Narratives

by revamped

Summary

Victor has never been a traditional omega - he's bold, confident, and very sexy. If anyone has anything negative to say about him, it's easily washed away with his gold medals and innate skating ability.

That is, until he's raped by an alpha during a night out, and suddenly he needs to fight to reclaim the narrative of his own assault. Needs to fight, tooth and nail, to prove that it wasn't his fault.

Written for this kink meme prompt.

Notes

I definitely got on my soap box a little for this fic, haha. I've never written A/B/O before, but the kink meme prompt asked for it, so I included it. I'm a little concerned with incorporating
A/B/O with such a serious topic, so let me know how you're feeling about it as the story progresses. And let me know if you feel I'm not handling something respectfully.

I tried some fancy things with non-linear narrative. I hope they work for you all! This is also the first present tense fic I've written in forever.

There won't be an entire rape scene in this, but there will be bits and pieces, and they're pretty graphic. Not in a sexual way, but I definitely wanted to portray how awful everything Victor faces is. First chapter is definitely not representative of the fic's overall intensity, but I'll make sure to warn if anything particularly upsetting is coming up.
Chapter 1

After,

“You know,” Yuuri murmurs, quiet in the early dawn light, running his thumb along Victor’s cheek with such open tenderness that Victor could almost weep, “I was so afraid of it, for so long.”

“Afraid of what, my love?” Victor replies, kissing Yuuri’s palm, his wrist, as he continues to touch.

“Sex,” Yuuri says, matter of fact, unashamed.

“Oh,” Victor says, trying to keep the note of surprise out of his voice.

“I was so afraid it would hurt,” Yuuri continues, beginning to hesitate a little bit and monitor Victor’s expression.

“It’s fine, Victor tells him with his eyes, the nod of his head, I don’t mind you talking about this.

“I heard, ah, it’ll hurt the first time, but your instincts will make you like it. That it would hurt because alphas don’t prepare you enough even if you can get wet yourself. I was scared. So,” he went on, quickly, “I’m glad my first time was with you. And that it didn’t hurt. And it was good, so good.”

“It should be good,” Victor says, thoughtfully. “It should always be good.”

“It’s good with you,” Victor thinks.

“Am I enough for you?” Yuuri frets. “I mean, I can’t… Biologically, I can’t…”

“Am I enough for you?” Victor shoots back.

“Yes,” Yuuri gasps, “Yes, but you’re Victor Nikiforov.”

They are in Hatsetsu, taking in the peaceful, quiet moments between the Rostelecom Cup and the Grand Prix final. It’s cold outside, but they warm each other with the heat of their bodies. Makkachin slumbers in the small space next to them, blissfully calm after her near-death experience.

“Haven’t we already been over this?” Victor laughs. “You’re perfect. Japan’s ace.”

“It’s fine, Victor tells him with his eyes, the nod of his head, I don’t mind you talking about this.

“I heard, ah, it’ll hurt the first time, but your instincts will make you like it. That it would hurt because alphas don’t prepare you enough even if you can get wet yourself. I was scared. So,” he went on, quickly, “I’m glad my first time was with you. And that it didn’t hurt. And it was good, so good.”

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“Haven’t we already been over this?” Victor laughs. “You’re perfect. Japan’s ace.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri blurs out, “I don’t mean to be so anxious about this. I’m just not used to wanting. Or, wanting and not being too nervous to do anything.”

“Oh?” Victor teases. “You want me?”

“Yes,” Yuuri says, softly.

“Oh Yuuri,” Victor breathes, lips turning up into a giddy smile. “Please believe how much I want you, too.”

Yuuri blushes cutely and Victor kisses him, inhales something sweet like cherry blossoms. Their relationship is so new, budding just like a flower in spring, and even though Yuuri knows about him, about the trauma in his past, he can’t quite verbalize it to Yuuri yet.

Communication is still an elusive, flighty thing. When they can’t find it, there are misunderstandings
and tears. Victor needs to learn how to process and support Yuuri’s anxiety, and Yuuri needs to take in Victor’s past without judgement. Victor is still so wary of what Yuuri might say.

One day in the near future, after the stressful Grand Prix Final is finished, he’ll sit down and make Yuuri tea, just like Hiroko showed Victor Yuuri likes it. It will be quiet and soft and Victor will be calm, content, fighting through the fluttering nerves in his stomach.

He’ll explain, “I don’t need an alpha. I don’t want an alpha. I still can’t think of being knotted by one without wanting to vomit, so please - you’ve always been enough. And I’m so, so glad that I love you and that you’re an omega, because I never want to sleep with an alpha ever again.”

Yuuri will cry, and Victor’s heart will thump painfully in his chest, and they’ll hold each other after, during a bitterly cold winter night. Yuuri won’t judge him, though, won’t tell him what he should need or should want.

And Yuuri will whisper I love you as he cries, pressing the words into Victor’s cheeks and hands and forehead with his lips, and Victor will feel lighter than he has in years.

It’s been so, so long since he’s been loved like this.

Before,

Oh, it’s hot, it’s so hot. Victor is eighteen and wanton and moaning loud enough that the neighbors already came down once to bang on the door. There’s an alpha behind him, whose name Victor didn’t bother to learn because it won’t matter come tomorrow morning.

It’s not his heat, but he’s so good, so hot and so good. A full-bodied giggle makes his back curl upward, and he ruts back onto the fingers scissoring him open, wide and thick.

“Mooore,” he moans, barely coherent. “Faster, faster.”

The alpha teases him more, licking a wet stripe along the curve where his thighs meet his ass, taking in his slick and his sweat. He spreads his cheeks wide and licks him, pressing his tongue into Victor’s hole, and Victor squeals in pleasure.

“Yesss,” he nearly sobs, “Yes, yes, yes-”

Victor practically begs the alpha to shove his thick cock inside him already, pretty pretty please. Victor wants, he wants, he wants.

The friction burns delightfully, the sounds of skin and the smells of alpha and omega pheromones mingling is almost enough for Victor to lose himself completely.

(He never loses himself completely. Even at the peak of his heats, his rational mind can remind him to drink, to eat, to think - he’s never fully gone, and he suspects his partners aren’t either.)

“I’m going to fill you up,” the alpha growls as he fucks him, “I’m going to fill you up with my come, till you’re swollen and full of me.”

“Oh, oh, oh,” Victor gasps. He’s not worried about pregnancy, he’s been on birth control since he was fifteen and his single heat a year isn’t for another two months, but he can let the alpha pretend.

The alpha grips his long silver hair, pulled back into a thick braid, and pulls.
Victor comes, and comes, and moans at the way the alpha fills him, on his hands and knees, sloppy and begging and having so much fun.

The next morning, in the early light of dawn, he snaps a picture, then another and another, struggling with the angle as he can’t see himself on the gen-one iPhone camera. Eventually, annoyed, he prods the alpha awake and asks him to take the picture.

It’ll go on Myspace later, probably. The description will probably be *Mornings in Venice*, because he’s in Venice, celebrating a successful touring ice show, but he’ll be sure to play up the playful pout of his kiss-bitten lips, the gentle part of his thighs, barely covered by a buttondown shirt two sizes too big.

This alpha was a good lay, but he wasn’t too much better than the one in Paris, or the one in Beijing, or the one in Colorado Springs.

Yakov is probably going to yell at him, but Victor lies back, sated and giddy, and finds he doesn’t mind.

*After,*

The cameras flash, bright and loud. Yuuri blinks, still half-blind without his glasses, grasping for something to ground him from the overwhelming rush of emotions. A scent wafts over him, sweet and cloying and sharp like wintermint - and he relaxes, breathing it in along with the familiar heady cold of fresh ice.

Victor comes up behind him and holds him close, warming him with his body and his scent, his arms wrapping a tight embrace around his stomach and his cheek cool against Yuuri’s flushed face.

“You were wonderful, solnyshko,” he murmurs into Yuuri’s ear, and Yuuri shivers.

The press is jabbering already, throwing questions at him that quickly blur together as he stammers out answers.

“N-no, I’m not retiring after this season.”

“Yes, I feel I improved greatly from the last season.”

“I think it’ll be very interesting to be competing against my coach next season.”

Yuuri can picture the press releases already, his red-flushed cheeks, Victor pressed up behind him - but it’s hard to worry about that now, not with the heavy weight of silver against his chest and the softness of Victor’s skin right there.

“You program was bold, sexual - almost scandalous. I know every alpha in the building had their eyes on you. Tell me, did your coach play a part in that sexual awakening?”

Yuuri goes bright red. He feels Victor stiffen, and not in a sexy way. He’s not sure whether this particular reporter is commenting on his and Victor’s relationship, very public very quickly, or Victor’s famously (or infamously, depending on who’s commenting) shameless sexuality.

Yuuri has always admired his confidence. He hates that anyone would want to take that away.

“My program was on love,” Yuuri says, hoping he sounds firmer than he feels under the reporter’s
strangely intense stare, “All kinds of love. Eros is just one component of a feeling too big for me to put one label on, and it’s inspired by the people in my life who love me.”

The reporter, Russian going by his accent, makes a small tutting sound. “Come now, don’t be shy. It’s hard not to see some threads of young Victor in you, with you in a costume of his that infamously was inspired by bondage and lingerie.”

Yuuri knows this. Fifteen year old Victor had been quite clear on this costume’s inspiration - and had even expressed interest in modeling actual lingerie, which had caused a lot of gleeful squealing on the forums Yuuri frequented as a kid but was in no uncertain terms shot down by a furious Yakov Feltsman.

This reporter’s gaze, a strange mix of leering and disapproving, flicks from Yuuri to Victor back to Yuuri.

“I have always loved this costume,” Yuuri stammers. “It’s what Victor wore at his senior debut, a- and the program he skated is still one of my favorites. It was such a big part of why I decided to take up skating professionally. Even at such a young age, I knew. I wanted to skate on the same ice as Victor.”

The other surrounding reporters make cooing sounds, already crafting headlines about how the grand prix silver medalist fell in love with his childhood icon, and Yuuri relaxes a little bit. Feels Victor relax a little bit.

“This will be the first time you’ve really earned significant prize money from a senior event outside of Japanese nationals,” a different reporter pipes up, Italian maybe, and Yuuri winces at the reminder of his late success, “What do you plan on doing with it?”

“Is Victor forcing you to put it away in his charity?”

There’s that same reporter from earlier. Yuuri swallows, caught off guard by just how aggressive he is.

“He’s a brilliant skater and he won on his own talents, therefore he can do what he wants with the prize money,” comes Victor’s voice, sharp and annoyed, “How much did you bribe for your press pass this year, hm?”

There’s a very awkward pause at this, and Yuuri feels the tension, thick as fog in the air. He really doesn’t like this reporter.

“I am going to do what I want with the prize money,” Yuuri echoes Victor, staring the reporter in the eye. “And what I want is to donate all of it to Victor’s charity.”

Victor stiffens again, but his arms tighten around Yuuri’s stomach and his breath hitches in Yuuri’s ear.

The reporter’s eyes widen in shock, and he glares, furiously writing something down.

“If you’ll excuse us,” Victor smirks, “We are both very tired and need to prepare for the banquet. No more questions at this time.”

“Who was that?” Yuuri hisses, pulling on sweatpants with more force than is strictly necessary.

Yuuri recognizes the sarcasm immediately and abandons his frantic attempts to tie the tie at his waist. He curls up next to Victor on their hotel bed, pulling Victor to his chest and baring his neck so Victor can nuzzle into the scent glands there, breath feather-soft. Victor makes a very pleased noise, running his thumb along Yuuri’s collarbone.

“Volkov,” Yuuri mutters, “Why does that name sound familiar?”

“If you’ve read anything bad about me in the last eight years,” Victor laughs humorlessly, “There’s a good chance you’ve run across something by him.”

“I would never!” Yuuri gasps, sounding very affronted. This time, Victor’s laugh is genuine, and he holds Yuuri tight, listening to the pounding of Yuuri’s heart in his ear. It’s soft, comforting, just like the way he smells. Victor drowns in it, blissfully.

“I know, love, I know,” Victor assures him, pressing a finger to his lips. He pauses then, and cups Yuuri’s cheek, meeting his gaze properly to ask in a trembling voice, “Did you mean it? That you’d donate your winnings to Athletes Against Sexual Assault? I know, I mean, I have more prize money than you do, and it’s not gold—”

Yuuri gives him a look. A very, very irritated look. Victor isn’t afraid, though, not of this look, because he’d never be afraid of Yuuri. Precious Yuuri. Yuuri who pokes him on the head, right at the whorl of his hair part, indicating he’s annoyed at Victor’s callousness. Victor supposes he deserves that, but it doesn’t stop him from whining and burying his face in Yuuri’s shoulder.

Suddenly, soft hands cup his cheeks and lift his chin up so that they’re staring at each other, meeting each other’s gaze.

Yuuri kisses his forehead. “Yes,” he breathes, watching the light flicker in Victor’s bright blue eyes, “All of it. I know how much it means to you.”

Victor lets out a choked gasp and brings their lips together. He slides up Yuuri, slides his hands along Yuuri’s bare chest, trying his best to memorize every inch of Yuuri’s mouth.

Yuuri squeaks in surprise, and Victor pulls back, lips red and cheeks flushed and eyes slightly glassy.

The prize money is only a small part of his figure skating income, so this is more symbolic than anything, reminiscent of how Victor has donated most of his prize money to his charity in the three years it’s been active. And anyway, Victor has never been one to ignore symbolism. They shower together, Victor’s hands working wet, soapy circles into Yuuri’s hair. The bathroom perfumes with the scent of their bodies, and as he admires Yuuri’s porcelain limbs, defined with beautiful muscle, arousal builds in the pit of Victor’s stomach.

When they have sex, make love, whatever - it’s always warm. A steady thrum of heat that curls around him, cozy as a blanket. Whether Yuuri is just pleasuring him with his hands, his mouth - or whether Victor is inside him (because bottoming is still out of the question, and Yuuri understands), it’s like the feeling in his belly after a bowl of hot katsudon, or the tug of emotion he’d felt when puppy Makkachin had finally crawled out from under Yakov’s couch and curled up to sleep on the bed beside him.

It’s nice to feel like this again, to know that he can.
Before,

Yakov discovers Victor’s first Myspace when Victor is sixteen. The next day, at practice, he snatches away Victor’s bright pink flip phone and gives him perhaps the most intense lecture of his career.

On that Myspace were catalogs of pictures - Victor with various boyfriends, Victor in various states of undress, pictures he’d clearly taken himself or asked the boyfriends to take for him.

“I don’t get it,” Victor cries, stamping his feet in fury. “What’s so bad about me being confident? You let me do whatever I want in my routines, Yakov. So why can’t I show off off-ice as well?”

“I couldn’t stop your routines even if I tried, you hate my choreography,” Yakov growls, sounding like he’s reaching into the depths of his soul to find the patience for this conversation. “But Victor, you’re not even an adult-”

“I’m legal in Russia!”

“And once something’s out there, you have no control over what people do with it!”

Victor pouts. He’s wearing his favorite skating outfit, a crop top and skin-tight athletic leggings, and was definitely planning on taking a few choice mirror pictures after practice, all sweaty and hot, but now he feels stupid and wants stupid Yakov to leave him alone.

“I read the comments people left you,” Yakov snaps. “Can you honestly say you like getting things like that?”

No. That’s a firm no. Victor doesn’t mind being told he’s gorgeous (and hot, and sexy, and even fuckable) but there’s been more than one occasion where Victor has gotten a comment from an alpha, or sometimes even a beta, that was too crude even for him. Too gross. Things like, I can’t wait until you’re legal so I can turn you into the slutty omega fucktoy you are and I want to tie you up in my house and make you have my babies.

He keeps silent, though, face burning.

“I’ve never had so much trouble with any of my other omega skaters,” Yakov shouts.

Victor feels like Yakov has dunked him in icy water. His breath hitches, and he takes a step back, furious as his eyes start to burn. It’s hard for him not to notice that there are only two or three other omegas at the rink, how they seem to slowly dwindle in numbers as the years go on. How the scent of alphas is thick and strong because rink protocol demands all omegas wear scent blockers.

Yakov’s face drains of color as he seems to recognize his mistake.

“I’m sorry,” he says, gruffly, sincerely. “Victor, you’re the best skater I’ve seen in decades, but that won’t be enough to get you sponsorships - or worse, it’ll attract the wrong kinds of sponsors. It’s unfair, but it’s so much harder for omegas. So much harder.”

“How is it my problem that they’re a bunch of stuck up jackasses?” Victor shouts back, hiding his embarrassment behind anger.

“It’s not,” Yakov concedes, “But they will make it your problem anyway. It’s easier to change things when you’re already at the top.”
“What do you know about that?” Victor hisses, furiously.

It’s a fair question. Yakov seems to realize that, and he rubs the back of his neck, a little embarrassed.

Yakov hides guilt behind his gruff exterior, but because Victor is sixteen and has always been petty even if he didn’t have a reason to be, he storms off the ice and doesn’t speak to him the entire trip home, and barely says anything over dinner, even when Yakov offers Victor a chocolate croissant, a rare treat especially during a skating season.

The next day, he practices his quads again and again and again, despite Yakov telling him to fix his footwork before even thinking of jumps.

He does delete the pictures, though.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Yuuri can barely stifle the low moan of horror as he recognizes one of Volkov’s most infamous articles.

*The Fall of an International Icon*

*As rape allegations flounder in the face of past behavior, a global fanbase might not be enough to save the reputation of a figure skating juggernaut.*

Chapter Notes

I think I gave the Russian reporter a name akin to calling a British character Benedict Cumberbatch.

This chapter is definitely a little more intense than the last one. Also, warning for a very, veeeeeeery brief mention of child abuse. That's kinda it, just as always keep me updated with your thoughts on the fic, content, etc etc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After,

The name Mikhail Ivanovich Volkov pops up under an article titled *Sexuality in Skating, Breaking Barriers or Breaking Decorum?*

The website it’s on has strange ads on the side and very little figure skating content. This article is very out of place, and doesn’t have a lot of hits, or comments.

Yuuri can tell just from the title and opening blurb that it isn’t a positive piece. There’s a picture of a younger Victor, giddy and giggling with a flirtatious pout on his lips as he poses with a blue flower crown post some routine - but there’s also one of himself, running his hands down his chest during his *Eros* routine, and most horrifically, one of barely sixteen year old Yuri, from his exhibition skate.

Yuuri can’t help but notice that the close up of Chris grabbing his luscious ass during a routine that he’d made his profile picture for nearly three months is missing, but then, Chris is an alpha - Victor, Yuuri, and Yuri are omegas.

Anxiety makes the hairs at the back of his neck prickle.

Years and years of Celestino snapping, *don’t read it, Yuuri, don’t let sensationalists get to you*,
echo loud in his mind, but Yuuri gulps and scans the page anyway.

This year’s Grand Prix Final was unusual for many reasons - we had our youngest gold medalist in decades, and a skater who seems to be beginning his career at the old age of twenty-four won silver. This was also the first ever Grand Prix final where both the first and second slot went to omegas - a clear sign of an increasingly liberal ISU, as well as increased opportunities for omegas as professional athletes.

However, just because we’re seeing a new crop of modern-day omega skaters doesn’t mean they need to be as shameless as your average modern day omega. Victor Nikiforov, notorious sex symbol, seems to be breeding a new pack of students that take clear influence from his younger antics. Yuuri Katsuki of Japan, a delicate and exotic beauty-

Yuuri goes from anxious to annoyed in a split second, and he grits his teeth as he scans further down.

Who could forget the overtly sexual display that scandalized the skating world as Victor had his senior debut? The sheer costume, the erotic artistry - and now, the young, elfin Plisetsky appears to be doggedly following in his predecessor's footsteps with an exhibition skate that-

“Is this guy obsessed with Victor or something?” Yuuri mutters, typing his name into google, despite, perhaps, his better judgement - and not sure of what Victor would think of this. “He mentioned Victor’s senior debut earlier, too.”

The answer to that becomes clear very quickly. At least a dozen pieces over the years decrying the sluttiness of modern omegas, often with Victor as a focal point. A few articles about the history of figure skating, particularly focused on when the omega ban had officially been lifted in the 70s - he doesn’t dare call it an outright net negative, but he also seems strangely critical. A piece called Why Scented Skating Hurts Omegas .

Yuuri doesn’t dare touch that one. The issue of allowing omegas to skate without scent suppressant patches is fraught, and nothing about Volkov’s portfolio is promising sensitivity in that subject.

He scrolls further, further down. And oh.

Oh .

No wonder the name had seemed familiar.

Yuuri can barely stifle the low moan of horror as he recognizes one of Volkov’s most infamous articles.

The Fall of an International Icon

As rape allegations flounder in the face of past behavior, a global fanbase might not be enough to save the reputation of a figure skating juggernaut.

For years, the young Victor Nikiforov was hailed as a champion for omegas everywhere - bravely breaking through the barriers of the world of professional figure skating and quickly becoming one of the most decorated athletes in the world.

However, the recent uproar caused by his very aggressive accusations against an alpha doctoral candidate - in St. Petersburg on a prestigious fellowship in cellular biology - and the criminal charges he is levying are quickly bringing the rest of the world up to scratch on his blatant manipulation and his flair for the dramatic.
There’s speculation that this is a ploy to heighten the drama of his next figure skating season. After all, surprising the audience is something Nikiforov prides himself in. However, is the boy who has posed naked half a dozen times really going to drag the name of an innocent alpha through the mud for a cheap trick? The next theory is that the promiscuous young Victor has gotten himself pregnant, and is crying rape to hide the shame of being an unbonded, unwedded omega with a bun in the oven.

It’s certainly hard to imagine figure skating’s favorite harlot turning down anyone for sex. It’s far more likely that this was just one escapade too many, or maybe once the drink had worn off he realized that an intelligent, promising alpha didn’t fit his narrow aesthetic view of what his partners should looks like. Maybe the ISU was finally promising some sort of consequence for years of bad behavior.

Mouth open in horror, Yuuri quickly clicks the back button, but not before a line in the article catches his eye.

*And really, what, other than our dignity, do we stand to lose if Victor Nikiforov never skates again?*

Yuuri shakes, right down to his bones.

Volkov’s current work seems to be confined to a strange, ultra conservative faction of the internet. This, though, this had been right there in Figure Skating Weekly, the very mainstream magazine Yuuri had treated as his bible for years and years.

Yuuri cries a lot when he thinks of what happened to Victor. It’s hard to say why, even considering how awful it was. Here, though, bathed in the low light of his laptop, he knows why - he’s suddenly his shivery, sixteen year old self again, a bundle of unmedicated anxiety and strange omega hormones that make old men and women leer at him on the streets of big cities.

_Victor Nikiforov is a slut._

_Victor Nikiforov deserved what happened to him._

_Omegas lie about being raped, they cry and cry and hate themselves because no one believes them and no one ever will._

*Katsuki Yuuri is-*

Yuuri never believed articles like this about Victor. His idolatry was, is, too strong. It’s slightly vindicating, that he was right in the end, but it hurts so much to think that so many people could slash such cruel words into magazines, ink splattering like blood into the deepest parts of his insecurity.

