(Lucky for you) That's what I like

by mtothedestiel

Summary

'Cause you deserve it baby, you deserve it all...

Notes

Title from Bruno Mars, the godfather of all sugardaddy!AUs.

This... is not going to be angsty. At all.
Chapter 1

Relationship rules for our mutual benefit:

I. Respect my schedule (see attached). Notify me of any dates, events, or travel that would require me to miss a professional engagement at least two weeks in advance. If I am unable to attend any said events I will notify you at least one week in advance. For dates etc. that do not require me to miss work, twenty-four hours notice will suffice.

II. Do not come to my place of work or residence without my prior notice and consent. In unscheduled public encounters please wait for me to initiate familiarity.

III. Do not take any identifying images of me, or post any such images to any social media without my prior notice and consent.

IV. Any kinkplay, BDSM, dom/sub, toy play, etc. must be separately negotiated.

V. Please respect our financial differences. While I take pleasure in your generosity, I prefer not to be unnecessarily reminded of the specific monetary value of any gifts, dates, or travel expenses. This includes all avoidable receipts and price tags.

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Yuuri refuses to fidget as he reclines in an uncomfortable designer chair that matches the glaringly upscale decor of the bistro which serves as a casual weekday lunch spot for the man sitting across from him. He ignores the way his eighty percent off black silk women’s blouse catches on the scratchy material of his seat, instead focusing on keeping his eyes hooded and sensual as Victor Nikiforov scans his carefully typed list of conditions for a social and/or sexual, no strings attached but potentially exclusive (for the right price) relationship.

“Well?” Yuuri asks, once Victor has finished reading. The handsome businessman sets the single sheet of paper back on the table with the rest of the necessary papers outlining Yuuri’s financial information, schedule, and certificate of clean health from the local STD clinic. Victor’s expression can only be described as affronted, and Yuuri braces himself to hear which of his rules has offended his potential...er, sponsor.

“As if any companion of mine would ever lay eyes on a price tag. How positively gauche.”

The knot in Yuuri’s gut unravels all at once as Victor takes one of his hands between his own. They’re soft and smooth, the way only hands with a regular manicure schedule can be. Oh, Yuuri is so looking forward to being taken care of again.

“Honestly, Mr. Katsuki, I’m concerned about the class of company you’ve been keeping,” Victor continues, a playful gleam in his eye tempering his mock sternness. Yuuri bites back a grin, and instead turns his mouth soft and simpering.

“I know, it’s terrible,” he agrees, his gaze demure as Mr. Nikiforov practically fondles his hand, “I
think, maybe, I just need someone to look after me. Someone handsome...with impeccable taste.”

Victor’s grin widens, and he presses a kiss to Yuuri’s knuckles that has his cheeks heating.

“Yuuri,” he says, curling his accent around the long u, “I think we are going to have a lot of fun together.”

Yuuri tilts his chin to the side, highlighting the soft curve of his throat and the blush he knows is dusting his cheeks pink.

“I think so too.”

Yuuri flicks his eyes up, holding Victor’s gaze through the fringe of his dark eyelashes.

“...Daddy.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

You got it if you want it, take my wallet if you want it...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Having earned each other’s tentative approval, it’s only a few minutes of cursory financial decisions before the real date can begin.

“May I send a copy of these to my accountant?” Victor asks politely, holding up the record of Yuuri’s current bills. Yuuri nods, and Victor tucks the papers away in their blank manila envelope.

“Consider those expenses paid, darling,” is all Victor says before slipping the envelope into his slim briefcase, and then it’s as if it never even existed. Victor hands the briefcase off to a member of the waitstaff before rising.

“Shall we order some lunch?” he asks, politely pulling out Yuuri’s chair, “I had the maître d’ reserve us a table on the terrace. I thought we could enjoy the nice weather, and not waste any more thoughts on business.”

“I’d love to,” Yuuri replies, allowing Victor to place a guiding hand to the small of his back as they take the short walk out onto the sunny upper level patio where a pristine table for two is waiting. Victor’s touch lingers just a moment longer than necessary as Yuuri takes his new seat, his fingers skimming the backside of Yuuri’s fitted dress pants as he drops his hand back to his side. Yuuri’s glance is hardly chastising as they pick up the slim menus on the table, nor is Victor’s by any means apologetic.

They’re not even seated for a full minute before a waiter is at their table. He greets Victor by name, and explains the day’s chef specials in a brief and well practiced murmur.

“For you sir?” He asks Yuuri first.

“I’ll have the scallops,” Yuuri says, only scanning the menu briefly. There are rarely too many choices in this type of establishment.

“An excellent choice, I can highly recommend them,” Victor says, before addressing the waiter, “I’ll have the asparagus risotto. And we’ll share a bottle of white, whatever you recommend.”

“Right away, Mr. Nikiforov.”

“I’ve always wanted to try the food here,” Yuuri admits when the waiter leaves them in peace, “I walk by all the time on the way to my studio but I’ve never gotten to try it.”

“I’m glad I can treat you, then,” Victor says, “As much as I like it I only started coming here recently myself. I walk my dog in this neighborhood, and I passed by so many times eventually I just had to make a reservation.”
“You have a dog?” Yuuri asks, failing entirely to hide his enthusiasm.

“Oh, yes, Makkachin. He’s the one true love of my life,” Victor says with a laugh, pulling out his phone to show Yuuri the background photo of a beaming Victor, dressed much more casually, with a silver standard poodle covering most of his lap. Just visible in the background is the gleaming white kitchen of what must be a ridiculously expensive apartment.

“Oh, I love poodles,” Yuuri gushes, “They’re so smart.”

“Makka has his moments,” Victor says, wrinkling his nose in a way that makes Yuuri laugh. The pictures continue for a few minutes more, Yuuri finding it no struggle at all to coo excitedly over each one, for multiple reasons. Victor giving Makkachin a bath in a marble tub the size of a small swimming pool. Victor and Makkachin playing on the beach in front of a Miami bungalow. Victor and Makkachin wearing matching comical sunglasses on the deck of a luxury yacht.

“He’s so precious,” Yuuri declares, “I’d love to meet him.”

“You will,” Victor promises with a confidence that sends a twist of heat through Yuuri’s belly, “Unfortunately fine dining is not the most appropriate setting for a large dog, but elsewhere Makkachin rarely leaves my side.”

The album viewing is cut short by the arrival of their lunch in all of it’s beautifully presented, sparingly portioned glory. The waiter pours them each a glass of sparkling white wine before leaving them with the bottle and their elegant plates. Despite the small serving Yuuri’s scallops are rich and delicious, the caramel sear on the top giving way to the buttery flesh underneath. He doesn’t hide his pleasure as he makes his way through the first of the two, alternating plump bites with the crisp and crunchy celery salad with it’s spicy vinaigrette.

“Are you enjoying yourself, Yuuri?” Victor asks, only the barest note of a tease in his voice as he tastes the first few bites of his own meal.

“Yes,” Yuuri replies, taking a sip of wine. Nice and dry, just how he likes it. “Everything’s wonderful.”

“I’m glad,” Victor replies, before offering up a polite forkful of his own lunch, “And you simply must try a taste of this risotto. It’s the best in the city, I promise.”

Yuuri doesn’t hesitate to lean in the few inches it requires to close his lips around the delicate tines of Victor’s fork, letting the subtle flavors of the creamy risotto burst across tongue. Sweet asparagus, parmesan, and just a hint of crispy pancetta.

“Delicious,” Yuuri agrees, enjoying the light flush dusting Victor’s cheek as he withdraws his fork.

“Yes, I think so too,” Victor manages.

It’s too short a time before their plates are clean, and an extra glass of wine can only buy them so much more time before Victor has to return to his office for the afternoon.

“I wish we could spend a more leisurely date,” Victor says, slipping his black AmEx into the waiting folder without even glancing at the bill, “But I wanted to get to know you as soon as possible after Christophe introduced us, and this was the only opening I had until the weekend.”

“I understand,” Yuuri assures him. He certainly has no objection to Victor earning his paycheck.

“Before we go,” Victor says as the waitstaff clear their plates and return Victor his briefcase, “I do
have a gift for you.”

“Oh?”

From his briefcase Victor retrieves a slim black box, the matte finish almost velvety against Yuuri’s fingers when he hands it over.

“So that I can always reach you,” is all Victor says in preamble before indicating that Yuuri should open it now.

Yuuri slides back the lid to reveal a top of the line iPhone, the sleek black screen highlighted by its shell of shimmering rose gold. The blush colored metallic brings a smile to Yuuri’s lips.

“Do you not like the color?” Victor asks, nervous for the first time today, “I thought it was the prettiest, but if you’d prefer a different one—”

“No, no, it’s perfect,” Yuuri promises, laughing. Victor so different than Yuuri expected, with his poodle pictures and his strong feelings on iPhone colors. He’s having fun, and not just because of the expensive present.

“You’re welcome to keep a personal phone as well, obviously,” Victor continues, “But I wanted to make sure you had something quality.”

Yuuri slides the lid closed once more, clasping the elegant box to his chest.

“You’re spoiling me already,” he says. Victor’s answering grin makes Yuuri shiver.

“That’s the idea, darling.”

Yuuri bites his lip as heat coils at the base of his spine. With hooded eyes, Yuuri drags his foot up Victor’s calf under the table.

“Well, I love it,” Yuuri murmurs, watching Victor’s gaze sharpen into something hungry, “Thank you, daddy.”

Victor’s phone chooses that moment to buzz, but he doesn’t look too disappointed as he checks the screen briefly.

“The car is here,” he says, before returning his gaze to Yuuri, “Can I offer you a ride to your next destination? We could enjoy a few minute’s private conversation.”

Yuuri knows his smile is verging on predatory, and he takes Victor’s hand when it’s offered to help him out of his seat.

“That sounds perfect.”

Again Yuuri allows Victor’s hand on his waist as he guides him out of the restaurant and back outside, where a black Lincoln town car is waiting on the curb. Victor opens the back door with a flourish, giving Yuuri a hand into the cool, leather lined interior. Yuuri sets aside his new phone and makes himself comfortable so he’s ready to lean into Victor’s side alluringly when he slides into the seat beside him, closing the door with a brief greeting to his driver.

“To the office, sir?”

“Actually we’ll be making a stop,” Victor replies, unbuttoning his suit jacket as he settles into the seat, “Yuuri?”
Once Yuuri tells the driver his address, Victor wastes no time rolling up the partition, leaving he and Yuuri in the relative privacy of the backseat. It’s all the privacy Yuuri will need, anyway.

“I hope it’s alright,” Victor says once they’ve settled into the floor of traffic, his hand resting warm on Yuuri’s inner thigh, “I would love to kiss you.”

“More than alright,” Yuuri agrees, tipping his chin up eagerly so that Victor can press their lips together. Victor’s first kiss is sweet and exploratory, made extra soft by the taste and feel of some designer lip balm. Yuuri allows Victor to sweep his tongue over his bottom lip, keeping himself steady by pressing his hand into the center of Victor’s chest. Yuuri hums contentedly when his hand slides a little lower to feel a firm muscled stomach through the expensive material of his dress shirt.

They pause to take a breath, but Yuuri doesn’t miss a beat, tucking a few flirtly kisses to the underside of Victor’s jaw as he strokes his thumb over one of the buttons of Victor’s shirt.

“I had such a nice time today,” Yuuri purrs, nuzzling into the gap of Victor’s shirt collar. The hand he had resting on Victor’s belly moves down to the front of his sharp black slacks, petting over the firm shape of his cock. Yuuri is pleased to find his date is already half hard. With a playful grin he nips at the lobe of Victor’s ear and gives his stiffening cock a firm squeeze, thumping the tab of his zipper.

“How can I say thank you?”

“I’m sure...wow,” Victor says, a little breathless, “I’m sure you can think creatively, darling.”

He tips his head back, the picture of relaxed indulgence as Yuuri slides his zipper down and slips his hand into the gap to stroke him over the slippery material of his boxers.

Silk. How tasteful.

Finding the convenient slit Yuuri wraps his fingers around Victor’s cock, still hidden by his underwear. Yuuri doesn’t hide the little hum of satisfaction that escapes his lips as he touches Victor bare for the first time.

“You feel so big,” Yuuri murmurs, still pressing teasing little kisses to the side of Victor’s neck, “Can I taste you? I really want to.”

“Fuck,” Victor breathes emphatically, causing Yuuri to practically purr with satisfaction. With a careful shuffle Yuuri scoots his ass back across the seat a few inches so he can lean down comfortably, switching hands so that his left is now teasingly stroking Victor’s cock and his right can brace himself on Victor’s thigh. He squeezes the firm muscles there, making another pleased mental note for later. Yuuri stares up at Victor with hooded eyes as he pulls his cock out of the slit of his silk boxers, pumping the thick length of it appreciatively. He licks his lips as he dips his head down, pausing just close enough that Victor can feel the warm puff of his breath across the head of his cock when he asks: “Can I, daddy?”

Victor’s cool facade is pretty much out the window as he drags the pad of his thumb across Yuuri’s bottom lip, his face flushed and his voice rough as he replies: “Of course you can, baby boy.”

Yuuri flashes a saucy smile his way before greeting the tip of Victor’s cock with a wet, open mouth kiss. He follows it up with a broad swipe from the flat of his tongue before taking the whole head into his mouth and giving a firm suck, just to hear Victor’s reaction. He isn't disappointed, Victor’s hushed curse stoking Yuuri’s motivation to perform.

He takes a lot of pride in his skills, after all.
Yuuri works up a healthy amount of spit, getting Victor’s cock wet and slick before taking him deeper. His mouth nearly full, Yuuri uses his tongue while massaging what he can’t fit between his lips just yet with the circle of his fist. He knows he’s found a sensitive spot when Victor’s grips settles on the back of his neck, squeezing as Yuuri lathes his tongue just under the head of his cock.

Yuuri pauses, bracing himself for a push that never comes. Instead, Victor only drags his fingers through the silky hair at the base of Yuuri’s scalp and groans out “Your mouth, baby.”

It takes all of Yuuri’s strength not to try and grind down into the Lincoln’s leather seats. With Victor’s hand no more than a guiding weight against the back of his neck, Yuuri sinks his mouth down with a hungry moan. As he had hoped, the head of Victor’s cock fits just right in the back of his throat. Yuuri groans around the hot length stretching his jaw wide, hollowing his cheeks as he begins to bob his head up and down.

Mindful of the stop and start of the town car in traffic, Yuuri gives the best first impression he can manage, pulling out all his tricks to have Victor falling apart in record time. He alternates swirling his tongue with eager sucking, dragging the head of Victor’s cock against the ridge of his hard palate when he pulls up before sinking right back down again. He pushes himself just a touch too far on purpose, letting Victor hear and feel it when he gags mildly, reminding him how big he is in Yuuri’s mouth and how much Yuuri likes it.

“Ah, baby, I’m close,” Victor gasps, a few minutes in and not a moment to lose as Yuuri feels the first real twinge of soreness in his jaw. Yuuri takes him as deep as he can with a groan, letting the vibrations push Victor that last little bit until he’s tumbling over the precipice of pleasure.

Victor’s grip tightens before he grunts, holding Yuuri’s head in place as he fills his mouth with cum. Yuuri sucks and swallows, moaning his appreciation despite the bitter taste. He works himself off Victor’s cock slowly, swallowing around the head and licking up any messy traces of cum as he softens slowly in Yuuri’s mouth. Eventually Yuuri pulls off altogether, coughing once as he tucks Victor daintily back into his designer slacks. Yuuri zips up his fly before sitting up, his fingers stroking over Victor’s crotch once more just to feel the man shiver.

Victor pleasantly surprises him when Yuuri goes to wipe his mouth on the back of his hand and is instead provided with a clean tissue from a discrete compartment in the door of the car. He pleasantly surprises him again when as soon as his lips are relatively clean he pulls Yuuri in for a wet, possessive kiss, licking the taste of himself out of Yuuri’s mouth. Against his swollen lips Victor’s kiss feels even more luxurious, a dirty indulgence that Yuuri could definitely get used to. When Victor pulls away, Yuuri pouts tries to pull him back only to realize the car has stopped. They’ve arrived at Yuuri’s apartment block.

Victor’s eyes twinkle as he smooths down Yuuri’s sex rumpled hair.

“I’ll be in touch,” he promises, tapping his finger on the box that he’s placed back in Yuuri’s hands.

“I can’t wait,” Yuuri replies, pecking Victor on the cheek before sliding out of the car. Yuuri waves from the sidewalk as the town car pulls away from the curb, watching until Victor and his driver disappear around corner.

“Fuck,” Yuuri breathes emphatically, something excited and effervescent bubbling behind his lungs. With a smile tugging at his lips Yuuri makes his way down the sidewalk until he’s at the right door and he can let himself into the building where he and his law school roommate share a third floor walk up.

Phichit has his books spread out across the kitchen table when Yuuri unlocks the creaky door to their
admittedly dated apartment.

“So how did it go?” Phichit asks without looking up from his brightly color coded Intro to Copyright Law notes, “Does he have a nice dick?”

“I guess it went pretty good,” Yuuri admits, his belly still pleasantly full of high end seafood and his jaw still pleasantly sore from blowing his new sugar daddy in the back of his Lincoln town car. Speaking of… “And yes, he does.”

“Score.” Phichit manages to set his notes aside long enough to inspect Yuuri for any undue damage. Apparently satisfied, he asks, “And do we owe any rent for the month?”

“Nope” Yuuri says, popping the p.

“Double score!”

“But seriously, Yuuri,” Phichit asks, “Did you have fun?”

Yuuri finally allows himself a smile, thinking of Victor, with all his quirks and poodle enthusiasm.

“Yeah,” he admits, “I really did.”

It’s later that evening, when Yuuri is setting the preference on his new phone while Phichit gushes over the color and they stuff themselves with takeout pizza that he receives his first text message.

Buzz.

It’s from the only contact in his phone, one that came pre-programmed in. The ID only reads V.

Buzz.

Hm...a double text. Yuuri smiles. He’s a man who appreciates enthusiasm.

Buzz.

Oh. Make that a triple.

V: Hello, my yuuri.

V: I had a lot of fun earlier.

V: I wonder if you're free for dinner this Saturday?

Chapter End Notes

Hello, all my dear readers old and new :) Just fyi, I have lots of date ideas for this fun little AU, and like I promised: no angst. So like, subscribe, and share to enjoy the condo in manhattan, the beach house in Miami, and maybe even some Versace on the floor.

(Also, hop over to Tumblr and visit me @summersteve where I'll be posting some reference pics for clothes, cars, and of course Victor's lovely gifts for our Yuuri. #champagneonice)
Interlude

Chapter Notes

Since most of my chapters are going to cover a whole date (and mostly from Yuuri’s POV) expect a couple of these little interludes where we get a look into the mind of sugar daddy extraordinaire Victor "designer only" Nikiforov.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

C: So what do you think of our dear Yuuri? Isn’t he darling?

V: Divine. I’m utterly bewitched

C: What did I tell you?

V: He was everything you said and more. Thank you for putting us in touch, mon ami

C: My pleasure. Literally. You’ll know once you get to share some more intimate moments.

C:...

C: UNLESS YOU ALREADY HAVE

C: VICTOR

V: A gentleman doesn’t kiss and tell

V:...

V: But if anything, you undersold his skills in that regard

C: ❤❤❤❤❤❤

C: If only I weren’t stuck on the continent, we could all three of us have some fun

C: Oh well. Treat him right, Vitya. He’s a dear thing.

V: I plan to.

Victor puts away his phone after typing a quick farewell to Christophe, still glowing from his lunch with the lovely Yuuri Katsuki. He’s meant to be preparing for his four o’clock board meeting, but the spread sheets on the sleek laptop in front of him are no match for Victor’s daydreaming. Meeting Yuuri had been the best of surprises, and to think Victor had nearly turned Christophe down when he’d offered to set them up. Victor mulls over his good fortunes as he sips his afternoon espresso, still piping hot from his assistant’s delivery.

Yuuri had had such lovely brown eyes. So expressive. And his smile, equal parts shy and seductive. Then there was the pert shape of his ass against Victor’s fingers as he helped him to his seat, and who could forget the sweet little roll of his adam’s apple as he swallowed Victor’s cum like he was starved for a second course.
Victor could while away the remaining hours of his work day just replaying every little detail of
his date with Yuuri, and still have plenty of material left to keep him warm in bed tonight. Yuuri’s
attractive qualities ranged from the adorable to the drop dead sexy, with the only glaring flaw being
that off the rack silk shirt he’d been wearing. The color had been lovely on him, but dear god the
stitching.

Victor sighs unhappily, thinking of his Yuuri dressed in such a cheaply made blouse, not even
tailored for him. Tragic. Yuuri deserved to have only the finest materials against his skin.

A realization comes to him and Victor perks up. Who besides himself could be better suited to
provide Yuuri with the designer labels he so desperately deserves?

Victor ponders over that thought for a moment, of what might make Yuuri feel as warm, soft and
satisfied as he made Victor feel in the back of his Lincoln. Victor’s lips curl into a smile before he
hits the intercom button for his second assistant.

“Julio, would you call Michelle, over at Armani? I’m feeling like a little shopping after work.”

“Right away, Mr. Nikiforov.”

*****

Yuuri comes home from his last class of the day Thursday evening to find Phichit vibrating at the
kitchen table, keeping watch over a package that arrived by private courier that afternoon. Yuuri
drops his bag by the door and joins his friend, stroking his fingers appreciatively over the glossy
finish of the high quality shirt box, simple black except for the shimmering Giorgio Armani
embossed in silver in the center of the lid.

“It came with a card,” Phichit informs him in lieu of greeting, handing over a creamy white envelope
with a simple Yuuri inscribed on the front in neat, looping handwriting. Yuuri opens that first, a little
thrum of excitement in his belly as he makes an educated guess who might have sent him such an
elegantly packaged gift. He unfolds the slim card and reads:

My Yuuri,

I was doing a little shopping and thought of you. I hope you’ll let me know that it fits properly.

-V.

“Yuuri, open the fucking box, I’m practically salivating over here.”

Yuuri laughs, setting aside Victor’s card. “Okay, okay,” he says, humming curiously when he pulls
the box toward him and finds it surprisingly heavy. With Phichit’s help he manages to slide the lid
off the top, revealing a fluffy layer of white tissue paper. Folding that back reveals two articles of
clothing, free of all tags and labels in the way only high end designer ever is.

On the top of the stack is a slim cut turtleneck sweater in a striking black and white pattern. Yuuri
strokes the roomy the collar, sighing happily at the touch of cashmere to his skin. Already he can
imagine the fit of it against his chest, soft and chic. The cut tells him it’s from the women’s
collection, but that will probably make it fit him better anyway. Besides, wearing cashmere is a
gender neutral pleasure.
“Ah,” Phichit squeaks, as Yuuri pulls it out of the box for them both to admire, “So soft. That’s gonna look amazing on you.”

Yuuri sets aside the sweater on a clean spot of table into order to see what else is in the box. For a moment all his eye registers is velvet blackness, before he hears Phichit’s hushed “hashtag blessed” and realizes he’s looking at a gorgeous leather jacket. With careful hands Yuuri unfolds the coat, letting the sleeves drape over the edge of the box. In the light of their kitchen the ink black shearling nearly shimmers blue, sewn together in pieces which become an intriguing geometric pattern over the slim cut body of the jacket. Yuuri presses his hand to his lips, a breathless laugh slipping past his fingers.

Victor.

Phichit lets out a little “oh” and reaches out to brush the tips of his fingers over the velvet soft shearling before pulling his hand back as though he’s been burned.

“That is exquisite,” he murmurs, biting his knuckle, “This one’s a keeper, Yuuri. He’s got taste.”

Yuuri touches the shearling for himself, biting his lip as he fingers the lambskin that borders the hidden asymmetrical zipper. Eventually he pulls the jacket fully out of the box and holds it up to his chest, checking the fit.

“I should try them on,” he decides eventually, once he’s stared down at the luscious black jacket for long enough. Yuuri looks at Phichit with a gleam in his eye.

“Can you help me take some pictures?”

*****

It’s a late night at the office when Victor receives an unexpected series of picture messages on his phone. When he sees the ID he doesn’t hesitate to set his work aside, clicking open the first message from a contact he’s discreetly labeled as YK. As the image fills his screen Victor’s paperwork induced fatigue all but vanishes and his heart begins to race. His gift had been delivered successfully after all, and god but it had been worth the price tag.

Yuuri is ravishing in his new Armani coat. Victor flips through the trio of photos showing off the different angles of the jet black shearling motorcycle jacket. Just as he’d hoped, the buttery leather made Yuuri’s complexion practically glow, his brown eyes bright against the graphic pattern of the cashmere sweater underneath. His roommate must have helped him with his impromptu photoshoot, Victor thinks with amusement as he scrolls through front and back views. By far his favorite photo is the first however, a slight close up of Yuuri wearing the jacket open, his nose tucked into the collar as if to smell the richness of the leather. It gives Victor a clear view of his sweater, fitted perfectly to Yuuri’s slim waist. Victor didn’t mean anything by sending Yuuri a women’s sweater, it’s just that the men’s options were so woefully drab, and Yuuri’s figure just begs for a nice fitted knit. Judging by the sparkle in Yuuri’s eye, Victor made the right decision.

His phone buzzes again, this time with a short text that has Victor’s blood travelling south.

YK: Thank you, daddy, I love them.
Victor grins as he texts back.

_V: You’re welcome, baby. I can't wait to see you Saturday night._

Yuuri texts back almost immediately.

_KK: Me neither. I'll be thinking of you until then…_

Victor’s phone buzzes again, and his heart thumps as he realizes it’s another picture message. With a trembling touch he opens the image.

This one Victor hopes was taken without the assistance of a roommate.

Yuuri is wearing his new coat. _Only_ his new coat. He’s kneeling up on his bed, the lambskin artfully draped so that Victor can see an enticing peek of bare shoulder and the faintest curve of Yuuri’s ass below the bottom edge of the short jacket. What little Victor can see of Yuuri’s face is lit up with a coy smile, reflected in the mirror Yuuri is taking advantage of to snap the selfie with the phone Victor gifted him.

Victor doesn’t hesitate to save the photo, making a new locked album labeled only with a peach emoji. He’ll enjoy that later in private. In response to Yuuri he sends a long string of gold hearts before returning the phone to his desk drawer.

Victor is practically preening as he returns to the portfolios he has to approve that day. Already Yuuri is bringing so much joy to his humdrum schedule. Victor may be footing the bill, but somehow it feels like he’s the one being spoiled.

Chapter End Notes

Pop over to Tumblr to see the jacket #champagneonice ;)


Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Strawberry champagne on ice...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thanks to Victor’s good taste Yuuri looks the part when he steps into the dining room of the Michelin star restaurant where they’ll be having their date. With his best suit pants accompanying his new sweater and jacket Yuuri looks like any of the wealthy elite here to enjoy a “casual” high end meal, tucked away on the first floor of a four star hotel in lower Manhattan.

“Yuuri!”

Yuuri follows the sound of his name to see Victor rising to greet him from a candle lit table for two, dressed in another expensively understated suit, this time a silvery grey with his collar left open. Very casual.

“Victor,” Yuuri replies, a smile on his lips as he crosses the room to meet his date in a soft kiss appropriate for a public display of affection.

“You look ravishing, darling,” Victor declares when they part, eyes gleaming as he eyes Yuuri wearing the clothes Victor bought for him, “That sweater is terribly becoming on you.”

“Thank you. It was a gift,” Yuuri replies, letting Victor’s teasing seep into his own reply, “From someone special.”

Victor’s smile blossoms, bright and just a little proprietary. He squeezes Yuuri’s hips once, briefly, before releasing him.

“Well,” he says, “It’s good to see you finally dressed to the level of quality you deserve. Shall we sit down?”

Immediately a server appears to help Yuuri out of his coat and pull out his chair. A carafe of sparkling water waits on the table, along with a single page menu. Yuuri doesn’t even glance at it as the server explains the short list of specials, which doesn’t escape Victor’s notice. Instead Yuuri sips his sparkling water and waits for Victor to order for him, which he does without a flicker of hesitation.

“I’ve heard you have a very imaginative chef,” Victor says, winking at Yuuri as he addresses the waiter, “So we’ll have the tasting menu for two.”

“Excellent choice sir. Can I bring you anything special to drink?”

“We’ll stick to the recommended pairings for dinner, I think,” Victor says, flicking through a slim menu, “But would you have a bottle of the Pol Roger sent up to our room? The 2002, please.”

“Certainly, sir. We’ll have it waiting for you.”
“You booked a room?” Yuuri asks when the waiter steps away. Not that he objects to the assumption, but Yuuri had been under the impression Victor owned a condo in Manhattan.

“Hm, yes, I thought I would save us traveling all the way uptown,” Victor asks, and something in Yuuri’s expression must beg further explanation because he laughs before continuing, “I have an early flight in the morning. I’m taking a few meetings in Chicago and I didn’t care to drive up and down the island to make the flight when I could enjoy your company here. Assuming you’re free to stay, that is?”

Victor takes his hand, stroking his thumb over Yuuri’s pulse with a hopeful expression.

“Of course,” Yuuri agrees, “I’ve been looking forward to it all week.”

Victor kisses his knuckles. “Lovely.”

Every minute of their meal after that is a heady exercise in seduction. It’s a menu meant to intrigue and surprise, with sweet soups and savory macarons, incredibly rich vegetables and delicate slivers of meat hidden in intricate floral presentations. For every dish that makes Yuuri laugh there’s another that makes him moan under his breath as bright and beautiful flavors burst across his tongue. Eight courses pass in a blur of beautiful bite size portions that Yuuri wouldn’t even try guessing most of the ingredients of, only that each taste is made more delicious for having eaten it off of Victor’s fork.

“What do you think, my Yuuri?” Victor asks, making conversation as they linger over dessert, something fruity with crumbles of dry ice frozen yogurt and a blackberry foam.

“Everything’s delicious,” Yuuri replies, “I’ve never had anything like it, Victor, thank you.”

“It’s my pleasure, darling.”

Victor wordlessly handles the bill and then they’re ready to head upstairs. A server at the entrance helps Yuuri back into his coat and then Victor leads him by the hand to set of gilded elevators. The doors are hardly closed after them before Victor is pulling Yuuri into his arms. He presses Yuuri into one of the mirrored walls of the elevator, kissing him soundly as they go up, up, up to the forty-third floor where a studio suite is waiting for them. Yuuri moans and parts his lips for Victor’s eager kisses, humming in satisfaction when he feels Victor’s hardening cock press into his hip.

Their ardent fumbling is only interrupted by the ding of the elevator as they reach their floor. Victor seems to regain control of his faculties, breaking their kiss to drag his fingers through Yuuri’s slicked back hair.

“I missed you, baby boy,” Victor murmurs, kissing Yuuri’s brow before leading him to their suite. Victor unlocks the door with the easy swipe of a key card and then Victor leads him by the hand to set of gilded elevators. The doors are hardly closed after them before Victor is pulling Yuuri into his arms. He presses Yuuri into one of the mirrored walls of the elevator, kissing him soundly as they go up, up, up to the forty-third floor where a studio suite is waiting for them. Yuuri moans and parts his lips for Victor’s eager kisses, humming in satisfaction when he feels Victor’s hardening cock press into his hip.

Their ardent fumbling is only interrupted by the ding of the elevator as they reach their floor. Victor seems to regain control of his faculties, breaking their kiss to drag his fingers through Yuuri’s slicked back hair.

“I missed you, baby boy,” Victor murmurs, kissing Yuuri’s brow before leading him to their suite. Victor unlocks the door with the easy swipe of a key card and then they’re engulfed in softly lit luxury. The room is paneled in pale wood, with pale carpets and pristine white bedding. An arrangement of fresh flowers sits on a table in the corner, along with the rosé champagne Victor had ordered for them earlier, safely ensconced in a tub of ice.

Victor drinks in Yuuri’s wonder with a soft smile, hanging his jacket in a subtle closet before wrapping his arms around Yuuri’s waist from behind.

“Shall I pour us a drink?” He asks, pressing a kiss to the nape of Yuuri’s neck.

“Sure. Just let me freshen up,” Yuuri murmurs, turning to drop a playful kiss on Victor’s chin before slipping into the all marble ensuite. As he closes the door he hears the pop of the champagne cork.
Yuuri splashes some cool water on his face before kicking off his shoes and dropping his fitted dress pants to the floor. He strips out of his socks and his cashmere sweater, checking his hair before slipping back into his jacket. The velvety wool and leather is a perfect compliment to the sheer lace boyshort panties that served as Yuuri’s only other remaining article of clothing. Yuuri turns to check the fit of the lace over his ass in the mirror. As usual, he finds nothing lacking.

Satisfied, Yuuri gives his cock a little squeeze, getting himself just hard enough to let Victor know he’s interested without compromising the fit of the panties too much. Then he opens the bathroom door, returning to the heady golden light of the main suite where Victor is pouring two glasses of pale peach colored champagne.

Yuuri leans against the door frame and waits for Victor to notice him, drinking in his date’s own more relaxed appearance. Victor has rolled up his sleeves and undone a few buttons of his shirt. He sets the foaming bottle Pol Roger aside and turns to Yuuri with two glasses in hand. Yuuri smiles, coy, as he watches Victor’s cheeks pink in the low light of the suite.

