**Skater Next Door**

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**Skater Next Door**

by KasumiChou

**Summary**

When Yuuri finds out that his next-door neighbour is none other than Victor Nikiforov, he has a small break down.

He has a second small break down when he sees Victor Nikiforov shower his son in love and attention.

And a third break down when Victor asks him, Yuuri Katsuki, a poor, single parent, ballet dancer, out on a date.

**Notes**

See the end of the work for [notes](#).
Yuuri held back a sigh as he stared at the sign in front of him.

‘Elevator Out Of Order’

It was the third time this month that the elevator had been out of order, which is saying something seeing as it was only the second week of the month.

“Again?”

Yuuri turned his gaze to the blonde-haired boy standing next to him, who was glaring at the sign with the utmost hatred.

“Sorry, Yurochka, seems like we are taking the stairs,” he told the boy while herding him towards the stairs.

“But papa,” the boy whined but started climbing the stairs. He couldn’t blame the boy, they lived on the seventh floor, which meant there was a lot of stairs to climb before they were home and after a day of hard training, he wanted nothing less than to avoid climbing stairs.

With a sigh, he followed his son up the stairs, balancing not only his workout bag but also Yuri’s
schoolbag and the groceries they had gotten on the way home.

He still couldn’t believe it sometimes, that he was in Russia. In Russia doing ballet with an adorable five-year-old son.

If someone had told him when he was fifteen that he would be a professional danseur in Russia with a son in less than ten years, he could have laughed and shook his head in disbelief, but here he was.

“Papa?”

He blinked and glanced down at Yuri, who stared up at him with big green eyes.

“Papa, you don’t look well,” Yuri told him with a frown.

“I’m fine,” he insisted with a soft smile. Sometimes his little Yuri was a bit too observant.

If he was honest, he wasn’t fine. His feet were killing him because he hadn’t had time to ice them at the studio because he had been running late to pick Yuri up. That and he hadn’t eaten today because there hadn’t been any food to spare. Living between pay checks was hard, especially during the last couple of days before he got paid.

He just needed to get home. Then he would have one of the apples Yuri had begged to get and ice his feet before he got started on the household chores.

Just a couple more stairs.

Just a few more and he would be home.

“Papa? Papa? PAPA!”

The next thing he remembered was the soft feeling of a bed beneath him which confused him. He had been climbing the stairs to their little apartment last time he checked.

He slowly opened his eyes, staring at the blur ceiling above him for a moment.

He shot upright when he finally noticed that he wasn’t staring at his ceiling. The ceiling was a soft blue colour, rather than the white he was use too.

He was greeted by large brown poodle, who had been lying beside him on the bed apparently.

He stared at the poodle for a moment before glancing around the room, trying to figure out where he was. He spotted his glasses almost immediately and slipped them on to help him take in the room.

He didn’t recognise anything in the room. He jolted when the door to the side opened and Yuri’s little head popped into the room.

“Papa!” Yuri gasped before running into the room and pouncing on him.

“Yuri!” he said in a panic as he caught the boy before he hurt himself or him, “What have I said about running inside?” he said while cuddling the boy tightly to his chest.

“Papa! You fainted in the hallway!” Yuri informed him with a frown on his little face, “You said you were fine but you weren’t!”

“Yurio~” a new voice called out, causing him to glance towards the door which Yuri had left open
on his rush to get to him, “We agreed to let your dad rest.”

Yuuri stared at the man in the doorway in surprise. He was staring at Victor Nikiforov, THE skating league, Victor Nikiforov.

“Hi,” Victor said while waving at him, “I’m Victor. I live three doors down from you and I just so happened to be coming home when you fainted.”

“I’m sorry,” he blurted out before he could stop himself, feeling his cheeks heat up in embarrassment as he cuddled Yuri a little tighter.

“No, no, you are fine. You seemed like you needed a break,” Victor chuckled with a wink. “Now, dinner is ready. I’m not letting you leave until you have eaten!” Victor told him before exiting the room.

He sat there in shock for a moment before glancing down at Yuri who was holding onto him tightly.

“I’m sorry, Yurochka,” he said gentle while leaning down to plant a kiss on top of the boy’s head.

“Victor has been really nice,” Yuri told him, “Though he is gross for having a dog.”

Yuuri blinked in surprise before letting out a chuckle of amusement.

“Well, let’s go see what Victor made for us?” he offered while letting go of the boy and helping him off the bed.

“Victor said you were very pretty and I told him that you weren’t pretty because girls were pretty and you’re not a girl.” He stared at the boy in confusion for a moment before feeling his cheeks heat up in embarrassment.

“Oh, really?” he asked while getting to his own feet. He wobbled for a moment before following his son out of the room and towards what he assumed was the kitchen where Victor was waiting for them with food.

Victor Nikiforov thought he was pretty?

Victor Nikiforov thought he was pretty and knew he had a son?

Geez, what was his life going to turn into now?
Yuuri let out a sigh as he finally made it to his floor, he couldn’t believe that the elevator was down again – he was certain that it had only started working again a week or so ago.

It was his first day off in nearly two weeks and it was a school day, meaning he was also childfree for at least five hours.

Despite the urge to crawl back into bed and actual rest on one of his off days, he had a list of chores that he needed to do. One of which, included at least three loads of washing that weren’t going to disappear if he did chose to ignore it.

A soft bark caught his attention, causing him to glance further down the hallway. Standing three doors down from his apartment was Victor Nikiforov with his beloved poodle, Makkachin.

“Victor?” he called out in confusion when he caught sight of the world renown skater. The Russian skater had his forehead resting on his door, a defeated look on his face from what he could see. Makkachin sat obediently beside her owner, wagging her tail wildly as he slowly approached the pair. When the Russian failed to respond, he walked over and placed his hand on the skater’s
shoulder, startling him and causing him to squeak in surprise.

“I didn’t do it!” Victor shouted before freezing and finally taking notice of him, “Yuuri!”

“Are you okay?” he questioned while taking in the skaters dishevelled appearance. He knew it was the middle of skating season and that Victor appearance probably had something to do with practice or competitions.

“Fine, just a little tired,” Victor ensured him while letting out a small, fake laugh.

“A little? You have bags under your eyes,” he pointed out while gentle reaching over to rub his thumb over the black circles under Victor’s right eye. Victor stared at him with wide eyes for a moment, before clearing his throat and taking a step back, walking straight into his door.

He stared at the Russian skater for a moment before holding his hand out.

Victor glanced between his face and his hand for a moment, a look of confusion on his face.

“Give me Makkachin and go to bed,” he explained while reaching over and taking Makkachin’s leash from her owner.

“What! No!” Victor cried while trying to take the poodle back.

“Victor, go back to bed,” he insisted while moving to open Victor’s apartment. Unsurprisingly, the front door was open, something he had learned was a common occurrence if his missing child had anything to do with it.

He often found his little apartment vacant of its normal child, only to find said child curled up on Victors couch with the skater not always there. He had lost count of the amount of times he had had to apologise for his own child’s new breaking-and-entering habit – though Victor honestly didn’t seem to mind that much.

“Sleep,” he repeated while pushing Victor into his apartment.

“Yuuri, no, I can’t,” Victor tried to argue, only to stop and pout at him once he was inside the apartment.

“Sleep. I’ll look after Makkachin. You can come pick her up and have dinner with us tonight,” he said while giving the skater a gentle smile.

Victor stood in the entryway of his apartment for a long moment, simply staring at him before giving him a small nod.

“Dinner, Makkachin, tonight,” Victor mumbled while nodding his head.

“Yes, tonight, I’ll see you then,” he said, pulling the door shut before Victor could protest. He turned to Makkachin, who stared up at him with big, brown eyes.

“Is your papa always this silly?” he cooed at the poodle, who gave a soft bark and hurried over to him for kisses. He laughed as his chin was covered in adorable puppy kisses before leading the poodle towards his apartment.

“Let me give the house a little bit of a tidy and then, we will go on a walk,” he told the poodle as he unlocked his door.
“Oh my god.”

Yuuri muttered under his breath as he leant against the wall beside the washing machine. With no room in his apartment for a washing machine, he was forced to use the washing facilities on the ground floor like most of the people in the building. Which meant guarding the machines he was using with his life to ensure his clothes got washed and cleaned without anyone fiddling with them.

So, he sat on the ground next to the washing machine he had chosen with a poodle curled up in his lap.

“I invited Victor Nikiforov over for dinner,” he muttered to the poodle, who just stared up at him with big, brown eyes and wagged her tail.

“Am I going to have enough food to feed him? I’m going to need to go shopping. Crap, that means I won’t be able to afford my new shoes this month,” he groaned while leaning his head back.

“But I should still be able to get Yura a winter jacket,” he conceded with himself while playing with the poodle’s ears.

Makkachin seemed to be having a ball with him. Not only had she happily followed him around his
apartment as he cleaned up after his adorable – but destructive – child. But she had been all too
willing to help him collect the mail and chill with him in the laundry as he did his huge basket of
washing (he had somehow been able to condense all three of his baskets of washing into one giant,
overflowing basket. It had been a pain, but he managed to get it to the ground floor, though he was a
little more worried about getting it upstairs now.

“I still need save up for Yura’s birthday, that is only a few months away. God, Makkachin, my baby
is going to be six soon.” He sat there quietly, a little in shock.

He still remembered the moment that Yuri, as a drooling twelve-month-old, was dumped in his arms
as his mother walked away, declaring that she wanted nothing to do with the child.

How anyone could walk away from a child was beyond him, especially one like Yuri.

He was such an expressive child. That and his hair was a gift from the gods, he always hated cutting
it because it was just the most perfect shade of gold and was always so silky.

“God, what am I going to get him?” he sighed while shaking his head. He knows that Yuri would
want nothing more than to get a cat, but he just couldn’t avoid it.

Between rent, food, clothes for Yuri and ballet shoes for himself, he didn’t have much money to
spare. He often had to push each pair of ballet shoes he got to their limit before he had enough to buy
another pair.

At least Minako looked after him and always bought all the ice he needed.

He let out another sigh while nuzzling his face into the poodle’s fur.

“Do you think Victor would like Katsudon?” he questioned the poodle.

“PAPA, VICTOR IS HERE.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes at Yuri’s shout, wondering why Yuri had found it necessary to shout when he
was barely a room away.

“Yurio! Look how big you have gotten!” Victor’s voice cooed before he heard a cry of dismay from
the small boy, indicating that Victor had probably scooped the boy up in a hug.

He turned down the heat on the stove as he wandered over to see what was going on in the entryway
of his apartment.

He was greeted by Victor holding his son on his hip, smiling at each other like they were sharing a
secret.

“Good evening, Victor,” he greeted the Russian, catching the pair’s attention.

“Papa! Papa! Victor came!” Yuri told him while pointing towards the man.

“Oh, really?” he gasped, earning a chuckle from the man in question.

“Yes, I have to collect my puppy-child and to eat dinner with my two favourite Yuri’s!” Victor
declared while nosing Yuri’s cheek, causing the boy to squeal and try and squirm out of the man’s
grasp.

“No!” Yuri shouted, causing him to chuckle softly and shake his head in amusement.
He almost wanted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn’t dreaming. Victor Nikiforov was standing in his entryway, holding his child, giving his child love and attention, and was about to sit down and have dinner with them. Surely, he was dreaming.

But the small pinch he gave himself only gave him a moment of pain.

Victor Nikiforov was standing in his doorway, was holding his child, and was totally smiling brightly at him.

“We are having katsudon for dinner,” he told Victor while returning the Russian’s smile.

“Cat-what?” Victor attempted to repeat, earning a gasp from little Yuri.

“Katsudon,” the blonde child said slowly and clearly for Victor, “It’s like the bestest.”

Yuuri shook his head as he retreated into the kitchen to finish up dinner, leaving Victor with Yuri as he explained the meal that was katsudon.

Maybe next time he invited Victor over, he would try to make it a childfree night.

What was he thinking?

Victor Nikiforov? Interested in him?

He finished plating up the food and turned around to find Victor standing in the doorway of the kitchen, eyes locked on him despite the chatting child in his arms.

Or maybe he was interested in him.
Yuuri smiled sadly as he gently brushed the hair out of Yuri’s flushed face. The poor boy was running a high fever and it was breaking his heart.

The little whimpers of pain that escaped the sleeping boy was heart-wrenching, especially when he was meant to be leaving for work soon.

Another whimper left the boy, causing him to let out a soft coo while soothing the boy’s hair back gently.

“It’s okay, Yurochka, papa is right here,” he ensured the sleeping boy.

He didn’t know what to do, taking Yuri to school was out of the question and so was skipping work, he had been called up the night before from Minako, begging him to take over the part of Siegfried for the local performance of Swan Lake after the previous danseur injured himself and could no longer play the part.

Yuuri let out a soft sigh while leaning forwards and planted a gentle kiss against the crown of Yuri’s head.

“Sleep well, Yurochka,” he whispered softly before standing up and retreating from the room.

Normally he would just call in sick, or get Minako to look at the boy but getting Minako to babysit was out of the question, seeing as she was expecting him at the studio in the next hour. It was too last minute to organise a babysitter, and he didn’t have enough money spare to pay someone. There was no chance he was leaving Yuri by himself, and he couldn’t bring a sick child to the studio and risk contaminating the other dancers.

Yuuri ran a hand through his hair as he stood outside Yuri’s room.

What could he do?

A sudden knock at the front door of his apartment captured his attention immediately.

Who was knocking at his door at eight o’clock in the morning?

He headed for the front door and opened it a fraction, just enough to see who was on the other side of the door.

“Yuuri~” Victor Nikiforov greeted him with one of his stunning bright smiles, causing him to relax and open the door properly.

“Good morning,” he responded to the skater.

“I was grabbing my mail and thought I’d grab yours for you,” Victor declared while holding out a small bundle of envelops out for him. He took them with a soft smile, noting that Victor’s eyes glanced behind him curiously.

“Thank you,” he said as he quickly skimmed through them, noting that there was only one envelop marked final notices, which was a relief in a way.

“Where is little Yurio?” Victor questioned, causing him to glance up from his mail.
“Yura has a fever,” he explained while giving Victor a small smile. Victor stared at him, a look of confusion overcoming his face.

“But,” Victor stared before gesturing to his outfit, “You look ready to leave.”

“Y-yeah,” he stammered, “I’m needed at work.”

“But Yurio has a fever.” He nodded his head, earning a frown from the Russian.

“Do you have a babysitter coming or…” Victor asked, his sentence trailing off when he shook his head.

“No, I’m trying to figure something out,” he admitted with a small laugh. Victor stared at him for a moment before grabbing his hand.

“I can look after him,” Victor offered. He stared at the skater in surprise before raising an eyebrow questionable.

“Are you sure? You don’t exactly look after yourself well,” he pointed out, earning a pout from the Russian.

“Funny,” Victor said while giving his hand a soft squeeze, “But seriously, I can look after him. I can take the day off and if Yakov doesn’t let me, I can just take him with me to the rink. I’ll bundle him up and keep him in Yakov’s office.”

“I couldn’t-” he started to protest, only for Victor to shake his head.

“Yuuri, please. It is the least I can do for all the times you have fed me or looked after Makkachin. If I have any problems I’ll call you right away,” Victor insisted, even going as far as giving him the puppy dog eyes.

He stared at Victor for a moment before slowly nodding his head in defeat.

“Thank you,” he said, squeezing Victor’s hand back.

“Anytime,” Victor ensured him, flashing him another bright smile.

“Backtrack, you are sort of seeing someone?”

Minako said in surprise while looking at him. He gave a small shrug in response while taking a water break. It was a little past lunch and Minako had finally gotten out of him that Yuri wasn’t well and that Victor (“Victor? As in Victor Nikiforov? Your childhood idol? Is babysitting your hellcat?”) was babysitting Yuri.

“We aren’t seeing each other,” he mumbled while setting his water bottle back down.

“Didn’t you just say you had been having dinner with him regularly?” Minako questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes,” he replied hesitantly.

“And didn’t you say that Yuri likes him and Victor seems to adore Yuri as well?” Minako said while giving him a pointed look.

“Victor likes children,” he muttered with a shrug while stretching his arms above over his head,
“Now, where were we?”

“Don’t try and change the topic,” Minako huffed while crossing her arms across her chest. “Have you gone out on a date?”

“Because that is possible with a child,” he said sarcastically.

“I can babysit my own godchild you know,” Minako huffed while crossing her arms across her chest.

“Self-declared godchild,” he pointed out.

“Like you would want anyone else but me looking after your hellcat,” Minako said while sticking her tongue out at him.

“Real mature,” he said with a roll of his eyes, “And I do currently have someone else looking after Yuri.”

Minako paused before letting out a sigh and nodding her head.

“True, true. But in all serious, I will babysit if you two ever want to go on a date, or skip the date and fall into bed.”

“MINAKO-SENSEI,” he gasped in horror while staring at his lifelong ballet instructor in horror.

“You heard me,” Minako sung, “Now, let’s go over Act 2 again.”

“But Yakov,” Victor whined into the phone.

“No,” Yakov huffed, “I want you at the rink now.”

“But I’m babysitting,” he mumbled with a pout, despite knowing that his coach couldn’t see it.

“Someone trusted you with a child?” Yakov questioned.

“Hey,” he whined before poking his head into Yuri’s room to check up on the boy. Nothing much had changed since Yuuri left. Yuri’s fever had stayed steady, showing no signs of breaking anytime soon.

“Put the heater on in your office,” he said with a sigh of defeat before moving towards the boy’s closet.

“What?” Yakov questioned.

“Yurio has a fever, I’m not putting him rink side. So, if you want me at the rink, put the heater on in your office,” he stated simply.

“Someone trusted you with a sick child?” Yakov questioned.

“Yakov,” he sighed.

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll turn it on,” Yakov mumbled.

“Geez, and you still expect me at the rink?” he whined.

“Like I believe you have a sick child with you,” Yakov snapped back at him.
“You have a sick child with you,” Yakov gaped as he carried Yuri into his coach’s office.

“I told you that,” he said while gently placing Yuri down on the big, plush couch pushed up against the far wall beside the heater.

“You made him bring a sick child to the rink,” Lilia asked while getting up from her seat in front of Yakov’s desk, “Look at those cheeks. A high fever?” He glanced towards the former prima-ballerina and nodded his head.

“Poor baby,” Lilia cooed while gently brushing the hair out of Yuri’s face as the boy slumbered on despite all his layers. Victor hadn’t known what to dress the boy in, so he had just decided to go with whatever he could find and put on the boy, which only really included a t-shirt and a jumper, but he had also wrapped the boy up in one of his trench coats and a throw blankets to keep the chill air out on their way to the rink.

“Who let your look after a sick child?” Yakov questioned, causing him to pout in his coach’s direction.

“This is Yurio, I’ve told you about Yurio,” he said while gesturing to the slumbering boy. Yakov stared at him blankly, causing him to sigh.

“Single dad lives a few apartments down, Yuri is his little boy. Dad couldn’t get off work and I offered to babysit,” he explained simply, earning a small nod from his coach.

“What does his father do?” Lilia questioned while continuing to fuss over the boy, tucking the blanket and trench coat around him more snuggly.

“A ballerina,” he stated simply, causing Lilia to turn to him curiously.

“At Mariinsky?” Lilia questioned and he nodded his head, “Who?”

He stared at the former prima-ballerina for a moment before realising that she was trying to figure out if she knew Yuuri or not.

“Yuuri Katsuki,” he stated, earning a frown from the woman.

“Yuri and Yuuri?” Yakov questioned.

“Well, it’s Yuuri and Yuri,” he corrected, “Yurio is a nickname,” he explained quickly with a smile.

“Yuri and Yuri? He named the child after him?” Yakov questioned.

“No,” he said with a shake of his head. That had been his first question when he had finally realised that the father-son duo shared a name. Yuuri had explained that he hadn’t even been aware of Yuri’s existence until the boy had been dumped on him. Yuuri admitted that he was completely gay (which had sent his little heart racing when he had heard it), though Yuuri didn’t really notice genders after a few too many drinks. “It’s a long story,” he told Yakov, getting a small nod from his coach.

“Katsuki?” Lilia sudden asked, “Japanese?”

“Yeah,” he said with a nod.

“Must be Minako’s danseur,” Lilia said, though he was pretty sure she was speaking to herself.

“Victor, get on the ice,” Yakov demanded, causing him to pout at his coach.
“But Yakov,” he whined, earning a glare from the older male.

“I’ll keep an eye on your little kotik,” Lilia ensured him.

Yuuri let out a small sigh as he unlocked the door of his apartment, he wasn’t sure what he expected when he entered his apartment but it wasn’t this.

Victor was seated on the couch with a book in his lap, with Yuri cuddled up against his side. The boy was awake, even if it was just barely and was staring at the television with hazy eyes, immersed in the cartoons that were playing.

“I’m home,” he called out softly, catching both males attention.

“Papa!” Yuri called out in a croaky voice while reaching out for him.

“Yuuri~” Victor greeted with a smile. He smiled as he walked over to the pair, pressing a quick kiss against Victor’s cheek, which set Victor’s alight in a soft blush, before he leant over the back of the couch and wrapped his baby up in a tight hug.

“How are you feeling, Yurochka?” he cooed softly, earning a soft hum from the boy.

“His fever broke just after lunch,” Victor told him, “But he is still rather flushed.”

“Were you good for Victor?” he asked the boy, earning himself a nod.

“Papa, papa,” Yuri mumbled in his little croaky voice, “Victor took me to the skating rink. And I got to watch him skate~” the boy started to rattle off his day, only to be cut off by a rather harsh cough that rattled through his body. He rubbed the boys back gentle until Yuri caught his breath again.

He glanced towards Victor who smiled at him softly.

“I’m pretty sure my coach has adopted him already, he was checking on Yurio ever five minutes,” Victor explained, causing him to smile gentle.

“Is that so?” he asked, earning a nod from Yuri.

“Mister Yakov is really nice,” Yuri told him with a nod.

“Is he?” he asked with a smile.

“Not as nice as Miss Lilia,” Yuri corrected himself.

“Miss Lilia?” he repeated slowly.

“Lilia Baranovskaya,” Victor explained.

“Madam Baranovskaya?” he asked in surprise.

“So, I’m guessing you are Minako’s danseur?” Victor questioned, causing him to nod his head.

“Madam Baranovskaya knows who I am?” he asked, glancing between Victor and his son. Yuri gave a small shrug while pulling the blanket around him a little tighter.

“Yeah,” Victor said with a nod of his head, “Oh, there is some food in the kitchen for you. Lilia refused to let us go home until we had eaten something and then insisted we take some home to you,
so you didn’t catch someone’s cold,” Victor said while leaning over to ruffle Yuri’s head.

He stared at the pair in front of him for a moment, watching as Yuri whined and weakly tried to lean away from Victor touch.

It was almost like they were a family, like Yuri had two parents who loved and cherished him.

“Yuuri? What’s wrong? You are crying?” Victor asked suddenly, causing him to stand up straight and wipe the tears off his face with a nervous laugh.

“It’s nothing,” he mumbled with a weak smile.

“Papa?” Yuri questioned while looking up at him worriedly.

“I’m okay, I’m okay,” he ensured the pair while leaning down to plant a kiss on top of Yuri’s head while placing a hand on Victor’s shoulder and giving it a gentle squeeze.

“Just, thank you,” he mumbled to the pair, earning two looks of confusion.

“Papa, you are acting weird. Are you sick?” Yuri asked while turning around on the couch and getting on his knees to reach up and put a hand on his forehead. He chuckled softly and gave the boy another kiss, this time on his forehead.

“I’m fine, Yurochka,” he ensured the boy.

“I don’t know,” Victor hummed, causing him to turn to the skater in confusion, “I think someone needs some cuddle time on the couch, what do you say, Yurio?” Victor declared, earning a gasp of delight from Yuri.

“Yes! Papa needs cuddles!” Yuri said while patting the side opposite Victor on the couch. He let out a chuckle and nodded his head in defeat, realising that there was no way he was getting out of this.

“Okay, okay. Let me get changed really quick and then cuddle time,” he promised while moving towards his bedroom to quickly get dressed.

He liked this, having a family at home waiting for him at the end of a long day.
Victor let out a sigh as he closed the door of his fridge.

He didn’t know what he was expecting, he had only gotten home last night after competing at Moscow. He had been gone just over a week and any food in his fridge was probably not good to eat or a condiment.

He had won another gold medal, so he supposed he could order some takeaway or something for dinner. He turned to collect his phone from where he left it on the couch, only to freeze in surprise at what he saw in the doorway of his kitchen.

“Yurio?” he questioned, earning a pointed look from the five-year-old – he was pretty sure that the boy hadn’t aged on him yet, but he’d have to double check with Yuuri that he hadn’t missed the boy’s birthday.

“Papa says that you are lucky you have Makkachin and that the only reason your stuff doesn’t go missing is because of how big Makkachin is. Papa also says that you are stupid for always leaving your door unlocked,” Yurio told him simply. He stared at the boy for a moment before letting out a chuckle and nodding his head in agreement. Yuuri was probably right, he was both stupid for leaving his door unlocked all the time Makkachin did do a good job of protecting the apartment for him.

He knelt down and held his arms up for the boy, who eyed him for a split second before bolting into his arms. He let out a chuckle as he cuddled the small boy to his chest, planting a soft kiss on top of his head.

