuuri doesn’t have to ask,” Victor stated. “He’s my soulmate, of course I will help him in any way I can.”

“But it’s not your responsibility,” Bartok claimed. “He’s an adult, he can take care of himself.”

Victor felt his temper flare. “Don’t tell me what to do or not to do for my mate,” he said seriously. “Because there’s nothing I wouldn’t do for him. And when he’s threatened, I will not stand aside and let him fend for himself.”

“He’s a public figure, this has to happen all the time, right?” Bartok asked. “I mean, it can’t be the first time someone has sent him some online hate?”

“There’s a big difference between a couple of negative comments on a skating video and threats to kill him,” Victor pointed out. “And I won’t stand for either. But one makes me a lot more furious than the other one, and if I ever find the psycho that wrote that to him, I will personally make sure that they’ll get a fitting punishment.”

Bartok swallowed thickly and Vendela looked to him worriedly.

“I think you should try to calm down,” Vendela said gently. “Take a deep breath.”

Victor did as told, knowing that he probably took it too far.

But Yuuri would forever be his weak spot, and it didn’t take a lot of pushing to reach it.

Just a single insensitive comment, and Victor was ready to punch a hole through their face.

“Do you feel better?” Vendela asked.

“Yes,” Victor lied. He was still upset about the mere idea of someone thinking that he should stay aside and allow Yuuri to get through this by himself.
His mate didn’t deserve this, and for him to abandon him was completely out of the question.

Asked or not, he would help.

“Let’s get to class,” Vendela said cautiously. “It starts in five minutes.”

“Right,” Bartok agreed.

Victor took a final deep breath before following them. He wasn’t giving up until the psycho was put away for good.

And he would never stop doing whatever he could to help his mate.

He would stay by his side through thick and thin.

It was his responsibility as the alpha.

Chapter End Notes

Phichit is coming! <3<3 You've been asking for him for so long, so it's fun to have him here! <3<3

I hope you liked the update! <3<3

Let me know what you thought! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 222

Chapter Summary

It's finally time for Yuuri to go to Saint Petersburg to surprise Victor.

Chapter Notes

I love all the response I got from the last chapter! <3<3
So here's a new update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was in the beginning of December and Yuuri was getting ready to go to Saint Petersburg with Celestino.

He had finished his coding class in school and had moved on to the class about concept development.

The first two weeks had passed and he had gotten a writing assignment that was perfect for his travel to Russia.

He was very excited about meeting the other omega, Phichit.

But more than anything, he was excited about seeing Victor again.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay with Vicchan?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “It’s only three days, but it’s a big responsibility.”

“We’ll be fine,” Nathan assured. “Won’t we, Vicchan?”

Vicchan yipped in agreement.

“I wish I could bring him, but on a public plane, there’s all these rules and…”

“Don’t worry,” Nathan pleaded. “I managed to keep you alive for almost two years, how much different can it be with an adorable puppy?”

Vicchan had taken a strong liking to Nathan during his time in Detroit, so Yuuri wasn’t too worried.

Nathan had also gotten to watch him a few times when he had to be in classes for far too many hours.

“The measurements of his food is on the fridge,” Yuuri reminded him. “And you don’t have to walk him too far, but try to make sure that he poop at least three times every day.”

Nathan snorted. “I will,” he promised. “And I’m so proud of your organization skills.”
Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly. “You’re rubbing off on me.”

“I love being a good influence,” Nathan admitted with a grin. “Now have fun, and don’t forget your assignment, school is always more important than sex.”

“Bye, Nathan,” Yuuri said as he quickly made his escape. “Call if you need anything.”

“Say hi to the other omega from me!” Nathan called after him.

“I will!” Yuuri called back before closing the door behind himself.

He was really doing it.

He was surprising Victor.

Hopefully he would react better than he did when Yuuri surprised him at the hotel in Detroit.

And hopefully he would be happy.

……………………………………

Victor woke up after yet another long night.

He hadn’t been sleeping well in months now.

Not since he had Yuuri by his side.

Getting up and going to school was an extreme challenge.

He had an interesting lecture today, but he wondered if it would be worth skipping it in favor of sleep.

But before he got to think too hard about it, Makkachin gently stirred and got up to stare at him expectantly.

No matter how much Victor wanted to go back to sleep, he still had to take Makkachin out on a walk first.

“Okay, Makka,” Victor relented as he sat up. “We’ll go out…”

Makkachin barked excitedly and took off for the door.

………………………………

Yuuri checked the time, he wanted to see Victor before school started, but it now seemed to be impossible.

Their flight had been delayed, and it was looking more and more like he would get to Victor in time for recess in his school.

A part of him wanted to see Victor’s reaction if he did surprise him in school.

He had never gotten this far to surprise Victor before. Which meant that he had no idea how his mate would react.

He had gotten mad at him a year ago when he had surprised Victor at his hotel in Detroit, but that was mostly for being out alone after dark.
And they were fine afterwards and had an amazing night together.

Hopefully they would be okay.

“Are you coming to the hotel first?” Celestino asked as they were landing. “I booked an extra room for you if you need to sleep for a while until Victor’s school day is over.”

“I’ll be fine,” Yuuri said gently. “I was thinking about surprising him at school.”

“Oh? He still doesn’t know you’re coming then?” Celestino asked.

“No,” Yuuri admitted with a smile. “I just hope that he won’t be mad.”

“Why would he be mad?” Celestino asked in confusion.

Yuuri shrugged. “He doesn’t really like it when I travel somewhere without him. He likes to make sure that I’m safe and won’t get lost in the airport or something like that.”

“You look plenty safe to me,” Celestino observed. “And you haven’t gotten lost anywhere in Detroit, so I’m sure you would be fine getting to the marked exit in the airport of Saint Petersburg.”

Yuuri snorted. “Yeah, it’s not like it’s the first time I’m here.”

“I’m sure he’ll be happy to see you,” Celestino assured.

Yuuri only hoped that he was right.

---------------------------------------------

Victor went to school despite his exhaustion, and he felt how his eyelids were threatening to fall closed every other minute as the teacher went on and on about how successful businessmen built up relationships and ended up stabbing their colleagues in the back.

That it was a dangerous business and whilst connections were good, you were eventually on your own.

It was interesting, but Victor still allowed his thoughts to wander and imagine how amazing it would be to go home and crawl under the cover of his bed. And how amazing it would be to have Yuuri there.

His warm, soft Yuuri that always hugged him so softly and showered him in the best, sweetest kisses.

How amazing it would be to fall asleep next to him.

Maybe he could take a week off school and stay with him in Detroit for a moment?

That would probably be stupid.

They would share a hotel for the cup of China next week.

Only seven more days, then he would see his soulmate.

He could push through.

“Okay, let’s take a short break,” the teacher said. “Get some coffee and recharge, so you can bear with me for another three hours.”
Victor couldn’t help but feel like he was talking to him.

“No sleep tonight either?” Vendela asked worriedly.

Victor blinked a few times before he managed to figure out what she was saying, “Oh, well, a few hours…”

She hissed in sympathy. “I really hope the police will find him soon.”

“They have stopped looking,” Victor said grimly. “They said that they no longer have any cause to believe that it was a danger.”

“Do you think they’re wrong?” Bartok asked.

“I don’t know,” Victor admitted. “Or it’s just what the psycho wants everyone to believe.”

“It sounds a bit far fetched,” Bartok claimed. “If someone wanted him, they would have gotten him by now.”

Victor felt his heart skip a beat at the comment. “Yuuri is too smart to get taken at random,” he said confidently. “Whoever it is, is clearly waiting for the right moment.”

As they walked out of the classroom, Victor froze momentarily.

He had to be a lot more tired than he thought.

He was hallucinating that Yuuri was there.

Now he only needed to see a talking bed to confirm his craziness.

But before he could shake the thoughts away, Yuuri suddenly turned to him before smiling.

Victor stared at the hallucination in disbelief.

He looked so real.

Yuuri began walking towards him when his face fell slightly.

Was his dream turning into a nightmare? Why did he suddenly look mad?

“Victor?” Yuuri asked seriously as he closed the distance between them.

“Hi, Yuuri,” Vendela greeted shyly.

“He,” Yuuri said politely before turning back to Victor.

Victor turned to Vendela in disbelief. “You can see him?”

“Victor,” Yuuri said to get his mate’s attention. “Why are you exhausted?”

“I—” Victor tried before he felt his words stop halfway out and he realized that he couldn’t lie. “Why are you here?” he asked instead.

Yuuri frowned at the change of subject. “Vitya…”

That’s when Victor realized that Yuuri was actually there. He wasn’t an illusion.
Victor couldn’t stop himself from wrapping Yuuri in his embrace. “I’ve missed you,” he admitted. “I’m so glad to see you.”

Yuuri hugged him back. “I’ve missed you too,” he assured. “Did… Did I surprise you?”

“You did,” Victor promised. “I still can’t believe you’re here.”


Chapter End Notes

Victor is too tired to be mad or worried about how Yuuri even got there XD <3<3

Poor baby <3 Hopefully he might get some decent rest now when Yuuri is finally back at his side <3<3
Victor still couldn’t believe that Yuuri was there.

It was like the most amazing dream had come true.

He was so sleepy and could only see the good things about having Yuuri at his side, right where he could keep him safe.

That way he could sleep well, knowing that Yuuri was right by his side and not getting threatened by an invisible monster.

Yuuri would be safe with him.

“Do you want me to get you something?” Yuuri asked as he gently pulled away from the hug.

“You don’t need to get me anything,” Victor assured as he kissed Yuuri’s forehead. “I’m just so happy you’re here.”


“Don’t worry about me,” Victor pleaded. “I’m fine.”

Yuuri raised an eyebrow in disbelief. “Fine?” he questioned.

“Well, I’m a little sleepy, but I’m hardly dying,” Victor admitted. “Nothing your presence can’t fix.”

Yuuri snorted fondly as he stole a kiss from his mate. “You’re too sweet.”

Victor smiled. “But coffee does sounds nice, maybe you can come with me to the cafeteria?”

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed as he took Victor’s hand. “Anything for my beautiful soulmate.”

Yuuri watched Victor fondly as his mate talked to the barista at his school.

He was sitting a bit further away with Victor’s friends while Victor ordered coffee for the two of them.
“So how come you’re here?” Vendela asked curiously. “Did you feel the soulbond thing and decided to visit?”

“No, honestly I’m here with my coach to meet a skater that he might take on as a protégé,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “But I wanted to see Victor as well.”

“Does Victor know?” Vendela asked.

Yuuri shrugged. “He still hasn’t asked.”

“He’s really tired,” Vendela said apologetically. “He’s been looking for the person that texted you all nights.”

Yuuri frowned worriedly at that. “Why?”

“He’s been worried I guess,” Vendela stated. “Victor is like that, I suppose. The worrying kind.”

“The only good thing is that he’s slacking off enough to give the rest of us a chance in class,” Bartok said in amusement. “He’s like a machine otherwise… Now he actually looks somewhat human.”

Yuuri didn’t like that statement. That was not a good thing at all.

Wishing for Victor to be so tired that he could barely function just to get ahead of him was not something that Yuuri could approve of.

“How is that supposed to be good?” Yuuri questioned sternly. Bartok was still Victor’s friend, and he didn’t want to start an argument with him until he knew exactly what he meant.

Bartok looked completely taken off guard. “What?”

“You said that the only good thing was that Victor was slacking off to give you a chance,” Yuuri stated. “What’s good about that? Don’t you feel like working hard? Is it better that your competition folds so you can succeed?”

Vendela looked between Yuuri and Bartok worriedly. “I- I just need to go to the bathroom,” she said awkwardly.

Bartok swallowed thickly. “Well, I- I just meant that he made it easier for the rest of us,” he tried to clarify. “No one likes working hard, Victor is just strange.”

Yuuri felt his temper flare. “Strange?”

Bartok sighed tiredly. “Just drop it, you two can’t take criticism to each other at all.”

“What do you mean by that?” Yuuri asked, now feeling very annoyed.

“You heard me,” Bartok claimed. “If anyone says a single bad thing about you, there’s hell to pay from Victor, and it’s the exact same thing the other way around. Not to mention that you’re clearly both blind to each other’s flaws.”

“You don’t know anything about mine and Victor’s relationship,” Yuuri stated. “Maybe you should focus on your own relationships instead of ours?”

Bartok seemed to be struggling for a good comeback. ”Do you think you’re smart or something? Cause you’re not.”
Yuuri was slightly taken aback by the strange insult. “Why is Victor even friends with you?”

“Maybe because I’m honest?” Bartok said proudly.

“Really?” Yuuri questioned. “Does he know what you think about me and him?”

Bartok tried. “I’ve tried to tell him, but he’s really thick-headed when it comes to you,” he said as he narrowed his gaze. “You must be really good in bed.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes as he got up from his seat and grabbed his bag, mind set on telling Victor what an asshole his friend was.

But as he walked past Bartok, he grabbed his wrist. “Are you going to tell on me?” he asked lowly.

“I’m getting away from you,” Yuuri said, ripping his wrist free. “Don’t touch me again.”

Bartok sighed tiredly. “You probably want him to have no friends, isn’t that right?” he asked knowingly. “I’ve heard that omegas are manipulative, but that’s just a whole new level…”

“I want my mate to have friends, not to be surrounded by backstabbing assholes,” Yuuri claimed. “I’m just going to warn him what a two-faced jerk you are. If he decides to keep being friends with you after that, it’s up to him.”

Bartok scoffed.

“Let me ask you this then, why are you friends with Victor if you don’t like him?” Yuuri questioned angrily. “Are you after his money? Or maybe you just want to be friends with a celebrity?”

Bartok looked like he wanted to say something, but stopped his words before they were out and settled for a hard glare.

Yuuri shook his head in annoyance and turned away to get to Victor.

His mate needed to know.

Victor was still standing by the barista, struggling to get the lids on the coffee cups.

Yuuri felt his heart ache for him. Victor felt so tired, Yuuri could almost feel it through the bond without reaching out.

He closed the distance between them and helped Victor effortlessly.

“Thank you,” Victor said with a sigh. “I must be more tired than I thought.”

“You should take the rest of the day off,” Yuuri told him gently. “You’re exhausted, you can barely focus on me.”

Victor always had eye contact with him, now he was looking around tiredly as he spaced out.

“Will you even learn anything if you stay?” Yuuri asked.

Victor had to admit defeat. “You’re right.”

Yuuri handed Victor the coffee cup. “Do you need me to help you find your teacher to let him know that you’re leaving?”
“It’s a guest lecturer,” Victor stated. “It’s not mandatory, I didn’t even have to go.”

“Come on then,” Yuuri said as he took Victor’s hand with one hand and his own coffee with the other. He also figured that it would be better to tell Victor about the asshole of a friend he had - somewhere far away from the school and asshole in question.

Who knew what Victor might do in his sleep-deprived state if he told him right there and then?

“I can barely think,” Victor admitted. “I just want to sleep for a year…”

Yuuri knew the feeling from all the times where he had been up all nights to play video games. “I think a nice nap might get you back on track,” he assured. “You’ll feel better when you wake up.”

………………………………

Victor felt like he was moving in a fog with only Yuuri as his lighthouse that kept him grounded.

As they got home to their apartment, Yuuri greeted Makkachin shortly before getting Victor to the bedroom and getting him in bed.

Victor only wanted Yuuri in his arms and paid little attention to Yuuri doting with the blanket and fluffing up the pillows.

And when Yuuri finally relented and laid down next to him, Victor hugged him tightly before closing his eyes, allowing Yuuri’s scent and presence bring him to his beautiful dreams.

………………………

Yuuri woke up hours later, still huddled in Victor’s arms.

It took a moment before the memories from earlier came back as a bitter sensation.

He wanted to let Victor know, but first, his mate seemed like he really needed to sleep.

Victor was sleeping, even in his dreams.

Yuuri had no idea how to get out of his mate’s grip without waking him up.

Until he felt his bladder protest.

He stirred a little, only to have Victor sighing tiredly and tightening his grip.

“Vitya,” Yuuri whispered quietly. “I need to go to the bathroom.”

Victor whined a little, but released his grip. “Hurry back, love.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised as he left for the bathroom. Makkachin followed him closely and let out a soft whine as Yuuri was finished.

Yuuri looked to the dog thoughtfully as Makkachin rushed for the door, scratching it carefully.

Yuuri looked at the time. “It has to be time for your walk,” he observed as he looked to the poodle.

Makkachin’s tail began to wag back and forth.

Yuuri carefully made his way to the bedroom and sat down next to his mate, who reached for him blindly.
“I think it’s time for Makkachin’s walk,” Yuuri told the sleepy alpha.

Victor groaned tiredly. “What time is it?”

“3:00 pm,” Yuuri said apologetically. “You should sleep on, I can take him for a short walk.”

Victor immediately sat up and looked at him as if he had grown a second head.

“I’ll be fine,” Yuuri promised. “It’ll only take a few minutes.”

“I’ll come with,” Victor stated as he began trying to rip the blanket off of him.

“Please stay,” Yuuri pleaded. “You need to rest, you’re still exhausted.”

“Yuuri, I-”

“For me?” Yuuri asked gently.

Victor sighed in defeat. He would always be terrible at saying no when Yuuri asked him like that. “Be careful,” he pleaded.

Yuuri smiled reassuringly. “I always am.”

Chapter End Notes

Yuuri will never stand for Victor being insulted, especially not by people who are supposed to be his friends <3 <3

Hopefully Victor will wake up soon so he won’t sleep away Yuuri’s entire visit XD <3 <3

Anyways, I hope you liked the chapter! <3 <3 Let me know what you thought! <3 <3

Thank you for reading! <3 <3

KUDOS!! <3 <3
Russia was very cold in December. There were still a few weeks left until Christmas, but everything was covered in snow.

Makkachin didn’t seem too bothered though, as he happily threw himself in piles of snow.

Yuuri tried to scold him, but he couldn’t stop himself from smiling fondly at the fluffy snow dog that wagged his tail and barked playfully at him.

“Does Victor know about your love for snow?” Yuuri asked the poodle.

Makkachin barked happily in response.

“I didn’t think so,” Yuuri mused.

They walked their normal trail and when Yuuri finally came back home to Victor again, he felt his heart break slightly in seeing Victor sleeping on the couch instead of in the bed.

It seemed like he had gotten up to wait for him, but his exhaustion had defeated him and left him falling asleep in a sitting position.

Makkachin however didn’t feel that sad for his master, but the complete opposite as he ran away from Yuuri, fur full of snow, straight towards Victor.

“Makka, no!” Yuuri snapped quietly.

Makkachin didn’t hear it, as he bounced right for the couch and his sleeping owner.

Yuuri cringed in sympathy as the cold poodle crashed into his sleeping mate and Victor let out a cry of surprise.

“Sorry!” Yuuri apologized as he quickly kicked off his shoes and rushed to save his mate.

Victor couldn’t help but to smile as Makkachin left him cold kisses over his face but he felt very
grateful when Yuuri pulled the cold away.

“I’ll give him a shower,” Yuuri stated. “He was playing scuba diver in the snow.”

“He likes the snow,” Victor said fondly.

Yuuri smiled to him. “I thought I told you to rest?” he said gently. “You look exhausted.”

Victor averted his gaze slightly. “I- I wanted to be ready to rush out in case something happened to you.”

“Vitya,” Yuuri said sympathetically. “I’m fine.”

“I know,” Victor agreed.

Yuuri sighed. “I… I know you’re worried about me,” he said gently. “But- but I don’t think this is healthy. You can’t lose sleep over something that happened weeks ago.”

Victor frowned thoughtfully. “I- I just want that psycho gone. No one’s allowed to threaten you and get away with it.”

“I’ve been threatened before, but you’ve never taken it this far,” Yuuri pointed out. “And I’ve always been fine.”

Victor looked like he had just been slapped. “When have you been threatened?”

“You know when,” Yuuri claimed. “Back when I was twelve and you competed for the first time in seniors. Your competition cornered me in the bathroom and threatened to rip me apart unless I got you to fold. I told you I saw a ghost.”

“They told you what?” Victor questioned angrily.

Yuuri thought back to the memory and realized that he only told Yakov that he thought that the other skaters had cheated. Victor only knew that he had been threatened, but he never knew exactly what they had said.

“Oh, I… I guess I never told you the details,” Yuuri said apologetically.

“No, you didn’t,” Victor agreed sternly.

Yuuri sighed. “If you would have known, you would have picked a fight with them. Me and Yakov agreed that it was best that you didn’t know.”

Victor shook his head in disbelief.

Yuuri decided to keep going. “Then there was Narumi, she threatened me plenty of times with spreading rumors and sending her alpha-friends after me, but I told you about that. You told me to get Mari to pick me up from school and only stay in places where there were witnesses.”

Victor had a slight memory of that.

“Then there was that strange guy that tried to threaten me to get into your head,” Yuuri continued. “The time you broke your foot.”

Victor remembered that. The bastard had threatened to rape Yuuri. Victor had contacted the OPS the moment he got his hands on his phone.
“Another time when you alpha commanded through me when I was late for school that one time,” Yuuri recalled. “And the incident with Ivan…”

Victor felt his anger flare again.

Ivan deserved worse than death for what he almost did to Yuuri.

“And then there was Chad, Artur, the man at Yu-Topia, and now this one,” Yuuri finished. “And so far no one has managed to touch a single hair on my head.”

“Ivan almost did,” Victor pointed out, unable to let it go. “He could have killed you if the police hadn’t gotten there on time.”

“But I’m fine,” Yuuri pointed out. “A lot of things could have gone wrong in my life, I could have fallen on a sidewalk and gotten hit by a bus, I could have fallen on the ice and cracked my skull, I could have been taken as a baby and sold into trafficking… But it’s stupid to worry about what could have been and what might happen.”

“I just can’t lose you,” Victor admitted. “The idea that something might happen to you terrifies me more than anything.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “I don’t want anything to happen to you either,” he assured. “But you’re hurting yourself over nothing, and I can’t live with that.”

“It’s not nothing,” Victor claimed. “It was an actual threat.”

“It might as well be empty words,” Yuuri stated. “There’s no way of knowing.”

Victor hated when Yuuri was right. “So what do you want me to do?” he asked. “To just sit back and do nothing when someone comes for you?”

“I know you can’t do that,” Yuuri said fondly. “I wouldn’t be able to do that either.”

“Then what?” Victor asked. “What should I do?”

“Right now, you should sleep,” Yuuri stated. “You should eat, drink and take care of yourself. Because I don’t want you to kill yourself with worry and leave me behind.”

“I won’t do…”

“You’re in more danger than I am,” Yuuri claimed, cutting Victor off. “You’re so tired that you thought I was an illusion, you look thinner and not at all like yourself.”

Victor felt slightly ashamed at the words. Maybe he had been taking it too far...

“I love you more than anything,” Yuuri stated. “And I can’t lose you any more than you can lose me.”

Victor felt his heart twist at the words. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri said softly. “I just want you to be okay.”

Victor understood. And he knew that if the situation had been reversed, he would have been furious if he went to surprise his soulmate and found him exhausted and malnutritioned.

He really couldn’t blame Yuuri for being upset.
“I’ll do better,” Victor promised.

Yuuri smiled gently. “I know you will,” he admitted. “And I’m always here to help you.”

“Thank you,” Victor said, smiling too. “I wish you could stay here forever,” he said longingly. “You keep me from losing my head.”

“I’m with you forever,” Yuuri promised. “No matter how far away I am, I’ll always be with you.”

Victor felt his heart skip a couple of beats, like it always did when Yuuri said something adorable. “I love you,” he declared.

Yuuri leaned in and stole a quick kiss from his soulmate. “I love you too.”

They went to sleep early that evening and woke up disgustingly early the next day.

4:00 am.

“What time do you need to meet Celestino?” Victor asked with a yawn as he made his way to the coffee maker.

Yuuri flopped down on the couch. Why was he even awake? “This afternoon,” he said, hugging a pillow as Makkachin jumped up beside him and curled up beside him.

“Can I come with?” Victor asked. “I haven’t been to the junior championship since…” he trailed off as he did the mental math.

“2009,” Yuuri answered for him. Feeling how his coding class and all the math was still haunting him.

“Right,” Victor agreed with a fond smile. “Back when you won gold.”

Yuuri could hear the teasing in his mate’s voice. “Just like I will this year,” he challenged.

Victor snorted as he took out cups for them. “If you say so.”

“You can’t win forever,” Yuuri stated with a teasing smile. “You’re amazing, but not magical.”

“I don’t know about that, love,” Victor mused. “There’s not many who’ve been able to defeat me.”

“I guess we’ll see then,” Yuuri said innocently. “Your four years of head start are bound to catch up to you sometime, and there’s no such time as the present.”

Victor returned to Yuuri with the coffee and pressed a soft kiss to the side of is face. “You’re so cute when you’re competitive.”

Yuuri snorted quietly. “Then you should see how cute I am when I win.”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at that. “I really can’t wait for it.”

Yuuri smiled back, until his face suddenly fell, as his memories from yesterday returned.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked worriedly, thinking that he might have said something wrong.

“I just remembered something from yesterday,” Yuuri admitted. “Something I want to talk to you
about.”

“Oh?” Victor said in confusion. “What is it?”

Yuuri took a deep breath as he tried to think of a way to tell his mate about his strange friend. “You friend, uhm… Bartok,” he said awkwardly.

“Yes?” Victor prodded.

“How well do you know him?” Yuuri asked.

Victor looked puzzled. “Why?”

Yuuri shrugged. “I have a bad feeling about him,” he admitted. “He was trying to talk bad about you to me.”

Victor sighed. “Bartok is sometimes too honest for his own good,” he admitted. “And he’s not the best in wording his thoughts.”

“I just don’t trust him,” Yuuri admitted. “He practically suggested that he wanted you to fail so that he could succeed.”

Victor shrugged. “Well, I think a lot of people want me to fail just so they could succeed,” he claimed. “There’s nothing new about that.”

Yuuri frowned. “I just don’t understand how you could be friends with someone like that,” he said carefully. “What if he does something to ruin things for you?”

“I’m sure he won’t,” Victor said gently. “He’s just lazy, definitely not a criminal mastermind.”

Yuuri nodded. “Well, I just figured that I should warn you,” he admitted. “But it’s your choice.”

Victor smiled a little. “Thank you for warning me,” he stated. “But I’ll be okay.”

Yuuri had to accept that. But he still hadn’t told his mate everything.

“There’s more, isn’t there?” Victor asked as he noticed the look on Yuuri’s face.

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “You know me too well, don’t you?”

Victor snorted. “The privilege of being your soulmate, I suppose.”

Yuuri smiled slightly at that. “Well, it’s not really a big deal,” he admitted. “Just that Bartok is also very sexist.”

Victor tensed at that. “What did he say to you?”

Chapter End Notes

I'll try to get the next chapter out soon, but I'm working on a bonus chapter for Christmas that will take place 13 years in the future when Yuuri is 31 and Victor is 35! XD So that's stealing most of my time (^^") <3<3
But I'll try to hurry! <3

Anyways, thank you for reading! <3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 225

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor talk out about Bartok, and later they make their way to the Junior Grand Prix Final.

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas! <3<3

I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri could tell that Victor got instantly angry. “Nothing too bad, just that he thought that omegas are manipulative and that I have you wrapped around my little finger.”

Victor frowned. “One of those things are true and that’s that I’m completely wrapped around your little finger, but that’s voluntarily and has nothing to do with secondary genders.”

“Say that to him,” Yuuri stated tiredly. “I didn’t even have the energy to lecture him.”

“It shouldn’t be your job,” Victor said reassuringly. “Did he say something else?”

“No,” Yuuri said truthfully. “But I think he said enough for me to dislike him.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand. “I love you,” he said with all the love his heart possessed. “And I love you even more for looking out for me.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “You would do the same for me,” he admitted. “And I couldn’t let you get tricked by someone like him.”

“And now I won’t,” Victor assured. “He was never that good of a friend to start with.”

“So you won’t be friends with him anymore?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

Victor shook his head. “Why would I want to be friends with a sexist asshole?”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that logic. “How did you even become friends?”

Victor tried to recall. “I think he just approached me as he helped with the Artur problem. He stuck around after that.”

“Okay,” Yuuri said in understanding. “How did he help exactly?”

“He kept Artur busy by flirting with him,” Victor admitted. “Giving him a taste of his own medicine.”
Yuuri cringed at that.

“What?” Victor asked.

“I don’t know,” Yuuri said vaguely. “It just sounds like a weird thing to do… Trying to get into a omega’s pants in the name of friendship.”

“Well, Artur wasn’t an omega,” Victor pointed out.

“Bartok didn’t know that,” Yuuri quipped. “It’s just… weird.”

“Yeah,” Victor couldn’t help but to agree. “Bartok has always had a problem with keeping it in his pants.”

“I just…” Yuuri trailed off. He couldn’t finish his sentence.

Victor carefully listened in on Yuuri’s thoughts.

~...If it was a plan to ruin things for Victor, it was almost perfect, but it seems a bit too far, and Victor said that he didn’t think he would be smart enough for something like that… But the police said that the messages came from somewhere in Europe, but that could be anywhere, it isn’t something that can be used as evidence… No… I’m probably wrong...~

“You think Bartok sent you those messages?” Victor spoke out loud.

Yuuri flinched. “I don’t know,” he admitted. “I don’t know him more than the impression I got today.”

“You’ve met him in the past,” Victor reminded his mate. “You told me that you thought that he had the protective gene. He wouldn’t do something like that if he did.”

“He doesn’t have the protective gene,” Yuuri stated. “He was just strange the first time we met, like Tommy was, and Chris and a lot of other alphas with the protective gene.”

Victor didn’t like the mention of Tommy. “Tommy was capable of being a psycho despite the protective gene.”

“But he never hurt me,” Yuuri pointed out. “The protective gene kept him from doing that.”

“Getting his face pressed into the snow probably helped as well,” Victor said grimly.

Yuuri looked to his mate in sympathy. “I’m sorry you had to deal with him.”

Victor shrugged. “It was worth the satisfaction,” he assured. “I’m just glad I was there.”

“I’m just wondering…” Yuuri continued. “Given the chance, do you think that Bartok would use violence on me?”

Victor felt instantly angry at the mere suggestion. “He wouldn’t dare.”

“Just…” Yuuri tried. “Try not to think of it like me getting hurt, just imagine if you think he would be capable of something like that…”

Victor did, but eventually he shook his head. “I think he would be too cowardly of doing that,” he admitted.
“But do you think he would be able to send anonymous messages from a hidden number?” Yuuri asked.

Victor swallowed thickly, it didn’t seem beneath someone like Bartok.

“I don’t know,” Yuuri admitted. “It might be too far fetched, but he could have gotten my number if you ever left your phone with him… And if he was only after upsetting you, I’d say he succeeded.”

Victor almost got angry with himself.

What if it was Bartok? What if the person that had threatened his soulmate was right under his nose? And what if he had been too obsessed with finding a crazy psycho that he had completely missed the most obvious.

But did Bartok really want to get ahead like that?

Was he capable of coming up with such vulgar things just to scare them?

“Maybe I’m wrong,” Yuuri sighed. “You probably know him a lot better. Maybe I’m just seeing what I want to see because I don’t like him.”

“There might be something in it,” Victor assured. “I just…” he sighed. “I just didn’t think about that…”

“Of course not,” Yuuri agreed. “He’s your friend.”

Victor felt something twist inside of him at the idea that he had been friends with someone who could even think about doing those horrible things to Yuuri. “Not anymore,” he said seriously. “If he…” he trailed off not to lose his temper. “If he wrote those disgusting things to you, I will do everything I can to make him regret the day he was born.”

“Don’t get into trouble,” Yuuri pleaded. “That’s probably what he wants.”

“I won’t,” Victor promised. “I know other ways to make people suffer for their crimes. Like making sure that he will never get a job in business or having him arrested for illegal harassment, which is exactly what he’s done.”

“But don’t do anything until you have evidence that it’s actually him,” Yuuri stated. “I… I could never live with myself if we did something to hurt someone innocent.”

“I’ll be smart about it,” Victor promised.

Yuuri smiled shyly. “Thank you.”

Victor smiled back, feeling extremely relieved now when he had a potential face to connect to the horrible messages his mate had received.

Knowing that it wasn’t some vicious monster that had threatened his Yuuri, but an insecure nineteen-year-old.

It was no longer an invisible threat, or a shadow that could strike at any moment.

It was just a person, a very sad person, but still a human.

And that was something Victor could live with.

........................................
Later that day, they took off to the ice rink where the Junior Grand Prix was being held.

Celestino met them outside the building to give them special passes so they could go inside, while also going through his plan.

He thought that it was smartest to approach Phichit after the competitions were finished to not put any pressure on him that might ruin his chances of winning.

Yuuri agreed, knowing how much pressure was probably already influencing him, he didn’t need more of it.

So they were there to observe, not interact.

But they were both excited to see how skating looked among the youngsters and if anything had changed during the years where they hadn’t participated.

See if the new generation had somehow reinvented the skating or if they did as they always had.

The first thing they noticed as they took their seats and got a look of the contestants was how young they all looked.

They really looked like children.

“Can you imagine that we were that tiny not too long ago?” Victor mused.

“I remember when I attended your first competition,” Yuuri admitted. “You looked so grown up compared to me. It’s almost surreal that you were not much older than the boy with the red stripe in his hair.”

Victor looked to the thirteen-year-old competitor with a fond smile. “I was a lot older than that,” he protested. “Or at least I was taller.”

Yuuri took a closer look.

That boy looked a little familiar.

“Do you recognize him?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully.

Victor tried to recall. He had to admit that he looked a little familiar, but he really couldn’t place him.

“There’s Phichit,” Yuuri told his mate quietly as the Thai boy entered the rink with a woman that seemed to be his coach.

Victor almost awed with how adorable the boy looked with his big brown eyes and the same haircut as the Russian Yuri.

He reminded him of a young version of his mate.

But of course Yuuri was a lot prettier, at least to him.

~I don’t think he’s had his heat yet~ Yuuri observed. ~That’s probably why he looks so young despite being sixteen~

~You looked young like that too when you were sixteen~ Victor reminded his mate. ~Omegas are too cute~
Yuuri threw a pointed look to him.

~Not as cute as you though~ Victor quickly reassured him. ~I could never think that~

Yuuri felt relieved.

~But if I’m being completely honest, you’re more hot and sexy now than you are cute~ Victor added.

Yuuri blushed at that.

~He looks like a puppy or a baby deer~ Victor stated. ~I blame my protective gene~

Yuuri snorted at that.

Finding omegas cute were hardwired into Victor’s DNA so he really couldn’t blame him for it. But he was curious how Victor would react if he was ever faced with an omega baby.

Victor would probably do something dramatic like lying down on the ground and claim that he was dying.

~Depends on the baby~ Victor told him fondly. ~If I would ever be faced with you as a baby, I would die on the spot. That much cuteness should be forbidden~

Yuuri laughed at that before suddenly feeling like he was being watched.

He turned slightly and noticed that the little boy with the red stripe in his hair was looking at him with wide eyes.

"Why is he staring at you?” Victor asked in annoyance.

The boy looked to Victor as tears were pooling in his eyes and a smile spread across his face.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile fondly. "I think he’s a fan.”

Victor relaxed a little at that, and gave him a polite wave that had the boy shaking the woman next to him as he screamed in joy.

"He’s Japanese,“ Yuuri observed as he noticed the boy’s jacket. "I wonder if he’s good.”

"He’s following in your footsteps, so he better be,” Victor declared.

"Who’s competing for Russia?” Yuuri asked.

"Russia didn’t make it to the junior finals,” Victor admitted. "But luckily the senior contestant will claim gold…”

Yuuri snorted as he took his soulmate’s hand. "Dream on…”

"Welcome to the Junior Grand Prix final of 2012,” the commenter spoke, gaining everyone's attention.

It would surely be an interesting competition.
Who could that boy with the red stripe in his hair possibly be? ;) <3<3 Yuuri's superfan perhaps? XD <3<3 Hopefully they'll recognize him despite it being almost ten years since their first meeting <3<3

ALSO I published the bonus chapter! <3 Check out the teaser here! <3<3

https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/post/181385310576/dearly-beloved-bonus-chapter-10-christmas

Anyways, I hope you liked the chapter! <3<3

Thank you for reading and Merry Christmas!! <3<3

KUDOS BOMB!! <3<3<3
Chapter 226

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri watch the short program for the junior grand prix final. As they are unsure about who to cheer for.

Chapter Notes

Busy times!! <3<3 I'm sure you feel the same! <3
Anyways, here's a new update! <3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri felt so proud when Japan took the lead after the young boy’s performance.
But he felt almost even prouder when he saw the omega do a quadruple flip.
Phichit was definitely talented.
And seeing an omega younger than him performing so well, filled him with a very special kind of pride.
It was just like passing on the torch and getting more evidence to the fact that omegas were just as capable as alphas.
Especially in figure skating.
While Yuuri wanted Japan to win gold, mostly because he still had a sense of loyalty to his home country, he would definitely not be sad if he saw a fellow omega win gold.
It was almost better.
Unfortunately, Phichit didn’t take the lead.
Not that he seemed upset about it. The omega practically smiled all the way to the kiss and cry where he hugged his coach and spoke excitedly about something, when he got his points.
He then made a heart with his hands to the camera and later took a seat to watch the rest of the competition.
“He has good sportsmanship,” Yuuri observed thoughtfully. “He wasn’t upset about coming in second.”
“He still has a chance at the free skate tomorrow,” Victor reminded him. “And not everyone is obsessively competitive.”
“Are you saying it’s just us?” Yuuri mused as he smiled teasingly to his mate.

Victor snorted. “We could definitely work on our sportsmanship,” he admitted. “We only get happy for each other.”

Yuuri couldn’t disagree with his mate. They really weren’t good at losing to other people.

But they were even worse in letting each other lose to other people.

Last year, when Yuuri claimed Silver in skate America, Victor was on the verge of giving the gold medalist a lawsuit because he was sure that he saw him kick the ice where Yuuri later lost his balance slightly and touched down, losing the victory.

Yuuri had managed to stop him, but they still didn’t like seeing each other lose to others that they felt were more undeserving.

It was a bad mindset and they were both fully aware.

But it was something that they had to work on.

“Wow, that kid from Kazakhstan is really good,” Victor suddenly said as he inspected the boy’s program.

Yuuri looked as well.

Victor wasn’t wrong.

Despite the boy’s serious and neutral expression, his passion for skating was really showing through.

His technique was extremely good for someone so young.

“He might win,” Yuuri said thoughtfully as he glanced to the scoreboard.

The Kazakhstan boy definitely had the strongest program, but it would be sad to see both Japan and Phichit bumped to silver and bronze.

But of course there was still the free skate to be considered.

The Kazakh boy took the lead, but neither Japan nor Phichit seemed especially sad about it as they spoke to their coaches with bright smiles.

The Kazakh boy however seemed strangely unaffected by his victory.

He had such a stoic face.

"Do you want to go back home?” Victor asked as he took Yuuri’s hand.

Yuuri looked to his coach worryedly.

"I’ll be fine,” Celestino assured. "Gina and Bella are coming today.”

Yuuri lit up at that. ”Are they coming to the banquet tomorrow?”

Celestino nodded. "Bella asked me to ask you to save a dance for her.”

"Of course,” Yuuri agreed.
"And one for me?" Victor injected, feeling his irrational jealousy flare.

Celestino laughed heartily at the remark. "Knowing you two, you’ll probably save all your other dances for each other."

Yuuri couldn’t exactly disagree. He loved dancing with Victor. Almost as much as he loved skating with him.

Victor laughed a little as well. "Well, we do love to dance."

"We do," Yuuri confirmed. "Ice or no ice."

Victor smiled fondly as he lost himself in Yuuri’s eyes for a moment. "Ice or no ice…" he repeated.

“Well, have fun you two,” Celestino chirped cheerfully as he gathered his things and got ready to leave. “Remember to be here on time tomorrow, the final starts at 10:00am, and be sure to get plenty of rest so you’ll have enough energy for the banquet that’s tomorrow night.”

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed. “We went to bed pretty early last night, I’m sure we’ll fall asleep just as early tonight.”

“And don’t forget to eat a healthy dinner,” Celestino reminded him. “Remember that it’s less than a week for the Cup of China, you need to be at your best.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed.

~Is he your coach or your mother?~ Victor teased fondly.

Yuuri squeezed Victor’s hand in warning to not say the remark out loud.

No matter how much he loved his soulmate, he would probably always have the ability to embarrass him the worst.

“Good,” Celestino praised. “See you tomorrow.”

“Bye,” Yuuri said to his coach before leading Victor the other way.

“You’re always adorable when you blush,” Victor mused.

“You’re doing that to me on purpose,” Yuuri accused his mate as he tried to think of something to distract himself from the embarrassment.

“Making you blush?” Victor asked innocently.

~Making me embarrassed~ Yuuri corrected.

Victor’s eyes widened slightly. ~Did I embarrass you?~ he asked worriedly.

~No~ Yuuri admitted. ~But you can’t compare Celestino to a mother~

~He was motherly~ Victor claimed. ~Making sure you’d be on time, telling you to eat healthy~

~But you can’t do that~ Yuuri said before sighing tiredly. ~He’s surrogated on me, so it’s weird for you to say something like that~

Victor had no idea. “He what?” he asked out loud.
“It’s an omega thing,” Yuuri said sheepishly. ~It’s almost like the protective gene with alphas but it’s with omegas and children~

~I know what it is~ Victor stated. ~I just didn’t know that he had done that~

~It’s not like he chose it~ Yuuri explained. “It’s instincts.”

“Wait, so he’s your…” Victor thought for a moment. ~Father?~

“Coach,” Yuuri said determinately. ~Just because he sees me as his own child, doesn’t mean that anything has to change in our relationship~

“I know,” Victor agreed. “I’m Sorry, I didn’t know.”

“I know,” Yuuri said gently. “I’m sorry for assuming that you should have known.”

Victor leaned in and stole a quick kiss from his mate. “Well, to change the subject, we have the whole evening ahead of us, would you like to go on a date?”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile at that. “A date?”

“How about a healthy dinner and a movie without snacks?”

Yuuri snorted. “I’d love to,” he assured. “As long as we’re together. You’re the only kind of candy I will ever need.”

Victor couldn’t stop himself from laughing.

Yuuri regretted his bad joke immensely. “Please forget I said that,” he pleaded. “Why am I so bad at making jokes?”

“You’re the best at making jokes,” Victor reassured him. “You always make me laugh.”

“I’m lucky you have a terrible sense of humor then,” Yuuri teased.

“Or maybe I have an amazing sense of humor and you’re just really funny?” Victor suggested as he wrapped his arm around Yuuri and held him close as they made their way out of the rink.

“If only…” Yuuri mused. “Do you think I should get into the comedian profession?”

Victor laughed warmly at that. “I think you should do whatever your heart tells you to do.”

Yuuri bit his lip playfully. ~So you think I should do you?~

Victor flinched slightly as a blush quickly dusted his face.

