Positively Charmed
by PlanetMe

Summary

Being the only person on Earth known to be capable of creating new charms, Yuuri Katsuki has had lots of requests from many different people, and so far he's done his best to complete all of them.

But his most recent request may just be pushing things a tad too far.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Yuuri smiled as he handed a stone over to the man across the counter, “There you go, holding that should help you with your headaches.”

The man’s fingers curled around the stone and tears flooded his eyes as he gasped in relief. “Thank you, I thought I was going to live with this for the rest of my life but—” the man cut himself off with a sob as he smiled up at Yuuri, “I can’t thank you enough, you've given me my life back.”

Blood rushed to Yuuri’s face at the praise and he rubbed the back of his neck, “Really, it was no trouble.”

The man continued to thank Yuuri for a while, before he stumbled out the door, still weeping. Yuuri smiled out after him, it always felt good to help out those in need.

The charm that the man had asked for to fix his constant migraines had been one of the most difficult charms Yuuri had ever created. Due to the fact that the slightest miscalculation in magic usage could be fatal when it came to medical charms, Yuuri had been a bit nervous.

But in the end, everything worked out, the only thing Yuuri wished was that he had gotten to the man’s request sooner. If only the man had been able to find Yuuri sooner...

But that wasn’t what mattered! What mattered was that the man was living pain-free now, and Yuuri had been able to help him.

Yuuri walked away from the counter and into the back room of his little shop where he kept his laptop. Yuuri’s little charm shop was the only place that Yuuri ever felt truly calm, the stones on the shelves were all charmed to help with anxiety, so Yuuri spent almost all his time working there. Besides, it wasn’t like he had the time to do much of anything else, there were so many other orders for him to get to, so many more people that needed his help.
Yuuri Katsuki was honestly nothing too special. He was a dime-a-dozen 23-year-old charmer, who lived in Hasetsu Japan, and for some reason, he was sought after worldwide for his charm making abilities.

Yuuri didn’t really do anything differently than anyone else, everyone had gone through that phase as a teen where they wanted more charms than the ones written down in the books. So they went about creating their own, inevitably failing, getting bored of magic, and going into some other profession. Yuuri just so happened to succeed

He really didn’t deserve all the recognition that he got. That should’ve been reserved for people that made a difference in the world, people like Victor Nikiforov.

It was a well-known fact to those that knew Yuuri personally, that he was a huge fan of the charm user. Yuuri found it so amazing how he could take a weak heat charm only meant to warm your hands in the winter, and make fire. He could take a simple cooling charm for the summer, and make it a blizzard. His charm using ability was so amazing, he didn’t even need the special charms to do his job! He just needed a simple one and even if it wasn’t exactly what was needed, he could make it work. Plus, his job was protecting the world it was like something out of a story, he was just like a superhero.

And he wasn’t too hard on the eyes either in Yuuri’s opinion.

Yuuri sighed in contentment as he scrolled through his laptop. Even though he had hundreds upon hundreds of requests to do and not enough time to fill them all, this was his element, and even if he didn’t think he was anywhere near one of the best charmers, he still loved his work and went about picking a charm to make for someone.

Weight loss, learn a language, increase speed, increase strength, etc…

He found it slightly disappointing as he looked through the list, writing down the ones that he could do the quickest. Almost every request was something he had already done before, and they would take him no longer than an hour since he wrote down the instruction for each one.

He planned on releasing the instructions in a book one day, he had just never found the time to write. As he dwelled on the thought of this book, one request caught his eye.
Take away someone’s free will.

Yuuri’s eyes widened as he looked at the title of that request, take away someone’s free will? What kind of sicko would want a charm that could do that? As he stared at the request, his curiosity got the better of him and he clicked on the expansion tab to see the reason behind this request.

Mr. Katsuki

I understand that my request may seem a bit strange at first, but I ensure you, there is a valid reason behind this.

Someone is in a situation where they could get hurt, or even killed. I have the ability to keep them from doing so, but I fear they may not accept my offer of protection, which would not only hurt them but may very well hurt others as well.

This charm would be for the sake of their protection, you may even place blocks to ensure that nothing bad can be forced of them if you choose to accept this request.

Please do consider.

~WPA

Yuuri frowned as he looked over the letter. That did seem to be a valid reason if others could get hurt should this person refuse. Plus he could definitely pull off a charm like that if he had the proper ingredients.

He sighed as he looked down at the request, wincing a bit as he hit the accept button. This was such a morally grey area, Yuuri couldn’t help but feel a bit bad as he hit accept.

Although he would definitely be putting so many precautions on this charm, he would not contribute to any sort of crime. But he would, however, contribute to someone’s protection.
Yuuri frowned, rolling his neck around as he stood up and went over to the bookshelf. There he had more books on charms than he believed any library in the world carried.

There was a reason Yuuri didn’t think he deserved the recognition he got for creating charms. All he did was take bits and pieces of other charms and add a bit of his magic here or there to make things fit together. Each new charm was just a combination of old charms, and charms he’d created in the past.

He scanned over the spines of the books and found three that he felt would be useful, a book on dark charms, protection charms, and removal charms. He set the books down on his workstation and went over to get the object he would charm, and finally he got out his notebook, used to write down each step of trial and error until he finally had a charm that worked, all written out.

Although Yuuri had the suspicion that this was a charm he would not be sharing with the world, that would be far too dangerous.

But with the base supplies that Yuuri knew he needed, he opened the book to find the charms necessary and began his work.

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Yuri Plisetsky was not a fan of many things, he got irritated with almost everyone on the World Protection Agency. Especially since most of them still treated him like a kid even though he wasn’t 12, he was 15 for fuck’s sake! He’d already proven himself to be more than capable of taking care of himself after becoming the youngest member to ever join. Not even the forgetful old geezer had managed to join at the age Yuri had. Who cared if Victor’s scores had been higher? He had been 19 when he’d taken the tests, the old fuck.

But at the end of the day, even if Yuri got annoyed very easily, he wasn’t an inherently cruel person, and even though people may think differently due to his attitude, Yuri didn’t hate very many people.

Except for Jean-Jaques Leroy, that man could die!
Ever since that snide, cocky piece of shit had popped up out of nowhere the World Protection Agency hadn’t had a moment of rest, because he had been doing things that concerned people all over the world! Although nothing he did was too serious, it was almost as if he was showing off!

But not this time, this time the fucker had gone too far.

The charmer that they all went to to get the charms that they all used had been put under some kind of charm making him unconscious and unable to be awoken, and JJ’s magic signature was all over it!

They all were checking out to see whether there was a charmed object on him, but they couldn’t find one anywhere. JJ’s magic seemed almost as if it was coming from the charmer himself, but that was impossible because that would mean that-

“Maybe, JJ charmed Celestino himself and not an object?”

Everyone turned to look at Victor incredulously, and to everyone’s surprise, Yuri was not the first to speak.

“Ah yes, except that would mean that JJ has the ability to charm people, which is impossible!”

They all turned to Mila, who had just spoken, as she stood with wide eyes staring at Victor.

The man in question simply shrugged, “I don’t really think it’s all that outlandish, think about it! There is no object nearby that’s been charmed, and we know that because we would all be feeling it if that were the case, and the magic signature is clearly belonging to JJ. I don’t see how there is any other possibility.”

This time, it was Yuri who spoke up, “Yeah, except the thing is, nobody has ever done that before baldy!”

Victor touched the back of his head with concern, “Is it getting that thin…?”

Yuri couldn’t help but cry out in frustration as Yakov pinched the bridge of his nose, “Look,
Victor. I’m glad that for once you are actually using your head, but that’s not possible. Nobody can do that!”

Victor gave a wide heart-shaped smile, “Nobody could make special charms either until that cute Japanese boy figured it out. I don’t see how this is any different.”

Blood drained out of everyone’s faces as they considered the possibility, everyone, except for Yuri that is. Yuri was fixated on something else Victor had said.

“Cute…” his lip curled in disgust, “That pig is not cute, old man!”

Victor smiled down at Yuri, “Oh sure he is, his mouth looks to be very-“

“GROSS!”

Yakov’s face began to fill with blood again as he looked at the two boys in anger, “You two! This is not the time to be messing about! I’m not sure if you noticed, but there is a charmed man in here!”

Mila looked at Yakov with wide eyes, “So you really think that-“

“It’s the only explanation that fits.” the group all stared at each other, unsure of what his meant for them.

Or anyone.

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“Yes!
That was the first thing Phichit Chulanont, the selfie king, heard as he walked into the little charm shop owned by his best friend.

Phichit made sure not to make any noise as he walked into the back room where his friend sat, as per usual, staring down at some new charm, as per usual. Phichit put on a wide smile and spoke up, “Hey Yuuri!”

The screech that came from Yuuri was so high pitched that Phichit wouldn’t be surprised if it shattered a few windows.

“Ph-Phichit, what’re you…?”