Wintermint and calm radiates over him. Yuuri feels his blood settle back into his veins for a split second before rational conscious takes over and he slams his laptop shut, turning to face Victor behind him, whose hair is damp and fragrant from a hot shower.

Victor’s eyes widen at his face, at his red-rimmed eyes and wet cheeks. Yuuri takes a deep, shuddering breath.

“Yuuri?” Victor asks, soft and warm, and Yuuri hates that Victor is always comforting _him_.

“I,” Yuuri breathes, “I remembered where I remembered Volkov from.”

Victor stiffens. “Was it…? The article?”
“Yes,” Yuuri whispers, eyes owlish and glassy. He doesn’t need to clarify which one. Victor nods once. Then, like he can’t think of what else to do, nods again.


“It was a long time ago,” Victor cuts him off. He looks a little shaken, and Yuuri wants to braid the stars into his short hair to make him forget all of this.

“He keeps following you,” Yuuri says, a note of anger creeping into his voice, “He won’t leave you alone.”

“He won’t,” Victor concedes. “Yuuri, look at me. Look at me, love.”

Yuuri does, finding something painfully sad in those beautiful blue eyes, a little bit of resignation, but also something sturdy, resolute. He sits beside Victor on his childhood bed, right by the desk containing every poster that once plastered his walls.

“Yuuri, Volkov is a spineless freak who started writing articles about me when I was fifteen and hasn’t stopped since, no matter how unpopular they are. This, that, what you just read? It’s old news, and it doesn’t make him any money anymore. It just makes him look pathetic. He can’t…” Victor closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, “He barely hurts me anymore.”

Yuuri nods uncertainly, falling into Victor’s open arms and nuzzling into his neck.

“Also, his omega left him, and he wrote a piece on how I ruined his marriage by being a slut or something.”

Yuuri barely stifles a disbelieving snort. “Seriously?”

Victor laughs, “Oh, yes. And did I tell you about the time that Yakov punched him?”

“Oh my god,” Yuuri gasps. “No, no, give me the full story. Please?”

“A little later, solnyshko,” Victor soothes him, kissing him softly on the forehead. “Now that I’m remembering it, I’m afraid it’s not quite as funny as I made it seem. Remember, my Yuuri, you and I will be hand in hand on the podium all of next season. He’s nothing.”

Yuuri can hear the vindictive determination in Victor’s voice, almost like he’s talking to Volkov himself. Almost like he’s saying to that article, fuck you, I did skate again.

Before,

Victor eventually stops taking pictures of himself, but that’s only because now he’s found people to take pictures of him. There are a good fair few sponsorship deals, including one of him wearing only his most recent gold medal and a pair of black Adidas shoes. He’s nineteen, though, when he takes that one - Yakov gnashes his teeth but says nothing.

Sometimes, he’ll be sponsored to take a trip, to eat some strange health food. To be the face of some perfume or fashion line.

One of Victor’s favorite pictures of himself is him, standing on the beach in Curacao with his back to the camera, pale skin stark against the finest sand he’s ever felt beneath his toes. He’s wearing thong bathing suit bottoms, showing his defined, muscular ass and thighs, and he’s smiling at the camera in
a expression clearly intending to offer, come, join me? His ass looks so good in that picture. Plump and round, following the natural omega body shape, but well-muscled.

“I’m jealous,” Chris whines, “My coach won’t let me do shit like that till I’m legal.”

“It was the same with me,” Victor admits.

When a reporter asks Yakov about it, Yakov grimaces and says, “I haven’t been within ten feet of Victor’s social media in years.”

Most professional modeling he does wants him to look soft, with flowers braided through his long silver hair, with his lips lightly glossed and pouted. There’s one, though, a sports magazine’s special edition on the athlete’s physique.

Surrounded by hockey players and runners, beefy alpha men and women with bulging and hard-chiseled muscle, Victor feels very soft and very pretty, for once not in a good way. He expects makeup, he expects flowery braids-

And then the magazine has him posing naked, legs and arms stretched into a spiral with his hand carefully placed at his hips for modesty, posing in a sit spin, muscles lithe and taut. It reflects, perhaps for the first time, the raw athletic power of his sport. Victor eyes the gleaming curves of his body hungrily as he looks at the photographs later.

There’s nothing stereotypical about those pictures. Even if he sleeps around, even if he’s a bit too bold, he’s an athlete.

Victor takes a deep breath and relishes in knowing he’s on top of the world.

After ,

A global anti-rape organization is running an online campaign with the title, Not Asking For It. The woman in charge of organizing the campaign shoots Victor, one of the most famous sexual assault victims around, an email asking if he wants to participate. A few American pop stars have volunteered, she says, so he’ll get to meet them during the shoot, though she acknowledges that the circumstances are definitely not ideal.

The concept is: survivors pose in the clothes they were wearing when they were assaulted. The goal is to show that clothing is not a provocation, and they have people wearing as much as full hijab modesty to as little as absolutely nothing. There will be multiple counselors on site during the shoot.

Victor swallows. The crop top from that night has long since been sent to the landfill, and his leggings… Well, he has no idea what happened to them.

So much of what was said after had to do with his clothing, or his drinking, or his very public sexual past. It’s always been a thorn in his side, that there might still be people who would consider his relatively tame club attire to be a reason he deserved what happened to him.

So, Victor agrees. It’s been five long years since it happened, and four Grand Prix gold medals. He’s strong enough now to publically fight against every condemnation about what he was wearing the night he was raped.

Yakov flies with him to LA. Victor fangirls over the two pop stars, who in turn fangirl over his skating.
He says, “I wish I could’ve met you for a different reason.”

They say, “Us, too.”

Victor isn’t nearly as willowy and feminine as he was at twenty one. He’s filled out a little more, Yakov’s exercise regimens focusing more on upper body strength as the years progress. They don’t give him a wig. In a crop top and leggings, Victor feels different enough that he doesn’t immediately associate the sight of himself in the mirror with that night.

They sit him at a bar, and this is different, too. It’s wooden, like something out of an old west movie, not sleek and shining and sticky like the one in his nightmares.

Still, though. Still.

Hands curled around a shot glass, Victor starts to shake.

“Do you need a minute?” the photographer asks, gently. Everyone’s been so gentle, so kind, making sure he knows what he’s about to do and making sure he’s alright with it at every stage.

In the back of his mind, he’s being offered a drink. He’s accepting because hey, free alcohol. Why not?

The shoot ends before his patience is frayed too thin, and the cameraman packs up the big, expensive equipment. Victor sits there, hands still curled around a shot glass, shoulders shaking. The counselor comes up beside him, Yakov a few steps behind.

“I’m okay,” Victor says, closing his eyes as he thinks about that night. It was so long ago now, years. Years. The memories have solidified like scar tissue in the deep, hidden places of his mind. They don’t bleed out much anymore, but they’re there. They always will be.

Victor sees some of the untouched prints. His face looks very, very sad. He’s crafted such a careful mask over the years that seeing it stripped away in a photoshoot is a little jarring - but Victor supposes it doesn’t hurt to be a little bit vulnerable.

“You did so wonderful,” one pop star, one Aaron Dupont, coos as they finish up parts of his set. He’s wearing ripped jeans and a leather jacket - a different outfit than the one he came here in, so this must be for the shoot. Most of the other models are omegas, but there are a few alphas, too. One’s wearing Spongebob pajamas and holding a little teddy bear. Victor’s stomach flip-flops uncomfortably as Aaron walks away. Not asking for it indeed, he thinks with shaking hands.

Still sitting at the fake bar, Victor sighs and leans over, resting his head onto Yakov’s belly. Yakov grunts in surprise, still not one for physical contact, but he wraps his arm around Victor’s back and rocks him, gently, back and forth.

It’s just like Victor twenty one again.

Before,

The beat pounds in his ears, a burning rush of alcohol making him feel hot, hot, hot. It’s the middle of the summer, a sticky St. Petersburg night with a slight breeze rustling through the air. Victor’s hair is long, down in a curtain to frame his face - he feels luminous in the club, him and Chris.

They’re all working hard, so Victor suggests Chris take some time to relax, to visit him - he rarely
lets himself relax for more than a day at a time, so even this is a mixture of work and pleasure. Sunday, Chris will join him at the rink to practice, much to his whining disapproval.

Despite his reputation, Victor doesn’t regularly spend his weekends fucking and partying, so he’ll be damned if he can’t let loose for just one night before falling back into his intense workout regimen.

When Victor was younger, he’d made the mistake of having penetrative sex, with him on bottom, mere months before the first competition of the Grand Prix series, right when practice was really ramping up. It had hurt, good god, it had hurt the next day. The pleasant ache had turned to an awful burn, as practice demanded stretching and splitting. Victor nearly cried when he fell during a tough jump.

Humiliation still pricks deep in Victor’s veins when he thinks of Yakov demanding Victor tell him what was wrong, and Yakov not believing his excuse, I tripped over Makkachin and hit my knee.

Tonight, though. Tonight, tonight, tonight. He can find someone to touch, to hold - and if they’re not good in bed, he can always fuck Chris later.

(It’s a mutual agreement. In between training, it’s hard to find a steady partner, but Chris is great and tender and just as horny as Victor, just as often. Fun and no strings attached.)

They dance in the club, Victor’s white crop top a bright burning violet under the blacklight. He feels the smooth muscles of his abs, drunkenly brushes his fingers across the pout of his lips.

Every few songs, he’ll see the inviting raise of an eyebrow from someone nearby him - he’s not picky, so he dances deep into the night with a lovely beta boy with big brown eyes and soft brown skin, a beta whose stubble prickles delightfully against Victor’s neck as they press together, and an omega woman with the sweetest cotton-candy scent he’s ever smelled in his life, and he kisses where she lets him peek under her own patches, intimate and personal.

She runs off to get a drink after a little while, and Victor thinks she might be the one for tonight.

An alpha comes up to dance behind him, pressing their bodies together with no warning, positively reeking of cologne and pheromones that fill Victor’s nostrils with a thick, heady virility. Victor huffs, annoyed, and tries to pull out of the unwanted embrace.

“At least ask me,” he breathes, wriggling. “Don’t just, don’t just-”

The alpha clings tighter, nose pressed to the little patches on Victor’s neck, where just the barest hint of his scent leaks out with his sweat.

“Get off,” Victor hisses, annoyed now, then he repeats in English, “Get off,” just in case.

When the alpha still doesn’t move, he wrenches himself out of his grip with the full force of his muscular body.

The alpha yelps, clearly surprised by Victor’s strength.

“Hey, I was just dancing,” the alpha snaps in English. His accent is strange, one that Victor doesn’t recognize.

“You can dance somewhere else,” Victor says, putting as much dripping condescension into his voice as he can. He’s fun, he likes to have fun, but being grinded on in a club without being asked first is one of the quickest ways to have Victor show his claws.
The alpha curses at him and steps forward, into Victor’s personal space. Victor’s about to curl his lips into a snarl, but then Chris is there, arms out and alpha pheromones strong.

“He said go away,” Chris snarls. The alpha down at Chris with watery gray eyes. He’s big, but Chris will always be one of the strongest alphas in the room. It’s in his genetics, his scent, his stature - and this alpha seems to recognize that. He slinks away, shooting one last furious glance at Victor.

Victor whirls around to Chris, eyes blazing. “I can handle myself, Chris,” he shouts, echoing even above the loud club beats.

Chris’s eyes widen, and he takes a step back, visibly shocked.

The strange burst of anger is gone as soon as it came, and Victor bites his lip, hanging his head in shame.

“Sorry,” Victor sighs. “Sorry, I - I just. I hate that they don’t leave me alone until you step in.”

“I know it’s awful. I just don’t… You don’t have to deal with them alone, you know? Not when I’m with you,” Chris says, looking irritatingly sympathetic. “And I definitely know you can handle yourself. If you couldn’t, you wouldn’t be beating my ass on the podium every single year.”

Victor smiles, wryly. He knows Chris knows. Chris is good, a good person. A good friend.

“You love when I beat your ass,” Victor flirts, shameless, and the tension has passed.

The beat is moving his body again, the trashiest of Russian synthpop, and he laughs at its high electronic staccato. A ways away, the pretty omega woman is being ushered out by a few other omega friends, who are shooting glares at someone Victor can’t see. His stomach sours a little bit, and suddenly the music isn’t light and fun, it’s oppressive. Suffocating.

“I think I need a drink,” Victor admits. “I need… I’m too high strung, for some reason, so I need to relax. Hold my phone super quick? I don’t want to spill alcohol on it.”

He winds his way over to the bar, through throngs of people and dancing couples. The bar is sticky from spilled drinks and sweat, and Victor makes a face as he leans against it and waits for the bartender.

“Hey.”

Victor whirls around. It’s the alpha who was grinding on him earlier, and he takes a quick step back, trying to suppress the slight stab of fear and anger now that he’s alone. The alpha holds his hands up in a quick I mean you no harm gesture, and Victor relaxes, just a little.

“Hey, sorry about before,” he says, scratching the back of his neck in embarrassment. “Sorry. I… My friend’s calmed me down. Clubs always get to me - too many omega pheromones everywhere, you know?”

It should have been a red flag. For years, and years, and years to come, Victor will curse himself for not recognizing it, for recognizing it but engaging anyway.

It should have been a red flag.

“Oh, um, it’s alright, I guess,” Victor says, pulling his sweaty silver hair up into a messy high ponytail.
The alpha’s pupils dilate, his gaze follows the curve of Victor’s jawline. “Let me make it up to you.”

Victor pauses, then narrows his eyes. “Don’t worry about it. I don’t need you to.”

The alpha doesn’t waver. “Let me buy you a drink. It’s the least I can do.”

“You really don’t-”

“Please?” the alpha wheedles. “I know you’re here for one anyway. Just one shot?”

Victor purses his lips and slumps a little. If the alpha thinks he’s going to win Victor’s favor and a ticket into his bed, he’s wrong, but the club is not cheap and the money Victor saved could go towards new skate guards or something. One drink won’t hurt.

“Fine,” Victor sighs. “Just one shot.”

The alpha flags down the bartender. Victor doesn’t bother to learn his name - it’s not important. He doesn’t bother to pay attention to the alpha’s chattering as they wait.

“Do you live in St. Petersburg? I’m from Brussels. I’m studying at the university here.”

“Okay.”

“Doing research, actually.”

“Okay.”

Victor doesn’t really care. The alpha keeps plying him with drinks, with shot after shot after shot. From across the room, he notices Chris furiously making out with a pretty black-haired boy, but he’s not worried - if the alpha thinks he’s going to stumble drunkenly into his bed, he’s massively underestimated Victor’s alcohol tolerance.

Except…

Except, because Chris came to visit, he’s been taking him around St. Petersburg for touristng. He’s been burning calories quickly, and didn’t take care to eat… much of anything, really, before they went to the club. It’s just… A moment of thoughtlessness.

The world is swimming, just a little, and suddenly Victor realizes he’s catapulted from tipsy to very, very drunk.


“Are you drunk?” the alpha laughs. “I can help you get home.”

“Um,” Victor slurs, nearly toppling over as he slides out of the seat.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got you.” The alpha’s breath is hot on Victor’s neck. “Hey, did you know my little sister is a fan of yours?”

“No,” Victor says, not in response to the question.

“She loves you,” the alpha smirks, splaying his thick hand over Victor’s thigh, “Wait till I tell her I met *the* Victor Nikiforov.”
Chapter End Notes

oh ya I have a tumblr.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

HUUUGE TRIGGER WARNING FOR THIS CHAPTER, YOU GUYS. Seriously. SERIOUSLY.

Like I said, there's no full rape scene in this fic, but there are going to be bits of the beginning and end in this chapter. And, of course, the immediate aftermath. I wrote them with the intention of making them pretty gross and violent, so be aware of that going in.

I kind of had the realization that this might've been a better 1st chapter (like in the fic "the outline of our lives," if you've read that), so that way you're not surprised with something really intense after 2 fairly tame chapters - but it's a bit too late for that. :P I might change it around once everything is written as sort of a post-production editing.

As always, let me know what you thoughts.

After,

The sirens from the ambulance ring in his ears long after they pull his stretcher out and wheel it furiously down the hospital hallways, throwing around words like shock and possible blood transfusion and sexual trauma.

They wail, shrieking in a strange, wave-like rhythm, and if Victor opens his mouth he thinks he might be shrieking along with them. His throat hurts. His ass hurts. His head hurts.

It’s been nearly twenty four hours since he was taken from the club and he’s still wearing the filthy crop top, now stained with sweat and blood and vomit.

In the hospital, they slide something inside him, and everything hurts so badly he can’t even tell for a moment that there’s something else there. Nurses work clinically between his legs, bagging swab after swab and wiping stinging pads to clean up the crusted blood and come on his thighs before bagging those as well. Cotton q-tips prod at the fissures on his lips and the sore spots in his throat and the flaming red bite mark on his arm.

He thinks they ask him first, ask him about an internal exam and damage and DNA evidence, and he thinks he babbles some affirmative response, but he’s so drunk on alpha pheromones and fear that maybe he had just cried the whole time and they did it anyway.

An alpha nurse with tired gray eyes looks at him regretfully and holds his legs apart, feet in gynecological stirrups, the needle in her hands glinting in the buzzing fluorescence of the hospital light. He can smell her.

He can smell him.

Victor screams.

He screams, and screams, and nearly topples out of the bed in his panic. Nurses fly in in a fury,
holding his arms down and pressing a needle into the vein at his elbow. His frantic heart pounds slightly weaker, and to his unending gratitude, they usher in a new nurse with a neutral scent. Either a beta or someone with heavy, *heavy* suppressants.

Victor lies back in exhaustion, the sirens echoing in strange doppler frequencies over and over again in his mind. The numbing cream doesn’t quite get rid of the sharp sting as they stitch him back together.

He’s put on his side, and a slight pinprick in his arm signals a morphine IV drip.

Drugged and strung out, the sirens finally begin to fade, just a little. Humiliation replaces the screaming panic as he remembers the way the needle and stitches punctured him in a sharp burst, the way two EMTs looked to his battered face and shared a shocked glance, the way doctors and nurses and police all saw his naked, bloody body splayed out for them like a cadaver.

“Oh my god,” he moans in terror, tears beginning to bead at the corners of his eyes, “Oh my *god*.”

“You’re alright, honey,” the nurse says as she checks his vitals.

That shocks Victor enough to pull him out of his increasing panic. He’s on a hospital bed with a morphine drip and stitches in his ass - he’s never been less alright in his entire life. He lets out a dry laugh that turns into a cough and chokes up blood from his battered throat.

“Oh, honey,” the nurse soothes as the bright red splotches on his pillow scare him. She wipes the drool from his mouth and Victor lets out a shaky breath at the pink stained cloth. She’s another omega, plump and matronly, and Victor gets a whiff of the soothing scent at her wrist. He still reeks of alpha, reeks of *him*, and he wants to grab this woman and inhale her so the filth clogging up his nose will go away.

She’s gone, though, so Victor slumps back on the bed and lets the morphine take him away.

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**Before,**

Victor wakes with a miserable nausea in the back of his throat and an even worse stickiness between his legs. Fear and time seems to have sobered him up at least a little, and he gasps and scrambles back, taking in his surroundings. He’s on a bed, the sheets all bunched up to the side, his shoes and leggings gone.

The alpha looks at him hungrily, and Victor tries to drown his fear out with fury.

“Were you *fingering* me?” he snaps, voice only trembling a little bit. He’s so nauseous, the beginnings of an awful hangover.

“I was about to start,” the alpha admits, just on the brink of drunk by this point.

“What the *fuck*,” Victor says in a shuddering breath, scrambling drunkenly off the bed just quick enough to miss the alpha’s grip, “What the *fuck* -”

Victor sinks to his knees and vomits burning alcohol into the waste paper bin, desperately brushing the strands of his long hair to the side and out of it. It’s cold in the darkness of early morning, and Victor feels the night air on his bare legs through an open window.

“Where are my pants?” Victor snarls, looking around frantically, not wanting to admit how drunk he
still is. “Where are they?”

The alpha grabs a black bundle of cloth from the side of the bed and holds it back and away from Victor, hand up placatingly.

“Let me explain,” He says.

“Fuck you,” Victor snaps, looking around frantically for the door.

“C’mon,” the alpha wheedles, just like in the club, “Are you really going to go out in just a top and a thong?”

“It’s not like the world hasn’t seen my ass before,” Victor mutters, slurring and stumbling towards a door.

The alpha grabs him and pulls him back, and he stumbles, drunk and terrified. “No, no, Victor-”

“Get off,” Victor shouts, squirming in the grip. “Get off of me!”

Something soft hits his back, and he’s on the bed again, wriggling and flailing drunkenly as the alpha presses him down.

“Calm down.” The alpha is shouting now, too. “Calm down, Victor, shut up.”

Despite his drunken state, Victor is still strong. He bucks up, his hips straining at the alpha’s weight, but the alpha dislodges for just a moment. Victor flips to his side to reach for something, anything to use as a weapon-

The alpha freezes, but the hands on him grip even tighter. Victor realizes why a split second later - the scent blocker on his neck has become dislodged. He gasps, struggling to press it back down, but the alpha grabs his wrist and holds his arm in place. With the other hand, he gently peels the patch away, and he presses his nose to the crook of Victor’s neck, licking a long wet stripe up his pulsing artery.

The alpha laughs and pops some pill that Victor doesn’t recognize. His scent gets stronger almost immediately, changes almost imperceptibly, and Victor understands.

“Don’t,” Victor breathes, “Don’t-”

**After,**

Low, slow breaths alert Victor that the alpha has fallen asleep. He groans and curls a little, body a cacophony of agony.

Everything hurts. Everything *hurts*.

He sobs, once, a broken sound that rips through his aching throat. The heavy scent of rut still fills the air, but it does nothing to arouse Victor’s omega. Instead, it just makes him whimper and shrink away, the aggressive musk mingling with metallic blood. It’s in his mouth, between his legs. The wetness there is thick and oozing, pooling into the bed beneath him.

Mixed in with alpha and blood is the low sharpness of an omega in distress. Victor’s never smelled his own fear so intensely. It’s hard to breathe, and Victor gasps desperately for a few gulps of air to calm himself.
He needs to get out, but the alpha’s knot is still inside him, splitting him wide open. Victor beats his fist against the mattress as he chokes back his cries, cursing biology, cursing the alpha, cursing himself.

There’s a sharp burst of pain as he moves, wriggling his hips a little.

Oh, it hurts.

Bile rises in his throat as Victor remembers the alpha forcing it in, how he’d held Victor’s flailing limbs and fucked him as he’d babbled stop, stop, stop, stop and he’d screamed, and screamed, and screamed until the knot was inside him and he was torn and bleeding.

Until he was incoherent with pain, wailing it hurts, it hurts, the pillow pressed against his mouth to muffle the sounds. Until his screaming subsided into sobs - full-bodied, inhuman howls of misery.

Victor vomits out of the side of his mouth, onto the alpha’s bed, and it pools under his cheek.

Normally, he would be stuck there, nothing save cutting the alpha’s dick off able to prematurely remove the knot. Victor would do it. He knows, deep in his heart, that he would do that if it meant getting free in this moment. But there’s nothing sharp within grasping range, and the alpha would wake up before he’d finished.