Yuuri chuckled fondly as he snuggled closer to Victor. “But first we should get some dinner,” he stated with a mischievous smirk. ~And then we’ll see what there might be for dessert~

Victor had never felt weaker for his soulmate’s teasing. “Yuuri!”

Chapter End Notes
I love how Yuuri refers to Minami as Japan! XD <3 If he only remembered... <3

I'm sure they'll both get a shock during the reveal at the banquet! <3 And I'm sure Phichit will make quad axels in being recruited by two omega champions!! XD <3

Almost a new year btw! <3<3 What do you think will happen in Dearly Beloved during the next year? ;) <3 And where will we be in the story 2020? <3 (It feels so futuristic to say) XD <3

Anyways, let me know!! <3<3

Thank you for reading this chapter! <3<3

And if I won't be able to update before tomorrow, then Happy New Year!! <3<3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 227

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor expected to have a nice relaxing night after the grand prix. Unfortunately, they get everything but that.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the hiatus on this story <3

I got a few comments that got me to question everything... I'm really not sure where I'm taking this story. It's like days of our lives and I'm scared that the quality gets lost in the quantity of the length. I know that most of you who are reading are looking for a story with actual plot, and dearly beloved really lacks that.

I'm not sure how many of you would want to stick with this story for another year, so I'm thinking about maybe trying to end it.

It'll mean that we won't see too much of their future, and I won't keep on diving into details on all of their moments.

But I don't know, I like to write all the details and drag the story out without missing anything important, but I also don't want to write a story that sucks and that all of you get sick at...

I'm just worried about disappointing you with boring you out.

I tried to include a little bit of drama in this chapter, but somehow everything I did felt forced... I think I re-wrote the chapter 3 or 4 times...

I guess I'm just an insecure mess.

Anyways, I hope you'll like this chapter <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It felt a lot colder as they stepped outside the rink in Saint Petersburg. It was December, and Russia was definitely aware.

“How’s the weather in Detroit?” Victor asked curiously as he overheard Yuuri’s thoughts about Russia being freezing.

“Not this cold,” Yuuri claimed. “It has snowed a little, but Russia is just being ridiculous.”

“It’s barely minus 10°C,” Victor said fondly. “It’s no world record.”

Yuuri moved impossibly closer to Victor in search of warmth. “I hate the cold…”
“I know,” Victor agreed. “Do you want to borrow my gloves? Or my scarf?”

Yuuri shook his head. “I’m f-fine.”

Victor took off his scarf on principle and wrapped it around Yuuri’s neck. “There we go,” he said proudly.

“Victor…” Yuuri protested lightheartedly before he found himself relishing in Victor’s wonderful scent that the scarf was covered in.

Victor wouldn’t trade that reaction for anything in the world. “It looks good on you,” he remarked. “You should keep it.”

Yuuri blushed shyly as he felt love spread all the way through his body. “I love you,” he said before he was even able to stop himself, not that he would ever want to.

“I love you too,” Victor said as he pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s temple and hugged him a little bit tighter.

That’s when someone suddenly approached. “Victor Nikiforov?”

Victor looked around, he seemed either like a fan or a reporter, so he saw no reason to lie. “Yes?”

The man smiled before swiftly delivering a rough punch to Victor’s face.

Yuuri felt panic slap him like a speeding bus as Victor fell to the ground beside him.

~Yuuri, run~ Victor ordered over the bond.

Yuuri did no such thing as he turned to the attacker.

The man didn’t even seem to notice him as he gathered strength to kick Victor.

Yuuri couldn’t have that, so he acted first and tackled the man to the ground.

He would lie if he claimed not to be satisfied by the shocked look that the man gave him.

But the satisfaction didn’t last for too long as the man quickly recovered from the shock and shoved Yuuri off of him.

Yuuri gasped as he landed in a pile of snow and the cold quickly embraced him.

But he knew that he couldn’t stay down for too long as the man was after his mate.

“Stay down,” the man alpha commanded.

Yuuri felt his muscles tense and he found himself unable to move.

Victor looked around as the pain on the side of his face was quickly fading away as worry overtook him.

Yuuri was fighting an alpha.

He was in danger, he could die.

Victor couldn’t live with that.
But as he was just about to get up, a rough kick to his ribs kept him down and the man climbed on top of him.

Victor looked at the man in confusion as he tried to figure out who he was and what he wanted.

The man grabbed the hem of his jacket as he leaned in close. “Ivan says hi,” he said with a grin before delivering another punch to his face.

After that, Victor suddenly woke up from whatever confused daze he had been in as he realized the seriousness of the situation.

This man knew Ivan.

And he was apparently there to get some kind of revenge.

Yuuri forced himself to move.

That man was hurting his soulmate, and Yuuri would not allow his biology to keep him away from his mate when he needed him the most.

So without knowing how, he got up to his feet.

He could feel a growl at the back of his throat as he got ready to tackle the man again.

But this time, he would not stop until the threat was eliminated.

Victor managed to kick the man away and quickly recovered so he could back away. He managed to get some distance, when Yuuri suddenly tackled the man and they both fell to the ground.

Victor was pretty sure that his heart stopped. “Yuuri!” he called in horror as he got up to his feet to rush to his mate’s aid.

It was as if everything moved in slow-motion when the man’s fist collided with the side of Yuuri’s face.

Victor didn’t remember much after that.

Yuuri felt fear rise in his chest at the sound of Victor’s growl.

It was as if he just managed to back away from the man when Victor picked the man up from the ground and pushed him up against a nearby wall.

Yuuri’s eyes widened at the sight.

Victor was feral.

And it was terrifying.

Yuuri really wasn’t used to seeing Victor this angry.

The Victor he knew was always so calm and happy. He always smiled to him and he always laughed with his whole body when he found something to be funny.

This Victor was nothing like that. His eyes were cold and his body was rigid with anger.

And Yuuri felt completely convinced that the man was going to die. That Victor was going to kill
himm.

But Yuuri couldn’t let him.

He couldn’t allow Victor to do that to himself.

Victor would have to come down from his angry state sooner or later.

And Yuuri couldn’t let him make a mistake that he would never be able to come back from.

Victor would be devastated if he took a life. Even if he didn’t know it.

But when Yuuri tried to get up, he felt the man’s alpha command echo through him, making his muscles reluctant to cooperate.

But he had to get Victor away from that man.

Victor had his hand wrapped around the man’s throat as the man gasped for air.

“Victor!” Yuuri called in an attempt to gain his soulmate’s attention. “Victor stop!”

Victor didn’t.

Almost as if he didn’t even hear him.

“Victor!” Yuuri called again. He managed to move a little, but he was still too far away from his mate. “Victor, please stop!”

Victor still couldn’t hear him.

Yuuri could see how the man’s eyes fluttered close.

He needed to something, anything.

Yuuri took a deep breath to gather courage before curling his fist and punching it down in the concrete.

He hissed in pain before he heard the sound of a body being dropped. He looked up carefully so his eyes met Victor’s.

Victor looked at him with wide eyes. Completely panicked.

Yuuri would feel guilty, if it hadn’t been necessary, and hearing the man cough on the ground filled him with so much relief that it was worth the pounding he was feeling in his hand.

Speaking of his hand…

It was completely covered in blood.

He felt the pain as soon as he tried to move it.

Every movement felt like fire in his hand, and it didn’t take long before Victor was right at his side.

Victor felt like he had no control of his body.

It was as if he floated somewhere else.
He only knew that Yuuri was hurt and that he had to help him somehow.

He could feel his heart ache at the sight of Yuuri with a bloody hand and bruised face.

He had allowed his mate to get hurt, which was unacceptable.

But the monster that did it was not a threat anymore.

Or at least he hoped so. He really wasn’t sure...

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized to him.

Victor frowned thoughtfully. Why was he sorry? What did he do?

Yuuri could see that Victor still wasn’t all there.

He looked so lost and confused which only added to Yuuri’s guilt.

That’s when a flash went off.

Yuuri’s eyes snapped up in attention as he noticed that a few of the Grand Prix journalists were watching them and taking pictures.

Victor noticed his mate’s fear and he turned to the source of it.

There was a man with a camera that frightened his mate and Victor needed him gone.

“No, Victor, no!” Yuuri snapped to him and held him still. Clinging onto him in panic. “Stay still.”

Victor reluctantly did as told. He settled for allowing his growl to be warning enough for the threat to keep its distance.

Yuuri kept a tight hold on Victor, knowing that if he released him for just a moment, he might attack that poor journalist, and the newspapers and gossip magazines would definitely not treat an event like that kindly.

And Victor didn’t need to be slandered like he was all those years ago.

Back then he had broken a camera, not a neck, but the magazines wrote as if Victor had committed murder.

Today, he almost did, and Yuuri knew that there would probably be consequences for it.

He only hoped that he would be able to protect his mate from most of it.

And as sirens began to approach from a distance, Yuuri really hoped that he could explain all of this and that the police wouldn’t take one look at his feral mate and assume the worst.

Victor only did what he did to protect him.

Hopefully it would be enough to set things right.

Chapter End Notes
So let me know what you thought <3 Should I just delete the chapter? <3

Also let me know if you think that I should wrap up the story or if I should keep going as I have <3

Do you like this "Days of our lives" style? Or would you prefer it to be shorter and to the point?

I'm just a little bit desperate for input, or anything at all to get my inspiration back <3

So please leave me a comment with your thoughts <3

As always, thank you for reading <3

KUDOS <3<3
Yuuri does his best to save the situation.

Chapter Notes

I love you all so much <3

Thank you for all of the response you gave me in the last chapter <3<3 I'm so grateful that so many of you care enough to let me hear what you think and feel <3

I have a lot of anxiousness in a lot of different things, I sometimes hate publishing stories because I'm terrified that I'll get bad response <3

I'm the kind of person that constantly wants to be as good as possible in everything I do, and I want to create content in the world that people enjoy <3 So every bit of criticism affects me so much because I take everything to heart and I want to improve. And the thing with the negative comments I get are that they usually tell me that they don't like something, but they never tell me what to do better. So I'm left thinking that the whole thing is bad and I lose my way of how to proceed.

When people tell me what they love, I always try to make more of that, because I really love and get inspired by the things that you love <3 When people tell me what they hate, I start hating it as well, and that hate kind of spreads until I hate everything I write... I usually go back and read your positive comments when I feel bad and I try to get inspiration from that, but then I always somehow go to the negative ones to put myself down.

And I genuinely have no idea why.

Anxiety is a bitch, and I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy <3

But getting showered by your love yesterday really helped me with picking up my spirit and write out this chapter, so I hope you'll enjoy it <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri felt more scared than anything else when the patrol car stopped on the street and two officers got out with their guns drawn.

Victor's growling increased as he sensed Yuuri's fear.

“Breathe, Victor,” Yuuri begged in panic, hugging Victor impossibly tighter. “Just breathe…”

Victor did his best to comply, it still didn’t feel like he was in control, he was still blinded by anger and fear.
“What’s going on here?” One of the officers asked sternly.

“We were attacked,” Yuuri answered in Russian. “Victor didn’t mean to hurt him, he’s just panicked because I was hurt.”

“Did he hurt you?” The officer asked as he gestured to Victor.

“No!” Yuuri said, maybe a bit too quickly. “He’s my true mate, he can’t.”

“He’s your true mate?” the officer asked in disbelief. For some reason not believing him. “Then who hurt you?”

Yuuri looked to the man that was trying to get up from the ground. “He did,” he said and pointed to him.

The man’s eyes widened as he stumbled up to his feet, but he only managed to take two steps before collapsing.

The officer frowned worriedly before taking out his walkie talkie. “We need an ambulance to our location,” he said to the person on the other side. He continued on naming their location when the other police officer took a step closer to them.

Victor flinched as if attempting to attack, but Yuuri held him back.

“What’s wrong with him?” the police officer asked worriedly.

“He’s feral,” Yuuri replied with a hint of fear. “He’s an alpha, and he only tried to protect me.”

“Step away from him, please,” the officer demanded.

Yuuri knew that he wasn’t supposed to argue with the police, but he couldn’t let Victor go. Not when he was this tense and angry and scared.

“Victor?” Yuuri said gently. “I’m just going to step away for a second,” he tried to explain. “I’ll be right beside you, okay?”

He only prayed that Victor understood him.

Victor frowned thoughtfully as Yuuri backed away from him. A part of him wanted to reach for him, but Yuuri wasn’t going far.

“It’s okay,” Yuuri reassured him.

The police officer closed the distance between them and quickly secured Victor’s wrists with handcuffs.

“What are you doing?” Yuuri asked in panic. “He didn’t do anything!”

“Stay back,” the police officer warned.

Victor tugged on the handcuffs.

What was happening?

“It wasn’t his fault!” Yuuri stated. “That man attacked him first!”
“We’ll find that out down at the station,” the police officer said sternly before grabbing Victor’s arm and pulling him up to his feet.

“You can’t take him away!” Yuuri snapped as he hated his secondary gender that kept him from moving to Victor’s aid. “He didn’t do anything wrong!”

“I’m going to have to ask you to calm down,” the police told him seriously. “One man is unconscious and this man is feral. We need to find out the details before knowing how to proceed.”

Yuuri couldn’t understand that on a level, but it still wasn’t right.

Victor didn’t deserve to be arrested for protecting him.

Victor could tell that Yuuri was upset, but he had no idea why.

Having his arms behind his back was uncomfortable, but he was just grateful that his mate was safe.

“He’s not himself right now,” Yuuri tried to explain. “You can’t just take him away.”

“We need to do our job,” the police officer claimed. “So you can either accept that and stay quiet or I’ll find a couple of handcuffs for you too.”

That awoke something in Victor. “Don’t threaten him!” he snapped to the police officer.

The police officer tightened his hold on Victor’s arm, making him grunt in pain.

“Don’t!” Yuuri cried in panic. Hating how powerless he was to stop it.

The police officer ignored the omega’s plea as he led Victor over to the patrol car.

Yuuri still couldn’t get up from the ground, so he could do nothing but watch his mate get taken away.

Victor tried to turn back to Yuuri, where was he?

“Get in,” the police officer alpha commanded.

Alpha commands didn’t really work on other alphas, but Victor still did as told.

He didn’t know what else to do.

But he did still have one concern. “Where’s Yuuri?”

“He’s fine,” the officer stated before shutting the door.

Victor looked out the window and saw Yuuri, still sitting on the ground in the snow.

That’s when he remembered that Yuuri was cold.

He was going to freeze if he didn’t get up. Why wasn’t he getting up?

That’s when he thought back and remembered that someone alpha commanded him.

He wasn’t sure who, but that didn’t matter. He needed it to be broken.

But as he tried to get to Yuuri, he realised that his hands were still cuffed behind his back. And the car didn’t have a car door handle.
Yuuri could see how Victor tried to get out of the car, and it broke his heart that he couldn’t help him.

He could sense Victor’s fear, and it did nothing to settle his own.

“Why are you on the ground?” the other police officer suddenly asked.

Yuuri swallowed thickly. “I- I can’t get up,” he admitted. “Alpha command…”

The police’s eyes widened at that.

Everyone knew that alphas were almost completely immune to alpha commands, they only reacted if there was an urgent one or if they hadn’t had their rut yet.

Betas were only affected by alpha commands for a certain amount of time, mostly a few minutes, depending on the strength of the alpha.

But only omegas were affected so strongly that they could be under an alpha command for hours, sometimes days.

And Yuuri had been sitting on the ground for quite some time.

“You’re an o-omega?” the police officer asked worriedly.

Yuuri nodded shyly.

The police officer swallowed thickly. “Get up from the ground,” he alpha commanded.

Yuuri had no choice but to do as told.

The police officer sighed tiredly before turning to his partner. “Mikhail, the kid’s an omega.”

The other police officer froze in his spot where he was holding the strange man that had attacked them. “Omega?” he asked in disbelief.

Yuuri looked to the police officers worriedly.

“What are we going to do?” the police officer closest to Yuuri asked his partner. “If that man hurt an omega, there’s no wonder his mate went feral.”

Yuuri suddenly felt hopeful again. Maybe they would let Victor go…

“I don’t know…” The officer named Mikhail said. “His hand is all bloody, he should go to the hospital.”

“My hand is fine,” Yuuri claimed. “I want to go with Victor.”

The officers didn’t acknowledge him. “We can’t take him to the station,” the officer named Mikhail stated. “Where would we even keep him? An interrogation room is out of the question, I even think it’s illegal to keep him there, especially with an injury. We could lose our jobs if it gets infected.”

“Yeah,” the other officer agreed. “No, he should go to the hospital.”

“Not without my mate,” Yuuri said sternly, gaining both of their attention.

They both looked at him tiredly.
“Where’s that damn ambulance?” Mikhail asked in annoyance as he led the strange man to the patrol car where Victor was being held.

Yuuri attempted to follow to make sure that he kept that man away from his soulmate when the other police officer grabbed his arm. “Stay there,” he ordered. “Mikhail, hang on,” he told his partner. “I read that omegas can get heart attacks if they’re put through too much stress.”

“What?” Mikhail asked in disbelief.

“Maybe we should…” the officer nodded to the patrol car.

“Let the feral one go?” Mikhail asked in even more disbelief.

“The omega looks ready to stress himself out over this,” the officer stated and gestured to Yuuri.

Mikhail sighed tiredly. “Fine let him go, but take his personal info first,” he demanded. “He needs to come down to us sometime tomorrow.”

“It might even be better,” the other officer said as he walked over to the patrol car. “We’ll get to question him when he has a clear head.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Mikhail agreed as he kept leading the man to the patrol car, following his partner.

Yuuri stood still in his tracks. Waiting.

He watched how the police officer opened the door for Victor and helped him out before unlocking the cuffs.

Yuuri took a cautious step forward as their eyes met.

Victor still looked confused and scared, and Yuuri couldn’t hold himself back anymore as he closed the distance between them and caught Victor in his embrace.

Victor hugged him back instantly.

And they stood like that for a long time.

Other people had gathered all around them, watching the scene with a large amount of interest.

That’s when the ambulance finally arrived.

The police officer waved them over before taking out his notepad. “While you’re getting your hand fixed, I have a few questions for your mate.”

Yuuri nodded hesitantly, still lingering at Victor’s side.

He didn’t want to leave Victor alone in his scared state, so he decided to play the omega card. “I’m scared,” he said carefully, doing his best to look as small and vulnerable as possible. “I need my alpha with me.”

The police officer looked slightly stunned before swallowing thickly with nervousness. “Fine,” he relented. “He can come with you as I ask my questions.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said, taking Victor’s hand with his uninjured one as they walked together to the ambulance.
As soon as the police officer told the ambulance staff that Yuuri was an omega, they immediately got to work as if someone was dying.

They did their best to clean the wound on his hand with warm water, but Yuuri could tell that they were nervous under Victor’s hard glare.

“I think it needs stitches,” one of the paramedics said thoughtfully. “Do you mind coming down to the hospital so a real plastic surgeon could take a look of this?”

Yuuri looked to his mate thoughtfully. “Can Victor come?”

“I’m done with him,” the police officer assured. “Be sure to come down to the station tomorrow morning at 9:00am.”

Yuuri nodded. “Of course,” he agreed. “I’ll make sure we’re there.”

Victor kept his gaze on the paramedic treating Yuuri’s hand, not hearing a word the police officer said.

“Good,” the police officer said sternly. “Take care.”

Yuuri nodded as the paramedic stepped aside to let both him and Victor into the ambulance.

Taking both of them to the hospital.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again to all of you that sent me all those beautiful comments, and I'm so sorry I wasn't able to answer all of them <3

But I did read them <3<3

I wish every chapter could be a shower of love, but I get that you have a life too and can't always leave a comment <3

But I really appriciate the hell out of you when you do <3 And sometimes a good comment is what makes this story and all my other stories keep going <3<3

So thank you again so much <3

I love you <3<3

<3<3<3 kudos <3<3<3<3
Chapter 229

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor can’t help but to worry about each other as the adrenaline from the attack eventually dies down.

Victor began to slowly come back to himself while Yuuri was getting examined in the hospital.

They took Victor’s blood pressure only to confirm that he had indeed been feral.

And after bandaging Yuuri’s hand, they discharged both of them.

After a long day and an even longer night, both of them were ready to sleep for a year.

Yuuri had called Victor’s parents on the way to the hospital to explain the situation and see if they could take care of Makkachin.

The sweet innocent poodle didn’t deserve to spend all night alone just because his humans were cursed with bad luck.

Victor’s parents had immediately agreed and offered to pick them up from the hospital.

Yuuri had gratefully accepted, not wanting to put Victor through more stress that evening.

“My baby,” Victoria gushed as she saw the condition of her bruised son. And as soon as she saw Yuuri’s bruised face, she practically melted in sympathy. “I’m so sorry,” she said as she hugged both of them tightly. “Who did this to you?”

“Not now, mom,” Victor pleaded. “We’re both tired…”

Victoria nodded in understanding as she stepped aside so they could get into the car. Yuuri held onto Victor as he regarded him worriedly.

Victor looked exhausted and Yuuri really couldn’t blame him after what had happened.

“Do you need a lawyer?” Victoria asked worriedly. “Are you getting charged for anything?”

“I don’t know,” Victor admitted tiredly.

“I think a lawyer would be good,” Yuuri spoke up. “They want to question him tomorrow.”

“What happened?” Victoria asked carefully.

Yuuri looked to Victor for approval.

~You can tell her~

“A man we didn’t know approached us and hit Victor,” Yuuri explained. “He seemed to be after him so I did my best to protect him… Unfortunately he got in a good punch at me and then…” he trailed off, looking at Victor again as he recalled how scary Victor had looked when he was feral.
He never wanted to see that again.

“Is that how you hurt your hand?” Victoria asked gently. “From protecting Vitya?”

“No, I… I needed to snap Victor out of it,” Yuuri admitted. “He didn’t really hear me so I…” he trailed off again.

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized. “I never meant for you to…”

“I know,” Yuuri reassured him. “It’s not your fault, it was his… whoever he was…”

“He knew Ivan,” Victor admitted as he felt anger surge through him. “Ivan probably sent him from prison.”

Victoria gasped in shock. “The same Ivan that…”

“…That tried to hurt Yuuri when he was in pre-heat, yes,” Victor said bitterly.

Yuuri felt his heart break for his mate. He looked so hurt and scared, and Yuuri hated that he couldn’t do anything to help.

“I’m sure the police are going to put him away for good,” Yuuri said, in hopes of being reassuring. “If not because he deserves it for what he did to you, he’ll probably get put away for hurting an omega…”

Victor closed his eyes as he took a deep breath to settle the pain he felt in his heart after seeing Yuuri get hurt.

He would probably never get that image out of his head.

It was just like seeing that Italian man that tried to kidnap Yuuri when he was thirteen.

A memory that still haunted him to this current day.

“Sorry,” Yuuri apologized as he noticed that Victor got even more upset.

“Don’t,” Victor pleaded. “Don’t apologize, I’m not mad at you.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding before averting his gaze.

“I’m sure he’ll get what’s coming to him,” Victoria agreed. “Fate has a way of punishing those who deserve it.”

Victor sighed tiredly.

Yuuri could tell that Victor was very irritable, which meant that he probably needed some space.

So he was really grateful when Victor’s apartment finally came into their line of view.

“Thank you for picking us up,” Yuuri told Victor’s mother gratefully.

“Of course,” Victoria said with a gentle smile. “Do you need anything else?”

“We’ll be fine,” Yuuri assured gently, knowing that the best thing in that moment was to get Victor somewhere calm and quiet where he could come down from the adrenaline rush safely. “Thank you though.”
Victoria nodded in acknowledgement before turning to her son."Vitya?"

"Mhm," Victor said tiredly.

"Try to rest for awhile, okay?" Victoria pleaded. "And take care of each other."

"Yeah," Victor agreed, ready to get out of the car and away from his interrogating mother.

"Thank you again," Yuuri said as the car pulled over and Victor was already out of the car.

Victoria waved. "You’re welcome."

Victor waited for Yuuri to get out so he could take his hand again.

He still felt like he needed his mate close.

Yuuri wanted to be close to Victor as well, but he still felt like he didn’t know what to say.

He didn’t want to risk upsetting him.

"How’s your hand?" Victor suddenly asked, breaking the ice.

"Better," Yuuri admitted. "It barely hurts."

Victor nodded in approval. "Good."

Yuuri bit his lips thoughtfully. "How’s your ribs?"

"Good," Victor promised. "He was a terrible kicker."

Yuuri smiled slightly at that, grateful that Victor wasn’t too hurt. "And your face?" he prodded.

"It’s okay," Victor assured. "How’s yours?"

Yuuri shrugged. "I barely feel it."

Victor frowned thoughtfully before nodding.

"Does it look that bad?" Yuuri asked worriedly.

"No," Victor said as gently as he could. "But you know I hate to see you hurt."

"I hate to see you hurt too," Yuuri admitted.

Victor smiled softly to him before opening the door to his apartment building so Yuuri wouldn’t have to use his injured hand.

Yuuri held onto Victor with his uninjured hand and kept him close as they walked into the building and into the elevator.

Victor pressed the button as well, and Yuuri realized what Victor was doing.

"I can still use my hand," Yuuri told his mate gently. "It’s still attached to my body and my fingers are fine."

"I know," Victor agreed. "But it makes me feel better to know that you won’t strain it."
Yuuri could understand that.

If Victor had been injured, he wouldn’t want him to strain himself either.

“Would it make you feel better if I allowed you to open the front door?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head. “It’s fine if you want to do it,” he admitted sheepishly, knowing that Victor would feel terrible if Yuuri did something that would make him bleed through the bandage.

And he really didn’t want Victor to lose his temper or exhaust himself even further.

His mate had been through enough today.

Victor could tell that Yuuri was unnaturally cautious around him, and it did worry him slightly.

He could imagine that this day had taken its toll on Yuuri as well.

He was the one who had to sort everything out.

He should be exhausted, not worrying as much as he was.

And as they were back inside the comfort of the apartment, Victor looked around worriedly.

“Where’s Makkachin?”

“With your parents,” Yuuri reminded his mate gently. “Don’t you remember that I called them?”

“Oh, right…” Victor said dumbly. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri reassured him. “It’s been a long night.”

“Do you want to go to sleep?” Victor asked.

“I’m not really that tired,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “You should sleep though, you must be exhausted.”

Victor would lie if he claimed that Yuuri was wrong.

He felt ready to go into a coma.

But he still needed to reassure himself that Yuuri was okay.

“Did he hurt you anywhere else?” Victor asked worriedly. “Somewhere I don’t know about?”

“No,” Yuuri promised. “I even think I hurt him more than he hurt me,” he said honestly.

“He deserved everything he got,” Victor declared, before sighing tiredly. “I got so scared.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “Me too…”

Victor closed the distance between them and caught Yuuri in his embrace. “I love you,” he said seriously as he hugged his mate tightly. “And I’m so grateful that you’re okay.”

Yuuri melted into Victor’s arms. “I—I’m sorry,” he suddenly apologized as he felt the stress from the day suddenly dying down and guilt and sadness took its place. “I shouldn’t have come…”

Victor pulled away so he could look Yuuri in the eyes, and he felt his heart break when he noticed that Yuuri was crying. “Yuuri?”
“If I wouldn’t have come, you wouldn’t have gotten hurt,” Yuuri said as tears kept falling from his eyes.

“You, it wasn’t your fault,” Victor stated seriously. “He was after me, whether you had been here or not.”

“But if I hadn’t taken you with me, he wouldn’t have gotten to you,” Yuuri said, sniffling as more tears rolled down his face and guilt spread within him. “It’s my fault you got hurt…”

“No,” Victor said sternly. “You got hurt because of me,” he stated. “If I wouldn’t have made an enemy out of Ivan, none of this would have happened.”

“I was the one that provoked him in the first place,” Yuuri said as he took a step back, suddenly feeling like he wanted to be alone. “If I hadn’t punched him…”

“Then I would have,” Victor exclaimed. “He had no right to insult you or grab you. If you hadn’t punched him, I would probably have done something much worse to him.”

“If I hadn’t been there, none of that would have happened either. If I never provoked him, he might have left you alone…” Yuuri said. “And hacking his computer was so stupid…”

“Stop doing that,” Victor pleaded. “You can’t take on the blame for something that Ivan has done.”

“But it’s my fault,” Yuuri claimed, looking away as he felt embarrassment get the better of him.

“No it’s not,” Victor said tiredly, tugging on Yuuri’s hand so they could sit down. “You know that it’s not your fault,” he stated. “You need to know that.”

Yuuri still couldn’t meet Victor’s eyes.

He kept seeing the bruise on Victor’s face and he hated himself for being responsible for it.

“You, please look at me,” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri slowly looked up at his mate, knowing just how pitiful he looked.

Victor felt his heart break. Yuuri looked completely crushed.

He hated seeing Yuuri sad, and he hated even more to see Yuuri hurt and sad.

The bruise on his face and the tearful eyes made Yuuri look so small and vulnerable. Victor was instantly reminded of the ten-year-old boy that had completely stolen his heart back when he was fourteen.

And the alpha in Victor was willing to sell his soul to the devil himself if it would bring a smile to Yuuri’s face.

“Lyubov moya,” Victor said gently. He carefully cradled Yuuri’s face as he looked into his eyes. “You are not to blame for anything,” he said seriously. “What happened today was not your fault, and neither was anything else. If you hadn’t been here, I might have died.”

Yuuri felt his heart stop momentarily at that.

“You saved my life, Yuuri,” Victor stated. “And I can’t allow you to feel guilty after that.”

Yuuri didn’t know what to say, so he simply hugged Victor tightly again, feeling his heart pound
against the inside of his chest in fear of what might have happened.

Victor hugged Yuuri back just as tightly. Doing everything he could to provide as much comfort as possible.

“I-I love you,” Yuuri said in between sobs. “I-I was so s-scared you were going to… That he was going to…” he did his best to take a deep breath. “I never want to lose you.”

Victor took a deep breath as well, mostly to keep himself from crying. But he wasn’t able to stop the few tears that forced their way out. “I love you too,” he said softly. “And I’m never going anywhere.”

They stayed like that as they felt like time had stopped around them.

Neither of them wanted to pull away from the nearly crushing embrace.

They were so happy that both of them were still there. Considering what had happened, things could have gone a lot worse.

They still weren’t out of the fire though, they still had the interrogation the next day.

Not to mention that the media would definitely claim their part in all of this.

But they had each other, and that was all that mattered.
Chapter 230

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor goes to the station to explain what happened.

The next day, Victor was the first one to wake up to the sound of his alarm.
Yuuri was sleeping comfortably curled up at his side.
Victor only frowned when he noticed the red bandages on Yuuri’s hand.
He must have ripped one of the stitches or strained his hand during the night.
There wasn’t a lot of blood, but there was enough for Victor to grow anxious.
“Yuuri,” Victor said softly, shaking Yuuri a little in an attempt to wake him up.
“Mhm…” Yuuri replied sleepily as he snuggled closer to Victor.
“Yuuri, wake up,” Victor pleaded, a hint of worry in his voice.
Yuuri picked up on it immediately as he sat up, looking around in confusion. “What’s wrong?” he asked worriedly.
Victor didn’t expect his sleepy mate to react so strongly, but he figured that he might as well get to the bottom to his concerns.
“Let me see your hand,” Victor pleaded.
Yuuri frowned thoughtfully, as if first not understanding what Victor was asking, before he suddenly snapped out of it and gave his hand to Victor.
Victor inspected it with so much gentleness and care that it made Yuuri feel slightly flushed by all the love he felt for Victor.
“I need to take the bandage off,” Victor said apologetically.
There was no secret that Victor hated the idea of hurting Yuuri, and Yuuri really wanted to protect him from that. “I can do it if you…”
“No,” Victor cut him off. “I… I need to do this,” he admitted. “Please let me take care of you?”
Yuuri couldn’t find it in his heart to deny his mate something like that. “Okay,” he agreed. “But if it will make you feel bad, please let me know.”
“I will,” Victor promised as he gently pulled away the tape that held the bandage together before unwrapping it.
Yuuri winced a little as he could feel the stickiness from the blood jostle his wound.
“Sorry,” Victor apologized as he pulled the final layer off, cringing a little at the amount of dried blood. “Wait there,” he pleaded before getting out of bed.

“Victor?” Yuuri called after his mate, but it fell on deaf ears as Victor ran into the bathroom and Yuuri could hear water running.

Victor returned within a few moments with a damp cloth and new bandages.

Yuuri kept his hand elevated before Victor was ready to take it again.

“I hope I’m not making you uncomfortable,” Victor said as he kept his focus on Yuuri’s hand. “I just feel like I need to give into my instincts a little…”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured. “You never make me uncomfortable.”

Victor smiled a little at that, and he was happy to see that the wound wasn’t infected, and he was determined to keep it that way as he carefully wiped away the dried blood.

“What time is it?” Yuuri asked as he looked around the bedroom.

“6:00am,” Victor said.

“We should probably get ready soon,” Yuuri admitted. “We still need to get down to the station.”

Victor looked confused. “Station?”

“Yeah, that was the deal I made for them to let you go last night,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “They have more questions for you.”

Victor felt his stomach drop as he recalled a few of last night’s events. “Oh, right… I forgot.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri reassured him. “There was a lot that happened.”

“How did you get me out?” Victor asked thoughtfully. “I don’t remember much. Just a few images.”

“Well, I- I kind of played my omega card,” Yuuri admitted with a dark blush. “One of the police officers was worried about my wellbeing, and I might have overdone it a little.”

Victor felt slightly intrigued by that. “Overdone it?”

“I told them that I was scared and I needed my alpha in order to get examined by the paramedics…” Yuuri said as he looked away in embarrassment. “They believed it…”

Victor felt his heart melt at the adorable declaration.

He knew that Yuuri would never say that and actually mean it. Yuuri was far too independent to even say something remotely similar.

But Victor knew that he had done that for him.

And it made him love his soulmate impossibly more.

“Anyways,” Yuuri said to break the silence. “We should get ready so we can go.”

That’s when Victor remembered something. “Shouldn’t you go to the rink?” he asked worriedly. “The final is today.”
“I’m not letting you go to the police all by yourself,” Yuuri said as if it was obvious. “You were barely aware of what was happening yesterday. I’m not going to allow them to trick you into believing that you did something that you didn’t.”

Victor sighed as a fond smile played on his lips. “Not letting me?”

Yuuri blushed at that. “You know what I mean,” he claimed. “I don’t trust them, they didn’t waste a single second before putting you in handcuffs and take you away.”

“I was feral,” Victor admitted. “They did the right thing.”

“You weren’t going to hurt them,” Yuuri pointed out. “You stood by me the whole time.”

“If they would have looked at you wrong, I might have killed them,” Victor stated. “Feral alphas are not really known to be reliable.”

“It’s still unfair,” Yuuri said with a sigh.

“If it had been any other alpha, you would have agreed with them,” Victor claimed. “It’s just because it’s me that you’re upset about that.”

“You didn’t see how scared you looked,” Yuuri said sadly. “You looked so lost and confused…”

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized. “…For scaring you.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” Yuuri said gently. “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I could have handled it better,” Victor admitted. “Losing myself to my instincts like that wasn’t smart.”

“You couldn’t control it,” Yuuri pointed out. “Instincts are almost impossible to control.”

“I know,” Victor agreed. “But you managed to stay in control,” he pointed out. “You’re so much stronger than me.”

“I’m not,” Yuuri claimed. “We just have… Different hormones…”

Victor snorted humourlessly. “That’s one way to put it.”

“You know I’m right,” Yuuri stated. “Alphas are more prone to go feral when there’s a fight, with or without a mate to protect. Omegas usually go feral when they’re in heat or pre-heat… or when their children are in danger.”

“That’s why alphas have such a bad rumor I suppose,” Victor said with a shrug. “We use our fists before our brains.”

“That’s not true,” Yuuri protested.

“I’m turning twenty three and I’ve gone feral twice,” Victor pointed out. “Not to mention that I’ve been in more fights than I’m willing to recall…”

“Most of those started because of me,” Yuuri quipped. “What does that make me?”

“You’re my soulmate,” Victor said seriously. “But you’re also my greatest weakness.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. He was fully aware of that. He was Victor’s greatest weakness, just
like Victor was his.

“The length I’m willing to go to protect you…” Victor trailed off. “It scares me sometimes…”

Yuuri looked to Victor thoughtfully before Victor finally finished with securing the bandage on his hand.

“There we go,” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s fingers. “All better.”

Yuuri smiled a little at his sweet mate. “Thank you.”

Yuuri dreaded looking at his phone when they were about to go into the police station. He needed to text Celestino to let him know that they were going to be late.

He could see that there was a endless amount of notification, but he ignored all of them and immediately went to his text messages.

Celestino had already texted him, demanding an explanation of what had happened last night.

Yuuri told him briefly what had happened and that they were about to go into the police station.

He could see that Celestino read the message before he had to put his phone away.

“Everything okay?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Yeah, everything is fine,” Yuuri said.

It was the truth. At least he didn’t know anything else.

“Mr. Nikiforov?” the police officer named Mikhail asked as he approached them. “Glad you were able to make it.”

Victor squinted a little. He did look familiar, but he couldn’t say that he really remembered him.

“Y-yeah,” Victor answered nonetheless. “Yuuri reminded me this morning… Can’t say I remember much from last night.”

“That’s usually the case,” Mikhail said with disinterest. “Come with me please.”

Yuuri attempted to follow when Mikhail held up his hand. “You can take a seat and another officer will be with you in a moment.”

Yuuri and Victor looked at each other with wide eyes.

Neither of them had expected to be questioned separately.

“Now, please,” Mikhail urged.

Victor looked incredibly indecisive.

~It’s okay~ Yuuri reassured him. ~Go with him, we’ll be okay~

Victor nodded in understanding before reluctantly following the police officer.

Yuuri took a seat a couple of steps away as he glanced to where Victor had disappeared.
He did listen in a little to make sure that his soulmate was being treated fairly.
So far Mikhail didn’t seem to be a total asshole.

“Uhm, sorry?” a voice suddenly pulled Yuuri out of his eavesdropping.

Yuuri blinked a few times as he turned to look at the police officer before him.

It was the other one from the night before.

“I’m Isak,” he introduced himself as he reached out his hand. “We met last night.”

“Yuuri,” Yuuri introduced himself as he shook his hand with his uninjured one.

Isak smiled a little at the awkward handshake. “Nice to meet you, are you ready?”

Yuuri nodded as he got up and followed the officer to an interrogation room.

“Do you want something to drink? Water? Coffee?” Isak asked as he gestured for Yuuri to sit down.

“I’m fine,” Yuuri promised. He mostly wanted to get out from there.

“Okay,” Isak agreed and sat down before him. “Let’s just get to it.”

After speaking their truth, both of them were happy to be reunited again.

They still felt like they were recovering, and there was nothing that helped them feel better and safer than being in each other’s presence. And they were both happy to walk out of the station and put this behind them.

The man that had attacked them was Ivan’s cellmate and apparently lover from prison. He had heard about how Victor was responsible for putting Ivan in there and had decided to take out his anger on the source - once he was released.

He had apparently seen the livestream on a TV in a shopping window by chance and seen Victor’s name and where he was.

He had decided to go to the ice rink to extract vengeance but he had been lucky enough to run into Victor in person on his walk there.

He didn’t know who Yuuri was though, and he was reluctant to hurt him until he felt like he absolutely had to. He didn’t know that Yuuri was an omega and once he found out - he realized how much trouble he was in.

He was going back to prison for a very long time.

“Did it go okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “The interrogation?”

Victor nodded. “He believed me.”

“It’s hard to doubt the truth,” Yuuri said thoughtfully. “I’m glad he was fair.”

“How did it go for you?” Victor asked.

“Good,” Yuuri said. “I think… I mean, I’m not sure how to measure…”
“I’m sure it went good,” Victor assured. “He told me what you did.”

Yuuri looked a little worried at that. “He did?”

Victor raised Yuuri’s good hand to his lips and gave it a soft kiss. “Thank you for protecting me like that,” he said gratefully. “For keeping me from hurting innocent people... And from killing.”

Yuuri blushed at the statement. “Of course,” he said as if it was obvious. “You would have done the same for me.”

“You’re so much smarter than I’ll ever be,” Victor stated. “People call me a genius for knowing a lot of languages and how to skate, but that definitely can’t compare to how you kept your head clear through all of that and practically saved me from going to prison.”

“You are a genius,” Yuuri pointed out. “And you would have been able to do it too if your instincts didn’t take over.”

“You’re too humble for your own good,” Victor said, wrapping his arm around Yuuri to hold him close. “And I wouldn’t have been able to do it, I would have lost my temper and put both of us in trouble.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully at that. He believed that Victor would be able to keep it together if he had to. He was so strong and confident when little Yurio fell on the ice. He was able to fix everything while Yuuri had been lost in a state of panic.

“You’re being too harsh on yourself,” Yuuri said instead. “You’re not some thoughtless brute. You are so much stronger than you give yourself credit for. You have an alpha temper and alpha instincts but that doesn’t make you less of a genius. When I’m an hormonal mess and I feel like burning down the house because of breadcrumbs, you’re always there to snatch the matches from my irrational hands.”

“You wouldn’t try to burn down a house,” Victor said in amusement.

“Say that next time I’m in pre-heat and I’m angry at the air for being too moist,” Yuuri quipped. “I’m irrational too, I’m not always logical and sensible. Just like you aren’t violent and angry. Right now, you’re so sweet and gentle, and kind.”

Victor blushed a little at that.

“I know you for who you really are,” Yuuri stated. “And I love you for you. Not because of your gender, your secondary gender, your nationality, your race or anything like that... I love you for your soul, your heart and your mind. You are perfect to me.”

Victor was a short moment away from crying, but managed to stop himself as Yuuri leaned his head on his shoulder.

“Don’t ever doubt my love for you,” Yuuri pleaded. “Because my love for you, is stronger than my love for myself.”

“Hopefully it’ll even out someday,” Victor said hopefully. “Because I feel the same way.”

“Otherwise we will just have to remind each other of why we love us,” Yuuri said with a shy smile. “Cause I can happily name over a thousand reasons to why you are the love of my life.”

Victor smiled fondly as he felt his heart flutter with love. “It sounds like a wonderful plan.”
Yuuri and Victor finally get to watch the final of the junior grand prix in the ice rink.

Yuuri had to stop momentarily to gather strength to walk the final distance to the ice rink. There was a huge group of reporters outside, waiting with their cameras.

Victor noticed them as well. “There’s a back entrance,” he said and tugged on Yuuri’s hand. “It’s not the first time the entrance have been blocked by photographers.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding and followed his mate.

It was a big detour, but eventually they spotted the back door that had a few of Grand Prix employees standing around outside.

Victor approached them confidently.

“Victor Nikiforov?” One of them said in surprise before turning to Yuuri. “Yuuri Katsuki?”

“The front was flooded with reporters,” Victor explained. “Is it okay if we sneak in here?”

They stepped aside wordlessly to let them through.

“Come on, love,” Victor urged him as he pulled him along.

Yuuri did, only feeling slightly embarrassed as they all stared at them in disbelief.