He didn’t really understand it, but he was in love with this kid. Yuri was just so precious and adorable. He wanted nothing more than to cuddle the kid forever, especially when he was so small.

He also wouldn’t mind cuddling the boy’s father, but he was slowly progressing in that area too. Maybe after Russian nationals he could ask Yuuri out on a date.

“Missed you,” Yuri muttered so softly that he almost missed the words. He paused and stared down at the boy cuddled to his chest before planting another kiss on top of the boy’s head.

“Missed you too, buddy,” he ensured the boy before standing up straight with the boy still cuddled to his chest.

“What is your papa up too?” he questioned while brushing some of Yuri’s gorgeous blonde hair out of his face.

“Papa is napping” Yuri told him seriously. He stared at the boy for a moment before frowning in confusion.

“Did you lock the door when you came here?” he asked. Unlike himself, Yurio didn’t have a huge dog to protect him, so if the boy had left the apartment unlocked while Yuuri was sleeping.

“I’m not you,” Yuri huffed while giving him a pointed look, “I even took papas keys, so I can go back. Papa didn’t know when you were coming home, so I came to check.”
Victor let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding before planting another kiss onto the boy, this time on the forehead. He held back a chuckle at the look of disgust that appeared on the boy’s face.

“Oh!” Yuri said loudly, eyes going wide while staring at him. “Papa and I watched you on the television!”

“Did you?” he questioned, unable to stop the smile that suddenly spread across his face. His two Yuri’s had watched him skate.

“Oh-huh,” Yuri said with a nod of his head, “Papa told me lots of things about it. Papa said you are the only one that can do that flippy jump.”

He let out a chuckle at Yuri’s description of his quad flip.

“Did you watch me on the television?” he asked while moving towards the lounge room. Despite the boy’s small size, holding him for too long was a struggle. He sat down on the couch, placing the boy on the seat beside him.

“Yeah, all three days!” Yuri said with a nod.

“Oh?” he said in surprise. He didn’t expect his Yuri’s to sit down and watch all three days.

“Can I see your medal?” Yuri asked while tugging on his shirt and staring up at him with big, wide eyes. He let out a chuckle while nodding his head.

“I’ll go get it,” he said, ruffling the boy’s hair while standing up to go get his medal. He was barely gone two minutes, but by the time he had gotten back, Makkachin had claimed his spot beside the blonde boy. Yuri had the poodles head in his lap, talking to him in a hush voice while playing with Makkachin’s ears. Victor couldn’t help but pause and watch the pair for a moment before walking up behind the couch and draping the gold medal around the boy’s neck.

“Whoa!” Yuri shouted in surprise before looking at the gold medal around his neck.

“Cool, huh?” he said with a smile as the boy glance up towards him.

“It’s heavy,” Yuri whined with a pout while lifting up medal with two hands.

“It isn’t heavy when you are big and strong like me,” he told the boy.

“Papa is big and strong,” Yuri said seriously, causing him to nod his head in agreement.

“You’re right, your papa is big and strong,” he chuckled. He leant over the back of the couch to give Makkachin a quick pat, the large poodle seemed content to cuddle with their little house invader for the moment, so he decided to leave them.

He watched Yuri as the boy stared down at his gold medal with a look of wonder. It was such a precious look, he only wished he could keep it on the boy’s face forever.

A sudden idea came to mind, he reached over and grabbed his camera before holding the camera in front of Yuri, making sure that he was in the frame.

“Yurio, hold the medal up for the camera,” he said. The blonde boy blinked a few times before lifting up the medal with both hands and flashing a smile towards the camera. He snapped a few pictures before planting another kiss on the boy’s head.

“Perfect,” he cooed before quickly setting to work posting the picture on twitter was the caption
‘cutest little fan’.

“Vicchan.” He glanced towards the boy curiously, he had heard the name Vicchan a few times but both Yuri’s normally just called him Victor.

“Yes?” he replied, hoping that the boy had actually been talking to him.

“I’m-I’m-I’m gonna be a skater like you! And I’m going to be better than you and get all the gold medals,” Yuri shouted while staring at him with a serious look.

He stood there in shocked for a moment before a small smile spread across his face.

“Have you ever skated before, Yurio?” he asked. Yuri stared at him for a moment before his cheeks heated up in an adorable red blush.

“No,” the boy mumbled while dropping his face to the medal around his neck. He let out a thoughtful hum before ruffling the boy’s hair.

“Well, that just means you have a lot of work to do before you are at my level,” he said, earning a determined nod from the boy.

“And how about this, if you get really good, I’ll be your coach once I retire,” he offered.

Yuri rose his head to stare up at him again, with his big, soulful green eyes.

“Really?” Yuri asked, causing him to chuckle and nod his head.

“But you have to be really good,” he chuckled while ruffling the boy’s hair.

“I’m gonna be the bestest,” Yuri ensured him.

+ BONUS

There was a loud pounding on the door, interrupting the cartoons Yuri and himself had put on to amuse themselves.

Victor had just gotten to his feet when the front door burst open, revealing a panicked Yuuri.

“Yura?” Yuuri all but shouted in a panic.

“Hi papa,” Yuri called out from the couch, looking completely content with Makkachin cuddled up beside him.

Victor bit back a chuckle as Yuuri all but deflated at the sight of his child.

“Yurochka, do you know how worried I was,” Yuuri sighed softly.

“Yuuri,” he called out, catching the man’s attention.

“Victor, your home,” Yuuri said while flashing him a soft smile.

“I’m ordering Thai for dinner, what do you want?” he said while moving to shut the front door and pushing Yuuri towards the couch.
Yuuri quietly shut the door of Yuri’s bedroom before letting out the sigh. He loved his son, he truly did, but sometimes it was hard to keep up with the boy.

“All tucked in?” Victor asked him as he joined the Russian skater on the couch.

“Yeah. Tucked in and asleep,” he confirmed while lifting his aching feet up onto the coffee table – something he normally told Yuri not to do, but hey, what the kid didn’t known wouldn’t hurt him.

“So, it is safe to whip out the alcohol?” Victor said excitedly while getting to his feet.

“Alcohol?” he questioned in confusion while staring up at the excited Russian.

“Yes!” Victor said before disappearing out of his sight. He sat there quietly for a moment before realising just how strange it was to be sitting in his own apartment by himself.

Ever since meeting Victor, it was almost like the Russian had evaded not only his home, but also his family.

Yuri was always asking about the skater when he wasn’t around, which could get rather tiring especially when the Russian was away competing.

Victor wandered back into the room, a bottle of wine clutched in one hand and two wine glasses in the other.

“You weren’t joking,” he muttered in surprise as Victor joined him on the couch again.

“Of course, I wasn’t joking,” Victor chuckled softly while handing him a glass.

“I don’t normally drink,” he admitted as Victor pulled a bottle opener out of his pocket and set to work popping the cork on the bottle of wine.

“Well, you deserve a little break,” Victor insisted while pouring the scarlet liquid into the glass he was holding.

“I do?” he questioned in surprise.

“Of course, looking after a child all by yourself while also being a professional dancer,” Victor stated simply, like it was the clearest thing in the world.

He stared at Victor as the Russian finished pouring his own glass before setting the bottle down on the table.

He brought the glass to his lips and took a soft sip as Victor leant back against the couch.

“Why here?” he asked, earning a questionable hum from the Russian. “Why are you living in this crappy apartment block?” he continued.

“Ah,” Victor hummed before letting out a soft hum, “Well, I never had a reason to leave.”

“The elevator never works,” he pointed out.

“It’s a good workout before practice,” Victor responded.
“We always lose power during the winter,” he said with a frown.

“And Makkachin makes a lovely cuddle buddy,” Victor replied, sending a smirk in his direction.

He opened his mouth to point out another issue with their apartment block when Victor grabbed his free hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

“If I had moved, I never would have met you and Yurio,” Victor said softly. “That and I’ve never needed much of anything. Just a bed to sleep in, my life has always been at the rink. Or it was, until I met you two.”

His mouth went dry as he stared at Victor in surprise. He couldn’t be implying what he thought he was implying.

“I,” Victor stared before pausing. They stared at each other for a moment, their free hands tangled together before Victor gave a small nod, “I don’t want to stop this.”

“This?” he asked softly before hiding the blush that heated his cheeks behind his wine glass. Victor let out a soft chuckle while giving his hand another squeeze.

“This. Us. Yuri. If I lost this, I don’t know what I would do,” Victor admitted while giving him a soft smile, a smile he could almost call heartbreaking.

“Was that a love confession?” he asked in a poor attempt to lighten the move.

“Yes,” Victor replied simply, catching him by surprise. His eyes widen in surprise as he stared at the skater in front of him. “I am in love with you and your son.” Victor confirmed for him, leaving him speechless.

Victor couldn’t love him.

He was a nobody and Victor was a sporting legend.

He was a dancer and Victor was a skater.

He was a single father and Victor was one of the worlds most desired bachelors.

Words of protest floated to mind, only to suddenly disappear as a pair of lips covered his.

Victor was kissing him.

Victor Nikiforov was kissing him.

And he honestly didn’t want him to stop.

“Go out with me,” Victor whispered against his lips ever so softly before pressing another fleeting kiss against his lips. He gave a soft hum while returning the number of small kisses that Victor gave to him.

“Is this why you got the alcohol?” he asked teasingly. Victor pulled away from him, a confused look on his face.

“Huh?” Victor said while glancing towards his glass of wine.

“Liquid courage?” he prompted, earning a ‘ah’ sound from the skater.
“No, I could have asked you out without wine,” Victor replied. He raised an eyebrow towards the Russian, who responded by sticking his tongue out.

He took another sip of his wine before reaching over to wrap his arm around the skater’s neck and draw him back into another kiss.

“Let’s just keep doing this,” he sighed against Victor’s lips, earning himself a hum of agreement.

“PAPA!”

Yuuri whined at the shout while shifting towards the heat source beside him. It was too early to deal with his hyperactive child, especially on a Saturday when he wasn’t needed at the studio till lunch time.

“VICCHAN!”

Yuuri frowned in confusion at his son’s shout until he felt a groan erupt from the body of heat he had been cuddled up against. He lifted his head off the body of heat, only to realise that he had been using Victor’s chest as a pillow.

“Your son is up,” Victor mumbled while tugging the blankets – of his bed, may he add – over his head, in what he could only assume was a poor attempt to block at the small child making noise in the hallway.

He opened his mouth to respond, only to be cut off as the draw shot up, revealing his little trouble maker.

“Papa!” Yuri shouted in delight at seeing him sitting – somewhat – upright.

“Yurochka, what have I told you about shouting?” he asked the boy. The five-year-old paused for a moment before he dropped his gaze to the ground.

“Papa said not to shout in the morning,” Yuri mumbled softly.

“And what did we do?” he questioned, earning a mumble in response.

“Yurio,” Victor called out, catching the boys attention immediately. He glanced towards the skater who sent him a soft smile. “Come here,” Victor said while sitting up and opening his arms to the boy. Yuri didn’t even hesitate, running around the bed to the side closer to Victor and throwing himself into the older man’s waiting arms with a giggle.

A soft smile rose to his lips as Victor lifted the boy up off the ground and settled him down between them, causing the young boy to giggle in delight.

“Okay, Yurio, it’s quiet time. Papa isn’t ready to get up just yet, so we have to use our quiet voices,” Victor said seriously, earning a nod from the blonde-haired boy in agreement.

He let out a soft chuckle while pressing a gentle kiss against the side of Yuri’s head before stretching his hand out across the bed until he found one of Victor’s hands. He smiled at Victor as the Russian glanced in his directions as their fingers tangled together under the covers.

“Can we go to the rink today?” Yuri asked, causing him to pause and stare at his son in confusion.

“I don’t know,” Victor hummed, “You have to ask your papa.” Yuri turned to him, puppy-dog eyes already turned on.
“Why?” he asked while glancing between the pair.

“Because-because-because, I’m gonna be better than Vicchan!” the boy announced, causing him to stare at the boy in surprise.

“What?” he asked while glancing towards Victor.

“Yuri-” Victor began only to be cut off.

“Yura,” Yuri corrected. Victor glanced towards the boy, a bright smile on his lips.

“Yura declared that he would become a better skater than me,” Victor told him.

“Oh?” he said softly, still confusion.

“And I may have said I would coach him if he was good enough once I retire,” Victor stated simply with a shrug, earning a nod from Yuri. He stared at the pair in surprise for a moment before a frown settled on his face.

“I can’t afford-” he started, only to be cut off by Victor waving a hand towards him.

“No, don’t,” Victor told him, “You are not paying for anything involving skating."

“But-” he tried to protest, only for Victor to shake his head.

“Nope. Yura has to become the best and pay me back, that is the deal,” Victor said while tickling the boy’s tummy, causing Yuri to erupts in giggles in between them. He stared at the pair beside him for a moment before sighing softly.

It seemed that Victor had made up his mind and wasn’t going to let him have a word.\n
He glanced towards his giggling son for a moment before a sudden thought came to mind. He grabbed his corner of the blanket and pulled in over the boy before quickly leaning across the bed to give Victor a soft morning kiss.

“You two are silly,” he sighed as he pulled away from a blushing Victor.

“Papa,” Yuri giggled while pulling the blankets away from his face. He smiled at his son, who cheeks were tinted a lovely red colour from laughing too much.

“Don’t papa me,” he cooed while nosing those red cheeks, causing the boy to giggle some more.

“Please don’t let this be a dream.”

Yuuri blinked in surprise while glancing towards Victor who was staring at Yuri and himself, a star stuck look on his face.

“Papa,” Yuri mumbled while tugging on the shirt he had slept in, “I’m not silly, but Vicchan is.” He chuckled softly at the boy’s conclusion before nodding his head.

“I think you are right,” he agreed, earning a pout from the Russian skater on the other side of the bed.

“Hey!” Victor whined, causing them both of laugh at him.

This was all new, but at the same time, it felt so natural, like they had been doing it for years.
And honestly, he hoped it lasted forever.
Victor let out a groan as Yuri giggled at him from across the room.

He shot the five-year-old a glare, resulting in the boy only giggling more from behind his protector, Lilia Baranovskaya.

“A child has a better stance than you,” Lilia huffed at him, causing him to groan in response.

“That child father is a ballerina,” he muttered under his breath.

“Danseur,” Yuri corrected him with a grin.

“Again, Victor,” Lilia demanded while clapping her hands together. He let out another groan while doing what the former prima-ballerina wanted, going through the ballet steps she had insisted he learn to help ‘strength his core’.

Lilia let out a sigh after a couple of minutes and shook her head.

“Victor.” He froze, staring at his torturer. “I have something to attend too. I have asked one of my colleagues to step in for me,” Lilia explained simple.

“What?” he said in surprise.

“Lady Lilia knew you were going to be bad,” Yuri sung from behind the woman, causing him to pout in response.

When he had offered to pick the boy up from school and entertain him for a couple of hours until Yuuri finished work, he didn’t think that the boy would sit around and giggle as he was tortured. If he didn’t love the boy to death, he might have yelled at the boy whenever that smug look appeared on his face.

The doors of the room were thrown open as a woman walked into the room.

“Lilia, I’m here,” the woman said cheerful before noticing Yuri. He opened his mouth to explain why there was a child in the studio – something that Lilia explained wasn’t really acceptable – only to blink in surprise as the woman knelt down and open her arms, “Yu-chan!”

“Aunty Mina!” Yuri gasped in delight before leaving his spot behind Lilia and hurrying towards the woman who wrapped him up in a hug.

“God, kiddo, look how big you have gotten,” the woman said while squeezing little Yuri tightly, something which only caused the boy to giggle. The pair started to talk in what he could only assume was Japanese for a moment before the woman let go of Yuri and got to her feet. The woman then turned towards him, eyeing him closely before turning to Lilia without even speaking a word to him.

“When you said that you wanted help with one of your ex’s students, I didn’t think you meant Victor Nikiforov,” the woman said, causing him to do a double take. This woman knew who he was?

“You didn’t really express interest,” Lilia replied simply. The two former – or so he concluded – ballerinas shared a look before Lilia gave a small nod.

“I’ll leave you to it. Victor, behave,” Lilia ordered before strutting out of the room.
He stood there in confusion, in a matter of minutes, Lilia had announced she had something to do and left him alone with a woman that knew Yuri.

“Vicchan!” Yuri said, catching his attention, “This is Aunty Mina.”

“Minako,” the woman corrected.

The name clicked in his head immediately, she was the one Yuuri danced under.

“Now, let’s see what torturous things Lilia has been doing to you,” Minako said while clapping her hands together. He let out a groan but got into position and started going through the steps he had been shown, trying to keep his eyes on his new torturer as he moved.

“Okay,” Minako hummed as he finished the last position Lilia had instructed him, “You are shit.”

Yuri giggled as he stared at the woman with wide eyes.

“What?” he said in surprise, causing the woman to roll her eyes.

“You are shit, simple. You aren’t flexible enough. So, let’s work on that. Yuri, show Victor the leg stretches your papa always does,” Minako said while patting the blonde-haired boy on top of the head. Yuri peeked up and nodded his head before dropping down beside him and started to go through some leg stretches. He recognised most of the movements, and managed to do the ones he recognised which seemed to please Minako, or so he gathered form the lack of yelling.

“So, you are dating my Yuuri,” Minako spoke up, catching his attention immediately. He stared at the woman for a moment before nodding his head.

“You better look after him,” she said while eyeing him, “Yuuri isn’t some play thing.”

“I’m not playing with him,” he stated simply.

“Vicchan! Like this!” Yuri whined, causing him to look at the boy and give him an apologetic smile before following his instructions. The room was silent, other than Yuri’s occasional instruction which were clear and easy to understand which was rather surprising seeing as they came from a five-year-old.

“Yu-chan!” Minako called out after about ten minutes of them stretching, the boy perked up at the nickname.

“Can you go be a good boy and go get my phone from my office?” Minako asked. Yuri nodded his head while jumping to his feet and hurrying out of the room without a moment of hesitation. Minako let out a soft chuckle as she watched the boy go before coming and joining him on the ground.

“Adorable kid,” she said while smiling at him.

“You have no idea,” he agreed with a nod. Minako eyed him for a moment before starting to work him through some more stretches – none of them as easy as the ones Yuri had been showing him.

“You know,” Minako said as they both held their toes, “You were Yuuri’s childhood idol.”

“What?” he asked, accidentally letting go of his toes to sit up right. Minako raised an eyebrow, causing him to blush as he returned to holding his toes.

“Yes,” she said with a nod, “I also think you were his childhood crush. I don’t blame him, you were very beautiful with long hair.”
“My long hair?” he repeated questionable. Minako stared at him for a moment before working him through the next stretch.

“Yuuri used to skate,” the older woman told him, causing him to pause in surprise.

“He did?”

“Yes, all through school,” Minako said with a soft laugh, “All he did for the first eighteen years of his life was skate and dance.”

“I wasn’t… aware,” he admitted.

“I’m not surprised. Yuuri isn’t the best about talking about himself,” Minako laughed softly.

“He talks enough,” he insisted.

“Oh?” she questioned him.

“You just have to listen,” he said with a small nod. Minako stared at him for a moment before nodding his head.

“When he finished school, he was told he had to choose between skating and dancing,” she told him while walking him through the next stretch. He let out a hiss as he tried to mimic the position Minako was showing him.

“I think he chose dancing because of me.” He glanced towards the woman beside him curiously.

From what he was knew, Minako was Yuuri’s boss or trainer and that she obviously knew Yuuri personality because Yuri knew the woman.

Clearly, there was something more he was missing.

“Go on,” Minako said, causing him to blink in surprise.

“Pardon?” he replied.

“You have something you want to ask,” she pointed out. He stared at her for a moment before slowly nodding his head.

“Why do you think Yuuri picked dancing because of you?” he asked while eyeing the woman as she changed positions. He mentally groaned, just watching her body move into the unnatural position, but followed her example as best as he could.

“Yuuri has been my student for decades. I remember when he was Yuri’s age,” Minako said with a soft smile.

He stared at the woman in confusion, how old was she if she knew Yuuri when he was five? Because she barely looked thirty and that maths didn’t add up there.

“Just before Yuuri finished high school, I was offered a teaching position here,” Minako said while waving a hand around, he guessed she was referring to the ballet school. “I asked if I could bring a student with me and showed them some of Yuuri’s work. They approved, of course, and Yuuri got to choose between coming to Russia with me to study ballet or go to America and figure skate.”

“Wait,” he said, cutting the woman off, “You speak like Yuuri was skating professionally.”
“He was the junior national champion for three years,” Minako replied, catching him by surprise. Yuuri had not only skated but had been good at it?

“I think he choose to come with me out of pity,” Minako said simply while moving into a normal sitting position. He let out a sigh as he laid out on the floor, feeling his muscles ache in pain after all the stretching he had just done.

“Yuuri isn’t the type to pity people,” he stated, earning a surprised look from the woman. She let out a soft hum in response before getting to your feet. He rose into an sitting position while staring up at the older woman - he really was curious as too how old she was now.

“Yeah, but I can’t figure out why else he would come with me,” Minako replied before the door of the room opened up.

“I’m back!” Yuri shouted as he walked into the room, dragging along behind him his lovely Yuuri, “I found papa!”

“Yuuri!” he called out in delight, earning a soft smile in response.

“Your boyfriend’s stretching ability is weak, work on that,” Minako told Yuuri simply. The pair shared a few words in Japanese – or at least, he hoped it was Japanese – before Minako gave him a little wave and left them alone in the room.

“Papa, Vicchan is really bad,” Yuri stared, causing him to pout in response.

“I’m a skater, not a dancer,” he whined at the boy, he stuck his tongue out in response. Yuuri chuckled softly and ruffled Yuri’s head while smiling towards him.

“Don’t be mean to Vicchan, he is rather old,” Yuuri responded, causing him to gasp in response and clutch his chest as he fell back down to the ground.

“I’m wounded, Yuuri,” he gasped while spreading out on the ground and faking dead.

The room was quiet for a moment, before something heavy pounced on his chest, knocking the breath out of his lungs.

“No,” Yuri whined while poking his cheek, “Don’t die, Vicchan!”

He wrapped the boy up in a surprise hug, earning a squeal of delight before giggles filled the room as he nosed the boys cheeks. Something he had picked up from watching Yuuri do it.

He still couldn’t believe it sometimes. That he had finally found it.

Love and life.

And it had been three doors down from him all along.
Victor woke slowly to the soft, echoing sound of a violin.

It was a strange sound to wake to, but it was also rather soothing.

The violin was such an interesting instrument, able to easily hypnotise men and women with its heartfelt music.

He let out a soft sigh as he shifted around in bed, pulling the soft sheets further around him in an attempt to trap the heat around him.

He inhaled deeply before he slowly opened his eyes.

He wasn’t in his room.

It was the first thing he noted. How it had taken him so long to notice was beyond him.

The bed sheets were a lot softer than what he was use too, something which confused him seeing as he bought top quality bedsheets, but nothing compared to the feeling of homemade blankets.

The room also held a more floral aroma to it, compared to the vanilla sort of smell that his own room smelt of.

He turned his head to the side, finding the space beside him empty and void of any warmth.

Sighing softly, Victor slowly admitted defeat and lifted the warm sheets of his body, causing him to shiver as the chilly morning air attacked his bare chest as soon as it was exposed.

He quickly grabbed the closest piece of clothing, which thankfully was a shirt which he happily slipped on.

Only once on, did Victor note that it was a size to small, meaning it was Yuuri’s shirt. He lifted the collar of the shirt up to his nose, giving it a quick sniff to confirm that the shirt did belong to his boyfriend.

Boyfriend. He had a boyfriend that loved him and wasn’t using him in anyway.

Victor moved towards the bedroom door, knowing that somewhere beyond the door, his boyfriend was waiting for him.

He opened the door and was immediately greeted by the echoing sound of a violins before the room lapsed into silence for only a moment before a piano took over from where the violin left off. He stood there in the doorway of the bedroom for a moment, eyes locked onto the small five-year-old (‘I’m almost six, Vicchan’) that sat at the dining table.

The small blonde was happily drawing away, a large assortment of colouring pencils spread around the boy.

He still remembered the day he had come home with a brand-new set of colour pencils for Yuri. He had seen Yuri’s poor collection of pencils (‘He only had twelve colours, Yuuri!’) and he decided to expand the collection without Yuuri’s opinion, which probably hadn’t been the best idea but Yuri had loved the huge pack of pencils (‘Papa! Vicchan bought me seventy-two pencils’). Yuuri hadn’t been impressed, though Victor was pretty sure it was over the price of the pencils, not the gift itself.
Victor slowly walked up behind the boy, watching over his shoulder for a moment as the boy carefully drew what he could only assume was a flaming cat.

“Looking good, Yurio,” he said softly while leaning down and planting a soft kiss on top of the boy’s head.

Yuri glanced up at him with wide eyes before sending him a bright smile.

“Moring, Vicchan!” Yuri greeted, voice nothing more than a loud whisper.

“Good morning,” he greeted while ruffling the boys head before turning towards the kitchen.

He froze in place as he was greeted by the lovely rear-end of his boyfriend as he bent over to put something away – or was he collected something, Victor couldn’t be sure.

Yuuri stood up after a moment before grabbing a bowl from the drying rack and began drying it with a tea towel as he quietly hummed along with the music that came from the little radio on the kitchen windowsill.