Phichit laughed as he pinched Yuuri’s cheek, “Awww, did I scare you? Sorry!”

Yuuri swatted Phichit away and deadpanned back at him, “Why am I still friends with you?”

Phichit grinned as he pulled Yuuri up from his seat and held him at arms lengths, “Because I’m the one you need to get your voice out there! You’re the famous cinnamon roll charmer and I’m the charming best friend that handles your social media!”

Yuuri squinted, “Charming? That’s bit of a stretch, and I’m not even going to comment on the cina-“

“You’re pure Yuuri.”

Yuuri flushed as he looked at his friend, “I’m what?”

Phichit’s eyes gained a dangerous sparkle as he squished Yuuri’s cheeks and looked him in the eyes, “You are smol, and precious, and must be protected. If you handled your own social media you would simply put pictures of the charms and not of yourself! People look at a pure man such as yourself, someone who has never sinned-“
“Phichit, what the-“

“And they immediately know how genuine you are! I’m surprised that you haven’t had more people hit on you, although I must say that when people do hit on you, you are wonderful at completely ignoring them.“

“People don’t hit on me, Phichit.”

Phichit looked sadly into the eyes of his hopelessly adorable best friend, memories of high school when people would throw themselves at Yuuri and he would assume they were trying to make friends or were making fun of him came back, “Oh, my poor oblivious son .”

“Son? Phichit I am older than you!”

Phichit let go of Yuuri’s cheeks in favor of wrapping his arm around Yuuri’s shoulder, “ Physically yes, but mentally I am wise beyond my years, and you young one, are as innocent as a twelve-year-old .” Phichit turned to look Yuuri in the eyes, “Which is a good thing! You’re pure and everyone loves you because of that! Because you’re the best!”

Yuuri gave a sigh of disappointment, “Phichit, you do this everytime you come over. When are you going to stop?”

Phichit laughed, “When you believe that it’s the truth!”

Yuuri scowled, “So never.”

Phichit furrowed his brow, “Yuuri…” he began in a warning tone.

“I know, I know, no talking bad about myself.” Phichit nodded, “But you never said I couldn’t say the truth.”

“WHAT!??”
“Nothing!”

Phichit narrowed his eyes at his friend before finally dropping the subject and instead focusing on Yuuri’s new charm, “What’s that?”

“Nothing!”

Had Phichit not known the capability of the charms Yuuri created, he would’ve found it funny how Yuuri violently recoiled and ran to cover up the charm. But Phichit did know about Yuuri’s capabilities, so instead all he felt was concern.

“Yuuri Katsuki, what the fuck is that charm?”

Phichit couldn’t help but smirk at Yuuri as his friend turned pink and looked to the floor like a scolded child, “Would you believe me if I said that it was just a necklace?” Phichit’s expression shut down that idea, “It’s a charm to take away someone’s free will.”

The fuck?

“Yuuri what the fuck?”

“No, listen-“

“Yuuri, you made a charm that takes away someone’s right to consent.”

“What, no-“

“Yes! That’s exactly what you did! Yuuri!”

He frantically began shaking his head, “No! The charm is for someone’s protection, I made sure the person can’t be forced to do anything illegal or sexual!”
Phichit paused, “What do you mean for their protection?”

“Apparently someone is in danger.”

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“What do you mean he’s in danger!?”

Victor Nikiforov was an inherently suave man if he did say so himself, and the second he saw a picture of Yuuri Katsuki, he knew that boy was something special.

And he was right! Being the only person capable of creating charms, no, not casting, not using, creating. So it was only natural that as soon as he found out about this boy he had gone straight to Yakov, demanding he be added to the World Protection Agency. However Yakov had immediately denied the idea, and he did make a few good points.

“How would you convince him to join?”

Victor grinned, what a stupid question, “I would show up at his charm shop and say ‘Yuuri, come join my team.’ And then he would join .”

“Or he would be scared by how forward you were and then deny us any help should the need for it ever arise in the future.” Victor opened his mouth to refute but Yakov quickly shut him down, “No. We are not going to him unless absolutely necessary. Everyone on this team is here because of necessity. He is a young man who doesn’t need to be dragged into this.

And that was the end of that conversation, Yuuri Katsuki would not be joining the World Protection agency and Victor Nikiforov was going to die alone.

But that was then, and this was now. And now, Yakov had just shown up while Victor was training and dropped a major truth bomb, “I think Yuuri Katsuki may be in a lot of danger.”
Victor nodded, “Yeah ok sure- What do you mean he’s in danger!?”

Victor looked up panicked as Yakov sighed, “Why couldn’t you be this concerned about the people I ordered you to protect?”

“Because.”

Yakov looked at his student with disappointment before finally explaining his thoughts. “Well as you know, recently JJ has been charming the more powerful charmers into a deep sleep they are unable to be roused from .”

Victor nodded, “Yes…”

“And Yuuri Katsuki is arguably the most powerful charmer in the world…”

Victor’s eyes bulged, “Oh no,” he ran over to Yakov before gripping him by the front of his shirt, “Yakov, I know you said that we shouldn’t drag him into this. But he’s in danger Yakov! We need to save him!”

Yakov sighed, “Yes, but from the little research I’ve done on him. He’s unlikely to believe he’s powerful enough to be put in danger by JJ.”

Victor gave a wail of frustration and began pacing around the room, “But then he could be touched by that disgusting JJ! That cannot be allowed!"

“Oi! You sound crazy, old man!”

Victor turned around with an offended expression on his face to see the youngest member of the team glaring at him with his arms crossed over his chest, “What do you mean ?”

Victor looked on confused as Yuri sneered up at him, “You’re talking as if you actually know the pig! Why are you so concerned?”
This time, it was Yakov who replied, “Yuri, if that Yuuri kid is charmed by JJ then we may not be able to defeat him, and we don’t know what’ll happen if JJ isn’t stopped.”

Victor grinned, “Does that mean we can go get Yuuri?”

Yuri scowled and began muttering, “We don’t need another Yuri… Geezer…”

Victor gasped and launched himself at the blond, wrapping him in a tight hug, “Don’t worry, he won’t replace you Yurio!”

“The hell!? That’s not my name!”

“Having multiple Yuri’s would be confusing, so it is now!”

Yakov sighed, “We still don’t have a plan to convince him to come with us.”

Victor let go of Yuri to look over at him in confusion, “We could just explain the situation to him.” He continued on, although a bit more reluctantly. “Besides, if it is necessary we could always force him to come with us.”

Yakov sighed, “Yes, but we also need more complicated charms in order to get a leg up on JJ so…”

Victor grinned, “Are you saying that he’s gonna be working with us?”

“Only if we can find a way to make him come with us! If he says no then we’d be completely screwed!”

Victor paused for a moment, seeming to be in deep thought, before lighting up and saying happily, “Yakov, how do you send Yuuri charm requests?”
So as you’ve likely seen, I’ve accepted your request and have finished the charm. However, due to the nature of said charm, I couldn’t in good conscience make the power to take away someone’s free-will absolute. It will still adequately serve as protection, it simply has some limitations.

The charm cannot force someone to do anything illegal or sexual in any way, it also is not permanent.

Since the charm is for someone’s protection, I understand that it needs to last for a decent length of time, so I made the effects last for about a year. I know that charms are usually effective for about three years, but this is a special circumstance in which I couldn’t make it last longer while still sticking to my morals.

If these limitations are ok with you then you can come pick up the charm whenever you’d like.

~ Yuuri Katsuki

Yuuri looked over his email for the fourth time before finally hitting the send button. He hoped that whoever sent the request wouldn’t be too disappointed by the restrictions he made. But in the end it didn’t really matter, the restrictions Yuuri made would, if nothing else, make him feel better about making such a charm.

Yuuri reached over behind his laptop to hold the charm in his hands. It was certainly a challenge in comparison to the ones he’s made most recently, due to fact that the type of magic he’d pushed into the necklace was far darker than he was used to using.

He sighed, leaning his head against his hand as he went back to his requests to find a new one to accept. He almost felt bad that he had skipped so many to do a charm that had been new and “fresh”, but after that charm, he felt refreshed, and he just knew that his charms would be even better from now on. He’d forgotten how much fun it was figuring out what to do with a new
charm, but now that the thought was still fresh in his mind he would approach each new charm with renewed vigor because charm-making was his calling.

He scrolled down to the bottom of the request list to find the oldest charm request, and even though it was a simple speed charm, he clicked accept without hesitation. Smiling softly as he looked over the specifics of the charm and the reasoning behind it, the customer was just a junior high student, they wanted to do well in their PE class. Yuuri smiled softly as he looked at the little specifics put in, “I saved up all of my allowance for three months!” It was just precious! He looked at the date at which it had been requested and was sad to find it had been well over a year ago.