Yuuri still hadn’t checked his phone, so he had no idea what people were saying about them, but he was getting more and more certain that he didn’t want to know.

~It’s okay~ Victor reassured him. ~Let them stare, they probably don’t even know what really happened~

Yuuri knew that Victor was right, but he was still too affected of what people thought of him.

So as soon as they found a couple of empty seats where they could watch the final, Yuuri took out his phone.

It was still flooded with notifications, so Yuuri braced himself before opening his social media account and saw the headlines to the articles.

* Victor Nikiforov goes feral - mate Yuuri Katsuki stops him from committing murder *
* Yuuri Katsuki holds back his feral mate - multi billionaire Victor Nikiforov arrested *
* Victor Nikiforov and mate attacked - Victor goes feral FULL VIDEO *
* Yuuri Katsuki taken to hospital after fight with alpha *
Yuuri cringed slightly as he saw that his inbox was full of well-wishes from other skaters and a few of his classmates that asked him if he was okay.

So far it wasn’t too bad, so he decided to go to his text messages, he had almost twenty unread. His mom and sister had texted him, so had Minako, Yuuko, Tina and almost everyone he knew. And of course, the anonymous messenger.

Yuuri decided to ignore all of them for now as he focused on the messages he had gotten from his coach that told him to explain everything as soon as they were done with the interrogations.

Yuuri messaged him back to let him know that they were at the rink.

“Yuuri, you’re not watching the show,” Victor said as he regarded Yuuri’s frown with worry. “Is something wrong?”

“Celestino is worried,” Yuuri explained. “I think he wants to see me…”

“Where is he?” Victor asked, looking around.

Yuuri got a reply, saying that Celestino was backstage.

“He’s backstage,” Yuuri stated. “I’ll just go see him real quick,” he said thoughtfully. “Want to come?”

Victor nodded as he followed his mate.

Yuuri looked around thoughtfully, trying to spot his coach when he suddenly heard a familiar voice.

“Yuuri!” Isabella called as she was held in Celestino’s arms.

Yuuri then finally spotted his coach and saw how Celestino handed his daughter to Gina before striding towards him in an alarming speed.

Victor seemed incredibly conflicted in how to act. He knew that Celestino would never hurt his mate, not to mention that he was an omega so Victor was very powerless to stop him.

“Who did this to you?” Celestino questioned as he closed the final distance between them and cradled Yuuri’s face in his hands, examining the injury carefully.

“I… I…” Yuuri stuttered out in confusion and slight shock.

Celestino frowned worriedly before pulling Yuuri in for a hug. “I got so worried when I heard what happened,” he admitted as he swallowed down his tears. “Please don’t scare me like that again. I read that you went to the hospital, that Victor got arrested and I didn’t know what to think, and when you didn’t answer my messages…” he trailed off.

Yuuri cringed in sympathy as he hugged his coach back. “I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I never meant to scare you.”

Celestino sighed tiredly before finally pulling away “I’m just glad you’re safe,” he admitted before turning to Victor. “Thank you for protecting him.”

Victor wasn’t sure whether to feel praised or offended that Celestino would even consider it an option not to protect him. “Of course,” he just said as if it was obvious. “But Yuuri was actually the
Celestino turned to Yuuri in disbelief. “You fought someone willingly?”

Yuuri blushed at that. “Well, I… I kind of had to,” he said sheepishly. “Victor is my soulmate.”

Celestino seemed to understand that, as his face melted in sympathy. “I’m just glad you didn’t get hurt,” he admitted. “I don’t know what I would have done if…” he trailed off slightly. “I took you here.”

“It’s not your fault,” Yuuri told his coach. “I wanted to come.”

Celestino sighed. “I’m sorry it happened.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “But the important thing is that we’re both okay.”

Celestino nodded. “Yes, you’re right…” he relented. “I’m grateful that you are.”

Yuuri smiled a little. He still felt grateful that Celestino cared so much for him.

“Yuuri!” Isabella called again, now a lot closer.

Yuuri just managed to turn around before tiny arms were wrapped around his legs.

“You’re hurt,” Isabella said before sniffling and hugging him tighter so he almost lost his balance.

Luckily, neither Celestino nor Victor would ever let him fall as they both steadied him.

“I’m okay,” Yuuri said softly. “It’s just a bruise.”

Isabella looked up to him, eyes sparkling with tears. “Does it hurt?”

“Not that much,” Yuuri reassured her before he crouched down so they’d be leveled. “It’s like falling and getting a bruised knee,” he explained.

“I always cry when I do that,” Isabella said shyly.

“Well, things hurt a lot less when you’re older,” Yuuri said with a gentle smile. “I’m fine, I promise.”

Isabella nodded in understanding before wrapping her arms around his neck in a tight hug.

Yuuri hugged her back.

Victor felt like he would die of cuteness in seeing Yuuri reassure a crying child.

He should probably just add it to a list of things Yuuri did to kill him.

Yuuri felt slight amusement as he heard his mate’s thoughts before pulling away from Isabella. “Did you watch the whole final?” he asked her to get her mind off the sadness. “Do you know who’s in the lead?”

Isabella lit up at that. “Phichit is!” she said as if it was the best news in the world. “And now it’s only Kenjiro Minami left.”

Yuuri smiled fondly at her excitement. “Let’s watch the rest together, okay?”

Isabella nodded happily. “Okay.”
Phichit did end up winning, and Yuuri couldn’t feel more proud as he stood by Celestino’s side to watch the photo shoot of the medalists. “Are you going to ask him once he gets off the podium?” he asked his coach.

Celestino shook his head. “I’ll ask him on the banquet,” he admitted. “His mind is probably overwhelmed right now.”

Yuuri had to agree with that.

Winning a competition was a whirlwind of emotions.

Especially in juniors.

“But you can go and enjoy your day,” Celestino told his protégé. “Just try not to run into any more fights before the banquet, okay?”

Yuuri nodded reassuringly before taking Victor’s hand. “We’ll be careful,” he promised.

“We will,” Victor agreed.

Celestino smiled fondly to them. “The banquet starts at 7:00pm, be on time.”

“Of course,” Yuuri said with a smile. “We can’t wait.”

“But what should we do for the next six hours?” Victor asked as they walked out of the rink.

“How about the date we never had last night?” Yuuri suggested. “Healthy dinner and a movie without snacks?”

Victor laughed fondly at that. “It’s a date.”
Chapter 232

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor make their way to the banquet to meet Celestino.

Chapter Notes

I'm so excited about this chapter! XD <3<3 I hope you'll like it as well! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at the sight of Yuuri wearing a very beautiful and expensive suit. He almost looked too good to be real.

“Vitya? Where do you keep your makeup?” Yuuri asked as he looked through the shelf in the bathroom.

“You don’t need makeup,” Victor quickly reassured his mate. “You’re beautiful just as you are.”

Yuuri looked back to him with that beautiful smile that made Victor’s knees weak with love. “I’m looking for something to cover the bruise,” he admitted. “I’d rather not be the conversation starter of the night.”

“Oh,” Victor said, feeling slightly dumb that he didn’t think of that idea first. “It’s in the cabinet under the sink,” he admitted and enjoyed his view as Yuuri bent forward to look for it.

Yuuri could hear his mate’s thought process and couldn’t help but to feel highly amused. “Why do I suddenly feel like you put it here on purpose?”

Victor gasped. “Such a wild accusation,” he stated. “I’d like to see you present the evidence.”

Yuuri snorted as he finally found Victor’s figure skating makeup and took it out before closing the distance between him and his mate and leaned up to claim a sweet kiss from him.

Victor melted into the kiss and pulled Yuuri closer to deepen it.

Yuuri then pulled away with a sly smile. “How’s that for evidence?”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly. “Rude,” he accused his mate. “I feel tricked.”

“That’s what all the guilty say,” Yuuri teased.

Victor couldn’t help but to chuckle at that. “And what if I am guilty?” he tested before pressing a kiss to Yuuri’s neck. “What will you do to punish me?”

Yuuri laughed a little to the tickling sensation. “What if I sentence you to a lifetime of happiness?”
Victor felt like he melted. “I plead guilty on all charges.”

Yuuri snorted and pressed a final kiss to the tip of Victor’s nose. “You’re too sweet.”

Victor smiled fondly as he followed Yuuri back into the bathroom. “And you are dashingly handsome,” he quipped. “I don’t know how you keep yourself from falling in love with your own reflections.”

“My standards are far too high,” Yuuri mused. “And I happen to have a thing for silver haired Russians.”

Victor couldn’t keep himself from chuckling at that. “Is that so?” he asked in amusement.

“It is,” Yuuri agreed as he focused on covering the bruise with makeup, feeling very satisfied as it was almost completely invisible. He only got back to reality when he felt Victor’s arms embrace him from behind.

“I love you,” Victor admitted as he looked at Yuuri through their reflections.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel his heart make a double beat as he was overwhelmed by love. “I love you too.”

Well at the banquet, Yuuri and Victor suddenly felt very old. Most of the competitors were under eighteen and there were very few sponsors around.

Probably because they were early.

~Should we go home and come back later?~ Victor asked in amusement before Celestino suddenly approached them.

“Yuuri, Victor, glad to see you!” the Italian said cheerfully.

Yuuri and Victor suddenly gained the attention from the whole room.

“Come here, I need to tell you something,” Celestino said a little bit more quietly as he led them away.

Yuuri and Victor exchanged looks as the music from the party was barely heard anymore from where they were walking.

“Celestino, what’s wrong?” Yuuri asked his coach worriedly.

Celestino took a deep breath. He was clearly nervous. “I… I guess it’s all a bit… too much…” he admitted. “I got kind of nervous, I don’t know how to approach people.”

“You did it with me,” Yuuri reminded him.

“Actually, I didn’t,” Celestino said sheepishly. “I… I kind of sent Gina.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened slightly as he thought back to the grand prix when he was fourteen.

Gina was the one to introduce the two of them.

“I always get nervous when I’m around new people, and I’m terrible at asking people for things…” Celestino admitted.
Yuuri could tell that Celestino was really nervous, he had a thin layer of sweat on his forehead and his hands were shaking.

“W-where is Gina?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully, looking around.

“At the hotelroom with Bella,” Celestino admitted. “It’s late and she was sleepy.”

“Oh…” Yuuri said, looking to Victor.

Victor looked at the older omega worriedly. The protective gene in him was stirring in the need to settle the omega’s worries.

Seeing an omega this upset was extremely uncomfortable, he just wanted to wrap Celestino in a blanket and reassure him that everything would be okay.

But he knew that Yuuri would probably die of mortification if he did that.

Not to mention that Gina might take him in for interrogation and ask him what he was doing with her husband.

“A-and I’m close to my heat, which makes everything even worse,” Celestino admitted as he averted his gaze.

Yuuri felt his heart break for his coach. He really wanted to do something to help. “Maybe I can talk to him first?” he suggested. “I can mention you and see if he’s interested?”

Celestino’s eyes widened. “You’d do that?”

“Sure,” Yuuri agreed. “I’m sure he can’t be dangerous…” he looked to Victor nervously. “Right?”

“He looks up to you,” Victor said reassuringly. “I’m sure he’ll be nice.”

Yuuri took a deep breath. “I’ll do it,” he declared.

“You don’t have to,” Celestino promised. “We can go back to Detroit and just act as if we were just watching the game for fun.”

“We went all the way here,” Yuuri argued. “And the worst thing he can do is say no…”

Celestino nodded in agreement. “I know you’re right,” he admitted. “I’m just…”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “Pre-heat sucks…”

“I’m on a light suppressant, so it shouldn’t be this bad,” Celestino said thoughtfully. “If I knew that I was gonna… I never would have…”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri promised. “I’ll just…” he looked to the banquet worriedly. “…Be social…”

Victor had never felt prouder of his mate.

He was so brave.

“Here I go,” Yuuri said determinately, still standing still.

“You can do it,” Victor reassured him, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. “You fought an alpha yesterday, this is nothing.”
Yuuri knew that his mate was right, but it was still a hard step for him.

“I’ll be right here if you need me…” Victor promised.

That managed to calm Yuuri down a little.

“Promise?” Yuuri asked unsurely.

Victor smiled fondly. “Would I ever lie to you?”

Good point.

Yuuri nodded as he gathered the courage to go back to the party and come up with a good excuse to approach a boy that was two years younger than him.

He carefully planned out the conversation in his head as he finally gained the courage to move his legs.

It wasn’t far until he was back in the banquet hall.

He looked around, trying to locate Phichit among the heap of children, but just as he saw him, he felt someone tapping him on the shoulder, making him flinch.

“Sorry!” the young boy immediately apologized in Japanese.

Yuuri recognized him immediately as the skater that represented Japan. “I-it’s okay,” he promised, continuing to speak Japanese. “Minami, right?”

The boy’s eyes sparkled with tears as a smile spread across his face. “You… You remember me?”

Yuuri made a full playback of his memories.

Did he speak to him during the grand prix? Did he forget?

No… That wouldn’t be possible, he would remember if he spoke to someone new.

“Oh, I…” Yuuri said awkwardly, feeling a blush spread across his face. “Actually, no…” he admitted. “But I know you skate for Japan.”

The boy practically jumped with excitement. “That’s more than enough!” he said cheerfully. “It was so long ago since we met, I was only four years old.”

Yuuri tried to figure out how old the boy before him actually was so he could calculate his own age.

“It was a skating event in Tokyo,” Minami explained. “And, and Victor Nikiforov was in charge of taking us there, but then he met you, and I got your autograph, and, and… And it was one of the best days of my life! Though the best would probably be when the doctor told me that my cancer was gone, or maybe it’s today… But it’s definitely in my top five!”

That’s when Yuuri remembered. It was the event for the children hospital. The event where he met Victor for the very first time back when he was ten years old.

This was the boy that claimed that Yuuri had cured his sickness a few years back.

“Oh…” Yuuri said as realisation dawned on him.
Minami suddenly bowed, deep and polite. “I guess I just wanted to thank you,” he admitted, his face completely pink. “For the inspiration and the luck that you gave me to fight my sickness and become a figure skater. You’re a true inspiration Katsuki Yuuri.”

Yuuri wasn’t sure what to say.

His face felt like it was going to burn up by all the praise.

He really wasn’t used to it, especially not in this scale.

“Uhm, well, you’re welcome…” Yuuri said with a shy smile. “I don’t think that I… But I’m glad that you are…” he hated this. “I’m glad you got well,” he finally settled with. “You skated very beautifully.”

Minami looked like he was about to cry again. “Thank you!” he exclaimed before bowing again. “You’re the greatest figure skater of all time, and it means so much to hear something like that coming from you.”

“Oh, well,” Yuuri said nervously. “You’re welcome.”

Minami beamed before his eyes fell to something behind Yuuri that made him nod and take a step back. “Thank you for speaking to me,” he said before waving and going back to who was probably his coach.

“O-of course,” Yuuri said, waving back, when he suddenly felt someone else tap him on the shoulder, making him flinch again.

Why was he so jumpy?

He turned around and realised that he was now face to face with Phichit.

“H-hi…” Yuuri said nervously, his earlier planned conversation had completely left his mind.

“Hi,” Phichit said cheerfully with a wave. “I’m Phichit.”

Chapter End Notes

PHICHIT!! <3<3 I've waited for him for soooo long!! 232 chapters later, here he is!!!<3<3

They'll finally get to talk in the next chapter! <3<3 I hope you're excited! <3<3

I hope you liked their first meeting as well! <3<3

PLEASE tell me what you thought!! <3<3
Chapter 233

Chapter Summary

Yuuri finally gets to talk to Phichit.

Chapter Notes

I heard a lot of you were excited about this! <3 So I hope you'll like this! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For the first time in his life, Yuuri suddenly felt like a stalker. He knew so much about Phichit and his skating that it almost felt embarrassing.

“I know,” Yuuri said without thinking.

Phichit laughed at that. “You know my name?” he asked in amusement. “That’s impressive, most people tend to forget it… Even the commenter called me Phishut during the final.”

Yuuri felt like he wanted to sink through the ground. “Oh, I just meant that… Not that…” he trailed off as he felt his embarrassment eat him alive.

~You’re doing great, love~ Victor reassured him. ~Congrat him on his win and go from there~

Yuuri had never felt more grateful for their soulbond. “Congratulations on your win.”

Phichit lit up at that. “Thank you,” he said with a smile that made him look a lot younger than his actual age. “Sorry for beating your country, but it was time for Thailand to get a victory.”

That’s when Yuuri realized that it was actually the first time that Thailand had won any kind of Grand Prix.

That was impressive.

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “You really deserved to win.”

“Did you like my program?” Phichit asked excitedly.

Yuuri nodded. “You looked like you had really fun on the ice.”

“I did,” Phichit admitted. “I’ve been skating since I was five and been obsessed by the sport ever since.”

Yuuri smiled fondly, he could really see himself in Phichit.

Only that Phichit was a lot less shy than him.

But it was nice in a way. It made things a lot less awkward.
“It really showed,” Yuuri assured.

Phichit smiled at that. “It’s cool that you still have an interest for the junior grand prix, even though you moved on. It really helped motivate all of us.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened slightly at that. “It did?”

“Of course,” Phichit said as if it was obvious. “Minami almost fainted when he saw you in the audience yesterday and he couldn’t stop speaking of you the whole day. Even Otabek was motivated by having two golden medalists in the audience, and Franco… Well, he was mostly excited about Victor… But it’s still a really cool thing to do and a lot of us really appreciate it.”

Yuuri smiled shyly at that. “Well, you might be able to do that yourself,” he said with a shrug. “In a few years when you move on to seniors, you can come back and inspire the new skaters yourself.”

Phichit’s smile fell a little at that. “I, uhm… This was actually my final season,” he admitted apologetically. “My coach is about to retire and there really aren’t that many coaches in Thailand that I can afford… Not to mention that the sport is expensive enough as it is.”

Yuuri felt as if he had just had a rain of luck fall down on him. “Would you consider skating in Detroit?”

Phichit’s eyes widened in shock. “W-what?”

“Yeah, uhm… My coach, Celestino Cialdini is actually looking for a new protégé,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “I’m sure he’d love to coach you.”


Yuuri nodded carefully. “Well, yeah, I mean, if you would consider moving there? I live in a special dorm for omegas with my current roommate Nathan, and I’m studying video games at kii academy university… But he’ll move out this summer, so I could use a new roommate by fall.”

Phichit seemed to be holding his breath as he took in the information.

Yuuri regarded him worriedly before Phichit finally took a breath. “Are you saying that I might live with you?” he asked in shock. “To be your roommate?”

Yuuri felt a little bit worried that Phichit might faint from being overwhelmed. “I… yes, I mean, if you’d want to?” he said carefully. “Anything is possible.”

Phichit took a deep breath as he seemed to be gathering himself. “And Celestino would really want to coach me?”

“Of course,” Yuuri assured. “I mean, you can ask him yourself,” he said as he looked around and caught sight of his coach next to his mate.

He waved him over with a reassuring smile.

Victor seemed to be saying something to his coach before Celestino got enough courage to approach.

As soon as he did, Yuuri took a few steps back and allowed his coach to take over.

It went well and Phichit immediately started to gush over how much he adored Celestino’s short program from 1993.
“You did amazing,” Victor reassured him as he suddenly wrapped an arm around him. “I love hearing you being adored by your young fans.”

Yuuri blushed a little at that. “They make me sound so much greater than I am,” he said sheepishly.

“Pfft,” Victor protested. “They don’t make you sound great enough.”

“Says my very biased soulmate,” Yuuri pointed out.

“I’m biased for a reason,” Victor promised. “I wouldn’t be so biased if I didn’t actually believe that you are the most amazing man in the world.”

Yuuri snorted. “I thought the most amazing man in the world lived in your mirror?” he said before hearing how stupid it sounded.

Victor found it utterly adorable. “Only when you’re standing in that mirror, sweetheart,” he quipped with a fond smile as he noticed Yuuri’s blushing cheeks.

“Can you please alpha command me to never say awkward things again?” Yuuri pleaded. “Or just make be able to sink into you and disappear when I’m mortified?”

“Sink into me?” Victor mused. “That sounds dirty…”

Yuuri hid his face on Victor’s chest as the alpha hugged him close while laughing at his misery. “You’re too cute.”

~I hate my brain~ Yuuri declared. ~Trade with me?~

~And miss all of your amazingly sweet statements?~ Victor asked. ~Never~

Yuuri pulled away slightly so he could gaze up at his mate. ~You’re such a flatterer~ he told him. ~There’s no one else that would ever find my awkward moments sweet~

Victor smiled fondly. ~Lucky me~

Yuuri snorted before leaning up to steal a kiss from his soulmate.

As soon as he pulled away, he felt someone tap him on the shoulder again.

It was Celestino.

“He would think about it,” Celestino said in relief.

“That’s great,” Yuuri said happily. “I’m sure he will agree.”

Celestino smiled. “Thank you for helping me.”

“Of course,” Yuuri said as if it was obvious. “You’d do the same for me.”

Celestino ruffled Yuuri’s hair fondly, making Yuuri snort as he swatted away his hands playfully.

Celestino laughed at the action and Victor could practically see the parental instincts in the older omega’s eyes.

“Anyways…” Celestino said. “I should probably go back to the hotel, check on Bella and Gina.”

Yuuri nodded. “Do you want us to come with? We’d be happy to take you there.”
“It’s right upstairs,” Celestino said fondly. “So I think I’ll be okay on my way to the elevator…”

“Oh, right,” Yuuri said dumbly.

Celestino smiled fondly. “Otherwise, I know where to find my gladiator,” he said and patted Yuuri on the shoulder.

Yuuri blushed at that.

Celestino chuckled. “Enjoy the party you two,” he pleaded. “And try to keep out of trouble.”

“We will,” Yuuri promised. They would definitely do their best.

Celestino nodded in approval before heading for the elevator.

Victor turned to Yuuri as they suddenly switched songs. “If I don’t remember wrong, I think you promised me a dance?”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile at that as he took Victor’s hand. “As many as you want.”

Chapter End Notes

If I get less than 30 comments, I'll feel like a failure, consideing how many of you have been asking for this for so long XD <3<3 And I know you're out there, so all of you that's been reading from the shadows, now's your moment to shin to let me know what you think about this Phichit! <3<3

PS: If I get less than 30 comments, you won't get chapter 234! XD <3<3

So I hope to hear from you! <3

Thank you for reading!! <33

KUDOS!!! <3<3
Chapter 234

Chapter Summary

Victor gets approached by a nosy reporter and Phichit and Yuuri bond over Instagram.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long! <3 I've been focusing a lot on my story "Love at the end of the world" <3 Feel free to check it out <3
https://archiveofourown.org/works/17471831/chapters/41145566

And I hope you'll like this chapter! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Just as Victor and Yuuri were about to take the dancefloor, a strange man carefully tapped Victor on the shoulder.

“Mr. Nikiforov, are the rumors true?”

Victor looked at the man in disbelief, didn’t he see that he was just about to dance with his beautiful soulmate? “Sorry?” he asked in confusion.

“Oh, I apologize,” the man said. “I’m a reporter from international figure skating and I’ve been following the news very closely in the media, and was hoping that you might be willing to give us an exclusive interview?”

Victor felt slightly stunned. “Uhm, no,” he said bluntly. “I’ve talked to the police today, and what happened yesterday is not something for the public to gossip about.”

“Forgive me,” the reporter said. “But people are already gossiping…. And the fact is that you are a public figure, people will speculate whether you want to or not.”

Yuuri felt a streak of anger from the reporter’s disrespect. If Victor told him no, he meant it.

Victor squeezed his hand gently in reassurance.

“It doesn’t mean that I need to participate,” Victor told the reporter as politely as he could. “And I don’t have time tonight. If you want to book me for an interview you will have to do it through my coach, Yakov Feltsman.”

The reporter looked taken aback. “Isn’t that a bit… excessive?”

“I have my free time like any other person,” Victor stated. “And right now, I’m on a date.”
Yuuri felt so proud of Victor. He always handled himself so well.

The reporter looked incredibly offended at that. “If you don’t want to participate in an interview, I can’t promise that what will be written will be truthful.”

Victor felt a streak of annoyance. “If you want to turn international figure skating into a gossip magazine based on rumors, I really can’t stop you,” he told him seriously. “But I’ll give you a fair warning that a lot of skaters doesn’t appreciate to be slandered, and I would definitely affect the reputation of the whole magazine.”

The reporter frowned. “Are you threatening me?” he challenged.

Victor sighed as he felt Yuuri’s temper flare.

This conversation was definitely over.

“I’m just offering you some free advice,” Victor said. “It’s up to you what to do with it, but I will not participate in an interview made up by lies.”

The reporter swallowed thickly before shifting his attention. “How about you, Mr. Katsuki?”

“No,” Yuuri said without hesitation.

The reporter seemed to be growing desperate. “I’ll be sure to portray you like the hero,” he promised. “An omega fighting an alpha to protect his mate’s honor… Doesn’t it sound good?”

“How about omega fighting intruding reporter?” Yuuri quipped, he really didn’t like anyone that felt like they could threaten Victor and get away with it. “It’s a no from the both of us.”

Victor looked to Yuuri worriedly, he could tell that his mate was on the end of his patience.

~Ignore him~ Victor pleaded. “Come on, love… Let’s dance.”

Yuuri decided to follow his mate’s lead towards the dance floor.

Unfortunately, the reporter decided to follow. “The questions won’t take long, they’re mostly to confirm what others are already saying and how you feel about the events…” he tried to convince them. “We can just walk to the other room and get some privacy…”

~Who let him in?~ Yuuri asked in annoyance as he did his best to keep his attention on Victor.

~Aren’t there rules on this?~

Victor wasn’t sure, he had his ID tag and he seemed pretty convincing as a reporter. But he would have to agree that there should be some kind of rules to not harass other participants in a skating event.

“What if I throw a little something extra in?” the reporter asked. “You can get your own coverage for your own skating program? It might get you more fans and sponsors… That’s a pretty good deal, right?”

“We’re fine,” Yuuri told him sternly.

Victor looked around the party, no one else seemed to be noticing the intrusive reporter.

And he could tell that he was really getting on Yuuri’s nerves.
Victor sighed in defeat. “If I participate in an interview, will you leave me and my mate alone for the rest of the night?”

~Victor? What are you doing?~ Yuuri asked in confusion. ~I thought the point was to stand our ground~

~I just want you to have a fun night~ Victor admitted. ~Without any anger or fear~

“Of course,” the reporter agreed.

“Okay then,” Victor said, kissing Yuuri’s hand softly. ~Save me that dance, okay?~

A part of Yuuri wanted to yell at the reporter for pushing his mate to put his own needs aside.

But he could be the bigger person. ~I will~

Victor smiled in reassurance before following the reporter.

Yuuri looked after him worriedly and felt a little bit abandoned. People were dancing around him and he was just... standing there. Alone.

“Are you okay?”

Yuuri flinched again at the sound of Phichit’s voice. And he felt his heart hurt slightly at the sympathetic look the younger boy gave him.

“She? Yeah, yeah, of course,” Yuuri lied.

Phichit didn’t seem to buy it. “I- I kind of heard what he said,” he admitted. “He’s a jerk…”

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “Yeah, well, I’m used to it.”

Phichit seemed to be contemplating his next words. “I’m sorry.”

Yuuri shrugged. “It’s okay.”

Phichit looked to the other omega thoughtfully. “You have a very nice instagram feed,” he suddenly said, probably an attempt to change subjects.

It worked, as Yuuri suddenly looked to him in confusion. “Uhm...?”

“It’s mostly pictures of your dog, but he’s really cute,” Phichit elaborated. “I dedicated my instagram feed to my hamsters for a while and now I honestly take pictures of everything... It’s almost like writing in my diary, only difference is that it’s for the public as well as for myself.”

“Oh, well, that’s nice,” Yuuri said, not really knowing what else to say. “And thanks.”

“I just find it funny that the reporter for international figure skating would rather want an interview with Victor Nikiforov about a personal matter than the gold medalist about his victory,” Phichit said apologetically. “I guess some people will do whatever it takes for hits and views.”

“Yeah, sorry about that” Yuuri apologized, knowing that it was a big day for Phichit and it sucked to be disregarded like that. “I don’t like him.”

Phichit laughed a little at that. “You don’t say?”
Yuuri snorted, feeling a little bit dumb for stating the obvious.

“Is there anything I can do?” Phichit asked. “I’d be happy to send a very angry email to the editor in chief on your behalf.”

Yuuri had a hard time imagining the little adorable boy beside him doing anything angry ever. He looked too happy and innocent to even sound angry.

“It’s okay,” Yuuri promised. “Thank you though.”

“Of course,” Phichit assured.

They stood in silence for a while, and Yuuri started to listen in on Victor’s interview to make sure that the reporter didn’t cross any lines.

“Is it true that you and Victor are soulmates?” Phichit then asked. “Like… Actual soulmates? True mates?”

“It’s true,” Yuuri admitted. “We have been connected almost our whole lives.”

“That’s so cool,” Phichit said in awe. “I’ve read about you two for a few years, and it always sounds so amazing to have a true mate.”

“It is pretty amazing,” Yuuri admitted. “I could never ask for a better mate than Victor… The love we share… It’s the best thing I know.”

Phichit looked at Yuuri with a gentle smile. “You sound like you really love him.”

“I do,” Yuuri said fondly. “I always have.”

Phichit’s face softened at that. “I’m pretty sure he feels the same way.”

Yuuri chuckled lightly. “I know he does.”

“Can you talk to him now?” Phichit asked.

“I’m mostly listening,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m making sure that the reporter doesn’t cross any lines.”

“Smart,” Phichit stated.

Yuuri smiled gently to him.

“Oh, by the way, would you like to take a selfie with me?” Phichit asked shyly.

“A selfie?” Yuuri repeated. He really wasn’t prepared for a question like that.

“Yeah, it’s a picture taken by the front camera,” Phichit explained as he took out his phone. “I was thinking that it might help take your mind of things… And I think a picture of two junior gold medalist omegas might look awesome on my instagram feed.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that logic. “Sure,” he agreed.

Phichit practically beamed with joy as he held up his phone.

Yuuri looked into the camera and smiled shyly. He wasn’t sure what kind of picture Phichit wanted, so he decided not to go for any poses.
Phichit took the picture and allowed Yuuri to see it.

Yuuri appreciated the gesture but he also hated to see pictures of himself.

And the bad lighting on the banquet was really not doing any favors for his covered-up bruise.

“Do you want to retake it?” Phichit asked.

“I don’t think I’ll do much better,” Yuuri admitted. “The camera never really liked me that much.”

“I like to think that the camera loves everyone,” Phichit claimed. “...With the right filter…”

Yuuri laughed at that.

That’s when Victor finally came back.

Carrying the reporter’s notepad.

~What’s wrong?~ Yuuri asked worriedly after seeing the look on his soulmate’s face.

~He’s not a reporter~ Victor said tiredly before dumping the notepad in the punch bowl.

Making the whole room gasp.

Yuuri looked around and saw the non-reporter standing in the doorway with wide eyes.

~What did he do?~ Yuuri asked with a hint of warning in his voice.

~He runs a gossip blog~ Victor admitted before closing the distance between them. ~He’s not working for international figure skating, and he was just interested in finding out why the fight started and then he...~ he trailed off.

Yuuri knew that it meant that he had said something about him.

But he was still proud of Victor for not punching him because of it.

“What did he say?” Yuuri asked.

~He called you weak~ Victor admitted before he was able to stop the thought from entering his mind. ~Please tell me you didn’t hear that~

Yuuri did.

Victor suddenly felt like punching a wall. ~He’s wrong about it~ he said seriously. ~You’re stronger than he will ever know~

Yuuri didn’t feel like arguing about it, so he simply nodded. ~What did he have in his notebook?~ he asked instead.

Victor turned around and saw how the notebook was floating in the punch, hopefully completely unreadable.

“The answers to all the pointless questions he asked me before,” Victor stated.

“Was it necessary to… drown it?” Yuuri asked thoughtfully.

Victor shrugged. “I just didn’t want him to use it anymore tonight on someone else,” he admitted.
“There are just kids here, he’d do more harm than good by putting them on his stupid gossip blog.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with his mate’s logic, but he did feel slightly worried about Victor upsetting an influencer.

“He can write whatever he wants about me, I really couldn’t care less,” Victor admitted. “And if he even tries to write something cruel about you, I’ll have his blog banned faster than he’ll be able to make a public apology.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Yuuri told him gently. “I just hope he’ll think about his next blog post a little bit more… That he’ll learn to be better.”

“I wouldn’t invest my money in that,” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “But let’s not worry about him anymore… Let’s enjoy our evening.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that before he suddenly felt a light tap on his shoulder, but that time, he didn’t flinch. He simply turned around and once again came face to face with Phichit.

“I just wanted to ask if I could tag you?” Phichit asked with an adorable smile.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to think that he looked surprisingly similar to a puppy.

So how could he possibly say no?

“Sure,” Yuuri agreed. “As long as you don’t mention where we are,” he looked to Victor worriedly. “Otherwise we might have troubles getting home…”

“I’ll just wait with posting it,” Phichit assured before turning to Victor. “Hi,” he said with a wave.

“Oh, right, Victor, this is Phichit,” Yuuri introduced the two of them. “Phichit, this is my fiancé.”

“Congratulations on your win,” Victor said with a gentle smile. “It must be fun to claim the first victory for Thailand.”

“It is,” Phichit agreed as he bounced a little with excitement. “Hopefully I’ll be able to claim a second one next year,” he said as he looked to Yuuri.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “You’ll move to Detroit?”

“I’m going to try,” Phichit admitted. “I’d be stupid if I passed on an opportunity to learn from two legends.”

Yuuri blushed at that and Victor couldn’t help but to smile pridely at Yuuri.

He really was a legend, even if he was too humble to admit that.

“W-well, Celestino is more of a legend than I-I am,” Yuuri protested nervously.

Victor rolled his eyes fondly as he gently stroke his hand up and down Yuuri’s back in soothing motions. “You’ll have to excuse my world record holding mate, he hasn’t been looking in a mirror lately.”

Yuuri’s blush grew darker as Phichit laughed. “Remind me to bring one when I move in with him,” the younger omega pleaded in amusement.

Victor snorted. “I will,” he promised before looking to his blushing mate. “Otherwise I’ll have to
give him mine, that way he will see the most amazing man in the world, apparently he lives there.”

Phichit seemed confused by the inside joke, but it didn’t matter. The important thing was that Yuuri knew what he meant. And he really hoped that in time, Yuuri would see himself as the rest of them did.

As a legend.

Chapter End Notes

I also released the bonus chapter of the month! <3 It's a AU in the Dearly Beloved AU where Yuuri got kidnapped when he was 17 and just moved to Detroit, the sneak peek is on my tumblr, along with the sneak peeks of my other 11 bonus chapters! <3<3 New one every month! <3 Here's the link to my tumblr: http://sophialala1.tumblr.com I hope you'll check it out! <3<3

As always, thank you for reading and thank you for the amazing response I got from introducing Phichit! <3<3

I hope you'll enjoy him in this story! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 235

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor prepares to have a romantic evening.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! <3 Lots of things to do! <3 But I hope you'll like this update! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When they finally returned back to Victor’s apartment, they both had their mind set on making a romantic evening for the two of them.

They got takeout food on their way home, and Victor lit candles on the dinner table to set the mood.

It wasn’t a very remarkable dinner, just salads with chickens and full grain bread.

It was nutrient and healthy, which was what both of their coaches had approved for them.

They were competing in less than a week, so eating junk food was out of the question.

Especially since both of them had their mind set on winning.

“Did Phichit post the picture yet?” Victor asked as he pulled out the chair for Yuuri.

Yuuri sat down with a soft blush. “I’m not sure,” he admitted. “My phone kept buzzing so I turned it off for the night.”

“Did you tell your family what happened?” Victor asked worriedly as he took out glasses from the cabinet.

“I did,” Yuuri admitted as he packed out their food from the bag. “And I also told Nathan, but all of them are mostly glad that we are both okay.”

“That’s good,” Victor smiled and sat down in front of Yuuri and dug into his food.

Yuuri picked a little on his salad. “Remind me to never complain about being sick of normal food again,” he pleaded. “I’ll probably give up an arm for a cheeseburger.”

“You can have a cheeseburger,” Victor said with a shrug. “If you’re willing to give up your chances of the gold medal…”

Yuuri rolled his eyes fondly before stabbing a broccoli with his fork.

Victor chuckled in amusement. “How would you like to take a bath after dinner?” he asked as he changed the subject with ease. “And maybe we can do a little exercise of our own?”
Yuuri looked at Victor thoughtfully as he contemplated his decisions. “I’d really love that,” he admitted. “But we should do that after the grand prix… I don’t want to pull a muscle and then having to explain that to Celestino…”

Victor could understand that. “We could be careful,” he said with a shrug. “With enough lube and the right position, I don’t think you’d pull any muscles.”

“When it’s us, one position will never be enough,” Yuuri mused. “And when I win gold, I want to know that I didn’t win it because you were too sore to skate at your best.”

“I will never be too sore to skate at my best,” Victor protested. “But if you don’t want to…”

“Trust me, I want to,” Yuuri cut him off immediately. “But I want to win fairly more than I want sex.”

“How about something more gentle then?” Victor suggested. “Oral?”

Yuuri blushed at that. “I mean… It’s not on my list of approved meals,” he said with a hint of amusement. “But a cheat day never hurt anyone…”

Victor couldn’t help but to laugh at that. “Have I ever told you that I’m getting turned on when you make jokes like that?”

Yuuri snorted. “You almost sound like you’re in rut.”

“Just horny…” Victor admitted as leaned on his hand and admired his beautiful mate. “You look handsome,” he claimed.

Yuuri blushed darkly at that. “You too…” he said shyly.

Victor smiled fondly. “You’re too sweet…”

Yuuri chuckled. “Eat your dinner, Vitya…”

Victor laughed a little before going back to his food and taking out his phone.

He had a lot of notification and he slowly went through most of them. It was mostly notifications from twitter where magazines had tagged him.

And then there was a message from Bartok. Asking if they were okay.

Victor felt his mood drop like a rock.

“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked as he noticed the difference in his mate’s expression.

Victor took a breath to calm himself down. “Bartok,” he said in annoyance.

“We don’t know if it’s him that sent those messages,” Yuuri quickly reminded his mate. “There’s no need to get angry if we don’t have any proof.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was right, but he still felt something unpleasant stir within him at the knowledge that it could be him that said all those awful things to his soulmate. Threats to kill him, rape him, torture him…

Victor had to calm himself down again.
“Vitya,” Yuuri said gently, reaching to take the phone from Victor’s hand before his soulmate did something drastic. “It might be someone else entirely…”

“That doesn’t make me feel calmer,” Victor said bitterly.

Yuuri’s heart broke a little for his mate. “I, uhm…” he said carefully. “I kind of got another text message from the anonymous messenger,” admitted.

Victor tensed at that. “What? When?”

“Yesterday,” Yuuri admitted. “But I didn’t see it until earlier today.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Victor asked.

“There was more important things to worry about,” Yuuri explained. “We were in the middle of a crowd, Celestino wanted to see me, photographers were everywhere… Then we had such a good time without any drama, just getting ready, then there was the banquet…”

“And because of that, you were unable to tell me that a threat is back?” Victor questioned. “What did the message say?”

Yuuri shrugged. “It was very cryptic,” he admitted. “Something about me surviving the fight because of luck, and if they had been there, I wouldn’t get away so easily.”

Victor closed his eyes, feeling anger rise within his chest. “I’m going to kill him.”

“Deep breaths,” Yuuri instructed. “If it’s Bartok he would only want you to get upset.”

“Well, he succeeded.” Victor said angrily.

“Victor…” Yuuri said gently. “Please don’t let him win.”

Victor looked to Yuuri. And seeing his mate’s worried expression made him realize just how much his anger was hurting Yuuri, even if he didn’t mean for it.

But Yuuri didn’t deserve to be his anger therapist just because he couldn’t handle his temper.

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized. “Just… My fear immediately turns to anger…”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “It’s okay… I know you mean well…”

“I need to learn to control myself better,” Victor admitted. “I hate to feel like this.”

“Can I help?” Yuuri asked gently.

Victor knew that Yuuri was far too good for him. No matter how terrible he was, Yuuri would always be so kind and understanding.

That was exactly why he had to be better.

Yuuri didn’t deserve to be stuck with a rabid asshole that went feral every other second.

And he was the only one that could change that.


“We’re in this together,” Yuuri pointed out. “You don’t need to have all the answers.”
Victor couldn’t help but to feel his heart melt at that. “So what should we do?” he asked instead.

Yuuri smiled shyly, feeling strangely touched that Victor included him instead of making the decisions himself. “For tonight, we should ignore whoever it is,” he said gently. “It’s been a lot these past days… We need a break.”

“But…” Victor protested.

“No one is going to do anything tonight,” Yuuri continued. “And if they do, we’ll call the police.”

“So we’ll do nothing?” Victor asked in disbelief.

“Only for tonight,” Yuuri said gently. “When you go back to school tomorrow, you can keep a closer eye on Bartok, see if there are more signs that it’s him, but also don’t rule out the idea that it can be someone else... And you can’t forget how to take care of yourself. The Cup of China is this Saturday. If you don’t get your sleep and nutrients, you won’t be able to compete.”

“I know,” Victor assured.

“I love you, Victor,” Yuuri said seriously. “And we’ll get through this, we’ve been through worse.”

Victor smiled a little at that. “You really are an angel, aren’t you?”

Yuuri blushed. “I’m just as much of an angel as you are,” he admitted. “You’ve never given me a reason to hold back on my love for you.”

Victor felt his heart melt at the truth behind those words.

They really loved each other to their fullest. Yuuri was showing him the same love and patience that Victor always gave him when they were growing up.

His parents always told him to think about his actions because the youngest mate always looked up to the older mate and followed in their footsteps. And they were apparently no different from other true mates when it came to that.

But it also meant that his actions still counted. And he didn’t want Yuuri to grow older and turn into a paranoid, angry brute like him. He wanted him to keep his love for life and adventure.

And he needed him to take care of himself.

“I love you, Yuuri,” Victor declared. “And I promise that I will give you a real challenge during the cup of China. I’ll be in my top shape.”

Yuuri smiled at that, soft and gentle. “I can’t wait…”

Victor could do nothing but accept that his love for Yuuri had no limitations.

Chapter End Notes

I'm thinking about having a constant day of the week when I'll update this story! <3 I love for you to leave me suggestions of what day you'll have the most time to read! <3 And whether you think it's worth updating every week or if you would prefer that I put
that time on my other stories <3<3

But yeah, let me know! <3<3

KUDOS! <3
Chapter 236

Chapter Summary

The time has come for Yuuri to go back to Detroit.

Chapter Notes

So I decided to update on Saturdays! <3 I hope it'll work well for all of you! <3<3
And I hope you'll like this filler! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next day, it was time for Yuuri to go back to Detroit again.

It had been a long night, and unfortunately they had to put sex aside since Yuuri had completely forgotten that he had a assignment he needed to finish.

But Victor didn’t mind. He was happy to help his mate with studying. It always gave him joy to see Yuuri use his brilliant mind to solve difficult problems.