Yuuri, his boyfriend, was doing the dishes, while humming along to classical music in only a pair of boxer shorts and a shirt that didn’t belonged to him.

Unable to stop himself, he made a beeline for his boyfriend, wrapping his arms around Yuuri’s waist while the other man’s back was turned.

“Victor!” Yuuri gasped, a giggle hiding at the edge of his voice, “Good morning.”

“Good morning,” he repeated while gently nuzzling his nose into the back of Yuuri’s neck, causing that giggle that was hiding to escape the younger man’s lips.

“Let’s move in together,” he declared as he held tightly onto his boyfriend.

“What?” Yuuri questioned, causing him to sigh softly, letting his breath gently spread across his boyfriend’s shoulder.

“Let’s move in together,” he repeated. The silence that greeted his question caused a small moment of panic. Had he said something wrong? Was Yuuri not interested? Were they moving too quickly?

“Move where? Into here?” Yuuri suddenly asked, causing him to let out a soft breath of relief.

“No, somewhere bigger,” he said while squeezing Yuuri gently around the waist.

Yuuri let out a thoughtful hum before shifting in his arms, turning himself around so they were face to face.

“Is that what you want?” Yuuri questioned him, his beautiful brown eyes staring up at him with something he could only describe as love.

“Yes. I want to move into a bigger house or apartment or whatever, with you and your child,” he ensured the younger male.

Yuuri stared at him seriously for a moment before slowly nodding his head.

“I guess we can look around.”

He smiled brightly while leaning down to press a kiss against his boyfriend’s lips.
“Ew, gross,” a voice from behind them said, causing them to break apart quickly.

“Yurochka! I thought you were drawing,” Yuuri said while hurrying towards his son.

“I was, papa, but I wanted a drink,” Yuri whined with a pout on his lips. Victor let out a soft chuckle as he collected one of the boy’s colourful plastic cups, along with a mug for himself, from the cupboard.

“What do we want?” he asked over his shoulder.

“Milk!” Yuri said in delight. He nodded his head as he got the milk from the fridge – which he noted was looking rather empty, they would need to go shopping today it seemed – before filing the plastic cup up half way and handing it over to the boy.

“There we go buddy,” he said, patting the boy on top of the head once he accepted the cup.

“Thank you, Vicchan!” Yuri said with a bright smile before hurrying out of the room.

Yuuri send a small pout his way, causing him to blink in confusion.

“What?” he questioned.

“You are just so god damn attractive when you deal with Yurochka,” Yuuri sighed before turning and exiting the room, leaving him to stand in the middle of the kitchen, face bright red in embarrassment at his boyfriend’s words.
“We should get chocolate!”

Yuuri turned his head towards Victor with an eyebrow raised, earning a bright smile in response.

“Chocolate?” Yuri repeated from beside Victor, clinging tightly onto the older man’s hand.

“No chocolate,” he stated, earning a whine from his boyfriend and a pout from his son.

“But, Yuuri,” Victor whined. He shook his head as he pushed the trolley - half full of groceries - past the candy aisle.

“Papa!” Yuuri paused and glanced towards Yuri, finding the blonde boy staring at him with a serious look at the entryway of the candy aisle, “I want chocolate,” the boy demanded while stomping his foot. He glanced towards Victor - who stood beside him rather than beside the boy - was staring at the boy with a startled look, taken aback by Yuri’s demand.

“No,” he replied, shaking his head.

“I want chocolate,” Yuri demanded again, this time louder than before.

“And I said no,” he repeated before turning back to the trolley and started pushing it.

“I WANT CHOCOLATE,” Yuri shouted loudly, which he chose to ignore as he started going down the aisle beside the candy one.

“Yuuri, shouldn’t we,” Victor said while waving in Yuri’s direction.

“Victor,” he called out, beckoning his boyfriend to follow him. He had barely disappeared out of the boy’s sight when the tears start.

He let out a small sigh as he turned towards Victor with a pointed look.

“He’s crying,” Victor said, a look of panic on his face. Clearly uncomfortable with hearing the boy cry.

“PAPA, I WANT CHOCOLATE,” Yuri shouted from the aisle across between sobs.

“Yuuri,” Victor said while grabbing his hand, stopping him from continuing down the aisle, “He’s crying.”

“Victor, what type of cries do you hear?” he asked, earning a confused look from his boyfriend.

“Type of cries?” Victor questioned softly, clearly not understanding his question.

“Is he in pain? Is he scared?” he prompted. Victor stared at him for a moment before slowly shaking his head.

“He is crying because he didn’t get his way. He is crying for attention,” he explained. Victor stared at him for a glancing over his shoulder, clearly trying to see Yuri from where he stood at the start of the aisle.

“Victor,” he said softly while gently squeezing his boyfriend’s hand, “It hurts, I know it does. I want
nothing more than to scope him up into my arms and hold him. I know it’s embarrassing and people are judging me right now for letting my child have a temper tantrum. But if I give in, Yura gets what he wants and starts to think he can do it every time we come to the shops,” he said with a small smile.

Victor stared at him for a moment before opening his mouth, only to close it a moment later and squeeze his hand gentle.

“What do we do?” Victor asked, as Yuri’s cries got even louder from the next aisle.

“We let him have his tantrum. Yura has never been good at being away from me,” he explained before giving Victor a soft smile, “And you.”

Victor nodded his head, before trying once again to look at the boy.

“You’ll encourage him,” he pointed out while gently pulling Victor into the aisle.

“I just, he’s crying,” Victor explained, voice nothing more than a whisper as they slowly started making their way down the aisle.

“I know,” he ensured Victor.

They lapsed into silence as they slowly made their way down the aisle, both of them keeping a close ear on the cries coming from the next aisle that slowly started to quieten down. When they finally made it to the end of the aisle, they were greeted by a sniffling, red faced Yuri. The boy kept his gaze on the ground as he walked over to him and grabbed a hold of the edge of his shirt.

“Papa,” the boy said quiet between sniffles, “Sorry.”

He started down at the boy for a moment before bending down so he was eye-level with the five-year-old.

“Why are we sorry?” he asked while gently pushing Yuri’s hair out of his face.

“For demanding,” Yuri muttered, eyes still staring at the ground. He let out a soft hum before pulling the boy into a hug, something that Yuri happily fell into, leaning heavily against his chest while clinging to his shirt.

“You are forgiven, Yurochka,” he ensured the boy while planting a kiss on top of his head.

“Now, be a good boy and go apologise to Vicchan, you made him upset.” Yuri nodded his head while letting go of him and moving towards Victor, holding his hands up to Vicchan in a silent plea to be held by Victor.

Victor glanced towards him hesitantly, clearly not sure what to do. He gave his boyfriend a nod in confirmation as he stood up straight.

Victor didn’t waste a moment, scooping the boy up into his arms and began cooing softly while wiping the tears from the boy’s face.

If Yuuri didn’t know any better, he would have been convinced that Victor had been raising Yuri with him from the very start. Victor just knew how to comfort the boy and make him happy.

“How does Katsudon sound for dinner?” he asked the pair as he started pushing the trolley along again with Victor a few steps behind him with Yuri in his arms.
Yuri head snapped towards him with large wide eyes and nodded his head quickly, causing Victor to chuckle softly in amusement.

“That sounds lovely, lyubimyy,” Victor replied with a smile.

“I never realised before, but Yura is rather small for his age,” Victor spoke up as he exited the bathroom, dressed in only a pair of sweat pants. He glanced up from his phone and stared at his boyfriend in confusion, wonder where the sudden realisation had come from. As Victor climbed into bed beside him, he put his phone on charge and took off his glasses, setting them both on the bedside table.

“He is small,” he agreed while turning towards his boyfriend.

“One of the older ladies at the shops thought he was three,” Victor told him while wrapping an arm around his waist. He smiled as he moved to settle himself down beside the skater, who pulled him nice and tightly to his chest.

“He has always been small,” he explained with a sad smile.

“Why?” Victor asked while gently brushing some of his hair out of his face, “Is there a reason?”

Yuuri stared at Victor for a moment before resting his head on his boyfriend’s shoulder.

“I don’t think Yura’s mother looked after him,” he admitted.

“Think?” Victor repeated, he let out a hum.

“He was so thin and so small when I got him. There wasn’t much else that could explain that,” he sighed, only to let out a soft hum as Victor pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead.

“He is safe and loved and cared for now,” Victor reminded him.

“He is,” he agreed, a smile finding a way to his lips as he let his eyes slide shut and the exhaustion of the day take over him, helping him fade off to sleep while being cuddled by his boyfriend.
“Oh! How about this one?”

Yuuri let out a small sigh as he leant over the picnic table the pair were sitting at to look at the house Victor was pointing out in one of their local real estate magazines.

“No,” he stated simply as soon as he eyes landed on the huge five bedrooms, two store house Victor was pointing at.


“Are you going to clean it?” he asked, raising an eyebrow. Victor went silent for a moment, pouting fading away as he glanced between the magazine and him for a moment.

“I could hire a maid?” Victor suggested meekly, only to sigh when he gave the older man a pointed look.

“Papa! Vicchan!”

They both glanced to the side, turning their full attention to Yuri, who was grinning ear to ear with a ball held above his head. When the boy realised he had both adult’s attention, he threw the ball as hard as he could, causing Makkachin to chase after it.

He chuckled softly and clapped his hands, earning a bright giggle from the boy as he hurried after the poodle to collect the ball for yet another round of fetch.

“So, no five bedrooms?” Victor asked, flipped through a couple of magazine pages as he spoke.

“Three seems pretty reasonable,” he suggested.

“Three?” Victor questioned.

“Well, a spare room is always nice to have when you have guests around,” he shrugged.

“Or another child,” Victor added, causing him to pause.

“Huh?” he said softly, earning a sheepish smile from the Russian skater.

“Nothing, dear,” Victor said while quickly leaning across the table to kiss him gently on the lips. He sat there a moment, staring at his boyfriend before turning his gaze back down to the magazine in front of him.

“Should we look for apartments or houses?” he asked.

“I’d like a house,” Victor stated simply, “A nice backyard for Makka would be nice. But I’m not going to turn a perfect apartment down if we find one first.”

“A backyard would be nice,” he agreed, “I want a large bathtub.”

“Oh? Getting demanding, are we?” Victor asked with a smirk, causing him to blush softly.

“I miss bathing in my family’s hot spring,” he admitted.
“I was just teasingly,” Victor told him while grabbing a hold of one of his hands and giving it a gentle squeeze.

“So, three bedrooms, large on suite bathtub and a yard, if possible,” Victor listed.

“Neutral colours,” he added.


“Neutral colours on the walls and stuff. I do not want a house that has bright blue walls, no matter how fashionable it is,” he explained with a shake of his head.

They stared at each other for a moment before Victor gentle squeezed his hand.

“Neutral colours, but we are using my bed in the master,” Victor compromised.

He had only stayed in Victor’s bed once, when Minako had offered to babysit for a night for them. They didn’t sleep much that night, but the big four post bed had been very nice to look at.

“Okay,” he said with a nod of his head, earning a bright smile in response.

“But we have to keep your blankets,” Victor said while going back to his magazine. He chuckled softly and nodded his head again, Victor had fallen in love with the giant quilt his mother had made for him – not that he could blame his boyfriend, it was ridiculously comfy.

“Papa, papa!” he glanced to his side as Yuri ran up to him, Makkachin a step behind the boy, “Thirsty.”

He smiled as he pulled a drinking bottle out of the bag beside his feet and handed it over to the boy who mumbled a soft ‘thank you’ while taking the drink.

“Having fun, kiddo?” Vicchan asked while smiling towards the boy. Yuri nodded his head, too busy drinking to verbal answer the question. He chuckled softly and ruffled the boy’s hair before scooping up the ball that Makkachin dropped at his feet and threw it for the poodle.

“Papa, done.” He turned back to Yuri, accepting the drink bottle back before Yuri hurried off after Makkachin again.

“For someone who claims that cats are better than dogs, he seems to be having a ball playing fetch with Makka,” Victor chuckled beside him. He glanced towards his boyfriend with a smile and nodded his head.

“So, I’ve been thinking about getting Yuri a cat for his birthday,” Victor said softly. He turned to Victor in surprise.

Yuri had been asking for a cat for as long as he been talking, but with all their careful budgeting, they never quite had enough to be able to look after anything else.

He opened his mouth, only to be cut off by Victor before he could say anything.

“I said cat, not kitten, because we just don’t have time for a kitten. So, I was thinking we could go to an animal shelter and Yuri can pick out whatever cat he wants. That way, it is toilet trained and we can make sure it is fine with dogs and has all it shots,” Victor rambled. He stared at Victor in surprise, not having expected the skater to have done all this research. But it shouldn’t surprise him, Victor wanted nothing else but to make Yuri happy and he would do anything to accomplish that.
“Okay,” he said with a nod of his head, “But my couch is going in the lounge room.”

Victor blinked at him a few times before pouting.

“But Yuuri, that couch is ugliest shade of blue ever!” Victor wailed in protest.
Morning Routine (Part One)

Victor let out a soft groan of protest as the all too familiar buzzing sound of his alarm woke him up.

He reached a hand out lazily, tapping away blindly – first on air and then on the bedside table – until he finally grabbed a hold of his phone and turned off his alarm.

He opened one eye to glare at the numbers that stared at him tauntingly.

Five am. Five in the morning. The fifth hour of the day.

Victor groaned as he dropped his phone on the bed beside his pillow and rolled away from it. Turning on his side and wrapping his arms tightly around the figure who was still fast asleep beside him.

He envied his beautiful boyfriend sometimes, especially in the mornings. His beautiful danseur who got to sleep in until seven because their little kitten school didn’t start until nine.

He couldn’t help the smile that rose to his lips as Yuuri shifted in his sleep, tangling their feet together and cuddling up closer to him.

There weren’t too many things better than cuddling with his boyfriend, especially this early in the morning.

He nuzzled into Yuuri’s hair, tucking the younger males head under his chin as he closed his eyes and attempted to drift back off into the world of sleep. His attempt didn’t last long, as his phone started going off again, causing him to groan again and reluctantly untangle himself from Yuuri to turn off his second alarm – curse Yuuri and his insisted that he needed more than one alarm in the morning.

Yuuri let out a soft whine of protest as he slipped from the sheets, only to go back to his adorable soft snores once he had cocooned himself up in all the blankets, to try and maintain all the warmth that clung to the sheets.

Victor did a few small stretches beside the bed, before heading towards the bathroom to hopefully wake himself up with a cold shower.

He couldn’t wait until they moved out, especially if it meant founding them a bigger ensuite that allowed him to store all his beauty products in the one cupboard.

Once he had showered and dressed for the day, he quietly left the bedroom, only to be meet with a rather peculiar sight.

Little Yuri stood in the doorway of his bedroom, a blanket dwarfing his small form.

"Yura, what are you doing up?" he asked, moving to scoop the boy up into his arms. He checked the boy’s forehead, finding to his relief that the boy wasn’t burning a fever.

"Vicchan," the boy mumbled while cuddling into him. He stood there, just hugging the boy to his chest for a long moment.

He never realised just how much he loved kids, not until this little angel fell into his arms. He now felt like an overprotective parent. He wanted no harm to come to this child, he didn’t want to see a
He only wanted the best for the little boy that had him wrapped around a finger.

“What’s wrong?” he asked as he realised that he really needed to eat and have his morning coffee soon, or he wouldn’t have time.

“The monsters,” Yuri muttered sleepily, clearly not completely awake.

“That monsters?” he gasped softly as he turned on the kettle, “Do you need Makkachin to scare them off for you?” he asked while glancing towards the couch where his beloved poodle was snoozing. The yellow ‘cape’ Yuri had attached to the dog’s collar the night before was still attached, almost looking like a comfortable blanket in the hazy morning light that was slowly starting to trickle in through all the windows.

“No! Don’t wanna sleep!” Yuri protested, causing him to turn his attention back to the boy before planting a kiss onto his forehead.

“How about this, I’ll make you a nice warm cup of milk and then you can go join papa in bed?” he offered. Yuri stared back at him, his wide green eyes still having a bit of sleepiness in them.

“Makka will come too?” the boy asked softly, causing him to chuckle and nod his head.

“Yeah, Makkachin can come too,” he agreed as he took the milk from the fridge and set to work making some warm milk for Yuri and his morning cup of coffee for himself.

Once their drinks were done, he set the boy on the kitchen bench, letting him drink his milk as he organised his lunch for the day. Once his bag was packed, he glanced towards Yuri, catching those green eyes staring at him. He opened his mouth to question if Yuri was okay, only to be cut off by the boy.

“Vicchan,” Yuri mumbled before pausing as a yawn overtook him. Yuri blinked a few times, clearly trying to fight the drowsiness that came from the warm milk, “The monster won’t get me when I’m with papa, right?”

“Of course not,” he ensured the boy, hiding a smile behind his coffee mug, “Not with papa, Makkachin or me. We will protect you.” Yuri stared at him before slowly nodding his head.

The boy stared didn’t last long as another large yawn escaped him.

He chuckled as he gently took the half empty cup from the boy and placed it in the sink before scooping Yuri back into his arms.

“Time to go back to bed,” he mumbled while gently rubbing the boy’s back. Yuri let out a small whine of protest but didn’t make any physically attempts to protest.

He called for Makkachin on his way to the master bedroom, causing the poodle to trot after him curiously. The poodle didn’t even need prompting once the bedroom door was opening, diving for the bed quickly.

He moved to his side of the bed, and quickly set to work prying a hole into Yuuri’s blanket cacoon, which was easier said than done.

It took a few minutes of wrestling before he managed to pulling the blanket far enough away from Yuuri to slip their little kitten into the folds.
Yuuri quickly wrapped the boy up in a hug, before cocooning the blankets around them, which caused him to chuckle softly.

“Blanket hog,” he mumbled while gently leaning over the edge of the bed to press a kiss to both of his Yu(u)ri’s foreheads.

“Love you two,” he cooed at the pair before leaving them to enjoy their extra two hours of sleep that he was forced to be awake.

Waking up in the morning was hard, but when he got to see his beautiful family safe and sound in their beds, it was a little easier to get up.
Yuuri jolted awake suddenly at the sound of his alarm.

A loud horn sound that he found woke him up the best – it still confused him how Victor was able to wake up to some simple buzzing sound.

He reached over to turn off his alarm, before dropping back onto his bed with a sigh.

A sleepy smile found its way onto his lips as his eyes landed on the sleeping figure curled up next to him.

“Good morning, Yurochka. It’s time to get up,” he mumbled softly while pressing a gentle kiss to his son’s head.

The small boy groaned in protest while burying his further into the pillow he had claimed.

“No, papa,” was the muffled response he got from the boy.

He chuckled softly as he slowly shifted into an upright position and stretched his feet out underneath the covers, unknowingly nudging Makkachin with his toes at he did so.

“Sorry puppy,” he cooed as the poodle opened one eye to stare at him.

He glanced between his son and his poodle – though Makkachin wasn’t really his – before letting out a small sigh.

“You are both so lazy,” he mumbled with a shake of his head. He leant down to press another kiss against Yuri’s head before slipping out of bed.

“You both have to get up when I get out of the shower,” he demanded, getting no response from the pair as they continued to slumber on as he headed into the bathroom for a nice hot shower to wake himself up.

Like normal, Victor’s ‘beauty products’ covered the bathroom sink, leaving little to no room for anything. He ran a hand over his chin and cheeks before deciding that he could probably go another day before he needed to shave – half because his stubble wasn’t too bad and half because he couldn’t be bothered trying to move Victor’s ‘beauty products’.

He climbed into the shower, turning it as hot as possible and stood there for a moment, letting the steaming hot water wake up his sleeping body.

He really missed his family hot springs at times like this. Nothing compared to a hot spring, especially not a boring hot shower.

He turned the water off after a couple of minutes and stepped out, wrapping a towel around his waist, only to freeze in surprise.

Written in perfect English on the bathroom mirror the words ‘I love you’ with a heart around the letters.

He shook his head in amusement at the dorky message left behind by his boyfriend before grabbing a discarded shirt to clear the words and condensation from the mirror.
He set to work applying his daily moisturiser and brushing his hair back.

“Okay, time to get up,” he demanded as he stepped out of the bathroom and moved towards his wardrobe.

“No,” Yuri whined in protest, causing him to click his tongue.

“Nope. It’s a school day, time to get up,” he stated while quickly getting changed before turning towards the bed. Makkachin stared at him curiously, he smiled at the poodle before opening the bedroom door for the poodle, who quickly jumped off and hurried to the kitchen to wait for breakfast.

His little boy though, remained curled up in the middle of the bed, face planted into Victor’s pillow, clearly not wanting to get up.

Now that he thought about it, it was unusual to wake up with Yuri in his bed.

He didn’t recall hearing the boy wake up during the night, though he was a rather heavily sleeper once he was asleep.

“Yurochka?” he mumbled gently while sitting on the edge of the bed and reaching over to gently rub the boys back, “It’s time to get up.”

Yuri lifted his head from the pillow to send a pout his way.

“No, papa,” the boy mumbled.

“Sorry, Yurochka,” he cooed, holding his arms out for the boy. Yuri stared at him for a moment before slowly lifting an arm up in response, allowing him to scoop the boy up into his arms.

“It’s time to wake up,” he said softly while nuzzling the boy’s adorable plump cheeks with his nose, causing Yuri to giggle sleepily in response.

He carried Yuri into the kitchen where Makkachin sat patiently in front of her bowl.

“You hungry, Makka?” he cooed at the poodle, causing the dog to get to her feet and tap around excitedly, knowing exactly what she was about to get. He chuckled softly as he set Yuri on the ground - ignoring the boys protest - he quickly gave the poodle her morning bowl of dry food. Why Victor insisted that Makkachin needed two feeding a day was beyond him, but Makkachin seemed happy enough with the routine.

“What do you want for breakfast?” he asked Yuri as he opened the fridge, finding three hard-boiled eggs waiting for him.

“Cereal,” Yuri piped up, causing him to nod his head as he grabbed the milk and cooked eggs out of the fridge.

“Cereal it is,” he nodded as he set the hard-boiled eggs and milk down on the counter before moving towards the pantry.

“What type?” he called out, grabbing the wheat brand and the chocolate brand from the pantry and holding it out for the boy to pick – noting that the chocolate one was almost empty. Yuri stared at him for a moment, staring at the chocolate boy for a moment before shaking his head.

“The popping one,” Yuri declared, causing him to nod as he slipped the two boxes in his hand and
grabbed the box of rice bubbles out and setting to work making a bowl for the boy.

Yuri had multiple breakfast options, but he made sure that the boy understood that he wouldn’t be getting any more unless everything was finished.

Just because he finished the chocolate cereal brand, didn’t mean he was going to get another box, especially if they had two other cereal brands in the pantry.

Victor had called him strange when he had explained the rule, but after explaining that it ensured that Yuri wasn’t eating sugary concoctions every morning, Victor seemed rather pleased with the rule – though Victor had been rather offended when he had seen the sugary brand in his pantry the first time.

He put the bowl of cereal on the table, leaving Yuri to sit down at the table and eat as he hurried around, making sure not only his own bag was packed for the day but Yuri’s was as well. Between rushing around, he ate bites of the hard-boiled eggs Victor had left for him.

“Done, papa!” Yuri called out as he was checking that he had enough sports tape in his bag.

“Okay! Get changed and then I’ll do your hair,” he called out in response. Zipping up his own back before collecting the empty dishes and moving towards the sink.

He frowned when he spotted a half full cup of milk in the sink, something he was sure hadn’t been there when he went to bed. He tipped the drink down the sink, concluding that Yuri must have been up with Victor earlier which explained why the boy had been in his bed this morning.

“Papa, papa!” Yuri yelled while hurrying towards him.

“No shouting,” he said while taking the hair brush and hair tie passed to him. He scooped the boy up into his arms before taking a seat at one of the dining table chairs and began gently brushing the knots caused by sleeping from the boy’s hair.

“Is Vicchan picking me up today?” Yuri asked as he brushed the boy’s hair.

“Yes, Yurochka,” he ensured the boy, not understanding why Yuri asked every morning when Victor had been picking the boy up every day after school for the last month.

“Can I go to the rink after school?” Was Yuri’s next question.

“You’ll have to ask Vicchan,” he said as he finished untangling the last knot. He ran the brush through the boy’s gorgeous blonde hair for a moment longer before setting to work, gently braiding it.

“I like when Vicchan does my hair,” Yuri declared suddenly, causing him to pause.

“Vicchan use to have very long hair,” he told the boy as he quickly tied off the end of the boy’s braiding before setting him on the ground.

“Is that why Vicchan can do all the pretty things with my hair?” Yuri asked, eyes wide with curiosity.

“I’m sure it is,” he said, patting the boy on the head gently as to not mess up his hard work. “Now, go put your shoes on and get Makkachin’s lead, we need to leave in a minute,” he said, waving the boy towards the front door.
He hurried to his room, collecting his phone from where he had left it after turning off his alarm earlier before slipping it into his bag.

He moved towards the front door to slip his own shoes on, watching as Yuri collected Makkachin’s lead and clipped it onto the poodle’s collar.

“Okay! Ready!” Yuri declared while turning towards him.

“Don’t forget your bag,” he reminded the five-year-old.