He couldn’t help but feel guilty as he thought of how he would have felt in junior high to have a request he’d worked so hard on be flat out ignored. He quickly sent an email back checking to see if they still wanted the charm and was surprised to get a response within 5 minutes.

Mr. Katsuki

YES YES YES! Oh my gosh, I didn’t think you’d ever get this request, and I’m honestly kinda freaking out right now??? Even if I’m not in junior high anymore that speed charm would be really useful because I’m competing in a skating competition and this should really help me to glide across the ice (and yes, charms are allowed in the competition, I’m not a cheater I swear!)

I’ve honestly always thought you were so cool and the fact that you accepted such a basic request just has me like ( ★^O^ ★ )

Thank you so much for accepting!!!

-MK :D

Yuuri couldn’t help but chuckle as he read through the letter, he could practically feel the excitement from them just by reading. Although he was kind of confused as to why they were so excited he accepted their request, maybe they thought that Yuuri didn’t do speed charms anymore since it had been so long.

But he didn’t dwell on this for long as he quickly went over to his bookshelf to find where he had written down the instructions for a speed charm. Once he found it, Yuuri made quick work of charming the chosen object, a stone for convenience, and sent an email back confirming that the charm was finished.
Once again, he received a quick reply,

Mr. Katsuki

WOW, ok I knew that you were amazing when it came to charms but that was like 2 hours! TBH I’m still shocked that you even accepted this and I’m even more shocked that I’m about to pick up a charm from THE Yuuri Katsuki!

I’ll be at your shop soon! You see, I also live in Japan so I should be able to get there pretty quickly! I’ll be there to pick it up ASAP!!!

-MK (⊙⊙)

And true to their word, an excited young boy came running into the shop not two hours later. Yuuri had been confused when he had said that he “also lives in Japan” as though that made a huge difference, Japan was still pretty big! But he supposed that the boy simply hadn’t lived too far from Hasetsu.

Yuuri smiled over the counter at the boy who was practically vibrating across from him.

“Hi, you must be here to get your speed charm, correct?”

“Hi, I’m Minami Kenjirou and I love you!”

Yuuri’s eyes widened. “Oh? Um, that’s really kind of you… Although I’m not-”

“You’re literally perfect in every way and I just-”

Laughing awkwardly, a red-faced Yuuri slid the charm over to Minami. “Um, did you wanna pay in cash? Or transfer the money through-”
“Here you go!” Minami slammed a wad of cash onto the counter and looked up at Yuuri with stars in his eyes. “You know, I wanna be just like you!”

“Oh? But I thought you were competing in skating competitions?” Minami gasped and tears flooded his eyes. Yuuri froze, panicking at the thought that he had made the boy cry. “I’m sorry! Did I—”

“I can’t believe you remembered!” Clutching his heart, Minami continued to look at Yuuri. “But I don’t mean skill wise! I mean as a person! You’re just so kind-hearted, and modest, and beautiful—”

“Wha—”

“And just perfect! Ah, if I could be half as good as you then my life will have really meant something!”

Yuuri’s eyes were blown wide. “Wha- I don’t- I’m not—”

Minami squeaked, “Oh my god, you’re so humble!” He paused for a moment to breathe, “Anyways I wanted to give you this invitation to my competition you don’t have to come but if you’d like to that’d be really cool!” He threw two tickets at Yuuri before scurrying out the door with a wide grin on his face.

Yuuri blinked after the boy as he watched him talk excitedly to someone in a car before hopping in and driving away.

Yuuri looked down at the tickets he’d been gifted; they were for a national ice skating competition. It took Yuuri roughly ten seconds to decide to go to the competition, perhaps he could bring Phichit?

As he considered what to do with the extra ticket, Yuuri wandered into the back room to look for a new charm request to fulfill. But he quickly changed that objective when he found a response from “WPA”.

Mr. Katsuki
Those restrictions should be fine. I will be there within a day or two to pick the charm up.

~WPA

Yuuri sighed and went over to his calendar to write down the estimated date of arrival so that he would be ready.

Although he was sure that the person had good intentions, he couldn’t help but be a bit nervous. Someone with the ability to put someone under protection at all had to have some kind of power, and the thought of some kind of government official gave him goosebumps.

Exiting out of the email, Yuuri scrolled through his requests until he found the next oldest request and clicked accept.

Xxx

“I hope that charm helps you on your tests! Have a nice day!” Yuuri waved with a smile as he watched the young girl who had requested a charm to improve her memory exit his shop.

But almost as soon as she had left, a small black car pulled up. Yuuri held his breath. He couldn’t help it! Not when he was almost positive that the car belonged to some kind of crazy powerful member of the government! He looked intently forward as the person stepped out of the car, and he frowned.

Yuuri squinted a bit, no that wasn’t possible. He watched as they turned towards the shop and lit up in a smile. This could not be right, because if it was, then the person who’d requested a charm to take away someone’s free-will was…

Victor Nikiforov!?

Yuuri couldn’t help but cry out in shock as he sprinted into the back room of his shop. No this was simply not possible, he had to be hallucinating.
Because if this were right, then the person whom Yuuri had made a charm for had been Victor Nikiforov. The person whom Yuuri had sent a fucking email to had been Victor Nikiforov. The person whom his best friend had told him was probably, “just some sick fuck trying to get you to give them a powerful ass charm to commit some crazy crime” was Victor fucking Nikiforov.

Yuuri focused on taking deep breaths, and in that moment he thanked every god he could think of that he’d made charms to help with his anxiety because he just fucking knew that right now he would have been in a full-blown panic attack.

Pulling out his phone, Yuuri had just enough time to send Phichit a text saying a simple, Victor Nikiforov is here, help? before he heard the door open and a heavily accented voice called in.

“Mr. Katsuki! I believe I told you I’d be coming to pick up my charm?”

Yuuri gathered up all the courage he could before calling back with a shakey, “Ah, yes…I’ll be out in just a moment!”

Yuuri took a moment to pull himself together. “Come on! This is a customer! Just because you’ve had the biggest crush on him since forever doesn’t mean you have to freak out!”

Grabbing the charm, Yuuri quickly made his way out of the back room and up to the counter before he could lose the nerve. “Hello! You asked for a charm to take away a person’s free-will for their protection, right?”

Is what Yuuri would’ve said if he weren’t such a disaster, and instead he let out a breathless, “You’re Victor Nikiforov.”

Laughing, Victor responded happily, “Oh, you’ve heard of me?”

Now’s the chance, Yuuri. Baffle him with your wit, astound him with your words of silk. “You’re Victor Nikiforov.”

Smooth.
Grinning wide, Victor replied, “Yup, and I believe you have something for me, Mr. Yuuri Katsuki?”

Without a word, a flustered Yuuri quickly held the charmed necklace out to him. “H-here!”

Smiling, Victor took the necklace and looked at it closely, “So, this will really work?”

“How do you use it?”

Yuuri frowned. “Uh, I’m not a caster. But I mean, I guess just like any other charm. Just focus the effects on another person, like with dark charms?” Victor nodded hesitantly before setting the charm down on the counter and grasping his hands together. Yuuri tilted his head in confusion. “What’re you-?”

Yuuri looked on in shock as the charm began to glow a deep purple color before floating in the air directly in between them. Yuuri’s eyes widened as he took a step back away from the counter. But it was too late as the necklace quickly snapped onto Yuuri’s neck and ceased its glowing.

Yuuri looked up in shock only to find Victor smiling apologetically. “I really am sorry about this.”

Yuuri grasped at the necklace and attempted to pull it off, only to find it unable to be removed. “Why would you…?”

“I couldn’t take the chance that you would refuse to come with me.”

Yuuri looked at Victor in disbelief, “I don’t… Get what you mean…”

Sighing, Victor explained, “There’s a man going around putting the most powerful charmers into a sleep that they can’t be woken from, and since you are currently considered the most powerful charmer in the world, it’s only natural that he would go after you as well.”
“I’m not…” Yuuri took a deep breath, “Look, I know that at the moment I’m the only one capable of creating charms. But if anyone took even one look into my journal they would be able to do the exact same thing as me, so I’m nothing special.”

“May I see your journal?”

“Uh,” Yuuri frowned a bit, having been taken off guard by the request before quickly responding, “Sure! Then you’ll, you’ll remove the charm right?”

Victor opened his mouth to respond but before he could, Yuuri had dashed into the back room and retrieved the journal. Upon his return, he thrust the journal into Victor’s hands and waited. Victor flipped through the contents for a moment before speaking, “This makes absolutely no sense.”

“What?”

“These instructions, they make no sense. ‘Use the magic centered in your quad,’ nobody does that, I’ve studied charming books. In theory, I could make basic ones, these instructions make no sense.”

Yuuri gawked at Victor before taking his journal back. “No this-” he flipped through it, “-These instructions are clear! Anyone charmer could follow them, it’s-”

“No, it makes sense to you because you created these charms. It has nothing to do with whether or not I create charms, I had to study them to join the WPA. The normal charms’ instructions make perfect sense, the instructions in that journal are nonsense.”