Victor woke up before Yuuri, and he set his mind to give them both a good breakfast before they parted ways for almost a whole week.

They had managed for longer in the past, but that didn’t mean that he would miss his mate any less.

He carefully placed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s forehead before sneaking into the kitchen.

~Where are you going?~ Yuuri asked him sleepily.

Victor cursed his own ability of not being able to leave his mate without a kiss and told him the truth that he was making breakfast, but also telling Yuuri that he could sleep for a while more.

There was a moment of silence before he could see Yuuri making his way out of the bedroom.

~If you think I’ll waste my last time with you on sleep, you’re out of your mind~ Yuuri declared with a tired smile that made Victor’s heart skip a beat.

“Good morning, beautiful,” Victor said, smiling back to him.

“Hey, you,” Yuuri replied, his voice thick with sleep.

Victor felt as if his plans of making breakfast was slowly fading from his mind in favor of being with Yuuri.

Yuuri hugged him as he approached, and Victor could tell that Yuuri was tired, partly because of how he leaned his weight on him, and also how his hands were slowly sneaking under his T-shirt in
“Honey,” Victor said gently. “There’s five hours until you need to be at the airport, it’s okay if you want to sleep a while longer.”

Yuuri shook his head. “I’m awake,” he said unconvincingly before finally pulling awake. “What are we cooking?”

Victor smiled fondly before following Yuuri into the kitchen.

When Yuuri started to pack, Victor felt his heart ache slightly.

“I’m going to miss you,” Victor admitted. “I know it’s only a few days, but it still feels like a long time.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “I’ll miss you too.”

“Should I try to get the honeymoon suite in China?” Victor asked. “We can have a romantic time between the competitions.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “We don’t need a special room to have a romantic time,” he pointed out. “Wherever I’m with you is the most romantic place in the world.”

Victor felt himself melt at the adorable statement. “How am I going to survive this terribly long week without you?”

“You won’t be without me,” Yuuri reminded his mate. “We’ll get by the same way we always have, together.”

Victor looked at his mate and felt himself fill with pride over how strong Yuuri was. “Together…”

Once Yuuri was on a plane with Celestino and his family, he still kept his eyes on Victor.

Victor was heading to school where he would face Bartok.

And Yuuri did whatever he could to make sure that Victor wouldn’t do something drastic.

They still had no proof that it was him. And if Victor would go and beat on someone innocent he would definitely end up in trouble.

And that couldn’t happen, especially not on Yuuri’s watch.

“Yuuri?” Isabella asked cautiously.

Yuuri blinked as he came back to reality. “Yes?”

“I’m scared,” Isabella admitted. “The plane goes really fast when it starts flying.”

Yuuri didn’t expect that.

“But Bella, you’ve never been scared before,” Celestino pointed out.

“I am now,” Isabella stated before looking to Yuuri pleadingly. “Will you hold my hand?”
Gina snorted from her chair.

Yuuri was at a loss for words. “Uhm, I… sure,” he finally relented. “If it’ll help?”


Celestino rolled his eyes fondly. “Bella, don’t you want to hold papa’s hand if you’re scared?”

“Yuuri’s hand is fine,” Isabella claimed.

~Does she has a crush on you or something?~ Victor suddenly asked.

……………………………

~Victor, she’s five~ Yuuri pointed out. ~It’s not a crush~

Victor wasn’t so sure.

Isabella didn’t look especially scared. To him, it looked like she only wanted an excuse to hold his soulmate’s hand.

~I think she just needs a little reassurance~ Yuuri said thoughtfully. ~We both saw her during the grand prix, she was worried about me~

Victor couldn’t argue with that.

And he really couldn’t judge the little girl. If he had been in her position, he would also say whatever he had to if it meant that he might get a chance to hold Yuuri’s hand.

But opposed to him, she didn’t have the special soulmate privileges that meant that she could take Yuuri’s hand whenever she felt like it.

So she would have to come up with good excuses.

But if she wanted to start a war for Yuuri’s heart, Victor would have to show her that he definitely had the more powerful army.

And he wasn’t letting Yuuri go without a fight.

……………………………

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel amusement in Victor’s reasoning.

But he knew that no one would ever be able to steal his heart from Victor.

It belonged to his mate for as long as he wanted it.

Suddenly the plane dinged.

It was time to take off.

……………………………

When Yuuri got home to his apartment, he was ready to go to sleep for the rest of the day.

Traveling from Russia to America really gave him a big dose of jetlag, but on the good side Victor had managed to get through the whole day without a fight.

Yuuri couldn’t be more proud of him.
And as he stepped inside the door, he felt his heart soar in seeing Vicchan again. He had really missed him these past four days.

He looked around and realized that Nathan was in school.

If the empty apartment hadn’t been his clue, Nathan’s whiteboard even revealed which classroom he currently was in.

Yuuri smiled fondly as he saw that feeding Vicchan and walking him had made its way into the older omega’s schedule.

“Nathan’s been taking care of you then?” Yuuri asked his dog fondly.

Vicchan yipped in agreement as he started sniffing his bag, probably wondering what adventures Yuuri had been on, or maybe he could smell Makkachin.

“You’ll see him soon,” Yuuri promised him. “When Victor turns twenty three in a few weeks, we’ll both go to Russia to celebrate him.”

Vicchan’s tail wagged at that as he happily ran across the room and chose one of his toys.

Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile fondly as he decided to indulge himself in some cuddles with his beloved dog.

Knowing that it might be a rare moment of free time before the busy week ahead of practice, school and competitions would take off.

Chapter End Notes

Competitions ahead! <3<3 I hope you’re excited for the Cup of China! <3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 237

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor reunite in China to compete in the Grand Prix's first competition of the season.

Chapter Notes

Weekly update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The days leading up to the competitions felt like they went by in the blink of an eye.

All the sudden, Yuuri was on a plane to China and so was Victor.

It would be wonderful to see each other again.

They had both been working really hard during practice and it felt like either one of them could win.

So far Victor had claimed a gold medal ever since Yuuri left the junior grand prix, so Yuuri really hoped that he could change that.

Not that he would ever be able to not cheer for Victor.

If he didn’t win, he couldn’t name a single person that deserved it more than his soulmate.

Chris wasn’t competing this year due to him preferring to focus on his studies, but he was sending all of his support via social media.

Georgi had started to practice with Yakov again, but he was not allowed to compete until next year due to Yakov thinking that he would embarrass him if he stepped into a competition while being so rusty.

So it was Yuuri, Victor and three unknown skaters that would make their way to the final.

Unless something went very wrong before then.

But they were both striving after landing on high enough scores so they would both qualify in the final.

If one of them or neither made it, they still agreed that they would watch the rest of the competition together.

Even if they didn’t participate, it didn’t mean that they didn’t love the sport any less.

It was still a big part of their lives and it would probably always be that way.
“How do you feel?” Celestino asked. “Nervous?”

“Not really,” Yuuri admitted. “I’m mostly glad about seeing Victor again.”

Celestino chuckled fondly. “Yeah, a week has to be very rough for you two?” he teased.

“What’s the longest time you’ve been apart from Gina?” Yuuri quipped.

Celestino rolled his eyes fondly as he took out a magazine. “Touché.”

Yuuri snickered as he reached out to Victor, feeling his heart soar as Victor reached back.

“I’m flying over Kazakhstan now~” Victor admitted. “~I can’t wait to see you~”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel as if they were both already running towards each other in the airport.

But it wouldn’t be long now…

…………………………….

“And he’s really taking Yuuri’s own wishes into concern?” Yakov asked sternly.

Victor couldn’t help but to feel highly amused as Yakov questioned him about Celestino’s coaching methods.

His heart was in the right place, and he knew that he was looking out for Yuuri’s best interest.

But Victor also had a feeling that Yakov wanted to recruit his mate for himself, but he knew that it would be impossible until Yuuri graduated.

“Celestino is a great coach, Yakov,” Victor reassured the older Russian. “Yuuri is doing wonderful with him.”

“I’m not saying he’s bad, I’m just asking if you think that Yuuri could do better,” Yakov claimed.

“He makes sure that his skates are in good condition?”

“Yes, Yakov, Celestino makes sure that Yuuri’s skates are in good condition,” Victor said in amusement.

Yakov nodded in approval. “And you’re sure that he doesn’t want to take a break from his studies and come to Saint Petersburg for a year?”

“Why the interest in Yuuri?” Victor finally asked.

“He has a lot of eyes on him this season,” Yakov admitted. “If Celestino is as good as you say, someone should tell him to drill his claws hard into Yuuri, otherwise a better coach with more experience will probably try to take him away.”

“Yuuri won’t change coach, no matter the offer,” Victor said confidently. “It’ll be like a stranger offering to take the place of his parents.”

“You’re sure of that?” Yakov questioned.

“Celestino is like a father to him,” Victor assured. “Yuuri adores him and he moved to Detroit partly because of him, so I’m sure that he’s not going anywhere.”

“Okay,” Yakov relented. “But keep an eye on him during competitions, don’t let him sign anything.”
“I’ll do my best,” Victor promised. “I’ll be with him for most of the time, so I don’t think he’ll be alone long enough for some strange coach to approach him.”

“Good,” Yakov said sternly. “I’ll keep an eye out as well.”

Victor smiled fondly to his coach. Grateful that he cared so much about his soulmate.

“And you’re not signing anything either,” Yakov then said. “I’m not losing one of my best in beliefs of more fame and glory. I’m the best coach in Russia, whoever tells you otherwise is a liar.”

Victor laughed at that.

“It’s serious, Vitya,” Yakov claimed.

Victor still chuckled at his paranoid coach. “You’ve been my coach since I learned how to skate, the only one I’d ever choose over you is me.”

Yakov huffed in annoyance. “You think you’re a better coach than me?”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile. “Wanna bet?”

“Maybe when you’re older,” Yakov said shortly, successfully ending the conversation.

~Our plane is landing~ Yuuri suddenly said. ~How much longer before you land?~

“Stefan, how long until we land?” Victor called to the co-pilot.

“An hour, Mr. Nikiforov,” came a reply.

~I’ll wait for you~ Yuuri declared.

“Let me guess, Yuuri has landed?” Yakov asked knowingly.

Victor nodded. “He’s waiting for me.”

…………………..

“You don’t need to stay with me,” Yuuri told his coach after almost an hour of waiting had passed and it was a few minutes left until Victor’s plane would touch the ground.

Then he still had to get out of the plane and get Yakov with him, so it was a process.

“Nonsense,” Celestino waved off. “I don’t want you sitting alone in an airport.”

“I still don’t know how long it’ll be,” Yuuri said apologetically. “Apparently there’s a lot of flight traffic.”

“I don’t mind waiting,” Celestino assured. “Otherwise I’ll only worry about you.”

Yuuri smiled a little. “Sorry about that.”

“It’s not your fault,” Celestino promised. “But it makes me feel better to know that I’m leaving you with Victor. Someone I know you’ll be safe with.”

Yuuri could understand that. “Okay,” he agreed.

~I’ve landed~ Victor suddenly exclaimed.
Yuuri looked around the airport immediately, even though that there was no way he would see Victor before the plane actually stopped and he got off it.

But after a few minutes, he saw him.

Victor walked into the airport from his own gate and Yuuri could almost feel the air shift from the power of Victor’s beauty.

He was almost glowing.

Yuuri looked back briefly to see Celestino nod in approval. “I’ll watch your luggage,” he assured before Yuuri took off.

The airport suddenly felt a lot bigger as he had to make his way almost all the way across it.

But as soon as he was close enough, he reached out to Victor so he would have a moment to prepare himself before Yuuri caught him in his embrace.

Victor hugged him back tightly.

“I missed you,” Yuuri admitted.

Victor smiled as he chuckled fondly. “I missed you too, my love.”

Yuuri pulled away from the embrace to he could steal a kiss from Victor.

Victor melted into it immediately, making Yakov roll his eyes.

“Don’t get corrupted by the competition, Vitya,” he warned before smiling to Yuuri, letting him know that it was a joke.

“It’s too late, Yakov,” Victor claimed. “I give up in the name of love.”

“He won’t,” Yuuri quickly reassured the older Russian, in case he didn’t get Victor’s odd sense of humor.

“I know,” Yakov agreed before Celestino approached.

“Ready to go back to the hotel?” the Italian asked with a bright smile as he gave Yuuri his luggage.

“Of course,” Yuuri agreed as he tightened his hold on his bag and took Victor’s hand before looking at his mate fondly. “I’m ready for anything.”

Chapter End Notes

So what are your thoughts? <3 Who will win? Who will lose? <3

Let me know with a comment! <3<3

If we manage to get 40 comments (limit per person is 3) in 24 hours, I'll release chapter 238 then <3 Otherwise I'll see you in a week! <3

Thank you for reading! <3
Kudos!! <3<3
Yuuri wasn’t even surprised when Victor announced that he had gotten the honeymoon suite for them.

It was a sweet gesture and Yuuri didn’t want to protest in front of the receptionist, so he simply went with it.

And it was beautiful.

“It’s twice the size of mine and Nathan’s apartment,” Yuuri said in awe.

Victor smiled fondly. “Only the best for my prince.”

Yuuri blushed at that. “You’re too sweet,” he claimed as he averted his gaze so he could admire the room some more. “It’s wonderful, thank you, Vitya.”

Victor beamed as he took Yuuri’s hand and pulled him towards the bed.

They both fell over each other in a heap as they laughed fondly over their own silliness.

“I love you,” Victor said as his laughter died down and was replaced by a soft smile. “And I love to see you showered in luxuries.”

Yuuri snorted. “You are a luxury,” he claimed. “The best kind.”

Victor chuckled a little. “So are you,” he said as he gently tucked Yuuri’s hair behind his ear and gazed into his eyes.

Yuuri looked back at him, and for the longest time, it felt as if the world no longer existed around them.

Minutes passed, maybe even hours, before Yuuri got a notification on his phone that broke the tender moment.
Victor sighed sadly as Yuuri pulled away to get his phone.

“It’s probably Celestino telling me to eat before going to bed,” Yuuri said as he dug out his phone from his pocket.

Victor didn’t trust it. Considering their constant bad luck, he wouldn’t be surprised if it was more from the anonymous messenger.

And as Yuuri frowned worriedly, he immediately got a bad feeling.

“It’s the psycho, isn’t it?” Victor asked with a tired sigh.

“No,” Yuuri said, showing Victor his phone. “Celestino wants to see me.”

Victor frowned as he saw the message from the Italian.

Apparently it was something urgent and he needed to see Yuuri as soon as possible.

“I’ll tell him to come here,” Yuuri said, and Victor could immediately feel how worry was starting to claim his mate.

“It’s probably not as bad as you think,” Victor tried to reassure him as Yuuri texted his coach. “It could be something with his booking, and then he can stay here, or it could be something with your costumes, and then we’ll take care of it early tomorrow. We can fix it.”

“If it had been something like that, he would have told me,” Yuuri claimed. “If he wants to talk in person, it’s something serious.”

Victor didn’t like the idea of that.

But he didn’t have to dwell on it for too long until someone knocked on the door.

Victor followed his mate to the door but stepped aside as Yuuri let the older omega inside.

“How are you?” Celestino asked cautiously, probably in an attempt to break the ice.

It didn’t work.

“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked instead.

Celestino’s face fell. “Here, sit down,” He said as he gestured for Yuuri to sit down on the couch in the hallway before he turned to Victor. “You should probably sit down as well.”

Victor could feel Yuuri’s heartbeat rise.

“Celestino, what’s going on?” Yuuri asked worriedly, despite Victor’s attempt to calm him down by taking his hand.

Celestino took a deep breath. “Whatever happens, I want you to know that I’m behind you one hundred percent. And we will figure this out…”

“Just tell me,” Yuuri pleaded. “What happened?”

Celestino looked at Yuuri with so much hurt and regret that Victor felt his own heartbeat rise. “They’re not letting you skate tomorrow.”
Yuuri’s eyes widened in disbelief. “What?” he asked.

“I just got off the phone with a ISU representative,” Celestino admitted. “And they’ve read through your program and they don’t want to see you perform it for your own safety.”

“But… It’s not even that difficult,” Yuuri protested. “I’ve skated through all of it yesterday and I didn’t fall once.”

“I know,” Celestino agreed.

“So why?” Yuuri asked. “Why won’t they let me skate?”

Celestino seemed to contemplating his answer. “They are scared that you will get hurt,” he settled with.

“That’s not fair,” Yuuri protested. “Figure skating is not a safe sport, anyone can get hurt.”

“But they aren’t omegas,” Celestino said apologetically.

Yuuri felt air leave his lungs as if he had just been punched in the stomach.

“But what they’re doing is wrong,” Celestino quickly added. “It’s discrimination and also illegal. I’ve been trying to get ahold of the OPS to see if this could be resolved, but they have no one in their Chinese office that speaks English or Italian.”

Victor could feel Yuuri’s sadness and he refused to let it be. “I speak Chinese,” he declared. “I’ll call them.”

“Do you think it’ll help?” Yuuri asked.

Victor could hear the hurt in his voice and he was willing to do anything to make it better. “I’ll do my best,” he promised. “They are not getting away with this.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully.

“I’ll call my lawyer,” Celestino added. “We’ll file a official lawsuit against the ISU for this.”

Yuuri suddenly felt very tired.

“It’s important that we take this fight,” Celestino said seriously. “If they get away with this kind of discrimination, they can get away with a lot worse.”

“Why now?” Yuuri asked instead. “I’ve been competing for over five years, why are they scared I’ll get hurt now all the sudden?”

“Honestly I don’t know for sure,” Celestino admitted. “For what they told me, they said that your program held too much of a risk by placing two of your jumps so near the end.”

“But that what sets me apart from the rest,” Yuuri claimed. “I can do this program.”

“I know you can,” Celestino assured. “I asked them if we could remove the jumps or lower the difficulty, but they changed it into not even wanting to see you on the ice. They said that they were scared that you might have a hidden concussion after receiving that punch last week and that they could lose their entire reputation by allowing you to compete.”

“It was a punch in the face not in the head,” Yuuri protested. “I was examined by both medics and
doctors and I was fine.”

“I know,” Celestino agreed. “And I would never let you compete if you had that kind of injury, but I think that the people in charge of this event has some very twisted opinions.”

Victor tensed at that. “What kind of opinions?”

“Not allowing Yuuri to skate just because he’s an omega as discrimination,” Celestino explained. “Ever since the great war, there’s a law that says that omegas have the same rights as betas and alphas, that they are allowed their freedom before all else and no alpha or beta is allowed to control them as they used to before.”

Victor felt his heart break at the look on Yuuri’s face. “Apparently they do…”

“They’re breaking the law, Yuuri,” Celestino said sternly. “And if we let them get away with that, people will see that it’s easy to just stomp over our rights, which means that it can get a lot worse.”

“That’s not going to happen,” Victor claimed. “I’m not going to let it. No one gets to tell Yuuri what to do or not to do.”

Yuuri looked away sadly. “How will it be different from how it is now?” he asked dejectedly. “I’m barely allowed to leave my apartment in Detroit without having someone with me.”

“But you still can,” Celestino stated. “You’re allowed to go outside the hotel right now with no one stopping you. Had it been over hundred years ago, someone would smell you, arrest you and give you back to Victor.” he took a calming breath. “We can’t allow the past to repeat itself. We need to move forward, not back.”

“How big are the chances that I’ll get to skate tomorrow?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

Celestino’s face fell at that. “We’ll do everything we can,” he said gently.

Yuuri knew what that meant.

These past months of hard training and eating disgusting, healthy food had been for nothing.

“I’ll call ISU right now,” Victor said angrily. He would not allow them to do that to his soulmate. “And Yakov, and my lawyer. If you’re not competing, I’m not competing either.”

“Victor…”

The weak protest fell on deaf ears as Victor got out his phone and stormed out of the hotel room.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? ;) Will Yuuri be allowed to compete? <3 This is a very important arc that I'm very excited about, and I really hope you feel the same <3<3

Anyways, thank you for reading!! <3<3

See you Saturday!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3<3<3
Chapter 239

Chapter Summary

Victor takes the fight with the ISU.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! <3<3 Here's an update! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt his blood boil as he waited for the ISU to pick up the phone.

He was so angry that he wanted to punch something. Preferably the idiot that told Celestino that Yuuri wasn’t allowed to skate.

How could they do that to him?

“This is George Addams,” someone suddenly replied.

“You’re a representative from the International skating union, yes?” Victor questioned.

“Uhm, yes…”

Victor tried to collect himself to keep himself from yelling. “My name is Victor Nikiforov,” Victor started. “I won last year’s Grand Prix final.”

“Oh, uhm, hello…” George said nervously. He was probably sensing that it wasn’t going to be a pleasant conversation.

“I’m calling about my mate,” Victor said angrily. “Yuuri Katsuki, current record holder in The Grand Prix history as performing the best short program ever.”

“Oh, yes?” George said dumbly.

“Would you like to tell me why he’s not allowed to compete tomorrow?” Victor asked with a hint of danger in his voice.”

“Yuuri Katsuki… He’s the omega, right?” George asked as if he had no idea.

It only made Victor’s anger grow. “Mmhm…” he bit out behind clenched teeth.

“Right, yes,” George said nervously. “Well, according to the official documents, he has been disqualified.”


“It says that his program contained dangerous jumps that was a danger to himself,” George claimed.
“We disqualified him for his own good.”

“Did you give him a chance to adjust his program?” Victor asked. “Lower the difficulty?”

There was a long moment of silence.

“Well, we talked about the decision among ourselves and came to the conclusion that we didn’t want to risk a lawsuit for allowing an omega to play figure skater.”

Victor felt as if his heart stopped from the overwhelming anger. “Excuse me?”

“You are his mate, aren’t you?” George asked. “You if anyone should be happy about this. If he fell on the ice and cracked his head open, you’d be the one blaming us for allowing him to skate.”

“Yuuri knows as well as me that we as professional figure skaters skate on our own risk,” Victor said, completely out of patience. “And I do not enjoy to see my true mate discriminated because of his secondary gender when we all know that he’s no less capable of doing well than any other contestant.”

“You still can’t deny that he takes a bigger risk when performing,” George claimed. “Omegas are more fragile, if he touches down, he’s more likely to break his arm than an alpha, if he lands poorly, he can break a leg, his neck, he might hurt himself so badly that he can never walk again. Are you really ready to risk that?”

Victor sighed tiredly. “It’s not my choice to make,” he admitted. “And it definitely isn’t yours.”

“Well, we get to choose which skaters that are allowed to compete, and unfortunately we don’t consider him to be on the same levels as alphas,” George said. “But he’s welcome to apply again next year.”

“No,” Victor snapped. “You do not get to disqualify him the day before the competition,” he said angrily. “Especially not because of his secondary gender.”

“It is what it is,” George said vaguely.

“Then you can expect to hear from my lawyer,” Victor declared. “And good luck finding two new figure skaters in less than a day.”

There was another beat of silence. “Two?”

“If Yuuri doesn’t compete, I’m out,” Victor said, leaving no room for bargaining. “I’ll never skate for such a terrible organization.”

“Mr. Nikiforov, I beg you to rethink this,” George said.

Victor hung up the phone.

He was done with him.

He did however spend several moments out in the hallway, breathing through his anger.

What did they expect to happen? Did they actually think that Victor was willing to do anything helpful to people who knowingly hurt his soulmate?

Did they think that they could convince him to compete while Yuuri stood at the sidelines without even getting a chance to skate for himself?
The saddest thing was that Yuuri would probably do it.

He would stand at the sidelines and cheer him on with no regard for his own happiness.

And that was wrong on so many levels, and Victor would never allow for it to happen.

He could never with good conscience ask Yuuri to stand aside and cheer him on while he claimed all gold medals for himself.

It wasn’t right.

~Victor?~ Yuuri asked carefully through the bond.

Victor felt his heart twist at feeling so helpless.

He wished that he could just take the Grand Prix in his own hands and fire all those idiots that had reached such a evil decision, and allow the competition to be just as it had always been.

A safe place to tell a story through skating.

No matter anyone’s race, gender, secondary gender or sexual orientation.

But if this was what the ISU wanted, Victor only knew one thing for sure.

He would take them to war.

When Victor returned to the hotel room, he could tell immediately that Yuuri had been crying.

And it broke his heart to pieces.

“What did they say?” Celestino asked as he gently brushed his hand up and down Yuuri’s back in soothing motions.

Victor shook his head sadly before closing the distance between himself and Yuuri. “Yuuri, lyubov moya, this is not the end,” he said determinately. “They’re going to regret this decision.”

Yuuri nodded, but he didn’t seem to be fully convinced. “I just… I hate this,” he admitted. “I hate having to cause this much trouble for everyone…”

“You didn’t cause anything,” Victor immediately reassured him. “They are the ones who made this stupid decision, not you.”

“Youctor is right,” Celestino agreed. “You are not to blame in this. It’s exactly the same thing as if they would keep you from skating for being Asian. It does not affect your talent at all.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed half heartedly.

Victor hated that they had managed to break Yuuri’s confidence in himself.

He wouldn’t give up until all of the people that made that decision were unemployed.

They were going to regret this.

“Yuuri,” Celestino said seriously. “You can’t give up on us, this is not just about you, it’s about omegas all over the world. We’re setting an example for them.”
Yuuri felt those words go straight to his heart.

“If they keep you from skating this year, Phichit won’t be able to skate next year,” Celestino continued. “Sara Crispino from ladies won’t be able to skate when she reaches seniors, and all future omegas with big dreams will be forced to be restricted.”

“But I can’t do anything,” Yuuri said brokenly. “I can’t change who I am, I can’t change them I just…” he trailed off. “I don’t know what to do…”

“You’re not alone,” Victor said gently. “We will do everything we can to help, and I’m not staying silent… If you don’t want to take this fight, I’ll take it for you. I won’t let them get away with this.”

“I’m not going to let you fight for me,” Yuuri said. “If you want to fight, I’ll fight with you.”

Victor smiled to his brave mate. He knew this had to be hard for Yuuri.

Yuuri didn’t like the spotlight, especially when it came through things like this.

It had to take a lot of strength.

“I’m so proud of you,” Victor told him. “And we’ll do this together.”

Yuuri nodded, now seeming a little bit more confident. “Okay.”

Celestino smiled as well as he patted Yuuri’s head. “You’re so strong, Yuuri,” he said. “And we’re all proud of you.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that. “I’ll do my best at least,” he admitted. “Hopefully it will be enough.”

Chapter End Notes

You guys blew me away last week! <3 Let’s see if we can beat that, shall we? ;) <3

50 comments! (max 3 each) and I’ll release chapter 240 tomorrow! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 240

Chapter Summary

Victor takes the fight and Yuuri is starting to feel the pressure of the day.

Chapter Notes

We reached the goal! <3 So here's the chapter as promised! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor felt like he had everyone on the phone.

He had talked with Yakov, his lawyer, the OPS, the ISU and even a representative from the United Nations.

He was getting to the bottom of this.

The OPS had been furious that an omega had been denied their rights and were doing everything in their power to get in touch with the higher ups in order to resolve it.

Victor had a pretty strong feeling that they were going to court.

Yuuri was aimlessly scrolling through his phone, trying to look up whatever he could find online, while also trying to reassure his friends and family that he wasn’t breaking down because of this.

It sucked that he had wasted months on a program he never got to perform, but it wasn’t the end of the world.

He still had Victor by his side, and they were fighting a battle together for the greater good.

Things could be a lot worse.

Victor finally hung up the phone and sighed tiredly before turning to Yuuri with a gentle smile. “How’s it going on your end?”

Yuuri shrugged. “Most people feel bad for me,” he admitted. “Either that, or they get mad on my behalf.”

“Yeah,” Victor said sympathetically. “No normal person can ever think that they made the right decision in this.”

“They have their hearts in the right place” Yuuri said carefully. “They just made a poor execution of this.”

Victor snorted. “That’s the understatement of the year,” he said humorlessly. “If they really didn’t want you to compete, they should have let you know when you first applied a few months back.
They don’t drop a bomb like that the evening before the competition.”

Yuuri knew that Victor was right.

“And I might have understood their arguing if you had put ten quads and a backflip in your program, but two quads and two triples? No that’s not dangerous, especially not for you.” Victor claimed. “Whatever their problem is, it has nothing to do with the program.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding, and Victor immediately felt like he needed to hug him.

So he left his spot at the kitchen table and closed the distance between them before wrapping his arms around Yuuri.

Yuuri leaned against him as he hugged him back. “I’m tired…” he admitted. “The stress is getting to me.”

“You should sleep,” Victor said. “Did you sleep on the plane?”

Yuuri shook his head truthfully.

“No wonder you’re tired,” Victor said as he looked to Yuuri fondly. Yuuri had his eyes closed as he leaned on him. “You should at least lie down in bed for a while,” he said gently. “Try to relax and fend off some stress.”

“I know, I just…” Yuuri trailed off slightly as he blinked his eyes open. “I don’t want you to deal with all of this alone. If it wasn’t for me…”

“Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “I really don’t mind.”

“I hate causing trouble,” Yuuri said dejectedly. “I hate that you won’t compete because of me… It’s like both of us threw the past five months in the garbage…”

“I wouldn’t change anything about that,” Victor admitted. “I rather pull out of the competition than contribute to them earning money.”

“I just hate that my voice doesn’t matter,” Yuuri admitted. “That we have to involve so many people just so I can do something that I should be allowed…. I’m just worried about what could be next…”

Victor didn’t like the idea of that. “There’s not going to be a next thing,” he said seriously. “This ends here.”

“I… I hope you’re right,” Yuuri said hopefully. “I don’t know what I’d do if the world went back to the way it was before the war… with the curfews and ownerships and…”

“That’s not going to happen,” Victor said sternly so he would have more force behind the words. “No one would ever let it come to that.”

“How do we stop it?” Yuuri asked. “What if we lose this fight? Who will take it then? What if they change the law? What if omegas go back to being fancy trophies instead of people?”

“Okay, take a deep breath,” Victor pleaded.

Yuuri did as told.

“People know better now than they did back then,” Victor claimed. “That way of living led to a massacre, and people have sworn to never let something like that happen again.”
“It feels like the memories of the war is fading…” Yuuri said sadly. “Just look at what people on the internet is thinking about omegas… Those without the protective gene think that we’re nothing but waste of resources… They think that it’s unfair with the special treatments for omegas. They say that people are starving in the world, they lose their homes, their lives… But god forbid that there’s an omega that stub their toe…”

“There are so few omegas left in the world,” Victor pointed out. “And partly because they sacrificed themselves in a war they didn’t even start. If the world goes back to how it used to be, omegas could go extinct all together… And then there would be nothing left worthy to protect.”

“Dogs…” Yuuri quipped, making Victor snort.

“You know what I mean,” Victor said. “Imagine if dogs were close to extinct… Would you get mad because they got some extra privileges that might help them survive for longer?”

“You know that I could never get mad at a dog,” Yuuri said with a shy smile.

“That’s what it’s like to have the protective gene,” Victor admitted. “It’s like seeing these… angels, walking around. These few rays of sunlight… But around every corner there’s an evil demon, just waiting for their chance to ruin the world by taking the only good thing out of it.”

Yuuri nodded thoughtfully. “I’m sorry that I’m not exactly helping with that…” he said apologetically. “I’m probably a very stupid angel, balancing on the gates to hell… Always testing my luck…”

“It’s not your fault that the world is what it is,” Victor pointed out. “And I rather have you be stupid and free than keep you locked away. What good would it be if I kept your sunlight all to myself until it eventually fades out?”

Yuuri shrugged. “I rather it be you than someone I don’t know,” he admitted. “Right now it’s just some faceless person that sits on all the power and tells me what I can and can’t do with my life… I didn’t even get a chance to prove them wrong…”

“That’s why this is all so twisted,” Victor said. “They judged you for nothing but your secondary gender, I even doubt that they saw your previous performances…”

“Or maybe they saw them and thought that I was terrible?” Yuuri suggested. “And then they made the whole thing up by using me being an omega as an excuse to spare my feelings.”

“Yuuri,” Victor said with a pointed look.

“Yeah, you’re right,” Yuuri agreed. “I just… I hope this all works out,” he admitted. “I never want to see Phichit or any other omega go through this.”

“Have you talked to the omega girl from ladies?” Victor asked “Sara?”

“She was in juniors, like Phichit… Different leaderboard without, well… Sexism…” Yuuri admitted.

“I wonder what they thought about this…” Victor said thoughtfully. “The leaderboard from juniors I mean…”

He didn’t get to wonder for too long, since his phone suddenly started ringing.

“You should get that,” Yuuri said gently. “It could be someone with an answer.”
Victor nodded in agreement. “Yeah,” he said and pressed a gentle kiss to Yuuri’s forehead. “Go to bed,” he pleaded. “You need the rest.”

“I will,” Yuuri said as he got up to go to the bed as Victor walked into the living room to get his phone.

Yuuri flopped down in bed and frowned at the scratchy blanket.

“Yakov?” Victor answered his phone. “Did you hear anything?”

Yuuri took away the bedspread and started to rearrange everything. Mind set on making himself comfortable.

Victor listened to Yakov’s ramblings patiently as he kept a watchful eye on Yuuri.

He seemed to be nesting, but he didn’t look happy doing so.

“...Anyways,” Yakov said. “I got them to agree to meet Yuuri and make a actual decision early tomorrow morning. If things go well, he might still have a chance to compete…”

“Really?” Victor asked in disbelief.

“I think they know that they made a mistake,” Yakov said thoughtfully. “The best thing they can do now is make things right.”

“What if they deny him again?” Victor asked. He would never forgive himself if he sent Yuuri into a room with a bunch of officials that had no other purpose than to bring him down.

“If they deny him again, they better have a damn good reason that has nothing to do with something so insignificant as his secondary gender,” Yakov said sternly. “I won’t stand for discrimination. Not now, not ever.”

Victor felt touched by Yakov’s declaration. “Thank you, Yakov,” he said honestly. “I’ll tell Yuuri.”

“Do that,” Yakov said in approval. “Let me know what he says.”

“I will,” Victor promised before hanging up the phone and making his way to Yuuri.

Yuuri didn’t even notice him as he kept on focusing on the bed.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked gently but received no answer. “Yuuri? Solnechnyy?”

Still no response.

Victor frowned worryedly before carefully taking a pillow from the nest, which immediately got Yuuri’s attention.

“What are you doing?” Yuuri asked in confusion as he looked at him.

“Sorry,” Victor apologized. “You didn’t hear me.”

“Oh,” Yuuri said with a blush of embarrassment. “Sorry… I… I guess I’m stressed...”

“It’s okay,” Victor promised as he gave the pillow back. “I just got off the phone with Yakov,” he admitted. “The board has decided that they wanted to see you and maybe change their decision… Early tomorrow.”
“Really?” Yuuri asked in disbelief. He had accepted the idea of not getting to compete.

“It’s no guarantee, but it’ll give you a chance to really question them, while also getting a chance to defend yourself.”

Yuuri nodded as he suddenly felt his anxiety creep up on him. “Will… Will you come with me?” he asked shyly, dreading the idea of being alone in a room with people that saw him as nothing but an omega.

“Of course,” Victor promised. “I told you that we’re in this together… And I’m not going back on that promise.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that. “Thank you,” he said, his voice filled with emotions. “For standing up for me.”

Victor smiled as he pressed a gentle kiss to his cheek. “Always.”

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? <3 Will the ISU give Yuuri an honest chance? <3
Let me know! <3<3
Thank you for reading and for supporting this story! <3<3
See you Saturday! <3<3
KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 241

Chapter Summary

Yuuri feel his anxiousness creep up on him from the turn of events.

Chapter Notes

Weekly update!! <3<3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri couldn’t sleep that night. His mind kept shouting worst case scenarios at him.

Victor slept peacefully beside him, and Yuuri really didn’t want to bother him, so eventually, he gave up and snuck into the living room and booted up his computer.

He spent a long time on social media, seeing how he was trending.

He felt so oddly touched that so many people were willing to stand up for him, but it was also a bit overwhelming.

Even the newspapers wrote about this, but their viewpoint was a little bit disturbing. They really didn’t waste any opportunity to paint him up like a victim.

‘Yuuri Katsuki denied to compete in the Grand Prix final because of his secondary gender - currently unavailable for a comment’

Yuuri sighed.

‘Yuuri Katsuki crushed after the devastating announcement that he’s not allowed to compete because of his secondary gender’

‘Victor Nikiforov on the warpath after his mate’s unfair disqualification’

‘More Grand Prix skaters drop out of the competition in solidarity to Yuuri Katsuki, who got kicked out for being an omega’

Yuuri closed the tabs and opened up his game, thinking that he might kill some time and calm himself if he got to shoot down some zombies.

But it didn’t work, and two hours later, he could feel how sleepiness got the better of him.

Yet, he couldn’t sleep.

He closed down his computer and sat there in the darkness.

He could hear distant traffic and the sound of Victor breathing from the other room, it was soothing,
but not enough to lull him off to sleep.

So he started walking around the room. His heart was racing, but he had no idea why.

He suspected that it had something to do with the stress from the day.

So much had happened and he suddenly went from a competitor and possible winner of the Grand Prix to a victim of discrimination.

He felt so weak.

Yuuri suddenly flinched as he felt Victor reach out to him.

~Where are you?~ he asked sleepily.

Yuuri told him the truth, that he was pacing the floor in the living room.

There was a moment of silence before he heard the bed creaking followed by Victor’s footsteps.

Victor appeared in the doorway and leaned against it. “You’re awake,” he said, somehow making it sound like a question.

“I-I couldn’t sleep,” Yuuri admitted. “My heart is pounding and I… my brain won’t stay quiet…”

Victor hummed in understanding as he approached and gently wrapped his arms around him. Yuuri melted into his embrace like butter.

“I thought you were exhausted?” Victor asked worriedly. “You feel exhausted.”

“I am,” Yuuri agreed with a sigh. “I just… Can’t…”

Victor listened in on Yuuri’s mind, and he immediately stopped after hearing how loud it was. “Honey,” he said gently.

“I know…” Yuuri stated. “I’m a mess.”

“Of course not,” Victor promised. “I just wish I could do something to help.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I wish I knew how to handle it better.”

Victor looked around the dark room thoughtfully before taking Yuuri’s hand and tugging him towards the couch.

“Victor, what are you…?” Yuuri asked but was unable to finish as Victor wrapped a blanket around him and led him to sit in his embrace in the couch.

Victor then proceeded to turn on the TV.

Yuuri was left feeling slightly stunned. “Uhm… I… I get what you’re doing, but I really don’t feel that tired anymore.”

“You will,” Victor promised him as he started to play with his hair.

Yuuri couldn’t deny that it felt amazing.

“Just relax,” Victor pleaded. Yuuri could feel the calming pheromones from Victor and it made his eyelids feel a lot heavier.
“You don’t need to do this,” Yuuri protested weakly before yawning, which did nothing to make him more believable.

“I know,” Victor said in agreement and hugged Yuuri a little bit tighter. “I can’t sleep if you don’t,” he claimed.

“Of course you can,” Yuuri pointed out. “We always sleep at different times, we live on different parts of the world.”

“I know,” Victor said gently. “But when we’re together, I don’t want to be apart from you for even a second… Not even in sleep.”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at the adorable declaration. “I love you,” he said sleepily as he cuddled closer to Victor.

“I love you too,” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to the top of Yuuri’s head before focusing a little on the TV and the Chinese drama series that was airing.

There was a moment of silence before Yuuri spoke up again. “What is it about?” he asked curiously. “The TV show?”

Victor chuckled “I’m not sure, but I think that it’s about that man and his secret relationship with his mother,” he explained. “Or maybe it’s his elderly wife…”

Yuuri laughed a little at that.

Victor continued to explain the strange plot of the TV show until he noticed that Yuuri’s breathing got a little deeper and he eventually drifted off to sleep.

Victor carefully reached after the remote and turned off the TV before tightening his grip on Yuuri so he could carry him back to bed.

He couldn’t help but to marvel over how pretty Yuuri was when he was sleeping. He looked so safe and comfortable that Victor almost lost himself in his beauty.

He carefully placed him down on the bed and laid down next to him.

Yuuri always smelled so sweetly when he was asleep, and Victor felt something twist inside him as he recalled how those ISU people had crushed his confidence earlier today.

They better beg Yuuri for forgiveness on their bare knees…

Yuuri deserved nothing except love and kindness. And for someone to hurt him like that, and trying to justify it was… so wrong…

Even if they would take it all back, they still wouldn’t undo all the damage they had caused.

Yuuri would definitely be nervous now if he was allowed to skate tomorrow, and he would probably have a lot of doubts next year that would keep him from doing his best.

Victor would never forgive them for that, but he still hoped that they would crawl to the cross and still do their utmost to apologize.

But if they said a single thing to make things worse, Victor would personally bring the ISU to the ground.
They would not hurt Yuuri again.
Not as long as Victor was around.
……………………………………
Yuuri felt safe in Victor’s embrace, but it didn’t take long before his subconscious was starting to plague him with nightmares.
He looked around as he was standing in the middle of the ice rink, ready to perform.
But the music that was playing was just loud, rapid drums and people were shouting at him to skate.
He tried to find Victor in the crowd, but the spotlight was blinding and he couldn’t see anything beyond the ice.
He could only hear them screaming at him that he was worthless. That he sucked, that they wanted a real skater to skate.
He tried to skate, but it felt as if his skates were rentals and not tied properly.
He had to ignore it and perform.
But as soon as he kicked off to the air, he could feel himself lose control over the speed and he came crashing to the ice.
But as soon as his head would hit the ice, he woke up.
Yuuri could feel his heart drum from the fear and adrenaline as he sat up in the dark room.
“What’s wrong?” Victor asked sleepily as he quickly sat up as well to assess the situation.
“I… uhm… n-nightmare,” Yuuri admitted, his voice shaking.
Victor turned on the bedside lamp before turning back to Yuuri.
Yuuri was shivering from the fear and Victor carefully brushed his hand up and down his back. “It’s okay,” he said reassuringly. “You’re okay.”
Yuuri nodded. “Y-yeah…”
Victor could feel Yuuri’s stress and fear radiating over the bond and he was ready to give anything to take it away. “Come here,” he pleaded as he gently pried Yuuri to come closer to him.
Yuuri did, he held onto Victor as tears were starting to gather in his eyes.
“What happened?” Victor asked worriedly. “Do you want to talk about it?”
“I- I fell…” Yuuri admitted with a slight stutter. “I couldn’t skate… I- I was alone… I…”
Victor had no trouble figuring out where the nightmare was coming from. “It was just a bad dream,” he said, hoping to be somewhat reassuring. “You’re okay.”
“I know,” Yuuri claimed. “It was just….”
“I know,” Victor agreed. “It sounds terrible.”
Yuuri nodded in agreement. “I… I don’t think I should skate today,” he said anxiously. “What if it’s
“It’s not,” Victor assured. “It’s the words of those idiots that are digging themselves into your mind and trying to make you doubt yourself.”

