Summary

Katsuki Yuuri’s life is his ten year old son, Victor Nikiforov doesn’t know one outside work and afternoon jogs, and dogs. It is life and it’s hardships, no matter how amusing they may seem, that brings them together. Now it’s up to them to make the most out of it.

Or!

Single Parent AU! Featuring: the normal world and average humans. Throw in a divorce, Saturday breakfasts and mutual pining for the most beautiful love that ever was between the most common people you could ever meet.
"Raise your words, not your voice. It is rain that grows flowers, not thunder."
—Rumi

((check work end notes to find out more about this fanfic))

See the end of the work for more notes.
An Eventful Morning

Chapter Summary

Yuuri has a kid, his kid loves dogs. One particular Sunday morning he meets his neighbor's dog. And his neighbor, who happens to be insanely hot.
Quite some luck the Katsuki's got there.

Chapter Notes

Hey~ It's sunchild and their first work nobody asked for!

So just a few things to go over really quickly:
1. English isn't my first language, so spare me a bit and tell me what can I change and improve! I'd love to hear everything you have to say about this.
2. I am an expert on over romanticizing so, beware!
3. It is my first fanfic here in AO3 and for the YoI fandom, too. I've written a lot before but mostly in my mother tongue (Spanish!) and it's usually original content.

That being said, you can follow me on Tumblr as @VictorKatsun (YoI sideblog) for everything related to YoI and this work. Or on my main @akauali for many, many other things (and yes, still YoI)

Hope you like this as much as I do!

sunchild, xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oyaji! Oyaji!”

Nothing but a deep snore came out of the almost unconscious men on the bed. It was way too early.

So the kid tried again.

“Otōsaaan!” He shook his dad and spoke directly to his ear, moving the hair that covered it just a bit.

Yuuri groaned, he was pretty damn sure it was too early in the morning for him to be requested by his ten year old.

“Ohayō, Ko” He mumbled.

“The mailman's outside with a large box for us!” He replied as he grabbed his dad's glasses from the nightstand.

Yuuri opened his eyes at last, groaning as he stood up and took his glasses from his son's hand. He
thanked him, leaning towards him to kiss his cheek quickly while he stumbled over some peach plushie and wobbled his way through his apartment to the door, Kosuke, his kid, following closely. The older opened the door while the little one stayed beside him to watch his dad closely.

He made a mental note to start putting the top lock on the nights, his son already managed to open the door with the key.

“Good morning Mr. Katsuki, hope we're not bothering you.”

Yuuri took a look to the clock on the closest wall and realized he was wrong. It was far too late for a parent to be in bed; at least his Kosuke was as good as ever to wake him up when needed. Otherwise, he knew, his dad wouldn't be up till midday.

“It's okay, I had to wake up sooner than later so it's fine. I feel like I should be thanking you…” He felt Ko next to him, his eyes wandering from his dad to the hallway and back to his home. Yuuri was absently rubbing his scalp and the boy yawned a bit.

“Well I'm glad we're helping you. That's what we're for anyways.” The mailman smiled a bit, Yuuri couldn’t help but notice how the pull of his lips lighted up his face.

“I know you are.” Was everything he came up. He wanted something clever, but he ended up sounding like a smart-ass.

Still, the mailman smiled kindly at Yuuri, handing him a large package like his son had told him with the receipt on top of it. He signed up and thanked the mailman while he tipped him.

“Thank you Mr. Katsuki, have a nice day.”

Yuuri put the box down on the floor inside his apartment and waved, trying not to growl; he knew he wasn’t a morning person.

“You too.” He answered as gently as he could.

He knew the man could not hear him, and yet he tried. Then, he was about to close the door to his place when his son gasped incredibly loud and slapped his mount with the palm of his hand. A childish gesture he was pretty sure he had learned from-

“Otōsan! Puppy!” Kosuke simply yelled and ran off from his father's legs.

“Ko! Wait up!” Yuuri sighed, making the mailman laugh as he disappeared behind the elevator's doors. “Ko!”

His son was far too old to run away from him just to play with a dog. But then again he had to remember himself he used to do the same exact thing even on his early twenties. He couldn't blame him, he had to let him enjoy his last childhood years- But not by almost choking a huge dog!

“Kosuke!” He called him, but his son would not answer.

His kid was already being playfully attacked by a poodle almost his size. Yuuri was suddenly mortified, Kosuke knew nothing about personal space and boundaries but laying on the floor with a huge dog all over him was far too much for him. He wasn't even worried about his son, it was the dog and the way he was painting so hard from the hug Ko was giving him that actually worried Katsuki. He might be little for his age but he was not weak.

“God, Kosuke get back here!” Yuuri finally left the door, it was obvious his kid wouldn’t listen to
him and jogged towards his son who was one step away from riding the dog's back.

He picked his child up into his arms, calling him out on a rushed Japanese that barely made sense to the now also ashamed kid. Yuuri put Ko down and kept nagging him. He was talking so fast he didn't know what he was saying, it got always like this when he tried to push some sense into his son, after all he didn't like to be ignored and much less by the kid he was raising. He was always so headstrong but lately it had become too mu-

“Oh God, I'm so, so sorry!”

Both Yuuri and Ko looked up to the man apologizing, the two of them blushing immediately but by totally different reasons.

“She didn't mean no harm, I'm sorry.” The ridiculously pretty man said before spitting something in what sounded like Russian, then he went on. “I unleashed her and I guess she just ran away and I thought it wouldn't matter if she got here first but it was stupid of me to think that, whatever. I'm so sorry she's usually so calm but she kinds of loses it when-”

“Otōsan, she looks like Vicchan!”

Yuuri blinked three times in a row, his blush getting deeper and his mouth open in a half sentence that he would never be able to finish. His heart was beating fast and hard but hell it wasn't out of worry anymore.

What the hell was him doing here?

Victor Nikiforov hated running out of eggs in the morning. That meant he had to take Makkachin in a walk twice that day. One then, when he had to go out to the grocery store and one in the afternoon when he would go out on his daily jog, but by then the poor poodle would already be tired and it just was not the same. After all she wasn't the young puppy she once was.

So there he was, buying eggs and taking home a box of devil's food cake he definitely didn't need. But hey, he had the day off so he might as well bake something to kill time. It wasn't like he did much other than work…

Now, he was walking back home. Victor was still kind of dreading over the fact that his jog later in the day would end up sooner than it usually would. He looked over at Makka, certain canine would give up way before the three mile mark. That’s when he started to get a bit cranky. On top of all that, he was hungry and that bothered him. A lot. Thinking of a shorter run also screwed up with his head. But he couldn't help it, his afternoon jog was his only relaxing hobby so not seizing it did bother him.

Not like having breakfast late but almost as much.

He knelt close to Makka and unleashed her, at least she would get her daily exercise done as she ran the last block back home to his apartment. Maybe she could give Victor a day off, now.
Victor let his thoughts drift as he kept walking, just a little bit faster so his dog wouldn’t start scraping the door like she usually does. Victor didn't want to bother any of his neighbors, except, perhaps, the new cute Asian that lived in front of him and came back from some super early morning jogs. Victor suddenly decided to go and pick up his mail by dawn just for the opportunity to see him.

Even if he didn’t notice Victor.

Like, never.

His phone started to ring but he simply ignored it as he knew it would be Chris, but he definitely didn't want to talk to him at the moment. It was mean but he had an excuse he could use when he talked to him later to organize that week's brunch. Whatever his boss and best friend had to say to him, could wait.

He got into the apartment building, ignored the lift, taking the stairs to the third floor and pulling his keys out of his pocket when he heard a rushed voice spitting Japanese like fire and a barking dog. He immediately smiled, it seemed his cute neighbor was finally out on a descent hour.

Yet the image before him was one he had never daydreamed about.

Victor had to acknowledge it wasn't one of the scenarios he had set up in his head about his first formal meeting with the cutest and most handsome man he had ever seen who casually happened to be his neighbor. He started to vomit words of apology as he leashed Makka again and ordered her to stay down in Russian.

It wasn't until he heard a sweet, childishly voice he realized there was a kid. A kid he hadn't seen before.

How in the world didn't he know his neighbor crush had a freaking son?

Yuuri swallowed hard, he had been living in that building for three months and he had never seen that insanely hot guy who literally lived in the same floor as him? He couldn't believe himself but also he knew he would remember those eyes, or that face, at least those arms for that matter…

So he was pretty sure he’d notice him at some point.

But, also, he supposed a divorce and a kid messed up with your head almost as much as they did with your life.

“It's okay.” He managed to answer.

The owner of Makka, apparently that seemed to be the dog's name, smirked and looked down quickly before lifting those piercing blue eyes to Yuuri's face

Yuuri didn't know what to do, he was self-conscious about his old pajamas and messy hair while the man in front of him was wearing what seemed like a designer trench coat and leather gloves.
He was so nervous he felt he couldn't talk.

“Makkachin is a good girl; your kid can hang around her... if you want.” He said, keeping that smile as his eyes went from Yuuri to Kosuke.

“Otōsan! I can play with her!” Kosuke suddenly forgot all about his father calling him out and decided to play sweet once more; he was in front of a nice guy and his dog and he was going to get away with it this time.

The kid was smart, Yuuri had to give him at least that.

“Hey he said you could but I never said anything, Ko.” Yuuri unglued his eyes from his neighbor and looked down to Kosuke with an unapproving stare. They had been lucky that the owner of the dog was nice (and hot as hell but only Yuuri benefited from it) otherwise he would've confronted some pissed tantrum coming from an overprotective dog parent. Seattle was filled with them, being the father of a dog-lover kid had given him that kind of knowledge

Ko put on his best puppy eyes, almost imitating the dog panting below him.

“No, don't give me puppy eyes, Taiyō. It won't work. You rushed out of the house without my permission and tried to tackle down a dog that's not yours, then you ignored and disobeyed me.” He said first in Japanese, then switching to English to go on. “You think I'm going to let you play with her? Nuh-uh, it doesn't work like that Ko.”

“C'mon, how could you say no to those eyes?” The owner intervened.

Yuuri and Kosuke looked at the man again, Ko giggling slightly and Yuuri blushing more. If that was possible.

“Here, she likes him.” The owner unleashed Makka again and Yuuri doubtfully let Ko go. It hadn't been a second and the two were already running around in the hallway and playing like nothing ever happened, both ignoring the other men.

Kosuke yelled in a mixture of languages while the dog barked and zoomed around him. Yuuri sighed, he couldn't blame his son; the dog was an extremely good girl. He guessed breakfast could wait.

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Victor smiled fondly at his Makka playing with the kid. Maybe he didn't know about the child but he certainly wasn't displeased. He was beautiful and sweet, also fun and seemed very intelligent. He was more than fine with him coming along to his daydream mix.

One that he had to wake up from, and do something about his reality.

“My name's Victor Nikiforov. Flat 35.” He blurted out, turning to his cute neighbor.
If only he had said that so much earlier…

“Uh, ohayō. Katsuki Yuuri. I'm 37 over here.” He replied, looking at him and shaking the hand Victor had been offering as his eyes darted to the door with said number. “Guess that makes us neighbors.”

Yuuri smiled as he said that and Victor was already so weak. His hand was so soft and warm that he wanted all but to melt. He was too much for him. And he also happened to live right in front of him. He already knew that but a good reminder did no harm. Their hands let go and suddenly Victor’s felt horribly empty.

“Nice to meet you. Your kid's wonderful.” Victor said. He still wanted to know more. “How old is he?”

“Ten. He's nice, and does his best I can assure you.”

“Cute.” Was all Victor could say, tho he didn’t know if he was talking about Yuuri or his son. Or both.

They drifted into a silence where Yuuri rushed to take Kosuke’s hand while Makka returned to his owner, Yuuri turned to Victor and smiled once more.

“Thanks so much for letting Ko play with Makka. I'm sure they'll be friends in no time.”

Victor nodded. Yuuri seemed about to go and even if he wanted to talk to him more he knew he had to wait. These things take time, he reminded himself.

“You can bet on it. He can come over and play anytime. I happen to be great with kids.”

Yuuri held back a giggle and Kosuke blushed. Victor felt an urgent need of holding their faces between his hands.

“I don't doubt it. Makka can visit us, too. We love dogs.”

Victor was wheezing.

“I might take your word on it, y'know.”

They both smiled and said goodbye, Kosuke blew a kiss to Makkachin and waved Victor behind his dad's back as Yuuri closed the door behind them.

He saw the last of Yuuri's curves disappear into the flat and felt his heart skip a beat. He had been looking adorable in that sweater and those yoga pants that almost gave him a heart attack. It was so weird to see him in such comfortable clothes when he was usually hiding himself under a thick jacket with that everyday blue scarf with his dressing slacks. But he was gorgeous anyway.

Victor couldn't handle how cute both Kosuke and Yuuri were, he was absolutely smitten by the two and couldn't wait to see them again. He stood in the hallway with his heart beating so hard he was sure it was going to break his rib cage. He sighed and scratched Makka behind his ears, the dog barked and his owner smiled fondly. Victor was decided to do whatever it took to be closer to them, and it all started thanks to that beauty.

Dogs sure were a man's best friend.
"Otōsan, Makka looks just like Vicchan!"

"Yeah, right? She does." Yuuri and Ko went straight to the kitchen as the older took the cereal out while his son fetched the milk. He poured the rice crispies into a couple of bowls and took Kosuke to put him down on a stool.

"I'm not a baby anymore, Otōsan. You don't have to carry me around." He said, pretending to be annoyed. Yuuri knew Kosuke was little, despite his age and did not liked to be babied around. But he was just too cute to let him act all grown up so suddenly.

"You're getting so big one day I'm not going to be able to hold you up no longer. Let me have this." After all, he knew his son was right but what he was saying was also true. He kissed his head and handed him a spoon.

"Uh, fine." His son smiled again and yawned.

"So, you liked Makka?"

"Yes!" His son eagerly answered. "She's so fluffy and fun!"

Yuuri laughed and nodded.

"She seemed like it."

"Victor's nice too." Mumbled the little one, matter-o-factly.

His father looked at him suspiciously, holding back a smile.

"He is..." Answered, pouring milk and breaking into a huge grin when he remembered his cute neighbor in full color.

"You like him!" Screamed Kosuke a second before Yuuri took the bread out of the cabinet.

"Kosuke!" Yuuri looked at him bewildered, blushing again.

"You like him! You like him! Otōsan likes his neighbor!" The kid chanted. "Yooouuuuu liiike himmmm." he dragged the words and laughed so hard his dad felt like dying.

Yuuri was so embarrassed.

"Kosuke, stop it." He whispered, putting bread in the toaster and holding back that stupid smile. "Besides, you're ten how in the world could you know?"

Kosuke smiled widely with cereal still in his mouth and laughed.

"Well you smiled at him like I never saw you with Frank."

Yuuri did not know what was more concerning, the words his son said or the fact something like
that was so noticeable. He hoped Ko would forget it sooner than later.

“Oh so he's “Frank” again?” He teased instead.

“Don't like him anymore. He made Otōsan cry now he won't have any Kosuke. He's mean.” Lately, Ko started to talk in third person by pronouncing incomplete sentences when he talked about Yuuri’s ex. He still didn’t understand it, or like it, but it didn’t matter much to him.

“He's not, Ko. Stop saying that.” Yuuri sat down and gave his son a slice of bread, “Besides, you know we’re not talking about him inside this house.”

Kosuke nodded, agreeing and eating their breakfast as they both drifted to silence.

Yuuri started to run over his conversation with Victor and now he wanted to pout when he discovered himself wanting to see him again. And it had just been about ten minutes. What if he ran into him at the groceries and they stayed talking for more than that? And if they walked back home? He felt ridiculous but their talk was so easy and he was so good and so, so handsome… He knew he would get in trouble in no time.

Yuuri had been living in this apartment for three months, but he had to add two more of living with Phichit after another one of fights and screaming that went almost too far sometimes. It would be soon a month of one of the hardest times of his life. He was in the middle of a divorce with a man he never really loved but married only to be able to have Kosuke. From the beginning he knew he had rushed things, horribly. But he never thought about it the first year and a half, he adored his son and not even a crappy marriage could ruin his happiness. All he ever wanted was a son and when he had it he couldn't think of anything else.

It wasn't until Kosuke started to complain about his Papa drinking and coming home late at night to wake him up smelling like cigar that Yuuri realized things were wrong. In the beginning it was occasionally and then it went big time, scaring Kosuke more than once. Then it became so constant Yuuri left him after trying to help him without any success. Frank didn't do better so he moved in with his best friend and started filling the divorce papers.

It was almost half a year since that horrible summer.

“So…” Ko started again. “You're gonna see him again or what?”

“That's it young man, stop it right now or I'm going to make you do the dishes.”

“But it's your turn!”

“Don't test me, Taiyō.”

Chapter End Notes

Some Italics for Japanese ; Translations:
Otōsan - Father
Oyaji - Dad, Papa
Ohayō - Good morning
Taiyō - Sunshine
Naraku - Hell (curse)
So this is how it starts! Hope you're liking it so far~
Chapter Summary

Both Yuuri and Victor are beyond smitten. Kosuke turns out to be a wingman...
And a great one at that.

Also!
Chapter highlight tags: slowburn, but then it's not.
I'mao, why am I like this.

Chapter Notes

I felt so much love on the first chapter?? Thank you everyone???
Y'all this turned out so much longer than I expected so I splitted into two. And it's still long. Hope you guys like it!

It had been over a month since Victor talked to Yuuri for the first time, not that he was counting the days or anything.

But, he kinda was.

Sure Kosuke would go out when he heard barking and rushed directly to Makka to pet her and say hi. It would take a few moments to have Yuuri rushing to them until Victor had to assure him, again, that it was fine. Then it'd be just Kosuke and him, leaving Victor wishing Yuuri had stayed just a bit more. But he never did.

He would thank Victor for the umpteenth time with a slashing bow of his head and then he was back into the apartment once more. That was as much as Victor could get.

Now he was used to get Kosuke gummy worms if he was back from the grocery as he had found out they were Ko’s favorites, if he was just getting out he always had a glass of orange juice for him and sometimes even some cookies he had probably made overnight. The two of them would walk around the building’s garden with their snacks or stay on the hallway making as little sound as possible, laughing breathlessly and training Makka to be a bit more quiet.
Victor couldn’t believe he was growing closer to his crush’s son rather than to his actual crush.

But he had to start somewhere.

At least that was the excuse he was giving to himself.

It was a chilly Saturday morning, many after Victor’s first encounter with Yuuri and his son, when Makkachin went straight from home to Yuuri’s apartment. Scratching the door and barking so loud a passing neighbor gave them the dirtiest look Victor had ever seen.

“Makka, keep it down. It’s too early.” The dog was straight crying now, and even if that sound broke Victor’s heart he couldn’t give him what he wanted. He understood her, he missed Yuuri too and even Kosuke but there was nothing to do.

It had been a week since Victor saw any of his cute neighbors at all. Exactly one week since Yuuri awkwardly declined his offering for breakfast and rushed to his door without Kosuke. It had been a full minute of silence until he came back, apologized again and took his son as he rushed to his home once more.

That was the last time he saw them.

Victor kept trying to calm Makkachin down in sweet Russian, pulling her leash back to the apartment, begging her to keep it silent. It seemed to Victor that he wasn’t going to be able to get eggs that morning.

Probably cold cereal would be his best, and only, option for that day.

He was almost inside his own apartment when the door in front of them opened and Kosuke slid out.

“Makka!” He all but yelled while the dog literally turned to try to bite Victor so he could release him. Then she ran and tackled Kosuke down and practically back inside his apartment.

“Kosuke!” Yuuri made his grand entrance and Victor almost fainted. He was wearing barely-there
shorts and a huge sweatshirt that made him look smaller. He looked ravishing without his glasses and his hair pulled back with a baby blue bandana over his head. “Victor?” He asked, squinting his eyes as if he didn’t know who was in front of him. He sure was practically blind.

“Hi Yuuri, good morning.” Was all Victor could come up with. The pale yellow sweatshirt did absolute wonders to Yuuri’s mildly tan skin. How was he allowed to be **that** gorgeous? “I'm so sorry for this but Makka missed Kosuke too much and I guess he did too.” He sighed and moved closer to the dog and the kid, looking at them endearingly. It was almost impossible to look away.

He heard Yuuri giggle.

“I hope I didn’t wake you up.” Victor said, suddenly blushing.

“Not really. Kosuke had already done that by the moment we heard the barking.” He blushed a bit, too and scratched his eyes. Victor couldn't handle how cute he was fidgeting with the end of his sweatshirt while Makka and Ko kept hugging in the floor.

“I’m sorry, still.”

They were falling into silence until Yuuri spoke again.

“Kosuke did miss Makka, by the way. We couldn’t wait to see yo- her again”

Victor was ecstatic.

He had heard every syllable of the sentence and now he was trying to come up with something equally kind and a bit more flirty, but he never had the chance.

“Hey, uhm, I've been meaning to tell you this but I've had so much work I couldn't get to talk to you before-”

“It's fine, don't worry.” Victor assured him, chasing Yuuri’s eyes.
Yuuri sighed and smiled, stepping closer to him to almost whisper to his chest, as he was facing the floor and several inches smaller.

“I'm so thankful for what you've been doing for Kosuke. He tells me all the time how you let him play with Makkachin on the hallway and the days you go down to the garden. It's really nice from you and I can't thank you enough…”

Victor was a second away from replying, but he kept quiet as to tell Yuuri he should go on.

“We… We had a dog but he passed away a while ago and I couldn't convince Ko to get another. We were both really attached to him but he just couldn't move on.” He looked up and Victor felt his heart drop. His eyes were kind of watery and his lip trembling. “I didn't think about it until the other day but the fact that he played with Makka the second he saw her was a huge step for him. Now he seems so much better, happier in fact. Thank you, really.

Victor lifted his hand and rubbed Yuuri's arm warmly. He wanted to hug him so badly but he knew he had to hold back for now.

“I had no idea, and I'm sorry for your loss but I'm really happy I've been helpful one way or another.” He said. “Maybe he can come with me when I take her out on her walks. You could come over, too. I bet you miss your dog too.”

“I do.” He admitted, Yuuri rubbed his eyes and did a small bow with his head. “Dōmo arigatō, for everything.”

He was too much for Victor.

His hand unconsciously slid to his back and made its way to his shoulder, squeezing it a bit.

“Whatever you need, Yuuri.” He sighed and let him go. “I was actually going to buy some eggs, maybe Ko could come with me.”

“Yes!” He said immediately. Victor knew he had been watching the two of them in silence while Makka panted on his lap but he pretended not to know as Ko kept smiling so warmly at both of them.
“Go and put on a jacket before going out. And your boots! It's been raining!”

“Hai!” Answered Ko while Victor leashed Makka and got her ready.

“The grocery is the one three blocks away from here, I'm good at streets. I'll take care of Kosuke. Don't worry.” He blurted, suddenly worried that Yuuri might be worried. If that made any sense.

“I won't, I trust you.” He absently said while taking off the bandana from his head. “Just make sure he looks both ways before crossing the road, I'm trying to make him do it all the time but sometimes he does not listen at all.”

“Sure.” Victor grinned widely.

“Oyaji, can I get one of those pretzel bites bags at the grocery?” Kosuke asked as Yuuri returned the smile.

Yuuri kept his grin and rolled his eyes, going to the desk beside the door and getting his wallet. Victor noted there was a shoe rack underneath it.

“Sure but a small one, and you can't open it until we have breakfast.” He was about to hand him a couple dollars when Victor interfered.

“I'll get them for him, it's on me.” He said as Kosuke was about to take the cash.

“No, it's fine Victor. Thanks but-”

“But nothing, come Kosuke let's go.” The kid didn’t need to be told and, surprisingly enough took the hand Victor was offering.
Yuuri smiled and sighed.

“That's really not necessary but thank you.” He said as he walked them to the elevator.

“My pleasure. Do you want me to get anything for you?”

Yuuri kissed Kosuke on the head and shook his head, trying not to look at Victor. If he did he would chicken out.

“I'm fine, thank you. Take care.”

“Will do.” Replied his neighbor and Makka barked as the three entered the lift.

Yuuri looked at the ceiling and held back a giggle, he couldn't believe his life at the moment. That day was already making up for the hell of week (month) he had been having. Between his job, Frank, the court visits and Kosuke's dancing rehearsals he was getting so tired he barely made it to his monthly therapist appointment to regain the strength he needed to go on. Sure, Kosuke fueled him every day with love and laughter but sometimes he felt he was failing him or that he wasn't doing enough. He loved him with his life and heart, everything he did he did it for him but every now and then he needed an extra push to keep holding on.

It was getting harder.

And now his prince-like neighbor appeared once more to lift more than his heart and spirit. He had taken Kosuke with his dog to the grocery and neither could Ko or Yuuri complain. That man was a blessing. Yuuri knew he distracted them both from the reality, even when there were days that there wasn’t a thing else on their minds.

Whether Yuuri could admit it or not, Victor was just what he and his son needed that weekend.

A light brighter than the sun to warm them for just a moment before drifting into the gray once more.
Yuuri went inside his apartment and realized it was a mess. Yesterday was cleaning day but he totally missed it as he came back with Ko from ballet and the two ended up crashing in the sofa for the night. He had to clean up as fast as he could so maybe he could make Victor stay a little while. Maybe invite him for breakfast…? That was the least he could do for the man putting a smile on his son. His kindness and presence made everything better and so much easier he would love to have him around much more often.

But not in the conditions he had his home.

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Kosuke was skipping on the way back to the apartment building; Victor got him not only a medium bag of pretzel bites but also another of baby carrots, some gummy bears and a huge chocolate chip cookie. Professor Plisetsky would give him hell if he ever found out and maybe his dad wouldn't approve but he only had to put his best puppy eyes for Victor to get him all of this.

He was a great person, he really liked him and Ko was determined to put him and Oyaji together so his dad could be happy again. He missed the days where he actually laughed all the time and smiled at him much more. Kosuke was young but he was no fool and he knew his dad was in trouble. But he deserved the universe.

He looked behind him at Victor and held a sigh to himself. Maybe he could give him a star at least.

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“So, why didn't you come to visit Makkachin this past week?” Victor asked while walking back to the apartment with the eggs in his hand and another unnecessary box of devil's food cake. Kosuke was now in charge of Makka’s leash as they were getting closer to home.

“It was Frank’s week. Had to say with him even if I didn't wanna.” Ko mumbled, his tone suddenly annoyed.

“Frank?” And Victor didn't mean to be nosy but his curiosity got the best of him and made him ask. Kosuke was his only window to Yuuri.
“Otōsan’s ex.” He simply said. “He's mean, made dad cry now Ko don't wanna see him anymore. But this old lady in a black robe gave him a week a month to stay with me.”

“You mean a judge?” Victor's heart was beating slowly. He knew Yuuri didn't have it easy but that was hard to hear.

“Yeah, she's been making a mess with Frank so Otōsan can't just leave him yet. Uncle Phichit told me Frank's team was making Otōsan's struggle so they could be married longer.” Now Victor thought Ko might be saying too much but he always did and that was the only way he seemed to get to know Yuuri better.

He kept quiet, not knowing what to say.

“Don’t tell Oyaji I told you!”

Victor laughed out loud.

“I won’t.” He ruffled his hair and Kosuke laughed, too. They kept walking.

Kosuke told Victor about Yuuri's favorite tea (he had an oolong and a matcha box for him in another grocery bags), how gardenias were his favorite flowers and the way he liked his eggs in the morning (sunny side up on top of white rice and butter). Ko actually seemed to know his dad perfectly for he told Victor where he preferred to buy his clothes and how often he cut his hair. He told him Yuuri was allergic to salmon and that his favourite food was his mom's Katsudon, where he worked and what he did on his free afternoons. He also told him his daily schedule and when he would find him alone in the apartment. Like if that should mean something to him.

So he just thanked Kosuke and promised him to get him a bigger bag of gummies next time.

Kosuke almost screeched in delight.

“I'm sure everything will be fine in the end, Kosuke. It will all be alright.” He said as they made it to their street.
“I knock, Otōsan’s smart and strong. We'll make it.”

“You will.” Victor assured him and tenderly scratched Kosuke's neck, he had also found out Ko was just as an affectionate person as Victor was. They both laughed and Ko looked up to him with big bright eyes that resembled Yuuri's so much.

“Otōsan is also great, y’know?” He mumbled while his free hand went to Victor's elbow, holding him. The older one felt like crying. “He makes the best waffles and loves solving puzzles in the afternoon, sharing a cup of Oolong wit’cha and reading to you on the nights… he's good Victor-san.”

Victor kept quiet, again, as they entered the elevator to their floor and the doors closed with a light sound. He wouldn't push Kosuke to finish whatever he was saying but he sure was dying to find out.

It wasn’t like Yuuri wasn’t flawless in his eyes. Even with the booty shorts and the blurred sight…

“He likes you!” Ko blurted out, face all red and eyes shut tightly, as if he didn't want to see his neighbor's reaction. “But don't say anything! You didn't hear it from me- he would kill me if he finds out I told you! I already knew but uncle Phichit kept making fun of him and the other day he just admitted it, not that it matters but you have to give him a shot he's so nice you'll like him too Frank was so mean and he deserves so much more!.” Now he was looking at him with pleading eyes and a goofy smile. “But you didn't heard nothing from me, Victor-san.” He whispered with a last sigh.

It had just been a month since Victor finally talked to Yuuri, just a month since he actually got to know his name. Barely 30 days of small smiles and rushed greetings from each other's doorstep. They haven’t even touched each other until today and it was just Victor showing empathy, they haven’t even properly talked about other thing that wasn’t Victor’s dog and Kosuke, the weather and with some luck, their day.

But that did not mean he didn’t like Yuuri too.

Because it was much more simple than Victor thought.

The door of Ko’s apartment opened up and Victor couldn't help but laugh out loud. He was so god-damned happy. Befriending Kosuke was definitely the best decision he had made in a long time.
The kid meant absolutely no harm and seemed so willing to make his father happy just as he did the same with his son. He couldn’t believe his luck, he owed so much to his little friend, besides the promise of doing things right.

“I won’t tell if you don’t.” Victor looked at him and squatted to directly meet his eyes. “Now you gotta keep this secret, you can’t go on and just tell him like you did with me, ’kay? It will be our secret, if you spit it, it will ruin the surprise.”

Kosuke nodded eagerly.

“Yes, yes. Sure. Tell me!” He answered excitedly, looking over to see his dad peaking out of their home.

“I like Yuuri. A lot.” He whispered.

“You do?!” Ko replied with a huge grin, eyes sparkling back to Victor.


“I’m so, so happy.” He said as Victor wrapped his arms around him, rubbing his back. “This is so good.”

Victor looked back at Yuuri, who had suddenly disappeared from the doorstep and smiled at him even if Yuuri wasn’t really there.

Victor laughed again while Ko let him go. He kissed Makkachin on the forehead, making her bark, then he ran to the open door of the apartment 37 as Yuuri came out once more almost as exactly as they had left him.

Except, Victor had noted, he was flush from effort and his forehead was almost shining against the light with the small sweat beads coming off of his skin. He was also wearing his glasses back on and smiled at both of them tenderly.
Victor liked Yuuri.

And it was not complicated, at all.

Victor liked Yuuri like he liked his afternoon jogs, like he liked to stare at the sun when it was going up early in the morning with a cup of coffee in his hands or down at dawn as he walked back home. He liked Yuuri just as much as he liked his favorite sweater (the pink one with the wholes on the collar) or his favorite music playlist. He liked Yuuri because, like all the other things he liked, he was tender and beautiful. He held a kind of spark that, for reasons unknown, stuck on his mind even when there was so much more to think about. Like all the other stuff he liked, Yuuri was so common yet so special because of something he still could not name.

He liked him just because.

“How was your trip?” Yuuri asked as Victor finally reached the door, smiling hugely as his red cheeks balled at his nose’s height. He had dried the sweat on his skin, which was still glistening underneath the neon light.

But, unlike the other things he liked, Yuuri was a person. Alive, vivid. Victor thought maybe he liked Yuuri more than all the other things he liked because of it. Because he was just as human as Victor was.

“Great! Kosuke is by far the best kid I've ever known. He is amazing.” Victor answered Makka barking excitedly as Yuuri knelt and scratched him warmly.

“Yeah. He actually is. Can be a handful sometimes, I became worried when I realized you might not like him that much now that you two actually went out together. It wouldn't be the first time so…”

Victor smiled even more. How could someone not like Kosuke? Insane.

“Oh, how couldn't I? He's so sweet and bright. He's one of my best friends now.” Kosuke, who had rushed inside to get his slippers, was back and looked back at him as he smiled. Victor winked while they shared knowing smiles, pretending not to note Yuuri’s confused look.

“Is that so, Taiyō?” Yuuri turned at him and his son nodded eagerly, keeping his smile on.
“Victor-san is so cool, Otōsan.” Victor definitely liked those two. Not only Yuuri, but also Kosuke. Like, an awful lot.

“I bet he is, look at all he got you. He's spoiling you so much you'll stink rotten if you keep going out with him.” Yuuri teased them both, making them look kind of embarrassed.

But not really.

“Oh, let me indulge him. He looked at that cookie like he had fallen in love. Couldn't keep them apart.” They both laughed as Kosuke finally unleashed Makka and got her to run next to him to the end of the hallway and all the way back to the lift. He had a great ability to keep up with the dog on those pink and fluffy slippers.

“Oh God, look at him. Acting as if Makka was her own now.” Yuuri wiped the sweat beads from his nape with the bandana that was now hanging from his neck and smiled apologetically. “I'm sorry.”

“Stop that, Yuuri. If Makka liked him I'm more than glad to let them play all they want. She's a big girl and doesn't get that much attention from kids even though she loves them. So it's perfectly okay, besides I already told you: if I'm helping in any way I'll keep it up as long as you'll let me.”

Yuuri’s smile did not seem to fade at all that morning.

“Arigatō, again. You're too nice, Victor.”

The other rolled his eyes and shook his head. It was just him who got the best out of himself.

The conversation drifted off to Makkachin’s age and her favorite treats as the former and Kosuke got a bit tired and ended up laying in the floor. Makka was on Ko's lap, as she usually was, and they were panting a bit from playing. The kid kept nursing his gummies and looked at his parent and neighbor with expecting eyes.

“Well, I would say they hit it off right away since they met.” Victor said. He was kind of pissed at himself for talking non-stop about his dog rather than asking Yuuri about himself, sure any talk
was okay and Kosuke had already filled him in with the basics- but it was not *enough*. He didn't felt defeated though. Not yet. He still had a window to fix it.

“They did. Hey, would you like coming over for breakfast? That's the least thing I could do after you've been so nice with Kosuke… and me.”

Or maybe Yuuri could fix it by himself.

Victor tried, he *actually tried* not to blurt his response

Of course he failed miserably.

Chapter End Notes

Some Italics for Japanese ; Translations:
Naraku - Hell (curse)
Tatami - Mat used in traditional Japanese buildings, it is preferred to step on it barefoot. It is not frequently used on kitchens and entrances.

24/01/2018
I was so nervous to put this up but the comments on the first chapter literally made me run to my laptop so I can put this up, thank you so much!!
From the Breakfast Table

Chapter Summary

In spanish we have the exact word to describe this chapter: "Sobremesa"
The literal english translation would be "Over-Table", it is used to refer to the talking
developed at the table after any meal at any time of the day Sometimes the kids stay,
sometimes they just go. The dirty dishes might still be on the table or waiting at the
sink, there are still leftovers on the stove and the kettle might not be off but absolutely
no one cares. That's precisely what this chapter is about.

Also, I don't know if there's a similar word/phrase/expression in english.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yuuri was sort of freaking out. He was outside his apartment with no shoes on and some old shorts
that barely peeked out of his oversized sweatshirt. His hair was a mess and he knew that his glasses
were askew from fidgeting so much with them while still on his face. He had twenty minutes to
change his clothes but he was too busy cleaning up he completely forgot about his super-informal
attire. His son was also in his pajamas underneath that heavy jacket and the silly slippers, had his
face red and clammy with swear from playing with the dog and kept looking at him like if he knew
something. On top of it all, the door to his apartment was wide open and no one was walking into
it. They just kept hanging out on the hallway, like if people wasn’t actually waling by.

And then he just invited the most gorgeous man ever for breakfast. Just like that.

What was he thinking?

But probably he was not.

But the words were already out of his mouth. And certainly he wasn't going to take them back. He
had to push himself for this one.

“Yes! I- Sure. I'd love that. Maybe we can make some omelets.” Victor gave him a heart-shaped
smile and Yuuri laughed as he saw the eggs Victor was holding.

“Maybe I can make you bake us some muffins with that cake box, too.” Yuuri said warmly as the
other one nodded.

“Excellent.” They both laughed, seriously, would they ever stop acting like teenagers?

Together, they made their way to the apartment with Kosuke and Makkachin following closely.

“I don’t want to seem like we took advantage from your morning plans, Victor.”

Yuuri closed the door behind everyone and told Ko to go and tidy up a bit his bedroom, that was still a disaster. He agreed, taking off his slippers while turning on the TV and putting his toys in his plastic chest, Makkachin following closely.

“Not at all, I'm more than glad to share with you. Victor looked at his feet and then at Yuuri’s. “Should I take off my shoes?”

“It’s not necessary, we just do it because… well.” Yuuri balanced from his heels to his tiptoes. “You know. We don’t even have tatami on the floor but I guess we’re used to it.”

He watched Victor put the eggs in the closest table and stripped from his trenchcoat, taking of his gloves after his shoes.

“I won’t disrupt the family rules, then.” He put his sneakers on the shoe rack and Yuuri laughed. It seemed he was going to stick pretty well to everything.

“Well, give me that.” Yuuri went closer to him and brushed his hand against Victor’s, taking his garments and putting them to on coat rack near the living room. “Do you want some slippers?”

“I’m fine, thank you.” Victor said, taking once more the grocery bags and moving to the kitchen. He put them on the counter as he leaned against the fridge. “So, how long you've been living here?”

Yuuri felt his mouth going dry as he realized Victor was almost the same height as his fridge. And
he was *leaning* on it for God's sake.

He swallowed and tried to keep it calm.

“Four months now. We were so lucky to find this place, it's perfect for us.” Yuuri answered as he took a bowl and a whisk out, along with a frying pan and a spatula.

“*Otōsan*, you're still in your stretch shorts.” Said Kosuke casually, walking past across them to the dining room to pick up his school backpack, taking it to his room immediately after.

“*Naraku*.” Yuuri whispered as he looked down to his bare legs. He kept forgetting he was underdressed for the occasion, to say the least. “He's right, I'll go and change.” He said, excusing himself. It was sheer luck he decided to shave last Thursday, otherwise it would have been gross.

“You don't have to.” Yuuri froze in place and looked back at Victor. Face red with a deep blush and struggling to keep himself from smiling. “I mean you look ravishing- well pretty. I mean pretty comfortable! You don't have to change for me, I mean I don't care, you're on your own home; it's okay if you want to stay like that. Because you seem content. 'Cause it's your house. And you can do whatever you want. In your house.”

Yuuri giggled. He fucking giggled like a schoolgirl and nodded.

“Well I can but this are just for stretching, like Ko said.” Yuuri replied heartily. “I'll be back in a sec.”

Victor was blushing now too and Yuuri felt like he could explode in starts. This was all too good, too pure and true he couldn't believe it. It was far too perfect. This things didn't happen to him. But they were and he was loving it. He had to try; he had to give it a shot.

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Victor was so close to banging his head on the counter he had to physically hold himself to a stool to keep himself from doing it.

Yes Yuuri was pretty, *ravishing* in any way but he had to find the right moment to say it. He couldn't just spit the words and hope for the best. He required appropriate timing, which he seemed to never have. But he wasn’t sure he had to fix it, he acknowledged. Victor doubted it even counted as a mistake, or whatever.

He took a deep breath and tried to compose himself while he took the box of eggs out of the bag, breaking some into the bowl and whisking them just to get busy. He looked around the apartment and realized it was, obviously, the same distribution as his’.

The door, with the little table and shoe rack right next to it, leaded the way to a living room with the T.V, in front of it there was the dining room with the kitchen almost beside it, by the right. He knew the tiny corridor connected the insanely packed laundry room and next to it the bathroom. Not as little as the laundry room but it probably felt much crowded than it actually was because of the big bathtub. Then, on the other side, there were the two bedrooms. Victor was pretty sure the one he used merely for Makkachin was Kosuke’s on this place.

“Put peppers and cheese on ’em.” Kosuke, the child in question, was back and no longer on his jammies, Makkachin was now down close to the window at the living room (the only one) while he dozed silently.

“Sure.” The younger opened the fridge and took out a red bell pepper, some scallions and a bag of shredded cheese.

“*Otōsan* likes to cook and he always has friends over for dinner.” Ko said as to explain why he had nice ingredients. Victor wasn't surprised at all but the thought of Yuuri cooking for him was one that put him suddenly in a great mood after earlier events. Kosuke started to rinse and dry the vegetables to hand them to Victor, he noted Ko even had some sort of stool to stand and reach for the counter. He had heard him complain many times about his height but when unbothered, he seemed to suddenly forget it.

“That’s cool.” Victor said.

“I like to help him, but he doesn't let me to use to stove by myself, yet.”
“Spices are in the small drawer left to the oven.” Yuuri's voice interfered, making Victor turn around the second he heard him. He was now wearing fitted jeans with brown boots and a navy blue sweater. And yes, Victor always knew, he looked really handsome. “And you, Taiyō, won't be anywhere near the stove until you're twelve. Meanwhile you can use the electric grill and the toaster.”

Yuuri smiled up to Victor and took the pepper to cut it in neat cubes. The later returned the smile and took out the salt and some garlic powder for the whisked eggs.

“They're no fun.” Ko mumbled, going over to the stools on the other side of the counter and sat down.

“Maybe you can help me by mixing the things for the muffins.” Victor moved a bit and took out the cake box, handing it to Kosuke. Yuuri also went over to turn on the oven and prepare the kettle with water.

“This is so good.” He said, smiling widely while he moved around to grab another bowl and whisk, along with a measuring cup and taking three eggs out of the open carton.

Victor was so calm and felt a ting of excitement bubbling up all the way from the pit of his stomach to his head, making him almost dizzy. It was the first morning in so long that he had actually enjoyed and made him look forward to the day. And even with a huge pile of delayed work and a heavy week ahead of him he felt like it wasn't going to matter because he had the best weekend ever just by standing there in the kitchen cooking with the nicest family he had ever met.

He looked over at Yuuri, smiling with Kosuke as they tasted the cake batter Ko was preparing, sensing a deep peace that settled the buzzing energy he had all over his body. He may be new to all of this but he couldn't get rid of the same train of thought that he had been ignoring on the way to the grocery store: this is all he had been ever looking for.

Yuuri finished pouring the cake mix into the muffin tray, yawning a bit while Kosuke took the silicone spatula and licked the remaining chocolate from it. He had added some leftover peanut M&M’s and seemed absolutely happy when they put the tray into the oven.

The omelet was sizzling slightly in the pan and Victor was taking care of it, while slicing some
apples into a small platter for all of them. The kettle had been off for a minute now and Yuuri reached up to the cabinet to take out for some tea.

“I- uhm. Sorry, well- I got you some tea at the grocery. Kosuke told me you liked this so I figured you'd want to have some here and over at work.” Victor handed him a couple of boxes, his hands trembling a bit as Yuuri noted.

He held himself from gasping; they weren't only his favorite variety but also from an expensive brand. They were of finer quality, compared to what he would usually get on a regular day. And, in fact, they were his favorite kind.

What was Kosuke telling that man?

“This- this is so good. Thank you, Victor.” He held his breath and went on his tiptoes to kiss his jaw. He barely made it there, Victor was just too tall.

He took out three cups and the sugar container, opening the Oolong box and putting a little sack into each.

His heart was beating like crazy, Kosuke was giving him that smug “I-know-it-all” smile and couldn't look at his neighbor for the moment. That was bold but it felt right.

“It’s nothing.” Was everything Victor replied while he flipped the omelet, turning his back to Yuuri. Still, he saw the blush on his neighbor’s cheekbones as he

Kosuke was bouncing in the stool, grinning like a Cheshire cat, that little shit.

He thought he was rushing it all when he invited him over for breakfast. In the beginning he thought of had him sit down with a cup of coffee while he cooked for them, but they went to a completely different level of… somewhat intimacy by preparing their meal together. Yuuri definitely hadn't planned all of this, it was almost too much but he wasn't able to stop it. It was all good and so imperfect he adored every second of it. They had been bumping hips and brushing hands, mumbling answers and questions while moving totally out of sync, making a bit of a mess while the food was prepped but it made all much more domestic and cute. It made everything better.
He had been reckless, though. Kissing Victor like that? *Completely* out of character for him. But it felt right, it's seemed the right thing to do and he was doing it before he could realize what was happening. He didn't regret it but it scared him a bit, he had rushed things terribly before all this and he didn't wanted to mess up anything *that* badly ever again. He was even afraid he might scare Victor away behaving like that. It was okay if it happened once but it wasn't going to happen again anytime soon.

He had to take things slowly- no matter how much Yuuri liked his neighbor.

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The kiss still burned on Victor's skin, even when he felt it had been *ages* ago. It was warm and delicate and Yuuri's lips were as plush and soft as he had thought they'd be. It was nothing more than an innocent peck right on his jawbone, but it felt like so much more than that.

They had finished breakfast a while ago. The omelets were fairly good but somehow the muffins were great. To Victor, everything tasted heavenly but both Yuuri and Kosuke talked a bit on how to improve the cake batter for next time. It seemed they actually enjoyed cooking.

Victor was now biting his muffin, smiling at Kosuke lying on the floor with Makkachin while they both watched TV. He felt Yuuri put his hand on his shoulder while pouring the rest of the coffee into his empty cup. He had downed three of tea and he was on his second of coffee- he knew he was stretching his stay but he had *tried* to leave a couple of times already and both Yuuri and Ko told him to stay a bit longer. And who was he to deny them *anything*?

He cleared his throat, thanking Yuuri as he sat down in front of him at the dining room.

“Kosuke told me you were an English teacher on high school?” Victor asked.

“*Hai!* Teenagers, *god.*” They both laughed. “That's just on the mornings, tho. Tuesdays and Thursdays I give Japanese classes at a Community College. It’s not like University kids are *any* better, but oh well.” He said, smiling a bit down to his tea. “And you?”
“I'm a lawyer.” Victor smiled. “I work at a minor firm three blocks up. Giacometti & Co. I don't know if you've heard of it but I'm pretty sure you've seen the place.”

Yuuri snickered.

“I think I have, is it the black building with the golden script and the red banners?” Yuuri smiled and Victor nodded, both chuckling a bit.

“That one. Too much for a minor firm, isn’t it?” Victor shook his head. “I've been working there for two years now, I'm a minor partner since I spent most of my time studying in the past.”

“What were you studying?” Yuuri asked, and Victor could only answer when he saw that genuine interest on him.

“I studied Political Sciences on the capital and after finishing I dived right into Law school. I had a huge scholarship thanks to some friends of mine working in the department of education so while I was being paid for studying I kept doing it until I basically found out I had to start working sooner than later.” Yuuri laughter and Victor chimed. “So I finished Laws and this friend of mine gave me work. Though I must say I started my first career a bit later than recommended, that’s why I’ve been working so little time.”

Yuuri nodded.

“So you're focusing on laws right now?” Yuuri wondered and Victor nodded.

“I think I can help people as a lawyer much more than as a politic.” Was Victor’s answer. “I am in charge of domestic cases. Juvenile law, marriage and adoption. Also child protection and family support.” And, obviously, divorces. But he wasn’t saying hell about that.


“It is. I'm not a powerful lawyer that makes thousands by scamming their clients inside and outside the courtroom, I'm not a bargainer either. I like fair wins and do whatever’s the best for the client and It’s family. It keeps food in my table and my bills paid but it sure gives me more friends I could want and people I can trust on. It's nice.”
“It sounds like it is.” Yuuri was resting his head on his left hand, the right one holding his cup of tea while the remaining muffins laid on the cooling tray at the middle of the table. He looked so calm Victor didn't want to move a muscle to avoid disturbing him, and he intended on doing just that.

“If you ever find yourself in trouble you can always call me. Even if I'm not your guy we'll find someone on the firm that might be.” He offered, sipping coffee.

Yuuri looked down and Victor immediately regretted his words. He had done just fine moments before. And he knew, although Yuuri didn't know he knew, because he shouldn't know, his neighbor was already having legal problems and just the kind he worked on. Saying something like that was rude, Ko told him they were struggling but the extent of it was something he wasn't aware of. He didn't say anything because it was supposed Kosuke hadn't told him anything, therefore he kept his mouth shut. Even if he had already slipped a bit.

“Note taken.” Yuuri said after a minute of dead silence. “And what do you do in your free time?” He asked instead, relieving Victor's worries just a bit.

“My work doesn’t give me much free time, I always have pending… stuff.” He laughed. “But to be honest I don't do much besides work and a bit of exercise. I run quite some but I rather use my time making little marathons of series and reading shitty over-dramatic book sagas.” He admitted, murmuring to keep Kosuke from hearing his cursing with an unforgiving smile.

“You're kidding.” Yuuri said suddenly.

“Absolutely not.” He said, biting his muffin and smiling goofily.

“I thought that, I don't know- I guess you seemed… I don't know.”

“Fancier? Classy? A rich bitch?” Yuuri laughed so hard Kosuke looked at him with unbelieving eyes while Victor snickered to himself. He loved to make Yuuri laugh, he made a little note to himself to remind him to do it again. Much more often.

“Pretty much.” He replied, unapologetically and blushing.
“I’m as mundane as anyone in the world, Yuuri. I’m nothing special.” Victor said back. “What do you do, then?”

“Well I’m on the public library book club but I think it’s been a while since I had a Young Adult paperback on my hands.” They both laughed again. “I like poetry a lot, tho.”

“Who do you like?” Victor had to know who to look up to if he ever felt like dropping some lines in his doorstep, he thought.

“Whitman, Dickinson… I absolutely adore Rumi. And Shakespeare, who doesn't like Shakespearean sonnets? Also all of the Brontë sisters, and well many Japanese authors that you definitely haven't heard about.” He sighed and smiled slightly. But Victor wasn't having any of that. He wanted to know it all.

“Tell me.” He almost whispered, looking at him with expectant eyes. He scooted closer to him, chair and everything, while he leaned his body from the chest up on the table. Yuuri now towered over him, smiling slightly as if Victor was a kitten. Also, Victor had to acknowledge Yuuri did not have a bad angle to his eyes. Even if his face seemed to be more round or his cheeks fuller from below, or if the curve of his lips was stronger from this point of view… It didn’t matter.

Yuuri had an uncanny way of always looking good. Somehow.

“Ono no Komachi.” Yuuri replied, his voice dropping an octave while speaking his mother tongue, even if it was just for names. It was so hypnotic and soothing Victor hanged to every syllable he said, expecting more and more. “Ise, Shiki, Bashō… Yukio Mishima, oh Mishima…” he pretended to hold his chest with flat palms against it and breathed deeply.

Victor looked at him and his heart pounded with mirth. Yuuri’s eyes grew bigger and his voice became faster, the passion he had for every name was beyond common. Victor wished he had that kind of love for something in his life. It seemed to color Yuuri in, in a way nothing ever could, making him basically blinding. He was far too beautiful for Yuuri.

“I’d love to read them, maybe leave sappy novels behind for a while.” Victor whispered, still in trance with Yuuri.

“I can introduce them to you anytime, finding their texts in English might be the real challenge here.”
That was something Victor might not have though about a moment ago.

“Maybe you could read to me.” Victor mumbled, meaning every word as he sat straight once more and took a long sip of coffee, delaying it so Yuuri could ignore his comment.

“I also dance, a bit. I work more on my stretching than anything else but yeah, *dancing.*” And he did, but instead he said something that caught Victor's attention much more.

“Really?” He asked, trying to get even closer to him with renewed interest on his cute neighbor.

“Yes...” Yuuri blushed. “I danced since I was a kid but I did it a lot on high school and kept doing it on College. I studied English Literature but the artistic scholarship was good. Few extra dollars to make ends meet every month for doing what I liked the most? *Sure!* I'd dance a lot but then I started working and I got married and then Ko came along... I dropped it on an almost professional level but I still sort of do it.”

Victor opened a new mental note tab to remind himself of dancing with Yuuri. Probably even surprise him at one of his classes (much later) in the future to see him. It was another happy thought to keep in check.

“I bet you’re really good at it. I mean, if you dance like you cook...” Yuuri laughed and Victor swore there wasn’t a way he could get over that heavenly sound any time soon.

“I’m a better cook, I’ll tell you that... But well, Kosuke's professor is a good friend of mine so he encouraged me to keep it up and even managed a group of adult ballet for a lot of frustrated dancers like me in the area. That's actually how Ko got into it. Coming along with me to my lessons when he couldn't stay at home and stuff. Now he's on his way to be so much better than I could've ever be.” He said proudly.

They looked over at Kosuke and Victor smiled. The kid sure looked like a dancer to him.

He was slender and compact, his height might be distressing for him but Victor could bet that even helped him a bit on jumps and twirls. Also, the way he ran and played with Makkachin? He needed quite some stamina and resistance to keep up with the dog, and she was still young. Now it made sense the way he would get on his tiptoes for almost everything and the weird-looking angles he would put his legs when laying around. Then he thought of a younger Yuuri doing just all that and
he felt an indescribable warm wash over him.

Victor was quite lucky.

“You’re a box full of surprises, Yuuri.” Victor said, finishing his coffee and wishing he had made it last longer. Now he had to leave even when he didn’t ever want to.

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An hour had passed and no one had moved at all. Yuuri felt like he was making Victor stay but then he saw how content he was and how interested he seemed into him and his son that he didn't have the heart to tell him he could go anytime he wanted.

It was weird, the way they fell into such an easy conversation as they stared deeply into each other. Yuuri was so comfortable he actually thought it might be one of his extreme daydreams where he spent most of the time. But how Victor caressed his hand and breathed close to him proved Yuuri it was all real. Kosuke had eaten with them and joked around, made Victor laugh and Yuuri smile widely with pride as his son became his old self. He wasn’t lying when he said Victor helped Kosuke to get back on track, with the simple talk and the good smiles that sometimes turned into snorts. Even when he left them alone, he had went over to cuddle with Makkachin in front of the T.V to whistle his favorite cartoon songs as Yuuri and Victor kept talking. It was as if their breakfast was something straight out of their routines and not some spite-induced invitation Yuuri made in a second of ridiculous bravery.

It was insane, the way everything seemed so perfectly in place.

And much more when lately, everything felt like a mess to Yuuri.

They could’ve stayed so much longer, maybe stretch it to going out for lunch or ordering something if they became too lazy to get up.
But maybe that would have to wait. Victor received a call and he had to leave to his office to get some papers for a client he had been working for. Even if the chat was nice and interesting, it had come to an end.

Now they were at the door; Makka already at the 35th with Victor holding back just another second. Kosuke was in front of his father, with his hands resting below his chin, looking at his neighbor as he put on his shoes.

“I had a great time, thank you so much for inviting me over.” Victor said, scratching Kosuke’s head and smiling warmly at him. “And thank you for keeping me in good company, Ko. Makka also appreciates it.”

“Iiyo!” He gave him a thumbs up and ran off to answer the phone he heard on the living room. That kid was certainly something else.

“He's great, I hope you keep letting him come over with us… Maybe you could come over, too.” Yuuri knew Victor had already mentioned it and even if he also knew he didn't want to pressure it, he had to mention it again because he meant it. And that also meant something for Yuuri.

“I might, one day.” He took a deep breath and opened his mouth to say something else but Kosuke interrupted him from the other side of the apartment.

“Otōsan! It's Frank.” He did not sound pleased at all, and probably he didn’t, too. He answered to his son in solemn Japanese, telling him to tell Frank he’d return the call later as his son just nodded before talking to the phone and hanging up not even a second before.

Now, where was he…?

“Listen, Yuuri.” Victor said abruptly, interrupting his thought. “I was thinking, I'd love to have you over anytime but maybe we can have dinner before? I mean the two of us. I really like Kosuke but you know…”

“Yes.” He cut him off. That was even better than anything Yuuri could’ve come up with. “I mean, hai! Sure, I'd really like that. Maybe this Wednesday?”
Yuuri was buzzing with excitement. Dating when the divorce was not even over sounded so ridiculous and inappropriate he was already disappointed with himself. But yet again, it was Victor.

Victor the nice, kind and good-hearted neighbor who was practically Kosuke’s sitter by now. Victor who let his son play with his dog the second he saw them and that had been nothing but patient and tender with Yuuri and his broken life. It was him, of all people he had known, who had made him want to go out again and do more than work and his son. Victor who was becoming the brightest sun he could ever find even on the cloudiest days.

If it wasn’t him, then who would?

“Wednesday sounds perfect. Does eight o’clock work for you?” Victor replied immediately.

“I’ll be knocking on your door, then. I’ve always wanted to try that new Mexican place a few streets down the block. I heard they had great Mojitos.” Yuuri blushed again and made Victor smile stupidly.

“I don’t have the slightest idea of what a Mojito is but if you want to go there then so do I. I’ll be looking forward to it.”

Yuuri could not wait a second more.

When he closed the door just as Victor turned to open his, Kosuke was already smiling hugely at him. Yuuri was sure he had that same expression plastered on every feature of his face and couldn’t even fake it. He had smiled and laughed so much more in those few hours than he had in all the week. There was a huge bubble growing on his stomach and it was probably visible since his son was staring at him with knowing eyes.

He didn’t even care by now.

He would just have to put up with Kosuke’s endless teasing for four days.

Yuuri could do that.
Victor practically floated back to his apartment, leaving Makkachin with her food and water bowls full along with an extra dog biscuit, she had been an extremely good girl and she deserved it. Victor flew on his way to the parking lot and turned up his radio so hard he couldn't hear anything but his own heart beating like crazy. He had it bad.

Chris laughed so hard at him at work Victor went red as a cherry, his client looked at him with a weirdly and didn’t say a thing, the Panera guy who usually flirted with him couldn’t even muster one of his cheesy pick-up lines after seeing him so happy and the landlady didn’t even complain about his poor parking skills after watching him swaying his way to the elevator.

It was that weird to see him enjoying himself.

Even if he looked outright ridiculous.

Victor came back later in the evening, jumping on the stairs back to his apartment and sliding through the hallway to his door. He wasn’t calming down at all so maybe he would go to a extra-long run without Makkachin to calm his nerves a bit. Or swimming. Maybe he could go to the pool to make himself breath steadily for a change that day.

He looked down as he reached his doorstep and found his coat neatly folded with his gloves on top and a paper bag.

He seemed to have forgotten his stuff back at Yuuri’s place, but looking at the muffins inside the bag and the little post-it with a fluffy Poodle clearly drawn by Kosuke made him forget about his own silliness for a second. He turned the paper bag and held back a gasp.

'It’s a date’ the bag read, along with some Kanji that Victor would later find out it spelled 'Yuuri’ in Japanese.
He would have burst into flames, if he could have.

Chapter End Notes

Iiyo! - Similar to "don't even mention it" or, "it's nothing!"

Also, I just googled random Japanese poets I'm sorry. BUT I might have or might have not projected my own favourite poets on Yuuri. I don't even know. Thank you so much for everything!!
Chapter Summary

Victor discovers the wonders of mint-infused alcohol and Yuuri wearing makeup. He is not sure how he will ever make it through midnight. If only he knew Yuuri barely even made it to the door.

This one was a challenge (and so much longer than expected), hope y'all like it! xx

Chapter Notes

Enter Phichit! Also cursing, mentions of alcohol and detailed descriptions of anxiety and nods to depression. Please be careful~!

Also, the title is just comic relief and I, as an anxious human being, found it to be somehow accurate (it had to do more with the mojitos than with the dates bc lol dates turn me into a crumbling mess)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri was so, so nervous.

“You literally don't have a freaking dress shirt that's not white?”

Yuuri looked up to Phichit and sighed, he was supposed to be there to take care of Kosuke, not suddenly become his personal style manager.

“No.” He said, flatly.

“Yuuri! You're going to look like you're interviewing the guy for a job and not trying to f-”

“I just saw Victor-san on the hallway.” Kosuke, perfect in timing as always, arrived to interrupt Phichit mid-sentence, much for his dad's relief.

“And?” Yuuri asked, suddenly eager to know what had the kid saw or heard.
“Not much, Otōsan…” he looked down and then ran to his dad, sitting in his lap and smiling hugely at him.

“Oof! Taiyō you're not that light anymore.” He said between laughter. “You’re getting so big!”

Kosuke laughed and kissed his dad on the chin.

“Victor-san had a bouquet of gardenias with a huge sunflower in the middle of it, it was bright and it had a pink ribbon with all this glitter and, Otōsan, it was so pretty!” He squealed and Yuuri blushed.

The mere idea of Victor getting into a flower shop was already endearing but mentally seeing him walking to his car and on the parking lot with a bouquet between his arms did wonders to Yuuri’s nerves. It was almost soothing. Yuuri suddenly thought of his neighbor’s hands around the stems of the gardenias and breathed deeply, the petals of his favorite flowers would look just perfect along with Victor’s skin.

“Gardenias.” Phichit laughed, pulling him out of his daydream. “How did he know you liked Gardenias.”

Kosuke kissed, once more, his dad on the cheek and ran off of the bedroom where his uncle was helping Yuuri get ready for the date.

“I might or might not have told him!” He said before disappearing. And, with a laugh, he rushed to his bedroom, letting both men startled, as he left to get ready for bed.