But…

But, if he doesn’t somehow get free, he’s here until the rut is over. Victor’s body can’t take any more abuse - he can’t take any more abuse. Two, three more days will kill him. He’s bleeding so much.

Victor pulls his hips away from the alpha. The knot resists, and Victor bites his knuckles at the splitting pain as he tries to force himself off.

It can’t be worse than forcing it in, Victor thinks, desperately, tears flowing down his cheeks as he grips the base of the alpha’s cock to steady it.

It’s not easy going, but with stifled sobs and pain, pain, pain, he comes loose with a sickening pop.

A small, relieved gasp escapes his lips, and he tumbles onto the floor. It takes just a moment to know that standing is out of the question, so he sits on hands and knees, desperately looking for some kind of phone. The alpha’s pants are thrown on the floor, and Victor crawls to them, sifting through his pockets. Why had he given his phone to Chris?

He takes it with shaking hands. There’s a passcode. Victor bites his arm to muffle his sob of frustration, hunching over in abject misery.

He crawls into the kitchen, on hands and knees like an animal, praying for a landline, an open laptop, but there’s nothing, nothing. There’s a little window, showing the gathering darkness of a new summer night. It’s been hours, hours.

With the last strength in his arms, he pulls himself up, legs a useless limp appendage beneath him, and tries to figure out where he is by peering outside.

His arms give out, and Victor can’t help the screech of pain that rips from him as he hits the ground. Waves and waves of agony wash over him, so strong that he can’t do anything but curl up and moan, incoherent and terrified.
Finally, when the pain dies down just a little, he scrambles to his knees and, naked from the waist down, bleeding and humiliated, he pushes his way out of the apartment and into the apartment building’s hallway, out of the low light and away from the alpha, deep in rut sleep. The scratchy carpet burns his knees as he slides along it, barely any energy to move.

He knocks on the door across the way, a frantic panic building in his throat. He needs to go quick, but not so quick that the alpha hears him and wakes.

Makkachin was a rescue. Victor remembers the way the owners of the adoption agency had described her fear, her shrinking away from human contact. The infected cut from living on her own after her first family abandoned her. Victor remembers, and he feels just like she must’ve - afraid, hurt, trapped.

An elderly woman opens, and Victor hears her shocked *gasp* of horror. He can’t bare to look at her, grips the bottom edge of his top and tries to pull it down, knowing there’s not enough to cover his naked lower body.

“One help.” he sobs into her slippers, turning terrified to the closed door behind him. His blood has left a trail behind him, signalling where the horror show began. “Help me, help me, help me-”

**After,**

Yuuri’s first time is like something out of a romance novel. That’s not an accident - Victor plans it meticulously. Everything they’ve done has been so organic, natural - like a fairytale, there’s a moment where it clicks and everything feels *right*. Just like their kiss.

So, right before the grand prix finals, Yuuri practices late into the night at the Ice Castle. He winds his way through *Eros*, one final time for the night, body moving in a way that *speaks* to Victor. Yuuri’s cheeks are flushed, his lips bright pink and kissable in the cold rink air.

Yuuri skates over to where Victor is watching, rapt with attention, and whispers against his mouth, “I’m ready, Victor.”

“Ready?” Victor nearly squeaks.

“Do you show my eros,” Yuuri murmurs. Then, blushing nervously and biting his lip in hesitation, “If you want it, that is.”


There, in Yuuri’s childhood bed in Yuuri’s childhood home, Victor kisses every inch of Yuuri’s exposed neck, up and down and nuzzling against the pulsing vein there, hand splayed over his beating heart.

He sucks at Yuuri’s collarbone, gently spreads Yuuri’s legs apart and swipes his fingers across the wet opening between them. Victor still uses lube, because just slick might not be enough for Yuuri’s first time, and Victor wants this to be *perfect*.

Their hair is still damp from the hot springs soak that they’d had, and Victor’s muscles are loose and relaxed. Yuuri is loose and relaxed, stifling gasps with the back of his hand as Victor works him open with gentle fingers.

Victor flutters kisses over the slight flush to Yuuri’s chest. The room smells like Yuuri, perfect and
sweet, a heady perfume that washes out the grime of the day from the back of Victor’s throat.

Yuuri barely even grits his teeth in discomfort when Victor presses in and begins rocking his hips. He gasps Victor’s name, again and again, as Victor murmurs, “Do you like this? Do you want me to touch here, or here?” again and again.

He savors the way Yuuri whines needily as Victor grabs his cock. Victor drinks in Yuuri’s face as Yuuri comes, gasping, making desperate sounds in the back of his throat that make Victor’s toes curl as he imagines them unmuffled, loud and wanting in a place where the walls aren’t so thin.

Yuuri is so wet. His slick drenches Victor’s lap and the sheets below them, and Victor laps at the streams on Yuuri’s thighs as he pulls himself out, tying off the condom and tossing it away.

The room smells like sweet perfume. Victor imagines it permeating through the inn, and a primal part of himself curls up in contentment, knowing that the world will know they’re claimed. They’ve claimed each other, two happy, sated omegas.

Yuuri kisses him, and his voice cracks as he says, “I’m so glad it was you. God, if I time travelled and told my teenage self that I’d lose my virginity to you.”

Victor laughs and blushes. He doesn’t regret the random people he’s messed around with over the years, before, but this is, this was…

This was so, so good. It’s what sex should be, just hot bodies and mouths and pleasure beyond belief. Messy and sweaty and wonderful.

Before,

Victor is fourteen when he loses his virginity.

It’s… Fine. It hurts a little bit, and it’s fumbling and clumsy, but he’d wanted it and his boyfriend had wanted it, and that was the important thing.

His parents aren’t around, so it’s up to Yakov to give him The Talk, two years after he’s started having sex. Yakov is not a scientist, or a sex educator, or a parent - Yakov is his coach, and it’s painfully awkward, clinically dry in nature. No talk of coming, of pleasure, of the way Victor feels when someone’s mouth is on his.

Yakov says, “And when it’s time you need to establish that the other wants it.”

Victor cuts him off, irritated. “I know. I know all of this already.”

Yakov takes a minute to process what Victor just said, and when he does, he goes an impressive shade of green. Then, he mutters something that sounds suspiciously like can’t handle this, I’m going to find Lilia, and leaves the room.

From then on, though, Victor finds condoms popping up mysteriously in bathroom drawers in the house. He would sooner die than bring someone home, but he appreciates the gesture, and always takes a few.

After,
Yakov is Victor’s emergency contact. After pumping Victor through with enough painkillers to numb a horse, the nurse mentions that they called him. He doesn’t quite know how they figured it out, not that they needed a driver’s license to ID him, but he’ll worry about that later. Victor lets out a little, muted gasp, fighting to prop his head up off the pillows, but his muscles don’t seem to be working.

His body can’t move, but his heartbeat increases, a frantic fluttering that sends him spiralling into a panic.

Terrified, he thinks, *I am going to get the worst lecture of my life*.

When Yakov enters the room, Victor pretends to be asleep.

“We have him on a morphine drip,” the nurse explains, regretful. “He’s been through a lot, I’m sure he’s tired.”

Yakov, ever loyal, ever stubborn, sits right by Victor’s bedside. He’s older, so the scent is muted, but Victor can still smell alpha pheromones coming off of him. Terror pools in his gut, and he tries to hold his breath, to breathe through his mouth.

Yakov is so close. So close his smell is overwhelming. If Victor wants to tell him to go away, he’ll need to fake waking up, and Yakov is going to yell at him. Yakov is always telling him to be careful, and he made a mistake, a stupid mistake-

Yakov sighs, “Oh, Vitya,” and brushes a strand of greasy hair out of Victor’s face.

Victor jolts straight up with a yelp, eyes snapping open and heart pounding.

Yakov stares at him for a second in shock, hand frozen in midair.

“I thought you might be pretending to sleep,” he admits, voice soft.

There are half a dozen things Victor wants to say, from Yakov I’m so glad you’re here to I’m so sorry I didn’t listen to you to it wasn’t my fault, he kept me there for hours, it went on for hours, Yakov-

But what comes out is, “Don’t.”

Yakov frowns. “Don’t what?”

And Victor wants to explain he means don’t lecture me, he really, really does, but when he opens his mouth all that he does is let out a low keening sob, and he slumps back onto the hospital bed, covering his face in his hands.

“Vitya?” Yakov sounds horrified.

It’s like a floodgate, and Victor can’t stop himself from sobbing again, again. He shrinks away from Yakov, babbling don’t, don’t, don’t in between heaving gulps and pressing himself further into the mattress.

Just like before, the nurses arrive in a flurry. One sits by him and murmurs soothing words, opening up her wrist to him so he can smell her omega scent.

He hears another tell Yakov, “I’m sorry, he seems to be having a reaction to alpha pheromones,” voice fading away as they leave the room.
It takes some time for him to calm down. After what might’ve been an hour, or might’ve just been a few minutes, Yakov returns, scent completely gone. Victor’s feeling a little more lucid, now, and embarrassment creeps up his spine at his outburst.

“Vitya,” Yakov breathes, voice shaking.

Victor sighs and shifts into a more comfortable position. His arm was going numb from lying on it. He doesn’t meet Yakov’s gaze.

“Chris called me,” Yakov explains. “After you left the bar without telling him first, and without your phone. Apparently, he’d tried to go to the police, but the time frame... They just thought you’d gone home with someone.”

Victor feels tears welling up in his eyes, and he takes a shaky breath. Oh, Chris. Darling Chris. Why had he been so insistent that they sleep with other people tonight?

“I fed Makkachin,” Yakov says.

Victor swallows, painfully. He wants his dog. He wants to go home. He wants to cry himself awake from this nightmare.

Eventually, he’s cleared to leave the hospital. They put him on crutches because walking hurts, and fill out a slew of embarrassing prescriptions. Painkillers, something to soften his bowel movements so he doesn’t tear the stitches, something to help him sleep. There’s also a prescription for Plan B that makes the pool of horror in his gut roil and churn. Of course, the alpha hadn’t used condoms - but pregnancy was something that had never even crossed his mind.

The thought of the alpha’s child in his belly makes him want to claw his insides out. Realistically he knows, he knows, that conception is a much longer process - but when he stares at the scrawling prescription, it’s like he can feel the alpha’s babies inside him, growing and growing, the alpha forever inside him.

“I’ll pick up your medicine,” Yakov offers, gruffly.

“No,” Victor says, harshly, because he doesn’t know if Yakov knows what levonorgestrel is, and how humiliating for his coach to know he might be pregnant from this.

“You’re in no state to pick them up yourself,” Yakov says, frustrated. “I can... I can send Lilia, if you want.”

Victor has a follow up in a week about the stitches. The beta doctor insists that they’ll also need to take a blood sample, to test for STIs, and then if he has one, that would mean an aggressive course of antibiotics - assuming, of course, he got lucky and it was one of the curable ones.

“Please send Lilia,” Victor whispers. He doesn’t want to do any of this himself, but he has no one but his coach and his friend, who lives in Switzerland. He doesn’t want to be infected, he doesn’t want to be pregnant, he doesn’t want to have suffered through this.

Yakov drives him home. Victor curls up in the back seat and stares blankly at the rattling water bottle on the floor of the car.

“I already know what you’re going to say,” Victor says once he’s outside his apartment door, crutches pressing uncomfortably into his armpits. His voice is cracked, brittle, and he fights desperately to stay calm.
Yakov raises an eyebrow as he turns the key in the lock.

“You’re always telling me not to be so… So,” he cuts off, taking a deep breath and blinking away fresh tears. “Not to wear t-those clothes-”

His voice crumples into a sob, and he wipes at his nose, wondering if the humiliation will ever go away.

Yakov’s eyes widen. “No,” he growls, and Victor flinches at how angry he sounds.

“I don’t need a lecture,” Victor continues through thick tears, “I already learned my-”

“Don’t, Vitya,” Yakov shouts.

Victor snaps his mouth shut immediately, shaking so hard he’s afraid his crutches will fall out from under him. He’s so afraid. So deeply, deeply afraid.

Yakov sighs. He looks pained, and he raises his hand like he wants to comfort Victor but doesn’t know how.

“I would never lecture you for something that isn’t your fault,” Yakov says, voice quieter than Victor has ever heard it. “And Vitya, this wasn’t your fault. Listen to your coach for once, please.”

Victor doesn’t respond. Once he’s back in his apartment, he lies down on the couch and lets the crutches fall to the floor with an echoing clatter. Yakov putters about for a bit, making sure he has food in the fridge and clean clothes and that his medicine is easily accessible. Then, saying he’ll call every few hours, leaves Victor alone.

He doesn’t know if he should stay to keep Victor company, or leave him be to collect his thoughts. Victor doesn’t know which of those he wants, either.

Chris is at a hotel for Victor’s sake, but a few of his belongings scatter the floor. They smell like him, like alpha.

Makkachin pads up to him, flat on his stomach, and prods at his neck with her nose, smelling his distress.

Victor pats her head, checks that her food and water bowls are full, and barely gets off the couch for three days.
“Yuuri, did you hear?” Yuuko gasps. “Victor’s taking next season off.”

Yakov finds Victor passed out drunk on the bathroom floor one morning. His eyes are glassy, his lips cherry red, saliva dripping from them. There are splotches on the toilet seat that are almost certainly vomit, shattered glass on the floor.
It’s been two weeks. Victor has moved back in with Yakov - his stitches are gone, his blood is clear of infection, and the internal damage should only take him out one skating season, if that.

“Everything smells like alpha,” Victor mumbles, whines, when Yakov lifts him and carries him - twenty one years old, five foot eleven inches of pure muscle - back to his room. Makkachin wrinkles her nose at the acrid smell of alcohol mingling with his scent, still sour in his distress, but like a faithful dog she lies on the bed with him.

The second time, Yakov walks in on Victor halfway through drinking himself to oblivion. Contrary to what people may think, Victor is not fussy. Stubborn, determined, disinclined to obedience, but that’s because he has very strong opinions on what he thinks is best for his training, opinions that often clash with Yakov’s seasoned experience.

It’s a shock, then, when he yanks the bottle back out of Yakov’s grip, snarling, “Leave me the fuck alone.”

Yakov gets angry. He shouts, “You broke into my liquor cabinet, you stole my best vodka, and now you’re wallowing on my bathroom floor - you don’t get to tell me to leave you alone.”

“What,” Victor snaps, eyes glassy, “Can’t I drink? Can’t I fucking, can’t I do this without everyone telling me what good omegas should or shouldn’t - fuck,” he gasps, slurring. “It’s just a little alcohol. Just a few, it was just a few drinks.”

“Vitya,” Yakov hisses, furious at his star pupil self-destructing, furious that he has no idea what to do. “Look at me. Look at me .”

Victor’s scent changes as his words echo, loud in the empty room. What was a slight sour fear has curdled into full on terror, and he shrinks back into a corner of the bathroom. Yakov immediately takes a step forward, then a step back - not sure which would be better.


Victor has never been the typical omega. When Yakov yells, he yells back, louder and even more aggressive. Yakov has never had to be soft with him, delicate.

Now, though, it’s as though Victor is made of glass, shattering and spilling like the bottle that slips from between Victor’s trembling fingers.

He lets out a low moan and buries his face in his knees.

“I hate how it smells,” he sobs, limp curtain of hair covering his face. “Like alpha, everywhere. This makes it go away. Go away, Yakov.”

Yakov doesn’t go away. He steps outside the bathroom until Victor’s scent signals that he’s calmer, and helps him up, because he doesn’t know what else to do.

After Yakov tucks Victor back into bed, he buys a pack of heavy-duty scent suppressants and scent neutralizers for himself, Lilia, and the house - but Victor can’t stay inside forever. The outside world is full of unfamiliar smells, full of alphas just presenting or close to a rut, emitting strong waves of pheromones.

(It had been hard on Chris, to tell him his scent might upset Victor. Chris, ever the gentleman, had offered to put himself on the same aggressive course of de-scenting - but in the end, they only managed a short visit before Chris needed to fly home. And Victor was still taking two Vicodin every four to six hours, and he wasn’t… Really there.)
“It smells awful,” Victor sobs, when he thinks no one can hear him.

After,

Yuuri’s attempts at eroticism for his new routine are laughable, he thinks, the fumbling ministrations of a particularly insecure virgin. Which, incidentally, is what he is.

There’s a barrier, there, the remnants of someone who, despite his chosen sport, doesn’t want to be in the public eye. Doesn’t want his performance skewered and ripped to shreds in front of a thousand hungry spectators.

Anything that he could do would be an awful imitation of Victor’s artistry, and, if he’s being honest, he’s afraid that he’s going to be treated worse than Victor for doing half as well.

One night, after a long, backbreaking day of practice, Yuuri is up late, ruminating over eros. He remembers a moment, watching Victor in that same glittering costume Yuuri has chosen for his routine - the coy curve of his neck, the flutter of his long silvery hair in the cold ice rink. It had been overwhelming for him, as an eleven year old, to see something so beautiful.

He tosses and turns for a little bit before giving up and wandering the hallways of Yu-Topia, feet padding softly on the hardwood floor. There’s a sound coming from Victor’s room, a low, muffled gasp. Yuuri can’t help it, he pads forward, the noises turning to low distressed Russian as he gets closer to the door.

“Victor?” He calls, softly, heart panging at Victor’s tone.

The noises cut off instantly, and there’s a few moments’ pause before Yuuri hears something in quick Russian, and the door slides open. Victor’s face is dark, shapeless in the unlit hallway. Yuuri reaches up, tentatively, fingers touching along the outline of his jaw, until he’s holding Victor’s cheeks in his hands. He still feels the damp, there, wet from tears.

“I was, ah, speaking to someone from home,” Victor says, evasively.

Yuuri asks, without preamble, “Victor, do you want a cup of tea?”

In the low kitchen light, at three in the morning, Victor sips on a cup of hot chamomile tea. No caffeine.

He doesn’t seem to want to talk, and Yuuri fidgets in the silence.

Finally, he musters up the courage to ask, “Victor, why did you assign me eros?”

Victor blinks. His eyes are a little bloodshot, a little more than they would be if it had just been him blinking out of sleep.

“You have it in you, Yuuri,” he says, simply, “Even if you don’t believe me.”

“I don’t, though,” Yuuri whines, “I’m… Frumpy, conservative, bland. That’s what they say about me.”

“Of course,” Victor sighs, “The focus on appearance. You should know, though, that respectable
magazines will praise your beauty and artistry. The way you emote when you skate, it’s astounding.”

“I have,” Yuuri says firmly, “No sex appeal.”

Victor raises his eyebrows. “I have to disagree with you there, Yuuri.”

He seems to realize, then, what he’s said, because he blushes a bright, vivid red, clear even in the darkness of early morning.

Yuuri blushes as well.

Victor takes a deep breath, then, and he sighs. “I think I know what this is about, Yuuri.”

Yuuri winces. He’s always tried his best to hide his mental weakness, the constant chattering of you’re not good enough in the back of his head. Victor can clearly see right through him, though.

“You’re worried that people are going to get the wrong idea about you, since you’re associated with me.”

Oh. Or, maybe not.

“What?” Yuuri gasps, as soon as the words tumble from Victor’s trembling lips. “What? No. No, Victor, it’s not that. I just… This concept. This eros. How can I look like anything but a cheap imitation of you, when you were younger? I’m so scared of it. Of expressing myself the way you want me to.”

I’m so scared of sex, Yuuri thinks, but he swallows that down and buries it deep.

Victor’s expression is unreadable, at that. Then, finally, he says, “There was something that happened which made me very afraid of… eros, let’s say. I think you probably know about it.”

Yuuri nods, not meeting Victor’s gaze.

“For years,” Victor continues, “And years, I ignored it completely. I was too afraid to think of that part of myself. Then, something happened. I met someone in a very unexpected place, and he showed me, for the first time in such a long time, that it wasn’t anything to be frightened of. That it was… Nice.”

Yuuri’s eyes widen.

“If you’ll let me, I can be that person for you,” Victor says, voice very soft, a little unsure.

“I want to do this,” Yuuri whispers, shakily. “I want to enjoy doing this program. Eros.”

They’re talking about sex without really talking about it. Yuuri has never had a more intimate conversation in his life. They’re not even… The haven’t even kissed!

He pulls back, a little, overwhelmed, and asks, “Victor… Who were you talking to? When I knocked.”

Victor blinks, jarred by the sudden change in conversation. “Oh,” he says, “Oh… It was. Um. My therapist.”

Yuuri swallows. He has one of those, too, but he can’t tell Victor that quite yet.

“Are you, ah, feeling okay?” Yuuri asks, reaching out to grip Victor’s hand uncertainly, where it’s
clenched around the mug handle.

“I’m feeling good,” Victor responds. “Really good. Being here with you, with your family, has made me happier than I’ve felt in a long time. Tonight was just… Off.”

Yuuri blushes and smiles. Victor being here has made him happier than he’s felt in a long time, too. His mind flits to Yurio, asleep in a room down the hall, and suddenly the impending Hotsprings On Ice looms before him. A burning desire to show the world that what Victor has to offer, what he has to offer, is good.

I have to win, he thinks.

They sit in comfortable silence in the kitchen, while Victor finishes his tea. Yuuri yawns, and Victor blinks slowly, the telltale sign of sleep returning to him.

“Victor,” Yuuri murmurs, as he leads Victor back to his room, “That person who helped you find your eros again… I’m happy. I’m happy you found him.”

Victor gives Yuuri a very strange look, then. But he simply smiles, softly, and says, “I am too, Yuuri.”

After ,

Yuuko looks like the grave when she comes to practice the next day. Without a work, while Yuuri is lacing up his skates, she lays down the figure skating gossip mag.

*Victor Nikiforov Accuses Alpha of Sexual Assault*

Yuuri’s world swims before his eyes. Yuuko’s hands clasp over her swollen stomach, her eyes wide and brown and horrified.

“Who… Who would do that to him?” She whispers.

Yuuri shakes his head, feeling his breathing increase. Victor is his idol - suddenly, Yuuri feels like he’s barged into Victor’s personal life in a way that feels very real. Knowing this, it’s like he’s breached a fan/icon boundary, that his interest has become voyeurism.

This icon is neutral and acknowledges that the details are as of yet unknown, because the case is heavily under wraps - Victor is trying to take this alpha to court. Trying to wheedle out a jail sentence for this horrific assault.

Yuuri doesn’t keep up with news of the trial. It’s too intimate to know, not for someone who isn’t Victor’s family or even his friend. The articles that pop up make him upset - that Victor deserved it, that this is all a ploy. All part of the drama of Victor’s skating persona.

“You didn’t deserve it, Victor,” Yuuri thinks, curling up on his bed as his hormones ebb and flow with his upcoming heat. He feels vulnerable, thinking of losing himself, of alphas forcing him. He wouldn’t want it. Why would Victor?

Sometimes, articles have pictures of Victor’s face, and he looks so sad. He’s taking the season off because he was injured so badly.

Because he’s afraid of being around alphas.
If this can happen to Victor Nikiforov, it can happen to anyone.

After,

“What are you reading, Yakov?”