“It’s working,” Yuuri said apologetically. “I… I’m scared… Scared to prove them right…”

Victor felt his heart break for his mate. “Honey, you’re so much stronger than they know,” he promised. “And I know that even if you fall, you will get right back up. You’re too stubborn to do anything else.”

“What if I hurt myself too badly? What if that means that no omega will ever be able to compete again in anything? What if I ruin the world?”

“You won’t,” Victor said gently. “You’ve been skating since you were three years old, and you are amazing at it.”

“It doesn’t mean that I won’t screw up,” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor sighed sadly. “If you don’t want to skate, you know I will support you one hundred percent… But I want it to be your decision, and not the voices that those ISU people planted in your head.”

“I barely know the difference anymore,” Yuuri admitted. “What if they have a point?”

Victor hated to see how much they had rattled Yuuri’s confidence. “You know how to skate,” he said confidently. “You’re in the record book for the best short program of all time. You were a three-time world champion in Juniors, you claimed silver last year in seniors, just a few points away from gold.”

“What if they over-scored me?” Yuuri asked worriedly.

“I wouldn’t have been able to skate your program, Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “You’re so insanely talented, you skate like you were born on the ice. I hate that they managed to make you doubt yourself in that.”

Yuuri said nothing as he allowed Victor’s words to sink in.

“Do you still want to see them?” Victor asked. “Even if you don’t want to skate, I still think it’s important that we bring them to justice.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement. “I- I can still see them,” he agreed. “I still want an explanation.”

“I’ll be right by your side,” Victor promised. “You won’t have to be alone.”

Yuuri took a deep, soothing breath. His heart felt a lot lighter after Victor’s words. He would never stop feeling grateful for Victor’s ability to calm him down and stop his irrational thinking.

He could never even hope for a better mate.

Victor was perfect in every sense of the word.

The perfect soulmate.
Unfortunately I have no other update to spare! ^^"

I'm currently halfway through chapter 242, but it's going slow due to how the week have been with film production, and now I'm moving, so yeah, lot's of things to do, but hopefully you liked this update! <3<3

Poor Yuuri, will he be able to skate if given the opportunity? Will this be the beginning of the anxiety he shows in canon? ;) <3<3<3

Let me know what you think! <3<3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 242

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor finally get to talk with the representatives from the ISU.

Chapter Notes

It's technically Saturday for me now, and I'll be working for almost 16 hours today, so I doubt that I will be able to publish later XD <3<3

So here you go! <3 An update! <3<3

I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

Victor held Yuuri’s hand as they walked into the ice rink to meet the representatives from the ISU. Celestino and Yakov were both there and were ready to give them their full support.

One of their assistants came to greet them, but said nothing except for them to follow her, which they did.

Yuuri did his best to stay calm, but felt a bit of dread as the assistant didn’t even look him in the eyes.

It didn’t feel like a good sign.

They eventually came to a office, where the assistant knocked on the door.

There was a moment of silence, before the door opened and the four representatives came out to greet them.

They were all very stoic, but they made eye contact and shook his hand.

Yuuri had been expecting worse.

“It’s good to finally meet you in person,” a man told him sternly. “Why don’t we sit down in the office so we can talk more about our decision?”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed hesitantly, only feeling a little more confident when Victor reached out to him through the bond, making him shiver in comfort.

“In here,” a woman said as she opened the door and stepped aside, but just as they were all about to go inside, another man held up his hand.

“Mr. Katsuki, only,” he said determinately. “He’s the one being evaluated, we don’t need a party of people to voice their opinions.”
“Voice their opinions?” Victor questioned. “You mean defend his rights? I can’t believe that you...”

“Victor…” Yuuri said calmly, successfully stopping Victor’s rant. ~It’s okay, I- I can do this~

Victor looked reluctant. ~I promised to be there with you, I can’t let them trick us into leaving you to fend for yourself~

~I’m an adult~ Yuuri said with a gentle smile. ~And I can’t rely on others to make my voice heard~

“If I hear that you say anything condescending to my protégé, I can assure you that this will be taken to court,” Celestino said sternly with an appropriate glare. “I don’t know how little you think of omegas, but even you should know that we know how to protect our own.”

A few of the representatives seemed slightly worried as they looked among themselves, and one of them rolled his eyes. “Let’s just get this over with...”

Victor looked to Yuuri anxiously, he really didn’t want to put his soulmate through another heartbreak, but he knew that the outcome would be terrible if he forced Yuuri to stand down. ~Are you sure you want to do this?~

Yuuri nodded. “I’m sure…”

Everyone seemed confused by the strange conversation the true mates were having, but they didn’t comment on it.

Victor kissed Yuuri’s forehead softly. “I will be right outside if you need me,” he promised before turning to the representatives. “And I will be listening in on every word.”

“Right,” one of the men said in disbelief.

Victor sent him a final glare before releasing Yuuri’s hand.

Yuuri felt his heart drum with anxiousness as he left Victor’s side and followed the representatives into the office.

~It’s going to be okay~ Victor promised. ~We’re all behind you~

“Please take a seat,” one of the representatives pleaded as she gestured for the seat at the far end of the table.

Yuuri did as told, and suddenly felt extremely small and insignificant as he was faced with betas and alphas that were more than twice his age.

“So, Mr. Katsuki,” one of the alphas suddenly say as he cleared his throat. “I’m sure we’re all very interested to hear what you have to say in order to convince us to let you compete.”

Yuuri felt completely taken off guard. He was going to convince them? “S-sorry?”

“We’ve all been very perplexed over how hard you’ve been fighting a decision that is only looking to your safety,” the man said. “It’s almost like you want to get hurt.”

“Of course not,” Yuuri quickly assured. “But… But I don’t agree that you’ve made this decision for my safety.”

“So what do you think we should have done?” A woman asked as she kept her eyes down on her ipad.
Yuuri swallowed thickly. “I- I don’t think you should have kept me out of the competition,” he stated. “If you’re scared of someone getting hurt, you should have changed the rules for the whole competition, not just for me.”

“Well, no matter how much you would like to deny it, you can’t change the fact that you are more fragile than the rest,” the woman said matter of factly, finally looking him into the eyes. “The best thing for everyone is to have you out of the competition.”

~She’s wrong~ Victor said sternly. ~It’s nothing but discrimination~

“It’s the exact same thing as if keeping you out of the leaderboard for being a woman,” Yuuri claimed with a shrug. “We’re all different from each other, both mentally and physically, but it still not right to exclude someone.”

“So do you think that we should include handicapped people as well?” a man asked. “Have them skate around in their wheelchairs maybe?”

“There is skating for people with disabilities,” Yuuri stated. “Not figure skating or competitive skating, but there’s sled hockey...”

“That is completely different,” the man snapped. “They are playing on their own terms, you’re out of your league!”

Yuuri felt the words hit him like a dagger.

He could feel Victor getting upset as well.

“But I… I’m not,” Yuuri said, his voice cracked slightly, but it didn’t matter. He needed to let them know. “I came in second last year… I was better than two alphas that made it to the final… I won almost all gold through my junior years… I’m not a bad figure skater just for being an omega. And I’ve fallen on the ice more times than I can count, but so far I haven’t broken any bones...”

No one said anything in the room, but Yuuri could sense that there was a lot of hostility in the air. They didn’t like him.

They were just unable to voice their actual problems with him and omegas.

But Yuuri wasn’t giving up until he had reached the bottom of it.

“I never expected people to stand up for me they way they have,” Yuuri admitted. “But I think that you know as well as me that it’s more trouble than it’s worth to try to keep out any omega from the grand prix final... We stand up for each other just as other people stand up for us... It’s either a competition with us, or no competition at all.”

~You’re doing so well~ Victor told him proudly, making Yuuri’s heart flutter. ~I’m so proud of you~

“Well, if you that willing to compete, we have a proposition for you,” one of the man said, before he picked out a paper from his folder and slid it over to Yuuri.

It was a contract.

“It says that you are allowed to compete in this grand prix and all the grand prix to come,” he said sternly. “But only if you’re doing it on your own risk, and any injuries you receive will have you instantly banned from competing, and all omegas like so.”
“That’s not fair,” Yuuri said as he glanced at the contract. “I- I can’t sign this…”

“Then you’re not competing,” the man said with a smile that looked anything but genuine.

“Victor, no!” Yakov snapped from the other side of the door before it swung open and Victor appeared.

The alpha looked around for a moment before his eyes fell to the contract in front of Yuuri.

He walked forward and picked it up. He skimmed through it before turning to the representatives with a glare. “Who the hell do you think you are?” he asked them angrily.

No one said anything.

“If he signs this, I would like the same contract for alphas, and good luck having a competition without alphas,” Victor ranted on. “You can’t exclude a whole group of people because of their secondary gender, it’s discrimination at its absolutely worst level, and I will not stand for it.”

Yuuri agreed with Victor, he knew that he was right, but he also felt like he needed to calm him down a little.

Which is why he carefully took his hand, and felt his whole body fill with love as their eyes met and he saw all of Victor’s love and adoration.

He really needed that.

“Well, uhm, Mr. Nikiforov, you are not competing this year, so it wouldn’t make sense for you to sign a contract like that,” one of them spoke up carefully.

Yuuri immediately felt Victor’s annoyance grow.

“Maybe I’ll take my money and start my own international figure skating competition then?” Victor suggested. “Right now, you have no competitors, and the competition starts in five hours,” he said matter of factly. “And I can’t think of any skater that want to perform in a game where the leaderboard is corrupt and keeps the competitors from competing on the same conditions.” He looked at Yuuri. “And I won’t stop until Yuuri gets justice for what you’ve done to him.”

“You can’t mean that you’re upset that we were trying to protect him,” one of them spoke up. “We care about his safety above all, and it’s no surprise that he’s safer off the ice than on it.”

“How come you don’t care about anyone else’s safety then?” Victor questioned. “If you truly cared about everyone being safe, you wouldn’t have a competition in the first place. I don’t believe that you’re looking out for my mate’s best interest.”

“Why don’t you enlighten us with what you think you know?” One of them pushed in annoyance. “We’ve mentioned our intentions from the start. You are the ones that are accusing us for discrimination.”

“So what do you call it?” Victor quipped. “What do you call it when you won’t allow an omega compete on the same conditions as alphas and betas?”

No one answered.

Victor sighed. “That’s what I thought…”

“Just tell me one thing,” Yuuri pleaded. “Why now?”
That was the one thing he was really wondering about. Why had he been allowed to compete his whole life, only for him to be banned the day before a competition?

“What do you mean?” the woman asked.

“Why could I compete last year but not now?” Yuuri clarified. “It’s not like I’ve gotten worse…”

“Well, to be honest, you are no longer just a figure skater,” one of the men stated. “You’ve gotten a lot of spotlight this past year, and there’s a lot of people that are looking out for you and they’ve pointed out the risks that we would be taking by allowing you to compete.”

Yuuri looked to Victor worriedly.

Victor looked at the representatives. “What kind of people? Doctors? the OPS? People who actually know what they are talking about?”

“Sponsors,” one of the men stated. “And they are our main income, they are the opinions we have to consider if we wish to continue to lead a grand competition like this.”

“Sponsors?” Victor questioned. “Well, I know of a few billionaires that immediately pulled out the second you decided to kick Yuuri out.”

The man winced as if Victor had physically slapped him. “What is that supposed to mean?”

“My parents are in the top ten richest people in the world,” Victor stated. “And they have happily sponsored the ISU until yesterday, and I’m sure they’ve told their closest friends to stop as well.”

The representatives looked among themselves with worry.

“I was ready to turn a blind eye to your actions if you would have apologized to Yuuri and gotten his forgiveness,” Victor said as he looked to Yuuri apologetically, hating that he didn’t get the justice he deserved today. “But after what you said and did to him today, I can only assure you that you made a very powerful enemy…” He squeezed Yuuri’s hand reassuringly before managing a soft smile.

“And I will stand by him through whatever he chooses to do.”

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? <3<3

I hope you still enjoy this story, despite the updates being sparse ^^" <3 Life is crazy right now with a lot of stuff happening, all good things of course so there's no need to worry <3

But I just want to give you a fair warning that if I disappear, it'll be to achive my dreams <3<3

I'll try to update from time to time though <3 But it would really help if you keep reminding me of the stories you would like to see updated <3

The YOI fandom is slowly dying so I appriciate every bit of support I get <3<3

I love you all! <3<3
Thank you for reading! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 243

Chapter Summary

The ISU reaches a decision.

Chapter Notes

Weekly update!! <3<3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri did not expect Victor to say something like that.

He looked to Victor in confusion as Victor gave him a look of reassurance. ~This is your fight~ he said gently. ~What do you want to do?~

In a perfect world, Yuuri would want them to take away their ultimatum and allow for him and anyone that wanted to skate to skate. And he wanted things to go back as if none of this would have happened.

~Tell them~ Victor urged with a soft smile.

Yuuri took a deep breath. “I- I want to skate without the pressuring ultimatum,” he said, his voice quivering a little with anxiousness before he was able to continue. “And I want you to make an official announcement that your actions were wrong, I don’t want this incident to be something for others to follow in order to make life harder for omegas. If the ISU can keep someone from competing because of their secondary gender today, people might think it’s okay to refuse to employ omegas tomorrow, and that’s the beginning of another catastrophe of the history repeating itself… I- I can’t let that happen.”

“We need a moment to discuss,” the woman said sternly. “You can both wait outside and we will let you know when we’ve reached a decision.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding before standing up and following Victor outside.

The moment they stepped outside the office, Celestino caught Yuuri in his embrace. “You were so brave,” he said proudly as he pulled away to look at him. “I’m so proud of you.”

Yuuri blushed shyly as he felt his heart soar a little. “I- I hope it’ll work…”

“You did good,” Yakov said sternly. “Good of you to not lose your temper.” He threw a meaningful look to Victor.

Victor didn’t even look apologetic as he kept his eyes on Yuuri. “They are right, you did amazing,” he said confidently before his smile fell a little and he took a deep breath. “I’m still mad at them though….”
Yuuri really couldn’t blame him, but he could still understand where they were coming from, even though they are wrong. “I don’t think they know that what they’re doing…” he admitted. “They know too little about omegas, they are confusing us with children or porcelain dolls.”

“Still doesn’t give them a right to be so terribly rude to you,” Victor stated. “They are only caring about money apparently, no matter who they’re hurting… Spineless pieces of…”

“Victor,” Yakov said sternly, cutting Victor off. “You’re an adult, you know better than to use foul words.”

Victor only huffed. “Will it help if I say it in French?”

“No,” Yakov said shortly.

“Well, I think I got my point across…” Victor said, crossing his arms. “They are terrible people, and I refuse to accept any excuse that comes from them.”

“I doubt they even will apologize,” Celestino said apologetically. “Some people are too attached to their beliefs.”

Victor looked extremely frustrated and on the verge of going back inside the office to give them a piece of his mind, so Yuuri gently took his hand. “Try to breathe,” he pleaded. “Nothing good will come from getting angry.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was right. “I just… I wish I could make them understand.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “But we’ve talked to them, now they need to think for themselves.”

“They better think thoroughly,” Victor said with a sigh. “Or I’ll happily tell them what they should think… If a wave a pouch of gold in front of them, maybe they’ll listen…”

“Victor,” Yuuri said gently.

“If all they care about is money, I think it would be a fine plan,” Victor admitted. “If I could find a bank that still holds gold of course…”

Yuuri couldn’t help but find the mental image of Victor waving a pouch of gold in front of the ISU officials highly amusing. “Even if you’d find gold, I still don’t think it’s possible to bribe someone’s opinions away,” he said gently. “But I love you for trying.”

Victor raised Yuuri’s hands to his lips. “Anything for you, my love.”

Yuuri smiled, when the door was suddenly opened.

“We’ve reached a decision.”

“You will be allowed to skate, and we will brush this entire event aside as a misunderstanding,” one of the representatives stated. “You won’t have to sign the contract but you will take extra care so you won’t hurt yourself.”

Yuuri looked to Victor who glared at the representatives.

“I always take care,” Yuuri admitted. “Every day of my life…”

“And this will be no different,” the representative stated. “It may be a competition, but it’s not worth
getting hurt over. If you do get injured, we might be forced to change the rules altogether and keep omegas out, and that’s not good for anyone.”


“Visible injury,” the representative said. “If the camera can’t see it, it doesn’t exist.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “And if I don’t skate… Other omegas will still be able to do it?”

“They are to be evaluated, and hopefully they’ll understand the rules, just as you.”

“And what if Victor hurt himself?” Yuuri asked. “Will you change the rules to keep alphas out of the competition?”

“If alphas are going extinct, we might,” the representative said sternly. “So will you take our offer and compete today? We will even throw in a public and official apology as a token of goodwill.”

Yuuri felt conflicted.

He wasn’t sure if he would get a much better deal.

If he took them to court, there would be a long and expensive process that might end up with him losing. And then the outcome could be catastrophic.

Not to mention that he would have to carry the victim coat for much longer than he was comfortable with.

~Don’t settle just to settle~ Victor pleaded. ~Make sure it feels right, I’ll be right behind you with whatever you choose~

“If I do get hurt, no other omega will be able to compete, and if I don’t compete, the next omega will meet the same ultimatum?” Yuuri asked.

“Nothing is certain for the future, each contestant will need to be evaluated,” the representative claimed.

Yuuri knew that it was the same thing as a yes.

But he also wondered what it would mean if he would pull out of the competition for something that could be nothing more than an empty threat.

If he was too intimidated by the ultimatum to stand aside, why would anyone else step up to the challenge?

“I’ll take the deal,” Yuuri said confidently.

The eyes of the representatives widened. “Y—you’ll take the deal?”

Yuuri nodded. “I’m not one to fall and hurt myself, and if I do, everyone else still has a chance,” he said, looking to Victor for support. “And including the apology and the fact that I’m still allowed to compete as I normally would, I can’t see a problem.”

The representatives looked among themselves in confusion.

“We want it in writing,” Victor spoke up. “And I hope for your sake that you won’t be changing your minds.”
Yuuri still couldn’t believe that he did it.

Despite the awful odds, he was now a contender in the grand prix again.

As if nothing had happened.

Except so much had happened.

He should probably feel exhausted from all the events that had occured, along with the lack of sleep.

But he felt quite the opposite.

He felt driven, excited.

He was looking forward into proving everyone just how wrong they were.

When he got another high score and won gold, they would never think of banning an omega again.

And when Phichit and Sara joined seniors, they would all be so talented that the grand prix wouldn’t be successful without them.

“Are you okay?” Victor suddenly asked from beside him.

He had just changed into his costume, and was just like him - ready to perform.

Yuuri quickly took out one of his earbuds, and stopped his music. “Sorry?”

Victor smiled softly as he took a step closer. “Are you okay?”

Yuuri nodded. “Of course.”

Victor looked around as the rink was slowly filling up with audience, before his eyes fell back to Yuuri. “You feel confident,” he observed.

“Today is where I win,” Yuuri claimed. “I remember one time when mama told me that something bad usually happens before something good does. And after these past twenty four hours, I feel like I should get a golden medal or win a lottery… And I can’t remember getting a lottery ticket.”

Victor couldn’t help but to smile at his mate’s logic. “Hiroko is a very wise woman.”

Yuuri smiled back to him. “You might win too, of course,” he corrected himself. “I’d be just as glad.”

“Your program is much better than mine,” Victor pointed out. “I almost cried when I saw the teaser on your twitter.”

“Your program is amazing, Vitya,” Yuuri reassured his mate. “Your chances are just as good as mine.”

“I suppose we’ll see,” Victor said as he leaned in for a kiss.

“Yuuri Katsuki?” a woman with an English accent suddenly asked.

Victor stopped mid-movement before he and Yuuri turned to her in surprise.
Yuuri blinked a few times over her almost blinding beauty. It was obvious to anyone that she was an omega.

“Yes?”

“I’m Julia,” the woman introduced herself. “I’m from the OPS and I would like to see you for a moment if you have time?”

Yuuri looked to the digital clock at the scoreboard. The competition started in twenty minutes. “Uhm… Will it take long?” he asked worriedly.

Julia shook her head. “It’s just a few follow-up questions, maybe ten minutes?”

Yuuri looked at Victor briefly before turning back to her. “I… Sure…” he agreed hesitantly. “Can Victor come?”

Julia looked to Victor in surprise. “I- I think it would be best if it was just you,” she said apologetically. “Omega to omega.”

“Go,” Victor urged him. “You know where to find me…” ~And I’ll be right with you if you need me~

Yuuri smiled to him gratefully before following Julia away from the crowd.

Chapter End Notes

50 comments and you'll get chapter 244 tomorrow!! <3<3

Let me know what you thought!! <3<3
Chapter Summary

Yuuri talks to Julia about how the ISU treated him.

Chapter Notes

We reached the goa!! <3<3 I hope you'll enjoy this chapter! <33

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s nice to meet you, Yuuri,” Julia said with a gentle smile. “I’ve been so impressed by your career, and I really admire your courage to pursue competitive sport.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said shyly before they stopped and Julia gestured for them to sit down.

“I do have to admit that I was very surprised when the Chinese office sent us the details of what occurred yesterday,” Julia said. “That such a big organization as the ISU would sink so low…”

“Yeah, I… I didn’t expect it either,” Yuuri admitted.

“I talked to them just a moment ago… Very strange people…” Julia said thoughtfully. “Do you feel like they treated you fairly?”

Yuuri swallowed thickly, conflicted by the question. “Well, I… They are at least allowing me to compete.”

“Under the same conditions as everyone else?” Julia asked. “I’m sorry, I don’t mean for you to feel like I’m interrogating you, but the representatives were very defensive about the whole ordeal and I’d really like to find out the truth.”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri reassured her. “And… well, I guess I’m treated as fairly as possible… Considering the circumstances.”

Julia frowned thoughtfully. “What circumstances?”

“Being an omega,” Yuuri said with a shrug. “It will always put me apart from others.”

“Okay?” Julia said in confusion. “I mean, you do have a physical disadvantage, but it seems like you’ve done plenty to make up for it… You’ve always been in the top during these international competitions.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel slightly touched at those words. “Y-yeah, I… I guess that’s true.”

“So what differences are you concerned about?” Julia asked gently before correcting herself. “Or what differences were they concerned about?”
Yuuri was silent for a moment before finding a good way of explaining. “They are worried about me getting hurt,” he admitted. “Omegas aren’t as... sturdy as alphas…”

Julia nodded in understanding. “But you’ve been skating for a long time though, right?”

“Yes,” Yuuri admitted.

“You still look like you’re in one piece,” Julia stated.

Yuuri snorted at that. “It’s hard to lose body parts on the ice.”

Julia laughed a little at that. “And it doesn’t seem like you’re fistfighting anyone either... or well, except on your free time,” she said in amusement. “But my point stands that even though omegas don’t have the ability to slam themselves repeatedly into brick walls as some alphas may do, you don’t lack the ability to perform a dance on ice.”

Yuuri knew that she was right. “I know,” he admitted.

“Did you tell them that?” Julia asked.

“I-I did,” Yuuri said truthfully. “But they didn’t exactly listen… We came to an agreement that they would still let omegas compete, provided that they go through an evaluation beforehand.”

“What kind of evaluation?” Julia asked.

“They didn’t really say,” Yuuri admitted sheepishly. “But it’s better than the first deal... They wanted me to sign a contract to ban omegas from competing altogether.”

Julia nodded thoughtfully. “Do you still have the contract?”

Yuuri reached into his pocket before recalling where it was. “My mate has it,” he admitted.

~It’s right here~ Victor confirmed.

“Can I have it?” Julia asked. “I promise that you’re not in any kind of trouble, and you can compete as you normally would, but you can do so without any pressure. I’ll personally make sure that the leaderboard gets evaluated themselves. If the contract is as bad as you say, they probably won’t have their jobs in a few weeks.”

“You’ll fire them?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

“Well, they’re not following the laws,” Julia said apologetically. “And the leaderboard to an international competition need to follow the laws or there will be consequences.”

Yuuri could understand that. “Yeah.”

“They knew about this, yet they chose to ignore it. People like that are not suitable to hold power,” Julia explained. “Especially not over young people, you’re only nineteen.”

“Does that mean that I’m allowed to get hurt without risking getting banned?” Yuuri asked.

Julia smiled a little. “You will have the same rights as everyone,” she assured. “As it should be… But try not to land on your head.”

“I will,” Yuuri promised, suddenly feeling incredibly light.
“Let’s go back then,” Julia suggested. “I’m sure warm-up starts soon.”

Yuuri nodded in agreement as they both walked back into the rink.

Victor was smiling at him and Yuuri couldn’t help but to smile back as he quickly closed the distance between them before crashing into his embrace.

Victor hugged Yuuri back tightly and kissed the top of his head. “You’re getting justice, honey,” he said proudly. “I’m so glad.”

Yuuri pulled away a little. “Thank you for believing in me.”

“Of course,” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to Yuuri’s lips.

Julia clearing her voice was the thing that finally brought the couple back to reality.

“Right,” Yuuri said as he remembered. “Victor, do you still have the…”

“Right here,” Victor said and reached into his pocket to pick out a neatly folded paper. ~I already took a picture of it, so I have a copy~

Yuuri smiled fondly before he accepted the contract from Victor and handed it to Julia.

Julia immediately started to skim through it, frowning more as she read through it. “They wanted you to take full responsibility for not allowing omegas to compete?” she asked in disbelief. “This contract is unbelievable…”

Yuuri couldn’t do anything but nod in agreement.

“I just can’t understand that they could sink this low,” Julia said tiredly. “Not to worry though, I’ll take care of it,” she smiled to them briefly before her phone suddenly rang.

She took out her phone and answered in what looked like a very well-practised motion. “Jonah? Yes, I’m in the rink, yes I’ve talked to him,” she smiled reassuringly to Yuuri. “Oh, don’t get me started…” she took away her phone for a second. “It’s my partner,” she told them. “He’s also with the OPS…” she put her phone back. “No, you can come down here, maybe you can take a look at this horrifying contract and give your opinion. Okay… See you soon.”

Yuuri looked around the now crowded rink, wondering if he could see Julia’s partner anywhere.

“There you are,” someone suddenly called from behind, making Yuuri flinch.

Victor tightened his hold of him in reassurance as they both turned to the very tall, handsome alpha that approached them and pressed a kiss to Julia’s cheek. “This rink is big,” he observed.

Julia smiled at him. “How did it go with the ISU representatives?”

The man sighed. “Let’s just say that it will be hard to find more ignorant people than them on the earth.”

Julia suddenly flinched. “Oh, right, honey, that’s Victor and Yuuri,” she said as she gestured to them. “Victor, Yuuri, this is my partner… And boyfriend Jonah.”

“Nice to meet you,” Jonah said as he reached out his hand.

Yuuri shook it after a slight moment of hesitation, and he suddenly felt Victor tense.
He looked to Victor who was simply staring at the other alpha, not even considering shaking his hand.

Yuuri frowned worriedly before listening in on his thoughts.

~Why is he smelling so strongly? Does he think my Yuuri will fall for it? He’s not even that tall, he has no chance with Yuuri~

Jonah lowered his hand. “Right…” he said awkwardly before turning back to Julia. “So are you ready to go?”

~Yeah, you better go...~ Victor thought bitterly.

“Actually, I really want to see the competition,” Julia admitted. “I want to see an omega win gold.”
Jonah smiled. “Okay then,” he relented. “Anything for you.”

~Yes, you better stay away from what’s mine~

Yuuri looked to Victor thoughtfully. ~Have you been missing missing taking your rut suppressants? ~ he asked across the bond.

Victor winced at the sudden question.

There was not a single doubt that Victor was experiencing some irrational jealousy.

~No...~ Victor said uncertainly. ~I just forgot about it yesterday and today, but I’ll take it first thing tomorrow morning~

Victor was only one month away from January where his rut usually took place, so forgetting about suppressants for too many days would fail to push it back.

A rut usually fell once every three to six months for an alpha, the suppressants pushed it away, but it was a health issue that forced alphas to have a rut at least once every year.

But without the suppressants, the rut fell anytime the suppressants weren’t being taken.

Some alphas voluntarily stopped taking them whenever they were ready for parenthood or if they had a partner that were curious or in need of a very long week of pleasure.

But Victor was definitely not ready for any of those things, and having his rut in the closest weeks would ruin all of his chances of winning the grand prix.

And if Victor was out, Yuuri didn’t want to compete either.

Their will to only compete in each other’s presence went both ways.

“Is it okay if we stay?” Julia asked.

Yuuri was immediately brought back to reality. “Of course,” he stated. “We don’t mind.”

Victor sent a glare to the other alpha, making him raise his eyebrows in confusion. “We don’t mind,” he echoed.

Yuuri tugged a little bit on Victor’s hand. “We should prepare,” he said with a soft smile. “Right, honey?”
Victor relaxed slightly at that and allowed Yuuri to pull him away from the crowd.

“Hello and welcome to the Cup of China of the Grand prix 2012,” the commenter spoke. “It’s almost time for warm up, so we would like to ask our skaters to make their way to their coaches to prepare…”

Yuuri looked around and spotted Celestino a bit further away. “I think that’s our cue,” he said thoughtfully before looking back at Victor. “Are you ready?”

Victor leaned in to claim a kiss from his soulmate. “Bring it on, honey.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! <3<3 Please tell me your thoughts and I'll see you next Saturday! <3<3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
After the lottery, it was decided that Victor would skate first and Yuuri would skate last. Everyone else were in between.

Victor was strangely happy about having rut symptoms, it made him a lot stronger and therefore a lot more capable of doing the more difficult jumps.

And as he skated out to the ice, he felt his adrenaline pumping.

Yuuri was watching him, and he was extremely excited about impressing him.

Maybe he should add a quad axel…?

“And the first one to skate is Victor Nikiforov,” the commenter spoke. “He has three quads planned in his program, and he’s skating to a cover of the song ‘As Long as You Love Me’, one of the best sellers of the year. He said in an interview a couple of weeks ago that he was ready to finally show a more flirtatious version of himself, a side that he had only previously shown his mate. What do you think that means, Ling?”

“I think that it might be a response to his mate’s routine from last year, or maybe he’s finally coming out as a Belieber?” the commenter named Ling suggested. “Let’s just hope that Mr. Nikiforov won’t get swamped by teenage girls on his way out of the rink later.”

Yuuri made a mental note to bring Victor out through the back door.

He had seen parts of Victor’s routine, and he would lie if he claimed that he wasn’t a blushing mess from seeing them. Victor definitely was the hottest man on the planet.

“Oh I’m sure his mate might fight them to protect his honor,” the first commenter mused.

Yuuri kept his focus on Victor, knowing perfectly well that he wasn’t below that, if it meant keeping his mate safe.

But finally the music started, and Yuuri felt his knees tremble a little from the look Victor sent him before he broke into dance.
Yuuri was immediately reminded on why he would always be in awe of Victor.

The way he moved on the ice could only be described with one word.

Magic.

He was so skilled that it was almost hurtful to look at, yet Yuuri would never even dream of looking away and miss a single second of his soulmate’s greatness.

“He’s getting ready for is first quad... and he lands it perfectly!” the commenter cheered.

Yuuri felt pride flutter in his chest as Victor kept going as if the quad had just been an everyday occurrence for him.

He was so brilliant. And so hot...

Was he always so hot when he skated?

He somehow looked taller and stronger as he shot through the air and kept up with the rhythm of the dance.

“And now he’s preparing for his second quad… But he changed it to a quad axel! Perfect landing!”

Yuuri snorted, not even surprised by Victor’s ability to surprise, no matter how contradicting it was.

He truly was a world champion.

And as the music reached its end, Yuuri was more than ready to reunite with Victor again.

He couldn’t help but to smile though as it seemed that more of Victor’s fans had caught on what kind of merchandise he liked.

A lot of the plushies and pillows that were thrown to the ice seemed to have Yuuri’s face on them, and Victor lit up like the sun itself.

And Yuuri couldn’t deny that the blue roses on the ice were absolutely beautiful.

It really suited his mate.

Yuuri really wanted to stay humble, but it was really hard to see how admired Victor was, and knowing that Victor was his. A big part of him really wanted to gloat.

~It’s okay to gloat, love~ Victor promised as he turned to him with amusement after hearing the thought. ~Show them just how unavailable I am to anyone that isn’t my soulmate~

Yuuri would love to do that if Victor only came closer.

It was a bit hard to kiss him when he was in the middle of the ice.

Victor seemed to hear the thought as he gracefully made his way back to the rinkside so he could greet Yuuri.

Yuuri was in awe over how beautiful Victor was in that slightly buttoned down pink shirt that reflected the light perfectly.

And those very tight pants...
Yuuri was pretty sure that Victor’s rut symptoms were starting to affect him as well.

He could usually contain himself around Victor, but now he felt almost desperate for his post-performance kiss.

And as their lips met, Yuuri didn’t even feel embarrassed about having thousands of people watching him and Victor.

He could never be more proud.

“You did amazing,” Yuuri told Victor seriously as he pulled away. “I love you so much.”

Victor smiled as he leaned in to steal another kiss from Yuuri. “I love you too,” he claimed as he stepped off the ice.

“Vitya, what did I just tell you right before the competition?” Yakov suddenly cut in as he stormed towards them. “You are not allowed to change your jumps spontaneously without discussing it with me at least two weeks beforehand so we can practice.”

Victor rolled his eyes dramatically. “If I would have told you two weeks ago it wouldn’t have been spontaneous, would it?”

Yakov huffed in annoyance. “Go to the kiss and cry, but this discussion is not over. I’ll have you skate with the support penguins for a week.”

Victor gasped. “You are a evil man, Yakov,” he said with no actual heat behind the words. He knew that it was an empty threat.

“If you try to change your jumps tomorrow, you’ll see just how evil I can be,” Yakov warned. “I’ll make you run laps around the rink instead of skating. No ice!”

Yuuri felt strangely amused by the Russian exchange. He knew that they cared for each other under the facade, but it was fun to see how quickly they could exchange words in their verbal match.

“You, let’s go to the kiss and cry before Yakov threatens to put me in his skating class for seniors,” Victor said as he tugged on Yuuri’s hand towards the cameras.

Yuuri followed Victor happily and allowed him to hold onto his hand as they awaited his scores.

“Did you like the program?” Victor asked curiously as the cameras flashed around them.

“I did,” Yuuri reassured him. “You looked really handsome.” He really wanted to use a stronger word, but he knew that there was a very broad audience to figure skating, and he really didn’t want to be in the newspapers tomorrow for traumatizing children.

Victor heard the thought and couldn’t help but to smile. ~You look very sexy yourself~ he said across the bond and pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

Yuuri blushed darkly as he beamed proudly.

“The scores for Victor Nikiforov is 134, only a point away from breaking his mate’s record from last year,” the commenter cheered.

“I guess your eros is still the superior one,” Victor said fondly.

“I just placed my quad axel closer to the end,” Yuuri protested lightly. “And it was in the final when
the difficulty is at its highest, so I really don’t think that…”

Victor pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s lips to quiet his protests. “You’re too adorable.”

Yuuri smiled softly. “Congratulations on almost beating my score,” he said instead.

Victor beamed. “Thank you.”

Victor looked at Yuuri fondly as his mate got ready to perform. There was still two people ahead of him, but his focus never wavered.

He was listening to his music on his ipod, and Victor could see every tiny little movement that Yuuri did as he visualized his performance.

It was good to see him so determined and excited. It really suited him.

“I really liked your performance,” someone suddenly said.

Victor turned around in surprise and noticed that it was one of his competitors. A skater from Spain.

“Thank you,” Victor said politely.

“Did you choreograph the routine yourself?” the Spanish man asked.

Victor looked up to the scoreboard briefly to remind himself of his name. Mateo.

“Yeah, I choreographed it myself,” Victor admitted.

Mateo suddenly took a step closer. “Even the more… sensual parts?”

Victor took a step back. “Uhm, yes…” he said in slight confusion.

Mateo smiled. “You did so very well,” he said with a wink before walking off, leaving Victor stunned in confusion.

“Are you okay?” Yuuri suddenly asked as he turned around and took out one of his earbuds.

Victor still wasn’t sure if it was an attempt to flirt or an attempt to get into Yuuri’s head.

And he didn’t want to contribute to the latter. “You look beautiful,” he stated.

Yuuri snorted but still looked around thoughtfully. “Did something happen?” he asked. “You felt… worried.”

“I’m fine,” Victor promised, closing the distance between them. “I’m excited about seeing your routine.”

Yuuri smiled softly at that. “I’m excited about showing it to you,” he admitted. “I just hope that I won’t do anything to prove the ISU right…”


Chapter End Notes
50 comments and you'll get Yuuri's skate tomorrow!! <3<3

I really hope you liked this one!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 246

Chapter Summary

Yuuri skates his routine for the short program.

Chapter Notes

50 comments were reached! <3 So here's the chapter! <3 Like promised! <3<3
I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“And now, give a warm welcome to the last skater of the day, Yuuri Katsuki.”

Yuuri felt his heart speed up at the overwhelming support the audience gave him.

It almost sounded like some people were being murdered up there.

~Imagine their outrage if you had been denied to skate~ Victor pointed out. ~They really love you~

“Yuuri will be skating to Titanium by Sia, a song he claimed has been a perfect representation of this
past year.”

As soon as Yuuri heard the song during the summer, he immediately recognized himself in the lyrics.

It really felt like someone was constantly fighting against him, but he had to keep getting up and take
the bullets.

And he believed that with enough time, he would be made of titanium.

Victor felt his heart skip a beat as Yuuri’s silvery costume reflected the light.

He really looked like an angel.

And as the music started, Victor was just as as enthralled by his mate as he always was.

Yuuri felt the spite and the anger control him on the ice during the first part of his routine.

He was still feeling angry about everything the ISU had done. He was mad at everything that caused
him to doubt himself.

He still held the world record for heaven’s sake.

How could he even for a moment think that the ISU had a point in banning him from skating?

This was what he was best at. Figure skating was what he had dedicated his life to.
He wouldn’t give it up, especially not for sexist assholes.

“Yuuri landed his quad axel flawlessly.” the commenter spoke in awe.

Yuuri smiled to himself. He could prove them wrong.

He could prove everyone wrong.

After today, no one would ever question his abilities again.

Yuuri gathered speed for his next jump that was supposed to be a quad flip, but suddenly he had the images from his nightmare flash before his eyes.

He lost focus for a second and turned it into a double instead.

“Yuuri’s quad turned into a double,” the commenter said worriedly.

Yuuri refocused on the music, he needed to take the lyrics to heart.

He couldn’t afford to hesitate now.

He needed to be strong, at least for another minute to the song was over.

He was heading into his last step sequence, and he couldn’t afford to miss one of the steps, it would only make it look clumsy.

No, he couldn’t think like that, he needed to stop thinking.

Stupid brain...

He managed to push through, but as he came to his last quad, he felt his hesitation crawl back.

He really couldn’t risk falling, so he lowered the difficulty again.

“His triple turned into a single, there seem to be a lot of hesitation…”

Yuuri blocked the voice out as he focused on the last few movements and striking his end pose.

He felt awful.

He didn’t do his best. He might as well have skated around in a circle.

~You did great~ Victor quickly told him.

Yuuri managed to open his eyes, but it felt as if the audience were giving him pity support as they applauded him.

He didn’t deserve it.

~It’s your anxiety that’s making you think like that~ Victor said seriously. ~Block that voice out and listen to me. You did great~

Yuuri swallowed thickly before turning to Victor.

Victor was smiling softly to him, showing his never-ending support.

Yuuri felt undeserving of that as well, but he did his best to push those thoughts aside.
If he needed to have a breakdown he needed to have it in the hotel room. Far away from cameras.

Why did these thoughts come all the sudden? Did his brain really hate him that much?

~Look at all the poodle plushies you got~ Victor urged him gently. ~Take a few and let’s see your scores~

Yuuri looked around on the ice, spotting several poodle plushies and Victor plushies. He waved to the audience and did his best to manage a smile for them, before carefully picking a few plushies out and skated to the rink wall.

To Victor.

Victor pulled him in for a hug immediately. “You did wonderful, love,” he promised. “There were only a few stumbles at the end but you’re still the best figure skater I’ve ever seen… I couldn’t take my eyes off you for a second.”

Yuuri felt how Victor’s strong scent was doing wonders to calm him down.

He really smelled like safety.

Something primal in him would even claim that Victor smelled like he was strong and very healthy. Perfect to procreate with.

Yuuri immediately pulled away. “T-thank you,” he said before he cleared his throat, hoping that it might magically remove his burning blush.

Victor felt his heart skip a beat when Yuuri looked so unfairly adorable. “Let’s see your scores.”

Yuuri kept his eyes downcast as he awaited his scores.

He still felt awful for his unexpected self-destruct.

The worst part of it all was that he had no one to blame but himself. He didn’t have the ultimatum from the ISU and he had nothing to worry about except for his own rouine.

Stupid nightmare…

If he ended up in the bottom, he couldn’t do much else than agree.

~You had a quad axel in your program~ Victor pointed out. ~The stumbles at the end shouldn’t have that much of an impact~

Yuuri nodded along, really hoping that Victor was right.

Victor hated to see Yuuri hurting, but he felt completely powerless against it.

At least for now.

As soon as they were out of there, he could take Yuuri in his embrace and force all the hurt away.

But for now, he had to allow Yuuri to get through this alone.

Not that it meant that he would sit silently and let him suffer.
~Your step sequences were wonderful~ Victor stated. ~And that’s a big part of the score~

“Yeah,” Yuuri said out loud, before the speakers suddenly crackled.

He immediately grabbed for Victor’s hand in search of comfort.

Victor took Yuuri’s hand in both of his.

“The scores for Yuuri Katsuki are 101.51 and it puts him in third place with only five points away from second place,” the commenter spoke. “We will see all of them again for their free skate tomorrow…”

Yuuri looked at the scores and released a breath he didn’t know he was holding.

101, only 30 points less than Victor, and they still had tomorrow… If he turned a few of his doubles into axles, he might still have a chance of winning.

But what if that was too risky?

Would he rather hurt himself than lose?

“Yuu,” Victor said gently. “You got a good score.”

Yuuri blushed as he realized that Victor had heard him.

~So don’t think that you need to do anything drastic, you still have a good chance of winning~

Yuuri sighed tiredly. “Can we go home?”

Victor regarded Yuuri worriedly but nodded nonetheless. “Whatever you want, love.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Yuuri, anxiety strikes when it's least expected (and wanted) <3<3

Anyways, I hope you liked this chapter! <3<3 Let me know what you thought, and what you think will happen in the competition <3<3 Does Yuuri still have a chance to win? <3

See you next week! <3<3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 247

Chapter Summary

Victor offers Yuuri some reassurance.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! <3 I'm in the capital of Sweden and my internship starts this Monday and I'm both excited and terrified! <3

But it will be so much fun!! <3<3

Anyways, I hope you like this chapter!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Before they were able to leave, Celestino and Yakov caught them and somehow convinced them to go out for dinner.

Celestino claimed that he needed to see Yuuri eat healthy food so he wouldn’t secretly get a cheeseburger from room service, but Yuuri was pretty sure that he was simply doing everything in his power to make sure that he didn’t go back to the hotel room just to have a mental breakdown.