“He's super smart, what the hell.” Phichit laughed and scooted closer to his best friend. “I wonder who's getting luckier with Russian guy. Him or you, Mr. I-don't-have-nice-clothes-to-go-out-with-my-super-hot-neighbor.”

“Phichit.” Yuuri dragged the name and flipped over the bed, looking at the ceiling and rubbing his temples.

“For real, how can your students stand to see you dressed the same damn way every freaking day?”
Yuuri shrugged, even if his best friend wasn’t able to see him, and closed his eyes.

Since Monday, even his highschool students tried to pick on him and his insanely big grin after running into Victor at their building door. Kosuke had been long gone on the school bus and Victor managed to give him just the slightest peck on the cheek before Yuuri rushed to the train station. Then he practically swayed his way to class and not even the wolf-whistling of his sophomore students would calm him down. Then, on Thursday, he literally spent ten minutes of class talking about Victor and managed it to apply it to the day’s lesson. By Wednesday every student on all of his three classes was wishing him luck on that night’s date. If they ever thought about his poor fashion choices that was now irrelevant to Yuuri, he would never be over the embarrassment that he brought upon himself.

“I’ll just wear the baby blue sweater, then.” He mumbled, knowing the reaction his friend would muster in return.

“Over my dead body!” Yuuri chuckled, knowing that Phichit was rolling his eyes. “Hey, I’m asking now. Where are all the cute jeans me and Yurio got you for your birthday last year?” Phichit got up and knelt beside the bed stand, looking under it with his phone light.

“I burned them along with Frank’s baseball jerseys.”

“How funny, they were nice jeans you know you could've just- found it!” Yuuri groaned and Phichit got the green box, opening it carelessly to find over four pairs of neatly folded denim pants and a black mesh top. “Oh this is nice- a bit informal but...”

“It's not happening, don't even try it.” Yuuri got up and took the shirt from Phichit’s hands, throwing it to the other side of the room and breaking into laughter.

He tried to breath once more, his therapist had advised Yuuri to keep a steady breathing every time he felt nervous to prevent an anxiety attack, it had sort of worked out lately so he tried to focus on the pull of air from his lungs rather on the ticking clock on his night table. There were only twenty minutes to go before Yuuri had to go and look for Victor to his apartment, just like he said he would, so right now his major concern was figuring out what to wear. Otherwise, he would be late.

“I wasn’t even suggesting anything, Yuuri. C’mon now, relax!”

But Yuuri was absolutely far from relaxing.
The fears he had been putting inside a little, tight bottle on his stomach was about to explode with all his fears and nerves. How could he go out with Victor? He was in the middle of a divorce and Victor deserved so much more than this weeping mess who could not sleep at night just because how worried the court rulings seemed to him. Victor deserved more than a train wreck who purposefully avoided him for a week because Yuuri wasn’t able to face him without Kosuke on his side. And now he was having dinner with him? My the end of the night Victor would surely hate him.

“Then I guess we're ditching the ripped jeans, too.”

Yuuri, and the thoughts bruising his brain, exploded within a second.

“Yes. Yes we are. I’m 31 I can’t use this shit!” Phichit looked at him as Yuuri straightened up and tried to smile but the other just took a deep breath and held back a moan, that was when he knew his best friend did not mean any harm. “Phichit what was I thinking? I'm a guy who’s just getting divorced and who has a kid who's been hurting the last half year and suddenly I’m this guy going on a date with the only person who's made him smile since we left home and oh my God he's like fucking perfect, how can I…?"

Heart beating so fast he could not feel it, breathing erratic and harsh. Yuuri thought he was drowning in sand, breathing dust that settled in his chained chest as his face overheated and grew hotter and hotter with every word. He wasn’t screaming, he wasn’t talking breathlessly, and lightly enough Kosuke would never listen to him. He was saying every word so steadily that the only hint of panic laid on his unfocused eyes; which were moving so much for his stiff body.

“Yuuri-.”

“...and'm a fucking mess and I'm going to be so late for this he's going to regret inviting me and then I’ll ruin the evening and he’ll hate me! Why did I ever agreed to this, it's so crazy why would a man like him would ever want anything with me? What the fuck!? This is so wrong and I-”

“Yuuri…”

“That’s it. I’m not going... I’ll send Kosuke to tell him I’m not feeling well and... Oh god! What if he says he’ll come and see how I am? Shit, shit, shit…”
“Hey! Hey! Yuuri, stop. Breathe.” Phichit held Yuuri's hands and put one of his palms over his own chest. It had taken quite some time but ten years of friendship before told him how to help him with his anxiety. Phichit never had ever ran away when it showed up.

Yuuri imitated the breathing pattern he felt from Phichit's chest. The steady beating of his friend's heart grounded him, dropping from the worry sky he had been and letting him know it was okay. It hadn't been that much since he had his last breakdown and this was a minor issue he might have to explain to his therapist in a week or so, his anxiety was kind of getting better with time but that didn't mean it was a bitch sometimes. Having Phichit around was amazing, yes he was great with Kosuke and he kept everything calm and in order but to be honest before all that he was his best friend and his presence made everything slightly better. Easier, now.

A moment before Yuuri felt better, the tears that were prickling at his eyes had dried and the choking hold on his throat had relaxed. He focused on the warm feel of Phichit's hands and took one last deep breath.

“Are you dating the Russian guy because he makes Kosuke smile or because he makes you smile?” He asked, letting him go.

“I- I don't know. Both? Maybe?” He stuttered.

“That's not even a real answer. C'mon Yuuri, tell me. Is this just because of Kosuke?”

Yuuri shook his head, cringing a bit.

“No, no. No! I like him. A lot. He's kind and thoughtful and smart and yes the fact that he gets along with Ko helps a bit but that's not it. He- he makes me smile and he's everything Fr…”

“Everything Frank's not?” Phichit wondered.

“Yes!” Yuuri sat down again and took a pair of fitted dark jeans in his hands. “I'm chickening out because it had been so much since my last date but…”

“But…?” Phichit encouraged him to finish that sentence.
“But if I said yes on Saturday it was, it is, because I wanted this.” He looked at Phichit’s eyes, looking for the strength he always gave him. “Maybe… maybe the fact that I'm getting divorced does not mean I don't want anything right now. Maybe it doesn't mean I want to be alone- that I have to be alone.”

“Of course it doesn't! You talk wonders about this dude and so does Ko. Frank did you dirty but it's not only about that. It's about you and what do you want for your life and yourself. And to find it out you have to go on with your life and keep trying. Even if those dumb papers aren't ready just yet.” Phichit, who had sat down with him for a while, hugged him and slapped his leg a bit. “You're still young and beautiful and you have a whole life ahead of you. No one's gonna blame you for wanting something else and chasing it. Go out, have fun and let yourself be cared for. Even if it's just for a night.”

Yuuri smiled a bit, sighing as he nodded.

“Me, Yurio, Otabek… everyone’s so happy you’re back in the game! We tried to take you out for weeks and this dude appears out of nothing and in no time you agree to get Mojitos with him? That bastard…” Yuuri laughed loudly. “Are we going to get this pretty face of yours ready or what?”

“Yeah. Okay.” Phichit hugged him again as Yuuri mumbled his agreement. “Okay.” They both whispered.

“Besides you're one cute bastard he's lucky to get you into some dinner and a few drinks like honestly, who did he sell his soul to?”

Yuuri controlled his shaky laugh to a straight smile and showed Phichit the jeans he had in his hands.

“You think this and a silk shirt would work?” He asked, not so sure about it but still eager to try.

“That's the spirit!” Phichit kept looking on Yuuri's clothes as the other kept his smile in place. It was going to be okay.
Victor thought about giving Kosuke something to keep him from telling his dad about the flowers but he knew it wasn't even worth the try. Kosuke had a big mouth, even if it was non intentionally the kid was always some sort of spy for both sides so he figured it wouldn't matter if Kosuke saw him with the flowers. After all, it was him who told Victor to get Yuuri gardenias. And he did.

He went inside his apartment after winking at Kosuke, then Victor called Chris as soon as he laid carefully the bouquet down on the kitchen table.

“Hey Chris, just wanted to thank you for the rec on the flower shop. They did a beautiful job.” He said to the speaker as he contemplated the beautiful bouquet.

“Oh?” His friend answered over the other side of the line. “Are they for some special event?”

Victor laughed.

“I just got a date with my neighbor. The beautiful one I’ve was telling you yesterday?”


“Yeah right, shut up.” Victor walked to his bedroom and stripped from his jacket, taking the hundredth look into his outfit. “Hey, do you think a black dress shirt is okay to go on a casual dinner or is it too much?” He asked.

“It's not if you're wearing the Mandarin collar... oh! And you might want to roll up your sleeves a bit and maybe loose one or two buttons.”

Victor nodded even if Chris couldn't see him but he has to agree it was a better idea than changing entirely his outfit.

“Yeah, you're right. I was kind of thinking something similar.” He said as he did just what his friend had told him, but Chris did not know to know that. “Well I gotta go I still have to feed
Makkachin. Thanks again Chris.”

“Go get him, sugar. Don't fuck it up.”

Victor snorted, ended the call mid smile and rolled up his sleeves at the middle of his forearm. He sighed and looked again, the dark jeans were a bit more relaxed than he would’ve liked but its ends were neatly tucked on his combat-style boots for concealing. He wasn't going to wear his usual trench coat so he figured it would only make sense to switch things a bit for his date, hence the leather jacket. He was super excited and even a makeover did him good.

Chris was not only his boss and the owner of the law firm he was working, he happened to be his best friend and the first person he met when he arrived to America almost twenty years ago. He had him on a special place in his heart and cherished his friendship thanks to the time and all they ever went through together. They loved each other in a way he appreciated too much… But he also happened to be the best source to get date material he was now profiting from. If it wasn’t for Chris, Victor’s love life would be messier than his closet.

Looking over his shoulder one last time, making sure his ass didn't look invisible (a man with priorities, he thought of himself) and walked to the living room to fetch Makkachin. It was only a matter of minutes till he could see Yuuri again.

And he couldn't wait anymore.

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“I look fat.” Yuuri mumbled under his breath as Phichit slicked his hair back with some sort of special mousse he brought him.

“What the hell, Katsudon? You look amazing so shut the fuck up.”

“Encouraging as always, Yurio.” Phichit laughed and brushed the other Yuuri’s hair.
“Don’t call me that!” Yuri Plisetsky was on the other line of Phichit’s phone, he had called to know how was Yuuri doing and they ended up on FaceTime as they chatted either to distract Yuuri a bit or to cheer him up. That was what real friends were for, anyway. “Hey, Beka, tell piggy how good he looks.” Yurio shifted his phone, and Otabek, his boyfriend, took it as Phichit made Yuuri stand in front of the mirror so Yurio’s boyfriend looked at him. “You do look great, Yuuri. I’m rooting for you.”

Yuuri smiled at Otabek’s stoic face but he meant his words and that’s what mattered in the end. It wasn't like he didn't knew Otabek was like that, anyway.

“Thanks Otabek.” He smiled at the screen as Yurio entered it again. They were both looking at him with cheerful eyes, honestly expecting the best for their friend. “Anyways, are you sure this jeans don't make me…”

“Fabulous! Your ass looks great in those!” Yurio interrupted him and Otabek could only nod, making his boyfriend laugh as well as Yuuri and Phichit. There wasn’t much space for arguing over that fact.

“It does.” Phichit held him one last time and handed him his denim jacket. “It’s always good to change a bit. I still think you should've wear contacts but we made some progress with the pants. He’s going to drop dead the second he looks at you.”

Yuuri blushed and took his glasses, putting them on as well as the jacket over the white silk shirt his mother had gave him on his birthday some years ago. How did it still fit perfectly? He had no idea, but he was thankful for it.

Made of sheer white silk, embroidered with delicate green leaves at the sides, it was open to his sternum that showed a delicate gold chain with little assorted stars that went lost beneath the soft fabric to add depth to his slightly tan skin. Yuuri sighed. He wasn't used to be all dressed up but he was excited for the night and he couldn't wait to get with Victor.

It had been a while since he let himself go.

“Well you look ready so we'll let you go.” Otabek said and gave him a thumbs up, smiling a bit more. “It’ll be fine. Davai, Yuuri.” He sighed and thanked him. “He's a lucky MF, us Russians give great head by the way. Davai!!” And like that, Yurio ended the call with his boyfriend laughing loudly out of screen. Yuuri blushed and Phichit almost spit his water. Now Yuuri was even more
nervous, in a good way, and heavy headed than he had ever been. He blocked the phone to leave it on the bed as he took his’ along with his wallet and his keys.

“A work of art!” Phichit almost yelled as Yuuri walked to the door.

“Okay, fine, whatever.” He said mostly to himself, but still kidn of answering to his friend. “Let's do this.”

“Yesss.” Phichit dragged the ‘s’ and kissed his best friend on the cheek. “You got it.”

Then, there was a knocking on the door and Yuuri's heart dropped.

“Oh my God I was supposed to look for him.” He whispered.

“Dude, he's here ten minutes early. Chill…Maybe someone's eager.” Phichit winked at him and pushed him totally out of the bedroom, all the way through the living room, to the door.

“T'll die.” Yuuri was still struggling a bit with his voice.

“None of that. Kosuke! Come to say hi!”

Ko literally appeared in seconds, wearing a gray pajama set with rubber ducks and his trusty pink slippers, opening the door before anyone else could.

Yuuri was trembling, as soon as he saw his neighbor. Victor looked flawless in a black shirt and that leather jacket. His pale skin seemed to glow under the darkness of the layers of fabric and his ash blonde hair looked much lighter in contrast. His eyes- those arctic blue eyes that made Yuuri froze to his very core- sparkled as he smiled under the fluorescent light of the hallway and greeted everyone in front of him with a wave of his free hand. He was holding, indeed, a pretty big flower bouquet.

“Goodnight, Kosuke.” Was the first thing he said as none of the men inside the apartment said a thing.
“Holy shit you didn't said he was that hot.” Phichit mumbled and Yuuri hit him in the stomach with his elbow, still speechless.

“Victor-san! *Oyasuminasai*!!” Ko smiled and waved at him, distracting Victor and muffling the sound of his dad's voice. “Come in…”

“Shut up.” Yuuri mouthed, turning to him for a second to gather some bravery.

“Hey there, Ko.” They shared a high five as Yuuri turned to them again and watched how Victor squatted and took a bag of gummy worms from his jacket pocket. “This are for you, don't tell *Otōsan*.” He said jokingly as if Yuuri wasn't looking at them.

“No, no.” They both smiled and Victor stood up, Yuuri's eyes following every movement he did. He looked so handsome he thought he didn't stand a chance tonight.

“Hello, Yuuri.” His focus went entirely from Victor’s appearance to his voice, who smiled warmly at him as he rolled his name out of his mouth with such tenderness.

“Hi Victor.” He said almost breathlessly, clearing his throat, Yuuri gestured to Phichit. “This is…”

“Oh, hi!” His friend awkwardly replied. “Phichit's the name. Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, too. I'm Victor.”

“So you *are*...” He grinned mischievously and snickered at Victor's confused look. “Have fun tonight, we won't be waiting.” Phichit winked at Yuuri and took Kosuke by the hand.

“Do you want some, Victor-san?” Kosuke asked at him as he offered some gummies, looking expectantly at him.

“No Kosuke, I'm fine. Enjoy them.” He replied kindly, smiling charmingly at his son.
Yuuri was being totally crushed by his son on the race to their neighbor’s heart.

“Okay we said only to say hello you don't need to be the host of the night.” Phichit pulled him as they both waved to the other pair, almost fleeing the doorstep by Phichit’s intervention.

“He talks about you all the time. I don't know who he likes more. Me or you.” Yuuri said, scratching his nape and smiling widely at him.

“I would like you more.” Victor answered. “Actually, I do.” He looked down at the flowers and then back to Yuuri. “This are for you.” He handed the bouquet over to him and bowed just enough to kiss his cheekbone.

Yuuri took the flowers as his heart skipped a bit, he couldn't help himself to avoid smelling the Gardenias; the aroma of the bouquet was so nice and real he thought they were freshly picked. He looked up at Victor, who definitely had him wrapped around his finger, and almost forgot all the mess he had made getting ready for this very moment.

Whatever had happened inside his bedroom was definitely behind him by now, it wasn’t part of that moment when he thought happiness and excitement would take his life any moment now.

“They’re beautiful, thank you.” He took Victor's hand and squeezed it as he spoke. “I love Gardenias.” He said as if he did not already now, and yet he did.

“Kosuke told me so. I owe him more than just gummies.” Yuuri didn't want to let go of his hand, Victor's thumb was rubbing against his knuckles and held him tight in place. Almost as if he didn't wanted to release him either.

So they stood there, hand in hand with nothing but a dozen Gardenias and one huge Sunflower between them. But it wasn't in their way as a wall, it resembled more to a bridge that either of them could cross and kiss the other again. In the cheek, in the nose, on the lips. It was nothing but a matter of decision. And maybe, bravery.

It was their first link of intimacy, somehow.

“You two are going to be late for your dinner!” Phichit's voice broke the spell as Yuuri's eyes reached the clock on the wall. Like Cinderella before midnight, he realized they had to hurry or
they would lose the reservation he had made earlier in the week.

“He's right.” He mumbled as he let Victor go. “Let me put this in water so we can go.”

Victor only nodded, still in trance, and Yuuri turned his back to him. It was the last time they were interrupted like that, he said to himself.

Although it seemed more like a promise.

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Phichit held Kosuke tightly as they looked over Yuuri and Victor, almost hugging themselves anxiously as they stared at each other like the universe had just disappeared and it was nothing but the two of them.

“Kiss himmm.” Kosuke whispered before he had a hand over his mouth, shutting it tightly.

“Zip it!” He was told.

Moments later Phichit couldn't help himself, he had to scream at them before things got hot and steamy and possibly not safe for work. There was still a child for God's sake, he still considered it family hours!

When they left he released Kosuke and smiled widely at him.

“So, what?” He asked him, looking down to his cute face and placing his hands on his hips. “Would you like to have good ol’ Vic as your new daddy?”

Kosuke blushed and Phichit had to laugh. He was Yuuri’s son and mirror through and thorough.
“Wouldn't mind.” He mumbled, cheeks pink and lips pouting. “Like him better than stupid Frank.”

“Hey! You kiss Otōsan with that mouth?” Phichit laughed once more. “Although I won't say anything because you're right. He is stupid. And smelly.”

Kosuke chimed in delight.

“The smelliest.” He agreed.

“Well now let's cross our fingers and hope the best for Dad and his new friend~”

“C'mon Uncle, I know they're boyfriends.” He turned around and made his way to the living room.

Phichit was shocked, that kid was far too much for his age.

“Not yet, Ko. Not yet.” He looked over the closed door and crossed his fingers over his chest. “Pretty please, please.” He whispered softly under his breath. “Let him have it this time. Be good to him.”

Phichit didn't know who he was talking but prayer had been never more fitting, he though.

Victor took Yuuri to the underground parking lot, he would've rather walk to the place but it was getting, in fact, late, and they had to hurry up and bit so they could get to the restaurant in time. He almost went dizzy when Yuuri told him he had made a reservation on Tuesday, it wasn't a big deal but the interest lingering on that action was enough to set Victor's hopes a little higher. Now he was driving through the southern part of town, holding Yuuri's hand with his right as the left one gripped the steering wheel with confidence. There was a comfortable silence that didn't need to be broken, as the two watched Seattle move in blurry motion around them.
Yuuri was looking at him; he knew but didn't dare to meet his gaze since it was possible it might get them into an accident. He was looking like a god-damned angel and Victor, since he saw him on the door, couldn't look anywhere away from him. It wasn't until they got to the car that his eyes had to be somewhere else even if he didn't want to. He looked far too good, precious with the white shirt and the golden chain lacing his throat elegantly. His face glowed and not in a metaphorical manner, he was pretty sure there was some enhancing makeup to blame for his erratic breath. The light on his cheekbones and the darker than usual eyelashes gave away the secret of Yuuri's multiplied beauty, along with that faint and barely visible silver eyeliner.

Victor couldn't handle it at all.

“So how long have you know Phichit?” He asked out of nothing with a sudden urge to hear his voice again, almost as if it was to check he was still there.

“Since college. I came here when I was eighteen with my parents after they sold our Onsen– a bathhouse, in Japan. They established on California and I came all the way to Seattle to study. I was actually aiming for Detroit and its institute of arts when I was still considering dance as a career but I didn't meet the deadlines so I moved here to study English, as I told you. Phichit applied for the same career and that's how I met him, although he dropped on second semester and tried again with History. Now he's making a huge Thesis on the influence of Asian culture on modern history. It's amazing, actually. It's for his major.”


“I did. I won't tell you the title because I'm ashamed of it and…”

“Oh, Yuuri~” Victor fake-pouted and caused him to laugh. That was the most heavenly sound Victor knew.

“It's terrible, really. But it was about Japanese imagery in universal literature, focused on English written work but yeah, something along those lines.”

“Interesting. I was far too lazy to write a thesis when I finished studying law but now I kind of wished I had.”

“I can tell.” Victor got in front of the restaurant and rushed to go out and open Yuuri's door before the valet service could.
“Thank you.” He whispered as Victor smiled at him and gave the Valet boy the keys to his car, filling the service sheet.

They headed to the entrance and Victor stopped Yuuri on his tracks.

“Wait.” He mumbled, adjusting the collar of his silk shirt so it fitted under the denim neck of his shirt. “That's better… I didn't say anything before but I have to, now. You look absolutely gorgeous tonight, Yuuri.”

He bloomed under his words and Victor held him in place to admire the sight of him, almost shining in flush pride.

“For your eyes only.” He whispered back and kissed his jawbone once more. The touch as tender as the one he had received on his kitchen four days ago.

Victor moved his face and he was now kissing Yuuri on the forehead, smiling as he did so.

“Let's get inside.” Yuuri replied and Victor could only nod.

He was in for a long night.

Yuuri wasn’t even thinking about anything. Victor was making him laugh so hard his sides were hurting. He had made him taste the mojitos and now Victor was down on his third. And they weren’t small exactly. They had been in the place for over an hour or so and after some tortilla soup, an awful lot of guacamole, salsa and chips they had settled into sharing a big barbeque (carne asada, Yuuri had learned to pronounce) between them.

They were shining in their own bubble of happiness, even if some other guests were throwing them
weird looks and one of the waiters looked at them like if they were crazy. Yuuri didn't care. They didn't care. He was having the best time he has had in quite a while and nothing could beat their cheerful mood, he knew he deserved this.

It was just what he needed.

“I’m telling you! You're missing out the whole Seattle subway experience…” Yuuri sipped his margarita and smiled at him. “It's a really nice place to meet people.”

“Is that so?” Victor's pierced into him as if that was meant to mean something.

Yuuri laughed again.

“Not like that! But yes, actually that's how Phichit met his ex-boyfriend.”

“On the subway?” He asked, flowing with the joke.

“Yes! They' were great together even if we thought he wanted to kill us… in the end he went back to his country, he was another Asian guy trying to make his way over here.” Yuuri sighed. “It's not like we won't miss him but we soon will find someone like him.”

“Do you have a big community here?” Victor asked as Yuuri nodded. “Because I'm pretty sure I've known every Russian in the city and we're like six, counting me in.”

“That can't be! Kosuke's ballet professor is Russian, too. And so is the director of the Seattle ballet, I've known them for years…” Yuuri tried.

“I know them. Yuri Plisetsky and Lila Baranovskaya?” Yuuri opened his eyes widely and nodded frantically.

“Told 'ya!” Victor laughed in triumph, downing his mojito. “I said what I meant and I meant what I said. I know every Russian from Seattle to D. C.” Yuuri ate a piece of meat dipped in salsa as he rolled his eyes.
How small he made the world sound.

“Okay so you’re much more of a minority. I get it now.” He sighed and swallowed slowly “We're a lot, on the contrary. I mean we've been here since the gold Rush and even if the Chinese were the first ones now there are from basically every other country. We still struggle a bit but we do what we do best, staying quiet and working till it pays off. It has worked pretty well for me. There are people who have it worse, so I rather keep my head down and help them instead of making a mess.”

“It’s kind of the same for us.” Victor stretched and took Yuuri’s hand, splaying it open and fidgeting with his fingers as he spoke. “Though he have to be much more quiet and… discreet? Y’know being Russian in America has never been easy. And now…?”

“It depends to which party belongs whom you're talking to.” Yuuri whispered and Victor held back a choking noise.

“Well played.” Yuuri didn't move an inch as Victor caressed his hand and fingers, until he stopped on his ring finger and stared at the almost invisible mark were the cheap band used to lie.

Yuuri sighed heavily, he had been delaying this conversation for quite a while, even if Victor didn’t mean anything with his touch it held certain significance for Yuuri.

He pulled his hand and cleared his throat, shoving a forkful of fried beans to his mouth as he chose his next words carefully.

“There's something we need to talk about… well, no. There's something I need to tell you.” Yuuri said a moment before, watching how Victor moved closer to the table, as if he wanted to reach closer to him, and nodded. He was patient, Yuuri noted. He had time to tell him everything and Victor's disposition to trust he was being heard.

“I'll be listening.” He answered.

Yuuri took another deep breath, his heart heavy in his chest as he felt his hands go sticky with sweat. He tried to take another breath but suddenly there was something taking a hold of his throat like it did back on his apartment and he couldn't find himself able to utter a word. He went red, he felt it, as he gripped his silverware with both of his hands, the edges and curves digging into his
“Yuuri.” Victor called him, stretching again and rubbing his knuckles against Yuuri's clenching fists. “It's alright. You don't have to tell me now. I'll wait for you. I will.”

Yuuri lifted his head and his eyes were met by Victor's, his orbs shining with assurance as he breathed again and dropped the silverware. Nodding, he took Victor's hands too and smiled wearily at him. That mare action brought him peace, gave him strength.

“It's okay.” Victor told him again.

“I'm... I'm just getting divorced. It's been half a year since the process started but I'm not... totally single, let's say.” He squeezed Victor's hand and felt relief wash over him when he squeezed back. “And you, as a lawyer, must understand more than anyone else the awkward position I'm in right now. He's an asshole and he's making it harder and harder for me and Kosuke. So it might take time until I'm, well, free again.”

“T... o be honest Ko had already told me something... Just a bit enough to understand.” Victor told him.

“Of course he did, that little monster.” Yuuri smiled again and Victor nodded.

“That was last Saturday, when we had breakfast... And I still asked you out and I still knocked on your door ten minutes earlier because I couldn't wait to see you and I'm still here thinking you're the most beautiful person I've ever seen... And I'll still be here for a while. Because I care about you... And I am willing to wait, just for you.” Yuuri tried to say something but his mouth was shut tightly, there wasn't a word coming out of his lips anytime soon. “Because I like you that much.”

Yuuri was right; he knew it then and there. The course that his life had set for him wasn't one that had its finish line on loneliness at all, and he might not know where it actually was but for now he could take Victor by the hand on his way to it.
It took them another hour to leave the restaurant, walking slowly to the valet lot as Victor asked for his car. He tipped the boy in advance and opened Yuuri's door before anything else. His head was still buzzing with what had happened moments ago but that didn't mean he couldn't handle basic chivalry notions.

As they drove their way to the apartment building, Yuuri tried to apologize about his panic fit over dinner but Victor stopped him a sentence before by taking his arm and kissing each of his fingers and knuckles with tenderness. Almost as if he was praising his hand, he whispered softly to him to stop. It didn't matter, he said to him, he understood.

Now they were about to park, with Victor's hand in Yuuri's thigh as the alcohol swayed them into a drowsy state of calm. Victor was fresh like a daisy; he obviously knew how to handle his alcohol and the food certainly helped him to keep himself sober. Driving was nothing to worry about and tomorrow he wouldn't have to nurse nothing but an uncomfortable thirst. Yuuri hadn't really drunk at all; just a couple of Mojitos and the rest was pure frozen lemonade.

But by the way it bubbled, the simmering feeling of satisfaction, projected on their chests and the freedom provided by the night, he could tell they were both just content.

It was still enough for Victor to let his thought loose, reminiscing Yuuri’s laughter and his shiny face underneath the warm lights. The way his shirt hugged his waist and those jeans his sinful hips just right. He let his mind wander around Yuuri’s legs and the way they kept brushing against his’ beneath the table. Because all he could think about was Yuuri.

And yes, dinner and, obviously, the confession he tried to make.

When Kosuke gave him the slightest overview to what was happening in his family he had never thought it'd be like that. It clearly upset Yuuri and law thinking aside it was far too complicated for just the two of them. He knew how complicated divorces could get, nobody ever played fair and there was dirt flying from both sides of the case every damn time. The way it worked Yuuri up, making him breathless and in the verge of crying gave away how he fought against everything he had inside himself concerning to his actual situation and it also made Victor feeling not only sorry but angry for him. How could anyone ever treat someone as amazing as Yuuri like that?

But, yet again, he was naïve enough to invite him on a date. Because he was way too gone for this ridiculously gorgeous man who deserved more than petty lawyers and exhausting court visits.

Victor turned off the car and sighed deeply, squeezing Yuuri's knee before going out quickly to open his door. He offered him his hand as Yuuri held it and pulled himself off of the car. They
didn't let go the other.

“I really enjoyed tonight, Victor. Thank you.” He said as the door was closed behind him and he leaned on it.

“Me too, it was lovely.” Victor reached out to hold Yuuri’s face with his free hand, his thumb absentely rubbing his cheek. “Thank you, too.”

Yuuri took a deep breath and moved his face to kiss Victor's neck, making him short-circuit for an instant as he looked up at him.

“I have to go to court on Friday and then it's my ex’s monthly week with Kosuke. Maybe you could stop by for breakfast on Saturday?” He asked against Victor's palm, eyes half closed and voice just under a breath.

“Absolutely, dragotsennyy.” He replied. How could he deny anything to him? “Want me to get anything?” He wondered.

“No, I'll take care of it. I'll have Kosuke go and get you and Makka when everything’s ready.” Yuuri let him go and Victor Pulled him again to hug him by the waist, holding him just like he had wanted the whole night.

“I can't wait.” He told him.

Chapter End Notes

Translations.
Mon chérie (french) - My darling
Oyasuminasai (japanese) - Good night
Dragotsennyy (russian) - Precious, jewel (endearing)
Carne Asada (spanish) - A MEAT HEAVEN-MADE PARADISE.

Sorry but I'm not sorry for the slight political innuendos, I could not control myself lmao
aLSO, I showed so little of the date? It was more about Yuuri’s internal debate and worries?? More character background??? Yet again, I am not sorry.
A Fight Worth Fighting

Chapter Summary

Yuuri realizes he has found many reasons to fight for what he loves, for what he wants, and for himself. He sees now he's not alone and that he never had been.

Chapter Notes

A Yuuri-centric chapter!

Thank you everyone who keeps reading and commenting, you're encouraging as HELL! Also,
I hope you guys like this chapter as well!!
All the love xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning Victor went out to work he felt a light tap on his foot. Facing down he found a bentō box with another poodle drawn on a sticky note and a little heart in it. That was all, no message this time or date invitation along with it.

Yet, when he opened it several hours later with the same grin he had when he saw it on his doorstep Victor felt his entire self going on shutdown as he saw the small heart-shaped onigiri in the middle of other sides that made up a whole meal.

His face was probably redder than borscht and his grin might've transformed into a full idiot smile as he heard Chris wolf-whistling besides him.

“You've got it bad.” His best friend said to him.

“You think?” But his tone wasn't mean or even sarcastic, however it was a question that needed no answer.

For Victor knew, and quite honestly understood, it was even worse than it seemed.
The days flew by, a week passed and Victor stopped once before Saturday to take Kosuke on a walk before he had theatre rehearsal and to give Yuuri his bentō box back with a stick note that read “Спасибо”, surrounded by tiny hearts in some glittery pink pen.

When he left with his son, Yuuri clutched the box close to his heart in what seemed as a hug before he carefully pasted the note to his fridge in the very center of the freezer box. He admired it lovingly for a second and carried on with his exams revisions as he sipped Oolong tea with a goofy smile.

After his date with Victor, they finally exchanged cell phone and landline numbers along with personal mails and Facebook accounts (even if Yuuri had already stalked him thoroughly, thanks Phichit) before parting ways. Now they had been texting frequently, just like they were in that moment, as if they didn't really see each other.

His phone rang and he looked at the text he had just received. Laughing over Yurio’s dramatic capitalization, he obeyed him and called to his cell phone while marking the errors on Barnes’ essay.

“Hey Yurio, thanks for helping me with Kosuke tomorrow.”

“Stop calling me that!” He laughed and his friend sighed. “It’s fine. Good luck, by the way. Now, spill that tea I bet my ass you’re drinking and tell me how did it go with the other Russian.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes, he told him and Phichit everything when they met the next day for dinner after Kosuke went out of Ballet class. One of Yurio’s protégés had to take his last two classes but of course he had not cared at all.

“I already told you.” He said.

“Yeah but Ko was here so you told us the safe for work version. I want the details!” Yurio almost purred the last word.

“You made a bet with Otabek, didn’t you?”
The other side of the line was silent.

“Let me guess, ten bucks I would get drunk and kiss—no, grind on him?” Yuuri was definitely blushing as he said so. He got… hot when drunk and maybe his friends didn’t trust him that much.

He just heard a tiny ‘tsch’ from Yurio and he laughed.

“Well I did not! I told you the safe for work version because the whole date was safe for work, nothing happened besides what I said to you guys!”

“You guys?” Yurio’s tone was not convincing at all.

“Hey Phichit, how’s the mani?” Was Yuuri’s answer.

“Damnit Yuuri!” His best friend shouted and Yurio laughed once more. “You’re good, Katsudon.”

“I’m not, you just told me about salon date on Monday and I cancelled yesterday because of the essays I had to review.” Yuuri took another sip of tea. “And, unlike you, I actually remember shit.”

“Oooo, you’re swearing! Kosuke’s not home?” Phichit asked, so he was on the speaker and both Yurio and him were close to the mic.

Yuuri took a deep breath, choosing his next words carefully.

“Victor took him on a walk with his dog.” Yurio screeched like a banshee and Phichit just yelled ‘OH MY GAWD!’ before he heard the dry sound of a metallic chair against the floor and Otabek’s voice very far on the background. “Guys I had already told you he does that! Frequently!!” And the mess repeated itself once more, making Yuuri laugh as Otabek approached the mic and apologized to Yuuri before calming down his boyfriend and friend.

“Wow, he’s trying hard to be Ko’s new daddy.” Phichit said after a while. “Or yours…~”
“Phichit!”

“He totally is, great guess right there Chulanont.” Yurio was back on the call now.

“Not you, Yurio… Hey, what’s Otabek doing on your salon appointment?” He tried anything to change the subject.

“He dropped us here and found a friend from work and they were talking until, well… that. Anyways! What are you not telling us?”

Yuuri looked at his watch and decided to end the call, but he had to answer first.

“Nothing! He… he’s just amazing. I kind of told him about Vicchan and I opened up a bit about Frank and how all this is bothering Ko and… And he took it surprisingly well. He’s doing wonders with my Kosuke. And I’m pretty sure it’s not out of pure interest, he cares about him, too.”

His friends stayed quiet on the other side.

“And Ko likes him just as much so… why not? It’s good for them. For me.”

It took them a while to answer back.

“That’s sweet as fuck.” Was all Yurio could say.

“Yes…”

“Well, that does it. For now. We’ll let you alone, good luck with those essays!” Phichit said at last. “And for tomorrow! Everything will be fine!!”

“Thank you, Phichit. Take care.”
“Just good energy for tomorrow! I’ll see you and mini Katsudon later. Keep it up, Yuuri. You’re doing just fine!”

And as they said goodbye, Yuuri felt all kinds of goodness bubbling up in his chest. His best friends kept calling to check on him and making sure he knew they were there as his neighbor, friend and potential boyfriend took his light and life, his son, to a relaxing walk with his lovely dog to give Yuuri not only a bit of time for himself but some focus and concentration on his job.

And even when Yuuri looked over at his agenda, with an uncomfortable court meeting lurking on the “tomorrow!!” slot as if it was meant to ruin his mood… he felt unstoppable. It was all okay, even if there were broken pieces lying around he was still lucky to be doing so fine, like Yurio had said.

It didn’t matter he felt an uncomfortable pressure weigh on his shoulders as he saw the court reminder once more, almost trying to make him hang his head. But it couldn’t because after that day he had breakfast with Victor and his beautiful son, and later in the week a school trip with his best class and lunch with his best friends. He had his own family, broken but good; friends that were with him no matter what and a job he loved and enjoyed with passion.

And all that was worth ten hours inside a room with a judge and his ex.

With that set in mind, he reminded himself how capable he really was. He could sit there on a stiff wooden bank and look at the judge with a perfectly stoic face that could’ve been Otabek’s as he heard the lawyers do all the barking. Even if his ex tried to talk (or scream) at him, he would never look at him while he waited for the seconds to pass by. He could do it over and over if all of that meant that, in the end, he could have his breakfasts and dates.

He could, and he would.

It was going to be okay.

Kosuke stayed for an extra class with Yurio, stretching more than just half an hour for good measure as he watched the Juvenile class twirl around the classroom with their uniform. Ko’s class, the Junior (group A), did not wore uniform just yet so it was exciting to see everyone move perfectly coordinated wearing the same exact clothes.
“Elizabeth what the hell was that *developé*?! Do it again!”

Well, *almost* perfectly coordinated.

Kosuke looked at his professor and hid a smile as he winked at him. He wasn’t even *half* as bad as he seemed inside class.

So he just laid there, eyes closed, chest flat against the floor and legs wide spread against the farthest wall, looking at the group twirling and jumping in unison as he silently prayed for his dad to bear with Frank.

He prayed he would leave him alone, he prayed for his dad to be strong as he did every day. He was praying like he always did for all of this to be over, for Otōsan to smile more often like does now and for him to laugh and talk with him and Victor-san. He prayed for the two of them together, as it helped his dad be who he used to be.

As it made *himself* who he wanted to be.

If he prayed strong and loud enough, uncle Phichit had said, every angel and god in the sky would listen to him and they would help him to make his wishes come true. They would lead the way for him to do what he wanted.

So he did, because even if he was on that smelly dance studio listening to the same song for the sixth time, he and his angels were with Otōsan just as he knew his dad was with him. Always.

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Yuuri came out of the court room *buzzing* with anger, his ex was crying all over again over Kosuke's custody and filed a complaint over unfair share of it that might pass to dispute and discussion once more.

And there was not a way in *heaven or hell* he was letting him have Kosuke more than he already
In fact, if he whined once more, he was going to take him away from him for forever.

And that was just below the fucking D. C. house issue.

“I'll be picking up Kosuke tomorrow at three; mom's arriving from Texas at four so I want him to be with me at the airport.” Frank hissed at him as he passed by with his lawyer by his side. Now his crocodile tears have dried and he was back to his usual asshole self.

“He better be ready, Katsuki.” His lawyer finished his client's threat and gave him a warning glare.

“Shut it Leroy!” Sara, Yuuri's lawyer, replied. “Stay on your damn lane!”

Yuuri looked at his ex-husband walk away with a shit-eating grin, swaying almost victoriously as he entered the elevator and gave him an arrogant glare, attorney Jean-Jacques pretending not to see Yuuri’s vicious prosecutor by his side.

God he hated those idiots.

“What do you think we should do next?” He asked Sara, sighing deeply as he rubbed his temples. He was getting a bitch of a headache.

“We'll keep the custody the way it is, believe me. If not, we’re downing the week to a week end. The judge said he couldn't manage that much time with Kosuke and that she didn't encourage a babysitter so we'll push once more with his daily schedule and the alcoholism, I called last Wednesday and AA said he has missed three meetings in a row. I have him cornered.” She spat.

Yuuri almost smiled, she said every word injected with quite some venom.

“I bet you do.” He replied.

“I'll get back to you tomorrow in the afternoon so I can sort out the house thing before next time.
Okay?”

“Sure. Call me if you need anything else.”

“Sure, Yuuri. Hey, do you want a ride? I'm picking up my girlfriend and you're building’s on the way.”

He nodded.

“Yes, please.” Yuuri sighed. “Thank you so much, my head's pounding like a bomb and I might take the wrong train home like this.” They walked over to the elevator and Sara buried her hand into her bag, leaving the briefcase in the floor while de doors closed.

“I imagine. Frank was being twice the jerk he usually is, today. God I wanted to throw him my freaking laptop. I was pretty sure if the judge held him once more we would've gone to recess without touching the pension plan.” She took out a little red box that jingled as she showed it to Yuuri. Sara opened it and took out a little yellow pill. “Here, Mila gets them for me when my head hurts from work. It's some sort of aspirin with caffeine and a numbing, it does wonders.”

Yuuri swallowed it with the remaining tea he had in his thermo and helped Sara with her briefcase as they walked out of the court.

He was overthinking every single thing that had happened at the room, going over every insult and scream that he received and that repeated itself week after week. He just wanted all of this to be over so he wouldn't have to see Frank ever again in his life. Yuuri was so tired all he wanted to do was to get home and sleep until he basically passed away for a week or so.

And he probably would.

“Solnyshko?” Yuuri lifted his head immediately, almost getting a headrush as he saw Victor approaching to him.

Now that was almost better than a week of sleep.
Sara snatched her briefcase from his hands and rushed to her car on the other side of the street without saying anything, yet Yuuri saw her smiling mischievously at him as she did so.

“Hi Victor.” He whispered to him, if he raised his voice an octave he would cry from the pain.

“Hey beauty, you’re okay?” He tried to meet his gaze and even if Yuuri wanted to, he wasn’t so sure about letting Victor see him so defeated. “How are you?” He asked once more. “You look…” Victor brushed Yuuri’s hair, making them connect eyes. Yuuri gave up, he didn’t want to hide anything from him.

“I am now.” Yuuri whispered the answer to the first question. His head was still ticking with every heartbeat but seeing Victor there, almost out of nowhere when he needed him the most, helped his morals a lot.

“You look tired.” He finally said as he looked at him with deep concern.

“I sort of am, but I’m fine thank you.” He blinked hard and tried not to stare at his gorgeous neighbor in a full suit. “What are you doing here?” He asked instead, to distract himself.

“I’m just here to check something over with a judge of a minor case in dealing with, it’s nothing too important but I decided to do it today before, well, tomorrow. Unless that’s postponing, you look like you should take a break… maybe we should leave breakfast for some other day.”

Yuuri shook his head, the only thing keeping him from doing anything stupid was the promise of a better tomorrow with his son and Victor. He went through that whole trial because of it.

“No, no. I’ll be fine, I’m heading home right now. Sara, my lawyer, my friend, uh- well she’s taking me home and Yurio, I mean, Professor Plisetsky is getting Kosuke home for me and well, it’s okay I promise.” He stuttered the whole phrase, making him feel kind of dumb but the soft look on Victor's eyes soothed all of his worries far, far away.

“Are you sure?” Victor’s hand was still cupping his face, thumb caressing his jawline and eyes looking for some sort of answer on his eyes. “At least let me bring McDonald’s or something… You shouldn’t cook.”

“And trying to keep Kosuke from knocking on your door by seven with something else than
cooking?” Yuuri smiled wearily, but endearingly, at him. “I’ll be fine, Victor.”

He smiled once more at Yuuri and kissed his forehead, one arm draping over his shoulders and leaving his lips glued to his skin as he softly spoke.

“Ohay then, I’ll be waiting for Ko… At nine.” He snickered and kissed him once more. “Be sure to get a lot of sleep today, and maybe more tea. Take care, Yuuri.”

And he swore, Yuuri could assure with every bone in his body, that he felt his headache numbing to nothingness as Victor released him.

“You too.” Was all he said to him before smiling a bit and feeling his worries evaporate for a second with the look of love in Victor's face.

He did not know it, but that was exactly what he needed to see after a Court Ruling.

There were things worth fighting for, he reminded to himself as he got into Sara's car.

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“He's so hot I might turn bisexual or something!” Sara laughed as she drove out of downtown. “That's what I call an upgrade after silly, boring, average Frank.”

“That's so mean.” Yuuri laughed a bit, too. His headache had actually became tolerable.

“Oh Yuuri, I'm so happy for you. This is great! That guy looked at you as if you were the one that puts the stars in the sky…” Sara giggled once more, she looked like she had enjoyed his run into victor more than he did.

Yuuri blushed and looked down to his knotted fingers, smiling slightly to himself.
“Did he?” He wondered.

He didn’t do it for the answer, though. He was asking because he wanted to hear it.

“Yes! You two are too cute.” Sara did a little dance on his seat as the music flowed inside the car. “I'm all about getting over Frank in a sec! Moving out, meeting a super gorgeous foreigner just like you and getting the hell on with it! This is so good for you!”

Yuuri looked at Sara, she was not only his lawyer but one her closest friends from college. She was sweet and intelligent and she took Yuuri's divorce case in a second without thinking it. So far she was doing a great job and having her by his side in such a hard time was worth the world. And now, having her rooting for whatever good was in his life right now was also priceless. He wished he could do more for her, she was so good to him and Yuuri appreciated her deeply.

She had always been part of his struggle, but now he was also joining him on his joy.

And that was just life, finding more and more ways to remind him that every step under the rain and darkness was only meant to help him find the light he always had within and around. It was just life, making him find all he needed to keep walking, one foot after the other just as days kept passing by.

“Yes. Yeah, I think it is.” He said, breathing over his scarf.

Sara looked at him and winked, he knew there was now someone else watching his back as he followed his desperate heart into unknown land.

Having her and everyone supporting him, he knew he wasn't going to stop.

Chapter End Notes

So I KNOW we all love Kosuke so OF COURSE I added a tiny POV of his' bc he's cute as shit I love my son- I mean, Yuuri's son. Also we're getting super close to know Frank totally. It's okay if y'all hate him already bc I've always done. He's the worst omfg and, yes Kosuke's right, the smelliest! Thank you for reading!
Translations!
Onigiri - Rice balls (with stuff~)
Bento - Easy and essentially simple packed meals
Borscht - Beef and beets turned into soup (mainly)
Спасибо - Thank you
Solnyshko - Sunshine
(i love food im sorry)
Victor, Kosuke and Yuuri share another breakfast but this time they're not entirely alone.
It doesn't go as smoothly as it had before.

Enter Yurio! Like, in person... bc we've seen him on facetime and well, y'know.
Hope you like this chapter ! ! xx

Victor came back to Yuuri’s apartment from a small walk with Kosuke and Makkachin. He had done his full grocery shopping the night before so he didn’t really need anything; therefore he took Ko and Makka to the park near the church three blocks left.

As they walked the stairs back to the third floor, Kosuke yawned and scratched his eyes.

“Didn’t sleep much last night?” Victor asked to him.

“No, Yurio, professor Plisetsky, was supposed to take me back home after class but instead we went to his boyfriend’s place to have dinner. It was nice but I think we spent more time than necessary playing Just Dance.”

Victor held back the laugh he felt in his chest as he imagined the one and only Yuri Plisetsky dancing frantically to some lousy pop song in front of a T. V.

“Did you have fun, at least?”

“Yes! Yurio is far better than professor Plisetsky. And Otabek, his boyfriend, is also great.” Kosuke handed Makkachin’s leash back to Victor and yawned once more. “I think Yuri’s still asleep on our couch, he crashed there after dropping me at night. He threatened Otōsan to stay until Frank gets here to pick me up so he could kick him on the face or something like that.”
They both laughed much more loudly this time, getting to their floor and walking once more to the 37th apartment.

Victor wondered how Yuri would look now, it’s been an awful lot since they saw each other so he figured out it would be kind of awkward but still nice. He missed the kid, sometimes.

Ko opened the door and made his way to change his rain boots to his trusty pink slippers.

“Ohayōgozaimasu, Victor.” Yuuri’s voice flew straight to Victor’s chest, warming him much more than any sweater could ever.

Yuuri was wearing a soft navy blue turtleneck sweater and those goddamned black yoga pants that did wonders to his body but absolutely no good to Victor’s self-control. His white sneakers let just a peak of creamy tan skin and his face was glistening with a mixture of sweat and steam. That just added more proof to Victor’s theory that his neighbor, indeed, never stopped shining. He was wearing a gray V-neck shirt underneath his worn College sweatshirt and a pair of even more worn fitted jeans. While Yuuri looked like the cutest professional, he probably seemed like a old wannabe student.

Yet, he did not care.

“Ohayō, Makka.” The dog barked and followed Kosuke into the bedrooms.

“Morning, Solnyshko.” He took his shoes and left them on the rack below the desk besides the door. Yuuri reached him and took his coat and gloves for him, Victor bowed and kissed his temple.

“What the fuck, Katsudon?” Victor turned around and saw the actual Yuri Plisetsky on white tiger print leggings and a black knit sweater.

“Not now, Yurio.” Yuuri groaned as he separated himself from Victor

“You’ve grown so much, Yura.” Was everything Victor was able to say as the Russian tornado got to him, smiling tenderly as if seeing a younger brother after so much. That had been practically family before, after all.
“Well I can’t say the same, can I?” He had outgrown Victor by quite some inches and he was actually considerably tall, so Yuri looked huge in comparisson. His golden hair flowed to his shoulder blades in pristine amber waves and his emerald eyes kept glaring at him like he had the first time they ever met. His chest had broadened and his shoulders seemed wider, the once slim legs were now more strong and powerful, and yet he still moved with an unmatched grace and elegance.

Victor just rolled his eyes.

“Now tell me, how the hell you ended up here after five years of upper-class bliss on Foxhall Village?”

Victor opened his mouth to answer and jumped in surprise at the image of Yuuri dropping a metal box full of chopsticks to the floor.

“You lived in Foxhall?” He asked breathlessly as he picked the contents of the box and took the hand Victor was offering to raise him.

“For a while, when I was studying. I lived there with the coordinator of my career.” Victor told him.

“Yakov, Lila’s ex.” Yuri completed for him.

“God, it’s a small world.” Yuuri muttered and went back to the kitchen to stir something on a frying pan.

It was.

“So?”

Victor realized Yuri was expecting an answer, so he gave it to him.

“It’s not that complex. I finished studying, Chris invited me to work with him and so I said spasiba to Yakov and that was pretty much it. Here’s close to work and not so far from the courts, it’s a pet friendly building and the rent is very affordable. Plus the landlady is super nice so everything works out.”
“And now you happen to have an insanely cute neighbor to f—”

“Otōsan! Can you come?!” Makkachin came back and rushed towards Yuuri, like he was actually fetching him as Kosuke asked for him.

“I can’t believe you still have that Mutt.”

Victor glared at Yuri, pretending not to see his Yuuri’s blushed cheeks and shook his head while exhaling. Yuuri gave them a small smile and went to his son.

“I haven’t even kissed him properly.” Turned out to be his defense, rather than talking about Makka.

“So I’ve heard.” Victor looked at him harder, not sure of what that meant but he tried to ignore it. Yuri snickered and moved to the kitchen counter to grab a cup he downed in a second. He saw the leather backpack on his feet and assumed he was about to leave. “Whatever, baldass.”

“You haven’t changed a bit, am I right?”

Yuri was about eight years younger than Victor, lingering on the verge of twenty seven and flawless as ever. He had been a promising rising star of the Russian ballet, a prodigy some would say that conquered the dancing world by a storm in his sixteenth birthday, but a month after turning seventeen he had a career ending injury that held him from professional dancing ever again. He moved to America some years before to get premium treatment but it was useless, whatever Medicaid he had received then was useless. They had done everything they could in Russia. Then Lila followed him and that’s how Victor met them. He helped them with the settling and living arrangements for some time until they could manage themselves. Victor meant every word when he said he knew every Russian on the state. Later, Lila married Yakov in no time and the four of them shared a roof for some years. They all had grown closer in time, Lila was like an overprotective but caring mother and Yurio was Victor's little brother he never wanted- but there they were, so much time ago it seemed like a century back in time.

“I like to say I’m true to myself.” Victor rolled his eyes, again (pretty much like he used to when they lived together) and Yuri stepped too close to him. “Listen, I’ve never done this before but after Franked fucked up Katsudon I’m not taking any chances. If you ever hurt Yuuri and, or, Kosuke, I’ll be sure to rip your head off of your neck with one single kick straight to your throat. And I will. I’m out for douchebag blood.”
So much time it now seemed Yurio could kill him despite old time's sake.

“I would let you, gladly.” It was all Victor was able to say. He did not have any intentions to mess this one up.

“Good. He’s all head over heels for you already but I’ll put you six feet under the second I hear you messed the hell up.”

When Yakov and Lila divorced, like two kids following their favourite parent, Victor and Yuri parted ways in amicable terms and ended up losing touch eventually. He kept studying and living with Yakov and Lila and Yuri carried on with the Seattle Ballet like they had always done. Yuri turned to teaching as he found out his true calling, even if that seemed hard to see, and studied pedagogy to apply it to his dancing classes. It seemed life had been good to him, after all.

“Oh I'd love that, it smells so good…” he whispered.

“Yuri, are you going to stay for breakfast?” Kosuke asked as he got into the two Russians, pulling the youngest by the sweater and smiling up to him.

“So you are?” Kosuke gave him puppy eyes and even Victor felt like melting.

“No, little Katsudon. Beka’s taking me to a picnic. Can you believe it?” Yuri took Ko in his arms and lifted him like he didn’t weight a thing. “That sweet sap.”

Kosuke laughed.

“But you like him, so it’s cool.” He replied, looking at his green eyes.

“It is.” He kissed his cheek and put him down. “I better get going, he’s waiting for me downstairs on the bike… You still owe him that ride, by the way. I swear that man has a crush on you, baby boy.”
“Told you, Otōsan!” Ko blushed but ignored it, he turned to his father and Yuuri shook his head.

“You’re not getting anywhere close to that death machine, Taiyō.” He replied. “And for all that I care he might have a crush on Otabek, too.” He said jokingly.

“Wouldn’t blame him.” Yuri took his backpack and walked to the door.

“I do not! He’s my best friend.” Kosuke turned to Victor. “Tell them, Victor-san!”

Now he had another little one to look after. Only much younger and sweeter, who might not be quite like a brother but still important now that he had made his way into Victor’s life and heart.

“A match made in heaven.” He laughed at Kosuke’s distressed face and brushed his hair out of his face. “Now I feel betrayed, your best friend? I’m getting kind of jealous, Ko.”

He just groaned and walked dramatically over to Makkachin.

“Oh, Makka. You’re the only one that understands me, aren’t you? You don’t judge me. Grownups are too much.” He said again his fur.

Victor couldn’t help but look over at him and then at Yurio, who was leaning on the doorframe as he looked at Kosuke, too. It seemed as if there were centuries between the two of them but it wasn’t that much exactly, and yet Victor felt like he had missed so much of one’s life he didn’t want to miss a second of others’.

“Say bye to Yurio, Kosuke!” Yuuri told him.

“Bye Kotenok! Say hi to Beka from me!” Kosuke screamed back and Yurio laughed, they seemed to know each other very well.

Victor knew he was easily attached to the ones he knew and much more to the ones he cared about, and he as very aware of it. Yet there wasn’t much to do about it.
“See you Monday, mini Katsudon.” Yurio looked at Victor and smiled slyly. “I'll deny it as soon as I step out of here, but it's kind of nice to see you again, baldass.”

Of course some things never actually changed. And that gave Victor some comfort.

“Take care, Yura. See you around.”

He left and Yuuri closed the door, turning to Victor and still blushing. It seemed like that red color never truly abandoned his cheeks. And Victor loved it.

“So how well do you actually know each other?”

Victor smiled lovingly at him and sighed. There was much to tell.

_________________

When Yurio and Victor saw each other, Yuuri swore hell would break loose. Of course his friend had told him he knew his neighbor. But he never told how much they knew. Now finding out they lived together in the past was quite a shock, sometimes Yuuri forgets that there’s a lot behind every person he meets. So when they shared that kind of stare, like they knew it all and they would use it in their favor, Yuuri almost freaked out.

But then he remembered it was Yurio, one of his best friends and Victor, his neighbor and… whatever they were. So it was fine.

‘It is fine.’ He thought to himself as he turned off the rice steamer. Yuuri's initial idea was to make Victor his famous waffles but then Kosuke suggested they should make him some traditional Japanese breakfast…

For them it was nothing special since they had it mix and matched almost every day. When Yuuri was married he neglected his own traditions and costumes to please his ex-husband's Western preferences even when Kosuke loved so much his culture. He was born and very early raised in a Japanese children's home until he was sent to the United States to a family that he never even met. Yet he remembered perfectly everything about home and it made sense he would rather have miso
and rice any day before cold cereal and yogurt. So when they moved out Yuuri swore to himself he
would never do anything that he didn't want to, his priorities were now Kosuke and yes, himself.
And that pretty much included their much loved traditional breakfast.

Yuuri loved the idea and he took Kosuke to Chinatown earlier in the past week in search of
ingredients before dropping him at the ballet with professor Plisetsky so Yuuri could go to his
Japanese college classes.

And that was immediately the day after his first date with Victor.

Now he was putting all kinds of pots and plates on the dining table as Victor and Kosuke sat down.

Since early in the morning Yuuri had been cooking a bit of everything so Victor could taste it all
and tell him what he likes the most for future reference, hoping there could actually be a later.
Kosuke would gladly eat anything and everything and so could Yuuri, now the overflowing food
table was proof of it but it was actually all for Victor.

That was another reason why he declined that McDonald’s offering. Kosuke didn’t even like it but
he wasn’t going to say that just yet.

There was rich miso soup, steamed have rice and natto. Yuuri grated ginger, chopped burdock root
and cubed tofu around a plate with some raw eggs, he even fried another one for Victor and a bit of
boiled Hamachi fish. Kosuke made him get wakame and daikon that he would serve on small cups
so anyone could add it to the rice or the soup, just like the soy sauce and a bit of rice vinegar. Yuuri
also got soy milk and fresh mandarins along with a box of assorted desserts for later. The kettle
was ready and the tea bags settled, the place was warm with cooking steam and smelling like pure
joy.

“Ko, teach Victor to say Grace while I pour the water for the tea.” Yuuri told him as he went for
the kettle.

“Hai!”

Yuuri smiled as he saw Kosuke explaining grace and teaching syllable by syllable how to
pronounce it and what it meant. The mumbling of their voices made its way to him as he walked
back to the dining room.
“Itadakimasu.” Kosuke said as his dad finished his tea.

“Ita-dakimasu.” Victor followed, making Ko smile with pride at his student. He had softened a bit the final particle but it was much better than anything Yuuri had heard before, making him smile even more.

He poured water to the remaining cups and left the kettle on a far corner of the table before saying grace himself.

“Eat up!” Kosuke yelled cheerfully, raising a fist in the air before hoarding the miso and fish.

Yuuri listened carefully to Victor as he told him how he met Yuri and Lila, the story barely merging with his own arrival to America. It was all so intricate and interesting Yuuri felt he was listening to one of those radio soap operas his mother loved to hear when they got to the States.

But by the way he was telling it all, Victor did make the world was just as little as he said it was.

He knew his focus was entirely on him, just as Kosuke’s as he barely touched his food. He was far too interested on the story but it was also Victor’s hand trying to put his rebellious fringe behind his ear every now and then, or the gestures of his fingers and the gesticulations he would make every now and then. It was the little pouts those pink lips did and the smiles it would muster every time he remembered something in particular or when Kosuke said a joke of his own. It was the soft expression on his eyes and the look they gave Yuuri as he asked questions and tried not to think too hard about Victor’s foot rubbing against his calves. Sure, it was amazing to get to know Victor even more but the way he was telling the story had more to do with Yuuri’s undivided attention rather than the words that made it up.

Then Yuuri explained to him why he called Yuri ‘Yurio’ and what ‘katsudon’ was. He promised Victor he would cook it for him one day and then Kosuke told the story of why he called Yurio “Kitty” (it had everything to do with Otabek doing it all the time) and how he wanted to be just like Madame Baranovskaya in the future. Not like Yurio, no. Like the one Madame Baranovskaya.
They laughed over breakfast, finishing everything there was on the table and talked about everything they could imagine. The weather, their weeks, Ko’s rehearsals and classes. They made each other laugh with silly faces and little jokes as their conversation flowed swiftly into homeworks and jobs. Victor told them about the most beautiful sunsets he got to see when coming back from his afternoon jogs and Yuuri said his favourite thing about their apartment were the sunrises he got to see on the mornings when he was preparing breakfast and lunch. Kosuke said he preferred the summer middays when Seattle was actually sunny and he could bathe on the light at the parks. The adults also teased him endlessly about Otabek but it totally backfired as Kosuke asked about their date last Wednesday, complaining he was never told anything. Both Victor and Yuuri evaded the topic by offering him Mochi and Manjū. When he kept pressing after swallowing a whole bite-size cake Yuuri shoved a slice of green tea Yōkan to his son’s mouth. He swallowed once more and tried again.

“Victor-san! Help me.” He screamed between laughter as Yuuri held him by the chest and tickled his sides to keep him from talking.

“Oh why don’t you ask Otabek to come and get you?” He replied with extra pettiness.

“I’m sorry Victor-san! You're my new best friend!” Kosuke yelled in reply. “Just don't tell him! Please, Otōsan! Mercy!”

“You just learn to stay out of other people's business and I may forgive your soul!” Yuuri replied with a fake grunt, making everyone laugh even more.

“I will! Sorry!” Kosuke’s laughter was uncontrollable. “Sorryyy~!”

Then there was a knocking on his door and Victor gasped.

“Kosuke! Let's see who gets the door first!” And just as Yuuri released him, they were both rushing the short distance to the apartment door. Ko made it by nothing but a millimeter and still Victor took him by the waist and raised him before opening the door.