“Yuuri, you l-look--”

Yuuri lets his smile broaden to a grin as he saunters back across the room where Victor is waiting. He only stops when he’s close enough to feel Victor’s heat through his clothes. Victor passes Yuuri his glass so that he can wrap his arm around Yuuri’s waist, under his coat.

“To a lovely evening, and even lovelier company,” he toasts, clinking their glasses together before they both take a sip of the bubbly champagne. Yuuri savors the sweet flavor and the tickle of the bubbles over his tongue. He also savors Victor’s shameless staring as he draws circles with his thumb against the small of Yuuri’s back.

“Do you like this sort of thing?” Victor asks, thumbing the lace at Yuuri’s hips, “I could have guessed you would look exquisite in lace, but I didn’t want to assume.”

“Lingerie?” Yuuri asks, “I love it. It’s not always practical, but I love the way it makes me feel.” Yuuri looks up through his lashes then, offering a suitably pitiable expression.

“It can be so uncomfortable when it isn’t quality, though,” he sighs, “Real French lace is so much softer to the touch.”

“Duly noted,” Victor says with a twinkle in his eye as he pulls Yuuri in for a kiss that tastes of sparkling wine.

“It’s so good to have you again,” Victor murmurs against Yuuri’s lips when they part, “I was so disappointed that I had to keep our date short on Wednesday.”

Yuuri pushes out his bottom lip in a mock pout. “Didn’t I satisfy you, daddy?”

“Oh yes,” Victor promises, tipping Yuuri’s chin up and exposing the long, pale column of his throat, “But I wanted to see you, baby boy.”

Victor places a soft kiss just below Yuuri’s ear and reaches down to squeeze the swell of his ass. “All of you.”

Yuuri takes that as his cue, draining his glass before setting it aside and shedding his coat. He drapes the Armani lovingly over a nearby chair before approaching Victor again in only his panties, stealing a kiss from his bemused date before plucking the champagne flute from his grip and approaching the lush king sized bed. Just as he’d draped his shearling coat Yuuri drapes himself over the pure white
duvet, taking a sip of Victor’s champagne as he sinks into the luxury pillowtop. He feels the heat of Victor’s gaze and revels in it, knowing the indulgent picture he makes, all warm skin in nothing but a scrap of lace against the plush mattress.

“Well?” Yuuri says, biting his lip as he bends one knee coquettishly, “Come see all of me, then.”

Yuuri doesn’t break his gaze as he tips over the delicate flute in his hand and pours Victor’s remaining champagne over his own chest with a barely restrained gasp. It splashes in cold droplets over his pecs and drips down to pool in his navel. Yuuri shivers as his nipples tighten and he waits for Victor to stop staring and put his hands on him.

He doesn’t have to wait long.

Victor kicks off his shoes before climbing up the bed to box Yuuri in with his long limbs. He’s wearing most of his suit, even his watch, and it makes Yuuri feel deliciously naked under his hungry gaze.

“Baby,” Victor admonishes, wiping up a drop of champagne from Yuuri’s collarbone and bringing to his lips, “Look at this mess you’ve made.”

Yuuri doesn’t have it in him to looks apologetic, even for a little role playing. Instead he just curls his lips in a self satisfied grin, stretching his arms above his head to give Victor room to work. He’s rewarded when instead of his fingers Victor cleans up the next droplet with his tongue, swiping a wet trail up to Yuuri’s left nipple. Victor sucks, then bites down, looking up with a mischievous glint in blue eyes as Yuuri lets out a helpless mewl. He licks a broad stripe over Yuuri’s reddened nipple, soothing the sting as he cups Yuuri’s hardening cock through his panties.

“You like that?” Victor asks, squeezing playfully. Yuuri nods, pushing out his chest and whimpering when Victor bites down again before switching to his other nipple, licking up all the champagne in his path. Victor teases Yuuri’s nipples until he’s writhing before following the sticky trail of liquid down his chest. He massages Yuuri’s ass over the lace as he dips his tongue into Yuuri’s navel, drinking the champagne from his skin. Yuuri shudders when Victor’s fingers slip into the crease of him, dragging the material of his panties teasingly against his entrance.

“Should I fuck you tonight, baby boy?” Victor muses, sucking a light mark over one of Yuuri’s hip bones, “Would that make you feel good? My cock in your gorgeous ass?”

“Yes,” Yuuri moans. He lets Victor guide him onto his belly, humming his pleasure as he squeezes his ass again before helping him slip his lace panties down his thighs. Totally bare, Yuuri rises up onto his elbows and knees as Victor leans over him to rifle through the bedside drawer. When he settles back down it’s to drop a new bottle of lube beside Yuuri’s knee.

“Why don’t you get yourself ready for me?”

Yuuri feels a lick of heat down his spine as he hears Victor sits back on his haunches, content to watch Yuuri finger himself. Not wanting to disappoint, Yuuri slicks up three fingers before spreading his knees and arching his back as he reaches behind himself to circle his first slippery fingertip against his asshole.

Yuuri is taking one finger easily, and is about to add a second when he hears the jingle of a belt buckle. There’s the slow slide of leather out of belt loops, and then a soft thump and another jingle against the carpeted floor.

“Don’t stop on my account, darling.” Victor assures him, reaching out to thumb a bead of sweat from
the small of Yuuri’s back, “I’m just getting comfortable.”

Yuuri lets the sound of Victor’s trousers hitting the floor punctuate slipping a second finger into his ass. He hisses through the mild burn and focuses on the quickening pace of Victor’s breathing. He doesn’t hear Victor’s boxers hit the floor, the silk too light to make a sound. Instead he hears a low groan and feels the mattress shift as Victor begins to touch himself. Yuuri shifts the rhythm of his fingers from pumping to stretching and scissoring, adding a third finger as soon as he’s ready to prepare himself in earnest for Victor’s dick.

“Beautiful,” Victor mutters over the slick sounds of Yuuri opening himself, “You’re going to look so amazing full of my cock.”

“Please,” Yuuri begs, pulling his fingers out with one more slow scissoring, “I’m ready. Fuck me, Victor.”

With a pleased hum Victor picks up the lube from beside Yuuri’s head. Yuuri hears the click of the cap before he feels the first cool drizzle and shivers head to toe as Victor liberally squeezes the slick over Yuuri’s waiting entrance.

“Just making sure you’re wet enough,” Victor promises, before tossing the bottle aside and shuffling close until Yuuri can feel the warm presence of him up against his ass and thighs.

Ay remaining chill in the lube is warmed by Victor’s cock as he grinds his hard length into the messy crease of Yuuri’s ass. Yuuri leans back into the weight of him, gasping when Victor’s cock catches on the rim of his well stretched hole.

“Do you want a condom, baby?”

“Yes, please,” Yuuri breathes, secretly relieved when Victor pauses his grinding as soon as Yuuri replies, leaning over him again to fish a foil covered packet out of the bedside drawer.

“Thank you, daddy,” Yuuri says, shy. By the halt in the crinkling behind him Yuuri can tell Victor has paused, and his nerves spike before he feels the reassuring stroke of Victor’s palm over his flank.

“Don’t thank me for that,” Victor murmurs, “Anything that makes you happy, baby boy. Always.”

Yuuri moans then, reaching back to pull his cheeks apart as Victor finishes rolling on the condom. He hears the catch in Victor’s breath before his daddy grabs him by the hips and Yuuri is deliciously split open by the hot, blunt head of Victor’s cock.

“Oh, fuck, daddy,” Yuuri chokes out as his asshole gives way and Victor sinks into him one searing inch at at time.

“Mm, that’s right, sweetheart,” Victor murmurs, voice tight as he drags his cock out only to fuck back in even slower, “Take it.”

As big as he’d been in Yuuri’s mouth, Victor feels even bigger in his ass as he opens him up with short hungry strokes. When he finally sinks in all the way Yuuri is gagging for it, fingers scrabbling at the blankets as he waits in agony for Victor to move and why isn’t Victor moving?

“Ah, I just need a minute,” Victor grunts when Yuuri whines and tries to grind backwards, “You’re so tight, you’re gonna making me cum early.”

Feeling defiant, Yuuri swivels his hips and clenches down, gasping when he finally gets the pressure
of Victor’s cock where he needs it and he hears Victor’s own choked groan.

“Naughty boy,” Victor scolds breathlessly, leaving a playfully light smack on Yuuri’s ass before thrusting into him sharply, stealing the breath from Yuuri’s lungs. After that Victor doesn’t seem to have any problems with his stamina, drawing out mewling moans that rise to near screams as he fucks Yuuri into the mattress. Yuuri doesn’t hold back his sounds, their fellow hotel guests be damned. His daddy is giving him the kind of dick that Yuuri has only dared to dream of.

“Fuck, Yuuri,” Victor groans, lifting one of his thighs outward so he can grind in at a new angle that has Yuuri seeing stars, “I knew you would be a dream in my bed. Look at you taking my cock so well. You need it, baby, don’t you? Tell me you need my cock.”

“Oh god,” Yuuri cries unashamedly, holding his ass open as Victor fucks him full, “I need it. Cum in me, daddy!”

Victor drops his thigh to get a better grip of Yuuri’s hips, forcing his back into an arch as he ruts into him with abandon. Yuuri screams, rough, aborted things that match the slap of Victor’s skin against his. His own cock is practically dripping onto the sheets, but Yuuri doesn’t dare stop bracing himself to try and get off.

At this kind of pace it’s only a matter of minutes before Victor is cursing again, his cock swelling in Yuuri’s ass as he fills the condom. Yuuri takes his last few thrusts with a gasp, nearly out of breath. Victor releases his death grip on Yuuri’s hips one finger at a time, shaking out his hands and circling his hips in one last aborted thrust as he begins to soften.

“Fuck... fuck that’s good.”

Yuuri’s fingers fist in the bedding as Victor pulls out. His asshole is still clenching around nothing when Victor flips him on his back and grabs his cock, jerking him off ruthlessly until he’s wringing an orgasm out of Yuuri that has his vision going spotty. Yuuri arches off the bed in a silent scream as he paints his own chest white with cum.

“Beautiful, Yuuri, just like that,” Victor rasps as Yuuri’s chest heaves. Blood rushes in his ears as he collapses flat against the mattress, thighs spread wantonly over Victor’s lap. He gives a belated little moan as his cock softens and Victor shuffles out from under him to dispose of the condom.

Yuuri takes advantage of the moment to stretch, limbs heavy and languid and his ass pleasantly sore. Victor perches on the edge of the bed as Yuuri bends his knees up to his chest, testing for sore spots. It doesn’t hurt to remind Victor of his flexibility for a later date. Yuuri works hard to make sure he can bend into any position, after all.

“God, daddy, you wrecked me,” Yuuri exhales happily as he fingers the rim of his tender hole. Victor watches with sleepy interest, pressing a kiss to the inside of Yuuri’s knee.

“Only the best for you, baby boy.”

A kind of endorphin drenched giggle works its way out of Yuuri’s lungs, lighting up their afterglow as Victor laughs too. There’s nothing funny here, exactly, just the cosmic absurdity of one of the best fucks of Yuuri’s life coming from a man who he unironically calls “daddy”.

“Come along, my Yuuri,” Victor says when their giggles settle, finally stripping out of his rumpled dress shirt and setting his watch on the bedside table before practically scooping Yuuri off the mattress, “Let’s have a shower, and then a well earned rest.”

“Mm,” Yuuri agrees with a smile, still a little punch drunk as he leans into the pleasant firmness of
Victor’s chest, “Whatever you say, daddy.”

*****

When Yuuri wakes the next morning, tucked into the plush covers of the king size bed, it’s practically still dark out. He frowns, eyes still closed, and reaches across the mattress only to find himself alone. What a shame.

Fortunately when Yuuri takes a moment to notice his surroundings he realizes Victor still in the suite, probably getting ready for the flight he mentioned yesterday. Yuuri can hear him talking from the ensuite bathroom, along with the clink of cosmetic bottles. Maybe Victor is on the phone?

“...And my plane takes off at eight-fifty but the room check out isn’t until eleven, so you should relax as long as you’d like after I’m gone.”

Yuuri must have done something to give the impression that he’s awake, because as he fully grasps consciousness he realizes Victor’s cheerful conversation is directed at him.

And...oh lord. Victor is a morning person.

“I made a reservation for you with the spa downstairs for ten o’clock, if you’d like it. I thought a massage might be in order after our activities last night.” Yuuri can almost hear the satisfaction in Victor’s voice. “I know you have a class at two but with Julio driving you there should be plenty of time for a little indulgence.”

Yuuri finally blinks his eyes open, stretching languidly as Victor comes back into the room, buttoning the cuffs of another devastatingly well fitted dress shirt already tucked into a pair of black slacks. Waiting by the door is a piece of sleek rolling luggage along with Victor’s usual briefcase.

“Darling? Did you hear me?” Victor asks, “How are you feeling?”

Yuuri rolls his shoulders and snuggles deeper into the eight hundred count sheets.

“Spoiled,” he says at last, offering his lover an indolent smile. Victor sighs fondly, bending to press a kiss to Yuuri’s bed rumpled hair.

“Good,” he declares, “I’ll call you when I’m back in the city, yes?”

Yuuri nods.

“I’ll be waiting, daddy,” he promises. Without his contacts he can just make out the pink that blooms on Victor’s cheeks. He kisses Yuuri once more before grabbing his blazer off the back of the desk chair and heading to the door.

“Order anything you like from room service,” Victor says as he readies to depart, “I don’t want you going to work on an empty stomach, hm?”

Yuuri nods, sleep calling to him. He blows Victor a kiss before his sugar daddy gets the text from his driver and takes off, leaving Yuuri to his own devices in a luxury hotel room.

Fully intending to sleep until his spa appointment, Yuuri starfishes in the middle of the king size bed, sighing appreciatively at the cool bedding against his skin.
This is the life.

*****

Only a day later Yuuri comes home to Phichit safeguarding a whole stack of boxes, this time pale pink and tied with a black satin ribbon. Even Yuuri is practically drooling when he reads the label written in swooping calligraphy.

*Agent Provocateur.*

Apparently Victor’s business trip hasn’t kept him from doing a little online shopping. Yuuri is going to have to think of something special to say thank you.

Chapter End Notes

Come to @summersteve on tumblr, #champagneonice to see some highlights of Victor and Yuuri’s dinner, the hotel room, and of course Yuuri’s lace boy shorts. More to come!
Interlude 2

Chapter Summary

haha sorry for the wait! School is back in session and my free time is much more limited :((( however I still have exciting updates planned! I hope you enjoy this little inbetween!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday night has Yuuri thrumming with anticipation as he steps out of the shower after a long day of teaching at the yoga studio. It’s been three days since his last date with Victor, almost two since he received that lovely stack of pink lingerie boxes. After drooling over the boxes’ contents with a starry eyed Phichit Yuuri had returned each item to its packaging and tucked the whole stack under his bed for safekeeping. He’d wanted to try everything on right away, but such lovely gifts deserve a special occasion, even if Yuuri has to make the occasion himself.

Tonight is the night, Yuuri muses as he towels off and slips into a comfortable pair of sweatpants. Victor has been gone just long enough to be missing him, but not so long that he’s forgotten their night of passion together. It’s the perfect moment for Yuuri to send him a little surprise. He dries his hair before pushing it back from his eyes with some soft touch product. After a moment of thought Yuuri forgoes his contacts, opting instead for his plain blue glasses. He’ll just take them off when he’s ready. It’ll make things feel a little more natural if he can’t see the camera so sharply.

Yuuri slips down the short hallway to his bedroom, closing the door with a click. Phichit is out with a few of his classmates tonight. Yuuri had been invited, but he demurred, eager to take advantage of the empty apartment. He turns off his fluorescent overhead light in favor of a few lamps, throwing his room into warm golds. A cheap table top tripod holds his phone, set level on a stack of books while Yuuri opens up the free auto-timer app he’d found last night. Once he hits the button his phone camera will take a picture every ten seconds until he stops it.

Perfect for Yuuri’s needs.

He tests a few poses on his bed until he’s satisfied with the angle. Then he smooths a plush, wine colored throw over his plain blue bedspread, placing a bottle of lube and his favorite vibrator within easy reach.

The stage set, Yuuri is ready to show off Victor’s present. From under his bed he pulls out two of the Agent Provocateur boxes, carefully sliding the black satin ribbon off the box without compromising the perfect bow. Folding back the layers of tissue paper, Yuuri’s heart flutters as he draws his fingers over a wealth of hand stitched French lace. It’s going to feel so lovely against his skin.

Tonight is going to be a treat for him and Victor both.

~
Victor closes the door to his hotel room with a satisfying click. The Chicago skyline shimmers from the view of his suite’s impressive picture windows, but Victor doesn’t spare it more than a glance as he finally drops his briefcase and tosses his suit jacket onto the bed. Only the promise of the eighteen year old Macallan single malt waiting in his safe had kept Victor on his feet this long. He pours himself a generous two fingers before practically collapsing in the plush chair of his executive desk. The first smoky sip goes along way to pull some of the tension from Victor’s shoulders.

It’s not that it’s been an unduly miserable trip. Quite the opposite. These meetings are necessary and productive, but they’re also essentially a week’s worth of twelve hour days at the office that end in an anonymous hotel room instead of Victor’s Manhattan apartment and his beloved poodle. It’s tiring, to say the least. Victor’s only social release has been the stilted interactions of his Chicago colleagues. It’s a far cry from the warm companionship he now has available to him in New York. Considering they’ve only been on two dates Victor’s current distance from one Yuuri Katsuki has been weighing on him more than he expected.

Buzz.

Speaking of...Victor takes another sip of scotch as he checks his personal phone, a smile playing at his lips when he sees a message from YK. What a lovely surprise.

YK: I’ve been thinking about you tonight, daddy.

Victor tugs the knot of his tie loose as he sits back in his chair, his soft groan loud in the empty suite. Why does such an innocuous little word get him so instantly hot?

Buzz.

Victor looks back to his phone.

YK: Are you somewhere private?

Anticipation already building, Victor types out his reply.

V: I am. I hope my gifts arrived safely?

Yuuri’s response is a picture message.

Buzz.

Fuck. Victor’s sizable order from Agent Provocateur had indeed reached Yuuri. And it fit.

Buzz. Buzz.

Victor receives two more pictures before he even fully processes the first. Yuuri is posed in his bedroom, leaning casually against his bed in nothing but lace. He gazes up demurely at the camera, one photo facing front and two more in coy over the shoulder poses, a sheer, thigh length robe offering a tantalizing view of Yuuri’s soft limbs.

It’s a kimono in name only, the wide, draped sleeves of the lace robe make an exquisite play at modesty while leaving hardly an inch of his Yuuri to the imagination. The delicate floral pattern is a shadow dancing across his warm skin, parting to reveal the swan-like curve of Yuuri’s throat and his firm, muscled chest. Following the tempting peek of bare skin Victor can see the matching backless panties only barely containing the shape of Yuuri’s half hard cock.
Victor feels a warm satisfaction in his choice of gift. While the company had boasted an impressive selection of bras and bustiers, Yuuri didn’t need any such decoration. Still, Victor wanted him to enjoy the pleasure of a full set of lingerie, and the robe seemed the perfect solution. And here was the proof. The lovely feminine garment only heightens Yuuri’s delicate masculinity.

He can’t help but notice that Yuuri isn’t wearing the matching garter belt and stockings, but that’s alright. All the better to prolong the pleasure another night.

Victor is about to type out the first of a long string of compliments when he receives another message.

Buzz.

This time Yuuri isn’t simply posing. He’s reclining on the bed, his gaze dark with one hand gripping himself through his panties. Visible at his side is a bottle of lubricant.

Oh my. It seems dear Yuuri intends to put on a show. Victor leans forward in his chair, as if he could get closer to the tempting images appearing on his tragically small screen.

Buzz.

The kimono is hanging off Yuuri’s shoulders now, as he plays with his nipples, his lips parted. One knee is drawn up, revealing the open back of his panties.

Buzz.

Victor’s mouth goes dry to see Yuuri’s leg now stretched nearly behind his head as he fingers himself. Then again, he is a yoga instructor. Victor should have known Yuuri would be so flexible. He looks perfectly comfortable, anyway, albeit painfully aroused with three fingers buried in his ass. Victor imagines himself holding Yuuri in that position the next time he has him in his bed...

Buzz.

Clearly Yuuri’s fingers aren’t enough, since his next photo shows him kissing the length of a tasteful black silicone vibrator. A vibrator conveniently approximate to the size of Victor’s cock.

Buzz.

God, he’s beautiful. Victor is surprised he doesn’t crack his screen, gripping his phone so tightly as the next picture reveals Yuuri pressing the toy into the gap of his open panties. Yuuri’s eyes are dark and hooded, his teeth sunk into his bottom lip as he penetrates himself.


Victor can hardly keep up, opening the still frames of his baby fucking himself with enthusiasm, his head tossed back and his back arched. The photos only give the teasing implication of movement, the hint of a blur in between frames as Yuuri tugs his panties down to wrap his fingers around his gorgeous cock.

Buzz.

Yuuri’s final picture message has Victor’s cock pressing uncomfortably against his zipper. Yuuri’s hand is still wrapped around his softening erection, pink and flushed to match the orgasmic blush on his cheeks. Contrasting the stark black lace still covering his hips is a splatter of pearly white cum on his chest.
Victor puts down his scotch to unzip his fly, slipping his fingers in to free himself from his boxers. He’s already half hard, and a teasing couple of strokes is all it takes to bring him up to full mast. With his cock in hand Victor scrolls back to the start of Yuuri’s pictures and flips through them again. Much slower this time.

Victor spills over his own fist some minutes later, eyes still locked on the image of Yuuri’s flushed chest covered in a splash of white. He finally lets his phone drop to the desk, closing his eyes and letting the pleasure rush through him. It’s only when the cum starts to cool against his skin that Victor rouses himself, cleaning up with a tissue from the dispenser on the desk lest he stain his suit.

Yuuri...damn it all, he was a vision. Despite the pleasant afterglow of a much needed climax Yuuri’s little photoshoot is only making Victor more resentful of time zone between them.

Victor wonders not for the first time if maybe his wealth hasn’t left him spoiled after all, because he wants to be with Yuuri now. He doesn’t want to wait until next week to see him again, or to hear his low, sweet moans, or his laughter over a strange new dinner item. Yuuri’s photos are lovely but Victor wants to hear his voice.

Victor hits the call button before he even fully processes his decision. Three long rings pass by before there’s a click and some awkward shuffling and then Yuuri’s adorably confused: “...Victor?”

“My darling, you’re a work of art,” Victor says by way of greeting.

“So my messages went through.” Yuuri’s voice takes on a heated edge.

“Crystal clear.”

“Good.” Victor is entranced by the hint of smugness in Yuuri’s voice. “Were you looking for a little reenactment to help you finish?”

“No, no,” Victor says, “I already came. I just wanted to hear your voice.”

“...Oh?” For a moment Yuuri sounds uncertain.

“I hope I’m not overstepping?”

“No, not at all,” Yuuri replies after a moment, “I’m...glad you called.”

Victor breathes a silent sigh of relief. “Thank you for the photos,” he says, “They were just what I needed tonight.”

Yuuri hums on the other end of the line, warm and sleepy.

“I really loved your present, daddy.”

“You look beautiful in it, darling.” Victor replies, “I wish I was there with you.”

“Mm, me too,” Yuuri agrees, “Are you enjoying your trip, though?”

“My meetings have all been successful and dull. One of my colleagues did take me to a new restaurant I think you’d like,” Victor says, leaning back into his desk chair, “Maybe next time I fly out I’ll sneak you into my suitcase.”

Yuuri laughs. “Sounds comfortable,” he says. Then:
“Tell me more about Chicago?”

Victor finally ends the call almost an hour later, after a series of lingering goodbyes that leave him with a warm and fluttery feeling behind his ribs. Yuuri’s low voice had brushed away the remaining tensions of the day better than any twenty-year old scotch ever could.

With a loose kind of satisfaction Victor saves all of Yuuri’s photos to his private album. The peach emoji is more appropriate than ever.

Chapter End Notes

As always, hop over to @summersteve #champagneonice to see Yuuri’s new presents ;)
Our future chapters might have a bit of a time jump, so we can enjoy some of Victor and Yuuri’s more adventurous dates. Thanks everyone for your lovely comments and I hope you keep reading!


Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Versace on the floor...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s not until Yuuri really stops to look at his closet that he realizes he and Victor have been seeing each other for almost five months. Not that Yuuri is complaining. He and Victor’s relationship is mutually beneficial, not to mention a lot of fun. Victor takes so much stress off of Yuuri’s shoulders, and when they can make their dates every other week or so, they always relieve some stress together, so it’s a win-win. Victor is sweet, and funny, not to mention generous. Thus, the expansion of Yuuri’s wardrobe.

Victor has figured out that Yuuri would much rather have a new sweater than a flashy piece of jewelry. Some might be put off my Yuuri’s modest tastes, but Victor seemed delighted by this discovery. He takes equal pleasure in taking Yuuri out with his personal shopper as he does surprising Yuuri with delivered presents. So far this season his new favorites are Armani and Dior, but Yuuri can be flexible. Last week Victor’s idea of a date had been taking Yuuri shopping for jeans, which turned into two hours at Hugo Boss and one hefty tip paid to an attendant who accidentally walked in on Yuuri giving Victor a handjob in the dressing room. Yuuri had blushed beet red no doubt but he still thinks fondly on the memory when he pulls on his jeans and catches sight of the little embossed Boss on the back pocket.

Yuuri’s getting dressed for his day off is interrupted by the sound of the front door buzzer. He pulls on a shirt as he exchanges a few words over the intercom before hitting the button to buzz the courier in. A few minutes later there’s a knock, and Yuuri is greeted by a uniformed courier bearing a short stack of boxes with the distinct gold Versace brand stamped on the front.

“Mr. Katsuki?”

“That’s me,” Yuuri replies. He accepts the packages, signing a slim form on a clipboard before the courier hands him a creamy white envelope. It’s unmarked except for a lovely calligraphic Yuuri, handwritten.

“Mr. Nikiforov sends his regards. Have a nice day, sir.”

“Thank you,” Yuuri calls after the delivery person, already making their way back down the stairs to the city streets below. He nudges the door shut with his foot, arms full, before depositing Victor’s latest gift on the kitchen table and focusing his attention on the envelope in his hands. Inside is an invitation to a charity gala hosted by Victor’s software company, two weeks from today. It’s on one of Yuuri’s work days, but two weeks is plenty of time to find someone to cover his evening class. Isabella still owes him from the five days he covered while she was on her honeymoon.

“Technicolor Wonderland” the invitation reads, “A gala to benefit the True Colors Youth Shelter.”

Tucked inside the generic invite is a handwritten note.
My darling Yuuri,

I hope you’ll be free to join me. The evening will be much improved if I can spend it in your company. If not, have no fear, there will be plenty of formal occasions in our future, any one of which will suffice to let see for myself how well you’ll fill out this suit.

-V.

P.S. Versace is not my usual brand, but I thought you would look beautiful in a touch of gold.

“I heard the doorbell,” Phichit announces, emerging from the steam filled bathroom with his hair still in a towel, “Did I miss anything?”

“No,” Yuuri laughs, letting Phichit get a good look at the glossy black boxes, “I’m just about to open them. Put some pants on first, though.”

“Pants are for people who aren’t living vicariously through their well connected friends,” Phichit declares, “Let’s get to the big reveal!”

With less flourish than Phichit would like, Yuuri pulls the lid from the first box and folds back the tissue paper. When he lays eyes on the packages contents, however, Yuuri can’t help joining his friend for an appreciative sigh.

“Damn,” Phichit declares, “You are gonna look amazing, dude.”

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Two weeks later and Yuuri does have to admit, he looks amazing. Victor’s gift, a Versace tuxedo, fits his frame perfectly, as if it’s tailored. The suit itself a velvety matte black, and Yuuri isn’t wearing a tie. Instead the collar of his crisp white shirt is studded with drops of gold. They shimmer as Yuuri turns, casting little halos of warm light up onto his complexion. It’s remarkably...understated, if undeniably expensive. He loves it.

Yuuri glances at Phichit in the mirror uncertainly.

“Is this wrong?” He wonders, not for the first time.

“Look at your ass in those pants, Yuuri,” Phichit replies without missing a beat, “Nothing about this could possibly be wrong.”

Yuuri turns to give himself an appreciative glance and sighs contentedly.

“Yeah…”

His phone buzzes on the nightstand with a message from Victor.

“He’s here,” Yuuri says, smoothing out his jacket one last time, “Wish me luck?”

“Good luck! Have fun,” Phichit orders as he herds Yuuri to the door, “And remember the only rule?”

“You’ll always come get me, no matter what,” Yuuri recites dutifully, checking his pockets for his
phone and ID, “Thanks Phi.”

“Always, dude,” Phichit straightens Yuuri’s collar one final time before practically shoving him out the door, “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!

Yuuri bounds down the three floors until he can step out of his apartment building and find where Victor’s town car is waiting by the curb. Victor’s driver is waiting to open the door for him, and then Yuuri is sliding into the cool interior of the car and Victor’s warm embrace.

“Ah, my Yuuri,” Victor greets him after a long kiss hello, tracing his fingertips over the gold studs on Yuuri’s collar, “You look so beautiful. I’m glad you could come out tonight.”

“Me too,” Yuuri says as the car pulls away from the curb, his hand pressed to Victor’s chest. Victor’s suit tonight is a pale silvery grey, contrasted with a black dress shirt and a hot pink tie. Most curious of all is Victor is wearing glasses, though Yuuri can’t imagine they serve any practical function. The plastic frames are transparent, but tinted with bright opalescent color, almost like polarized sunglasses. They make for a playful effect, if a little eccentric. Yuuri pokes at the frames curiously, and Victor laughs.

“A little garish, no?” he says, “Don’t worry I have a pair for you too. I wanted to embrace the theme. I doubt I’ll be the most outlandishly dressed in the room tonight.”

“I can’t wait to see,” Yuuri replies.

“I hope it wasn’t too much trouble to cover your class?”

“No,” Yuuri assures him, “I had a lot of down time before we started seeing each other. I’ve covered a lot of classes so I had plenty of favors to call in.”

“I’m hoping you won’t be too bored,” Victor says, “These events are important but I’m afraid I have to spend most of them being talked at by my investors. I can endure for the sake of the youth shelter their donations will fund, but I admit knowing you’ll be there with me will make the time pass much more pleasantly.”

“I’m sure it will be a lot of fun,” Yuuri asks, tucking his arm into the crook of Victor’s elbow, “Where are we going exactly?”

“Well, according to the invitation we’re heading for a ‘Technicolor Wonderland’, ” Victor replies, “Which will be of course held in a small hotel ballroom on the Upper West side. I’m assured my designers have outdone themselves with the decor, though, so hopefully we’ll find ourselves transported somewhere bold and luxurious.”

Yuuri takes in Victor’s flashy suit, with his neon pink tie and tinted glasses. “I feel a little under decorated,” he admits.

Victor shakes his head, slipping a pair of candy colored glasses onto Yuuri’s nose to match his own.

“Darling, you are a luxury exactly as you are.

A short car ride later and Victor and Yuuri are stepping into the elevator of another four star hotel. Muffled sounds of pop music and conversation leak through the ceiling as they approach the floor where Victor’s event is being held. This isn’t Yuuri’s first public event with Victor, but the few company events he’d accompanied him to had been small cocktail parties or dinner events. This will be the largest event yet where he’s served as Victor’s date, and Yuuri can admit he’s a little nervous as the elevator comes to a stop. He’s reassured by the press of Victor’s hand to his lower back as the
Elevator doors open to a party in full swing. Even without his decorative glasses tinting his view, Yuuri doubts there would be a thing in this room that wasn’t glowing with crystalline shades of color. The “intimate” ballroom is centered on a dance floor surrounded by high cocktail tables. White lillies stand in literally neon centerpieces, the glowing tubes of light casting the flowers into strange and beautiful sculptures. Moving colored lights wash the walls in nebulous hues, a hazy backdrop to the dance floor. Two bars also appropriately outfitted in neon are serving all manner of crazy colored drinks to the packed guests.

Hanging over the space is a sculpture of overlapping rectangles of colored plexiglass. The transparent panes of saturated color create an almost digital effect, like filters on an Instagram photo. The piece is lit from above with subtly twinkling lights, throwing different hues onto the guests mingling below.

“A lovely work,” Victor comments as they descend the short staircase into the event room, “I had it commissioned from an up and coming artist just for this party and I admit I’m very happy with the results. The Whitney has already offered to buy it once the event is over.”

“It’s very...colorful,” Yuuri contributes. He’s not above a conversation about art, but he’s still taking in the spectacle of the room.

“In harmony with my theme then,” Victor replies, throwing Yuuri a wink and twining their fingers together before they reach the bottom of the stairs and they’re swamped by party guests.