“Oh!” Yuri gasped, hurrying to get his bag where he had set it on the kitchen bench, Makkachin following after the boy who still held her lead.

“Your lunch and water bottle are already in there. You have to eat all your fruit today, Yurochka,” he warned the boy, earning a nod in response.

“Good,” he said with a soft smile, “Now, let’s go!” He opened the front door, letting Yuri hurry out into the hallway with Makkachin beside him. He did a quick trouble check to make sure he had everything before locking the door behind him.

“Come on, papa! Makkachin needs to go,” Yuri called out as he skipped down the hallway, pausing in front of the elevator to push the down button.

“I’m coming!” he responded while hurrying after his son and dog.
“Again!” Yuri demanded as he let go of his hand and stood on wobbly feet, a determined look on his face that made Victor want to coo.

Victor had managed to score that afternoon off training, which had left him with an afternoon to entertain his sort-of-adopted son with the boy’s father worked.

He had hoped to bribe the boy with ice cream and cuddles on the couch at home, but the suggestion had been ignored. Instead, Yuri asked with large puppy-dog eyes if they could go skating, something that Yuri had been bugging him about for weeks.

And here they were, Yuri standing on the ice beside him in the most adorable pair of skates he had ever seen.

“Vicchan! Again!” Yuri said, stumble forwards on the ice to grab at his pants. He chuckled softly as he reached down to ruffle the boy’s hair before gently untangle the hold the boy had on his pants.

“Okay, once more,” he agreed before raising his hands to his head, an action the determined five-year-old mimicked, “Head.”

“Shoulders!” Yuri said as they both moved their hands to their shoulders.

“Knees,” he continued, watching Yuri closely as the boy began to wobble as they crouched low enough to touch their knees.

“Toes,” Yuri muttered as they bend down to touch their toes, starting to really wobble.

“Ice,” he finished, touching the cold surface they were on as Yuri’s wobbles got the better of him and sent him tumbling to the ice.

A pout appeared on the boy’s face as he quickly got to his feet without assistance – an impressive feat on its own – before turning to him.

“Again!” Yuri requested. He chuckled softly as he scooped the boy up in his arms and span around in a lazy spin, which caused Yuri to giggle in delight.

“You are doing so well,” he ensured the blonde before pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“Again, Vicchan! Want to try again! I’ve almost got it!” the boy ensured him, that all too adorable look of determination back on his face.

“Okay,” he laughed, unable to say no to Yuri as he set the boy back down on the ice, holding him upright until he was sure Yuri had his footing before they started from the top with hands on their heads.

“What did you do?”

He glanced towards Yuuri curiously, half worried he had down something wrong.

“Pardon, lapochka?” he said, sending his partner an innocent smile.

“He’s out like a light,” Yuuri said while gesturing towards the boy slumbering beside him. He
glanced down at Yuri, watching the sleeping boy for a moment before gently lifting a hand up to the boy’s head to soothe his hair back.

“We just had some fun this afternoon,” he explained, keeping his voice soft as he glanced back towards his boyfriend with a happy smile.

“Did you take him skating?” Yuuri questioned, arching a beautiful eyebrow in his direction. He stared at his boyfriend for a moment, just taking him in.

His beautiful boyfriend who was cooking dinner in a delightfully tight pair of legging that hugged his legs and other things so perfectly. His gorgeous boyfriend who was currently wearing one of his shirts, which were a little too big for his petit form and hung off him in a way that set his heart racing.

His stunning boyfriend who was dating him.

“God, I want to marry you.”

The words escaped him before he could actually process the thought.

“What?” Yuuri squeaked, eyes wide in surprise and his cheeks a deep shade of red that ensured him that his boyfriend was embarrassed by his random thought.

“Sorry,” he apologised with an embarrassed laugh.

“Victor Nikiforov,” Yuuri called out as he stepped out of his sight as he moved out of the kitchen and towards him, “What did you just say?”

He stared at Yuuri as he moved towards him, once he was in reach he wrapped his arms around his boyfriend’s waist, pulling him as close as he could with the arm of the couch in the way. Yuuri hummed as he grabbed his face in both of his hands, forcing them to look at each other.

“I want to marry you,” he repeated in something just louder than a whisper. They stared at each other for a moment before Yuuri leant down to kiss him gently.

“Not right now,” Yuuri said softly, “I need a ring, a house and my parents’ permission.”

Yuuri words caused the air to freeze in his lungs. Yuuri wanted a ring. Yuuri wanted a house. Yuuri wanted him to meet his parents and get their permission.

“Okay,” he said, nodding his head in delight. A ring was easy enough to fix, they had a date night organised for the following weekend, he could easily drag Yuuri to a jeweller and get them both rings. They were already looking at houses. So, that just left meeting Yuuri’s parents and getting their permission.

“June! We can go to Japan in June!” he declared, only to be silenced but a soft kiss.

“We have plenty of time, Vitya. We don’t have to rush anything.” Yuuri chuckled, pressing a soft kiss on the tip of his nose before letting go of his face and pulling out of his grasp.

“But Yuuri,” he whined with a pout, “I want to marry you now.”

“No,” Yuuri said, clearly trying to hide a giggle as he retreated back into the kitchen.

“Yuuri,” he sighed as he slumped over the edge of the couch he had just held his boyfriend against.

“Vicchan,” a small voice asked from beside him on the couch, causing him to sit up straight and turn
to his little kitten with a bright smile.

“Yura! Good afternoon! Did you have a good nap?” he asked while reaching out to push some of the boy’s gorgeous blonde hair out of his face.

“What’s ‘marry’ mean?” the drowsy blonde asked, causing him to pause.

Oh lord, how does one explain marriage to a child?
Hellcat

“I think I’m going to die.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but snort out a laugh as he glanced towards his teary-eyed boyfriend.

“Really?” he questioned, attempting to hid his smile of amusement.

“Look at him,” Victor whined, almost sounding pained by the sight in front of him.

Their little Yuri was seated on the ground with a dozen cats and kittens crawling all over him. The boy hadn’t stopped giggling since the first at had crawled into his lap.

It was Yuri’s birthday. His little boy was officially six and was currently picking out his birthday present. A cat or kitten from the local pound.

“Papa! Papa!” He smiled at Yuri as the boy held up a rather large silver cat towards him that seemed unaffected by the sudden attention.

“It’s Vicchan in cat form!” Yuri declared, causing Victor to let out a muffled dying sound from beside him.

“It even has Vicchan’s eyes,” he agreed, causing the boy to grin bright in delight as he set the cat down on the ground.

“Dying,” Victor muttered while clutching his chest, causing him to chuckle again.

He had Victor Nikiforov declaring his own death by the hands of a six-year-old covered in kittens.

He pressed a quick kiss against Victor’s cheek before waving him off, inviting the man to stop dying beside him and interact with some of the cats in the room. Unsurprisingly, the legendary skater wandered off to interact with the cat he had been compared too.

“Liking any of them, sweetheart?” one of the pound workers questioned while walking into the room.

“No,” Yuri responded quickly, a pout on the boy’s lips. The worker laughed softly while scooping up a few of the cats that had grown bored of Yuri and decided to explore the room instead.

“Should I bring in a couple more?” the worker asked, earning an immediate nod from Yuri.

“Just a few more,” he agreed, the worker smiled and nodded her head before disappearing out of the room with her hands full of cats.

“Papa,” he glanced back to Yuri, who was eyeing Victor closely, “Is Vicchan okay? He isn’t sick, is he?”

Yuuri had to hide a snicker of amusement behind a cough before sending his now six-year-old a smile.

“Vicchan is fine,” he ensured the boy while moving to crouch down beside the boy, “Vicchan is just very happy that you are happy.”

“I am super happy!” Yuri declared with a bright smile.
The door suddenly opened and the pound worker walked in with two older cats in each arm and a kitten head poking out of the woman’s shirt. Yuuri turned towards Yuri, a question at the end edge of his tongue, only to freeze at the look on the boy’s face.

The blonde-haired boy was staring into the hallway outside the door, eyes locked with something outside.

“That one!” Yuri suddenly demanded, pointing into the hallway. The worker blinked in confusion before following Yuri’s finger to see where he was pointing.

“Oh, sweetheart, I wouldn’t recommend-” the woman started, only to be cut off.

“I want that one,” Yuri said, looking up at him with big eyes. He glanced towards the worker with an apologetic smile.

“I don’t recommend her to families. She is known as a ‘hellcat’,” the worker explained with an apologetic smile in response.

He nodded his head and turned back to Yuri to break the bad news, only to found the boy gone from his side. As the adults had been busy talking, Yuri had snuck out of the room and into the hallway with Victor a step behind him.

“She’s a rescue. She wasn’t properly looked after at her previous home. She is rather skittish and doesn’t like most people,” the worker explained as she let the cats in her arms go.

“Papa, papa! Look!” He sighed as he walked up behind Victor, only to pause as he watched the so called ‘hellcat’ as the worker called it, nuzzle against Yuri’s cheek while purring happily.

“This one!” Yuri declared, cuddling the cat against her chest.

“Okay, that one,” Victor agreed. He turned towards the worker, who had a shocked look on her face.

“We will take that one!” Victor declared, snapping the worker out of surprise. She gave them a small, hesitant smile before nodding her head.

“It is a hellcat!”

Yuuri sighed as he looked up from the book he was flipping through.

“Did it bite you again?” he asked, earning a huff in response.

“Why did we get that hellcat again?” Victor mumbled while joining him at the dining table. He reached over and grabbed both of Victor’s hands, looking them over for any new scratches. Just as he had predicted, there was a slight indent on Victor’s left hand.

“Potya is a cat, Vitya,” he sighed, earning a flustered look from the male, “You can’t treat it like a dog.”

“I didn’t!” Victor declared while pouting at him, “I was just patting it.”

“Were you being gentle?” he asked while planting a kiss on the bite mark on his boyfriend’s hand.

“Yes,” Victor insisted while squeezing his hand.
“Cat gentle?” he questioned, raising an eyebrow. Victor remained silent for a moment, causing him to chuckle softly in response.

“You have to be very gently with cats,” he explained softly.

“This is why dogs are better,” Victor muttered under his breath, “You can just pat them and they don’t turn around and bite you.”

“PAPA!”

Yuuri sighed as he gave Victor’s hand another squeeze before turning towards the sound of pounding feet. Yuri appeared in the doorway with the newly named Potya – actually named Puma Tiger Scorpion, but after bargaining with Yuri, managed to shorten it to Potya – held up in front of the boy.

“Potya is hungry!” Yuri announced from the doorway.

“It’s glaring at me,” Victor whispered into his ear.

“We have already fed Potya tonight, Yurochka,” he reminded the boy.

“But Potya wants more,” Yuri insisted.

“Well, Potya can’t have any more. You don’t want her to be sick, do you?” he asked as Yuri glanced down at the cat he was holding before shaking his head.

“No,” Yuri muttered.

“It’s bedtime, Yurochka, why don’t you get into bed with Potya and I’ll come read you a story?” he offered, earning a gasp of delight.

“Can Vicchan read the story? Vicchan does the best voices!” Yuri asked, glancing towards Victor with wide, pleading eyes.

“Oh course,” Victor ensured the boy. The pair watched Yuri disappear off with his cat before they glanced towards each other.

“I can’t believe you have taken over my story time,” he muttered as Victor pouted towards him.

“I can’t believe I have to go read a story with that beast in the room,” Victor counted.

They stared at each other for a long moment before Yuuri let out a sigh and leant forwards to press a gently kiss against Victor’s lips.

“Just remember that smile Yuri gave you when we left the pound with that ‘hellcat’,” Yuuri reminded Victor softly.

Victor let out a soft whine at his response.

“It was like an angel was smiling at me,” Victor sighed before kissing him gently, “Okay, fine. If that beast makes my angel happy, I suppose I can put up with it.”

“If Yuri is an angel, what does that make me?” he questioned curiously, causing Victor to pause in surprise.

“A god, obviously.”
“Is it selfish if I don’t go?”

Yuuri let out a small groan as he shifted over in bed to face his boyfriend.

“Vitya,” he sighed softly, “Sleep.” He wrapped his arms around Victor, nuzzling his head into the skater’s chest before letting out a soft sigh.

“But Yuuri,” Victor whined while gently running a hand through his hair, “I don’t want to go.”

“Vitya, it’s a charity event,” he pointed out while starting to trace random shapes into the skin of Victor’s back in a poor attempt to lull his partner to sleep.

“I don’t want to leave you, or Yuri.” Was Victor’s immediate response. He honestly didn’t want Victor to go either, but this was Victor’s career. He couldn’t be selfish and demand the other man stay with him.

“Vitya, what if our Yuri was sick?” he suggested, feeling Victor’s body tense at the simple words.

“Don’t even joke about that, Yuuri,” Victor muttered seriously.

“I’m just saying, if our baby was sick, it would mean the world to me if someone like the world’s top figure skater did a charity skate to help my child,” he explained while slowly tilting his head up to look Victor in the eyes, “You are doing a good thing.”

“I don’t feel good,” Victor sighed while pressing their foreheads together, “Leaving you never feels good.”

“You are a hopeless romantic,” he pointed out with a sleepy smile.

“Only when it comes to you,” Victor sighed before kissing him gently on the lips.

“Sleep now,” he mumbled softly, nuzzling back into his boyfriend’s chest.

“Love you, lapochka,” Victor said softly as he finally managed to drift off to sleep without any more interruptions.

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“Papa, when is Vicchan coming back?”

Yuuri sighed as he glanced down at his son, who was staring up at him with big green eyes.

Yakov had just picked Victor up to take him to the airport for his charity event in Moscow the next day.

“Soon,” he said softly while patting the top of the boy’s head softly.

“But I want him back now,” Yuri pouted, suddenly staring to snuffle.

“No, no, no, baby,” he cooed, scooping the snuffling boy up into his arms. Yuri gripped onto the front of his shirt tightly moments before he burst into small, heartbreaking sobs.

“I want Vicchan,” Yuri sobbed.
Yuuri sighed as he hugged the boy tightly to his chest, rocking the six-year-old back and forth for a moment before gently pressing a kiss to the crown of the boy’s head.

“Do you want to know a secret, Yurochka?” he asked. The sobs suddenly came to a halt as the boy looked at him with large tear filled eyes.

“Secret?” Yuri hiccupped. He nodded his head, smiling gently as he wiped a few tears off the boy’s cheeks.

“Yep, a big, big secret!” he said. He jolted suddenly as he felt something nudge against the back of his leg, only to turn and see both Makkachin and Potya standing there, looking up at him.

“What?” Yuri asked while giving his shirt a gentle tug to catch his attention again.

“We are going to see dedushka,” he told the boy.

Yuri stared at him blankly for a moment before he suddenly gasped, clearly having absorbed the information.

“Dedushka?” Yuri all but shouted while tugging on his shirt in excited.

“Well,” he chuckled as the boy bounced up and down in his arms excitedly, “And where does dedushka live?”

Yuri paused, staring at him confused for a moment before his eyes went wide.

“Moscow! Dedushka lives in Moscow and Vicchan is going to Moscow!” Yuri shouted in delight.

“Good job,” he said, pressing a quick kiss to Yuri’s cheeks, “We are going to visit dedushka and surprise Vicchan in Moscow.”

“Really, papa?” Yuri asked in delight, a bright smile on his face.

“Our plane leaves at three o’clock, how long is that away?” he asked the boy while turning towards the big clock on the kitchen wall. They stood there together for a moment, slowly counting the time till they leave.

“Five hours, papa!” Yuri gasped in delight.

“Then we better get packing,” he said while gently putting the boy on the ground with a small groan.

“Geez, Yurochka you are getting so big,” he commented while ruffling the boys head.

“Potya, come! We have to pack to see dedushka!” Yuri announced, running towards his room with his cat following after him.

“Oh lord,” he mumbled while turning towards Makkachin, “There will be more tears today,” he sighed while patting the top of the poodle’s head before following after the boy and his cat.

Victor smiled as he waved to the crowd before stepping off the ice, accepting the jacket that was handed to him.

“You shouldn’t push yourself so hard,” Yakov huffed as he slid on his skating guards.

“I’m not,” he said, sending a wink his coach’s way.
He couldn’t get Yuuri’s words out of his head.

What if Yuri was sick? What if he had some incurable illness?

He would do **ANYTHING** to make sure that Yuri got better.

He was lucky though, because his Yuri was healthy and happy.

His Yuri didn’t spent days in the hospital for something out of his control.

His Yuri wasn’t in pain continuously.

His Yuri wasn’t dying.

But there were children that aren’t as lucky as his Yuri. Child who are suffering from something out of this control.

And if he could help them by skating around a rink, he would. He would skate better than his best to help all the families that were suffering.

“Vicchan!”

Victor froze in surprise, he knew that voice.

He glanced around wildly until he spotted the blur of blonde running toward him.

“Yura,” he cooed, bending down just in time to scoop the boy up into his arms. He clung to the boy for a moment, hugging him tightly to his chest.

His Yuri was here, in his arms.

He didn’t care about the roar of the crowd, the flashing of cameras or Yakov loud sigh.

“Malysh, what are you doing here?” he asked softly while gently brushing some of the boy’s lovely blonde hair out of his face.

“Papa and I came to watch Vicchan skate!” Yuri declared while smiling at him brightly.

“Victor,” Yakov huffed, catching his attention. He gave his coach an apologetic smile as he hurried to follow the man, Yuri balanced perfectly on his hip.

“I am so sorry, Mister Feltsman. He just got so excited and slipped away from me.” A voice said as they slipped back stage. A familiar voice that belong to the man that had stolen his heart.

“Yuuri!” he said in delight, approaching his boyfriend and wrapping his spare arm around his waist.

“Hi,” Yuuri greeted, a light blush on his cheeks as he took Yuri from his other arm. He almost whined in protest until Yuuri gave him a shy smile that froze his brain momentarily.

“Hi? Hi?! You came to Moscow!” he said while gesturing around them wildly.

“Mister Feltsman insisted we come watch you skate;” Yuuri explained with a shy smile.

“You wouldn’t shut up about your Yuri’s watching you skate. Now they have,” Yakov huffed. He smiled brightly to his coach as he dropped down on the closet bench and set to work undoing his skates.
“Yes! We watched Vicchan skate! And he did the bestest spins and the flippy jump!” Yuri said loudly while bouncing up and down in Yuuri’s arms.

He couldn’t help but stare at his two beautiful Yu(u)ri’s as he slowly undid his laces.

“Victor,” Yakov called out, snapping him out of his little day dream. He sighed as he turned towards his coach.

“You still have an interview and autograph session to do,” Yakov reminded him, causing him to pout in response.

“Mister Feltsman also organised for us to have dinner after you finished everything,” Yuuri piped up, catching his attention and causing him to smile in delight.

“Really Yakov? You organised all this?” he asked his coach, who crossed his arms and let out a huff.

“I didn’t want to deal with you pouting for being away from your family,” Yakov declared.

“Dyadya Yakov said that Vicchan deserved a surprise!” Yuri piped up, earning a grunt from the older man.

“Ten minutes, Victor,” Yakov declared before storming out of the room.

He finished taking off his skates before turning back to his little family. Yuuri seemed to have finally given up holding Yuri – who was starting to get a little too big to hold these days – and placed the boy on the ground, but held him in place to give him so space to finish undoing his skates.

“I can’t believe you are here,” he said while reaching over to pull Yuri into his lap, causing the boy to giggle in delight.

“We flew here on a plane, Vicchan! We normally come to Moscow on the train, but this time we flew!” Yuri explained while reaching out to grab onto his shirt.

“Not the costume, Yurochka,” Yuuri spoke up, causing the boy to pause and return his hands to his lap.

“You have come to Moscow before?” he asked, glancing between the pair curiously.

“Yes! Dedushka lives here!” Yuri announced loudly.

He stared at the boy for a moment. Dedushka? Yuri’s grandfather? But Yuuri’s parents lived in Japan?

“We stayed with dedushka and he said he wanted to meet you Vicchan!” Yuri told him, a bright smile on his lips.

“Oh really?” he said while glancing towards Yuuri curiously.

“Nikolai has invited us all over for dinner tomorrow night, if you are up for it?” Yuuri said, flashing him a gentle smile.

Who was Nikolai and why did he want to meet him?

“Sure,” he agreed.
It didn’t matter who this ‘Nikolai’ was, if they were important to his Yu(u)ri’s, then he would have to impress them.
“Mister Nikiforov, was that child yours?”

“Mister Nikiforov, are you engaged?”

“Mister Nikiforov! Mister Nikiforov! Was that your bastard child?”

“How long have you been married, Mister Nikiforov?”

“Your wife, Mister Nikiforov, where is she?”

“Is it true you are fighting for custody of your child with its mother, Mister Nikiforov?”

He sat there stunned, listening to the shouts of reports as they bombarded him with questions. None related to the charity skate he had just done.

“ENOUGH,” Yakov declared loudly, causing the room to go silent, “We will only be answering questions about the charity event. No personal questions will be answered.” He glanced towards his coach, sending him a small smile before turning back to the crowd of reporters, plastering a smile on his face.

“Mister Nikiforov,” a young woman spoke up, raising her hand to catch his attention, “Did you do the charity event for your own child?”

Yakov let out a deep sigh while placing a hand on his shoulder.

“As I just said, no personal questions will be answered. Victor would like to keep his personal life personal,” Yakov spoke up again.

He knew people were interested in his personal life, as a sports star it was unavoidable. But he hadn’t been aware how quickly people jumped to conclusions.

Concluding he has a wife. That his child was sick. That he was fighting some custody battle.

“Mister Nikiforov,” a small voice spoke up, catching his attention. He smiled softly at the little girl that clung to the leg of one of the reporters in the room.

“Hi there,” he greeted, waving to the girl. The girl cheeks flushed in embarrassment as she shyly waved back.

“Um,” the girl started before glancing around nervously, “Mister Nikiforov, thank you for skating today.”

“It was my pleasure,” he ensured the girl, flashing her a bright smile, “Did you enjoy the show?”

“Yes!” the young girl declared with a nod of her head, “Especially when you jumped so high in the air!” He couldn’t help but chuckle softly and nod his head.

“Mister Nikiforov, do you have plans to have more children?”

“Do you plan to adopt, Mister Nikiforov?”

“Have you always been so good with children?”
Reporters started to pipe up, causing the young girl to shrink back against the person Victor concluded was her father or other relative. He sighed softly as he turned towards the reporters.

“That child today, wasn’t it the same one you tweeted about a month or so back?” One of the reporters piped up, catching his attention.

“Okay,” he sighed softly, “This will be my only statement regarding my personal life today. That child today, who I also tweeted about a little while back, is an angel that has stolen my heart, so maybe that makes him a devil.” He paused and hummed thoughtfully.

The room was silent for a moment before bursting into more loud questions regarding his Yuri. He sighed and glanced towards Yakov for help.

“If no one has any more questions about the charity event, Victor has some sick children to see,” Yakov declared. The room of reporters continued to shout questions unrelated to the charity event, ignoring Yakov completely. He sighed softly as he got to his feet and followed his coach out of the room.

“An angel, really?” Yakov asked as they made their way towards autograph session with all the sick children that were able to make it today.

“My little Yuri is an angel, Yakov,” he insisted while pulling out his phone and showing his coach a few pictures of Yuri cuddling with Potya. “I mean, just look at him,” he whined.

Yuuri chuckled softly as he gently ran his hands through Yuri’s hair as the boy slumbered against his chest.

The six-year-old had been at the crack of dawn, joining Nikolai to his morning walk to the corner store to pick up the morning paper and a few things for breakfast.

Yuri wasn’t good at sleeping when they were away from home, which often meant the boy crashed out during the day for a small nap.

“So cute,” a voice cooed, causing him to glance up and smile as Victor walked towards them, looking much more refreshed than he had after stepping off the ice.

“Hi,” he greeted, accepting the kiss Victor pressed against his lips.

“Hi there,” Victor said softly while sitting down beside him, “Sorry about the wait.”

“It’s fine. You gave Yura plenty of time to have a quick nap,” he chuckled while glancing down at the slumbering boy leaning against his chest. Victor chuckled along before gently leaving over and stealing the boy from his arms. He sighed softly as Victor cradled the boy to his chest seeming to deflate with the child in his arms.

“Okay, let’s get out of here. I don’t know about you, but I’m starving,” Victor whined while getting to his feet.

“Did Yakov give you the all clear?” he asked as he followed Victor’s example and got to his feet.

“Yakov said, I quote, ‘I don’t want to hear another word about your angel, get out of my face’,” Victor told him with a cheeky grin.

He rolled his eyes while following after Victor as he lead the way to what he could only conclude
was the exit.

“How did the interview go? And the autograph session?” he asked with a soft smile.

“The autograph session was lovely. The children were so excited to meet me.” Victor sent him a bright smile as he spoke, though the way he tightened his arms around Yuri didn’t go unnoticed.

“The interview didn’t go well?” he questioned, causing the smile to slip from Victor’s face. They walked silently for a moment before Victor came to a halt.

“The reports, they,” Victor paused and took a breath, “They jumped to so many conclusions. I’m sorry about what might be said.” He stared at his boyfriend in confusion for a moment before reaching out to place a hand on Victor’s shoulder.

“Why are you apologising?” he questioned softly.