“Not fair! I won!” He wasn't even resisting Victor, he loved being held up by him and he couldn't even think about getting back to the floor. Victor’s arms were strong and steady and made him feel safe.
Yuuri was now laughing so hard he wasn't breathing. Victor was great with Kosuke and his son just *loved* that man, they got along perfectly and the scenes they ended up making up were worth every damn second. He was enjoying himself probably too much.

“Yeah well life's not fair.” Victor told him, now really turning the doorknob and pulling it.

And then everyone just dropped silent.

By the doorstep there was *Frank*, glaring at Victor like he just spitted on his face.

Yuuri’s laughter had died and now his stomach wanted to crawl out of his body in embarrassment. There was the utter personification of everything he *despised* about his past life and himself. Messed up standard blonde hair, dark freckles and a stitched lip, Frank stood there wearing a dumb and old Texas starter jacket with baggy jeans and a pair of permanently askew glasses that Yuuri knew exactly how they ended up that way.

Kosuke was now on the floor but he decided to stay behind Victor, holding the man’s leg, instead of running back to his dad like he usually would. Yuuri didn't know how to take that but he was too busy getting nervous about the stare get-down his neighbor and ex-husband were having.

“You said you'd be here at three.” Was all Yuuri said as he got up. He did not know what to do now.

Chapter End Notes

I just??? Love Otabek?? So much??
y'all can BET Kosuke's the way he is because of Otayuri exposure. I can assure that.

Translations!
Ohayougozaimasu (japanese) - Good Morning
Ohayo (j) - 'Morning!
Kotenok (russian) - Kitty/Kitten
Spasiba (r) - Thank you
Hai! (j) - Yes!
Itadakimasu (j) - I humbly recieve (this meal)
Chapter Summary

Yuuri's ex appears and brings his past to the surface where he presents it to Victor, his decision is not only surprising but comforting. Victor happens to become his rock.

Chapter Notes

/ / T W / /
Please be aware there is a NEW TAG that reads "Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-Con", I did not add it on the Archive Warnings bc I did not think it would be necessary, this is bc every single reference on this subject is only mentioned on THIS chapter. We dig in a bit into Yuuri's past, his marriage and there's also a scene were we see it but it's NON-CON, never Rape. Yes, both are horrible and disgusting but there's a difference which I wanted to state and mention before we dive into the chapter. This is hard, yes, but it has to be adressed.
Also, yes. I am using this narrative as a plot device but let's remember that this is fiction and of course me, the author, does NOT tolerate and defends AT ALL this kind of unacceptable behavior. I will always condemn it and so should you, we're not tolerating any kind of non-consensual activities ever.
Hope you like the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Obviously, Frank pretended he didn't see Victor at all.

“Well if you actually used your fucking phone-”

Makkachin barked and Frank almost growled like the animal he was, staring at the dog who seemed now alert, pretty much like everyone else in the room.

“Don't say bad words at Otōsan!” Kosuke hissed at him, red in the face and clenching Victor's shirt.

“Hey boy.” His face changed entirely, just like it always did when he would address the kid, looking at him and still ignoring Victor. “C’mere, let's go. Grandma's got you some presents!”
“She’s not my grandma.” He moved even closer to Victor, gluing himself to his leg. “You said three! It's not three!”

“I had to come earlier, I'm sorry.”

Fuck he was sorry about shit.

Kosuke had been probably the first person to make Yuuri realize the mess he had put themselves into. When Yuuri pretended everything was fine because he was not brave enough to face Frank and his behavior, it was his very own son who complained and said they should be separated. It was no secret he never liked Frank no matter how much he tried to make Ko like him. Therefore, it was kind of obvious he would also be the first one to call Frank on his shit.

And oh, he did.

“Kosuke go get your things, Victor will go with you.” Yuuri said, he would handle Frank as his son got ready.

“And who the hell-”

“Victor Nikiforov.” Yuuri almost smiled at his neighbor's hardened accent, pressing every syllable as if he had arrived from Russia ten weeks ago and not ten years. He towered over his ex by almost two heads, just like with Yuuri and barely bowed his head when talking to him. “Yurachka’s neighbor. We haven't met before.” He extended his hand to Frank and he barely looked anywhere else but his eyes when he held it to shake it.

Yuuri now couldn't hide his smile as his ex's face scrunched up in pain while Victor pressed his hand. When they let go he could clearly see the red color it had turned in a moment.

“Shall we, Mal'ysh?” Victor looked down at Kosuke and he nodded frantically as he took Victor's hand and pulled him into the bedrooms. Makkachin following them both as the sound of the door closing filled the silence there suddenly was.

It had never been this quiet since they moved out.
“You already fuckin’ some Russian?” Frank spat at Yuuri, almost erasing his small smile.

“Shut up, Frank. Ko’s going to hear you.” Was all he said without even looking at him and focusing on the dirty dishes on the table.

“So you are.” Yuuri remained just as quiet as he was used to in court. “Now he wants to be the daddy of my son? Fuck no. Kosuke's mine!” He snapped like he always did and got so close to Yuuri he felt his stinking breath on his neck. Sara was right, he had been missing his AA meetings.

“He's not your son anymore. He won't be at least by the end of the month. In less than two weeks you won't be able to see him ever again on your fucking life, Judge’s going to let me have him all.” Yuuri stood up to him like he had been lately. In the way he had never done it before.

Frank breathed heavily and spit on Yuuri's skin as he spoke.

“And then what? You're going to have this shit boyfriend of yours take care of him? Raise him? Like if he actually cared?”

“He cares. He's been better for Kosuke in a month than you ever were so shut up and back off or I'll get a restraint order on your ass.” Now Yuuri was having the stare down with him. He pierced those dead brown eyes with all the anger and hate he felt, he was going to make sure that idiot felt all he felt.

And it wasn’t despair anymore. He did not feel hopeless. Now he was strong and all he ever wanted Frank to feel was the pure, unrestrained, revulsion he had been bottling up.

Then he looked back to the table and started picking up, taking the plates and some cups to the sink in several trips as his ex stood there, almost lifeless. Yuuri started to rinse the dishes as Frank suddenly followed him again and stood behind him. His arms made their way to the counter border and gripped it until his knuckles went white, water splashing into his hands.

“That's how you move in after me? The fucking best you'll ever have? The most you deserve? A stupid ass Russian goof?” Yuuri wanted to throw up, it was the first time they had been practically alone in so much time he was actually scared. He was strong, yes, but not senseless.
“That’s none of your fucking business. You’re not saying what I am worthy of anymore.” He said, clenching every muscle in his body as Frank got even closer to him. His groin was aligned to his butt and his stinky breath made it to his nose.

“You’ll never have Ko for yourself.” Yuuri felt Frank grinding on his ass and his mouth too close to his nape, lips almost touching his skin even if Yuuri tried to push him away. It wasn’t the first time he went through this shit but his son and neighbor were on the same place as him, he wasn’t alone like he used to so Yuuri could not face him the way he did.

Loud and unyielding.

“Stay away from me.” Yuuri told him. But Frank didn't move an inch, he was also taking advantage of the situation.

“What’s he giving you? Does he pays your rent? Is he getting all sugar daddy wit’cha and your bills?” His hands creeped over his belly, the one he used to insult, to his chest. Trying to grope him. “Do you suck him and give him breakfast for a few extra dollars or what?” Yuuri was pushing his forearms with his elbows, swallowing down the bile gathering on his throat as he tried to keep Frank away. Then, one of his hands tried to hold his hair but Yuuri pushed him back with his hip on a swift swing and then hit him on the shoulder with his open and wet palm.

“I said stay the fuck away from me.” Yuuri wasn't having any of his shit like he used to, he never did and he wasn’t starting now. If he got out of home the second things went out of control it was because he was no one's fool and now he had everything on his side to make Frank leave him alone. “I’m finishing you. Forever. You're going to cry on the fucking courtroom next week. I'll take everything away and you're going to cry like the sore, whiny loser you are.”

They were both smart enough to keep their screaming and fighting under their breath. They had been doing this shit for quite some time before Yuuri left and neither liked to raise gossip so they had it down all the time.

But now, it wasn’t about that.

Yuuri stared at him one last time and walked hurriedly to his son's bedroom. He wanted to cry so badly but he ended up knocking on his door and breathing deeply. He put on his best neutral face as he made his tears dry with the hem of his sweater.

“Come on Kosuke, it's time to go.” He said with a voice filled with pain, that was something he never became able to control. Yuuri knew his son didn't want to go, but there wasn’t much to do.
He also knew his son hated Frank as much as he did, but he had to give in for now. They had to. He knew. He knew. But there were sacrifices they had to make before changing anything.

It was only a matter of time, and patience.

Victor opened the door and tried to say something, and then Yuuri attempted to interrupt him but Kosuke did just that as he hugged him tightly.

“Can't I stay?” He whispered his voice cracking.

“Taiyō…” And he started to talk to him in Japanese, his words of comfort flowing for them both as he hugged him back. Victor's hand was rubbing Ko's scalp and hushed his crying softly. Having him right there was the only thing keeping Yuuri from crumbling apart.

He looked over at Victor and felt his chest overflow with emotions. There was the tiniest of the smiles on his lips but his eyes were concerned and focused, his nose slightly scrunched as in deep thought and the hand caressing his son’s head was trembling. He was there for the two of them, as a vital pillar that would stay in place to support and hold them no matter what. Victor was there and he felt him.

Yuuri was so, so thankful for him.

“Kosuke it's getting late.” Frank's voice interrupted the three of them, making them break apart as they walked over to the doorstep again. Where he was waiting for Ko.

“It's going to be alright. Stay strong.” Yuuri whispered to him once on his native tongue, kissing Kosuke on the cheek.

“This is America. We speak English here, so you're talking to him in English when I'm with you.” Frank blurted lamely.

Kosuke gave him a death stare, saying how awful he was in Japanese and Yuuri cursed at him in the same language. Victor said something in Russian that Yuuri might've not quite understood but definitely did not sound nice, and then proceeded to talk, probably, shit about him non-stop. Going to his knees to finish tying Kosuke's laces, making the kid smile (even if he knew how) and kissing him goodbye one last time, huffing some last insult as he hugged the kid.
“Dasvidania, Malys.” Kosuke smiled slightly and told him goodbye, too.

“Bye, Victor-san. Tell Makkachin goodbye from me.” The dog had stayed on his bed and Victor nodded.

“Bye bye, Taiyō. Take care and be good.” Yuuri kissed him once more and hugged his son before letting him go.

Frank had to erase his idiot face after being harassed in two different languages he barely knew, and kept staring at them with a dead face. He didn't understand hell and Yuuri knew that that only affected him and his ridiculous ego. He was stupid, after all, he just needed to feel like one more often.

Kosuke walked past him to the hallway and Frank followed without saying anything else.

The second the door closed behind him, Yuuri broke down into a crying, crumbling mess.

He had held it together, but the reality was that he became tired and that it was easy for him to break down when everything he despised and feared appeared into his sanctuary, his safe space, to disrupt everything. That was worse than any other thing he could ever confront.

He felt dirty, untouchable and unlovable just like he knew Frank intended him to feel. Even when he understood none of that was real or true, he still sensed it as some sort of alternative reality to the one he tried to build for himself. To the one he was actually living in. He still felt the ghost of Frank’s hands on his body and his presence behind him, almost chocking him with the feeling of helplessness he was drowning in.

He had broken down the second Frank got all rude and dirty on him but the dam on his head held it all until it was overflowing with pain and fear, impotence and desperation. It cracked with the sound of the door and that was more than enough to drown Yuuri on his own emotions. And he didn't have the strength to swim anymore.

But there was Victor.
Victor who held him and kissed his wet cheeks, tender and asking as he did so while his refreshing
smell of red berries and rain water coated the air he was trying to breath so desperately. He was
there, whispering to his ear in compassionate Russian and holding him to make him feel secure.
Victor, who had a lifesaver for him to keep Yuuri safe… until he had the will to float by himself
once more.

“\[\text{I know him since College.}\]” Yuuri muttered as he held Victor's arm tighter, walking so slowly
across the street that he could swear he felt all of his leg’s muscles moving along with every step.
“I did not think back then he could be such an idiot.”

Victor had held Yuuri in his arms quite some time since they met but not as long and sad as a
couple of hours back in his apartment.

He had him there, where he always had wanted him but in the worst of the times. He was crying,
defeated and small against his chest where he couldn’t even look at Victor. He seemed ashamed,
embarrassed and still was not able to move away or send Victor home. It was more than obvious
that Yuuri’s need for him to be there was bigger than the unnecessary humiliation he was feeling.
And if Yuuri wanted him there, there wasn’t a chance in this world for Victor to move away.

He would hold him as long as it was necessary.

Victor had never felt so powerless as Yuuri, his sun in the sky and stars in the night, cried his heart
out on his chest. Then, the tears stopped and his neighbor started to speak Japanese breathlessly,
getting red and turning himself into a little ball on the floor. Luckily, Victor recognized a panic
attack when he saw one and was able to help Yuuri through it until he was falling asleep on his lap
from mere exhaustion. It was tiring and both looked suddenly wrecked but there was no one as
broken as Yuuri and Victor did nothing but the right thing. He took him to bed, held him on Yuuri's
own request, and stayed with him until he had fallen asleep. Then he silently got up and did a bit of
cleaning on both the kitchen and dinner room.

It had been such a perfect morning, with one of the most amazing meals he ever had with two of
the best persons he knew that the thought of it being ruined was practically inconceivable. How
could anything alter that sense of calm, of joy, of belonging?
Yuuri's ex was what.

“He's Texan, from a little town rich in petroleum that gushed his family in money and riches, but I never thought of him as conceited or selfish… Not then, at least. He studied marketing and frequented the places I used to go with my friends so we became kind of close.”

Whatever Victor expected him to be, all that wasn't it.

“We didn't got together until one year after I finished my studies. And hell followed after. We dated for almost two years and then I went to Japan with my family to help my sister and her newborn daughter; we broke up for the best.” Victor nodded, telling him without words he was listening to each one of his’. “At least I thought it was the best.”

“How was it when you dated?” Victor dared to ask.

“Normal, nothing out of the ordinary. We were a pretty normal couple. I liked him, though I never loved him.” Yuuri mumbled. “It comfortable and easy, even when we fought it was what you’d expect on a normal couple fight and we made up the way anyone would. There wasn’t a single change between us, ever.”

Victor just hummed, Yuuri was one of those persons he deserved any epic love. Movie-like, straight out of a best seller book, epic… In feeling. Something exciting that made his stomach turn on the good way, that made him walk lightly and smile dumbly all the day. A love safe and true but that made him feel like he could have the world anytime, something endearing and passionate, worth the late nights of work so he could go back home and crash into his lover's arms; worth the kisses and the hugs, worth a thousand smiles. A love that could be remembered.

Not… not simplicity.

So he just hummed, not saying what he thought. Victor just hoped he could be the one ho made him feel that way.

Because that was what Yuuri did for Victor already.

“It was even a bit boring, I didn’t break up with him before because I had grown accustomed to what we had.”
Yuuri woke up by the time Victor had finished and as soon as he was back on his bedroom, his neighbor started to rant about what had happened when he was with Kosuke on his room. Victor wanted to throw up just like Yuuri had told him he wanted to, too. Then he had to gather all the restraint he knew he could muster to keep himself from going after the bastard to skin him inch by inch.

If was hard to hear it, Victor didn't even want to think about how it was to go through it.

“He ran after me some weeks later and said all this bullshit about me being the love of his life and whatever the hell he could think about just to keep me by his side.” Yuuri seemed to cringe with every word. “He met my family and there was all this pressure around me to just- to get the hell on with my life and I asked him to marry me just because I wanted a kid so badly after seeing my sister and her baby girl all happy and it seemed he was there and that I could just be with him for the sake of having the family I so desperately wanted and he, of course, had said yes and it seemed I had it all but- whatever the fuck, I was being stupid. I did not know a thing.”

Then Yuuri cried again and started to say rubbish about how sorry he was and how ashamed he had been the second he saw Frank in the door. His desperation was leaking from every tear and it made Victor hurt deeply. He was there, kneeling at his bed while Yuuri coughed and babbled, more and more lost with his anger and frustration he thought he was making Victor uncomfortable and even tried to stop until he told Yuuri to go on, to let it all out.

Of course it made Victor uncomfortable but just because he seemed so alone and in such a pain he did not know what to do… Bu the truth was that there wasn't a thing he couldn't stand for that man.

“We came to America a few weeks to get married on the town hall with his friends and mine, and of course I convinced him to go and adopt a kid. We were only granted the foster care of Kosuke because he was getting too big to be on the state Orphanage, and because I was Japanese just like him. We had everything arranged and suddenly I, dumbly, felt my life was complete.” Yuuri squeezed Victor’s arm and he bowed to hiss his head.

They kept walking, the words lingering between them until Yuuri spoke again.

“We were living in D.C but we moved to Seattle as soon as we got him. We helped him with his English with a private teacher, friend of mine as I did my part too. It was easier for him with my Japanese but I couldn’t manage to be all the time with him so my friend helped us, too. I started working at the Northern Community College and Frank was in the head department of communications of a local enterprise. Things, I thought, were fine… Even if Kosuke missed one school year we all managed to settle properly very quick. One year later and it was as if we always lived that way.”
Victor crawled over the bed and over to Yuuri, sitting down next to him until he finished talking and crying once more, then Victor did the only thing he could think of: Saying he didn't care about anything but him and Kosuke. Whatever came along was worth resisting and nothing was bad enough to push him away at all, he would help them any way he could.

Yuuri would have cried again if it wasn't for the phone ringing on his TV room.

“We made it through another two years but it was something meant to fail, to burn, crash and break sooner than later- and it did.”

Then the two of them came out of the apartment, in the afternoon, walking hand in hand with no special destination as Yuuri started to talk, telling him what he was listening now.

“I started working more at another school and he got all crazy for it. I even had to drop my dance classes for him back then because he thought I was cheating on him. He lost it every time I got home later than usual or even if I didn't answer his calls. Kosuke followed me around everywhere and Frank though I was taking him with me and my 'whatever’ to keep him from seeing Frank. Then he started to act even weirder, I did not realize, or fully comprehend, what was happening because I was too worried taking care of Ko.”

“Weirder… how?” Victor asked.

“He started trying to make me sleep with him every time I went home and kissing me forcefully. He did all sorts of shit like what happened today because he was drunk and I didn’t notice it because I was to stressed to even taste his mouth. I was very lucky that he only tried, he was too wasted to push me more than once. It only took me to shove him aside one time and he would be crashing against any door and falling asleep almost immediately. So yeah, I was really lucky… It wasn’t for much because Ko told me about the hidden bottles and the way he woke him up at midnight after few days.”

Victor wanted to throw up once more.

“It was madness and as soon as Kosuke made me realize how bad it was. I left him. Maybe I didn’t care about him so I wouldn’t notice his new drinking habits but I cared enough for Ko and I to leave as soon as the alarms started sounding.”

They made it to a park and Victor sat down immediately, still holding Yuuri's hand and listening
carefully. Not saying a word.

“When I started to pack up and to talk to Kosuke in Japanese he would scream at me even more than he always did. He threatened me with every single thing he could but I just wouldn't back down. Once he slapped me in the face for telling him I didn't want anything to do with him after he tried to take me to bed and that just did it. I called the police and Phichit. Phichit made it faster than the cops so I took his car and left to his place as he acted up as a concerned neighbor who had heard the screaming and a kid crying.”

Yuuri sighed and looked at Victor for the first time since they went out of the apartment.

“They had him under arrest for around forty eight hours and by the time he was out I was already suing his ass and filing the divorce faster than a racing car with Sara, one of my best friends and also one hell of a lawyer. We tried a restraint order but it was denied and since then we've been fighting for every damn thing between us for more than half a year. He wants to leave me without a thing and I want to make him cry like the bitch he is… but its way harder than we thought it would be.”

The look on Yuuri's eyes made Victor feel more heartbroken than he ever had.

It was almost an emotional mirror to how Yuuri had been feeling before Victor ever got in his life.

But neither of them knew any of that.

Yuuri did not deserve Victor.

At all.

By the time he had finished telling him his sorry story and all that had happened inside and outside court, he started to feel tired once more. When he had fallen asleep on Victor's lap back on his
apartment, he blacked out completely, drifting to a heavy sleep with no dreams that held him until he started to feel alone.

He woke up and couldn't think of anything else that wasn't Victor. Finding Victor. Touching Victor. Having Victor.

He would give the universe to sleep on him again, right there and then.

Instead Victor took him to a coffee shop nearby and ordered him a latte and a carrot cake. He had an espresso and a tiramisu, getting back to their table in a blink and rambling about how he hated ungrateful people.

It had been quite some time after their breakfast, the sun was slowly making its way back to the horizon and the temperature had dropped a bit. Yuuri didn't know he was starving until he had a bite of his cake.

He probably moaned around the forkful of cake, making Victor smile lightly.

“If you're actually hungry I could get you a baguette or something.”

Usually, Yuuri would pass and reject the offer. He wouldn't like to take advantage of others, but, to be honest he didn't even care about that in that moment.

“That'd be nice.” Yuuri whispered as he took a sip of coffee. “Thank you.” Victor nodded with a smile and rushed over to the counter.

Yuuri couldn't help but stare.

Victor was just standing there and he seemed like... everything. Everything good and safe, bright and vivid, full of life and light he seemed to color the place wherever he stood. He could stand alone in the middle of a crowd and you'd be drawn to him and only him because he would have been the only one you could look at.

He was all that and even more.
“Thank you.” He said once Victor came back and gave him his lunch. “You're not hungry?” Yuuri asked.

“I had like three mandarins when you were asleep, so I'm good. Thank you.” Yuuri nodded and bit his baguette.

“I'm so sorry for intruding in your life like this.” Victor blurted as he sipped his espresso.

Yuuri almost choked on bread and salami.

“Victor, no.” He said to him after swallowing, stretching his arm to hold his hand and squeeze it. “It had to be said, if we're going to keep on with... this. With us. I don't mind you knowing it all about me. The good and the shitty, I'm just kind of worried you won't want to keep whatever we have going because, well, I'm a mess.”

Victor arched a brow and shook his head.

“Are you crazy?” Yuuri blinked. Hard. “You're wonderful, everything I ever wanted and needed. Gospodi I never knew how badly I could want anything until I met you. Yes, all this is hard but it doesn't mean I'm willing to give you up. I like you too much.”

“Oh?”

“And I told you I'll wait if I have to. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to have you.”

“Even with the divorce?” Yuuri whispered, still a bit embarrassed.

“With all of it.” Victor assured him.

“Even with the kid?”
“Specially with the kid! Kosuke's a wonder, too.” He kissed his knuckles. “I don't mind your past as long as you'll have me in your future. If you want me.”

It was all too much for today. Yuuri felt like his life had turned upside down for both the best and the worst and it all suddenly crammed in one single day.

Yet, he knew it was the way it had to be.

“It’s not going to be easy. And it's going to take time. A lot, maybe.” Yuuri finally looked to his eyes and took a deep breath.

“I know it.”

“But I want you, too. In my present and in my future because I think I'm falling in love.” His heart dropped silent the second the words left his mouth. “Too hard. Too soon. But I can't help it and I'm selfish enough to think you'll have me too.”

If his confession had been too much, it was already late.

“I will, and I'm here till you make it through. We'll have this, I promise you.” Victor assured him.

“Thank you.” Yuuri whispered, not being capable of saying more.

They stared into each other’s eyes as the sun did it’s slow dance into the horizon. Gold light bathed Yuuri’s face and caressed Victor’s too. Warmth spread over them as they took each other in, staring deeply to their tired but loving expressions while the world around them vanished into nothing. It was just the two of them now. Yuuri sighed and raised a silent prayer to heaven, thanking anyone who would listen to make him endure this much.

For making him see what he had in front now.

A thousands suns wouldn't shine as bright as Victor's smiling face did in that moment.
So much angst, so much pain~ I'm sorry!!
Frank is trash and trash ppl are no longer tolerated in 2k18. Not ever again, either.
Thank you so much, as always ! ! xx

Translations!
Malýsh (r) - Baby/Baby boy
Dasvidania (r) - Goodbye / See you later
Gospodi (r) - My god
Chapter Summary

Even on the darkest places, there's still a place where you can find light and love.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so so much everyone for your comments and kudos, you make me smile like a maniac ☆⌒(≧▽°)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Like all wounds heal, time passed. Slowly, but surely. Yuuri opened more and more to Victor and so he did with him. They found a way to sync and coordinate, allowing each other to find their own way of living in the way they did, communicating what they thought or felt and supporting each other. Even Kosuke holed himself into the two and bloomed under their care like a flower does on the proper soil. It was the three of them now, and it all seemed almost perfect.

Still, they hadn't kissed.

And it was driving Victor mad.

It’d been four months of dating already and it wasn't like he lacked the opportunity, the worst of it all is that he knew there had been a chance. There was plenty of time and room to try every now and then but there was something missing that seemed to hold both of them back. Something Victor did not know what was but did know he didn't have.

Yet.

It was ridiculous, just like Chris had said when he vented about that funny feeling. After minutes of mocking and disastrous laughter on his cubicle at the firm, with a very flustered Victor fumbling through the divorce files of a couple from D.C (how ironic) as he tried not to look at his friend, Chris actually brushed his worries with a roll of eyes and a sarcastic comment. It did not help much but Victor stood his ground, he didn't want to mess up what they had been growing together.
So instead of holding to what was missing, he reached for what they had.

Because it was actually was nice, though. They had breakfast every Saturday morning on each other's house (Yuuri had finally accepted for takeout on Victor's place, since he wasn't as half as good as his cute neighbor at cooking), and even went out to walk afterwards. They had arranged a schedule that worked with them for their weekends and even Victor took Kosuke out some Sundays while Yuuri had time for himself and sometimes with his friends. Then, on the weeks that they weren't too busy with work, they'd go out on diners and coffee shops around town, with or without Ko, smiling dumbly and holding each others’ hands tightly. They walked all over the city having themselves and pacing around with nothing but mirth and laughter on each other's eyes.

It was so unintentionally perfect. They were far too good for each other and they knew it.

Victor knew it.

He loved Yuuri and the way they would hug each other, and the smiles he gave him in return of his own. He loved Yuuri and he knew he loved everything about him, there wasn't a thing he didn't like or that bothered Victor at all. It was almost as if Yuuri had been crafted specially for him, handmade to fit Victor from everywhere and anywhere, like nothing or no one ever had. He thought he was perfect even when he knew he wasn't, and there was probably were his affection laid on. And that, too, was where his beauty laid, on how he managed to make his imperfections and his rough ends something wonderful that gave him edge and strength to reside in. To hold everything. He loved Yuuri, even if he hadn't told him.

He had fallen too hard, too soon… too.

Spring had settled deep into the city, and just like winter had brought Yuuri into his life there was a new story building up around Victor's life.

But it wasn’t what he had expected.

There was a job opportunity in California that Victor never saw coming. Chris wanted to expand the law firm and their target clientele was simmering just all over the west coast, where Victor could finally become a major partner instead of minor associate. The money was good, better than it was on Seattle but that was just it. There wasn't much than the promise of more work and extra cash.
And he didn't know what to feel about it.

Chris was his best friend, sure he was. He knew everything about him and even now there wasn't anyone as supporting as he, caring and easy-going Christophe who had everything he wanted in a friend. On a brother. So it was pretty obvious that whatever he was offering was on his best intentions, on his concern and caring for Victor since he presented it to him as an opportunity to grow and become better. One to challenge himself and change his life, in a way. His intentions were good.

It was a pity he didn't understand his relationship with Yuuri.

One Victor himself still was trying to figure out.

He often confronted his best friend about the mess, his words, he had put himself into. Chris thought it wasn't all pretty in pink. He often challenged Victor about the path he was walking, why he put through with all the shit he saw and where he got this conviction that he could help Yuuri on a manner so complicated without even interfering as what he was, a goddamned family affairs lawyer. Chris saw everything on the complex, maybe even bad, side, making Victor uncomfortable with his questions and rushed conclusions. But that was who Chris was, and always had been. So he couldn’t do much besides laughing and ignoring him. He wasn’t being mean, just realistic.

But now he had a bigger concern, which was finding the way to bring up the California issue to the table and that should be preferably next Saturday when it was still Mark's week so they could discuss it without little Kosuke asking all his questions and wondering out loud why they were the way they were. It just was he did not know how.

Then Victor remembered he still had to get Ko his birthday present, he just turned 11 and Victor truly didn't know what to give the little monster for his special day. Maybe he just have to take him to the mall and let him choose or something, that'd be easier but did not mean what Victor wanted to say to him, in a way.

Kosuke was also part of his life and he definitely loved him, too. He had made his way in Victor's heart and gave him whatever he used to wish for. Sure there was a time Victor never wanted anything else but a family and now that he even had one, of its own sorts, there wasn't much else to wish for… For now. Ko was a great kid, talented and smart but also pretty and outgoing. He looked a lot like his father but for his bigger eyes that didn't need glasses and the freckles in his face, that being said their golden brown eyes shined the same way, their raven black hair seemed to touch their foreheads just identically and their smiles perked up on the tips of their noses as if they were one. Only god knew how but Kosuke seemed to be Yuuri's flesh and bone, and that only made him closer to Victor. Made him care for him just like he did for Yuuri.
It was wonderful, the way they had grown together. On their first days of playing with Makkachin on the hallway or the apartment garden, Kosuke would only pay attention to the dog and basically ignore Victor until it was time to say goodbye and thanks, but in time they started to talk and get to know each other. They played together with Makka and then just the two of them while Victor’s pet rested. It was a matter of time before Kosuke would show him his Ballet choreographies and his most amazing stretches, he would show up with his favorite books and even started to leave some, along with several fruit plushies, at Victor’s place.

Then, in no time, the two would figure out ways to help and surprise Yuuri. He told him everything about his dad and slowly helped him to integrate into their lives on the slightest of the ways. Now both had their own jokes and shared a similar taste in animated films, Victor knew exactly what he liked the most for lunch and which was his favorite ice cream flavor. Kosuke grew accustomed to him and became comfortable in his presence, falling asleep on his lap when Victor was taking care of him, or even giving him random hugs and pecks on the cheeks when together. Victor saw him in his ballet classes every now and then, picking him up when Yuuri was a bit too busy and heard him speak to his father on perfect Japanese that put Victor into a trance from which he never wanted to get out. It was remarkable how they had gotten along in no time, with Makka being a proper intermediate to make them closer each time. They enjoyed their time together and being alone was no trouble for the two of them.

Victor was sure he had found much more than a friend in Kosuke, and he hoped the kid felt the same way.

That's why Kosuke deserved a nice present for his birthday, dear God, and something with meaning.

But that was the least of his problems, right now he had a client's revoked citizenship application to go through. Again.

Then he could try to fix up his life. Again, too. Somehow.

Yuuri would've never dreamed of being with someone like Victor. Not ever on his life.
He was everything he ever thought he would be, and even more. No one ever cared and supported him and his son, too. Anyone would’ve ran away with the mess he had inside and he couldn’t think of how it was even possible for Victor to take him and Kosuke into his life and be supportive and protective of something so disastrous. But he was there, hugging them and helping every time, over and over, without giving up no matter how tough things could get. He was no quitter, like Yuuri, and the two of them tried hard enough to keep everything together.

That was why Yuuri used to think he wasn’t even out of his league because he actually thought he wasn't even on one. It was as if Victor was part of an entirely different game. One Yuuri would’ve never thought he could be part of.

And yet there he was.

Sitting on his kitchen counter, those damned ripped jeans Phichit had left, very visibly, on his closet, clinging to his hips like they were painted over them and watching Victor's face flicker all over his’.

“How are you so pretty?” Victor whispered as he went all over Yuuri with his eyes again, just like he did when he came back from dropping Kosuke at his Ballet classes. He had stopped in his tracks the second Yuuri opened the door, white shirt with black stripes and holed pants that let his soft legs be seen. Feet bare and red handkerchief on his neck.

He melted against him in a hug, groaning before holding him to where they were now.

“So, so pretty…” He muttered as his hands traced the shape of the jean’s tears.

There was something lingering between the two of them but he felt it came mostly from Victor. Maybe something unsaid, something held back. Something Yuuri didn't want to push because he knew he would've been already told if it was easy or worth it. That was how good and understanding they were. Therefore he would have to do what he always did and what he was best at. Wait.

Either way, he had to hold himself in the edge of his counter as he looked at Victor. There was a silence that kept building up between their pauses instead of crumbling with their words, it got thicker in time and made their conversation reverberate at the slightest whisper, deep and meaningful like it wasn’t always. It was strong and pushing, like it was trying to make the two of them crash against the other in something they absolutely have not done. Yet it was comforting,
safe. Like it could protect them from anything coming from the outer world.

“I'm not that pretty.” Yuuri answered after a while.

“You're right. You're drop dead gorgeous.”

“Shut up.” Yuuri tried to push Victor away but instead he caught him on a hug that didn't seem to let go of him. So he didn’t, because that was just perfect.

“But I can’t… You're so beautiful Yuuri~” Victor buried his face on the crook of his neck and took a deep breath. Yuuri knew he would smell the berries fragrance of his own body wash, the one he had left on Yuuri’s bathroom that one time he had a shower at his place while sitting Kosuke. It was probably mixed with a whiff of burnt butter and sugar from the toast he made his son before he went to his class. He wondered how Victor would smell like, if he was wearing that berry coat too. He was so close Yuuri only needed to bow his head to find out.

So he did, smelling a dab of subtle cologne on top of, yes, berries body wash. It seemed so fitting against his porcelain skin that Yuuri had to bite his lip so he could hold back a moan. The softness of his shoulder was inviting him to stick his lips, and maybe he could, but there were risks he wasn't taking yet.

“Wanna know how I noticed you?” His neighbor's voice was nearly over a breath but it just doubled the significance of their intimate embrace. Yuuri had never felt such peace, such confidence.

He only nodded, closing his eyes and getting lost on Victor’s voice.

“You had come home late. I had just arrived from my longest workday ever and I was just opening my door when you rushed to your place. You were talking to someone on the phone, in Japanese, actually.” Yuuri smiled and nudged Victor with his nose to continue his story. He was always curious about how someone like him could notice Yuuri anywhere. “You were having trouble with your door and I was wondering when and how in the world had the most gorgeous man in the universe moved to my building when you laughed oh so beautifully I almost melted on my doorstep. Then you opened the door and I saw the inside of the apartment. There wasn't a thing but piles and piles of boxes.”

“It was literally my first night here.” Yuuri whispered against his own hand. “I was talking to
Kosuke, it was his first night alone with Frank and he had called me because he couldn't sleep.”

He looked back at Victor, stretching and unable to do anything else other than kissing his temple and rubbing his knuckles against his collarbones. He had been so worried about his son that night he definitely didn't think about his handsome neighbor staring helplessly at him.

Now he was the one with the helpless smile and the lost eyes.

“I had no idea.” Yuuri said to Victor. “I should've looked back, bet you waited for me to notice you for days.

“Pretty much a more than a month, would've taken Makkachin out before if I knew how much Kosuke would like her.” Victor muttered.

Yuuri laughed out loud and nodded as Victor looked down, biting his lip.

Whatever Victor was keeping to himself, it was vanishing into the air and Yuuri could tell. It wasn't going to last and that awkward sensation of incompleteness would fade away. He also knew they both felt it but also did their best to ignore it. It wasn't probably even worth it, maybe letting it go was for the best… he would try to put it behind them, in the back of his head. He was determined to avoid thinking about anything that wasn't them in that moment. If Victor didn't say anything neither would him. What used was there on pushing it?

“I thought you didn't speak English and I swear for a second I actually considered learning Japanese just to be able to talk to you.”

So they were definitely going to pretend there wasn't anything to say.

“You're ridiculous.” Yuuri laughed and Victor did too. Yuuri wouldn’t say anything else.

The fell back into a silence that casted a spell to keep them still in place, almost making them fall asleep in that very state and moment. Not wanting to move anywhere out of that little paradise they had created out of nothing but mere words, they surrendered to its power. It was warm like a sleepy bonfire and safe like nothing else but themselves. Whatever they had going on was pure magic like that.
“Come here.” Victor's arms tightened around his hips and pulled him to his arms. Yuuri's back thighs rested on his forearms like he weighed nothing, his butt filling Victor's intertwined hands till it was spilling all over.

On any other circumstance, he would've freaked out at the thought of being manhandled around but Victor was strong and safe, making Yuuri feel confident as he carried him to the loveseat on the TV room. It was fine, it was what he wanted.

But maybe it was just because it was Victor.

Yuuri trusted him enough to give him his heart and put his life on his hands just with the blow of his breath, just like his body. He was willing to let him become his home so he could get to him whenever things became too hard, too scary, too much. He was falling in love at an alarming rate but he didn't want to slow down, fearing he might actually think things over and step back in fear like he always did. So he didn't think and didn't slowed down, he was already at Victor's mercy, on his hands, and he would let him have his way.

Anyway he wanted it, anyway he would have him.

“I want to be with you.” Victor said out of nothing, taking one of Yuuri's hands into his and kissing every finger slowly. He made his way through the palm to the heel, sliding his lips carefully to his forearm and barely stopping for a second on the inside of his elbow.

Yuuri watched him like a lost man on the desert looked at water and felt the burning of his mouth on his skin like a lapping fire beneath himself. He let out a shaky breath, gasping and controlling the moan that he almost blurted out, every touch was intoxicating.

“I'm getting divorced.” He said as his eyes shut tightly and groaned when the very tip of Victor's tongue pressed on his bicep before scraping it with his teeth not any harder than the caress of his fingers.

“I know. I don't care.” Victor replied and Yuuri almost caved in with those words being said. What else was there to lose?

But he had already told this to himself, it was all he could think about on his court visits when things got heavy.
He wanted to give himself surely and freely to Victor. No strings attached, without skeletons in his closet and ghosts in his back. He had to wait.

They *had* to.

“But I do. I want to be with you too. But not until I’ve finished everything with Frank.” And Yuuri tried to pull away his hand, but Victor squeezed him and locked his eyes to Yuuri’s, almost as if searching for what was left unsaid.

Just like Yuuri did moments before.

Yuuri knew that if Victor dug deeper, he would find it. His insecurities, his self-consciousness and all of his tears and fears. His lack of experience and the disagreements between himself and his body. He would see the mess and the scars. The meds and the stars. The ones that burned his skin instead of shining with him. Everything ugly and all of his imperfections. What mattered the most because it was whatever he hated more.

And so Victor must've felt it, because he didn't touch any of the unknown land beneath Yuuri's feet and contented himself with a mare whisper of his lips on Yuuri's nose.

“I'll wait.” Victor promised just like he always did. Just like he already did.

And Yuuri would wait, too. Just to make time before he had to open himself once more, saving to himself the hope of a better tomorrow. One where he knew Victor would love all that he hated and would show him how beautiful all those things he thought horrible actually were.

It had to come. It *always* did with Victor.

Chapter End Notes

The thought of Victor fawning over Yuuri at work is what really keeps me going, man. ily!! ♡♡♡ thanks for reading!
Now the War's Won

Chapter Summary

Good things come to those who wait, and fight.
Yuuri has been strong and he deserves to be rewarded and so has been Victor for his love and support, they both make it to a huge stepping stone.

Chapter Notes

Hey there~!!
Enjoy the chapter! Much, much love ♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri ran out of the court to the parking lot, Sara behind him walking in huge steps as her client crashed against his boyfriend in an intimate hug that overwhelmed her. Sara literally, and physically, looked away.

“I got the house. And Kosuke. Forever.” Yuuri kept kissing Victor on the face, everywhere he could reach while on his tiptoes as he whispered. “We don't have anything to do with him anymore. The car's mine and the pension plan was cancelled.” Yuuri whispered against Victor's throat, kissing it, holding himself to the taller man’s waist.

Yuuri was euphoric, his heart beating so fast he couldn't catch up with it. His vision blurry and his glasses wet with tears of emotion, he was sweating and there was a breath stuck on his throat. He couldn't believe it was all over, after all the stress and tiring days, the money he spent and the angry and sad tears he shed, all he wasted on almost a year, it was finally over. No matter what had happened before, it was finally all over.

“Is it over?” Victor asked, surprised by Yuuri's happiness outburst, but just as happy as him.

“It is.” Yuuri kissed his jawbone once more. “It is!” Then his cheeks. “I'm divorced.”

Yuuri looked at Victor's pink lips and tried to kiss them, he truly tried. Going even higher on his tiptoes and brushing his nose against Victor's, almost there.
But he never got to do it as Kosuke jumped out of Victor's car and pulled his dad from his suit coat.

“Otōsan! What's the matter?” He asked, worried. “Why are you crying!?”

Yuuri looked down at his son and smiled to him, so widely he was sure Kosuke was surprised.

“Oh, Taiyō.” He took him in his arms, no matter how big he was now, and kissed his forehead, hugging him too.

“Why are you crying!?” He repeated. “Otōsan! Don't cry.” Kosuke tried to dry his dad's tears with the seam of his sweater sleeve, pressing the soft fabric to Yuuri's cheekbones.

“It's fine, Ko. It's all right.” Yuuri kissed him again. “Frank's not going to bother us anymore.”

His son blinked hard and repeatedly, confused for a second before he smiled as greatly as his dad.

“At least.” Kosuke mumbled, still not erasing his smile while he kept his clothed hand on his dad's face. “So is Victor-san moving with us or what?” He asked suddenly, putting his hands on his hips and looking between the two men.

“Kosuke!” His dad glared at him and Victor laughed.

“We'll see.” He approached his neighbor's and hugged them both, kissing each on the forehead and making them blush almost identically.

“Wha-whatever.” Ko mumbled.

Sara cleared her throat and Yuuri turned to her. Out of impulse, he left his son on Victor's arms and went to his lawyer and friend to hug her. None of what they've accomplished would've been possible without her help.

“Thank you so, so much, Sara.” He told her, squeezing her tightly before releasing her. “I can't
even tell you… oh God I'm going to cry again. I owe you the world.” He sobbed and Sara shook her head, kissing his cheek and hugging him again.

“None of that, Yuuri. I'm so glad it's all over, you deserve the happiness of the universe now.” Sara let him go and took out her handkerchief from her suit. “Now dry your tears and smile more that we're going out tonight! I’m going to destroy you on the shot line.”

Yuuri laughed and nodded, his tears stopping as Sara took her phone out.

“You will.” He assured her.

Kosuke was playing on Victor's phone, on his arms, when Yuuri turned to them. He look at the two and couldn't help but smile slightly, the look on their faces was beyond lovable. They seemed so fitting within each other Yuuri thought, for a split second, that maybe that's how his future looked. No matter how fast and rushed it seemed maybe just as it could be the worst it could also be for the best. And he was betting that this time it was no mistake.

He wasn’t going to make any errors ever again with those two by his side.

“I'm putting you down now, okay?” Victor asked at Kosuke and his son nodded, getting into the floor and leaning against the car as Yuuri approached them. “You’re okay, Solnyshko?”

Yuuri wasn't even going to reply to that. He was the best he had ever been in quite some time. He just nodded and took Victor's hands, kissing each one tenderly before getting on his tiptoes and pressing his lips to Victor's. Nothing more than just a touch of warm skin, silent and still for a perfect second before he pulled back, as if breaking a spell.

“Watashi no inochi…” Yuuri mumbled against his lips, before kissing him again. “Wa anata no mono desu.” And didn't leave his lips for another moment.

Yuuri knew Victor didn't know a thing about Japanese but whatever emotion he had put into his words, Victor must've felt it. The smile he gave Yuuri was proof of it and his arms made his way to Yuuri's waist to kiss him again. Harder this time, not caring of any scene they must've been putting on in front of the Court House. Yuuri clung to Victor's elbows and breathed against his kiss, almost laughing between kisses and sighing in relief. It was hot and heavy and Yuuri felt his stomach stir
with emotion and excitement, bubbling with joy. It was everything he had ever expected, safe and steady, with all the passion and none of the anguish. It was perfect, all love put into it.

“Well finally.” Kosuke made them separate in a rush and he laughed. “Don't let me stop you.” And he went into the car, locking the door and keeping Victor's phone.

“Oh God.” Yuuri’s forehead rested against Victor's chin and he let out a long laugh. “I'm sorry.”

“I'm his biggest fan, I swear.”

Victor never let go of Yuuri. Not there, not when they went into the car and not after getting into the Mexican restaurant where they had their first date. Not when Yurio and Otabek hugged him or when Phichit crashed against Yuuri when he arrived. His hands moved from his waist to his shoulders, from taking his hands to his face and back to his torso. Almost as if he was afraid of losing him if he released him, they stayed together until the night settled in.

“I can’t believe that jackass tried to pull that crap.” Mila grunted as she took a long drag of her Corona.

“He tried everything on Court.” Sara said mostly to her as she shared the worst of Frank on the meetings.

“They changed the Judge by March, that was our key to success. The Ronson bitch was on Frank’s side…” Yuuri mumbled.

“How could anyone be on that idiot’s side?” Otabek wondered out loud.

“That’s the real question…” Sara sighed and then looked over at Kosuke. “Hey Ko, what’s wrong?”

Yuuri looked at his kid on Otabek’s lap. He was sitting there with the palms of his heels pressing tightly against his ears.

“Don’t like bad words.” He muttered, making everyone laugh.
“Ooooh~!” Phichit sighed. “Sorry Ko, I’ll make the grownups keep their bad words to themselves.

“You’re a grownup too, uncle.” He said as he lowered his hands, the laughter kept on.

“Kosuke…” Yuuri warned him.

“But it’s true!” He sighed and leaned against Otabek’s chest. “Sorry, Phichit.”

“Oh, you wound me!” Phichit laughed as Otabek settled Kosuke against his body, Shifting to keep one arm around his boyfriend’s back and the other still holding Ko.

“Sorry.” He repeated again, making everyone laugh as Otabek leaned and kissed the crown of his head.

“You don’t have to apologize anymore, Ko.” He sighed and smiled. “It’s fine.”

“Holy shit this is too cute…” Yurio groaned, scratching his eyes with his fists.

“Aw, don’t cry Yurio!” Yuuri mocked him and smiled at his friend.

“No bad words, Kotenok!” Said Kosuke, blushing hard but smiling up to Otabek.

“That little… monster can’t even look at me when talking to me!” Yurio sipped his Mojito and scratched Kosuke’s tummy with his long, slender fingers.

“Now you know how we feel.” Said Yuuri as everyone laughed once more.

It had been a while since almost everyone arrived, Yuuri had finally stopped crying and each one who was invited was seated and drinking as the food arrived. The smiles were present, Warming Yuuri and making him feel reassured. A huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders and the air he breathed was finally clean. The environment he, his boyfriend, friends and son had created was
one he hoped to live forever. Everything was in place, settled into a deep peace that Yuuri finally felt safe in. There were no more insecurities, no fears or doubts creeping on his back to make his anxiety worse. His therapist would be so happy to hear this insight the mere thought of telling them about it was incredibly exciting. He wanted to let them now how happy he was, and he would… Because the healing process he had been yearning for was happening right now.

There, on two huge, crammed tables in the back of a restaurant where he once had one of the best dates he ever been to with the most amazing man he had known in a very long time. There, with his son and his friends, the people who had supported him and loved him through the road below the storm. Now they were the ones he would dance underneath the clearest of the skies and the brightest of the suns. They were the ones he wanted to spend his life with.

Otabek turned to his boyfriend and simply kissed Yurio’s lips before turning to Kosuke once more.

“This jackass is to blame, too. He smiles more with him than he actually does with me!”

“Yurio! No bad words!” Kosuke turned to him and then to Victor. “Victor-san! Tell Kotenok to keep his bad words to himself!”

“Like hell I’m listening to anything this idiot says to me.” Yurio grumbled.

“Beka….” Then he turned to Otabek, almost hopeless.

“I suggest we should make a Swear Jar to carry around.” Victor suggested and Kosuke beamed.

“Yes! That’s a good idea!”

Yuuri groaned at his son and neighbor.

“He will, Victor.” He tried to remain serious but he just couldn’t. “He will.”

He just shrugged and kissed him on the lips, quickly but surely.
And, of course, there was Victor. The one he had already given him more than his heart.

Victor was unstoppable at the moment. Yuuri had kissed him and there wasn't a thing that could get him down the sky. He was flying in every step he gave and his heart didn't quit that anxious pace that had settled the second his lips met Yuuri's. Half a year of build up had made up for every second he had Yuuri on his arms and now couldn't stop himself from keep kissing him. It was better than he had ever imagined and he hoped, he truly hoped, it would make things much easier from now on.

They went for dinner at the restaurant where he had spent his first night with Yuuri and not because they had any saying in it but because it was Taco Tuesday. And everyone loved Taco Tuesday.

Yurio was there with his boyfriend, Otabek. Kosuke rushed to the man the second he saw him and lifted his arms to hug him. There was a blush on his face that definitely gave away the infatuation of the kid with the main dancer of the Seattle Ballet. It made much more sense to see the worshipping and idolization of Ko towards Otabek after listening he had been a dancer since he was eight. Victor thought it was nothing but endearing to see them both like that.

Then it was Phichit. Flamboyant and wild Phichit. Victor couldn't help but notice how perfect he would be for Chris. But Chris hated set up dates and even if Phichit was basically begging for him to introduce him someone, it wasn't something he could literally do, thought I would make wonders for his best friend. But he'd come up with something later. There was also another friend of Yuuri's, Minami who absolutely adored him and worked at the College Yuuri gave Japanese classes. But who wouldn't?

Then it was Sara and her brother Michele, who came along with a working partner that definitely seemed more than just that. They worked at the SPD as detectives for the major divisions and seemed to know Yuuri from his College Days.

Yuuri's lawyer invited her girlfriend over, Mila. She, of course, was one of Victor's friends. She studied with Yakov for a semester before dropping out and becoming an accountant who worked for a company that managed most of Seattle's law firms finances, so if it wasn't because of their college past experience, they would've known each other from the working field. Victor was actually happy to see her again, Yakov had thought of her as a daughter and became notably sad to
see her go to another department but the girl never stood out of touch, she was fresh but also caring and the way she kept nagging at Yurio like a big sister at his little brother was proof that she never forgot the ones she loved.

It was amazing to see all the people that loved Yuuri and gathered to celebrate with him a huge step on his life. A divorce, most of the times, was not a matter of party but there was always an exception like this one that acknowledged sometimes it could be.

So Victor sat there, ankles intertwined below the table and hands held on each other's lap. Victor fed Yuuri ice cream and they shared their margaritas. Kosuke would go over to them and talk about anything he could come up with, and they would listen before he drifted off again with Yurio and Otabek with his dad and his- boyfriend?, watching him over.

Now they were all sharing stories from work and their week, talking about anything they could come up with as soon as the tacos were over and the drinks kept flowing.

Victor tried to listen to what Mila was saying, it sounded interesting but his mind always drifted back to Yuuri. He would look at him and stare at his eyelashes brushing his cheekbone or the way he glowed beneath the warm light of the restaurant’s patio. Was he his boyfriend? Was Victor his'? He looked over at Yuuri like if the answer was somehow scribbled on his temples, on his cheeks. He bowed and kissed the corner of his lip, almost trying to pull an answer out of them. But it never came. Could he stay over one night? Was he allowed to do so now? Still no response. Maybe he would have to ask, but he wasn't ready. Therefore he kept looking at Yuuri and his neck, at his shoulders and chest, where his heart laid beating steadily as it was calm now. He asked himself, again, if he could ever have a place in such a wonderful realm. If there was something of him on Yuuri and his heart.

There were so many questions buzzing on his head he didn't know how to shut them down, so his eyes caressed Yuuri down his tummy and held back the urge to dig his fingers on the softness of his stomach or on the curves of his waist. Would Yuuri liked to be held from it by the night? Or would he rather be the one holding the person in front of him? Victor would allow him to do any, but his desire to grab the flesh of his wide hips was much more strong. He was so, so gone for the man besides him he couldn't dream of nothing else than to be held by him and his strong body. That was better than to fight with the inquiries his head kept pressing on his thoughts.

“Oh my fucking God, baldass. There's children in here, couldn't you stop looking at poor Katsudon like you're about to eat him?!” Victor looked at Yurio abruptly and saw his scowl pushing his smile so it could disappear but it wasn't going anywhere. Besides him, Otabek held Kosuke by the face, covering his eyes, and making them laugh with some joke he was whispering to him.

“Then look away, Yurio.” Was everything he answered.
“I wasn't talking about me, fuck!”

Yuuri snickered under his breath and squeezed Victor's hand. Victor lifted it to his lips and kissed Yuuri's skin. His lips stayed there for a while before looking at him.

“Wanna stay the night?” Yuuri asked in a whisper, trying to keep it to themselves.

Victor was about to nod when Kosuke crashed to his back and wormed his way into Victor's lap.

“Victor-san! Come! We'll watch *Sen to Chihiro no kamikakushi*!!” Kosuke said the movie name in a breath, making Victor and his dad laugh.

“He means Spirited Away. You'll have to watch it in Japanese, tho.” Yuuri sighed and now Victor nodded.

He knew everyone's eyes were on them but his' were glued to Yuuri. There was something that just wouldn't let go, and he didn't want it to.

“Sure, anything you want Taiyō.”

Kosuke gasped and everyone laughed.

“Otōsan! Victor-san’s first Japanese word!”

“Guess we'll have to teach him some more.” Yuuri answered, bending to kiss Victor on the lips.

He tried to open his mouth, receiving the love (and tongue) he was being given but Kosuke pushed his dad until they were separated. The others kept laughing and Ko was only blushing harder.

“Not now, Otōsan.” He hissed and buried his face on Victor's chest.
Victor pouted and held Kosuke, he too, was too cute.

“He’s mine, you know?” And his heart dropped when Yuuri spoke like that.

“Don't care.” And he held Victor tighter, making his heart skip a beat over the kindness of Kosuke and his words.”You’ll have to share.” He may not know it but he just made Victor so much happier even when he thought it was impossible to do so.

Chapter End Notes

Scratch last chapter’s end note. Otabek Altin as a pro ballet dancer is what REALLY keeps me going, damn it.

Translations!
Watashi no inochi wa anata no mono desu (j) - My life belongs to you / My life is yours (私の命はあなたの物です。)
Taco (spanish) - idk how to describe this gift from my people to the world but definently not taco bell lmao
Corona (s) - A brand of Beer.

Thanks everyone for the incredible love and support, read you next chapter!! ♡♡
Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuuri reach a new level of (physical) intimacy. It is nothing but skippy hearts and excited hands that find their way to where they belong. Each other.

chap. title inspo from: Bound 2 - Kanye West

Chapter Notes

that chapter summary sucked but boy do i got news for y'all bc i gotchu some SMUT lmao idk how it'll turn out i've always been a mess when trying to write that sexy stuff
Also, I realized i italicize (how do u even WRITE that?) a lot, sue me
Hope you like this chapter! Things get steamy (・ω・)<☆

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri had his son on his lap, one leg over Victor's and Makkachin dozing against his other thigh, all of them on top of his bed with the TV on. Victor had moved the television to his room (of course he had) and Kosuke's movie was playing loudly as he whispered his favorite lines in flawless Japanese.

It was late and his son had school tomorrow but he had sworn Yuuri he would wake up in time and even make it to the ballet class. He was doubtful about that, to be honest and now Yuuri was kind of thinking already about the excuse he would give the teacher when he called in to give a heads-up about his son not going to school that morning. Usually he wouldn't allow that for the world, but by the look on Ko's eyes as he stared into him and Victor, every now and then, that he supposed it wouldn't do much harm to let him skip school one day in his life. For now.

Yuuri tried not to think too hard about Ko and his position in the middle of this whole situation. He seemed pretty comfortable around Victor and liked him just as much as Yuuri did. The man turned out to be a great influence on his son and a great example he did not think he would become in the future. He liked to think that, somehow, even later his son could love Victor too. And deep down, as he looked how the two of them fumbled with each other's fingers, Yuuri thought of that possibility becoming bigger and bigger in time.

They were already over the first half of the movie and, unashamedly, neither did Victor or Yuuri were paying much attention to it.

Victor's free hand was in his own, as they looked into each other and kissed silently for seconds before parting ways and pretend there wasn't much going on before Kosuke caught them.

It was even fun, almost timid and slightly childlike in the way they tried to steal each other's
mouths for mere seconds before looking away like nothing ever happened. Yuuri knew his cheeks were permanently blushed and his lips swollen, both in deep shades of pink that would never quit if they kept fooling around like that.

The worst of all was, they did. Yuuri did not stop playing around with their intertwined hands, pulling them to make Victor look at him so they could kiss and rubbing absently his thigh when Yuuri dared to let go. Then Victor held his waist to tell Yuuri to lean on him before pretending they weren't paying much attention to each other's mere presence, when it was the movie they did not really cared about.

Yuuri had to admit that caressing arms carefully touching skin and warm bones, trembling hands and nervous breathing that made each other chuckle were just a bit more exciting than Chihiro and her adventure on the Spirit World. He thought he would never say such thing, but there he was. Yuuri was livid.

As for now, he had it all.

The weight on the other side of his bed was foreign, but welcome as it was not unknown. The feel of someone else's hand in his own was missed, even if he barely knew it. Just like the hugs, the whispers and the kisses. There was much he had longed before and he didn't even know it. And now that he had it back, and from one he actually cared and loved, he didn't want to let it go. Ever.

He nudged Victor’s shoulder without any intentions to kiss him, he just wanted to see those eyes to know it was real.

He smiled tenderly at him and reached for his face, stroking his lips with a thumb.

It was real.

“‘M going to sleep, y'all take too much time to get a movie going.” Kosuke mumbled, pushing them out of their trance in a single jump.

“Do you want me to tuck you in?” Yuuri asked, coughing a bit before he bowed to kiss his son on the forehead.

“No, you can stay with Victor-san and, I don't know…He mumbled something in Japanese not even Yuuri understood, making Victor laugh as Ko went out of the bed.

“Maybe I can.” Victor suggested and made the kid stop on his tracks, just at the edge of the bed. “If you want to.”

Yuuri held a gasp, not even Frank tucked in Kosuke. Like, ever.

“Yeah. I guess that's… okay.” He said, just as stunned as Yuuri was. “Sure, thank you.” He added, surely as he smiled up to Victor.

“Great.” He basically jumped out of bed and woke Makkachin up, getting closer to Ko and rubbing his scalp with his slender fingers. The kid laughed and looked at Yuuri with cheerful eyes. “Wanna have Makka sleep with you?”

That made Kosuke nod eagerly, turning back to his neighbor and agreeing to it.

“Night night, Taiyo.” Yuuri said and his son ran to him, kissing his dad on the forehead, hugging him briefly.
“Good night Otōsan.” He whispered to his ear in Japanese, saying he wouldn’t try to wake him up in the morning so Yuuri could keep the door locked with Victor. He tried to say something to Kosuke but he ran away and lifted two thumbs at his dad with that silly, huge smile as he walked the door down to his room.

Yuuri held himself from groaning, embarrassed. Good thing Victor never heard anything.

“It’s going to be a second.” Victor smiled at Yuuri and he only nodded, watching how his neighbor, now boyfriend, went out of his room.

So things were fine.

And, for once, Yuuri could enjoy it.

Yuuri looked down on himself and though maybe he should change and tidy up the room a bit. There were small packages of gummy worms and popcorn everywhere along with an empty cereal bowl.

As he walked quickly to the kitchen to leave the snack bowls along with the remaining trash he wondered if Victor would actually like to sleep with him or if it was just courtesy. He though neither of them would really be true but he guessed it was worth the try. He had yearned to be with him for _so long_ he was actually nervous they (or more precisely, himself) would fuck up, so the nerves boiling on his stomach were actually kind of justified. Although it didn’t seem possible for anything to mess up, since everything had been perfect all day long, Yuuri still tried to control his anxiousness by returning to the room and make himself busy with something that didn’t involve other thing but cleaning.

So he did, dusting the sheets and rearranging the pillows even if his head went back through the day. He had called into work saying the Judge had made a decision and that he was required at the court so his high school boss gave him the rest of the week off despite the results just as the Community College department did. After talking to his therapist through the phone, rushing each one of his words while texting Phichit, he decided to ask for Victor so he could help him with his fears and tears. He came through the door, almost with a ‘bang!’, not even half an hour after his call to hold him and get him ready as Yuuri mumbled in Japanese what he recalled now to be a sort of prayer. Then Victor took him to the Judiciary and said he would go for Kosuke.

In a blur of emotion, he called to Yurio too and then to Sara who was already waiting for him on the court. She hugged him and almost raised her middle finger when attorney Leroy smiled mockingly at them. Though his and Frank’s smug faces were basically erased with a hit after the judge sentenced the end of the divorce with its proper rulings, making Yuuri burst into tears in Sara’s arms as his exertion and relief exploded within. Seeing the face of his bastards ex, misplaced and hurt, was worth ever single fight they ever went through. The confusion and the pathetic look of lose was so raw Yuuri almost laughed. He looked like world’s biggest idiot standing there as his lawyer deflated in his chair and groaned loudly. Yuuri actually felt sorry for him, it was his job to win but justice was always impartial.

Then there it was the amazing lunch with all his friends and Victor, whom he had now and could hold until his arms gave up and then he could wait and do so once more. And later in the night, with Kosuke between them as they watched the movie? He thought and swore he could live out of that feeling of plenitude alone.