It’s the first time Victor has been up all day. It’s nearly two in the afternoon. To say that this is concerning for an athlete who is normally awake at 5 am every day, even if he is taking the season off, would be a massive understatement - and his appearance only compounds Yakov’s worry. He looks like a mess, mismatched t-shirt and boxers even in the cold near-winter weather, tangled mess of silver hair hanging limply over his cheeks. His eyes are red-rimmed, but they’re dry now. Lucid, if a little more blank than Yakov is used to.

“Nothing,” Yakov says, quickly. He puts down the skating magazine and pushes it to the side, not quite able to hide the angry furrow of his brows. “Have you eaten?”

Victor shakes his head, absently, and plops down at the table, pulling out his laptop.

Yakov sips a mug of tea, sighing. Victor’s eyes flit to the magazine for a split second, and he snatches it up before Yakov can even realize he’d intended to take it.

“Victor,” Yakov growls, “You might not want to-”

Victor is already flipping through. He stops on a page about halfway through, and Yakov is fairly sure he knows which one it is.

“This guy again,” Victor says, voice very quiet.

“I’ve tried to keep him away from you,” Yakov sighs.

Victor closes his eyes, suppresses a shudder, and pushes the magazine away. His eyes are still scarcely blank, but his brow is furrowed in determination, and he opens his laptop with a deep sigh.

It’s a better reaction than Yakov was expecting, and he breathes an internal sigh of relief. Should he say something, he wonders. Assure Victor that Volkov and the other writers are just vultures picking at the scraps of gossip. They they’re trying so hard to stand out, to drown out the more reasonable voices beneath.

This isn’t the first time that someone’s tried to go after Victor’s reputation - especially once he got older and started being a lot more free with what he’s posted online. It was easier for Victor to brush it off before, though. He would just win medal after medal, would retreat back into his circle of friends and laugh about.

Now, though, Yakov worries. Victor’s emotions are a muddled mess, sometimes not there at all, sometimes bursting from him like vipers out of his chest.

“You have an appointment with your psychologist in an hour,” Yakov reminds Victor, just like he’s always reminded Victor of appointments with a personal trainer or physical therapist or sports nutritionist. “And your counselor for the trial will come over at five to work you through some things she thinks might be difficult.”

Victor doesn’t answer. Click, click, click goes his mouse.
Yakov frowns. “And I’ve been in contact with your landlord about your apartment - it won’t be hard to find a new tenant, so we can start moving more of your things back into your room here.”

Click, click, click.

Yakov stands, a little irritated, and goes to see what Victor has found so fascinating. When he sees Victor’s screen, his heart lurches in his chest.

“Oh, Vitya,” Yakov mutters, closing Victor’s laptop even as he continues to scroll. “Don’t read those.”

Comments from Victor’s facebook profile and twitter flash in front of Yakov’s eyes, reflect back in the glazed-over grief in Victor’s.

lmao this guy’s been half naked on a dozen magazines and he expects us to believe he didn’t want it?

who wouldn’t victor nikiforov sleep with?

but why would he lie tho? idk shouldn’t we wait for more info before jumping on him?

poor alpha, this dumb bitch probably just drank too much that night and felt bad the next morning

My Kids looked up to u, and now?? I can’t believe u would do this !!!

Did you know false accusations make up 50% of all rape cases? :/ Guess Victor thought just ‘cause he’s famous we’d ignore that little fact...

i believe u victor!! stay strong xxx

Um, actually, it’s something like 2%, where are you getting your stats?

shut up bitch

victor’s such a dumb slut. i’d still fuck him though

damn u think u find the one decent omega, nope looks like he’s just as much of a lying whore as the rest of em

“I don’t get it,” Victor says, sounding so unlike himself. “Why…? Why would I lie about this?”


“There were articles, too,” Victor’s voice is strangled, “So many, just like the first one. I don’t… Everyone seems to hate me.”

“They don’t hate you” Yakov starts, but Victor isn’t listening.

“It was just, I didn’t realize he would,” Victor says, desperate, still staring off into the distance, like he’s seeing something that’s not there. “I didn’t… Oh god, it was just a stupid mistake. I didn’t mean to…”

“Vitya,” Yakov growls, hand lingering nervously by his shoulder. “You should eat something. Don’t think about it.”
“I knew people talked, but I didn’t think they’d say this about me-”

“Vitya, please-”

“I didn’t do anything ,” Victor cries, burying his face in his hands.

“I know you didn’t,” Yakov says, feeling so incredibly out of his depth. “This wasn’t your fault, Vitya.”

Later, he tells Victor’s publicist to deal with the comments on his facebook, and he deletes Victor’s twitter.

After

“That’s… what happened,” Victor says, running his fingers through Yuuri’s longer hair one night in their St. Petersburg flat. “Now you know.”

“Oh, Vitya,” Yuuri breathes, trying and failing to keep the horror from his voice. He buries deeper into Victor’s bare chest, hand in Victor’s, their rings glinting in the low moonlight coming through the window. “Thank you for telling me.”

“I wanted you to know,” Victor says. “If you were comfortable. So you know, sort of, why I can’t do some things.”

“I love you,” Yuuri murmurs, kissing Victor on the curve of his jawline. “Please don’t think you ever need to justify yourself to me.”

Victor smiles softly, then his smile fades into a wistful frown. “It’s nice to be myself,” he admits. “I… It feels like, since that day, the world has just shaped me into what they wanted. When it was bad, I was this awful lying slut,” Yuuri winces at the word, and Victor pauses, briefly, “and even now that things have gotten better, it’s like I need to be this… perfect victim.”

Yuuri cocks his head to the side, confused.

“Like,” Victor continues. “I can be appropriately sad, but I’m always one emotional outburst away from everyone hating me again. If I’d just focused on myself instead of making the charity, I would have been selfish. I could never, never mention how long it took me to be comfortable with alpha scents in public because god forbid I have an irrational reaction to people of the same secondary gender as the man who raped me.”

“I’m so sorry,” Yuuri whispers.

Victor sighs. “It was a while ago. I was really glad, then, that even though I showed up at your family’s onsen and greeted you completely naked… You never said anything like that. It really was a gamble, even if I knew you were a fan. And an omega.”

“I was so star struck,” Yuuri admits, “I don’t think I had a coherent thought when I saw you.”

Victor laughs. Then, he looks wistful, and continues, “I’m proud of my body. It’s strong, it’s flexible…”

“It’s really, really pretty,” Yuuri says, blushing.

Victor laughs. “It’s really pretty,” he agrees. The melancholy look is back on his face. “I hate it,
sometimes, because people think how much of it I show, or don’t show, or should or shouldn’t show, somehow affects whether or not my assault really mattered. And I like to think I’m over it, because of all the support from Yakov and the people at our rink, and because I’ve done so well despite everything, but… I’m not. I don’t know if I will ever be. They really, really hated me, Yuuri.”

“I love you,” Yuuri murmurs quickly, eyes shining and determined. Victor smiles down at him, hand moving from Yuuri’s hair to his cheek.

“I’m sorry, that was a lot,” Victor winces. “I didn’t mean to just… Dump it all on you.”

“It’s alright. Please, tell me anything. I don’t mind it,” Yuuri says, “Do you feel better? Do you think you can sleep again?”

“I think so,” Victor smiles, rubbing at his eyes. “I’m sorry, I - I don’t have as many nights like this as I used to.”

“Please,” Yuuri pleads, “Don’t apologize. Just like you’re always telling me not to apologize for being anxious, for getting nervous before competitions. After that first time, that is.”

Victor snorts, then relaxes into their soft pillows. Looking at Victor’s face, the quick blinks as he fights back a few stray tears, Yuuri admires his strength. His passion. How much he’s done for sexual assault victims across the globe thanks to his charity and advocacy work.

“I’m so glad I have you, Yuuri,” Victor says. “You meet me where I am. Thank you for listening to me.”

Yuuri’s heart swells, light and airy inside him as Victor parrots his words back at him. He kisses Victor on the lips, and Victor squeaks in pleased surprise - Yuuri hardly initiates kisses on the lips.

Victor closes his eyes, and Yuuri watches the tense lines in his face fade into a - hopefully, this time uninterrupted - peaceful sleep. He wants to trace the pout of his lips, the sharp cut of his cheekbones, but he doesn’t want to wake him up.

Of course, I’ll listen to you. I love you, Yuuri thinks, and I can understand, at least a little, where you’re coming from.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Brief bit of past Chris/Victor in this chapter. This one's also a little heavier on the a/b/o stuff, most notably heats. I kind of headcanon that since heats are a natural part of biology, heat sex is less taboo than sex in general in-universe.

After,

“V-Vitya, please, I need you,” Yuuri moans, body splayed wide on their bed, naked except for Victor’s beloved Team Russia jacket.

Victor swallows as a wave of Yuuri’s heat-scent fills his nostrils and sticks to the scent receptors in his nose, the back of his throat. Yuuri and heat-Yuuri is like the difference between a yellow and a white peach - both sweet as the juice drips from Victor’s lips, but one is almost cloying, missing the sharp tang of the other.

It’s almost instinctual - even though he’s not an alpha, a primal part of his brain seems to kick into high gear, and Victor barely registers his own movement before he’s leaning over Yuuri on the bed, cuddling into the nest that Yuuri has made of his scarves, his blankets, his warm winter sweaters.

Yuuri exposes his neck, and his lips part hungrily, opening up an invitation to kiss. Victor accepts it gladly, tasting the hot wet of Yuuri’s mouth, still minty fresh from his toothpaste. He must’ve sensed his heat coming and made sure to eat a little something.

Victor is far too dressed for this. Yuuri seems to think so, too. He is pawing at Victor’s shirt and sweatpants, burying his nose into the space between Victor’s clothed legs, inhaling Victor’s scent from it, fresh and strong post his morning run.

He can shower later. Victor pulls off his clothes in quick motions, wrapping himself around Yuuri with sweaty, sticky limbs, pulling Yuuri’s leg around him so he can run his hands along the small of Yuuri’s back.

“Vityaaa,” Yuuri whines, nuzzling into the crook of Victor’s neck. “Don’t tease me.”

Victor chuckles and slides two fingers into Yuuri’s slick hole. There’s no resistance, save for Yuuri moaning loudly and beginning to rut against Victor’s naked thigh, painfully hard against Victor’s stomach.

“I don’t need your fingers,” Yuuri hisses. “I need your cock.”

“It’ll hurt tomorrow if I don’t prepare you right,” Victor laughs. “Even during your heat.”

“Stupid Vitya,” Yuuri whines, “Here I am, all ready for you, and you want to think about tomorrow?”

“Once you win me those five consecutive Grand Prix golds, I’ll fuck you as roughly as you want,” Victor tuts, continuing to finger Yuuri casually, getting a little bit harder at the lovely sucking sounds his slick ass makes around him, “But until then, I am not going to damage your perfect athlete’s body
badly enough to take you out of training for any longer than necessary.”

“Why are you being so *logical*,” Yuuri whines.

“No one’s ever mistaken me for logical before,” Victor teases. It only takes him a second of well-practiced maneuvering to find Yuuri’s prostate, and Yuuri wails in pleasure as he begins stroking it mercilessly.

“Oh, oh, *oh*,” Yuuri gasps, hips bucking involuntarily. “When, *ah*, when I win, you better fuck me so hard that I need you to carry me after. Y-you’ll need to bring me breakfast in bed because I’m so sated I never want to move again. Oh, Vitya, oh, *oh*, I’m c-coming, I’m—”

“If that’s what you want, my love,” Victor whispers into his ear, milking his prostate through his first orgasm and relishing in those clear, high-pitched cries.

Yuuri’s refractory period during his heat is non-existent. As soon as he’s done coming and coming and coming, painting thick white stripes onto Victor’s hands and stomach, he rolls over and presents his ass to Victor, begging silently, and not so silently, for Victor to take him.

Victor does so gladly.

Yuuri *wails* when Victor pulls out of him, grabbing at him with slick, sticky fingers.

“Just a second, my love,” Victor gasps at the force of Yuuri trying to pull him back. “Just a - I need to, *ah* .”

He holds up the inflatable knot dildo, quickly replacing his hard cock with his fingers as he holds it tantalizingly over Yuuri’s head. Yuuri’s eyes, big and brown with pupils blown wide from lust, open wider. He swallows.

Victor takes the silicon tip in his mouth, running his tongue over it, leaving a slick trail of saliva as he pulls it out.

“Do you want this?” he teases, spreading his four fingers wide in Yuuri’s ass.

“No,” Yuuri gasps out.

Victor freezes immediately, but Yuuri grips his face and stares with burning intensity into his eyes.


“Vitya,” Yuuri gasps, “Please, inside me again. Please. Inside me, bite me, *mark me* .”

“If you’re sure,” Victor says, as he always does.

“I am,” Yuuri half-sobs, “*I am* .”

Victor bites at the beautiful curve of Yuuri’s neck, where faded over scars from past heats shine white in the low light of sunset. He slips back inside, still filling Yuuri as he moves, still tight enough that the it’s hot and slick and so, so pleasurable.
Yuuri babbles yes, yes, and Victor gasps around the bite, saliva pooling from his mouth onto the mark.

Victor never wants to let go.

**After,**

The humiliation of Yakov seeing Victor in hysterics on a hospital bed is nothing to the look on his face as Victor presents his testimony in court. He knows everything, by this point, every bloody, gory detail - but Victor supposes it’s different seeing it written down and seeing someone he considers as close as a son saying it out loud.

Different hearing the medical professional say, in a clipped, clinical voice, “The alpha had elevated levels of alpha-testosterol. This is consistent with the accused going into a rut. When we prescribe alpha hormones, sometimes for fertility issues, or sexual disfunction, the blood readings show hormone levels much higher than those from a natural rut. These were just over that natural-artificial line.”

“But,” claims the defense lawyer, “Is it not possible that the accused is just a particularly virile alpha, and that Victor’s exposed scent glands, which he’d been flashing around all evening-”

“Objection. Leading.”

“Sustained. Keep your theories to yourself, Gulina.”

“It had been nearly twenty four hours since taking the medicine,” The medical professional posits, “That would be enough time for his hormone levels to dip just as much as to be potentially, though unlikely, natural. Without previous readings of hormone levels during the accused’s ruts, I would need some convincing to say those readings aren’t too high.”

“But,” the defence hissed, “Can you say that conclusively?”

A pause.

“No.”

Victor is very thorough. Other than being terrified and still a little drunk, he was completely lucid for the whole assault. Every miserable minute that bled into an hour, then a few hours, then even longer.

The entire time, his voice is calm. He’s very proud of himself for keeping the tremble out of his voice, staring down at the alpha who raped him with rapt terror, speaking every word of his testimony to him.

*It looked like something out of a horror movie, when we entered the apartment*, the policewoman had testified before the court. *Blood on the bed, on the walls, on the floor. It looked like he’d butchered an animal.*

He’s externally calm, even as the defense pierces him with a sneer and asks, “Why did you accept the drinks from him, at the bar?”

“I didn’t know he was going to do this,” Victor chokes. “It’s not - it’s not like I have to sleep with every guy who buys me a drink.”

“Why did you accept, though, if you didn’t want to sleep with him?”

“He kept pushing me,” Victor says. “Wouldn’t take no for an answer.”

The defense sniffs, “Would you agree that your scent glands could have become exposed during the course of the night?”

“No one else tried to jump me at the club,” Victor cries, desperate.

“Answer the question, Nikiforov.”

Victor closes his eyes, shuddering.

Before,

“Ow,” Victor hisses, brushing a long, sweaty strand of hair out of his face, “Ow, fuck, Chris, stop, stop stop stop-”

With obvious concentration, Chris freezes mid thrust, rut lust darkening his lovely hazel eyes. He grits his teeth, biting hard enough to bleed, and pulls out of Victor with a pop, gasping and whimpering as his bright, red-flushed cock bobs in the cool air.

“Sorry,” Victor apologizes, pressing a teasing kiss to the tip, his inner omega wailing at the lack of contact. “Sorry. My thigh was cramping up really bad.”

“It’s, hah, no problem,” Chris gasps, gritting his teeth and sitting on his knees. He reaches out and grips Victor’s hip, the other flat on his thigh. He rotates it a few times, and Victor flushes down to his chest.

“What a gentleman,” he laughs. “I should fuck you during your rut more often. Here, sit on your back.”

Chris does so, slipping from lucid to lust-hazed as Victor’s fingers brush his cock. Victor straddles him and sinks down to his base in one go, both crying out at the tight friction.

“Now,” Victor gasps, beginning to slide up and down on Chris’ cock, “Where were we?”

After,

The accused, whose name Victor eventually learned was Nicolas Jacobs, cries when he takes the stand.

He babbles about how he’d been so nervous to go to the club, how he’s backed off when Victor told him to as they were dancing, but then how Victor had accepted drink after drink from him. How he’d been so touchy, so intimate as they left the club-

Victor gasps in fury at that. How dare he claim that when he knows Victor can’t remember well enough to dispute it.

How Victor had presented his neck to him, how he’d apparently said, *oh yes, alpha, please put your fingers in me*, what a shame he was too drunk to remember it, what a shame the slutty omega couldn’t keep track of how many drinks he’d had.
Had he done that? Victor closes his eyes and searches into the deep black abyss of his memory. He doesn’t believe it, can’t believe he’d say that, but there’s nothing there for him to grip onto in his mind.

*How cruel,* he thinks, hands shaking, *I don’t need to remember both the carpet burn as he fucked me into the floor and the bite of the headboard as I knocked against it when I was on the bed, if I only recalled the first time I begged him to let me go but not the next or the next it would have been enough. Why can’t I remember before? Why can he keep saying I asked for him and I can’t even deny it?*

*“Let me go, let me go, please no more-”*

*“Shh, shh, just a little bit longer, just a little, ah, fuck, yes, yes-”*

“Oh, those pills?” The alpha says through fat tears, “Yes, I had a prescription for alpha-testosterol, yes, there was an open pill bottle right by the bed, but I didn’t *take* them. Victor’s omega scent triggered my rut.”

“Did Victor ever tell you *no* ?”

The alpha shakes his head, dabbing at his eyes. “He never said *no* .”

Yakov can’t quite muffle the furious growl that slips out of him at that.

*“Mr. Jacobs,”* the prosecution asks during the cross-examination, *disgust clear in her voice. “Did he, at any point, say *don’t* ? Or, maybe, *stop* ?”*

Nicolas blinks, eyes suddenly dry. “I don’t remember,” he says, evasively. “I was in a rut, you know?”

Yakov puts his hand on Victor’s shoulder, barely masking the cold fury on his face.

*“He’s a good kid,”* the defense coos, *“A university student. Not the violent attacker the prosecution wants to make him out to be.”*

*He’s a rapist ,* Victor wants to scream. *Stop it, stop it, stop it-*

*After ,*

The doctor tuts at Victor, clinically disapproving. *“No heats for six years ?”* he gapes, skirting around real emotion.

Victor winces.

*“Uh,”* he says, trying to come up with an excuse that doesn’t vomit five years worth of trauma onto the lap of a complete stranger.

*“That explains the cramping and stomach problems,”* the doctor forges on. *“As well as the exhaustion, the occasional discharge.”*

Victor listens with increasing anger at the laundry list of symptoms, explainable by his constant suppression. It hurts that he’d gotten so sick so soon after he was supposed to be training Yuuri, it hurts that they needed to go all the way to Fukuoka to find an english speaking doctor because he couldn’t bear to have Yuuri translate, and then Victor was too nervous to go without Yuuri, but
made him wait outside in the sterile waiting area anyway.

“For your health,” the doctor says, and Victor winces because he knows what’s coming, “I really recommend you come off of suppressants immediately. You’ll have your heat, which might be erratic or different than you’re used to because you’ve been suppressing for so long, and then you should come back in for a checkup with me.”

“Can I at least wait until after this season is over?” Victor asks, hopefully, “I’m a coach, you see, and I don’t want to miss a single day.”

The doctor taps his chin, thoughtfully. “When will the season be over?”

Victor bites his lip. “Um. Next spring?”

The doctor gives him a look. Victor finds it surprisingly fortifying, and he snaps back, “I have deep, deep trauma associated with my heat. With sex in general. You want to force me to go through that?”

The doctor’s face is sympathetic, softer than it had been when he told he he hadn’t had a heat for half a decade. Under the white doctors garb, Victor can see the signature omega scent patches.

“I’m worried about the effect this will have on your body,” the doctor says, honestly. “You could be infertile if you suppress for too long. Or, worse, an extended dosage of omega hormones could make you susceptible to uterine or cervical cancer. It’s similar for alphas in a rut.”

“My body’s been through a lot,” Victor hisses. “It can take it.”

He knows that’s not quite how that works, but it’s so hard to process how his own biology is failing him.

“It seems you’ve been placed in a cruel predicament,” the doctor sighs, “Either suffer damage to your body by ignoring your heats or suffer damage to your mind by going through it.”

Cruel predicament. Everything about the aftermath of his assault had been one cruel predicament after another.

“Do you have someone here to support you? Or, would you prefer to get in touch with your GP back in Russia so you’ll be around people you love?” The doctor offers.

“I think the people who care about me the most are here,” Victor admits. “Aside from Yakov. I don’t want to go back to Russia. I made a promise.”

“Do you have a therapist?”

Victor nods, shortly.

“I’d suggest speaking to them before, figuring out the best way to proceed. I’m sorry, Victor. Though, I’m to believe you’ll be in Japan for an extended period of time?” the doctor asks.

Victor nods again.

“There are a few very new forms of suppressants,” he offers. “Which will naturally suppress for two to three years at a time. You may… So long as you don’t have a desire for children, we could even discuss surgical removal of your uterus and ovaries, which would get rid of your heats entirely.”

Victor bites his lip. Children have never really been a concept on his mind, save for that awful scare immediately after the attack. Would he really give up the possibility permanently to save himself
from his heats?

“I’ll give you some time to think about it,” the doctor says, “In the meantime, please. Call your therapist to talk you through this. Athletes need their bodies to be in peak condition.”

Victor’s smile as he nods doesn’t quite reach his eyes. He’ll video chat with his therapist later, but even as he plans the call, he resigns himself to his fate.

Just like how he had swept him off his feet at the banquet, Victor finds himself overwhelmed by Yuuri Katsuki. He explains, gravely, to his parents, that Victor has a medical condition and it’s necessary to induce his heat. For a few days, Yuuri painstakingly sets up the spare bedroom, far from the inn’s other patrons. Victor joins him in the washing, inhaling the fragrance of freshly cleaned sheets.

They provide an abundance of pillows with bright, colorful fabrics and thick blankets. As Victor settles into his pre-heat, he finds himself relaxing as he rearranges them into a cozy pile on the bed. They smell nice, if a little plain. Lacking.

Yuuri spends a lot of time with him as he curls up for longer and longer hours in his little nest. He lets Victor nuzzle into his neck when he’s feeling particularly clingy, wraps his arms around him like warmth and safety. He even personally brings Victor his package from the doctor, full of little toys and devices to help him through alone.

If it weren’t for the creeping dread about his heat, what his heat might make him want, it would have been nice.

Victor recognizes the irritability, the hot flush that a dozen cold towels can’t cool down, the desperate need to feel someone’s arms around him. This time, though, it’s accompanied by a strange, sick feeling, nausea and terror competing in his stomach.