“I just know the media, they say such horrible things,” Victor said with a pained look on his face. He frowned and opened his mouth to question the older man on what he meant, only to pause as he heard Yuri let out a small whine.

“Yurio,” Victor cooed while gently rubbing the boys back. Yuri let out a soft hum at the sound of his name before jolting awake at what Yuuri could only conclude was recognising Victor’s voice.

“Vicchan!” Yuri said sleepily while flashing a large smile.

“Hey Yura, hungry?” Victor cooed while smiling brightly at the boy.

“Yes!” Yuri declared rather loudly.

He stood there a moment, watching Victor as he happily chatted with Yuri.

What had the reporters said that had upset Victor so much?

“Who is Nikolai?” he questioned as he sat on the balcony of their hotel room with Yuuri curled up beside him, two glasses and a bottle of wine on the table in front of them.

“Yura’s grandfather,” Yuuri stated simply while cuddling into the blanket that he had brought out with them.

After a lovely dinner, they had come back to the hotel and put Yuri to bed – he now understood why Yakov had gotten him an extra room – and decided to enjoy some wine on the balcony. Yuuri had complained about the chill and dragged a blanket out with them to keep them warm.

“I thought your parents were in Japan,” he questioned his pretty danseur.

“Not my parents,” Yuuri said while shaking his head, “Yura’s grandfather.”

“Oh,” he said softly.

At the start, from what little Yuuri had explained to him, he had just concluded that the two Yu(u)ri’s were father and son, but over time, it had come to his attention just how unlike the pair were.

They looked nothing alike and though genetics were complicated, he doubted that a child would get no aspect of his father’s appearance.
“Should I be worried?” he questioned while draping an around across Yuuri’s shoulder.

“Why would you worry?” Yuuri asked while looking up at him.

“I am meeting Yura’s grandfather,” he pointed out.

“And I’m sure Nikolai will love you. I know Yura sure does because he had a lovely time telling Nikolai everything about you,” Yuuri chuckled while leaning up slightly to plant a quick kiss on his cheek. Yuuri flashed him a smile after his little show of affection before leaning over to grab one of the glasses of wine sitting in front of them.

“Do I also need his permission to marry you?” he asked curiously, causing Yuuri to let out an adorable squeak.

“Victor,” Yuuri whined while glancing back at him, cheeks flushed an adorable shade of red.

“What? I’m serious,” he ensured his boyfriend. Yuuri stared at him for a moment before ducking his head down in embarrassment.

“I mean, having his approval wouldn’t hurt,” Yuuri muttered softly while cuddling into his side again.

“So, I’ll get his approval than,” he ensured Yuuri while pressing a kiss to the top of his head, “I’ll do whatever it takes to marry you.”

Victor clung to Yuuri’s hand as little Yuri excitedly knocked on the large wooden door in front of them.

He shouldn’t be nervous. Yuuri had ensured him that he shouldn’t be nervous, but his heart was pounding a mile a minute.

“Dedushka!” Yuri shouted, unable to contain his excitement as he started knocking on the door almost immediately after the original knock.

“Yura,” he called out softly, reaching out with his free hand to grab the boy around the waist and pull him a few steps back. “You got to let your dedushka get the door,” he explained while ruffling the boys head. Yuri stared up at him, a slight pout on his lips.

“But, Vicchan-” the boy started, only to pause when the door opened to reveal a rather stocky Russian man.

“Dedushka!” Yuri declared while slipping from his gasp and charging towards the man.

“Yurochka! Yurasha!” the man greeted loudly, scooping Yuri up into the arms as soon as the child collided with his leg.

“Afternoon Nikolai,” Yuuri replied while gently squeezing his hand, “Nikolai, this is Victor Nikiforov.”

“That’s Vicchan!” Yuri announced while flashing him a bright smile which he couldn’t help but return.

“Ah,” the older man replied while eyeing him closely for a moment, “Don’t stand there, get inside before you catch your death.” The old man said while waving them into the warm house and out of the Russian chill.
“Sorry,” Yuuri said while tugging him into the house.

“Dedushka! Dedushka! Are we having pirozhki?” Yuri asked while tugging on the man’s shirt. Nikolai let out a cheerful laugh while gently setting Yuri on the ground.

“I don’t know, Yurochka, I need a second pair of hands to make my pirozhki,” Nikolai said simply. He watched Yuri closely as the boys light up in delight and he quickly started jumping up and down in excitement.

“I’ll help, I’ll help!” Yuri announced while turning towards them.

“Well, seems you have a little helper,” Yuuri said, flashing a soft smile towards the boy.

“Yes! Come, Dedushka, we have to make pirozhki!” Yuri announced, grabbing his grandfather’s hand and pulling him towards what he figured was the kitchen.

He let out a breath he didn’t realise he was holding when Nikolai disappeared with Yuri a few steps ahead.

“I told you not to worry,” Yuuri chuckled while gently squeezing his hand.

“I know, I know,” he chuckled while glancing towards his stunning boyfriend, who stared at him with the most gorgeous smile on his lips.

“I never asked if he was okay with,” he trailed off while waving his free hand around.

“With?” Yuuri asked, eyebrows scrunched together in confusion, “Me being gay?”

He flushed in embarrassment while nodding his head.

“Nikolai doesn’t care,” Yuuri stated simply.

“Oh,” he mumbled. Yuuri rolled his eyes with a chuckle before pulling him along after the Yuri and his grandfather. They found the pair reading through a book, rather seriously looks on their face.

“What’s wrong?” Yuuri asked while letting go of his hand and approaching the pair.

“Papa, we don’t have enough flour!” Yuri announced, sounding devastated like it was the end of the world.

“Oh no,” Yuuri gasped, earning a serious nod of confirmation from Yuri in response.

“We need to get more flour, papa, or we can’t have pirozhki,” Yuri explained, “We have to go right now!”

“We don’t need-” Yuuri started, only to be cut off by Nikolai.

“I just need another bag of plain flour, Yurasha. The corner store sells them. It should only take ten minutes, if you wouldn’t mind getting some?” Nikolai stated.

“Please, papa!” Yuri begged.

“Sure?” Yuuri said with a nod of his head.

“Yes!” Yuri said while running over to his father, “Let’s go papa!”
“Okay, we will be right back!” Yuuri announced, eyes locked with his during the whole sentence.

“Be back, dedushka, Vicchan!” Yuri called out with a small wave before dragging Yuuri away.

He stood there a moment, staring after his Yu(u)ri’s before glancing towards the other male in the room.

Nikolai was staring at him, a serious expression on his face.

He now realised that the man had probably forgotten to get more flour on purpose.

“So,” Nikolai said while crossing his arms across his chest, “You are the man who is living with my Yura’s.”

“Yes sir,” he confirmed with a nod of his head.

“You don’t deserve him,” Nikolai stated. He blinked at the man’s comment, surprised by how quickly and simply the man stated it.

His first thought was to deny it – he did deserve Yuuri, or so he liked to think – but he was trying to impress the man. If he didn’t deserve Yuuri and his gorgeous son, who did?

“Does anyone deserve him?” he replied, earning a thoughtful hum from the older Russian.

“No, no one does,” Nikolai confirmed with a nod of his head. They stood there in silence for a moment, simply eyeing each other off.

“Is Yuuri, Yura’s father?” he asked, breaking the silence and causing the older man to arch an eyebrow.

“Yurasha is Yurochka father,” Nikolai stated.

“Blood father?” he questioned.

Nikolai stared at him silent for a moment before turning away from him and towards the oven.

“Yurasha is Yurochka father. It does not matter if they are blood or not,” Nikolai stated.

“Yuuri,” he paused. Yuuri loved Yuri with every fiber of his being, to the point that he didn’t question their bond at first glance.

He still remembered it. The panicked look on Yuri’s little face as his father lay on the ground, pale and unconscious. The boy had been so panicked it had taken quite a bit to calm him down, even after he had managed to get Yuuri back to his apartment and into bed.

“I don’t believe either of them could survive without the other,” he stated slowly and simply.

Nikolai stared at him for a moment before nodding his head in agreement.

“Those two have been completely inseparable from the start,” Nikolai said, letting out a soft fond sigh.

The silence overtook them again as they stood in different parts of the kitchen, not saying anything. Nikolai turned away from him momentarily to turn on the oven and do a few other things. He hesitantly shrugged off his coat and carefully draped it across the nearest chair.
“Victor,” Nikolai called out to him, catching his attention immediately.

“Yes sir?” he responded.

“You will look after them?” The question hung in the air for a moment, as they turned to face each other again.

“Yes,” he confirmed, nodding his head as he spoke.

“Look after them. Yurasha is too kind-hearted and my little Yurochka is too pure,” Nikolai said.

“I’ll protect them both to the best of my ability,” he ensured the older man.

“Thank you,” Nikolai said, moments before Yuri’s barrelled into the room with a bag of flower clutched in his hands.

“Dedushka, we got the flour! We can make pirozhki now,” Yuri announced while holding up the bag of flour.

“So, did you ask for my hand in marriage?” he asked Victor, eyeing the man closely as they climbed into their hotel bed on their final night in Moscow.

“I knew I forgot something,” Victor gasped, turning to him with a panicked look. He couldn’t help but chuckle in amusement at his boyfriend’s words.

“Really?” he questioned, earning a bright smile in response.

“Well, I didn’t ask for your hand. But I got something a lot better than permission to marry you,” Victor stated simply.

“Oh?” he questioned while moving to curl up beside his boyfriend under the covers, “And what is that?”

“His approval,” Victor replied.

“Approval for what?”

“To be with you,” Victor replied before kissing him gently on the forehead, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” he replied, a bright smile on his face.

He was truly in love with this man.

Who adored his child and had now managed to gain the approval of one of the tougher people in his life, Nikolai Plisetsky. His parents would be a walk in the park for Victor after Nikolai.

“Goodnight, Vitya,” he mumbled while pressing a kiss of his own to Victor’s cheek.

“Goodnight, Yurasha,” Victor mumbled, causing him to gasp in surprise. “It is okay if I call you that, right?”

“Yes,” he said, maybe a little too quickly. He flushed in embarrassment while sending his boyfriend a smile, “I’m just not use to hearing anyone but Nikolai call me that.”

“Well, you are now also my Yurasha,” Victor mumbled quietly, tightening an arm around his waist.
“I can live with that,” he replied, speaking just as quietly as they settled down to sleep.

“Papa, Vicchan.” A small voice called out for them from the doorway of the room, causing him to let out a soft sigh as he shifted into an upright position.

“What’s wrong, Yurochka?” he asked softly as he stared at the boy who stood hesitantly in the doorway of the room.

“Can I sleep with you?” the boy asked while glancing behind him nervously. He glanced towards Victor who gave him a small smile that explained it all. Neither of them could say no to Yuri.

“Of course, Yurochka,” he said while opening his arms up for the boy. Yuri all but bolted onto the bed and into his arms, happily curling up between them without any prompting.

“Thank you, papa, Vicchan.” He smiled as he settled back down on the bed, unfortunately now a little too far away from Victor to be cuddled by the man.

“Goodnight, Yura,” Victor said, pressing a gently kiss to Yuri’s forehead, causing the boy to hum in delight.

“Goodnight, Yurochka,” he cooed, mimicking Victor by kissing the boy’s forehead as well.

“Night papa. Night Vicchan.”
Victor let out a small hum as he wandered into the kitchen, Makkachin a step behind him.

“Yurasha,” he called out to his boyfriend, “Where do we keep the extra blankets?”

Yuuri didn’t even glance up from the pile of vegetables he was carefully dicing up for whatever meal they were having for dinner.

“The same place we keep the spare towels,” Yuuri replied.

“And that is?” he questioned. His boyfriend sighed softly and turned towards him.

“What do you need an extra blanket?” Yuuri enquired. He flashed him boyfriend a charming smile in response, he couldn’t disappoint Yuri by spoiling the surprise to Yuuri.

“Closet between the bathroom and Yura’s room,” Yuuri sighed after a moment of silence, shaking his head slightly as he turned back to the food.

“Thank you,” he said, quickly walking over to press a kiss to Yuuri’s cheek before hurrying towards the closet.

Yuri had asked ever so nicely if they could set up a blanket fort in his room, and who was Victor to say no to the boy’s simple demands.

So, after raiding his own apartment for blankets and pillows, they were almost done with their blanket fort, only to realise that they needed one more blanket to finish off their creation.

He hummed softly to himself as he paused in front of closet Yuuri has pointed out to him, opening it.

As Yuuri had promised, there were blankets and towels filling most of the closet but that wasn’t the only thing.

Photo albums lined the top shelf, some of which he recognised as albums full of Yuri’s baby photos.

The thing that really caught his attention in the closet was the black box that peaked up from behind some of the smaller photo albums.

He glanced around hesitantly before carefully reaching around the albums to pluck the box out of its hiding space. The box was heavier than he expected, and large too.

He stared down at the box in his hands curiously for a moment before ever so carefully lifting the lid.

“Vicchan!” Yuri’s voice called out to him, causing him to quickly shut the lead and put it back into its original position.

“Coming, Yurochka,” he called out while collecting the blanket he had come for.

He would come back for that box at another time, at the moment, he had a blanket fort to complete.

“Up, up, up.” Victor insisted while dragging him from bed.

“Victor,” he whined with a yawn, “It’s our day off. Wanna sleep.”
“Papa! Up!” Yuri joined in, gently tugging on the edge of his shirt as he stumbled his way to the dining table with a little help.

“But it is our day off,” Victor counted while forcing him to sit down, “We should do something as a family.”

“Family day!” Yuri shouted in agreement.

“It’s seven in the morning,” he whined in response, only to perk up as Victor gently nudged a mug into his hands.

“Someone couldn’t wait,” Victor whispered while gently pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

“Family day, papa!” Yuri said while joining him at the table.

“If it helps, I cooked breakfast,” Victor chuckled while ruffling Yuri’s hair.

“Vicchan made eggs!” Yuri informed him, bouncing excitedly in his sit.

“Oh?” he questioned while lifting the mug that had been placed in his hands up to his mouth and taking a deep sip. He sighed at the all too familiar taste of coffee slowly woke him up.

“Smiley eggs,” Victor confirmed while placing a plate in front of each of them both. As Victor had promised, the plate placed in front of him consisted of eggs and sausage that were shaped as a smiley face.

“Vitya,” he called out as the man disappeared into the kitchen.

“Yes, lyubimyy?” Victor replied.

“What are we doing today?” he questioned, still confused as to why they had to be up so god damn early.

“It’s a surprise,” Victor explained while coming out of the kitchen with his own plate of food and mug of coffee.

“Yes! Vicchan has a surprise for papa,” Yuri announced causing him to glance towards his boyfriend.

“Yura,” Victor sighed while shooting him an innocent smile.

“Victor,” he questioned, arching an eyebrow questionable. Before he could question his boyfriend on what he had planned, a kissed was pressed against his lips to quieten him.

“Ew,” Yuri whined, causing the pair to break apart and turn to the six-year-old.

“What was that?” Victor asked the boy, a smirk playing on his lips. Yuri eyed Victor for a moment before sticking his tongue out.

“Ew,” Yuri repeated before squealing as Victor leant across the table to try and grab the boy.

“I’ll show you ‘ew’!” Victor declared while trying to grab a hold of the boy.

“No!” Yuri squealed, squirming further back into his seat and away from Victor’s hand.

“Boys, breakfast,” he sighed, though he couldn’t help the amused smile that tugged at the corner of
his lips.

“No.”

Yuuri frowned while crossing his arms across his chest as he stood in front of their closet, staring at Victor who sat perched on the edge of the bed.

“Please,” Victor whined, a rather adorable pout on his lips.

“I said no, I’m not putting a blindfold on,” he insisted. He spotted Yuri poke his head into their bedroom, only to make a face and disappear out of the room again.

“But Yurasha.”

“No,” he said while shaking his head.

Victor stared at him with that adorable pout for a moment before sighing softly and holding his hands out wide. He eyed his boyfriend before slowly walking into his open arms, allowing Victor to drag him close until he was straddling his boyfriends lap.

“Fine,” Victor sighed while slipping a hand under his shirt and began to rub small circles into the skin of his lower back, “No blindfold.”

“But?” he asked, eyeing his boyfriend hesitantly.

“Nothing. I’ll just have to deal with my surprise being semi-ruined,” Victor sighed dramatically while grinning at him. He stared at Victor for a moment before gently grabbing his boyfriends face in his hands and pulling into a gentle kiss.

“Papa! Vicchan! Hurry up!” Yuri shouted from the hallway, causing them to break away with a sigh.

“Can we ask Minako to babysit again soon?” Victor asked, shooting a glare towards the doorway.

“Why?” he asked in confusion while gently stroking Victor’s cheeks.

“Because I want you all to myself for a while,” Victor said, pulling him into another kiss before gently helping him back to his feet.

“We are coming, Yura,” he called out to Yuri while grabbing Victor’s hand and dragging him out of the room.

“The skating rink?”

He questioned the pair, glancing towards them when he finally realised where they were heading.

“Papa,” Yuri whined, “You weren’t meant to figure it out.”

“Oh, sorry?” he apologised, continuing to glancing between the pair.

“Why are we going to the rink? I thought it was your day off too?” he asked, pausing his gaze on Victor.

“Papa, papa,” Yuri said, gently tugging on the edge of his shirt, “Vicchan said I can show you my skating.” He faked a gasp, clearly pleasing the boy.
“You’re going to skate for me?” he asked, earning an excited nod from the blonde-haired boy.

“Yeah! Going to show you how awesome I am!” Yuri declared while letting go of his shirt and hurrying ahead of them.

“Now you have done it,” Victor chuckled as they followed after the boy.

“He is excited to show me. I always hear about his skating, but I’ve never seen it,” he pointed out before pausing. “That isn’t my surprise though, is it?”

“Nope,” Victor confirmed, smirking at him.

“Victor,” he sighed as they finally made it to the entrance of the rink.

“Let’s go, let’s go!” Yuri cheered, trying to hurry them along.

“We are coming, Yura, relax,” Victor chuckled while pulling him a little faster into the building. They immediately went to the rental desk where the lady behind the counter collected the pair of skaters that apparently belonged to Yuri.

He sat down with Yuri and watched over the boy as he ever so carefully laced up his skates up. Not noticing that Victor had momentarily slipped away from them.

“Like that, papa,” Yuri said as he finished tying his skates.

“Very good,” he said, clapping his hands which seemed to delight the boy.

“Are you going to skate too, papa?” Yuri asked him, causing him to pause.

“I don’t have any skates, Yurochka,” he explained, causing the boy to frown in confusion. He opened his mouth to ensure the boy that he was fine sitting on the sidelines and watching Victor and him skate when a box appear in front of his face.

He blinked as he stared at the box in confusion for a moment before he suddenly took notice of the faint writing on the edge of the box.

“What?” he asked, twisting around to look at the person who was holding the box, which just so happened to be his boyfriend.

“Surprise!” Victor said loudly, thrusting the box into his arms.

“What?” he repeated, glancing between the box in his arms and Victor for a moment. He finally tore the lid of the box, gasping at the sight in front of him. His old, worn skaters were no longer old or worn. The blades were shiner then he ever remembered them being and the formerly worn leather was gone, replaced with fresh, new leather.

“I found them,” Victor explained quickly while dropping down beside him on the bench and pulling out his own skates, “I got the blades sharpened and some of the leather needed replacing.”

“Papa going to skate with us now, right?” Yuri asked, drawing his attention to the boy.

He sat there for a moment before slowly nodding his head.

“Yes. Papa will skate with you two,” he told Yuri with a watery smile.
“I can’t believe you,” he huffed as he stepped onto the ice, wobbling slightly. Victor hovered close by, clearly delight with him being on the ice.

“I’ve been told you were quite the skater,” Victor said while holding a hand out towards him. He eyed it for a moment before straightening his stance and pushing himself push the offered hand and Victor.

“I suppose,” he muttered, wobbling slightly as he carefully turned himself around to face his boyfriend.

“I heard you ever did a few competitions,” Victor said, his beautiful heart shape smile on his lips. He opened his mouth to respond, only to be cut off by a shout.

“Papa! Papa!” Yuri shouted, skating up beside him. Yuuri smiled brightly at just how natural the boy seemed on the ice.

“Look at you, Yurochka,” he cooed, reaching out a hand towards the boy. Yuri smiled in delight and took it before sticking his tongue out in Victor’s direction.

“Yurasha,” Victor whined from behind him, “You have wounded me.”

“Good,” Yuri shouted in his place, “More papa for me!” Victor gasped loudly from behind them. He chuckled softly and ruffled Yuri’s hair with his free hand before gently pulling away and pushing himself across the ice.

Though he had been wobbly at the start, skating was second nature to him, even after all the years he had been away from it.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes as he spread his arms out wide while gliding across the ice, simply feeling the air hit him as he cut through the ice. A hand suddenly grabbed him, pulling him to the side until his chest collided with something hard.

“Skate with me.” Victor’s voice whispered in his ear, causing him to open his eyes and make eye contact with his boyfriend’s gorgeous blue eyes.

“I may be rusty,” he pointed out, earning a careless shrug from the Russian.

“I don’t care. Just skate with me,” Victor insisted, gently pulling him forwards while clinging tightly to both his hands. They moved slowly and carefully, never breaking eye contact as they glided across the ice in rather large figures of eight – spinning and twirling lazily. After their third or fourth figure, Yuri suddenly skated between them, breaking them apart.

“Yurochka,” Victor gasped as he snorted out a small laugh at the cheeky grin Victor was given by the boy.

“Papa,” Yuri whined, moving in front of him and grabbing one of his hands, “Watch me skate, watch me skate,” the boy insisted while tugging on his hand.

“Okay, okay,” he laughed, glancing towards Victor who was pouting.

He was being fought over by his child and his boyfriend, it was rather amusing. Especially when he got to see that adorable pout appear on the other sides face when he was dragged away by the opposing party.

It seemed that they would be spending a bit more time at the rink now.
Victor stood off to the side, watching closely as students piled out of the school gates towards their waiting parents. Waiting for his little angel to make his appearance.

He enjoyed picking Yuri up for school, though he couldn’t really decide if it was because of how domestic it felt or because of how overjoyed Yuri seemed to get upon seeing him after school.

Either way, he enjoyed the little routine they had set up. Yuuri would drop Yuri off at school in the morning, and he would pick the boy up after school during his ‘lunch break’ before returning to the rink for a couple more hours where Yakov – and occasionally Lilia, when she was around – would coo over the boy.

Yakov had even started to let Yuri onto the ice near the end of the day, giving the boy tips and tricks at how to stay balanced or the best way to move.

Victor scanned the front of the school again, beginning to wonder where his little angel was. He glanced down at his phone, checking the time before letting out a sigh and moved closer to the front gate of school.

Yuri normally hurried to get out of school, the longest the boy had ever taken after the final school bell was exactly eight minutes to track him down. So, now at ten minutes after the finish bell, Victor was starting to worry.

“Yuri, I asked where you parents are.” A sharp voice caught his attention as he stepped around a group of children upon entering the school grounds. He glanced around for a moment before spot his little angel standing beside a woman. Yuri head was turned towards the ground, as he clung to the straps of his backpack rather tightly.

“Yuri, I asked you a question,” the woman snapped rudely, causing the boy to flinch. He picked up his speed, moving towards the boy without a second of hesitation.

“Yurochka~” he called out, immediately catching the boys attention. He felt the air in his lungs freeze as Yuri finally lifted his head from the ground and turned to look at him.

“Are you his-” the woman started to say before suddenly going quiet. He didn’t pay much attention to the woman as he hurried towards his little angel and scooped the boy up into his arms.

“Yurochka, malysh, what happened?” he cooed while gently rubbing the boy’s cheek as he stared at the boys blacken right eye. His angel had a black eye and he wanted to know why?

He turned towards the woman that had snapped at Yuri before, only to see her still standing frozen with wide eyes.

“Mister Nikiforov,” a secondary voice called out, “We must really add your contact information to Yuri’s files.” He turned towards the voice, recognising the elderly woman standing in front of him as Yuri’s home room teacher.

“Mrs Alexeeva,” he greeted with a nod, “What happened?” He all but demanded while cradling Yuri a little tighter to his chest.

“Yuri got into a fight with a few of the others boys in his class,” the woman explained with a frown, “We tried to get a hold of Mister Katsuki, but we weren’t able to reach him.”
“I see,” he said while turning his gaze back to Yuri. The boy who had curled up in his grasp, face buried into his chest while his little hands gripped onto his shirt like it was some sort of lifeline.

“What did they fight about?” he questioned, causing Mrs Alexeeva to frown and shake her head.

“None of the children involved will tell me,” Mrs Alexeeva sighed softly while shaking her head, “Yuri was the most injured - it seemed he was ganged up on - but he did leave a few scratch marks on some of the other boys. As punishment, none of the boys involved will be allowed at school for the rest of the week. I hope you understand.”

He stared at the elderly woman for a moment before glancing down at his little angel. His Yuri who was so small for his size and fit ever so perfectly in his arms.

“Y-You’re that skater, right?” He glanced up at the question, taking notice of the woman that had snapped at Yuri before, he frowned as he eyed her closely. “You’re Victor Nikiforov!”

“Melikova, Mister Nikiforov is a parent,” Mrs Alexeeva huffed, scolding what he assumed was her fellow teacher.

“I’ll talk to him,” he promised Mrs Alexeeva while flashing her a tight smile.