Changing the TV to a music channel, he started to clean his bathroom in a rush as he undid his pants and took off his shirt. Then the socks came off and with a wet towel he wiped his face as he hid his dirty clothes below the sink, trying to push it far into the wall so no one could see the rack
of dirty laundry. Yuuri ran off to get his oversized sweatshirt, putting it on and digging into his
drawer in search for the matching pants. Saying he wasn't going to sleep with his boyfriend on
booty shorts for the first time, he rubbed his legs with lavender body lotion.

Was he?

________________

Victor came back after saying goodnight to Kosuke and his pet, kissing both of them and smiling
warmly to the two, then rushing to Yuuri's room while he undid his shirt’s buttons.

Though he might've not even make it to the bed, he did try. But it was almost impossible with the
heaven sent image of Yuuri, his wonderful, precious and sexy boyfriend, bending over the drawers
of his closet wearing nothing but that pretty, huge, pale and worn shirt that rode up to his butt and
let out nothing but a tease of his asscheeks and the strong curve over his round thighs. His black
boxer briefs hugged the muscle with strength and marked just perfectly the line between each one
of his legs, letting Victor get lost on the thought of it. There were wide and pale stretch marks that
colored Yuuri's pale skin with soft ivory traced like the marks of a tiny, thin color brush. Each one
of them was almost knitted with another, making a perfect web of white lines that grew and
expanded until they got lost beneath the clothes.

Victor walked slowly to him, almost pacing each step until he was behind him.

“Ti takaya...” He bit his lip. “Voskhilttel'naya...”

“Victor!” Yuuri huffed, turning around in a second and pulling his sweatshirt to the middle of his
thighs, trying to clamp it beneath those incredibly strong muscles.

The room was almost entirely dark, but if wasn’t for the barely illumination the colors flashing
from the TV lights provided, everything would be pitch black. Yet the Technicolor coming from
the flat screen was enchanting, giving Yuuri and eerie edge to his body as his face glowed with the
neon flashes of the screen.

“Don't-” Victor's hands rushed to his face and then he was holding himself quickly into Yuuri’s
birthday. “Don't hide yourself. Not even from me.” He whispered as his own hands unfisted
Yuuri's own, releasing his clothing and letting Victor slide his' underneath the worn fabric to his
stomach.

“I didn't mean to- I'm not going to sleep like this.” Yuuri sounded ashamed, like if he was caught
doing something wrong.

How?

Victor was admiring Yuuri’s legs when he heard that, lip between his teeth and a thousand thoughts
racing on his brain, making his head spring towards his boyfriend to look into his eyes.

“What? No! Why?” Yuuri laughed at him and his surprise, Victor pushed him slightly against the
closet and grabbed Yuuri's sides as he smiled at him, waiting for an answer. There wasn’t a chance
for Victor to sleep after seeing Yuuri like that.

“I have to cover up, my legs are...”
“Fucking perfect.” Victor growled before he kissed him and let his hands slide from Yuuri’s waist to his round bottom until he had a handful of Yuuri’s ass on each. He squeezed and his neighbor moaned into his mouth. Victor slid his tongue into it and bit slightly, earning another moan.

He had fantasized about this so much he could barely get through with it. Still, it wasn't only about him. It will never be.

“Can I?” Victor whispered into his mouth. “Anything you want. Anything you don't like. Anything… Just tell me.”

“It's fine. It's okay.” And that would be music to his ears. It was all he wanted to hear then. “Please.”

With such a plea, Victor wouldn’t hold himself anymore. His hands were now roaming all the way from Yuuri's butt up to his waist and down once more to his hips and thighs, deliberately avoiding his crotch and grabbing flesh from anywhere he could.

Yuuri was so good to him, so perfect he even completed and complemented everything Victor was and filled the gaps of what he wasn’t. For his sharp edges there were Yuuri’s soft curves, and where he had that glorious plump there would be Victor’s muscles. His height allowed him to look further for Yuuri and for him to follow Victor, even if that meant perfectly synced bows and tip toe stands. To Yuuri’s soft tan, there was Victor’s blinding white, where he was pale the other always blushed. They were like thin sand against cruel ivory that clashed and founded each other with small palms and long fingers. It was all too fitting, all too opposite and yet real. There weren’t parts of a puzzle in need to be solved. Like that they were more like different elements that created one whole masterpiece. One only meant to be shared between the two of them.

One of Victor's legs made his way between his neighbor's and helped him straddle it as he lifted him. Yuuri's hands went from Victor's neck to his face and back to his shoulders, sliding his arms to hug him and hold him where he was. Yuuri kept pushing his hair every now and then and Victor knew it was to look better into his eyes, staring into them as he slowly ground his hips. Victor groaned deeper and deeper each time and kept kissing Yuuri, holding him hard as they panted into each other's mouths. He wanted to kiss him more, everywhere, but he also didn't want to let go of the lips he dreamed about feeling so much. So they tried to create a steady pace that would take them slowly but surely over the edge.


“Yeah. Yeah. Sure.” Victor lifted him once more, Yuuri's legs around his waist and helped him as he still kissed each other. “Here.” He bent over until Yuuri's back was laid on the bed, already unmade and warm from earlier. Victor reached to his shirt and finally stripped totally from it, not letting go of Yuuri yet.

“How on Earth did you end up here?” Yuuri asked him breathlessly, looking at him with awestruck eyes.

Victor was quite aware of whom he was and the way his body looked. He was slim but built by the daily exercise that followed his afternoon jog, giving him a firm and muscled appearance. His white skin was pristine and soft, yet strong enough to handle bruises and scars like they were nothing. But that didn't explain anything to him.

Because he too, didn't have the slightest idea of how could he be allowed to have a literal angel beneath him, moaning his name and writhing to the slightest of the touches, glowing and glistening in sweat like it was a heavenly aura.
“I could ask myself the same thing.” Victor bent and kissed him more and more. “How did I ever become so fucking lucky?”

Even if Victor couldn’t believe a thing of what was happening, he kept going.

Yuuri had his hands on his torso, scraping with blunt nails his chest and pressing his stomach with his thumbs as he chanted his name over and over again. Their hips were aligned, grinding once more over each other’s need and squirming at every movement and touch like it was too much. Victor almost roared at the sensation of Yuuri’s hardened length against his own and bit him down on the shoulder, sucking a mark that would stay there for a while. Then he moved to the other one and repeated a couple of times more. Yuuri took his hands to his hips and unbuckled Victor’s belt, tossing it haphazardly to the floor with his hands wandering to his back pockets, where he pressed his palms and put Victor even closer to him.

All his self-control, all of his drive, every time he held himself back suddenly meant nothing because Yuuri was trying to make him lose his goddamned mind with everything he had.

Victor licked the curve of Yuuri’s neck and moaned Russian praise into his ear as they humped into each other, relentless. Harder and slower each time, they kept going for what seemed like hours but felt like seconds inside them, almost squeezing each other into themselves as they pressed into the bed. Victor pinched Yuuri’s nipples underneath the sweatshirt and held his moans into his mouth as they kissed unstoppable and unforgiving, almost as if they were trying to make up for every time they never kissed before.

“Oh, the night table, bottom drawer on the back behind a black box…” Yuuri muttered and Victor instantly obeyed, aching as they separated to go to where his boyfriend said to him. He looked for the bottle of lube when he felt Yuuri on his back, kissing and scraping all of his back with an urgent mouth as Victor finally grabbed the tiny, new container and opened it with less grace he thought he could. Having Yuuri so desperate behind him did absolutely no good to his bottle-opening skills.

Or his basic brain and motor functions, for that matter.

“Done, done.” He breathed into Yuuri’s collarbone after he turned around and kissed him again, moaning at the feel of having him again.

With Yuuri fastening the zip of his trousers and getting them low to his thighs before he lowered their underwear to push their naked cocks together in less than a breath, Victor felt his insides buzz with excitement before they all melted into a bubbling mess of sensations. He squirted almost all of the lube into their bodies, cold and unprepared, out of blunt desire. But not even that could stop them at all, making them flow along their sensations now that it was easier. Victor threw the lube aside and gave into Yuuri. Their sounds were erratic and frantic, a mess of wet noise under a breath and hidden by the music on the TV that silenced their madness. One Victor was losing himself in. Wholly, utterly.

“Baby. Baby, don’t stop.” Victor was totally undone over Yuuri, meeting his thrusts with eagerness and a hint of desperation to his touch, not having enough of him.

It had been so, so long since he had someone. Anyone.

And now it wasn’t that, he had the man of his dreams and someone he was so far for it was even better than anything he ever had. It was real, filled with love and passion. It finally meant something.
“Victor, faster.” Yuuri whispered into his mouth, taking the end of his shirt further into his torso. The sensation of skin against skin on each other's stomach was too much for Victor, and had him melting against the heat of if the second he felt Yuuri's softness give into the hardness of his abdomen along with the slick sensation of lube. “More, more. Please, Victor. More.”

Yuuri was moving like his life was on it, his hips swaying and hitting him as they kept their ruthless rhythm going, having them breathless without another word to say. It was becoming too much, and Victor couldn't believe he and Yuuri were about to come just by that rubbing of bodies, but he wasn't going to stop even in spite of it. It was perfect.

“Vitya.” Victor cursed in any language he was making up in that moment. “Vitenka, please. Please, please plea- Oh!” Victor had cummed into Yuuri's briefs (and his own) as soon as Yuuri had called him that and then he followed Victor not even a second after feeling the wetness accumulating into his cramped boxers around his thughs. The mess got bigger, dirtier and their moans lighter that neither of them held until they were both soft and breathless.

Sparks still flown into their boneless bodies as Victor rolled over and took Yuuri's hand to kiss it tenderly. He saw he was trembling, just as he was, while the overstimulation faded away from their madness-ridden minds. Victor felt even the cotton sheets were too much for his overworked body, hot and heavy and still sweaty as they caught their breath.

“God you're good.” Yuuri whispered as he rolled into his stomach and kissed Victor's arm. “You're so good.” He moved closer and sucked his collarbone, mumbling something in Japanese.

Victor moaned at the sensation, even more than he had just before and felt horribly wrong as he spoke. “It's getting late.” He said, totally against his true wishes. He would've gone over and over with Yuuri, as long as he could, as long as they both could. But he was tired and he knew there was a day to handle after that night, no matter how it had seemed to stop just seconds ago.

“It is. C'mon, we have to get up and clean this mess before sleeping.” Yuuri said, groaning and getting up. Victor had to hold back a chuckle, he was such a dad.

So they did. Slowly walking to put everything in order, they did their best to clear any evidence of their last passion fit. Turning off the TV and taking off their soiled clothing, they looked at each other with funny but endearing stares as they changed into their pajamas. Yuuri offered him a damp towel with a fun smile and turned his back to the closet. Victor pulled a pair of baby blue bottoms and some fresh briefs that he had brought on his changing bag earlier in the night, finishing cleaning himself and changing in a second as Yuuri went to the bathroom to do precisely the same. Victor walked with wobbly legs to the other bathroom, busying himself for a second at the toilet before he rinsed the washcloth under the sink, squeezing all the excess water. He let it cling on his shoulder as he walked over to Kosuke's room and saw him absolutely defeated on his bead with Makkachin by his side. He scrunched up his nose just like his dad did and Victor smiled at him.

So he went back to the bathroom, still trying to process what just happened as Yuuri finished slipping a worn and baggy scarlet sweater on his body. He was still wearing no bottoms.

Victor was about to put on his pajama shirt when Yuuri mumbled on his ear, suddenly besides him. “Don’t put it on and I won’t wear pants?” He asked, shyly but smiling.

“We have a deal…” Victor kissed the tip of his nose, carefully and then slipped to his lips.
The kiss lasted no more than a few seconds before Victor picked Yuuri up and took him to bed. Yuuri did nothing more than laying there, throwing one leg over his neighbor’s body and dozing into sleep slowly after that. Victor heard him snore lightly and he held back a chuckle, hugging his boyfriend tightly as he moved themselves till they found out a proper cuddling position and sorted out their respective sleeping places for the rest of the night.

“I’m glad you’re here, with me.” Was all Yuuri said to him before totally falling asleep, putting an end to one hell of a day. Victor felt his heart wrenching and kissed the top of Yuuri's hair. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He would give his life and world to have this every day of the rest of his years.

Sighing he tried to look at his boyfriend in the darkness, he still smelt of lavender and his face was wet from washing it. His round cheeks held no warmth anymore but the rest of his body, where Victor felt so in place as he helplessly clung to it, did. He was flush against him and all of himself caved into Victor and his arms, his embrace and his love. Drowning into the hug, they spooned as Victor softly sang in Russian, heart on his throat while the day washed over him. He was tired like any other day of his life he had ever been, but he truly thought and believed it had been so worth it, he would do it any other day of his life just to feel this complete.

Yuuri had given him the love he had been missing into a life he wasn't living anymore and there wasn't anything he could actually do to thank him but endure any future test they would come across in the future.

If all those hardships were meant to make him feel this blessed, Victor was already thankful for making him fight all of it.

So he slept there, his Russian fading into deep breaths as he felt his heartbeat steadily for someone that would make it lose rhythm anytime with such ease he could break it if he wasn’t careful. But he was, and that was why Victor slept like he hadn’t in so, so much time.

Chapter End Notes

See you next chapter, as always don't forget to leave ya' kudos and what you think on the chapters bc I still get nervous with this crap lol i'm sorrryccc.
Thank you so much, all the love! ♡

Translations!
Ti takaya voskhitItpei’naya - You are heavenly
Feeling It All

Chapter Summary

Yuuri weighs in on his new life and relationship with Victor and Ko with a little bit of help from his therapist, who gives him a new challenge to face. And when he does, it goes so much better than expected.

Chapter Notes

I'm a kaomoji sucker, I apologize in advance bc I use them way too much to reply y'alls comments bc honestly they express exactly how you guys make me feel
Hope you like this chapter as much as I liked writing it!! ♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor had stayed with Yuuri for almost two weeks, now.

Kosuke made fun of them but also crashed into their bed most of the nights and wake up tangled between them early in the morning. So he just rolled with it even if he spent most of the time making ridiculously funny faces at them

Now, Yuuri didn't know if it really was their bed. But he felt content by thinking of it as if it truly were. Because maybe it was.

Yuuri was now waking up to the sound of mumbled Russian into his ear, lips caressing his earlobe ever so lightly the shivers that ran down his spine were almost like a butterfly flight. His eyes opened slightly and blinked up to three times just to make sure he was not dreaming. But he never was and he would smile oh so beautifully he knew it made Victor hold his breath. Whispering their greetings, Yuuri found his way on top of his boyfriend to bend down and kiss his chest and neck, shoulders and arms as a way to say good morning. Then he had his back again on the mattress and Victor made all kinds of marks from his belly to his waist and barely on his thighs, all of them so easy to hide Yuuri knew he was being absolutely purposeful with all of it.

It was easier without Kosuke but if he went at midnight or stayed since noon every movement was done to its utterly minimal magnitude before taking it to the sofa, the bathroom or the kitchen as they tried to make breakfast, sometimes even the carpet and the little hallway. The goal was to never disrupt the little kid’s dream.
So far, they had done great.

One particular morning, there was Victor kissing him madly on top of the dining table, mouth open and wet with tongues dancing and twirling around each other’s. They still had their pajamas on and probably some kind of very bad morning breath but neither of them could care enough to leave it alone. They were livid on each other’s feeling.

“You’re so amazing…” Victor moaned on his neck, burying his fingers on the soft flesh of Yuuri’s hips. “And so goddamned sexy…” His mouth trailed a soft path from the dip of the shoulder to the chest and into his belly. “And all mine.”

Yuuri nodded, maddened with the feeling of Victor rutting against his center. He was between his legs, which had him down on top of him around his waist as they kept on kissing.

“Yes…” Yuuri breathed out, pulling from Victor's hair as he bit the chubby rolls of his stomach, mouthing at them with one hand on his clothed chest as the other one lifted the fabric from his midsection. A trail of hickeys would appear from his belly button to his sides and back to where his diaphragm was. “All yours…” He groaned.

“All this…?” Victor’s palms squeezed his ass and Yuuri squirmed.

“Yes.” He tried not to scream but it was getting pretty fucking difficult.

Victor moaned once more.

“You’re a wonder.” His tongue traced circles as he bit randomly, lower and lower on his hips as he had Yuuri’s underwear and pants down and down each time. “You’re a miracle, a gift…” Yuuri tried to push him further into his body, each word accumulation on the pit of his stomach, sending thunder and lightning in between his legs. “You’re everything.”

Victor started talking Russian and Yuuri lost it, like he did every damn time Victor’s voice grew deeper and thicker, rich in every syllable as he praised Yuuri between kisses. He knew he had lost this time.
“Takoy sovershennyy…” He mumbled into his mouth once more, kissing again and again without being able to come down from their desire drowned minds. Until they heard the clicking of their bedroom.

“Fuck me.” Yuuri said, sitting down straight on the table.

“You know I wish I could just right now…” Victor pecked him one last time on the forehead before separating from him completely.

Kosuke had woken up.

And they had the seconds counted.

“You wake up too early.” He said once after Yuuri came abnormally fast down from the dinner table to pretend he was sitting on the table, Victor basically ran back to the kitchen and started to fake-read a box of pancake mix box, tightly against the kitchen counter.

It was particularly difficult to play the “normal parent” role with a raging hard on but they seemed to master that character as Kosuke went around to say good morning.

He kissed his dad and went over to his dad’s boyfriend, cowlicks on his hair and squinted eyes that did not let him see much.

“Well, we have to work Taiyō.” His dad answered voice not as hoarse as he felt it on his throat.

“Unbelievable.” Ko mumbled, almost half still half asleep as he walked into Victor and hugged him from the hips, the only place he could get to without getting on his tiptoes.

Yuuri shared a complicit look with Victor, trying not to think too much about his restless hands on his body and his mouth doing all sorts of magic on his skin. It was hard but the shared smile he had with Victor let him know it was not easy for him to avoid thinking about his thighs around his slim waist.

They had their own kinds of fun, it seemed to be.
“Morning, Detka.” Victor bent after winking at his boyfriend and kissed Kosuke on the forehead, he now had to stand on his feet ends like he did on ballet to receive the kiss and give it back in a brief huff of air.

Yuuri thought he could work with poor morning make-out time just to see things like that every day before going to work.

And he did.

Victor spent more and more time at their apartment rather than on *his*, and the Katsuki were totally aboard with the idea.

How couldn’t they?

The place they were so scared to live in, *by themselves*, was now a home of their own. A home of three.

It just took a look around to prove it.

Every now and then Yuuri would do just that when he came back from work by himself or from ballet class with Kosuke, amazing himself with what he saw everywhere he laid his eyes. There were three pairs of Victor’s shoes on the rack besides the door and a coat next to his leather jacket on the hanger close to the coffee table. His cupboards had been slowly filled with instant cake mixture boxes and assorted candy, his Russia thermo and a couple of cups from when he used to travel more. On the loveseat, there was a purple scarf and a white leash while besides the Kitchen window you could always find two puppy bowls permanently filled with food and water for Makkachin and it was almost inevitable not to step on her toys all over the floor.

Yuuri knew that if he looked into his closet, there would be shirts that were not his’, two pairs of pajama pants that were too long for his legs and several briefs to little to fit his hips. There was the body soap he used as if it were his, the scentless body lotion and that special hair-treatment shampoo that Yuuri mocked Victor so hard about. Black tweezers and an electric toothbrush, some kind of expensive lip moisturizer and that weird facial treatment.

And it always made Yuuri smile, maybe it wasn’t *their* apartment, yet. But they shared it on a very special level, like if it truly were.
Pieces of shared lives and combined routines, the glimpse of a so much brighter future and those pictures of a real family.

So that was what was going on now.

Therefore, Yuuri gave in, not trying to gather his boyfriend’s things to put them at the front doorstep with cute post-its and instead he found them a place inside his apartment. And even if Kosuke missed to make those poodle drawings over the blue sticky notes, it was kind of inevitable; but then Victor bought him that mini-whiteboard with the marker so he could come home and find a new draw welcoming him back. Usually it was that same poodle.

It was just what they did now. Together.

They had settled into a comfortable routine, and Yuuri kept living on as if nothing had ever changed. But it had.

“I don’t know, I guess it’s better this way. For me and Ko, I mean…” He said to his therapist, his newly month Schedule only fitted one or two appointments with Dr. Yang. “In a way it’s what he needs. And also what I need.”

Dr. Yang looked at him and gave him a slight smile.

“You think Kosuke sees your boyfriend as a parental figure?” She wondered out loud.

Yuuri nodded, eagerly.

“Victor is really good with him and actually caring and supportive. He’s been there every time I fail somewhere, somehow… So now it’s him instead of having him see one of my many friends every time, it’s consistent.”

“That’s better, in fact.” Yuuri’s therapist was a doctor on Adult Psychiatry and was best-known for her aid on struggling adults and besides being the best of the area she was incredibly affordable. Her trust and confidence along with the secrecy she always assured and provided made Yuuri go back to his appointments after almost three years of never stepping a foot inside a therapist’s room.
“If Victor is a good influence on Kosuke that can actually be there when he is needed the more I think it will have a great outcome for him on his future development. He’s not that far into full puberty and teen years, so having a family will do wonders to his growth.” Yuuri nodded. “Now, tell me how do you think you could keep Victor around… If that’s what you want.”

He nodded once more.

“I- I’d love to have him with me as long as I could. As we can.” He said truthfully. “He’s wonderful and so, so loving. I just think I’ll keep with what we have until I can be brave enough to ask him to move in with me.”

Dr. Yang scribbled on her pad and looked at Yuuri with earnest eyes.

“You don’t think it’s a bit rushed after your divorce? It’s barely been over a month…”

So Yuuri sighed and closed his eyes, doing just what she always tells him to do when he finds himself in need of deep thinking.

The first thing he saw was Victor, obviously. But he wasn’t alone, he was holding Kosuke on his arms in front of his car. It took a moment for Yuuri to realize they were in the parking lot in front of the Court House at Downtown. It was almost the same image of his Ruling day, except in his mind Kosuke looked… bigger. He was almost his height and so much slender and stronger, built and smiling cheerfully. Victor seemed older, but gracefully. The wrinkles on his face were soft but noticeable, deep sun marks and age freckles all over his face and splattered across the hands that had on Ko’s shoulders. One of them had a bright gold band, sparkling in the sun. And yes, he was thinner, obviously less defined and his skin just a little paler. He was still unbelievably handsome, with that fringe off from his face and the soft silver hair much more short.

Yuuri didn’t think about how soon or rushed it could be, because he had just been gifted with a blinding insight of an actually reachable future.

So he opened is eyes, smile pulling from his lips and chest bursting with emotion.

“There was a time where I used to think that… I started dating him even before the divorce was consumed and I- I feared it would end just like it did with Frank but it’s so not it. Everything seems feels and is right.” Yuuri tried not to look down at his feet but there was so much coming from his
mouth he couldn’t feel brave enough to just say it like id didn’t matter. But the words did not stop. “I love him.” He assured.

“You’ve ever felt like you loved anyone before?” Dr. Yang asked, a bit startled to hear that coming from a man who once said he didn’t feel capable of loving another man ever again in his life.

“I love him like I never loved someone else. It’s a kind of love that I have just for him… And I think that’s more than enough to tell you that any future I have I want him in it. If he wants to, too.”

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Isabella Yang was a cold woman, but not heartless. She had been engaged at eighteen at premed school when she felt her life was just complete. Then that sore, dirtbag idiot left her to pursue an inexistent music career on her nineteenth birthday.

She dropped med school and enrolled on a psychology course that changed her life forever. Isabella met there her future husband and life best friend, even if she did not know it back then, before deciding to study a career into the mind study field. Ten years later she held a PhD with three beautiful sons and two published books.

Now then was her life was really complete.

But the road she had taken to where she was now, was rough. It made her strong, relentless and enduring on every way imaginable. She was cold and precise, making her a tough woman of sorts.

That did not mean what she saw in front of her didn’t warm her to her very core.

When Yuuri Katsuki first came to her after a two-week crisis of moving out of a toxic and dangerous relationship with his only son she felt like she had just seen the most broken man she ever saw.

It was raw and concerning
“So, how do you feel now after the divorce. It won’t be long until it’s a couple of months since the court ruling.”

“Liberated, happy, relaxed. I’m not as worried, I am considerably less cranky and I find myself enjoying all the things that used to annoy me.” He said.

“Like?”

“Doing the dishes, taking the train because he had the car or even grocery-shopping. I used to do almost everything because he didn’t do anything at all so I grew tired of it. Even when I moved with Ko it was still tiring… But now the three of us share the chores and the ones I’m in charge of the week are actually something I don’t mind doing.” Yuuri’s smile did not fade. “I feel like I’ve been unchained, everything’s going great. My jobs, my relationship with my son even got better and I’m at peace with myself now. Everything he used to say about me suddenly evaporated, the war is over and so am I with all of it. I’m different, now.”

Dr. Yang agreed with that.

“No more panic attacks?” She asked, then.

“Not since the morning of the court ruling. I’ve done great, I think.”

“You have! Cheer for yourself more!” Isabella encouraged him. “It’s great to acknowledge what you accomplish! Don’t feel ashamed for conquering those milestones. If they’re important to you, they matter the world.”

Yuuri nodded and the Doctor smiled to him even more.

“You finished taking your meds last month, everything fine?”

“Yes… It was weird at the beginning but the treatment was done and a week before I was all good.”
She was glad to hear that.

“Also great, so no more Frank in your life ever again. Right?”

Yuuri rolled his eyes and nodded.

“Like, *never*. I hate that idiot…” He mumbled. “I hope he never finds another soul to torture ever in his life. I pray that he never gets to get married again.”

That did sparked Dr. Yang’s interest. She flipped her pad and went back to a question she had been thinking quite a lot about since the beginning of the session.

“How’s your opinion on marriage now? On December you said, quote ‘a ridiculous waste of time made up by a society that makes you feel you have some sort of obligation with what had always been there because we made up humans are not made to be alone.’ Did that change…?”

Yuuri snickered and even the Doctor did so.

“Yeah… I was *so* mad that day.” He took a deep breath. “That’s something I guess anyone with a failing marriage will say, too. But that’s because sometimes we end up with the wrong person while the one for us is out there probably walking their dog or reading some really bad book… Once you’ve found them it’s different. Humans are truly *not* meant to be alone.”

Isabella had actually thought the same thing in the past. Both the opposition against marriage and the reconstruction of that thought. She could relate.

“I’m willing to try once more, in the future, once I’ve made myself sure the person I’m with is the one I can be for the rest of my life… I’ll say I’m not giving up on that just yet.”

The beaming, glowing and strong person in front of him had nothing to do with the Yuuri that she met on his first appointment.

The Yuuri in love she was meeting now was one she hoped to see for the rest of her professional life. And beyond.
So she smiled, and nodded.

“That I guess asking your boyfriend to move in with you it’s the right way to start.”

His client’s head sprang straight, staring into her eyes with some sort of surprise.

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“You think?” He asked, anxious.

“I do… You’re young and you have a son to support, if it’s your choice to do it with someone you love and care for that much, who seems to reciprocate all you think and feel for him, I say it’s only fitting. Your happiness belongs to you, therefore if this is what you want to do to achieve it fully, then go ahead. I support you and I bet all your friends do just that.”

Yuuri nodded eagerly.

“Yeah, they do…”

Dr. Yang put her note pad down and crossed her arms, scrutinizing his patient with a set of doubtful eyes.

“Your family… have you talked to them?” She wondered.

“I recently spoke to my sister, the last time I communicated with my parents was to tell them I got divorced and we quickly changed subject…” He mumbled.

“So you haven’t talked to Victor about them?”

“I have!” Yuuri rushed to say.
“But not to your parents about your new boyfriend?” Yuuri felt suddenly uncomfortable. “Well, I guess that’s your monthly assignment for next session, Yuuri.”

He almost deflated on his seat, groaning.

Yuuri decided to walk back home from Dr. Yang’s office. He was worn from the session but it had been worth it, useful and relieving.

But, damn it, Isabella Yang was just as good as always, precisely as they said she was.

So now Yuuri was walking the way to his apartment, enjoying the sun bathing his body as he tried to call Victor but his fingers seemed to fail him every time.

Of course he had talked to Victor about his parents, non stop. He loved them and missed them so much he felt so good to have someone that would listen to him to all of his childhood stories and memories, the home-sickness he felt then and now just like on college and the way he grew up with the best parents he could ever ask for.

Frank hated all that, saying he did not like to listen to ‘old people’ because it ‘made him feel old, too’. It was ridiculous and then Victor came along asking to see pictures and demanding more and more stories and details.

Yuuri delivered.

But his parents, even for their age, were busy people working on their last working years before getting their retirement. When he talked to them it was only a matter of brief talks, usual topics and rushed Japanese jokes courtesy from his mom. They were worried for him, obviously, so they didn’t really talked about Yuuri’s love life after seeing the first attempt at what they had, had failed. Yuuri told them what they had to know and that was it. The lack of information about Victor to his progenitors was no one’s but his’.

Crossing the streets, looking up at the buildings and feeling his legs warm with the heat of the
weather and the movement from his muscles, Yuuri pondered on the idea of calling his parents to tell them about Victor and their relationship. His father would be delighted, obviously, but his mother would get so mad for not telling her anything and then she would get all defensive on his son. One bastard just broke his heart, anyone else could do just exact the same thing. Maybe even she will brainwash his husband into talking to Yuuri about his life and his decisions, trying to ‘talk some sense’ into his brain so he could ‘reconsider’ what he was doing.

But it was Victor. Who wouldn’t love Victor?

Yuuri made it to his neighborhood after a good twenty minute walk and proceeded to make his way to his apartment building. Smiling, he suddenly though of Victor making a Video Call with him, to his parents.

That was quite a way of preventing his parents from trying to brain-wash him.

They were going to adore the man after five minutes of talking to him.

Yuuri basically did so it was very possible.

He called Victor from his cell phone.

“What is the most gorgeous man that ever walked this planet calling me on such a beautiful evening?”

Yuuri bloomed the second he heard Victor’s voice.

“That is just ridiculous, Victor…” He whispered, blushing. “Someone could hear you, dumbass.”

“Actually the whole parent board club from Kosuke’s ballet class just did.” Yuuri laughed while he heard Victor fumbling with his phone. “Say Hi, ladies…!”

A bunch of greetings, hello’s and different kinds of mocking and whistles made it to Yuuri’s ears as he blushed. Every mother on Kosuke’s ballet class was now updated on his private life by the one and only Victor Nikiforov. There wasn’t a way they all fell in love with that man already. He
knew they all fainted the first day he went to pick up Kosuke from class, confused at Professor Plisetsky’s sass at him and at Ko running to such a handsome foreigner after that day’s lesson. They were all wrapped around his finger by now, almost four months later.

He knew the feeling.

“Aren’t you going to say hi, my Yurishka~?” Victor voice dragged him, as a bunch of ‘awwww’ sounds made it through the line.

“Hi everyone, hope Victor’s behaving. I apologize in advance for any kind of mess he’s already raising.”

“That’s so mean, Yuuri~! I’m getting you off of the speaker so I can hear your embarrassment privately.”

Yuuri waited a few seconds before answering to him, then proceeded to do so.

“I hope you’re not twisting any panties at my son’s ballet class.” He said gleefully.

“How could I when I've already twisted the only ones I want to twist the rest of my days…” Victor’s cheeky tone did things to Yuuri, of course it did. But that day it only ensued laughter.

“I do not wear panties, Victor.” He replied, reaching the building and walking over to the elevator.

“And that is a very shameful fact I do not intend to allow any more, we will solve it.” He assured.

“Yeah but that should be after talking to my parents, first… I want you to meet them.” Yuuri blurted out.

So he thought the days of spitting put words and phrases like that were over, but they clearly were not.

And then he waited for an answer.

Yuuri beamed once more.

“Really?”

“Yes, I’d be an honor.” He replied, tone sure and steady.

“Oh my god! Victor!!” Yuuri almost jumped outside of the lift. “That’s so great, thank you so, so much!” He was truly excited.

“Anything in the world for you, my solnyshko.” Victor audibly blew a kiss through the speaker, making Yuuri absolutely melt. “Kosuke’s class is about to end, can we talk it as soon as we get home?”

And for a second, Yuuri felt like crying in that second. Victor referring to his place as their home was some sort of whispered miracle that only he could understand. It was everything he ever needed and all that he wanted on his days from now on, knowing Victor felt that same way about him and their relationship and it’s course was a gift made on heaven specifically for him. Yuuri loved so, so much Victor it burned far within his deepest desires. He loved him with everything he was.

“Can we do it as soon as you come back?” Yuuri dared to ask.

This time, Victor’s answer came immediately.

“Absolutely.” He said before repeating. “Anything in the world for you, my solnyshko. Anything and everything.”

Yuuri felt like he could break down the door of his apartment at that moment. Victor made him feel so strong and unstoppable it was moving.
“Okay, thank you. Really.” He said. “Thank you.”

Victor blew him another kiss.

“We’ll be there soon, I miss you already.” He said softly.

“You’re a dork, go and get my son.” Yuuri said after a light giggle. “Then get here, I want to see you again.”

“So who’s the real dork here?”

Yuuri tried, he really tried to hang up on him.

But he just did not had the heart.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for everyone’s support, y’all too good to me and this thing. You’ve been kind and supporting, ily so much I can’t even say thx enough! Ty ty ty (●ˇvˇ●)
♡♡!
Hope you liked this!

Translations! (Both russian)
Detka - Baby
Takoy sovershenny - You’re so perfect
A Choice Already Made

Chapter Summary

Kosuke and Victor share a moment that reaches the furthest end of their feelings before the talk with Yuuri’s parents. The end of the day turns out to be some sort of emotional storm, after everything. Yet, Victor finds himself exactly where he wants to be.

Chapter Notes

Y’all writing so much on english messes with my head A LOT °˖✧·(˚˃̣̣̥⌓˂̣̣̥˚)°˖✨
So have this little Victor-centric chapter with a Kosuke intervention that honestly it’s so pure? so soft?? i cried??? I loved writing this, I hope you like it as well!!
Much, much love ♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor had Kosuke by the hand, holding him tightly as they walked to the apartment from the parking lot. He was mumbling some song from the Romeo and Juliet ballet while still walking on his tiptoes, breathing slightly with every step. He smiled up to Victor and he did nothing but return the gesture, only bigger. That kid had some serious enchanting skills.

As they walked on their own, slowed pace, Victor felt his heart cry with emotion at Kosuke’s infinite trust on him. The way he was holding his hand to support himself as he twirled and even dared to jump was some small but significant way of proving he did not cared for anything, because he was being held by Victor at the moment. It was warm and gave him all this fuzzy feelings about being the right person Kosuke needed him to be, and there wasn’t anything as great as that.

The kid exhaled the last notes and did an elegant but graceful arabesque, letting go of Victor to put his arms over his head on fifth position, staying still for a brief second.

Victor applauded.

“And that was a flawless presentation by the one and only, the main soloist from the American Ballet Theatre Kosuke Katsuki!” He faked a roar of a crowd, making Ko laugh endearingly as he bowed gracefully to Victor before taking his hand.
“It’s premier danseur, Victor-san.” He said after they made it to the parking lot steps.

“Mh, I’ll have to write it down so I can pronounce it when you get to become one and my friends ask me what does my favorite kid in the world does for a living.” Kosuke beamed at him and said something in Japanese as he jumped, far less gracefully, into the hallway of the apartment building.

“I will do it for you!”

Victor nodded.

“That’d be perfect.”

They kept walking towards the lift, slowly but calmly as the silence tried to step in.

Victor felt his heart run just a bit faster than it usually would, he kept thinking over and over about Yuuri’s words and his urgency for Victor to meet his parents. Sure, they’ve known each other for almost half a year and they still had not made any formal presentations to their families. Victor couldn’t do much, since his relationship with his folks had always been estranged but maybe he could take him for tea with Yakov and, or, Chris one day instead. His old professor was much more than both a father and a mother anyway, so it would do the trick. But Yuuri’s? The people who gave birth to his little heaven sent gift? That was quite intimidating. Yet he could bet they were just as lovely as him, calm and peaceful with that remarkable and sensible strength Yuuri always had upon him.

It could be quite impressive, but Victor knew that it would go just fine if they were the ones that built Yuuri on such superb grounds.

“Hey Victor-san, do you think I'll get taller?” Kosuke asked, so there wasn’t room for quiet just yet.

He had been trying to get deep in thought but that question surely brought him back to reality.

“Well of course, Detka. You'll grow up so much more… you're only eleven, you'll keep getting taller!” He assured.
“But what if I wanna be as tall as you?” He pouted at him and Victor smiled.

“But some of the best Russian dancers were not particularly tall, Ko. That does not really matter.”

“I know but I’m not Russian. So I wanna be taller and better than them!” Victor laughed, this kid was not only head-strong but pretty freaking ambitious. He was absolutely into that. “So…”

Victor laughed and nodded.

“I don’t know about that, Detka. I’ve heard being so tall might make a dancer’s movements a bit clumsier in comparison to smaller ones.”

“That’s just what Yurio says, but I don’t know… It’s easy for him because he’s super tall already! I wouldn’t mind getting a bit slower if I can be that tall. I would work it out!”

So Victor turned to his other reference.

“Well, what does Otabek says? He’s a professional and shorter than Yurio.” He remembered the kid.

“Oh, uhm… He say’s I shouldn’t worry much about that, he says hard work beats height and talent.” Then he mumbled. “He said his height happens to be better than Yurio’s”

“So there it is!” They had stopped some steps away from the elevator, but their conversation was more interesting than getting into that metal box. “And he is right, by the way.”

“But it’s also nothing for him to say it! He’s the best dancer of the east coast!”

“And you can be the best one of the country, even if you’re his height or shorter than him. You have the passion and the talent, plus you’re super hard working and Yurio’s classes are the best. Besides being tall is not everything.”
Kosuke shook his head, agreeing with that. But he still looked troubled.

“But, how can I be sure I’ll grow up enough? I’m super small, I’m the tiniest of my school class and also on my Ballet group… That’s not encouraging. How did you get so tall, Victor-san?” He asked, almost pleading with his eyes for Victor to tell him what kind of magic potion he took on his pre-pubescent years.

“I don’t know about that, Ko. You know Russians are generally very tall, right? With our exceptions, of course.”

Ko nodded.

“So my father was a very, very tall man. Just as tall as Yurio and mom was also the tallest girl of her family, so I guess that helped. Genetics has to do more with your height than how much time you step on your tip toes, then”

Now Ko groaned.

“Well then I guess I don't know if I'll actually ever be tall… I don't know my birth parents so…”

Victor dropped Ko’s hand so his arm could go around his shoulders. He sighed and bent over to kiss his forehead.

“But now you've got the best dad ever, don't you? Yuuri is so, so good.” He whispered to him and Kosuke smiled hugely.

“He is, Victor-san! No one can top him, I've got the best Otōsan in the world!!”

“Oh, I know about that Detka. He’s wonderful, if I do say so myself it must be for something. Isn’t it?” He pecked his cheek with a finger and Ko laughed.

“Yes! You're right, I love him and I wouldn't change him for the world. I was chosen by the best.”
“And that, Ko, is better. You just said it, you were chosen by Otōsan specifically because he fell in you the second he saw you.”

Kosuke blushed and pulled Victor closer and down until he was squatting in front of him.

“Would you choose me? Will you choose us?” He asked, looking down with trembling lips as he spoke.

Victor felt his whole self go numb. Such an innocent question had its depth, it was no ordinary inquiry but a interrogation that signified the true worries of a family as little as the Katsuki. It was lovely, strong and proud but also easily scared and just a little bit broken. They had gone through some of the worst and the fact that a child knew it far enough to ask concernedly about their future together was a sign that things were just as serious as Victor took them. They were not here to fool around. Not any of them.

But he had always been death serious about this. He knew he had and he had also said so to Yuuri. The waiting, the effort, the caring and the support, being there on the darkest days and not only on the brightest moments were proof of that, when Yuuri was scared and doubtful, in the middle of the divorce and on their worst behavior. He had been there because he cared enough and took it the way it had to be taken: severe on his mind but always kind on his heart. If he had done all he did it was for something, not only for his own convenience. And both him and his boyfriend knew it.

But not Kosuke, Victor had never told anything to him.

So he did.

“I thought I had already done that, Ko. I chose you two a long time ago.”

Kosuke started crying.

He, unlike his father, was a beautiful crier that would break a tyrant’s heart the second that first tear hit his skin. His face went pale everywhere but his little eyes and the tip of his nose and his lips. The tears did not stopped and the little hiccupping noises he started to make as he cried more and more sounded like the saddest song ever played. His little hands made their way to his eyes and started to rub them furiously, like trying to stop the tears then and there but it was no use. The overwhelming emotions he was being attacked by did not seem to quit anytime soon.
Victor took him by the waist and raised him on his arms, he had been carrying his ballet bag all this time and now he only pushed it further into his shoulder as he held Kosuke tightly against him. He kissed his wet cheeks and ruffled his hair, stepping aside to let the people coming from the elevator to walk past them.

“Oh, Ko… Ta tebya lyublyu.” He whispered. And, somehow, the kid seemed to understand, making him cry even more.

Deciding that getting into the elevator would put them far too quickly on their floor, he looked over at the steps where he decided to walk to as he started to climb them. Kosuke almost completely all over his shoulder and tears falling into his leather jacket.

He was now singing to him on Russian, too. It had been proved to do wonders to Yuuri so he decided to try with the little one as he stepped over every stair, slowly and steady with Ko letting all out. Yuuri said he did not cry much, and since the divorce not even a single time for he thought he had to be strong for his dad. It seemed like too much for a little one to carry on his shoulders but it also seemed such a humble thing to do that Victor couldn’t handle the feeling of having the poor, crying and weak, (actual) child on his arms as he freed himself from all he had been stacking inside him for months and months.

“He asked as they made it to the second floor, hugging Victor tightly and controlling his sobs just to ask that simple question.

One that, for once, did not need any sort of thought.

“With all of my heart and soul, Taiyō.”

Kosuke kept on crying.

By the time they were making their way to the third floor, Victor’s legs ached and burned all the way from the talon and the calves to the hamstrings and his butt, but every step was another kind of challenge to endure and defeat, it seemed to be the ultimate test of responsibility towards the beautiful mess crying on his shoulder and so he would take it as such.

They got to their floor, Kosuke had not cried anymore but his eyes were red and his face noticeably streaked with the path that his tears had followed, nose also damp and red while his lips now seemed to be as pale as the rest of his face.
“You’re my family now, Kosuke. If you take me. If you chose me, too.” He said after putting him down, hands on his shoulders and eyes looking deep into his’.

He only nodded.

“I will care for you, always. And I’ll be here whenever you need me the most.” Victor took a deep breath and kissed his forehead once more. “I love you and you can always count on me. Both of you.”

Ko moaned, like about to cry again, but instead he buried his face on Victor’s chest and hugged with all the strength his arms could muster.

“I prayed for someone like you for Otōsan, every day, after he left Frank.” He said to his heart. “And you came, but you’re also here for me… ain’t you?”

“Just for the two of you.”

Victor could’ve cried but it was his time to be the strong one.

____________

“What happened to him?” Asked Yuuri after dropping Ko at the bathroom where he would get a shower while he talked with his parents and Victor.

Victor would not tell him what happened now, later into the night or maybe tomorrow but he would do it when Yuuri would not go to Kosuke to embarrass him after opening up to him. Dads were… well, dads after all.

“Nothing bad, I’ll tell you about it later?”

“If you made my son cry I will leave you, Victor Nikiforov. I swear to God-“

Victor laughed out loud and grabbed Yuuri by that preciously concerned face of his.

“It’s fine, Yuuri. Some bonding gone too hard.” He kissed his forehead. “We’re fine but he almost made me cry, too.” He pouted and kissed his nose. “So I say you should leave him with Yurio for the weekend so I can have my way with you.” Victor pressed his lips to one of his cheeks. “Every.” Then to the other. “Night.” And finally to his lips.
Yuuri gave into him, arms draping around his waist as Victor bit his lip slightly. He earned a moan in turn so he did it again, before daring to flick his tongue from the corner of his mouth to the jawline. He nipped it again and bit it before going lower on his neck.

He was about to open up his pale yellow dress shirt when the incoming video call notification sound started to tick like a bomb.

“Perfect freaking timing.” Yuuri mumbled before kissing Victor on the cheek. “Ready?”

His heart almost dropped.

“As I’ll ever be.”

Yuuri seemed to squeal silently, taking his hand and dragging him to the sofa where the laptop had been set up for the call. They sat down together and Yuuri started to click something into the screen. He pressed to answer the call and waited for the Skype app to load.

“Hold my hand?” Victor asked, shyly. He needed to be the one supported this time.

Yuuri did, and smiled without saying a thing before dipping his head to kiss him full on the lips.

“Yuuri! Are you sure you’re not having Katsudon frequently for din- Katsuki Yuuri!!”

“Okasan, that’s so uncalled for.” Yuuri knew he was blushing so hard, he felt like he was nineteen again and he and Anthony Díaz from College were found furiously making out on the dancing studio around the student residence. Just this time, it was worse because they were his parents who saw him kissing his neighbor on his freaking couch.

“Who’s the handsome foreigner that you were kissing, Yuuri?” His dad asked.

“Jesus Christ.” He groaned and buried his face on Victor’s shoulder. “Why on earth did I thought this was a good idea?” He moaned.

Victor just laughed and after the first seconds of the video call, he now felt there was nothing to fear.

“I’m Victor Nikiforov, I’m seeing Yurishka at the moment, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” He said charmingly as he rubbed Yuuri’s back.

“Oooh-!” Yuuri’s mother cooed. “Nice to meet you, Victor-kun!” She said. “I’m Katsuki Hiroko, this is my husband Toshiya.” She said proudly, she too was holding her spouse’s hand tightly on her lap.

“The pleasure’s mine.” Yuuri looked up at Victor and saw him giving them his best heart-shaped smile, exchanging pleasantry with his parents. It seemed to go even better than planned, setting the initial incident aside it was even kind of better than he had thought.

So he unglued himself from Victor and sighed, looking back at his parents on the other side of the screen and squeezing Victor’s hand as he spoke.

“Yeah, we’re dating. I’ve been seeing him for quite a while…” He admitted.
“How much?” His dad asked curiously, he meant no harm he was just naturally curious. Kosuke reminded him to his Otōsan on that, a lot.

“It won’t be long ‘till it’s half a year.” He whispered, almost embarrassed.

“Well that’s a relief! I thought you went through that crazy divorce alone!” Okasan said, making Yuuri quite surprised, looking at their parents with confusion. They were… fine with it? “Thank you so much for taking care of my Momo.” She said.

“Mom!” He groaned. “I’m not seven” He said almost furiously.

“We can tell, Momo.” His dad assured him. “So how you met?”

“I’m his neighbor, actually. And I have this poodle who once decided to run away from me and caught Kosuke’s attention so it was the mix of his son and my pet who brought us, thankfully, together.”

Freaking Victor was a charm right now.

Yuuri only nodded.

“How convenient! That’s really sweet, Victor-kun.” His dad smiled and then her mother nudged at him with her shoulder. “So, do you like Ko?”

“Oh I do! He’s so cute and smart, also really kind and talented. He’s amazing!”

Yuuri did not needed to look much at his parents to now they were not only approving Victor, but also proud of Yuuri. The upgrade from cranky, impolite Frank to lovely and respectful Victor was quite something. And Yuuri was honestly enjoying it too much.

So his parents and Victor engaged on the most wonderful conversation about Kosuke and himself, how amazing they were and all the dings they did. He heard so much compliments a flower bloomed on his skin and jewels incrusted on his heart. He shined and beamed, glowing under the praise that made him feel so loved and cared for. But it was also listening so much good things about his son that made him feel relishing with a soaring, boastful pride. He felt his beatings become heavier and his eyes almost wet with emotion, his parents and his boyfriend seemed unstoppable at the moment of thinking and naming all that was great on him and finding a way to embellish even his imperfections.

It was this that he had been not missing but lacking from all that time before he met Victor. The sense of amazement and self-discovery through other people’s eyes that made him know himself from angles he did not know before.

It was wonderful.

“Otōsan…!” Kosuke called from his bedroom.

“Oh, I’ll be right back.” He said after quite some time silent, looking at his parents before turning to his boyfriend and kissing him on the check. “You, behave.”

“I can’t promise much.” He said, laughing along with the ones behind the screen as Yuuri walked over to his son.
“It’s so great you’re being this kind to my kids.” Hiroko said to him after a while since Yuuri left. Toshiya was talking about how much he missed his grandson and Victor almost promised them he would take the two beautiful Katsuki to the West Coast on his summer break just to alleviate the couple’s longing for their family.

That also brought Victor some uncomfortable memories from that job offer back there on California, but he decided to ignore it all. Just for a while more.

“They’re kind to me too, so it’s only fair I do my best to return them an ounce of all that they’ve given me.”

Yuuri’s parents smiled proudly.

“This is so nice~!” Hiroko beamed once more. “I’m really, really thankful, Victor-kun.”

Both of them bowed and chanted a lovely “Arigatogozaimasu” in perfect unison.

And Victor did the same gesture of the head, smiling softly as he saw them again.

“I should be thanking you…” He never got to say them why, as Kosuke came running to his lap with Yuuri and Makkachin following closely. Ko, now much better and smiley instead of worn and crying sat down on his legs as his boyfriend did so behind him and Makka jumped straight into the three of them.

It was, certainly, kind of odd to see the three of them sitting down so tightly together in the small sofa like one, incredibly annoying, family. A real one.

Victor thought they all must look like quite some picture, since Hiroko took her phone out and simply took a picture of the four of them with a huge smile. His husband seemed quite pleased, too.

“Basan! Jisan! Did you met Victor-san?” Ko asked excitedly as he took Victor’s arms and wrapped the around himself. He squeezed the little kid and kissed the top of his head, making him squeal in delight.

“We did, Taiyō.” Toshiya smiled greatly behind those glasses and seemed to perk up at the sight of the little kid. “He’s a great man.”

“He is!” He said proudly. “He’s the best, Otōsan picked right!” He winked at them, then at Victor and finally blew a kiss to a blushing Yuuri.

“You’re too much.” He sighed and leaned on Victor’s shoulder, smiling at his parents as Makka barked happily and licked their intertwined hands. “Tell Oyaji and Haha about Ballet class, Momo.”

“So you can call him Momo?” His mother mocked him.

“In revenge of all the times you called me that, Okasan. I need some sort of relief.” His parents laughed.

“Momo means peach!” Ko explained to Victor. “Basan and Jisan call Otōsan like that because he’s round and soft. Uncle Phichit says is because of his butt.” He finished innocent and sweetly.
“Kosuke!” His dad nagged him but everyone was far too gone on laughter to even care.

Victor, privately, thought Phichit was right.

“Whatever, sorry Otōsan. Jisan says that since he’s always blushing he gets all pinky like one, too. So he’s been Momo since forever. I’m not that cute so I don’t think I should be called that way.” Ko also said, thoughtful.

“I don’t think so, I would say you’re cuter.” Victor pretended to think as he said so, earning more laughter and a very blushed Ko who also giggled as Yuuri gasped.

“I can’t believe my son is turning his back on me!” He said dramatically. “My own son!”

“Well, Oyaji.” Ko began saying gracefully. “It is because of me that you met him, so obviously I’m the real winner here.” He topped his phrase with a pair of finger guns and smiled then at his grandparents.

“You’re quite rebellious for your age, young man.” Said Hiroko before Toshiya snickered.

“Oh, let him be. As if Yuuri wasn’t that way, too. He’ll grow out of it eventually.” Hiroko rolled her eyes but smiled and nodded.

“He will.” She sighed and then talked again to his grandson. “So, how’re Plisetsky-sensei and Otabek-kun, Taiyō?”

There was no way in heaven he would shut up now.

He started to ramble about his ballet mentors, sighing at the thought of them and his beloved lessons where he would dance and dance until his legs gave out so he could go with both of them to have dinner and then dance even more and more in front of a tv or at the dining room.

So Victor gave a second to himself to look over at Yuuri, taking his hand from his’ to reach for that rebel strand of hair getting into his cheek. Holding his breath, he pulled it behind his ear as Yuuri smiled at Ko but then his sight went straight into Victor and gave him that deep but silent stare of plea, like if he was begging him not to leave him ever in life. And Victor would never do such a thing, so he only nodded once and returned that meaningful look before putting his hand where it used to be, squeezing it and relaxing into the sofa once more.

“Also! I’ll have my second theatre presentation on September!” Ko announced victoriously. “Madame Baranovskaya sneaked me into the Giselle presentations before the Nutcracker! That would be three theatre performances on a year!”

His grandparents cheered him proudly, giving him words of encouragement on Japanese.

So Victor looked at Yuuri's parents now, feeling just a bit down when he tried to imagine the possibility of a life like theirs.

So many years of marriage, two children and a grandson? It was almost unimaginable. How many times he thought there would be no one in the world for him? All those years of longing but never getting, wishing and never making it… It was surreal to look where he stood now, everything he ever wanted and even more than that. It was almost like if he never had all of that he wanted because he was meant to wait for this.

Because then, when he looked over at Yuuri, Victor thought: 'maybe it is not impossible'.
There were chances bigger than whatever he could’ve ever imagined.

He couldn't resist it when he felt it, so he bowed just a bit to kiss Yuuri's cheek as he talked in Japanese with his parents about something Kosuke had asked them. The man blushed and looked startled at him before shaking his head and smiling sheepishly, then he just kept on talking even though his parents were smiling at him like they knew it all.

And maybe they did.

So Victor breathed heavily, looking at the older couple in front of them as everyone talked and laughed. Right now he may not understand anything but he felt like he had a place there, being loved and cared for where it matter the most to him. The happiness he had been feeling for such a long time was real, it endured over time and grew more and more each time he found himself deep into a relationship so fantastic it seemed hard to believe. But he was there with Yuuri and their hands were intertwined as they talked to his parents like they've known each other since forever. Kosuke was still on his lap, leaning on him and having just a bit of trouble to keep his eyes open. Makkachin was on Yuuri and dozed lightly with his jaw over Victor's knee, with his boyfriend's head lowering slowly until it finally rested on his shoulder and the conversation come back to English after quite a while.

“Everyone's looking tired by now. We'll let you go, boys.” Hiroko said after looking tenderly at them.

“Makkachin's a girl….” Ko muttered, scratching his eyes and curling in a ball with Victor's arms still around him.

“You should get to bed, Taiyō.” Yuuri told him but Victor patted him on the chest and kissed both on their ear tips. “Or you’ll fall asleep on Victor.”

“I'll take him to his room if he does, it'll be fine.” He assured before looking back to his not-yet-but-future-in-laws. “It's been so nice to finally meet you, Yuuri always talks about you.”

“That's so funny because Yuuri never mentioned you!” Toshiya tsked and his son groaned.

“You didn't ask and I didn't want to seem rushed again.” He muttered, excusing himself and tearing an even bigger smile from Victor’s lips.

“It's not about that, son.” Hiroko intervened. “We just would like to know about what makes you happy. It would've been nice to hear that you and Ko weren't alone through that nasty divorce. Frank was no honey over oats but you two…”

“You two seem perfect for each other.” Toshiya said.

It took everything Victor had not to crumble in that moment, if they said it, it must mean something.

Yuuri was blushing furiously.

“Yeah why don’t you go and… have dinner or whatever? I’ll talk to you in the weekend.” He spit, looking down as Victor tried his best not to laugh madly.

“You’re so ridiculous, Momo.” Hiroko said. “You’re a gift, Victor-kun. Hope we can get to meet you in person soon!” She winked and Victor nodded.

“Take care of our kids, son.” Said Toshiya after his wife. “And you too. Have a lovely night.”
“It’s been my absolute pleasure, take care too.” Victor said after bowing to such kind words.

“Oyasuminasai…” Ko mumbled, hugging his neighbor tightly.

“Oyasuminasai, Taiyō!” His grandparents said goodbye and then mentioned something to their son on Japanese before he send them off, still quite embarrassed, and not looking yet over at Victor.

“I’ll take him to bed.” Victor said, pecking his boyfriend on the cheek and laughing as he got up, Ko on his arms, murmuring words of love to the kid on Russian.

“Hey Victor-san.” He mumbled as he was laid down on bed.

“What’s up, Taiyō?”

“A-arigatou…” He mumbled as the covers went up on his body.

“It’s nothing, Detka.”

Yet that was not it.

Kosuke grabbed Victor by his dress shirt and pulled him down until he was between his slim and young arms, holding him from the neck so tightly Victor felt it all the way down to his back and shoulders.

“Aishite imasu…” He kissed his cheek and fell to sleep instantly after.

Even Victor’s poor Japanese were enough to make sense out of that. All of his being totally ached, in the best way, and he couldn’t do more than leaning to whisper on his ear.

“Mne bol’she, Detka.”

His life could not just get any better.

________________

“So, may I ask why did you panicked the hell out of your self when your parents pointed out how obnoxiously perfect we were?” Victor came to ask him to the living room, arms tangling around his waist and lips sticking what seemed like a thousand kisses on his nape and neck.

Yuuri could not answer.

All that? Perfect. It was ridiculous how fine it turned out to be. It was almost disturbing for everything to go so smoothly that his parent’s last words directed to both of them were like some sort of crazy, god-sent alarm that shook his entire body with pleasure.

But it was so weird coming from his parents, the people that knew and understood him the most it was off-putting.

Now it had passed, and he could just roll with it.

“I didn’t know we looked that way.” He replied and his hands wormed to Victor’s arms as he turned around as he could and kissed his boyfriend on the lips. “But I guess we sort of are.”
“Sort of?” Victor gasped. “Oh, Yuuri~!”

He laughed, it had been quite some day for him.

“We’re pretty cool, okay?” Yuuri muttered. “But it’s not like we can’t get any cooler.”

Victor laughed out very, very loudly.

“I’ll get us one of those couple shirts Yurio hates so much.”

Yuuri giggled.

“I’d prefer some sweatshirts. Like dad sweatshirts.” Victor hummed his approval, kissing him again and again until he breathed out.

“Speaking of, I might’ve made Kosuke cry.” Yuuri pushed him away, groaning.

“Victor! Don’t mess with the child!” He said.

“On my defense, he made me cry, too.” He sighed and Yuuri looked at him doubtfully.

“Internally.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes.

“But that’s not it! I’ll tell you about it while you get your pajamas.” He replied, cheeky grin adorning those sinful pink lips of his.

“And letting you watch me get undressed while you just sit there?” Yuuri knew his face was un-amused.

“My plan precisely.” He took him again between his arms and kissed him once more, deeply. “Because once I’m done you’ll be fully dressed and crying, too.”

“Jesus, what did you two do?”

That little look Victor gave him disarmed him completely.

“You would not believe it.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so so much for reading! Tell me what you thought about this chapter on the comments and let me feel your love ~ ♡ Read you next time!
Kisses for everyone (σ*AllocateYourHappyTime* "〜")

Translations!
arabesque (french) - ballet position where the dancer stands on one leg as the other one is extended in the air behind them, lifted.
premier danseur (f) - Main, and most important, soloist
Ta tebya lyublyu (r) - I love you
momo (j) - peach
Basan (j) - Grandma (informal)
Jisan (j) - Grandpa (i)
Oyaji (j) - Dad (i)
Haha (j) - Mama/Mom (i)
Oyasuminasai (j) - Good night
Aishite imasu (j) I love you
Mne bol'she, Detka (r) - me more, baby // is that even ok?? //
Raise your Words, Not your Voice

Chapter Summary

Like all relationships, Victor and Yuuri face different challenges even in the middle of sweet bliss; but when there is actual love like theirs, they always make it through. It is always important to know that not even fights are bigger than real respect.

chap. (and fic) title from: Rumi

Chapter Notes

I know my grammar and orthography might be kind of fucked up lol I'm sorry I hope it doesn't make this unreadable (?) A thousand apologies !! (⭐️⭐️⭐️<⭐️⭐️⭐️) Anyways thank you for sticking around, your kudos, bookmarks and comments (specially comments!) fuel me to write the hell outta this, I hope you like this installment! Enjooyyy~!! ❤️

See the end of the chapter for more notes

More than another week had passed by, Victor kept staying over more and more every time and everyone just pretended he literally lived there. It was rare the occasion he would go back to his own flat, for a change so it seemed like they actually lived together. But it usually didn’t make it through the first 24 hours before he came back by his own feet or by the calls of need from the Katsuki family.

One he was pretty sure he was already part of, Yuuri thought.

“I’ll go and wake Kosuke up.” Yuuri yawned behind Victor one day, kissing his neck once before trying to step away from him.

Of course, Victor did not allow such thing and, instead, he turned around and grabbed Yuuri by the hips until they were pressed flush against each other once more.

“Before that…” His hands went lower until he was grabbing his butt, squeezing hard and lips pressed strongly against his own when his tongue came on full force to lie inside Yuuri’s mouth. He moaned and bit Victor before reciprocating the action, creating lewd noises of wet, clashing lips for what felt like a century but was no longer than a minute. “Mmhmm…” Victor breathed into his jaw. “That was nice, go and get Ko.”

“Oh god,” Yuuri pressed his hands against his cheeks. “You’re the worst.”

Victor just took his cup of coffee and drank from it with mischievous eyes.

“Maybe I’ll get him so you can cool down.” He walked past him and whispered into the shell of his ear. “Unless you’re going to try to stop me, too.”
Yuuri pushed him and laughed.

“Terrible.” He answered. “Now you’ll wake him up. I’ll get his breakfast ready.”

“Aw, I was hoping your revenge.” Victor pouted and Yuuri walked away from him.

“You’ll get it, just you wait.” He barked and sent him off with a wave of his hand as Victor laughed and he smiled.