Hiroko Katsuki makes him a delicious seaweed salad, cool and refreshing in the hot summer sun, and Victor aches with guilt when he only has the energy to pick at it.

Victor wakes one morning with dampness between his legs and an empty ache in his belly. He lies there, hands trembling, body begging him for a release he’s too terrified to give it. Frustrated tears prickle at the corners of his eyes, and he lets out a low sob as he stays there, stiff and hot and leaking.

When Yuuri knocks, tentatively, at the door, Victor hates how his body jolts with need.

“Come in,” he rasps, wiping at his eyes and covering himself despite how hot it is.

Yuuri enters. He has nothing in his hands - Victor had assumed he might be bringing something - and he sits beside Victor on the bed, blushing and nervous. His finger brushes Victor’s arm and Victor’s body lights on fire from the simple touch.

“I could smell you,” Yuuri admits. “My mom never cooks with mint, so I knew immediately. How are you doing?”

“Awful,” Victor croaks, no filter during his heat. He can’t even describe the pain of his heat. Even before, his athlete mindset, the need to control and hone every bit of his body and mine for the perfect performance, made heats unappealing. Now, though, now - there’s the fear of someone finding him, the awful back and forth of I hate having things up my ass to you need it, you need to be
Yuuri wrings his hands, looking down awkwardly. “What do you normally like?”

“I’m not sure,” Victor sighs. “It’s been years. Years.”

“Please,” Yuuri pleads, “At least touch yourself. Please don’t deny yourself for days.”

Victor whimpers, involuntarily, his inner omega throwing a fit at the thought of being unsatisfied. Even under the blankets, it’s clear that he’s painfully hard.

“Do you want me to leave?” Yuuri asks.

Victor ponders that. “I don’t want you to see me like this,” he admits, “But I also don’t want to be alone.”

“I’ll close my eyes,” Yuuri says, determined.

Victor manages a smile at that. He grips Yuuri’s hand firmly with one of his, and the other slips underneath the sheets, gripping himself.

Yes, screams his primal brain, yes, yes yes.

It feels good. Victor pumps his cock up and down, and within a few seconds he’s gasping through his first orgasm. Oh, that felt good. His body relaxes, just a fraction.

Yuuri’s face is flushed at the sounds Victor is making. Victor’s heat blunts the embarrassment that he knows he’ll feel once this is done, but he still blushes at the way Yuuri must feel.

Victor pushes the sheets aside and runs his fingers through the come on his stomach. His stomach pulls in at the ticklish touch, and he laughs, a little bit.

Fill me, begs his body, fill me.

Victor ignores it. He pulls out a fleshlight from the pile of toys the doctor recommended and slides his soft cock into it, moaning at the texture, the tightness around him. The toy brings him to completion a second time, and Victor finds his cock is sensitive and sore after two consecutive orgasms.

Fill me!

Victor brings Yuuri’s hand to his lips and kisses it, hoping it will fortify him for the next few hours. Being in heat when he could have been training was always a chore, but during, during - Victor has had some of the the best sex of his life during his heat. Even when he was alone, Victor remembers filling himself with thick silicon dildoes, ribbed and bumpy and delicious as they slid through the slick inside him.

It’s painful, then. Painful that he’s been reduced to this, too nervous to even put his fingers inside himself.


Victor preens, despite himself.

“I wish there was more I could do to help,” Yuuri says, distress written clearly across his face, even with his eyes screwed shut.
"Oh, I can think of something," his heat-brain supplies, unhelpfully.

Victor’s rational brain wishes there was something Yuuri could do, too. Before, he would’ve been writhing on the bed, pumping three or four fingers in and out of himself. Now, though, now-

“I, uh,” Victor mumbles, feeling very embarrassed, “I want to try something. It’s, oh god, okay, there’s no way to do this without it being awkward—”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri reassures him, pink to the tips of his ears.

“I want to put my fingers inside myself,” Victor says, wincing a little. “Can you - Can you help me through that? Not physically, just, talk to me.”

“I can,” Yuuri says, faint but distinct.

“Okay,” he gasps, rolling onto his side, “Okay.”

Victor runs his finger through the thick slick at his entrance, wetting his finger liberally.

“Try to relax, Victor,” Yuuri says, nervous, “Your hand is clenching mine so tightly. Here, here.” He leans down a little, tilting his neck to the side. Victor can smell his cherry-blossom scent, and it’s like a wave of peace is rolling over him. A wave of peace and arousal, and Victor grits his teeth to stop himself from moaning.

Victor sticks one finger into himself, slowly, wiggling it around as the loose, relaxed feeling settles around him like a blanket.

“Ah,” he says, relieved. Yes, screams his heat-brain.

He puts in one more finger. It’s been so long since anything’s been inside him that, even relaxed and in heat, it’s a little tight. Victor decides that’s enough for now, and he can’t stifle the moan as he begins to scissor his fingers, begins to slide his fingers in and out, making wonderful wet sounds.

“How does it feel?” Yuuri asks.

“So good,” Victor moans, and it’s not just his heat talking. “Oh, so good.”

He wiggles his fingers around a little and gasps out in delicious pleasure as he hits his prostate. His cock stirs again, and he smiles into the pillow, into Yuuri’s hand as he fingers himself slowly, then a little faster, stroking and stroking that sweet spot inside himself.

“Still good?” Yuuri asks, breathlessly.

“Still good,” Victor sighs.

He’s forgotten how good this feels. The slow build of pleasure, different than sloppily fisting his cock, what he’d done when he really couldn’t ignore the itch all these long years, since.

He comes after a few moments of stroking, hand limp and relaxed in Yuuri’s, hips rolling in hot, blissful desire.

Now that he’s a few orgasms in, his heat doesn’t seem so scary. Even fingering himself doesn’t seem so scary. It’s good to know he can still get pleasure out of this, that he’s not resigned to three days of terrified torture.

His rational brain doesn’t want to think about Yuuri’s presence, how that was really the catalyst for
his calming down. Luckily, though, it’s his heat, and he can put that off for a little bit.

Them, suddenly, it’s over, and everything comes crashing down.

“That must have been so embarrassing for you,” Victor whispers, humiliated, finally finding the compunction to pull on some clothes after four days of heat-lust and hand-holding. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I never wanted you to see me like that, so sloppy, so needy.” He takes a deep, gasping breath. “I understand if you want me to leave.”

Yuuri’s eyes widen in shock and, to Victor’s surprise, anger.

“What?” he gasps, “I - no! I won Hotsprings on Ice last month, fair and square, and that means you have to stay here and coach me.” He grips Victor’s shoulders, eyes blazing with a possessive intensity. “You won’t get rid of me that easily, Victor.”

Victor pauses for a moment, shocked. Then, his face splits into a luminous smile, and he pulls Yuuri to his chest.

After,

Nicolas Jacobs, the twenty five year old student from Belgium, gets two years of jail time. Less, if he has good behavior.

The final rule from the judge is, while it was clear that Victor had fought, and bled, and been brutalized as he begged Nicolas to stop, Nicolas had been acting under the effects of a rut and therefore could not be held as accountable. And anyway, he’s a good kid. No prior convictions.

The counselor had told Victor that guilty verdicts in rape trials hardly ever get more than a few years, but the sentence still punches Victor in the gut, leaves him shaking and winded.

“But,” he whispers, looking at Nicolas for the first time since the trial began. He’s crying, and a crowd of people huddle around him, comfortingly.

Beside Victor, Yakov is white with fury, and his hands jerk, like he doesn’t know if he should hug Victor or wring Nicolas’ neck. A wave of cold, cold despair pools in Victor’s gut.

That’s it, then.

“I did my best,” Victor murmurs, half to himself.

“I know you did,” Yakov hisses, furiously. Victor knows the anger isn’t directed at him, but he winces all the same.

“Can we get out of here?” Victor whimpers.

Yakov nods, standing stiffly.

Cameras flash outside, and Victor feels like a newborn foal, stumbling as Yakov leads him away, back to his unassuming black Toyota.

“So I mean, one has to wonder if he really took this trial seriously.”
Yakov’s grip on him tightens, intending to drive him forward, but Victor snaps around to see who’s talking.

Fucking Volkov, talking to some gossip magazine. A pang of anger pierces the cold in his gut.

“Nikiforov shows up this morning, he showed up this morning wearing these garish sunglasses—”

“Almost like he was hungover.”

“Exactly! Almost like he was hungover. Then, you must’ve seen, during the trial? Didn’t shed a single tear. If it was really so horrible, why was he so calm discussing it? I really found it easier to empathize with Jacobs, you can really tell this is going to ruin his life—”

I was crying, Victor thinks, shaking with horror, I wore sunglasses because I was crying, I practiced so many times, going over what I was going to say again and again so I could keep calm in front of everyone.

Volkov seems to notice Victor staring at him.

“Any comments on the verdict?” Volkov asks, snake-like.

“I,” Victor’s voice cracks. “Why would you say that?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Why would you say that?” Victor snaps, “I cared, I tried so hard, I—”

“Don’t engage, Vitya,” Yakov growls, pleadingly, gripping his arm. He begins to pull Victor away, forcefully this time, and Victor squirms in his grip.

“What did I do to you?” Victor cries back at the crowd, voice a piercing bell of agony.

Yakov pushes him into the passenger seat of his car and drives off before anyone else can approach.

A fan from Moscow creates an online petition to get the judge from the trial disbarred mere hours after the verdict is released to the public. It garners nearly 10,000 signatures, and a flurry of hate-mail sent to his office address.

Yakov tries to tell Victor, and Victor takes the news with some appreciation, but by that point the damage is done.

“I tried my best,” Victor whispers, voice cracked, ringing like an alarm in Yakov’s ears.

“I know you did,” Yakov assures him. “No one worked harder than you to put him away.”
Phew, sorry for the wait!!!! I got incredibly busy. I have this chapter, then I think (hope?) one more next weekend.

I wanted to make a quick announcement, though, that I'm going to have to go on hiatus for a few months. Nothing bad, don't worry, but I'm currently working a full time job and I also am going to be applying to graduate programs, which means studying for the GREs, writing personal statements, etc etc etc. I'll basically have no time to do anything fun until late December.

I won't abandon this, don't worry! See you on the other side of some (hopefully) successful applications in December-January. :)

And if you have questions or want to chat, I'll probably be lurking on my tumblr.

After,

“I think I want to see a sex therapist,” Victor comments to Yuuri one evening, casual over a cup of hot tea.

Makka perks up at Yuuri’s surprised squeak, and she pads over from the apartment door to the foot of their couch, wagging her tail to offer sweet, doggy comfort.

“Is everything okay?” Yuuri worries. “Has it been… not good?”

“No no,” Victor assures him, scooting around on the couch so his head is pressed into the crook of Yuuri’s neck, and he kisses Yuuri’s jawline softly. “The sex has been great. Perfect, even.”

“Oh,” Yuuri nods, trying to hide his confusion.

“But,” and here, Victor winces, because he’s opening up that painful, raw part of himself again, “There are still a lot of things I can’t do, and I kind of want to be able to do them again.”

“Victor,” Yuuri says, forcefully, “I love being on bottom, so doing that every time is no problem at all. Please don’t think you need to be able to, you know, be comfortable with every position and every possibility. I’ll love you, no matter what.”

“Yuuri,” Victor whines, “You’re misunderstanding me. Please, listen. I loved sex. But then, after I was, um, after I was raped, I could barely stomach the thought of it. It took something I enjoyed and twisted it, tainted it.”

He snuggles deeper into Yuuri’s arms and continues on, “Then, I met you. Ever since that awful, humiliating heat-”

“Wasn’t humiliating,” Yuuri sniffs, defensive on Victor’s behalf.

“-I started thinking about sex seriously again. Being with you has made me remember how much I
loved having sex before I was assaulted. I don’t want to see a sex therapist because I’m worried that I’m not satisfying you.” at this, Victor pauses and bites his lip, “Okay, that’s a small part, but mostly it’s because I want to be able to enjoy myself like I used to. Without this thing holding me back.”

“Victor,” Yuuri sighs, cupping his cheek.

“I want to be able to be on bottom again,” Victor says, blushing. “That used to be my preference.”

Yuuri runs his thumb from Victor’s cheekbone to his lips, smiling softly. “I want you to enjoy yourself, too,” he says, sadly.

“I do enjoy myself,” Victor assures him. “I just know I could enjoy myself more, because I have in the past. Plus, when I retire as a skater at the end of this season, we won’t have to be painfully chaste during the skating season anymore.”

“I don’t think anyone would call us painfully chaste,” Yuuri snorts, “We just can’t have penetrative sex before big practices or competitions. Which is fine, by the way.”

“I know,” Victor smiles, kissing the curve of Yuuri’s wrist. “But it’ll be nice to have the choice, don’t you think?”

“I want you to be happy,” Yuuri assures him, kissing him at the edge of his smile. “And anything that will make you feel better, I’ll support completely.”

“Thank you, Yuuri,” Victor breathes, wondering how he found someone so wonderful.

After,

Cameras flash, bright like strobe lights blinking spots in front of Victor’s eyes. He brushes a stray strand of long hair out of his eyes, gold medal and heart heavy.

“How did you find the strength to come back to skating,” one reporter coos at him. “After such an awful trauma?”

Victor smiles, blankly. Everything feels so blank, so numb, a blanket of snow on a cold St. Petersburg morning. “I love skating,” he smiles, voice very small. “I needed some time off, but I’d never let something like this take me out of commission permanently.”

“Why did you take a full season off, as opposed to just the few weeks necessary for recovery?”

“It was, ah, more than a few weeks,” Victor says, embarrassed. “I wanted to focus on bringing my, um, attacker to justice.”

“Was the trial verdict disappointing?” A reporter asks.

“Yes,” Victor says, flatly. “But I don’t want to focus on that, now. I am already planning new routines for the upcoming season, and-”

“Do you have any regrets about that night?” a reporter cuts him off. “If you could go back in time, would you have that drink?”

Victor freezes.

“No comment,” Yakov snarls into the microphone beside him.
The other skaters in the round table look away, embarrassed or angry.

“Do you have any insight for other omegas,” the reporter carries on, oblivious to the chilly atmosphere. “On things they can do to stay safe when going out? Were you wearing scent blockers?”

From across the table, Chris clears his throat, awkwardly. Victor’s heart pangs at all those missed calls, every conversation ended mid-thought because socialization was draining him, dragging him down. They haven’t seen each other outside of competition since that night in St. Petersburg, nearly a year and a half ago.

“I have some advice for alphas,” Chris offers, sarcastically. The reporter blinks, like he hadn’t considered that possibility. “If someone tells you to stop, maybe you should.”

The reporters turn to him, the Grand Prix silver medalist, gaping with new interest.

“You and Victor had been in a relationship in the past, yes?” One reporter asks with interest. “Did his extensive sexual history ever bother you?”

“Yes to the first, no to the second,” Chris scowls. “His constantly beating me in competition bothers me, though.”

Victor snorts, eyes flitting to Chris gratefully. His eyelashes are sticky with black mascara, eyes rimmed with smokiness from blinking away tears before the competition. He’s never needed anyone to defend him before, never been so vulnerable. Never been such a weak, stereotypical omega, whining and weeping and whimpering without an alpha nearby to defend him.

“As an alpha, though, you must understand how hard it is to break out of a rut,” another reporter sounds disbelieving. “Especially when he’s releasing his pheromones, trying to find-”

“I was with him the whole night and I managed to control myself,” Chris says. “Would you keep going if your partner was obviously in distress?”

No one seems to know what to say to this.

“What big surprise are you planning for your fans next year?” a young reporter squeaks, eyes starry. Victor breathes a sigh of relief.

“If I told you,” he teases, “It wouldn’t be a surprise.”

“Do you think you can be an example to young omegas still,” someone else pipes up, rudely pushing the young reporter to the side, “I mean, following-”

“No further questions,” Yakov shouts, gripping Victor’s shoulder with a shaking fist.

“Hey,” Chris snaps at the same time, standing. He seems to realize, then, that he didn’t have a plan for what to do next, and he blanches as all eyes turn to him.

Chris turns his back to the reporters and pulls his pants down, mooning all of them as the cameras flash and the coaches gasp in horror.

Yakov grips Victor and tries to block his view, worried that this will set Victor off. Victor laughs, though. He laughs, and laughs, and laughs, because the cameras are finally not focused on him.
“I’m sorry,” Chris says, afterwards. He’s grown into his body since that night, no longer an awkward nineteen, now nearly twenty one and exuding sexuality.

Victor shakes his head wish a small smile. “Don’t be. I appreciated what you did there.”

“No,” Chris implores. “Not about that. I’m sorry, I should have waited until you were back before finding someone. If I hadn’t…”

Victor freezes, even in the ice rink the air around him going very cold.

“Chris,” he whispers.

“And, I mean, I could’ve rescheduled my flight, but Yakov said-”

“Stop,” Victor says, forcefully. “Chris, please stop. Please. I,” he takes a deep breath, closing his eyes. “I don’t blame you, I don’t blame you at all. But I’m nowhere near ready to have this conversation. I’m sorry.”

Chris looks pained. “Don’t apologize,” he says, voice low. “I… I shouldn’t have just started talking about, you know. That night.”

Victor smiles, weakly. Chris is such a good person, but he smells like alpha, and Victor is very, very nervous.

“I was so happy about what you said to those reporters,” Victor says. “Mooning the sponsors? That’ll really help that bad boy image you’re going for.”

“Oh yes,” Chris says, seriously, “I’ll bring my leather jacket to my next competition. Maybe get a tattoo?”

“Get a tattoo of their shocked faces,” Victor snorts.

“They’re awful,” Chris shakes his head, disbelieving. “I just… I wanted them to leave you alone.”

“I think you succeeded,” Victor laughs. “At least for a little while.”

“I always wanted my ass to be on the cover of a magazine,” Chris comments, ruefully.


After,

Victor doesn’t sleep with Chris ever again.

Sometimes he remembers their nights spent together, sometimes he touches himself thinking about them late at night, tries desperately to finger himself and enjoy it like he had when they were sleeping together.

It’s never as good. Victor wishes desperately that Chris weren’t an alpha. Weren’t a young, strong, powerful alpha.

Then, maybe, they could be close friends again.
After,

The scandal rocks the skating world. A world-renowned ISU figurehead has been accused of sexual harassment by numerous omega employees, resulting in a multi-million dollar lawsuit and a stamp of shame on figure skating for the next few months.

Victor makes a statement on behalf of Athletes Against Sexual Assault, Yuuri at his side, and frustration bleeds through every word he says.

“We at AASA have tried very hard to educate the athletic world on the repercussions of sexual harassment and sexual assault,” he forces out through gritted teeth, “So it’s a shame when someone in our community is exposed as an abuser. This just makes the work we do even more vital to ensuring the safety of our athletes, and those who work with us.”

Victor is melancholy for most of the rest of the day. He doesn’t seem to want to get up off the couch, and Makkachin doesn’t seem to want to leave him. Yuuri frets as he brings him hot tea, not knowing if he should be comforting him or giving him his space.

Headlines and blurbs flash in his mind.

_The official was described as touching his omega employees without their consent. In one instance, he put his hand on an omega intern’s knee and slid it up his thigh._

“It’s so difficult,” Victor sighs. “I put my heart and soul into advocacy work. Then, this happens, and I wonder what I’m even doing. I wonder if we’ve even helped anyone at all.”

“You have,” Yuuri assures him, voice coming out a little bit cracked.

“It doesn’t feel like it,” Victor grumbles, absently patting Makkachin on the head.

_and in another instance, he forcibly kissed an employee after backing him into an empty closet._

Tears well up in Yuuri’s eyes, hot and humiliating. Makkachin seems to notice his distress and pulls away from Victor, and Yuuri frantically wipes his eyes because Victor can’t see this, can’t see-

“Yuuri?” Victor says, concern etched into his brow. “Yuuri, are you okay?”

Yuuri tries to say yes, but the word sticks in his throat, and he hiccups loudly. Victor opens his arms on the couch and Yuuri falls into them with a sob.

“I’m sorry,” Yuuri gasps, “I don’t, I don’t know why I’m crying, I-”

“It’s alright,” Victor reassures him, a little bemused and very worried.

“Please don’t say that what you did didn’t matter,” Yuuri breathes, tears flowing down his cheeks. “Please. Victor, I-”

“Yuuri?”

“I never told anyone.”

It’s like ice water has been dumped on Victor’s head. He freezes, fingers clasping even tighter around Yuuri’s back.

“Yuuri?” He repeats, but this time his voice is low, some combination of soothing and horrified.
“It wasn’t even that bad,” Yuuri sniffs, “I never wanted to tell you because you’d think I was upset about nothing.”

“It’s not nothing,” Victor hisses, fiercely.

“When I was in college, my first year,” Yuuri shudders, “I went out with some friends. To some frat party, because we couldn’t go to bars. I got so, so drunk, and this alpha just sort of pulled me to the side and kissed me.” He wipes his eyes again. “I tried to push him off, but he just kept kissing me and kissing me in front of everyone, even though I didn’t want it.”

Victor’s hands stretch the fabric of his shirt with how tightly he’s gripping it.

“My friends thought it was funny. They laughed about how I was finally coming out of my shell, that I had just smelled so good that night, like it was some kind of compliment,” Yuuri sobs, “It wasn’t funny, though. I never went out with them again. I barely left my dorm room, except for practice and classes, the rest of the year.”

“Yuuri,” Victor gasps, suddenly remembering, “Yuuri, the Cup of China, I’m so sorry, I didn’t know-”

“Hush,” Yuuri hisses, “Don’t go… Don’t go feeling guilty about that. That’s not why I’m telling you, it’s not.”


“After two years of feeling awful, your website finally went live, along with your organization. I followed you religiously, so of course I followed the site - and, and,” he sobs, deep and shuddering, “I found this page, ‘what counts as sexual assault’, and it told me, for the first time, that what happened to me wasn’t funny. It wasn’t my fault. You told me that being sexually assaulted wasn’t my fault.”

Victor swallows thickly, at a loss for words, heart pounding in his chest.

“I finally started feeling better,” Yuuri finishes, shakily. “That, and Celestino finally forced me to see a psychiatrist, but that helped. You helped.”

“Yuuri,” Victor breathes, tears beading at the corners of his eyes.

“Please don’t think that what you’ve done wasn’t worth it,” Yuuri says, firmly, looking deep into Victor’s wide blue eyes.

Victor wants to cry. He’s equal parts touched and so desperately upset that Yuuri had to go through any sort of violence like what he went through. That Yuuri got the same people minimizing what he went through, saying it was his fault, making light of it because they didn’t know, or didn’t care, how he was going to stay up at night suffering because of it.

“I won’t,” he replies, because he doesn’t know what else to say.

After,

Something changes after Victor wins his second Grand Prix gold post-attack.

It’s Yakov who alerts him to this, however indirectly. Victor hasn’t been responsible for his own
social media since the trial. A few stray comments, even among a sea of supportive ones, could send him spiralling. More than one article has popped up since the attack on how omegas can stop themselves from being raped. Those, too, Victor can’t handle.

One day, Yakov asks Victor if he wants his Facebook back. Asks him if he wants to make a new Instagram, since platforms have changed in the few years he’s been off.