Drinks are pressed into their hands by an attentive waitstaff, champagne flutes of something neon blue for Yuuri and Granny Smith apple green for Victor. Suit after suit and gown after gown pass before Yuuri’s gaze, a lot of businessmen Victor’s age and older and a lot of spouses and dates Yuuri’s age and younger. All dressed in wild colors and eager to have Victor’s ear. Victor never fails to introduce him, not that Yuuri could recall the names he’s given. Nor would Victor’s guests return the favor, he imagines.

“And this is my lovely date tonight, Yuuri Katsuki,” Victor repeats over and over, which earns Yuuri a polite handshake or nod before the attention shifts back to the man of the hour. Yuuri is fine with this. He knows what is role is here: to look beautiful on Victor’s arm. It’s not a role Yuuri resents. In fact, he’s pretty good at it. He knows when to laugh, and when to listen attentively, and when to lean into Victor’s touches like he can’t stand to be separated. Whatever Victor needs to present the best image to his coworkers. After all, these events are a performance for Victor as much as they are for Yuuri. It’s not a hardship to play the part and enjoy a few savory canapes as their drinks sink lower in their glasses and Victor slowly makes his way through the crowd.

“You are sensational,” Victor murmurs to him during a moment’s pause, nearly a half hour after they arrive, “I doubt I say it often enough.”

“I’m not exactly doing all the conversational heavy lifting here,” Yuuri says with a laugh, accepting another tiny parcel of brie and caviar from a passing tray.

“You’re doing plenty,” Victor says, pressing a quick kiss to Yuuri’s temple, “Don’t think I don’t see it.”

“Victor, arriving fashionably late as usual.” Their moment is disrupted by a stately older woman in a deep ultramarine skirt suit.

“Patricia! I hope you’re enjoying the party,” Victor says before introducing her to Yuuri as a member of his board.
“Oh, yes, it’s a great success as usual, and such good press for us!” Patricia replies, “I was hoping I could catch your ear for a moment regarding next quarter’s review…”

Ever the attentive host, Victor seems enraptured by what follows, which sounds to Yuuri like a hodgepodge of meaningless numbers. When a few minutes pass without a break and Yuuri catches sight of the small crowd queuing up to have their moment of Victor’s undivided attention he decides to make a momentary escape while he still can.

“I think I might get another drink,” Yuuri murmurs, touching Victor on the arm to get his attention.

“I understand,” Victor replies with a wink, “Don’t go too far, hm? I see a dance floor we should make use of before long.”

Yuuri smiles and let’s Victor press a kiss to his knuckles before another one of his board members catches his attention and he’s dragged back into conversation. Luckily Yuuri is able to slip away unnoticed and find a high cocktail table near one of the temporary bars where he can rest his elbows and enjoy the spectacle of the party around him without too much unnecessary attention. A passing waiter offers him another technicolor cocktail, but Yuuri declines. Whatever his excuse to Victor, he generally keeps to a two drink limit on dates, and he intends to enjoy his second drink with his date, not while people watching at a table in the corner.

Unfortunately Yuuri’s moment of solitude is not to last.

“Wow, you look sensational in that suit. Versace?”

The comment comes from a young man in a tailored suit. He’s handsome and clean cut, if a little ordinary. Nothing like Victor’s distinct good looks. This guy has an edge of arrogance in his smile. If Yuuri had to guess he’d bet the ink on his MBA is still drying. At least he knows his brands.

“It is,” Yuuri replies, “It was a gift.”

“Well, it suits you,” the stranger replies, grinning at his own joke. Yuuri manages a weak smile.

“That’s nice of you to say.”

“Great party, huh? I’m pretty high up in the company here, so I could get us to the front of the line at the bar if you care to join me.”

“I’m fine, thanks,” Yuuri demurs.

“A guy as fine as you shouldn’t be on his own at a party like this,” the man insists, leaning into Yuuri’s personal space, “Let me get you a drink.”

Ugh, pushy. Didn’t this person just see Yuuri walk in on his CEO’s arm? Yuuri only bites back a sharp response for the sake of Victor’s reputation.

“Thank you,” Yuuri says again, taking a clear step away, “But I’m here with someone.”

“Really? ‘Cause I don’t seem him around.”

Yuuri is spared any more forced politeness when a strong arm wraps around his waist. A familiar pair of candy colored glasses catches the corner of his eye and Yuuri smiles. Victor.

“You should listen when someone declines your attentions.”

The young executive blanches. “M-Mr. Nikiforov!”
“To do otherwise would be disrespectful,” Victor continues lightly, his gaze ice cold, “And I would hate to hear of my date tonight being disrespected.”

His blue eyes warm immediately when he turns his attention to Yuuri, tipping his chin up for a kiss that’s just a hair dirtier than Victor would usually opt for in public.

“Forgive me, darling, the trustees would simply not let me go,” Victor says when they part, “I hope you haven’t been bored waiting?”

“Only a little,” Yuuri replies, pouting playfully.

“Mr. Nikiforov I swear, I didn't know he was here with you—” Victor’s unfortunate employee seems determined to continue digging his grave.

“I love this song,” Yuuri murmurs, not sparing another glance for his would be suitor, “Are you free for a dance, Victor?”

“For you, always.”

The dance floor is a wash of colored light, hazy magentas seeping into purples and blues. Victor’s pale tuxedo reflects the spectrum while Yuuri’s soaks it in as they weave between the intimate pairs on the floor until they find a pocket of space all their own. Victor takes a casual lead position, winding their fingers together and pulling Yuuri close. Yuuri yields willingly.

Yuuri’s been roped into his share of ballroom lessons at the arts center where he teaches his classes, but he doubts his skills are going to be put to the test here. The music is modern, something poppy with a slow synth bass that reminds Yuuri of nineties R&B. It doesn’t demand complex steps. It’s just the perfect excuse for them to sway together with Victor’s hand resting possessively on the small of Yuuri’s back. Yuuri slips an arm around Victor’s neck and lets his body follow the throbbing beat of the music.

“I am sorry you had to deal with that,” Victor says once they’ve settled into a comfortable step, “As much as I appreciate your beauty I promise I didn’t bring you here just to be ogled.”

“It’s nothing,” Yuuri assures him, brushing his thumb against the closely trimmed hair at the base of Victor’s scalp, “I can handle one idiot.”

“The only one idiotic enough to act, I think you mean,” Victor murmurs, his hand skimming into dangerously low territory as they circle the floor, “Half the men here have been watching from the moment you walked in.”

The lights shift around them, the deep blues shifting to hot reds.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Nikiforov,” Yuuri replies, leaning into the warm press of Victor’s hand, “They can watch all they want. Only you get to touch.”

They’re pressed close enough on the crowded dance floor for Yuuri to see how Victor’s eyes darken at this words, his ice blue irises thrown into intriguing violet under the saturated lights.

“Ah, you tease me so cruelly,” Victor declares with a playful smile, “Knowing I have obligations here that prevent me from whisking you away this very second to have my way with you.”

Yuuri offers his own smile, flirty and coy. “Lucky for us, we have all night,” he replies.

Victor laughs, bright and warm.
“Right you are, my Yuuri,” he says, “Right you are.”

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There’s another luxury suite waiting for them on the top floor of the hotel once Victor has made enough rounds and rubbed enough elbows to satisfy his charity committee. Victor is handsier than usual in the elevator, and once the door to the hotel room swings shut all bets are off. Yuuri enjoys a heavy petting session pinned to the wall, their decorative glasses clacking clumsily together until Victor tosses them aside with a near growl.

“Feisty tonight,” Yuuri comments, playfully biting at Victor’s bottom lip as they finally move into the suite proper.

“As much as I love showing you off, I think I prefer having you all to myself,” Victor admits.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d say you were jealous,” Yuuri says, tapping his index finger under Victor’s chin.

Victor’s lips purse. “Such an ugly emotion,” he mutters, looking as if he had tasted something sour, “But yes. I am feeling horrifically jealous over you right now, darling.”

Yuuri can’t help but laugh. With a hand on Victor’s chest he pushes him into the tasteful microsuede armchair in the corner of the room. “You?” he says, “Jealous of those people downstairs?”

Victor pouts. “Yes, yes I know I’m being ridiculous.”

“You are,” Yuuri agrees, leaning over Victor in his seat, “After all, who brought me out tonight?”

Yuuri teases Victor’s lips with the barest brush of a kiss before stepping back, putting a few steps between them.

“Who bought me these clothes?” He asks, sliding open the buttons of jacket.

“Who gets to see me take them off?”

Yuuri slides his jacket off his shoulders. He holds the garment out to his side, making sure he has Victor’s full attention when he drops the Versace blazer to the carpet. His shoes are next, kicked aside to make room when Yuuri turns around and bends to give Victor the best possible view as he slides his suit pants over the curve of his ass to reveal the crotchless panties he’d been wearing underneath. They were another gift from Victor, along with the matching garter belt and stockings that Yuuri reveals as he strips out of his wool trousers. Leaving the pants in a heap on the floor, Yuuri faces Victor again in only his dress shirt and the lace lingerie he’d been wearing under his suit all night. He watches the realization of this cross Victor’s features like a starlet seeing herself on the marquee for the first time, smug and satisfied.

Yuuri plays at shyness, hands going to the buttons of his shirt as though he could recover any of his modesty.

“Daddy?” he asks, looking up through his lashes, “Should I keep going?”

“Yuuri .”

Victor pleads with outstretched hands, and Yuuri doesn’t hesitate to entrust himself to those arms.
His thighs part around Victor’s waist as he allows himself to be tugged onto Victor’s lap. Victor doesn’t try to hide his lustful gaze as he drinks in the sight of Yuuri’s thighs encased in their stockings. His grip is made slick over the sheer silk but he overcomes it, digging his fingers into the meat of Yuuri’s thighs, kept well muscled by long hours in the studio.

“Oh, my lovely,” Victor sighs, his hands sliding from Yuuri’s thighs to the swell of his ass, “I love it when you dress up for me.”

It’s Victor who undoes the buttons of Yuuri’s gold studded shirt, sliding the material off his shoulders. He tosses it aside without a second glance.

“Beautiful,” Victor murmurs, cradling Yuuri’s rib cage between his hands. He wastes no time in kissing a line of hot, sucking kisses down Yuuri’s throat, nipping at his pulse.

Yuuri gasps, hot pleasure zinging down his spine.

“Is this alright?”

Yuuri feels the words against his skin more than he hears them, followed by another tentative scrape of teeth.

“Yes,” he breathes, tipping his head back as Victor takes his permission and sets about sucking a lovely dark mark into the base of Yuuri’s throat. Yuuri doesn’t contain his satisfied groan as Victor works, his grip kneading into the firm flesh of his thighs. Eventually the mild sting of Victor’s teeth turns to something deep and throbbing, pain and pleasure getting mixed up as Victor leaves his mark on Yuuri’s skin. Victor presses his lips to the hickey, eyes dark when he meets Yuuri’s gaze again.

“There,” he says, “All mine.”

“Yours,” Yuuri agrees. He can feel the press of Victor’s erection through their clothes, his brief display of possessiveness turning them both on more than Yuuri expected.

Well. There can be more where that came from.

Yuuri tugs Victor in for a long, dirty kiss before sliding off his lap and onto his knees, arching his back so Victor can still appreciate the cling of Yuuri’s panties over his ass. Getting Victor’s belt and fly undone is a mutual effort, Victor as much a distraction as a help as he keeps pulling Yuuri into deep filthy kisses despite the awkward position. Yuuri savors the groan against his lips as he finally frees Victor from his boxers and gives his hard cock a good pump with his fist.

God, Victor has such a nice dick. Mouth watering, Yuuri breaks their kiss to dip his head and drag the flat of his tongue up the curved underside, ending with a nice leisurely suck on the head. When Yuuri pulls back a few inches a thin string of spit still connects his lips to Victor’s cock.

Mm...that’s good. But Yuuri wants more.

“Daddy,” he asks licking his lips, “Will you fuck my face?”

Victor looks dazed, which is an effect Yuuri sinking to his knees tends to have on him, but his gaze sharpens at Yuuri’s request. Hunger and concern war on his features in equal measure.

“Darling,” he barely breathes, “Is that what you really want?”

“I want you to make me take your cock,” Yuuri says, nuzzling at the base of Victor’s cock before looking up with pleading eyes, “Aren’t you going to fuck your baby boy?”
Victor’s cock twitches against his lips.

“You’re going to be the death of me,” Victor says ruefully before he stands, loosening his tie. Yuuri shuffles back on his knees until Victor stills him, taking both his hands in his. Victor places Yuuri’s hands on either side of his hips.

“If I go too far, pinch me,” Victor orders, “Hard.”

Yuuri licks a pearly bead of precome from the tip of Victor’s cock. “Don’t hold back, daddy.”

Victor pets his fingers through Yuuri’s hair before taking a firm grip at the back of his head.

“Open your mouth.”

Yuuri obeys. Victor takes his cock in hand, tracing the wet head over Yuuri’s lips before resting it on the flat of his tongue and sliding home.

Victor’s first few thrusts are shallow, giving Yuuri the chance to participate. He uses his tongue as Victor pushes in and sucks when he backs out again. By the pleased hum he receives Yuuri knows his efforts are appreciated, but they won’t be needed for long. After a minute of warming up Victor shifts his weight, pulling almost entirely out of Yuuri’s mouth to plant his feet on either side of Yuuri’s knees.

It’s an awkward position for a blowjob. Yuuri is almost leaning backwards to keep Victor in his mouth without choking himself. But, he realizes when Victor’s grip tightens in his hair and he thrusts into the back of Yuuri’s throat, it’s the perfect position to be fucked.

Victor eases his cock in and out of the tight circle of Yuuri’s lips with a shallow rocking of his hips before he begins to press deeper. Tears prick at Yuuri’s eyes almost immediately as Victor’s cock triggers his gag reflex, but Yuuri swallows past it and allows Victor to grind slowly forward.

“There you go, baby boy,” Victor praises him breathlessly when Yuuri’s lips meet the base of his cock, his convulsive swallowing settling into the occasional weak gag, “You asked for it. Now you’ll take it.”

Yuuri does take it, closing his eyes and breathing carefully through his nose as Victor begins to fuck into his throat in earnest. He can’t help the few fat tears that leak from his eyelashes as his gag reflex is challenged again and again and spit slicks his chin. Victor’s cock is so thick inside him, cutting off most of his air and heightening every sensation against Yuuri’s skin.

His knees, pressing rhythmically into the plush carpet as he rocks into Victor’s thrusts. Victor’s fingers in his hair, tightening as he works himself closer and closer to orgasm. The luxurious weave of silvery wool under his fingers where Yuuri braces himself against Victor’s thighs, careful not to pinch. Yuuri doesn’t want this to ever stop.

The air in the spacious suite is filled with Yuuri’s muffled moans and the wet, sloppy sounds of Victor fucking his throat.

“I’m close,” Victor warns him through gritted teeth.

That’s the moment that Yuuri takes back control, grabbing Victor’s wrist to warn him when he pulls off Victor’s cock. He coughs before sucking in a heaving breath, the rush of oxygen making his cock throb and putting stars behind his eyes.

“Yuuri--”
“Paint me,” Yuuri demands, voice hoarse as he guides Victor’s hand to his own cock and encourages him to continue stroking himself off, “I want it. Show them all who I belong to.”

With that Yuuri tips his head back, sticking out his tongue and closing his eyes as Victor’s fist whips over his cock. He hears Victor curse, “Fuck, baby--” before Yuuri’s face is splattered with cum.

Hot, bitter semen coats his eyelashes and drips down his cheek, a few droplets landing on his tongue. Victor keeps pumping himself, breaths loud in the now quiet room, until every drop of his load has been spent on Yuuri’s face.

“Mm,” Yuuri hums, licking a thick streak from the corner of his mouth, “Thank you, daddy.”

“You look incredible, Yuuri,” Victor manages, his voice nearly dripping with possessive satisfaction, “Fuck--I never thought--”

Yuuri moans at Victor’s praise, another throb in his groin reminding him of his own neglected erection. He palms himself through his silky underwear, shuddering at the bolt of pleasure it sends up his spine. Almost without realizing he begins to rock into the pressure of his own grip, still only inches away from Victor’s softening cock. Victor’s hand is still in his hair, his desperate grip softened to a coaxing sort of petting as Yuuri pleasures himself.

“God, just like that,” Victor rasps, “I want to see you get off with my cum on your face.”

When Yuuri nears his orgasm he tries to remove some of his lingerie so he can pull his cock free from the lace panties but Victor stops him before he can undo the second clip of his garter belt.

“Leave them on,” he orders, staring down at Yuuri with wide eyes.

“I’m going to ruin them when I cum,” Yuuri warns breathlessly, panting as he ruts into the heel of his hand.

“Then ruin them,” Victor says, swiping his fingers through the cum clinging to Yuuri’s cheek and feeding it into his mouth, “I’ll buy you another pair.”

Victor’s words flash white hot across Yuuri’s nerves, along with the pressure of his fingers on the back of his tongue, and he moans brokenly as his orgasm overtakes him. The material under his hand goes wet and warm as Yuuri’s cum soaks through. Only Victor’s grip on his hair is keeping him upright, stars in his eyes as he rides out the waves of pleasure.

That pleasure crests and fades, and soon enough Yuuri runs out of adrenaline and realizes how much his knees ache. Chest still heaving, he practically collapses, endorphins singing in his blood.

“Yuuri, baby.” Victor breathes, awe in his voice as he helps Yuuri lay back, cushioning his head until he can lay flat on the floor, “My darling, are you alright?”

“Mm...yeah,” Yuuri says with a laugh, mindful of the cum still caught in his eyelashes, “I feel great. Sticky though.”

“Don’t move an inch,” Victor orders, pressing a kiss to Yuuri’s brow, “I’ll be right back.”

Yuuri breathes a deeply contented sigh as Victor steps out of his line of sight. The faucet runs in the bathroom before the shower kicks on as well. Yuuri stretches his arms above his head, yawning as Victor shuffles around out of sight. Victor’s cum is starting to go tacky, but Yuuri doesn’t regret his choices. His whole body is warm and sleepy, loose with a good orgasm and the satisfaction of being well fucked. Yuuri smiles to himself. It’s been awhile since he’s felt this comfortable with someone,
to encourage Victor to be so rough.

When Victor returns from the bathroom he brings a hot washcloth, tenderly wiping the remains of himself off Yuuri’s face before helping him up and into the bathroom, lavishing praise all the while.

_You were so lovely._ He declares as he helps Yuuri finally peel off his garter belt and stockings.

_So sexy,_ he murmurs in the shower, working spicy herbal shampoo through Yuuri’s hair.

“My Yuuri, thank you for a wonderful evening,” Victor says once he’s dried Yuuri off, put him in a new pair of silk boxers, and tucked him into the suites California king. Victor is in one of the hotel’s bathrobes, seated on the edge of the mattress.

“Aren’t you coming to bed?” Yuuri asks sleepily. Victor pets his fingers through Yuuri’s towel damp hair. Spoiling him again.

“I just have to make a few calls,” Victor promises, “Check in with my employees downstairs.”

Yuuri nuzzles into the soft material of Victor’s robe. “Stay here and make them?”

“Are you sure?” Victor responds, “I thought you would want to sleep.”

Yuuri hums into the curve of Victor’s waist. “I don’t mind,” he promises, “I’d rather have you close.”

Victor’s fingers pause in combing through Yuuri’s hair, then resume. “Alright,” he agrees, “Don’t let me keep you up, though.”

Yuuri pointedly snuggles into his plush stack of pillows, pulling the soft duvet up to his chin and closing his eyes. Now that he’s warm and relaxed from the shower the long night and the late hour hit him like a freight train, and Yuuri has little trouble drifting off, even with Victor’s soft voice above him as he checks in with his event organizers.

Victor never stops petting his hair, even as Yuuri settles into a deep sleep.

“Yes, Julio? It’s me. I was hoping for a report on our early numbers…”

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Yuuri wakes up the next morning with no voice and a _very_ attentive sugar daddy. When he blinks out of his slumber Victor is on the hotel phone at the desk still in his bathrobe.

“...yes, and a pot of tea,” he’s saying, presumably to room service, “Do you have genmaicha? Wonderful.”

“Victor.” Yuuri says, pausing when his voice only emerges as a raspy squeak.

Victor’s eyes widen. “And extra honey with the tea,” he says into the receiver before hanging up and joining Yuuri on the bed.

“Yuuri, your voice,” he frets, “Does it hurt?”
“What? No,” Yuuri says, surprised, “I mean, maybe I’m a little sore, but that’s a, uh, natural side effect I guess-”

“We are never doing that again,” Victor declares, petting his fingers through Yuuri’s bed rumpled hair.

Yuuri frowns. “Did you not like it?”

“No, no, you were amazing, darling,” Victor replies, “I loved it. But just because I like something doesn’t mean you should feel obligated--”

That rings a little funny in Yuuri’s ears and he finally thinks to ask:

“Have you-” Yuuri stops to clear his throat, and his voice is a little clearer when he continues “-Have you never done something like this before? You know, sugaring?”

It’s surprising, given how smoothly their liaisons have gone so far, but maybe Victor’s been getting some coaching just like Yuuri once did. It certainly would explain his hovering now. Yuuri would have thought Victor would be a little more accustomed to getting what he wanted.

“What? Well--I mean, no, I haven’t,” Victor admits, before something like anger crosses his features, “Is that...that kind of behavior normal? Have other men--did Christophe--”

“No, no, nothing like that,” Yuuri cuts him off, laughing, “I mean maybe, but nothing I didn’t ask for. Like I did with you.”

Victor still looks uncertain, and Yuuri takes his hand.

“Victor, it’s important that you believe me,” he says, voice firm, “I know we have fun with what’s between us, but at the end of the day I’m a grown man and I don’t do things I don’t want to do.”

“But you--”

“I asked for what I wanted last night and you gave it to me ,” Yuuri continues, not letting Victor interrupt, “And it was--um…”

Yuuri’s traitorous blush chooses that moment to make its appearance, but he keeps his voice steady.

“--It was great,” he concludes, “So please don’t worry about anything like that.”

Victor looks like he wants to disagree, but eventually he sighs and pulls Yuuri’s fingers to his lips.

“You are so good to me, Yuuri,” he says at last, that endearing little furrow clinging stubbornly to his brow, “I want to be good to you too.”

Yuuri smiles, leaning up to drop a kiss on Victor’s forehead.

“You are,” he promises.

Victor smiles tentatively.

“I don’t have to be in the office today until noon,” he says, “So I thought we could have some breakfast together?”

Yuuri kisses Victor again, this time on the mouth.
“That sounds great.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed~~~
On a side note, some of you may have noticed my implications about Christophe and Yuuri having a past that led Yuuri to his current relationship with Victor and I guess I'm wondering if anyone is interested in hearing more about that? This is firmly a Victuuri fic, but if readers are interested in maybe an origin story interlude let me know! After all, Yuuri got into sugaring somehow, and who better to mentor him than Chris the Swiss ;)


Interlude 3: Origins

Chapter Summary

Let's set this party off right...

Chapter Notes

By popular demand, we have backstory! If you're not interested in hearing about Yuuri/Chris, that's okay too! I had this planned out as a way to guide the present storyline, and I just thought I'd write it out and share. Events take place starting about a year before Victor and Yuuri meet. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ugh. There is never enough genmaicha to get Yuuri excited to be out of bed this early. He enjoys the last sip of his tea, waiting for the caffeine seep into his bloodstream and get the fog out of his brain before he has to lead a three hour session that will be the opening event of a major corporate retreat for a New York based publishing company. The big eight am groups are always a rough start, but it's not like he didn't jump at the chance to lead this class.

Corporate events are a mild headache that are usually worth the extra check Yuuri will use to stave off this month’s bills. The room is going to be half total beginners grumbling about asinine mandatory company bonding events, and half health nuts who probably have a whole room dedicated to their Ravi Singh collections. The overlap between those two groups will be the lecherous types who enjoy the power imbalance of pretending to stretch while the unfortunate instructor, i.e. Yuuri, gets paid to bend himself into regrettably suggestive positions while they watch.

Whatever.

Yuuri can handle a few days of totally inflexible beginners who only want to stare at his ass if it means Phichit will be able to cut back his hours at his barista job this month and focus on his upcoming midterms. Putting aside his thermos, Yuuri strips off his sweatshirt and unrolls his mat before ringing a bell to call his class to order.

“Goodmorning, everyone! My name is Yuuri and I’m going to be your instructor today. We’ll start with some basic poses that will help you relax and feel refreshed after a long day at the office…”

*****

“Yes, yes, I know it’s the third month in a row,” Yuuri says as quietly into his phone as possible. He hates taking personal calls at work, but he finished leading his workshop only to have find three missed calls from his landlord. “I’m getting paid today, and then the check will clear, I promise. I’ll pay the fees for the bank—”
Yuuri endures another five minutes of irate monologuing before he’s finally able to get off the phone. He can’t exactly be mad. That’s the third time their rent check has bounced in as many months. It’s just a hard time of year and Yuuri had forgotten to take their rising heating bills into account when he checked his balance yesterday. Maybe he can get another class for the spring. Or another job. The bakery around the corner is hiring. He could try and pick up some extra hours until summer when Phichit can go back to full time for a few months—

“Darling, you deserve to be wearing designer. Not worrying about bounced rent checks.”

Great, Yuuri thinks, rubbing his eyes and feeling a tension headache brewing. One of the event participants must have overheard his conversation. This is what he gets for not taking the call in the center’s staff room like he ought to. He sighs, ready to negotiate the kind of gentle rebuke that won’t lose the studio future business.

Leaning against the wall beside him is one of the objectively hottest people Yuuri has ever seen. He’s tall and tan, a tight black tank top in a high end moisture wicking fabric clinging to the obviously muscled contours of his chest. An equally tight pair of compression leggings cling so definitively to the man’s lower half that Yuuri has to look away. He can’t be more than thirty, with green eyes that sparkle in amusement at Yuuri’s ogling.

Yuuri’s planned rejection dies on his tongue.

“I’m sorry?” is what he manages tearing his eyes away from the man’s biceps.

“You’re far too good looking to be looking so downtrodden,” comes the reply, “Or to be worrying about your bills. Or wearing off the rack sportswear. I could help you with that. Christophe Giacometti, by the way.”

Yuuri wonders if he’s having some kind of stress induced episode. All this anxiety about his finances has caught up to him and now he’s conjuring handsome men to offer and take his troubles away. But now that he gets a good look at him, Yuuri does remember seeing him in the class he just finished. He was in the back row, and held an impressive plow pose.

“Although I shouldn’t be making assumptions, forgive me,” the man, Christophe continues, “Are you interested in men, Yuuri?”

Yuuri tilts his head. “I’m interested in men who don’t try to hit on me while I’m at work,” he replies, finding his words at last.

“Touché.” Christophe seems unperturbed by Yuuri’s brush off. Instead he pulls a slim silver case from his jacket pocket, unsheathing a crisp white business card which Yuuri reluctantly accepts.

Christophe Giacometti, Executive Vice-President, the card reads, along with a phone number.

“That’s my personal number,” Christophe explains, “You see, Yuuri, I’m also interested in men. A particular kind of man. The kind of man who can tolerate my company in exchange for me making some of his financial troubles go away.”

Yuuri processes Christophe’s words and his cheeks heat. “Excuse me?”

“Ah, I’ve offended you. I realize I’m not going about this in the normal way,” Christophe continues, to Yuuri’s utter mortification, “But you are terribly lovely, and I would love to buy you lunch and possibly a nicer jacket. It’s not doing anything for you, darling.”

Yuuri can only stare at this odd and admittedly good looking stranger.
“So, feel free to toss that card right in the trash if you like,” Christophe concludes, slinging his Prada gym bag over his shoulder, “But if I haven’t made a complete arse out of myself I hope you’ll text me at that number. Just for lunch. No strings attached. Otherwise I’ll mind my business and you won’t have to see me again.”

Christophe walks away, as promised, leaving Yuuri in a state of shock. He mechanically retrieves his things from his employee locker and boards the bus for home, thoughts churning.

He doesn’t throw Christophe’s card away. It burns a hole in his pocket through his whole commute while he corkscrews through disbelief that that interaction actually happened to him, blind sexual attraction, deep, burning mortification that he didn’t flat out refuse the business card to start with, and at the bottom a kind of detached curiosity.

What if?

Yuuri is hardly a stranger to casual sex. He likes sex, and based on previous feedback he’s pretty good at it. He likes to have fun, and please his partner, at least physically. It’s the emotional side of things that gets complicated. But feelings didn’t seem to be part of Christophe Giacometti’s plan. Quite the opposite.

Cryptic comments about Yuuri’s finances aside, that kind of arrangement holds an obvious appeal. The publishing executive hadn’t exactly been hard to look at. As for the talk about money...

Yuuri takes an honest look at himself in the figurative mirror and asks himself what he has to lose. He fingers the edge of Christophe’s business card. Draws the pad of his thumb over the sleek embossed font.

It’s just lunch.

Yuuri rattles the lock open to his front door and calls out to his roommate as he drops his bag in the entryway to his apartment.

“Phichit, will you help me google somebody?”

*****

*Buying lunch* actually turns out to be Christophe making lunch and serving Yuuri on the balcony of his high rise apartment.

“I’m not up to any tricks, I swear,” Christophe assured him when Yuuri balked, “I knew you would have questions and I want to be candid without all those dreadful euphemisms being in public would require.”

Yuuri was skeptical, but his doubts were somewhat assuaged when Christophe voiced no objection to Yuuri taking a picture of him holding his driver’s license to send to Phichit as insurance. And here he is now, staring down a breathtaking view of the Manhattan skyline, eating a lovely piece of salmon grilled by a rich businessman who wants to have sex with him for money.

“So, I um, I did some research,” Yuuri says, once they were both as comfortable at the elegant table set as they were going to get, “On you. And on what you were suggesting about our potential...relationship.”
“You mean sugaring?” Christophe asks, grinning when Yuuri nods, “Well, you did your homework. What do you think?”

“‘Why me?’” Yuuri replies, “That’s what I think. I obviously don’t have any experience with this. There’s a million people on the internet who could give you what you want, but you risked getting slapped with a sexual harassment suit to ask me out to lunch. Why?”

Christophe sighs, running a hand through his bleach blonde hair. The action pulls his tailored white dress shirt tight across his chest, not that there was much extra fabric there to start with. Christophe is...fit. With his bright green eyes and fashionable undercut, he looks ready for the cover of a magazine. It only makes it more confusing than ever why he would want anything to do with Yuuri.

“Let’s say I knew a young man once, who came from comfort but set out to college in America in order to make his own place in the publishing industry,” Christophe begins, pouring them both a glass of wine, “He was athletic, but had lovely feminine eyelashes and a French-Swiss accent, and no marketable skills to speak of.”

French-Swiss…

“Oh,” Yuuri realizes, “You.”

Christophe nods. “I was interning at a prestigious company, and at an industry party I met an older man who took an interest in me. He was handsome, stately, and wealthy. It turns out he was high up in the company I was working for. Meanwhile I was filling up as much as I could at the refreshments table knowing that I was going home to an empty refrigerator. Bernard offered to buy me dinner. I was exceedingly grateful.”

“So you’ve done this,” Yuuri says, putting the pieces of Christophe’s story together, “From both sides.”

“Right again,” Christophe says, “I ended up seeing Bernard a few times more after that first night, on a purely casual basis. Each date came with expensive gifts, or money to help with my bills. Our age difference was more noticeable than yours and mine, but I certainly didn’t hate sleeping with him, so I let it continue. Eventually he offered to help me on a more reliable basis. I could finish my MBA without the expenses of city living, all in exchange for the, ah, pleasure of my company a few times a month.”

“And now you’re in a position to be the Bernard in the relationship,” Yuuri guesses, “But still, why me? Or why uh... sugar at all? I mean, you’re…”

Yuuri gestures vaguely at Christophe’s entire person.

“You obviously can’t have too hard a time getting a normal date.”

“I’m a busy man, cher ,” Christophe sighs, “Love is not my priority right now, and I’m not the kind of man to string along a boyfriend who will always be wanting more than I can give. But that doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy the companionship of someone who’s nice to look at.”

Besides the fact that he and Christophe lead very different lives, Yuuri can see why what he’s saying makes sense.

“As for you in particular,” Christophe continues, “Sugaring my way through graduate school isn’t exactly the kind of thing I share at company get togethers. It’s nice to reminisce, and meanwhile I can help you with your financial worries. You know what they say: Make a man your sugar baby, and his rent is paid for the month. Teach a man to be a sugar baby...”
“What if I’m not interested in being your...um, sugar baby?” Yuuri asks, cheeks burning, “What if I don’t want to see you again?”

Christophe shrugs. “Then you stop answering my calls. We’re both adults, darling, I’m not here to coerce you.”

Yuuri nods, thoughtful.

“I can see I’ve given you plenty to chew on,” Christophe says once their plates are clean, “Would you care to step inside? I could make us a coffee.”

“Sure.”

Yuuri allows Christophe to lead the way into the apartment, taking him in all over again. Christophe is the total package of wealth and good looks. Maybe lacking a little in taste, with his bleached hair and his candid conversations about having sex for money, but Yuuri likes the honesty. He likes Christophe.

Somewhere over the course of lunch Yuuri seems to have come to a decision.