“Well then I could, I could just clear them up! And then I-”

“No!” Yuuri looked at Victor with wide eyes as the Russian man sighed, “You don’t understand, there isn’t time! I’m lucky that I managed to get here before-” Victor took a deep breath. “Now, I need you to come with me and stop arguing,” Victor looked at Yuuri with sad eyes, “I’m sorry, but really, this is for your own good.”

“But my friends and-”
“Stop arguing.” Yuuri felt an uncomfortable pull in his chest as his mouth snapped shut. Victor’s eyes widened in surprise and Yuuri’s hands clenched into fists. Victor began apologizing, “I’m sorry, I hadn’t meant to-” Yuuri ignored him and turned around to go into his workspace. “Really, it’s just a precaution, I won’t-” Yuuri didn’t hear the rest as he simply slammed the door to the back of his shop and immediately tears flooded his eyes.

Yuuri supposed this was somewhat ironic in a sense. When he thought that the charm would be used to save some extremely important person and keep them safe he had been completely content with making the charm. But now that he realized the person that was so important was himself, it was almost funny. He had been so quick to trust in the “WPA’s” judgment that it had taken him less than a minute to decide that it was a worthy cause to create such a charm. He had never even considered that they would just be wrong about how necessary the person was, and would use it to protect some person from some evil guy who probably never even considered putting Yuuri to sleep.

Yuuri paused at that thought. He was putting people to sleep, but why didn’t they just take away the charmed object? Yuuri shook his head, that didn’t matter. Now all Yuuri could do was pack a bag and hope for the best, he didn’t have much anyways so all he needed to do was put some clothes, books, and his laptop into a backpack and go back to the front of the store.

He kept his head down as he walked by Victor and towards the front door, Victor awkwardly following behind him. Yuuri had just about exited the shop before a thought occurred to him; what if his friends or family stopped by the shop and then panicked? Yuuri walked back over to the counter to take out a piece of paper and write a quick note. But before he could, Victor spoke from behind him, “What’re you writing?”

Yuuri kept his eyes on the note as he answered, “I’m leaving a note to tell people who know me why I’m not here.”

Victor frowned. “I’m sorry, but I don’t think that is safe. Anyone could come in here and they’d know where you are and-”

“That won’t be a problem.”

Victor tilted his head, looking lost. It would’ve been cute if he wasn’t actively ruining Yuuri’s life. “What do you mean?”

Yuuri didn’t answer as he simply walked out of the shop. He knew that his behavior right now was almost childish in a sense, but he couldn’t find it in himself to be much more mature.
As Yuuri approached the car, he made it a point to it in the back seat so it would be easier to ignore the man driving. When Victor slid in after him, Yuuri couldn’t help but notice the quick glances into the rear-view mirror that Victor kept giving him. Yuuri said nothing and brought his knees up to his chest.

“It-” Victor began hesitantly, “It’s only for a year.”

And Yuuri began to cry.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! I hope y'all enjoyed this chapter! I'd like to send many thanks to my editor nobody001 for fixing the train wreck that was my original chapter!
Yuuri Katsuki never picked up the phone. You could call as many times as you’d like, but all that you’d get was an automated voice message stating that “Yuuri Katsuki cannot come to the phone right now, please leave a message after the beep.” Which was perfectly fine! Who even made phone calls anymore? Nobody, that’s who. Besides, phone calls made Yuuri’s anxiety skyrocket like nothing else.

However, Yuuri would always reply back to texts. Regardless of where he was or what he was doing, within ten minutes of sending him a text, he would always reply. Once, he’d even woken up at four in the morning to answer a text. He had always felt it was rude not to reply.

So after one hour of Yuuri not responding to his text, Phichit was getting increasingly concerned, especially considering the ridiculousness of the text Yuuri had sent in the first place.

Yuuri: Victor Nikiforov is here help???

Phichit had received that message and spent thirty seconds deciding whether to give genuine advice or not before finally sending his reply.

Phichit: (°_°)

What he’d expected was that after five minutes of whatever interaction his best friend would have with his idol, Yuuri would message him back and then Phichit would have to come over to the shop in order to calm down his best friend who would be freaking out over having made a fool of himself. But that is not what happened.

Instead, Phichit was driving well over the speed limit in a panic to figure out why the hell Yuuri hadn’t responded because he was pretty sure that Yuuri’s first reaction to meeting his idol would be to talk to Phichit, just like he had done in the first place. But Yuuri hadn’t even read Phichit’s message.
Upon entering the shop, Phichit’s concern only intensified once he noticed the fact that Yuuri seemed to be nowhere in sight, there were no sounds of him working on a charm in the back, and his car was still parked around the side, so him going home early wasn’t even an option. (Not that he would do that anyways, Yuuri hadn’t gone home before eleven-thirty at night in years.)

As Phichit looked around the shop for any sign of his best friend, his eyes were drawn to a note laid out on the counter. Phichit hesitantly picked up the note and promptly dropped it upon reading its content.

*Hey, so if you’re reading this you probably came to check on me, so I’m going to make this quick because I’m not really in the mood to be polite. It’s not your fault, so I’m sorry if this note seems rude.*

*So basically, I don’t know where I am because I am taking a year-long journey against my will. So yeah, there is nothing you can do about it and nothing I can do about it, so I’ll see you all in a year I guess.*

*Oh, and no longer than a year because I’m not staying any longer than I have to. Also, Phichit please don’t post this online, it’ll just cause more problems.*

*If someone could handle explaining to my clients why they haven’t heard from me with some fake story, that’d be great.*

*Anyways, I’m just gonna go.*

*-Yuuri*

Immediately a feeling of dread came over Phichit, and in order to keep himself from breaking down in tears, he began trying to make sense of what had been written down in the letter. So Yuuri has been taken against his will, and by coincidence earlier in the day he had met his idol Victor Nikiforov, and then immediately after stopped replying to Phichit.

The way Phichit saw this, there were really only two options as to what happened. Either some crazy person disguised as Victor Nikiforov forced Yuuri to come with him, or the actual Victor
Nikiforov went rogue and decided to kidnap Phichit’s best friend. Honestly, neither one of the theories seemed any more ridiculous than the other, so Phichit just decided that figuring out who had taken Yuuri didn’t matter right now, what mattered was finding a way to get him back.

“There is nothing you can do about it,” Yuuri had said. It's bullshit if you asked Phichit. They were best friends, and best friends looked out for each other.

So obviously, Phichit was going to search for Yuuri, find him, and then beat the absolute shit out of whoever had taken him and then completely ruin their life. Sadly, although that was definitely the end goal, Phichit had no idea where to even begin in this search.

Racking his brain, Phichit tried to think of any way to get an idea of where Yuuri could possibly be before he came to the realization that there was simply no way of him doing this alone. After realizing that, Phichit wasted no time in picking up his phone and scrolling through his Skype until he found the two people he felt would be the most helpful to him, and immediately called the first person.

Within seconds they had picked up, and Yuuko’s smiling face was looking at him through the screen. “Hey, Phichit! Are you at Yuuri’s shop?” She leaned forward a bit and furrowed her brow, as though trying to get a better view of the shop. She seemed confused. “Is Yuuri there?”

“No."

“Really? That’s a surprise, did he finally take our advice and get outside for once?” Then Yuuko squinted a bit as she properly looked at Phichit, taking in his wide-eyed look of fear. “Are you alright?”

Phichit took a deep breath and thought things through for a moment. “No, I’m not. Yuuri’s gone.”

“What do you mean Yuuri’s gone?” Yuuko’s happy tone had immediately disappeared and had been replaced by breathy fear. Phichit looked back at the screen to find Yuuko staring intently at him with an odd look in her eyes. Phichit sighed before reading the note Yuuri left aloud to Yuuko. She was silent for a moment before finally choking out the words, “I’ll be there in ten minutes,” and then she disconnected.

Phichit looked down at his phone and wasted no time before calling the next person on his list. This time he had to call twice before the person finally picked up. “Phichit, how did you get my
Phichit sighed. “Mari, we talk on a regular basis, and besides, I kinda have something more important to talk about.”

Mari raised an eyebrow, seemingly about to reply with some witty comeback but paused at the look on his face. “Phichit, is everything all right? You look sort of… distressed.”

This time, Phichit didn’t get any further than the words, “Yuuri’s not here,” and then Mari had already disconnected and was on the way over to the shop.

Roughly five minutes later, a car pulled up to the shop and a teary-eyed Yuuko came sprinting out and up to the entrance. She flung the door open, seemingly not caring if the wall was damaged by the force. Immediately, questions and panicked babbling came spilling out of the girl’s mouth. “What happened? Who took him? What if he’s hurt? Oh god, Yuuri, he’s just-”

Phichit didn’t get the chance to answer any of her questions as the door was slammed open once again and an eerily calm Mari came strolling in. She walked directly up to Phichit and stared at him. Her questions didn’t even need to be spoken aloud as her face gave it all away. Phichit simply handed her the letter to read over before turning back to Yuuko, who was now full on sobbing, with what he hoped would be a reassuring grin. He gripped her shoulders and looked her in the eyes. “Yuuko, it will be okay.”