Victor swallows. He hasn’t been on the computer much at all. He’s been reading, mostly, old books and new books and self-help books. Yuri, a new feature on the rink, really likes video games, so sometimes Victor plays Legend of Zelda with him and Mila, a brilliant young beta who’s just entered the women’s senior division at fifteen. Sometimes, he skypes with Chris.

“Um,” Victor says, ruffling his newly short hair. “Are you sure?”

Yakov nods. “I think if you feel ready, you can have them back. I’ll still have your publicist go through for issues, but, if you want...”

It’s around this time that BuzzFeed runs a feature that highlights his assault and the subsequent fallout quite heavily.

The Making of A Martyr reaches a few million shares across platforms, touches people in corners that have never seen a single figure skating competition in their lives.

Previous articles have mentioned the fall of numerous icons, beautiful young omegas who reached a peak of popularity only to sink into a quagmire of scandal and disgust. The famous singer Aaron Dupont was embroiled in a so-called scandal when he split from his alpha, claiming he’d been abused for years. Little mistakes, or worse, things beyond their control turn a horde of fans into a force of terror.

No one exemplifies the accrual of unwarranted mob-like hatred moreso than figure skating legend Victor Nikiforov. The story of his violation has been passed from social media site to social media site, the facts warped and twisted to paint a successful omega as a compulsive liar, a harlot out of some seventeenth century Puritan novel. The simple fact of the matter is that Nikiforov was raped, violently. Witnesses described the scene of the attack as something out of a horror movie.

It tugs at our very moral conscience, our essence as a species of higher thinking than that of wolves or other beasts, then, to remember that the attack didn’t end when the alpha was arrested. A series of articles, of aggressive reporters, of a verdict that barely even began to comprehend the damage inflicted, seemed intent on wringing out every ounce of life from Victor. Victor needed to fight, tooth and nail, to be let back into skating when his sponsors decided a multiple gold medalist wasn’t worth it.

We live in a culture that took a man at his worst and asked him to apologize for what had happened to him, asked him to beg, on his knees, for us to forgive him for the crime of being a victim. What an amazing cruelty, that was.

Sure, Victor has maintained a fiercely loyal contingent, who have campaigned for the removal of many an editorialist (sometimes with some success), but this will never make up for the sheer institutional failure at every level that caused an innocent omega to suffer beyond belief. If you have omega children, if you have an omega in your life that you love, Victor’s story should horrify you.

Only when this awful, toxic culture that puts the feelings of abusers over the the facts of the abused becomes a thing of the past - only then can we really speak to omega equality. And until then, I think we owe Victor, and the other omegas catalogued here, a few hundred apologies.
The first picture Victor posts on Instagram is an adorable sleeping Makkachin in his new apartment. He captions it, with shaking fingers, *It’s good to have our own place again! #Makkachin #stpetersburg #doge*.

A few comments pop up almost instantly, and Victor’s breath catches in his throat.

**nikiforova** awwwww so cute!! glad ur back on insta :*

**nikimetti** im so happy you’re feeling better, bb <3 <3

**skatefan4life** give makkachin lots of kisses for me ;o; i’m so proud of you, victor

Victor breathes a sigh of relief, cuddled up with Makkachin on the bed. She’s such a sweet girl, and the first few days of unpacking boxes and sifting through old belongings, she diligently stays off the bed - remembering his rule, even years later. It takes little more than a tired pat at the empty place next to him to convince her, though, and she licks his face happily as she flops on top of him.

The fans are asking for more information. They have been, for the past two years. They ask, Victor, won’t you tell us your side of the story?

Victor wants to, but it’s still painful to remember the last time he’d told his truth and had it thrown back in his face. Instead, he fills his social media with cute pictures of Makkachin sleeping, Makkachin running, Makkachin panting gleefully up at him. A few photos of his routines, nothing too revealing, clothes wise or content wise.

The first comment of *I miss the ass pics* makes him want to throw up. His publicist monitors the output heavily, deletes the worst of it. There were so many before, but now, she can manage the flow of comments. Then, a few things start to pop up.

**darling-vitya** I was raped in 2005 and it was one of the worst things that’s ever happened to me. Watching skating was one of the only things that kept me going thru some of the darkest moments of my life, especially your routines. I was heartbroken to hear that you were going through the same thing I had. Your fans, your real fans, love you, and I hope you’re finding the help you need. We support you <3

**haileechen** they blamed me too, just because i was wearing a short skirt. i know you’re not a liar. u didn’t deserve this, and i didn’t either. please stay strong xxx

**skatingnewsUK** i SCREAMED when i saw you were coming back to the ice!! you’re such an amazing skater, you’re a legend. i met you in 2009 and you were so lovely, it was so shocking that someone would hurt you. b/c of you all of us at skating news uk held this huge fundraiser and we donated everything to charity. do you know of some specific charities that are against sexual assault/rape culture? we want to show all survivors that people out there care

Victor screenshots his favorites and keeps them in a special folder on his phone, for particularly hard nights.

A month after Victor creates his Instagram, Volkov is fired for sexual harassment. Yakov laughs maliciously as he reads the news to Lilia over the phone at practice the next day, unaware that Victor is hanging on to every word on the opposite side of a toilet stall.

Thanks to the scandal, Volkov’s omega wife files for divorce. Sometimes, Victor’s fans comment on his pictures that they’ve sent mail to magazines, newspapers, asking them not to hire Volkov again.
Victor wishes he could feel the same sadistic glee that Yakov does at Volkov’s misery, which he talks about extensively on his twitter, but mostly he wishes Volkov had never taken an interest in him in the first place.

The best job Volkov can get is with some awful, right-wing sensationalist publication that cares little for figure skating and a lot for anti-omega thinkpieces. He’s a lot easier to ignore now that his job won’t pay the fee for press passes to get into skating events and near the skaters.

His first article is about his “whore-wife’s” divorce and how she’d been secretly seduced by the idea of the independent, career omega.

An image that one cannot help but intrinsically link to Victor Nikiforov. Indeed, if we’re not careful, all of our omegas will be posing naked for magazines and rolling around under the sheets with strangers. Whatever happened to the days where alphas owned the working world and omegas ran the home? When forgiveness was a staple of any relationship?

Victor blinks at the blurb. It’s such an old, awful habit, reading snippets from Volkov. This one, though, doesn’t hit him like the others. He reads it again, scanning the page nervously.

Is he really blaming me, my photoshoots, for him being held accountable for sexual harrassment? Victor wonders, Does he really think I caused his divorce?

Then, with a strange calmness, a wave washing over him, Oh my god, that’s pathetic.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

So, how about those scores and scores of sexual assault allegations making rounds in the news these days? Ugh Ugh Ugh

I'll be honest, this chapter took so long to get posted despite being almost entirely written because I was really, really worried how it was going to be received (not just the chapter but the whole fic) in light how how public the conversation around sexual assault has become. I dunno, suddenly people are more aware of it than they were before, and how rape and sexual assault gets normalized/ignored on every level, so how can one little fanfic properly encompass that? I don't really have an answer, but I hope you like(?) this next chapter. And that it doesn't feel too uncomfortable in light of everything.

Only a few chapters left - I'll try to get the next one up sooner than four months from now. :P

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Figure skating is etched into Victors skin, all the way down to his bones. Every callous, every bruise, the swell at his ankle where the bone fused back together after a nasty fall at age twelve - his body is clay moulded by his sport.

Since he was a child, he’s given everything to the ice, given and given and gotten little slivers back. Medals, sponsorships, a coach that Victor would die defending.

If only it could be just him and the ice, piercing and cold in his lungs, the caress of his hair against his cheek as he twirls through a spin.

Victor’s collection of medals from before his assault is a string of silvers, bronzes, and more than the occasional gold. He wins the European Championship at age fifteen, and catapults himself to a household name in figure skating.

After, in his first year back, Victor claims gold at the Grand Prix Final, at Worlds, at Europeans and, of course, at Nationals. He fights so, so hard to remake himself even stronger than before, and he crumples when all that the press wants to know about is how he’s reacting to his assault.

They expect it to be a fluke, a last hurrah. Next season, he braids black and red ribbons into his hair and lets flame-like stripes lick up the sides of his flowing costume, a loose skirt almost reminiscent of a woman’s costume and flowing shirt masking the curves of his body from prying eyes, and skates his free program to Stravinsky’s Firebird, making sure to catch the gaze of the judges at the triumphant burst of brass.

“Of course it’s very difficult to condense a full suite to a four minute thirty second free program,” Victor explains, blushing prettily. Everything about his comeback, save his music, is softer, prettier. His costumes don’t provoke scandal anymore, and he opens a version of himself up, something delicate and raw and appropriate.

He doesn’t want to be controversial.
He wins gold, and gold, and gold, and gold.

They liked Stravinsky, so next year he gives them more Stravinsky, and he pours his soul into *Petrushka* in a way he can’t say out loud. Victor wins. He keeps winning. He gives Russia gold in the Sochi Olympics, just like he had in Vancouver four years before. Before.

Finally, they stop asking him about it. His eyes shine with gold, his costumes flash with bits of gold, his skin is made of rippling metal. He’s carved out such a significant spot in figure skating history that no one can ignore his accomplishments, his ability. Under a veneer of softness and a blank media mask, he’s finally, finally untouchable.

He finds love on the ice, in the last place Grand Prix finalist sweeping him off his feet, overwhelmingly floral and overwhelmingly beautiful in his drunken haze. In the music Yuuri makes with his body as he re-creates Victor’s plea for companionship. For the first time since the attack, Victor takes a year off of figure skating. This time, though, he wants it. He wants to coach this beautiful young omega, to coax him out from his anxious shell. Victor has won gold upon gold, he’s suffered and worked through it to become the person he is today, an amalgam of pain and happiness, someone who has achieved so much and given himself to the cold ice time and time again.

And with Yuuri standing there, tears in his eyes and silver medal draped around his neck, he feels as though the ice has given him something comparable back.

**After,**

Victor gets an email from a Swedish hockey player just after he wins his Grand Prix Gold at twenty four. The hockey player has a reputation for shock, for offense, for a foul mouth and so-called tell-it-like-it-is attitude. Victor fucked him once, years ago, when he was younger and sloppier and had much lower standards.

The sex hadn’t meant anything, but Victor still reeled when he heard the soundbite, “Listen, Victor’s been pushing it for years. It’s a shock this didn’t happen sooner. Like, I feel for him, it must be awful, but really.”

He nearly deletes it without reading, but there’s something in the subject line *I was wrong* that reads like a plaintive plea.

Victor,

*My little brother, an omega like you, went out drinking last weekend with some friends. Some alpha slipped something into his drink and sexually assaulted him. He cried when I came to get him at the hospital because he remembered what I’d said about you last year. I guess I never thought I could hurt someone I cared about so much with some stupid sound bite.*

*Consider this my apology, then. You have every right to be mad at me, I guess. I’m pretty mad at myself. I hope you’re doing okay.*

Victor sits there for a little bit, typing out responses.

*Oh, now you realize how awful a thing to say that was?*
He deletes that. Too confrontational. He’s had enough people mad at him to last an entire lifetime.

At least you didn’t tell him it was his fault after the fact, like you did me.

Victor bites his lip, shaking his head.

I cried when I heard what you said about me, too.

Victor lets out a frustrated groan, banging his fist on the table. No one cares, Victor, he thinks to himself.

Finally, what he types up and sends out is, How would you like to skype later? To talk about it?

It’s unbelievably awkward, the beginning of the conversation. Victor thinks the hockey player wants him to say, I forgive you . Victor won’t, because he doesn’t, but he will try to be blank-faced and polite and answer questions. He lists off a few quick tips for what to do, and addresses some past behavior, offers a few links with good advice.

“Hey, Victor,” The hockey player asks, “I mean, I know I was just some notch on your bedpost—” Victor does not think he has any right to sound wistful when he says that, “but what I said, I mean. I never realized how bad it could be.”

“It wasn’t just you,” Victor whispers, “It was everyone. Everyone said things like that about me.”

“Do you think they’ll say things like that about my brother, too?”

“Probably,” Victor says, pained. “Or, he’ll hear things like that, even if he never tells anyone.”

“That’s fucked up,” the hockey plays says, voice low. “I can’t believe I never realized how fucked up that was.”

Victor swallows. He never had the luxury of not realizing.

“If your brother hadn’t been raped,” Victor begins, and the hockey player flinches at the word raped . It still stings a little off of Victor’s tongue, but he’s found a strange source of strength in saying what happened to him in no uncertain terms. No sugar coating, no euphemisms, just raw trauma and painful, bloody aftermath. It’s a word that feels as awful as what actually happened to him.

Victor continues after a pause, “Would you have realized how awful what you said was?”

The hockey player pauses. Then, a sheepish flush colors his cheeks, and he admits, “Probably not. I don’t know. I hate that he was hurt, that I hurt him, even if I didn’t mean to.”

Victor nods, a little stiffly.

“Thank you, Victor,” the hockey player sighs. “You didn’t have to do all this.”

No, Victor thinks, I didn’t . It doesn’t feel bad that I did, though.

After they hang up, Victor lingers awake long into the night. Then, on impulse, he calls Chris, the blue light of his phone emphasizing the shadows underneath his eyes.

“He was always an asshole,” Chris sniffs. “Why’d you talk to him anyway?”

“I don’t know,” Victor sighs. “I guess I just really wanted someone to listen to my side of things.”
Chris ponders that. “Magazines hardly ever asked you about things like this,” he frowns, “They just made their own assumptions, without your input. Without any omega input.”

“Most people weren’t interested in my input,” Victor says, failing to hide all of the bitterness from his voice.

Weren’t, Victor thinks. He’s seen a bunch of people asking, begging, not for a pornographically vivid account of that night like the press seemed to want, but to hear his story. His recovery. So they could recover, themselves.

He thinks about all of the misconceptions, the violent lies that made his recovery so much harder than it needed to be. The reasons he needed to take a full season off before he could ever be on the same ice as alphas, the reasons Yakov filtered his mail and monitored his phone for months bleeding into years afterwards.

He wonders if that hockey player’s ignorance was innocent or malicious, wants to live in a world where no one can claim they didn’t know better because the information is so readily available.

If Victor could create something like that, why shouldn’t he?

After,

Victor’s brand new charity, Athletes Against Sexual Assault, is having its first big gala fundraiser and Victor is beyond terrified. Ever since going public, Victor’s mostly faced resounding support from friends and the figure skating community, but he’ll never recover his love for being in the spotlight, and all of the attention is frightening.

“I wanted to form a charity to support survivors,” Victor says, very carefully masking his fear and shaking fingers as he makes some introductory announcements. “And to educate people on how we can create a community that prioritizes consent. If people can see that their favorite athlete promotes these values, maybe it’ll help them spread.”

Victor zeroes in on Yakov in the audience, and Yakov nods, encouraging. Beside him are Mila, and Georgi, and Chris in a bright pink ruffled shirt. He takes a fortifying deep breath.

“Thank you all for your generous donations,” Victor smiles, a little fake in his nervousness, but the sentiment is real. “Your support has meant a full staff of sex educators, the ability to fly in athletes for promotional ads, and most importantly, online and telephone support for survivors to access. I-”

He spies someone in the audience and the words die on his lips.

Yakov stiffens and follows Victor’s gaze.

Volkov.

Yakov wants to scream, Why are you insistent on ruining every good thing in my boy’s life?

Victor’s face is white with some awful mixture of fear and fury. He looks strangled, and a few mutters waft up from the surrounding crowds at his continued silence.

Yakov motions subtly, catches Victor’s eye, nods to signal that he should keep going, he’ll handle it - and quietly gets up from the table.
The gala is open to donors of a thousand dollars or more, and Yakov monitored the press list extensively, making it quite clear his disgusting excuse for a new newspaper would not be welcome. This means that Volkov willingly spent at least a thousand dollars, just to sit at a table and terrify Victor.

Victor’s voice comes back, clear and crystal-sharp, as Yakov approaches Volkov’s table.

After,

This is the third time in three days that Victor has called Yakov at three in the morning, crying.

“It’s so quiet when I wake up,” Victor sobs into the receiver, and Yakov can picture him on his bed, curled up with Makkachin pawing desperately beside him and wondering why she’s not making him happier like usual. “It’s so quiet. I’m all alone and I’m so, so scared.”

This time, Yakov asks, “Vitya, do you want to stay with me and Lilia for a little bit?”

And Victor replies, in a cracked, broken voice, “Yes.”

Victor is quiet, not like when he was younger and lived with Yakov, where his presence filled every corner of every room he occupied. He curls up on the couch, on his bed in his little room, which now seems impossibly small for him, hands clenched over his stomach and eyes red-rimmed even after the doctor tells him he is officially not pregnant, not infected.

A few days becomes a month. A month becomes a few months.

Victor sells his clothing compulsively. It’s all either too tight, too short, or too flashy. His old costumes with their mesh, flesh-toned insets go in boxes and into storage. It’s good to have a little extra money, he says, especially since his sponsors don’t seem to want to stay with him.

He cries, and cries, and cries late at night - Yakov can hear him when he’s up late working, or when his aching joints keep him up. Sometimes, he’ll knock on Victor’s door, only to have the crying stop immediately, then start up again as he walks away.

It’s easy to make sure Victor goes to his appointments when he’s living with Yakov, when Victor is limp and pliant and doll-like in his obedience. Victor has never, never obeyed Yakov before, and Yakov finds he hates it now. It’s not because Victor wants to, it’s because he doesn’t have the energy to argue.

Sometimes, Victor growls, half-feral as Yakov approaches when the scent markers don’t mask him completely. Then, when he realizes what he’s doing he slips into lethargy, embarrassment.

Other than making him see a therapist once a week, then two times a week when there’s no sign of improvement, then switching therapists then switching back, there’s little Yakov can do. No easy phone call to make his Vitya’s life better, easier.

He’s useless.

Useless.

Before,
Victor is thirteen when he presents. Yakov never wants to go through anything like that again - the doctor’s appointments, the locked up room in his house, the whining for days on end before. Knocking to leave a tray of energy food outside the door and praying he won’t catch a glimpse of his half-naked student, flushed with want. Not that he’d ever be attracted to a thirteen year old, but the situation couldn’t be more awkward.

Victor is frustrated. Yakov can tell that from how he whines from the crack in his door again and again, “I hate this, when can I go skating again?”

Three days later, Victor emerges, face very pink with embarrassment, a big sweater wrapped around him and a pile of dirty laundry in his arms. Neither Yakov nor Lilia are the parental type. They try to explain, this is natural, omegas go into heats, alphas into ruts. Everyone’s aware of what happens during them, so there’s no need to be embarrassed by what he might’ve said or done.

They make a doctor’s appointment immediately to make sure his sexual maturation is healthy and natural. Victor seems to miss his childhood genderlessness, and he fidgets a lot, now. Finds it hard to meet Yakov’s eyes.

To take his mind off of his imminent adulthood, Yakov says, “Come on, let’s get you back on the ice to cheer you up.”

The attendant seems to turn to Victor in surprise as Yakov tries to stamp his free skate pass.

“He’s an omega?” the attendant asks.

Yakov nods, gruffly.

“I’m sorry,” the attendant winces, “but he’s not allowed on the ice without patches to suppress his scent.”

Yakov blinks. He had barely even noticed the change in Victor’s scent, but now that the attendant mentions it, he senses how much sharper it is. How it perfumes around him, still his little Vitya, toeing nervously at the rubbery ground.

The attendant is staring at Victor.

“Okay,” Yakov sighs, “Where are they?”

“Oh,” the attendant blinks, ripping his gaze from Victor, “You need to bring them with you, we don’t provide.”

“What?” Yakov feels a stab of anger. Victor looks very embarrassed. “We don’t… We don’t have any.”

“I’m afraid, then, you can’t-”

Yakov narrows his eyes and the attendant stutters to a stop.

“It’s for his own safety,” the attendant says, a little defensive. “There are alphas everywhere, and an omega scent might-”

“He’s thirteen!” Yakov shouts, loud enough that a few other workers and skaters turn their heads.

“I’m sorry,” the attendant sighs, “But it’s policy.”

“This is a ridiculous policy,” Yakov hisses. “Victor’s skating today, no matter what. I’m going to
He grips Victor’s arm and all but drags him forward, into the rink, his ice skates clicking together as he jogs to keep up without stumbling.

How, how had Yakov not known until now? He’s coached omegas before, he’s coached so many students, of course he’s had omega pupils. He always saw them with the little patches, noticed that soft omega scents were vividly absent around the rink, but he’d never bothered to ask about them.

Now, with Victor living with him, with Yakov the guardian of a growing omega, he’s slowly realizing things that he’s always been able to ignore.

Yakov is suddenly, painfully aware of interested young alphas, perking up as the single omega skates around, and fear pools in his belly. He scares more than one skater, snarling at them if they dare get to close. He feels like a mother hen, clucking around uselessly and nipping without actual effect at the skaters.

And he shouts at Ivanov, the owner of the rink, for a good hour for requiring omegas wear patches but not providing them.

Why hadn’t he thought of any of this before, he wonders.

After,

Victor approaches the sponsor himself as soon as he gets off the podium. The gold medal is a noose around his neck, his pretty braided silver hair bouncing heavily against his back as he stalks forward.

“Hey,” grins the sponsor, “Great program. Was that Stravinsky’s Firebird suite?”

“You’re planning to pull your sponsorship,” Victor accuses, without preamble.

The sponsor looks sheepish, a little uncomfortable at being addressed so directly. “We’re considering it,” he admits, eyeing Victor up and down. Victor sweats in his loose clothing, feels out of place among the spandex and skin-tight around him.


The sponsor clearly didn’t expect to have to answer this. He bites his lip.

“We have some concerns,” he explains, “You’ve been the subject of controversy in the past. We don’t know, I mean, there’s no way to know if your story about the attack was completely accurate. You do have a flair for the dramatic.”

It would have been kinder for the sponsor to dump icy water over Victor’s head. Victor gapes for a second, eyes wide, mouth opening and closing like he’s a fish. Then, he presses his lips together into a thin line and says, “I can prove I’m telling the truth. Meet me in the parking garage in ten.”

Victor takes off his skates, doesn’t bother with shoes, and brings his bag with his laptop down deep beneath the skating complex.

The sponsor is waiting for him, legs crossed, leaning against the wall. Victor pulls his laptop out with a flourish. He takes a deep breath, feeling cold, so cold.

“...
deep in his files labeled evidence. Yakov had objected to him keeping any of it, even as he prepared himself to see the pictures during the trial.

“Are you alright?”

Victor’s gaze snaps up. He hadn’t even noticed how badly he was shaking, how his breath was coming in shallow gasps, how his eyes were burning as tears prickled at the edges of his mascara-black lashes.

“Just,” he breathes, “Just give me a minute. I just need a minute. I can prove it.”

“What, um,” the sponsor asks, confused, “What are you trying to show me?”

Victor doesn’t look at him. His eyes are stuck on the bright white laptop light, the yellow folder icon. “If you see what he did to me,” Victor says, voice firm and flat and emotionless, “You’ll know I wasn’t exaggerating.”