His feet propel him into the room, ready to do who knows what with all of New York watching through Christophe’s open balcony door. He’s never been much for initiating, but now is the time to try. He can’t let Christophe make it to that coffee maker.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri catches himself at the last moment. Of course Christophe can tell he’s just walked up close behind him like an idiot. But Christophe has also been in his shoes. He knows what this moment means. Yuuri is standing on a precipice.

He restrains his embrace to the touch of one fingertip, drawing a teasing line from the top of Christophe’s spine downward. It’s the first time they’ve touched at all, he realizes. And it’s Yuuri reaching out, not the other way around. He likes that.

“Christophe.”

Christophe allows Yuuri’s curious touch as it circles around him until they’re standing face to face, Yuuri’s hand flat against his ribs.

“I want to get to know you,” Yuuri decides, both hands now on Christophe’s chest. It’s just as firm as it looks, and that sends something heated zinging down his spine. “Is that okay?”

“It certainly is,” Christophe hums, clearly intrigued, “What else might you have in mind, hm?”

Yuuri wants to try this. He wants to meet Christophe’s expectations, and maybe surpass them. It’s almost competitive, something Yuuri hasn’t felt in years. It’s...exciting.

Yuuri plants a hand on Christophe’s chest and pushes him back into a leather Eames chair that probably costs more than Yuuri makes in a month. Christophe goes willingly, raising one eyebrow in challenge as Yuuri approaches, doing his best impression of seduction.

“Thank you for lunch, daddy,” Yuuri murmurs, fighting a blush as he slides to his knees between Christophe’s parted thighs, “How can I say thank you?”

Christophe laughs, even as he slides his belt from its tab and undoes his fly. “Well you're full of
surprises. I like that. Let's see what you can do."

Some minutes later and Yuuri wipes his mouth on the back of his hand, the taste of cum still clinging to his tongue and his cock aching in his jeans.

"Mm, a natural talent," Christophe purrs, loose and sated from the orgasm Yuuri just brought him to, "Still, I think I have a few tricks to teach you."

Christophe gets to teaching right away, flipping their positions effortlessly. Yuuri's ass has hardly hit the chair before Christophe is tugging his jeans open and getting to work on the blowjob of Yuuri’s life. Yuuri can only laugh in between gasps as Christophe pauses at deliberately teasing moments to offer details on his technique.

"I'll warn you, your average sugar daddy isn't going to be so quick to reciprocate," Christophe says with a wink after, kissing Yuuri’s hip before tucking his cock back into his jeans, “But we’re here to learn, yes?"

"Wow," Yuuri wheezes, "Will you show me how to do that thing with your tongue?"

"Mon cher," Christophe declares, “I think we’re going to have a lot of fun together.”

*****

Yuuri is given an assignment to complete before their next date.

“I want to write me a contract,” Christophe says, “Consider it practice if you want, but it's important.”


“Your schedule, your needs, your boundaries,” Christophe explains. When Yuuri still looks uncertain he continues, “How would you feel if I started showing up at your place of work with no notice? Or if I started posting pictures of you to my Instagram without asking?”

“Oh.” Even Christophe’s hypothetical suggestion makes Yuuri slightly queasy.

“See, that feeling? Those are your boundaries,” Christophe says, “I want you to write me a list so I can respect them. As for your needs, be honest. How much financial support do you need from me to make our dates worth your time?”

“What if you don't like my answers?” Yuuri asks.

“Then we can discuss them, and compromise,” Christophe says, “Or I can find someone else’s companionship, and so can you. I promise you darling, you have options. And anyone who balks at you setting down some ground rules isn’t someone you want to spend time with.”

When Yuuri arrives at a chic bar with the requested contract, he shouldn’t be as surprised as he is to see Christophe pull an actual red pen out of his pocket.

Yuuri laughs. “I didn't realize this was going to be an editing session.”

“What can I say, darling. It's hard to leave my work at the office.”
Christophe’s advice is actually helpful, and as the evening goes on Yuuri feels less and less nervous about spending time with him. The first thing he does with his red pen is cross out everywhere Yuuri has said please. Never leave room to be pushed around, Christophe warns, rules are rules, and I should know right from the start that they won’t be broken. He encourages him to add the specific amount of notice he’d like before a date. What about a date that would cause him to miss work? What about a date that would require travel? When Christophe adds a whole section about negotiating kink and toy play, Yuuri blushes right to the roots of his hair, but Christophe only says trust me, with a somewhat rueful expression, and Yuuri accepts his advice.

“Hm, I like this last bit,” Christophe comments, once they’ve gone through the whole list, “Unusual, but it gives it all a bit of elegance, doesn’t it?”

“Talking about money makes me uncomfortable,” Yuuri explains, shrugging. That’s why he’s here, after all, but that doesn’t mean he wants the exact numbers rubbed in his face.

“Understandable. Speaking of,” Christophe says, pulling out the sheet of paper that summarizes his finances. He glances at the list thoughtfully before circling three numbers.

“If I can cover those, will it make life easier for you?” he asks, sliding the paper across the bar top. Yuuri swallows past a lump in his throat. Chris has circled his rent and his two highest utilities. He wouldn’t need a second job. Phichit could quit his job.

“Yeah,” is all Yuuri can muster in reply, “That will help a lot. Thank you.”

“I’m glad to do it, darling, if it means I get to enjoy your company.”

Yuuri is still a little overwhelmed, and Christophe knowingly gives him a few moments to process by organizing all of the papers they had managed to spread out over the bar.

“Now, with our business is taken care of,” Christophe says, once Yuuri’s things are put away, “I’ve got a reservation for two in the dining room. I would love it if you could join me for dinner.”

“And after?” Yuuri asks, raising one eyebrow. Christophe takes his hand, pressing a kiss to his knuckles.

“And after, you can accompany me to the room I’ve reserved upstairs,” he continues, “And we can continue to enjoy each other’s company in whatever fashion we choose.”

Yuuri goes to dinner. He lets Christophe order for him and feed him all kinds of delicious tapas that Yuuri wouldn’t even begin to know where to find elsewhere. Then they go upstairs to a beautiful hotel room and drink champagne and eventually Christophe takes Yuuri to bed and fucks him in eight hundred count sheets.

Sex with Christophe is... fun. It’s hot, of course, and Christophe knows what he’s doing with his above average dick, but he also knows how to make Yuuri laugh. It’s nothing too serious, just two people letting off some steam. And if there’s an ambiguous financial transaction involved Christophe is too classy to bring it up mid-coitus.

“That’s the point of it all, mon cher,” Christophe assures him when they’re tangled in the silky hotel sheets afterward, sweaty and satisfied, “You get to indulge in the luxuries I can provide.”

Christophe cups Yuuri’s waist with his hand, sliding down until he can squeeze the swell of Yuuri’s ass.

“And I get to indulge in you.”
Things fall into something of a pattern after that. Yuuri goes about his daily life until he receives a text message:

C: Mon cher, did you get my present? I'd love a picture to make sure it fits.

And the next week:

C: Mon cher, have you ever been clubbing?

And two weeks after that:

C: Mon cher, I've been craving some dumplings and your delicious thighs all week. Dinner on Friday?

Before Yuuri knows it four months have gone by, with him seeing Christophe once or twice a month, depending on their schedules. Sometimes Christophe has extra time and they get brunch on the weekend in between Yuuri’s classes. Other times it’s a three week gap followed by a luxurious night out and an athletic round of sex at Christophe’s apartment. Usually Yuuri leaves before they fall asleep, but occasionally he stays the night and Christophe makes him espresso before heading out for the office. In a normal relationship it would be a big deal, but Christophe doesn’t make it one, and Yuuri doesn’t have to dwell on it.

They rarely kiss, Yuuri realizes one morning after Christophe pays for his cab home. He doesn’t miss it, he realizes just as quickly. Not with Christophe. It seems too intimate, for what they are to each other. Outside of their dates they’re rarely in contact with each other, besides the memes Christophe sends him now and then when he’s bored at meetings or the occasional risque photograph Yuuri replies with.

Still, it’s good. Until it’s over.

“I’m being transferred back to Geneva.”

Christophe looks properly apologetic as he reveals this turn of events one night after a dinner date. Yuuri takes a moment to process his words.

“An opportunity has opened up and they’ve decided to promote from within,” Christophe explains, “But it means going home to Europe.”

“Permanently,” Yuuri guesses, his heart falling.

“I’m afraid so, darling.”

And that’s that. They hadn’t made any commitments to each other, and Yuuri wouldn’t want any, and so things have to end between them.

“I’m going to pay your rent through the new year,” Christophe promises, and Yuuri immediately starts counting months. October, November, December…

“Take your time,” Christophe encourages him, “Put aside a few paychecks. Meet new people.”
“I like what we have.”

Christophe has been a kind of stable placeholder in Yuuri’s life for these last months, both personal and financial. No stress about his bills. No anxieties about pleasing his partner. Just gifts and nice dinners in exchange for good sex and looking pretty at a few parties.

Yuuri has gotten used to being taken care of.

“I know, cher,” Christophe replies, sympathetic, “It’s been fun, hasn’t it?”

Yuuri nods, blinking away traitorous tears. He may not have romantic feelings for him, but he’s going to miss Christophe. He’s going to miss his friend. Christophe kisses the tips of Yuuri’s fingers.

“Then let’s have fun,” he continues, “For one more night.”

Yuuri sighs, but offers up a smile. He holds up the glass of prosecco Christophe had poured him before breaking the news.

“Let’s,” he agrees, “Here’s to your promotion.”

“To good times spent with beautiful people,” Christophe toasts in turn. And, true to his promise, Yuuri and Christophe spend one last night enjoying themselves. In the morning before Yuuri goes Christophe kisses him on both cheeks, continental style.

“Yuuri,” he says in farewell, “It’s been a pleasure.”

Life after that returns to normal. Yuuri isn’t especially heartbroken, but things are just a little less interesting without Chris around. Money, at least, doesn’t weigh as much on his mind as before. Despite his taste of luxury Yuuri has always lived frugally, so it isn’t hard to stretch his savings even after Christophe’s donations stop coming. Plus, Yuuri has some experience that he didn’t before to help with any future problems of that sort.

He does find he misses being spoiled.

Yuuri hooks up at one of Phichit’s college parties, and that helps him get over Christophe and back into the single living mindset. Bearing Christophe’s lessons in mind he tries a sugar daddy app and goes on a few dates, but no one makes it past a second meeting. He has a one off encounter that’s alright now and then, but for the most part the men are just too old, too boring, or too sleazy. It’s not like Yuuri is looking for love, but he’d rather just get a second job than be miserable.

Yuuri is almost ready to give up on the whole idea when he received a text message from his former mentor.

C: Darling, are you still single? I have a friend I think you should meet.

Y:...

Y: Definitely single. What does he look like?

C: [a new picture message has arrived]
“Victor, you are a sad, sad excuse for a millionaire.”

Victor sighs fondly, rolling his scotch in it’s glass as he stares out the windows of his high rise office.

“Bonjour Christophe, I’m so glad you called. I’ve just been musing over how desperately I miss the warmth of your support and companionship.”

“It’s almost eight in New York, and you’re still at the office,” Christophe accuses him, voice buzzing slightly over the international line, “Just because I’m in Switzerland doesn’t mean I’m not paying attention to these things.”

“And it’s almost two in Geneva and here you are on the phone with me,” Victor replies.

“That’s because I’m just getting in from a club,” Christophe says, “And I enjoy after work leisure activities that leave me a little tipsy and looking to check in on my workaholic friends.”

“I’m busy,” Victor insists, conveniently ignoring the empty tray of files on his desk, “I do own the company, after all. I have extra responsibilities.”

“You sent your secretaries home an hour ago and you know it, darling, or you wouldn’t have picked up.”

Victor sighs again. “You’ve caught me. But what to do? Being lonely on Friday night doesn’t negate the fact that I’m swamped the rest of the week. You know how it is.”

“I do. Let me introduce you to someone,” Christophe offers, not for the first time, “Someone who won’t have too many expectations on your time. Someone I can vouch for as a delightful young man who knows how to have fun and just needs some assistance in keeping ahead of his unreasonable rent rates.”

“Someone you’ve sponsored?” Victor guesses.

“Let’s call him my protege,” Christophe says, “And a friend. I really think you two would hit it off, or I wouldn’t bring him up.”

“You know I don’t usually do these things like you do, Chris,” Victor replies, kicking his feet up onto his desk.

“Which is a tragedy, darling, because you’d be so good at it. Just imagine, using some of that pocket change you have lying around to show a handsome someone the town. Take in a show. Go dancing. Make some dinner reservations. Dress a beautiful yoga instructor in the kind of quality fashion he deserves, and enjoy his enthusiastic gratitude.”

The image Christophe conjures does set something warm and satisfied curling in Victor’s belly. Someone to spoil, without any expectations that Victor can’t meet. It would be nothing for him to write the check. But...

“I don’t want anyone to feel beholden to me,” Victor says, “Not because of money.”

“It only has to be that way if you make it that way,” Christophe says, “And you are far too classy for that, let’s be honest, Victor. Just think of it as an opportunity for a...mutually beneficial relationship.
Believe me, Yuuri isn’t under any false impressions.”

“Hm,” Victor muses, staring out at the luminous city skyline, “I see the appeal. I just worry I would make a fool of myself.”

“You won’t, because I’m going to help you get started. I’m sending him an introductory text as we speak.”

“Chris!”

“Trust me, *mon ami*, you’re going to thank me for this later,” Christophe promises, “Check your phone, I just sent you a picture.”

Victor’s phone buzzes a moment later, and he opens the picture message only to be faced with one of the loveliest men he’s ever laid eyes on. He takes in the candid photo of Yuuri laughing, with his glowing skin and his brown eyes, and he knocks back the rest of his scotch in one burning gulp. He feels an overwhelming urge to call his personal shopper.

What size does Yuuri wear?

“Give him my number,” Victor says, once he pulls himself together and puts his phone back up to his ear, “Make this happen Chris, I’m already deciding which labels I’m going to buy him.”

“Now there’s the Victor Nikiforov I remember,” Christophe replies, laughing, “Have no fear, my friend. I’m going to take care of everything.”

And that’s how Victor finds himself in his best casual daytime suit, waiting anxiously at a table for two in a michelin star bistro. His first gift is tucked safely away in his briefcase, and waiter has sparkling water waiting for them on the table.

Victor only waits a few minutes before the maître d’ is leading Yuuri to the table. He stands, taking in his date’s slim figure and well formed thighs. His silk shirt is...unfortunate in quality, but it does nothing to deter the beauty of his features. Yuuri looks slightly nervous as Victor greets him with a kiss on both cheeks.

Victor decides then and there that he’s going to make it his business to ensure Yuuri never feels nervous in his presence again.

“You must be Yuuri,” he says, “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, come say hi @summersteve on tumblr, #champagneonice
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Anything you want, just to put a smile on it...

Chapter Notes

Hi friends, I know it's been a while (grad school is a bitch X/) However! Things are progressing nicely! This chapter contains two things: 1) Three drabbles I posted on Tumblr last week (Thank you to everyone who sent in prompts! I wish I had time to write them all, but everybody's ideas made me shriek with joy) and 2) a new Victor POV section which will lead into a much longer chapter that I'm hoping to finish over Thanksgiving break! The different sections are separated by **** and are meant to take place in different dates and times. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m sorry, darling,” Victor sighs, exhaustion written into his frame as he sinks down onto the edge of the bed, “It’s just the end of the quarter coming up. If I’m not in a meeting I’m worrying about the next one. I know I haven’t been much fun lately.”

Yuuri frowns, unhappy to see Victor looking so dejected. Slipping off his shoes Yuuri climbs into the bed behind his sugar daddy, kneeling up so that he can help Victor out if his suit jacket.

“You don’t have to apologize,” he says, running his hands soothingly over Victor’s shoulders. His date’s back is a patchwork of stress. When Victor leans into Yuuri’s touch he sets about working out some of the tension, pressing the heel of his hands up the line of Victor’s spine in a soothing rhythm.

“I’ll never be mad when you’re busy,” Yuuri promises, digging his thumbs into a tight knot of muscle that leaves Victor moaning in relief, “Or stressed. You work hard to take care of your employees. You run a good business. A *successful* business. That takes time and effort.”

Yuuri massages gently at the base of Victor’s scalp where he knows he’s particularly sensitive. Victor shivers with relief, a flush rising in his cheeks as Yuuri’s touches move from simple comfort to something a little naughtier.

“You make me feel so good,” Victor murmurs as Yuuri reaches over Victor’s shoulder to undo the buttons of his shirt one by one, dropping kisses up the curve of his neck as he goes.

“You make *me* feel good,” Yuuri replies, his voice low in Victor’s ear as he drags his touch down Victor’s now bared chest, “When you send me presents, and take me out to fancy restaurants. When you give me your cock in gorgeous hotel rooms.”

“Only the best for you, baby boy,” Victor promises, breath short as his head lolls onto Yuuri’s shoulder.
“Mm, I know.” Yuuri draws the leather tab from Victor’s belt. The buckle falls away with a soft jingle as Yuuri works on the button of his fly. “You take such good care of me.”

Victor is straining at his zipper by the time Yuuri finally frees his erection from his Armani trousers, blood pounding and all thoughts of worry forgotten.

“Earn that check, daddy,” Yuuri purrs, nibbling at Victor’s earlobe as he takes Victor’s cock in a firm grip, “That way I can always be here to take care of you.”

*****

Can I send you something? Victor had asked him, Something special so you aren’t too lonely while I’m out of town?

Yuuri, never being one to turn down of of Victor’s generous gifts, had agreed without hesitation, and sure enough only a day into Victor’s business trip a package arrives at the apartment. Victor’s gifts are a regular enough occurrence that Yuuri doesn’t hesitate to open the small box at the dinner table. When he realizes its contents he slams the lid shut, but not before Phichit gets a full view of the velvet lined box and a glimmer of gold. Yuuri clutches the small box to his chest, cheeks burning, but Phichit only stares gleefully at the gold embossed label that Yuuri hadn’t managed to hide.

Lelo.

“Yuuri—“

“Phichit, please—“

“ Oh my god—“

“Don’t say it—“

“Victor sent you a gold plated —“

“Don’t say it!” Yuuri repeats. He’s sure his face is bright red, half from mortification and half from arousal. He’s spent too many late nights online window shopping not to know the exact contents of the box he’s clutching, and exactly how much it cost.

To know exactly how many times he’d imagined the feeling of slick, flesh warm metal stretching him open while he touches himself.

Okay, Yuuri’s flush is no longer due to embarrassment.

“Excuse me,” He manages to squeak before retreating shamelessly to his room, the still packaged toy pressed to his chest. After all, unwrapping a Lelo is meant to be part of the sensual experience.

Phichit is still cackling as Yuuri disappears down the hall.

“Aw, at least let me see the matching cuff links, Yuuri!” Is the last thing Yuuri hears before his bedroom door slams shut and he’s all alone with Victor’s extremely luxurious present.
YK: Victor, this is too much!

V: But you look so beautiful in gold, darling.

YK: …

V: Do you really not care for it :(

YK: …I didn’t say that.

YK: …

V: ~new picture message received~
V: ~new picture message received~
V: ~new picture message received~
V: !!!!!!!

“...And still has handsome as you were when I last saw you. How old were we then? Sixteen? How time flies…”

Poor Victor, Yuuri thinks as he samples a Brie crouton from a passing tray. His date is locked in an awkward conversation with a female party guest who can’t take a hint.

Who is this woman again? An old school friend, maybe. Yuuri hasn’t been paying attention. He’d stepped into the relative privacy of a shady potted plant to actually enjoy a crab puff or two from the buffet while Victor continued on his social rounds, and now he’s enjoying the comedy of Victor being assertively flirted with by a beautiful Russian woman dripping in more jewels than a Tiffany store. Victor has probably moved back about six feet since the start of the conversation and she just keeps stepping back into his personal bubble, like some kind of bizarre tango.

Apparently bringing a male date to this party failed to effectively advertise Victor’s lack of interest in women.

“Really, Irina,” Yuuri hears over the tinkling piano emanating through the intimate party space, “I think you’ll find I’m a very different man since finishing school—“

“Oh, Victor, you’re so funny—“

Irina punctuates this statement by grabbing Victor’s arm. Yuuri watches Victor’s jaw clench, and promptly deposits his plate of hors d'oeuvres on a convenient pedestal. This has officially gone from amusing to uncomfortable, and Yuuri is duty bound to save his sugar daddy from unwanted
advances.

“I have to give you my card so that we can catch up...“

Yuuri takes advantage of the woman looking down to rifle through her garnet crusted clutch to intervene. He sends up a prayer that he’s not about to embarrass himself royally as he approaches Victor and his misguided suitor.

“Victor, baby, why are you all the way over here?” Yuuri practically drapes himself over Victor with an out of harasser pout. “I’ve been so bored waiting for you to be done talking.”

Victor’s eyes widen as Yuuri tilts his head in close in the guise of kissing Victor on the cheek, putting his lips close enough to whisper in his date’s ear.

“If this isn’t helpful, just shrug me off,” Yuuri murmurs while Irina is busy with her purse. Victor is confused for a moment more, then it clicks and his grin curls against Yuuri’s cheek.

“On the contrary, darling,” he replies, soft and quick, “Your timing is perfect as always.”

“Victor, who’s this?”

As if rehearsed, Victor and Yuuri turn as one, Victor’s arm curling around Yuuri’s waist and Yuuri’s palm resting intimately against Victor’s chest. In their complementary suits they couldn’t be a more perfect picture of well groomed exclusivity. Irina’s smile shrinks significantly as she drinks it in, an elegant white card still poised in her hand.

“Ah, Irina, surely I’ve introduced you to my darling Yuuri?” Victor says, offering the woman a beaming smile, “He’s been my patient date through all of these tiring functions.”

“Yuuri Katsuki,” Yuuri introduces himself, offering Irina a delicate shake before returning his hand to Victor’s chest. He settles his features into a look he hopes passes for smug, and just a hint possessive. “It’s a pleasure, I’m sure.”

“Likewise.” Somehow Irina’s sentiment doesn’t feel genuine, delivered as it is through her clenched jaw and frozen smile. Yuuri feels a chill, but Victor’s palm gives a little squeeze at the small of his back and Yuuri relaxes again. He’s only playing for Victor’s benefit, after all.

“Ah, if you’ll excuse us, my Yuuri does get so jealous when my attention is stolen away!” Victor chirps, pulling Yuuri’s fingers to his lips while Yuuri does his best impression of one of the spoiled housewives whose antics Phichit takes perverse pleasure in bingeing on Netflix. He practically drags Victor away, leaving Irina standing with her card still in hand.

They barely make it into the hall before Victor starts laughing.

“Oh my god.” Now that he’s rescued Victor the knowledge of his own behavior catches up to him all at once and Yuuri wishes he could sink into the floor.

“Wow, Yuuri, I didn’t know you had it in you,” Victor declares, still chuckling as he wraps his arms around Yuuri’s waist from behind, “My hero.”

“Ugh I was so rude,” Yuuri groans, hiding his beet red face in his hands, “My mother would die if she ever saw me behave like that.”

Yuuri’s mortification only seems to make Victor more pleased.
“My poor, brave Yuuri,” he croons, pressing an amused kiss to Yuuri’s temple, “Sacrificing your good manners all to rescue me from that vicious social climber.”

“You’ll have to think of a way to make it up to me,” Yuuri grumbles half-heartedly, turning to bury his face in the silky black wool of Victor’s suit.

“Well, since you mention it,” Victor purrs into Yuuri’s ear, “I may have already had something planned for you back at my apartment.”

“Oh?” Yuuri asks, interest piqued.

“Mhm, a present,” Victor reveals, “I was going to save it for morning, but I think we’ve been here far too long already. Why don’t we go open it now?”

That sounds just fine to Yuuri.

“What kind of present?” He can’t help but ask as Victor helps him into his coat in the entry way.

“Hm, I’ll give you a hint,” Victor murmurs in his ear as he wraps Yuuri’s scarf over his shoulders, “It starts with a ‘P-‘, and ends with ‘-rada’.”

****

Here’s a few of the surprising things Victor has learned about Yuuri Katsuki since they started seeing one another:

Victor pays his rent but Yuuri still works because he loves his job.

Yuuri loves clothes, but is politely ambivalent to most jewelry. Even diamonds.

Yuuri wears contact lenses, which, if Victor is very lucky, will sometimes be replaced by a pair of adorable blue frames after a long evening.

Yuuri is at his most beautiful when he’s soft and sleepy, watching Victor dress in the early morning light after a night of passion.

On this particular morning Victor is extra fortunate. He’s woken a few minutes before his alarm is set to drag him out of bed, and he’s contentedly spent that time admiring his beautiful companion. Yuuri is so unbelievably darling curled beneath Victor’s Egyptian cotton duvet, his face scrunched adorably and his sleep mussed hair a fuzzy smudge of ink across his pillow. Unable to resist, Victor traces his fingers gently through that silky blackness. After some moments Yuuri stirs, leaning into Victor’s soft touch. He blinks awake, and Victor offers him an apologetic smile, but says nothing. The moment is perfect just the way it is.

Eventually Yuuri’s lovely brown eyes regain a little more of their waking focus, and he shifts closer with a sleepy hum, apparently preferring Victor’s chest for his resting place over the very expensive goose down pillow he’d utilized thus far. Not that Victor is complaining. He continues to stroke Yuuri’s hair, enjoying the warmth of his companion and the play of the weak morning sunlight across Yuuri’s bare shoulders.

“Do you know, Yuuri,” Victor says, breaking the silence, “It’s been nearly eight months since we
Yuuri doesn’t reply right away, but after a sleepy nuzzle he shifts, rolling over to rest his chin on his crossed arms. Victor winds his arms around the small of Yuuri’s back.

“I’ve been thinking about that, too,” Yuuri reveals shyly, gaze dropping, “I’ve never...you know. Not for this long.”

Yuuri is fun and sex and loveliness, wrapped up in something unnameable that urges Victor to provide provide provide. There’s probably something unpleasantly alpha male about that compulsion, but there are worse vices Victor could indulge in, as long as Yuuri is enjoying himself.

Unless Yuuri isn’t enjoying himself. The thought sends an unwanted chill down Victor’s spine. Maybe their dates are boring and tiresome and Victor’s money isn’t worth how pathetic he must seem, paying for someone to save him talking to his own colleagues at parties or to go with him to restaurants so he isn’t seen dining alone. Paying for someone to sleep with him so Victor doesn’t have to admit that he isn’t capable of running his business and keeping up a real relationship—

“I hope you’re not getting tired of me?” Victor says, doing his best to keep his voice light and not as horrifically desperate as he feels in that moment. Yuuri’s pause feels like an eternity.

“With Christophe I think I might have been, by now,” Yuuri confesses, looking a little guilty speaking of their mutual friend, “But— I don’t know…”

Yuuri shrugs, turning his face away, but not before Victor sees a soft blush rise in his cheeks.

“I guess I just like spending time with you.”

Victor hides his relief in Yuuri’s hair, breathing deeply as he buries his face in the softness and enjoys the scent of his own mint and eucalyptus shampoo.

“The feeling is entirely mutual, darling,” he replies, punctuating the sentiment with a kiss just behind Yuuri’s ear.

Any further conversation is interrupted by Victor’s scheduled alarm, and with some regret he separates himself from Yuuri’s comfortable embrace to go about his morning routine.

Halfway through shaving an idea pops into Victor’s head, and it drags him back into the master bedroom.

“Yuuri.”

Yuuri is curled up again, this time on Victor’s side of the bed, the very picture of indolence. Beautiful. Victor wants to take him away. Somewhere tropical, where Victor can dress him up in luxurious materials and admire him with no distractions.

“Let me plan something special for us. A little getaway. Would that be alright?”

Yuuri is nearly asleep again, but his eyes sparkle when he replies.

“I’d love that, daddy.”
One month later, forty-eight hours before their planned departure time, Yuuri receives an email from Victor’s secretary confirming two first class tickets to St.Lucia, and a much shorter email from Victor himself.

Don’t bother packing, baby boy, Victor types before pressing send, I’m going to take care of everything.

Chapter End Notes

As always, check tumblr @summersteve #champagneonice to see some of Victor's lovely gifts to Yuuri!
Yuuri thinks he might be dreaming, or having an extended hallucination. Only this morning he was asleep in his third floor walk up in New York, listening to the hiss and rattle of his aged radiator heater. Now he’s standing on a pier in a sunny marina in the Caribbean, dressed in shorts and a slim fit t-shirt that probably cost more than a month of his rent and a Prada carry on bag slung over his shoulder. All provided by his generous travel companion. He and Victor just finished a lunch of freshly grilled oysters, some of the freshest seafood Yuuri has enjoyed since he was last home in Japan. Now they’re preparing to board the yacht that Yuuri is currently staring down in awe.

Victor, dressed in his own pristine white resort suit, is exchanging a few words with a marina attendant, checking that their luggage has been successfully delivered from the airport and their onboard kitchen properly stocked. Some money changes hands but as usual Yuuri leaves that to his date and instead he soaks in the impressive seafaring vessel before him.

The History Maker is a sixty-five foot luxury yacht boasting four V-8 engines, a Portuguese style sun deck, an elevated fly bridge, and a full-beam master cabin suite complete with kitchen, study, and a walk in closet. At least, that’s what Victor told him over the course of their flight. Yuuri had taken all of this information without question, but it’s one thing to hear about while sipping complimentary champagne and another thing to be faced with all sixty five feet of sleek, shimmering steel. He and Victor are going to spend the next five days on board, cruising the crystal waters of St. Lucia.

“Beautiful, isn’t she?” Victor says, wrapping his arms around Yuuri from behind, his business with the marina attendant completed.

“Yeah,” Yuuri agrees. He can hardly process the sleek yacht in front of him. It looks like a picture from a travel magazine. And Victor owns this.

“I thought we could take her out, find a nice shady cove for the day,” Victor says, “Then I’ll show you all the amenities, yes?”

With Victor leading him by the hand they make their way up the gangplank and onto the main deck. From there it’s a short journey through a dark interior passage and then they come out in the open air helm. A chic looking lounge area frames a captain’s chair and a low bank of what must be the yacht’s main controls.

“Wow,” Yuuri says looking over the multiple monitors and complex mechanisms, “Who drives? Is there a...a pilot?”

“A skipper,” Victor corrects with a wink, “And you’re looking at him.”

“You can drive this?” Yuuri asks, trying not to sound incredulous, but Victor only laughs.
“With my eyes closed, darling,” he assures him, “I designed it.”

At Yuuri’s expression Victor laughs again.

“Did you think I made my money by going to cocktail parties?” he asks, teasing as he takes his seat at the helm, “Here, let me show you.”

Victor pulls Yuuri into his lap and swipes his finger across a navigation screen, “Here’s us, still in the marina, and here’s the private bay I was recommended as a good anchor spot. And when I put in the coordinates I want here…”

Yuuri smiles, watching Victor talk animatedly about waterproof touch-screen interfaces and satellite navigation software.

“Wow,” Yuuri says, after a minute. Victor pauses in his technical explanation, a pink blush dusting his nose.

“Ah. I’m sure you don’t want to hear all the boring details,” he says.

“No, I’d love to,” Yuuri promises, “I knew you were in software, but I didn’t think you made things like this.”

“Yes, well, my real bread and butter is athletics,” Victor says, pressing an ignition button that sends the yacht’s engines rumbling underneath them, “Jump analysis software for figure skaters and that kind of thing. But I’ve enjoyed my share of fruitful side projects. Now…”

Victor signals to an attendant on the dock who casts them off, and then Victor is steering them away from the marina and out into the bay proper at a cautious speed. They pass through a narrow channel, Victor making a few official sounding exchanges on his radio, and then Yuuri is looking over the bow at the glittering expanse of the Caribbean sea. Victor grins at Yuuri’s expression, and it reminds Yuuri how young his sugar daddy really is.

“Should we see what this motor can do?” Victor asks, one hand on the throttle and the other keeping Yuuri steady in his lap with a firm grip on his backside. Yuuri grins, plucking Victor’s Gucci aviators off his head and setting them over his nose where they belong.

“Show me, daddy.”

*****

They drop anchor in the promised bay. It’s just enough of a dip in the coastline to keep away the worst of the wind and leave them in privacy to enjoy the view of the ocean at their backs and a white sandy beach in front. Set to rest and relax for the day Victor gives Yuuri the grand tour. It’s a short trip through the kitchen and lounge area in the enclosed aft. Everything is a luxury finish, of course, marble and hardwood and burnished steel, but it’s not much larger than the hotel suites that they share back in New York. Below deck is the master cabin, washed in cool greys and whites and fitted with a king size bed and a full size shower.

“And there’s actually another cabin, on the lower deck,” Victor says as he shows Yuuri the bathroom and the suite’s extensive closet, already filled with clothes Yuuri is sure he’ll never have time to wear in five days, “So, you know, if you need some time to yourself—“
Yuuri puts a stop to those thoughts with a look.

“I just want you to be comfortable,” Victor says, though he looks pleased, “Speaking of, I have a gift for you. Something comfortable, just for lounging around on deck.”