And he probably knew that Yuuri wouldn’t go anywhere without Victor.

Victor thought that it was a good suggestion as well.

Maybe Celestino and Yakov could convince Yuuri that he didn’t perform badly at all.

And being around people that loved him was probably good for Yuuri.

He really needed all the support he could get.

Yuuri didn’t really say much, he just ordered his food and ate in silence.

Both Yakov and Celestino made several attempts to start a conversation with him, but Yuuri just answered them shortly before averting his gaze again.

Victor humored their coaches and did whatever he could to allow Yuuri some space while also trying to make sure that he didn’t spiral too much in his own head.

“Have anyone talked to you about Yuuri yet?” Yakov suddenly asked the Italian. “I’ve heard that a lot of people are interested in taking him on as their protégé.”

Celestino’s eyes widened slightly. “What people?” he questioned in confusion. “Other coaches?”

“ Mostly, yes,” Yakov admitted. “I told Vitya yesterday that he should keep an eye out.”
“Well, no one has asked me directly about it, Yuuri, have they asked you?” Celestino asked.

“No,” Yuuri answered shortly. After today, he was pretty sure that no one would want to take him on as a protégé.

~Of course they would~ Victor claimed. ~You’re harder on yourself than anyone would be~

~Who would want to take on a flight risk like me?~ Yuuri quipped. ~One second I’m not allowed to compete and the next one I’m ruining my own chances~

~You didn’t ruin anything, you’re still in third~ Victor pointed out. ~It’s worse for that… You know… The Spanish guy. The one in forth~

~I’m supposed to prove everyone wrong~ Yuuri said before stabbing his salad. ~Instead I only proved to be mentally unstable and unable to do a quad~

~You didn’t fall once, and you still managed to do jumps, if you hadn’t planned quads, it would have been a masterful performance~ Victor stated. ~You’re only nineteen, it’s your third time competing in the senior division, you still hold the world record in the short program, so everyone already knows that you’re the best, today wasn’t your day, but you hold just as big of a chance as anyone to win gold tomorrow~

~Not if my brain has anything to say about that~ Yuuri said bitterly.

~So try to overcome it~ Victor suggested. ~I know you’re stronger than your anxiety, if you only put your mind to it…~

“Don’t you think I’m trying?” Yuuri finally snapped, before the whole restaurant grew quiet.

Yuuri felt embarrassment claim him immediately, as well as guilt. “I- I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Victor promised. “I’m sorry too, I just…” ~Do you want to call Anna? Have a therapy session? Maybe she’s better at helping~

Yuuri shook his head. ~I already know what she’ll say~

“Is everything okay?” Celestino asked worriedly from the sudden outburst.

“Yeah,” Yuuri said before pushing away his salad. “I’m done…”

Victor looked at the almost uneaten meal and felt incredibly unsatisfied.

He couldn’t let Yuuri starve. “We’ll order something to go.”

Back at the hotel room, Yuuri went straight to bed and dragged a pillow over his head.

Victor put the food in the fridge before carefully sitting down at the edge of the bed. “Honey?” he said softly. “We need to talk.”

“I don’t want to…” Yuuri said tiredly.

“Well, we don’t always get what we want,” Victor claimed. “I know you need to talk, and I’m right here.”

“I don’t need to talk,” Yuuri said stubbornly. “I just want to sleep.”
“You can sleep after we’ve talked,” Victor argued.

Yuuri sighed before removing the pillow. “What do you want to talk about?”

“Guess,” Victor mused.

Yuuri didn’t find it amusing. “I really don’t feel like talking, Victor…”

“What would you rather want to do?” Victor asked.

“Sleep,” Yuuri said simply. “I want this day to be over.”

Victor could understand that, but he knew that it wasn’t a good solution to the problems that would still be there in the morning. “You can’t sleep your worries away.”

“Watch me,” Yuuri said defiantly.

“Yuuri,” Victor said softly. “You know I’m right about this.”

Yuuri knew that Victor was right, but he still didn’t like the idea of throwing himself down in a dark pit of pain.

“Please?” Victor prodded. “Please talk to me?”

Yuuri couldn’t deny Victor’s pleas. He was far to powerless against them. “I’m just disappointed with myself,” he finally admitted. “I could have made it perfect, I could have landed two quads and two triples… Instead I got scared of falling of all things.”

“It’s a natural thing to be scared of… Especially after what they told you,” Victor said. “And from your nightmare…”

Yuuri nodded in agreement before he closed his eyes and took a shaky breath. “I still shouldn’t have failed because of that,” he stated. “People counted on me to blow everyone away… I-I disappointed them.”

“Fuck them,” Victor said bluntly, making Yuuri flinch in surprise.

“W-what?”

“You’re only human, Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “And if they are disappointed in you for not skating without a single flaw, then fuck them. I dare them to do it better.”

Yuuri blinked in surprise at Victor’s bluntness.

“You got scared, and you lowered the difficulty so you could still finish, instead of giving up all together and leaving the ice mid-performance,” Victor pointed out. “And no matter what you think, your program was beautiful and inspiring and you did an amazing job with it. This is not the final, there are room for improvements and you still have tomorrow to improve your score.”

“It’s just… If I lose tomorrow, I’m out. I won’t be moving on to Skate Canada… I won’t be able to prove that I deserve this,” Yuuri said, doing his best to keep his tears at bay. “I’ll give the world even more reason to think that omegas are weak. I… If I can’t even stay strong myself, how can I expect anyone else to be that?

“You are stronger than anyone I know,” Victor claimed. “You’re not giving up, no matter how cruel the world is to you. You struggle with anxiety, but you still manage to keep up your studies at
college, your modelling career, and on top of that competitive sport. Even though almost everyone tries to hold you back from those things… Me included when you said you wanted to move to Detroit.”

Yuuri smiled a little at the memory of him telling Victor about Detroit.

It felt like an eternity had passed since then.

“So please don’t doubt yourself,” Victor pleaded. “You know better than anyone what you’re capable of… And don’t let anyone tell you what you can or cannot do… Not even me.”

“We made a promise that we would always look out for each other,” Yuuri pointed out. “And I know that you’re saying everything out of love.”

“I do,” Victor assured. “But it’s still not right. I shouldn’t be allowed to tell you what to do, no one should.”

“I just meant that…” Yuuri trailed off slightly before finding a way to explain. “When you tell me that you don’t want me to do something, it’s because you care and you’re worried that I might get hurt… You don’t say things because you hate me and want to see me fail… Like the ISU does.”

Victor felt like his heart broke inside his chest. “They don’t hate you…” he argued. “They are just idiots.”

“They hate me,” Yuuri stated. “They hate me for being an omega, and they want me to fail because of that. They would be happy if they got to lock me into a house where I would do nothing but cook and birth children… They don’t want to see me win, so they were willing to ban me because of that… And it’s not because they were concerned and worried about me, it’s because they hate me.”

Victor didn’t know what to say.

He couldn’t even imagine how anyone could hate Yuuri or any omega for that matter. They were nothing but good.

He just couldn’t wrap his head around it.

“I just… I’m just so sick of people hating me for something that I can’t control…” Yuuri admitted as his eyes filled with tears. “And I don’t know what I can do to change it.”

Victor felt tears fill his own eyes in seeing Yuuri so hurt. “It’s not your fault,” he said softly.

“I know,” Yuuri said sadly. “That’s why I’m so sick of it… It’s not my fault, so there’s nothing I can do about it… It’s not as if I can change my secondary gender… And I can’t change the world.”

“The majority of the world has the protective gene,” Victor pointed out. “The others that don’t have it are just idiots if they think that they can mistreat omegas… or anyone else that’s special for that matter.”

“Doesn’t seem to stop them,” Yuuri said with a shrug. “Idiots seem to follow me wherever I go… And when those people appear, it doesn’t seem to matter that so many people have the protective gene, it didn’t help me in junior high and it barely helps me now… I still get death threats, I still get my rights taken away, people still hate me… I… I’m just so sick of it…” A tear fell from his eye that felt like a dagger to Victor’s heart.

Victor regarded him worriedly. “I wish I could make them all go away,” he admitted as he wiped the
tear away. “You deserve so much better…”

“At least I’ve got you,” Yuuri said with a shy smile. “I don’t know what I would do if I didn’t have you… You always love me so unconditionally, despite my flaws…”

“You do the same for me,” Victor pointed out. “That’s what we do… We love each other, no matter what…”

“Yeah,” Yuuri said half-heartedly. “I suppose that’s true.”

“I just wish that there was more I could do,” Victor admitted. “I wish I could love you unconditionally in a world where you wouldn’t have to think that there was something to be grateful for… In a world where you would have all the love and support that you deserve.”

“I will never stop being grateful for you,” Yuuri assured. “And… I guess it could be worse. I still have rights, I still have respect from a lot of people, my classmates don’t hate me, I still have friends like Yuuko and Takeshi back at home. I have my family that love and support me… I could have been born in a world where I would have been killed off as a baby for being an omega.”

Victor shuddered at the thought. “I’d never let that happen,” he declared. “If you would have been in danger, I would have personally walked to Japan to save you.”

“That’s one of the many reasons why I will never stop being grateful for you,” Yuuri claimed. “I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again… There’s no hell I wouldn’t walk through if it meant keeping you by my side. You are my soulmate and there’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you.”

Victor felt his heart melt at the heartfelt declaration. “There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you either,” he stated. “Which is why it sucks that there’s nothing I can do in this.”

“You’re doing plenty,” Yuuri stated. “Even if you feel like you don’t, you do… Just look at me… You got me talking…”

Victor snorted at that. “I love to hear your voice.”

Yuuri smiled shyly. “Thank you, Victor.” he said gratefully. “For everything you have done and for everything you still do.”

Victor only smiled softly. “For everything you have given me in return, I couldn’t think of a single reason why you would ever need to thank me… Because you will always be worth it.”

Chapter End Notes

As I said, my internship starts this Monday, so I might not have a lot of time to write (^w^)

So we’ll see if I’ll manage to write another chapter before next Saturday! <3 Otherwise I'll see you when I se you! <3

And remember that you can always reach out to me on tumblr! <3 my username is Sophialala1 I'll leave a link below! <3

And hopefully I'll see you in a week! <3<3
Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3

My tumblr: https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/
Chapter 248

Chapter Summary

Victor's rut is starting to approach, so they have to take measures to make sure that it doesn't.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!! <3<3

Here's the weekly update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After their talk, it felt like a lot of tension had been broken.

Yuuri even ate a little from the food as Victor had predicted.

He hadn't eaten much at the restaurant, so it was a relief to Victor to see that he wasn't starving himself from all the stress.

And a primal part of him felt extremely satisfied in knowing that he was helping to keep his partner healthy and satisfied.

His rut symptoms were definitely growing stronger. And after he had taken a shower, and put on his clothes, he could feel himself gravitate towards Yuuri.

He gently hugged him from behind, and pressed a soft kiss to the side of his neck.

Yuuri flinched in surprise. “Uhm… Vitya?” he asked carefully, immediately gaining Victor’s full attention.

“Yes?”

Yuuri cleared his throat awkwardly. “Uhm… Do you mind putting on a scent blocker? I… I’m kind of getting turned on when you’re so close and smell so… strong.”

A childish part of Victor wanted to refuse. He wanted to smell wonderful to Yuuri.

But he knew that he had to be an adult and do whatever he could to keep himself under control.

He would take his rut suppressants in the morning, since they were made to only take a certain time of day.

And if he wasn’t careful, he might get a rut on his hands, and maybe even trigger Yuuri’s heat.

Yuuri still wasn’t on heat suppressants, which meant that having an alpha in rut close by a month
before his heat might trigger it.

And neither of them were ready to handle one or two weeks of passion when they were supposed to compete.

So he reluctantly pulled himself away from Yuuri and went to dig around in his suitcase.

He knew he packed down a package of scent blockers, he just didn’t know where.

He was feeling a little bit sweaty, but he quickly wiped it away with his shirtsleeve.

“Everything okay?” Yuuri asked worriedly as he closed his laptop.

“Just rut symptoms,” Victor admitted. “I’m feeling a bit hot…”

Yuuri nodded in understanding before getting out of bed and headed for the freezer.

Victor looked after him curiously as Yuuri took out a ice pack and wrapped a towel around it before returning to Victor’s side. “Here,” he said softly.

Victor took the ice pack gratefully. “Thank you, love.”

“Go back to bed and sit down a little, I have some scent blockers in my bag,” Yuuri said as he gently ushered Victor towards the bed.

“I must have forgotten to pack my scent blockers,” Victor admitted.

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assured. “Just try to focus on your breathing, and try to relax. We both know that the chance of triggering your rut is higher if you get upset. And it’s probably already increasing because I’m here.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was right, so he didn’t even attempt to argue when Yuuri made him sit down in bed.

“Tomorrow can’t come fast enough,” Yuuri said as he quickly took out a couple of scent blockers from his bag. “You should ask your doctor about those emergency rut suppressants,” he said thoughtfully. “This kind of stress can’t be healthy.”

“Don’t be stressed,” Victor pleaded. “You don’t have anything to worry about.”

Yuuri took a deep breath as he handed Victor one of the scent blockers. “I just… I’m sorry, I just don’t want anything to happen to you tomorrow… If your rut kicks in during the competition…”


“No,” Yuuri said simply, leaving no room for arguments. “I won’t leave you if you’re in rut.”

“There’s too much at stake,” Victor pointed out. “And I’ll be fine.”

“No,” Yuuri said again, a lot more firmly. “That’s not even an option for me to skate without you.”

“You wouldn’t be skating without me, you would be skating for me,” Victor claimed. “And for all omegas in the world.”

Yuuri shook his head. “I don’t want to skate without you there.”
"You normally skate without me on the competitions leading up to the final," Victor pointed out. "And you always do amazing… I’ll be with you in spirit."

"No, it’s not an option," Yuuri said firmly. "So we’re going to keep this rut away. I’m sleeping on the couch tonight, and we’ll both use scent blockers and stay apart until tomorrow."

Victor looked devastated at the terrible suggestion. "That’s sounds a bit too much, don’t you think?"

Yuuri averted his gaze momentarily. "What do you suggest we do?"

Victor shrugged. "We do what we normally do… And whatever happens, happens."

"I’m not skating tomorrow if you’re in rut," Yuuri said determinately. "If you’re in rut, I’ll stay here with you and we’ll push everything else aside."

Victor sighed tiredly. "If that’s what you want…"

"It is," Yuuri said confidently. "And I know you would want it too, you’re just too generous and too uncaring for yourself to see it."

"Wait, when did we switch bodies?" Victor asked in amusement.

Yuuri shook his head fondly. "You know I’m right, Vitya," he stated. "If you’re in rut, you’d be in constant panic if you knew that I was out there somewhere skating a dangerous routine with a lot of people that you don’t know."

Victor frowned thoughtfully. He didn’t even think of that.

"And then I would panic, because I know that you would be here all alone in panic… And then everything will just be terrible…” Yuuri finished. "So let’s not let that happen," he pleaded. "I can sleep on the couch and you can try to keep your hormones at bay until tomorrow so you can take the suppressants."

"But… But I don’t want you to be so far away," Victor said, hating how childish he sounded.

Yuuri smiled a little at the statement, finding it ridiculously adorable. "Maybe I can build myself a nest on the floor?" he suggested. "As long as we’re not touching too much… I can still hold your hand."

Victor didn’t hate that idea. "Are you sure you’d be comfortable?" he asked anyways, he would never forgive himself if Yuuri got a bad night’s rest before the free skate.

"I’ll be fine, I’m usually more comfortable on an uneven surface anyways."

"But you always sleep in my bed in Russia, even when you haven’t nested," Victor said. "Are you uncomfortable then?"

"I always sleep on your chest, or your arm, and sometimes even on your legs…” Yuuri admitted as a pink blush started to dust his face. "When I’m alone, I can’t sleep if I’m not lying on top of at least three different pillows."

Victor snorted at that. "You’re adorable…"

Yuuri smiled shyly. "It’s kind of an omega thing, I suppose… The same way you prefer a hard mattress with only one pillow."
“It doesn’t make you any less adorable,” Victor claimed before he pulled Yuuri in for a kiss. Yuuri lingered for a short moment before he reluctantly pulled away. “Vitya…” he scolded softly. “You know we can’t…”

“I know,” Victor assured. “This is a good substitute.”

Yuuri gently tucked Victor’s bangs behind his ear. “Your hair is long,” he said in awe.

Victor smiled with a hint of embarrassment. “I was going to cut it last week, but I forgot about the appointment.”

“I miss your long hair sometimes,” Yuuri admitted. “You look good in everything, of course… but the first time I saw you, you had long hair… I guess it’s just nostalgia.”

“I miss my long hair too sometimes,” Victor admitted. “But I don’t miss the tangles.”

Yuuri laughed at that. “I’m sure that’s a bother.”

“A bother you will never understand unless you decide to grow out your hair…” Victor finished with a playful wink.

“My hair is never growing down, it’s just growing out… You’d be living with a man with the haircut of a toilet brush.”

Victor laughed heartily at that.

“It’s true,” Yuuri claimed. “You’ve seen my hair when it’s growing out a bit…”

“And I think it looks beautiful,” Victor claimed.

“You can’t keep your hands from it,” Yuuri pointed out. “And grooming only makes it even fluffier.”

Victor laughed loudly at that.

And it was highly contagious.

“It’s not that funny,” Yuuri argued as he made an attempt to breathe normally through the laughter.

“I-I’m sorry,” Victor practically wheezed. “I’m just picturing you with toilet brush hair…”

Yuuri shook his head fondly as he chuckled a little at the mental image that two seconds later made him cringe.

Victor managed to calm himself down as he noticed Yuuri’s expression. “You would look beautiful,” he reassured him. “Even with toilet brush hair.”

“You’re very good at lying to yourself,” Yuuri said in amusement. “No one would look good like that.”

“You would look good with or without hair,” Victor stated, now sounding a lot more convincing. “Your beauty comes from within.”

Yuuri blushed shyly. “So does yours,” he stated. “But please give me a warning if you ever decide to
shave your hair off…”


Chapter End Notes

60 comments and you'll get the next chapter tomorrow!! <3<3

I hope you liked this one!! <3<3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 249

Chapter Summary

It's the day of the free skate and Victor realizes that he forgot something important that might cost both him and Yuuri a chance at gold.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!! <3<3 Here's the weekly chapter! <3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri happily constructed his nest beside Victor that night, he used the cushions from the couch and some of the hotel’s complimentary pillows.

He didn’t have a lot of blankets, but he used sheets instead to hold all the pieces together.

It took him about two hours, but then he finally had a nest.

“It looks beautiful,” Victor observed. “But are you sure you’ll be comfortable?”

Yuuri nodded with a smile. “I’m sure.”

Victor nodded in understanding as he laid back in bed and allowed his arm to fall down the side of the bed.

Yuuri mirrored his movements and laid down right beside him in the nest and took his mate’s hand gently.

“Good night, Yuuri,” Victor whispered gently.

“Good night, Victor,” Yuuri whispered back.

.....................................

The next morning, Yuuri woke up first to the sound of his alarm.

He sat up and felt relieved when he noticed that Victor was still sleeping on the bed, and he didn’t seem to show off any rut symptoms.

Yuuri decided that he should make sure that Victor took his medicine first thing, along with a good breakfast that would keep them energized for the day.

But as soon as he got out of his nest, Victor stirred. “Yuuri?”

“I’ll be right back,” Yuuri promised him.

Victor frowned. “Where are you going?”
“Where’s your rut suppressants?” Yuuri quipped.

“Uhm…” Victor looked around the room in disorientation. “In my bag… Backpack,” he corrected.

Yuuri smiled to him fondly before he opened up Victor’s bag and marveled at its contents.

He had his normal water bottle, a notepad, a pencil box that he probably used for school. And he had printed pictures of the two of them.

He had a picture of Yuuri from the carnival with the cotton candy beck when he was eleven, he had the first picture that was ever taken of the two of them asleep in his Victor-merchandise pile that was taken almost nine years ago. And then he also had a few pictures from their travels from two years ago.

They were neatly placed into its own pocket in the bag and Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel happiness flutter in his chest as he imagined Victor looking at the pictures and remembering their shared memories.

“Is something wrong?” Victor asked worriedly, snapping Yuuri back to reality.

“No, of course not,” Yuuri quickly reassured him and placed the photos back as he continued to look for the rut suppressants.

Eventually he had to start taking things out to make sure that he hadn’t missed them or accidently grown momentarily blind.

But he couldn’t find the suppressants.

“Are you sure they’re in your backpack?” Yuuri asked hesitantly. “I- I can’t find them…”

Victor stretched a little before he was finally able to get out of bed.

It wasn’t like him to be so tired.

But if his rut was approaching it made sense for his body to grow drowsier so he could rest up before the rut would truly kick in.

So it was probably a sign.

And as Victor came closer, Yuuri could feel his scent, and it was very intense.

His rut would strike tomorrow if he didn’t take his suppressants today.

“Did I forget to pack them?” Victor asked himself.

Yuuri moved away a little to give Victor room to look through his bag and also put some distance between himself and that wonderful smell.

Victor looked for a moment before sighing tiredly. “I forgot to pack them…”

Yuuri cringed a little. “Do you have a prescription? Maybe we can find a pharmacy around here somewhere?”

“It’s at home,” Victor admitted. “I guess I’m not skating today…”

Yuuri felt his heart break for his mate. “I… I’m not skating either then,” he stated. “Maybe we can
“Please skate?” Victor pleaded. “I don’t want you to have to pull out because of me, not after everything that’s happened, it will just send out the wrong message. I can already see the headlines… Yuuri Katsuki pulls out of competition because of rutting mate after fighting the battle of his life to be able to compete.”

Yuuri hated the sound of that.

Victor smiled gently to him. “At least let one part of our soul win today.”

“You wouldn’t compete if I had been in pre-heat,” Yuuri pointed out.

Victor shrugged. “I might, if I knew that was what you truly wanted…”

“Is it what you truly want?” Yuuri asked.

Victor nodded. “I really do,” he admitted. “I want to see you win more than I want to see anyone else win… I want to see you prove them wrong, that you’re not just someone they can run over and scare into hiding. That you’re the next winner in the grand prix final, imagine their faces when you’re on the top of that podium… Wearing a gold medal.”

“But it won’t feel the same if you’re not by my side…” Yuuri claimed. “It would all just feel… wrong.”

“I’m always by your side,” Victor promised, “Even if I’m not there physically… But if you compete today, I will still be there to cheer you on.”

Yuuri frowned, deep in thought. “Is that really safe?” he asked. “We both know that you can get a bit… overprotective when your rut is close.”

“I’m always overprotective of you,” Victor claimed. “You’re the love of my life, it’s my job to protect you in every way I can.”

“You’re sweet,” Yuuri told him gently. “But when you’re close to your rut, you can also be a bit… paranoid.”

“I know…” Victor admitted. “But I will be on my best behaviour… And who knows? I might still make it to the next competition, considering that I won yesterday… It’s my own fault for not packing my suppressants and I can’t let that mistake cost you a chance to the final.”

Yuuri had to admit that Victor had some good points. “But what if something triggers your rut at the rink?”

“If it does, I’ll go back here, I’m sure Yakov can take me if you’re busy. I’m still somewhat in control, even when I’m in rut.”

Yuuri looked away thoughtfully. It felt like a good middle ground somehow. “But if your rut triggers, I’ll go back here with you,” he said as a condition. “I’m not going to let you go back here alone if you’re in rut. Like I said, you would only panic and then I will panic and I wouldn’t stand a chance to win anyways…”

“Okay,” Victor relented. “So you’ll compete?”

Yuuri nodded hesitantly. “I’ll compete,” he promised. “I’ll win gold for the both of us.”
When they reached the rink, their coaches were already there, drinking coffee.

Yakov laughed at something before he turned to Victor with a scowl. “Why aren’t you in costume?” he questioned in slight panic.

“Can I talk to you?” Victor asked, as he suddenly looked very vulnerable. He knew that he would be in for a lecture, but he figured that he could probably ease his fall a little if he looked a little hurt.

Yakov wasn’t the kind of person to kick on someone who’s already down, so he nodded shortly and walked away with Victor.

Yuuri looked after them worriedly, hoping that the coach would understand that it was nothing but an honest mistake.

He could see Victor starting his explanation, when he suddenly felt Celestino’s hand on his shoulder. “Is everything okay?”

“Victor forgot his rut suppressants, so he’s not in the shape to compete…” Yuuri admitted. “If he strains himself or if he gets too much adrenaline, it could be triggered right there out on the ice.”

Celestino nodded in understanding. “Are you going to compete?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri admitted. “Victor somehow managed to talk me into it…”

Celestino snorted. “Of course he did,” he said in amusement. “You two really have a very special connection.”

Yuuri smiled a little at that. It was true.

“You forgot them?” Yakov suddenly snapped from a bit further away. “I literally called you when you were home and told you to pack them! To not forget!”

“I know,” Victor admitted. “But then Makkachin did this really cute thing and I got distracted.”

Yakov sighed deeply. “You’re just like a child…”

“I’m sorry,” Victor apologized.

Yakov melted at that. “Are you okay? Do you need me to call your parents and get the plane ready for you to go home?”

“No,” Victor promised. “If I’m not going to compete, I really want to see Yuuri compete.”

Yakov rolled his eyes. “Of course…”

“I’ll be fine,” Victor promised. “And if I feel worse, I’ll let you know.”

“Fine,” Yakov said tiredly. “It’s not like I can argue with you, you always do as you please, regardless of my opinion.”

Victor smiled gently. “Thank you for understanding.”

Yakov shook his head. “I’m going to talk with one of the judges and see if there is anything to be done. It might not be over yet.”
“Okay,” Victor agreed. “I’ll be with Yuuri, if you’re looking for me.”

“Of course,” Yakov said. “I’ll see you later Vitya, call me if something happens.”

“I will,” Victor promised.

Yakov’s hand hovered a little, as if considering what to do, before he gently patted Victor’s shoulder and left to find the judges.

Victor released a breath of relief as he turned to Yuuri.

Yuuri looked back at him with so much love and support that Victor didn’t want to do anything but to run into his embrace and stay there forever.

But he was an adult, so he walked up to him and gently wrapped his arms around him instead.

“I’m glad he wasn’t mad,” Yuuri admitted. “He really cares about you.”

“I know,” Victor admitted as he leaned in, hoping to breathe in some of Yuuri’s scent only to discover that he was wearing a scent blocker.

~Sorry~ Yuuri apologized. ~But I don’t want to trigger anything in you~

Victor understood that, but he still wasn’t below pouting until Yuuri kissed him to make it all better.

“I love you, Victor,” Yuuri told him seriously. “And I’ll do my best to win for the both of us.”


Chapter End Notes

Last week we didn't reach the goal within the given time, so we'll try again this week! <3<3

50 comments within the next 24 hours and you'll get a Sunday update with chapter 250! <3<3

Every person can leave an unlimited amount of comments, provided that it has something to do about the chapter or the story! <3 Splitting your comment in 8 different parts is not allowed, neither is spamming comments with nothing but hearts or pleads for 'next chapter', or comments that are regarding anything but the story itself <3

Hopefully we'll reach the goal, or I'll see you next Saturday! <3<3

Thank you for reading this chapter nonetheless! <3<3

You're the best!! <3<3

KUDOS!!! <3<3
Chapter 250

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets challenged before his free skate and decides to raise the difficulty.

Chapter Notes

We reached the goal!! <3<3 So here's the bonus update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ladies and gentlemen welcome to the first free skate of the grand prix final, due to medical reasons, Victor Nikiforov has pulled out of the competition, but we’ll see him again in Internationaux de France a few weeks from now, so if you look to the scoreboard, you’ll see that there’s been some changes from yesterday,” the announcer spoke. “In first place is Chang Ping from China, in second place is Yuuri Katsuki from Japan and in third place is Mateo Garcia from Spain.”

Victor looked to Yuuri fondly. He looked determined as he kept his eyes on the ice.

And as he listened in on his thoughts, it was silent.

Hopefully that was a good sign.

“Warm up starts in five minutes,” the announcer said. “We would like all of the competitors to meet with their respective coaches near the rink entrance.”

Victor looked to Yuuri who didn’t even seem to hear the announcement. “Yuuri?” he said softly.

Yuuri immediately snapped back to reality as he pulled one of his earphones out. “Sorry?”

Victor smiled fondly as he pressed a kiss to his forehead. “It’s time,” he said and nodded at Celestino who stood a bit further away.

“Oh,” Yuuri said in surprise. “Already?”

“It seems that way,” Victor mused. “Are you ready?”

Yuuri nodded. “I’ll just talk to Celestino then,” he stated. “See if there’s anything he’s thinking about.” He lingered for several moments. “Will you come with me?”

Victor heard the hidden plea, and he couldn’t refuse it if so his life depended on it. “Of course.”

Yuuri took his hand before they walked together to the Italian.

Celestino smiled as they approached. “How are you feeling?”
“Good,” Yuuri answered shortly.

“Good,” Celestino said in approval. “I’m not going to keep your time for too long, I can see that you have the right mindset, and I know that you have great chances of taking gold today.”


Celestino smiled fondly. “You’ll do great.”

Yuuri smiled back politely before he turned around to check out his competition.

That’s when he noticed that the Spanish competitor was glaring at him.

He frowned in confusion.

Victor noticed and turned around as well, as his eyes met Mateo’s, the Spanish man winked at him.

“What was that?” Yuuri asked in confusion. “Did he… wink at you?”

“He’s trying to throw you off,” Victor said reassuringly. “Don’t let him.”

Yuuri glared back at the Spanish man who looked away like he had done nothing wrong.

“He better not do anything stupid,” Yuuri said angrily before he looked back at Victor worriedly. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m good,” Victor promised. “Just a little bit tired.”

“Just don’t fall asleep during my routine,” Yuuri pleaded with a shy smile.

“That’s not possible,” Victor claimed. “You’re far too enchanting.”

Yuuri blushed sweetly as he leaned up to steal a kiss from his mate, only lingering a lot more than necessary to rub it in the Spanish man’s face.

Not that Victor would ever complain about that. His whole soul was practically longing for Yuuri’s closeness. And he grieved the loss as Yuuri pulled away.

“Sorry,” Yuuri apologized. “I keep forgetting that…”

Victor silenced Yuuri’s apology with another kiss and when he pulled away, he felt a lot better. “Don’t worry about me,” he pleaded. “I’m not going to break out in rut over a kiss… Even if it’s a kiss from you.”

Yuuri blushed at that before he looked to the ice. “I think warm-up starts soon…”

“I think you’re right,” Victor agreed.

“Now it’s time for warm-up,” the announcer said. “So we’d like to ask all the skaters to step onto the ice and you’ll have five minutes to warm up before your routine. Today we’re switching the orders of the skaters, meaning that Yuuri Katsuki will be the first skater to take the ice.”

Yuuri felt his heart skip a beat as the audience cheered for him.

But he did feel ready.

“Good luck, my love,” Victor said and pressed a kiss to his hand. “Blow them away with your
talent.”

“I’ll try,” Yuuri promised and pressed a final quick kiss to Victor’s lips before moving to the ice.

Victor looked after him longingly, and he definitely didn’t miss the glare Yuuri sent Mateo before he skated ahead of him.

A part of him felt proud in seeing Yuuri tell someone off like that.

When it came to skating, Mateo didn’t stand a chance to Yuuri.

And he probably knew it as well, which is why he was doing everything in his power to psych Yuuri out.

Little did he know that Yuuri only grew better when someone challenged him.

So Mateo would definitely regret his action after the day was over.

The audience screamed in awe as Yuuri pulled off a flawless quad axel but barely anyone caught the look of triumph he sent to Mateo.

Yuuri was definitely telling him to fuck off.

Only not in words, he was far too good for that.

But it was truly entertaining.

Mateo gained speed to show off his own skills, but he seemed to hesitate in the last moment. His quad salchow therefore ended with him stumbling and touching down.

The audience still gave him a light cheer in sympathy.

For what Victor knew, it was Mateo’s first season, even though he was almost twenty four years old.

He had to be really nervous if he thought that going after a nineteen-year-old was a good choice.

He probably picked Yuuri as an easy target, considering the ordeal before he was allowed to compete.

But he really couldn’t have been more wrong.

Yuuri was stronger that anyone would ever know. And he was going to win today.

“That marks the end of warm-up, we’d like to tell all the skaters to leave the ice, and for the audience to give a warm welcome to the first competitor of the day, Yuuri Katsuki!”

The audience roared in support.

Victor could never be prouder.

Even though the ISU had something against omegas, it really didn’t affect Yuuri’s fanbase.

They were in fact stronger than ever.

The skaters left the ice, and Yuuri took a brief moment with Celestino to get some last minute advice, before he skated to the center of the ice.
“Yuuri will be skating to an instrumental version of the classic rock song ‘highway to hell’ by AC/DC,” the announcer said. “According to Yuuri, he lost a dare to one of his classmates and he agreed to skate to that song.”

Victor smiled as he recalled the memory of Yuuri calling him to say that he lost a dare to Smith and he had to skate to a rock song he had never heard before.

He had been too adorable when he had listened to the song the very first time and declared that he couldn’t skate to that kind of song without feeling like the world’s biggest cliché.

Victor told Yuuri to make it into his own, which is exactly what he had done.

And it was beautiful.

And he looked unfairly sexy in his costume.

Or maybe it was just his rut talking…

Either way, Yuuri looked beautiful enough to seduce the whole rink.

And he was going to do it with so much attitude that he would shock them all.

The first notes rang out and Victor felt his heart flutter at Yuuri’s every movement.

He looked so hot.

Their eyes met briefly, and Yuuri was almost completely unrecognizable as he smirked confidently before he changed his triple into a quad axel.

“Yuuri Katsuki sure lives to surprise! Is the quad axel going to be his signature jump perhaps?” The announcer asked knowingly.

Victor wouldn’t be surprised if Yuuri claimed the most difficult jump in the world to be his signature.

It wasn’t more than right. It was a perfect representation of Yuuri himself to only go after things that no one believed was possible for him, and then kick ass with it.

And as Yuuri skated on, Victor felt himself moving closer to the ice, like a sailor pulled by the song of a siren.

~I hope that Spanish guy understands why he has no chance with you...~ Yuuri said through the bond as he kicked off for a quadruple flip that he combined with a triple toe loop.

He was really skating his best, he was almost at the difficulty level of a grand prix final.

And he managed to keep it up.

He chanced a look at Mateo who stared at Yuuri with wide eyes.

He looked terrified with all right.

Yuuri was going to win.

And as he made his final spins that lead to his end pose, everyone stood up from their seats and roared in amazement.
Victor only made his way to the rink entrance, longing to get Yuuri in his embrace.

He felt his mate’s exhaustion across the bond, and he felt desperate to help support him.

Yuuri was kneeling on the ice and panted for breath, but eventually, he stood up, which only increased the roar of the audience.

They all threw in flowers and poodle plushies and Victor-merchandise.

Yuuri waved to them and picked up all he could carry before he turned to Victor with a tearful smile, beaming with pride.

Victor had never seen anything more beautiful.

Or maybe he had, but it was currently unavailable to him as Yuuri skated towards him.

And as Yuuri crashed into his embrace, Victor felt his whole soul telling him to keep Yuuri that close forever.

“I- I did it,” Yuuri said between pants. “I- I did my best.”

“It was amazing, love,” Victor promised and pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

When Yuuri was wearing skates, they were almost the same height.

“I’m so proud of you,” Victor declared.

“T-thank you,” Yuuri said as he pulled away from the embrace and looked Victor in the eyes. “Are you still okay?”

“I am,” Victor promised.

Yuuri smiled. “I’m glad.”

“That was beautiful Yuuri!” Celestino cheered as he suddenly pulled him in for a hug. “It was truly a masterful performance!”

Yuuri hugged his coach back. “Thank you.”

Clestino pulled Yuuri away so he could look at him. “You really proved the whole world wrong today, Yuuri. I’m so proud of you.”

Yuuri blushed as the smile increased. “Thank you, coach.”

Clestino chuckled. “Ready to see your score?”

Yuuri nodded as he took Victor’s hand. “Do you want to come with?”

Victor smiled fondly. “Just try to stop me.”

Chapter End Notes

Next week we'll see the result of Yuuri's free skate! <3<3 S
o see you Saturday!! <3<3

Thank you for being the best!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 251

Chapter Summary

Yuuri gets his score and can't believe his eyes.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!! <3<3 I hope you'll like the update!! <3<3

PS: Warning for cliffhanger

A new world record…

Yuuri stared at the scoreboard in disbelief.

He was now the record holder of both the free skate and the short program.

In other words, he was currently the best figure skater in the world that hadn’t won the grand prix final yet.

It was unbelievable.

It was as if everything was suddenly moving in slow motion.

Until Victor hugged him and brought him back to reality. “I’m so proud of you!”

Yuuri wasn’t sure whether to laugh or cry, he simply sat there with his mouth hanging open in shock.

“I… I broke your record?” Yuuri asked, still not believing that he had scored higher than Victor did during a final.

“With five whole points,” Victor said as he nuzzled into the side of his neck and lowered his voice. “I’m so glad you did… the ISU representatives can suck it.”

Yuuri chuckled at that. “I… I can’t believe it…”

“The scoreboard never lies,” Victor claimed. “So you should start believing it, because it won’t stop being true.”

Yuuri looked at Victor and then back at the scoreboard. “I… I beat your high score…”

Yuuri was so full of disbelief that Victor couldn’t help but to laugh. “You did.”

“Did I… cheat?”
Victor snorted. “If putting three quad axels in a program is considered cheating and not unbelievable talent, then yes,” he mused. “But you’re not disqualified for being amazing, only in the lead.”

Yuuri sighed deeply.

“You can’t be that surprised,” Victor pointed out. “You skated flawlessly, you added as much difficulty as humanly possible. Look at Celestino.”

Yuuri did, and he felt clear amusement as Celestino waved happily at him from a bit further away while he was happily chattering on the phone in Italian, probably talking to Gina to tell her the good news.

“Well, there are still two more skaters,” Yuuri pointed out. “I might still come in second or third.”

Victor couldn’t imagine a world where a score like Yuuri’s could be surpassed by anyone else but him. “I doubt they will surpass you,” he said honestly. “Or they will surely have to fight hard for it.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri said vaguely.

“How are you feeling?” Yuuri quipped. “Are you well enough to stay for a few hours?”

Victor nodded. “So far, so good,” he promised. “As long as you’re close to me.”

“Otherwise we could go back to the hotel?” Yuuri suggested. “Make sure that you…”

Victor smiled politely at the cameras and the journalists. ~We should probably talk about it elsewhere~

Yuuri blushed a little as he too realized that they were being watched. ~We can go backstage~ he agreed.

Victor was the first one to stand and he immediately reached out his hand to support Yuuri, knowing that he was probably feeling incredibly sore after his insane performance.

Yuuri took Victor’s hand gratefully as he stood on shaking limbs.

Victor kept a tight hold on Yuuri only to make sure that he didn’t fall. He doubted that he would, but he couldn’t be careful enough.

With his approaching rut, his protective instincts grew a lot stronger, and a primal part of him wanted to sweep Yuuri off his feet and carry him to a bed where he could massage his pain away and feed him dinner.

He wanted to make his mate feel comfortable enough to make him purr in delight.

Not that Yuuri would let him, at least not today. They had obligations to attend to.

And as they made their way backstage, Victor immediately spotted a chair for Yuuri to sit down in.

“You don’t need to fuss so much, I’m fine,” Yuuri pointed out as he made a weak attempt to push Victor away.

“I like to fuss over you,” Victor claimed as he released Yuuri and gave a clear nod to the chair. “You
should sit.”

“I’m okay with standing,” Yuuri said with a shrug as his eyes looked to the screen where Mateo was currently skating.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t terrible, his step sequence was actually pretty good, a bit stiff perhaps, but that was probably because of nerves.

“Yuuri?” Victor said to get Yuuri’s attention back to him.

Yuuri blinked. “Yes?”

“Hi,” Victor said lameley, completely thrown off by the beauty of Yuuri’s eyes.

Yuuri smiled softly. “Hi,” he replied before he suddenly remembered why they left the public eye. “Are you sure that you don’t want to go home?”

“Not before I see you be announced as the winner,” Victor claimed. “I want to hear them say your name at the skater that’s been placed in first place, and I need to see the faces of the ISU representatives when you stand as a winner.”

“It’s not worth risking your health over,” Yuuri argued. “If your rut starts tomorrow, you should be in bed now.”

“My rut will last for two weeks, I don’t want to spent what little time I have left in bed as well.”

“You’ll be exhausted at the end of your rut if you don’t rest up before it,” Yuuri pointed out.

“I’ll manage,” Victor promised. “It will be worth it if I get to see those smug faces pale with horror of their bad choices.”

Yuuri snorted. “You sound like an evil mastermind.”

“They are the evil ones, I’m just a mastermind,” Victor claimed. “I really hope that Julia manages to get those evil humans fired… Otherwise I won’t be happy until I see them roll around in the dirt, screaming for forgiveness.”

“Calm down,” Yuuri pleaded as he coaxed Victor to sit down in the chair.

Victor did so reluctantly.

“Getting upset will only make your rut come faster,” Yuuri explained. “You need to keep your blood pressure down and take deep breaths.”

Victor rolled his eyes but took a deep breath nonetheless to appease Yuuri.

Yuuri nodded in approval when Mateo’s performance was suddenly over as cheers could be heard all the way backstage.

“Nothing compared to how they sounded when you skated,” Victor stated with a glare to the screen.

Yuuri pressed a kiss to Victor’s forehead. “Deep breaths, Vitya…”

Victor shook his head fondly but did as told, when he suddenly noticed a quiver in Yuuri’s leg. “You’re tired,” he said as a fact.
Yuuri shrugged. “Only a little.”

A little was still too much.

Victor stood up from the chair and gestured for Yuuri to sit.

“I’m fine,” Yuuri promised. “Someone might come and look for me, and I don’t want to be known as the skater who sits on a chair backstage.”

“It would give me a piece of mind,” Victor claimed.

“We can go back to the rink and sit down in the audience,” Yuuri suggested. “It would look better.”

“Since when are you concerned about the opinions of others?” Victor asked curiously.

Yuuri snorted. “Have you met me?”

Victor listened in on Yuuri’s thoughts and immediately cringed at the loudness of it.

“It’s not that bad,” Yuuri said reassuringly. “I just don’t want to add more to it… So I’m fine with standing.”

Victor nodded thoughtfully before deciding. “Let’s find two seats in the audience,” he relented.

Yuuri smiled a little before nodding in agreement. But just as they turned to walk out, the door was blocked by Mateo. “Nice routine,” he said indifferently. “Did you choreograph it yourself?”

“Mostly,” Yuuri admitted, keeping his voice even. “My coach helped me a little as well.”

“Huh…” Mateo said as he crossed his arms and turned his attention to Victor. “Medical reasons? You look fine to me.”

Victor was not about to explain to a stranger that he was close to his rut. “Illnesses are rarely shown on the outside.”

Mateo snorted. “Right… And I’m sure you didn’t just pull out in order to give your mate a chance to win.”