“Oh,” the sponsor says, nodding. Then, he seems to realize, and he gasps, “Oh. Oh, oh, no, god no, that’s not - fuck, that’s not, I don’t need to see…” He runs his fingers through his short hair, shaking his head in agitation. “I just thought. Jesus, I thought you were coming onto me when you said to meet you here, I never thought…”

Victor nearly drops his laptop. He finally meets the man’s gaze, eyes owlishly wide and impossibly blue.

“What?” he whispers, shaking so hard the world around him goes fuzzy. “You thought…”

The sponsor bites his lip, looking a little guilty.

“Why?” Victor whispers again, then, louder, a pained cry, “Why? Why would you think…?”

He lets out an agonized sob and slams his fist against the parking garage wall. He wipes the tears flowing down his cheeks, fingers stained black from the makeup tracks, wipes them and lets himself sob in front of the sponsor. He’s been so good, worn clothing that covered everything-

“What more do you want from me?”

“Hey,” the sponsor tries to soothe, voice high and horrified, and Victor know’s he’s blown it. He’s lost this sponsor, too. “Hey, don’t cry, you don’t have to! It’s totally fine!”

“Vitya.”

Yakov’s voice cracks like a gunshot in the empty garage. Victor doesn’t bother to wipe his eyes as he looks up, eye makeup making raccoon black circles under his eyes, black tracks trickling down his cheeks like he’s crying soot.

“Vitya,” Yakov hisses, sounding cold. Furious. Victor isn’t even the target of his anger and he’s terrified, trembling down to his bones. “Vitya, please. Go wait in the car.”

Victor nods quickly and haphazardly packs his things, all but running to where the rental is waiting for him, a few floors up.

He waits in the front seat, trembling, away from the reporters. He doesn’t move, doesn’t put in his headphones to listen to music, just waits, and waits, and waits for the click of the drivers’ side door popping open. He’s forgotten his shoes, he realizes, hidden under a bench somewhere rinkside.

“Didn’t he tell you,” Victor snaps, not sure why he’s suddenly so angry - but then, he’s used to strange bursts of emotion, now.

Yakov nods, carefully. “Yes,” he says, “But I want to hear your side.”

“He was going to take away his sponsorship,” Victor chokes, tears welling up in his eyes again. Yakov hands him a tissue. “I’m so, so sick of people saying that I’m lying. So, I figured, if I showed him the pictures of my injuries from the trial…”

Yakov takes that in for a moment, and he slumps, looking so tired. So gray, so tired, so worn out. “Oh, Vitya,” he murmurs. “You don’t need to show people those. They shouldn’t need them to know you’re telling the truth.”

“It’s not like the world hasn’t seen my ass before,” Victor hisses, suddenly defensive. Then, he hunches over, a low, pained moan coming from the back of his throat. Yakov rubs his back, sits there and lets Victor let it out for as long as he needs.

Victor keeps this sponsorship. Yakov probably has something to do with this, but he never can find it in him to ask. He wants to put this little incident behind him, bury it deep and never think about it again.

He never sees this particular sponsor liason again, and figures that’s for the best.

After,

Everything that Yakov was going to say to Volkov when he finally reached his table disappears on his tongue. There’s no one sentence, not enough hours in a day for Yakov to encompass, in words, how deeply he loathes him for how he’s made Victor feel.

Instead, he pulls his fist back, and in a burst of bright red blood, punches Volkov in the nose.

As he hears from Volkov’s lawyers weeks later, he fucking shatters it.

Chapter End Notes

lmao i also updated my dumb pwp this morning how’s that for tonal dissonance in fanfiction. whatever
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Wow you guys, the comments that I got on the last chapter to this just... blew me away. I wasn't expecting it, and honestly they were kind of overwhelming, but like in a good way. I'm sorry I didn't respond, but know that I'm so, so grateful for what all of you said. Thanks for sticking with me through this fic!

I think this is the second to last chapter. I don't wanna officially change the chapter count, but we are very near the end!

Hopefully you all like this chapter as well, even if it is a little bit angstier - and if not, don't hesitate to let me know!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After,

It’s been years since Nicolas Jacobs finished his prison sentence and disappeared back into relative obscurity. Earlier, Yakov fought with every ounce of strength in his body to keep Victor from keeping up with him after the verdict was passed down. You have your own healing to attend to, he would say.

So, now, years later, Victor knows very little about the alpha who has caused him so much pain. What he knows is: he dropped out of the doctoral program at the university, and he left Russia altogether.

It’s a painful shock, then, when Victor sees that he’s written something. That, despite the fact that Victor has long since muted him, an article written by a certain Mikhail Ivanovich Volkov, with the title Finally, The Other Side of the Story, has appeared in his mentions.

That’s not fair, Victor thinks, furiously. For years, and years, and years it’s been media types like Volkov who have shaped the narrative of his assault. What the public knows isn’t his version of events, it’s a manufactured one that’s been molded by public perceptions of consent, of rape, of victimhood.

From, Victor, who had it coming to Victor, who made stupid choices but didn’t deserve to be raped to Victor, who wasn’t asking for it, because no one is. And none of them are static - part of the reason things have seemed so much better recently is due to the people he surrounds himself with. The fact that he’s worked hard to change how people think about him.

Luckily, this latest article by Volkov is being panned across several spheres Victor is a part of, and dozens of others that he isn’t. Victor laughs at the hundred-thousand retweet snappy clapbacks that Chris shares with him - the only ones he sees, because he’s busy coaching his fiancee to gold.

How does it feel, he thinks, to be the target of organized hatred?

It’s not entirely a victory, though. Victor hates, he hates that Volkov would even stoop so low to give his rapist a platform. Hates that it’s impossible for him to completely ignore some of the quotes.
“I hate that I’m being vilified for one mistake.”

As though Victor wasn’t vilified for what he was wearing, for the cardinal sin of accepting a few drinks from a pushy stranger at a club.

“I hate that I’ll never work through this, because I’m on a sex offender registry.”

As though it’s just as awful a crime to be held accountable.

“Victor Nikiforov ruined my life.”

Victor curls up in bed with a pounding headache and waits for Yuuri to come home.

After,

Victor’s appointments with the sex therapist are going wonderfully. In the bedroom, they try things, try Victor on his back with Yuuri’s thin fingers sliding into him, lube and slick easing the movements. Victor gasps, happily, giggling at Yuuri’s hair and the way his nose scrunches in determination and how he needs to keep pushing up his glasses as they slide down his face.

It feels right that these things match up with their first ever AASA gala together, as a couple. If Victor thought Yuuri would be alright with it, and if Victor was as free with his sexual escapades as he had been in the past, he would have gleefully told everyone during his introductory remarks. *I can take it up the ass again, rejoice, friends! Well, almost.*

As it is, though, Victor loves the privacy of knowing Yuuri is discovering a new side of him. That they’re working through this, together.

*Victor Nikiforov ruined my life.*

Victor gasps and tenses, freezing with Yuuri’s fingers inside of him. Yuuri stills immediately, eyes searching Victor’s face for a signal, for some sign of what he wants.

“Give me a second,” Victor breathes, trying to work out the tension from his body. He clenches his fists, his biceps, relaxing himself muscle by muscle, all with Yuuri’s fingers inside him and his expression clear and concerned.

“Should we stop?” Yuuri asks.

Victor frowns. They’ve had to stop a few times when they’ve tried this, and Victor knows he’s nowhere near ready to have anything thicker than fingers inside of him. This, though, he’s started to like again, outside his heats. Victor is angry that this stupid article is affecting what should be a sweet, intimate moment with Yuuri.

If he stops, it’ll feel like Jacobs is winning the little mental battle Victor has with the memory of him. But he shouldn’t keep going just for the sake of proving memory-Jacobs wrong, shouldn’t re-traumatize himself, but it’s been years and Victor is furious that he’s having these thoughts when he should just be in the moment-

“Victor?”

Victor grips himself, where his erection is flagging, and he’s almost completely soft again. Yuuri places his hand over Victor’s, thumb stroking the tip while Victor pumps up and down.
“Hm,” Victor sighs, relaxing as Yuuri’s scent and presence washes over him. “Hm. Try moving again?”

Yuuri nods, curling his fingers inside of Victor. It feels good - really good. Victor takes in his bedroom, in the trinkets from Hatsetsu that decorate the walls, and hushes his swirling thoughts as best he can.

**After**

“AASA galas are always pretty high emotion, so it’s not a good idea,” Victor muses, “For me to try bottoming, fully, tonight. I won’t lie, though, in that suit you kind of make me want to. Plus, it would be very poetic.”

Yuuri blushes and smiles. “Do you like this suit better than the one I wear at press conferences?”

“God, yes,” Victor laughs, and he wraps his arms around Yuuri’s middle, poking his soft off-season belly. He kisses Yuuri’s neck, up to the sharp line of his jaw.

“What do you want, after?” Yuuri murmurs, adjusting his tie in the mirror with Victor clinging to him.

Victor taps his chin. “Hmm. A hot bath, probably. Lots of cuddles. It’s hard to say, you know, I’ve never… Never had anyone there for me like this.”

Yuuri grips Victor’s hand and brings it to his lips, smile soft and sad against it.

“Not that I was completely alone,” Victor continues. “But, I mean, Yakov has a very limited capacity for hugs.”

Yuuri laughs, finally content with his appearance. “I can’t imagine him giving hugs at all.”

“He was very accommodating when I needed it. Yakov truly did spoil me,” Victor snorts. “Are you ready, darling?”

Yuuri twirls around so they’re facing each other, faces warm and flushed, even as the soft breeze of a St. Petersburg summer night floats in from the open window. He kisses Victor, full on the mouth, lips hot and open and wanting.

*Victor Nikiforov ruined-*

“Ready,” Yuuri smiles. Everything melts away, just for a moment.

It’s so much easier, so much better to face the press and the questions with a lovely fiance by his side. Yuuri grounds him, centers him, provides a buffer shield in case the questions become too personal.

Victor is very excited to discuss his big upcoming project, set to be unveiled in a few short months. It’ll be a multi-sport collaboration, in tandem with the Pyeongchang Olympics. Hopefully, they’ll be able to run ads in between olympic events, if they can build the revenue - which seems more and more likely. After all, the donor threshold for an invitation to the gala was raised recently to ten
thousand dollars, to keep it a little more intimate.

“Oh yes,” Victor smirks, nuzzling into Yuuri’s cheek, “I’m very excited to compete against my fiance this year. Especially during the Olympics. What do you think, my sun, my darling, am I going to add another gold to my Olympic collection?”

“I’ll be winning gold,” Yuuri teases back, “But either way, we’ll be adding another gold to our household.”

Victor pauses for a moment, taking in what Yuuri has said. Then, he lets out a cry of Yuuri and wraps his arms even tighter around his fiance, and won’t answer any more questions as he’s too busy kissing Yuuri’s face.

It’s so easy to stare at Yuuri, at his lovely, smooth face, tracking every bit of skin that Victor has kissed in the past. They coo at each other in front of the cameras, avoiding questions because they’re too busy being cute and romantic. It’s a little bit of a show, but Victor doesn’t mind if the press related to this event is focused on their relationship as opposed to nastier things lurking underneath the surface.

-ruined my life.

“Yuuri,” Victor smiles, hands not leaving his fiance for more than a moment. “I have someone I’d like you to meet.”

“Hey, Vicky,” chirps a blonde omega boy that Yuuri immediately recognizes. “Ohh, is this your Yuuri? He’s so cute.”

Yuuri’s eyes go very wide. He’s danced to Aaron Dupont’s latest big hit in empty ballet studios on more than one occasion. He swallows, mouth suddenly very dry, suddenly a little starstruck.

“We met at a photoshoot last year,” Victor explains, “Remember how I was telling you about a special surprise guest this year?”

“Oh,” Yuuri whispers. “Oh, oh.”

There’s an elephant in the room, as photographers click their cameras and the flash is very bright. Yuuri aches, a little, that they’re both here because they’re both victims. Survivors. Famously, publicly abused.

“I didn’t realize I’d make so many connections from being a survivor,” Aaron jokes, a little self deprecatingly. He sounds pained.


They hug, and Yuuri isn’t at all jealous, even though he refuses to remove his hand from Victor’s shoulder. Aaron disappears to prepare for his “surprise” set - though it won’t be a surprise for much longer, considering the media attention hyperfocused on them.

Victor knows there’s something a little off. Nothing big, just a growing sense of agitation, a crawling like goosebumps under his skin. A roiling ball of nerves in his stomach.

Why did that stupid interview have to be published today? Knowing Volkov, it was probably on purpose, just to piss Victor off. Why can’t he have one second of peace? Why is Volkov so goddamn obsessed?
Yuuri’s hand is on Victor’s arm. Victor breaks out of his tense daze with a shudder, and he lets Yuuri lead him inside.

The list of speakers includes a few organization chairs, a few athletes, including Chris, who is giving a speech on the alpha responsibility to prevent sexual assault. Victor’s heart is in his throat as he watches, staring at the bright hazel of Chris’ eyes in the bright stage lights.

It’s been years now, years, and Victor is just beginning to settle back into a comfortable, easy routine with Chris. Fuck, they’d been so close. Friends, best friends even - as close as rival skaters from different countries could be.

This ruined that. It wrapped Victor in awful fear, made Chris’ scent sharp like poison in his nose.

Victor murmurs something about needing some air as Chris comes back to his seat, though he makes a point of clasping Chris’ hand and thanking him for his speech.

The hallway is quiet, with everyone in the big conference room, happily eating a delicious catered dinner. Victor has always tried to find the best balance between elegance - this is a charity gala - and budget feasibility.

He leans against the wall, cool even in the summer air.

At night, he sleeps soundly, aided only sometimes by prescribed sleeping pills. The overwhelming scents of the skating rink wash over him, no longer a distraction. There’s no longer a need for Yakov to pull strings at the rink to let him skate earlier, later, not during normal free hours.

He’s in love. So deeply, deeply in love.

Footsteps approach, and Yakov appears in the corner of Victor’s eye. He looks flushed, a little nervous.

“Are you alright?” He asks, gruff as always. Yakov loves him deeply, sometimes even like a father would love his son, but Yakov has always struggled with expressing his emotions in a complex, meaningful way.

Victor closes his eyes, leaning heavily against the wall. “Did you see what Volkov published?”

Yakov stiffens. “I did. It’s nonsense, Vitya, it’s-”

“I know,” Victor cuts him off, trying to stifle a surprising flash of irritation. “It still hurts, though.”

To Victor’s surprise, Yakov sighs, sadly, and leans against the wall along with him.

“I know it does,” Yakov murmurs, voice gruff and thick with emotion. “I’m sorry.” He pauses for a long moment, then, something shimmering in his eyes. Words that he can’t quite make into a coherent thought, it seems.

Victor remains quiet, not sure what to say. The article clings like cloying perfume in the back of his throat.

“You’re amazing, Victor,” Yakov begins, slowly. “I don’t tell you that enough.”

Victor starts. Yakov is so stingy with compliments, this is almost too strange for Victor to truly
appreciate it.

“You know praise gets to my head,” he laughs, awkwardly. He’s painfully aware that having a heart to heart right now might not be what he needs - that what he’s craving like a physical want is to be at home with Yuuri and away from the prying eyes of the media.

“I mean it,” Yakov growls. “You need to be strong to be a figure skater, I know that, but - but your strength is something phenomenal. That you’ve built all this, that you’ve actually made a difference…” He frowns, not meeting Victor’s gaze. “I’m proud of you. And Volkov can eat shit.”

Victor snorts, managing a small smile. “Careful, his lawyer might be listening. You’re lucky you got off with a restraining order.”

Yakov smiles. “I have friends in high places,” he says, cryptically. Victor has always wondered if that’s true.

They lapse into silence. Victor sighs and rubs at his eyes, gazing nervously at the doors to the banquet hall.

Yakov pats Victor on the shoulder. It’s awkward, it’ll always be awkward - Yakov the coach trying to be Yakov the father figure.

Victor sighs and grips the hand, gives it a squeeze. He can’t say he doesn’t appreciate the affection, though. “I’ve come a long way, haven’t I?”

“You have,” Yakov says, sounding relieved. “Every generation has its living legend of figure skating - but I think people will remember you for more than just that.”

Victor smiles, softly, and closes his eyes. By the time he’s opened them, Yakov has wandered back to the banquet hall.

Victor manages to make his way back to the table just as Aaron Dupont is performing. Yuuri clasps his hand, looking concerned, and kisses his knuckles one by one as the lights dim.

He’ll tell Yuuri later, he’s sure, but for now he lets himself enjoy the music and the feeling of Yuuri’s hands on his. Across the room is the press table, as far from his as physically possible, and they’re scribbling furiously at the performance. It’s been such a long time, and public perception has shifted so much, but Victor remembers some of those faces from politely cautious news segments on his assault.

Now, they pretend they condemned it the whole time, but Victor remembers. He sighs. What’s he to do, though?

If Volkov’s article had come out even two years ago, it might not have been condemned with the same voracity with which it is now - and that thought scare Victor. Yakov thinks he’s strong, but the stress of perceptions will always be with him.

The applause as Aaron ends his performance is wild.

Victor looks at his expression, at the sweat on his brow, and kisses Yuuri softly as the equipment gets moved off the stage. It’s time for his speech, and now that it’s the third year in a row, he doesn’t want to do it.
Aaron blows him a kiss from backstage as Victor centers himself in front of the microphone. Victor smiles and winks back.

It takes a minute, but Victor manages to center himself, picturing the end of the banquet and curling up under the covers with Yuuri and Makkachin.

He’s happy. Really, truly happy. Seven, six, five, four years ago - he never would have thought it possible to have joy rushing through his veins, to have a purpose and a life and a wonderful fiance by his side.

The fact that some people think these past years have just been him, relaxing while some poor alpha wasted away in guilt and social isolation if not in jail, that they haven’t been some of the worst, most miserable trials he’s ever been forced to endure-

A part of Victor wants to go stare down the reporters, to grab the mic and scream, *Jacobs thinks I ruined his life? He ruined my life! He changed everything, destroyed my sense of trust, he hurt me and some days I don’t know if I’ll ever recover from it.*

He doesn’t, though. Victor can’t risk his tenuous truce with the media because he’s so, so angry that Jacobs thinks *he’s* the victim and probably always will.

“I hope you enjoyed your dinner and a show,” Victor smiles, the room clear and bright and surrounded by donors. “You know how much I love surprising people.”

A few laughs. Victor lets out a slow, calm breath, away from the microphone.

“I want to thank you all for your generous support,” he continues. “Without you, we’d never be able to accomplish half of what we’ve done. When I get messages from omegas, telling me they’re so grateful to know their favorite athlete supports them - it just, well, it’s heartbreaking and uplifting at the same time. I don’t want anyone who’s faced, who’s survived sexual violence to think they have to go through it alone.”

Slow murmurs of approval.

“We’ll be unveiling our new ad campaign soon in many major cities - New York, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Tokyo… We’ve worked with organizations in each country, used some of their star athletes - I hope we can start a global conversation on consent. I’m proud of everyone who’s been a part of this.”

“We’re proud of you, Victor!” Chris calls from the audience, and there’d a loud burst of pleased laughter, claps of agreement.

Something about that hits him, and suddenly, Victor is swallowing around a lump in his throat.

“Thank you,” he says with a shaky little laugh. “Thank you, so much. I,” he takes a deep breath and allows himself a moment of vulnerability, in front of his friends, family, and perfect strangers, “I never thought this would be possible. The organization, the support - I’m grateful every day for the work our employees and volunteers put in to make sure no one feels how… How I felt.”

He locks eyes with Yuuri in the audience and smiles at him, watery and overflowing with a dozen different emotions at once. “I want to especially draw your attention to my wonderful, sweet, and very handsome fiance, Yuuri.” Yuuri flushes and manages a meek wave at the ensuing attention. “As I’m sure all of you know, I am completely, utterly smitten. I can’t believe - some days, I wake up and I can’t believe I ever got so lucky. I didn’t know, after-”
He pauses for a moment, unable to stop a tear from trickling down his cheek. Yuuri’s expression changes to concern in an instant.

Victor blows him a kiss. The concern doesn’t go away, though Yuuri places his hand on his cheek, like he can feel the kiss there.

“Falling in love was not something I ever thought I could do, after everything,” Victor continues, not bothering to wipe his eyes. “It just never occurred to me. And then Yuuri danced into my life - literally. I’m in love, and I’m so happy with him. It’s possible, I promise you.”

Yuuri’s eyes in the audience are shimmering with unshed tears. He looks so happy, so proud.

“Thank you all again,” Victor finishes, to loud cheers and applause. It’s bewildering, overwhelming - he leaves the stage in a daze and falls right into Yuuri’s waiting arms, while the cheers get louder and louder.

Yuuri kisses the top of his head, holding him so close that Victor can smell his scent, sweet and calming and warm.

Victor has survived, and healed, for so long by himself. He knows how to calm himself down, to make himself feel better - but having Yuuri there, supporting and loving him, it feels like a weight has been lifted from his shoulders. He feels feather-light and full of love. It doesn’t stop bad days, but it does help ground him, provides another source of strength for him to tap into.

Victor Nikiforov ruined-

No, Victor thinks, fiercely, no more of this. I’m not letting you control the narrative any longer, for me or anyone else.

After

“You’re so strong,” Yuuri murmurs into Victor’s hair as they wash together in their couples shower. “So brave. So good. Your speech was amazing. You’re amazing.” He kisses him, fierce and sensual, and Victor melts into the taste.

After, Victor puts on his poodle pajamas and they settle into bed. It’s been a long, long day - emotional and raw and draining. And the article still weighs in the back of his mind.

“You know,” Yuuri mumbles, half asleep, “I’ll always be in awe of how strong you are. How much you’ve done,” his voice gets quieter, his eyes blinking, slowly, as sleep claims him, “M still always gonna be sad, though. You shouldn’t have had to do any of this.”

You shouldn’t have had to do any of this.

That hits Victor, hard like a punch to the gut. Yuuri’s words have pierced something inside of him, a swollen mass of a thought Victor would never dare touch himself. Emotion flows out of him, tears prickling at the corners of his eyes before falling, heavy and hot, down his cheeks.

“Victor - Victor?”

Yuuri is awake in an instant, sitting up to let Victor bury his face in his chest. He can’t speak, can barely think, already raw from the gala - all he can do is sob into Yuuri’s pajama shirt with enough force that Yuuri’s whole body shakes.
“Did I say something?” Yuuri gasps, “Vitya, please, talk to me.”

“I,” Victor gasps, “I shouldn’t have had to-”

Yuuri nods, uncertainly. Makkachin has noticed Victor’s distress and come to rest her head against his thighs.

“I don’t mean you’re not wonderful,” Yuuri says, carefully. “I just - it hurts me that you were hurt. I know you’d do amazing things, been a role model for younger omegas like me even if… Even if this had never happened.”