Waiting on the bed is a slim white garment box. With Victor’s encouragement Yuuri slips the sky blue ribbon off and rifles through several layers of tissue to reveal a sheer white robe. It’s nearly floor length, with wide draping sleeves and delicate beadwork giving weight to the hem.

“Oh Victor, it’s beautiful,” Yuuri exclaims as he pulls the gauzy kaftan from its box. He gives a little spin holding the silky garment to his chest, admiring the swirl and flutter of the expensive material. “I love it. Thank you so much.”

“It’s a gift for us both really,” Victor replies, his warm grip settling on Yuuri’s hips, “After all, I get to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you wear it.”

“I want to put it on right now,” Yuuri declares.

“Of course,” Victor agrees, pulling away, “I’ll let you change.”

“I’ll be just a few minutes,” Yuuri promises, “Should I find you on the sun deck?”

Victor nods.

“I’ll be awaiting your grand entrance. Oh, and there’s a bathing suit as well that matches,” he remembers, throwing Yuuri a heated glance, “But don’t feel obligated, darling.”

Victor takes his exit, his footsteps audible as he makes his way to the upper deck.

Alone in the cabin, Yuuri strips out of his clothes. Totally bare, he slides right into the gauzy robe. The silky material feels like cool water against his skin. Yuuri does another quick spin, sighing happily. He leaves the matching swimsuit in the box.

He wants to do something special to kick off their vacation. A little surprise. With that in mind Yuuri looks around the no doubt amply stocked cabin for lube.

He finds a new bottle on the bedside table, sitting on top of a small Manila envelope with his name on it. Curious, Yuuri sets the lube aside to break the seal and slip out the single sheet of paper within.

It’s an STD screening from Victor’s private doctor marked with yesterday’s date. All negative. Waiting on the table beside Victor’s test results is a sealed box of condoms.

Victor giving him choices again. Without pressuring. Something about that has Yuuri stirring in a way even the silky fabric against his skin hadn’t managed.

Knowing that Victor’s anticipation is building upstairs, Yuuri picks up the lubricant and gets to work.

A few minutes later he finds Victor splayed out comfortably on one of the bed-like chaises that make up the bulk of the ship’s sun deck, still fully dressed with two waiting cocktails on a convenient end table. With the sea breeze playing through his silver hair he looks every inch the confident millionaire he is. But if Yuuri feels a little self-conscious stepping out into the sunlight naked except for a slip of sheer silk, the sensation vanishes the moment Victor lays eyes on him.
From that moment on, Yuuri is the one in control.

“Yuuri,” Victor breathes, cheeks pink as Yuuri saunters across the deck, “So gorgeous.”

As soon as he draws close enough Victor pulls Yuuri’s fingers to his lips, his gaze dragging up and down Yuuri’s nearly bare figure with unrestrained hunger.

“You have to let me take your picture. I never want to forget how you look right now.”

“In a minute,” Yuuri promises, eyes hooded as he climbs onto Victor’s lap. Victor doesn’t seem to object, leaning back on the chaise style lounger and slipping his hands boldly under the sheer material of Yuuri’s robe, his touch coming to a rest on Yuuri’s upper thighs.

Biting his lip, Yuuri reveals a wrapped condom held in his free hand. The gold foil catches the gleam of the Caribbean sun. Victor’s expression doesn’t budge. No anger, no disappointment. Just desire as he reaches to take the condom without question. That more than anything else makes Yuuri pull it out of his reach. Victor’s brows rise, surprise now written on his features.

“I haven’t been with anyone else since we started seeing each other,” Yuuri reveals, toying with the edge of the wrapper. Victor’s gaze is as steady as his grip on Yuuri’s thighs.

“Neither have I,” he replies.

Yuuri tosses aside the condom. It hits the deck somewhere over his shoulder, forgotten as Yuuri drapes himself over Victor’s reclining figure.

“Okay.”

“Is it?” Victor asks, hands sliding to Yuuri’s back. Yuuri smiles, brushing Victor’s bangs out of his eyes before pressing a kiss to his heart shaped mouth.

“Yeah.”

Victor’s answering smile is brilliant. He pulls Yuuri down into another kiss, which quickly grows heated. Yuuri hums into it, pressing back into Victor’s hands. He smiles into the kiss when Victor’s fingers dip low and find him wet and open.

“Yuuri,” Victor’s soft exclamation is nearly reverent. Yuuri drops a few kisses along Victor’s jaw.

“You’re wearing too many clothes.”

Yuuri waits patiently and lets Victor do all the work of getting his linen trousers down his thighs until his erection springs free, hard and eager. He settles back over Victor’s now bare lap, grinding down tantalizingly as Victor supplies another bottle of lube from somewhere. He slicks up his cock, then takes Yuuri’s in hand, teasing him with warm wet pleasure. Yuuri hums his approval as he rises up on his knees, lining himself up before sinking down onto Victor’s cock, nice and slow.

God, he deserves this, Yuuri thinks as Victor fills him. He’s earned it, the time to relax, the soft silky material caressing his skin, the sweet, thick cock stretching him open—

Bottoming out, Yuuri circles his hips with a satisfied grunt. Victor groans long and low.

“Yuuri, baby—“

“Shh,” Yuuri murmurs, leaning down to kiss him, “Just relax. You’re on vacation.”
“Fuck,” Victor curses softly, his eyes dark as Yuuri experimentally levers himself up and down, savoring the aching fullness of Victor in his ass. Satisfied that he’s ready, Yuuri braces his hands on Victor’s firm chest and starts riding.

With the warmth of the sun on his back Yuuri rises and falls, taking Victor’s cock as deep as he can until his skin is slick with sweat and he feels a pleasant burn in his thighs. A cool ocean breeze caresses his heated skin, his open kaftan spread over the lounger like a canopy. Victor is undone beneath him, the sound of his pleasure music in Yuuri’s ears as his touch flutters helplessly between Yuuri’s hands and thighs.

“Does it feel different?” Yuuri asks breathlessly, rolling his hips after a few minutes to give himself a break, “Being bare inside me? Do you like it?”

“Fuck, baby, you have no idea,” Victor gasps, thrusting up as best as he can with Yuuri pinning him to the chaise, “You’re so good. So tight.”

With a heroic effort Victor pulls himself up to a sit, his grip sliding to Yuuri’s ass as he encourages Yuuri in fucking himself down onto Victor’s cock with renewed fervor. At this angle they can kiss, sloppy open-mouthed things that fuel the fire in Yuuri’s blood. With Victor fucking up into him Yuuri gets so much more pressure against his prostate, sending little thrills of pleasure up his spine that push him closer and closer to orgasm.

“Mm, daddy, I’m close,” he pants, his hands bunched into the linen of Victor’s shirt as he practically bounces on Victor’s cock.

“Me too,” Victor says against the delicate skin behind Yuuri’s ear, “Come with me. Together.”

Victor’s grip encircles his cock and then Yuuri is fucking up into his daddy’s fist and eagerly as he’s rolling back onto his dick. His muscles burn and his cock aches as Yuuri flies right to the edge of ecstasy.

“Yes, yes, oh—”

Victor twists his wrist and nips at Yuuri’s pulse and he’s coming, sensation rippling through him. He moans, stars in his eyes as he continues to fuck himself, wringing every last drop of pleasure out of his body that he can. Wringing every last drop of pleasure for Victor out of his body that he can.

“Fuck, yes,” Victor rasps, still biting kisses up and down Yuuri’s jaw, “This is why we came here. This is why—”

His face buried against the curve of Yuuri’s throat, Victor shudders out his own orgasm. Yuuri rides him through it despite his sensitivity, feeling the slickness of Victor’s cum ease his movement. Victor grinds into him until they’re both gasping. Still panting, Yuuri pulls Victor into a kiss. It’s wet and lazy. Satisfied. For now. When they part, Victor’s eyes are a little glazed. It’s like the mojitos they enjoyed over lunch finally caught up to him. Or maybe that’s just the power Yuuri has. To make Victor Nikiforov drunk on pleasure. It’s a heady feeling.

Yuuri shivers as Victor’s dick slips out of him, feeling the evidence of Victor’s climax leaking out of his well fucked hole. It’s not the most comfortable sensation, but it’s worth it for the look on Victor’s face. His daddy’s chest is still heaving, his cheeks red as Yuuri slides off of his lap, laying himself out on his belly.

Yuuri stretches out on the roomy chaise with a gusty sigh, careful to keep his robe out of the way of the mess between his thighs. He glances heatedly over his shoulder at Victor, knowing the picture
he must make.

“Daddy?” he asks, resting his chin on his hands coquettishly, “Do you want to take your pictures now?”

Victor can’t scramble for his phone fast enough.

Chapter End Notes

As always, check Tumblr @summersteve #champagneonice for reference images! This chapter will be a long post since I have so many good pics of Victor's yacht lmao. Stay tuned for more vacation adventure!
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

say the word and we go: part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s been a lovely three days in the Caribbean. Yuuri’s stretched out on a comfortable wrap-around chaise on the upper deck, close enough to the helm that Victor can tangle their fingers together as he steers them out to sea. He’s in his kaftan again. He’s been wearing it every possible moment, the silky material like a reminder of Victor’s touch against his skin. He has deigned to wear the matching swimsuit today, more to give Victor the pleasure of taking it off of him later than anything else. That’s been the modus operandi for the last thirty-six hours or so. Cruise a little, find a nice private nook along the coast and lay around on deck in various states of undress until their playful kisses turn into something a little more serious.

Like he said, it’s been a lovely three days.

Victor gives his hand a squeeze, the twinkle in his eye telling Yuuri he knows exactly what he’s been musing on. Yuuri just smiles, pushing his Versace sunglasses a little higher on the bridge of his nose.

After a morning shopping along the marina, they’re back out on the open water with a full picnic hamper in the fridge and the promise of whale watching and the most beautiful sunset in St. Lucia awaiting them at their destination. They’re going to spend the night out on the water, sleeping under the stars. Between now and then is an hour or so of full speed cruising through crystal clear waters.

Once they’re out of the marina Victor brings them up to speed, the engines revving deep under the deck as they tear out into the open ocean. The winds pulls its fingers through Yuuri’s hair, the salt spray tickling his nose. With the sun warming him he’s in heaven while Victor takes care of the skippering. Just a few days of sun has brought a few freckles to Victor’s nose despite his religious sunscreen application. It’s as endearing as it is attractive. He looks right at home in his captain’s chair, dressed down as Yuuri has ever seen him in only a snug pair of navy swim briefs and an open white button down shirt. Victor guides them on their course like it’s second nature, which it probably is. He designed the ship’s computer interface from the ground up. Some kind of collaboration with an Italian shipyard.

“You look so good right now,” Yuuri says, breaking the comfortable silence.

“So do you,” Victor replies, squeezing Yuuri’s hand. Yuuri smiles, but shakes his head.

“I like seeing you like this though,” he says, bringing Victor’s knuckles to his lips with hooded eyes, “So relaxed. But in control. At the helm.”

Victor laughs, though his cheeks pink. Yuuri seems to be making that happen a lot lately.

“You don’t believe me?” Yuuri asks. He opens their hands, tracing the lines of Victor’s palm. The
curves of his long fingers.

“I think you might be trying to flatter me,” Victor says, voice dry.

“No,” Yuuri assures him, kissing Victor’s palm, “You made all this. I find that incredibly sexy.”

Any of Victor’s possible objections are silenced when Yuuri pulls his forefinger into his mouth, holding his gaze as he gives a playful suck followed by a scrape of teeth. He practically watches Victor’s pupils dilate.

“Oh .”

“Mm,” Yuuri hums around two of Victor’s fingers this time. He pulls off with a satisfied sigh, but not before casting a longing glance at the erection now tenting the front of Victor’s swimsuit. Still holding Victor’s hand captive Yuuri slips off his couch and wraps his arms around Victor’s shoulders from behind.

“It makes me really hot,” Yuuri whispers in Victor’s ear, just audible over the sounds of the yacht cutting through the water, “Seeing you in the captain’s chair. Taking us on all these adventures.”

“Skipper,” Victor corrects, though he’s a little breathless, “Skipper’s chair.”

Yuuri grins, nipping at the shell of Victor’s ear.

“Right. Skipper.”

Yuuri slips around to Victor’s front and slides to his knees. He can feel the hum of the computers at his back, Victor’s strong thighs parting to accommodate him. Yuuri looks up at Victor through his lashes, tucking one finger under the hem of Victor’s negligible bathing suit.

“Does it make you feel powerful, daddy?” Yuuri asks, his thumbs teasing over Victor’s inseam.

“You? Or the chair?” Victor asks, aiming for humorous and landing somewhere closer to desperate. Yuuri grins, leaning in to nuzzle Victor’s growing erection.

“Both.”

“Ah ...yes. Yes to both,” Victor confesses, reaching for some other lever on the control panel, “Here, let me slow us down, then we can—“

Yuuri shakes his head, still kissing over the arch of Victor’s hardening cock through his briefs.

“Don’t stop on my account,” he replies, “I want to feel the engines running while I suck your cock.”

“Wow.” Victor drags his thumb over Yuuri’s full bottom lip. “How could I deny you anything, darling?”

Victor revs the motor audibly, sending the vibrations up through Yuuri’s knees. Yuuri moans, rocking his hips in the empty air as his own cock twitches. He glances up to see Victor’s gaze still caught on his lips. Yuuri leans in close to breath hot over Victor’s clothed cock before giving Victor’s thigh a playful pinch.

“Eyes up, skipper,” he orders with a wink, “We don’t want to veer off course.”

Victor drags his eyes back to the horizon with a barely contained whimper. Humming his approval, Yuuri tucks his sunglasses on top of his head before sliding Victor’s swimsuit down his thighs.
Once exposed his erection juts forward proudly, making Yuuri’s mouth water.

He’s going to take his time.

Yuuri starts by ducking his head and pulling one of Victor’s balls into his mouth. He rolls it over his tongue, his eyes fluttering closed as Victor’s thighs go tense under his hands and his cock twitches against Yuuri’s cheek. Yuuri switches to give the other half of Victor’s sac a wet suck. Victor keeps himself shaved smooth, which makes sucking him off all that much more appealing, his delicate skin soft and warm against Yuuri’s tongue.

Satisfied, Yuuri licks up the seam of Victor’s balls right to the root of his cock. He works his way up to the tip with wet kisses until he can take the head in his mouth and work his tongue against all of Victor’s most sensitive places. After that it’s a smooth slide down until Victor’s cock is nudging the back of Yuuri’s throat. Yuuri swallows, keeping his lips tight around the thick length, then drags back, hollowing his cheeks as best he can.

“Fuck, lovely,” Victor bites out, eyes still up on their destination, “You’re so good at this.”

Yuuri pulls off to lick at the head again.

“I know,” he replies before taking Victor back into his mouth.

Sink down, and use your tongue. Suck hard as you pull back. Yuuri repeats this pattern, his head bobbing in Victor’s lap, until his jaw aches and his lips tingle. Victor is close, and has been for a few minutes. Yuuri might be drawing it out a little, slowing down his rhythm when Victor gets too near the edge. He wants to make it last. Victor groans and Yuuri comes to a near standstill, just holding his cock in his mouth. Savoring the thickness pressing down against his tongue.

“Look at you,” Victor rasps, finally stealing a glance down. He takes a hand off the wheel to brush his thumb over Yuuri’s cheek and feel the bulge of his cock there. Yuuri knows what he looks like, his lips red and swollen and a flush warming his cheeks. His own bathing suit is definitely tented, his robe slipping off his shoulders in his enthusiasm.

“Beautiful,” Victor declares. Yuuri closes his eyes and moans. He swallows reflexively and the pressure is enough to finally bring Victor to completion. His hand shifts to the back of Yuuri’s head, pressing his forward that extra inch that makes Yuuri’s eyes water.

Victor cums, filling his mouth, and Yuuri makes sure his daddy sees him swallow. He sucks and licks, greedy for every last drop from Victor’s cock. He holds him in his mouth until Victor is completely soft and shivering from over sensitivity. Only then does Yuuri let the cock slip from between his lips, licking one last trace of cum from the head. Victor shudders, one hand still doggedly keeping them on course.

Yuuri tucks Victor back into his swim briefs, pressing a sweet kiss to the soft shape of his cock now safely contained within. Ignoring the hardness in his own suit he rises gracefully from between Victor’s knees and returns to his spot on the lounge, kicking up his feet playfully.

Victor is the picture of satisfaction, sprawled out in his captain’s chair with one lazy hand on the wheel.

“That was amazing, baby boy.”

“Mm,” Yuuri agrees, rolling onto his back and stretching, “I love sucking your cock, daddy. Look how hard it got me.”
Yuuri groans as he slides his hand down his chest until he can tease his fingers over his own impatient erection. He keeps his eyes closed, but he hears Victor’s choked off groan.

“I don’t think I can wait all day to cum,” Yuuri confides, giving himself a squeeze, “I think I’m gonna have to touch myself right now.”

“You earned it,” Victor agrees readily.

“Would you like to watch?” Yuuri asks fluttering his lashes as he glances at Victor and gives himself another pump over his swim trunks.

“Oh yes.” Victor hasn’t got the refractory period Yuuri has, but he seems to be making a valiant effort if the blush on his cheeks is anything to go by.

“Well,” Yuuri replies with a pout, sliding his swim trunks under his ass and taking his cock in hand, “Too bad. The skipper has to keep his eyes at the helm. Safety first.”

Victor presses a complicated series of buttons, then several of the navigation screens turn green.

“Would you look at that,” Victor declares, “I’ve found the autopilot function.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m planning one more vacation chapter after this! As always, check tumblr @summersteve #champagneonice to see references images for this chapter and more!
Enjoy and stay tuned!
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Say the word and we go (part 3)

Chapter Notes

a little Victor POV, just to mix things up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun is setting, the pink and gold sky bleeding into deeper blues and violets. Despite the dimming light the night is still balmy warm. Victor is stretched out on a lounger on the sun deck, the multi-use space made cozy by an excess of cushy throw pillows and the faux candles that flicker to life one by one around the deck as the daylight fades. Music emanates from hidden speakers, soft strings and piano that mesh with the gentle rocking of the yacht in the calm seas. Victor had been dozing after their busy afternoon, a paperback lying unread at his side. Awake now, he watches contentedly as Yuuri goes through some kind of yoga routine in the wide space between the two deck loungers. A towel laid out on the deck gives some cushion against the hard wood floor as Yuuri bends and stretches himself into various shapes wearing just his bathing suit. He looks like a sculpture, Victor muses, his back arched until his elbows can rest flat on the floor with one leg extended straight in the air. He finds his chest begins to rise and fall with Yuuri’s careful counted breaths.

Until this trip Victor had never fully understood what Yuuri’s profession entailed, but observing these last few days has left him with new appreciation for his companion’s athleticism. With one last breath Yuuri slowly releases himself from the stretch. There isn’t a single quiver in his limbs as he rolls back to a simple kneeling pose.

“Incredible,” Victor declares. Yuuri startles, but relaxes when he sees that Victor is awake. He stands, folding up the towel and tossing it onto the other lounge.

“I’ve had a lot of practice,” he demurs. Victor nods, sitting up and crossing his ankles.

“I know hard work when I see it,” he replies, “I could watch you all night.”

Yuuri preens at Victor’s compliment. He continues stretching on his feet, breathing deeply. The music changes and something wistful crosses his features.

“I love this song,” Yuuri reveals, a secret smile playing at his lips, “I had a routine to it, once.”

Evidently Yuuri doesn’t mean a yoga routine, as his next move is a crisp jete which slides into an elegant arabesque. Victor barely contains a gasp at Yuuri’s arms curved above his head in a delicate crescent.

“Yuuri wow, amazing!”
Yuuri looks surprised by Victor’s praise, but then he laughs softly, continuing lazily through the steps of his long forgotten routine.

“I guess you didn’t know, did you,” he says, balancing on the ball of one foot and twirling in a slow spin that pulls the air from Victor’s lungs, “I was going to be a dancer.”

“Really?” Now that Yuuri admits it, Victor can read the truth in his body. Yuuri’s strong core and well muscled thighs serve him well as he steps across the deck in low playful jumps and spins.

“I did well enough with it in school,” Yuuri says, “I had a few offers before I graduated.”

“What happened?” Victor asks before he can think to bite back the question. Yuuri is making music with his body before Victor’s very eyes, yet he is not currently gracing the world’s stages. Something must have prevented Yuuri’s career from taking off.

“I slipped on a patch of ice,” Yuuri reveals, shaking his head ruefully. He turns, and Victor can see a slim set of crescent scars around Yuuri’s ankle that he hadn’t noticed before.

“I healed well, after surgery,” Yuuri continues, still moving around the deck in an absent minded bit of choreography, “I can walk, run. Dance too, like this. But performance…”


“It wasn’t my fault,” Yuuri replies with an air of long practice, “All I could do after that was learn to take care of myself. Yoga started as physical therapy and turned into something I could be passionate about. Eventually I realized how much anxiety I had been carrying on my body. I was so afraid of disappointing the people I cared about, but when it was taken out of my hands…”

Yuuri shrugs, letting the motion carrying him into a little leap across the deck. Victor rises to meet him. The music fades into the next anonymous track, and Yuuri’s old rehearsed steps come to a stop right in front of him.

“Those anxieties are still there,” Yuuri says, “They’re a part of who I am, and they’re never going away. But I have tools now to manage them. Support. I know I deserve to take care of myself, and…and to let myself be taken care of.”

Victor catches both of Yuuri’s hands in his, bringing them to his lips to press kisses to each of his knuckles.

“You’re beautiful,” Victor breathes, “Do I tell you that enough, darling? You’re so beautiful.”

“You make me feel beautiful,” Yuuri says, folding himself into Victor’s arms, “Dance with me?”

“I’d love to.”

It seems Yuuri knows a few steps of everything. Victor lets himself be moved to suit his lover’s whim, first though an easy waltz step then into something quick and Latin, Victor doing little more than supporting Yuuri’s delicate footwork.

“You should find a better partner,” Victor says, laughing as he clumsily leads Yuuri through a spin, “You’re so lovely, and it’s all I can do not to step on your toes.”

“My current partner is doing fine.” Yuuri turns under Victor’s arm with a graceful flourish before pulling their bodies back together. Their next steps are slow again, halfway to a tango. Yuuri’s voice is soft and low when he murmurs into Victor’s ear.
“I only ever want you to be yourself with me,” he says, guiding Victor to wrap his arm low around his bare back, “Even if it means stepping on my toes.”

With Victor’s arm supporting him Yuuri leans back into a deep dip. His eyes closed, he tips his head back, exposing his pale throat to the light of the flickering candles around them. Victor trembles, not from the strain of holding Yuuri up but the weight of his words and the implicit trust in his currently vulnerable pose. After a long pause Victor swings him up, catching Yuuri’s thigh as it wraps around his waist. They hold that position, Victor’s eyes locked on Yuuri’s, close enough to brush noses. Victor savors the crackling tension for a moment before taking what he desperately wants, slanting his mouth across Yuuri’s. Yuuri parts his lips, welcoming Victor’s kisses as he slides his hands up to cradle the back of Victor’s head. Victor sucks on Yuuri’s tongue, humming into his mouth when their hips align and Victor can press his hardening cock into the matching arousal distending the front of Yuuri’s swim shorts. Yuuri gasps as Victor grabs a handful of his ass and squeezes, sucking kisses into his throat.

“I need you,” Yuuri murmurs against his shoulder, rutting his hips forward into Victor’s, “Please take me, I need—”

Victor grips under Yuuri’s thighs and lifts, hitching his legs around his waist with a groan. He manages the few unsteady steps required until he can deposit his baby onto the pile of cushions on the lounge and find the half empty bottle of lube waiting in one of the storage bins. Yuuri is already sliding his swimsuit down his thighs and Victor is all too happy to assist in getting his companion bare. He tosses the shorts aside once they’re free of Yuuri’s ankles, cock throbbing as he looks his fill of Yuuri laid out like a feast. His thighs are parted and his cheeks are flushed as he beckons Victor closer. Victor obeys happily, popping the button of his linen shorts and dragging the zipper down to provide some relief to his impatient erection. Yuuri watches this with dark eyes, hitching an ankle around Victor’s back to drag him into the vee of his parted legs.

“So eager for me,” Victor murmurs, teasing a few kisses over Yuuri’s nipples as he pops the cap on the lube, “Do you need my cock that badly, baby?”

Yuuri tosses his head as Victor reaches down to press a slick first finger between his cheeks.

“Yes.”

Despite Yuuri’s impatient squirming Victor takes his time fingering him. They’ve been enjoying an excess of sex in the last three days, and Yuuri gives easily around his fingers, but Victor isn’t about to risk hurting him because they got overenthusiastic. Yuuri doesn’t make it easy on him, however, fucking himself down eagerly on his fingers and biting his lip, his eyes glassy from the pleasure of being filled. Victor eventually has to take a moment to free himself from his briefs, slicking himself with cool lube to keep from coming early.

“Daddy, I’m ready,” Yuuri moans, stretching one leg up to rest on Victor’s shoulder in a beautiful extension, “Don’t make me wait anymore.”

“God,” Victor exhales, pressing a kiss to the inside of Yuuri’s ankle. His baby is so flexible. Victor insists on one last swirl of lube before pulling his fingers from Yuuri’s ass, lining up his cock and driving in. There’s a moment of resistance before Yuuri’s body gives and the head of Victor’s cock is encased in tight heat, not a single barrier between them.

He hitches Yuuri’s knee over his shoulder and sinks deeper, savoring the slick pressure around his cock. Yuuri, so beautifully responsive, whimpers and clutches at the cushions under his head as Victor bottoms out. Victor practically has him bent in half, lifting him off the the chaise so Victor can fuck him kneeling. Yuuri doesn’t object to the position, already using his core to try and drive
himself further onto Victor’s cock.

“No need to work so hard,” Victor says, voice little more than a rumble in his chest, “I’m here, darling.”

Victor leans forward further still, planting his elbows on either side of Yuuri’s head and fucking in, punching an aborted moan from Yuuri’s lungs. It’s electric pleasure, having Yuuri. Feeling the sweet, throbbing squeeze of him around his dick and the luxurious indulgence of his lips against Victor’s own, their kisses breathless and uncoordinated as their bodies meet in rhythm. Victor savors every erotic gasp from Yuuri’s lips, the helpless little ‘ah’ s like music. His brown eyes, sparkling as his lashes fill with tears from the stimulation.

“Gorgeous, baby,” Victor rasps into Yuuri’s ear as he fucks him, “Is it good? Do you want more?”

“Yes, yes,” Yuuri begs, arching his back under Victor, “Harder, daddy—

Victor sits up on his knees again, hefting Yuuri’s other thigh over his shoulder until he can get a grip on his hips. The only sounds after that are the slap of flesh meeting, the crash of the waves against the side of his yacht, and Yuuri’s cries of ecstasy as Victor gives him his cock. Victor isn’t going to last long, not with the way heat is pooling in his core, centered on where he and Yuuri are joined. Not with the way the flickering candlelight plays against Yuuri’s golden skin as he writhes on the lounge, his muscled thighs flexing against Victor’s arms as he meets Victor’s thrusts.

“Fuck, you’re divine,” Victor declares. Yuuri chooses that moment to clench down and Victor explodes, pumping his baby boy full of cum with a shameless groan. Victor grinds deep with stars spotting his vision as his orgasm crests, his breath harsh to his own ears. He doesn’t stop his thrusts until a threatening zing of overstimulation curls up his spine from his cock. Only then does he drop Yuuri’s thighs from his shoulders and allow himself to sprawl forward. Yuuri shifts as Victor’s softening cock slips from his ass, his own erection still pressing hard and urgent against Victor’s belly.

“So good,” Victor murmurs, nuzzling into Yuuri’s sweat slicked throat.

“Victor, please,” Yuuri begs, desperate on the edge of pleasure, “Daddy—”

“Shh, shh,” Victor soothes him, pressing kisses over Yuuri’s flushed cheeks and wrapping his fingers around his cock, “My baby boy. My sweet Yuuri. I’ll take care of you.”

Yuuri cries out beautifully when he comes. Victor kisses at Yuuri’s throat, working at Yuuri’s cock until he whimpers with sensitivity and Victor’s fingers are sticky with cum. Victor nuzzles his way up Yuuri’s jaw until he can press a kiss to Yuuri’s slack lips.

“Good?” Victor asks when they part. Yuuri smiles, eyelids already drooping as post orgasm endorphins set in.

“Yeah.”

“Good,” Victor replies. He drops another kiss on Yuuri’s lips before seeking out the packet of wet wipes from the storage drawer and wiping his hand clean. He tucks himself back into his shorts before grabbing a clean wipe and seeing to his Yuuri.

“Mm, I don’t think I’m going to be walking right tomorrow,” Yuuri says with a punch drunk laugh as Victor gives him a quick clean up.

“I’ll carry you,” Victor promises, which earns another giggle. Feeling the need to defend his
physique, Victor disposes of the wipe before scooping Yuuri up bridal style from the lounge. Yuuri’s surprised yelp is worth the ache in his back Victor will probably feel tomorrow.

“Mm, take me to bed,” Yuuri hums, lethargy setting back in once the surprise of Victor picking him up fades.

“Gladly, darling.” Victor is only a little unsteady on his feet as he carries his naked lover down the narrow staircase to the master cabin. He lays Yuuri down on the soft duvet rolling down the covers until he can convince his sleepy companion to slip underneath. Victor brushes his teeth in the bathroom before stripping out of his own disheveled clothing and slipping into bed as well. Yuuri blinks at him in the darkness, his lovely eyes heavy with sleep. He tucks himself into Victor’s side, laying his head on Victor’s chest and tangling their feet together under the covers. Victor presses a kiss to Yuuri’s hair and watches as he falls into a well earned slumber.

Tomorrow will be their last day in St. Lucia. Each day has been a playful adventure, and each night a new depth of pleasure. As his eyelids grow heavy, Victor clings to the feeling that being with Yuuri inspires, the effervescent sparkle that sings from somewhere behind his breastbone.

It feels warm. Good. Complete.

Whatever this feeling is Victor never wants it to end. He can only hope it follows them home from their vacation and back into the steel and concrete of the city.

Chapter End Notes

Friends, this is the last vacation chapter! After this we return to NYC and all the realities that entails. Stay tuned, and don't forget to share and subscribe if you're enjoying this tasty little adventure!

As always, check out extras on tumblr @summersteve #champagneonice!
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

I will never make a promise that I can’t keep: part 1

Chapter Notes

Yay, Christmas vacation! In the spirit of the holidays, I’m hoping to post every day for the next week or so, so stay tuned, share and subscribe to keep up with this very important arc to come! Some updates (like today) might be shorter, but it’s winding up to a big event I promise ;). Enjoy!

There couldn’t possibly be a sharper return to real life after five balmy days in the Caribbean than the walk through the arrivals gate into JFK airport, Yuuri thinks as he and Victor find a spot in a cafe by the baggage claim to wait for Victor’s chauffeur. Through the huge glass windows he can see the snow swirling, the winter weather welcoming them home to the American northeast with a vengeance. Somehow Victor is still in vacation mode despite the less hospitable environment, chatting away cheerfully as he procures Yuuri the best green tea a humble Starbucks can provide. Jet lag has always hit Yuuri hard, but the lethargy seems to be holding off in the face of Victor’s attentiveness.

A small, insecure voice in Yuuri’s mind had thought Victor might get sick of him, seeing as they’d never been alone together for longer than the span of an overnight dinner date, but if anything arriving home Victor seems eager to spend more time with him. That’s perplexing, but not unwelcome.

“The best cure for a long flight is a good brunch,” Victor is saying, tucking the blue cashmere scarf he’d gifted Yuuri for the return trip more carefully around his neck, “Not here of course, but I know the perfect place in Union Square—”

Victor is interrupted by his phone buzzing loudly on the table. Yuuri has a sinking feeling that the real world is about to intervene with Victor’s plans. Victor glances at the caller id and his expression drops.

“Ah, I’m sorry darling, I should take this,” Victor says, kissing Yuuri’s brow before putting his phone to his ear, “Yes? Sebastian— what? Slow down. ...Of course my phone was off I just landed. No— just hold on.”

Victor’s voice rises, catching a few glances from other customers at the cafe, and he throws Yuuri an apologetic glance before stepping out to a more private alcove, a tinny panicked voice still audible from his phone. Yuuri remains at the table, sipping his tea with increasing concern as Victor’s body language grows more agitated. Eventually he returns, a slump to his shoulders that Yuuri hadn’t seen since they landed in St. Lucia.

“Yes, yes, I’ll be there in a half hour,” Victor is saying his accent more clipped than Yuuri has ever
heard it, “I expect the entire portfolio on my desk when I arrive, I don’t care how you get it done.” Victor ends the call without waiting for a reply. A deep sigh escapes his lips as his gaze returns to Yuuri.

“Raincheck on brunch?” Yuuri offers with a weak smile.

“I’m sorry, baby,” Victor says, sinking back into his seat, “I thought things would be handled more capably in my absence, but it seems I’ve returned home to a crisis.”

“It’s alright,” Yuuri assures him, “You’ve been away, I’m sure you have a lot to catch up on. I should go home and check in with Phichit anyway.”