Somehow, he just did not want for him to leave. Ever.

The summer had settled in fully, the vacations just starting and Kosuke taking an extended ballet course especially with Madame Baranovskaya and Otabek on the afternoons every day. It wouldn’t last much but Kosuke had begged Yuuri to let him do it since it would be just him and no one else. And even if Yuuri wanted nothing more than a full break for his son he seemed so excited and dedicated he let himself give into his son’s pleas (like he usually did). It turned out to be a great choice, since he had more time with Victor all for himself now.

It was sort of a big deal, since the kid now refused to let the two of them alone (and more precisely, Victor).

When Victor had told Yuuri what happened the other day, when his son came home with red eyes and very clear signs of a lot of crying Yuuri worried so much he did not know what to do until Kosuke told him everything was fine. Then he questioned his boyfriend but Victor assured him it was nothing bad, telling him he would know it all later. And then, when he did, Victor had been right: he was crying silently, hugging Victor so tightly his arms were sore the morning after saying thank you so much his jaw also ached.

Victor was truly a gift, like his mother said.

Now she called more frequently, asking much more for Victor rather than for Yuuri himself and spent quite some time chatting with him over the phone (and some time video calls). Once she figured out his working schedule, she would always find him at home and made him stay right where he were to ensue some sort of long conversation. It was usually exactly after his afternoon jogs, when he came home sweaty and trying to steal kisses from Yuuri to upset him jokingly with the moist feeling of his skin. Yuuri would screech and then the phone rang, making him roll his eyes until Victor went to answer and chirp happily with Hiroko over the speaker.

Then, on those days that it was before he could go out on his running, Victor would end up delaying his exercise until Hiroko had let him go after quite some time. It was funny and also ridiculous, but it seemed that Victor simply had that effect on everyone he knew and Yuuri enjoyed a lot to see him smile so warmly at a voice he had just known.

“I’m pretty sure she has forgotten I live here, too.” Yuuri joked after one particularly long call.

“She does not, your father said hi and Hiroko sends kisses to everyone.” Victor replied.

“I didn’t know your second name was everyone.”

Victor laughed and stood up from the bar stool he was sitting on.

“It is not.” He said, walking towards him and holding his hands. “Now… where was I before the phone rang?”

Yuuri rolled his eyes.
“About to take a shower, you smell.” He scrunched up his nose, just like he knew Victor founded adorable and then kissed his lips quickly. “Now go and wash I won’t touch you if you’re sticky with sweat and Seattle smog.” Yuuri threatened.

“Yuuri~! That’s so mean…” He pouted and Yuuri laughed, getting on his tiptoes before jumping into Victor. He caught him on a fluid movement, hands on his legs and arms around his body.

He was strong and stable as they looked into each other’s eyes.

“But maybe I will if you manage to get us both in the shower…”

Victor did not need to be told twice.

“You just watch me.” He exhaled

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It was almost strange, the way Victor had found himself at peace more than he had ever been at Yuuri’s place.

It was only himself to blame for the fact that he didn’t dare to step foot outside the flat #37 for more than a day, no matter how much Yuuri would say it was because of him and Kosuke. The reality was that Victor merely did not have the heart to ever in the world leave them.

“You know I never even thought you could get there yourself…” Yuuri whispered to him as he brushed his hair with a little purple comb.

“I’m not that big, Yurishka.” He mumbled absently, almost falling asleep with his boyfriend on the bed. Hair still wet and shirtless.

“No, you’re not big.” He sighed and crawled until they were face to face. “You’re enormous.”

Victor laughed loudly.

“You’re just short…” He opened his eyes and smiled at him. “And hella cute.”

Yuuri smiled at him and kissed his forehead.

“It’s a miracle we both actually fitted in there.” He mentioned, thumbs pressing in circling motions against his shoulders. “I thought you weren’t going to make it.”

“Well, in fact, I would say I am quite headstrong when I have the proper motivation.”

His hands came to rest on Yuuri’s cheeks and he smiled dreamily, he was quite lucky to have someone like him on his life.

He tried to close his eyes once more, but one of Yuuri’s small hands brushed his back from his face and made him look into the other’s eyes.

“You’re incredibly precious, you know that. Right?” He wondered.

Victor rolled his eyes and didn’t say anything.
“You’re the one always saying how beautiful I am… but it’s you who takes breathes away just from walking by.” Now he was blushing. “You’re the one turning heads and pulling sighs, Victor.”

“I’m getting old.” He whispered in return, not sure how to reply to that.

It was true that Victor never stopped saying how striking and perfect Yuuri was (because he is) but he never said any of that hoping to listen it too, in return. He just felt like it so he said it. But now that Yuuri was opening to him, telling him how he saw and perceived him on a daily basis was something quite new.

Yuuri was discreet and humble on his opinions, so listening to him lavishing Victor in words and praise was not only rare and random but also widely appreciated.

“Well shit you just might be like Sake. The older the better…” He smiled widely and dipped his head to kiss Victor once more. “I can’t imagine you any more attractive than you already are, Ōji.”

Victor sighed.

“You know, when I was in college I wore my hair long and down…” He said, voice barely over a breath. “It hanged to my back, right here…” He pointed the exact place he knew his silver hair used to fall, right above the small of his back where a series of beauty marks laid. He knew Yuuri had seen, caressed and kissed them but he didn’t know what he was telling him now. “And I didn’t have sun spots or these little wrinkles I’m getting from smiling so much.” He groaned and fell into the bed.

Not even a second before Yuuri was climbing on top of him, stomachs and chests pressed flush together in a perfect alignment of bodies.

“You sound like my highschool fantasy.” He admitted with a little giggle, making Victor laugh as his hands rested on Yuuri’s back. “So I bet you were quite something, very, very pretty.” He mumbled, finger tracing lazy shapes on his collarbone.

“I was… I cut it off only because I was starting to work and it didn’t look professional. Of course I regretted it and as soon I started to grow it, it just wasn’t the same. So I gave up and started to wear it short since then.” He received a series of pepper kisses before he kept speaking. “I was also much younger so it looked far better… Now…”

He trailed off, feeling suddenly down. It was also rare of him to open up but he felt the trust and confidence in Yuuri to do so. Yet he also felt strange doing so, vulnerable like he never liked to feel.

Victor knew about his age and how fast he felt he was growing up. The hair getting thinner and his skin dirtier with un-washable marks and freckles that felt deeper when inside of those almost invisible, but definitely there, wrinkles. He knew about the spots on his skin and the way it started to dry all the time no matter how much lotion he applied. He knew he wasn’t that calendar twink his friends used to tease him for “being” but he felt abnormally out of his own skin, sometimes.

He hated not being able to stop time.

“I don’t know.” He finished.

“Well, it does not matter because I didn’t know you back then. But I do now.” Yuuri answered after a while. “And you’ve always looked like this since I first saw you. So that makes you just as perfect as I thought you were from day one.”
Victor looked down and saw Yuuri’s huge, loving eyes. He smiled and kissed him as he could, too.

“Then I guess that’s just fine.”

“It is, Inochi.”

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Also, Victor started to spend less and less time at the office so he could be with Yuuri and Kosuke at home. He would still work an awful lot at the apartment, computer and papers all sprawled out on the dining table as he fumbled through his cell phone (later in time Yuuri made him use the landline, otherwise his cell bill would become astronomically large) and his folders, running back and forth from the apartment to the courts and back again to their place where he kept working and working until Yuuri pulled him from where he was seated with the smell of food or some quite tempting kisses that always ended up in messy make-out sessions on the carpet and loveseat at the living room.

Though it also started the first fights of the relationship, introducing a Russian-babbling Victor and a very exasperated Yuuri it seemed to be nothing compared to what he knew from his awful past with Frank.

Yes they raised their voice, but there was never screaming. It also included extreme levels of nagging, but it was all bark and no bite. No matter how much they pushed each other on a mental level it never became something physical and it also died as soon as it started. Plus they ended up using better words rather than a louder tone to solve and sort things out.

It was even kind of ridiculous. Sometimes the dishes, other's the laundry. It was more frequent to be some sort of Victor's crazy requests (like a cake at seven in the morning or a night at the decks at nine in the morning) or Yuuri's own desperation over his boyfriend's work who, he said truthfully, it seemed to take him away from Yuuri. Yet it was never bigger than the same bickering over the grocery shopping or Makkachin running around the flat because she hadn’t been out on her walk that day.

But, sometimes, it was because of Victor’s slightly dramatic jealousy complex.

He trusted his Yuuri, with everything he ever had. He knew the other man would never, absolutely ever do anything to hurt him or damage his beautiful relationship… But it had been an eternity since Victor had something special and real (let alone this wonderful and his), that he was scared he could lose it on the blink of an eye. It was just as silly as he knew he was, for he had Yuuri and Kosuke taking care of him and what they had that slowly had been turning into a wonderful family of three that didn’t need much. And yet, every time, Victor found himself scared and doubtful that someone, anyone, could take his wonderful and loving Yuuri out of his hands because he was simply the best.

So he started to be just a bit more careful.

He was never possessive or maniac, at all. Victor always kept everything in line but he became notoriously irritated if someone flirted with Yuuri or even looked too much at him.
He knew it.

“I don’t like you making scenes at the goddamned train station; he didn’t even say anything at me.” Yuuri roared as they walked towards the mall.

“Well but you didn’t see the way he was looking at you.” Was Victor’s response.

“Of course I fucking didn’t! You held me and I ended up with my face up in your chest, you tower.” Yuuri hissed, Victor decided it was the best idea in the world to get all touchy on the train since some dude was staring at him but then the older man realized it had been a huge mistake.

“It was uncomfortable! He looked at you like he was about to straight up eat you.” Yuuri flinched at those words and Victor felt another pang of regret, that was uncomfortable.

“He did not!”

“He did, babe.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes and walked away from Victor, pace faster since he was getting mad and he didn’t want to snap in front of his face. Now he knew everything about his boyfriend and Victor had gotten better at reading him at any situation, specifically the ones that resembled this.

He heard him sigh and then he was again next to him, not wanting to be far away from him on a moment like this.

“I’m sorry I just didn’t know what to do!” He apologized, truthfully.

“Well trying to kiss me like we’re on my bedroom at a very public place wasn’t the right thing to do.” Yuuri muttered.

“But-“

“Or holding me like that, it was a train not a fucking hotel Victor.” He said.

“I’m sorry!” He repeated. He was right, he knew it. Therefore, he was pleading forgiveness now because of it.

“It was embarrassing, you know?”

Yuuri was actually really ashamed and couldn’t even look at Victor at the face right now and it pained him to see such a thing. Yet Victor was deliberating if it was for what he did or because of his own reaction. It was out of place for Victor, yes, but it would’ve passed unnoticed if Yuuri didn’t screech and get all sassy at his boyfriend for a slip of his hands on some insecurity reaction. So he was doubtful.

Victor groaned and grabbed Yuuri’s hands.

“Okay, I should’ve not done that. I know it was unnecessary but I felt unconfident in front of him. It was wrong and I won’t do it again. I trust you and I know you would never even look at them the same way.” He apologized, looking deeply into his eyes.

Now it was Yuuri’s turn to say sorry. Victor kind of needed to hear so, too.

“I just hoped you talked to me before.” That was pretty petty, but he needed just a bit more of push to say what he had to say. So Victor gave it to him.
“I will, next time and every time after that.” He bowed his head as he promised so.

So that was it.

“I’m sorry, too. I was rude and I overreacted.” He mumbled. “I should’ve talked to you too, instead of… that.”

Victor smiled and they met gazes once more.

“It’s okay. I should keep my hands to myself when we’re not home.” He replied.

Yuuri shook his head.

“Not entirely, let’s just be a bit more decent on the street.” Yuuri said and Victor faked a pout.

“That means I can’t kiss you right now?”

Yuuri laughed.

“No! Please, do it.” He asked and he received, pink lips crushing for a mere second before they separated.

“We’re fine?” Victor wondered and Yuuri could only nod. It wasn’t the first time it happened something of these sorts and it surely wouldn’t be the last. So they had to get used to working it out.

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But, of course, sometimes it was just plain silly.

“Bye Victor!” Phichit waved at him as he came out of the studio, his boyfriend following closely.

“If I could wish for something right now would be for you to be just a tiny itty-bit less tempting.” Victor growled after Yuuri walked outside from his stretching class right into him.

“That’s a pretty way to say ‘hi baby, how was class’?, but I guess that’s part of your enchantment.” Yuuri said, rolling his eyes and kissing Victor on the cheek.

“Well, instead let me ask, ‘Hey babe, who was that dude spreading your legs right above his pelvic area? He seems pretty confident on grabbing your legs. Anyways, do you want Subway or Panera for lunch today?’, was that better?”

Yuuri blinked three times in a row, surprised.

“Dear god, you’re jealous!” He teased him. “Of Andrew, twenty-something Andrew, who just got engaged to his highschool sweetheart!” Yuuri laughed at Victor’s visibly red face. “Oh my, this is amazing! You’re so adorable.” He stood on his tiptoes and kissed him full on the lips.

“Well I did not like what I was watching.” He muttered, taking Yuuri’s bag on his shoulders and arms wrapping around his waist.

“If you looked closer you would’ve seen that it was just the exercise everyone was doing.” He
kissed him again before letting him go. “Let’s have Panera, by the way. I’m in the mood for their soup.”

Victor nodded and released him too.

“Fine, let’s go get Ko.” He murmured as his eyes darted back to Andrew, still not fully convinced.

“Hey, I’m here.” Victor looked back at Yuuri, who had him by the hands with a pair of loving eyes looking exclusively to him. “Just get over it, he’s not the one I’ll be kissing tonight.”

“Well you better freaking kiss me a lot.”

Yuuri giggled.

“I was already planning that so we’re cool.”

Their fighting did not mean it was something entirely private, They had stumbled across some pebbles on the road in front of both Yurio and Phichit, making them uncomfortable until one of them screamed to get them in their places. Once they did, staying quiet and looking embarrassed at their friends they would apologize to them and then to each other before things went back to normality. It was to be expected, after all. They were humans and such things happened all the time. They were in love and sometimes that failed them to keep them content, so it was on their own to use that same love to fix anything and everything.

The good thing was that they did.

They always did.

Even if sometimes, it needed just a bit of intervention from the ones who they least expected.

It had been a hot Saturday afternoon, with Kosuke playing around with some of his new friends from the regular ballet summer course that shared recess with Ko’s break time and Victor and Yuuri looking out for him on a far end from the park where they all gathered thanks to their parents. It was all really nice until Victor had to go back to the apartment to fix some emergency document, making Yuuri upset and leaving him alone to wait on Kosuke until dusk. Once they were back to the apartment building, he started to prepare dinner with Victor quiet as he never had been and Ko taking a longer than necessary bath.

An hour and a half passed by and Victor remained still.

“Victor, you’ve been in front of that screen for two straight hours. I haven’t even heard your voice since I got here.” Yuuri said after the dinner was ready and his boyfriend remained out of this world.

It took him a second to look at him then.

“I’ll be with you in a minute, baby.” He replied, going over and over that Will that seemed to be wrong on every word. Yuuri wondered how some sort of minor testament can be such a pain in the ass for him and his life. It was dumb.

But yet again it was Victor’s work and he didn’t like to be pushed around when he was focused.

Which was rare, so that only made it more important.

“Victor.” Yuuri called once more.
He did not answer.

“It's getting cold.” He pushed.

He tapped something on his keyboard and then his cell phone started to sing with that weird ballad he had as a incoming call tune, he answered and said something in rushed Russian before hanging up and banging the devise against the table, he had just became pissed.

And even if Yuuri knew better than bother him anymore, he did so anyway.

“This is not a restaurant for you to just eat whenever you freaking feel like it.” He barked and Victor just shook his head, sending a text and almost ignoring him yet again.

Yuuri snapped.

“Oh my God! Victor! You don't even have time to eat with us?” Yuuri asked. “It's only for a minute then you can go back to that thing!”

“Honey it's my last task of the day so I can have the rest of the weekend with you!” He answered, looking at him. “Give. Me. A. Second.” He punctuated every word, almost growling as he turned around to his computer.

“Well sorry for wanting to share my meal with you for tonight because I happen to be unable to wait for tomorrow.” Yuuri knew he was being too much but sometimes he couldn’t help it. He tried his best to not be crazy like this but sometimes it won him and he ended up being just that.

“If it gets cold I'll microwave it. Just let me read it once more.” He said again to him, rotating on that chair and trying to make Yuuri understand.

“You can’t microwave it!”

“Go ahead; I’ll join you in a second.” Victor looked back at his laptop screen and Yuuri almost lost it.

“Don't turn your back on me!” He said. Those kinds of things really bothered him. “I'm talking to you!”

“Honey I know! Just wait.”

“Victor~!” He cried out.

“Jesus you're like children.” Kosuke came out of the bathroom, hair damp and towel around his neck as he walked bare-chested into the dining room. “Can I put the portfolios on the floor, Victor-san?” Yuuri saw his boyfriend nodding slightly at his child while he did what he said and turned to the kitchen and took the plates in Yuuri's hands.

“Ko, what are you doing?” He asked.

“Let's just eat on the table with him. He can check his work thingy and we can have supper together.” He mumbled. Putting down the plates he fetched the rice bowl and the soy sauce along with the chopsticks and the glasses. “We don’t have to take all of his space just enough for the plates and that’s it.”

“That's... That's perfect Ko.” Victor muttered, leaning fully in the chair and looking at the kid.

“When we finish we’ll put everything back to where it was, Victor-san.” He promised.
“You're brilliant, thank you.” He answered, ruffling the kid’s head.

Ko only sighed, but he kept his smile.

“I know, right?” He smiled at Yuuri then, and Victor did the same. It was awkward and apologetically but still honest. Yuuri felt guilty now and tried not to look at Victor as he sat down with the water jug on his hands. “Y'all make too much scandal for these things. I can't believe it.”

Yuuri tried to say something at his child but he only smiled at him again before looking at the table. It was kind of useless to dialogue with him by now so he just rolled along with anything he said.

“Itadakimasu!! Oh! We're missing the wasabi for this!” Ko mentioned to his dad. “Can you get it, Otōsan?”

He was about to nod when Victor got up on a blink and walked to the kitchen.

“I got it.”

Kosuke looked at Victor over at the other room before his eyes came back to his dad. Yuuri tried to say something but Ko shook his head and made a wide gesture to Victor and the table. Then he became very busy with his fireball, suddenly incredibly interested on the shrimp tempura next to it.

Yuuri sighed.

“I'm sorry, darling.” Victor said after coming back with the wasabi and a jar of ginger for Yuuri. He placed the things in the table and kissed Yuuri's head slightly. He also breathed out, deeply and took Victor's hands before meeting his lips with his own.

“I'm sorry, too.” He said after the first kiss and then, after another one, he also mentioned. “I just thought you wouldn't like us moving your stuff. I was being ridiculous, forgive me.”

“I don't mind, nothing is as important as you two.” Victor kissed his temples and got back to his seat. He took his plate and bit his fireball before fumbling with the computer for a couple of minutes before closing it. He placed his plate on top of it and looked at Kosuke.

Yuuri did the same to find his son rolling his eyes at them but smiling as his soy-stained nose scrunched in delight.

“I learnt that boss voice from Yurio. It really works.” Then he grabbed a pinch of wasabi and went back to his dinner. Yuuri laughed along with Victor and they kissed once more over their food.

“No fighting on meal times, okay?” Victor asked, rubbing the tip of his nose against Yuuri's.

“No fighting, at all.” He corrected and kissed him one last time before they both nodded and went back to their supper.

After saying grace they looked at each other once more and smiled kindly. It was not their first time fighting for nothing and it surely wouldn't be the last, as they reminded themselves constantly. But if they always had Kosuke and this undeniable feeling of love and respect inside them they will always find a way to sort out any problems they had. Unlike with Frank who seemed unfixable, Victor and Yuuri were both willing to accept their mistakes and do better next time. They both knew best and that was what would help them later in time if things got out of hand once more. They always solved everything out because it was their happiness who wasn't only more important but also bigger.
They were quite something, but Yuuri had never enjoyed his summer break any more than all this.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for your patience and your love, you're so kind to me!! (◦’▽’◦)♡
Let me know in the comments what you liked, loved and hated (it is valid!!), read you next time! ♡♡

Translations!
Ōji (j) - Prince
Inochi (j) - Life, destiny, /prince/ 命
What Blooms after The Storm

Chapter Summary

Even when Yuuri can't love himself, he has Victor. 
When Yuuri doesn't know where to turn, there is Victor. 
For everything Yuuri feels, he can share it with Victor. 
In the end, it is Victor who makes him feel everything.

Chapter Notes

You think there's no way to mix deep angst and shameless smut? You came to the right place to change that ☆

So yes, this might brake your heart at the beginning but if I finished editing this all restless and red-faced you might as well too by the end of this chapter lmao (^■■■
^)

Love you always and anyways, hope you /like/ this one! ♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri just had the worst day since quite a while back.

He felt like this stupid, crumbling mess mere hours away from crying. His head was spinning with pain and his chest puffed itself with stress and anger, his frustrations were sent overdrive on a flutter of desperation and a thousand more of unsettling feelings.

He did not know what to do.

It had been a great year, divorce set aside. He freed himself from a marriage he despised and left a person he hated, he became truly independent once more and had time for himself and his son, whom he loved the most. Yuuri had also met the most wonderful man he could think of, someone he loved and cared for that also reciprocated his feelings and was so much more than just that. He won the divorce, kept his child and started dancing and enjoying his work and life once more.

But that day everything paled into nothing.

It seemed meaningless and dumb.

His therapy sessions were a bit more frequent now that he had the time but also shorter and more efficient, where he would go over his week with Dr. Yang in less than a blink and he would just let the flood inside his heart pour on every way imaginable. Yet sometimes it was not enough.

He still worked on some things more than others and Isabella kept giving him more and more assignments that were actually effective for him, but every now and then he felt unmotivated enough to just ignore those simple tasks. Then, when she would comment on his progress and backtracks, congratulating him and recommending him to get back on his feet when necessary and appropriate after several questions and remarks, Yuuri just went back to work or feel nothing at all.
Then his session would be over and Yuuri could go home.

Back to Victor.

Even on his worst days, that little idea and thought gave him enough hope to push through the crowds of the Seattle train and walk to his place, the image of a pair of arctic blue eyes and a warm hug encouraging him to place one foot after the other.

“Hey babe.” He would say, getting to him even before he could even take off his shoes and all of Yuuri’s worries would disappear within a breath for a second.

It was always enough to make him forget it all for a while.

But that certain day, one specifically tiring Monday, not even that was strong enough for him to unlock the door of his flat. He looked to the windows around him and he sighed, he hated when the day seemed just as gloom as his mood. It had been raining and the city seemed asleep, exertion pulled from his bones and it all amounted to a very crappy evening.

That precise Monday, his depression had gotten the best of Yuuri just for a moment at the train as he came from dance practice after finding out he had added quite some pounds after the last time he weighed himself. Usually it would be something to ignore, definitely… but that explained a lot about his waistband-ripped jeans and the tightening of his shirts just over the chest. It had put him down as soon as he stepped back from the scale, getting him all cranky to the point he didn’t even wait for Yurio to come by and say hi. He just took his things and stormed out of the studio to the train station.

Then some heavy headed jackass made this ugly remark about “pig, fat people getting into crowded trains like they were two different persons” and it all went downhill from there. If he was already upset enough it became even worse then. It was not the first time he heard it but after seeing those horrible numbers on a scale he figured out it only made sense.

He made it by a second to his therapy appointment and then Yurio called to tell him to say that Kosuke would be ready later than usual that day because Lila had a medical meeting that would take more time than necessary. And lastly, on top of all that, he also told Yuuri that Phichit had a car crash that morning on his way to the stretching class.

Yuuri ranted about everything to Dr. Yang and even her calm and collected self seemed uncomfortable by seeing Yuuri like this. So she just helped him through a half panic attack and sent him off with a provisional dosage of meds, without a task to work on for next appointment.

He went to the hospital after his session, seeing his best friend at the hospital with Mila and Sara, who were looking concernedly over to his friend who seemed like he tried to pretend nothing happened but he seemed devastated. It had been a rough year for him, if the insurance company failed him it would be getting kind of worse. It was only about the car, though. He was fine except for a minor twisted rib and some scratches that would all heal in time. Yet Yuuri was worried to death for him.

“It’s going to be okay, Yuuri! I’ll make sure to send you one of my edible arrangements to your place since you seem worse than I do.” He laughed and Yuuri rolled his eyes.

“It’s not funny, Phichit-kun.” He rumbled.

“God, I’m ‘kun’ again!” He sighed and looked relieved at him. “That’s so good!”

Yuuri groaned and fell back into his chair after five solid minutes of pacing around the hospital
It took Phichit almost an hour to convince him he was fine and that he would call him later in the week to get some drinks with Yurio, swearing nothing was too painful and that nothing hurt more than the headache he was getting from all of his best friend’s questions.

That was when Yuuri left, saying he would go to his home as soon as the Hospital allowed Phichit to leave and that there was no way in hell he would let him alone after that.

Finally he went back home, walking so much his feet hurt just to keep himself from jumping into another train with the excuse he was making a bit of extra exercise. Even if now he was kind of regretting it.

He knocked on the door and Victor opened it in a second.

“Hi.” Yuuri mumbled. If he had not been filled with the worst of his feelings and emotions that day until the point of almost breaking down, he would’ve hugged the air out of Victor.

“What happened, Solnyshko?” He asked, notoriously worried as his arms caught him on the embrace Yuuri longed so much for.

“Eh…” He didn’t feel like talking, once his horrible mood set him free and faded away he felt the sequels much more strong than the whole actual thing, so he was quite down by now.

He entered the apartment, still between Victor’s arms as he closed the door behind them.

“I think I just had the worst day since bloody February.” He replied, knowing that Victor would understand that the first two months of the year were not only horrible because of the divorce thing but for where he was.

Which had been a really, really dark place.

“Want to talk to me about it?” Yuuri wanted to nod, but he felt more like shaking his head and in the end he did not do anything, so he just sighed.

“I’m going to get my shoes off now.” He said instead.

Victor didn’t go away; he just gave him the space so Yuuri could undo his shoelaces to set his footwear aside, right one first and then the left one. As he took the socks he found one of them to be stained with what seemed like blood.

“Baby, what…” As Yuuri peeled his dirty sock, he found one large wound on top of his feet, right across the instep bone, just like the ones his son would get so similarly to his’ on the days when he used to dance. “Yurishka, what happened?” Victor demanded to know and Yuuri just shook his head.

“I walked from the hospital to here…Maybe?” He mumbled.

He had called Victor to let him know about what had happened to Phichit on his way to the hospital but he said he was stuck on the office so he could not be with them at that moment. But, obviously, he didn’t tell him about the train incident.

“And why the hell would you do that, sunshine?” He ‘tsked’ and carried him on his arms, bridal style, to the bedroom where he made him rest on the edge of the bed. Bringing out the stool he used to put Kosuke on the other bathroom for him to brush his teeth, he positioned it under his room.
heels so his feet could rest. “Stay here.”

Yuuri did so, not saying anything as he repeated his day over and over from the second he stepped outside his flat. Would’ve he gone out if he knew what would happen? He did not know but the concern on Victor’s face made him regret such a silly decision to walk all those miles back to his place. It was unnecessary and he only ended up hurting himself. The wound burned and bothered his whole foot, plus both of his feet were swollen and red with ugly marks from the socks and the shoelaces.

He winced in pain as he watched Victor come back with some alcohol, a cotton pad and a wet washcloth.

“I don’t understand why would you do such a thing, you should’ve called for me. Why didn’t you take the train?” He was asking for an answer but, at the same time, he was not. Then he started mumbling all sorts of expressions on Russian as he checked the wound with a critical eye. “It’s not deep but it’s going to hurt. Hold on to me if it’s too much.”

Yuuri only nodded.

Victor was caring, sweet and incredibly responsible on so many ways it was almost soothing to see him so focused and serious when he was often smiling and restless. He prepared the cotton with alcohol and stared at Yuuri’s eyes as he pressed the wet bud to his hot, bleeding skin.

Yuuri hissed and tried to look away from Victor’s blue eyes, they seemed so worried it made him feel guilty for being so sensitive. But, at the same time, it was safe. It was the most familiar thing he had come across that day since he woke up and left Kosuke, together, at his class.

It burned more than the cut itself and a tear slipped from his eyes as Victor rubbed the edges of the cut with the clean edge of the pad and then pressed the cold, damp cloth to his skin. Yuuri groaned and his hands darted directly to his shoulders, nails digging on the fabric of the shirt while he sobbed. The pain sensation became too much as it mixed together with his walled up feelings, making a mess of sensation that went further from his skin. The tears kept falling and he hiccupped more than once, drawing Victor’s attention to his face as he finally finished.

“Yurishka, my sun, what happened?” He asked, much more worried as he got on his feet to leave the things on the floor and walked fully over to him. “Was I careless?” Yuuri shook his head. “Did it hurt too much?” He shook his head again, only slower.

“I…” He breathed and opened his eyes, getting his glasses out of the way as he looked into Victor. “Never mind.”

Victor took his hands and kissed his wet cheeks.

“No, baby, tell me…” He almost begged.

Yuuri was uncertain of what to say next, of all his concerns what bothered him the most right now was his body. He knew there were worse things out there to be all freaked out about; numbers on a scale had always hurt him deeply. And also he couldn’t get his head out of that fucking train where he felt his heart drop so low it almost crushed on the floor.

“It’s stupid.” He said but Victor wasn’t having any of it.

“It’s not. Whatever it is… tell me.” He was back on his knees, body between Yuuri’s legs and eyes glistening with pain.
Yuuri also knew Victor did not care about his body the way he did and his boyfriend loved him just the way he was, all his curves and the extra flesh that bothered him so much seemed to be Victor’s holy grail but it still made him ache and uncomfortable when he wasn’t there to hold him from where he would never allow to be even looked at as he said him, loud and proud, how much he loved every single inch of him.

So he did not wanted to bother him, yet again, with the same silly shit he always complained about and bothered his boyfriend to some extent.

Even when he was with Frank, he always tried to ‘joke’ about getting him into a diet plan or some ‘actual’ exercise and not just his ‘dancing thing’, which seemed pretty ‘useless’ to that goofball’s eyes. It hurt him to be so constantly remarked about what he hated the most but being pressed by his life-partner was even worse. He felt like he couldn’t do much back then and nowadays it was still the same crap. He felt most of the time prickly on his own skin, not liking what he saw and wishing he could change all that into the slim and fit body of the young boy he once was. To his college days when he was pretty and thin.

So he did not want to say anything to Victor.

“Someone hurt you.”

But it was no use, half a year into their relationship and Victor was able to read Yuuri like a book he had always had with him.

Yuuri only nodded, so slightly he almost didn’t feel it.

“Who?” Was all he asked then.

Once Yuuri opened his mouth, he did not stop for a second. Not even to breathe.

“I weighed myself after stretching class today and I found out I added a lot of extra pounds to the point where that stupid electric scale started to make all sorts of beeping noises in the middle of the locker room and I got so mad I literally ran away. Then I was on the train on my way to therapy and it was fucking prime time when this asshole kept looking at me like I was some sort of god-fucking freak and he started to say how fat I was and how pigs like me should not get on the shit-ass train. He was with some other jerk who laughed at me as I got red and then the two of them kept eyeing me with all those judgmental gestures as they ate some… fucking kale chips or whatever like if that was supposed to mean any fucking shit. It was ridiculous and I wanted just to make it freaking stop…”

He kept crying, eyes wet and ugly face all blotchy from pain as he started to talk faster.

“I know I’m no mannequin but you know how hard I try to do my best for me and Kosuke and now you… It’s always me against all those fucking lies but I can’t help to look into the mirror and see that they’re true because my body is not one made for today’s fucking society’s demands.”

He rubbed his eyes furiously before keeping on with his words.

“And they’re just numbers, they’re just words but they always hit me where it hurts me the most and today…” He sobbed. “I do my best to ignore it but today I was feeling so fucking low it got to me and now I can’t stop thinking about it!” He cried out, not able to look at Victor.

He was there, at his feet, looking at him as he cried and screamed, putting up with all the crap Yuuri was giving him and he remained still in place listening to every word falling from his mouth.
Yuuri put his hands on his chest and pressed it before he tried to pull his jersey over his tummy and shapeless waist. He felt so ridiculous now that the last thing he wanted to also feel like was ugly and undesirable in front of the most perfect man in the universe.

He was breathless, roaring and anxious as every word dropped like oil from his lips.

“And before I did not think much about it because I had bigger problems but now it’s all coming back to me now like it did not so much time ago! I might’ve not said shit but it was because you made me feel so beautiful and desirable, like if I actually were… and now it hurts me because you do all that for me because we know what I look like! And it’s unfair…!” He sighed and looked everywhere but Victor, still unable to meet his gaze.” I know that even when we go out everyone will look at you because you’re so handsome, so perfect and then they’ll look at… at this mess- at me and say ‘what is he doing with that?’, and they’re right because you’re gorgeous and I’m just what the idiots on the train said I was. It is just what I look like- It is what I am!”

His face was scrunched, red and swollen just like his foot and his expressions angry and madly heartbreaking Yuuri felt like the worst in the world.

“What?” Victor asked voice grave and solemn as he literally chased Yuuri’s eyes until they met again.

Yuuri did not move a muscle.

“I asked you, Yuuri. What do you think you are?”

If Yuuri didn’t loved, knew and trusted Victor as he did, he would be literally afraid right now.

“Answer me.” He said once more.

Victor’s face was half hidden by a dark shadow projected by his fringe, eyes cold and hard like an ice stone that pierced directly into his skin and made him feel like he wished to put all of his rant inside his mouth once more, like if he never said anything. His expression was raw, almost cruel and genuinely angry as he repeated the question one last time.

“Katsuki Yuuri, what do you think you look like? What do you think you are?”

Yuuri swallowed hard.

“A pig.” He mumbled just because he was being asked. Otherwise, he would’ve stayed silent forever.

That simple phrase fell from his lips, hitting the dead silence like a stone on the water and it created the same ripples that extended everywhere on the tiny room.

It was deafening.

When it made it to the bottom, Victor suddenly collapsed against Yuuri’s knees.

He buried his face there as his arms held his legs tightly and pressed himself against Yuuri’s lower part of his body. He could feel his erratic breathing and the bothered heartbeats. A minute passed by, then two until three became four and they ended at five.

Yuuri counted every second.

Victor rose up, looking at Yuuri and his tear-stained face. The cries had stopped but the pains,
physical and emotional, remained deep on his stomach and heart. His boyfriend shook his head, bowing down until he had his lips pressed against his skin, mere centimeters away from his cut where he started kissing the bones on his foot with such a tenderness that seemed to heal every lasting pain on his skin and body.

“Bullshit.” He whispered, lips caressing on an upward motion. “All fucking lies.” He assured, tongue circling his calf bone as he went up and up to his clothed shin. “What does anyone even know?” He questioned, kissing and biting all the way to his thigh before stopping suddenly and repeating the same exact motions on his other leg. “Even you… , you miraculous being fallen from heaven. You brilliant star… You can be so dense.”

“Victor…” Yuuri tried to stop him, not from talking but from kissing him, he could feel his lips and tongue but Victor was probably only sensing the rough denim fabric over his soft skin. But he didn’t seem to be listening.

He finished lavishing the last leg when he looked once more to his eyes, grabbing his hands and holding them tight with a squeeze.

“What’s wrong with you?” He asked, not needing an answer though. “You don’t know it, do you?” He kissed every knuckle as he spoke. “You’re wonderful, perfect, and brighter than the sun. I’ve told you.” Then he pressed his lips to his palms. “Your body is perfect, you’re perfect.”

He tried to shake his head, how could he say such a thing when Victor saw himself to a mirror every day? He was the epitome of perfection; Yuuri was nowhere close to none of that.

“I adore everything about you; I would give my life over and over to have you. You don’t know it.” He stopped kissing at him and then looked straight into his eyes, pressing Yuuri’s palms over his chest. “You just don’t know it, but this heart beating right here does it just for you. Look what you’ve made, Yuuri. You’ve ruined me because you’re so perfect I can’t ever be with anyone else. It’s only you… And it was because all that you are. Beautiful and ugly, pretty ends and dreadful edges. It is everything, lyubimyj.”

Yuuri started crying again, only softer.

“It is all, solnyshko. What you don’t like I love and I’ll help you love it too because I can’t think of standing the idea of anyone hating you. And that includes you.” That pulled a little smile from Yuuri’s lips, it was so sweet he couldn’t deny it. “And, for now, I can show you how marvelous you are. If you want me to.”

He sucked air in, hard and blushing before nodding.

Yuuri could not think of anything more healing than Victor right now.

“I do.” He replied. “Show me.”

Victor’s sheepish smile was eaten by the wolf grin his face painted in a second.

“You’ll know how much I want you; you’ll understand it until you want yourself too.”

Yuuri could only nod, after so much time saying just ‘no’, he yielded in and held back the aching sensation of his whole body as Victor dipped his head into his lips and started kissing him again, slowly and softly. No rushed, no hurries, it had all been so fast before on their little escapades on the bathroom and the kitchen it seemed like right now they had all the time in the world.

It was theirs to twist, bend and double just for that moment and their undoubted connection. If
Victor said he would make Yuuri feel all that he felt, it was worth to put pause to everything in the universe but them.

“I won't have you until you accept yourself. I don't want you to feel only loved by me when it's you who must love you more in this existence.” Yuuri nodded words barely into his head as they kept kissing with open mouths and moaning breaths.

But they made sense.

“This face,” Victor muttered, peppering kissed all over it with special attention to his lips and temples. “So pretty and expressive, intelligent like all of you.” His lips darted to his eyes and blew raspberry pecks to the lids. “It should never be stained with tears.”

Yuuri felt more accumulating on his eyes, but he did not let them fall. So he exhaled deeply instead, pressing himself harder against Victor until both of them were breathing erratic and harshly, trying to get the other one to become rougher.

And yet they remained so soft, at the same time.

Victor's arms surrounded his waist, hands gripping Yuuri's love handles on his back when his lips moved to his chin and the flesh behind it.

“This black, powerful enough to work for a child and yourself, without ever breaking.” His tongue traced rushed circles, and then he moved down to his neck and sucked a series of marks that would most definitely result onto some hickeys hard to hide. “This neck, holding that strong head that is so hard to convince from its own beauty but that knows so much about life.”

The kindness of his words filled him to the brim with love but also lust, piling on his stomach on a downward motion that reached his crotch and made him feel unbelievably hard. It was merely too much, the words and his kisses combined with those hands, that made Yuuri feel like he couldn't control what was happening to and with his body on that second.

Yuuri moaned vividly as he felt Victor's fingers digging into his flesh and squeezing with firm hands every inch of skin he could have between them. His body would surely be red and irritated but by the way Yuuri's nerves sizzled and sparked he knew he would not care at all.

“And all of this…” Victor whispered against his clothed chest, slowly lifting up Yuuri's blouse with trembling fingers as he spoke. “Where you hold your heart, which beats so beautifully against mine. Where your lungs are, who keep you alive with breath but are also the ones that hold you back, sometimes.” He looked at his eyes again and Yuuri could not look away even if he wanted to. Victor pulled him until he was again in the edge of the bead, grabbing his hand and making him sit up as he fell to the floor with his knees against the carpet on the bedroom. His eyes were filled with an unknown feeling Yuuri had not seen before on those arctic eyes that he thought he knew so well…But this sensation, this passion and adoration that tainted every last blue bit of him was foreign but not strange. It was almost as if it was meant to be there.

It seemed to be the right thing to see right now after so many judgmental looks and sharp eyes.

Yuuri tried to pull him up, not wanting to see him kneeling but Victor did not move an inch so his hands settled on the covers of his bed and gripped it tightly. His left arm went around his waist and the right one made his hands slide until it was over his chest right above his heart. Hand sprawled and fingers extended for a mere second before he grabbed Yuuri by a handful and took his head to his sternum, kissing and dropping bites with enthusiasm.
“Victor…” he breathed out. “Victor.”

Victor was just not listening.

His mouth moved to the bare side of his chest before finally taking all of the clothing away from his body and kissing his lone nipple, sucking until it was almost purple and then moving to the other. His tongue drew circles and spirals until they were both wet and red, kissing his way down to Yuuri's tummy. Victor was curiously silent, attending Yuuri and his necessities without dividing his attention for nothing more than some words that seemed to fade slowly but not fully.

Victor was being patient and calm, mouth moving slow around his belly button and to the deep divisions of his waist rolls. Giving deep love bites into Yuuri's soft skin, he started to fumble with his pants' zipper until it was down. Yuuri let out a deep groan and tried to get closer to his boyfriend. But he was not moving anymore even if he tried.

“Flawless… handsome… how can't you see it?” What Yuuri did see was how Victor seemed almost pained by the fact of being apart from him when he walked away to take off his jeans, careful with his foot cut, and then repeating the same actions he did earlier with each one of his legs. Slowly and warmly.

Yuuri had finally become a writhing, squirming mess of moans and sweat who forgot everything that got him where he was. He was deaf to everything but to Victor's praise and blind to it all but to his boyfriend's hands. He was impossibly heated, wanting so much freaking more of what he was being given to the point where he felt greedy and needy. But he couldn't do anything but ask for what he wanted.

“Victor…” He whispered tone so different from all the other times he had been calling his name earlier that evening. “Don't stop. Please. More.” He practically begged.

“Not until you tell me what you are, again.” He replied with his lips sticking to his hip and not moving an inch from there. He just peppered kisses until he moved to the other side of it.

Yuuri did not know what to answer.

“What…?”

Victor bit the inside of his thighs, ripping a moan off Yuuri's lips with the question dying on his mouth. Victor lapped the surface of reddened skin, dropping a kiss before moving mere inches aside.

“I won't do more…” he threatened, making Yuuri shiver. “Unless you tell me what you really are.”

Between lust and confusion, Yuuri's head was so blown by thought he didn't know what to say.

“I... I don't understa-” He received another bite, stronger this time close enough to what lied between his legs. It was heavy and harsh, multiplying the hot sensations on his body. He sobbed and tried to keep his mind clear for a second.

“Tell me what you are, not what people say about you.” He sucked the skin behind his knee, kissing the tendons besides it and biting then the soft muscle in between. “Not even what I say about you.”

So it hit Yuuri.

No more praise from Victor's lips or any kind of self-hatred from strangers who do not know him
like himself does. He would have to do what he used to with his therapist so many times before.

“I…” He gasped at the sensation of cool air blown on his moist and red bit skin on his thighs. “I am strong.”

“God, yes.” Victor replied, climbing up again until he was facing his tummy once more. He started to trace his stretch marks so lazily with his index finger as he looked up at Yuuri.

It was that look of pure, unraveled, expectation that made Yuuri go on. That made him speak up on what he knew but did not always believe.

“I am bright.” Yuuri’s hands moved from the bed to Victor's face, cupping it and tilting just a centimeter to look at him deeper. “I am beautiful.” His voice broke by the end of the word and Victor breathed out with him. Inhaling air once more, he nudged at his boyfriend's navel with the pads of his thumbs and urged him to keep going with kisses all over his hips. “I am kind and loving.” He made Victor look at him once more. “I am happy and healing…”

Yuuri felt he could not keep going but there was Victor smiling brightly and vividly in front of him. The concern of his eyes had disappeared and the anger that shaped his mouth left long ago to give way to a softer and much prettier gesture of worship. He was proud and listening to all of what Yuuri was saying because they were things he had not say that day but were all true and real and made him feel like it was no waste of breath but a reality he had to acknowledge from now on.

Not because of what Victor said or made him say to get release from his coiled heat, not to get over nasty comments in a train or complete another activity with his therapist. It had to be said daily, every time he could, to remember himself which was his truth. The one he knew best.

It was for him, only for him.

“There's nothing I'm not worthy of.” Yuuri announced proudly.

“And…” Victor encouraged him for more.

“And unique, grounded and powerful.”

“So fucking powerful.” Victor peeled off his boxers and dived right into his thighs once more, fingers tracing slowly and carefully his length as he bit his skin over and over again until Yuuri was on his back, legs tangled up in Victor's shoulders and fingers pulling his hair.

“Turn over.” Victor ordered after an eternity that definitely made his thighs ache and burn on all the right ways.

“You're wearing too much freaking clothes.” Yuuri complained, getting up and pulling Victor from his shirt until he stripped it from home forcefully and making Victor laugh for a second before Yuuri started to kiss his shoulders and collarbone relentlessly. His laughter turned into a deep moan and Yuuri made sure Victor would remember the feeling on his body after he let himself fall on his stomach into the bed.

“I'm not done.” Victor growled before opening his legs again and pushing the fabric of his boxers up until they looked more like briefs than any other thing. Victor's mouth landed again on the skin of Yuuri's butt and he pushed his hips until he was pressing himself against his boyfriend's face. Hard.

He would've been embarrassed or even regretful if Victor didn't moaned deeply once more and hugged Yuuri's legs as his lips and mouth did all sorts of wonders to keep Yuuri hot and almost
screaming into the pillow he was now groping so hard.

“Vitya, more.” He commanded z rocking his hips against his boyfriend's face and groaning for him to keep going. “Please.” He urged.

“I'll get the lube.” Was all he said after Yuuri begged for more than love bites on, now abused, thighs.

“Hurry…~” Yuuri wanted to say something more but it just did not happen. The burnings sensation on his legs and butt was more than pleasing, warm and kind even if it had been almost used harshly. It was still love and affection on such a high level it was almost as if any other thing Yuuri had felt and received in the past happened to pale deeply in comparison.

Victor came back, making the bed dip with his weight.

“You're so good to me…” Victor moaned, making Yuuri look back on him with his he'd turned and hips pushed up high. “So good…” he drilled cold lube on his butt, cold and suddenly that made him yelp in surprise at the sensation. His overheated and sensitive skin responded aggressively to the liquid but Yuuri did nothing more than pushing his ass once more until he felt the denim of Victor's jeans against his skin. The sensation made him moan and Victor dropped kisses on his back.

“Vitenka…” He pleaded. “I can't wait more.”

“You're getting impatient, solnyshko.” He breathed over the sound of his pants being unbuttoned. “We're getting there.”

Victor obliged then, hands squeezing his cheeks and spreading them fully until Yuuri felt Victor's dick slipping into the cleft of his ass. An erratic moan came from his lips as he was again released and his wide muscles were over his boyfriend once more.

The roll of his lips was soft and rock steady, a motion fluid and powerful that had Yuuri squirming in need for his own release, rutting against a soft pillow under his navel. Victor was panting so vividly he was being sent over the edge by the sounds of his partner alone but mixed with the sensation of the soft cotton he was watching stars. Yuuri wanted more but at the same time he didn't dare to make Victor leave him for a second.

“Fuck this is perfect.” Victor fell against his back and bit his shoulder. “You're perfect.”

Yuuri pushed his hips once more, making them match Victor's restless pace until he was sloppy and out of tune. His back was being lavished in kisses and even more bites, drawing long moans from his lips as he panted against the other pillow he had under his chest. Victor was getting slower and Yuuri took it as the cue to push himself up until he was practically sitting on Victor's legs. He took his hands to Victor's head as he pushed his length down until it was between Yuuri's full thighs. He started moving once more, unforgiving and unstoppable as his left hand rested on Yuuri's cock, stroking firmly, and the other played with one of his nipples.

It was almost too much, an overpowering amount of sensation and so much more emotion that had Yuuri feeling like he did when he came home. But this time, far much better. It was a drag of longing and exertion, barely enough for him to handle without breaking apart. When he came to his flat he felt like crying from stress, now he feels like crying again but from pleasure. Victor was moving his hands skillfully, unrestrained and perfectly in motion with what he wanted and needed so badly. It was almost scary the way Victor seemed to know him so perfectly to the point where he was able to deliver everything to him with just his words and actions.
He was safe, he was complete; he never failed to make Yuuri feel grateful and loved to every inch of his skin and breath of his life. It was all that he ever hoped and wanted on his life, along with the most beautiful man he had ever seen in his whole existence. Victor was just himself and it turned out to be just enough.

“You make me so weak…” Victor moaned. “I'm coming…”

Yuuri's hands came to the crease of his hips, gripping him tight as he turned his head once more to be met by Victor halfway on a deep and strong kiss. It was just perfect in that moment for their mouths to be so tightly together as the rest of them.

“Do it.” Yuuri said. “Do it Vitya, I'm- Ah!”

Victor spilled warm and thick between his thighs and Yuuri pressed them closed until his boyfriend was moaning as loudly as he ever had heard him with the last of his thrusts between the creamy skin of Yuuri's legs. His hands didn't stop on Yuuri's own need and it took him a minute to follow Victor as his hands moved from his hips to his ass and squeezed tightly with his fingers digging into the strong, supple, muscle. His own release spilled on Victor's hand and the one resting in his chest pressed with strength against the skin.

Yuuri panted once more before turning fully onto Victor and falling on him as he hugged him tightly.

“That was…” He babbled, legs spreading onto Victor's though and center resting against the taut muscle. “Amazing…”

“You're all that I care for now, I'll give you the world and universe if you want me too.” Yuuri sucked in a breath. “You were so good, you're too sweet…” His leg started to move so slightly it sent an almost painful sting of pleasure to his sensitive cock, slowly urging it back to life with a soft rocking motion. “How marvelous, how great you are…”

Yuuri moaned once more, his body coming into reality with doubled sensation. Pleasure still roared on his skin and lust boiled deep on his blood.

“What do you want, my Yuuri?” Victor asked.

“Sit… sit down.” He begged.

And he did, hands gripping the edge of the bed while Yuuri took off his jeans and briefs until they were finally both naked and melting once more. Victor seemed totally spent but Yuuri had something ebbing in him that wouldn't fade for the world unless he did something about his uncontrollable heat.

Grabbing the bottle of lube he poured some into his hands and rubbed it between his palms until it was warm and ready to be smothered all over the surface of Victor's thigh. He was getting just as impatient as Victor had said but he didn't care enough to do more than rest once more on Victor's strong and steady leg as he started to rock and roll his hips. He put his hands on his boyfriend's shoulders and gripped him tight in place as the heat between his legs burnt bright and stronger with each rut of his body.

“God you're a dream.” Victor muttered, burying his face in Yuuri's midsection until he was kissing him again as one of his hands came to rub the tip of his dick.

“Yeah…” Yuuri moaned highly. “Like that-” Victor held him tightly. “Shit! Yesyesyes…”
It took him a mare couple of minutes to come again, shaking and tightening all around Victor in a deep embrace as his orgasm washed over him and left him completely sated after two rounds of passion and an incredibly long buildup.

He fell on his back, weak and wearily until Victor was on top of him, hugging his body and kissing his lips with utmost tenderness.

“It was just me or that was better than any other time?” Yuuri asked after a minute of complete silence.

“It was definitely better, I think I’m catching up with you.” Victor said against Yuuri’s ribs.

“Babe, you’ve always been amazing. It is I who needs to match you.” He admitted with a slight giggle.

“None of that, let’s just say we complement each other.”

“Perfectly.” Yuuri admitted.

After a while, Yuuri kissed his boyfriend once more and smiled gently at him.

“I don’t know what would I do without you…” He admitted, blushing again and closing his eyes.

“Thank you, Victor.”

He looked at him and shook his head.

“No, no it’s not th-”

“Thank you for existing.” Yuuri cut him, sharp before hugging him once more.

With those four words lingering on the air, neither of them said anything else. Yuuri had a flood of words an emotion on his heart but his lips did not move an inch as he stroked Victor’s hair with his head.

For every bad day there was always a good moment and if something ached it always existed a remedy.

For no trouble lasted forever.

For no storm didn’t grow flowers.

Chapter End Notes

Self love is THE MOST IMPORTANT thing in the world but indulging on worshipping Victor and some steamy stuff? Sign me TF up! ☆≥(≥^ω^≥)　
Thanks for stopping by! Read you next time ♡～(∩°^°人)

Translation!
lyubimyj (r) - Favorite, sweetheart, love
Of Dinner and its Catastrophic Ending

Chapter Summary

Victor finally makes Chris meet Yuuri, along with a very opportune Phichit and an overly-excited Kosuke. Things go just as planned, even better. Except for the end of the evening.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Summer started to run out and Victor just didn't say a word to Yuuri about California and that dumb job offering. He had tried to turn it down on an increasing amount of times but Chris just wouldn't take a no for an answer. He kept pointing out the benefits and the money Victor would make, trying to bribe him into even thinking about it when he had said no for what seemed like a thousand times. So Victor tried to push his luck and suggested Giorgi or even one of his newest associates to take the slot just to hear a hundred more 'no’s.

It was getting kind of tiring.

That was when Victor divided it was time for him to meet Yuuri.

Unlike his boyfriend, Victor didn't had all this friends and close family to introduce Yuuri to, making it even a bit lame for himself when he kept meeting new people for much of Yuuri's pride (which was totally fine with Victor). And the most important people on his life seemed to be busy and pretty much in another country (Yakov) or incredibly reluctant to meet his partner (Chris). That was the real reason Yuuri did not know the Swiss attorney yet, because if it would’ve been for Victor they would’ve met a long time ago.

Now, it wasn't that Christophe didn't support his best friend or that he didn't care for him and what made him happy but Victor was pretty sure he was simply not interested on meeting Yuuri since he seemed to be, according to him, the one who was pulling Victor away from his excellent hard work.

Which was incredibly stupid, for starters and to be fair.

Victor just had to look at himself right where he was, sitting on the couch with Yuuri and Kosuke sharing space on his lap with a huge bowl of popcorn on top of them as they watched some sort of dancing competition Ko liked so much. Makkachin was sleeping besides them and the little kid kept making all sorts of comments and noises as he watched the program unfold. Victor was stroking Yuuri’s hair and Kosuke was hugging one of his arms, the three of them deep in silence as they watched the TV. Victor knew this was away from whatever he had expected before in life and seemed a thousand times better than piles and piles of paperwork to go through on the weekend. It was that feeling that made him realize there was much more to his life than jogs and job, that he had a potential to be part of a family he never even dreamed of owning. It was just this that fulfilled him and made him realize not only how lucky he was but how happy he felt in that place.

Without this, Victor would probably be curled up in a ball at his old and far less comfortable couch
reading some paperback debut young adult novel that the Barnes and Noble lady would definitely assume it would be for his inexistent daughter, sipping some lame coffee and complaining about his place being all cold and never warm enough.

But he wasn’t. Because he was in his favorite place in the whole world.

So it was pretty safe to say that Chris had gotten it all wrong.

So he had to accept his diner invitation or Victor would sue his ass.

Victor couldn’t think of any other way to make Chris see what was everything really like, how he felt and how blissful he was. He needed to see, by his own eyes, how wonderful Kosuke and Yuuri were. If they stole over Victor’s heart like nothing it would be even easier to make Chris fall for them too. It was worth the try, since it was a short shot made with perfect aiming.

He had already made a reservation on that fancy place he liked so much at downtown and if he didn't show up he would give him literal hell.

But his phone chimed with the notification of a message, telling him that might not be necessary.

> You’re hopeless.
> and stupid asf

Victor squinted his eyes and waited.

typing…

typing…
ty..
typing…

Victor groaned.

“What is it, Victor-san?” Ko asked, probably bothered about his peace being interrupted.

“Nothing to worry about, Taiyō.” He answered, kissing his head and sighing. “Just waiting for a confirmation.”

“Oh.” Was all the kid said, stuffing his mouth in popcorn as another notification came through.

> okay I'll do it for the free dinner
> and wine

Victor huffed.
you’d do anything for free wine, right?

Chris sent a winking emoji.

> don’t push your luck, vic

> okay, okay…

> I’m doing this only for you to shut up,

> you know?

> year right

> so, what’s up

> ill send you the details in a sec

> k, cool

> wear something nice! we’re going to your fav place

> now that’s how you get me to know your dilf

Victor groaned once more, face red and palms itchy.

> don’t! ur nasty

Three laughing emojis and a peach.

> see you tomorrow, mon chérie

Victor didn’t even reply to that.

So he sighed and put his hand over Yuuri’s chest, kind of hugging him and kissing his cheek lightly.

“Solnyshko, remember about what I told you earlier today?”

Yuuri nodded, half-absently.
“Well, do you think Phichit would mind taking care of Ko?” He wondered, making Kosuke sigh and shake his head as Yuuri finally looked back at him.

It had been two weeks since Phichit’s car crash and as far as they all knew he was already bouncing up and down at downtown’s hottest bars every weekend with a scheduled change of job. The insurance company helped him on everything related to his car and the hospital bill came to be very short since he stayed on his stretcher for no longer than five hours so everything had been pretty good to the cheerful man. He was back on his feet ready for more so Victor hoped he could count on him for this little get-together.

“So we’re having dinner with Christophe?” He asked, excitedly.

Victor nodded and kissed him as he could, sighing into his boyfriend’s lips as he smiled back at him.

“We are…” He said. “Hey, could you wear that mustard blouse? You look way too beautiful for your own good on that but I want that idiot fainting the second he sees you.”

Kosuke spat a laugh and inhaled a sharp breath of air, giggling still as he looked at his father and neighbor (though it had been a while since they actually lived in different places) and smiled hugely at them.

“Otōsan always looks better than anyone else!” He chirped and Victor nodded. That was something he couldn’t argue.

“Agree.” He said. “I think he even looks better than me, sometimes.” He thought out loud.

“Well…” Ko blushed and looked back at the TV screen. “I’m not so sure about that.” He whispered, making now the adults laugh loudly.

“You’re sleeping on your own bed today for that, Momo.” Yuuri grumbled.

“My butt’s not that cute, Otōsan!”

Victor laughed and Yuuri groaned, melting into the couch as he sighed.

Yeah… Neither work nor an amazing pay would make him this happy.

So Yuuri did wear the mustard blouse, open to his sternum with a very subtle pearl necklace and the round glasses Victor gave him as a present one day of April. He also wore a pair of formal black, fitted pants and some nice footwear. He was wearing his classic highlighter and deep mascara with gleaming eyes and a cheerful smile, too.

Victor swore he almost convinced him to stay at home, instead. So he could watch his beautiful boyfriend sway those hips around his apartment on a never ending loop.

Of course he said no.

So they were walking now, Kosuke holding their hands as they made it to the spot they agreed to meet, all dashing and dressed up.
Kosuke may not be staying but he insisted on wearing that white and lilac striped shirt Yuuri bought him on his birthday along with his favorite jeans and a pair of Chucks. Victor laughed, hearty, as he realized he was already dipping his toes into the rebellious puberty zone. It was endearing.

Victor, himself, wore what Yuuri swore was the best version of himself, ever. A simple but fresh-looking linen shirt over a pair of brown slacks with a matching suit jacket and no tie at all. The warm colors over his ice cold skin did look good, but it was Chris who they were having dinner with him and it was never too much to actually try on how he looked.

Of course his boys looked absolutely fantastic already.

He was still having trouble with his jacket, though.

“You’re going to ruin it.” Yuuri whispered, as they got to the front of the restaurant and stopped to wait for Christophe. “C’mere.”

Victor sighed, stepping into his boyfriend’s space as he let himself be taken care of. It was an oddly familiar image, with some details that differed from that first date at the Mexican place to make the picture slightly different.

It was still heartwarming, nonetheless.

“Thank you…” He whispered, bowing his head and kissing him for a second.

“Victor-san! There’s people looking…” Kosuke hissed at them, making them break apart.

“Lord, Victor. There are people looking.” Victor’s eyes moved from Yuuri’s beautifully blushed face towards Christophe, standing there on a pale lilac shirt, sleeves up to his elbows, and gray dressing pants. He had his glasses off and his hair just a little bit messier than Victor knew he’d like to.

“Hey Christophe.” He said, moving to Yuuri’s side as they all looked a bit awkward. “This is Yuuri.” He said simply, introducing him as they looked at each other with analytic eyes.

“Well damn me but he is cuter than you said.” A deep laugh reverberated on his chest before he extended a greeting palm to Yuuri. “Nice to meet you, Katsuki Yuuri.”

He was smiling blissfully as he accepted the hand, not shaking it but letting it be kissed as he whispered his own greetings.

“You too, Christophe.” He said, still blushing and looking warmly at Victor.

“Chris’ just fine, mon Coeur.”

Victor gave him a thumbs up and Ko faked a cough fit.

“This is Kosuke, too.” Victor completed after he laughed for a bit.

“Well chéri, I like your shirt.” He winked one of his green eyes and Ko smiled hugely, embracing the compliment. “Victor never stops talking about you, too. He told me you’re a ballet dancer…”

“I am.” He boasted, chest puffing and eyes sparking.

“Well I happen to be a ballet enthusiast and a huge fan of the Seattle Ballet, as well as of the American Ballet Theatre.” Christophe said.
“Do you know Otabek Altin?” Ko wondered, eyes huge and smile even bigger than that.

“I am very fond of his *Spartacus* interpretation.”

“He is *the best*! He’s also my teacher and one of my best friends!” He almost screamed before looking at Victor. “He’s cool, Victor-san!”

Victor laughed.

“I don’t know, Ko… He kind of smells.” Everyone laughed, even Chris, as Victor scrunched up his nose.

“How cruel, Victor.” He sighed and then looked down at the kid. “So, Altin. Is he as cool as he seems on his blog?” Chris asked at the kid again, surprising Victor since he was usually very reluctant about children in general.

“He’s actually a dork…” Kosuke mumbled.

“Kosuke…!” Yuuri intervened.

“Well Yurio says so! He’s also super sappy but he’s the best dancer in the country, so it’s cool.” Then he looked up at Chris again. “Wanna know a secret?” He whispered.