Yuuko could tell that the words were empty, but she appreciated the sentiment.

Sniffling, she wiped at her eyes before nodding her head and looking up at Phichit. “How are we gonna find him?"

Mari looked over at Yuuko in confusion, “What do you mean?”

Yuuko frowned. “Well, I’m pretty sure Phichit called us over for a reason besides informing us about…” Yuuko trailed off, unable to finish her sentence and instead turned to Phichit for confirmation, and at his nod, she turned back to Mari and continued, “So I’d assumed that he’d contacted us with the intention of going to look for Yuuri and bringing him home.”

Mari blinked. “I get that but… What about your kids? Are you really just gonna leave them with-”
“This is an emergency, I’m sure Takeshi will understand, he cares for Yuuri as much as we do.”

“Guys?” They turned to look at Phichit, “We should probably have a proper discussion about how we’re going forward with this.”

Yuuko smiled softly. “This is kinda like back a few years ago when…” Yuuko trailed off, and despite the situation the three of them couldn’t help but chuckle a bit as they thought of the reason why Phichit had contacted them in particular, the original ‘Yuuri Katsuki Defense Squad’ which they’d formed a few years prior, back when Yuuri had just opened shop at the young age of nineteen and some guy was continually harassing Yuuri for seemingly no reason. The three of them had banded together and done everything they could to keep the guy away from Yuuri’s shop until eventually Yuuri just put a charm around it that made it so only people that Yuuri had specifically chosen or those who were coming to pick up a charm could enter.

However, before Yuuri had done that, the ‘Yuuri Katsuki Defense Squad’ had already ruined the guy’s social life, given him some terribly bad luck, and exposed him as the piece of garbage that he actually was to everyone in Hasetsu.

Phichit thought it was somewhat comical that Yuuko and Mari’s first impression of him had been him scheming to get revenge on a random guy for messing with Yuuri.

Despite the fact that many thought they had taken it too far (mainly Yuuri), none of them agreed with that statement. That guy had made Yuuri’s already pretty low self-esteem drop lower than it had been in years. They were still to this day trying to get Yuuri’s confidence up to a healthy level. Had Yuuri not made that charm over his shop, they would have ruined that boy’s life.

But now they were together for a reason much more serious than it had been before, and they were fully prepared.

Taking a deep breath, Phichit started first, smiling shakily, “So, uh, we should probably start out with what we did years ago. Figure out what each of us can bring to the table in terms of skill.”

Mari scoffed, “It hasn’t changed much in four years, I’m still willing to beat the crap out of anyone who hurts my little brother.”

Yuuko chimed in, “I can still charm objects, obviously not quite as well as Yuuri, but…,” she
clenched her fists, “My charms will certainly do the job, even if they are straight from the books.”

Phichit nodded. “And I still have no qualms about completely ruining the lives of whoever thought they could take my best friend and get away with it.”

They all looked at each other with determination, they were going to find Yuuri no matter what it took.

Whoever had taken him had better watch out because the Yuuri Katsuki Protection Squad was back together, and this time there was no Yuuri holding them back.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, look! A sub-plot!

Once again, I’ve got to thank my editor for fixing those grammatical errors. Also, I’m still looking for a beta reader, so if you are interested please let me know in the comments!
Isabella Yang loved Jean-Jaques Leroy with all her heart. He’d given her the time of day when no one else would. He’d looked at a girl so unlucky without even an ounce of magic in her veins, who was doomed to be alone for the rest of her life and called her special. He’d seen something within her that nobody else had, he saw potential.

Isabella looked with distaste as she watched a man prance about the room like a peacock. She wouldn’t deny that he was rather attractive, but the grin he wore on his face made her lip curl in disgust. She scoffed as she watched him put his hands next to each other, calling out some stupid catchphrase that she couldn’t be bothered to remember, and smiling like an idiot as girls around him swooned.

She grimaced as he approached her, and she immediately directed her gaze to the floor as he spoke, “Hello beautiful, what’s your name?”

Isabella sighed, looking up at him with a glare, as she spoke, “Not interested.”

She seethed as he exploded in laughter, the sound grating against her ear. “What do you say we go somewhere more private, like the balcony?”

She sneered back, “What part of I’m not interested do you not-” She was cut off by a hand gripping her arm firmly.

“This is Isabella, and she would love to go with you.”

She whipped around angrily to glare at her mother. “I believe I can speak for myself.”

Her mother glared right back. “No, you cannot. Do you know how few people will give someone without magic the time of day? I am just trying to help you out!”

Isabella’s face flushed with anger and embarrassment as she quickly stormed out the door and out of the building. She groaned as she realized the man from before had followed her. She turned
quickly with a cold stare. “What do you want?”

She would do anything that she could for him it was only fair after all. He had given someone like her a purpose, which was more than even her extremely supportive family had given her. Less than one percent of the population didn’t have any magic, and whenever she would tell people that she was one of those unlucky few she would get such pity.

“I used to be the same way.” He had said, smiling patiently. She only glared harder taking his tone as condescending; she hated being talked down to. “I can help you figure it out.”

“What do you mean?” She had said sharply, not taking her eyes off of the sky.

“I mean your magic.”

She’d laughed bitterly. “Magic? What magic?” She had practically sneered at him, though there was a hint of curiosity in her eyes. “I was born without it.”

His smile only grew. “So was I.” He held out his hand and Isabella gasped as a soft light began pulsating in his palm. He was grinning as he gripped her arm and she was suddenly very aware of how the moonlight reflected perfectly on his tanned skin.

Even though the majority of people didn’t make magic their occupation, the sensation of using it at all was something that was a part of you. Without it people would feel incomplete; Isabella felt incomplete.

“How are you doing that? Magic is only visible if a charm is being used, it needs a stone to amplify the power. How are you doing that?”

He laughed boisterously in a way that Isabella had previously found obnoxious, but for some reason, she now found it endearing. “Because I’m JJ Leroy, the strongest charmer around!”

People always tried to help her, but magic wasn’t something that could be taught. It was like breathing, something you figure out on your own. Isabella just never could, it was frustrating, to say the least.
“What did you mean when you said that you were also born without magic?”

He tilted his head, “I mean before I realized the truth, I thought that I had been born without any magic.”

“What truth?”

Isabella was ashamed of her first time meeting JJ. Every time that he started talking about the first time they met she couldn’t help but apologize profusely, despite his reassurances that he’d found her attitude charming. Now though, if anyone spoke to him in the way that she had, Isabella wouldn’t hesitate in silencing them. Permanently.

“Well, when others use magic they just use the magic that they are producing themselves. I don’t produce any magic. That’s what makes me so amazing.”

Her eyes shined in wonder as she asked a question, “Then how do you use magic?”

His grin grew.

She couldn’t help but feel like a complete failure as she banged on the barrier refusing to let her into the little charm shop that her beloved had asked her to go to collect the owner. She felt a surge of panic as she watched three people emerge and begin walking toward her, shouting in a language that she didn’t understand.

“I use the magic around me.” He looked at her with a smile as she tilted her head in confusion. He answered her question before it even left her mouth, “Everything creates at least a little bit of magic. Well, the things that don’t have incredible control over it, anyway.”

She shook her head. “No, casters have control over magic and they-”

He cut her off. “They infuse their magic inside the charm in order to control it. I simply manipulate others’ magic that they create.”

She looked at the three people that emerged from the shop and looked down at the picture she had
been given in confusion, none of them looked like the man she’d been told to bring with her. She jumped back in fear as one of them ripped the picture out of her hands and started yelling about “Yuuri”.

*Shaking her head, she looked at him in confusion. “But you have a magic signature.”*

*He smiled, shaking his head right back at her. “No, I simply give the impression that I do with the way that I manipulate the magic, I always want recognition.”*

She looked over as the smallest girl of the three pulled out a charm and handed it to the boy with them. As he began to infuse his magic into the charm to cast it, Isabella took ahold of his signature and squeezed, smiling as he fell to the floor screaming in pain. She stumbled backward when a fist connected with her jaw.

“Ok, but did you really mean it when you said that you could help me?”

*He grasped her hands and looked into her eyes. Blood rushed to Isabella’s face. “I know that you are just like me because of how magic reacts around you.”*

“What do you mean?”

She looked up in surprise, rubbing at the dull ache that was beginning to form under what was sure to be a nasty bruise and recoiled at the glares that were being shot at her. Isabella took a few steps back before sprinting away as fast as she could, hearing their fading sounds of concern over the boy in the distance. She couldn’t help but scoff. It wasn’t as though she’d killed him or anything.