Victor sobs, beating his fist against the headboard. He loves his work, he does, and he’ll never regret his choice to start Athletes Against Sexual Assault. Yakov told him he’d support him no matter what, that he could just keep winning gold medals and he didn’t need to worry about any side projects. If he thought AASA would hurt his recovery he didn’t need to do it just because of the itch screaming at him that he needed to do something. But-

No one’s ever said this to him before - that he never should have needed to do this for people to take his assault seriously. Or maybe Yuuri means he never should have had to because Jacobs should never have raped him in the first place, never have considered Victor’s body his for the taking. It’s not fair, he thinks, miserably, It’s not fair, it’s not fair-

“You’re right,” Victor sobs, as Yuuri murmurs sweet words of comfort into the top of his head, “I never should have needed - I didn’t want to become the face of this, I didn’t want everyone to associate me with sexual violence, I’m so tired , all I ever wanted was to get better, get justice, but they wouldn’t let me- ”


“I just wanted to figure skate,” Victor whimpers, feeling like a dam has burst somewhere inside of him, “I just wanted to be happy.”

Yuuri’s eyes close, his expression pained, as he rocks Victor back and forth, back and forth. It’s been a long, long day, and Yuuri wishes there was more he could do.

Victor holds him so tight it borders on painful. He cries, in sadness and frustration, that it’s been years and he can still be made to feel like this with a few words.

You shouldn’t have had to do any of this .

It’s a cool July night, and Victor lets the wave of emotion wash over him - he’s happy, he knows, reminds himself. He’s happy, and in love, and lying in bed with the love of his life

Sometimes, though, it still really hurts .

Chapter End Notes

This ending is kind of a downer. Sorry! The fic will end happily, though.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

It's the end! Hopefully you found this satisfying, ending stories is always hard!

Thank you all for sticking with me through this fic, your comments, your kudos, etc have really been so encouraging! Please let me know what you thought of this last chapter.

I can't think of much else to preface this with, so as always, thank you so much for reading. <3

After

When Victor starts his relationship with Yuuri, publically, one of his first thoughts is: do the Katsukis know?

Every new person is a new variable. They could respond kindly, they could start blaming him, they could...

There are many possibilities.

The Katsukis were so kind to him, though. They made him feel at home in their inn, took care of him, fed him... Watched, silently, as Victor wound his way into Yuuri’s closed-off heart and helped him find the confidence to blossom into someone sensual, powerful.

It would really, really hurt to hear that they were old fashioned in their attitudes, that they thought what happened might be his fault. Victor doesn’t know what they’ll think, he never knows.

They don’t bring it up with him, even after Victor is pretty certain they know. He’s been dating Yuuri for awhile, Yuuri has brought up the organization – but they stay silent. It must be awkward for them, Victor thinks. He’s a recent addition to their circle, not quite a part of the family, and how do you bring up something like that, anyway?

Hey, in-laws, my rape and the subsiquent fallout made the news in multiple countries. How does that make you feel?

Nothing changes, though, not after they find out, however that happened. Hiroko still pats his stomach after feeding him, Toshiya still lets him sneak little bits of leftovers from the days’ cooking, Mari still teases him like he’s her kid brother.

Minako still gets very, very drunk with him, and they commentate on skating competitions Yuuri and Victor aren’t a part of.

So, Victor assumes everything is fine. And anyway, it’s nice to be treated like he’s not made of glass.

Mari comes up to him, one day, and says, “When Yuuri heard about... What happened to you, he was so upset. He was inconsolable. We’ve all known, since then.”
“Oh,” Victor breathes, not sure what to think. “Oh. When was this?”

Mari shrugs. “Yuuri was in high school. Seventeen? He was so, so shook up about it. It almost made him quit skating, but I think that was just the anxiety talking.”

Victor blows out a breath. “Me too,” he admits, “It... Almost made me quit, too.”

Mari nods, sadly. “For what it’s worth... I’m glad you didn’t. I’m glad we all got to meet you – I’m especially glad Yuuri got to meet you.”

Victor hugs Mari, who starts in shock, but relaxes into it after a moment. Her hands are calloused, working hands – but they’re warm, comforting. Yuuri’s family is mostly betas, and he wonders how it was, raising their omega son in the spotlight of ice skating, with only Victor as a role model.

He wonders how they felt, when what’s likely their worst nightmare for Yuuri happened to his only role model.

Skating has been a blessing and a curse. It propelled him into the spotlight, which wound up hurting him so much, later.

Through skating, he met Yuuri. He’s happy now, with Yuuri and his family and his organization and skating.

Then, one day, he checks AASA’s donations – and notes that the Katsuki onsen has given it a generous gift, with a personal note: “We, the Katsuki family, are very proud of our son-in-law, Victor. We want him to know we support him, in everything he does, and that we always believed him.”

He reads the message, signed by Hiroko and Toshiya and Mari and Minako and Yuuko and Takeshi and the triplets in their scribbled, warped english lettering, over and over and over again. His heart swells with love, and he can’t stop himself from crying. He loves, them, he loves Yuuri’s family so, so much.

Victor shows the message to Yuuri once he gets home to the rink, spends the rest of the evening crying happy tears in his husband’s arms.

If he’s a little weepy the next time they go visit, too – well, the Katsukis treat him like normal, just as they always do.

After

Yuuri’s fingers are inside him, wet with lube, with the slick from his own body. It’s familiar, now, the feeling of Yuuri stretching him, adding finger after slow, slick finger. It’s almost his heat, so he’s more pliant than usual – whole body languid and relaxed and tingling with anticipation.

They’ve discussed this now, many times. Victor is going to want it during his heat, going to want to be filled with more than just fingers and Yuuri’s tongue, so they want to try. It’s been months since Victor started seeing the sex therapist in addition to his regular therapist – he sometimes thinks that his various therapy appointments have kept the whole of the Russian psychiatric field in business.

And tonight – tonight, after a long rest day, they’d taken a hot bath together, washing the soap from each other’s bodies and the shampoo from the other’s hair. This morning, Victor had stared into his tea until Yuuri had gently lifted his chin up, until he finally got the courage to ask for what he
“Vitya,” Yuuri breathes, hot against his ear, “Vitya, I’m... Are you ready?”

Victor swallows. The fingers feel good, the sounds they make in his ass so hot – he’s hard and aroused from the way they stroke that sweet spot inside of him.

“I’m – go slowly, please,” he pleads, hating how small his voice is. This is Yuuri, just Yuuri, his warmth and comfort on cold days.

Yuuri kisses the shell of his ear, right below his eye, where tears threaten to fall.

“Of course, sweetheart,” he soothes, “Whatever you want, okay?”

Victor nods. He takes a deep breath and says, “Okay.”

The fingers go away, and Victor tenses in anticipation. Yuuri’s hands are on his ass, spreading his cheeks apart, and Victor focuses on the familiarity of Yuuri’s fingers, every ridge and wrinkle. Something presses against him then, thick and hot, slides up and down along the dripping slick pouring out of him.

He tenses, immediately, and Yuuri makes a soft noise of surprise as Victor’s legs tighten and lock around him.

“Vitya,” Yuuri soothes, thumb coming up to brush his cheek. “You’re barely breathing. Can you open your eyes for me?”

Victor peeks one eye open, then the other, and grounds himself in the beautiful brown in front of of him.

“I want you to breathe with me,” Yuuri says, “Can you do that?”

Victor nods. Yuuri starts, holding up his fingers for one, two, three, four, five... Then out for one, two, three, four, five, six seven. Repeat. Repeat.

“You’re safe with me,” Yuuri whispers, voice cracking, just a little. “Completely safe.”

Victor knows. He knows he is, knows that Yuuri’s arms and Yuuri’s body and Yuuri’s sweet, sweet scent are comforts, wrapping around him like a blanket of warmth and security. There was no alcohol with dinner, not tonight – and Victor is sure he’s loose enough that it won’t hurt, just a little bit of pleasurable stretch. That doesn’t quite stop it, though, the thrill of fear.

He sighs, burrowing into Yuuri’s neck, inhaling deeply. Yuuri’s hands massage his tense shoulderblades.

“Tell me what you need,” Yuuri breathes.

Victor relaxes, slowly, and he says, “K-Keep going. Keep... Inside, I...”

He’s not sure what he’s trying to say, but Yuuri kisses the bridge of his nose and positions himself again. He presses in, barely an inch, and Victor relaxes, sending calm to the tips of his toes.

“Keep going,” he says again. Yuuri nods, biting his lip, and pushes in another inch. Victor feels the stretch, like he knew he would, but he’s slick and turned on and well-fingered, and it doesn’t hurt. It doesn’t hurt at all.
He giggles into the crook of Yuuri’s neck, tears beading at the corners of his eyes, unbidden. Yuuri smiles against his skin, kissing his eyelids, and pushing in further, further, until he’s fully sheathed.

It feels wonderful, thick and hot and so, so full, feels like they’re connected so intimately, body and soul. Victor can’t help the half-hysterical giggle that bursts out of him, and he pulls Yuuri tight to him, afraid his heart might fill too much with love and pop.

“Good?” Yuuri frets, brushing a sweaty strand of hair from Victor’s forehead.

“So, so good,” Victor breathes, “I can’t... So long, I couldn’t do this, I used to love this...”

“Tell me if you need me to pause,” Yuuri says, conscientious as ever, “Tell me if you need anything.”

“I need you to keep going,” Victor teases, gasping around his own happiness, “Keep going, please.”

“Okay,” Yuuri stammers. “O-okay... I’m going to thrust now, okay? Tell me what you feel?”

He pulls out, slowly, and thrusts back in, hitting Victor’s prostate. Victor cries out and flops back onto the pillows, cock leaking precum. He’s so, so wet, he loves this...

“Great,” he grins, hoping Yuuri can see the way love shines in his eyes, “Great, god, again, please.”

Yuuri nods, pushing his glasses up his scrunched nose. He thrusts again, sending another jolt of pleasure up Victor’s spine, then again, building up a steady rhythm. Victor lies back and lets himself feel, the ridges of Yuuri’s cock rubbing against his sensitive walls, the jolts of pleasure as Yuuri hits his prostate – Yuuri’s breathing, steady and determined, the way he asks, “Good? Is this good?” over and over again.

“Yes,” Victor says, a little exasperated, now that his cock is dripping precome between their bellies, “Yes. How else can I say it?” He puts on his best mimicry of a porn star voice and moans, “Oh, Yuuri, I love it, I love your cock-”

“Alright,” Yuuri laughs, kissing up and down Victor’s neck, “I get it, I get it-”

“Oh Yuuri, it’s so good – mmf!”

Yuuri kisses him in time with his thrusts, stealing the words and breath from his lips, and he moans, shakily as Yuuri’s tongue laps against his.

They pull apart, a string of saliva snapping between them, falling back onto Victor’s chin. He doesn’t bother wiping it away, smiling up at Yuuri fondly, maybe a little wetly, and murmuring, “It really is good, darling.”

Yuuri smiles, ducking his head to hide the tears that bead up in his eyes, as well. He kisses Victor’s knee, hands gripping under his thighs, gasping, “Hah, ah – Vitya, I think I’m going to come.”

“I,” Victor cries out at a particularly good thrust, “I’m close, I’m close too – I...”

“V-Vitya, can I... Can I come inside...?”

“No!”

Fear pierces him, out of nowhere, and for a moment everything goes white. Yuuri freezes, whole body coming to a halt, and when the flash of fear passes, Victor’s aware he’s squeezing down, painfully tight. There’s a wrinkle of discomfort on Yuuri’s face, and he breathes, deeply. Deeply.
“You’re alright,” Yuuri soothes, “You’re here with me. You’re alright.”

Tears well up in Victor’s eyes and he falls back onto the pillow, covering his face with his hands. Yuuri is still inside him, clenched tight, but not vice-like anymore.

Yuuri grips his wrists, nudging at his hands, gently. “Vitya,” he coos, “Can you look at me?”

“I was,” Victor sniffs, letting his hands flop back beside him on the mattress. “I was doing so well...”


Victor doesn’t like when Yuuri asks him if he wants to stop. It makes him feel... Makes him feel like he should say yes, but also makes him feel like he’s weak for doing so. The phrase – do you want to stop – like he can’t handle whatever’s happening so they should just end it. He feels like it guides him to an answer, robs him of the choice.

So, Yuuri says instead, tell me what you need. And if Victor really doesn’t know, he asks more direct questions – do you want to stop?

“I’m... Fuck,” he laughs, humorlessly, “You’re still inside me...”

“I can be... not inside you, if you want,” Yuuri says, uncertainly.

“I know it’s stupid,” Victor continues, “I guess I wanted... I wanted this to be perfect. Wanted us, for once, not to need to do this.”

“It’s not stupid,” Yuuri says, stubbornly. “We’ll get there, Vitya, I’m sure we will. And you shouldn’t... We shouldn’t, if you want...” He cuts off, worrying his lip.

(Victor feels a surprising flash of anger. That... That happens, sometimes, though he feels awful admitting it. He’ll say something like, my reaction to this is stupid, he’ll catch himself thinking, or saying, I shouldn’t have accepted the drink – and Yuuri will always be there to tell him all the things he’s tried so hard to internalize over these past, long years.

It’s frustrating, how easily it’s not your fault, it’s not stupid comes from Yuuri’s lips, when Victor’s only recently been able to admit it himself.

Then, quickly and inexplicably as it came, the anger disappears, and Victor swallows down his embarrassment at having felt it in the first place, especially after so many years.)

Victor frowns, following his train of thought. “We shouldn’t let... The fact that it wasn’t perfect ruin this. If we want to keep going.” He swallows. “And... I do. I do want to keep going.”

Yuuri smiles at him, watery and warm, and kisses his cheek. “I do too,” he whispers. “Here... I’ll make you come first, then you can tell me to come however you want.”

“Oh?” Victor teases, a twinkle in his eye and a lump in his throat, “You think you can make me come first?”

Yuuri laughs, using his surprising strength to lift Victor up, so Victor is straddling Yuuri’s hips, Yuuri’s cock still sheathed inside of him. He grabs Victor’s cock, laughing again when Victor buries his face in Yuuri’s neck with a whimper.

“I know I can,” Yuuri grins.
“I for one,” Victor says, basking in the sticky-sweet afterglow. “Am looking forward to the future. I... God. I feel so, so good. I want to do everything with you.”

Yuuri snorts. “I’m looking forward to it, that everything,” he promises, half teasing and half utterly sincere.

Victor is sore, but pleasantly so. They’ve bathed, changed the sheets, and finally let poor Makkachin back into the room. She snuggles up next to them, blissfully unaware of what they’d been doing mere minutes ago.

Yuuri reaches out to cup Victor’s cheek, running his thumb along it, gently.

“Hey,” Victor yawns.

“Hey yourself,” Yuuri smiles. “You doing okay?”

“Better than okay,” Victor murmurs, giving Yuuri a sleepy smile. “Hey Yuuri?”

“Mm?”

“Can we try this again tomorrow morning?”

After,

It’s July. It’s hot, unusually hot for St. Petersburg, and Victor lounges around in his underwear and one of Yuuri’s tank tops. There’s no air conditioning, because they rarely need it, so fans whirr all throughout the house. Yuuri is passed out on the couch with a cold cloth over his forehead, though he stirs every so often to groan, loudly.

“Didn’t move from Japan for this,” he mumbles, “Moved to Russia because s’cold.”

It’s very endearing. Victor wants to go cuddle with him, but it is far too hot for cuddling.

Instead, he pulls out his laptop, trying to distract himself with social media. Why, why did their rest day have to be the hottest day of the year? As it is, Victor wants to just go to the rink – cool down on the ice when it’s boiling hot outside.

His eyes flit to the date, then away. He’s halfway down his facebook feed when it hits him.

It has been exactly ten years and two days since he was raped.

The anniversary of it passed, quietly and without fanfare... And Victor didn’t even notice. He blinks, a strange, light feeling in his chest.

For years, he’d wait with creeping dread as the date got closer and the days got hotter, the sun outside reminding him of how he and Chris had gotten ready together in his old apartment, applying makeup that would smear all down his cheeks later that night.

He remembers long nights for years after, curled up underneath the covers at Yakov’s place, then his own, sobbing and clawing at his arms. Drinking until he vomited, fits of anger at Yakov or unlucky shopkeepers. The half-hysterical phone call he’d made one year to the judge who’d presided over the case, until he realized he’d called the wrong number. Hanging up and blocking the number from his
contacts.

This year, though – it has flown past him, nothing but a leaf in the summer breeze.

Huh.

Victor smiles, softly, closing his laptop.

“Mmf,” Yuuri whines as Victor flops on top of him and buries his face in the crook of his neck. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing, Yuuri,” Victor soothes him, kissing Yuuri’s jaw, “Absolutely nothing at all.”

**After**

“It’s been difficult,” Victor says, slowly. The bright studio lights leave little spots in his eyes, and it’s hot, so hot, in his stiff suit. “After so many years. I tried so hard to forget what happened, to – to forget the trial, so putting it all in my book... It was more painful than I thought.”

The interviewer, a beta woman who runs a popular late-night show, nods her head in sympathy. “It’s been such a long time – what made you want to, finally, tell your story?”

Victor shifts, tapping his chin thoughtfully. “A few things,” he begins. “First – well, I should say, I did try before. I tried with... With the trial, with – I tried, but no one was really interested, so I stopped trying.”

The interviewer makes a sympathetic noise. Victor wonders what she was like, all those years ago.

“There’s been this change, recently,” Victor continues, “People are being... being kinder. Believing us, survivors, more. For the most part. Another thing is – I finally felt like I had the emotional support I needed to put it into words. I mean that both in terms of my own recovery, and in terms of the people surrounding me. It’s easier when you don’t feel so alone, you know?”

The interviewer nods. She smiles, still sympathetic, but now also a little coy, knowing. “Is there someone in particular you want to mention, who helped you?”

Victor laughs, softly. “You know I take every opportunity to bring up my husband,” he jokes, flashing his wedding ring ostentatiously, “Yes, Yuuri was an amazing help. He’s such a solid source of support, he’s been amazing throughout this entire wild, difficult journey. He never once made me feel like this was my fault, he,” Victor pauses to clear his throat, emotions choking him up, “He was there for me when I had a hard time writing down what happened, and he comforted me after particularly difficult parts. I love him so much.”

One of the cameras pans to Yuuri, wiping a tear in the front row of the audience. Victor knows they’ll show him once this airs later today.

“We’re so glad you have someone, too,” the interviewer grins. “Now – the responses. Can you speak a little about them?”

Victor smiles. “They’ve been overwhelmingly positive,” he says. “I was definitely a little bit worried, but I’ve received such support, I’ve,” he closes his eyes, smile fading, just a bit, “I still receive messages from fans who’ve – who’ve been raped, and I... It breaks my heart, but if I can help them, just a little bit...”
The interviewer’s expression changes, sadness crinkling in her eyes.

Victor continues, “There was also a bit of a surprise... Some of the things I said about Yakov...”

“Your old coach?” The interviewer asks, clarifying for the audience.

“My old coach,” Victor nods. “A lot of readers got very upset about them. He could be pretty old fashioned, but I didn’t put them in there to vilify him. We’ve talked about this, at length. He can’t take back some of the things he said – how they made me feel, both at the time he said them and when I was recovering, but he’s been such a source of support since I was assaulted. He immediately tried to change what he’d learned, which... I mean, not everyone did that for me.”

“Would you say you’ve mended your relationship, then?”

Victor frowns. “It was never bad – never needed mending. He always told me it wasn’t my fault. I can’t – I can’t be angry at everyone who’s ever said something silly, not thought through to me in my life. I’d go crazy.”

The interviewer nods, thoughtfully.

Victor continues, unprompted, “After it happened, so many people would ask me – they’d ask me if there was something I would have done differently, if I could go back. There are lots of things, of course – I wouldn’t have accepted the drink, I might not even have gone out, but questions like that miss the point.”

“The point?” the interviewer prompts.

“The point that – that,” Victor takes a deep, deep breath. “That I did nothing wrong. Maybe someone accepts a drink and it’s fine, nothing happens – maybe someone goes out, doesn’t go out... None of that matters. It’s not the victim’s fault. I said no, and that’s... That’s that.”

He takes a sip of water, swallowing around the lump in his throat.

“Did writing the book help?” the interviewer asks. “In making you feel better.”

Victor shrugs. “I wanted people to hear me,” he sighs. “And they did. All this time, all I’ve ever wanted was for people to believe me, and now they do, so... I’m happy, I suppose. I’m in a better place than I could have ever imagined, ten, eight, five years ago.”

“I think that’s a good place to stop,” the interviewer says, “Victor, thank you so much for your time, and for all the work you’ve done. Life and Love is now available, so check your local bookstores. But, before we go – Victor, you wrote this book because you wanted to define what happened to you, not your attacker. If there was one thing you wanted him to know... What would it be?”

Victor starts, shocked. He thinks for a moment. If Nicolas Jacobs were in front of him now, what would he say? It’s a hard question. There’s so much – how he hurt him, how his life was changed forever, how awful it was that he thought Victor’s body was his to use as he pleased...

But then the answer washes over him, cool and serene.

“I have nothing to say to him,” Victor murmurs, staring right into the camera.

The interview ends.
Before

Victor puts on his first pair of skates when he’s three years old, chubby-cheeked and wide eyed and full of wonder.

His parents – blurry faces, soft smiles and soft blue eyes all that’s left of them – hold his little mittened hands and slide him on the smooth surface of the ice. He falls down, puffy winter pants cushioning him, and claps his hands together in delight. Everything is warm and white, the pond they’re skating on, the snowbanks surrounding them, the puffy coat he’s wearing.

At twenty-one, the magic has worn off, just a little bit. He’s more graceful, taller – the falls hurt more, too. He stretches his leg out behind him, feeling the burn as he grips his blade during a spiral, his favorite move from when he was a child. Bunny hops are now quad flips, lunge Ina Bauers, two-foot spins change-foot flying camels.

His life is skating. There’s nothing else – no reason for there to be anything else. Victor pulls his hair out of his ponytail so it whips around him as he floats through a step sequence. He feels lighter than air, on the ice.

He doesn’t know how many more years he’ll be skating, but he wants to make the most of it, while he can.

The future is unpredictable – Victor wonders what might be in store for him.

After

Victor wakes up in the morning. Yuuri sleeps beside him, and he takes this moment, with sunlight streaming through his window, to look fondly at the rise and fall of his husband’s chest and the hand curled against it, the ring catching the light and glinting just so.

He stands, careful not to wake Yuuri up. Retirement suits them both, softens their hard, muscular edges. The transition from waking up at six every morning to sleeping in – sometimes to eight – was a strange one, but he’s used to it, now. It’s nice.

Victor looks at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, leaning over to wash the remnants of some dream from his mind. He grips the side of the sink, breathing in and out, in and out, and thinks, I’m okay.

Behind him, Yuuri slumbers on. Victor pads back into the room, curls up next to him, and smiles when he feels the soft massage of Yuuri’s fingers carding through his hair. Victor thinks, I’m okay.

They’ll face the day eventually, but for now, Yuuri stirs. He shifts his warm, soft body, tilting Victor’s chin up to kiss him in the morning light. Their tenth anniversary is this year, and they’re thinking of having a long, extended stay at the Katsuki onsen. Victor imagines the steaming bowls of Katsudon, sitting in the hot baths, and walking along that same beach where he and Yuuri first grew to love each other.

Yuuri has fallen asleep again, across his chest, dropping off mid-kiss. Victor giggles, light and free, and thinks, I’m okay.
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