“Tell me.” Chris squatted until he was on the same height as Ko.

“He doesn’t even manage his own blog.” He said after smiling goofily at him.

“That explains a lot.” Christophe stood up once more and patted Kosuke on the back. “Keep up the good work, Ko. I might go and watch one of your performances soon.” He promised.

“I just ended my presentations on Giselle…” He sighed, furrowing his brow before smiling up and bright again. “*But I’ll be on this season’s Nutcracker.*” He raised a fist and jumped in his place.

“Can’t wait.” Christophe looked up at Yuuri and his smile remained in place. Still a good sign. “Your kid is amazing, Yuuri.”

“He is.” He agreed and then Victor took his hand, proud of them but also of his friend for actually behaving for once in his life.

Victor tried not to think too hard about what was happening, but couldn’t do much about that as his eyes danced between the most important people in his life. It meant so much to him to see them all together, smiling and enjoying such a nice evening as if it was something they always did together. It had its own glint of life and uniqueness, still owning that kind of love and light Victor cherished so much. It was also real and honest, as the initial awkwardness faded away and gave way to warmth and laughter. There was nothing to lose now, it seemed that life would still smile on them as it gave them some very special night to all of them.

“Yuuri I swear to *God*, you said you’d be here at seven and it’s almost goddamed eight I had to go to the freaking mall to make time as I waited for you and I ended up buying this totally unnecessary shirt that I’m sure as hell you’re payin–Oh… Hey there.”

Yuuri, who was now hugging Victor from his sides, laughed as his Phichit stared helplessly into Victor’s boss and best friend.

“He likes him.” Was all Yuuri whispered to Victor as Chris stared at the shorter man with blown
eyes and mouth agape.

“Christophe, that’s Phichit Chulanont, Yuuri’s best friend and Kosuke’s uncle.” Victor said after a while, with both men staring entirely lost into each other.

“Hi- hey, hello.” Victor almost laughed, he had never seen his best friend so nervous. “A-are you related to Yuuri?” Was his pathetic response.

“Hell if you want me I can be his sister.” Kosuke giggled and ran into Victor’s body, letting himself be hugged as the three remaining looked with maybe too much fun at the other two.

“I would probably believe you.”

Victor rolled his eyes so hard he almost felt a stroke coming, so instead he took a deep breath and looked at his watch. They were early for his reservation so maybe the restaurant could switch their table for two to a full room for five.

“We’re supposed to check in with the hostess in five, wanna join us Phichit?” He looked at his boyfriend as he said so but the smile he was being given as he spoke worked as confirmation enough to know he had done the right thing.

“God I’m so glad I didn’t change from my job interview.”

________________

So Phichit did end up having dinner with them. Therefore, also Kosuke.

Which only turned out to be the best thing ever.

As they downed their variety of assorted desserts, the conversation faded into a slight hum of buzzing excitement that had every member of the group smiling and joking.

Christophe had been enchanting as always, keeping the rest entertained with his stories and amusing comments as he dived into uncomfortable questions and sly comments. Phichit was there to tone him down, too (and somehow) since it was weird to silence the Swiss man with a smile and a brush of hands, turning him into a doubtful stammering mess. Victor was living for it, as he held Yuuri’s hand every time he could and pressed their ankles together. He was patient and kind with his best friend, outrageous on a daily basis while Yuuri was just as lovely and charming as ever, smile on his chatter and quiet when he was just listening. Ko, on the other hand, tried to ask about everything and made his best to become the centre of attention, sparkling by just being him and making his father try over a thousand times to silence him. Somehow.

It was no use, though.

But that did not mean it wasn’t amusing.

“Everyone was just so mean and I gave up. It wasn't really working for me so I decided to change my environment.” Phichit sighed and took a sip of his wine as he turned to Chris. “My stress is pretty much the one to blame for my car crash.”

“That’s ridiculous, Jesus.” The little kid commented, making his uncle laugh.
“Please don't ever bring that event in my presence ever again.” Yuuri growled as Chris snickered.

“Oh Yuuri! You're too nice, aren't you?” He asked and his best friend only shook his head, blushing and pretending to be very busy with his caramelized pineapple chunks.

“Otōsan is very nice!” Ko said and Victor hummed in agreement.

Phichit laughed and then turned to Christophe.

“So, you're a lawyer like my man Victor?” He asked and the mentioned laughed, shrugging off the comment with a flick of his hand.

“I am. Giacometti & Co is my firm. I believe you'd seen the building on your way to your work?”

“Have I seen it? It's impossible not to! I really like the title typography, though.” He said and Victor sipped his wine. He scrunched his nose and faded from the conversation a bit. His friend always asked for wine stronger than he would've liked it.

“... Yeah it's kind of a part time thing but I love typography so I chose to make a big deal of it by making a pretty big sign to hang from a building.” Both Phichit and Yuuri snorted through their glasses of wine before looking between them, knowingly.

“You seem to make your work an enjoyable one, then.” Yuuri said and Chris nodded.

“I do my best.”

“And that's why I have to cope with melodramatic Flamenco music blasting through my cubicle every day I step into the office.” Victor sighed dramatically.

“I don’t like Flamenco. Yurio, professor Plisetsky, says he loves it but that’s because he’s always angry in class so he can burn down that energy on his dancing. I can’t.” That little thought seemed pretty reasonable for Yuuri who nodded with eyes round as Victor tried to picture that fiery Russian stepping hard onto some wood floor with all that frustration he liked to bottle up.

It added up.

“Like if you actually went to the office anymore.” Chris spat after a minute of contemplation and Victor rolled his eyes.

“I think it's great you have grown so patient, Victor.” Phichit thought out loud.

“So patient…” Ko mumbled and Victor rolled his eyes for a second.

“It's been handy, yes.” He admitted before turning to his friend. “You enjoy work too much, though, Chris.”

“Well, he's not the only one. I make my students listen to ballet operas all the time while reading. It's great for retaining information.” Yuuri shared with a little giggle. “I think we all have our ways to make our jobs more tolerable.”

Chris nodded enthusiastically and looked over to his best friend's boyfriend.

“Speaking of, Yuuri. Victor told me you're a teacher, and I see he's right. I have a question.”

“Fire away.”
“How’s working with hormonal teenagers?” Chris wondered, halfway through their salad.

“It’s better than you think and way more fun than you'd always imagine. Children are great but teens are easier to influence on and shape them, sometimes they also become sort of your kids when you actually care. Plus I like my assigned subject so it becomes pretty easy for me to make students like me, too. I think it's better so they'll get better grades and take the class as one that matters.”

Chris hummed approvingly and smiled.

“You're just like Victor.” He said out of the blue, as his best friend looked at him with rounded eyes. “What?” He asked as he realized Victor's warning. “No, I mean it. You care for your clients just the same way he does for his students.”

“Well most of my clients are going through some pretty thick family drama so I have to be empathic, Christophe. You go left and right suing companies mercilessly, that’s why you don’t understand my work ethic.” Victor said and took a tiny piece of bread from the basket in front of him.

“No, I mean you kind of apply the same logic so it’s pretty obvious how your minds are thinking. For example, I always say it's never good to get personally involved with work but you guys seem to make it work.”

Yuuri chuckled and looked briefly to Victor before speaking once more.

“I think, like on everything in life, when you find the right balance it's just fine. Whatever you do, as you do it careful and consciously, it'll be okay.” He smiled and pushed his glasses briefly. maybe Victor should take them to be adjusted so they stopped falling from his nose. “But I guess that our jobs are so intertwined with more than just our clients or students it becomes fitting to show them a piece of your heart. I guess they need it, too.”

Victor sighed, sharing a little glance that lacked meaning with Phichit and turned once more to Chris. He seemed pleased with the conversation he was having with Yuuri.

He had to say he was also pretty proud of his best friend for keeping himself on check. So far he had not made his inappropriate comments or asked rudely about personal stuff. He didn’t mean it but sometimes he tended to forget not everyone was just as open as he was. Therefore it seemed kind of a big achievement that him and Yuuri were actually engaging on somewhat a deep and functional conversation without driving into something different or even out of place. It had to do with Yuuri’s amazing introspection and thought before speaking that made everything ok out but he still had to give some kudos to his best friend. He was actually trying for once, therefore, he would probably invite him over for dinner once more later that week. It seemed appropriate after having him so controlled for once.

“You do have a point right there.” Chris sipped his wine and breathed out heavily.

Yuuri smiled shyly at him and then turned to Victor. Without resisting all he felt then and there, his boyfriend leaned and kissed the lips of the shorter man, pulling a sigh before he felt Kosuke pulling his suit sleeve.

“Victor-san! Not now!” He whispered loudly enough for everyone to hear him. Endearingly, Victor turned to him and grabbed his face by the cheeks.

“Well Taïyô guess I'll have to kiss you then!” His face went all red as he screeched, receiving the
kisses all over his face cheerfully as he hugged Victor. He laughed along with his father and Phichit before his neighbor let him go with a loud “muak!” on his left temple.

“I can't believe you have that much kisses for both of us?” Ko muttered and scratched his reddened cheeks before diving once more into his pasta.

“And more, baby boy.” Victor said and Ko laughed, chin dripping marinara as he looked up to him once more.

“I can't believe you two.” Yuuri then said, wiping his son's skin with a serviette before kissing Victor on the cheek. “Behave.”

“Yes, Otōsan.” Both Ko and Victor mocked him at the same time, smiling between themselves and bumping fists for a brief second.

Yuuri rolled his eyes and finished the last honey-glazed bell pepper slices on his plate. Victor looked once more at him, then. Chris must’ve seen it by now.

Victor he had made the right choice on staying by his side rather than pretending he wanted more work and moving to the other side of the country. No bright lights, big city or the hottest sun would make him give up what he had now. So, as he held hands with Yuuri over the table he looked over at Christophe and gave him a proud smile, teeth shining and cheeks flushed before winking at Phichit.

He wouldn't hide his happiness from no one in the world.

So he let them all know he wouldn't give up what he loved the most for anything.

________________

Chris was beyond enchanted by Phichit.

The man was not only a pretty face and a tight little body to drool over. He was smart, sarcastic, funny and very uplifting. He was gorgeous and had something that Chris definitely liked. Like a lot. The short chatter they had been having over wine and bread was lovely and interesting, he knew how to talk and how to listen and somehow Christophe suddenly felt this urge to meet him more and take him on a few drinks until he had enough alcohol in his system to dare to ask him on a date.

They were flirting, a lot, and it was fun to do so as they brushed calves under the table and rubbed their hands and thighs in a totally not accidental way. Murmuring sweet nothings and tacky pick-up-lines became his little game as the other two tried to set up their place with Kosuke in the middle.

It was almost too much, for him. But he liked looking at him and the feeling that it evocated.

So he just rolled along with it.

Even though that didn’t distract him from his real concern that night.

Christophe had to admit, Victor looked happy.
Happier than he had ever seen him.

Like, ever since they became friends.

At the beginning, it was kind of intimidating and sort of unsettling to see him so cheerful and smiling honestly. His eyes were filled to the brim with an unknown glimmer that sparked the room up and his laughter, so raw and loud it seemed kind of embarrassing, was one of the kind that made you smile not only from how silly it is but because it was also contagious. He hugged and touched the ones around him with such ease and confidence Christophe thought he wouldn't know how to react if he were on that side of the table. He joked with him and Phichit, making witty comments and mumbling happily even as he listened to what the others were saying.

It was both enchanting and scary.

Christophe had to admit he would've not believed it until he saw it.

So it turned out he was right.

Chris hated to admit so but Victor did not only look joyful but also was joyful.

As Victor fed Yuuri forkfuls of roasted salmon and potatoes with rosemary and a rosé-based sauce, he tried to stare into them, looking for something (anything) that seemed wrong or off.

It wasn’t that he wanted that to happen. He looked without wanting to actually find… But Victor was not only weak and fragile but also hurt easily like he knew from past experiences.

Victor was smaller than he seemed and much more dependant than he seemed, Chris had been there when his best friend was not only on his worst behavior but also crying to his sleep with nothing in his system but decaf coffee. Christophe had been the one picking up the broken pieces that Victor would not because he was afraid they would cut his hand, the one making sure his friend didn’t drown on the bathtub and putting him to eat and sleep on time.

College had been a bitch for everyone at some point but Victor’s life hung from a string every day of his career.

So it was obvious he would be worried to death when he saw his friend shining with all that joy.

“Yuuri, Zolotse.” Victor looked over at him and kissed his lips before giving him yet another baked potato piece. “Do you think we should get going by ten or can we make it by eleven.”

He just battered those pretty eyelashes, smiled and twisted his head just an inc to the left.

“Whatever you say, I think Ko can wait for us.” They looked over at the kid and he nodded, giving them a thumbs up as he stuffed his mouth with a molten lava cake.

“I guess he can.” Victor kissed him once more, deeper for a second, before finally finishing his own plate in three bites.

They had each other wrapped around their whole hand. Not even their finger.

It was unknown and worrying, the fact that he had given all of him to someone who was just as damaged as him, on the inside. They seemed to work it through and thorough but they were not perfect and humans made mistakes all the time… That was precisely the reason he was alone most of the time. That was exactly the reason he was trying not to know Yuuri. He was already biased and he didn’t want the other man to mess with his head and thoughts, he only cared for his friend.
but now as he look into them he realized both Victor and Yuuri needed the other.

They fitted together.

“God, look at them.” Phichit said to him, making Christophe getting just a bit lost into those deep chocolate eyes. “They’re there all lovey dovey, cute as heck and totally ignoring us.” He laughed and Chris did the same. “I’m so happy for them!”

“Yeah… they’re great.” He admitted.

“You don’t even know how much time Yuuri spent fawning over Victor before they went to that first date. I was so happy for him! His ex is the literal definition of trash; I was so worried for Yuuri! Victor’s the best guy I’ve met in forever, Chris.”

He smiled at him and brushed his index finger tip over the younger man’s nose.

“You think they’ll make it? Like… you think this isn’t a temporary thing?”

He just giggled.

“Have you heard the way Victor talks about Yuuri?” Chris nodded. “Have you seen how great he is with Kosuke?”

Christophe laughed.

“Yeah… It’s kind of weird he’s so good with him. He tried to be a baby sitter at college and he failed… Big time.” They both laughed again, loudly but still not pulling the couple in front of them out of their trance. “But yes, I get what you’re saying.”

“Good… So, I can tell you that whatever Victor says about Yuuri, Yuuri says just the same about him. And Kosuke does, too. Now, just- just look at them.”

Christophe didn’t need to. He had been doing just that for quite some time already,

He understood perfectly what Phichit was saying.

He, also knew, Phichit was right.

Chris was absolutely no one to take that away from Victor but it made him think how awful things could get if what he had with this dashing, smart and incredible, man didn’t work. He wished them the best and intended no harm, hoping for the absolute finest for who he considered his loneliest and most beloved friend…

“Well I guess it’s safe to say that Kosuke won’t be attending tomorrow’s class…” Phichit said next to him.

“That’s not going to happen….” Ko mumbled as he leaned on Victor. It took them a couple of minutes to try to work out a position but in the end the older one just took the kid and settled him on his lap until he was cuddled against his chest and chin rested on his shoulder.

“Sleep tight, Detka. Get some rest.” His best friend muttered to him, kissing his head and rocking him lightly. Chris knew the kid was far too big for being held in someone’s arms but he was little enough to fit Victor so he thought it was fine, in the end.

Yuuri gave him that look that they kept sharing and smiled slightly before kissing his son, too.
“He’s not going to miss that class ever in his life.” Yuuri sighed, answering to Phichit and then looking over to Chris. “This is his last week before having a full two week break… His Giselle presentations just ended last Friday, he was lovely!”

“Victor told me so. I saw him getting into the office with this huge sunflowers bouquet and wouldn’t stop saying how great Ko had been. I swear I’ve heard about your son more than about yourself.” Christophe admitted.

“Wouldn’t be surprised. He’s just the best.”

Victor nodded, pleased with himself as Kosuke finally breathed slightly and silently.

Chris didn’t want to even think it… But Victor already seemed like Kosuke’s parent, too.

His best friend was far too gone, he just hoped he could stay where he was.

He deserved it.

________________

It was just around eleven when they started to get ready to leave the restaurant, with Kosuke clinging to Victor’s body as everyone said goodbye and walked to the doors of the place.

“I don’t know about you, Chris, but now that family time is over I still can manage a drink or two at downtown.” Phichit said, casually but not really as they made it to the parking lot around the corner.

“Ah, that’s something I could do, too.” They smiled as Victor sang victory, internally. He knew they would really like each other and now he actually saw it. He was right and he liked the sensation of satisfaction that bubbled in his stomach as he saw them walking closer to each other every time.

“Ah yes, the sweet bliss of single, childless life…” Yuuri’s sing-song voice made it to Victor’s ears, perking to such a sweet sound.

“You wanted that child, Yuuri.” Phichit reminded him and Yuuri laughed.

“Right. And I love him! Wouldn’t trade him for a second of that life you two seem to enjoy.” He kissed Kosuke’s hand and squatted to carry him, now. The kid was getting sloppier with every step.

“Couldn’t say the same…” Christophe whispered, making Yuuri laugh loudly once more.

It seemed everything would end up just fine. Maybe Victor finally made his point to his best friend.

Victor sighed deeply and smiled into the sky, the cool air of Seattle washed over him as everyone made it to their cars. The lights blocked out the view of the stars but he knew by heart that on the other side of that orange mantle a starry night shined just for him. So he smiled as he looked over at his Yuuri.

His cheeks flushed with alcohol, smile foolish and gestures light seemed to fit better on him than the embarrassing red he would wear most of the time along with the little, non-committal lip shape
and the weighed down expression he wore around. It was obviously due to the alcohol that had him worked up and the fact that he was surrounded by people he trusted and knew rather than walking by tea and nothing more in a crowded Seattle train.

Yuuri looked so gorgeous Victor made a mental note on taking him to more wine and dine places to see him just like that.

Or maybe he could just stock up on wine bottles for their home.

The home they were going to, now. With their kid- Was Kosuke their kid, already? Victor though that maybe for that night he could think so.

The home where he fell in love. Where they were in love.

The home where he lives happily in. Where they happily lived in.

“Thanks again for making it, Chris!” Yuuri said to him, walking over where he stood to kiss both of his cheeks His best friend would sure like that, Victor imagined.

“Bye, Chris! See you later…” Victor waved at him and then at Phichit. “Thanks for stopping by!”

“Oh, it’s no trouble mon Coeur.” He opened the passenger door to Phichit’s car, as he had agreed with him that he would be the designated driver, and then looked over to Victor. “You,” He said to him. “Don’t even think for a second I won’t keep trying to get your ass on California, Nikiforov. That firm ain’t gonna run itself.”

A stone had just been thrown at the window of their home.

Victor froze and Yuuri looked hurriedly at him, mouth opening and closing on a repetitive motion over and over before he snapped it shut and walked to Victor’s car, quietly and suddenly much more still.

He was just speechless.

He rushed to his car, opening the passenger door to his boyfriend and Kosuke before running to the pilot seat, getting inside the car under a breath as he tried to look at Yuuri. He never met his gaze, quiet and staring down while Victor started the car.

What was he going to do?

Chapter End Notes

Sike ! !
That ending ! !
Translation!
dilf - dad i’d like to fuck (Imaooooo, that’s not even a translation but ok)
mon chérie (french) - my darling
mon Coeur (f) - my heart
chéri (f) - darling
Zolotse - my gold
All Feeling Go Out

Chapter Summary

All that goes up, must come down, and so, everything can be broken.

Chapter Notes

Angst, emotional sex nd then more angst. Have some tissues by your side and please be kind to me!! <(_ _)>
Also !! I do read all of your comments, every single one of them (♡♡!) 
here's the chapter! Hope you... idk... enjoy it? (you might not) Tell me everything about it on the comments!! I wanna know it all (O_O*) ILY !!!♡

Do you follow my YoI sideblog yet? Go and do it so I can start taking and writing prompts and/or challenges!
@sunchild

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri paced around Yurio's place, coffee boiling hot in his hands and a heavy weight on his shoulders. He had literally ran away from home that morning after his dinner with Chris, excusing himself with Victor over a few kisses as he asked for him to drop Kosuke at his ballet class and picking him up on time.

He did not know why he had chosen Yuri from all of his friends. He was raw and sometimes crude, people perceived him as insensitive and he seemed to be one of those persons who just did not know how to be empathic. But it was all bullshit. There was no one as supportive and as comprehensive as him. He may be loud and seemed pissed off most of the time but Yurio had something about himself that Yuuri could always rely on.

So he ran to his place, almost crashing with Otabek at the hallway and muttering him a thousand words per second before he took him inside his place with his boyfriend who tried to seem angry as he stumbled through the door but his face turned into a concerned one when Yuuri reached out to hug him.

That had been almost twelve hours ago.

He did not sleep that night, exhaustion rattled on his bones but he couldn't close his eyes at all. There were a million questions buzzing around his head and a pain so indescribably strong Yuuri felt he could faint from it. When he woke up he realized Victor was sitting on the little couch besides his bathroom door, looking at him adoringly but sad when Yuuri rose and tried to reach him.
Then he remembered.

“Yuuri, at least come and sit down. You're making me dizzy with all that walking.” Yurio muttered.

The memories of last night's ending came in crashing waves that knocked him down until he was lying again on the bed. Face buried on his pillow as he tried to hold back his tears when Yuuri felt Victor's hips aligned to his’ and his lips kissing his shoulder. He almost gave in, forgetting what had happened to have Victor like nothing had happened. But then he couldn't stand Victor's weight on his, almost as if were another planet over the universe he had already on his back. So he turned over and kissed him briefly before fleeing the bedroom and then the apartment. He didn't even say anything to Kosuke.

Yuuri just shook his head.

“Katsudon, please. You'll burn your hands with that fucking cup.”

Yuuri left it on the table next to him and crossed his arms under his armpits, sighing when he stopped walking right in front of the apartment door.

He already missed him.

“At let could you tell me where he's going?” His friend

California.

What did he know about California?

Well pretty much everything. On the general basics, it was on the west coast, completely on the other side of the country as it shared borders with Mexico. It was a melting pot bubbling for the past thirty years and about to explode any second. Still, it was incredible. His parents lived there, right on the coast on the farther south part of the state where they had the spa and inn. He had known the place for quite some time even if Yuuri wasn't going every weekend to LA or San Francisco or even San Diego but he was familiarized with the area. He missed the sun, since it was always up and bright with those stunning sunsets that made him get lost for what seemed hours even if they were just a couple of minutes or so. Yuuri loved the weather and the people, always kind and smiling like their sky. He knew it was a good place, one of the best ones he's ever been to.

But what did Victor has to do there?

He was beyond intrigued.

But also scared to death.

Was he going to leave him and Ko? Was he about to break every promise he made to Yuuri? Did everything he said was just a fucking lie?

A thousand questions buzzed around his head, breaking his heart and making his chest ache.

He should've talked to Victor. He should've told him he loved him. Out loud.

Maybe that way he wouldn't leave them.

Yuuri fought the tears and looked to Yurio; he was sitting down on a kitchen stool wearing nothing more than a pair of worn boxers and one of Otabek's long and old shirts. They've been dating for
more than six years and have been engaged for another one. They had survived everything, through thick and thin they were still together.

Maybe Yuuri didn't deserve something like that?

He didn't know.

“I'm going to skin that idiot, inch by inch.” He muttered, getting up and holding Yuuri by the hand. “C’mon, Katsudon. Let me make you breakfast. You must be starving.”

Yuuri did not feel anything at all.

And yet he nodded.

As he was pulled to the kitchen where Yurio was, his phone buzzed on his pocket.

Without even looking at it, he decided to ignore it for he knew it was Victor.

Victor who he loved and adored, the same Victor that held him at night and made him feel loved and appreciated. Desired and wanted. The only one that ever made him happy in a long time and that made his Kosuke smile once more.

The Victor who was leaving them.

Yuuri had to start to assimilate that idea.

But he couldn't.

So he stared at Yurio as he prepared something for him to eat when he would really just poke it around until it went cold and bland and he had to apologize to his friend for a thousand times.

“What are you going to do?” Yurio asked after quite a while, putting a cracked egg, sunny side up with bacon and toast in front of him. The smell made his stomach turn and he sipped his coffee, trying to make time for a question he did not had the answer.

“I… I don't know. I love him too much.” He whispered. “I don't want him to leave me.”

Yuuri sighed, holding Yuuri's hands and kissing his knuckles before getting to his side to hug him firmly.

He kept thinking the same things over and over again. How could he dare to leave him even if things worked out? Things were actually working out!

“I fucking told him.” He roared. “I am so going to kill that idiot.”

“Yurio, just… Do you think he’s going to leave?” He asked.

His friend just shook his head, sighing.

“I don’t even know him anymore… he was never the same person that he was the day before.” He looked into his friends eyes and squeezed his hands, tightly. “Don’t worry Yuuri. We’ll figure it out.”

“I’m not ready to let him go.” He admitted to him.

“I know.” Yuri answered, hugging him again. “I know.”
Yuuri started crying, then.

A couple of days later, Yuuri went back home from a cancelled therapy session. Dr. Yang had to go out on a family emergency and she didn’t have the time to email her scheduled patients and let them know about the change of plans. Yet, Yuuri did not let that time go just wasted.

He was running away from Victor, he knew it. He had been for the past three days that followed dinner with Christophe. But he couldn’t think of any other thing to do to prevent him from crying in front of his boyfriend’s face before begging him to stay.

It was true that he had been making Kosuke sleep with them and accompany the couple to everywhere they would go. Yuuri spent so much time with Yuri he felt he had stolen his life from him the past few days even when he said he liked it because it had been a while since they actually were this close. Yet he knew there was no place for him on a home like his’ and Otabek’s. One that resembled so much to the one he had with Victor it hurt him to see them together like that.

But that day he had time for himself, going to the bookshop and getting some old paperbacks on discount he could use for next semester material and a bit of expensive and pretty-looking stationary to keep himself busy with. Though by noon, he felt this kind of weariness and scratchy sensation of skin. It was one he had been feeling for quite some time.

He had run starved from Victor.

For him, who was so used to kiss and touch his boyfriend any time he could, it was really weird to not have him on his arms to love any time of the day. It was difficult to wake up with Ko’s little legs tangled to his’ rather than his boyfriend’s long ones under the covers. He hated to leave the place without a kiss or a hug, returning to a pair of longing eyes and nervous hands that never got what they wanted.

But that day, that specific day, he was dying to have Victor.

Yuuri made it home after asking Yurio to drop Kosuke after dinner; he obviously said yes and promised him to get him on time that night. Even if Ko was on full vacation, Yuuri took him around everywhere he would go and dropped the kid before making it to his apartment that day. Kosuke was excited to have the afternoon to himself, Yurio and Otabek so it was easy for his dad to let him with the couple so he could go home and try his best not to break down in front of Victor.

He opened the door, finding his boyfriend doing the dishes from a lonely lunch. The smell of Chinese takeout lingered on the air and Yuuri’s stomach turned as he realized the pitiful attempt Victor had made to imitate the usual dinners he would have when Yuuri was around to cook.

Perhaps he was thinking about leaving him but Yuuri was already abandoning Victor.

And he just did not seemed to go, yet.

Yuuri had to admit that now he kept bringing up excuses to have Victor stay totally, baking him homemade bread and making more and more complex dinners for three instead of two. He would Kosuke stay with him late into the night so Victor didn’t have much option than to stay after the
The kid had exerted him into sleepy pacing after several rounds of Just Dance and Mario Kart. Yuuri would always say to himself ‘only one more night’ before managing another one and another one, influencing his boyfriend with warm hugs from his son and cups of steaming tea.

It was all hoping he would never want to leave them.

Yuuri walked silently to him, after taking off his shoes and dropping his bags on the floor to go and

Maybe it was selfish but Victor hadn't done much to leave, either.

So he hoped it had been working.

“Hey…” Was all he muttered, arms rounding his midriff and lips kissing the bare skin of his arm.

He felt Victor jumping for a second before he turned around.

“Yuuri.” He breathed out, trembling. “Zolotse.” He practically moaned.

It seemed he had missed Yuuri, too.

“I left Ko with Yurio.” Was all he said.

“He’s dropping him here?” He asked and Yuuri nodded.

With wet and cold hands Victor caressed Yuuri on the cheek before bowing to kiss him, finally.

“I’ve missed you.” He said after a second.

“I know, me too.” Yuuri’s hands reached for the hem of his boyfriend’s shirt and tried to pull it up. “I’m sorry.”

Victor just shook his head and kept kissing him, lips burning as they made their way through the other man’s mouth and parted it with a poking tongue that wanted to find its place next to another one. Yuuri let him in and moaned deeply, before making him take off his shirt and scraping his chest and abs with his nails while hugging him once more.

“Gospodi, I was starving.” Victor said out loud, before looking hungrily for more and more of Yuuri. He kept blushing at his boyfriend’s words no matter how frequently he would speak them. He heard soft praise and mumbled love into his ears and melted right away. There wasn't a thing that made him feel like Victor's words did.

And that day? It seemed too much.

Victor took him by the waist and carried him until he had Yuuri pinned into the closest wall, one of his hands drifting in between his legs as they started to groan deeply and darkly.

“I’m sorry.” Yuuri said once more. “I didn’t have any idea…”

“It’s ok. It’s ok.” Victor’s tongue started to trace his neck and Yuri trashed his head to the back, feeling rapturous as sparks flew through his nerves.

“I’m sorry.” He said once more.

“You're a wonder.” Was his response and Yuuri did not say a thing else, then.
Victor bit his lip as Yuuri did his best to take off his shirt too, watching awestruck how splendid his boyfriend was when blushing from the chest. It started like a little bud on his sternum and it bloomed to his shoulders and pectorals, barely brushing his neck and the beginning of his stomach. He tried to soak in the image, printing it behind his eyelids for when he could not see it anymore.

“An angel.” Victor sucked his neck. “A wonder.” He kissed his shoulder. “The best thing that has ever happened to me.” He confessed, lips catching a nipple and making Yuuri choke on his own heavy air.

There wasn't a chance for him to get used to that kind of love.

And he would miss it terribly.

“Vitya.” Yuuri arched his back and pressed himself onto Victor's hands that made their way to the middle of his thighs. He moaned and grunted with closed lips as he tried to kiss Victor but his desire would take the best of himself and Yuuri would end up throwing his head back as he chanted his name. Fire lighted up all over his limbs straight to his heart, roaring and burning every thought out of his mind to turn it all into pure, raw feeling.

There wasn't a way of Yuuri surviving to that kind of love.

He had to hold on to it as long as he still had the time to do so.

Victor kissed him again and again, mouth open as if he was trying to suck his soul out of him. And Yuuri would let him. He returned each hug and kiss so hard he felt like crumbling with each, never stopping to give back all that he was receiving at that moment.

Victor had to see that he loved him and wanted to keep him.

“Is this okay?” And it moved Yuuri to his very core that he would ask. He would ask every time. What would he do without him?

“Yes. Yes. It is. Yes.” Even when he didn't want anything else more, he still had to say it. For Victor. For himself.

Because no one else would ask another time.

“Okay.” Yuuri tried to open his mouth even more, welcoming Victor's tongue again as he lowered himself into the bulge on his lap. Victor wanted more just as he did and that encouraged him to move and grind over him while they kissed. Their clothed dicks moved against each other and sent thunderbolt into their systems, warming up a coiling greed that couldn't stop.

“Vitenka. More. Please.” He pleaded, Yuuri thought he surely sounded pathetic but there wasn't a thing he wanted more than the touch of his neighbor and boyfriend into him.

Victor moaned, too.

“Call me that again.” He undid Yuuri's zip and lowered his jeans to the middle of his thighs, his boxer briefs following not even a second after. “Again.”

Yuuri almost screamed when Victor held his length, his hand was still cold from the water on the sink but the grip was firm and steady as he started to flick his wrist slightly.
“Vitenka. Vitenka-” Now that he had started, there wasn’t a way he would stop now. “Yes, like that. Vitya, I-” He almost cried when Victor let him go to carry him around once more to the closest couch, spitting on his hand and working once more on his erection over and over until Yuuri was wailing in fervid pleasure. The slightest of the touches sent fire and lightning and Yuuri did not want it to stop. He needed to feel it all.

Victor slid his thumb over the head of Yuuri’s cock and smeared the accumulated wetness over his hardened length. It took him a minute, or so, more to come but when he did he sobbed painfully as his release blazed through his body with a soaring heat that melted him to his very core.

He felt like he had passed away, ripples of his ecstasy still vibrating in his very core until he tried to open his eyes once more. But he couldn’t.

“Yuuri.” It was Victor’s voice. “Yuuri, baby. What happened?”

He took his hands to his face and realized he was crying, a lot.

Yuuri sobbed and then got up, remembering why he had been pushing Victor away all this time. He sat up straight and held to his knees until they were pressed tightly against his chest.

“Don’t leave me.” He said. He was naked and afraid and felt alone even when the man he loved the most was in front of him. “Please. I love you. Don’t leave me.”

He did not even look at Victor as the words left his mouth. Still crying he reached for his underwear and pants to put them on his body once more in a second. Yuuri’s words and feeling had been said and he would not take them back. They were like lost bullets and he, for once, did not care for where they fell.

“Baby, Solnyshko.” Victor tried to reach for him and Yuuri scooted away, almost jumping. “Yuuri, I won’t.” He sounded so real Yuuri almost believed him.

Almost.

“When why the fuck did Christophe said that shit about California!?” He screamed.

He never screams.

“Because he’s selfish and a workaholic who does not understand me.” Victor replied, still trying to get close to Yuuri but there was an invisible wall keeping them from touching. “He was so rude and I… I already talked to him.”

“Like hell you talked to him!” Yuuri sniffled. “Are you going to leave me and Kosuke? After all the shit we said? After all the crap we went through?”

“I would never, Detka. Never.”

“You’re just as lying as Frank. You’re hurting me even more than he ever did because I love you and you don’t care! You’re still leaving me!” He yanked his shirt from Victor’s hand, as he just realized he had it, to put it as soon as he could over his torso.

Victor shook his head, finally holding his hands and getting on his knees as he spoke.

“Yuuri, I was offered a major job in California but I did not take it. I never said anything because I would not take it and I did not want to worry you!” He said, Yuuri kept crying and shaking his head. “You have to believe me…”
“I want to! But you… you’re hiding all this shit from me and I can’t help but think about what else you have never told me and I’m so scared of losing you…” He pulled his hands from Victor and rubbed his face furiously. “You just played me like everyone else ever does!”

Yuuri had lost it, and he knew he should have never said such a thing. But he did and he regretted it the second he saw the look on Victor’s eyes.

Pain, hurt, desperation and misery. All at the same time mixed with more tears and anger, betrayal and frustration.

“What would you say that?” Victor whispered, getting up before screaming. “Why the fuck would you say that!”

Yuuri did not answer.

“After putting up with your divorce, your kid, your shit-ass ex!” He rambled. “After all that I ever did for you! I even left the apartment I’m still paying just because I though maybe one day you would want to be there, then. But you just kept me here!”

“That was because I was, and I am terrified of losing you!” He got up on the couch, making him just inches taller than Victor to push him away. “And no one made you do all of that! It was you!”

Victor nodded like a mad man.

“Fuck yes it was me. I did it and I would do it a thousand times again because I love you!” His voice did not lowered down its volume. “I fucking love you and Kosuke and I would give up everything for you two.” He sighed and slid his fisted hands on his legs before splaying them out on his bare chest, trying to hold onto something. Even if it was himself. “Even rejecting the best damned job offering I’ve ever received in my life. Even if that means putting my work on the far end because you come first. You’ll always come first.”

“Then why wouldn’t you tell me that? Why do you keep things away from me? I’ve opened up my heart, my life and soul to you and… and this is what I receive? Emotional constipation and a worry that had broken me into pieces because I can’t see a future for myself nor for my child without you in it!”

He got down of the couch and held Victor now, melting into his arms as soon as he could.

“You’ve ruined me.” He said to his lips, not daring to look at those broken eyes. “You’ve ruined me.”

Victor shook his head and connected their lips once more. For some reason, it seemed like a goodbye.

It seemed like a last time.

So be it.

They kissed with something more than love and anger, something unknown and lingering between them so raw and real it was unlike everything they’ve shared or done before. It was strange and powerful, pulling their lives out of their bodies as they embraces with their bodies still hot and their faces wet and read. Deep in laments, their compulsions to be together grew bigger and bigger until they were flush against each, still trying to make sense of their overheated and overreacted emotions, actions becoming torture as they struggled to find the right words to keep on.
Suddenly, Victor’s phone buzzed on the dining table. The sound yanked Yuuri away from his boyfriend and tried to push him away. But he had become and unmovable object.

“Victor. Your phone.” Yuuri said, moving his face so Victor couldn’t kiss him anymore. But it didn’t work.

“I’ll get it later.” He said, lips pressed against his jaw.

Yuuri pushed him again, arms distance away as they looked into each other’s despair face. The sudden distance was suddenly too much and Yuuri was about to regret his decision of trying to put him away when the phone went off.

“See? Its fine, baby.” Victor was about to launch himself into Yuuri, probably to come up with some make up for their mess but the same little song started to pound into the room and made him sigh.

“Answer.” Yuuri did not know if it was a dare, an indication or a plea.

So he did so and the smaller one let him go as he got on his feet when Victor, hesitantly, touched the screen to attend the call. He took a deep breath, serenading his voice and placing his cell on his ear.

“Chris.” He said and Yuuri almost couldn’t take it.

‘Go on’ he challenged him with a look that Victor held as he spoke.

“I’m not doing it… Yes! I am sure…! Fuck, no. Don’t put her on th- Hi Ms. Heredia! Hola, yes…”

He tried to walk over at Yuuri and then he froze in place. “No, listen… I already said I would not do it. I’m sorry. I understand but-”

He said something in Spanish Yuuri did not understand.

“This is a decision I made by myself. It doesn't concern him… yes, of course I care about what he would think but, he’s not that important to... All I'm saying is I'm not really sure where this is all going so I can't just drag him around.” There was a long pause and Yuuri held his breath as deeply as he could. “I'm not going to do that- Listen, you already know how this is and how I am. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you but this is too much, anything else but this. I am not doing it.”

Yuuri thought Victor had quite some fucking nerve to be saying something like that like if Yuuri was not listening to them. Like they didn’t had the worst fight ever over that dumb ass subject.

It was discouraging, disappointing.

He felt the anxiety creeping from his back and holding him from behind while groping his throat. Yuuri felt like he could die there, he didn’t understand anything once more but whatever Victor was talking about, it included him. And not on the good sense.

And, since it was Chris, it definitely had to do with that dumb California shit.

His palms were sweating, he started to pace around the apartment and began to clean up maniacally even if they wasn't needed. The blood pumping in his ears was deafening, his heartbeat uncontrollable and the tears, once more, inevitable.
Yuuri was speechless, everything started to hurt and his head pounded like a bomb. He felt the last straws of his panic pulling from his body and he lost it. Yuuri clenched his chest and hugged himself as he went hiding in the bathroom, hearing Victor end the call as he did not realize he was not with him anymore.

“Yuuri?” Victor's voice flew to his ears and Yuuri almost felt like throwing up. “Yuuri… My love.”

But he guessed that's how things really are. Probably he couldn't do nothing more than step back and give Victor some space. If whatever he was saying was true, if that's how he really felt he probably should let him alone to think. Even if it hurt him to his soul, scaring it with the mere thought of it, it was something that had to be done. Either way, he could benefit from it. His life had changed so, so much in the last year he definitely had to sort out most things. By himself. So if he was going to leave Victor it might be useful for him, too. After all there wasn't a thing he wouldn't do for that man so letting him go from something he was not only unsure about but that it also held him back, was just another of the infinite list of sacrifices he would do for him.

One of so, so many more...

He figured out it had truly ended.

Still, he didn't want to go out, no matter how childish he felt there wasn't a way he could confront him right now. He wasn't only heartbroken and helpless, he felt terrified of what could happen if he opened the door. Whatever it may be, he wouldn't get through it. He had already been bent and broken into tears before, but another time would simply be unbearable.

Even more because it was someone he loved. Deeply.

Even if now he had something bigger than himself on his back, a sort of duty that overweighed him and made Yuuri realize he had to do it.

“Yuurishka, what's wrong?” Victor asked almost to the air, searching for Yuuri.

There wasn't any use in skulking around, pacing ceaselessly into his thoughts and pain. He had to go out and do things the right way. He had fucked over once and if it was in his hands he wouldn't let that happen ever again. Yuuri, of all people, knew what it was to be in a relationship you felt insecure and unsafe, on one that held you back and controlled your life on the wrong sense. It was one of the worst mistakes someone could ever do.

He had to do the right thing. It had to be him.

Even if they tried to save it back on the living room, It had probably been dead for days now.

Yuuri held his breath, listening to Victor's footsteps and he passed in front of the bathroom. He realized he needed to go out, for Kosuke could arrive at any minute now.

Trembling with doubt and panic, he opened the door and stepped outside.

“Yuuri… Solnyshko…” But Yuuri turned around and scooted away from him. Walking quickly towards the dining room.

It would be easier to do so without facing him.

“Kosuke will get here any second, you should go and get your things before he comes back. I don't want you to leave in front of him.” Yuuri spat into his face. All of the sudden.
"Angel, baby… What happened?" He couldn't do anything but approaching slowly to him with his hands held together on his thighs and his head hanging low, Yuuri felt it. They were about to talk, really talk and fix it all… But they never did and now he was slipping through his fingers. Whatever had happened the last minutes transformed Yuuri in a second. "What's wrong?"

Yuuri sighed and looked at him, wet hands in his hips as he drilled into Victor with his copper eyes.

He had to be strong. Even if it was fake.

"I won't make a scene or start some drama over this, with Frank I've had enough for a lifetime."

"Yuuri…” Victor tried to stop him, but it was useless.

"I'm not done.” He stopped him, trying to dry the tears that kept falling because they seemed infinite. “So even if I wanted to scream and shout, like I just did, pulling every answer I want from your lips it's not something I'll do, for now…”

"No, Yuuri. Wait.”

He was not yielding to those words.

"Whatever we had going on, it's over now. What I heard when you were on the phone… what you said, it put me to think. Probably for the best, I'll have to sort out my doubts on what we have. Had.”

There was no use on stopping now, even if he regretted his words already.

"I need time, and so does Ko. My life has changed like it never had since I came to America so I'll step back from all this to just take care of my son and I. We're not going to bother you again, I won't drag you around.” Yuuri sighed and Victor bit his lip. “I'll wait for Kosuke downstairs. You'll have time to get your things out of here and back into your apartment.”

Chapter End Notes

Heyyy~ *moonwalks into your personal space, trips with your feet and falls down*

Bruh I literally created a sad playlist to write this? I had a super rough draft and it turned out so angsty?

You should follow me on my main, too! There's still plenty of YoI here (´оasonry) @akauali
It had been two weeks.

Victor had not seen Yuuri since he left the apartment, still crying and barefoot as he walked down the hallway to the elevator.

Maybe Victor should've done something.

Maybe he should've called for him.

He didn't do anything.

Chris had called over to push him yet again into the California deal and Victor meant every word he said in that phone call because it was directed to that stupid job offer. He wasn't sure where it was going, he didn't want to keep it around even if it worked and he sure as hell wasn't really interested in it. No matter how good the money was or how much he would love some daily sun. It was all about that, it had nothing to do with Yuuri at all. He had said all of this to Maria Heredia, Chris’ manager for the west coast firm. What Yuuri heard, what Victor said, was nothing but the last dismissal of the offer but on the wrong ears it sounded like the dismissal of a beautiful relationship.

From all he despised, miscommunication was the worst. And, for Victor, it had him crying to his sleep every night when he tried to reach for a body that wasn't there.

Victor had tried to go for it now before it was too late. He had to. But he always found locked doors. Whatever was going on the inside of that beautiful mind will end up being the death of Victor.

Maybe it had already been.

Had Yuuri taken it that bad? Because that was just wrong. If he twisted his words and actions into the worst case scenario he could come up with, it would be nothing less than logical making them break apart.
But it had been his own fault; for keeping it to himself and hiding such a minimum matter from Yuuri when he knew it would've been easier to just talk to him.

But Victor didn't.

Victor was being held back by some force of nature he didn't control. It was terrifying to see the possibility of the most amazing thing he had in his life right now crumbled into pieces that wouldn't fit later if he tried to put them back into place for something that he felt he couldn't control. But he could and he didn't realize it until it was buried deep inside him and it just wouldn't come out.

Then it did.

It was an explosion if red-hot glass that got to land on everyone's skin before he could ever put them back and safe. It fell, burnt and crashed under a second before it was all too late.

Now Victor felt like he wouldn't ever be back on his feet.

It was too much, too painful to see how a minor misunderstanding got Victor's most precious gift destroyed right in front of him. He felt a punch into his stomach and a jab right to his face. Everything hurt a thousand times more than the little cut he gave himself on the mouth the day he bit his lip to hard at work to keep himself from crying.

None of what Yuuri had said made sense, it had no head or feet and it only hurt and hurt as Victor thought about it more and more. It was horrifying to see what had happened to their relationship and to the great love they obviously had and shared. It had been greater than them, even, but it took one mistake from both of them to have it all gone. To have it crushed into nothing as they parted ways with so much to say and nothing being spoken as they walked away from each other.

Why did it ache so much?

‘I love you.’ Yuuri had finally said.

And Victor did too.

In the middle of a fucking war.

It was absolutely shitty to pull this kind of stunts off without getting dirty but whatever Yuuri had done was just as bad as what Victor made him believe. It wasn't fair play. It was appalling, atrocious what they had done. They shut up all they felt and thought, swallow and talked crap as they left even after the shit they already tried to pull earlier that evening.

How fucked up it could be?

As Victor got up from the sofa, walking languidly to his desk to start working on yet another divorce case he breathed in before opening the laptop. He knew what he would find on his desktop but still, after he logged in, there was an incredibly hard urge of throwing the device up against the wall.

There was Yuuri, hugging Kosuke tightly after his last Giselle presentation. The little kid had a big bouquet of sunflowers on his hands as he smiled hugely at Victor's camera. Yuuri, beautiful and radiant Yuuri, was kissing his son's cheek with an equally big grin. It had been such a perfect day.

He rubbed his face angrily and shut the laptop down with a loud smack. There was a if chance of the screen breaking but he couldn't even care by then.
Victor does not know himself.

He *missed* Yuuri so much it was ridiculous.

He *loved* Yuuri and Kosuke so much he didn't feel anything else. Aside from the splitting pain.

What was he going to do?

The events of that fateful day went through his head like a bullet once more, repeating everything from when he woke up alone to the moment Yuuri stormed out of the apartment. Every second flashing through his mind like a flood of memoir. He regretted *everything*. Victor never gave up that easily, it wasn't like him to let things go like they were nothing. And much less if it happened to be what mattered the most. He was beyond stressed and he knew that whatever pain he felt was something he probably deserved. And it sucked to know that.

He remembered also, frame by frame, what happened before Yuuri stepped foot outside the apartment. It was something he would never forget.

“*Please.*” Victor had begged now. “*Wait. Listen to me.*”

He tried to look down to Yuuri, trying to find something that would give Victor the strength he needed to do what he hadn't done because he was way too afraid.

He needed a reason to try.

But Yuuri wasn't even looking at him. It would've hurt less if he kicked him right to his face.

“*Don't go.*”

Not even saying goodbye, or looking his way, Yuuri went out of his apartment. He slammed the door so hard Victor yelped and the ceiling trembled. He wondered for a second what would happen if the apartment broke down and ended up destroyed right there… he couldn't come up with an answer so he turned around and went for his things while his own tears started to fall from his face once more, making him struggle for breath.

Not even a destroyed apartment, nor a building, could compare to the mess both his head and heart were in.

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For Yuuri, it had not been better.

He cried on his bed the night he made Victor left with Kosuke on his arms. The little kid woke up and tried to dry the tears of his dad until he was also crying, making Yuuri wake up and whisper a million ‘sorry’s to his son.

It was probably the worst night of his life.

Feeling numb next morning, he rescheduled with his therapist as soon as he could to go and face Dr. Yang with yet another story of a broken heart and spilled tears.

She had to cancel the following sessions for the day so she could help Yuuri out. Soi she could
prevent him from doing something dangerous.

Eventually they made it through the morning together and she advised him the best she could.

That’s how Yuuri decided to use his last vacation week to visit Japan, for the first time since he had his son.

And that was six years ago.

The trip came out of his car fund and that vacation to California he had been postponing months after months because a divorce was expensive as fuck. But stretching a little bit those monthly bills he managed to go the place he missed the most.

The still countryside, the roaring waves and the soulful decks.

He thought there was no better cure for a broken heart.

It was so different from the last time he was there, right before he went back to America with Frank and the promise of a marriage as soon as they got to their country along with a child of their own. Of course that relationship burned to not only nothing but now his son was just that, only his and it had also brought the man of his life. One he lost. One he missed with every fiber on his body.

He was an entirely different person back then and now that he was back he found himself not only changed but also unknown.

Yuuri felt lost even where thought his home was.

“Yuuri-kun! Welcome back!” Yuuko greeted him by herself at the airport, falling instantly in love with Kosuke and starting to ramble about how thrilled everyone was to have them here. Her lighthearted spirit and wide smile was not only amazing to recognize but also comforting and soothing. Yuuri found himself hugging her friend harder than he had initially intended.

“Takeshi is so animated! And the girls!!” She laughed as they got to the car. “Kosuke, my girls are going to give you a little bit of hell since they know you're a ballet dancer but don't worry! You'll like them!”

“I'm so excited Yuuko-san!” The kid answered, holding her hand as they walked to the parking lot.

Yuuri laughed at his son, probably the happiest one to be in this trip.

“Call me oba, Ko. It's fine!”

“Oh, uh. Okay Oba!!”

“Oh my God Yuuri! Kawaïdesu!!” Yuuko basically screeched

Ko blushed furiously.

Hasetsu was still resplendent as ever, nothing came up to the beauty and calm of the beach or the familiarity of the town. Some people, surprisingly, still recognized him and waved at Yuuri when he and Ko went out for a walk and even asked about his parents. It was almost as if time hadn't gone by, the little place remaining almost the same way it had always been… Bright, alive and lovely.

Unlike him, who was no one close to the kid that left his country so much time ago. Or like the stupid boy that tried to come back just to leave once more with a son he adored and a fiancé he
really couldn't stand.

He was now this lost piece of a man, brokenhearted and pining for someone he had *driven* out of his life by being the utter worst he could ever be. He was a parent, a teacher, a *divorcée* and a friend to so many but not a pair, a lover, a life partner, to *anyone*. And it had been his own fault.

Yes, Yuuri regretted a lot of things.

On the second day after he arrived, Yuuri visited his family's former Onsen, now a much more complete spa where he allowed himself to be pampered and even relaxed for a bit. The new owners were amazing and gave him a discount after finding out who he was. Kosuke stayed with Yuuko and her triplets while Yuuri had time for himself, the second he stepped on his friend's house the kid was suddenly on his true element.

It had always been a bit difficult for Ko to make friends but his friend’s daughters had been amazing with him, giving him love and hugs as they gushed over him and his ballet skills. When Yuuri left their friends, his son was teaching them the feet and arms positions with soft warm-up classical music on the background.

He had been smiling a lot after feeling so much pain.

Yuuri was staying with Yuuko and Takeshi; they had an adorable house seaside near enough the train station that the trains passing by at night sounded like a lullaby, but far enough it was never a bother. Her old friend had three lovely kids a couple of years younger than Kosuke and Takeshi had never stopped picking on Yuuri, just that now he did it with a bit more of care.

“You look handsome but maybe you should start dancing more!” He said at dinner that night.

“Takeshi, you’re no one to talk.” He said flatly, making his wife and daughters laugh loudly.

“He’s got you there!” Said Axel, grinning through the steam coming off of the ramen. Yuuko was a fine cook but for some reason Yuuri was pretty sure the place he was eating had to do more with that incredible taste rather than the food itself. It was delicious so he couldn’t do much more than returning the gesture to the child before inhaling the deep, rich aroma of his soup.

“Well, he does…” His friend said and sighed before receiving a kiss from Yuuko on his head.

“I still love you. Pounds on or not.” She said to Takeshi before sitting down to him.

It was such a familiar image to Yuuri his stomach turned, making him feel suddenly without appetite.

Everything *hurt*.

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Hiroko called Victor to his cell phone asking for his son.

Victor threw up after hanging with her.

Lying had never been easy to him.

But, definitely, it had never made him sick.
By his second day Yuuri went to the old ice rink Yuuko’s family used to manage, now turned into a huge swimming school near his old Ballet teacher. Minako was probably out since it was a weekend but Yuuri made a mental note to visit her as soon as possible as he watched little kids doing laps on the huge pool in front of him.

He wasn't alone by then, his sister was dropping his daughter at her class while he waited for her on the cafe. When Yuuri called in to check on Mari a couple of weeks ago he never would've thought he'd actually take her word of visiting her but now he was there and Mari was rushing to his side with a little sports bag on his shoulder.

“I'm so sorry; Sensei was giving me some information about the upcoming tournament for Hanae.” She said to him.

She returned to Japan on Yuuri’s sophomore college year. The homesickness she got from being so far away from Japan almost got her into ER and their parents let her go maybe much more sooner than what they would’ve liked. But then she was back on Hasetsu, enrolling into College to graduate four years later as a nurse. Fiancé in her hand and baby on her womb, even if she had to leave her family Mari had managed to start her own on her terms. It had been perfect, then, for her to leave the nest before she was supposed to.

“That's okay, it's amazing she's really getting into it.” Yuuri answered as they sat down in a quiet corner of the cafe.

“Yeah. She loves it, and Haruki and I are really proud of her so we support her as much as we can. He really wanted to come with us today but you know how much he's been working lately.” Mari sighed and took a sip of her beer. “With the restaurant and the other business he works for he has so much work piled up…”

It was Saturday, eleven a.m. and probably a lot of people looked at them with those judging eyes they loved to wear at the little town but neither of them could care.

Mari had always been like that, doing whatever the hell she wanted. Yuuri, on the other hand, was just depressed.

“It's fine, probably is better this way.” He muttered to her, mimicking her action.

“Huh? What do you mean? Is everything okay?” She held his hand and squeezed it. “Frank's been giving you trouble, again?”

Yuuri looked to his older sister; the dyed ends of her hair had vanished into that same brown color she still used short. Some of her ear piercings remained although they were smaller now and more delicate. The smell of cigarette lingered but it was weaker now. She used a beautiful silk headband that matched her skin and the beauty she always had was now in full bloom along with her usual strength. It was still his sister, just much more mature than she ever was. Yuuri still felt like a silly child besides her, calling in to tell her about all his troubles and his divorce circus like when he fell on ballet class…
He had always told Mari about everything.

Including all the mess he ever made but not the loss of one true love.

But Yuuri had to tell her, now. Before he drowned on his own sorrow.

“No, it's not Frank.” He breathed in and closed his eyes. “I think I lost the love of my life.”

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Victor had understood that Yuuri just didn't want to see him after trying to talk to him the morning after what had happened. He felt defeated, absolutely impotent and frustrated over a fight he didn't even had the chance to fight, and it broke his heart more than any sort of silent hatred.

He knocked on their door to find it tightly locked with nothing but a whispering Kosuke on the other end telling him to go.

“He's not fine, Victor-san! I don’t know what happened to him but you should go.” He said, childish and innocent for he did not know better. “I’ll talk to you later, but go.”

Even after that, he kept trying, he tried so hard to fix it for that time inside the apartment when he just did not move a muscle.

Flowers, letters, everything he could ever manage. Emails and texts, all the time. Declined calls and even a distressed Makkachin that came back to him with an even more distressed Kosuke two days later. The kid kept going to him and Makka, mumbling how quiet Otōsan was and how much he missed Victor.

It seemed Yuuri didn't tell him anything about what had happened.

“Taiyō, would you say Otōsan hates me?” He asked the last day he saw him over orange juice and sliced apple dipped in chocolate.

“No, he never stops talking about you.”

Victor didn't know what to do with that information.

So he didn't say another word to Kosuke on the subject, cuddling up on his couch as they watched Spirited Away for the umpteenth time. He sang to him in Russian and then gave him a bag of gummy worms before he had to go back home. They had limitedly their conversation to Makka, even if the kid tried to get him into telling him what had happened, and then quietly thanked him for opening his home to him.

“Everything I have is yours, Ko.” He told him, then the kid hugged him so tight Victor was amazed with such strength coming from him.

“Why don’t you come back home?” He asked to him, Victor knew he was doing his best to hold the tears that were prickling on his eyes.

“I- I’m going on a job trip so I had to come and work for a bit before I leave. But don’t worry, I’ll
come back for you. We can take Makkachin on a walk before you get back to school.”

Kosuke nodded and then he told Victor they were going to Japan, for a week or so, before the end of the summer break. Then he left, looking back to him, heavy hearted, as he opened the door to his own apartment.

As soon as the door in front of his’ clicked shut, Victor called Chris to tell him he was going to California.

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It was the fourth day when Yuuri took Ko to the beach, just the two of them.

They went to have breakfast to the decks, setting up a picnic and then walking all the way to Yuuri’s most favorite part of the Hasetsu bay, stretching towels and putting up a sun umbrella to protect their stuff from the burning light. It was a perfect, quiet workday that left the entire coast for the two of them.

Yuuri saw the waves lap at his feet, swirling slowly around his ankles and then going back into the endless pit of the ocean. Kosuke was playing with a crab he had followed from the decks and now he kept running around the poor crustacean just to confuse it. It seemed to delight the kid.

The day before, he had lunch with her sister and nieces, two lovely girls incredibly smart and just as cool as their mother. They looked a lot like Mari, Yuuri thought, even if they had longer hair and wider mouths. Haruki, his brother-in-law, was also really nice and interesting and Yuuri couldn't help but wonder how his life could've been if he ever stayed in Japan.

But then Yuuri realized he would’ve never met Victor and no matter how much his memory hurt to him, it was not something he wanted to live in the flesh. He had been everything he wanted, all he wants and even more.

Life was just cruel, sometimes.

Kosuke fell on his butt as the crab hurriedly dug a hole in the sand and practically disappeared from the kid’s view. He and his father laughed at it before the kid ran off to the water once more.

“Don’t go to far!” He said to him, watching the kid swim into the calm and slow waves.,”

The only thing Frank probably ever did right was insisting on getting Kosuke to that swimming summer camp, he learned the basics under a month and it was just that what kept him on the water for endless hours.

Even as he tried to picture a life on his hometown, Yuuri realized it was no use, he wouldn't have Kosuke and probably he would be so much lonelier, he definitely would've never been married and therefore, divorced but that was just because there wasn't an actual way of marrying a man in Japan yet. And it wasn't like staying on Hasetsu would've scare the gay away, or make him marry a local girl. Yuuko would've been his emergency plan but just the thought still sickened him. He loved his best friend too much to pull that crap on her.
And, again, he thought of never knowing Victor. It was even scarier than thinking that they would never be together again.

So, instead Yuuri stared at the sea, then at the sky and for a second he missed Seattle. Like he hadn’t done since he arrived to Hasetsu.

Sure, the ocean wasn’t that warm and the sky never looked like those eyes but there was something about it that made it so close to his heart. Yuuri had to acknowledge he wouldn’t come back to Japan even if he loved it with all of his heart. He just couldn’t, his life was somewhere entirely on the other side of the world.

And so was his heart.

With someone whom he missed so much he felt it burnt his lungs with every breath.

And probably it did.

He just couldn't tell.

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Victor wasn't going to California on vacation, nor did he do it for the fucking job. He went to pull out of the arrangements and settlements he had been dragged into. That much he could do, at least Chris said so.

After fighting with him, screaming and then crying Christophe had finally agreed to what Victor was asking. He offered the chance to Giorgi, who took it in less than a blink, and then consoled his friend until late night. It wasn’t until he saw what he had done that he felt guilt and regret. So he helped Victor to end it all.

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Victor only planned a short weekend with a rushed schedule he could attend without having to think too much about the way every beating broke his heart. The faster it could be over, the sooner he would feel less disastrous.

He packed, arranged his flight for him and Makkachin and made sure he would be home back soon enough just in case things got too difficult. If he had to go back, Victor would do it later after a break at home. He wasn't strong enough to stay so far away from a place it was still dear to him.

Yet, he just wanted to finish with everything already.

Yes, he talked, and fought, with Chris until they were able to give the place to someone else, the process was easier and maybe Victor lost a couple of clients but he could manage without them. Then he got lost on himself for one night and then woke up on his best friend’s bed to find
Christophe sleeping on his couch.

He said ‘I’m sorry’ in every language he could and then begged him to help Victor sort out what had to be done, now.

Victor also met Miss. Maria in person, the woman who was in charge of the west coast sector along with Giorgi. She was smart and even if Christophe wasn't all into it he had to admit it would be fine with her on top. Things were getting good for his new branch and no matter how much he felt Victor stayed behind, things were working.

But Victor was not.

He liked the sun, the beach and the people from San Diego. He enjoyed the distraction from his heartache and used it for good at his work, as a propel to reach higher every day and make it through every night so he could go back home.

Victor tried not to think too hard about it, so he just worked and worked.

Then he came back to Seattle with Makkachin, slept like a baby for two days and then headed back to California to keep helping Chris and Maria, to finish settling things.

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Yuuri hugged Minako so hard she yelped a bit from the pain. Yet, not needing to ask how he was after feeling that she guided his former student into her place.

“Who broke your heart?” She asked as soon as they got inside.