Victor pouts as he opens his phone, tapping at the screen briefly.

“There,” he says, locking his screen again before rising, grabbing the handle of his rolling suitcase, “I’ve instructed Julio to take you home when he arrives. I’m going to hail a cab.”

“You don’t have to do that,” Yuuri objects, “You should go with your driver and I’ll—”

Victor smiles, shaking his head as he pulls on his jacket.

“No time,” he says regretfully, wrapping his scarf around his neck. Yuuri’s skepticism must show on his face, because Victor’s expression softens. Leaving his suitcase aside, he pulls Yuuri’s fingers to his lips.

“I’ll be ten times as productive if I feel like I’ve taken care of you first,” Victor murmurs, a twinkle in his eye that takes Yuuri back to the sunny deck of the History Maker, just for a moment.

“Okay,” Yuuri agrees, a blush warming his cheeks. He lowers his voice to match Victor’s warm tone. “Thank you, daddy. This whole trip...it was wonderful.”

“You were wonderful, darling,” Victor replies, “There’s no one else I would have wanted to share this time with.”

Victor brushes a stray lock of hair out of Yuuri’s eyes, tucking it behind his ear. The moment stretches, Victor’s tender gesture feeling weighted even after five days of intense intimacy in the Caribbean.

It snaps when Victor’s phone begins buzzing again in his pocket.

“You should go,” Yuuri says.

“I’ll call you,” Victor promises. Drawing his thumb over Yuuri’s cheek one more time, Victor takes his leave, his rolling suitcase trailing behind him as he makes his way out to the cabstand. Yuuri watches out the large windows as Victor vanishes into a cab, the swirling snow swallowing him up on his mission to solve whatever crisis awaits him at the office.

Without Victor the noises of the airport become more immediate. Passengers hurry past the open air cafe dragging all sizes and colors of suitcase. Families embrace by the baggage claim and more than a few couples greet each other with enthusiasm that makes Yuuri avert his gaze. Security announcements sound overhead as Yuuri waits alone at the table for a text from Victor’s chauffeur. The glow leftover from St. Lucia dims a bit as Yuuri sips his now lukewarm tea, exhaustion from the long early flight finally seeping in.
Eventually the text from Julio arrives and Yuuri makes his way out to the snowy pick up lane. As he settles in to the back of Victor’s town car his phone buzzes with a new picture message. In his bleary state it takes Yuuri a moment to laugh at the photo Victor has sent him of what must be his desk. It’s a handsome mahogany number befitting a successful executive. It’s also stacked precariously high with file folders, urgent red tabs sticking out at all angles.

V: *I’m already missing the peace and quiet with you, baby boy*

Yuuri smiles fondly at the message. He replies as Victor’s driver pulls them away from the curb.

*YK: Work hard, daddy. I’ll be here to help you relax when you’ve caught up ;)*

V: <3333
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

I will never make a promise that I can’t keep: part 2

It’s a week before Yuuri hears from Victor, other than the occasional text. It’s late, even by Manhattan dinner standards, but Yuuri doesn’t have to work in the morning so he accepts Victor’s invitation to his apartment for a “home cooked meal”.

At ten o’clock Yuuri is buzzed in to Victor’s penthouse apartment. Victor greets him at the door with his phone held to his ear, while over his shoulder Yuuri spots a chef in an actual toque working in Victor’s open plan kitchen. Victor takes Yuuri’s coat with an apologetic smile, holding up one finger to indicate he’s almost done. Yuuri nods, and lets himself be distracted for a moment by the arrival of Victor’s dog. Yuuri’s been to Victor’s apartment a few times now, and has earned his place in the poodle’s affections.

Yuuri bends down to give Makkachin an enthusiastic hello, giving Victor time to finish his call.

“Sebastian, you are not to call me for the next eight hours,” He’s saying into the receiver, “Or I will be looking for a new executive vice-president. Do I make myself clear?”

With his fingers buried in Makkachin’s soft curls, Yuuri manages a few moments of observation without Victor’s noticing. Victor is dressed obscenely casually by his standards, in only a dress shirt and slacks with his sleeves rolled up to his forearms. No tie, even. His hair is unkempt, as though he’d spent the day dragging his fingers through it. Yuuri notices a briefcase slung near the door and an overcoat left thrown over the couch. By the looks of things Victor just walked in the door himself.

It seems like Victor hadn’t had much recovery time after their vacation.

“Ah, Yuuri, I’m sorry about that,” Victor apologizes once he finally ends his call. He helps Yuuri to his feet, pulling him into a gentle kiss.

“You look beautiful as always, darling,” he murmurs, fingering the collar of Yuuri’s blue cashmere turtleneck, “I’m so glad you could join me tonight.”

Yuuri rests his hands on Victor’s chest comfortably. “Of course. I’m glad you called.”

“I hope you’re hungry,” Victor says, turning towards the activity in the kitchen, “Dinner is almost ready.”

“It certainly looks exciting,” Yuuri says, “Like our own restaurant.”

“I suppose ‘home-cooked’ was a bit of a misnomer,” Victor admits, kissing Yuuri’s temple, “But after the day I had I thought dinner was best left to the professionals.”

“It smells delicious,” Yuuri says, listening to the crackle of fish searing in a pan.

“Mm, Jean-George is a genius with swordfish,” Victor agrees, “Let me pour you some wine while
we wait?”

“Sure."

A few minutes and a half a glass of wine and dinner is ready. Victor guides Yuuri to a seat at a small, elegant table lit with candles while Makkachin curls up politely at their feet. Waiting for them on two restaurant perfect plates is seared swordfish, with fresh peas and new potatoes.

“Thank you, Jean-George,” Victor says as the chef pours a fragrant brown sauce on their plates from a small carafe on the table.

“Of course, Mr. Nikiforov,” The chef replies, “will you be needing anything else this evening?”

“I think we can fend for ourselves from here out, thank you,” Victor says, taking Yuuri’s hand.

“Of course, sir. Enjoy.”

Once the chef takes his leave Victor sighs, pulling Yuuri’s hand to press his palm to his cheek. Yuuri strokes his thumb under Victor’s eye, humming sympathetically at the deep circles there.

“You look tired, daddy.”

Victor sighs again, but smiles. “It’s been a week, I’ll admit,” he agrees, “But I’m here now, and very happy to be with less stressful company.”

“I hope things are smoothing out?” Yuuri asks, not sure how much business Victor wants to discuss.

“They are,” Victor confirms, releasing Yuuri’s hand, “We’re working towards a new licensing partnership with a major sports label. I had been counting on my senior staff to handle more of the legwork while I was away, but these things happen. I just need to do a little heavy lifting with the executives and we’ll be back on track.”

“That sounds stressful,” Yuuri observes, casting his eye to Victor’s less polished than usual appearance.

“It’s exciting too, thought,” Victor says, eyes gleaming, “Don’t think I’m unhappy, darling. I built this company from the ground up, and I love running it. A few bumps in my quarterly plans don’t change that.”

Victor’s statement is punctuated by a somewhat inelegant yawn.

“That’s not to say I want to work many more eighty hour weeks,” he amends sheepishly as Yuuri laughs, “I’m not as young as I once was.”

Yuuri rolls his eyes affectionately at his sugar daddy, who despite his silvery hair can’t be older than thirty.

“Well, I’m here to take care of you tonight, at least,” Yuuri says, raising his wine glass in a toast.

“I’ll drink to that, my Yuuri,” Victor replies, clinking their glasses together gently, “Let’s eat.”

Dinner is delicious, and mostly fed to Yuuri off of Victor’s fork. Victor is clearly doing his best to be his attentive self despite his hectic week at work and Yuuri does his best to show his appreciation, humming in pleasure with every crisp bite of fish and teasing the length of Victor’s calf with his foot under the table. By the time their wine glasses empty and their plates clear Victor’s eyes are dark
and wanting.

“Why don’t we take this to the bedroom, hm?” he offers, taking Yuuri’s hand. This time Yuuri pulls Victor’s knuckles to his lips.

“I would love to,” he replies. Victor doesn’t hesitate to pull him into a kiss as they stand, and Yuuri follows him happily by the mouth until they’re closing the door on a disappointed Makkachin and Yuuri finds himself pressed into Victor’s obscenely luxurious California king. They’re still fully clothed but that isn’t discouraging Victor who sucks kisses into Yuuri’s throat and grabs a handful of Yuuri’s ass over his designer jeans.

“I was spoiled on vacation, baby,” Victor rumbles into the skin of Yuuri’s throat, “A week without you was like torture.”

Yuuri hums in sympathy before wrapping his thighs around Victor’s waist and flipping them over on the mattress. Victor’s eyes widen in surprise before he groans as Yuuri grinds down on Victor’s hardening cock.

“I’ll make you feel better, daddy” Yuuri murmurs, shivering pleasantly when Victor gives his ass another squeeze, “Just let me freshen up a minute?”

“Anything you need, baby,” Victor replies, releasing him, “I’ll be waiting.”

Yuuri slips off of Victor’s lap with one more teasing kiss and saunters into the nearby ensuite. When he glances back Victor is kicking off his shoes, leaning back on his elbows with a rakish grin.

His grin is less rakish when Yuuri emerges barely two minutes later to find Victor slumped on the bed, dead asleep.

“Victor?” Yuuri calls, stepping out of the bathroom in just silk boxers, but his date doesn’t stir, his knees still hanging off the edge of the mattress adorably as he lets out a soft snore. Yuuri leans against the doorway taking in the endearing sight. Victor must have been even more exhausted than he’d let on.

Yuuri takes the change in plans for the evening in stride, and gets to work getting Victor a little more comfortable for bed. Victor’s watch goes on the bedside table along with his phone. Yuuri has plenty of practice getting Victor’s belt open, and he manages to slide it from it’s loops without waking him.

It’s only when Yuuri tugs Victor’s fitted suit pants over his hips that his companion finally stirs.

“...Yuuri?” Victor mumbles, blinking sluggishly as Yuuri lays the pants over a chair,

“I’m awake, don’t—”

“It’s okay,” Yuuri assures him, “Come on, let’s get you under the covers.”

Despite his half-hearted protests Victor goes quietly as Yuuri pulls back the duvet and sheets and gets them both tucked in underneath. Victor is still in his dress shirt as he slumps onto Yuuri’s chest.

“M’sorry,” Victor slurs, fingers curling around Yuuri’s ribs.

“Shh, daddy,” Yuuri murmurs, combing his fingers through Victor’s hair, “You need the rest.”

“Need you ,” Victor mumbles insistently, but he’s already drifting off again, his head tucked into the crook of Yuuri’s shoulder.
Yuuri turns out the light, scrolling through his phone until Victor’s breaths have gone long and slow. It’s warm, snuggled in close with Victor like this, and it isn’t long before Yuuri’s eyes are growing heavy as well. With a yawn, Yuuri sets his own alarm to Victor’s preferred wake up time, just in case, and sets it on the bedside table beside Victor’s.

Yuuri gets comfortable against the mound of goose down pillows and presses one more kiss to Victor’s forehead before drifting off himself.

*****

Yuuri doesn’t wake in the morning to the sound of an alarm, but to the drag of Victor’s fingers through his hair.

“Hm, Victor?” he mumbles, blinking awake. It looks like Victor has already showered for the day, dressed in another one of his impeccable suits. His watch glints on his wrist, and his hair is coiffed perfectly, a far cry from his disheveled appearance last night.

“Good morning, my Yuuri.”

Yuuri hums and stretches. The curtains are drawn closed, but there’s a gleam of morning light spilling through the the crack.

“Good morning,” he replies, resting up on one elbow “Do you feel better?”

“Much.” The circles under Victor’s eyes are less pronounced, Yuuri notices as Victor bends to kiss him, which comes as a relief.

“I turned the alarm off before it woke you,” Victor says when they part, “I hope you didn’t have somewhere early you needed to be?”

“No, no,” Yuuri says, waving off Victor’s concern, “I set it for you.”

“Thank you, darling.” Victor draws his thumb over the curve of Yuuri’s cheek, eyes sparkling.

“I do feel like I owe you an apology after last night,” Victor continues, “Maybe a present? I could pick out something special for you.”

“I don’t need an apology,” Yuuri says, smiling when Victor’s brow furrows in surprise, “I had fun last night, so if you send me something, do it because you’re thinking of me, not because you feel like you have to make up for something.”

Victor’s gaze goes soft and thoughtful. “Duly noted.”

Yuuri lets Victor take another kiss, but before he can pull away he nips at his bottom lip. Victor jumps a little, more so when Yuuri cups him through the front of his Armani suit pants. Yuuri strokes the still mostly soft shape of Victor’s cock, licking his lips.

“Will you let me give you something to think about today while you’re at the office?”

Victor looks torn, though his gaze drops to Yuuri’s mouth immediately. “My driver is already on his way…”
Yuuri circles his thumb over the head of Victor’s cock through his trousers. “I can be quick,” he promises.

For a moment Yuuri thinks Victor might deny him, but then his cock twitches under Yuuri’s fingers and Victor shivers.

“You are temptation itself, baby boy,” Victor says ruefully, but his hand goes to his fly and he tugs down his zipper to give Yuuri what he’s after.

Yuuri doesn’t hesitate to slip his fingers into the slit of Victor’s silk boxers and free his cock. He gives him a few pumps with his loose fist before wrapping his lips around the flushed head and sinking down with an eager groan. Yuuri works him to full hardness with his mouth then sets Victor’s hands in his bed rumpled hair, encouraging his daddy to thrust. Victor takes the invitation readily, stretching Yuuri’s jaw wide with his thick cock. He’s tense, his grip already trembling as he rocks into Yuuri’s mouth. Yuuri wonders if Victor has even had time to get himself off since they last saw each other. By his eagerness now he would have to guess no.

Victor comes quicker than usual, his tightening grip in Yuuri’s hair the only warning before he shudders through his orgasm. Unprepared, Yuuri does his best to swallow the cum that floods his mouth but he can’t help the dribble that escapes from the corner of his lips.

Victor’s breath is harsh as Yuuri licks him clean and tucks him back into his trousers, but he has a pleased flush to his cheeks when Yuuri looks up.

“Fuck,” Victor murmurs, thumbing the drip of cum off Yuuri’s cheek and pressing it back between his lips, “You’re so good to me, Yuuri.”

Yuuri sucks Victor’s thumb clean before licking his swollen lips.

“You know I like it, daddy,” Yuuri replies, rolling into his back so Victor can see his cock tenting his boxers. Victor’s eyes go hungry, but then his phone buzzes in his pocket.

“That must be Julio,” he says, looking torn again.

“Mm, don’t worry about me,” Yuuri promises, stroking himself over his boxers, “I can take care of myself.”

“I know,” Victor whines, “That’s the worst part.”

“If you go to work now like you should, maybe you’ll have some pictures waiting when you get to the office.”

Yuuri punctuates his promise with another squeeze, not holding back his low groan of pleasure. His eyes flutter shut and he’s surprised when Victor takes his mouth in a passionate, demanding kiss.

“Victor—“ Yuuri gasps against his lips.

“I’m going,” Victor promises, breaking away with great reluctance, “I hope to hear from you very soon, baby boy.”

“You will,” Yuuri replies, a little breathless. Victor kisses him once more before leaving, his phone already ringing again as he leaves.

Yuuri relaxes again into Victor’s pillows once he hears the front door shut, grabbing his phone from the bedside table. He gives himself another stroke over his boxers and opens up his camera function.
He doesn’t want to keep Victor waiting.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

I will never make a promise that I can’t keep: part 3

Yuuri receives a flood of Victor’s embarrassingly effusive praise in response to the pictures he sends after their date. Victor’s “not an apology” present arrives two days later, and it’s lovely, as Victor’s gifts always are.

After that Yuuri doesn’t hear from Victor for two weeks. On day fifteen Yuuri sends a text to check in.

**YK: I hope you’re not working too hard, daddy ;)**

**YK: Maybe you have time for a drink this week? You know I’m flexible and I’d love to see you.**

Yuuri doesn’t hear back for two days.

**V: I’m sorry darling, but things are at a critical point. I’ll call you as soon as the ink is dry on this contract**

V:...

V: ♡♡♡♡

That’s, well, it’s disappointing, but Yuuri knows Victor is busy with his big licensing thing, so he gives him his space. Instead Yuuri focuses on his job and spends time with Phichit. Even though Yuuri supports them both living in the city he still feels bad that between Phichit’s class schedule and Yuuri’s date schedule they haven’t been able to hang out as much. Yuuri is eager to hear from Victor, but he cares about Phichit too.

After spending so much time with Victor in St. Lucia, it’s probably been good for him to take a little time and focus on some of the relationships he had before his sugar daddy was a part of his life.

Today he and Phichit are taking advantage of their mutual day off to enjoy a little thrift shopping. It reminds Yuuri pleasantly of when they first moved to New York, when even the obscene rent rates and Phichit’s NYU tuition didn’t stop the from scrounging up a few dollars to splurge on weird sweaters and mismatched kitchen dishes.

After a careful and lengthy curation process, Phichit disappears into a dressing room with an armful of jeans. Yuuri strolls the aisles while he waits, the smell of old VHS tapes and mothballs in his nose as he looks for something for Victor. It’s probably a stupid impulse, seeing as Victor can literally buy himself anything he wants, but Yuuri can’t help but want to do something to show Victor he’s still thinking of him, even if they haven’t been on a date in a while. The contents of their neighborhood Goodwill are hardly going to impress Victor’s sense of taste, but maybe something funny. It would be nice to make Victor smile over something besides Yuuri’s amateur nudes.
“Find anything?” Phichit asks, returning from the dressing room with a pair of bright orange overalls tossed triumphantly over his shoulder.

“Not yet,” Yuuri sighs, “There probably won’t be anything, but I thought I’d give it a try.”

“Well I’m sure Victor isn’t lacking,” Phichit says good naturedly.

“I just don’t want him to think I’m annoyed with him for not calling,” Yuuri says, considering a flamingo printed sweater before setting it aside, “Or that I’ll get tired of him the minute he gets busy. Who knows though. Maybe Victor’s getting tired of me.”

“I mean, your Gucci jacket says otherwise,” Phichit points out, flipping through the racks. Yuuri fingers the zipper of his new quilted silk bomber jacket with a smile. Something to remind you of spring, Victor’s note had read, and the strange, beautiful pale green floral pattern certainly does. It’s not what Yuuri might have chosen, but Victor’s taste never disappoints. He can’t wait for Victor to see him wearing it.

Yuuri clears his throat when he realizes he’s been drifting.

“I guess so. And our rent check cleared yesterday,” he says, his pragmatic side outweighing his self-consciousness when it comes to money, “Not that I think Victor would do something like that without talking to me first, but it would send a pretty clear signal.”

“Mm, he’s always right on time,” Phichit agrees, laughing, “Even though you haven’t had much opportunity to remind him why he signs the check.”

“It’s not like that,” Yuuri says immediately. Phichit raises an eyebrow and Yuuri can feel his cheeks heating.

“Okay, it is technically like that,” he amends, “But Victor would never make me feel like...like I had to earn anything.”

Yuuri pictures Victor overhearing Phichit’s comment and laughs a little at the thought of his offended expression.

“Victor is too high class for that,” Yuuri continues, “And...and so am I, you know?”

“I do know,” Phichit replies, meeting Yuuri’s gaze over the rack of sweaters, “If you weren’t doing what it is you do with this Nikiforov guy I wouldn’t be getting my degree in the spring, so don’t think I’m being down on you about it, Yuuri. I’d still rather get a job than have you do anything you don’t want to do.”

“I do want to though,” Yuuri says. He sifts through a box of old silk ties to spare himself having to make eye contact.

“Victor is...sweet,” Yuuri continues, “And lonely, I think. He gets really animated talking about software, but he’s always worried that he’s boring me with it, you know? And I want to know who made him feel that way, because Victor works so hard and he’s so passionate—“

Yuuri cuts himself off as he realizes he’s been rambling, threading a silver tie through his fingers that matches the exact shade of Victor’s hair.

“But, um, he’s got his own life, too,” Yuuri continues, dropping the tie, “And he respects mine. So when we’re together, it’s...it’s good.”
Yuuri looks up to see Phichit eyeing him thoughtfully.

“Your life is wild,” He says eventually, shaking his head, “But at least you’ve got your head screwed on straight, Yuuri-kun.”

Yuuri shrugs. “I guess. Are you going to get those overalls?”

“Yeah, and the weird lunch box,” Phichit nods, thoughts turning right back to their shopping, “Are you getting anything?”

“I wanted to look at the dishes and see if they have a glass to replace the one I broke,” Yuuri says, “Meet you at the register?”

“Sure thing.”

It’s tucked in among the chipped wine glasses and second hand mugs that Yuuri makes his discovery. He can hardly believe his eyes when he sees it, still in a gift box with clear-fil panels showing off its contents in all their cringeworthy glory.

Yuuri pulls the gift off the shelf, brushing his thumb over the mass produced lettering airbrushed on the surface. It’s perfect. Yuuri pictures the cute blush that will bloom on Victor’s cheeks when he opens it and he knows this is the gift he’s been looking for.

His mission for drinking glasses forgotten, Yuuri makes his way to the register, treasure in hand. Phichit gets a good look at what he’s carrying and bursts out laughing.

“I take back what I said,” he says, wiping away a pretend tear, “You’re insane, and I love it.”

“It’s a joke,” Yuuri replies defensively, cradling the box to his chest.

“Sure it is, Yuuri,” Phichit coos, plucking the gift from Yuuri’s hands to add to their pile, “I’m sure Victor will find it hilarious.”

Yuuri is still blushing when they head back out into the snow with their purchases. On the way home they stop at the courier service on the corner so that Yuuri can get his present delivered to Victor. He spends a few minutes struggling over the note, but in the end he decides to just be honest.

He asked Victor to always be himself.

The least Yuuri can do is offer the same.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

I will never make a promise that I can’t keep: part 4

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the cliffhanger! The holidays turned out a little busier than I anticipated. Hope you enjoy ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Congratulations, Mr. Nikiforov.”

Victor hands off the fountain pen to his assistant and closes the leather portfolio, his signature jet black on the contract he’s been working toward night and day for the last few weeks.

“Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,” Victor says, rising from his seat, “On behalf of Grand Prix Enterprises may I say we look forward to a long and productive partnership with Under Armor.”

He shakes hands with the company representatives across the table and the room breaks out into a round of applause. Victor smiles, taking in his moment of victory. His fiscal year is looking rock solid, and hopefully the next few years to come as well.

Once the Under Armor representatives leave has he some rounds to make, shaking hands with his vice presidents and the trustees who came for the official contract signing. Victor politely declines several invitations from his senior staff to join in on after work celebrations as he finally makes his way out of the conference room. His employees have worked as hard as he has and deserve time to blow off some steam without their CEO in earshot. Besides, Victor has a more private kind of celebration in mind.

He can’t wait to call Yuuri. He can only hope that his number hasn’t been blocked after almost three weeks of radio silence.

“Send out an announcement, Angelica,” Victor says as he passes his secretary’s desk on the way to his office, “Tomorrow and Saturday are going to be paid days off for the entire building. Tell the staff to enjoy a three day weekend with my gratitude.”

“I will, thank you, Mr. Nikiforov,” Angelica replies, looking nearly as tired as Victor feels, “Also, there’s been a delivery for you, sir. I left it on the desk.”

Victor thanks his secretary and steps into his office to see a small parcel waiting for him. He glances at the tag as he retrieved his personal phone from his desk drawer and pauses when he realizes the package is addressed to him from Yuuri.

“What are you up to, my Yuuri?” Victor wonders to himself as he uses his Tiffany letter opener to
split the seal on the cardboard box. He opens the flap to see folded note sitting on top of the packages contents, hand addressed with a simple Victor on the outside.

Victor can admit he’s nervous as he pulls the letter from the box. He hasn’t heard from Yuuri since he had to turn him down for a date last week, and he wouldn’t blame his companion in for feeling slighted. It’s what always happens to Victor in the end. He gets attached, then his business priorities take center stage and the people in his private life can’t handle the long hours. That was the reason behind he and Yuuri’s arrangement from the start. Still, Victor promises himself that he won’t be angry if Yuuri has moved on. A letter and a gift is far more elegant than a text message, if this is Yuuri’s way of saying goodbye.

Victor hadn’t planned on ever saying goodbye, but that’s his own fault for getting attached again.

Hands shaking with trepidation, Victor unfolds the enclosed note and reads.

Victor,

I know you’re busy, and we haven’t gotten to see much of each other lately, but you’re still on my mind. This gift isn’t anything lovely like you’ve given me, but it made me laugh, and think of you. I hope it brightens your day.

You work hard, and I’ll never ask you to change that. Just remember you don’t have to be alone. I’ll be here for you. I promise.

Yours,

Yuuri

Victor has to blink away tears as he finishes Yuuri’s letter, the opposite of everything he feared. The words are so simple, but Victor’s heart is thudding in his chest.

You don’t have to be alone.

No one had ever given Victor reason to believe such a sentiment before his Yuuri. Feeling the long hours of his day already melting off his shoulders, Victor reaches for Yuuri’s gift, pulling the smaller box inside from its protective nest of packing peanuts.

At first he isn’t sure what exactly he’s looking at.

It appears to be…a blue coffee mug? In some kind of vintage collector packaging complete with clear plastic panels. Puzzled, Victor turns the box around to see the front, and his tears finally spill as he bursts out laughing.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy! the mug announces cheerfully in silver font, complete with eighties movie type and a large red heart.

Victor pulls the mug from its box, cradling the cheap ceramic in his hands. It’s obviously mass produced. Made in China, even.

This may be the tackiest object he has ever seen with his own two eyes.

It’s beautiful.
And it’s not like Victor lacks for cups from which to drink coffee. He has a full set of Michael Wainwrights in his cupboard, not to mention a mountain of freebies from his old colleges and various charities. So Victor has plenty of options. For coffee.

But this. Victor realizes, staring down at garish typeface and a faded heart, this is the coffee mug he wants to come home to for the rest of his life. The rest can collect dust in the cupboard forever as far as he’s concerned.

It seems as frequently as Victor is giving expensive gifts he receives them. From colleagues trying to climb the corporate ladder to rival companies that want to do business to women and men who think they can win Victor’s heart with fifteen year old scotch or monogrammed cufflinks. Those gifts are the worst. Hefty price tags but no thought, no care, just empty gifts to match the blank checkbook they all see when they look at Victor.

Then there’s Yuuri. Yuuri, for whom Victor was literally set up to be a blank checkbook, who still managed to make Victor feel human, make him laugh, with just a few sentences on a card and a cheap coffee mug.

His phone is in his hand with Yuuri’s number dialing before he fully realizes what he’s doing. Victor wipes his tears as he paces behind his desk, the Manhattan skyline as his backdrop as the painful seconds pass by. Thankfully it’s only two rings before someone picks up.

“Victor? Did you get my package?” Yuuri’s voice crackles over the line. God, Victor missed his baby boy so badly.

“Yuuri.” Victor wants to laugh, wants to cry with the simplicity of it.

“Yuuri, darling, I think I’m in love with you.”

This is it, Victor thinks as the silence stretches on Yuuri’s end of the line. He presses his forehead to the plate glass window behind his desk and waits. This is finally when Yuuri realizes how pathetic he is. How clingy, and selfish, and Yuuri’s next words will probably be to tell Victor to lose his number—

“Well? What are you going to do about it?”

It takes him a moment to process what is almost definitely not a rejection, and then Victor laughs, relief buzzing in his veins like a drug.

“I’ll be there to pick you up in an hour,” Victor declares, grabbing his briefcase and Yuuri’s gift, “I’m coming to get you as soon as I can, just let me—”

Pressing his phone to his chest, Victor sticks his head back out into the hall where his secretary is still at the desk.

“Angelica, can you do me one more favor tonight? I need plane tickets. Tickets to—”

Victor pauses, then brings the phone back to his ear.

“Yuuri?”

“I’m still here.”

“Do you prefer Las Vegas or Niagara Falls?”
Victor hears a sharp intake of breath, but then his Yuuri is laughing, loud and clear and happy.

“Surprise me, daddy,” Yuuri answers at last, smile clear across the line, “You know what I like.”

“Yes, yes I do!” Victor replies, “At least I hope I do. I’m going to make it my permanent business to know, my Yuuri, I promise.”

“Okay,” Yuuri replies, laughing again, “And Victor?”

“Yes, darling?”

Yuuri’s next words send Victor’s heart thumping against his ribcage.

“I love you, too.”

Ten minutes later Victor is sliding into the backseat of his town car, still clutching Yuuri’s gift and two first class plane tickets. Julio has Yuuri’s address and instructions to get Victor there as quickly as traffic laws will allow. As he waits the agonizing forty minutes it will take to get downtown, Victor sends out a text message.

V: Christophe, I've just made a wonderfully rash decision

C: Oh??? Does it involve our dear mutual friend Mr. Katsuki?

V: Hopefully. How quickly can you get to Vegas?

C: !!!!!!!

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Thank you everyone for reading this far, and as always I hope you'll share and subscribe if you're enjoying! Check out my Tumblr @summersteve #champagneonice to see all the gifts and extras from this most recent set of chapters (especially the terrible mug that won Victor's heart<333)

As for what's coming next? Well...I'm thinking of another well known Bruno Mars song,...))) What exactly do people do in Las Vegas???
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

It's a beautiful night...we're looking for something dumb to do...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After Victor texts Christophe he has a lot of phone calls to make, and things start to move very quickly.

~

Yuuri comes running out of his building looking like he just got out of one of his classes, still in yoga pants and a zip up jacket. He’s as beautiful as Victor has ever seen him.

“Be mine, Katsuki Yuuri,” Victor pleads when Yuuri tumbles into the backseat of the Lincoln. He hasn’t got a ring for his lover, only two first class tickets to Vegas. “Marry me.”

“Yes,” Yuuri breathes, “But Victor—”

Victor doesn’t mean to cut Yuuri off, but he’s so overwhelmed with joy that he absolutely has to kiss his baby boy right then and there. Yuuri stiffens, then melts, and they’re too distracted to talk for the rest of the drive to the airport.

~

“Oh my god, Phichit,” Yuuri cries suddenly as they’re pulling their coats back on after going through TSA, “I forgot all about him. Victor, he has to be there, he—”

“Is going to be on the next flight behind us,” Victor cuts him off, waving the ticket confirmation on his phone, “I’ve sent a car to pick him up from his evening class. Christophe is going to meet him at the airport and they’re both going to meet us in the chapel.”

“Oh.” Yuuri’s shoulders drop in relief as he scrolls through the itinerary on Victor’s phone. When he looks up, his eyes are sparkling. “You think of everything, don’t you?”

“We can’t get married without our best men,” Victor replies with a wink, bending to help Yuuri into his boots.

A buzzing announcement sounds overhead and Victor bounces back to his feet.

“That’s us,” he declares, grabbing Yuuri by the hand, “And it’s final boarding! It looks like we’re just going to make it in time.”

~
As soon as they’re boarded Victor is back on his phone. There’s so much to set in motion and it all has to be perfect.

“Victor, we should really talk,” Yuuri points out as the fasten seatbelt lights flash on, “Are you sure—”

“Just a second, darling, this is serious,” Victor says before returning to his call, “Yes, Julio. Meet us on the tarmac. We’ll have to get started on the tailoring right away.”

“Sir, for the last time, you’re going to have to put your phone on airplane mode—”

“Victor. Victor we’re landing.”

Victor jolts awake as the plane touches down, leaving an embarrassing spot of drool where he must have been slumped against Yuuri’s shoulder.

“Good god, did I fall asleep?” He realizes, horrified, “Yuuri, I’m so sorry—“

“It’s okay,” Yuuri promises, smiling softly, “You needed the sleep. And I needed the time to think.”

“Time to think?” Victor repeats.

“Yeah.” Yuuri slides a cocktail napkin across the fold down tray. The small white square is lined with Yuuri’s neat handwriting.

“I know it’s not very romantic,” Yuuri explains, “But I wrote us a new contract.”

Victor almost laughs. “Yuuri, we won’t—”

“When we first met I knew I could trust you because you took my contract seriously, so please take this seriously now.”

Yuuri takes Victor’s hand, squeezing it tight.

“I took my time to think, and I’m in,” Yuuri says, brown eyes serious, “I’m in for the glamour and the gifts and the travel, but I’m also in for the eighty hour weeks and the bad days at the office. This—”

Yuuri taps his cocktail napkin contract again.

“This is what I need in return,” he says, “If you can’t promise me these conditions then as much as I love you I can’t marry you.”

The plane taxis ever nearer to the boarding gate beneath them, the sun just breaking over the city skyline out their small windows as Victor accepts Yuuri’s handwritten list.

“No more whirlwind romance, no more spur of the moment decisions, not for the next few minutes,” Yuuri pleads, “Really think about it, Victor.”

“I will,” Victor promises. He kisses Yuuri’s knuckles once before he begins to read.

Relationship rules for our mutual benefit:

I. Respect our time together. If working late means missing plans be honest with me. If you need time
to yourself be honest with me, and I promise to always be honest with you.

II. Respect my goals and professional ambitions the way I promise to respect yours. Your money doesn’t mean I don’t want to have my own work I can be passionate about.