“How does magic react around me?”

*He smiled. “That doesn’t matter, all that matters is it does.” He took a few steps away, and she tugged back in confusion.*

“Where are we going?”

*He smiled again. “Home.”*
She panted as she sat at the base of a tree, having been running for so long. She really needed to train more. Her head snapped up as she heard the sound of leaves crunching near her, and her chest swelled with love as she watched JJ approach her. She wasted no time in tackling him into a hug, but the longer she hugged him, the more terrible she felt. Tears streamed down her face as apologies came flooding out of her mouth, only to be met by quiet reassurances.

“I’m going to rule the world.” JJ said with such conviction that Isabella couldn’t do anything but believe him. He already deserved the world so it made sense that he would rule it, although she wasn’t sure the reasoning behind it, so she asked why and he responded with a smile. “No particular reason, I just want to rule the world. When I do, I’ll be able to do anything, everyone will look up to me, a boy born without magic, as the world’s best charmer.” He looked over at Isabella fondly, “And you’ll be right by my side.”

“What can I do to help?”

“It’s ok.” But it wasn’t, there was no one else to blame but herself. “I should have sent you sooner, he was already gone once you arrived.” He was there recently, had she been faster then they would have him. “It’s not your fault.” Well, it certainly wasn’t JJ’s and if he wasn’t to blame then there weren’t too many options.

“What’s wrong?” Tears streamed down her face as she watched the man she loved pace around the room. He was in pain. He didn’t deserve to be in pain, he deserved to be happy. “What can I do to help?”

He turned to her with a reassuring smile. “Oh don’t worry, I’m just a bit stressed out.” He walked forward and enveloped her in a hug, “There’s nothing you can really do to help, it’ll be fine soon, I hope you understand. Even people as great as me can get a bit overwhelmed by stress.”

She did understand. If anyone deserved to get overwhelmed by stress it was her beloved. After all, taking over the world is a hell of a lot of pressure.

He smiled down at her with a kindness that he reserved only for her, a kindness that she was completely undeserving of. “Let’s go home.”

Affection filled practically every word and she couldn’t help but melt as she looked into his eyes. “Alright,” she responded, because what else would she say? JJ didn’t need someone who wouldn’t listen to him, so she would go home. Even though there was still so much work to be done. She
grasped his hand and looked over, watching the concentration on his face as he grasped the magic around them. She felt a shift in the air and she closed her eyes, her stomach lurching as she felt all the magic around them shift suddenly.

She fell to her knees as she always did after teleporting and looked up to see JJ completely unaffected. He truly was just so amazing.

“Shut the fuck up! Who even are you? Moron!”

JJ simply laughed as Isabella recoiled in defense, taking a step forward. “Don’t talk to JJ like that! Have some respect!”

The boy simply turned his glare on her, “Shut the fuck up, you ugly ass bitch!”

JJ’s expression hardened as he snapped to her defense, and tears pricked her eyes as she watched the man she loved defend her with such vigor.

Isabella looked over JJ’s shoulder at the young blond who was currently fuming as he looked up at her beloved, hatred shown in his eyes. She couldn’t help but snicker as JJ called out, “Go back to headquarters, princess, we have work to do.”

“What do we do now?” Isabella looked up at JJ with concern as she watched his eyes dart around in thought, “We could find a new target-”

“No, we need to get Katsuki first,” he walked over to his computer, “He’s top priority.”

Isabella pursed her lips. “Well, it would probably easier if I just went and put him to sleep on my own-”

“We are not putting him to sleep.”

Isabella’s eyes shined with amazement as she watched the well-known charmer slump to the floor.
She looked up at JJ, impressed as she watched him calmly brush off his legs and carry the man over to the bed.

“How did you do that?”

He smirked, walking over to her and tilting her head up. “I’ll teach you soon, don’t worry.” He looked down at his phone and then grasped her hand, “Let’s go.”

“He’s much too valuable for us to simply put him to sleep. If we did, then no new charms would ever be made. We couldn’t improve.”

Isabella nodded her head, following his logic. “So what are we going to do?”

He grinned wide, excitement shining in his eyes. “We’re going to persuade him to over to our side, obviously.”

Isabella cried out in pain as she was thrown back against the wall. She managed to duck down just in time to avoid the fist from cracking into her nose. Throwing herself out of the way as she aimed a kick at the side of his knee, he moved away so that he didn’t catch all of the force but it was still enough to throw his kneecap completely out of place. It was like music to her ears as he cried out in pain and crumpled to the floor.

She couldn’t quite get a proper grasp on someone’s magic if they were moving around so much, but with him, on the ground, she had no trouble in taking the magic coiled around the man and storing as much of it as she could in herself. She felt immense satisfaction as she watched the man spasm on the floor before finally going still. She placed a bit more magic inside him so that people didn’t recognize that he’d had it stolen, and then she had manipulated it to look like JJ’s signature. She looked down at the unconscious man and smiled as she felt arms sneak around her middle. She leaned into the touch before spinning around and gazing up with love at the man she loved.

Isabella looked uncomfortable with that idea and JJ immediately noticed, “What’s the matter?”

Looking down at the floor as Isabella shuffled her feet, she muttered out quietly, “You’ve just been talking about this Yuuri for a while, so I’m just kind of worried that-”
JJ laughed boisterously as he put his hand on her shoulder, and she immediately felt secure and calm. “You don’t need to worry about that, my angel. I only have eyes for you.”

Her face lit up as she looked up at his face. “And I only have eyes for you.”

He laughed quietly, “Don’t worry, I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, this chapter took so long, my school's play is drawing near so I've been pretty busy with late rehearsals. But since the play ends after this week I'll be able to write more frequently.
Chapter 5

To be fair, Victor hadn’t thought that using the charm against Yuuri would go over particularly well, he wasn’t that stupid. He had thought that Yuuri would be understandably upset for a couple of hours but would inevitably get over it once he realized it was for the best. Victor had not thought that Yuuri would be as completely devastated as he seemed to be, as he had spent the entirety of the car ride from the charm shop sobbing in his back seat, completely ignoring all of Victor’s attempts at conversation.

When they arrived at the hotel, he had continued ignoring Victor in favor of staring at the floor with tears streaming down his face, and when they arrived at the room he also ignored Yurio and decided to lock himself in the bathroom where both Russians could clearly hear the sound of badly hidden sobs over the TV.

Yurio had a look of disgust on his face as he looked between the bathroom door and Victor. Victor fidgeted uncomfortably before making a helpless gesture and speaking quietly, “I didn’t think that this would happen.”

Instead of words of encouragement that Victor hadn’t expected but had been hoping for, Yurio simply stared at Victor with surprise written across his features. “What the fuck did you think was going to happen?” Victor opened his mouth to respond but Yurio cut him off, “No, seriously, what did you think would happen when you used the charm on him? That he would just get over it and be your friend? We all knew that this plan was fucked up, but we also knew that it was necessary to keep the pig safe. We didn’t know how he’d respond exactly, but we knew he’d be rather upset. Why the hell do you seem so surprised?”

Victor frowned. “Well, I didn’t think he’d be this…” Victor trailed off opting to flail his arms uselessly instead of using his words.

Yurio rolled his eyes. “Yeah, I didn’t think he’d start crying like a bitch either but it’s not really such a shocker.”

Victor didn’t really know how to respond to that, so he didn’t say anything. Yurio simply scoffed at Victor and directed his attention back to the television. Yurio had obviously been watching some sort of horror movie as evident by the woman currently being brutally murdered on screen. Victor’s nose wrinkled at the gore being displayed, and he quickly changed the channel to some food show that he didn’t really understand that well due to it being in Japanese, but it was better than the previous channel. Victor never really understood Yurio’s choice in film, and he frankly
didn’t want to. Yurio made a noise of protest at his movie being turned off, but then seemed to
decide it wasn’t worth the argument and instead decided to grumpily watch the food channel with
the older man.

Victor honestly did not know what to do, he didn’t expect Yuuri to necessarily jump at the
opportunity to talk with Victor, but from their interaction, before using the charm Yuuri had shown
at least some interest in talking to Victor (he seemed like he could have even been a fan?). So he
had thought that, although they wouldn’t immediately become best friends-- Victor knew that
wasn’t realistic, that they could have at least talked a little and given Victor a chance to explain. He
had meant to do that at the shop, but Yuuri had been panicking so much that Victor hadn’t had the
chance, and instead had used the charm against Yuuri for no reason other than he didn’t want to
continue the argument. Victor’s plan of forging a friendship that could possibly turn into
something more seemed to be slipping through his fingers and Victor wasn’t sure of what to do.