Minako knew Yuuri from forever. They still called each other, almost every Monday, to keep each other updated on their lives and dancing. She loved to hear Yuuri’s voice, it was so expressive and full of feeling it never failed to make her grin or cry just by listening to the tone he was wearing as they called. Lately, it had been full of love and emotion, happiness and giddiness that had Minako smiling through the rest of her night as she prepared everything for bed and the day after. Yet, the man who was sipping his tea carefully, looking down as tears fell from his eyes, was one she did not know.

It wasn’t the one who talked to her about his son dancing so beautifully no one could compare. It wasn’t the same Yuuri that laughed with a foreign voice on the background and it was not the same person that told her that he loved his life.

She was so afraid of the sudden change it was difficult for her to do anything else rather than staying in front of his student, waiting patiently for him to open up.

“Myself.” He muttered.

Minako was no stranger to emotions and heartache. As a dancer, one is always entitled to feel everything a thousand times more than any other person. Dancers are perceptive and intuitive, also empathizing and caring but when they’re the ones on the receiving end of pain… they could break until they were unrecognizable.
Yuuri was once a dancer, a great one with a heart of gold who would end up being affected by all of it.

Just like he was, now.

“I was saved, then I got lost again and I really don’t know how to find me… or him.” He sniffled into his palms, before looking up to Minako.

But he was not stupid. He was smart, intelligent and capable of everything he could set up his mind to.

“Can’t you? Really?” She clicked her tongue and reached for his hands on the other side of the counter. “Tell me.” Minako asked.

“It is Victor.”

Victor.

The same Victor who put all the stars in the sky, the one that made him see the reality Yuuri had blinded himself to. The one and only in Yuuri’s heart, his partner and the parent Kosuke needed. It was Victor who built a home inside an apartment who used to be lonely and silent before he came to fill it with love, laughter and kisses for those who needed it the most. It was the same person Minako had heard so much about but refused to talk to because it was Yuuri who she wanted to talk to.

She wondered if she should’ve accepted all those offerings to talk with him.

It was only logical for him to be the one who broke Yuuri’s heart into a thousand pieces, since it was Victor himself who had the power to put a billion suns into his student’s skin with just one kiss.

And so had said Yuuri himself.

“What happened with Victor?” She wondered next.

“I broke his heart, too.”

So Minako listened to his frustrations, fear and pain. It hurt to see him like that but it hurt more to see his impotence at the situation.

“Yuuri, I don’t think you’ve done the right thing to come here.” He was about to protest. “We love to have you here. I was so excited when I found out you were coming. But from what you’re saying… what you’re telling me you feel. It is obvious that you should’ve stayed in Seattle.”

“I can’t even look at his face, it’s all too much.” He said. “Victor hates me.”

“How could he, Yuuri?” She said. “I know what you have to do, and so do you… Get back to America, to your home… to him. It is better that way. Talk to him and fight for this, for Kosuke and you. He might’ve poured a storm onto your heart but it is rain that grows flowers.”

Yuuri looked up to him.

“What?”

“Think about it, Yuuri. You got Kosuke from marrying a man you did not love. You met Victor because of a divorce and now it is time to get him back after a fate-deciding fight.” She simply
Minako shook her head, sighing before getting even closer to Yuuri.

“From all the pain we come to know, from every night and broken heart, we always get something in return. Whether it’s just a hug, a sun on the morning after and another lover to meet later in time. We always learn and improve, because you need sun to feed a sunflower but without water, like the one our tears are made of, it won’t get to the surface where the rays are.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey I’m so fucking in love with Minako (♡charAt(962)charAt(963))!!
I totally wrote this listening to sad banda music lmao
So did you get the title, finally?
A thousand kisses to everyone! ♡

Translation!
oba - aunt
Chapter Summary

Right before leaving Japan, and returning to Victor, Yuuri finds himself in a situation he had not thought about before. Although it makes him think, like his whole trip had been doing, it only lights up that longing fire he thought he had under control. Victor, on the other hand, struggles more and more with his days.

Chapter Notes

Why do I suck at SUMMARIES?
Also, at US geographics. A lovely user reminded me that there's only ONE washington up in the west coast, so for practical purposes let's all pretend there's ANOTHER seattle up in Maryland, at the east coast. Sorry, I did not checked out my geo references before posting none of this shit. Hope y'all can forgive me and my dumb ass. ( -‸ლ)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri decided to stay his full week, to gather his thoughts, his broken pieces and courage. As soon as he stepped foot inside America he would try to sort things out with Victor, if he still wanted him.

So he spent his last days with his sister and friends, taking Kosuke to Tokyo for one full day and for a Ballet Presentation from the Tokyo Ballet and then returning to see the first Sakura blossoms falling as their train arrived early in the morning. Yet, by almost his last night, one day before he left, Yuuri found himself on a date.

On a real actual date. On Japan. With his brother in law's coworker.

Mari had set both on a blind date before Yuuri talked to Minako, and by the time he realized what he had to do it would be pretty shitty of him to pull out of the arrangement his sister had done. So he resigned himself, let Kosuke with his old ballet teacher for the day and braced himself for both the best and worst. It would do no harm to have some tea and lunch with other than the people he had been knowing since he was born so he figured out it would actually be good for him to go on and accept a casual, polite, date.

It wasn't like he would get over Victor just like that.

So he trusted Mari, himself, and made the trip to the place scribbled down on a presentation card that his sister gave him before he went out of the hotel, wishing him luck and kissing his cheek like she had not done it quite some time.

And there he was.

Yuuri looked at the man in front of him and sighed. He was so not sure about what the hell he was doing there.
After crying his heart out to his sister, she ended up arranging him this blind date with one of Haruki’s assistants and cousins at a tea house in Fukuoka. Her sister booked a room in a close hotel to the place and his brother in law went with them to make things easier. They took the girls to a park as Yuuri prepared and face-timed with Phichit as the Thai rambled about how crazy he had to be to let things fuck up with the Russian guy.

He didn't need to be remembered.

So Phichit said nothing else when Yuuri spat how much he regretted snapping at Victor and decided to change the subject by telling him to wear the lilac Cardigan instead of the deep blue one. Since he started dating Victor, all those months ago, the older man had told him to indulge on what he liked and enjoyed even if that was just stylish clothes. And he did. Hence a much more fashionable wardrobe to play with, like he did when picking out what to wear on the trip and what was he going to do for his date.

Phichit advised him on the soft gray shirt underneath with the white skinny jeans and a pair of sneakers. It was casual but also nice and even if Yuuri wasn't intending on doing anything with the man waiting for him he thought he had to look nice, at least.

‘Fake the interest’, Phichit had said.

It had been an hour since all that.

Now Yuuri tried not to look too awkward as he sipped his Sakura tea and bit his Mochi in silence as Sota, was that his name?, stared at him. He was cute but of course Yuuri couldn't stop thinking about something, or someone, else.

But, the other man just didn't stop looking at him. Eyes fluttering all over his face and lips parting constantly and lightly as he was trying to say something.

Yuuri mentally slapped himself. It probably was the eye shadow or the super big, circle-framed glasses that made him call so much the attention. It was Japan, not America, after all.

He shouldn't have listened to Phichit. Maybe.

“Do I have something on my face?” He dared to ask, much more serious than he initially contemplated. He was trying to joke not start a fight, goddamnit.


Did Yuuri actually hear that? Or was he just projecting his frustrations into his date? Was Sota actually that audacious?

He probably didn't even muster a sound because Sota coughed and sighed before making another comment.

'Get yourself together, Katsuki. Be. Nice.’ he said to himself.

“I heard they dye the Jasmine rice with different floral pigments for the onigiri.” Daisuke tried his best to make conversation, Yuuri was being the ass of the night and he knew it.

“Wouldn't know. It's been an eternity since I came here.” He mumbled as he sipped more tea, scrunching his nose.
‘Welp, I that was an improvement.’ Even the voice on his head sounded sarcastic.

“It has been getting better with time.” Sota hummed.

The damn highlighter on his temples was itching. Why did he try so badly to look like he did on that one date he had with Victor at the Winery on April? It was just the colors of his clothes that changed but, most definitely, it was the same damn style. Back then the glasses fitted perfectly for the occasion and the sweater was just right, now he felt underdressed from the neck down and overdone from the neck up.

“So Haruki told me you live in America…Any chances you’re coming back to Japan.” How many times had Yuuri heard that question before? Victor never even tried to bring up the subject of Yuuri's heritage or his birth country. He was probably the only one who never did.

So Yuuri only shook his head.

“Can I ask why?”

Yuuri nodded.

“It's very simple.” He started. “Kosuke- ah, my son, is getting a lot into ballet and I think it's better for him to stay there if he wants to do it professionally. Also work is great so I'm not leaving for a while.”

For forever, in fact.

That was probably the most he had talked and it was incredibly rude the way it came up. Yuuri wanted to kick himself in the face. Like, really.

“Ah yes! Kosuke, how's he?” Asked again Sota. Who, bless his soul, just smiled through Yuuri's answers instead of trying to pull back from their dry chatter.

He was actually interested, no matter how impolite Yuuri had been and that was already hard enough for Yuuri. How could he be this mean?

At least that last question was one he surely could answer. Yuuri would talk for hours about his son.

“Oh well! Kosuke is the greatest kid you'll ever meet. He's kind and intelligent, a really sweet boy and so, so very talented. I'm amazed by all that he is. He learns his exam topics so fast it is scary and he's the best of his ballet class.” He smiled and thought of that one time Victor picked him up and told Yuuri how the best dancers of Russia hadn't a thing on Kosuke. He smiled a bit at the image of Kosuke blushing so hard from eavesdropping he stumbled on the doorstep. He was hugging his Baryshnikov and Nuréyev so hard he ended up wrinkling the soft matte paper of Victor's presents for him. It had been adorable the way Victor supported him.

Probably Kosuke missed him as much as Yuuri did.

He put the memory aside and kept talking, sighing as he saw Sota’s awed face.

“He loves dogs and walking on the mornings… Especially on the weekends after a rainy day when he can get gummy worms and pretzels from the grocery store. American candy truly won his heart over Pocky sticks.”

Sota laughed. His laugh was silent and didn't vibrate like Victor's loud cheers. He was also a bit
shorter than Yuuri and even if his eyes were lighter, almost hazel, but they were still too dark in comparison of what he wanted to see the most. His lips too full and the nose not quite as pointed. He was pretty sure that that darker skin would also be rougher at the touch just like that brown mop of short hair. He had a beauty mark on his neck and the suit he was wearing was a bit looser than Yuuri would've liked but that only mattered just because he is a complete asshole.

Why was Yuuri comparing this lovely guy to Victor? He was on the other side of the world minding his own business and Yuuri should too. They were still hurt; it wasn't like Yuuri had any right over him. Not even his memories had.

But he was just too dumb.

“He sounds like a great kid, yeah.” Yuuri only nodded. “And is it true that you are divorced?”

Yuuri's face must've been of absolute disgust, making Sota laugh as he raised his hands as in an apology.

There was a little intermission by a waiter who came to take their final order where Yuuri repeatedly, and mentally, smacked himself to be just a bit softer. It was a date with someone from his sister's family not some douchebag trying to pick him up on the club.

'Be nicer. Be better.' He repeated to himself. 'Just this time.'

The waiter left, dropping a plate with appetizers and Sota drove the conversation back to him.

“Okay, sorry. My bad.” He smiled at him, apologetically and sighed. “I recently got divorced, too. Just that I split from my wife because, well, I realized I couldn't love her because I liked men instead so, I guess our stories are pretty different.”

Yuuri nodded again.

“I was married for ten years. Got engaged too damn young.”

Yuuri almost choked on rice cake.

“Well, clearly. That's too long.” He looked at Sota, wanting to apologize for such a horrible date experience. He should be sweeter, this was one of his first times, then, for God's sake! “How… how did you know you preferred men?” It was a horrible question to ask on the context they were in but there wasn't much Yuuri could do to follow the conversation he was trying to build.

“She wanted to have kids, I realized we had never even tried the whole sex thing properly before and when we did I was so not into it I went to see a doctor. The problem came up when he started to ask me about my sex life and I got really turned on. Suddenly it wasn't that I was broke or something, it was just never going to happen with a woman.”

Yuuri's mouth was agape, he didn't know what to say until he let out a good laugh.

“You're kidding!” Sota only shook his head and Yuuri laughed again, clapping his hands once. “Oh God that's amazing!”

“Everybody thinks I'm joking when I use my divorce as my coming out. But it's real!” They laughed together. “Mari told me you never had something like that. She says your life just rolled with it.”

Yuuri bit his lip and nodded.
“I've always said I'm literally born this way. That's another reason here is not an option for me anymore.” He almost mumbled the end of the sentence.

“Well probably I'll be asking about America's best Pride and I might move to the west, too. Y'know?” He winked at Yuuri and made him smile more.

“Call me if that ever happens.”

“Only for that? Yuuri! I thought we were having a good time…”

Yuuri had to give Sota some credit. He wasn't only cuter than the average Japanese men (which he still liked a lot, but well) but he was also actually fun. He deserved so much than Yuuri and his “this is not Victor” drama. The guy was great and Yuuri couldn't even give him a chance. He felt pathetic.

“Yeah… we are.” He smiled once more. Truthfully.

_________________

“Just go, Victor!” Chris snapped and downed his whiskey. “What is it to lose?”

“Chris, I've never ever been on a date with a woman. Like, ever.”

The Swiss sighed and looked at his Russian friend. The man was hopeless.

“Yes you have!”

“I have not,” Victor snapped.

“Man, I can tell you every fucking time you have.” Chris sighed.

“Drunk booty calls don't count!!”

Okay, maybe Christophe had to agree on that one.

“Well, there’s still some names on the list you gigantic idiot.”

“Look who’s talking.”

Those arctic blue eyes almost froze him in place, they were frightening. Still, Chris was just about to slap him. And he would do it so hard.

“Okay, can you just talk to her and not send me like your messenger pigeon.” Chris hissed.

“I'm. Not. Going. To. Fuck. Her.” He pointed every word, pressing himself harder into the chair and looking to the ceiling above him, trying to ignore the other man’s words as he sighed.

“That's so not what I meant! She's cute and smart and you guys work on the same field. The conversation could be interesting! And she's a writer! Don't you wanna have one of those nice and
long philosophical conversations with someone who can actually follow them?”

Victor shook his head and took a sip of his vodka, looking once more to his friend.

“I don't have philosophical conversations; my mind just wanders and becomes hard to follow. I'm not saying she's not interesting and Maria is actually really cute but I'm not in the mood for dating.”

Now he was earning a bitch slap. Not even a normal one.

“Yuuri’s not even on this continent, why would you wait for him just being pathetic and moping around. Don't be stupid, he broke up with you but the world keeps spinning.”

“It was your fault he broke up with me, dumbass.”

Chris sat down on his chair, sighing. That was true, too.

He didn't need to be remembered. The wine had made him heavy headed, losing track of his thought and the alluring presence of one young man named Phichit made him loose his best judgment. Completely. What he said had been a mistake and probably he should've dropped the call the first time no one answered but Christophe was known to be instinctive and headstrong as hell. He just did not know better.

And yet he regretted it.

That was something that truly wasn't like him.

“I know. I'm sorry.” He said, it was probably the hundredth time he did so. “But that does not mean you should be crying on your ass every day.”

“You're damn right that's what it means.” His friend looked absolutely wrecked. “Because you cry on your ass and you wish you weren't alive when you lose the love of your life. The fact that you don't know it because it hasn't happened to you does not entitle you to try to come and tell me what to do or how to feel, Christophe.” Victor stood up, giving his back to his friend and taking his hands into his hair, as if he would be about to pull it before realizing what he was about to do.

Chris watched him.

Victor fisted his hands in the air, arms still midway in the air and then he took them to his face. Sighing, in a burst of unnerved anger and power he hit the concrete wall so hard a bone probably snapped, since Chris was absolutely positive he had heard the click of a broken bone.

“For the first time in my fucking life I knew real love and a life that was not about other families but the one I could have. The one I had and you took that away from me because you can’t stick your head out of your butt. Yuuri and Kosuke were the world for me and you dared to think you could just take them away like they were nothing when they had become everything.” He turned once more to his friend, knuckles red, bright and bleeding. “I was happy and then I became the loneliest, saddest version of myself I could ever be. And it was not only for you. It had been me all along, I was stupid and careless as always. You were just the drop that filled the glass.”

Chris sighed. He really fucked up.

It wasn't like he just realized it, but the reminder hurt.

He had seen Victor crying a thousand times, breaking to the point of numbness and wishing he was death for more than enough for one single lifetime. Yet he had never seen him so realistically
dead. His eyes didn't shine, his body barely moved and his voice was never louder than a whisper. It broke Chris's heart because he knows that the damage he had inflicted on him was bigger than Victor himself. Even bigger, maybe, than his relationship and what he felt for Yuuri. He had sucked the soul out of him because of his own maniac workaholic impulses that drove him to break something that wasn't his.

That made his best friend so lifeless he had to talk to him constantly just to be sure he was still breathing.

That made the most amazing man he ever had the pleasure of knowing a crumbling piece of what he used to.

That made Victor something that he simply was not.

If one day the sun stopped shining it still wouldn't be as devastating as Victor being unhappy.

And it wasn't like he had frequently seen him that joyful since they met.

What could Christophe do to fix the mess he's made?

“I'm sorry.” He said earnestly.

“I just wish you would think beyond yourself, sometimes. There's more to life than work. I didn't know it and now that I do… I've scared it away so far I think I’ll never reach it.”

“I know I fucked up.” Was Chris’s response.

Victor breathed out.

“It's not your fault, thought. I'm just projecting my own stupidity into you because you've become the perfect target for it. If I talked Yuuri about it earlier, mentioned it at least, your careless comment wouldn't have been so harmful. I was being an idiot.”

That did not relieve Christophe.

“Victor, I won’t say I understand you but-“

“You don’t, so I’m going to stop you right there.” He grimaced at his hand, his mind already catching up with the pain and sighing as he took a bunch of tissues from a box on the desk to press it tightly at his fist. “I’ll go and take care of this, then I’m calling Maria to let her know I can’t make it for tomorrow and I’ll leave as soon as I get a flight. I won’t step foot on this state until I’ve figured everything in my life out.”

Chris nodded, not trying to say anything else. Not even attempting to finish what he would’ve liked to say to Victor.

He looked to the clock behind his friend; it should be around 6 in the afternoon at Japan since it was 1 in the morning at California.

Would he be able to find Yuuri if he called him?

“I still feel guilty. I shouldn't have messed with that. I guessed he knew.” He admitted, as his friend walked to the door.

“That's why I'm not blaming you. We told each other everything so it made sense for you to think so. I didn't tell him and that's what got me here.” Victor sighed and got up, bloody fingers going
through his way too long hair and sighed as he looked at Christophe with those purple shaded eyes.

“What is it?” Chris asked.

“Even if I hate you right now… even if I wish you the worst…”

“Victor.” Chris tried to cut him.

“I just hope you never, ever, get to feel like this.”

If Christophe had to fly that same night to Japan just to talk to Yuuri, he would.

“So I told him, ‘I don't think this is for me’ and he was already getting up as if he was about to leave when he said ‘you’re right I just should’ve listened to my med school tutor and never date my patients… Or my patient’s husbands.’ and he left me right there!” Yuuri laughed again. “And that's how my first date with another man ended.”

Yuuri sipped on his sake.

“You're unbelievable. How could you date your ex's gynecologist?” He laughed again. “I mean how did that happen?”

Sota poured a bit more of alcohol into his cup and winked at Yuuri.

“The homosexual Japanese middle aged man alliance is very tight, Yuuri. Once you get it you suddenly know it all.”

He blushed, not knowing if it was the alcohol or the shameless flirting this man had started as soon as Yuuri opened just a teeny tiny more. It had been flashing.

“Ahh, how easier would things be with one like that on Seattle.”

Yuuri had another sip of sake before asking Sota.

“So, which date number am I?” He questioned.

Sota pretended to do the math on the air.

“Like, I don't know… they've been so much.” Yuuri giggled, maybe it was the alcohol but suddenly he felt better. “Maybe the third.”

Yuuri threw his head back and laughed again.

“The third!” He breathed out. “Oh that's lovely! It's such an honor.”

“One not everyone would have.”

“I'm sure.” Yuuri smiled and then brushed a hand on his hair. He was having a great time.
Sota was not only attentive and committed to their little get together but also he provided a really sweet air of tranquility and even humor. He was kind and very polite, really positive and didn't seem to have been insulted by Yuuri's rudeness. Instead he decided to try to make the other man have a great time and, therefore, he could too. It was reassuring to see how hard he was trying and how much he seemed to be willing to make this work. Even if, in a way, Yuuri wasn't.

That was at the beginning, at least.

Because now he was not only relaxed and cheerful but also glad he actually came to ease his mind for a second. His troubles washed away and he gave into Sota's laughter and companionship like a sail does on unknown, but tranquil, waters.

“But I'm glad I did it.” He kept saying to Yuuri. “You're fun and really, really beautiful. And sweet. I liked you a lot.”

Yuuri smiled, arms crossing over his chest as he leaned his elbows, and full weight, on the table.

“Is that so?”

“Anata wa watashi o yūwaku shita.” Sota murmured in full Japanese, leaning close to Yuuri and extending his hand to brush Yuuri's arm with his knuckles, smiling slyly.

“Did I?” He replied in full English, their conversation had been flowing in such language for matters of privacy, even if they were already in a closed room just for the two of them but you could never be too careful. Although now they did not care, as Sota cared to demonstrate by speaking their mother tongue.

“Anata wa watashi o miryō shita…” Sota took his hand into Yuuri’s face and cupped it before leaning even more to kiss his cheek. Sota was a careful man, for what Haruki had said, and this private room was proof of that, leaving them secure from praying eyes. The kiss, though, was daring. “It wounds me to know you're leaving already… I could've taken you anywhere.” He said then in English once more.

Yuuri, blushed and smiling dumbfounded, was about to answer to that when his phone buzzed and started to ring almost desperately. It was an American number. One he did not had registered but that he knew out of memory.

It was Victor.

The same number he had forgotten to keep himself from calling at night without thinking what he was doing.

He ignored it, silencing it.

“Do you know your city?” He asked then, eyelashes shadowing his cheekbones as he lowered his gaze to his lap, where the phone lied ignored and needy.

“Like the palm of my hand. It has changed a lot since you left, I could show you.” Sota's hand left his face, brushing a finger against his lips before pushing his chin up so they could meet gazes once more. “You would love it. There are landscapes as pretty as you…”

Out of sheer embarrassment, Yuuri bowed his head once more and accepted the compliment with a mere whisper of thanks, feeling blissful at the sensation of wanting lingering on the air.
His phone screen blinked with the pop-up notification of a message.

’yuri, it's chris. i need to talk to you. answer me.’

All color in his face drained to absolute nothingness, tinting his skin white.

Victor made it to his hotel room, groaning after getting off of the cab that had taken him to his place where he would spend the rest of the night. He had called Maria to reject her dinner offer, alleging a very real headache and some exertion that he would have to nurse before getting tomorrow into a plane.

He did not mention the hand incident, also. It would give away his immense stupidity and Victor was not risking it. He was known for not being the wisest man but this was… too much.

Sounding just a bit disappointed, Maria sent him off with a blown kiss to the speaker and the best of wishes for his trip back home. Victor said thank you and rushed to the streets in search for the transport that would get him to his hotel.

His hand ached, not as much as everything else inside him but it was surely too much. Victor wondered if maybe he should get a stronger painkiller than the one he had already.

But he decided it was not worth it. Maybe the actual pain could distract him from everything else.

It wasn't until he knocked on his door he found out he had left his phone on Chris's office after calling Maria, making him huff as he entered his room and closed the door behind him, greeting Makka.

“Hey girl.” He sighed, kneeling and rubbing her fur with care. “How's it going?”

Makkachin barked and Victor laughed sadly.

“I know, I wanna go home too.” He whispered before getting up. “Are you in the mood for a burger? Because I could definitely use one.”

He moved to the table where his laptop laid and opened it to search for the closest burger joint he could find since there wasn't any close to his hotel. Of course the wallpaper was still there and his dog, who had faithfully followed Victor as she always did, barked at the sight of Yuuri and Kosuke.

“How? Oh~! Me too, Makka. Me too.” He sighed and after debating whether to do it or not, he opened the images folder that was flooded with pictures of his favorite Japanese duo with a bit of Russian and Thai intermission every now and then. Smiles and huge eyes, soundless laughter lingering between lights and stars with many elements of familiar warmth and comfort. They were all pictures of a better life.

Makkachin started weeping at the sight of Kosuke, laying aslee on Victor's couch, hugging an empty poodle tissue-box plushie. He was also wearing one of Victor's sweatshirts over his pajamas and there was the faintest string of drool falling from the left corner of his sleep.

Makka cried louder.
“Hey, hey. It's fine.” Victor said, closing the folder and tapping on the seat bar engine his request for a place to eat. “You'll see him soon, don't worry. You'll play together, too.” He mumbled as he scribbled the address of the place he was heading to, repeating those two sentences as some sort of mantra to keep it inside him than rather remembering to the poodle to be patient just as he needed to be.

Victor closed the computer screen without looking at all to the wallpaper. He didn't need to. If he closed his eyes he could see that same image burning behind his eyelids.

So, careful with his hand, he grabbed his coat and Makkachin's leash, it would be kind of a trouble to go around with his non dominant hand taking care of… well, everything but it wasn't like he had much choice.

“Let's go, girl. I'll be sure to fix this mess.” If he didn't know if he was talking about his hand, their hunger, the actual room they were in or whatever ever had happened with the Katsuki, he was bowing to clean it up. Whether it was for himself or Makka, it didn't matter because it was all he possibly cared for.

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Yuuri’s heart was beating so loud he could not hear even his own breathing.

Should he pick up?

The phone started ringing again, silent but persistent.

He was not hearing what Sota was saying anymore.

He was not sure he was alive anymore.

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Victor, that huge idiot, left his phone at the office as he went back to the hotel he was staying in. Of course Maria had offered her place but Victor, hurt and dense as he is, rejected the opportunity because 'he didn't want to bother her.' Not taking Maria's word obviously annoyed her more than if he actually stayed with her but that was something completely different from what Chris wanted to do.

So he helped his friend with his injured hand, plucking that newly bought first aid kit and attended the very superficial wounds before calling in for a doctor to come and see what had happened to his bones. The emergency number acted quickly, getting into the building in nothing as a pair of paramedics went through the Russian’s hand and, surprisingly, denied the existence of any broken bones. Although there was a bondage involved, Victor was sent off with a couple of painkillers and a sleeping pill for the night. When he got to Seattle, he would have to go with his doctor for proper attendance but with the band around his knuckles he would be fine. It was some sort of miracle he did not end up on an Emergency Room.
“You should take care of your fucking self, at least.” And with that, Victor hopped into his cab with nothing on his hand but the pills.

His best friend would definitely not notice the lack of his cell phone as for tonight but he surely would realize he had lost it somewhere when he slept in for the next day and his alarm wasn’t there to snatch him away from his deep sleep. It was a matter of use rather than of habit since he wasn’t waiting on cheesy messages to keep his phone in hand all time. So Chris had time even if it was just for a second.

He called Yuuri, contact still saved with three little yellow hearts on his name info.

Whatever he was doing he had to do it now.

Raising a prayer to the heavens watching on him, he waited for the other man to answer.

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“I- I don't understand. Chris, I thought you-”

“I was being incredibly selfish and an asshole of outstanding proportions. I don’t have any excuses to justify my extremely damaging attitude but I truly want you to know that I regret it all and I hope that you, in that hugely heart of yours that Victor would’ve never broken for the world, can find an inch of compassion to forgive me.”

“Chris don’t-”

“And Victor.” The man at the other side of the line breathed out. “Please, please, please… I’m begging you. Hear the man out. Give him a chance.”

Yuuri looked behind him, Sota paying for the full evening bill and tipping the waiter as Yuuri talked to Chris on the outside of the tea house room. Pulling his bottom lip between his teeth, he breathed in and closed his eyes tightly. He did not need to be asked so.

“Christophe, I will talk to him. It’s just that I’m in…”

“In Japan, I know. Victor came to California to help me sort out this bullshit I pulled him on but he’s leaving tomorrow by noon. I guessed that maybe later in the week… I don’t know. You could talk? Visit him? He does not do much… Other than missing you, and Kosuke.”

“He actually wants to talk to me?”

“You, I know you probably think he hates you because he thinks the same damn thing but I can bet my ass, split in two, that you two dorks don’t think of anything else than the other’s absence. He’s so desperately in love with you…”

An uncanny warmth bloomed on Yuuri’s chest and spread to his chest and stomach heating him up as a teeny tiny smile was born on his lips.

“So, he doesn’t hate me?” He asked.

“Yuuri! C’mon, I know you’re smart. Can you actually think he would do such thing?!”
Sighing, and snorting, Yuuri shook his head.

“I don’t know… I- I was pretty mean to him. I shouldn’t said a lot of things but I did and I figured that maybe he’d…”

“He knows. He understands. It’s not my place to be meddling since I already did so and ended up fucking up what you guys had. So I won’t say more than what you already know,” Chris breathed out. “He loves you with everything in his body and has so much to tell you before you push him out of your life forever.”

Whatever did not need any more signs of God and heavens above. He had been told, in every imaginable way, that things with Victor, the love of his life, have not and will not end like this. Yuuri had the chance of his life in his hands; of changing fate and the course of his life of the people he cared the most. There was no use in pretending things would just be instantly fine but they can and they will work them out because they love each other and share so much more than some insecurities and doubts. They had Kosuke, too, who saw them as his parents already and that meant being a couple to the most pure and innocent eyes that could see beyond time and place. It was them and what they had that would make all this worth it because, yes, Victor and Yuuri loved each other with so much more than just love.

And they had to make things work again.

And over and over, every time they became too hard.

“You think he could hate you like that?”

“No. I guess he would not.”

“That’s it. So, you’re going to…?”

“Yes. I will. I just need to… get there; I can’t do much over here but whenever I can.”

“He’s very stupid, sometimes. I have to tell you that so whenever you two talk or whatever just don’t be too hard on him. He has done that for himself pretty good.”

“Okay, got it. Look I have to go- But I’ll go get him! Just give me a day or two… Are you sure it is the right thing to do?”

“That description alone was frightening.”

“Chris, I get it.”

“I am so, so, very sorry. I mean it, Yuuri. I wish you the best.”

He chuckled, everyone made mistakes. And if Minako was right, like she usually was, Yuuri would probably have to end up thanking Chris.

Well, not that much but at least forgiving and forgetting it all was another viable option, then.

“So, just before I go… Do you know at what time Victor’s airplane is supposed to arrive at Seattle?”

“I have his flight information right here!”
Chris was no villain in Yuuri’s story. He just had to give him the chance of redeeming his former actions so he could actually help him in his quest for his happy ending. No matter how hard it had been.

No more running.

Looking once more to Sota, Yuuri saw him getting up and walking to him. The call must end right there.

“So, who’s the lucky guy?”

Yuuri looked at Sota, dumbfounded.

“Sorry?”

“I had a really good time but you just seemed completely out of tune, your eyes kept trying to find something and when they didn’t, they just… turned off.” He sipped his coffee. “Then you were on the phone and you smiled like I sure didn’t see you smile over lunch.”

“Oh, I…”

“Whoever called was important. You don't have to explain anything to me, I'm just insanely perceptive, you'll have to forgive me.”

Yuri bit his lip; he couldn't hide anything from him now.

“It's fine… I- let's just say that I fucked up with whom I thought was the love of my life. It is practically the reason I decided to come over to Japan. For peace and thought and, you know…”

“Courage?”

Yuuri nodded.

“Ah. It made sense. The first time your phone sounded you looked like you've seen a ghost. That only gave away how important the name, or number, was. Then you answered and it took you a while but suddenly you lighted up the whole place.”

Yuuri couldn't say anything.

“Probably that's also the real reason you don't want to come back. You've fallen in love.”

“Sota, I'm sorry. I-”

He shook his head, arm slipping to Yuuri's shoulders as they kept walking.

“No need to explain. I was in love once, too. I know that feeling… he's home to you, isn't he?”

“Yeah… I mean yes, he is.” Yuuri sighed. “But I hurt him, and he hurt me too but I shouldn't have
done what I did to him. I was selfish and close minded, I didn't listen to him and what he had to say… we fought and we both did wrong.” Yuuri breathed deeply. “But I was too hard, unwilling and unforgiving.”

Sota shook his head, squeezing Yuuri against his chest.

“I think you still can forgive and forget, Yuuri. I bet you already know this but any love strong enough can bear it all of in the end there's something rewarding. Your guilt and regret has been enough, because you can use that to get him back. It's your driving force, now.”

And he knew it. But hearing it just reminded Yuuri of how much he missed and loved Victor, making himself burn and ache in deep longing. Everything kept telling Yuuri the same: there was still time to fight.

If he wanted to make it right it had to be now.

“I just wish I didn't push him to an edge of where he had to jump at all costs… I miss him too much.”

Sota kissed his cheek, more fraternally than he had before. Yuuri sighed and looked up to him.

“I love him and it's not fair to be fawning with you over someone you don't even know.”

“I don't mind. I just want those who surround me to be happy. And you're one of those even if it's only for today.”

Yuuri breathed out, sighing and pressing himself into Sota as they made it to a much more quiet and peaceful area of Fukuoka.

There was a huge, fresh and fully bloomed park where they started to head to, still together and silent as they have not been since the beginning of their date. Although it was a much more comfortable silence and a far more enjoyable company. It wasn't a date anymore, too. It seems much more of a little reunion between old friends who came up to bicker at their sore love failures. Yuuri smiled, because he liked that idea much more.

“So, this guy…”

“Victor.” Was the name coming out of his lips, almost as a prayer.

“Victor?” Sota wiggled an eyebrow at him and laughed. “Western.” He mocked.

“Uh, he's Russian.”

“Russian! Sweet baby Jesus how could I have fought against that. God you're a lucky man, aren't you?” They laughed together once more, strolling under the green trees with dipped branches into their sir. The leaves brushed their shoulders and there was a little mist in the air, creating the perfect aura for the conversation they were having. The branches above almost blocked out the whole bright, clear, sunny sky; making it easy for Yuuri to pretend he was back in Seattle.

“He can get pretty intimidating if he wants to but he's just a huge dork. He has the prettiest eyes I've ever seen and a heart shaped smile that's so contagious you don't want to smile from it… Kosuke adores him, too.”

“Where did you meet?”
“He was my neighbor and I didn't even know it… It was for Kosuke and Makka, his dog, that I ever noticed him. God he’s the best… He helped me through my divorce and just was so, so patient. I love being here again but I can’t wait a second more to go with him and just, ugh. God I messed up.”

Sota laughed, turning to see Yuuri to the eyes as he reached for his hair. Brushing it, he made Yuuri breathe once more.

But now, he was crying.

“Hey, Yuuri…”

Rubbing his eyes with hate he tried to look to Sota, breath choking him as he tried to take in the words he was being told.

“If you’ve come six hundred miles to get away from him and you still miss, love and want to be with him it's all proof big enough of how much you're willing to solve it. Fix it and be happy, the world does not have enough people enjoying their life. Please don't feel sorry for me, I still haven't met my one yet, but the love I see in your eyes makes me want to keep trying. So I will, you have my word. But you have to try, too.”

Victor lied asleep on his hotel room, head still damp from shower, pills on his system and a loose shirt clinging to his body as he hugged Makkachin while he drifted off to sleep. That night, like every night, was filled with the memories of laughter and love, two pairs of brown eyes and two equally shining smiles. A voice so sweet calling for his help on a kitchen and another, rough and heated, for his name on his ear.

He cried until exhaustion won the fight over his night, pulling him into a death sleep that sealed his own pain into a numb pull if his heart. Or what was left of it.

Victor slept, face buried into chocolate curls, unknown to the man haunting his dreams that was, a million miles away, thinking of him with wet eyes and soaring soul.

If he only knew, it would probably make him finally rest for one night at last.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Valentine's Day y'all!! I wanna know EVERYTHING about your day down on the comments, for real! I got a HECKTON of sunflowers bc I have the most amazing friends in the world ( VARCHAR ) and so much candy my teeth will be rotting but eh~ So worth it! (b≧∀)

I also had to backdate the publish date of this chapter bc it's still 14th in Mexico but oh well
Sending so so so much many kisses and hugs and more kisses to everyone bc love's cool as fuck ( *¬*¬*)♡ and even if y'all are lonely as hell like me it's still lit bc we've
got friends (and if you ain't got any at all c'mere baby (งっ－３－рог)рог ! I'll be your whatever the hell you want me to be)
So I hope you had a fine day, read you later, take careee~ ! !
The Sun Always Rises

Chapter Summary

True lovers find the way to themselves, true families just sort of go along with their nosy kids, and pets. Yuuri and Victor happen to have one of those families. Reunions are sweeter with the sound of child laughter and dog barking.

Chapter Notes

I said to myself, wey (mexican popular expression) you can't write this long ass chapters you have to divide this shit. So that's how a +8000 word installment became two +4000 chapters so I guess it became a sort of double feature Sunday Night! ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

I am WILD sometimes.

So please enjoy, I know you finally will and pretty please please leave your comments since I KICKED my own ass for this (for you) Read on! (¯\_(ツ)_/¯)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor stumbled through the gates of the arrivals at the Seattle airport. Sighing, he showed his identifications with much complication as his non dominant hand tried to manage everything in a mess of fidgeting and weird wrist angles. Many people gave him a funny look, as he tried to control his dog and papers at the same time. Good luck his luggage hadn't been picked up yet, but the little messenger bag he carried on his shoulder was giving him quite some trouble too. It was hard to work everything without a helping hand around. At California it had been easy, with Chris taking his suitcase for him and helping with Makkachin as Victor went through departures and handled the rest of everything.

“The migration room is on the fifth door down the hallw-“

“I am an American citizen.” Victor growled, showing his green card to the annoying personnel trying to refrain him from stepping into the heart of the airport. They sighed and shook his head, apologizing and letting him pass through.

Victor tried not to sound like an angry bear as he did so.

He was beyond tired, bones aching with a longing that seemed to be unable to fade and muscles burning with more than just frustration. Everything was too much at the moment; it ached and pained to take any step to walk. Makkachin sensed his dread and scooted closer to him to nuzzle against his legs as they made their way to the final gate.

Victor did not feel quite well; he hated flights and needed a break so he guided Makka to the closest seat to rest feet and mind. Makkachin whined and he helped her until she was well settled, all balled up, on his lap.
We’re home, Makka.” He cooed, voice broken.

She licked his face and barked.

“Sssshhh- Not here, girl. We’ll be fine, just wait a bit for me, okay?” The dog did nothing else, leaning on his owner and closing his eyes.

Victor wanted to sleep so badly he contemplated the idea of doing so on that same cold, plastic seat. But he had to go and get his luggage and if he actually entered the land of dreams he would find himself dreaming, therefore torturing himself, with brown eyes and a very soft body he missed more than anything else in the world.

He wondered, just for a second, what it could be of his life right now if he had never fucked up, like if he ever thought before acting and decided to speak instead of staying quiet.

It was quite some alternative reality, one where he wouldn’t feel like he’s dead inside and he could go on with his life without feeling he had lost all of himself on a long forgotten land.

If he ever saw Yuuri again, he would probably lie down and cry before even having the chance to speak up and try to fix his mess.

Victor, somehow, hoped that.

For it would mean he would have the privilege of seeing him once more.

Yuuri held Kosuke by the hand, as they dragged their suitcases around with big smiles and tired feet.

“You liked Japan?” He asked, looking down at his son.

“I loved it! But I missed home too much.” He replied, nuzzling to his father's soft waist. Yuuri hugged him.

“Yeah. Me too.”

Coming home had been all they ever wanted but the journey to their place probably would be excruciating on the state they were.

Yet, he was hopeful.

He could fix things and see Victor again. That alone gave him the strength and resolve to make it to his apartment as soon as he could. There was a lot to think about.

Certainly, there was a lot he wanted to tell Victor. His mouth was already flooding with words, apologies and even kisses he could not contempt. Though he didn't know here to start, he also knew he had to say something the second he saw him. Maybe ask him to give him a chance of talking later. Maybe some time or a little space to get to apologize and tell him just everything he felt and thought. He wouldn't ask for another chance right away, he mistreated Victor so it would never be fair to immediately ask him for such. Just a second if his time would be enough for Yuuri to start the rebuilding prices he knew he had to have. He would not give up even if it took a hundred days.
“Otōsan! That’s Makka!!” Kosuke all but yelled, pulling him out of his thoughts before dropping his suitcase and running to the overexcited, barking puppy.

“Makkachin!” Yuuri’s heart froze. Of course it did.

On the other side of the glass divider, there was Victor, sitting down, right hand bandaged and a leash on the other one. The second he saw the Katsuki, the dog pulled too strong from his grip and was freed as he met the kid halfway through the arrivals door.

In a fit of emotion, Yuuri ran, too.

And so did Victor.

Yuuri felt there was a raging fire melting his heart, burning his head and pushing all of his fears and nerves straight to his feet to make him meet Victor once more. He felt lightheaded, stumbling through the gates as Victor simply stood still when Yuuri dropped on his chest. No second had passed when a couple of strong arms wrapped his shoulders and squeezed him tightly.

“Yuuri.” His name sounded like a prayer “Solnyshko.” A chant from heavens.

Everything Yuuri wanted to say, to ask, had faded as he heard his voice one more. Every word died on his lips as he buried his face in his shoulder, trembling with feeling.

“I’ve been thinking about what I can do for you, for your family.” He said, breathlessly after minutes of dead silence.

“Me too.” Was all Yuuri could answer before pulling away from Victor's grip, hands holding his shoulders with strength and a resolved stare on his eyes. “Stay with me. With Kosuke. You belong to us. Please, stay.”

Victor seemed startled at the beginning, eyes wide for a very brief second before softening with a hum of an affectionate laughter Yuuri recognized perfectly. He took one of his hands holding his shoulders with his healthy one and took it to his lips, pressing a kiss so tender Yuuri’s fingers twitched to the touch. He smiled, too. Impossibly warm, impossibly safe.

“Sounds like a marriage proposal.” Yuuri’s smile only grew bigger, nodding before stepping into his space once more to be hugged one last time.

Victor brushed a strand of hair from his ear and placed a soft kiss on the shell of it, before he spoke once more.

“You’re my family, Yuuri.”

Tears seemed to fill his eyes as he breathed in deeply, surrounding himself with safety as the words disappeared on his ears. It was kind, it was real. He wished the feeling never ended.

He was so, so madly in love.

Then, he bowed to make things right. Yuuri wished he never had to separate from Victor ever again.

“Viiictor-saaan…!” Kosuke was tugging at their jackets, Makkachin besides him barking and nudging them to the seats as they were blocking the entrance. “Y’all don’t let people pass through, kiss somewhere else.” He tried to mumble but there wasn’t anything shy about his voice.
They turned around and found a fairly considerable amount of people looking shyly but brightly at them. Smiles were trying to be hid and eyes tried not to stare. Everyone seemed just a bit awkward but patient. Yuuri smiled timidly at them and pulled Victor until they were on a spot where they wouldn’t bother anyone.

“I can't believe you two. Jesus, grownups are the worst.” Kosuke said before he went to where Victor used to sit, caring for his luggage as he petted Makkachin.

“I missed you so much.” Victor whispered, right hand rising to caress Yuuri's face before he was intercepted.

“What the hell did you do?” Yuuri spat, looking with disbelief to Victor's hand. “You're... God! You're just- stupid.” He reached for his injured hand, holding it so carefully as he would with a crystal figure. It seemed painful just by the colors barely visible of his fingers. Yellow and purple on an awkward looking scheme of textures. “God, Victor. I can't leave you alone, can I?”

Through the tears falling rim his eyes, the ones Yuuri just saw, his eyes shone. Victor pulled a little laugh and shook his head.

“Never. Please don't leave me ever again.”

Yuuri's heart dropped. Chris had warned him but seeing him was actually different. Victor seemed smaller between his arms, his face almost childish as it drowned on pain and pleading with those sorrowful lips that mustered the slightest if the requests for Yuuri to follow. It was the empty case of a broken man that once was, because today it seemed that the one holding him belonged not only to another time or another place, but another life.

But he didn't.

Because not matter how different he seemed.

It still was his Victor.

“I am so, so, sorry.” Yuuri said, returning the hug and keeping his sobbing to himself. “I was an idiot, forgive me.”

“Not any bigger than the one I was. Please forgive me too.”

They looked into each other's eyes, nodding. There was a lot to be said yet, things don't magically solve themselves but they sure can work over with time.

“I love you.” Victor said.

And for what it seemed, they still had quite some to wait.

“I love you, too.” Yuuri mumbled before hugging him again.

Whatever they are going through, they'll reach the finish line together. No matter what.

_________________

Victor looked at Yuuri, leaning on the doorframe of his apartment as he bid Kosuke goodbye. School had started all over again and the little kid had to go down the building to catch the bus. Yuuri still had some days free for Highscool did not start its classes until next week.
The image he was seeing belonged to another era, one where Victor’s hand was not sprained for anger and his heart had never been so horribly broken. One where he was the caring one, the responsible and wholesome man that helped to rebuild a castle from the very first stone.

Yuuri was wearing his oversized yellow sweatshirt, a pair of stretching shorts and a pink bandana over his head, no glasses and feet bare as Kosuke kissed his forehead.

”Aishite imasu, Otōsan!” He said cheerfully before turning to Victor. “Aishite imasu, Victor-san! See you later.” And he ran to the elevator, clutching his backpack straps and smiling tenderly to the men looking at him on different sides of the aisle.

Victor said goodbye to him with his free hand before looking back to Yuuri, not sure of what to say.

It’s been a while since they found themselves on the airport and much had been said. But not everything. Not what mattered the most.

And Victor, desperately, wanted to get on with it.

He still missed Yuuri so, so much.

“You know, there’s still a bunch of your stuff in here…” Yuuri mumbled, before turning around and walking inside his apartment. The door was never closed, so Victor followed him (he always would).

“I- I can take it back to my place, I’m sorry.” He mumbled, apologizing as he stepped into an apartment that seemed to be still in time, as if nothing had changed.

Victor had to confess that he was petty and after that horrible fight he left everything he had on the place where it was, and it seemed it never moved and inch. It might’ve been childish but he never had the courage to actually do what had to be done, so he just sort of… ignored he had left half his life on a place that was not his.

Yuuri looked back at him, staring with powerful copper eyes.

“I did not mean it that way.”

Victor’s eyes rounded, making him look startled much less than he actually was.

“I’d like you to move in here, with us…” Yuuri’s eyes darted down to the floor. “With me, if you want.”

“I…” Victor breathed heavily, not sure that he had heard correctly. He shook his head and blinked several times. “Do you… I mean- You, what?” He stuttered.

“It’s not my life if you’re not in it. This is not a home without you… Look around, Victor. There’s a piece of you anywhere you look.”

And he was right.

The shoes on the rack, the coat and scarves on the table. A pair of is favorite glasses resting on the doorside with a set of keys he knew he had never lost and mugs with a Russian inscription that seemed to be recently used. Makka’s food plate and water bottle, his timer when he went out on runs at the top of the fridge so he would never forget him anywhere else. He knew there would be shirts on Yuuri’s closet and pants tucked on drawers along with Kosuke. There must be more
clothing here and there, along with some of his sappy romance books mixed into Yuuri’s fine literature collection. Probably Victor would also find a lot of his papers and forgotten bills on the desk with a laptop he never came back for. If his things were never sent to him, it was no coincidence of act of malice.

It was because Yuuri wanted him back, one day.

“Do you want me here?” He asked, his boyfriend (was he still his boyfriend) nodding eagerly as he looked up to him once more. “Like, forever?”

“If you want me, us.” Yuuri whispered.

Tears blurred Victor’s sight, making him tremble with mixed sensations as the first ones rolled down his high cheekbone, burning the skin it touched before falling into his neck.

From there, his eyes turned into a overflowing river that would not stop. He started crying like a lost baby in a he, unknown world. There was too much everything as he put his hands over his face. Pathetic, shaking and sobbing as he lost control over himself, all he bottled inside himself for days and weeks suddenly exploded inside his chest until it was choking him. There was no silence at all, for he almost screamed as he cried his heart out when he tried to free himself from the thousand ton weight over his shoulders and the burning pressure on his stomach. There was not enough air for him, not enough tears falling fast enough and nothing to hold on to as his legs started to tremble, too, trying to give in.

But there was Yuuri.

Yuuri who said nothing and silently took him by the waist until they were on the couch that once saw them break apart for what felt like it would be forever.

“It’s fine, Vitenka.” He said, holding him so tightly that none of his broken pieces would get lost. In fact, they seemed to stick once more as a whole.

Victor nodded hysterically, tears kept falling and the feeling of pain on his heart dissolved into a calming numbness. He made himself a little ball over Yuuri and rested his full weight on him, Yuuri’s lap supported him as he whispered in Japanese things that Victor did not understand but felt calming him altogether. It was safe, it was real, it was as if he was being told everything was fine now.

“I love you.” Yuuri said to him. “With all my heart and everything I am. I never meant to hurt you, Victor. You have to know that.”

“I do.” He sobbed.

“I love you.” He repeated. “I don’t want a future without you in it, you’ve made flowers bloom even on the darkest rooms of my life and they need you to survive. I need you, Kosuke needs you. It was not fair to push you away from my life without listening before. I was scared and then I locked myself once more. But it never should’ve been that way. I just did not want to bear another heartbreak but in trying to protect my heart I destroyed it once you were not here. I’m so sorry for all the damage I’ve caused you, Victor.”

Victor did not stop crying.

So he nodded once more and gripped Yuuri tighter, breathing his morning scent of soap and burnt butter, trying to never let go of him as he started whispering between hiccups and sobs.
Victor told him *everything* like they never knew.

He told him how his mother had wrote down the way the sun shone the morning he was born, how it was cold in St. Petersburg and the way the windows seemed to defrost as his cries broke the dead silence of the hospital room. Victor told Yuuri about his childhood and about a father that died way too soon, leaving Victor to none but the care of his mother, grandma and three aunts who cherished him and supported every step he took. His mother died soon, too and her sisters encouraged Victor to pursue a better future in America. It was them who put every penny they ever had on him, helping him along his way even thousands of miles away. Victor told him about his boyfriends, about his girlfriends and even mentioned all of the heartbreaks he ever thought he had. He talked about his first days at college and then the months at work. He told Yuuri how he rescued Makka and the way he would talk to her in Russian sometimes because he missed his home too much. He finished his tale, two hours later and no more tears able to come out of his eyes by whispering to his chest how he fell in love with Yuuri and Kosuke, how they cured his broken soul and the way they all together gave them another new reason to live that he actually believed in.

“I owe you so, so much…” He said. “I was so alone.”

Yuuri had listened to every word he said, silent and without asking questions. Victor told him he never would hide anything from him ever again and bowed to just let Yuuri know it all. And he did, so Yuuri just responded by staying quiet and attentive to every word dropping from Victor’s mouth. He was patient and consistent, never letting any detail slip of his mind as he just pushed everything out, all at once, so there was no secret ever.

He even told him, minute by minute as if each was a day, what had happened from the first moment with the job offer, followed by his time on California and the faded bruises on his knuckles.

There was not a thing *covered* inside himself now.

“You won’t ever have to hide yourself.” Yuuri reminded him. “Come with us, we’re meant to be.”

“I was so selfish, trying to keep you without being honest…” His voice was almost soundless. “I never wanted to do that to you… I never intended to cause you any sorrow, any pain. I thought I was protecting you.” He confessed. “I should’ve known. I had to know.”

Yuuri shook his head.

“You did not have to. We did not talk about it, but we’re doing it now and it won’t happen again.”

*Ever.* Victor swore.

“We can start all over again, it was a test we passed through. I want you and I’ll have you because we can bear everything. Can’t we?” Victor said yes. “Come with us and we’ll make it right this time. I don’t want to be apart from you another second of my life.”

“I- I can’t say yes a million times but I would.” He said. “I can’t be without you.” He said, head bowing, he breathed in one more time and looked up to Yuuri. “I love you, thank you.”

Yuuri did not say anything else. But he didn’t need to.

So Victor stayed there for a while until he fell on a sleep that lasted for the rest of the day, no dreams or death laughter. Neither cold nor loneliness, just a deep slumber that brough him rest and peace. One he most definitely needed.
Later, he was later woken up by the sound of laughter and a kiss on the cheek. It was Kosuke who held a big bowl of Ramen between his hands.

“Yūshoku!!” He said cheerfully, extending the bowl as Victor stretched, sat up and took it.

“Arigatō, Detka.” He mumbled as Ko sat next to him. “Otōsan made the noodles himself all night yesterday, it is delicious. It’s a new recipe he learned at Japan!”

Another thing Victor had definitely missed with everything he had was this little kid right there. His sunny presence and warm smiles reassured Victor and calmed the anxiousness in his stomach. There was a part of him fearing it had all been a dream and that he would wake up alone in his apartment with all the lights off and a unbearable hunger crawling from his stomach.

But it wasn’t because Kosuke was still in front of him as he hear Yuuri working on the kitchen. The smaller boy walked even closer and gave him a look that they used to share, one of knowledge over all the things and a quiet understanding of patience.

It was not a dream.

Victor kissed Ko, relieved, on the head and nudged him as he fumbled with his free hand with the chopsticks.

“How was Japan?” He asked, the soup smelled delicious but it seemed it would be really hard for him to eat at all.

“It was so lovely! I saw the Tokyo Ballet and met Minako-Sensei, she was Otōsan’s teacher and used to be a prima ballerina, too and- Otōsan! Victor-san needs help with the ramen. Can you pass him a fork or something?”

“No lover of mine will eat ramen with a fork, Kosuke. Are you crazy?” Yuuri seemed to appear with them, still dressed as he was in the morning but now he had his glasses on. “Let me, Vitya.” He extended his hand and, almost doubtfully, Victor gave him the chopsticks. He did not know how to take all that information.

Yuuri sat down behind him on the couch, taking one of the ottoman below the coffee table for his legs and some leverage. He smiled and took Victor’s bowl of Ramen, stirring it briefly but skillfully with the chopsticks.

“Tell Victor about the Sakura trees…” And he raised the chopsticks, pressed tightly against some veggies and directed it to Victor’s mouth.

It was… intimate. Too homely for what Victor would’ve expected. He felt like he still did not deserve anything of what he was getting.

Kosuke smiled hugely.

“They were perfect, Victor-san! They were pink and bright and smelled so, so sweet!”

Victor barely opened his mouth as Yuuri fed him, quiet and lovingly as they listened to Ko ramble about the trip. It was almost too much, if the kid wasn’t there it could be even exciting for Yuuri’s hands were touching him everywhere and his face blushed with mere contacts and gazes shared over the bowl. It was strong even when they tried to keep it sweet.

“You would love Japan… I’ll take you there sometime.” Yuuri said, smiling tenderly as he did so and stopping to brush his hair away every now and then from his face, fingertips caressing his
cheeks on the process and lips daring to kiss his cheeks and jawbone.

“Your hair is so long, Victor-san… I like it!” Ko said after a while.

“I was planning to cut it.” He said after he swallowed a piece of beef. Victor had been careless with himself the past few weeks, hair hanging just a bit below his ears in messy layers of very, very this silver. At California he would make the tiniest of the half buns at the crown of his head to keep his neck from being all sweaty and sticky but as he came back to Seattle and ignored his hairdresser remainder and just let it grow. Now it was just about below the half of his neck.

It was the first time it actually grew a bit since he cut it all those years ago.

“Don’t you dare.” Yuuri said, setting the half-empty bowl aside. “You look beautiful…” He said as he took the bandana off of his head and pushed Victor’s hair back until he could tie the soft fabric over his head. Tucking the loose ends, he winked at Kosuke.

“How does he look?” He asked him.

“Kawaii!” Ko smiled and scooted even closer to Victor. “So pretty~”

Victor knew he was blushing.

“Doesn’t he?”

Ko nodded.

So, no cutting his hair.

“I guess I can try it for a while…” He mumbled and Kosuke let out an excited noise.

So this was his life now… again. He realized.

He had been knocked out after pouring his heart out to Yuuri and he seemed to have won what he needed, and yearned, the most.

Victor had to acknowledge there was something brighter on the horizon, now.

It was real and he would never let go, so he had to start to make his way inside this home once more. Starting with a bit of a more joyful mood and a bigger smile would be fine, for he did not like to be down no matter how crushed he felt. Still, he had to try for the ones in front of him because Victor knew they expected them to be who he was before.

And for the way his life seemed now, he totally could go back to that.

“So, Ko…” He said then, looking to Yuuri who seemed to have renewed his patience and love for him over his hours of sleep. “How would you feel if I moved in… With you. Like, permanently.”

He said as he sipped his water that the kid had brought him some time ago.

“You what?!” The kid screeched before launching himself to Victor’s lap. “Oh my god! Victor-san! That’s so cool, we can watch all the other Ghibli movies and, and- and I can sleep with you guys again! And every day can be breakfast Sunday and you can take me to ballet and we can tease Yurio together. I’ll make you tea and you can get me gummy worms and… is this for real?” He looked to Yuuri. “Otōsan! Is Victor-san actually becoming my daddy?!” Then he just hit the palm of his hand against his mouth, then the other one. Gasping as he saw what he did.
Victor’s heart simply trembled.

“Kosu-“

“I guess I can try, Detka.” He interrupted Yuuri and pulled Ko’s hands away from his mouth to kiss the tip of his incredibly blushed nose. “We say Papa in Russian, you know?“

“Oh…” He blinked before melting into Victor’s chest. “That was embarrassing, I’m sorry.” He mumbled.

“No!” Victor faked a pout. “Why? You’ve always been the perfect kid for me, y’know?”

Any shyness left on Kosuke’s self simply disappeared.

“Am I? So Otōsan is like, the perfect man to be your husband?”

“That’s it, Kosuke. You’re going to sleep right now.” Yuuri stood up and took his son from Victor’s lap. “Say goodnight, you little monster.”

“But it’s eight Otōsan. I want to talk more with Victor. I missed him!”

Victor laughed.

“Missed you too, Ko.”

Yuuri growled.

“Don’t encourage him.” Then he turned to his son. “You should’ve thought that before trying to expose me, silly. Now we’re getting to bed so you can reflect there.”

Kosuke rolled his eyes, mumbled something in Japanese and waved his hand at Victor.

“Goodnight, papa!” He said before giggling and hiding his face on Yuuri’s neck.

Victor did not think of anything else. It seemed that he had something much bigger in his hands now. Things were fixing, things will be working out. It would all be fine.

He just had to rise once more.

Chapter End Notes

Go read next chapter, the angst is totally over I swear!
Much, much love! Kisses to everyone ! !

Translations!
Aishite imasu (j) - Love You!
Yūshoku! (j) - Dinner!
Papa (r) - lit. Daddy (endearing)
Garden Shed

Chapter Summary

Flowers don't really think of blooming, they just do. 
And that's what has made both Victor and Yuuri so special. 
Together, they've created a full garden.

Chapter Notes

I have school tomorrow but I had two chapters I decided to post TONIGHT. Instead of 
sleeping early and having material for posting tomorrow? I brought you THIS 🙃 WB

smh I'm actually nice?? like?? really?? Crazy.
I love you all so much *screams* ♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri never saw Victor so fragile before. 

When he started crying there was a loud shattering noise inside his head as the tears fell in an 
unstoppable stream of emotion. It was a sight he would never forget. 

But the man Victor was now, many weeks later, seemed so much more like the one he fell in love with. 

True be told he was in love with any version of Victor. The strong and caring one, the silly 
boyfriend or the joyful ray of sun. Even the lust ridden lover and the amicable neighbor. He loved 
all of them the same way, the broken glass figure, too. 

So for Yuuri it made no difference on who Victor was one certain day or how he would change the 
next morning they woke up together. He would still love him mindlessly with everything he was. 
For Yuuri it wasn't about the way Victor seemed to reflect his life to the world but how he could 
make him feel still loved nonetheless for that simple day. And the next one, he would do the same 
over and over again.

Therefore, when he had Victor crying in his lap like a hurt child, sobbing and writhing with pain, 
Yuuri had never loved him more. Like every day, even that version of Victor still had him head 
over heels as he realized not only how fragile his lover was but how much he needed Yuuri as 
much as Yuuri needed him.

He thought that, after that, they couldn't be any closer.

But he was wrong.

Yuuri had come from work early that day when he found Victor cleaning the kitchen to the very 
last corner. There were cups and plates on the dining table, dinner mats on the sofa and all the
spices out on the floor along with every single thing they had on the cupboards, fridge and drawers. Cutlery, glasses, mugs, recipients, bowls; just everything.

But that wasn't even the worst part.

The worst part was that Victor was shirtless, very sweaty and scrubbing the hell out of the fridge top. Just on his tiptoes.

How unnecessarily unfair.

Yuuri needed a stool to do that and Victor could just stretch his feet and that was it? Rude.

“Victor, uhm- what are you doing?” He asked, dropping his stuff on the door side table and approaching his lover.

“You're early.” Was all he said.

“Yeah, today was very light and my fifth graders this year had to go on a college visit.” He walked even closer to him. He surely wanted to touch but since they reunited they haven't done much than kissing and… well, kissing. Yuuri missed Victor a lot but he didn't know how to pick up where they left on the physical plane.

Victor finally looked at him, then.

“I lost a case today, it was child custody and I was so angry I ran twice my usual route and did like a fuckton of crunches. I felt like a maniac so I had to do something.” He admitted, looking down to the washcloth on his hands.