The words hit Yuuri like a slap, and Victor noticed immediately.

“You shouldn’t talk about things you don’t know,” Victor said seriously, a hint of danger in his voice.

Mateo didn’t seem to notice, but decided to drop the topic nonetheless. “Fine.”

Victor took Yuuri’s hand, mind set on taking him out of there so he could reassure him just how wrong the spanish man was.

But as they walked past him, he felt unfamiliar hands pinch his ass. He winced away immediately in discomfort.

“What happened?” Yuuri asked worriedly as he quickly assessed his mate, but after seeing the look of his competitor, he immediately felt his temper flare. “Did you just… touch my soulmate?”

Chapter End Notes
DUN DUN DUN!! <3<3

I hope you liked the chapter!! <3<3 See you next week for the continuation! <3<3
Chapter 252

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor do their best to keep their tempers under control.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!! <3<3 I hope you'll like this chapter!! <3<3

Mateo laughed.

Victor saw the look of anger on Yuuri’s face and immediately felt worry flutter in his chest. “Yuuri… Don’t,” he pleaded.

Yuuri felt his hand twitch as he imagined himself punching the laugh off the Spanish man’s face. But as soon as he noticed the worried look on Victor’s face, he immediately exhaled his anger. He knew that if he were to fight, Victor would only get worried enough to either lose his temper or trigger his rut.

And that Spanish skater really wasn’t worth it.

“If you touch him again, you’ll regret it,” Yuuri said through gritted teeth as he glared at the other skater.

“What are you going to do? Punch me?” Mateo challenged him.

Yuuri held himself back, glancing to Victor and feeling his temper settle a little at the desperate look he was being given. Victor gently took his hand and began tugging on it to get Yuuri away from there.

Mateo didn’t seem satisfied with that conclusion. “Maybe I’m just offering your so called ‘soulmate’ something you can never give him?” he pushed, gaining Yuuri’s attention.

Yuuri felt his temper reignite at Mateo daring to speak up again, and even worse that he was using Victor. “What?”

“He’s close to his rut,” Mateo said with a smirk. “And we all know how alphas get during that time… Do you really think that you can satisfy him fully?”

Yuuri winced as if he had physically been slapped.

He had always hated that he couldn’t help Victor through his rut the same way Victor helped him through his heat. But he never thought that it would be used against him like that. It definitely caught him by surprise.
“Because you know... betas don’t risk getting pregnant... at least not males,” Mateo said proudly.
“So if you’re looking for someone to help and support you throughout it...” he turned his attention to Victor before shooting a smirk in his direction.

“Not interested,” Victor said sternly. “I would never trade my diamond for an ordinary rock,” he said as he tightened his hold on Yuuri’s hand. “Yuuri is all I will ever need.”

Mateo huffed as anger flashed over his face. “Diamond, huh? a diamond in the rough maybe. But fine, you wait until you can have the perfect whore...”

Victor tensed immediately.

Yuuri felt the air leave him with one tired sigh.

“What did you just call him?” Victor questioned, his voice dark with anger.

“I think you heard me perfectly fine,” Mateo said proudly. “If you’re going to reject me, you might as well be honest about it. You just don’t want to lose your chances with a future fuck that will agree to any position you might want... I’ve heard that omegas start longing for alpha cocks the moment they stop using pacifiers. I wouldn’t be surprised if that’s the case. I’m sure you’ll fuck your alpha just as well as you fucked the judges to overscore you.”

Yuuri was stunned by the beta’s stupidity. “What’s your problem?” he asked in disbelief. “One second ago you claimed that I couldn’t even have sex with my own mate, and now I’m fucking the all the judges? Are you that sore of a loser that you can’t even stick to a simple statement?”

Mateo glared at him with so much hate that Yuuri felt something unpleasant stir within him.

Victor was doing his best to keep his temper in control. His free hand was clenched so tightly that he could feel his nails dig into the skin of his palm with the urge to knock some sense into the Spanish skater.

“I’m just not a fan of cheaters,” Mateo claimed. “But you’re welcome to live in your happy little omega bubble where everything is rainbows and glitter and no one has any ill intentions whatsoever. Because this was definitely not a trick from the ISU to save their own skin after the fiasco.”

“You mean banning me because of my secondary gender?” Yuuri questioned. “Because that’s not what I consider rainbows and glitter. Getting murder threats on almost a daily basis and having to live with people calling me a whore for no other reason than being an omega is not what I consider rainbows and glitter.”

Victor hated Yuuri’s hardships more than everything. If he could surround Yuuri’s world with rainbows and glitter and allow him to live freely where he would be loved and treasured by everyone, he would.

“Well, why don’t you cry some more, you spoiled brat?” Mateo said angrily. “There’s no one in the world that’s more privileged than you. You won’t have to work a single day of your life, and you call those things problems?”

“Problems don’t magically disappear because of my secondary gender,” Yuuri pointed out. “I’m not saying that my problems are bigger than anyone else’s, but I still have them, despite being an omega.”

“Anyone would kill to be in your shoes,” Mateo pointed out. “Still you complain over every little thing...”
“I only complain when things are unjust, and not just to me, but to every other person like me,” Yuuri stated. “If only I had been affected, I probably wouldn’t feel as strongly as I do when every omega in the world is in danger of losing their human rights.”

Mateo scoffed. “Human rights? How much human are you even? You’re more of a freak than a human, and people like you shouldn’t be allowed in any competition or even in public. Omegas belong behind closed doors.”

Victor felt his heartbeat increase drastically with anger, but as soon as he took a step forward to attack, he felt Yuuri pull him back.

~Calm down~ Yuuri pleaded as he held onto Victor tightly.

Victor did his best to compose himself, but the horrible statement was still echoing in his head and it was filling him with anger.

How could anyone say something like that? Or even think it?

He needed to pay for those words, preferably with his life.

Mateo seemed to notice the change in Victor as he hesitantly took a step back. “And you should definitely put a leash on your feral alpha.” he said, his voice quivering a little with fear. “He’s like a rabid dog, losing his temper for every little thing that even looks at his property the wrong way.”

Victor couldn’t keep himself from growling at the words. How dared he?

Yuuri began to lead Victor away. ~Don’t listen to him, block him out~ he pleaded. He knew that Victor was only seconds away from turning feral, and he really couldn’t risk that. He had to get him away, even if it meant Mateo getting away with his insolence.

“What? You couldn’t find a good comeback?” Mateo mocked as he followed them, really pressing his luck. “Are you scared that Victor will enter his rut and realize just how much he’s missing out on?”

Yuuri took a breath before turning to Mateo with rage flashing in his eyes. “If you value your life, you better keep your next words silent,” he threatened. “Or Victor attacking is going to be the least of your problems...”

Mateo frowned in confusion but said nothing else as Yuuri finally managed to get Victor back into the rink and away from the potential fight.

Victor felt his heart drum in his chest from the pumping adrenaline. His hands were itching with the need to fight.

Someone hurt his mate. His soulmate…

And he was getting away with it.

“Please calm down,” Yuuri said urgently. “Take deep breaths.”

Victor did so to the best of his ability, but he was still furious. He felt his heart pounding and Yuuri’s voice felt like it was echoing in the distance, or under water. And he was feeling hot… Really hot…

“Victor?” Yuuri asked worriedly as he moved closer.

Victor took an immediate step back as he felt Yuuri’s scent.
It was irresistible.

Yuuri felt his own heartbeat rise. Victor was going into rut, and fast.

“I’ll take you home,” Yuuri said seriously as he took Victor’s hand with as much gentleness as he could muster while still being firm in his determination.

That’s when the speakers crackled again.

“Chang Ping landed on a score of 169.7, which means that the winner of the Cup of China is no other than Yuuri Katsuki!” the commenter and the audience cheered.

Yuuri froze momentarily as he kept his eyes on Victor.

Victor looked to the audience and then back at Yuuri. ~You should claim your prize~ he stated as he gently pulled his hand out of Yuuri’s grip. “I’ll be fine.”

“No,” Yuuri said immediately. He was not going to leave Victor’s side in a moment like that. “I’m taking you home.”

“Yuuri…” Victor tried to argue, but he was slowly losing his will to do so as he felt the world around him blur away.

“Yuuri, congratulations,” Celestino cheered as he approached with a bright smile.

“We need to go,” Yuuri called to his coach as he gently tugged on Victor’s hand. He looked at Victor one more time and he could tell how Victor was slowly slipping.

Celestino frowned worriedly. “Is he…?”

Yuuri nodded. “I need to get him out of here.”

Victor could barely hear the sounds around him as his eyes were gluing themselves to Yuuri.

His mate was practically glowing, and he smelled so good, and he looked so beautiful.

It was as if he was a beacon of light in the darkness.

And as Yuuri pulled on his hand, Victor wouldn’t dream of doing anything but to follow his magical mate.

They left the loud rink and suddenly it became very quiet around them.

Victor couldn’t tear his eyes off Yuuri, but Yuuri didn’t seem to look at him.

Yuuri kept his eyes forward as he kept a firm grip on Victor’s hand, determined to get him to safety.

Celestino agreed to explain the situation and accept the prize on Yuuri’s behalf so he wouldn’t need to worry about that.

His one focus could therefore remain on Victor.

But it wasn’t easy as the road back to the hotel was filled with both fans, journalists and other people.

But he somehow managed to get Victor back to the hotel and into the elevator before Victor finally let his control slip and he began to trail kisses along Yuuri’s neck.
“Victor…” Yuuri whispered gently. “Just a little bit more.”

Victor whined sadly, feeling like the neediest alpha in the world. He just wanted Yuuri to hold him and pet him and tell him that everything was going to be okay.

A voice in the back of his head was screaming about the dangers of having Yuuri with him while he was in rut.

An omega close to heat with an alpha in rut was a recipe for disaster.

But Victor blocked that voice out and hoped that everything would work out fine.

He still had some sense of control, so he knew that they couldn’t have sex that way, no matter how tempting it was.

But he also knew how irresistible Yuuri could be if he entered his heat.

And if they both got lost in their desires, there was no one to keep them in control.

He just hoped that they would get through this rut without any incidents.

Chapter End Notes

Ohhhh how will this go? XD <3<3

Let me know what you think! <3<3 60 comments and you'll find out tomorrow!! <3<3

Otherwise I'll see you in a week! <33

Love you! <3<3

KUDOS!!! <3<3
Chapter 253

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor reach their hotel room and realize that they have nothing in preparation.

Chapter Notes

You guys are truly amazing!! <3<3 You reached the goal so here's a bonus update!! <3<3
I love you and I hope you'll like this chapter!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuuri felt his heart race as he finally got Victor to the safety of their hotel room, even though it was also the honeymoon suite which was full of suggestions and temptations.

He had never more wished that he was on heat suppressants or birth control.

Victor smelled amazing and it was doing things to his entire body.

But he knew that he couldn’t act on it.

He needed to be there for Victor, and not think about himself or his own urges.

He needed to stay strong, just like Victor would for him.

“Here, sit down,” Yuuri pleaded as he led Victor to the bed and gently helped him take off his jacket.

“You’re pretty,” Victor drawled lowly as he allowed Yuuri to help him with whatever he wished.

“You’re glittering…”

Yuuri then noticed that he was still wearing his free skate costume. He almost forgot about that.

Coming to think of it, he was still wearing his skates.

His shoes were somewhere in the rink.

He would just have to get used to the idea that he might never see them again.

He wasn’t worried about the rest of his things. He changed at the hotel earlier that day, so the rest of his things were closeby.

But he left his shoes somewhere on a bench close to the rinkside when he was changing for his skates.

There was a small chance that Celestino got them for him, but he had his doubts since he mostly had
Victor by his side during the day.

“Yuuri?” Victor asked, suddenly looking at him with a worried frown.

Yuuri snapped back to reality. “Yes, Victor?”

“Don’t drift,” Victor pleaded as he gently caressed his cheek. “Stay here with me…”

Yuuri felt his whole body relax as Victor carefully pulled him in for a kiss.

Before he started to worry about whether or not he locked the door behind them.

And he also began to worry about the fact that they didn’t have any scent neutralizers in the hotel room.

In fact, they had nothing in preparation.

No pre-cooked meals, no protein bars, no lube, no nothing.

That was terrible, they had never been this unprepared in their whole lives.

Even during his first painful heat, Victor managed to get everything under control. He sent out Yakov to get them supplies.

Maybe he could do that too?

“You’re leaving me…” Victor said as he suddenly pulled away with a pout. “Where are you?”

“Sorry,” Yuuri apologized as he pulled away a little. “I just… There’s so much that we… We’re not ready.”

Victor frowned in confusion to the words. “Do you want to go?”

“No!” Yuuri practically shouted. “I just. We need things. We have nothing to eat, no scent blockers, no lubricants or protections… We’re so unprepared and I… I’m scared we’ll do something stupid, that I’ll lose it, and I’ll get…” he left the word pregnant go unspoken.

Victor looked at Yuuri worriedly. He could tell that his anxiousness was stronger than ever, he was close to having a panic attack. And that annoying voice at the back of his head was slowly starting to get louder.

Yuuri needed to come first, no matter how needy he was feeling. “You should go,” he said reluctantly. “Get a different room and we can help each other from a distance.”

“No,” Yuuri said, anger and hurt practically oozing from that word. “I’m not leaving you.”

“You need to,” Victor stated. “You’re right, we’re not prepared.”

“Maybe I can go out and get things?” Yuuri suggested. “I’ll only be gone for a few hours.”

“No,” Victor said, closing his eyes as he hated the sound of that solution. He needed the mental image of Yuuri lost in China out of his head. “I… I need you to be safe. And it’s not safe with me, not when you’re so close to your heat…”

“But maybe I can…”
Victor grabbed Yuuri’s hand gently to stop him from arguing further. “This is my fault,” he stated. “And I can’t live with myself if you got hurt because of it. If something… Anything happens to you because of my rut, I will tear myself apart.”

“Nothing will happen to me,” Yuuri promised. “I’ll be careful, you know that.”

Victor smiled fondly, his heart was fluttering with love for Yuuri that was so determined to help him through this. But his past was also speaking for itself. “I know,” he agreed. “But I can’t risk it… Not in my current condition.”

Yuuri sighed sadly. He wished with all he had that he could magically change the circumstances. Once again, he was useless and unable to help Victor when he needed him the most.

Victor was starting to feel his pants growing tighter as the rut was affecting him.

He hated this.

“You should go,” Victor said reluctantly as he averted his gaze. If he looked at Yuuri too long, there was a chance that he would lose it. “Just… Stay close.”

Yuuri nodded, hating this solution but still feeling a strong urge to help in whatever way he could. “Maybe I can stay for a little while?” he offered. “I’m still not showing any pre-heat symptoms…”

“Your heat could strike suddenly, we really shouldn’t risk it,” Victor said as he took a deep breath to keep his erection down.

Yuuri swallowed thickly as he rattled his brain in trying to come up with another solution. He really didn’t want to leave Victor.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked as he finally managed to look at Yuuri. He felt his heart twist at the worried look on his soulmate’s face.

“I don’t want to leave you,” Yuuri admitted. “I… I don’t want you to be alone.”

“I’m never alone,” Victor said reassuringly. “You’re always with me.”

“I know that, but still,” Yuuri said, his panic returning. “What if I’m not enough? What if…” he had to take a breath to compose himself. “What if you suffer?”

“It’s just a rut, Yuuri,” Victor said gently. “I’ve managed before and I’ve been fine. It never hurts, and I’m never completely out of it, just confused.”

Yuuri nodded hesitantly. “This is the worst part about being an omega,” Yuuri claimed. “I can stand everything else that comes with it, the name-calling and unfairness but I hate this… I hate not being able to help you.”

“It’s just temporary,” Victor pointed out. “And one day in the future, if we ever decide to have children, we will both be forever grateful for the fact that our biology allows us to procreate.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that.

He did want to have children with Victor in the future. Even if he didn’t care if they were biological or adopted, he was still grateful for the options.
But it didn’t make it suck any less in the present.

“This might be my rut talking, but I’m really happy that you were born as an omega,” Victor said with a soft smile. “It means that we can have babies… A lot of babies…”

Yuuri smiled fondly as Victor pulled him in for a kiss that he deepened effortlessly.

Yuuri almost lost himself in the passion of the moment. Victor was so hot when he took control like that.

It would be so easy to just give in and allow himself to be swept away.

But he knew that he couldn’t…

“Victor…” Yuuri said in between kisses as he reluctantly pulled himself away.

Victor did the same with a sigh. “Please go…” he pleaded. “I’m not sure how much longer I can stay in control with you here… “

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed as he looked around the apartment for his jacket, dreading the idea of seeing the hotel receptionist in his figure skating costume. He also needed to find some socks to put on his feet. Maybe he should bring his whole luggage? That should probably be smartest if he was having his own room.

“Your mind is loud,” Victor said worriedly. “Will you be okay?”

Yuuri saw the concern in his soulmate’s eyes and couldn’t help but to feel guilty.

Victor should be focusing on himself rather than worrying about him and his stupid anxiousness.

“I’ll be fine,” Yuuri promised, determined to make those words reality. “Will you?”

“Of course,” Victor said. “As long as you’re okay, I’m okay.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “Keep me updated through our bond then?” he pleaded. “Tell me if you really need me.”

“I will,” Victor reassured him. “But we’ll take care of each other from different rooms, okay? It’ll be like our first time.”

Yuuri smiled fondly at that. Suddenly feeling a little bit better as he recalled the fond memory. “I’ll let you know when I’m in my own room,” he said and pressed a final kiss to Victor’s lips.

Victor sighed as Yuuri pulled away. “Please hurry?”

Yuuri smiled as he finally found his jacket and wrapped it around himself. “I’ll do my best.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh! Also, someone asked about their ages, and since it's been a while since I mentioned it, here's a refresher! <3

It's in the middle of december, Yuuri is 19 years old, and it's about two weeks or so until
Victor turns 23 years old! <3<3

Yuuri has to be 20 years old to get heat suppressants and birth control so he has one year to go! <3<3 #SoClose

I hope you liked this update and that you're excited about the next one! <3<3 See you Saturday!! <3<3

PS: If you want a refresher of their first time, it's chapter 84! <3

Thank you for reading, you guys are awesome!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Yuuri couldn’t help but to feel embarrassed as he walked up to the receptionist in the hotel to ask for a different room.

He was barefoot, dressed in his free skate outfit and wearing his jacket.

He looked like he had been kicked out of his home with nothing but the clothes on his back.

But he paid for his room and made his way to it without making excuses for himself.

He had a mate to take care of.

As soon as he was behind a closed door, he reached out to Victor and their weeks of passion could finally start.

………………………………………

Being intimate but being apart was both a challenge and a treat.

It was good that they could both allow their imagination to run wild and risk no consequences from it at all.

But it still didn’t make it real.

Which was the worst part.

They both got what they needed, but not nearly what they wanted.

And after the first week together, Yuuri was starting to get pre-heat symptoms.

And being in pre-heat meant that he wasn’t in the mood for sex at all.

Everything was too hot or too cold, and everything felt scratchy against his skin.

Victor mostly had to get by own his own, the only exception was when Yuuri helped him by speaking dirty to the best of his ability.

But Victor couldn’t help but to feel constantly worried as he felt Yuuri’s discomfort across the bond.
He hated it when Yuuri was uncomfortable.

The primal part of him that was mostly in control wanted to do whatever he could to make Yuuri comfortable.

He wanted to put him in a nice nest where he could feed him and massage him and tend to his every need.

But Yuuri was too far away, and he really couldn’t risk leaving his room while he was in rut.

And he really couldn’t risk having Yuuri near him anyways. He could trigger his heat, and he knew that he wasn’t strong enough to resist Yuuri in heat.

So this is the way it had to be, no matter how much it sucked.

He counted the days until his rut was over.

Yuuri wasn’t doing much better. He hated that he wasn’t able to help Victor more. He helped with bringing Victor his meals during the day from room service, but he felt awful every single time that he had to leave him.

Victor was so sweet and cuddly, and even though he wanted to do nothing else but lie down beside him and pretend like everything was fine, he knew that he couldn’t.

Just being connected through the bond with Victor in rut had brought his heat almost a month early, he knew that being in the same room as him for too long meant that he would get completely lost in a heat haze.

He also didn’t have the best circumstances in the present, meaning that he would probably black out completely during his heat.

Bad pre-heat meant little to no awareness.

But he just had to suffer through the last days of Victor’s rut, then he could start worrying about his future mental state.

He reached through the bond and felt that Victor was asleep.

He should probably get some sleep as well, but he still needed to keep track of the days.

And hopefully they could reunite soon.

Victor was having the strangest dream.

It started with him looking into the mirror, and he once again had long hair.

And he was probably about ten or fifteen years younger.

He looked to be around ten years old.

And when he turned around, he could see Yuuri.

His heart immediately swelled three times its size from the pure adorableness of a baby Yuuri.
Or he was probably four or five, but it was almost too cute to handle.

“Hi there, love,” he said in Japanese as he crouched down.

Yuuri smiled at him and reached out a flower.

It was just the sweetest summer flower he had ever seen.

“Thank you,” he said with a soft smile as he accepted the flower.

Yuuri blushed adorably before turning away from him and walking away.

“Where are you going?” Victor asked worriedly as he followed his young mate.

Yuuri started to run and Victor somehow knew that he was running towards danger. “Yuuri, stop!” he pleaded as he hurried after.

Then all the suddenly, he was gone.

He was so young and fragile, anything could happen to him.

~Yuuri, where are you?!~ Victor called in panic across the bond. He looked around frantically, until he saw his Yuuri.

Nineteen years old and strikingly handsome. “It’s just a nightmare,” he said reassuringly. “I’m okay.”

Victor felt tears pool in his eyes as he closed the distance between them and wrapped Yuuri into his embrace. “You’re okay…”

Yuuri hugged him tightly. “I’m right here,” he said reassuringly. “I’m safe.”

Victor frowned thoughtfully as he suddenly felt as if Yuuri was actually real. He said it was a nightmare, but still he was somehow… there?

“Are we both dreaming?” Victor asked in confusion.

Yuuri nodded. “You reached out in fear and I… I saw you calling for me… It’s strange, I… I knew I could affect your dreams when I was awake, but we’ve never shared a dream… Have we?”

Victor wasn’t sure what to say, he was just feeling so overjoyed that he finally got to see Yuuri in his dream that he barely knew how to form coherent sentences. “We haven’t,” he finally managed to get out.

Yuuri smiled at that, and Victor couldn’t even imagine anything more beautiful. Not even his dreams could make Yuuri’s beauty justice.

And he really couldn’t hold himself back from kissing his mate.

Yuuri melted into the kiss and held Victor closer.

Their surroundings seemed to be melting away as it was only the two of them.

It was a mixture of colors and feelings and memories around them, but they hardly seemed to matter in the passion of their kiss.

And when Victor suddenly felt his knees buckle, they both fell down in the softest of blankets,
completely surrounded.

Yuuri pulled away at that as he stared at them in awe. “It’s a nest,” he observed. “My nest…”

Victor smiled brightly at that. “Our love nest,” he reminded him.

Yuuri laughed a little at that as he reached for Victor again.

That’s when Victor started to feel the discomfort from his pounding erection and pulled away a little.

Yuuri seemed to be reading his mind. “Why are you holding back?” he asked lowly. “It’s a dream.”

Victor’s eyes widened in realization.

Yuuri was right.

It was a dream.

But just as he was about to lean in for yet another kiss, he must have gotten too excited as he suddenly woke up with a startle.

Yuuri did the same in his own room and threw a pillow away in frustration.

They had been so close.

Or was it just his dream? Did they really share a dream?

~Yuuri?~ Victor asked across the bond. ~Did you…?~

Yuuri quickly told Victor the truth.

They had shared a dream.

It was a new ability and it couldn’t have come at a better time.

But soon as Yuuri thought about going back to sleep to see if he could do it again, his body decided to shift temperatures again.

Stupid pre-heat.

Well, at least he now had something to look forward to.

Chapter End Notes

I unfortunately have no extra chapters to offer <3 I'm waiting for inspiration to strike, but it seems to have done so in the wrong story (^_^) <3

So my fic "A Story of Witchcraft and Wizardry" seems to have a lot of updates to be released, and I'm hoping for some inspiration to this story before next week <3<3

Please leave me inspirational comments! <3<3 I really need them <3<3
Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!!! <3<3
Chapter 255

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri go back to Detroit while Yuuri is in pre-heat, and Yuuri makes a decision for the both of them.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! <3 I got struck with a little bit of inspiration yesterday! <3 I hope you’ll like this! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They never got to share another dream again for the rest of Victor’s rut, due to their bodies refusing to cooperate with them enough for them to sleep at the same time.

And as Victor was finally out of his rut, Yuuri was still in pre-heat and they decided to get on the fastest plane to Detroit so Yuuri could have his heat at his home surrounded by his own scent.

Yuuri had barely been sleeping at all, and no matter how much Victor tried to soothe him and lull him off to sleep on the plane, it seemed like Yuuri’s body immediately did whatever it could to keep him awake.

It definitely didn’t make him feel any less guilty.

“Yuuri, love?” Victor prodded gently.

“Mmm,” Yuuri replied sleepily as he blinked his eyes open to look at Victor. “What’s wrong?”

“How are you feeling?” Victor asked worriedly.

“Not great,” Yuuri admitted. “But not terrible either.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “Do you feel hot? cold?”

“Just a bit uncomfortable,” Yuuri claimed as he shifted a little in his seat. ”But not too bad… It’s just my pre-heat being annoying.”

“Anything I can do?” Victor asked.

Yuuri shook his head and took Victor’s hand. “Just having you here is enough.”

“How long do you think you have?” Victor asked. “Until you…?”

“A few days,” Yuuri said with a light blush. “I still haven’t started producing… well, you know.”

“Okay,” Victor agreed, he could tell that Yuuri was embarrassed and he didn’t want to make it
“I just… I think you should go back to Russia,” Yuuri admitted, seemingly out of the blue.

Victor was immediately taken aback by that. “What?”

“Internationaux de France is next week,” Yuuri pointed out. “That’s your last chance to compete for the final, and if it’s a few days until my heat starts, it means that I’m going to be in heat while you’re competing.”

Victor had completely forgotten about that competition. “I don’t need to go,” he then said. “I should just sit this year out.”

Yuuri sat up a lot straighter so he could look at his mate fully. “No, you shouldn’t,” he said firmly, leaving no room for arguments.

Victor’s eyes widened a little in surprise. “I’ll make up for it at worlds.”

“No,” Yuuri said again. “You’re not skipping a competition because of me. I’ll be fine on my own.”

“I’m not going to be able to focus if you’re in heat across the world from me,” Victor claimed.

“Well, you’re going to have to block me,” Yuuri stated. “That’s your last chance, Victor. Yakov helped you get a second chance, you can’t just throw it away.”

“It’s my choice to make,” Victor stated. “You can’t make that choice for me.”

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully. “Well, I can still make choices for myself,” he stated. “And I choose to spend this heat on my own. So then you can make the choice if you want to sit the competition out without adding me to the equation.”

“You’re banning me from your heat?” Victor asked in disbelief.

“You don’t give me any other choice,” Yuuri stated. “I refuse to let it be the excuse for why you’re not in the grand prix anymore.”

“People will understand that.” Victor said gently. “Spending ruts and heats with a mate is one of the most excusable things there is.”

“No, it’s not,” Yuuri argued. “Not when it comes to competitive matters.”

“Competitive matters?” Victor repeated in confusion.

“I can’t let people think that the only way I’ll win is by eliminating you,” Yuuri stated.

Victor didn’t expect something like that. “So you’d rather spend your heat alone than allow a few insignificant people to speculate?”

“Yes,” Yuuri said simply.

“I thought you didn’t care about the opinions of strangers?” Victor asked.

“And I don’t,” Yuuri claimed. “But I care about you, and I know that it will hurt you to stand at the sidelines at the grand prix final. You are just as competitive as me, and I know that it would suck not to be apart of it, especially if I had gotten the opportunity.”
Victor couldn’t deny that. “Even if it means leaving you alone when you’re in heat?”

Yuuri nodded. “You’ll thank me when we’re both on that podium.”

Victor knew that Yuuri was right, but that didn’t make it any easier to face the idea of leaving Yuuri when he was in heat.

Especially not after a stressful pre-heat like this one. He would be completely out of it.

“Besides, I’ve never had my heat by myself,” Yuuri pointed out. “It could be interesting to see how I’ll do… If I get to discover something new about myself. And if we meet in our dreams…”

Victor could see Yuuri’s point, and it would definitely be fun if they could meet at the final and compete against each other, and it would be safer if he wasn’t close to Yuuri when he was in heat.

But it was still hard.

Yuuri was still the younger mate, and Victor still felt like it was his obligation to help him with anything he needed.

Sometimes it was hard to accept the fact that Yuuri had turned into an adult that would be fine without him constantly looking over his shoulder.

And he knew that Yuuri would be fine without him during his heat, the same way that he was fine without Yuuri during his rut.

But his instincts were still screaming at him to take care of his mate.

No matter the hardship, Victor would always want to be there to help. It didn’t matter if it was a heat or a sneeze.

He never wanted his mate to struggle on his own.

“Victor?” Yuuri said softly, bringing Victor out of his train of thoughts.

“What if you change your mind during your heat?” Victor asked. “How will I know if I’m forced to block you out? How will I know if you need me?”

Yuuri contemplated his answer for several moments. “You will just have to trust that I won’t,” he stated. “My heat is only a week, and if I’m not strong enough to get through it on my own, I’d be the most pathetic omega in the world and I will never be able to look another omega in the eyes again.”

“You could never be pathetic,” Victor claimed.

“But I am spoiled,” Yuuri quipped. “You’ve helped me through every single one of my heats, I’ve never had to get by on my own. I can’t name another person in the world that’s had that luxury.”

“If anyone deserves that luxury, it’s you,” Victor declared. “You’ve handled so many terrible things on your own. This is the only thing that you’ve never been forced to handle by yourself, are you sure you want to change that?”

“It’s definitely a luxury I’m willing to give up if it could mean something good for the both of us.”

Victor hated to run out of arguments that he knew would eventually lead to something affecting Yuuri negatively.
It felt like it happened far too often.

“I’ll survive,” Yuuri reassured him. “It’s only one week.”

“Yeah,” Victor said reluctantly. “I suppose you’re right.”

Yuuri didn’t like the worried look on Victor’s face.

He immediately leaned up and pressed a kiss to his cheek. “I love you,” he said with a soft smile before tears started pooling in his eyes. “… S-so much…”

“Honey?” Victor asked worriedly as Yuuri wiped away his tears.

“Hormones,” Yuuri sniffled. “Or sleep deprivation… O-or both…”

Victor smiled fondly at his mate’s emotional display as he helped with wiping away a few stray tears.

“S-sorry,” Yuuri apologized as he forced himself to take a deep breath. “I just got a bit overwhelmed.”

Victor gently nudged Yuuri’s forehead with his own. “Those are the only kinds of tears I will allow.”

Yuuri chuckled a little at that. “Tears of love…”

Getting home to his apartment was a big relief. Just seeing Vicchan again made everything feel more bearable.

It felt like coming home.

“You’re back,” Nathan said with a smile as he turned around in the couch.

“I am,” Yuuri said as he sat down on the floor and allowed Vicchan to climb on him.

“I thought you were bringing Victor?” Nathan asked before he scrunched his nose a little. “You’re in pre-heat.”

Yuuri blushed in embarrassment as he realized that he had forgotten to put on a scent blocker. “I told him to go back to Russia,” he admitted. “He didn’t have time to lose this week, so I made him go.”

“Oh?” Nathan asked. “So you’ll spend your heat alone?”

Yuuri nodded, suddenly feeling a little bit worried.

“Need any advice?” Nathan asked sympathetically.

Yuuri nodded gratefully. He could really use all the help he could get.

Chapter End Notes

I'm really excited about writing summer chapters for them, so I'll do my best to get out of this winter arc as quickly as possible XD <3 Still gotta do the final though! <3 But it
might not contain that much skating XD <3

I hope you'll understand! <3

Thank you for reading! <3 And sorry for posting a chapter of the wrong story last sunday XD <3

KUDOS!!! <3<3
Chapter 256

Chapter Summary

Yuuri has his first heat without Victor

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!! <3<3 Here's a new chapter!! <3<3 I hop you'll like it! <33

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri woke up feeling confused.

He knew he was home since all of his scents were around him, but something was definitely missing.

That’s when he felt heat growing in the pit of his stomach.

He was feeling really horny.

But no hands came to touch him, his soulmate wasn’t with him.

That’s what forced him out of bed. “Alpha?” he asked sleepily as he made his way to his bedroom door and opened it. He looked out and noticed someone else sitting in front of the television.

That wasn’t his mate…

“Yuuri?” the man asked worriedly. “Did it start?”

Yuuri blinked in confusion as he tried to remember where he recognized him from.

“You must have had a rough pre-heat…” the man said sympathetically before he stood up and approached him.

Yuuri scowled at the man’s disgusting scent.

It was as if someone drenched a marshmallow in sugar and honey and tried to force it down his throat.

But the man placed his hands on Yuuri’s shoulder and gently led him back to his nest.

Yuuri whined a little from the cold of the blankets.

But all the suddenly he felt the scent of his alpha.

“There you go,” the man said as he handed Yuuri a plushie.

Yuuri snatched it for himself quickly. How dared someone else even hold it? It was his.
From his alpha.

“Okay, you should be good to go,” the man said and lit a soft light a bit further away. “Are you hungry? Thirsty?”

Yuuri shook his head, he just wanted him to go away.

“Wow, you’re really out of it,” the man said worriedly. “Do you want me to call Victor?”

Yuuri felt his heart flutter at the sound of his alpha’s name. “Victor…” he repeated with a purr. “Mhmm, Victor…” he hugged his plushie tighter and immediately felt his hornyness return.

“Okay, I’m sure you’ll be fine, I’ll be somewhere far away from here if you need me,” the man said hurriedly before he rushed out of his room. “I’ll check up on you later.”

Yuuri was grateful that the man was gone.

It meant that he could take care of his needs in peace without fear of disruption.

Victor felt worry surge through him as he was writing on his assignment and suddenly got a phone call from Yuuri’s roommate.

It was in the middle of night in Detroit.

Something had to be wrong.

“Hello?” he asked worriedly.

“Hi, Victor, it’s uhm, Nathan…” Nathan said nervously.

“What’s wrong?” Victor asked urgently, if something had happened, there was no time to lose.

“Oh, well, Yuuri’s heat kind of started, and he’s really out of it,” Nathan admitted. “I guess I just wanted to make sure he was okay, and since you’re his true mate, I figured that it was the best way to find out.”

“His heat started?” Victor asked in disbelief. Why hadn’t Yuuri reached out?

He immediately reached out himself, but Yuuri didn’t reach back.

Why didn’t he reach back?

“Can you put him on the phone?” Victor pleaded. He really needed to hear Yuuri’s voice to make sure that he was okay.

“Uhm, I… I rather not,” Nathan said apologetically. “He’s kind of… doing stuff in there… Not really a pleasant scent.”

Victor cringed in sympathy, but he still couldn’t give up when Yuuri’s wellbeing was no the line. “Please?” he asked.

There was a long moment of hesitation.

Victor braced himself for the other omega as he heard a door being opened.

“Yuuri? Oh god…” Nathan exclaimed in disgust. “Just… Victor on the phone… Please take it.”

Victor could hear the phone being thrown and hear it land on something soft.

He then heard a lot of shuffling and someone breathing. “Alpha?”

“Yuuri?” Victor immediately felt his heart speed up. “Are you okay?”

He could hear a soft moan. “Fine,” Yuuri said, completely out of breath. “S-so good…”

“Can you reach out to me?” Victor asked gently. “I need to see if you’re okay.”

“Reach out?” Yuuri asked as if he had no idea what it was.

Victor reached out again. “Did you feel that?”

Yuuri hummed. “Smells good…”

“Can you do the same?” Victor asked. “Can you let me feel you?”

Victor felt his heartbeat slow down a little as he felt Yuuri’s scent surround him, but it immediately sped up with excitement as he felt the hint of cinnamon that Yuuri’s scent gave out.

It was delicious.

He was definitely in heat.

But it made him feel calmer as he realized that Yuuri wasn’t hurt or in any kind of distress.

He was just in a heat haze and clearly confused.

~Can you hear me?~ Victor asked.

Yuuri felt his breath hitch in hearing Victor so close. It was almost as he could feel his breath on his skin.

~I can hear you~ Yuuri assured.

Victor was grateful, that meant that he could hang up the phone and still continue to help Yuuri.

~Can you give the phone back to Nathan?~ Victor asked gently.

Yuuri frowned in confusion. “Who?”


Yuuri felt as if something fell into place. That’s why he was so familiar…

“Do you need me to come to you?” Victor asked worriedly. “I can take the next plane to Detroit.”

Yuuri didn’t see the point of Victor flying all the way to Detroit only to give back a phone. “No, I… I can do it,” he stated as he sat up and looked around his room in confusion. Which way was the
door?

~Are you sure?~ Victor prodded.

“I’m sure,” Yuuri told the phone as he finally found the exit to his room, and the other man was once again standing there.

“Everything okay?” Nathan asked worriedly.

Yuuri nodded and held out his phone to him.

Nathan hung up the call and held the phone as if it would attack him. “When you’re out of your heat, you so owe me a new phone...”

Yuuri didn’t answer, he simply went back into his room and closed the door.

Leaving his roommate with the sticky phone.

Nathan sighed and shared a look with Vicchan. “Don’t get an omega roommate,” he warned the small poodle.

Vicchan yipped in agreement.

Nathan smiled fondly and petted Vicchan. “Unless they have a dog.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Nathan XD <3 Well, at least everyone is okay! <3<3

I hope you liked this update!! <3<3

See you next week!! <3<3
Chapter 257

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Grand Prix Final of 2011.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! <3<3 Here's an update! <3<3 I hope you'll like it! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri wanted to sink through the ground as Nathan retold what had happened during his heat.

Nathan on the other hand couldn’t stop laughing as he retold the events.

The only thing positive about that whole ordeal was that Victor won at Internationaux de France and was back in the competition and allowed to compete at the Grand Prix final next week.

Three weeks had passed since Cup of China, and Yuuri was desperate to get back to his life and start practicing again.

He had missed three weeks of classes and even more weeks of figure skating practice.

It felt like he had lived in a bubble, cut off from civilisation for months.

So it was good to be back.

“Well, at least you’ll be safe from your heat until summer,” Nathan finished. “And that will be your last heat before you’ll be able to get birth control and heat suppressants.”

Yuuri’s eyes widened as he realized that Nathan was right.

He would only have one more heat before he would be able to go on birth control. Meaning that the heat after that would be nothing but being completely free to do whatever he and Victor could ever dream about.

“You’re right,” Yuuri said in awe. “I’ll only have one more heat before I’ll go on birth control.”

“It’ll definitely make the heats more pleasurable, especially with a partner,” Nathan mused. “It’s nice not having to worry about pregnancies.”

“I’m sure,” Yuuri said with a soft smile. “I really can’t wait.”

A week later it was finally time for the Grand Prix final.

Yuuri had been pushing himself close to a breaking point for almost the whole week in trying to
catch up on everything, between school, practice and basic survival, he hadn’t had any free time.

Celestino would lie if he claimed that he wasn’t worried for him.

He had gone easy on Yuuri, and instructed him to take it as easy as possible since he was still recovering for what sounded to be a very intense heat.

But Yuuri was Yuuri and more stubborn than any other human he had ever met.

If Yuuri decided to work hard, there was little that anyone could do about it, and if even Victor failed, it was doomed to be a lost cause.

Yuuri had made up his mind that he was going to win. And nothing was going to stop him.

Not even himself, not this time.

The ISU hadn’t tried to ban him again, so at least he had that going for him.

But he was a little overworked, he couldn’t deny that. Luckily it was only a few more days, then he could rest for weeks as Christmas break was coming up.

He was a bit worried though, because he knew that he wouldn’t be able to do his best in the Grand Prix final without risking hurting himself.

And that really wasn’t an option.

But on the other hand, he would really hate to lose to Victor again.

Whenever they were up against each other, he somehow couldn’t help but to self-sabotage.

And the skating community were definitely starting to catch on to that little detail.

In every poll taken by fans, Victor was already crowned as the victoror.

Yuuri would never hold it against anyone though, Victor was incredible. Definitely the best skater in history, but he hated that people were already expecting him to lose and that he always proved them right.

This year however, it was his chance to prove them all wrong and for once in his life claim gold at the final against Victor.

But he knew that he probably wouldn’t be able to...

These past weeks had really drained most of his strength.

But even though he knew that his chances were low, he still wouldn’t give up.

If nothing else, he would really make Victor work for that golden medal.

That was his obligation as his true mate.

And he knew that Victor would expect nothing less.

In the end, they would both stand on that podium together.

Yuuri would at least make sure of that.

………………………………
Victor felt his heart soar when he finally reunited with Yuuri again at the airport.

He never enjoyed being apart from Yuuri, and the past weeks had been close to unbearable as he knew that Yuuri had been struggling with catching up on everything.

And it didn’t help that he was feeling guilty about causing it.

If he hadn’t forgotten about his rut suppressants, he wouldn’t have broken out in a rut and then he wouldn’t have triggered Yuuri’s heat.

So once again, Yuuri would be competing with the odds turned against him, only now it was his fault.

But on the other hand, usually when Yuuri had the odds turned against him, he was most prone to surprise and blow everyone away.

So he knew that he himself couldn’t slack off.

If Yuuri was going after a gold medal, he would really have to work for it.

He was already the record holder in both categories. If Yuuri were to win gold, Victor might as well retire from the ice and pass the crown to Yuuri.

But he wasn’t ready for that just yet.

He still had things to prove, both to himself and to the rest of the world.

But if Yuuri were to win, he would of course be happy for him.

No one deserved the title as the best skater in the world more than Yuuri.

But that didn’t mean that he wouldn’t have to fight for it.

Letting Yuuri win would be an insult to his talent.

So Victor would do his absolute best to give him a challenge.

That was his obligation as his true mate.

Are you coming to bed soon?” Victor asked as he was starting to feel more and more tired as the hours passed. Tomorrow was the big day and they both needed enough sleep to be able to get through the day.

Yuuri was glued to the screen of his computer, finishing up an old assignment for school despite his own exhaustion.

“In a minute,” Yuuri promised as he shot Victor a reassuring smile. “I have to hand this assignment in before midnight in Detroit, then I’ll be all caught up.”

“It can’t be healthy to push four weeks of studies into one week,” Victor said matter of factly. Seeing how tired Yuuri looked was all the evidence he needed to support his case.

“It’s better than retaking the whole year and changing class and prolonging my studies for another year,” Yuuri quipped. “It’s not too bad, I’m just glad it’s almost over.”
“What kind of assignment can they give on video games anyhow?” Victor asked curiously, hoping to be of some help if he could.

“This was actually a pretty fun one,” Yuuri admitted. “It’s a video game review, we’re taking apart the gameplay and the engine they used to produce it and then we compare it to other ones released that same year and whether or not it’s better or worse.”