“I apologise for the inconvenience, I know how busy both yourself and Mister Katsuki are,” the elderly woman said with a small smile. “I’ll see you next week, okay, Yuri?”

The boy didn’t respond to his teacher, instead curling up tighter in his arms.

“You want to talk about it?”

He questioned the boy as he slowly walked from the school to the rink. Yuri remained quiet, seemingly content to just stay curled up in his arms for the moment.

He frowned, trying to think up anything that would get the boy to talk.

Yuri was normally such a bright and chatty kid, he normally couldn’t get the kid to be quiet for two seconds. But current Yuri’s silence was like nothing he had experienced before.

He spotted a sign in the distance that caused him to perk up. Screw dieting and calorie counting, his little angel needed cheering up.

“Hey, Yurochka,” he said softly while giving the boys back a gently rub, “Did you want to get ice cream?”

Yuri jolted upright at that, leaning back in his arms to stare at him eye to eye. He stared at his angel, unable to look away from the horrible black bruise around the boy’s eyes. He was six – still a baby that needed someone to read him a bedtime story before bed – how could anyone, including a child the same age, hit another hard enough to bruise.

“Ice cream?” Yuri questioned in a small voice.

“Yes,” he cooed while raising a hand to rub the boy’s cheek, skimming over the edge of the bruise with his thumb, “But you can’t tell papa or Yakov.” Yuri eyed him for a moment before nodding his head in agreement. He smiled in delight and leant forwards to plant a kiss on the boy’s forehead.

“Okay,” he said happily while picking up his speed as he hurried towards the shop. The shop was rather quiet despite being around the corner from the local primary school that had just let out for the
day, with only three groups of people in the store, well four now that they had arrived. “What flavour, malysh?” he asked as they approached the glass that displayed all the ice cream. Yuri straightened up in his arms, scanning all the ice cream in front of him before pointing towards the right side. He followed the boy’s finger but couldn’t quite figure out if the boy was pointing at the strawberry or blueberry.

“What one?” he asked, nudging the boy in hopes of getting him to speak up. Yuri stared at him for a moment before ducking his head and burying it into his chest again.

“Strawberry,” Yuri muttered quietly into his shirt, causing him to hum softly and slip a hand under the boy’s backpack to give his back a gentle rub. He smiled at the lady that came to serve them, getting Yuri a small takeaway cup of strawberry ice cream and a medium take away cup of lemon sorbet for himself – sorbet was healthier than normal ice cream, wasn’t it?

He paid for them before balancing – rather skilfully, as he might add – the two cups to an empty table and sat down. He gently untangled Yuri from his chest, helping him take his backpack off and let the boy sit in his lap as he ate his ice cream.

“Better?” he asked as he watched Yuri slowly eat his ice cream with the little fluorescent spoon they had been given.

Yuri gave a small shrug in response to his question. He sighed and planted a gentle kiss on top of the boy’s head before beginning to eat his sorbet.

“Don’t want to go back to school,” Yuri announced suddenly, breaking the silence that had fallen upon them as they enjoyed their secret treat.

“Why?” he responded immediately, hoping that it would prompt the boy to explain what had happened today.

“People are stupid,” the boy announced while stabbing his ice cream rather violently with his spoon. He let out a small hum, not really sure how to respond to the boy’s comment.

People were stupid, conclusive and overall, rather frustrating, but he couldn’t tell that to a six-year-old, especially when he wouldn’t understand half of his adjectives.

“What happened today, Yurochka?” he asked softly while setting his sorbet to the side and quickly set to work undoing the rather messy, plain braid that Yuuri had done for the boy in the morning. He brushed the boy’s hair out as best he could with his fingers before gently starting to French braiding the boy’s gorgeous hair.

“Some of the boys at school were being mean,” Yuri stated simply.

“What were they being mean about?” he asked as he moved his fingers through the boy’s silky blond locks. Whenever his fingers found their way into the boy’s hair, he couldn’t help but miss his own long hair.

Yuri was silent for a moment, seeming content to eat his ice cream while his hair was braiding before he finally spoke up.

“They said that you and papa can’t love each other.” Victor froze at the boy’s words.

“They said that two boys can’t love each other. And-and I said that they can because you and papa love each other, because you kiss and hug and all that gross stuff. But they said that it was gross and bad if two boys like each other,” Yuri said, getting more and more upset as he spoke. He let go of the
boy’s hair and wrapped his arms around Yuri, cooing softly as he felt the boy begin to snuffle.

“One of them grabbed me,” Yuri sniffled, “And-and-and then another hit me because I kept saying that boys can love each other, Vicchan.”

“Oh, Yurochka,” he cooed while turning Yuri around in his lap, so he could cradle the boy to his chest.

He had hoped that Yuri wouldn’t have to deal with stuff like this for a few more years. Hoped he wouldn’t see or hear anything until he finished primary school at least.

He knew that being a gay – or bisexual in his situation – in Russia was dangerous. But he had selfishly hoped that Yuri would be spared, spared at least until he was able to protect himself.

“Yurochka, I love you and your papa so very much,” he told the six-year-old while pressing another kiss to the top of his head, “I love you both, but some people don’t like that. Some people don’t like boys liking other boys or girls liking other girls.”

“But why?” Yuri snuffled while clinging onto him. He sighed softly, how did one explain his own countries homophobia in simple terms that a six-year-old would understand.

“Because some people think that only girls and boys can love each other.”

“Why?” Yuri demanded. He sighed, why did Yuri chose this moment to question everything.

“Because some people are stupid,” he stated simply. Yuri slowly glanced up from him, still a little teary eyed, but the boy nodded his head, accepting his answer.

“People are stupid,” Yuri agreed. He chuckled and planted a kiss onto the boy’s forehead.

“Yes, Yurochka, they are. But promise me something,” he requested, causing the boy to stare up at him with large green eyes.

“Yes, Vicchan?” the boy questioned.

“Never let anyone tell you how to love, okay?” he said, while smiling down at the boy. Yuri stared at him in confusion for a moment before shrugging his shoulder.

“Okay,” Yuri replied, turning around and collecting his ice cream, that had half melted during their little talk.

“I’m home!”

Yuuri’s voice shouted from the entryway of the apartment.

“Welcome home,” he responded, something which Yuri repeated though his gaze never left the television. After finishing their ice cream, they had headed to the rink, only for Yakov and Lilia to have a heart attack – or so they claimed – at the sight of Yuri’s eye and send them both home. Yuri had pouted about it, claiming he wanted to skate for a bit but stopped protesting when he promised that they could sit on the couch with Makkachin and Potya and watch cartoons until Yuuri got him.

“I missed a few calls from the school today. Was everything okay? They didn’t call Minako, so I assumed it wasn’t that bad,” Yuuri said while wandering into the lounge where they were all curled up together. Makkachin cuddled up to his side and Yuri and Potya in his lap.
He forced a smile as Yuuri came into view, only to watch the man freeze and drop everything he was holding which just so happened to be his work out bag and phone.

“Yuri!” Yuuri shouted while pretty much sprinting towards them. Yuuri collapsed on the ground in front of them while gently grabbing Yuri’s face in his hands to look at the boy’s blacken eye.

“What happened?” his boyfriend demanded while glancing between Yuri and himself in a complete panic.

“People are stupid, papa,” Yuri stated simply while letting go of Potya – who settled down on the opposite side of Makakchin – and held his arms out for a hug. Yuuri immediately complied, scooping the boy out of his lap.

He reached out his own hands, wrapping them around his boyfriend’s waist and pulling the man into his lap.

“Yeah, Yurasha, people are stupid,” he agreed, causing Yuuri to send him a panicked look.

“Did you ice it?” Yuuri demanded while staring at him.

“Yes,” he said with a roll of his eyes, “The school iced it and Lilia iced it when we got to the rink and we also iced it when we got home.”

“No more ice,” Yuri pouted at them, “It’s too cold.”

“What happened?” Yuuri demanded again.

“Six-year-old homophobic,” he stated simply, earning a gasp from Yuuri.

“Someone hit you,” Yuuri cooed at Yuri before planting kisses all over the boy’s face. Yuri giggled slightly because of all the kisses, squirming in Yuuri’s grasp.

“Can I look into sending Yuri to a new school?” he asked suddenly, causing both his Yu(u)ri’s to pause.

“A new school?” they repeated at the same time, looking at him with wide eyes.

“Yep, one closer to our new house,” he said, flashing a bright smile towards the two people he adored most.

“New house?” Yuuri questioned in confusion before freezing, “You didn’t!”

“Surprise!” he cheered while leaning up to press a kiss against Yuuri’s cheek, “I bought us a new house.”

“Really?” Yuri asked in delight, “Is it bigger? Do we have a pool? Does Potya get her own room?”

“Victor Nikiforov, you did not buy a house without my opinion, did you?”
“So, let me get this straight,” Minako said while arching an eyebrow, “He bought you a three-bedroom house. A house that has the biggest ensuite I have ever seen, an entertainment room – because normal people needs one of those – and tree house for our little hellcat. And you, the wonderful man that had this all given to him, are upset?”

“Yes,” he said, nodding his head.

“He organised for moving men to pack up, move and unpack everything,” Minako pointed out.

“He did,” he muttered while dropping his gaze to the mug he was holding, staring at his reflection in his tea.

“What is the problem then?” Minako questioned with a sigh.

“He paid for everything.” He glanced up as he spoke, locking eyes with his life-long dance teacher.

“I want… to be able to pay for things. To be able to contribute to bills and things,” he admitted.

“Yuuri, you have to realise something, Victor is spending all this money on you without being asked. You aren’t manipulating him, he is doing all this because he wants too. He wants to make you happy, wants to make sure Yu-chan grows up healthy and happy,” Minako told him gently while reaching over the table to grab his hand and give it a gentle squeeze.

“But,” he stared before shaking his head.

“But?” Minako questioned.

“How am I meant to repay him?” he mumbled softly, ducking his head in embarrassment.

“You don’t have too,” Minako ensured him, squeezing his hand again. “You don’t have to do anything. I’m sure if you simply gave him a few wild nights in bed, he would be happy.”

“Minako-sensei!” he gasped, cheeks heating up in embarrassment at his teacher’s words. Minako let out a cheerful laugh while letting go of his hand and leaning back in her seat.

“I’m being serious though, you don’t have to do anything,” Minako stated with a shrug.

“But,” he paused before taking a breath, “I want to.”

“Huh? You want to what?” Minako questioned.

“I want to… contribute to this relationship. I don’t want to be dependent on Victor,” he declared, though his cheeks remain heated in embarrassment. Minako stared at him for a moment as she lifted her mug to her lips and took a slow sip before setting it down quietly at the dining table.

“You could contribute more if you accepted more of the roles offered to you,” Minako suggested.

“You know I can’t do that,” he said, shaking his head.

“Yuuri, just talk to him,” Minako sighed.

“I can’t do that,” he insisted, causing Minako to sigh again.
“Fine. If you won’t accept more roles, you could always…”

“Papa. Papa!”

Yuuri jolted awake at the feeling of someone gently shaking up. He glanced around before finally spotting Yuri standing beside his bed, Potya cradled in his arms.

“Yurochka? What’s wrong?” he asked, glancing toward the small digital clock set up on his bedside table. It was a little after three in the morning, or so the clock read, way too early for the boy to be up.

“I miss Vicchan,” the boy mumbled while shyly burying his face into Potya’s fur.

“I know, baby, I miss him too,” he ensured the boy while gently reaching over to grab Potya. The cat let out a meow of protest as she was taken from her rightful owner, only to start to purr when she was set on the bed. Once the cat was released, he reached over and lifted Yuri into the bed next, settling the boy down beside him on Victor’s side of the bed.

“When does Vicchan come home?” Yuri asked, staring up at him with wide eyes.

“Six days,” he mumbled as he settled back down against his pillow.

“That’s so long, papa,” Yuri whined, gently tugging on his shirt under the cover of the blanket.

“I know, I know. But Vicchan is at the World Championships, remember? It’s one of the biggest skating competitions,” he reminded the boy before a yawn escaped him.

“But I want Vicchan,” Yuri whined. He sighed softly as he leant over and pressed a gentle kiss to his son’s forehead.

“I want Vicchan as well, Yurochka,” he said with a sigh.

He never expected it to be so hard to function without Victor around.

He expected to just fall into the rhythm that he had had before Victor had popped up in to their life, but he hadn’t, they hadn’t.

He never realised how much he depended on Victor’s help and support until the other man was away.

He had to sacrifice his lunch breaks to pick Yuri up from school, having to take the boy back to the dance studio with him and try to find a way to amuse the boy for a couple of hours so he could finish practising for the day. Having to walk Makkachin and go food shopping after a long day at the studio, only to than cook dinner and get Yuri ready for bed.

All that while still adjusting to the new house Victor had bought for them.

And then there was the silly things, that he shouldn’t miss, but did.

The love messages in the mirror every morning.

The feeling of falling asleep while being held

The presence of another adult in the house.
“Papa,” Yuri whispered, causing him to hum in response, “Vicchan is going to come back, right?”

“Yes, baby, Vicchan will come back,” he promised as he found himself slowly drifting off to sleep to the sound of a cat purr and his son’s breathing.

“Can I take a holiday?”

Victor glanced towards his coach curiously, hoping that he would get a positive answer.

“What? The season isn’t over, Victor,” Yakov huffed, frowning in his direction.

“But after Worlds, there is only the World Team Trophy,” he pointed out.

“Which you are competing in,” Yakov said, though he was sure his coach was reminding him more than stating.

“Yes, but it is in Japan, and I want to take a trip to Japan,” he stated while flashing his coach a bright smile.

“I’ll make sure to practice every day! Oh, and I’ll send you lots of pictures of Yuri too,” he promised, continuing to grin at his coach.

Yakov stared at him for a moment before letting out another sigh.

“Didn’t you just buy your Yuri’s a house? Why are you now taking them on a holiday?” Yakov questioned.

“Well, Yuuri said I couldn’t marry him until I bought him a house, got his parents’ permission and bought him a ring,” he explained.

“So,” Yakov said before pausing, “You want to marry him?”

“Yep,” he confirmed, nodding his head.

“But Russia-“ Yakov started, he waved his hand towards his coach.

“I know, Yakov. Russia isn’t a good place to be gay, but I want to try, I need to try. Yuuri is the love of my life,” he said softly.

He had never felt like this before. The joy of being with his two Yu(u)ri’s, the giddiness of doing something nice for them, the warmth of cuddling either or both of them.

He didn’t want to lose them. He glanced down at his phone, smiling at the ‘Good Luck’ message that was lid up on his screen, slightly blurring out the adorable picture of the three of them together, smiling for a selfie he had managed to get when they were in Moscow.

“Fine, you can go on a holiday,” Yakov sighed, shaking his head, “But I want daily videos of you training, you understand?”

“Yes!” he gasped in delight, dragging his coach into a tight hug, “I’ll make you a grandfather soon, I promise.”

“Dyadya, Victor! I don’t want to be a grandfather!”
Victor hummed softly to himself as he dragged his keys out of his pocket and quietly enter their house.

He had known that Yuuri would be a little upset with him for buying the house without his opinion, but to be honest, he had gotten Yuuri’s opinion on the house.

They had looked over the house a few weeks back, only for Yuuri to reject it when they had been given the wanted price for it. Sure, it had been rather pricey, but it had also been perfect for them.

A house with a proper backyard for Makkachin, a luxury treehouse in the backyard for Yuri to play in during the warmer months. It also had three bedrooms, giving them an extra room to invite guests over. And the main bedrooms ensuite was to die for, he had seen the look of pure wonder on Yuuri’s face when they had seen it for the first time.

A large marble bath that could easily fit two adults was located in the middle of the bathroom, situated in front of a large frosted panel that had the ceiling mounting shower head behind it. And how could he forget the ‘his and her’ sinks with all that extra cabinet space for his beauty care products.

All three bedroom were decently sized – much larger than the rooms at their previous apartments.

He paused in the doorway, gently putting his luggage to the side when he heard a sound coming from the lounge room.

He walked the couple of steps to the lounge, poking his head into the room to see his Yu(u)ri’s sitting in the lounge.

Yuuri was fast asleep on the lounge, blanket thrown over his lap with Makkachin snoozing at Yuuri’s feet.

Yuri, on the other hand, was wide awake, lying on his stomach right in front of the television as he drew in a colour book. Potya was lying beside the boy, seeming to listening attentively to the quietly chattering boy.

“And-and-and papa will kiss Vicchan and then it will be happily ever after,” Yuri told Potya, pausing his colouring to look at the cat. Potya let out soft meow before flicking her ears in his direction before turning to look at him. Yuri slowly followed his cats gaze, only for his eyes widen when they made eye contact.

“VICCHAN!” the boy shouted, jumping to his feet and brawling towards him. He chuckled softly as he scooped the boy up into his arms, planting a kiss on the boy’s cheek.

“What are you still doing up, Yurochka? It is past your bedtime,” he asked with a bright smile.

“He wanted to stay up to see you,” a new voice spoke up, causing him to glance towards the love of his life, who seemed to have been woken up by Yuri’s shout.

“Hi love,” he cooed, walking towards his boyfriend and leaning over the back of the couch to kiss him gently.

“Gross,” Yuri whined.

“Time for bed, Yurochka,” Yuuri mumbled, slowly dragging himself off the couch.

“No, papa,” Yuri pouted while glancing towards him with big puppy-dog eyes.
“It’s bedtime,” he said, gently tapping Yuri’s nose.

“Noooooo,” Yuri whined in defeat as they began the walk to the boy’s bedroom.

“How was your flight?” Yuuri asked before pausing to hide a yawn behind his hand. He couldn’t help but smile as he watched Yuuri make them both a cup of tea from one of the kitchen bar stools.

“Long, tiring,” he sighed softly while running a hand through his hair, “How is the house?” he questioned. Yuuri let out a thoughtful hum as he grabbed everything he needed, seeming to know where everything was located in the kitchen already.

“It’s bigger,” Yuuri said, voice blank of any real emotion, making it hard to gauge how Yuuri really felt about the house.

“So you like it?” he tried again. Yuuri glanced towards him for a moment before turning back to the cups he had set out. He pouted slightly, he only wanted to know if Yuuri liked the house. He had said yes when they had walked through the house when they had gone house hunting, but now that they actually owned it, he was worried that Yuuri had changed in mind.

Yuuri finished making them tea and brought a mug over to him. He smiled as he accepted the mug, only to blink in surprise as his boyfriend happily made himself comfortable in his lap.

“The house is nice,” Yuuri mumbled while leaning back against his chest.

“Only nice?” he questioned while draping an arm across Yuuri’s waist to help keep him in place.

“It’s very nice,” Yuuri corrected, causing him to chuckle softly.

“Let’s go on a holiday,” he suggested.

“Victor, we just moved house,” Yuuri groaned.

“My next competition is in Japan. Yakov said that as long as I train every day, he is fine with me having a mini-holiday. So, we can go visit your family, watch me compete and then come home,” he explained before taking a small sip of tea. Yuuri remained silent for a moment, simply sipping his tea while leaning into him.

“Okay,” Yuuri finally spoke up.

“Huh?” he questioned in surprise, not expecting Yuuri to give in so easily.

“Yes,” Yuuri said, tilting his head up so they were looking at each other, “Let’s go to Japan.”
“What are you pouting about now?”

Victor jolted in surprise at the sudden voice behind him, quickly glancing over his shoulder to see Lilia Baranovskaya staring down at him.

“Tetya Lilia!” Yuri gasped beside him, immediately jumping to his feet and hurrying towards the woman. A smile broke onto the woman’s face as she bent down to greet the six-year-old, almost cooing at the boy as she greeted him and gently pushed some of his hair out of his face.

“Vicchan is upset because papa said that we can’t leave for our holiday until next week,” Yuri informed Lilia, smiling brightly at the woman.

“Holiday?” Lilia enquired, turning her gaze towards him – it was rather unfair how gentle and soft she was with Yuri and how mean and intimidating she was with everyone else.

“We are going to Japan,” he informed her with a forced smile.

“We are going to see Baba and Jiji,” Yuri announced while gently pulling on Lilia’s coat to gain her attention. Lilia glanced towards him again, clearly not understanding Yuri words.

“Yuuri’s parents,” he explained, earning a nod of understanding from the former prima-ballerina.

“I see, are you excited?” Lilia asked Yuri, earning a wild nod from the boy.

“Are you done for the day, Vitya?” Lilia questioned, causing him to freeze in surprise. It had been years since Lilia had called him that.

“Y-yeah,” he stammered, quickly finishing putting away his skates and slipping his runners on.

“Would you like a lift to the studio?” Lilia questioned, flashing another smile towards Yuri.

“Studio?” he questioned, confused as what she meant.

“The dance studio! Where papa is!” Yuri informed him, hurrying over to him and tugging on his shirt. He smiled at the boy, nodding his head in understanding.

“Should we go surprise your papa and pick him up from work?” he asked the boy, who nodded his head excitedly.

“Yes!” Yuri cheered, hurrying over to grab a hold of Lilia’s hand.

He quickly packed up all his things before collecting both his bag and Yuri’s school bag before following after Lilia and his little angel as they made their way outside and towards the older woman’s car.

It would be nice to walk home with Yuuri for once, they were running behind schedule anyway.

Victor followed after Lilia as they made their way through the studio – how Lilia could call this only a studio was beyond him, it was a whole school.

“If I remember correctly, Yuuri should be,” Lilia said quietly before trailing off as she paused in front
of a door. She glanced towards him to make sure he had kept up before opening it. He perking up from around Lilia to glance into the room.

His body froze as he caught sight of his gorgeous boyfriend catch a ballerina in mid-air, lifting her above his head before placing her back down on the ground without a moment of hesitation or trouble.

He moved with the woman perfectly, never getting in the way but managing to always be where he was needed. Ready to catch her when she jumped or grabbing her when she leant too far in one direction.

“Stop!” a voice in the centre of the room demanded, causing the pair to come to a halt. Minako suddenly appeared in front of them, an annoyed look on her face. He watched as Minako scolded the woman, mentioning things like her posture and her inability to flow with Yuuri like she was meant too.

“It is such a shame he limits himself so much,” Lilia sighed softly.

“What?” he questioned in surprise, glancing up at Lilia. The former prima-ballerina glanced towards him, seeming to frown at the confused look on his face.

“He refuses to accept any parts that involve traveling, which really limits him. He is one of our better dancers, but he limits himself to beginner performances,” Lilia explained before dropping her gaze down to Yuri, who stared into the room with large eyes.

Oh, was the first thing that went through his head. Yuuri was holding himself back to be with his son, limiting his fame for Yuri.

He glanced back into the room where Yuuri was once again dancing with the woman, gliding across the floor as the woman tried to keep up.

“Lilia,” he said softly, “Can you let me know next time he gets an offer?”

“Pardon?” Lilia questioned, glancing towards him curiously.

“Tell me next time he gets an offer. I’ll try and convince him,” he declared. They stared at each other for a moment before she nodded her head.

“In a few months, we will be auditioning for roles for a Russian tour. Minako normally convinces him to audition, but he always fails to commit to the roles offered to him,” Lilia stated while glancing back into the room. He hummed as he glanced back into the room, only to notice Minako staring at them with a raised eyebrow. He flashed the elder Japanese woman a smile, which she rolled her eyes at. The music came to a stop and Minako announced a water break, which seemed to break everyone out of the trance they were in because they suddenly became the centre of attention.

The large group of ballerinas – and five danseurs, including Yuuri – glanced between Lilia, Yuri and himself curiously. He watched Yuuri carefully as he quickly collected his water bottle before finally looking towards them to see what the fuss was about.

He couldn’t help but grin as Yuuri froze in surprise, staring at him with wide eyes for a moment before his eyes flickered down to Yuri, who was waving excitedly towards Minako.

“Your ballerinas need more work, Minako,” Lilia declared, earning a nod of agreement from the Japanese woman as she waved back to the child.
“That they do,” Minako sighed before waving them out of the room, claiming that they were distracting her dancers. He sent Yuuri a wave and a wink before following after Lilia as she began leading them away from the room.

“Papa!” Yuri called out, bouncing up and down as Yuuri walked towards them. Yuuri was dressed in more casual clothes, clearly finished for the day.

“Yurochka,” Yuuri cooed, scooping the boy up into his arms once he was in reach, “What are you doing here?”

“Tetya Lilia said we could pick up! So, so, so we can walk home together!” Yuri said while happily hugging his father back.

“We finished a little late,” he explained with a small laugh.

“Dyadya Yakov said that Vicchan’s jumps were really bad today,” Yuri whispered to his father, or whispered as best as a six-year-old could. He pouted as his two Yu(u)ri’s glanced towards him with cheeky smiles.

“Feeling a bit old, Vitya?” Yuuri teased, causing him to fake a gasp.

“I am not old,” he declared, causing his two Yu(u)ri’s to giggle at him. He smiled as he stood up, collecting the discarded bags at his side before turning to the two people he loved most – he really needed to shower Makkachin in more love when they got home and apologise for replacing her.

“Ready to go?” he asked while moving over to take Yuuri’s bag from him too.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” Yuuri said, quickly leaning up to press a kiss against his cheek before leading the way out of the labyrinth that was the Mariinsky Theatre.

“That was the first time I had seen you dance,” he commented, causing Yuuri to suddenly pause and glance towards him.