III. Share your thoughts, dreams and fantasies with me. Let’s explore together, in the bedroom and out.

IV. Never spend money on me as an apology. I only want gifts from you as a sign of love, not a replacement for it.

V. Be who you are, not who you think I want you to be.

Victor reads and rereads each of Yuuri’s requests, giving each of the five rules the thought that his darling has reasonably asked of him. When Victor is ready to reply, they are nearly the only ones left on the plane, all the other passengers scurrying on to their next destination.

“Yuuri,” Victor responds at last, tucking the napkin in his wallet for future safekeeping, “Besides the fact that you are gorgeous, sexy, intelligent, funny, and one of the kindest people I’ve ever spent time with, I think this contract is the reason I have to make sure you don’t slip away. Thank you, darling.”

“Is...is that your answer?” Yuuri asks, a little confused.

“My answer should be waiting for us in a car outside,” Victor says, “Can I show you?”

Yuuri agrees, and it’s a blessedly short walk out to the arrivals gate despite the crowds in McCarran International airport. Victor breathes a sigh of relief when they step out into the mild Nevada weather to see a pristine black limousine waiting for them in the VIP pick ups. Leading Yuuri over to the car, Victor opens the backdoor to find the long slim garment box he’d been counting on waiting for him. Holding the box to his chest, Victor finally turns to his companion. Yuuri has been waiting so patiently. Victor can only hope his response is what is maybe-fiancé needs to hear.

“I know how little jewelry means to you,” Victor explains, “So I chose something more unique to show you my love. Something that suits us, and how we came to find one another, however non-traditional it might have been. However non-traditional we might always be, Yuuri, I love what we have, and I love you. So...”

Victor goes down on one knee, offering his baby boy his heart in the form of a dull grey garment box embossed with the iconic Alexander McQueen.

“I swear on this soon-to-be bespoke dinner jacket,” Victor vows, “On the most sacred name in all of fashion, that I will always be honest with you. That I will support you in all your dreams and ambitions and cherish you for supporting mine. That I will share with you every joy and pleasure we can imagine together, in the bedroom and around the world. That the only gifts you will ever receive from me will be out of love, and undying gratitude for your precious companionship.”

Victor takes a deep breath, heart racing.

“I swear I will never hide myself from you,” he says, “I only ask the same in return, my love.”

“Victor...” Yuuri covers his mouth with his hands, his lush eyelashes sparkling with tears.
“I have the complementary suit in the car for myself,” Victor reveals, offering Yuuri the gift box, “Will you marry me in Alexander McQueen, baby boy?”

“Yes,” Yuuri replies for the second time that day, “Yes, of course I will.”

Yuuri pulls Victor to his feet and into a passionate kiss, the garment box wedged awkwardly between them. Victor is still catching his breath when Yuuri manages to pry the lid off the designer packaging, riffling through the black tissue paper until his wedding suit is revealed. Yuuri reaches out with trembling fingers to stroke the chocolate brown velvet, the black silk lapels, and the shimmering gold accents.

“How did I manage to find someone with such impeccable taste?” Yuuri asks, happy tears finally spilling over, “It’s perfect.”

He pulls Victor into another kiss, clutching the coat to his chest.

“Daddy, I love it,” Yuuri declares when they part, “I love you. I want to wear this suit as soon as possible.”

“Then we should get going,” Victor replies, returning Yuuri’s new jacket to its box and guiding his fiancé to the car, where a tailor and his second assistant are waiting.

“Where are we going?” Yuuri asks as Victor assists him into the backseat of the limousine.


”Tonight we have a date at the Chapel in the Clouds.”

Chapter End Notes

Next up: A wedding! and a wedding night ;)))) I’m going to wait for the next chapter to post pictures of Victor and Yuuri's wedding suits on Tumblr, so until then enjoy a walk down memory lane with previous chapter extras, @summersteve #champagneonice!
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Hey baby, I think I wanna marry you...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At Victor’s insistence, they parted ways when it came time to dress for the ceremony.

* I'm just down the hall, * Yuuri’s fiancé promised, kissing him sweetly before shooing him into a private suite in the Stratosphere hotel where his pressed and tailored *Alexander McQueen* tuxedo/smoking jacket is waiting.

At first on his own, Yuuri’s nerves had begun to creep in, but smoothing down the black silk lapels of his suit Yuuri knows Victor was right to insist on this one tradition. He can’t wait for Victor to see how well his choice suits him.

After a whirlwind tailoring session that morning Yuuri’s jacket hugs his figure perfectly. The brown velvet is almost black, and the entire surface is picked out with a pattern of luminous gold peacock feathers tipped in tiny crystals. Yuuri knows when he looks good, and the lush material and shimmering embroidery make his complexion glow and his eyes sparkle. Head to toe, he feels like a million dollars.

Not to mention what he’s wearing underneath.

Waiting in the suite beside Yuuri’s wedding suit had been the familiar pink and black box of *Agent Provocateur*. Reading the enclosed note Yuuri was surprised to find it not from Victor, but a gift from a dear mutual friend.

* Mon cher, *

All my best wishes for your future happiness in love and marriage. May this gift serve to remind your darling fiancé what lucky bastard he is. If he ever forgets, you send him over to Geneva and I’ll straighten him right out for you ;)

Kisses,

* Christophe*

Considering Christophe’s tastes Yuuri thinks his former mentor made an excellent choice, one he can’t wait to surprise Victor with later. The perfect fit of the sheer lingerie goes a long way to make Yuuri feel confident meeting one of the most handsome bachelors in the world at the altar. He turns in front of the mirror, checking the last details of his appearance before he’s supposed to meet Victor downstairs.
Yuuri has slicked his hair back, but after some thought he decides to forego his contacts and wear his glasses. Looking into the mirror and seeing his blue frames is kind of a relief. It reminds Yuuri of the person he was before he met Victor. The person he still is, even wearing a thirteen-thousand dollar velvet jacket. The person Victor fell in love with.

Yuuri smiles, straightening his tie one last time. He looks amazing, and he feels like himself. He’s ready.

As if on cue, there’s a knock at the door.

“Yuuri, are you decent?”

Grinning, Yuuri goes to the door to find his roommate on the other side.

“Surprise,” Phichit exclaims, wearing a new suit with a gold printed tie, “Best man, reporting for duty!”

Yuuri pulls his best friend into a tight hug.

“I’m so glad you’re here,” he says, face pressed into Phichit’s shoulder.

“You can thank Victor for that,” Phichit says, “Eight hours ago I was sitting in Copyright II in a ratty NYU sweatshirt and now I’m here in Gucci.”

Seeing Phichit is bringing finally bringing this whole crazy adventure into reality. Yuuri is getting married. He’s marrying Victor and his best friend is here and Yuuri finally feels his nerves but he’s also incredibly, indescribably happy. Yuuri laughs, eyes a little wet.

“Well, you look amazing,” Yuuri manages, pulling back to get a look at Phichit’s sharp black suit, “How did you put this together?”

“I made a friend at the airport who gave some great fashion advice,” Phichit reveals, grinning, “I think you two know each other?”

“Law student to groomsman in sixty minutes,” a familiar French-Swiss accent declares, “A record achievement, even for me, wouldn’t you say, cher?”

Christophe Giacometti leans against the doorway, looking gallant in his own formal suit, completed with a chocolate brown dress shirt and a black velvet bow-tie.

“Chris!” Yuuri welcomes his friend into the suite. “Victor said you were coming, but I didn’t know how you were going to make it all the way from Geneva.”

“It was serendipity,” Christophe reveals, kissing Yuuri enthusiastically on both cheeks, “I was already in LA for a conference or I’d still be sitting in Charles de Gaulle.”

“Well I’m glad you could take the time from your work, then,” Yuuri amends, returning Christophe’s continental hello.

“As if I could miss this, with two of my dearest friends,” Christophe scoffs, “Not to mention the chance to gloat over my great matchmaking triumph. Now give us a spin, cher, I simply must see this jacket properly.”

Yuuri laughs, letting Christophe guide him through a slow turn as Phichit offers a supportive wolf whistle.
“You look exquisite, darling. It’s wonderful to see our Victor has been treating you like you deserve,” Christophe says before throwing a saucy glance at the fit of Yuuri’s suit pants, “And I assume my wedding gift arrived safely?”

Yuuri can feel his cheeks heat as he offers a conspiratorial smile and snaps the elastic holding up a certain garment hidden by his tuxedo pants.

“Oh my god, Yuuri,” Phichit exclaims, laughing, but Christophe looks proud. They’re interrupted by the chime of a phone, which turns out to be Christophe’s.

“It’s Victor,” he announces, flicking open the message, “He’s ready when you are.”

Yuuri takes a deep breath. “Okay,” he says, looking at Christophe, “Can I just get a second with Phichit? We’ll meet you outside.”

Christophe agrees, and steps out, leaving Yuuri and Phichit on their own in the room.

“Everything okay?” Phichit asks, smile dimming for the first time since he arrived.

“I just wanted to check in with you,” Yuuri says, “I know this is probably a lot, dragging you out here, and it probably seems really stupid and too fast—”

“Hey, hey —” Phichit shushes him, pulling Yuuri into another hug.

“I’m thrilled to be here, Yuuri,” his friend declares, “You look amazing, and I don’t mean the designer threads. You look happy.”

“I am,” Yuuri promises, “I really am. I know you don’t know Victor yet—”

Phichit shakes his head. “Doesn’t matter,” he says, “All that matters is you feel good about this, and you remember our number one rule.”

“You’ll always come get me,” Yuuri recites.

“I’ll always come get you, and I’ll always be there for you,” Phichit promises, squeezing Yuuri tight, “Sugar daddy or no sugar daddy, I’ll always have your back, Yuuri.”

“Thanks, Phi,” Yuuri says, voice rough, “You know you can count on me, too.”

“I do know,” Phichit replies, grinning through a few tears, “You’ve got a millionaire with excellent taste waiting to marry you.”

Yuuri glances in the mirror one last time.

“Let’s go,” he says. It’s only been an hour since they parted, but he’s more than ready to be back in Victor’s arms.

Christophe is ready for them outside.

“Everyone is looking good,” he declares, brushing an invisible bit of lint off of Yuuri’s shoulder, “Time for the classiest wedding ever planned in twelve hours.”

“I don’t know how Victor put this all together,” Yuuri marvels as they make their way down the hall, “I half expected us all to be carrying bouquets by now.”

“Flowers are so passé, cher,” Christophe says with a twinkle in his eye, “Your husband to be would
never allow so impersonal an accompaniment to this sacred ceremony.”

From an inner pocket Chris pulls the new contract Yuuri had written on a cocktail napkin that morning, now held safe in a clear glass frame. Yuuri turns to see Phichit smiling behind him, now holding the navy blue My heart belongs to Daddy mug that had inspired Victor’s love declaration only twenty-four hours ago.

“I know,” Christophe says, nodding sympathetically when Yuuri tears up again, “I don’t know how Victor has stayed single this long, he’s so pathetically romantic.”

“I was saving it all for the right person, mon ami,” Yuuri hears behind him, “And it was certainly worth the wait.”

Waiting by the elevator is Yuuri’s sugar daddy turned groom-to-be. Victor is dressed to pair with Yuuri in his own McQueen suit, his coat also cut like a smoking jacket and patterned head to toe in a miniature brown paisley. Someone with less class might not be able to pull off the unique print, but Victor looks like an old Hollywood star. With his hair in its usual perfect coif and a crisp white shirt poking out of the silk lapels of his coat Victor’s suit is the perfect understated companion to Yuuri’s more ostentatious look.

Of course, Yuuri doesn’t waste too much time looking at Victor’s clothes. If he’d been harboring any doubts, they would have dissolved the moment he caught sight of Victor’s completely besotted expression.

“Victor.” Yuuri can’t help but speed up to meet his fiancé in front of the elevator doors.

“Yuuri,” Victor breathes, taking his hands, “You look….”

Yuuri blushes. “Okay?”

Victor shakes his head. “Divine,” He says, beaming, “I love it when you wear your glasses.”

Yuuri smiles, feeling strangely shy after Victor’s perceptive compliment.

With their small wedding party all present Victor offers Yuuri his arm.

“Shall we?”

Yuuri tucks himself comfortably into Victor’s side.

“Let’s.”

After a short elevator ride they enter lobby with Chris and Phichit close behind. Yuuri can feel eyes on them as they cross the room, people curious to see the beautiful couple locked together like puzzle pieces. Not a matching set, but a complementary one. For once Yuuri enjoys the attention. He and Victor bring out the best in each other, and everyone should see it.

“Mr. Nikiforov and Mr. Katsuki,” a guide greets them as they reach the tower elevator, “On behalf of Stratosphere Hotel and Casino, let me congratulate you on your celebration today.”

“Thank you,” Victor replies beneficently, “I assume everything is ready for us upstairs?”

“Of course, sir. If you’ll please follow me.”

They enter the exclusive elevator, and after the attendant punches a code into the side panel the doors slide closed, cutting off the sights and sounds of the busy hotel lobby.
The ride up is longer than Yuuri expects. Victor mentioned the chapel they were headed to but Yuuri hasn’t had a moment to look it up. Even with Victor’s connections Yuuri isn’t expecting anything too spectacular on such short notice.

Still, they seem to be climbing up pretty high.

“Where are we going?” Yuuri wonders, keeping his voice at a low murmur. Victor just smiles.

“You’ll see,” he whispers.

Yuuri’s ears pop from the altitude change before their journey upward finally slows.

“Welcome to the 112th floor,” the attendant announces as the elevator comes to a stop, “The Chapel in the Clouds.”

Yuuri hears Phichit’s hushed exclamation behind them as the doors open onto a private balcony and a vista view of all of Las Vegas. From the cool light of the elevator Yuuri’s eyes are dazzled by the last streaks of the desert sunset, magentas and violets bleeding into deep blues.

“Wow,” Yuuri breathes, gripping Victor’s arm. As they step out into the balcony the sun sinks below the horizon and the lights of the strip below them flicker on one building at a time. In the space of a few moments the sky above them is glittering with stars and the city below is a wash of shifting colorful light.

“It’s beautiful,” Yuuri says, smiling up at his fiancé.

“Only the best for you,” Victor replies, pulling Yuuri’s hand to his lips as they step out into the warm breeze of the desert night.

“Welcome gentlemen,” the justice of the peace greets them, framed against the scenic view by the balcony railing and two beautiful floral arrangements overflowing with white ostrich feathers and delphinium.

“Are you ready to begin?”

Victor and Yuuri step forward, hand in hand. Chris and Phichit step to either side, holding the mug and the napkin that led them to this moment. Lit by flickering candlelight and the luminous glow of the busy city below, Yuuri looks up at Victor before answering for both of them.

“We are.”

After the long day of preparations and anticipation, the ceremony itself is short and simple. The officiant’s voice sinks to an elegant hum, and Yuuri feels like he and Victor are alone at the top of the world.

When the time comes to exchange vows, neither of them need to waste words.

“My Yuuri,” Victor promises, sliding a ring onto Yuuri’s finger, “I’m going to take care of you forever.”

“Victor,” Yuuri replies, slipping the matching band onto Victor’s, “Always be yourself with me.”

Yuuri has never been much for jewelry, but it feels inexplicably right to see the matching gold now adorning his and Victor’s joined hands. By the blush blooming high in Victor’s cheeks, he feels the same as Yuuri.
“By the power invested in my by the state of Nevada,” the officiant announces, “I’m happy to declare you spouses. The grooms may now exchange their first married kiss.”

Phichit cheers and Christophe pops a bottle of champagne as Victor pulls Yuuri into his arms.

“The first of many, baby boy,” Victor whispers against Yuuri’s lips.

“I can’t wait,” Yuuri replies, laughing as his husband dips him into a swoon worthy kiss.

His husband.

Wow.

Chapter End Notes

As always, head over to tumblr @summersteve #champagneonice for reference pics all of Victor and Yuuri's luxurious clothes, gifts, and destinations! Soon to come: Wedding night!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

24 karat magic in the air...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yuuri’s first married kiss is only broken by the bubble of champagne and his friends’ enthusiastic shouting.

“You crazy kids, you did it!” Chris crows, the bottle foaming in his hand as he pours the first of many drinks that night.

Victor swings Yuuri back to his feet, beaming. Yuuri is shocked to see tears dripping down his husband’s cheeks. He takes Victor’s face in his hands, brushing away the tears with his thumb.

“Victor?”

“I’m just happy,” Victor promises, pulling Yuuri into a tight embrace, “Thank you, Yuuri. Thank you.”

Yuuri clings to Victor just as firmly.

“I love you,” Yuuri promises, the words still fresh and exciting rolling off his tongue.

“And I you, my lovely,” Victor replies, wiping the last of his happy tears as they both accept champagne flutes from Phichit.

“To friendship,” Phichit says, raising his glass in the first toast of the night, “To old friends, new friends, and my best friend getting married at the top of the world.”

“Hear hear,” Christophe agrees, and they all clink their glasses and enjoy a first sip of expensive champagne. Yuuri pulls Phichit into a hug, and accepts another round of kisses from Christophe.

“Now, where to?” Yuuri asks Victor, “I’m sure you have something planned.”

“Of course,” he replies, slipping a comfortable arm around Yuuri’s waist, “The chef is whipping up a little late night hors d’oeuvres tasting for us downstairs. So if we’re all ready?”

“Whenever you are, chers,” Christophe quips, “All this matrimony is making me hungry.”

They pile back into the elevator and skip down a few floors to the tower’s high rise restaurant, where Victor has reserved a private table with another breathtaking night time view of the strip. Once they’re seated the night takes on a celebratory air. Jackets come off and ties loosen as they enjoy oysters on the half-shell, salty caviar and smoked salmon in crispy bites of pastry, and slivers of rare filet paired with creamy brie and crunchy scallions. Even Victor Nikiforov can’t order a wedding cake in twelve hours, but Yuuri doesn’t miss the American tradition when the waiters deliver a tray of luscious dark chocolate miniature cakes. Yuuri can’t help but hum his pleasure as the velvety
chocolate bursts across his tongue. His response is soon echoed by Phichit and Christophe. The bite sized portions are perfect for the richness of the food, filling Yuuri’s belly after the long day without making him feel too heavy. Victor’s expression is heady and satisfied, though it’s not because of the food. That’s the look he wears when Yuuri is being well taken care of.

Between every bite champagne flows, the bubbly wine matching Yuuri’s mood as he and Victor exchange effervescent kisses. It may not be a formal wedding reception, but that doesn’t stop Phichit and Christophe from taking their duties as best men seriously, raising their glasses to the happy couple’s health, happiness, and stamina in the bedroom.

“To Mr. and Mr. Nikiforov-Katsuki!” Phichit nearly shouts for the third time, tipsily clinking his glass with an equally enthusiastic Christophe.

“What a mouthful,” Christophe says good-naturedly, chuckling at his own innuendo, “Are you actually thinking of hyphenating?”

Yuuri raises his eyebrows and looks at Victor, who looks back equally surprised.

“We haven’t really discussed it,” he admits, arm around the back of Yuuri’s chair, “Yuuri?”

“I haven’t given it much thought,” Yuuri says, “I’m not against it, but it might be a lot more work to change Nikiforov than Katsuki, with all corporate red tape.”

Victor sips his champagne thoughtfully. “I’d have to get new business cards.”

He glances at Yuuri, a smile playing at his lips.

“It’s a charming idea though, don’t you think darling?” Victor asks, playing with Yuuri’s wedding ring.

“Let’s talk it over with your PR team when we get back to New York,” Yuuri agrees. Victor laughs, leaning in to kiss Yuuri’s temple.

“So romantic,” he teases.

“To new business cards!” Chris and Phichit toast in unison.

Yuuri is happy to share the day with his friends, but there’s no denying the magnetic pull of his new spouse as the evening wears on. By the fifth toast Yuuri is practically sitting in Victor’s lap, his former sugar daddy’s hand inching steadily up his thigh.

“Victor,” Yuuri whispers in his husband’s ear as Christophe and Phichit get distracted by a debate about literary copyright, “We should go soon. I have a surprise I want to show you.”

“Oh?” Victor says, eyes bright and curious.

“Christophe picked it out for us,” Yuuri confides, teasing his lips at the shell of Victor’s ear, “But I think you’ll like it.”

Yuuri is probably not being subtle when he grabs Victor’s hand on his thigh under the table and guides it up to his ass, but it’s worth it to see Victor’s eyes darken as his fingers meet the shape of the silk and elastic hiding under his suit pants.

“If you take me upstairs we can enjoy it together,” Yuuri promises, drawing a circle in the delicate skin behind Victor’s ear with his thumb. He bites his lip, glancing up through his lashes in a teasing
display of coquettishness.

“I don’t know if I can wait much longer, daddy,” he pouts.

Victor sets down his champagne flute, a gleam of something hot in his blue eyes. Across the table Phichit and Chris seem to have caught on to the rising mood, sporting nearly identical impish expressions which would have been humorous if Yuuri weren’t currently so desperate to Victor alone and out of his pants.

“Gentlemen,” Victor says with great aplomb, “If you’ll excuse us. I believe my husband is trying to tell me I’m lagging in my marital duties.”

Not wasting another moment, Victor gets an arm under Yuuri’s legs and scoops him out of his seat, actually lifting him up in his arms.

“Ah, Victor!” Yuuri squeaks, face burning bright red, “Let me down!”

“Never,” Victor promises gallantly as he staggers away from the table before finding his balance, hitching Yuuri up into a more secure bridal carry.

“Mr. Giacometti,” Victor says, sounding very official, “Dinner is on me. From here on I trust you to ensure Mr. Chulanont enjoys his weekend and is back in New York in time for his Monday afternoon seminar.”

“I’ll do my best,” Christophe vows solemnly.

“Have fun, Phichit!” Yuuri calls, waving over Victor’s shoulder, “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t.”

Their friends laughter follows them back to the elevator. Victor carries him over the threshold before finally depositing him back on his feet for the long ride down to the lobby. Yuuri hums his assent when Victor wraps his arms around him from behind, dropping kisses on the curve of his throat. He drops his head back on Victor’s shoulder, giving his husband plenty of room to work.

“Yuuri,” Victor says, drawing out the u in a way that makes Yuuri’s toes curl, “Do you know what you’re doing to me, my Yuuri?”

“I have a vague idea,” Yuuri admits, shivering at the tickle of Victor’s lips just brushing the skin of his throat.

“You’re wearing lingerie,” Victor continues, tracing out the taut lines of the garter belt under Yuuri’s clothes, “Lingerie that another man bought for you.”

Yuuri laughs, a little breathless. “I knew you’d be jealous.”

“I have a vague idea,” Yuuri admits, shivering at the tickle of Victor’s lips just brushing the skin of his throat.

“You’re wearing lingerie,” Victor continues, tracing out the taut lines of the garter belt under Yuuri’s clothes, “Lingerie that another man bought for you.”

Yuuri laughs, a little breathless. “I knew you’d be jealous.”

“I’m sure you look beautiful,” Victor admits, “Christophe has excellent taste. But still ....”

Victor slides his hand low to tease his fingers over the hardness blossoming in Yuuri’s trousers. Yuuri rocks back in response, biting his lip when he feels Victor’s marching erection pressing to the curve of his ass.

“I feel strongly compelled to put you in my bed and ravish you, baby boy,” Victor rumbles.

“I would love that,” Yuuri gasps.

The elevator doors ding open, and they manage to cross the lobby with some modicum of dignity until they can vanish into the hotel elevator. The ride up to the honeymoon suite is short but hot.
Yuuri emerges onto their floor missing his tie and his shirt half undone, a fresh love bite throbbing under his jaw. Victor pulls him down the hall, only fumbling with the key card for a moment before they nearly fall into their suite.

Despite Victor’s promise the first round of Yuuri’s wedding night ravishing does not make it to the bed. Yuuri manages to kick off his shoes before Victor pins him to the wall, claiming his mouth in a deliciously dominant kiss. He tastes champagne and desire on Victor’s tongue as his husband strips him out of his shirt and slips his belt from its loops. Yuuri swallows Victor’s groan as he shoves his hand down the back of Yuuri’s pants to feel the taut stretch of silk over his ass.

“Fuck, baby, let me see,” he demands. Yuuri shivers at the cool press of the wall to his bare back as Victor fumbles eagerly with the button of his suit pants. Once the zipper is out of the way Yuuri wriggles the fitted trousers over his hips and Victor steps back to help drag the material down his legs and off. He kicks away the pants and stretches his arms behind his head, putting himself proudly on display.

The panties Christophe picked out for their enjoyment are more sheer than solid, along with a garterbelt and stockings that don’t add much to preserve Yuuri’s modesty. Yuuri’s hips and waist are outlined in peach-colored ribbon that frames whimsical panels of mesh. Tiny satin bows sit at his waist and just over his cock, as well as decorating his garter clips.

Victor’s gaze is like a physical touch, heating Yuuri from the inside out.

“Beautiful,” he breathes.

“All for you,” Yuuri promises, eyes hooded.

Victor braces his hands on either side of Yuuri’s head, boxing him in against the wall. Yuuri feels deliciously exposed, pressed against Victor in basically a few scraps of ribbon while his husband is still fully dressed. Yuuri wraps his arms round Victor’s neck, pulling their foreheads together. In the warm light of the room Victor’s eyes glow, locked on Yuuri’s own. His hair is silky gold against Yuuri’s fingers and his breath puffs warm against Yuuri’s lips.

“All for me,” Victor repeats, his voice little more than a whisper. Yuuri nods, breath shaky as Victor presses a kiss to the corner of his lips, then under his jaw, then to the hollow of his throat. Victor maps Yuuri’s chest with his mouth, sliding to his knees to worship the slip of softness under Yuuri’s belly button. He kisses the little white bow in the center of Yuuri’s garter belt, then around his thighs, his lips meeting the bit of satin decorating each garter clip. All the while his hands are skimming up and down Yuuri’s calves, his touch made tantalizing through Yuuri’s sheer silk stockings.

At this point Victor’s touches have Yuuri uncomfortably hard, his erection straining against the front of his fitted lingerie. It’s a relief when Victor works the panties down until Yuuri’s cock can spring free in the gap below his garter belt. He whines, shameless, as Victor encircles his cock in a loose fist, only teasing him with the promise of fiction.

“Please,” Yuuri begs, tossing his head, “Please, daddy —”

Victor runs a soothing hand up and down Yuuri’s thigh, thumbing the edge of his stockings.

“Don’t worry,” he promises, dragging his lips from the edge of Yuuri’s garter belt down to the base of his erection, “I’ll take care of you.”

Victor tosses a heated glance upwards before sealing his mouth over Yuuri’s cock.

“Ah ,” Yuuri cries, shocked as his erection is engulfed in wet heat. Victor sinks down eagerly,
revealing an unexpected skill set as he hollows his cheeks and teases gasping breaths out of Yuuri with his tongue.

“God,” Yuuri curses, knees threatening to buckle, “God, Victor—”

Yuuri yelps when Victor lifts him off the ground, hefting his thighs over his shoulders and leaving only Yuuri’s shoulders pressed to the wall. Victor balances Yuuri’s weight with two proprietary handfuls of his ass, massaging his thumbs over Yuuri’s silk panties. Yuuri braces himself against the wall with his hands, savoring the shift and flex of Victor’s back and shoulders under his legs and the molten pleasure radiating from his core. He doesn’t mean to squeeze so hard when Victor swallows around the head of his cock, but luckily the pressure of his thighs doesn’t hurt his new spouse. Quite the opposite, apparently. Victor moans, his head held tight between Yuuri’s thighs as he goes down on him with a hunger that has Yuuri’s eyes rolling back from the pleasure.

“Daddy, daddy, fuck—” he cries, voice cracking as his orgasm shudders through him.

Victor pulls off Yuuri’s cock with a cough after swallowing him down.

“All for me,” he concludes, voice rough.

“Oh my god,” Yuuri gasps, stars in his eyes as his legs slip off Victor’s shoulders and he sinks down to the floor. Victor grins rakishly, his hair disheveled and his cheeks flushed.

“So surprised,” he says, laughing as he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, “Did you think I didn’t know how?”

“I don’t know what I thought,” Yuuri replies, chest still heaving, “I’m just really glad I married you.”

If post-orgasm lethargy loomed after Victor’s spectacular efforts it vanishes the moment those words leave Yuuri’s mouth. Victor’s gaze sharpens, aiming right for the mess of Yuuri’s groin still barely contained in his lingerie set.

“Married,” he repeats. Yuuri can’t help but laugh, even as a fresh shiver of arousal makes its way down his spine.

“Yeah.”

Yuuri is more than ready when Victor grabs him by the thighs and tugs, laying him out flat on his back on the plush carpet. He kneels between Yuuri’s spread thighs, dipping to kiss him passionately as he fumbles with the clasp at the back of Yuuri’s garter belt.

“You married me,” Victor says again, almost frantic. Yuuri arches into his husband, groaning at the urgent press of Victor’s erection against his hip. A few of the garter clips snap as Victor nearly tears the silk down his thighs.

“Fuck me, Victor,” Yuuri begs, just as desperate, “Fuck me ’til I scream.”

“Every day, baby boy,” Victor promises, “Every day for the rest of our lives I’m going to make love to you like you deserve.”

~

They finally make it onto the bed for round three when they get a call from the concierge.

It’s a noise complaint.
They get two more calls before the night is over.

Chapter End Notes

Mwah! I hope everyone has enjoyed this magical arc. I know I've loved writing it. Officially, there are probably one or two more chapters to go in this 'verse, but who knows what inspiration might strike for future ficlets and timestamps! As always, check out my references for the tasty dishes and even tastier presents featured in this chapter on tumblr, @summersteve #champagneonice.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Wake up with no jammies...

Chapter Notes

I LIVE! Thanks to everyone for sticking with this fic despite this unintentional hiatus. As you can see, this is basically the last planned chapter for this fic, plus a timestamp epilogue that I have planned. So we’re very near the end! But who knows? This is certainly a ‘verse that I would be happy to come back to, so feel free to leave requests for short future ficlets in the comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

At the end of their two day honeymoon Victor is icing his left knee and Yuuri can hardly sit without a cushion.

Not that that’s stopping them.

“Yes, yes, Victor, right there,” Yuuri cries, voice rasping after nearly forty-eight hours of pleasured screaming.

They’re splashing a dangerous amount of water onto the floor as Victor pounds Yuuri to his third orgasm of the morning. Fucking in the marble bathtub of the honeymoon suite was not the most tasteful decision, but Victor had started teasing Yuuri’s nipples ten minutes into their relaxing soak and now here he was, bent over the lip of the tub taking Victor’s cock like he plans to for the rest of his life.

“Yuuri,” Victor exhales with his forehead pressed between Yuuri’s shoulder blades, “I’m close.”

Yuuri hums, savoring the burn deep in his core as he braces himself against the slick tile and arches into Victor’s thrusts. Every inch of his skin feels hypersensitive and Victor’s cock is so thick inside him.

“I’m there too,” Yuuri says. Victor’s grip on his hips is slippery with lube and soap, and tight enough that it’s sure to leave marks. Yuuri loves it.

“Cum in me, daddy.”

Victor groans, long and low.

“Anything you want, baby boy.”

When Yuuri comes, he feels it in his bones. Based on Victor’s ragged breathing after he goes lax against Yuuri’s back, his husband feels the same.
Yuuri sighs happily even as he realizes how cool the water has gone and just how sore his ass is.

Married life so far has been great.

~

After a shower that actually involves getting clean and mopping up the worst of the water on the floor, the newlyweds sit down to a continental breakfast.

Well, Victor sits anyway. Yuuri tries, and jumps right back up with a yelp as his tender backside meets the sleek wooden seat.

“Yuuri?” Victor pauses in pouring them both a mimosa from a crystal pitcher.

“Are you alright?”

“Um, yes,” Yuuri says, laughing in spite of himself, “I guess I’m a little sore, after...everything.”

Victor’s cheeks turn an adorable shade of pink.

“Oh,” he says, “Well. In that case, we’ll have to find you a more comfortable seat.”

It turns out Victor’s lap is a much more forgiving cushion than the hard seat of the suite’s stylish furniture. Yuuri situated himself comfortably, adjusting the material of his black silk dressing gown so it drapes the way he likes. Victor removes the cloche covering their breakfast and reveals a gorgeous platter of fruits and cheeses. Yuuri still feels like he’s living in a movie, Victor feeding him bites of creamy Brie and juicy melon.

“We’ll have a real lunch before we leave for the airport,” Victor promises. Despite the momentous occasion Victor can’t miss work on Monday, so they’ll be returning to New York tonight.

“Sure,” Yuuri agrees, nibbling from a bowl of pomegranate seeds while he flips through some unanswered messages on his phone, “We’ll have to make some plans during our flight. I’ll need to get my apartment packed when we get back, and I don’t plan on leaving Phichit high and dry once I’m moved in with you.”

“How ever you’d like it done, my love,” Victor replies, “You know I’ll take care of everything.”