Victor had already forgotten what he was asking. “Like a movie review?”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “Yeah, like a movie review.”

“Can I help?” Victor asked curiously. “I’ve been a speculator for many of your games, I can lend you my opinion.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said with that shy smile that had Victor’s heart skip a beat. “But I’m almost done, I’m just proofreading.”

“Do you need help with that?” Victor asked. “I do have a degree in language…”

Yuuri snorted fondly but brought his laptop to the bed nonetheless. “I guess it can’t hurt to have an expert’s opinion.”

Victor beamed proudly as Yuuri sat down at his side and placed the laptop in front of the two of them.

Victor immediately lost himself in the assignment.

Yuuri had such a way with words that he even managed to make video games sound interesting. It was nearly impossible to stop reading.

“But how did motion capture advance so fast?” Victor asked in disbelief. “Just a couple of years ago they could barely animate realistic movements, not they can make actual facial expressions?”


Victor could definitely see that. “So do you get your hands on brand new technology all the time?”

“Pretty much,” Yuuri admitted. “My school buys in everything that draws attention in the game industry and they allow us to play with it until we understand how it works… Some days it feels more like a playground than a school.”

“I’m glad you’re having fun,” Victor said before pressing a kiss to Yuuri’s cheek.

Yuuri blushed happily at that before he turned back to his computer. “So did you find any typos?”

Victor smiled innocently as Yuuri looked back up at him.

Yuuri snorted. “You didn’t look for them, did you?”

Victor took Yuuri’s laptop and turned it towards himself. “Give me five minutes.”

Yuuri couldn’t possibly deny him that. Especially when it also meant that he got to see Victor looking all serious and smart as he read through his assignment a second time. “Take all the minutes you need…”

…………………………………….
The next day, Yuuri was feeling surprisingly energized.

Or maybe it was thanks to Victor’s magical way of waking him up with hugs and kisses.

No matter the reasons, he was feeling more than ready to compete.

They ordered up some breakfast from room service and spent most of the morning in bed before it was time to head to the rink.

Both of them with their eyes on the golden medal.

But only one of them would win…

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? <3 Who will win and who will lose? ;) <3

Please let me know what you think of this <3 Is this even exciting or should I just scrap this? (^\^;) #DoubtingEverything

Since I haven't had a lot of time to write lately, everything feels a bit forced... I really want to get back into it, but since I'm working 10-14 hours a day monday to thursday, I'm pretty much exhausted on weekends and can barely pick the computer up from my floor XD <3

But I don't know, what do you think? <3 I want to continue telling this story but it sucks not to have time to improve my writing... Does it seem stiff to you, or is it all just in my head? <3

Please let me know!! <3<3

Thank you for reading nonetheless <3

KUDOS! <3<3
Chapter 258

Chapter Summary

Yuuri performs his short program.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!! <3<3

My internship is finally over and I'm graduating from university next week, then I'll be unemployed/between jobs until August XD <3

So a lot of things are going on! I'm both excited and terrified. It feels like it was yesterday that I moved away for school and started writing fanfiction... Oh how time flies... <3<3

Anyways, I hope you'll enjoy this new chapter!! <3<3

Kissing Victor goodbye before he went to Celestino and Victor went to Yakov was probably the hardest thing to do that morning.

They officially went from true mates to competitors.

Despite their competitive spirits, their love would always be stronger, and supporting each other was more important than anything.

“Are you well rested?” Celestino asked worriedly. “Did you finish your assignment on time? You’re not feeling nervous are you?”

“I’m fine,” Yuuri promised. “For some reason I’m not feeling that nervous. And yes, I finished on time.”

“That’s good,” Celestino said.

“Are you okay?” Yuuri asked as he saw the look on his coach’s face. “You seem a little… nervous.”

“I’m okay,” Celestino promised. “I’m just worried about you, I have no idea how you’re still standing after the past weeks, are you sure you’re fit to compete?”

“I haven’t fallen a single time during practice,” Yuuri pointed out. “And if I can do it in practice, I can do now.”

Celestino smiled proudly. “That’s the spirit.”
“I know I have the odds turned against me,” Yuuri stated. “Victor’s program is nothing short of amazing, and I lowered the difficulty of mine to make sure that I have a perfect execution, but I will still do my best to win.”

“I know you will,” Celestino agreed. “But no matter what happens, you have nothing to worry about, in the end of the day, it’s all just for fun.”

“I know,” Yuuri said, grateful for Celestino’s words and encouragement. “But I really want to win.”

Celestino smiled fondly. “I have no doubt in my mind that you will.”

Yuuri was just about to answer when music started to play through the speakers.

“Welcome everyone to the Grand Prix final of 2011,” the commenter said. “We are here in Canada today and we have an interesting day for all of you.”

“Let’s go,” Celestino said as he placed a hand on his shoulder. “It’s starting.”

Victor felt his heart flutter when Yuuri took the ice.

He was just as beautiful as he was in the cup of China.

And Victor couldn’t be more proud of him for being so calm. He knew that Yuuri was feeling pressure from both left and right and he was amazing for handling all of it.

He was really growing up.

And as the first notes of Titanium started to play, Victor was lost to his soulmate’s performance.

He did however feel a little confused by Yuuri’s lowered difficulty.

He didn’t have a single quad axel which was more or less his signature move.

But he wasn’t too worried about it though, because Yuuri’s step sequence was absolutely mind blowing.

He moved with such skill and talent that Victor was afraid of blinking if it meant missing a single second of his mate’s greatness.

There definitely was something magical about Yuuri when he skated.

Victor had always blamed it on the fact that Yuuri was his soulmate, but as he looked around, he was certain that he wasn’t alone in his beliefs.

The entire rink were holding their breaths as Yuuri skated, and as he was done, they all stood up from their seats to shower him with their adoration.

Victor would expect nothing less.

But now he definitely had his work cut out for him.

If he was going to beat that, he better put his entire soul into it.

And that was just what he was going to do…
… As soon as he had congratulated Yuuri thoroughly.

He reached through the bond and felt his heart soar as he felt Yuuri’s happiness.

It was the most wonderful sensation in the world.

Yuuri gathered a few of the gifts thrown to him as he waved to the audience, then he set his course towards Victor.

Victor always cursed himself for believing that he could reach a maximum level of love for Yuuri, only to discover that he could always love him impossibly more.

Especially like this.

When Yuuri looked so happy that his heart could make quad axels out of joy.

He was so beautiful that he could cry.

And as Yuuri finally crashed into his embrace, Victor could feel nothing but love.

Love and pride.

“I… I made it through,” Yuuri suddenly whispered, completely out of breath. “Did… Did I do well?”

“You did amazing,” Victor quickly reassured him. “No score could ever do you justice.”

Yuuri pulled away from the embrace with a heartwarming smile. “I’m g-glad I could give you a challenge…”

Victor chuckled fondly. “Challenge accepted, my love,” he said, his smile matching Yuuri’s. “Now let’s see your score.”

Yuuri landed on a score of 123.51, which was 12 points less than his own high score from two years ago when he performed Eros, but it was definitely not bad considering that he didn’t have any quad axels in this.

And he couldn’t help but to feel that he actually had a chance to win.

Victor smiled to him from a bit further away, he was the next one to skate and therefore unable to accompany Yuuri at the kiss and cry as he stepped onto the ice.

Yuuri looked to Celestino pleadingly, silently asking him if he could be excused to watch Victor’s program with a good view.

Celestino snorted. “Of course,” he said, knowing exactly what Yuuri was after. “Go watch your mate.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri said politely before he practically bounced to his feet and hurried his way over to the rink wall so he could watch Victor skate out.

Victor blew him a kiss before he spun gracefully into his starting position.

Yuuri was enchanted by his every movement.
And as the music started, it was as if the world melted away around them.

Victor would never stop being magical when he skated.

He was and would always be Yuuri’s inspiration to everything.

Yuuri would always look up to him, just like he always had.

He watched every movement Victor made as he tried to memorize it.

When he was younger he always watched Victor’s routines with the goal of becoming just as good as him.

In his mind, Victor would always be the best.

Despite who held the world record or who won the most medals, his skills and talent would never be able to compare to Victor’s.

Victor was a legend.

“Excuse me?” Someone suddenly asked as he tapped on Yuuri’s shoulder.

“I-in a minute,” Yuuri responded vaguely, unable to tear his eyes away from his soulmate.

He could still see someone in the corner of his eye, and it bothered him more than he was willing to admit.

So despite his strong reluctance he turned to the stranger beside him. “Can I help you?” he asked, confusion clear on his face.

“Mr. Katsuki, I’m a representative from the ISU,” the man said. “And I would like to talk to you about the rumors of your pregnancy.”

Chapter End Notes

50 comments and you’ll get chapter 259 tomorrow!! <3<3

I'm starting to write ahead now that I have nothing but time XD <3 So chapter 259 is already finished! <3 Who knows, if no one replies to any my job applications I might be able to start up daily updates again XD <3

But let's hope that doesn't happen... XD <3

Am I too personal in my A/N? Perhaps XD <3<3 But I want you guys to know my current situation in case my writing suddenly stops/increases.

Since you're always so supportive of my writing, you deserve nothing less! <3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!!! <3<3
Yuuri was convinced that he heard him wrong. “Pregnancy?” he repeated. “I’m not pregnant.”

He had no idea that that was even a rumor.

“I’m afraid we can’t take your word for it, as many people during the cup of china spotted rut symptoms on your mate and saw the two of you leaving together.”

“We got separate rooms,” Yuuri stated, feeling a flare of annoyance. “I’m not pregnant.”

“Would you like to come with me, please?” the man asked politely. “We have a doctor at the rink that’s ready to take your blood samples.”

Yuuri had no idea how to reply, before he suddenly heard the song reaching its end.

He turned around and noticed how Victor had his back turned against him as he accepted hit praise, and judging by the sound of the audience, he must have done amazing.

He cursed himself for missing it.

“Is everything all right?” Celestino suddenly asked as he approached them and placed a supporting hand on Yuuri’s shoulder.

Yuuri looked up to Celestino anxiously. “I’m pretty sure the ISU are getting more creative in trying to disqualify me from the Grand Prix Final.”

Celestino tensed at that before he turned to the ISU representative. “You are not banning my protégé for his secondary gender,” he said lowly. “We’ve been through this, and this is not a fight you’re going to win.”

“I apologize, but this is a matter we take very seriously,” the representative said. “If Mr. Katsuki is hiding his pregnancy, he’s no longer just a danger to himself, but also to an innocent creature. We just need to make sure that nothing like that happens during one of our events.”

Celestino’s eyes widened before he turned to Yuuri. “Are you pregnant?”
“No!” Yuuri snapped. “Victor and I haven’t even…” he let the actual sentence go unsaid. He hoped that Celestino knew what he meant.

Celestino nodded in understanding. “If Yuuri says he’s not pregnant, I believe him and so should you.”

“It’s not really up to me, and unless we have factual evidence, I’m afraid I have to pull him out of the competition,” the man said.

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “You can’t do that,” he said, raising his voice slightly with desperation. “You can’t pull me out of the final because of allegations based on lies.”

“I’m sorry,” the man apologized, but it felt more or less like empty words. “But unless you agree to an examination, there’s nothing else I can do.”

That’s when Victor finally arrived. He had spotted the man from where he stood and immediately felt his temper flare as he felt Yuuri across the bond. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he asked angrily as he stepped up on solid ground, ready to kick the man with his skates if he had to.

No one got to upset Yuuri and get away with it.

The man took a tentative step back at the sight of Victor. “I apologize,” he immediately said. “But I was just telling your mate that we at the ISU need him to go through an examination to put the rumor of his pregnancy to rest.”

Victor didn’t believe his ears. “You can put it to rest right now, because he’s not pregnant, and you don’t need a examination for that. I would feel it.”

“Your words have little credibility when it comes to him, unfortunately,” the man said apologetically. “We will need it confirmed by a doctor or he’s not allowed to skate.”

Victor felt a streak of anger surge through him. “You are not pulling him out because of lies,” he said darkly. “Or I will personally make sure that you’re looking at a very long time of unemployment.”

The man swallowed thickly at the threat. “I- I’m afraid it’s not up to me,” he said. “Either he takes the test or he’s out of the competition.”

“A pregnancy test?” Victor asked in annoyance. “You’re going to make him take a test for no reason at all?”

“If he has nothing to hide, I don’t see why it would be a problem,” the man said. “The sooner you agree, the sooner it will be over.”

Victor looked to Yuuri who seemed incredibly indecisive. “How many vials will I have to leave?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “Leaving blood samples always leave me with a sore arm, and that’s the last thing I need before the free skate tomorrow.”

“We won’t need much,” the man said. “Only enough to determine whether or not you’re carrying a child.”

Yuuri sighed in defeat.

That’s when Victor did a double take. “They want you to leave blood?”

Yuuri nodded sadly.
“That’s the only way to be certain in such an early stage,” the man said. “A normal pregnancy test might not even register the change in your body yet, especially since you’re an omega.”

Victor did not like that response at all. “You cannot force my mate to give up his blood on this crazy witch hunt,” he said lowly. “And if you try, I will make the cup of china seem like a dance on roses compared to the wrath I will bring to the ISU this time.”

“I suggest that you don’t threaten our organization,” the man said. “Unless you wish to be disqualified yourself.”


“They have no right to do this, Yuuri,” Victor stated. “And I will not stand by and let them use their power to suppress your rights.”

Yuuri couldn’t argue with that. He knew that Victor was just looking out for him, but he still wished that there was some way to resolve it peacefully.

“I’ll leave you with a warning that refusing this will probably cause more attention to this case than Mr. Katsuki is willing to handle, if he chooses not to take the test,” the man said and turned to Yuuri. “Am I right?”

“Don’t you dare threaten him,” Victor snapped, taking a step closer to the man. “You don’t get to put words in his mouth or try to manipulate him to play a part in your sick, twisted game. So unless you demand to take blood samples from every competitor in the Grand Prix Final, you’re not getting a drop of his.”

Yuuri gently took Victor’s right hand in his own to keep him from getting any ideas of punching the man. If Victor decided to punch him with his left hand, at least it meant that he had done a little damage control.

The man took a step back. “So you want us to take the blood sample of every competitor in the Grand Prix just so we can rule out a pregnancy from your mate?” he asked in disbelief.

“Is that a problem?” Victor asked, crossing his arms.

The man seemed to be contemplating his response.

That’s when Yakov suddenly approached. “Victor Nikiforov, what in the world is taking you so long? You need to be at the kiss and cry…” he trailed off as he noticed Victor’s posture and the man with an ISU jacket.

He also flickered his gaze to Yuuri and then Celestino before he turned a glare to the strange man. “What’s going on?”

“Fine,” the man exclaimed, throwing his hands up in surrender. “You win. We’ll do some random drug tests in this as well.”

“Good,” Victor said before turning to Yakov. “I’ll be right there,” he promised before pressing a kiss to Yuuri’s head. “I’ll be back soon, stay with Celestino until I come back.”

“Okay,” Yuuri agreed before Victor reluctantly left his side.
The ISU representative walked away in the other direction, probably to consult his colleagues about their new plan.

Yuuri wasn’t too worried though, he knew that he wasn’t pregnant, so he had nothing to hide.

And once everyone else found out the truth, he would probably be grateful for the test that put all those speculations to rest.

If he had been pregnant, of course he wouldn’t be skating.

If they believed that he was such a stereotype, couldn’t they figure that out for themselves?

An omega would never do anything to harm their children.

Born or unborn.

They really wanted him out of the competition.

Probably their last effort to save their own skin.

If they could paint him up to be truly insufficient to skate, they would only have proof to back up their previous assumptions.

Luckily, Yuuri knew that they wouldn’t be able to back anything up with a lie.

Unless they rigged the test.

But they wouldn’t sink that low… Would they?

“It’s going to be okay,” Celestino promised. “They can’t disqualify you over this. The worst thing that can happen is that you’ll have a stiff arm tomorrow, but so will everyone else.”

“But my routine is more reliant on arm movements than most of the others,” Yuuri stated. “Not to mention that I will probably have the strongest reaction to blood loss…”


“What if they rig the test?” Yuuri asked worriedly. “What if they hired a doctor to say that I’m pregnant even though I’m not? Only to keep me from winning.”

“I hope for their sake that they won’t,” Celestino said. “All you need to do is ask for another doctor’s opinion and they would be destroyed without any chance of recovery after pulling something like that.”

Yuuri nodded cautiously. “I hope you’re right.”

“Victor lands on a score of 141.7 and it’s a new world’s record!” the commenter cheered.

Yuuri’s eyes widened as he immediately turned to the scoreboard to see that he actually heard that right before he turned to his soulmate.

Victor didn’t seem too affected about it though as he only smiled a little, excused himself from Yakov and waved at the camera before leaving the kiss and cry to rejoin Yuuri’s side.

Yuuri was however not going to let Victor’s score go unnoticed, so he quickly closed the distance between them and rewarded his soulmate with a kiss.
Victor relaxed at the closeness, and Yuuri could feel how the tightness of his shoulders melted away under his arms.

And as he finally pulled away, he felt his heart skip a beat from the overwhelming feeling of love he felt with Victor being only inches from his own face.

“Congratulations,” Yuuri said nonetheless. “You were amazing.”

“Thank you, love,” Victor said and pressed a soft kiss to his forehead before he looked around the rink. “Where did the ISU person go?”

“I’m not sure,” Yuuri admitted. “He walked away somewhere backstage.”

Victor nodded in understanding. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Yuuri promised with a soft smile. “I’m proud of you.”

Victor blushed happily. “Thank you.”

Yuuri glanced to the big screen that played a repeat of Victor’s combination jump with a quad axel and a triple toe loop.

It was absolutely magical.

“So I guess you just reclaimed your high score,” Yuuri said with a soft smile. “How long do you think you’ll keep it this time?”

“Is that a challenge?” Victor asked, matching Yuuri’s smile.

“Maybe,” Yuuri said vaguely as he played a little with the golden buttons on Victor’s short program costume. “Or maybe I’m just teasing?”

“Either way, you look beautiful doing so,” Victor remarked as he tucked a few strands of hair behind Yuuri’s ear. “And wait until I’m coming for your free skate record…”

“You better fight for it, Nikiforov,” Yuuri said with that special fire in his eyes that had Victor swooning. “I’m not giving you my high score without a fight.”

Victor felt his heart soar. “I’ll do my best.”

Chapter End Notes

We'll see when I'm able to update next time! <3<3 If I get a budy week, you can still expect a chptr on Saturday, but let's hope you get an update before then! <3<3

Also, let me know if there's any of my smaller stories that you would like to see updated! <3<3

Love you!! <33

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!!! <3<3
Yuuri was definitely not a big fan of needles, especially when they were puncturing the skin of his soulmate.

Victor had somehow managed to convince Yuuri to let him be the first one to get his blood extracted for the so called ‘random drug test’.

And since Yuuri was unable to leave Victor’s side, he had to watch the doctor take vial after vial of blood from his mate.

It was horrible.

“Isn’t that enough?” Yuuri finally spoke up. “You said five vials.”

“I’m only on my third,” the doctor responded as he kept his focus on the blood.

Yuuri swallowed thickly as he felt worry grow in his chest.

What if Victor didn’t stop bleeding after they were done filling vials? Or what if it got infected? How big was even the wound?

~I’m fine~ Victor promised him. ~It doesn’t hurt~

Yuuri would have believed him if it hadn’t been for Victor’s insanely high tolerance to pain.

Just like any other alpha, Victor wasn’t that affected when things hurt, if he burned himself or hit himself in any way, he just shook it off and was fine to carry on a few minutes later as if nothing had happened.

“We wouldn’t need to take so much blood if we weren’t testing for a variety of different drugs,” the representative form the ISU spoke up. “If we had stuck with our first option, you would only have needed a prick in your finger and your mate could have saved all of his blood for himself.”

Yuuri was immediately struck by guilt and Victor felt his temper flare.
“Or if it hadn’t been for you or the evil organization you’re working for, this all could have been
avoided altogether,” Victor snapped. “Your whole case is based on rumors, there’s not a single
reason to why you chose to target Yuuri, except for his secondary gender, and you should be
ashamed of yourself.”

The man crossed his arms but said nothing.

“You’re done,” the doctor said as he pulled the needle out of Victor’s arm and replaced it with a
band aid before turning to Yuuri. “Your turn.”

Yuuri felt his heart stop momentarily as the doctor threw the used needle into the trash and took out
another one.

Victor could sense Yuuri’s fear and immediately grew suspicious. “Is that a clean needle?” he
questioned sternly.

“It’s a new needle, I just took it out of the packaging,” the doctor pointed out.

Victor couldn’t argue with that, but it still never hurt to be careful. “Is the package clean? How can
you tell if the needle is sterile?”

“I’ve been doing this for thirty years…” the doctor said with a sigh.

“I don’t care if you’ve been doing this for a century,” Victor claimed. “If you think that you can-”

~Victor?~ Yuuri gently stopped Victor’s ranting.

Victor immediately gave his full attention to Yuuri.

Yuuri smiled to him softly. “I’ll be okay,” he promised. ~It doesn’t hurt too bad… right?~

~It won’t~ Victor promised in hopes to soothe his mate before he turned back to the doctor. “You
better be careful with him,” he said sternly with an appropriate glare that allowed him to leave his
threat hanging.

“Of course,” the doctor agreed before he patted the chair for Yuuri to sit down.

Yuuri swallowed thickly before doing as asked, sitting down on the chair and allowing the doctor to
tie a strap on his upper arm.

The doctor then wiped the inside of his arm with an antiseptic before inserting the needle.

Yuuri stifled a whimper about to escape him.

The sound however didn’t go pass Victor. “Careful!” he snapped.

“Omegas are a lot more sensitive than alphas,” the doctor said. “He’s fine.”

Victor ignored that idiotic statement completely. “Honey, are you okay?” he asked instead, making it
perfectly clear that if Yuuri said something that he didn’t like, there would be hell to pay for that
doctor.

“I’m okay,” Yuuri said. “It just stung a little.”

Victor nodded in understanding before he felt his stomach twist as the doctor began taking vials of
Yuuri’s blood.
And the look of discomfort on Yuuri’s face definitely didn’t help him feel any calmer.

It wasn’t until the fifth vial was done and the doctor reached for a sixth that Victor felt the anger return to him. “What do you think you’re doing?” he questioned. “You’ve taken five.”

“This is for the pregnancy test,” the doctor stated and filled up the sixth vial. “Now I’m done.”

“You said that you only needed a few drops for the pregnancy test, not a whole vial,” Victor said angrily.

“The needle was already in, it was a simpler procedure than having to prick another hole somewhere,” the doctor said.

“And you don’t think that blood loss is going to affect his performance tomorrow?” Victor questioned in annoyance. “I demand to get another doctor’s opinion on this.”

“Victor, it’s okay,” Yuuri promised as the doctor put on a band-aid on his arm to stop the bleeding. “It’s over now and I’m good.”

“Are you sure?” Victor asked worriedly as he closed the distance between them so he could help Yuuri out of the chair despite him being fully able to do that on his own with just a little bit of unsteadiness.

“I’m sure,” Yuuri promised as he found his balance. “My arm is just a bit stiff, but it will probably be better by tomorrow.”

Victor nodded hesitantly. “It better be,” he said before turning to the doctor and the ISU representative. “For their sake.”

Yuuri regarded his mate, he could tell that Victor was worried and it immediately transformed into anger, but hopefully he wouldn’t have anything to worry about.

“So you’ll get the result tomorrow, and then we’ll see if you’re allowed to skate or not,” the representative said.

“Tomorrow?” Yuuri repeated in slight panic. Dreading the idea of getting a sleepless night full of worry.

“We want the result tonight,” Victor demanded. “Or so help me, there won’t be a grand prix tomorrow.”

There was no room left for arguing as Victor turned his back on the wide-eyed representative and walked out of the examination tent, making a dramatic exit.

Yuuri hesitated for only a short moment as he contemplated whether or not he should make excuses for his mate. He eventually decided against it and followed Victor outside without another word.

Victor was waiting for him just outside and met him with a warm smile. “It’s going to be okay, love,” he promised. “We’re in this together, and we’re a lot stronger than any of those hateful people… We have the truth and law on our side. No matter what they’re trying to prove, they’ll find nothing.”

“Unless they fake it,” Yuuri said with a sad smile, grateful for Victor’s positivity, but also feeling like no matter what he said, no one would ever believe him.
“They can go to jail for that,” Victor pointed out. “I hope for their sake that they’re not dumb enough to fake it… Because it’s impossible for them to get away with it.”

“I hope you’re right,” Yuuri said carefully.

Victor tucked the hair away from Yuuri’s forehead and pressed a soft kiss to it. “You know I can’t lie to you.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but to chuckle softly at that. “Yeah, I know…”

Victor wrapped his arm around Yuuri as he decided to lighten the mood. “So what do you feel like for lunch? We’re in Canada, should we try something local.”

“What’s Canada’s national dish?” Yuuri asked curiously.

“I don’t know,” Victor admitted. “Moose?”

Yuuri broke down laughing at that and Victor couldn’t stop himself from joining in. “Isn’t it moose?”

Yuuri pressed a kiss to Victor’s cheek. “I love you,” he claimed as his laughter settled down. “Thank you for always reminding me of why.”

“Don’t think that I will ever stop,” Victor mused. “I can’t let my own soulmate forget something that essential.”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Yuuri quickly reassured him. “I Just… I didn’t think that I could possibly love you so much more… Yet here you are, proving me wrong every time.”

Victor smiled fondly at the declaration. “That makes it two of us…”

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think? <3<3

Will anyone come out of this battle as the winner? And how will the public react to the news? <3<3

Let me know what you think! <3<3

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS <3<3<3
Chapter 261

Chapter Summary

The ISU gets into trouble for their actions.

Chapter Notes

Here's a short chapter to wrap up this part of the story! <3 I hope you'll like it! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the night finally arrived, another representative from the ISU called Yuuri and profoundly apologized for the mistake.

It was a little bit disappointing that the person who had been responsible for the entire ordeal didn’t possess the courage to apologize himself.

But Yuuri felt a strong sense of relief in getting the truth confirmed, even though he was also feeling drained from the day.

Not to mention the blood loss.

“An apology? Is that all they could offer you?” Victor asked in annoyance as Yuuri retold the conversation he had with the ISU representative.

“Well, they will also give me a public apology,” Yuuri admitted. “There’s not really that much else they can do.”

“They could arrange a public execution of that asshole that made you take the test to start with,” Victor stated before taking a deep breath to calm down. “Or maybe not an execution, but they should put him in that… you know, from the middle ages, the thing made of wood that they put people in to shame them…”

“Pillory stock?” Yuuri asked with slight amusement.

“Yes! A pillory stock!” Victor exclaimed with a sigh of relief. “They should put him in one of those and then throw rotten tomatoes on him.”

Yuuri shook his head fondly. “You want to put the ISU guy in a pillory stock?” he asked. “Where?”

“In the rink preferably,” Victor stated. “They can give him a good view of the competition so he can see you on that podium… Hopefully that’ll put some sense into his thick head.”

“I never took you to be the bitter kind,” Yuuri said with a knowing smile. “Nor vengeful.”

“That’s because you have never tried to discriminate my soulmate,” Victor pointed out. “I tend to get a little bit upset at people who do that…”
Yuuri couldn’t help but chuckle at that. “You don’t say?”

Victor softened at the sound of Yuuri’s laugh and decided to let go of his anger. “How’s your arm?” he asked gently.

“It’s still a little bit stiff,” Yuuri admitted as he stretched it a little. “But I’m mostly tired.”

“We should sleep,” Victor stated. “It’s late and it’s been a long day.”

“Yeah,” Yuuri agreed. “Will I see you in my dreams?”

Victor smiled as he sat down next to Yuuri and gently kissed his hand. “You wouldn’t be able to keep me away.”

…………………………

Despite the public apology, people and fans were still outraged at the ISU. The fact that they had taken blood from an omega and hadn’t done it for medical purposes even got the Omega protective services to spring to life. It even got to that point that the ISU threatened to cancel the Grand Prix altogether and the OPS were actively trying to forcefully shut them down as well. The entire morning was filled with calls and meetings and more calls and even an omega specialist doctor coming in to examine Yuuri’s arm.

A light bruise had formed on his inner arm, and the doctor deemed it to be severe enough to form a strong lawsuit against both the doctor that performed the procedure and the ISU. Apparently the doctor should have used a smaller needle adapted for omegas, which he hadn’t.

Not that Yuuri wanted to sue the doctor for doing his job. But he was considering a lawsuit against the ISU, if nothing else, he would probably do it for all the unnecessary stress they had put on both him and Victor.

He only hated how guilty he felt for everything going on.

Skaters had been traveling from all across the world. They had trained and worked for months for an event that would probably be canceled because of him.

“It’s not your fault,” Victor quickly reassured him as he heard the thought entering Yuuri’s mind. “It’s the ISU’s.”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed half-heartedly. “But I still feel like I got the whole class into trouble for just existing.”

Victor squeezed Yuuri’s hand in silent support. “If it hadn’t been you, it would have happened to someone else,” he said gently. “You haven’t done anything to deserve how the ISU have been treating you.”

Yuuri nodded in understanding. “I just… Sometimes I’m wondering if it’s all worth it…” he admitted. “The skating I mean… My life would be so much easier if I just quit.”

Victor immediately felt a streak of worry rush through him. “You can’t give up,” he said. “You deserve to do exactly what you want, but you can’t let them win, not after all of this.”
“I’m not letting them win,” Yuuri claimed. “But I just want to skate, I don’t want to cause another war. I feel more like a social justice warrior than an athlete.”

Victor sighed. “I know,” he said tiredly. “And it’s not fair that you have been put in this position, but I’m still grateful that it’s you. You are the strongest person I know, and I’m confident that you can win this.”

“I don’t feel like a winner,” Yuuri admitted. “No matter how this ends, people will get hurt, people will lose their jobs, the other skaters will have lost out on their chances to compete and all of our fans will be left with disappointment.”

“They will understand,” Victor stated. “Let’s say you pulled out… Then the winner will always be left wondering ‘what if?’. What if Yuuri Katsuki had been allowed to compete, would I have won then? And then in a couple of years, Phichit tries to enter the competition and is immediately denied. Other organizations begin to follow the ISU’s example and start banning omegas from other things. Soon enough omegas won’t be going to school and history would repeat itself.”

Yuuri cringed at the example.

“I know that you hate this kind of spotlight,” Victor continued. “And I would gladly take it off you if I could, but I can’t…”

“I know,” Yuuri agreed. “But it shouldn’t be your responsibility either. You deserve to just enjoy the competitions like any other skater. And you deserve to get angry at the fact that it’s canceled, instead of having to play social justice warrior with me.”

Victor softened at that. “You know I don’t mind,” he claimed. “There’s no place that I would rather be than your side.”

“I just wish that my side was a little bit more comfortable,” Yuuri said as an attempt for humor. “I wish that I could offer you more than a life to be a co-receiver to all of my problems.”

“You would do the same for me,” Victor stated with a shrug. “And who knows? In a couple of years, the ISU might want to try and ban me, and there’s no one else I would rather want with me than social justice warrior Yuuri Katsuki.”

Yuuri smiled at that. A genuine smile that had Victor’s heart flutter with joy.

“Thank you, Victor,” Yuuri said. “You always know what to say.”

“I learned from the best,” Victor said proudly.

“You mean yourself?” Yuuri asked in amusement. “You’re older, you knew what to say before I could even speak.”

Victor blinked a few times as he realized that Yuuri was right. “Well, I guess I would have to take credit for that one then,” he admitted. “If I managed to teach you to be so brilliant, I must have been a pretty amazing teacher.”

Yuuri smiled fondly. “You were definitely the best.”

The OPS ended up with shutting the Grand Prix Final down for discrimination, and they were also planning on pressing a giant lawsuit against them.
Yuuri didn’t have much to say about it as the representative from the OPS explained that it was a thing of principle.

During the cup of China, the OPS left the ISU with a warning they clearly ignored, which left them with no other choice than to take action.

The only thing they could hope for was for the next leaderboard to actually be decent.

But until that happened it seemed like the ISU had to go on an indefinite break.

And Yuuri and Victor had to go on a indefinite vacation.

Chapter End Notes

The ISU really need to reform XD <3 And I can finally focus on more interesting things than this competition! <3 I have tons of ideas but I would also love to hear yours!! <3<3

I hope you're not too mad about the short length of this chapter, I'll try to make it up with the next one! <33

Thank you for reading!! <3<3

KUDOS!! <3<3
Chapter 262

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Victor starts missing each other, and Victor carefully begins to plan their summer together.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! <3<3 Here's an update for all of you! <3
I hope you'll like it!! <3<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A month had passed since the Grand Prix final shut down and Victor and Yuuri were slowly starting to feel the withdrawal from each other.

It had never been easy to be apart, but the past year they had been together a lot more than they ever had before, and it was definitely affecting both of them.

Yuuri had started a new course about retro games which contained a lot of literature and long lectures from teachers, which inevitably caused him to reach out to his mate to keep himself from dying of boredom.

Not that Victor would ever complain.

Victor had started a boring course as well were most of his assignments were about market surveys, where he had to measure different demographics and target groups and translate them into different kinds of diagrams.

But as soon as he got some time off, he carefully started to browse different holiday houses.

He was going to surprise Yuuri with a wonderful vacation somewhere abroad with an amazing view and close to a country village.

He had just gotten his driver’s license a couple of weeks ago, so he would have no problem driving them out.

And if Yuuri got his driver’s license before summer, they might even be able to take a road trip somewhere.

Maybe Italy would be nice… Or maybe China…

There needed to be a romantic fireplace, and a pool.

~Are you busy?~ Yuuri suddenly asked.
Victor smiled.

~Never when it comes to you~ Victor promised. ~What’s going on?~

Yuuri wasn’t one to cheat, but he was researching for his assignment on a retro game and all the sudden he had arrived to a website where everything was in Chinese.

And rather than having to translate the whole thing and probably have to misinterpret a lot of it, he figured that asking Victor for help was the best alternative.

And it also gave him an excuse to listen to his soulmate’s beautiful voice for a few hours.

~I can translate it for you, but I’m not sure I’ll be able to help too much, it has a lot of technical words I don’t know how to explain~ Victor said apologetically.

But that was completely fine.

Yuuri somehow managed to fall asleep to the sound of Victor’s voice and woke up the next day just to find out that he had overslept.

He quickly gathered his things and stumbled out of his dorm and away to class.

He had returned Vicchan home over Christmas, so luckily he wouldn’t have to worry about his walks during the day.

But he did however look like a disaster.

At least he got the full college experience…

He arrived at the classroom and stopped for several moments outside the door, dreading to get everyone’s eyes turned on him.

He braced himself before carefully opening the door, cringing slightly as the hinges made a whining sound.

He then thanked the gods when he found out that a movie clip was playing in the classroom, meaning that most of his classmates already had their attention on the screen in front of the class and only a few turned around to greet him.

He found a seat quickly and dug up his notes. But as he looked at them, he realized that he had forgotten something important…

His glasses.

Victor felt highly amused when Yuuri retold the story of his morning over the bond.

~Do you have bad vision if you look through my eyes?~ Yuuri asked curiously. ~Or maybe you can make sense of my notes~

Victor was at home reading online polls on beauty products and so no reason why he wouldn’t be able to help.

But unfortunately, he wasn’t much help as his vision was probably as blurry as Yuuri’s.
But he did notice something that made him do a double-take.

A lot of Yuuri’s classmate’s were staring at him, and as soon as he looked at them, they looked away with deep blushes.

Victor didn’t like it.

He didn’t like it one bit.

~They probably didn’t recognize me~ Yuuri said as he picked up on Victor’s feelings. ~And then they must have gotten embarrassed over it~

A part of Victor almost wanted to believe that, but Yuuri without glasses was a phenomenon he couldn’t quite explain.

He had seen Yuuri on the ice and he had seen him on enough photoshoots to confirm that he had a special power over people when he looked like that.

He should probably stay close in case anyone got any ideas…

“You’re not wearing your glasses,” was the first thing Yuuri was told as the class was over.

“I know,” Yuuri said sheepishly. “I overslept and I forgot about them.”

“How can you even see?” Stephanie - a fellow glasses person asked him in disbelief.

“Well, I can’t,” Yuuri admitted. “Or I can, but not well…”

“How did you read the subtitles on that last clip then?” Kevin asked. “I have some notes in case you want to…”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri quickly reassured him. “The clip was in Russian and I know Russian.”

“You know Russian?” Smith asked in awe.

“Victor,” Yuuri said simply.

“Right…” all of his friends said in unison, as if just remembering that Victor existed.

“Anyways, I should probably get going,” Yuuri said apologetically. “I miss seeing texture.”

“Do you need help to your dorm?” Stephanie asked worriedly.

“It’s just across the schoolyard, I’ll be fine,” Yuuri promised with a reassuring smile. But just as he turned to walk, he almost slipped on a patch of ice.

Luckily, his classmates managed to steady him in the last second.

“Thank you,” Yuuri said as he tugged himself free from their grip, his face burning with embarrassment. “I guess I deserved that for being over-confident.”

“We’ll walk you,” Kevin decided as the rest of his friends followed suit.

Victor was grateful for Yuuri’s friends, even though he couldn’t shake the constant feeling that they
wanted his mate for themselves.

If it hadn’t been for the ring on Yuuri’s finger, he was pretty sure that all of them would have tried to seduce him by now.

Not that Yuuri was to blame, he never encouraged anyone’s approaches and he always remained on friendly terms with everyone.

But his beauty could not be questioned, it was almost too overpowering at times.

And Yuuri’s friends had probably just gotten a taste of how beautiful Yuuri could be, and for that reason he couldn’t help but to worry a little.

Most of them already had a crush on Yuuri, and this probably didn’t do them any favours.

He should probably talk to Yuuri about that. His mate deserved to know that he had an army of pining classmates surrounding him. If he didn’t already know it.

~I have my sight back~ Yuuri exclaimed in relief as he put on his glasses. ~How’s your day going?~

~So far it’s slow… Did you know that about sixty to seventy percent of people ignore surveys?~

Yuuri didn’t know that,

~Well, that makes it difficult to establish the statistics of the products I’m researching~ Victor admitted. ~I hope you have better luck studying than I do~

Yuuri felt his heart ache for his mate.

~Anything I can do to help?~ Yuuri asked. ~Maybe I can call some people up and yell at them for not answering their surveys?~

Victor couldn’t help but to laugh at that.

~That seems a little bit excessive, love~ Victor said in amusement. ~But thank you~

Yuuri smiled fondly.

~Anything for you~

Victor felt his heart flutter with love and he suddenly felt unbelievably special.

He knew that there was no one else that Yuuri would offer to help like this. There was no one else that Yuuri would talk to like he did to him. If he was to tell Yuuri that he was beautiful, he wouldn’t get uncomfortable, he would only get touched.

That was what set him apart from all the others.

He was Yuuri’s lover.

The one and only.
The rest of Yuuri’s friends could do nothing but imagine how wonderful it would feel to have that special part of Yuuri’s heart.

The part that only belonged to him.

~Is something wrong?~ Yuuri asked after a while.

~Nothing is wrong, love~ Victor promised. ~I’m just thinking about how lucky I am~

Yuuri felt his heart flutter.

~That makes it two of us~ Yuuri said. ~I don’t know what I would ever do without you~

Victor felt the exact same way.

If Yuuri ever vanished into thin air, he would probably vanish with him. A life without his Yuuri was not one he was willing to consider.

Without Yuuri’s smile, his laugh, the way his eyes sparkled, the way he looked when he told him that he loved him…

He needed all of that in his life. If it ever disappeared, he wouldn’t survive.

~You don’t ever have to worry about that~ Yuuri promised. ~I would never be able to leave you. You know I can’t survive without the better half of my soul~

Victor knew better than to engage in a ‘I love you more’ or ‘You are the more amazing soulmate’ war with Yuuri. They always went on for hours, and Yuuri currently had an advantage with the timezones.

~I love you, Yuuri~ Victor said with so much emotion that Yuuri was scared of breathing for a moment. ~I wish I could show you just how much, but someone has apparently placed an ocean between us~

Yuuri chuckled a little before he told Victor that no distance would ever be great enough to keep them apart.

He felt the happiness radiate from Victor before he also felt a little bit of worry. It had been on and off for the past hour.

~I’m just a bit worried about your friends~ Victor finally admitted. ~They seemed a bit too… interested in you today~

Yuuri frowned thoughtfully.

~They were probably startled from seeing me without my glasses~ Yuuri admitted. ~I do look a bit different without them~

Victor held himself back from laughing.

~A little bit, yes~ Victor agreed. ~But they looked at you like you would have walked into that
classroom without a shirt on. I think the janitor will have to work overtime after wiping up all the drool from them~

Yuuri snorted.

He recognized Victor’s jealousy when he heard it.

~Even if that’s true, they would never act on it~ Yuuri claimed. ~They know I love you and they all respect me as their friend and they wouldn’t do anything to hurt me~

Victor knew that, but he still hated the fact that Yuuri was around people that desired him in that way.

~You don’t have anything to worry about~ Yuuri promised. ~I trust them~

Victor only hoped that it was enough.

~Besides, I don’t think I’m the only one with classmates attracted to me~ Yuuri pointed out. ~When your teacher announced the group project last week, your entire class turned to you~

~That’s because they know that I’m good at projects~ Victor claimed. ~Not because they think they have a chance with me~

~My friends know that they have no chance with me, but that doesn’t mean that they’ll freeze me out or stop spending time with me just because I won’t reciprocate their feelings~ Yuuri pointed out. ~They are my friends, and if they would ever try anything with me without my consent, they better get ready to move to mars~

Victor sighed as he realized that Yuuri was right. His friends were insanely smart for managing to get into Yuuri’s prestigious school, they knew much better than trying to go after Yuuri when they knew just how much power he held.

And if they were willing to lose Yuuri as their friend, they didn’t even deserve to be classified as creatures with brain cells.

They would be idiots.

~And you’re not feeling sick of me?~ Victor asked worriedly. ~Or you’re not forgetting about me… Right?~

Yuuri had never heard a more unnecessary question in his life. Of course he wouldn’t.

~I miss you~ Victor admitted. ~I can’t wait to see you~

Yuuri would have to agree.

Their reuniting couldn’t come soon enough.
50 comments and you get a new chapter tomorrow!! <3<3 #Bonusupdate

You've done it before, I know you can do it again! <3<3

Lots of exciting things to come as I wrap up this schoolyear for them! <3<3

I'm currently on chapter 265! <3 And a lot of loose ends are getting wrapped up <3<3 I hope you're excited for the build up before their summer of passion! <3<3

Thank you for reading! <3<3 KUDOS!! <3<3

End Notes

You can follow me on tumblr! <3 https://sophialala1.tumblr.com/ And you will never miss anything related to dearly beloved... ;) <3 I have a few short stories, additional chapters and a lot of fanart over there <3 So feel free to hi me up! <3<3

Kudos to all! <3<3


Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!