“We have danced before,” Yuuri said, eyes scrunched together in confusion.

“First time I’ve seen you dance ballet,” he corrected. Yuuri stared at him for a long moment before his cheeks turned a gorgeous shade of red.

“And it was a practice of all things. I’ll need to invite you to my next proper show,” Yuuri stated simply while starting to walk again.


“I’ll go too, right, papa?” Yuri asked, clearly just as excited as he was at the chance of seeing Yuuri properly preform.

“Of course,” Yuuri said, smiling at the boy he was holding in his arms, “You’ll both come and support me, right?”

“Of course,” he declared at the same time as their little angel nodded his head.

Like he would reject the glance to see his gorgeous boyfriend preform.
“Who’s your papa talking too?” He asked, unable to deal with his ever-growing curiosity anymore.

Yuuri mainly spoke Russian around him - his cute, accented Russian that he could never get enough. They also had the occasional English conversation when words were forgotten or during early morning pillow talks, but rarest of all was to hear Yuuri speak in his native tongue.

So, to hear Yuuri having a quick-fire conversation on someone on the phone was not only hypnotising but it also peaked his interest.

Yuri glanced towards him for a moment, clearly having been rather absorbed in his colouring book – a rather adorable habit the boy seemed to have.

“Um,” Yuri mumbled while glancing away from him and towards his father. He watched the boy closely for a moment as he quietly repeated his father’s words under his breath for a moment before finally turning back to him.

“Oba-san,” Yuri stated simply. He stared at the boy in confusion for a moment, causing the boy to sigh, “Mari-Oba-san.”

“Oh,” he said, nodding his head in understanding - Mari, Yuuri’s older sister.

“Papa is making sure everything is ready for when we get there,” Yuri explained before turning back to his colour book. He smiled and reached over to ruffle the boy’s hair gently.

“Thank you,” he said, earning a small shrug from the boy in response.

Yuuri suddenly let out a loud sigh that caught his attention. He turned his gaze back to his boyfriend who stood in the middle of the kitchen - having been created a list of things they needed to use up before their trip while on the phone.

An all too familiar blush was on his boyfriend’s cheeks as he seemed to stutter into the phone in embarrassment for a moment before declaring something loudly and hanging up.

“Everything okay?” he caught out, watching Yuuri take a deep breath before turning to him with a soft smile on his lips.

“Yes,” Yuuri said, clearly trying to ensure him.

“Papa said that Oba-san can’t have his boyfriend,” Yuri spoke up, causing him to arch an eyebrow curiously.

“Yura!” Yuuri whined. He chuckled as he got up from his seat beside Yuri at the dining table and walked over to his boyfriend, wrapping an arm around the younger male’s waist.

“Should I be worried?” he asked while cuddling Yuuri to his chest, “Will your sister attempt to steal me away?” The breath was knocked out of him as Yuuri elbowed him in the guts.

“Don’t you start,” Yuuri said, glancing towards him with an adorable look of annoyance on his face, “You are meant to be on my side.”

“I am,” he swore, earning a huff in response as Yuuri turned away from him. Despite turning away from him, Yuuri remained in his arm, seeming content to just lean against his chest for the moment.
“Papa, Vicchan, can we skate in Japan?” Yuri asked while glancing towards them.

“Of course,” Yuuri promised, “I have already organised for Victor to train every day, so I’m sure we can do some skating together after.”

“You organised for me to train?” he questioned at the same time their little Yuri let out a squeal of delight before jumping off his chair and charging towards them.

“My childhood friend owns the local ice rink, she was more than happy to let me book out some time there every day,” Yuuri explained while lifting Yuri up into his arms. He smiled as he wrapped his free arm around his little family holding them both close as Yuri started to tell them about all the things he planned to do the next time they were all on the ice together.

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“Do you think.”

“You triple checked everything, lapochka,” he reminded his worrisome boyfriend as they entered the airport.

“What if I left the oven on?” Yuuri asked him, gripping onto his hand rather tightly.

“We haven’t used the oven since Wednesday,” Yuri pipped up while following behind them with Makkachin.

“Minako is staying there. If you left it on, I’m sure Minako will turn it off,” he ensured Yuuri while squeezing his hand gently.

“What about Makkachin’s paperwork?” Yuuri asked while glancing towards the poodle.

“You made sure it was with our books, papa,” Yuri piped up. He couldn’t help but chuckled softly at the boy’s description of a passport.

“You’re right,” Yuuri said before going quiet.

“Everything is fine,” he ensured Yuuri, “Everything is taken care of. You don’t have to worry.”

“I want soda,” Yuri piped up suddenly, causing him to let out a small sigh.

“Not right now, angel,” he told the boy, earning a pout in response. He pulled out his phone and aimed in at the boy, attempting to take a picture of his adorable pout, only for Yuri to whine and hurry over to Yuuri to hide from him and his camera. He sighed dramatically, earning himself a little tongue being stuck in his direction from his little angel – or maybe he was in hellcat mode?

“What flight is ours?” Yuuri asked, catching his attention. He followed his boyfriends gaze to see him glancing at a board of incoming and outgoing flights.

“Not sure,” he replied while leading the way towards one of the first-class lounges. They walked in silence for a moment before Yuuri came to a halt.

“Victor,” Yuuri said seriously, causing him to perk up curiously, “You did not book first class.”

“Yes, I did,” he stated simply while staring at his boyfriend in confusion, “It’s a nine-hour flight.”

“Victor,” Yuuri sighed, shaking his head.

“Yurasha,” he said softly while tugging on Yuuri’s hand, “Just let me spoil you.”
“Papa, we have to go,” Yuri whined, walking over to grab Yuuri’s free hand and giving it a small tug.

Yuuri stared at him for a moment before sighing and hanging his head in defeat.

“Fine,” Yuuri mumbled, “But only this once.” He rolled his eyes as he leant up to quickly kiss Yuuri’s cheek.

“I’m always going to find a way to spoil you, Yurasha,” he reminded him before finally dragging his little family into the first-class lounge.

“Why do I have to sit with Makkachin?” Victor whined while sending him a pout.

“Because,” he stated simply while gently brushing some of Yuri’s hair out of his face as the boy slumbered away on his arm.

“Why couldn’t I sit with you?” Victor continued to whine.

“Because you were bad,” he replied, causing Victor to continue to pout at him.

He still couldn’t believe that Victor had bought all four of them – which included Makkachin – a first-class seat to Japan. They did not need to fly first-class.

Sure, the seats were extremely comfortable and having so much leg room was great – and he wasn’t even going to start on how wonderful the staff had been to Yuri to far – but they didn’t really need it. It would have been nice to just sit in economy, taking up a whole row just to themselves. It would have been a little cramped, but it would have been nice to sit together as a family. God, was it too early to count Victor as part of his family?

“I’m sorry,” Victor whined, causing him to let out a soft sigh.

“You’re forgiven,” he stated, earning one of Victor’s heart shape smiles in response, “But I’m still not switching seats.”

“But Yuuri,” Victor whined.

“My heart is suddenly racing.”

He paused mid-step right before the front door of Yu-topia – even after being away for six years, everything still looked the same. He glanced towards Victor, who held Makkachin lead in one hand and his baggage in the other, staring up at the sign hanging above the front door.

Of all people, he didn’t expect Victor to be nervous. Victor was normally very good with new people, he had even seen Victor start up conversations with strangers at the supermarket simply because he was bored. So, suddenly hearing that Victor was nervous was surprising.

“Mine too, mine too,” Yuri piped up, grabbing his hand and pulling it to his chest. He smiled softly as he felt the boys little heart fluttering a mile of minute in his chest.

“There is no reason to be nervous,” he told them both while ruffling the boy’s hair gently.

“Not nervous!” Yuri huffed, crossing his arms across his chest.

“No?” he questioned, before glancing towards Victor who was staring at him with a blank look.
“I promise you, there is nothing to be nervous about,” he said while gently opening the front door and herding his little family inside.

Yuri grab his hand suddenly, clinging to it as he glanced around curiously.

“Sorry, sorry! Welcome to—”

Yuuri glanced to the side, a smile breaking out on his lips as his mother came into view.

“Yuuri! Welcome home!” she all but shouted in delight while hurrying towards them.

“Thanks!” he laughed, easily switching into Japanese.

“Oh, how rude of me,” his mother said, speaking in English as she turned towards Victor and gave him a small bow in greeting, “I’m Hiroko Katsuki, Yuuri’s mother.”

“It’s a pleasure. I’m Victor, Victor Nikiforov,” Victor responded. His mother stared at Victor for a moment before turning her gaze onto Yuri, who was shyly hiding behind him.

“Hi Yu-chan,” she cooed, waving towards him. Yuri glanced up at him with wide eyes before glancing back towards his grandmother.

“H-Hi Baba,” Yuri greeted shyly.

“Come in, come in. Are you hungry? You must be hungry,” his mother said, waving them inside.

“Am I missing something?” Victor questioned him in Russia as they sat around the dining area, sipping tea as they relaxed after the huge meal his mother had forced upon them.

“Hm?” he questioned, glancing towards his boyfriend who was staring at Yuri closely. The boy sat on the other side of the table, shyly chatting with Mari who had joined them not long ago.

Surprisingly, Mari hadn’t done anything to embarrass him yet – and he was silently hoping it stayed that way.

“Oh, Yurochka hasn’t met my parents before and I don’t think he remembers Mari very well,” he explained, causing Victor to turn to him with a frown. He didn’t even need to hear Victor’s next question to know what he was about to say. “Money,” he stated simply, causing Victor to go quiet.

“Yo, lovebirds,” Mari called out in English, “Can you stop with the Russian talk?”

“Why?” he questioned, earning a point look from his sister.

“So, anything I need to know?” Mari questioned, glancing between them. He blinked in confusion before glancing towards Victor who seemed to be just as confused as him.

“Vicchan wants to marry papa,” Yuri piped up, speaking in clear Japanese. Mari glanced towards the boy, giving him a soft smile before turning her gaze onto Victor.

“You want to marry my brother?” Mari asked – in English. Yuuri now realised how messy it was being able to speak three languages fluently and having to change between them so everyone could talk.

Victor and himself could talk English, but Yuri couldn’t yet.

But Yuri and himself spoke Japanese while Victor didn’t.
And while Victor, Yuri and himself spoke Russian, his family only spoke Japanese and bits of English – with Mari being the most fluent.

It was all rather confusing, he really needed to get to work teaching Yuri English, it would probably be quicker than trying to teach Victor Japanese.

“Yes, madam,” Victor confirmed, nodding his head.

“Are you engaged?” Mari questioned.

“Not yet,” Victor said, glancing towards him with a smile, “Yuuri has requested I meet a few requirements before we get married.”

“Oh?” Mari questioned, glancing towards him, “And what were these requirements?”

“A ring, a house and his parents’ permission,” Victor stated, repeating the list he had given the man all those months back.

“Have you given him anything?” Mari questioned, arching an eyebrow.

“We just moved into a house,” he said, catching his sister’s attention.

“So, after I get your parents’ permission, I’ll get a ring and marry him,” Victor stated while turning towards him with a bright smile.

“Oh, so he doesn’t know?” Mari said in Japanese, turning towards him.

“What?” he said in confusion, tilting his head to the side.

“Minako-sensei-” his sister started before he felt his eyes widen.

“Mari-nee-chan!” he gasped, reaching across the table to silence her.

“Am I missing something?” Victor questioned, causing him to laugh nervously.

“Nothing, Mari is just being embarrassing,” he ensured Victor, sending a glare his sister’s way.

“The joys of being the oldest sibling,” Mari smirked, winking towards him.

“Papa, I’m tired,” Yuri spoke up, causing him to turn to the boy and smiled gently.

“Really? But we just got here,” he said, watching as Yuri crawled around the table to sit next to him.

“But I’m tired,” Yuri repeated, glancing up at him with big green eyes.

“Do you want to go to bed?” he asked while moving some of the boy’s hair out of his face. Yuri let out a small hum before shaking his head.

“Well, I don’t know what you want me to do,” he told the boy gently. Yuri pouted up at him for a moment before turning towards Victor.

“Vicchan!” the boy whined, catching Victor’s attention.

“Yes, angel?” Victor cooed.

“I’m tired,” Yuri repeated himself again.
“Bed time?” Victor suggested, earning a pout from the boy.

“How about I lay down with you for a bit? Would that help?” Victor offered, causing Yuri to hum for a moment before nodding his head. Victor stood up and quickly scooped the boy up into his arms.

“Are you off to bed?” his mother asked as she walked into the room with some more tea for them.

“Just the little one,” Victor said while rubbing Yuri’s back.

“Goodnight, Yurochka,” he called out, waving at the boy.

“Night, Yu-chan,” Mari said, also waving at the boy.

Yuri glanced back at them before waving while leaning against Victor’s chest.

“Goodnight,” the boy said in perfect Japanese, causing him to smile brightly.

“Follow me, Vicchan – I hope you don’t mind me calling you that – Yu-chan is staying in Yuuri’s old room,” his mother said, leading Victor out of the room and towards where they would be staying.

“He doesn’t know?” Mari spoke up, after a moment of silence, clearly wanting to make sure that everyone was out of earshot.

“Why did Minako tell you?” he whined, pouting towards his sister.

“She wanted to make sure you actually did it, but since she couldn’t come, she asked me to make sure,” Mari explained while pulling out a cigarette.

“I’m an adult, you know,” he huffed, reaching over to grab the fresh tea his mother had brought out to refill his cup.

“You are,” Mari agreed, “But we aren’t talking about normal adult things.”

He let out a sigh as he watched his sister light her cigarette and take a drag.

Why did he trust Minako-sensei with stuff?

Why did he listen to Minako-sensei to begin with?
Partner

Victor pressed a gently kiss to Yuuri’s forehead as he carefully slipped out of bed. This may be a vacation for Yuuri, but he sadly still had to pull at least a couple of hours at the rink each day to prepare for his upcoming competition.

He pulled on the first set of clothes he could get his hands on before exiting the room. He stretched his arms above his head as he wandered downstairs, curious as to what type of food he could get his hands on this early in the morning.

Strangely, the light of the kitchen was on, illuminating the hallway and catching his attention. It was rather early, a little after he would normally get up in the morning if he was at home.

He stepped into the kitchen, curious as to who was up this early.

“Oh, good morning, Vicchan,” Hiroko greeted him from the kitchen bench, hands carefully cutting up some vegetable he didn’t quite recognise.

“Good morning,” he greeted, glancing around the room, spotting an older man reading a paper at the small table set up in the corner of the kitchen.

“Oh, Vicchan, that is my husband and Yuuri’s father,” Hiroko explained, the man glanced up and sent him a small smile.

“Ah, good morning, I apologise for not greeting you yesterday,” the man said, giving him a gently smile that almost echoed the gentle smile Yuuri often sent him, “I’m Toshiya Katsuki.”

“It’s a pleasure,” he said, walking over to shake the man’s hand politely. Toshiya stared at him for a moment before shaking his hand with a nod and returning to his paper.

“Are you hungry, Vicchan? Can I make you anything? Is there something else you need?” Hiroko asked as she carefully poured some oil into a warming pan.

“Some food would be lovely. Could I also bug you for directions to the local skating rink?” he asked, causing Hiroko to turn towards him with a bright smile.

“Oh, yes, Yuuri mentioned that you skated,” Hiroko hummed as she skilfully moved around the kitchen, stirring random pots before adding a slice of fish that seemingly came from nowhere – or he hadn’t been paying as close of attention to Hiroko hands as he thought.

“Yes. Yuuri also said that he organised for me to skate?” he said, glancing behind him as he heard Toshiya turned the paper, seeming content to just sit and read.

Hiroko spoke up suddenly in Japanese, causing Toshiya to glance up before setting his paper down and leaving the room without a word.

“Yes, yes. Yuuko was here only the other day, telling us about how excited she was for Yuuri’s visit,” Hiroko said while pulling out some plates and carefully serving up three portions.

“Yuu-ko?” he repeated slowly, hoping he had gotten the name right. Hiroko chuckled and nodded her head while handing him two plates and directed him to the table Toshiya had previously been sitting at.
“Yes, Yuuko. She is a childhood friend of Yuuri’s. Her family runs the ice rink,” Hiroko explained as Toshiya returned, a piece of paper in his hands which was handed to him once his hands were empty of plates.

“That is a map of the town and I highlighted the path from here to the ice rink,” Toshiya said with that same gentle smile on his face while sitting back at the table.

“Sit, sit, Vicchan,” Hiroko said happily while placing plates and bowls all around him until he had a rather impressive collection.

“You have your Gohan – rice, your Miso – soup, Yakizakana – fish, Tsukemono – pickled vegetables, Nori – flavoured seaweed and Kobachi – vegetables,” Hiroko said while carefully pointing towards each of the bowls in turn. He simply stared at the collection in front of him for a moment before smiling and nodding his head.

He wasn’t sure he could name more than two of the words Hiroko had just told him, let alone explain what he was eating. But the food smelt amazing and if it was anything like Yuuri’s own cooking – on the rare occasion that Yuuri could be bothered cooking Japanese cuisine – it would be incredible.

He picked up his chopsticks – exactly how Yuuri had been showing him – and carefully began eating.

As he expected, the food was incredible, tasting even better than Yuuri’s cooking – something he would blame on not having the same ingredients available in Russia to save Yuuri’s feelings.

Now, if only he could somehow convince Hiroko to cooking Katsudon, that would be the real test.

Yuuri quietly opened the door to his old bedroom and poked his head into the room. It was a little after nine, meaning it was probably time that he got up.

He smiled softly as he spotted Yuri sitting up in bed, staring out the window.

“Good morning, Yurochka,” he called out gently, causing Yuri’s head to snap towards him with a bright smile on his face.

“Papa!” Yuri called out. He chuckled at his son’s ridiculous bed hair as he moved towards the boy, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

“Did you sleep well?” he asked as he rose a hand to brush some of the boy’s hair out of his face, making a mental note to try and track down the boy’s hair brush after breakfast. Yuri nodded his head, smiling at him bright.

There was a soft boofing sound from beside the boy, causing him to finally take notice of Makkachin, who was half covered by the bedding.

“Oh, sorry Makkachin, good morning,” he greeted the poodle, reaching over to pat the dog on the top of the head, “Did you look after Yuri for me?” he asked, earning a whine of protest from Yuri.

“No, papa! I looked after Makkachin!” Yuri declared while grabbing his arm and shaking it slightly.

“Okay, okay,” he chuckled, ruffling the boy hair, “You ready to get up?”

“Yes!” Yuri said, kicking off the bedding and jumping out of bed. He chuckled softly as he followed
the boy, getting back to his feet and moving towards the door.

“Coming, Makka?” he asked the poodle, who hurried after them without another word.

Yuuri let the way to the dining area, letting Yuri cling to the back of his shirt.

“Yuuri! Yu-chan! Good morning.” He came to a halt at the sound of his name, smiling as he spotted his father.

“Good morning, tousan,” he greeted before glancing towards Yuri. The boy stared up at his grandfather for a moment before shyly hiding behind him.

“Morning, Jiji,” Yuri mumbled quiet.

“I meet your partner this morning,” his father said, causing him to pause in surprise.

Sure, he had come out to his parents as gay a while ago, but it was still rather surprising how accepting they were of it.

Neither of his parents batted an eye when he told them that he was dating another gay – something that he felt had to be made clear, rather than just telling them he was dating someone.

They actually got quite excited when he told them that they – being Yuri, Victor and himself – would all be making a surprise, last minute trip to see them.

Despite everything, he still never believed that they accepted his sexuality, but here his father was, referring to Victor not as a ‘friend’ but as his partner.

“And?” he quickly asked, earning a bright smile from his father.

“A charming boy. Very, very nice,” his father said, nodding his head while reaching over to pat him on the shoulder, “Very good man for you.”

“Thank you,” he stuttered out in embarrassment.

“Go have something to eat. Your kaasan has been waiting for you to get up,” his father waved them off, continuing on his way to wherever he was going.

“Papa, hungry,” Yuri whined, tugging on his shirt to gain his attention. He ruffled the boys head before waving him off him.

“You know where the dining room is from here,” he told the boy with a smile.

Yuri took a few steps in front of him before pausing and glancing back at him. He rolled his eyes as he caught up with the boy and walked beside him to the dining hall, where – as his father promised – his mother was waiting for them with a huge breakfast.

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“Yuuri, before you go!”

He finished dying Yuri’s shoes before glancing up to his mother hurrying towards him.

“Yes?” he asked, before blinking as he was handed a wrapped bento box.

“For Vicchan!” his mother said with a bright smile.
“Oh,” he mumbled softly, “Thank you.”

“Bye Baba,” Yuri said while opening the front door.

“Bye-bye, Yu-chan, be good,” his mother said. He smiled at his mother before hurrying after Yuri, not wanting the boy to get too far ahead of him.

“We will be back later,” he called out with a final wave over his shoulder.

He sighed softly as he caught up to Yuri, grabbing a hold of the boy’s hand.

“Don’t run off on me, Yurochka,” he told the boy while tugging him in the opposite direction.

“We are going to find Vicchan, right, papa?” Yuri questioned while happily skipping beside him.

“Yes,” he smiled, nodding his head softly.

“And Vicchan is at the skating rink, right? We can skate?” Yuri asked him excitedly. He chuckled softly while ruffling the boys head gently.

“Sorry, Yurochka, not today,” he said, causing the boy to deflate.

“What? Why?” Yuri demanded, turning to look at him with an adorable pout on his lips. He chuckled softly and ruffled the boy’s hair gently.

“We are going to look around today. Maybe if you ask Victor nicely, you can skate with him tomorrow,” he said. Yuri stared up at him for a moment before huffing and turning away from him. He blinked in surprised, not expecting Yuri to continue to pout at him.

The rest of the walk to the rink was quiet and uneventful. Yuri continued to ignore him, though never wandered more than three steps away from him.

He entered the rink, recognising the woman standing behind the counter fixing rental skates right away.

He couldn’t help but smile shyly as the woman turned towards him, only to pause.

“YUURI!” Yuuko squealed in delight, hurrying to the front of the counter. He chuckled softly while approaching the counter to greet his childhood friend, only to yelp in surprise as he was hit on top of the head.

“Ow,” he whined, glancing up at Yuuko in confusion.

“You’re dating Victor Nikiforov!?” Yuuko hissed, peaking up to clearly check if Victor wasn’t in earshot.

“Yes?” he replied hesitantly, earning a pointed look from Yuuko.

“And why did I only find this out when Victor Nikiforov came to my rink, telling me that his boyfriend had organised ice time for him!?” Yuuko huffed, crossing her arms across her chest.

“Papa,” Yuri mumbled, tugging on the back of his shirt.

“Yes?” he questioned, turning towards Yuri who was glancing around curiously.

“Where is Vicchan?” the boy asked, he smiled as he gently handed the boy the bento box his mother
had made.

“Vicchan is through those doors. Can you go give him this for me?” he asked, pointing towards the doors that lead to the skating rink.

“Oh my god,” Yuuko whispered from behind him, “That is your son? He is adorable.”

“Oh,” he mumbled, blushing softly, “Thank you?”

“I’ve seen photos, but seriously, they don’t do that kid justice,” Yuuko cooed softly.

“How are your trio?” he asked, earning a bright smile in response.

“Trouble makers, I don’t know where they get it from,” Yuuko sighed while pulling out her phone to show him some pictures of her triplet girls. How Yuuko – and Takeshi, his other childhood friend – dealt with three kids was beyond him. One was plenty at the moment.

“But seriously, we need to catch up. I need to know how you managed to hook Victor Nikiforov,” Yuuko insisted while giving him a pointed look.

“Yurasha!”

He glanced up at his nickname and smiled as he saw Victor standing in the doorway of the rink in his workout gear, his skates still on his feet.

“Hi,” he said, giving Yuuko a small smile before walking over to his boyfriend. Victor didn’t even hesitate to wrap an arm around his waist and pull him into a kiss, right there in the doorway of the rink.

He gasped in surprise causing Victor to chuckle softly as they continued to kiss for a moment.

“Hi,” Victor mumbled softly when they finally broke apart, a grin that could only spell trouble on his lips.

“Gross,” Yuri mumbled from somewhere nearby.

“I need all the details later, Yuuri, all of them,” Yuuko giggled from behind him – in Japanese so Victor couldn’t understand, of course - causing him to groan as he buried his face into his boyfriend’s chest.

“What?” Victor questioned.

He simply let out another groan, this time into his boyfriend’s chest.
“It is so nice here.”

Yuuri turned his head to face his boyfriend as they slowly made their way down the shoreline after a small tour around town.

“Is it?” he questioned as he heard Yuri let out a squeal of delight as he ran out of the way of an incoming wave.

“Yes,” Victor chuckled while giving him a soft smile. A soft smile that set his heart racing for no real reason at all, “It’s… peaceful.”

“It’s home,” he stated simply with a shrug, “I’m pretty sure my opinion is bias.”

“But mine isn’t,” Victor said while reaching over to grab his hand.

Japanese people were rather reserved in their public affection, and he knew that if any of his family saw him so openly holding his boyfriend’s hand - or doing some of the other things, like hugging and kissing - they would be horrified.

But, he didn’t want to stop holding Victor’s hand.