“Of course.” Yuuri gives Victor a sweet kiss before returning to his phone. He has quite a pileup of messages and pictures from Phichit, who looks like he had a great time on the strip with Christophe while Yuuri and his sugar daddy turned husband were otherwise occupied. Yuuri’s favorite set of photos involves glowing cocktails and increasingly blurry images of Christophe and Phichit covered in neon paint. Yuuri scrolls to the end to see Phichit’s message confirming he made it back to New York in one piece. The most recent message above that one is a link. When he opens it Yuuri finds himself redirected to a Manhattan based gossip blog that he and his roommate used to read for laughs after a long day. Yuuri is shocked to see the title of the most recent post.

Is Nikiforov Off the Market? NYC’s most eligible millionaire spotted at the altar in Vegas with mystery man!

Yuuri scrolls past the headline to reveal several cell phone photos posted below. If he squints he can make out a blurry image of him and Victor leaving the chapel elevator hand in hand, and later kissing at the table with Phichit and Christophe.

“Someone took a picture of us at the restaurant after the wedding,” Yuuri realizes.
“Hm? Oh yes, I expected as much,” Victor says, glancing at the low quality image on Yuuri’s phone, “Wow, even pixilated you are the most beautiful man on the planet. I do wish they’d waited until that glare was off my forehead though.”

“I hadn’t really thought about paparazzi,” Yuuri mused, a little uncomfortable at the idea of a stranger snapping photos while he and Victor had enjoyed a private occasion with their friends, “Do you deal with this kind of thing a lot?”

Victor shakes his head.

“I’m too much of a workaholic to be of interest. They rarely pay me any mind as long as their operating systems keep running smoothly,” Victor assures him, “We’ll be a blip in the society pages, nothing more.”

Yuuri still frowns.

“They’re going to say I married you for your money.”

“You did marry me for my money, darling,” Victor replies, “It’s not like I mind.”

“I dated you for your money,” Yuuri clarifies immediately, “I married you because I love you.”

Victor beams. “Then there’s no problem, is there?”

“No,” Yuuri agrees, considering, “I guess not.”

“Besides,” Victor continues, “I have the best PR and legal teams in the country at my disposal.”

Yuuri accepts another jewel bright pomegranate seed from Victor’s fingers, his worries dissipating as the tart juice bursts over his tongue.

“Let them try and slander you,” Victor promises, pressing a quick kiss to Yuuri’s juice stained lips, “I’ll rip them to shreds.”

Yuuri hums, running his hands over the plush robe hiding Victor’s chest.

“I’d rather avoid unnecessary publicity,” he says, “But I have to admit that sounds incredibly sexy.”

Victor nuzzles into Yuuri’s collarbone, laughing as he skims a proprietary hand up Yuuri’s thigh.

“The things you do to me, Yuuri,” he says, almost wistful, “If I weren’t completely wrung dry I would have you again right now.”

“Rain check?” Yuuri offers, not the least bit apologetic.

“Definitely,” Victor says, “In the meantime, let’s get dressed. I want to go shopping before our flight.”

~

At Victor’s insistence they take a long stroll through the Shops at Crystals (“I never get to come to Vegas, Yuuri, and they have the Prada flagship store!”). When they finally board their flight Yuuri is more than prepared for the chilly spring weather awaiting them on the East Coast in a new cashmere sweater, but a pair of Prada Redux sunglasses keeps the Nevada glare out of his eyes as he and Victor settle into their first class seats. Victor is still preening over his purchases when they reach altitude and the flight attendants start distributing complimentary champagne.
“Those are so terribly becoming on you, darling,” he says for at least the third time, “I’m ordering you the rest of that collection when we get home.”

Home. Yuuri takes Victor’s hand in his own as the desert falls behind them and they turn to the Northeast. When Yuuri next touches ground in New York, home is going to mean something completely different than it did when he left.

“I can’t wait,” he replies, squeezing Victor’s fingers with excitement. Sipping his champagne, Victor happily squeezes back, and they both settle in for a long flight.

Chapter End Notes

Mwah! Thanks again for reading, and if you like this fic please share and subscribe!
Stay tuned for the finale chapter, working title "One Year Later"
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

(Lucky for you) That’s what I like: part 1

Chapter Notes

Ok I lied ;) this finale epilogue chapter will have two parts. So here, please enjoy part one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

One Year Later...

“Victor?”

“Yuuri, darling! How was your morning?”

Yuuri smiles, Victor’s voice warm in his ear as he climbs the stairs up from the C train. It’s only mid afternoon, so his husband is still at work, but Victor always makes a point to try and call him himself to update Yuuri on his schedule for the evening.

“Great,” Yuuri replies, holding his phone to his ear as he makes his way down the block toward their apartment building, “I’m just getting off the train from the studio. How are things at the office?”

“Chaos, as usual,” Victor says, sounding too pleased, “The coding deadline for the new app is midnight and my lead programmer suddenly needs a lot of hand holding. It seems I have to do everything around here.”

Yuuri laughs as he reaches his building, offering a friendly nod to their doorman François.

“You know you love the challenge,” he teases Victor.

“I do,” Victor admits, his smile evident even over the phone, “But unfortunately that means I won’t be home for dinner.”

“I figured,” Yuuri says, waiting for the elevator, “I’m going to be editing today’s footage until late anyway. I really want to upload a new video tomorrow. Do you want me to put something in the fridge for you if I order in food?”

“That would be wonderful, Yuuri, thank you,” Victor replies. A few voices pipe up in the background of the call, and Yuuri figures Victor’s next meeting must be starting up.

“I have to run, my love, but before I forget,” Victor says, “It’s our anniversary on Friday.”
“I remember,” Yuuri replies, glancing down at his wedding ring with a smile.

“You know I love to surprise you,” Victor continues, “But if you have anything special in mind you’d prefer just say the word.”

“I’ll think on it tonight,” Yuuri promises, “Love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Yuuri is still thinking about their coming anniversary a few minutes later when he lets himself into he and Victor’s spacious condo. He kneels down to give Makkachin an enthusiastic hello as he muses over all the possibilities.

“What do you think, boy?” Yuuri asks, giving Victor’s beloved poodle thorough head scratch, “It’s our first anniversary. I want to make it special.”

“Boof,” Makkachin replies, tail wagging.

“You’re right,” Yuuri agrees, “I’ll think of something.”

Yuuri drops his Prada gym bag in the master bedroom and hops in the shower, rinsing off the long morning at the yoga studio. As he scrubs Yuuri brainstorms, mentally flipping through his not insubstantial list of talents where it concerns pleasing one Victor Nikiforov. He’ll never have Victor’s talent for curating an evening, so Yuuri will leave the reservations up to his husband. But what can he do to give the night a special flavor? Something to remind Victor how much Yuuri appreciates him, and to celebrate what brought them together.

Yuuri pauses in rinsing conditioner out of his hair.

What brought them together.

Now there’s a thought.

Yuuri’s marriage so far has basically been a year of domestic bliss, but he has to admit that a certain spice has been... sweetened in his transition from sugar baby to trophy husband.

Not that anyone would dare call Yuuri that unless they want to face the wrath of a very protective Russian millionaire. Only Yuuri is allowed to call himself Victor’s trophy husband. Which he does. Regularly. Usually while he’s sitting on Victor’s dick.

Yuuri smiles to himself at the thought. He and Victor really are soulmates.

So it isn’t that their sex life has gotten vanilla. Yuuri owns too much lingerie for that. Victor loves to see him in lingerie too much for that.

But still. After a year of Victor being a loving, attentive, generous sure thing, Yuuri is missing...something. The seduction maybe. Sitting across the table from Victor and playing the game; waiting in the days after a date to find a gift in front of his door; learning all of Victor’s hidden switches and flipping them one by one as Victor does the same to him in an endless bid to hold each other’s attention.

Yuuri shivers remembering those first few dates. He wouldn’t trade what he has with Victor now for anything in the world, but if they could share that feeling again just for one night…

Yuuri towels off his hair before stepping back into the bedroom, steam following him from the
ensuite. He goes to his side of the dresser, pulling open the top drawer and flipping through set after set of perfectly pressed lace and silk until he comes to the first set of Agent Provocateur lingerie Victor ever bought him. Yuuri strokes his fingers over the French lace, a plan coming together in his mind.

Yuuri is going to give Victor an anniversary to remember.

For the first step Yuuri is going to need to take some new pictures.

~

YK: *new picture message sent*

YK: *new picture message sent*

YK: *new picture message sent*

YK: Missing you today, daddy ♡♡♡

Yuuri hopes his messages hit the right note. He’s aiming for “sexy pouting,” but after a year of being married he’s a little out of practice playing the spoiled sugar baby.

YK: I hope you aren’t working too hard ;)

YK: We haven’t been on a date in sooo long…

The words start to flow a little easier and Yuuri grins as he realizes how much he’s missed this aspect of his relationship with Victor.

YK: Are you free this week? I know you’re busy but I would be very happy to see you

Yuuri concludes his little role play with a string of winking kissy faces and wet eggplant emojis, his cheeks warm. A few playful texts and already he’s feeling spicy again.

He can’t wait to see how Victor replies.

~

“…and I’m telling you, we have to fix this tonight, or we’re going to have no back end control over the menu fonts when we do the update in six months,” Victor explains for the third time to his coding team, a tension headache building behind his eyes. He’s certainly earned his sizable paycheck today, and the night is just beginning.

“Show me when it’s right, and not a minute before,” Victor orders, turning on his heel and leaving the lab without waiting for a reply. He returns to his office just in time to hear his personal phone buzz several times where he keeps it in his desk drawer. Victor has a few minutes to spare while his programmers get their act together, so he pulls out the phone to find a string of new messages from Yuuri.

When he sees the first photo Victor does a double take. Is that…it is. Yuuri is wearing the first lingerie set Victor ever bought him. Victor’s husband looks just as exquisite now in that black lace kimono as he did when he first wore it nearly two years ago. Victor still has those pictures saved, even though he’s gone through half a dozen phone updates since then. This little trio of tantalizing images will be saved in his peach album right along with the rest.

Victor smiles, a little hot under the collar as he flips back and forth between the three images. The
fervor between them has hardly cooled, but it’s been a while since Yuuri has surprised him with a racy snapshot. These are particularly special, since Yuuri took them spread out the considerable expanse of the king size bed they share, his long limbs only covered by sheer lace. Yuuri’s eyes are hooded, a thousand dirty promises waiting behind his sultry smile.

And Victor gets to go home to that every night. Not for the first time he takes a moment to muse on the fact that he is one lucky son of a bitch.

After saving the images Victor scrolls down to the rest of Yuuri’s texts, thinking there might be some explanations for his darling’s sudden friskiness.

_YK: Missing you today, daddy ♡♡♡_

For a moment Victor’s heart drops. Has Yuuri been feeling neglected? Has Victor already failed miserably as a husband?? He flips to the bottom of the screen until he sees the long string of eggplant and water droplet emojis.

Victor leans back in his plush executive chair, pushing the silver fringe out of his eyes as he breathes a sigh of relief.

Yuuri is only teasing him.

Getting past his weekly panic that he is totally unworthy of the glory that is Yuuri Katsuki, Victor scrolls back up and reads Yuuri’s messages again, more carefully.

_YK: I hope you aren’t working too hard ;)

_YK: We haven’t been on a date in sooo long…_

Victor overcomes the intense wave of arousal that always accompanies Yuuri calling him “daddy” to try and interpret what Yuuri is getting at. The texts read like something Yuuri would have sent when he and Victor were still sugaring, which is getting Victor riled up enough, but his husband is obviously trying to drop a hint.

_YK: Are you free this week? I know you’re busy but I would be very happy to see you

This week...besides the fact that Yuuri is purposely pretending he’s not going to see Victor in just a few hours, the message still doesn’t make sense. Today is already Wednesday, and Yuuri knows that Victor has an important board meeting tomorrow night. That only leaves...Friday.

Their anniversary.

The lightbulb goes off, and Victor feels something like excitement start to flutter behind his ribs.

“Oh, my Yuuri,” he murmurs, “What are you up to?”

Not wanting to spoil Yuuri’s plans, Victor plays along.

_V: *V loved 3 photos*

_V: It’s so good to hear from you, baby boy. I’ve been missing that pretty face.

_V: You know how much I love it when you surprise me with photos ;)

_V: Are you free Friday night? I’d love to plan something special ♡
YK:...

YK: That sounds perfect. Pick me up at 8?

Victor grins.

V: It’s a date :)))

Chapter End Notes

Stay tuned for the finale! As always check out tumblr @summersteve champagneonice for bonus inspiration pics
“How do I look?” Yuuri asks, giving a turn in front of the dresser mirror in what used to be his bedroom.

“Don’t bullshit, Yuuri, you know you look amazing,” Phichit says, grinning as he rolls his eyes, “Going for the vintage sugar baby look?”

Yuuri smooths down the velvet soft shearling of his jacket, sighing happily. The Armani lambskin is just as buttery as the day Victor bought it for him.

“Just trying to bring back some good memories,” Yuuri says, adjusting the neckline of his black and white cashmere sweater before smiling at his best friend, “Thanks for letting me stay over, Phi.”

“Thanks for paying my rent,” Phichit replies, kicking his feet up playfully where he’s stretched out on Yuuri’s old bed, “But seriously Yuu, I am loving this return to sluttiness. Victor isn’t gonna know what hit him.”

“I just hope he likes it,” Yuuri says. Yuuri hasn’t seen his husband in twenty-four hours. He spent the night here last night just to draw out the tension until their date.

Yuuri’s phone buzzes on the dresser. It’s Victor.

V: I’m outside whenever you’re ready ;)

“I don’t think you have to worry about Victor’s enthusiasm,” Phichit says, peering out the window at the street below, “Unless that isn’t your husband waiting outside in a limo .”

“What?” Yuuri scurries over to crane his neck over Phichit’s shoulder. Sure enough, there’s a sleek black Lincoln MKT limousine idling by the curb.

The first tendril of desire licks its way up Yuuri’s spine.

Victor is bringing his A-game.

Phichit grins mischievously.

“Go get him, tiger.”

Yuuri tucks his keys and his ID in his pocket, foregoing a wallet. As long as he’s with Victor he doesn’t need one.

“Lunch on Tuesday as usual?” Yuuri checks, giving his best friend a quick hug, “I want to hear about your first day at the new firm.”
"You know it," Phichit replies, "Now go melt Victor’s brain with your cute butt.”

“I’ll do my best.”

Victor’s driver is waiting to open the car door for him when Yuuri emerges into the chilly night time air.

“Hi Julio.”

“Good evening, Mr. Katsuki-Nikiforov.”

Yuuri slides into the black leather interior of the limo. There’s low music thudding through the car’s sound system, something from the radio with a throbbing beat. Victor is waiting for him in warm mood lighting and silver-gray Gucci, lounging in the back seat like he owns it. Which he does. Yuuri doesn’t waste one minute snuggling up to Victor’s side, runnin his fingers over the lapel of Victor’s suit and tucking their ankles together. Victor drinks in Yuuri’s outfit with a shameless grin, the proprietary heat lighting up his eyes.

“Hi, daddy.”

Yuuri thumbs one of the buttons of Victor’s white dress shirt, admiring the smooth skin of his throat exposed by his open collar. Victor takes Yuuri’s hand in his as Julio closes the door and returns to the driver’s seat.

“Hello, darling,” he replies, pressing a kiss to Yuuri’s knuckles that should come with an X-rating as the limo pulls away from the curb, “Don’t you look lovely. Wherever did you get that jacket?”

“It was a gift,” Yuuri says, casting his glance down with a demure smile, “From someone special.”

Victor rests his hand on Yuuri’s thigh, his grip warm.

“They must have excellent taste.”

Yuuri looks up at Victor through his lashes.

“He certainly does.” Yuuri tips his chin up until their noses brush. “I love the limo.”

Victor grins, grip sliding up Yuuri’s thigh until he can give his ass a good squeeze.

“I thought it would be a nice touch,” he says before pulling Yuuri into a kiss.

They smile through the first few presses of lips before the tension of the last two days catches up to them and things get heated. Yuuri can’t remember the last time he went more than twenty-four hours without kissing Victor, and their abstinence is paying off in pleasure now. Victor wastes no time plundering Yuuri’s mouth, using his hold on Yuuri’s ass to drag him practically into his lap. Yuuri parts his lips eagerly, groaning around Victor’s tongue as he cards his fingers through his husband’s silky hair. He loves it when Victor takes control, guiding Yuuri’s mouth with a firm hand at the back of his neck, playing up the possessiveness that gets them both hot.

Yuuri feels the first press of Victor’s erection against his thigh and breaks their kiss, panting as he give Victor’s bottom lip one last nibble.

“Mm, Yuuri. I missed you, baby,” Victor murmurs against Yuuri’s lips, “It’s been torture not being able to touch you.”

“I missed you too,” Yuuri replies, skimming his hands all the way down Victor’s chest until he can
pet over his half hard cock, “Can I show you how much?”

“Oh?” Victor’s eyes are dark. “And how do you plan to do that?”

Yuuri gives Victor a firm squeeze below the belt.

“I’m sure I can think creatively,” he says, thumbing the tab of Victor’s belt from its buckle. Yuuri glances toward the front seat, but Julio already has the partition rolled up.

Victor’s chauffeur is a smart man.

Their privacy assured, Yuuri makes a show of sliding to his knees between Victor’s spread thighs, savoring the whimper that escapes Victor’s lips despite his cool exterior.

Now Yuuri is the one in control, and he’s exactly where he wants to be.

It’s quick work to get Victor’s belt out of the way, the buckle jingling as Yuuri leans in to nuzzle the outline of Victor’s cock through his Gucci trousers.

“Mm,” He hums, letting the vibration be its own kind of tease, “It’s been too long since I’ve sucked your cock, daddy. I’m thirsty.”

Victor’s hand only trembles slightly when he glides his fingers through Yuuri’s slicked back hair.

“Why don’t you show me, sweetheart?”

“Believe me,” Yuuri says, pressing a kiss to the head of Victor’s dick before sitting back and popping the top button of his pants, “I’m planning to.”

Yuuri settles in, running his hands tantalizingly up and down Victor’s thighs as he leans in to tug his zipper down with his teeth. Victor sighs as Yuuri frees his erection from his boxers and strokes him to full hardness. Yuuri preens as he presses the first few open mouthed kisses to his daddy’s cock, staring up through his lashes. Victor’s head rolls back against the leather seat even as his grip on Yuuri’s hair tightens. Yuuri groans, his mouth watering. Victor is the man who has everything, but Yuuri is his ultimate indulgence.

With that thought sending a twist of heat to his groin Yuuri fits his lips around the head of Victor’s cock and sinks down. He works up some saliva so the slide is nice and smooth as he starts to bob his head in his daddy’s lap, his lips stretched tight around the impressive width of his dick.

“Mm, Yuuri,” Victor groans the first time Yuuri hollows his cheeks, “So good.”

Satisfied with his rhythm so far Yuuri takes Victor further, stuffing his mouth with Victor’s cock until the head is tucked just right in the back of his throat. At that exact moment the limo rolls over a pothole, and Victor’s hand tightens against his scalp in concern. Yuuri spares a grateful thought for his husband’s worry, but where a lesser sugar baby might of choked Yuuri just leans into the jolt swallows.

Yuuri didn’t get to where he is in life by not knowing how to deepthroat a cock in the back of a moving vehicle.

Ignoring another bounce he moans, just to let Victor feel the buzz of it, then pulls back to breathe and suck on the head some more.

“Don’t worry, I’m a professional,” Yuuri says with a wink as he kitten licks a bead of precome from
the top of Victor’s dick, “Well, almost.”

That gets a laugh out of Victor, which peters off into a needy groan as Yuuri sucks his cock back into his mouth. It’s only a few more rounds of wet, greedy sucking on Yuuri’s part before Victor’s thighs go taut and his dick twitches between Yuuri’s lips. It’s not Victor’s greatest show of sexual stamina, but then again they haven’t had sex in almost two days. It’s probably some kind of record for them.

“I hope you’re still thirsty, baby,” Victor pants, “Cause daddy’s about to cum right down your throat.”

Yuuri moans wantonly, fucking himself deep onto Victor’s dick and swallowing. Victor bites out a curse and then spurts of hot, bitter semen are flooding the back of Yuuri’s palate. He chokes, a bit of his husband’s cum dribbling down his chin before Yuuri gets control of his gag reflex and swallows the load. He seals his lips around Victor’s cock, eager to taste every last drop.

“That’s it,” Victor coaxes him, thumbing a thick drop of cum off Yuuri’s chin and feeding it back between his lips, “God, I never get tired of seeing you swallow.”

Yuuri licks Victor’s thumb clean before giving his softening cock one last good suck.

“I like the way you taste,” he says, pressing a kiss to the tip of Victor’s dick before tucking him back into his suit pants.

Yuuri brushes off his knees before settling back into the plush leather seat beside his husband. Victor offers him a clean tissue to wipe his mouth before tugging Yuuri in for another kiss.

“I hope you haven’t spoiled your dinner,” Victor says, tucking a stray hair back behind Yuuri’s ear, “Because we’re almost there.”

“Trust me,” Yuuri replies, adjusting his own ignored arousal in his trousers, “I’m still *starving*.”

~

*Per Se* is packed on a Friday night, but of course Victor has a reservation. The hostess leads them to an intimate table for two where sparkling water and an incredibly small menu are waiting for them. Another server takes Yuuri’s jacket as Victor pulls out his chair.

“I’ve been wanting to try this place ever since it opened,” Victor says once they’re seated, glancing over the chef’s specials, “But of course it’s no fun dining alone.”

Yuuri doesn’t even touch his menu. Victor notes this with a raised eyebrow.

“Do you already know what you want, darling?”

Yuuri certainly does.

“Choose for me, daddy?” Yuuri asks batting his eyelashes, “You know what I like.”

Victor’s grip on his menu goes tight, then relaxes again.

“You’re going to be the death of me, I swear,” Victor mutters with pink cheeks as their waiter approaches.

“Good evening sir, can I answer any questions about the menu?”
“No, thank you, we’re ready to order,” Victor replies, cool and collected once more, “We’ll start with a bottle of house white for the table, and I’ll have the langoustine risotto.”

“Very good. And for you, sir?”

Yuuri simply looks to Victor, resting his chin on an elegant hand with a casual air of indifference.

“He’ll have the scallops.” Victor’s voice is smooth as silk, but his eyes are dark with arousal. After their server walks away Yuuri smiles, sharp and hungry.

“My favorite.”

Victor gives his foot a playful nudge under the table.

“Naughty,” he chides, though his lips are hiding a smile.

“Only for you,” Yuuri replies, skimming his dress shoe up the inside of Victor’s calf before returning his feet to his half of the small table, the picture of innocence.

Their food arrives promptly, looking fresh, delicious, and exquisitely plated. Yuuri is ready to dig in to what is going to be a divine seared scallop when Victor picks up his glass in a toast. He expects Victor to break character and deliver something long and poetic about the enduring nature of love, but Yuuri’s husband pleasantly surprises him again.

“To us.”

It’s perfect. It’s them. Not just flouting convention but teasing it, playing with it. Twisting it until it becomes something tantalizing and unexpected.

Yuuri has never been more in love with Victor than in this exact moment. He raises his glass with a smile, treasuring the delicate clink of their toast and the sparkle of mischief in Victor’s eye.

“To us.”

~

“I’ve had a wonderful time tonight, daddy.”

They’re in the suite Victor reserved for them upstairs, working their way through their second flute of champagne.

“I’m glad, baby,” Victor replies, just the slightest bit tipsy, “You know I love to treat you.”

Somewhere along the way Victor lost his dinner jacket, and Yuuri can admit he’s distracted by the slim cut of his husband’s shirt. How the rolled up sleeves show off his forearms.

He hopes Victor doesn’t undress too much for the next phase of their evening. Yuuri isn’t ashamed to admit that’s a bit of a kink for him.

“You always spoil me,” Yuuri purrs, “I’m very appreciative.”

“Appreciative?” Victor repeats with an eager glint in his eye.

“Very,” Yuuri says, teasing the heel of his hand over the growing hardness in Victor’s pants, “Let me spoil you a little now.”
“You won’t have to ask me twice, darling.”

With a wink and one last squeeze of Victor’s cock Yuuri steps back towards the massive bed waiting for them, swinging his hips a little extra. He pulls several packets of lube from his pocket and tosses them on the bed before he strips out of his jacket, nice and slow. He turns to face Victor as he tosses the shearling coat aside. His husband is leaning against the wall in his shirtsleeves, the picture of casual indulgence as he sips his champagne and waits for Yuuri to give him a show.

Yuuri doesn’t plan on disappointing. He shimmies out of his sweater and kicks off his shoes, revealing the toes of his silk stockings hidden by his black dress pants. This detail doesn’t escape Victor’s attention. Yuuri feels the heat of his gaze trace its way up his legs as he finally drops his pants, revealing the shimmering peach and gold lingerie set he picked out just to surprise Victor with. Tiny drops of gold stud the taut sheer mesh garter belt that holds up his stockings, and dangling fringe made up of fine gold chain link highlight Yuuri’s numerous assets below the belt.

“Yuuri…” Victor sighs, voice appropriately breathless.

“It’s called ‘showgirl,’” Yuuri reveals, giving Victor a slow spin so his husband can appreciate the sparkle of gold chains draped over his ass and thighs, “I thought it was appropriate, given the occasion.”

Yuuri heard the clink of glass as Victor sets down his champagne flute.

“Very.”

Victor’s voice is closer now. With his back turned Yuuri can still feel the heat of him, just far enough away not to touch. With a coy glance over his shoulder Yuuri stretches his arms over his head and gives a little wiggle just to hear the chains jingle.

Victor laughs soft, under his breath, but his grip on Yuuri’s hips is all hard want.

“Oh, Yuuri,” he murmurs, “The things I’m going to do to you.”

“I can’t wait,” Yuuri replies, breathy, “You always take such good care of me.”

“Get on the bed for me?” Victor requests, dragging his hands up Yuuri’s chest to tease at his nipples for only a moment before pulling away just as quick, “I want to take a good long look at you.”

“Anything you want,” Yuuri says, turning to give Victor a quick kiss, “But don’t look too long.”

With another playful stretch aYuuri lays himself out on the California king, his upper body pressed to the silk sheets and his ass in the air, putting his backless panties on full display. The delicate fringe of chain dangling from his garter belt perfectly complements the gold plated Lelo plug he’s been wearing all night. He preens when he hears Victor’s strangled groan behind him as his husband realizes Yuuri’s been keeping himself open and ready for his cock.

“You like it, daddy?” Yuuri asks, coy as he glances over his shoulder, “It was such a nice present, I wanted to save it for a special occasion.”

Victor climbs onto the bed behind Yuuri, still wearing most of his suit. He takes hold of Yuuri’s ass in two firm handfuls, spreading his cheeks to get a better look at the glint of gold stretching his rim.

“Beautiful,” he breathes, almost reverent, though Yuuri can hear the possessive glee dripping from his husband’s words, “You wore this all day for me?”
“I didn’t want to wait,” Yuuri says, arching into Victor’s grip, “I wanted to be ready for your cock anytime you wanted me.”

“Shit,” Victor curses, gripping the base of the plug and tugging it against Yuuri’s rim, stretching him even further, “I always want you, baby boy.”

Yuuri smiles, then gasps as Victor pulls the plug all the way out, leaving him fluttering and empty. He grinds back against Victor, groaning when he feels how hard Victor is under his suit pants.

That cock needs to be in him right this minute.


“Believe me, darling,” Victor promises, “I’m going to.”

There’s the clink of a belt buckle and the tug of a zipper and then the hot, stiff length of Victor’s cock is grinding against Yuuri’s slicked up asshole.

“Let’s get some of this out of our way, hm?” Victor murmurs, finding the clasp of Yuuri’s garter belt with ease. With a snap the sheer nylon and sparkling gold fall to the bed, still dangling from the clips attached to Yuuri’s stockings. Yuuri is left in only his backless panties. There’s the crinkle of a lube packet, and then Yuuri feels the blunt pressure of Victor’s cock at his entrance.

“Ready for me?”

“Always,” Yuuri preens.

Victor lines up and pushes in. Yuuri bears down, groaning at the shock of the stretch until his body gives way and Victor is sinking into him inch by aching inch.

When his husband bottoms out Yuuri whimpers, stuffed full exactly like he wanted. Victor gives him a minute to adjust before working his hips in small circles, warming him up to the main event.

“So good,” Victor breathes, grinding deep, “I’ll never get tired of fucking your tight little ass, baby, not when you fit like this.”

Yuuri breathes through the last of the burn, giving a shaky moan as Victor pulls out and fucks back in on a real thrust.

“It’s all yours,” he gasps, “I’m all yours.”

“I know you are.”

Victor puts a hand to the back of his neck and Yuuri shudders as his husband presses him down into the mattress, forcing his back into a steep arch as Victor starts fucking him at a brutal pace. It’s everything Yuuri has been dreaming of, Victor taking exactly what he wants and Yuuri desperately needs. The room quickly fills with the sounds of their mutual pleasure; Yuuri’s escalating cries and Victor’s labored grunts in perfect harmony with the muffled slap of his thighs against Victor’s clothed ones and the slick squelch of Victor’s cock fucking Yuuri’s ass deep and hard. Somewhere in all that is the chime of gold chains still dangling from the front of Yuuri’s soon to be ruined panties and the harsher jingle of Victor’s belt buckle because Victor didn’t even take off his belt to fuck him and Yuuri is living one of his dirtier fantasies right now.

“Fuck, fuck, raw me, daddy,” Yuuri cries, the filth rolling off his tongue effortlessly as Victor holds him down and fucks him hard.
Yuuri has been waiting all night to cum, keeping himself on edge as he sucked Victor off in the limo and shifted the plug in his ass all through dinner. He loves it when Victor makes him wait, playing the selfish lover because he knows that edge of denial blows Yuuri’s mind every time.

“Touch me, daddy,” he begs, tears in his eyes from being so close, “Please, I need to cum.”

Victor’s voice is a predatory growl as he lands a rough thrust right against Yuuri’s prostate.

“You’ll cum on my cock, or you won’t cum at all.”

Victor plants a good hard smack right on Yuuri’s left ass cheek, and the shock of the sudden sting shudders up his spine like lightning. Somewhere on the journey through his nervous system the pain turns into ecstasy and before he knows it Yuuri is screaming his way through the throes of a toe curling orgasm. His cock spits and drools into the bedspread as Victor continues to fuck him, until Yuuri’s cries have petered out into weak little ah ah ah’s of oversensitive pleasure. He clutches involuntarily around his husband’s cock and Victor grunts, one hand holding Yuuri’s hips in place while the other traces greedily over the spot where Yuuri’s skin is still radiating heat from Victor’s slap. His thrusts grow in urgency and Yuuri mewls, face down on the bedspread.

“I’m so close, baby,” Victor groans, “I just need—“

Yuuri yelps when Victor pulls out, leaving him empty and open. One of Victor’s hands leave him and Yuuri’s heart races as he hears the slick sound of Victor jerking himself behind him and he realizes how his husband intends to finish.

“Fuck, fuck, Victor, yes,” Yuuri babbles, “Cum on me, please, I want it so bad—“

Victor shouts, and the next thing Yuuri feels is the hot slap of cum splattering all over his ass.

“Oh, shit,” Yuuri gasps, shivering as Victor wrings out every drop of his load right over Yuuri’s hole, “Victor, did you really—“

“What do you say, baby boy?” Victor demands, chest heaving behind him.

Yuuri swears those words are enough to make his cock twitch with interest even though he just came. For a minute all he can manage is shocked silence, but Yuuri is no quitter. With one last overstimulated shiver Yuuri digs deep and manages a low, drawn out moan.

“Thank you, daddy.” Yuuri purrs, arching his back to show off the cum painting his ass and his sloppy, fucked out hole. Then, the pièce de resistance:

“Do you want to take some pictures?”

Just like that Victor’s too cool persona shatters like a champagne flute on a marble floor.

“God, yes.”

Victor scrambled off the bed to get his phone, his softening cock still hanging out of his pants. Yuuri just laughs, still holding his lewd position on the bed as he comes down from one of the top three orgasms of his life.

“Yuuri, darling, you were incredible,” Victor gasps, getting behind Yuuri again to line up his camera, “I can’t believe it, the whole night—the limo—the plug! You took my breath away.”

Yuuri preens, peeking over his shoulder with a cheeky grin as Victor snaps picture after picture of
their debauchery.

“I’m glad you liked it,” he says, “Happy anniversary, daddy.”

“God, and I’m married to him,” Victor mutters almost to himself before tossing aside his phone and pressing a wealth of kisses to Yuuri’s cum covered backside, “Happy anniversary, my darling boy. I’ll never deserve you.”

Yuuri only smiles, and lets his husband pamper him.

~

“I am the luckiest man alive,” Victor breathes, still looking a little awestruck a half hour later after they’ve cleaned up and tucked themselves into bed. He rolls into his side to face Yuuri, his blue eyes wide with wonder.

“How are you so good to me, Yuuri?”

Yuuri smiles, warm and sated, and presses a kiss to his husband’s slack mouth.

“Lucky for you,” he says, tucking their feet together under the 800 count sheets, “That’s what I like.”

Chapter End Notes

Cheers all! Thanks to everyone who left such supportive and wonderful comments, and as always, feel free to share this fic! Find me on tumblr @summersteve
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