While Victor thought about how he could approach Yuuri and perhaps convince him to stop
crying, Yurio seemed to be getting more and more agitated. But Victor only noticed this when he
suddenly shot up from his position on the couch and stormed over to the bathroom door and began
banging on it, clearly startling the sobbing man inside if the yelp was anything to go off of. Victor
looked over in disbelief as Yurio began shouting for Yuuri to, “Open up this fucking door you
pig!”

Victor knew from experience that Yurio could be a bit harsh at times, but yelling at someone
sobbing in the bathroom seemed cruel even for him. Victor had begun to protest when the
bathroom door cracked open just a bit and Yurio wasted no time in entering the room and
slamming the door behind him.

Although Victor couldn’t hear any specific words, he could hear yelling that he couldn’t quite
distinguish, though it was clearly coming from Yurio, and some apologies, as far as Victor could
tell. Victor stood up from the couch and hesitated a bit before calling out, “Yurio! Quit yelling at
him!”

The door opened back up for a moment to reveal Yurio’s bright red face as he yelled back, “Shut
up!” and he slammed the door once again. There was a moment where it was quiet before the door
opened back up, “And that’s not my name!” before once again slamming shut and the yelling
picked back up.

Victor frowned at the response and was about to go over to the door when he heard the yelling
begin to quiet down and was replaced by the sound of Yuuri’s quiet voice alongside Yurio’s sharp,
aggressive tone. Soon, Victor watched in surprise as the door opened to reveal a very annoyed
Yurio and a still clearly upset Yuuri, but with stable breathing and a face that was slowly evening
out into its normal color as opposed to the red splotchiness that it had had since the car ride.
Yuuri pursed his lips as he looked at Victor and glared, he held that stare for a few moments before he turned and stalked into the bedroom. The faint sound of the bedroom’s TV soon began to come from inside. Victor turned back to Yurio who he now realized was glaring at him before the boy turned and began walking towards the door. Victor called out after him, “Wait, where are you going?”

Yurio didn’t even spare him a glance as he responded, “Out,” and then left the room.

Victor stared at the door Yurio had just left through and the one that Yuuri was behind and slowly began to think of what he should do next. Logically, Victor knew that Yuuri would not want to talk to him, but he still felt the need to go into the bedroom and say something to him. Besides, Yurio had been able to talk to him, so why couldn’t Victor? It wasn’t as though Yurio hadn't had a part in the plan. In fact, if you thought about it, Yurio was just as guilty as Victor was for this. And really, if Victor could just explain the situation, Yuuri would clearly see the reasoning behind it, and even if he didn’t like Victor, he probably wouldn’t hate him. Right? At least not as much.

With these thoughts in his head and a newly acquired bit of false confidence, Victor walked over to the door, knocking three times before quietly asking, “Yuuri? Can I come in?”

The TV shut off almost immediately and there were a few seconds of silence before a quiet, “Sure,” was heard. Victor breathed out a breath that he hadn’t known he’d been holding, before opening the door to see Yuuri looking at him warily from his seat on the bed. The two of them stared at each other for a moment before Yuuri asked in a clearly guarded tone, “What did you need?”

Victor looked at him for a moment before responding slowly. “I wanted to talk to you?”

Yuuri’s wary expression turned cold as he glared at Victor. “Well, I don’t want to talk to you, anything else you need?”

Victor sighed in exasperation before asking, “Can I at least explain the situation to you?”

Yuuri stared hard at him for a few minutes before averting his eyes and responding sharply. “Fine.”

And Victor did, he explained everything. About JJ, about how much danger Yuuri was truly in, and how the charm had really been a last resort. Victor also told him how he really didn’t want to do it,
but it was for the good of the entire world that Yuuri didn’t get put to sleep because he was pretty much their only hope when it came to stopping JJ, a man who *could charm people for god’s sake.*

Throughout the explanation, Yuuri had said nothing, and the only indication that he was even listening was the way that he shifted his posture and pursed his lips. After Victor finished speaking, nobody had said anything for a moment. Victor had thought that maybe Yuuri had understood and would soon voice his decision that he was no longer upset. Instead, Yuuri had spoken with a tone that was no less sharp than before.

“Could you please leave now?”

That… had not been what Victor was expecting. He blinked in surprise. “What?”

“Could you leave? Like, this room, I don’t want you in here right now.”

Victor frowned at him. He noticed how Yuuri’s face was slowly turning red again and his eyes began to turn a bit glossy. “But I just explained why I did everything, what’s wrong?”

Yuuri looked up at him in pure shock. “What’s wrong? Are you serious?”

“What do you mean, ‘am I serious’? Why are you still upset?”

Taking a deep breath, Yuuri began with a tight tone, “You took me from my life, took away my ability to do things for myself, and-”

“Because it was important to your well-being and the overall safety of the entire world, and-”

“That doesn’t change the fact that it happened!”

“God, why are you being so selfish? It wasn’t just *your* life at stake-”

“I’m not being selfish! If you were going to do something like this you could have just explained the situation to me and I would have gone with you without a second thought, that’s just common
sense. The entire world is more important than just me,” Yuuri seemed to swell with anger, “But I’m mad because I didn’t even have a choice. Instead, you put a charm on me that took away my ability to make decisions for myself. That’s why I’m upset. I didn’t even have the option!”

“You’re the one that made the charm in the first place! I told you exactly what that charm would entail and what it was for! You knew that someone was going to have that charm used on them for their protection and you made the charm because you understood the reasoning! So don’t act like I’m the one entirely at fault here!” Yuuri blinked once, twice, before picking up the remote and turned his attention back to the TV, completely ignoring him. Victor frowned in confusion at Yuuri’s seemingly complete loss of any and all anger that he’d had during their argument. “Are you…going to say anything?”

Yuuri pursed his lips, pointedly not looking at Victor. “There’s nothing to say.” There was silence for a moment while Victor stared at Yuuri before he spoke again, “Could you just go?”

“But-”

“Look, I want to be alone right now, I don’t want to talk with you anymore, so please, just go.”

Victor didn’t respond for a moment. The last thing he wanted to do was leave Yuuri alone after the argument they’d just had. Although everything Victor had said was true, Yuuri’s vacant expression was making Victor regret snapping at him. Victor really contemplated simply refusing to leave, but Yuuri’s current tone and overall demeanor made Victor think that he probably wouldn’t get anywhere talking to him at the moment. So instead, Victor just ducked his head and left the room.

Chapter End Notes

So this chapter took a long time to write, and I'm still not happy with how it came out but I do hope you enjoyed.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If anyone ever tells you that taking public transportation is a good idea then you should dropkick that person out of your life with the force of a thousand suns, because they are a liar and you shouldn’t associate with liars.

But of course, Yuri would feel like an even bigger piece of shit than he already did if he were to do something like that. After all, he’d taken part in a scheme that he knew for a fact would basically ruin the pig Yuuri’s life. So the way he saw it, taking a bus to get tickets for some dumbass kid’s ice skating tournament or whatever, was frankly the least he could do. But that did not mean that he had to be happy about it.

Yuri absolutely hated taking the bus because people were always stopping him and asking for an autograph, or for a picture, or for knowledge as to where Victor was. Honestly, it was a just huge waste of time in Yuri’s opinion. But as soon as Yuuri had asked begged him to, ‘Please go get the tickets, I promised him I would go, I wouldn’t want him to be disappointed!’ Yuri had immediately accepted, sure, he had been rather rude in the way he had accepted it, but he’d accepted it none the less.

To be honest, Yuri probably should have been more gentle with the freshly kidnapped man, although it wasn’t to say that the young Russian hadn’t initially tried to be nicer than usual. But when he asked Yuuri why it seemed so much easier for Yuri to talk to him as opposed to Victor, and then the Japanese man sighed and responded with, "It’s not that it’s easier to talk to you, Yuri. It just that at the end of the day you’re just a kid, so obviously I’m not going to hold you to the same standard as a fully grown man.” and all thought’s of being gentle with their kidnapee had gone completely out the window as he went on a rant as to how he was not a child and he could dance fucking circles around him when it comes to magic, so don’t treat me like a kid you fucking pig!

Yuri felt pretty guilty when Yuuri started to sob once again.

That feeling of guilt is sort of what lead him to being on this disgusting bus with people fluttering around him as if he were some kind of gift from God, which he was, but they didn’t need to make it so obvious.
The moment they arrived near the stop, Yuri jumped out of his seat and stormed off the bus, walking as fast as he could over to Yuuri’s stupid charm shop so that he could get those stupid fucking tickets and then maybe Yuri could feel just a little less guilty about the whole thing.

Admittedly, Yuri had not been paying much attention to his surroundings, so it was hardly a surprise when he almost ran directly into a boy being held up by two girls, he was obviously in pain. Scanning over the group, Yuri quickly identified them, for once he was happy about the ridiculous amount of research they had to do on the subject of any case they were working on. Walking directly into Yuuri’s best friend’s and sister would probably not end well for Yuri, regardless of his magic ability.

So, with as much dignity as he could muster, Yuri ducked behind a bush.