“You should have brought Makka, she would have loved to run in the surf,” Victor said as they both came to a sudden stop to watch Yuri play in the waves.

The boy who wore the cutest pair of little khaki shorts and an adorable black shirt with a tiger on it, ran through the wet sand, clearly trying to go as close to the water without actually touching it - despite his best efforts, the bottom of the boy’s shorts was wet.

Yuri had barely sat still long enough that morning for him to tame the boy’s bedhead, resulting in his hair being down and free to blow in the salty wind - he was now having some regret, knowing he would have to brush more knots out of the boy’s hair when they got back to the inn.

“I wouldn’t mind getting married here,” Victor said while squeezing his hand. His head snapped towards his boyfriend with cheeks so red he could feel them burning in embarrassment.

“What?” he squeaked out, earning a soft chuckle from Victor.

“Imagine it. Getting married under the sakura trees - that is what they are called, right?” Victor said while tilting his head to the side adorably. He sighed as he gave Victor’s arm a small tug, pulling him along the beach to keep up with Yuri.

“That would be,” he started before trailing off.

Getting married under the sakura trees?

He was still wrapping his head around the fact that Victor wants to marry him in the first place, and here the man was, suggesting places for them to marry.

Sakura trees only bloomed during March and April, which was during the skating season.

Which mean that even if they did get married under the sakura trees, their honeymoon would be postponed or extremely short.
Oh god, he was already thinking about their honeymoon and they weren’t even engaged.

“That would be nice,” he concluded, while turning away from Victor.

“Really?” Victor gasped, pulling him closer and wrapping an arm around his waist.

“I’m willing to consider it,” he said with a small nod, “But, I still need a ring first,” he pointed out.

Victor let a loud laugh while pulling him close to plant a kiss on his cheek.


“Papa! Vicchan!”

A shout caught their attention, causing them to turn towards Yuri who was running towards them, kicking sand up behind him.

“Come play,” Yuri giggled, stumbling to a stop right in front of them and grabbing both of their free hands.

“I don’t know, Yurochka,” he said unsure.

“Come on, Yurasha, the water will be good for your feet,” Victor prompted, helping Yuri pull him towards the water.

He let out a fake whine of protest, though he couldn’t help the smile that spread across his lips as his boys drag him towards the water.

“That boy adores you.”

Yuuri glanced towards his mother in confusion. It was the dinner rush and he had been asked to help in the kitchen, leaving Victor and Yuri to amuse themselves - though he had given them orders to tame Yuri’s hair before it was bedtime.

“He’s my son?” he responded in confusion, earning an amused giggle from his mother.

“Not Yu-chan. Vicchan,” his mother said while skirting skilfully around the kitchen - stirring pots here, cutting things there, shifting things from pans to plates. He liked to think he was rather useful in the kitchen, but watching his mother cook was like nothing he had ever seen. She was a true master of the kitchen, and he hoped that someday, he would be even half as good as her.

“Vicchan is such a sweet boy. So loving and caring. The way he talks to Yu-chan, giving that boy every bit of his attention. He’s a keeper,” his mother said, throwing a wink in his direction that set his face alight. What was with everyone trying to make him blush?

“A keeper?” he mumbled out while turning away from his mother, attempting to hide his red cheeks.

“Oh yes, marry that boy, Yuuri,” his mother said cheerfully.
“So,” he started, only to pause and clear his throat, “Even after only a day, you’d let me marry him.”

His mother let out a thoughtful hum for a moment before appearing at his side, gently nudging him out of the way of the spice rack he was standing in front of to grab something.

“You said that not only does Nikolai-san approves of him, but so does Minako-senpai. I trusted them both with you, why wouldn’t I trust their judgement on Vicchan?” his mother asked, sending him a gentle smile before moving away make to her many pots and pans of cooking food, “Marry that boy, Yuuri. Be happy.”

“Yuuko said that we shout set up a playdate between Yurochka and her kids while we are here,” he said as they got ready for bed.

Yuuri let out a soft hum as he rummaged through their suitcase for something. After a moment, Yuuri pulled out one of his grey shirt and slipped it on. The shirt didn’t fit perfectly, hanging off his boyfriend’s petite form in way that shouldn’t be so mouth-watering but was.

Curse his boyfriends adorable yet sexy body, especially when he couldn’t give it the attention it deserves.

“That would be nice. Yurochka really needs some friends his own age,” Yuuri agreed while moving to climb into bed, he let out a hum of agreement as he followed his boyfriend’s example, crawling into bed after Yuuri and settling down beside him.

“Does Yurochka have any friends?” he asked curiously, unable to remember a time where Yuri mentioned any type of friend. A leave forwards slightly once he was settled, brushing some of Yuuri’s hair out of his face before softly taking Yuuri’s glasses off for him. He leant forward to press a sweet kiss to his boyfriend’s lips, only to smile happily at the delighted sigh that slipped through Yuuri’s lips. He pulled away to gently set Yuuri’s glasses on the bedside table, right next to their phones.

“Not really,” Yuuri mumbled while shifting deeper under the covers of the bed. He smiled as he leant on his elbow and stared down at the man beside him.

The man he loved. The man he planned to marry.

Was it too early to ask Yuuri’s parents’ permission to marry their son? They still had another couple of days in Hasetsu.

Maybe he should wait a few more days. Attempt to persuade them that he was worthy of not only their son, but of their grandson.

He didn’t just want to marry Yuuri, he wanted to help raise Yuri too.

“What are you thinking so hard about?” A soft prod to his nose, causing him to blink and give Yuuri his full attention again. He opened his mouth to reply, only to pause at the sad look on Yuuri’s face.

“Yurochka struggles to make friends. I don’t understand why,” Yuuri said while throwing an arm over his waist and shifting closer, “He is such a sweet boy, but when he is around other children, he becomes so, so,” Yuuri trailed off.

“Guarded?” he finished, earning a nod.

“Guarded,” Yuuri agreed with a small sigh, “I worry about his sociability sometimes. What if he
never finds a friend? What if that guarded personality start leaking into his home attitude? What if~”

“Yurasha,” he cooed softly, running a hand through the other man's hair gently, “There is nothing to worry about.”

“But,” Yuuri started, only for him to shaking his head slightly.

“Trust me. I didn’t have many friends growing up and it was more because I couldn’t find anyone that was on the same wavelength as me. You know, someone who shared interests in the same things I did. So, I’m sure when Yurochka finds someone his age that loves skating as much as he does, everything will click into place. That’s why I think him meeting Yuuko’s children is a good idea,” he said while smiling softly down at Yuuri. Yuuri stared up at him for a moment before sighing and tugging him down, further into the bed.

“Yuuko has triplets, I just hope that Yurochka doesn’t feel overwhelmed by them,” Yuuri sighed softly.

“Wait, triplets?” he gasped. He couldn’t imagine raising triplets. That meant three times the amount of everything.

He winced at the thought of baby triplets, that meant three times the amount of diapers.

He would never admit this, but he was glad that he skipped out on the baby stage, as cute as all the baby photo were, he wasn’t sure how well he would have dealt with diapers.

“Don’t get any ideas. One is hard enough,” Yuuri stated while shifting away from him to turn off the light.

“I wasn’t getting any ideas,” he promised, “One is more than enough… for the moment anyway.”
“Have you done it yet?”

Yuuri finished wiping the spread of food that had somehow ended up all over Yuri’s face after breakfast before turning towards his sister with a sigh.

“No,” he stated simply.

“Papa!” Yuri called out, tugging on his sleeve gently, “Can I have some more?” the boy asked in perfect Japanese, looking up at him with big green eyes that could make most people melt. Luckily, he had enough practice with them.

“I don’t know, Yurochka, why don’t you go ask Baba?” he suggested. Yuri didn’t waste a moment, hurrying to his feet and into the kitchen where his mother should still be.

“When are you going to do it?” Mari asked him, staring at him from over the edge of her cup.

“We just got here,” he reminded her, “I have plenty of time.”

“Five days isn’t exactly ‘plenty of time’,” Mari stated while giving him a pointed look.

“Six. I have today,” he huffed. Mari raised an eyebrow in response before rolling her eyes. “Sure, whatever you say, little brother.” Mari gently set her cup down and leant back on her hands, staring at him from across the table.

A silence swept over them for a moment, as they stared at each other from across the table.

“Um,” he mumbled, breaking the silence and causing Mari to raise an eyebrow curiously in his direction, “What… What do you think of him?”

“Victor?” Mari questioned, sighing to herself when he nodded his head.

“He is,” Mari started before pausing. They stared at each other for a moment longer before Mari let out a sigh, “He makes you happy. He adores you and your adorable brat. Does it matter what I think of him?”

“Do you like him?” he asked, earning a thoughtful hum from his sister before she gave a shrug.

“I don’t hate him,” she told him simply.

“Papa! Papa! Look, look!” Yuri shouted while walking into the room with his mother a step behind the boy with a tray of food

“Someone sure is hungry,” his mother said while setting to work setting more food on the table for not only Yuri but Mari and himself as well.

“We’ve eaten, kaasan,” Mari stated, earning a bright smile from their mother before she left them be. They shared a look before sighing softly before admitting defeat and sitting up properly to enjoy the second serving of breakfast bestowed upon them.

“I can’t believe you’re dating Victor Nikiforov.”
Yuuri sighed as he glanced towards his two childhood friends, Yuuko and Takeshi, who sat beside him wide eyed, watching Victor play with Yuri and the triplets on the ice.

He couldn’t believe how much the Nishigori triplets had grown in his absence. To believe they had only been tiny babies when he had left for Russia. And now, they were just slightly older than Yuri.

“How did you do it!?” Takeshi demanded, turning to him. He snorted out a laugh before shrugging his shoulders.

“I don’t know,” he admitted honestly.

A squeal caught their attention, causing their heads to snap towards the children – and lone adult, who could somewhat be classified as a child – only for the small group to burst into giggles of delight as Victor slumped on the ice dramatically, announcing loudly that he was dead much to the four six-year-olds delight.

They had made plans to meet up with Yuuko for lunch, only for Yuri and himself to be ambushed in the entry of the rink by the Nishigori triplets, who begged to go skating with Victor – something that Yuri happily agreed too.

Which lead them to now, seated at the rink side with his two childhood friends while watching Victor as he skated with four six-year-olds.

“Are you sure they aren’t related?”

He glanced towards Takeshi in confusion, only to arch an eyebrow as Yuuko elbowed him.

“You can’t ask that,” Yuuko hissed - clearly hoping that he didn’t hear.

“No, they aren’t related,” he stated simply.

“Sorry,” Yuuko apologised while flashing him a weak smile. He shrugged in response, he didn’t blame them for thinking that. They hadn’t left Japan before, hadn’t been to Russia. So, seeing two pale, fair haired Europeans together, he couldn’t exactly blame them for asking if they were related.

Yuuri turned his full attention to Yuri, who clung to Victor leg, staying close to the older man while shyly interacting with the three girls that were his age.

Nishigori triplets were nice enough to Yuri, though were much fascinated with Victor than making a new friend.

“I’ll be right back,” Victor said gently to the children while ever so gently prying Yuri’s hands off him and gave the boy a pat on the head. Yuri stiffened up as he was left alone with the Nishigori triplets as Victor skated over to them.

“What are we talking about over here?” Victor asked as he slipped his blade guards on and walked over to join them at the rink side seating.

“Children,” he stated simply with a shrug. Victor gave a hum of understanding as he scooped up his drink bottle and drank from it deeply.

Yuri seemed to swallow nervously as the Nishigori triplets approached him, asking him muttered questions that were all too quiet to hear from where they were.

“I hope they aren’t too much for you,” Takeshi piped up, glancing around him to make eye contact
with Victor.

“Not at all,” Victor said, waving him off while resting a hand on his thigh. He couldn’t help the blush that rose to his cheeks at the simple touch of affection.

Why was he getting so flustered by the simplest of touches?

“So, Victor,” Yuuko piped up, “How did you and Yuuri meet?”

“You don’t have to answer that,” he piped up quickly, sending a glare in Yuuko’s direction.

Victor let out a cheerful laugh while giving his thigh a few gentle pats.

“Ah, yes. It isn’t exactly the most romantic tale,” Victor admitted.

“Oh?” Takeshi questioned, arching an eyebrow while staring at him with a smirk on his lips.

“I do believe,” Victor started.

“Don’t tell them,” he mumbled, causing Victor to pause.

“Tell us,” Yuuko asked, grinning from ear to ear brightly.

“Yuuri had a little spill down the stairs of our apartment building and landed on me,” Victor said with a small laugh.

He glanced up a Victor with a light blush on his cheeks, wondering why Victor hadn’t mention anything about him fainting or being sick.

“Really? You fell on him?” Yuuko snickered, causing him to groan and bury his face into his hands in embarrassment. It might not of been the whole truth, but he had indeed fell on Victor the first time they met.

“Vicchan!” Yuri shouted, causing Victor to plant a kiss on his cheek before moving to stand up.

“He was a pretty good catch,” Victor chuckled before returning back to the ice where the children were waiting for him.

He slowly rose his face from his hands to glance towards his childhood friends, only to groan as they snickered together.

“Good catch?” Yuuko giggled, waving her eyebrows suggestively.

He groaned and returned to hiding his face in his hands.

Where were his friends like this?
Yuuri let out a small yawn as he stretched his feet out in front of him, basking in the soft midday sun on the engawa – ‘Ohhhh, is that what the Japanese porch is called?’ Victor had questioned the first time he had used the word.

He perked up curiously as he heard the door gently open behind him.

“Yurasha~” Victor whined, stepping up behind him, “Yuuko said that I have to watch the sunset from the base of Hasetsu castle before I leave!”

He leant backwards on his hands to stare up at his boyfriend with a raised eyebrow.

“Okay?” he responded hesitantly, earning a bright smile in response.

“Tonight,” Victor clarifies, causing him to blink up at his boyfriend in surprise for a moment before frowning.

“But what about-” he started, only to trail off when Victor waved a hand at him.

“Your parents have already agreed to watch Yurochka for us for a couple of hours,” Victor ensured him.

“But-” he started, only for Victor to shake his head.

“Yes, I already talked to Yurochka and he knows. Mari organised for us to go out for dinner before sunset, so, we have to go,” Victor started before leaning down to press a kiss against his forehead.

“Dress nice and don’t wear your ugly tie,” Victor told him brightly before disappearing through the door he had just appeared through.

He sat there a moment, staring after his boyfriend before shaking his head with a sigh.

“My tie isn’t ugly,” he mumbled to himself as he turned back towards the garden.

“Papa, you look pretty.”

Yuuri turned towards the door, where Yuri stood - staring at him with wide, curious eyes.

“Pretty?” he questioned, “Good pretty?” Yuri huffed at him while wandering towards him.

“Pretty is always good,” Yuri insisted. He chuckled while reaching over to ruffle the boy’s hair, “But not that tie.” He let out a groan as he brought a hand up to his tie.

“What is wrong with my tie?” he mumbled. Yuri walked over to his suitcase and started going through it. He smiled to himself, watching as all his clothes were pulled out or pushed around - ensuring that he would have to organise his suitcase later - until the six-year-old found what he was looking for.

“This one,” Yuri declared while holding a tie high into the air. He raised an eye at the tie that was
mainly black, with a picture of a tiger on the front surrounded by flames.

“That one?” he questioned hesitantly, wondering how the tie got into his suitcase because he didn’t recognise it at all.

“Yeah,” Yuri said, walking over to hand him the tie. He carefully slipped off his so called ‘ugly’ tie and replaced it with the tiger one Yuri insisted he wear. He stared at himself in the mirror, still unconvinced on the tie.

“I don’t know, Yurochka,” he mumbled while running a hand over the tie to help it lay flat. Yuri let out a dramatic sigh, which earned his attention immediately. The boy slumped on the bed with a pout on his lips.

“I like that tie,” Yuri mumbled. He bit back a chuckle as he gently undid the tie from around his neck and sat down on the bed beside Yuri.

“Do you want to wear the tie?” he asked, earning a gasp of delight as the boy bolted upright.

“YES!” Yuri shouted in excitement. He smiled as he gently wrapped the tie around the boy’s neck and did it up properly.

“There you go,” he said, moments before his arms were filled of the excited boy.

“Thank you, papa,” Yuri said happily before jumping off the bed and hurrying out of the room, “I’m gonna show Vicchan!” Leaving him alone to figure out what he was going to wear if he wasn’t allowed to wear his favourite tie.

“Ninjas! Really?” Victor gasped in delight as they slowly came to a stop at the base of the Hasetsu castle with their hands laced together, a few minutes before the sun properly started to set.

Dinner had been nice, just a simple meal at one of the local restaurants who seemed more than happy to cater to his foreign boyfriend. As simple as it was, Victor had been entranced by everything. The restaurant decorations, the food presentation, the overall politeness of their waitress - it was rather endearing.

He smiled softly as he nodded his head at his boyfriend question. Victor let out a gasp of delight before suddenly letting go of his hand and stepping in front of him, shoving a phone into his now free hand as he moved.

“Take a picture! I’ll have to show Yakov!” Victor demanded while posing. He rolled his eyes by unlocked his boyfriend's phone and started snapping a few pictures.

“How do I look?” Victor asked, while purposely winking at him.

“As gorgeous as ever,” he said without thinking while tilting the camera to the side a little to try and get the last ray of sunlight to light to highlight Victor’s hair.

“You think I’m gorgeous?” Victor asked, causing him to pause and look up from the phone. He let out a small cough of embarrassment, hoping that his cheeks weren’t as red as they felt.

“Always,” he mumbled while turning back to the phone in his hands. Victor stood there, staring at him with his head tilted to the side, a look on his face that he could only describe as love written on his face.
“I think you are the gorgeous one,” Victor said while moving towards him. He barely had time to move the camera before he found himself wrapped up in Victor’s arm, pushed nice and tightly against the skaters chest.

“No,” he mumbled while wrapping his arms around his boyfriend's waist, smiling to himself as he felt more than heard Victor’s responding chuckle.

“Oh,” Victor gasped suddenly, causing him to pull back to look up at his boyfriend. Victor gaze was focused on something behind him, causing him to shift around to see that the sun had begun to set.

Hasetsu had already begun to glow a soft purple colour from the setting sun, highlighting all the sakura petals that were still falling from their trees.

“Yuuko was right, I had to see this,” Victor said while gently letting go of him and moving closer to the hailing.

It was like all the air had left his lungs as he stood there staring at his boyfriend’s back.

It was almost like the gods were highlighting him, pointing the fading light of the sun on Victor as sakura petals surrounded him - to the point that a few got stuck in his hair.

Victor let out a soft laugh that set his heart racing as he gently ruffled his hair, trying to dislodge the petals.

If he could pause any moment in time, he would greedily pick this moment in a heartbeat.

“This is just incredible, Yurasha! The lighting and the petals and the...” Victor’s voice faded as he turned back to him, “Yurasha, what are you doing on the ground!”

He swallowed nervously as he knelt on the ground in front of his boyfriend, gently opening the box clutched tightly in his hands, “Victor Nikiforov,” he started before pausing to take a shaky breath.

He had practiced this for what felt like months, going over and over everything he wanted to say but at the exact moment he had to deliver, he couldn’t remember anything he had planned.

“Victor Nikiforov,” he started again, “Before we meet, I... I never thought I would fall in love. I-I-I thought I would be alone forever with only Yuri... and then I met you. You, who welcomed not only me but my child into your life, showering us with gift after gift... I don’t know how I will ever be able to repay you for all the things you have done for me - For buying me a house, for giving Yuri a future to strive towards, and for most importantly, showing me what true love is. So, Victor Nikiforov, I know I don’t deserve you, but will you marry me?”

“No,” Victor said, shaking his head. He slowly dropped his gaze to the ground at the sudden rejection, fighting back tears. Had he been confusing the signs? Had Victor not wanted to marry him after all?

“Yuuri,” Victor mumbled while gently grabbing his face in both his hands, “How could you think that you don’t deserve me?” The Russia mumbled while starting to rub gentle circles into his cheek.

“You have given me so, so much. Love, affection, reason. All my gifts are me trying to thank you for everything you have done for me, Yurasha. Please do not think you are undeserving of me. The truth is, I am undeserving of you. I was meant to be the one proposing, lyubimyy. I want meant to buy you a pretty ring, and organise a fancy proposal with a violin or something,” Victor told him before chuckling softly, “Of course I'll marry you, Yuuri Katsuki. I would want nothing more.” He barely had a moment to process Victor’s words before he was pulled to his feet and into a deep kiss.
“He’s out cold.”

Yuuri couldn’t help but chuckle as Victor moved towards Yuri, who was slumped over one of the dining tables, fast asleep.

“He wanted to wait up to say goodnight to you two,” Mari mumbled as he wiped down some of the nearby tables.

“Do you recognize that jumper, Yuuri?” his mother asked while appearing in the doorway that lead to the kitchen. He glanced towards her before turning back to his son as Victor carefully scooped the boy up into his arms.

“Oh, is that my ‘Y’ jumper?” he asked, earning a hum of confirmation.

“We found it while clearing out the old storage room,” his mother said, smiling brightly at him.

“I think it is bedtime,” Victor said softly while gently brushing some of the hair out of Yuri’s face.

“For who?” Mari questioned, earning a chuckle from Victor.

“All of us, I think,” Victor said before holding out a hand towards him. He smiled as the ring wrapped around his finger glimmered slightly in the light.

He still couldn’t wrap his head around it.

Victor had said yes. He was officially engaged to Victor Nikiforov.

“Yes, yes,” his mother piped up, “It is late. You two should head off to bed.” His mother waved them off. He smiled and wished his mother and sister a good night while accepting Victor’s hand and lacing their fingers together.

“I didn’t realise how late it was,” Victor said as they made their way towards their bedrooms.

“You wanted to walk along the beach,” he pointed out, earning a soft chuckle in response.

“I like walking along the beach with you,” Victor said while giving his hand a gentle squeeze before they came to a stop outside their bedroom. He opened his mouth to offer to put Yuri to bed when Victor rose his hand and planted a gentle kiss on it.

“Go get ready for bed, I’ll tuck this one in,” Victor said softly. He stood there a moment before nodding his head. He moved forwards to plant a gentle kiss onto Yuri’s cheek before heading into his bedroom to get ready for bed while Victor tucked Yuri in.

He let out a small yawn as he rummaged through his suitcase for something comfortable to wear to bed, only to give up after a moment of searching to go through his boyfriend - correction, fiancée’s – suitcase instead. He pulled the first shirt he found over his head before crawling into bed.

“So, I just realised a small problem,” Victor said while entering the room and starting to get ready for bed himself.

“And that is?” he asked while taking his glasses off and setting them to the side.

“You don’t have a ring,” Victor said, sounding rather upset with his realisation.

“Oh,” he mumbled, “Um, I think it is the front pocket of my suitcase?” Victor made a small noise
from the back of this throat while starting to go through his suitcase, after a moment he cried out in success.

“You bought two rings?” Victor questioned while joining him in bed.

“They are a matching set,” he said softly while gently grabbing Victor’s hand and slipping the ring off his finger.

“If you,” he started before taking the second ring from Victor’s palm, “put them together, the pattern on the inside make a picture,” he explained while showing Victor the snowflake that the two rings created when put together.

“It’s perfect,” Victor mumbled softly in awe.

“I thought you would like it,” he mumbled while grabbing his fiancée’s hand and gently slipping the ring back into place. Before he could slip the other ring onto his own finger, Victor gently took it from his hands.

“You, Yuuri Katsuki,” Victor started, causing him to blink in surprise, “Before you came into my life, I was nothing but a depressed man trying to find a reason to live. You have not only given me a reason to live, but you also give me something to look forward to whenever I come home. It isn’t just you who has stolen my heart, but your son, and I will do everything in my power to make sure that you and Yuri have to best lives I can possible give you. So, Yuuri, lyubimyy, Yurasha, will you do me the honour and marry me?”

He stared at his fiancées with wide eyes for a moment before shoving Victor’s shoulder gently.

“Hey, I already proposed,” he mumbled, pouting at his boyfriend. Victor snorted out a laugh while grabbing his right hand and slipping the ring into place.

“I know, but I just wanted you to hear the rough draft of my proposal speech, seeing as I don’t need it anymore,” Victor mumbled while raising his hand up to his lips to press a kiss against the top of his hand.

“It was better than mine,” he sighed while lifting the blankets up beside him, inviting his fiancée to join him under the sheets.

“I don’t know, I rather liked yours. ‘I don’t know how I will ever repay you’, I can think of a number of ways you can repay me honestly.” He gasped at the smirk that came across Victor’s lips.

“Vitya!” he said while shoving his fiancée away from him, “I can’t believe you. We are in my parents’ house!”

“I didn’t mean now, Yurasha,” Victor laughed cheerfully while wrapping him up in a hug and tugging him down into a lying position.

“We will have a lifetime together to repay each other, lyubimyy, we don’t have to do anything now,” Victor ensured him.

“A lifetime,” he repeated softly, before tilting his head up to stare at his boyfriend, “I like the sound of that.”

Chapter End Notes
YES!!! THIS IS THE END OF SKATER NEXT DOOR!!!

Well, sort of. The sequel is up: Skater in Training

Thank you everyone for your ongoing support!

If you have any questions or want to talk to me, feel free to bug me on tumblr

End Notes

This whole series can be found on my tumblr: kasumi-chou

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!