He stayed in the bush for what felt like hours, though in reality was likely no more than five minutes, as he listened to them all converse in fucking Japanese goddammit why couldn’t they speak in English? Wasn’t hamster boy Tai?? Why did he even speak Japanese???

Whatever, Yuri could wait. He wasn’t some kid without any patience.

After a little bit, the three left, fleeing into the woods for some reason as if they were chasing after something. Yuri waited until he could no longer hear them in the distance before he stood up and raced over to the charm shop. Yuri didn’t know how long it would be until those three came back, hell he didn’t even know if they would come back. But what Yuri did know, was that he wasn’t going to take any chances, as he tried to make quick work of locating the tickets.

But sadly, finding the tickets in a timely manner didn’t seem to be an option because the way everything was organized made absolutely no sense and it was honestly a wonder as to how Yuuri managed to find anything at all in this place. So Yuri spent about 15 minutes sifting through a bunch of random crap until he found that the tickets were literally just sitting on his desk because why wouldn’t they be in the area that Yuuri clearly did all of his charms, if they weren’t then they wouldn’t run the risk of getting messed up, and why would you want tickets that weren’t completely ruined?

Grumbling under his breath about Yuuri’s organization habits, Yuri quickly exited the shop and quickly made his way back to the bus stop oh god dammit he’d completely forgotten—
Yuri made sure to make as much noise as possible as he made his way down the hallway, stomping his feet as he went. He was well aware that he was probably bothering a bunch of people on his floor along with the people on the floor below him, but did he care about that right now? No, no he didn’t. What he cared about right now was getting back to the room, and giving Yuuri the tickets so that maybe some of the guilt he was feeling would dissipate.

As he approached the room, he was mentally preparing himself for whatever train wreck would be going on. Yuri knew that Victor was absolutely horrid at comforting people, and he was even worse at apologies, which are both necessary things when it came to this situation. So what Yuri was hoping for, was that Victor would be watching the TV, having not even tried interacting with Yuuri. What Yuri was dreading, was going in to find Victor in the same room as Victor, because that would mean that a) they had a conversation, and b) there was a possibility that Yuuri had already forgiven them, which would not only make Yuri feel a million times worse, he would seriously confused because what? Who could forgive someone for something like this?

However, when he opened the door, he found neither option, Victor was indeed sitting on the couch, however, he was not watching TV. Instead, he was staring down the door to the room that Yuuri was in as if it had personally offended him somehow.

Yuri looked at Victor’s expression and where that expressing was directed to, and quickly concluded that Victor had probably had some sort of conversation with Yuuri and that was fucking stupid because come on, he was literally taken from his home a couple of hours ago, it was honestly a miracle that Yuri had even been able to get him to stop crying. Did Victor really think talking with him was going to solve anything?

Rolling his eyes, Yuri shut the door behind him and walked into Victor’s line of view. The old man blinked once, twice, and then finally regarded Yuri an odd look on his face,

“Oh, hey Yurio. Where have you been?”

Yuri glared, “One, that’s not my name. Two, what did you do?”

Victor looked off to the side, unease clear in his eyes, “I-I didn’t really-“

Yuri cut him off, “You didn’t do anything, huh?” he scoffed, turning around to face the bedroom
door, “Well, I guess I’ll just ask the Japanese Yuuri what he has to say about—“

“Wait!”

Yuri turned back with a raised eyebrow, “Hm?”

Victor began to ramble, “Could you tell him that I didn’t- er, tell him that what I had meant was that—” he cut himself off, “Tell him that I didn’t mean what I said, wait no, tell him that I did mean what I said, but it just came out wrong? I don’t know if that’s any better…”

Throughout this pathetic display, Yuri just got more annoyed with how Victor was behaving, but he was also slightly concerned about the things Victor was rambling about, because it seemed that Victor had said something to Yuuri that was probably very hurtful and Jesus Christ, Victor was a grown ass man and Yuri couldn’t leave him alone for more than twenty seconds before he did, or said something unbelievably stupid.

Raising a hand to cut him off, Yuri turned back to the door and began walking towards it, “Screw off, old man! I’ve got a pig to talk to.” He ignored Victor’s words of protest as he went to open the door, found it to be locked, and promptly began banging on it as hard as he could and yelling for Yuuri to, “Open the door!”

He stopped once he heard the surprised yelp from inside and then the lock clicked, Yuri wasted no time in opening the door, stalking inside, and then slamming it shut behind him. He went and sat on the bed, facing Yuuri with his hands outstretched, “I got the stupid fucking tickets.”

Yuuri smiled at him, though it was clearly fake, “Thank you, Yuri.”

Shaking his head, Yuri settled a glare onto Yuuri’s face, “Okay, stop with the bullshit. What did that idiot do?”

Yuuri’s expression twisted into something ugly, that looked so wrong on his face, “Nothing.”

Yuri rolled his eyes, “Well, that’s not what he said—”

Yuuri cut him off, “What did he say? Because I swear if he lied about what happened, and tried to twist things as if it was all my fault again, then I’m going to—“
“Slow the fuck down,” Yuri was surprised at the outburst. “The geezer didn’t even say what happened, he was too busy- Wait what do you mean by again?” Yuri stared at him intently as he felt anger beginning to build within him. Yuuri looked off to the side,

“Don’t worry about it, just go into your room. Thanks for getting the ticket-“

“No, no, no. You don’t get to do that.” Yuri crossed his arms over his chest as he scowled, “What the fuck did you mean by again?”

Sighing, Yuuri relayed the gist of what was said in the argument, his eyes growing darker and angrier the further along he went until he practically spat out the words, “And he said that it was my fault!”

“He said what?” Yuri snapped, he was staring in absolute disbelief at the Japanese man who had gotten so angry that tears were beginning to well up in his eyes, Yuri’s spoke carefully, “You do know that it’s not-“

“Of course I know that it’s not my fault.” Yuuri snapped, cutting the boy off, “I’m not crying because I believe what he said, I’m just overwhelmed.” He took a shaky breath and then looked back at Yuri, “Anyway, that’s what happened, and if you wouldn’t mind, I’d like to be alone right now, thank you.” He turned his head to the side and his face pinched into an expression resembling a wince. Yuri stood up from the bed and stalked over to the door, positively seething.

This shit was absolutely ridiculous, was it even possible for Victor to have fucked up that interaction any more than he did? Being that stupid and insensitive and just wrong had to take a lot of effort.

Yuri was not the type to beat around the bush, so as soon as that door slammed open he immediately got to work in ripping Victor apart, “Are you fucking kidding me?”

Victor buried his face in his hands, “I know, I messed up. You don’t need to remind me.”

“Oh no, I think I do need to remind you. I’m going to need to remind you of this, years from now when you think that everyone’s forgotten about it, at your darkest moment I’m going to bring this up, do you know why?”
Victor, despite his impressive height, looked decidedly small at the moment, and Yuri was loving it, “Why?”

“Because I honestly don’t think you could’ve fucked this up anymore if you’d actually been trying to make the guy we kidnapped cry!” Yuri shouted, glaring at the man who was looking very pointedly at his feet at the moment.

“I wouldn’t say that it was exactly kidnapping-“

“Oh, shut the fuck up!”

Victor’s eyes shifted back and forth, never falling on Yuri’s face, “I wasn’t trying to upset him.”

“Oh, really? Then what were you trying to do? Hm?” Yuri’s sneered, “Because from what you said earlier, you seemed pretty aware that you had upset him.” Victor didn’t respond, “Thought so.”

“I just lost my temper okay? I said some things that I shouldn’t have, and it won’t happen again, I’ll make sure of it.”

Yuri’s face contorted, as though Victor’s response had actually physically hurt him, “You just lost your temper, huh?” he stared at Victor in disbelief, “Accidently raising your voice in an argument is losing your temper. Telling someone that them essentially losing any say in what happens to them for who knows how long, that the situation was their fault is not losing your fucking temper you moron, I don’t understand why people actually like you, holy shit.”

Victor opened his mouth to respond, but Yuri didn’t even give him the chance, instead, walking into the other bedroom and slamming the door behind him as hard as he could.

Chapter End Notes

I'm gonna be a hundred percent honest when I say that I have literally no excuse for this chapter taking this long to come out. If anyone is still interested in this story I would be very grateful, but if not I honestly wouldn't blame you. The next chapter probably won't be out within a month, but it definitely won't take as long as this one
Ok so, this is my first multi-chapter fic on here that I will do my best to update once a month and if I don't you have permission to yell at me in the comments.

This fic has no beta reader, so if anyone is interested in beta reading for this story's please message me, it would be appreciated. Although I must say that my first draft is generally pretty horrific.

Anyways, this fic is gonna be a wild ride, so buckle down and I hope you enjoy!

(PS: I changed the summary, and it's still pretty bad, but I've never been good at summarizing so that's probably as good as it's gonna get)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!