“Something as in…”

“Maybe our shirts are separated by color and Kosuke's dance wear too. I think I also rearranged your ties and shoes. And the book shelf. Maybe.”

Yuuri laughed a bit, he knew Victor was bothered but intense house cleaning wasn't the matter to him. He had come to know that every time he was frustrated over work he would just get super busy with chores, like it was something he did not need to think about.

“So everything is squeaky clean, right?”

“I'm only missing the kitchen.” He admitted, trying not to say it too embarrassed.

“Oh, Victor.” Yuuri finally stepped into him and hugged his waist, arms tangling and face buried deep on his chest.

“They were good kids I hope their mom is not as bad as my client made her seem. He never showed any proof so… I just thought of Kosuke and how would it be if Frank ever won and I felt devastated. It was awful, I hadn't lost a child custody agreement in forever.” He sighed; face hiding on the crook of his neck. “I felt guilty.”

Yuuri kissed his temple.

“You're not. If there were never proof the kids will be fine, don't think too much about it. You've seen how even the worst cases bring beauty even if you don't expect it.” He whispered to him, talking of own experience to be honest.

Victor nodded.
“I love you.” He said, then.

“I love you too.” They thought they never said it often enough.

“Thank you.” Victor straightened and looked into Yuuri. “At least your day was fine?”

Yuuri nodded, brushing a strand of Victor's hair that fell from the bandana.

“It was. But it's better now.” Victor gave him a half smirk and sipped his head to kiss him, tempting but sweetly as Victor dropped the cloth he was holding and directed his hands to Yuuri's own waist.

“You're getting thinner.” He remarked, probably because he wasn't feeling his love handles as much as he used to. Walking so much at Japan sure did something to his body, there were certain shirts and blouses that were not as right over his body as they used to.

“Japan always treats me right.” Yuuri mumbled, smiling in between kisses and hugging Victor tighter, brushing his hand over the top of his head so the bandana could end on the floor, too.

“I can treat you better.”

Victor's arms moved to his legs and picked Yuuri up from his thighs, making him moan and taking them to the bedroom in a series of long steps without even thinking about it. Yuuri surely thought it was perfect. He giggled as he was laid on the bed and squirmed away for a second to take his shirt off. He really wanted to feel Victor.

“Kosuke is out until two. We have less than two hours.” He hoped Victor could take the cue.

“I can work with that.” So he did. Victor kissed his neck. “Can we?” He asked and Yuuri nodded urgently. He needed it.

Kissing was always good but lately there was a hunger missing on the touch of their lips. Before every kiss meant something deeper than love and affection but now it was even weird the way they would feel satiated with pecks and raspberries when before not even the universe could convince them that that was enough. Yuuri wouldn't complain, though; they had been coming a long way and they were in no position to try to take more than what they were given. Things were fine but not perfect so they had to be content with their little nothings that always seemed more. That seemed everything.

Victor's teeth pulled Yuuri's bottom lip after he fell down on the bed once more, fumbling with his joggers before taking care of his own slacks.

Yuuri moaned and so did Victor when they felt more of each other against the thin layer of their underwear, Yuuri still had his undershirt on and the older pulled it off of his body with what seemed like desperation. It was an urgency that would not and could not be attended if it wasn't with more skin and touches. It was something that had to be done.

Yuuri wanted to believe it was just Victor and him but he knew there was an uncomfortable third party still lingering between them. So he knew it had to be spoken.

“I-I...” He gasped at the slick feeling of Victor's tongue pressed on his sternum. “I want to have you. But I need to tell you something.”

Victor backtracked immediately.
“What is it Zolotse?” His blue eyes were almost turned off by his lust, pupils blown so wide there was barely a sapphire ring around them.

“I don't want to if you're not ready. A part of me is done waiting but a much bigger one will always be patient.” He sighed, throwing his head back so blood could run that direction instead to the middle of his legs. ‘I know you're still struggling. I left you and it hurt you so much more I ever thought. I understand if you don't want me just now… I can tell it's been hard.’

Victor stared at him, hands resting numb on his thighs and length already half hard.

He shook his head, soon as Yuuri made visual contact with him, crawling closer until he was settled fully above him.

“I've been healing since you touched me once again on the airport. I need you to be with me so I can finish healing, then. But it's better if you let me have you, too.”

Yuuri smiled, only able now to nod.

“Okay. I'm here.”

Victor tentatively pressed himself fully against Yuuri, kissing him wholly once more until they were panting and breathless. Yuuri tried to help Victor by lying totally on the bed, spreading his legs to cage his lover between his strong thighs.

His stretch marks seemed to shine under the light of his bedroom, cobwebs of humankind glistening in strands of silver tattooed to the perfect expanse of his tan skin. Victor slid his fingers all over them and pinched lightly every time they became more abundant on the sides of his hips, where the flesh also grew before dipping in the curve of his waist, so sensual, that the marks over it seemed like lingerie lace.

Victor was just lost at the sight and he simply tried to grab more and more but it was never enough for him, so he dropped the tissue and tried again; encaged on a desire circle.

And Yuuri loved it,

They lived together now, this was something that could happen any time they both wanted it because they shared a life now. Not like before that it seemed everything was half done. This was full, compete and they had each other to go over things like this time over time because they just could.

Yuuri was also happier than he ever been in his whole life.

So he decided to tell Victor.

Victor's kissing went lower each time, after managing to make his lover let go of him, reaching his nipples and swirling them with his mouth as Yuuri moaned deeply. His hands made it to Victor's bottom and squeezed the full, pert muscle. Sighing they let out a breathy groan until Yuuri started bucking his hips up against Victor's in need of friction. With rushed hands he tried to caress all of his back as Victor kept himself busy with Yuuri's chest. Kneading the soft flesh that covered the whole area of his torso, Yuuri tried to squeeze his eyes tightly so he couldn't focus on anything else but the shocks of pleasurable electricity he felt all over his body. His lover kept kissing and touching, making him moan and muffle screams by biting his lips just to keep himself from making too much noise. He had already made a mess of himself.

“Get on top of me.” Victor almost begged and Yuuri obeyed.
He turned quickly, taking off his steamed glasses and placing them on the floor before pining Victor down to the bed as he kissed now his blushed chest and shoulders. It was like a huge blossoming flower that barely disappeared on his stomach. Victor was ravishingly beautiful and Yuuri couldn't almost take his eyes off of him.

Almost.

He lowered his lips to his chiseled stomach, tongue tracing the divisions of taut muscle and biting his waist. Victor tasted like raw ocean salt, probably from all the work he had been doing and it urged another moan out of Yuuri's lips. It was human, real and all his.

Victor was all sharp edges and deep caves of firm flesh, no fat to hold between his fingers or to pinch like he was trying right now. He wanted to hold him more, but the skin barely gave in to the rough touches of his hands.

And that made it even more exciting.

Yuuri’s mouth kept going down until he was sucking hickeys all over his navel and mouthing his erection through the fabric, making it wet along with the spot that Victor had already pooled on his briefs. Victor’s hips jerked and his hands, from being far too entertained with Yuuri’s ass, flew straight to his head, gripping strands of raven feathers as his life was on it. Yuuri kissed the entire front area covered by Victor’s briefs and slid his tongue all over the cotton bridge between his legs, barely managing to reach the far behind of his body flush against the mattress.

Yuuri aimed for more.

“Wait, here.” His hands roamed from his chest, where he was pinching the rose buds of his nipples, to his thighs and butt, holding his ass up from the outer side. Yuuri pushed his head further and Victor let out a deep, pitiful, moan. He wanted so much more and Yuuri was willing to give it to him.

He pulled the briefs down after a long tortuous process of repeating his actions in reverse, until the pair of underwear was discarded rushed to the floor. Yuuri’s tongue poked out and glided over the surface of Victor's slit. He let out a high pitched cry and bucked his hips more. He understood how sensitive he was there and dared to do nothing more than close his lips around the head, cheeks hollowing as he sucked eagerly with his tongue pressing firmly to the top of it. Victor was shaking, trembling by the second as Yuuri felt his hips kick and the trashing of his head, side to side, as he whimpered and cried out loud. The sounds coming from him only made Yuuri want to do more, give him more, give him everything. But instead he gripped the rest of Victor with his hands, fisting it as saliva dripped from his lips. He relaxed his throat, ready to take more when he felt Victor cupping his face to lift him.

“I don't want to, I’ll come.” He said, grabbing Yuuri by the waist until he was kissing him again. He thought that if he didn't care about tasting himself in his mouth, it would all be okay. “But I don’t want to.” He repeated between more kisses. “Not without you.”

Yuuri nodded, lips still searching for his lover’s before whispering.

“Inside me.” He begged. “I want you inside me.”

Victor groaned once more, cursing in Russian and letting out a grunt that came from the very bottom of his stomach.

“Fuck, yes.” Victor sat up and settled Yuuri on his lap. Ass flush against his hips as he smiled
between giggles. ‘I've thought about it way more than I'd care to admit.’

Yuuri smiled widely.

“Don't think anymore. Just do it.” That pulled yet another whine out of Victor as he kept in kissing Yuuri senseless. It was as if he was trying to erase every kiss he ever gave him before to replace it with a much better touch of love and passion. It was caring and meaningful on a way no other one had been before. Maybe it was the desire, the hot and thick lust dripping like honey from their lingering hands.

Yuuri wanted more so he went out to look for more.

Victor peeled off his boxers and squeezed his butt. Then, Yuuri stretched away and Victor cried like Makkachin would, noise high from the base of his throat as if he was howling ‘stay’.

“No, nonono~ where are you going?” He pleaded but Yuuri just turned to kiss his forehead once more.

“Lube. We need lube.” Victor sobbed again, acknowledging they would need in fact a lot of it before barely letting him go. As soon as Yuuri retreated the half full bottle from his night stand, along with a little condom square, Victor was already gripping him back to where he was.

Yuuri knew that even if they never went fully with it (for a lot of reasons, mainly work, Kosuke and time) it had been discussed, letting Victor know what he liked no matter how blushed it made him as he smiled and replied with his own preferences. Adulthood had its perks, like talking about their sex life over coffee as his son just took a shower.

Yuuri yearned for this ever since and it would be a lie of his if he ever said he had not dreamed of making love with Victor totally. And frequently.

Probably even before that, perhaps even being divorced.

But that was so not the point.

It was an understatement, though. Because they made love every day. From waking up together and preparing breakfast, to sharing their food and taking Kosuke to ballet class. Everything was a way of making and showing love in their daily lives even when it wasn't physical. Asking about each other's day, telling stories from work and listening to Ko ramble about classes. Love was when they held hands in the street and checked over the grocery list together to make sure they didn't miss anything because they hated going to the grocery store on the night when they realized they had ran out of milk. It was every step they gave together or apart as long as they thought of each other.

It was love, anything they did.

But Yuuri wanted to be filled by him, so he could fulfill his deepest fantasies and reach the ultimate plane of their relationship. Yuuri needed to have Victor and he wanted to be for him.

Looking once more to him, he saw what he (unconsciously) expected to see.

Love, lust and devotion.

Victor had been warming up the gel between his fingers, waiting impatiently for Yuuri to give him a green light to keep going but his eyes never separated from Yuuri’s face.

He only nodded, lips sticking to his shoulder and he rubbed his pointer finger between Yuuri’s cheeks with what seemed like shyness. Yuuri wiggled his butt and Victor pressed the digit further.

“Wait. Bend over me.” Victor said as he laid down and Yuuri followed him still on top. “You're going to need more…”

“Yeah, yeah just do it.” Yuuri pleaded. He felt a cold substance falling into his lower back until it fell where it was needed. Victor was knuckle deep inside him seconds after that.

He roared, full in emotion and excitement, as soon as his ass rested on top of his hand

“You're so tight. Shit, you're going to feel incredible.” Yuuri melted in the praise and relaxed even more. There was an uncomfortable feeling that started to evaporate with kind words. “I can't wait. I've been dreaming about this for so fucking long.”

Yuuri cried and braced himself for a second finger. The ring of muscle gave in quickly and sucked the index. Victor roared and Yuuri smiled with pride. He waited for no more than a minute, just until his body grew accustomed to the feeling, before his hips picked up a rocking pace in search of pleasure. Victor closed the rest of the space in between, mouths searching each other once more until it was just a clash of lips. No kissing anymore, a battle of tongues and almost teeth as they got up again.

“Vitya. Vitya.” Yuuri cried as he pulled his fingers away to arrange himself against the headboard. His back leaning before Victor placed his hand where they used to belong. He cooed Yuuri in Russian and kissed his ears until he had his palm crushed with the rest of his bottom.

It wasn't long until Yuuri was fucking himself hard and steady, relying only on the support his lover was giving him when a third finger slammed throughout with the rest of them. Yuuri bounced and Victor couldn't look away for the world.

Yuuri thought about the sight he was.

His lips red and abused, from the beginning of the blow job and all of the kissing, neck destroyed with hiccys and licks just as his chest and nipples. Sweat coming off of every pore on his skin with hair messy and pointed up in all and every way around his head. His body was pink and irritated from all the handling it had been through. Now he was also practically jumping over Victor, the full flesh of his thighs creating ripples all the way to the base of his stomach as he tried harder and harder for Victor to rub him where he needed it the most.

“Perfect. Just-fucking-amazing.”

That alone could've made him come but instead he, barely, pulled off of Victor's hands and dropped to the mattress. He was seconds away from crumbling.

“Vitya…” A blissful smile spread from his lips. “Vitenka, make love to me.”

Victor knew when to listen.

He reached in record time for the condom, ripping it open and placing it where he ached the most. Victor hissed at the mere sensation of his fingers surrounding his cock, giving away how bad he actually had it, dribbling cold lube on as he finally positioned himself between Yuuri’s legs.

“Vityaaa~” He panted with shut eyes. “Please.”
“No, Yurishka. I need you to open your eyes.” He whispered, he was also desperate but Yuuri understood there was something bigger he needed. “I want to see you.”

So he made an effort, opening his eyes as Victor rolled his palms all over his torso.

“There it is.” He replied, tip almost there.

“Don’t look away.” Yuuri said. “Keep your eyes on me.”

“I will.”

So he finally pushed in, inch by inch until there was not a centimeter outside of Yuuri, who felt tears prickling on his eyes as soon as Victor started to slide inside him. It was hard as hell not to close his lids, wanting to shut them forever as Victor started to move on an attempt to help Yuuri with the sensation. But Yuuri made a promise, and he did not stop looking Victor straight into his orbs as they quickly found a pace to follow crazily.

Victor’s gorgeous face was cramped up in urgency, bottom lip between his teeth and nose scrunched up as if he had caught up the distinctive Katsuki expression while he slammed inside Yuuri. He had those strong but supple arms on each side of his lover’s face, marking every line of muscle they had as he grunted and roared from the very pit of his throat. Yuuri thought he had never seen him so masculine but so delicate at the same time, as if he was fighting something that could break him at any moment. There was no light on the room other than the provided by the time but he still seemed to glow over Yuuri with that crazy rock of bodies he was ensuing. It added so much to all the feeling building up on Yuuri.

Yuuri, himself, was completely arched over the bed as he tried not to fucking scream as Victor hit his perfect spot every damn time. The bastard knew how to move and it was destroying him. So Yuuri was crying, trying so hard not to come right there as if he did not know what he was doing but Victor was just so freaking good. There was a big chance of him being barely average but the way he looked at him, the sorts of things he whispered and how he managed everything to be just perfect for Yuuri had made him the best he’s ever had. And the best he will ever have.

Because after this he would not be able to have anyone, anything else.

“Harder.” He said, as if it was possible when it was kind of obvious that it couldn’t.

But he had been obedient, never closing his eyes or breaking up the contact he was setting with Victor and he felt he could have it.

It was because, for the first time in way too much time, he felt like he could actually be selfish and greedy, asking for more even when he was given what there was.

Yet, Victor seemed to understand. Because he fucking tried.

And he did, making everything dirtier and nosier, a mess of both of them even more than they already were just as if it was fucking nothing. Yuuri was getting desperate, he was over the edge but he couldn’t get there for the world and it was starting to cost him to keep up with Victor. He was not that young anymore but there was something that would not let him quit.

“I’ll make you come. But don’t close your eyes.” He reminded him and Yuuri nodded, accepting because he just wanted to get over with it so he could know how was it like.

Of course Victor stayed true to his word.
He pulled him up again, sitting him on his lap on the same second he was totally buried against him and his tip hit wholly that sweet spot that made Yuuri come under a breath.

Everything went off, stars struck his head and his bones melted into lava as he felt nothing but Victor still inside him. He tried to connect once more with the reality but he just could not. He finally closed his eyes, existence white as he rode off from his orgasm with an endless search of breath. He was choking on his own air but the stimulation was way too much to even care.

“Fucking hell.” Victor bellowed after seeing him come undone in thick ropes that landed on his stomach and chest, coming from a stream that took time to stop. So he went for it once and twice until he, too, exploded in a deep, wanton cry.

Yuuri opened his eyes, coming untouched was just something he had not done in a while and it had been really… something to feel so thoroughly fucked he could do such thing once more.

It had been mind-blowing-ly incredible.

Victor needed a moment more and he gave it to him, watching his shoulders shudder with the aftershock of his pleasure dying on the air. Victor was still precious. Red on all the right places and pink where he had to be painted like a flower. He seemed perfect in that moment, even more than he always was, as he recovered and opened his eyes once more.

“That…” He sighed. “Was a show.”

Yuuri smirked.

“I was once a performer, after all.” Victor laughed. “Thank you.” He mumbled then.

“No, no.” He kissed his forehead. “Thank you. You were a dream, I still don’t des-“ Yuuri shut him up with a kiss.

There was still much to be said, maybe there will never not be anything to say.

But for now, the sun was still shining outside and their lives were perfect just as they were right there. So he just replied to that with all the honesty he could muster then.

“We’ve fought for each other.” He whispered against his lips. “That is much more than enough to make us worthy of the other for the rest of our lives.”

And Victor just was a star bigger than the actual sun as he smiled in return, warming Yuuri from his cooling body as he did so.

“The rest of our lives.” He repeated, making Yuuri nod between more kisses.

Maybe they had like, ten minutes to get Kosuke, but the rush through the traffic prime time would be so worth it after all this.

So he gave in, and let his lips be caressed even if they almost hurt.

Chapter End Notes

*jazz hands*
I hope this actually made sense, spare the usual mistakes aside! ♡
Don't forget to drop your comments and kudos so I can actually sit my ass down to write lmao

Have a lovely week! Don't forget to smile, you're beautiful! (Like, Victor Nikiforov levels of beautiful so,,, yea,,,)
Read you later! Much much love, as always. ♡ ♡
Rooted High, from The Bottom

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this one, too. It's a bit of a mixed mess, I hope it's not that awful \(¬\cdotω\cdot\) it's got a bit of everything so, yea,,,

Were getting closer and closer to the end, come and scream with me on tumblr @ victorkatsun !!

Thank you for the crazy support and the kudos (/^▽^\)/ your love is what keeps me going tbh if it wasn't for y'all I would have never even kept on, i love you ♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took days, weeks and even months for Victor’s eyes to dry, for his knuckles to heal and for his words to be forgiven. It was widely acknowledged that he needed help now, too. We all do, so Yuuri made him to go on an appointment with his very own therapist. Dr. Yang beamed when meeting Victor and remained beaming when they went out of a particularly long session. Ever since then, things started flying off once more. Yuuri, once more, started therapy all over and indulged on time for just himself, as Victor decided to take over with Kosuke every time it was needed. Yuuri did not feel worry or preoccupations when he went out to the building gardens to read, when he took a little extra time at the dancing studio or if he slept over at Phichit’s every now and then.

It had been a work of patience, and it was finally paying off.

Yuuri, himself, worked over his life and even dropped almost half of his time table for a new teacher at the high school, as Yuuri took over at Yurio’s studio to give a parent and child stretching activity that became incredibly popular and rose his income much more than the other hours he stayed giving revalidation English courses. It had been part of a suggestion Isabella made, something about adjusting his old life to a new and better once with his lover and son.

It could not have worked out better.

Even if there was still a little resentment, something like those invisible glass grains after crystals have been destroyed, that itched and sometimes pressed down enough to cause bleeding. Every now and then, it was a word, a misunderstanding or a kiss just a shadow too shy.

Anything would easily light up past flames.

Lucky for them, they had Kosuke.

Kosuke, like all kids, may not know better but they knew deeper.

“I just don’t understand why do we need milk now, I can go and get it tomorrow morning with Makka and Ko. It’s not like you need it right now.” Victor spat, stressed out over some papers he was reading and Yuuri’s bickering voice.

“You’re going to forget and I’m not waking that early to remind you.”
“I won’t.” Victor said after a breathy laugh, lacking of fun, was expelled from his stomach. “You will and we won’t have milk for breakfast because then you’re not going to go!”

Yuuri’s voice raised and octave and Kosuke was not having it. “Otōsan, dear God! I’ll remember Papa.” He ran to his bedroom, leaving Yuuri just a bit heartbroken. It was a sight that reminded him of much harder times and much bigger fights.

He stayed silent, trying not to look at Victor as he blushed and Ko came back with his little magnetic whiteboard. The same his Papa had given him months ago.

‘PAPA GET MILK. WE LOVE YOU♡’

Ko finished scribbling neatly on the whiteboard and went to put it on the fridge, he looked at it proudly with his hands on his hips and turned to his parents, giving them a thumbs up with one hand.

“There is it! As soon as Papa comes for his timer or for Makka’s food he will see it and won’t forget the Milk. If I wake up early enough I’ll remember him, if I don’t we’ll still have it for breakfast.” He sighed and scratched his eyes, yawning. “That’s it! Papa, can you take me to bed?”

The kid might turn twelve in less than half a year but he would never stop wanting for his parents, specially Victor, to tuck him in.

“Thank you, Taiyo.” Yuuri said, much calmer now as he took his son and kissed his head. “Night, night.” And with a singsong, he let him go.

“Iiyo!” Ko winked at him and took the hand Victor was offering to him, just to yank him onto Yuuri. They crashed awkwardly, but they laughed together as Yuuri kissed Victor’s lips.

“Sorry, just don’t forget the milk tomorrow.” He whispered and kissed him once again.

“I won’t.” Victor did not even mind to separate his lips from Yuuri’s. They were taking too much time and Kosuke was getting flustered.

He pulled Victor once more.

“Enough, you two.” He whispered, not making contact with any of them as he walked into his room. Still, he could clearly hear the ‘muack!’ of the kiss his Papa was sending to Otōsan. F

Ko, however unlikely it seemed, was that brick that stopped a wall from breaking after being hit by a flood. He did not know it, but he did what it had to be done.

As soon as they looked into each other and remembered why they were together, everything faded away until there was nothing more than love once more. No sorrows allowed, they managed to find just the right angle of sunlight.

It was required just a bit to hit the soil and for the seeds to thrive, it was all it took to heal even the messier wounds.

Kosuke would never stop saying it.

Grownups are just too, too much.
Trees were once just the tiniest of the stalks at the forest, but they endured everything they had to, to become the biggest plant in there.

It was the only way they grew, after all.

But much of their strength came from the base, right below the earth were the roots sewed a perfect net of stability.

Victor only needed a push of love and confidence to become who he was, abandonment never looked good on him and treated him worse than any illness could. Lucky for him, that feeling of despair did not last like all the rest ever did and in turn it wiped off the rest of any pain there had been left. Now he had a family, a lover and a kid of his own to care and help. He was strong for them but it was the Katsuki who made him strong, too.

That’s how, since the beginning, he was the one to bear with all the burdens they carried on their backs. Now it was only a job of priorities until they could travel light once more, but Victor was still a patient man after all that had happened.

Even now, more than ever, when he felt at peace with everything surrounding him.

He dribbled a bit more of marmalade on his toast and looked at Kosuke, sipping on his warm tea as he went over the vocabulary for his quiz tomorrow.

“How’s it going, Ko? Need help?”

The kid shook his head before closing the book to look at Victor.

“Yes, but not with school. I’m in kind of trouble.” He said to him.

“Are you getting picked up again by the seventh graders?” Because Victor would give them hell if that was the case.

“No, Papa! You scared them enough with that Russian accent, thank you very much.” He popped the last word and smiled to him. “It’s about Christmas!”

Ah, the most wonderful time of the year. Victor grew interested.

“Do tell…” He bit his toast and Kosuke moved closer to him.

“I don’t want to give Otōsan another sweatshirt for Christmas. He’s got thousands!” Victor laughed. “It’s not funny, he hoards them! And that right there is a word from my vocabulary, how’s that?”

“Brilliant.” Victor agreed, leaning for dramatic purposes as if he was plotting with the kid. “You’re right, Yurishka’s drawers could explode from that much synthetic cotton.” Ko nodded. “What do you have in mind?”

“That’s why I’m in trouble, Papa. What do you think I should get him?” Yuuri was taking a shower, there was no need for them to be murmuring but they kind of liked to play along. It started when Kosuke learned about the Russian spies during the cold war and now and then he pretends both Victor and Yurio were sent on another private investigation. Everyone loved the game, since Ko always performed as the interested international meddler.
Pretty much like in real life.

“Maybe that bakery set we saw at the supermarket the other day. Remember how much he liked it?”

Ko sighed, but nodded as he took another sip of tea.

“I do. But I don't have that much money. I ran out of my savings at that school trip to the forest, Papa.”

Victor faked a growl, amusing the kid as he did so.

“I'll tell you what, I'll help you buy it. I already have his gift but I can lend you some money do you can get him it.” Ko beamed as his papa’s accent grew thicker. “As a payment you'll only have to come with me to the office once you're on your break. Just for a while, on the mornings so you can help me out a bit.”

“Of course!” Kosuke kissed Victor's cheek, totally out of character but well received. “But not too early. I don't like waking up at seven and stuff.”

The older one laughed.

“You're just like Otōsan.” He sighed, breaking character too. “I won't torture you, trust me.” He winked at him and Ko nodded before leaning on him once more, whispering something about the wrapping paper he saw at the craft store down the block before climbing to his lap just to finish studying.

A moment passed when Kosuke spoke.

“Papa?”

“Yes, Detka?” He answered, coming back from his dozing.

“Let’s watch some TV, I’m done revising.” Victor laughed and kissed the kid, getting up with Kosuke on his arms. He giggled and Victor walked to the living room.

“Just because I saw you doing some nice study notes, okay?”

The kid did not even bother with asking as he took the control and laid completely on Victor as he turned on the TV, putting the exact channel he wanted.

Victor assumed it was some sort of dancing program since every now and then there were a lot of performances and sparkling costumes. Yet he did not know why there were so much women fighting between them. It was confusing he only paid attention once there was music playing. Like, actual music and not drama background noise.

Then, there was a really loud blond woman screaming at her child.

“That's Yurio when he's older.” Ko giggled.

“Is that so?”

“Beka says he's too soft to be like that but I know how he's going to get with the dancing stuff.” They laughed together. “So I have my doubts.”
“I wonder how he's going to be with kids. When I met him he was a kid himself.”

Kosuke looked at him, turning around until he was facing him.

“Papa, I… I wanted to ask you something else. About him- Yurio, I mean.”

Victor looked at him sternly.

“Yes, Detka.”

The little kid cleared his throat and nodded.

“He's one of Otōsan's best friends and you know him since a long time ago. And I like him a lot! He's a great teacher and godfather so…” Victor nudged his cheek so he could talk; he was having trouble with letting the words out.

“I really want to have Yurio over for Christmas.” He finally said. “I know it's your birthday and that you're too excited since it's our first Christmas together but… Otabek is not going to be here, he's going on tour with the Nutcracker and… I thought maybe we could make him a little space for, y'know, the holidays.”

It was no secret, Victor adored the kid.

“No problem, Taiyō. I'll talk with Otōsan in the week and we can tell Yurio soon enough for him to be ready.”

He would do anything for him, he had opened his life and heart to a strange man who ended up becoming a pillar of his upbringing. Maybe he was a late bloomer because of that, therefore Victor swore he would be the best figure he could be for the kid so all those years of setback could be just a bit worth it. And Victor was not a man of breaking his word.

So he always tried to do the best for him.

Kosuke smiled and hugged Victor tightly, wrapping all of his little body over his Papa's.

“Thank youuu~!” He cooed and kissed Victor on the cheek. “It's going to be great! Thank you so much!”

Victor squeezed him back.

“What is it, now?” Yuuri appeared, wearing to no one's surprise a pink sweatshirt and a pair of wool pants.

“See?” Ko murmured before rolling his eyes at Victor. He smiled and stretched a hand to his lover.

“Nothing. We were just talking about how pretty you look in pink.” Kosuke laughed and Yuuri just shook his head as he walked to them.

“Yeah, right.” He dipped his head and kissed Victor on the lips, then Kosuke on the forehead.

“You only got like, six minutes before having to go to bed Taiyō.” He reminded his son, who nodded absently.

Yuuri sat down with them and pulled his legs over his son’s and Victor’s. He stretched his hand and gripped the younger one, winking at him before turning his blue eyes to the TV once more.

With his other hand, Victor scratched Kosuke’s back to doze him into sleep before a mischievous
idea crashed on his head.

“Hey, Ko. What are you getting me for Christmas? It's also my birthday! Do I get two gifts?”

Kosuke shook his head as Victor’s eyes lit up.

“You wish.”

Victor laughed even more, along with Yuuri, and sighed.

“Mean, Detka.”

“Sorry, Papa. I just got you one thing. But you gotta be patient!”

Victor pretended to think before nodding.

“Is it a new manga collection?”

“Papa! Those are not for you, I told 'ya.”

Victor snickered, kissing the mop of raven hair as he looked back to the television, hands not letting go of any of the Katsuki. Kosuke might have been laughing at him but it was all good.

Like it never had been.

_________________

In less than a blink, Holidays were just there.

In the middle of all the craze of the days, Yuuri found himself smiling so widely his cheeks hurt.

He was so excited his students mocked him again and made him chat about his winter break plans instead of making them write down the questionnaire for the last week. So he just sent it and started to ramble about how great his vacations would be this time.

Last year, he wasn’t even at school because he was hiding in his best friend’s place from a toxic marriage and the school allowed him a paid leave for a week as he rearranged his life. Then there was the vacations and he spent most of the time on a slump that not even his kid could bring him out.

This time, he was going to have the best Christmas break ever.

His parents, Yurio, Phichit, Kosuke and Victor would spend the holidays at their place with a homely get-together dinner for the 24th, a lunch the next day and a party for welcoming the New Year. His students whistled and even applauded when he finally mentioned he got his boyfriend to live with him and asked him to take tons of pictures so they could watch the next semester.

Yuuri said he would not. But that was a lie. He had already bought a camera on discount for himself.

So there he was, freezing on the relentless weather of December as he walked to the airport.
Yuuri managed to keep Victor and Kosuke inside their place for the night since it was him who could be picking up his parents. Kosuke was too eager to see his grandparents and Victor was just too nervous so he made both stay together watching some movie on the TV with a bunch of caramel popcorn and ran directly into the airport.

It had been actually Victor's idea to have them over, since Yuuri didn't really have the money to go all the way with California after his escapade to Japan. So his lover suggested something even better to his mother one afternoon as he made dinner. Yuuri was busy checking over finals as Kosuke finished his last assignments. Then there was a huge excited Russian expression and Victor started to ramble on and on the phone about Christmas and New Year. It wasn't until that night, right after a little quickie Yuuri squeezed before going to sleep, when Victor told him the surprise.

His parents were coming for the holidays.

It was the best news he received in so much time he was suddenly literally unable to sleep. Pulling his laptop, he ushered Victor into resting as he went over both his physical and electronic agenda to start setting up everything for his parents visit.

By the time exertion caught up with him, Yuuri slept like three hours and his first hour students picked on him (again) nonstop over the bags and shadows on his eyes as if they were for other reason than planning on advance a couple of weeks with his parents. It wasn't like they were wrong but they didn't need to know that.

“I’m not telling you what brand of lube I buy, Anderson. There’s this thing called internet so shut up or I’ll make you write an essay instead of the exam, how about that?”

Anderson, an usually shy kid, suddenly fell into silence and nodded shyly as his classroom was filled with a very loud ‘oooooohhh’.

He just laughed with them, and much more at the end, as he delivered the results on English Theatre.

Now he was there, expecting with two warm large coffees on his hands and a gleeful expression as he looked for an obviously confused Asian couple walking through the arrivals gates.

It was the first time in more than four years he would see them.

It made sense for him to be literally vibrating with emotion.

He didn't need long until Yuuri saw his parents, struggling a bit with their handbags, walking just past the first gate where he was.

“Mom! Dad!” He yelled. They didn't pay attention. “God, Otōsan! Okasan! Koko ni!”

Japanese always worked so he ignored the quirky looks and walked rapidly to his parents as they smiled and waved at him.

Yuuri almost threw the coffees into their hands so he could hug them both, tightly and at the same time.

“I'm so happy you're here!!” He said kissing both on the cheek to much of their surprise. Two decades living in America still did not work on them to make them just a bit more open to such public affection.

“Yuuri, is that Sky thing making to look you bigger? You're slimmer than I thought!” Was his
father's first response.

“It’s Skype, Oto-san. And I don’t really now.” He rolled his eyes and hugged them once more. “But that does not matter!”

“He’s right, Toshiya. Where is Victor, huh? I hoped he was the one picking us up.” His mother said.

“Of course you expected that.” He sighed. “He stayed at home with Kosuke preparing dinner, wanted to set up everything for you guys.”

“How delightful! That man is a walking wish!” Yuuri rolled his eyes and kissed his mom once more.

“He is.” He had to agree.

He had to acknowledge the fact that Victor had won his mother's heart, it wasn't hard but not everyone knew how to become that special. Of course their parents did not know about their summer, which was kind of a relief because he would hate his parents taking sides on his personal relationship or, even worse, blaming Victor for everything. Or Yuuri, which was an option just equally as bad. So he raised a silent prayer hoping that his parents wouldn't ask any questions about their abrupt silence by the end of the summer break and why would Yuuri go to Japan by himself. It was hard enough for him to convince his sister to zip it all now he wondered how he could make it through the following weeks. Yet, as he walked with his parents through the luggage picking, out of the airport and into a cab, he knew there was no way this precious thing they had going on could break apart.

Life had been cruel enough already, pouring a thunderstorm upon a love that was truthful and real. Now it was only a matter of time and light for everything to keep shining the way it had been. Flowers need perfect balance on their natural habitat to bloom properly and, lately, Yuuri had been growing what had been turning into the perfect garden.

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Victor finished putting the remaining pirozhki on the oven when there was the sound of clicking keys not very far from him. Kosuke, who had been stirring the potatoes on the slow cooker, slammed the wooden spoon on the counter and ran directly to the door.

“Careful, Detka!”

“Yes Papa!”

Victor was definitely nervous, no doubt about that. Talking on the phone and staying on screen for a couple of hours a week was something but meeting your in-laws in person and living with them for weeks was something entirely else. There was a part of him that feared he wouldn't be fully recovered, the loneliness demon creeping on his back until he felt choked on despair. It was rare, now. But still there. So he would hate for Yuuri's parents to see that fragile, vulnerable part of him on full display. Surely, Victor knew how to keep a hold on himself. He was quite smart and able to handle anything that could come against him. But there lingered an uncomfortable pressure of
messing up and Victor could give in to it way too easily. So he prayed for the best as he saw Hiroko Katsuki, in the flesh, walking up to him with Kosuke on his arms.

“Victor-kun!” She cheered. “Oh God you're even more handsome in person!” She turned on her heels. “Yuuri! Momo!! Where did you even get him?!”

“Moooommm~” He groaned, as Toshiya patted his back and walked with her wife all the way to him.

Victor quickly closed the crock pot and took off the dirty apron, cleaning his hands with the towel on his shoulder as he greeted Yuuri's parents with a bow.

“Hajimemashite.” He mumbled, as the older couple looked absolutely blissful.

“Yuuri~!”

“Mom, please stop. You’re embarrassing me.” He grunted, scratching his neck. Victor thought he looked beautiful.

“Now you know how it feels like, Otōsan?” Kosuke said to him and Yuuri rolled his eyes, conceding.

Victor’s eyes went back to Hiroko.

So far, so good; he had to acknowledge. He thought it would all be worse but in fact things seemed pretty damn good. It was like the universe still smiled on Victor as he tried to keep up with the unstoppable rambling of Hiroko and Kosuke at him. He smiled, nodded and answered when appropriate and even laughed with the kid on his grandma’s arms as she just ranted about how much he wanted to come to Seattle since ever but Yuuri just would not let her and Hiroko stayed at home missing his little momo just a bit more every day. She thanked immensely her new son in law and kept asking all sorts of questions that he had been previously answered not so much ago on a particularly long phone call.

So Victor just flowed along with everything as he saw Toshiya and his son disappearing into the little hallway to their room with the suitcases.

He pushed a strand of hair behind his ear, it still did not touch his shoulders.

“You're even prettier in real life!” Hiroko was so smiles Victor couldn't keep from smiling.

“You've been growing your hair.”

“Ah, yes. Yuuri and…”

“We like him better this way!” Kosuke chirped. “It's not as long as Yurio's but he looks kawaii, doesn't he?”

“You do!” Hiroko answered before anyone could.

Victor smiled and hummed his thanks with a bow.

“I knew my son was a heartbreaker but honestly none of his past boyfriends have a thing on you, Victor.”

“Vitya, please.” He said after checking his wristwatch, keeping track of the pirozhki in the oven. Victor smiled kind of wearily but it faded fast enough as he accepted the hug Hiroko was offering.
Kosuke, now on the floor, hugged him too.

“You're doing great!” He whispered into his waist before they all separated.

“Okasan if you could stop harassing my boyfriend maybe we could sit down and have dinner. Victor has been cooking all afternoon for you.” Yuuri said, coming back into the scene with his dad.

Hiroko seemed like she did not listen.

“Toshiya! You were talking nonstop about this man, now he's here and you can't even say hi.” Victor tried not to smile too widely at Yuuri’s father blushing just like his son did. It was endearing.

“Come here.”

Victor expected to be greeted with a handshake and was startled just for a second as the older man hugged him with incredible warmth as he whispered ‘arigato’ into his ear, separating just to smile at him.

“It is great to finally meet you, Victor-kun! My son had been the happiest man I’ve seen him being, we could not wait to see what was all the fuss about.” Victor laughed, scratching his nape.

Just for a second, he looked over at Yuuri, in search for strength. He had always been the one who seemed to be in need of support but actually it was Victor who needed him more than it could be the other way around. And that was what he wanted to see as his eyes roamed over his lover. Yuuri was smiling at him, wide and bright with his hands tightly knotted in his chest as he returned the look with the same dosage of love and support. He was there and he knew things would be just fine his parents would not go back to California disenchanted or heavy hearted.

They were doing the right thing.

“Well, I hope I don’t disappoint.”

Hiroko almost looked insulted.

“You could never!”

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So the Katsuki loved the pirozhki (Yurio’s recipe) and the roasted potatoes with the beef broth. Victor had been cooking a lot indeed, since moving in with Yuuri his little cooking skills grew big enough to make a little variety of dishes and, just because of Kosuke, traditional Russian cuisine. So the big test had been today and it seemed he had approved.

“This is really good, Victor-san.” Toshiya conceited. “If Hiroko liked it as much as I did maybe we could bribe her into making some Katsudon before the holiday parties.”

Victor knew about that legendary Katsudon. He had been waiting for the one and only Hiroko Katsuki to taste it, because Yuuri suggested it and because he wanted to go fully with the real thing. It was not like he did not trust his lover’s impeccable abilities but, as Yuuri himself had said, ‘there were levels’.
It also took only that little phrase to have Yuuri and Kosuke looking expectantly at the woman, she had been silent and almost critical as she ate but that love look of her kids sparked a little smile for the first time since dinner started.

“Well, Vitya. This is really something.” Her lips pulled upwards wider. “Where’s the Chinese neighborhood over here?”

“Arigatō!” Kosuke screamed, face red with excitement as he looked over to Victor. “You’re going to love it Papa! It is just heavenly, you have no idea.” He sighed, dreamy eyes and smile as he whispered something else in Japanese.

“Papa.” Toshiya repeated, smug smirk plastered on his face as he looked to his wife.

“Ah, shut it Toshiya.” She said in return, confusing both Yuuri and Victor as they looked into each other with intrigued eyes.

Victor, however, could not care for much as Hiroko congratulated him.

Victor’s spouse material had surely been thickening with time.

He was just too excited to notice it.

Yuuri stretched over the tatami he had bought specially for the occasion. His parents would sleep on his bedroom and he would at the living room, with Victor, over a traditional bed he assembled as his parents said goodnight to them. He missed the soft pouch of the slick material and the reassuring feeling it gave away as you laid asleep on it, so he hoped his lover would also appreciate it. It was another of the few things they had to try together, yet.

“I was so nervous.” Victor appeared behind him, hugging him from the waist and face burring on the nape of his neck. “I thought I was going to die, Yuuri~” He whispered and the younger one laughed.

“Don’t even say it, Vitenka. You’re stuck with me.” Victor laughed then.

“Oh, how wonderful does that sounds.” Yuuri turned around and kissed him on the forehead. “You’re a dumb man, they love you! They always had and they will even more after the holidays! Even my dad.”

Victor scrunched up his nose and Yuuri almost laughed, he was becoming a true Katsuki, it looked like.

“I was far more worried about your mother, to be honest.”

Yuuri shook his head.

“No, my dad is the one you should watch your back for. He is the protective one, believe it or not.” He sighed. “Okasan might be a bit more vocal about my relationships, but Otōsan has always been the one who looks disapprovingly at any man who ever talked to me. I came out and suddenly he did not even care about Mari and her suspicious looking boyfriends. I became the real issue.”
It was, in fact, true.

That was why he looked so freaking amused with the ‘Papa’ thing over dinner. It was because his dad liked Victor enough to be called ‘father’ by his grandson. It was just why Hiroko tried to make him keep his composure. Among the Katsuki, it was no secret that Toshiya was a man hard to please. And Victor, like always, had been winning way too easy over him.

“Really?” Victor looked disbelieving.

“Yes!” Yuuri laughed, pulling victor down so they sat at the tatami, facing the black TV screen. Victor’s back was against the couch and he placed Yuuri on his lap, they squirmed for a second to find the perfect position until they sat spooning as Yuuri spoke.

“Right after we talked with them for the first time, my dad called me one day early in the morning. You were out on your morning jog and he just started to ask all this questions about us and about you. When I told him I was getting divorced he was so mad, you have no idea. I was actually afraid and so was my mom. My parents are no young couple and such strong sentiments could do something to them, but mainly my father.” He sighed and pressed himself further into Victor’s chest. “He has been blessed with a very good health and a strong body, just like my mom, but the day I called them to tell them what had been happening my father lost it and did not talk to me like for a week even when mom called every day just to check in… I though I had let him down but he was just hurting because I was, too.”

“That’s… that’s new.” Victor muttered.

“Isn’t it?” Yuuri giggled. “He just needed time, then he talked to apologize and went back to his ‘protective dad mode’, he made sure I had everything and even sent me a bit of money for the apartment and for the lawyer. He has always been so caring…” Victor brushed his knuckles over his face and he kept talking. “So, obviously when I appear kissing another man in front of his face right after a horrible divorce he calls as soon as he can to make sure I am sure of this and, most importantly, that I was actually in love—”

“Which, I hope you are; by the way.” Victor joked and Yuuri elbowed him.

“Off of my mind.” He admitted before talking. “So I told him everything, and he was like ‘well, if he really wants to be Kosuke’s parent…’ which I am hoping you want to, too…”

“Yuuri!”

They laughed.

“So he was pretty stern at the beginning, like unsure and everything but then you slowly convinced him. Maybe my mom had like, a lot to do with it. But still… Now that he has made sure you’re turning into Kosuke’s parent, I think things will go pretty smoothly from now on.”

Victor was silent, and Yuuri sighed, hoping he had not scared Victor away with his little tale.

Yet, he loved his dad and would never be ashamed of saying proudly how much he was cared and loved, he liked to say out loud the way he was not only accepted but protected by those who he cared the most for. His father had been his everything, his pride and hero since he started to walk to the day he left him for college. When he came back with tears and a broken heart there was nothing his Otōsan would say that would not make him feel better. He was an expert on heartache and disillusion, hugging away the pain and teaching him how to smile once again even after the worst times.
His dad had been his first love, teaching him how men were meant to be held and helped, supported and loved on every sense and angle of the word. He was his first love for he had promised him he would be the only man to never hurt him in his life.

And so far, he had been just that.

But he had also swore to be the one who loved him the most, and now Yuuri had his doubts about that.

Yet, having two that could make him feel that special was more than anyone would have ever asked for.

Yuuri was blessed, and for that, incredibly happy.

“So, all those questions and awkward looks at the first skype call were just… passive aggressions to a funny looking Russian banging his son?”

Yuuri laughed out loud.

“It sounds pretty bad when you say it like that, but I guess you’re right.” He admitted.

“Ah, just like I usually am.” Victor sighed and started to slide in the tatami, lying flat with his back on it,

“Now, I’m going to stop you right there…” Yuuri started but never finished, as Victor flipped him down on his back to kiss him.

Maybe his dad had been worried once, it was his paternal nature after all. But things were fine, they were right… No harm was being done and Yuuri was being loved by the one he loved. So, what was there to lose? Nothing.

They had been on the verge of risking everything they had quite some time but there was no significant lose over the time. Therefore, it would not happen now.

Yuuri trusted Victor and he trusted him and Kosuke. His parents did, too, just like Victor with them.

In no time, things had found its natural, perfect, course.

The way it was meant to be.

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There was only one light turned on at the apartment, it was the living room as the rest of the place remained pitch black and shut tightly. Outside, the Seattle autumn sky had been fading from its deep rusty orange colors into a navy blue that would later give in to the darkness of the night. It was a perfect evening, everything deadly still and the last remains from the warm afternoon getting colder in time as the night fell.

It would be a picture, if it wasn’t for the deep, enraptured, moan coming right from the spot light at the living room.
“Yurishka, hold on. I won’t last- you’re too goddamned sexy I can’t-“

There was Victor, merciless at Yuuri’s touch as he squeezed his ass right over his painful erection. The squelching sounds of lube were lewd, coming from the crease of his lover’s bottom as he grinded with everything he had over Victor’s hips. Yuuri was giving him his back, the sinful roll of his own lower back hypnotizing the older man as they tried to slow down from their overly heated peace.

“I can’t stop, Victor. It’s been a fucking week already and you’re stupid beautiful.” Yuuri grunted, pressing his body against Victor harder, causing Victor to gasp. He felt like he had one foot on the edge and another far behind from it. It was driving him deliciously mad.

So that was the drill, Yuuri’s parents had taken Kosuke to china town in search of Katsudon ingredients and then to the park across the train station. Yuuri literally cancelled dinner with Phichit and made Victor come back early from work just for this.

And Victor loved it.

It had started as an innocent moment, opening a bottle of wine Christophe had given Victor and in less than to glasses Yuuri had him pinned down on their tatami.

Now he was just there, almost naked for his v-neck shirt flying high on his chest as Yuuri, naked, powerful, sensual Yuuri, sat on top of him doing just too much things to his body.

“More lube.” He commanded and Victor agreed, not saying a word as he took the almost empty bottle they rescued from the confines of Yuuri’s closet (they hid anything and everything sexually looking for the visit of the Katsuki). Sighing, knowing he would not have the privilege of getting inside that crazy ass for that day, he squirted a fair amount of gel into their heated bodies.

“Ah!” Yuuri panted, stopping him barely a second from his relentless movements before dipping his hips once more into his squat, back arching and arms going from Victor’s own thighs to grip his waist rolls. “There it is.”

Victor’s eyes rolled inside his head and he grunted once more, pushing his crotch into Yuuri as he started that sway of his body once more.

It was too fucking much.

Yuuri was too sexy, and it was impossible for Victor to keep his eyes off of him as he saw his lover becoming stronger and stronger with every sweet thrust of flesh. He would not hold any longer like this, Yuuri’s arch was performing a fucking show as his full bottom shook with every tremble of electrifying pleasure he felt. Yuuri’s back was scratched from Victor’s nails grip and his hair all sweaty like his glistening skin. A part of him thanked he was not facing Victor, not only for the show he was giving him but because the blissful look there must have been on his feature could have destroyed him right then and there.

Yet that dance was doing just that.

“You like this?” And his worst fears just appeared in front of him, with his gorgeous lover looking over his shoulder as his speed picked up a faster pace, the slapping of skin just vulgar as Yuuri started to mix his rutting with little, tiny jumps perfectly orchestrated to break Victor apart. Piece by piece. “I have been dreaming about this for a week, Vitenka. Let me have it.”

Yuuri’s face was red, beads of sweat dropping into his pink chest and dark copper eyes gleaming like the color was melted and alive inside its orbs. His lashes low on his lids, sultry look on them as
he smiled wickedly. He knew what he was doing.

How on earth would Victor say no?

He nodded, and Yuuri sank once more as he squeezed his ass together for good measure.

Victor almost screamed.

In the time of their relationship, Yuuri came from being a modest partner to this lust ridden lover who new what he wanted and how to get it, pleasing Victor at the same time with everything he had.

Yuuri went from groping his own body, tainting his stretch marks on a lovely shade of crimson of match his butt, to move one hand up in his body, nipple between his fingers as the other dipped right between his cheeks.

“Slow down.” Victor commanded and Yuuri barely accepted, pointer finger going deep inside him.

He moaned once more.

“Fuck, da. Yes.” Victor growled and Yuuri shot another mischievous smile at him as he started to pump his pointer inside him. “Sovershennyy. Like that.”

Yuuri let out another moan before letting another finger in, the hand on his chest flying to the floor as he placed himself on fours.

Victors hands went from his body to his own face, rubbing it so hard it was almost painful. But it was more painful to see Yuuri like that.

In less than a blink, he had a third finger in. He looked so deep in his own pleasure, drowning on the sensations as his mouth let out pitiful sounds while pistonning his hound inside him. He let out another loud cry, arm straight on the floor giving in and bending until Yuuri’s ass was all pretty, red and up, raw and begging for Victor to be in it.

“Are you staying there staring or will you help me out?” He asked as he almost pushed a fourth in, but Victor was suddenly on his knees with his tongue lapping at the lubed skin around Yuuri’s winking split.

“We don’t have-“

“We’re clean, I know it.” Yuuri roared. And he was right, blessed be those school board blood tests.

“Shit, okay. Da.” After that, he sinks perfectly into Yuuri with almost no effort. He wanted to wait but then his lover just pushed him back on his ass until Victor was sitting down and watching Yuuri working himself over his body like it was nothing.

“Are you staying there staring or will you help me out?” He asked as he almost pushed a fourth in, but Victor was suddenly on his knees with his tongue lapping at the lubed skin around Yuuri’s winking split.

“Nothing could make him look away.
He was at Yuuri’s will, helpless as felt his whole body going numb to obey other’s orders. He was squirming as Yuuri writhed, beaming in pleasure as his ecstasy took over way too easily of his pitiable body. He was feeble and desperate for more, but he could barely move an inch. He just did not want to look anywhere but Yuuri. Moving would take that privilege away from him.

Plunging once more, Yuuri takes Victor’s hands to guide them to his thighs, fingers dipping right on the crease of the joint of his hips and the rest of his legs, making Victor moan as he feels himself being ridden to the orgasm he has been yearning for. One of his hands moves on its own to the center of Yuuri as he feels himself hit Yuuri’s spot.

“I’m so close.” He said before spitting a thousand praises in Russian, mouthing names and expressions as Yuuri’s body started to tremble until he cried out loud, his climax taking Victor by surprise and making him follow in seconds as his body gave to the power of the man over him.

Victor clung to Yuuri like his life was on it, bubbles exploding on his chest as he came over Yuuri and his hands were painted white. The mere sounds of Yuuri were taking him apart already, turning his head blank and his sight dark with a punch of satisfaction right to his groin. He screamed soundless and felt his senses being pulled away from him as Yuuri took in every singe drop of what he had with masterful skill.

“Ah, fuck.” He whispered as Victor pulled out, a mess of liquid coming out of his ass. He turned around and Victor just panted from that image alone, Erotic and mad, Yuuri was a dangerous weapon being pointed right to his forehead. And he would, could not, do a thing about it. “That was lovely, Vitya.” He whispered. “Thank you, baby.”

“Fuck me.” Victor fell on his back, face even redder as he thought he had heard an angel.

“I thought I just did.” Yuuri’s voice was playing innocent, but Victor knew better.

He knew better enough to pull Yuuri onto him once more, kissing those goddamned lips like he had not been able to. He just wished he could have a thousand hours more like this to make Yuuri as pathetic as he had been. He wanted to feel that powerless once more, being so confident of Yuuri taking care of him and of everything as he gave into nothing but the pleasure.

However, time had run out and there was much cleaning to do.

Adulthood was a bitch, but it had its bright and pleasurable side, too.

Yuuri smiled like he knew the universe at Victor as he served him Katsudon. The plate filled and steamed smelled like heaven but Yuuri had taken Victor there just a couple of hours back, so he could not make a straight comparison.

“Eat up.” Kosuke said eagerly as all of the Katsuki watched him take his first bite of the pork cutlet.

He moaned like Yuuri had only heard him, and a blush was shot straight to his face.

No one knew him enough to understand, though it had been tempting.

“Vkusno!” He said after swallowing, diving into his plate with eagerness.

His face was bright and flushed, he had loved the first bit and he would adore the rest of it. His eyes lit up and his smile became goofy with that hint of shyness at his sudden reaction.
Yuuri laughed along with Kosuke, his father nodding pleasantly and his mother clapping her hands with pride.

Sitting down as Hiroko placed his plate in front of him, he smiled to receive his mother’s kiss.

Yuuri looked around and prayed silently, thanking for the food and for his family and couple. For his son and lover, his parents and everything he had.

Even when he had felt he had nothing, like everything had been taken away from Yuuri’s life he would have never expected to have so much in return.

‘It had been worth it’, he kept reminding himself,

Because it had been.

Even when it did not look like that.

Life was good, like it had never been.

It was dark and cold outside on the streets but inside that little apartment it felt like the sun was shining just for them as it gave life to a thousand flowers, filling the space with color and softness and the air with perfume and laughter.

Chapter End Notes

I AM SO FLUSTERED (ﾉ°*’▽’*°)
I felt this went a bit out of my control but eh, I sort of liked it ｨｨｨ. Hope you did, too!
Drop you kudos and comments, much much love and kisses to everyone! ♡

Translations ! !
Koko ni (j) - here!
Hajimemashite (j) - nice to meet you
Sovershenny (r) - Perfect
da (r) - yes
Reaching Branches

Chapter Summary

To Victor, life and love have become his priority; making him look for new ways of
size them day by day.
That's how the Katsuki, all of them, get into his heart to show him how it must be
done.
For him, Yuuri and Kosuke, things have only been getting better.

Chapter Notes

Heyyy ~(^◡^)/
Hope you like this chapter, I loved adding Yuuri's parents into the mix after so much
٩(๑•̀ㅂ•́)و
Ily all, happy reading ! !♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was this time of the day, every day, when Victor could only think of one single thing.

It happened every time he looked over at Yuuri when he was barely waking up, gruff and skulking
as he regretted staying so late last night like all the other days. He yawned and took just the
slightest of the seconds to kiss Victor's lips with a faint brush of his mouth, right before proceeding
with his morning ritual.

He would look for Victor every morning, and he was already meeting him halfway.

It happened just after he turned around and walked away, when Victor thought of how much he
wanted to marry Yuuri.

So he sighed, rubbing his face and wishing he could be blessed with the perfect idea to propose to
the love of his life.

There had to be flowers, and it should be on daytime so they could catch their first sunset as an
engaged couple. Probably at downtown, with Kosuke there to cry and smile through the whole
thing as Victor just poured his heart on his words and knelt to the one and only man who could
ever have him.

The brainstorm was deranged, for now that he had Yuuri in his life he felt like he had the
obligation of showing him how much he intended for everything to last forever.

Victor wanted all of Yuuri’s love and life on his own so much it had turned into his only dream.

One he knew he could turn into reality.
It had been almost funny, the way Victor mingled so perfectly with his parents, Yuuri thought.

Christmas was just around the corner, therefore Victor’s birthday too.

And he could *swear* he had never seen his parents so excited about *anything* since Yuuri went to college.

He was jealous just for a second before realizing it was just what Victor deserved, and only a piece of everything Yuuri wanted to give him.

Therefore he allowed everything to *flow*, something totally not like him.

It was as if Victor truly had become a son to them, loved and cared for. Hiroko was almost spoiling him on every turn, lavishing him on affection like the proudest of the moms and Toshiya spent his time after eating with him, sitting down and chatting over some sort of drink they would fix themselves. It was like families supposed to be. They would talk endlessly with him as Yuuri just lay between them, hanging around and leaning on his parents as they swayed away with a perfect conversation that kept going like it was a tennis match. Words flying in and out, side to side making just the perfect environment for Yuuri to simply relax. Sometimes Kosuke joined in and once that happened, Yuuri just became an spectator.

And he was just fine with that.

“I think I might pass out if I have another one of these.” His dad purred after downing his third vodka based drink.

Victor, who had a Russian liver, just didn't know how to prepare a drink that didn't have absurd amounts of alcohol. And Toshiya had never been a man who knew how to handle his liquor.

“You might get a little bit crazy before that happens but eventually you will.” Hiroko chirped, kissing his cheek and retreating the glass from his hands. “Yuuri's just like you! You two lose control and no one ever can get you down from the cloud you've put yourself up in.”

Yuuri was yanked from his thought, making him blush and look to his mother.

“Okasan! No one asked.” Yuuri mumbled as he sipped his tea once more.

“Well we sure *didn’t* but now I am curious.” Victor said and turned to Yuuri, smiling dangerously as Hiroko sat down next to his in law.

“Haven't you seen my *Momo* getting feisty?” She asked, all bad intentions as Toshiya giggled to himself.

“Not really…” He admitted.

Of course he had not, Yuuri was no irresponsible teenager to just go around drinking like it was nothing.

“I am a *father*. I can't get ‘feisty’, mom. And a *professor*, at that. That's like the recipe to *never* drinking.” He muttered.

“Oh but Yuuri! You’re so fun when you do.” That was totally something a mother would never
say. How dare she? “Just like you did back in California after your college graduation!” Hiroko pulled her phone out.

Yuuri’s face went white.

Yuuri’s graduation celebration was just… too much.

He still had reminiscences of it, turning him pale any time he smelt tequila on big amounts and turning his stomach over to any sort of insinuation of drinking past eleven.

It had been that horrible.

“Mooom! Okasan! That’s so uncalled for.” He growled, flashbacks of a much wilder and younger Yuuri trashing his head as Hiroko snickered. Victor seemed interested and his dad was just laying on the chair as he watched the events unfold with nothing but a knowing smile.

Yuuri was dead man.

“None of that, Momo. It was so weird to see him so free, Vitya. You should see him! Yuuri was just…”

Yuuri groaned once more, face hotter and hotter each passing second.

“He can’t see it, Okasan. I made sure to get rid of every proof of that fateful day.”

And he had.

Or at least he thought so.

Phichit, Yurio, the boyfriend he had back in the day, and even some of the bath house workers. He performed a series of blackmail and bribing to make sure no one ever kept proof of his hand crafted embarrassment. He had been quite… rowdy, that night. No one ever had to know.

“She fumbled a bit with the screen. “Mari sent all the pictures and videos of that night, Momo. We still have a good laugh about it every time we think about it!”

Of course she had never counted in her sister. Yuuri had focused so much on what he thought as the worse threat (Phichit) that he had never imagined it would be his own blood the one to betray him.

“Here, Victor!” She handed him the phone and Yuuri just was not fast enough.

He stretched his hand but his lover already had the mobile between his eyes, looking with wide eyes at the screen.

“Yurishka!” His soft smile turned into a fully blown wolf grin. “You were… something.”

Yuuri practically appeared behind him.

It was not the most salacious image he knew there was, but it was only the beginning.

Yuuri, champagne bottle in his hand and mouth of it to his lips, was laying like a lizard on hot stone over Yurio and his boyfriend (was it William?) With his dress shirt opened and his pants loose and down on his hips.

“All those pictures… “Mari got everything from her old camera some of years ago and saved it on those usb’s, when I
went to visit her last year she saved them for me on my mobile. How sweet! Isn’t she?”

Victor could only nod, as Yuuri shook his head while looking at himself.

He was a disaster.

Of course, slimmer and younger, there was a rebellious look in his eyes and an enchanting blush on his cheeks. The image was not only provocative but also funny and endearing. Yuuri tried his best to hide his smile; it had been a good night no matter how much it cost him to even remember it.

But then Victor swiped left and he found the rest of the pictures.

How mortifying.

“How did I live before without knowing there was all this?!” Victor exclaimed, causing Hiroko to laugh out loud.

The pictures seemed endless.

Yuuri dancing, on the floor and on a table; even on top of a sofa. Hips swaying and waist rolling, almost like if the pictures moved as his younger self got hotter and messier.

Ah, youth. There he was, using a streetlight as a dancing pole because he used to be that strong, legs wide open in the sky and down on the ground, flirty smiles and sexy gestures. More champagne, flutes piling up around him and that photoset of one of those moments that he still holds as one of his highest achievements, having won over Yurio on a dance off, making him red in the face as he tried not to smile when Yuuri pulled him off if his feet to break-dance. His dumb smile with his parents, that lovely image of Toshiya kissing his cheek and Hiroko crying happy tears as Yuuri waved, boasting, his diploma to the camera. His parents clapping at him, the background full with friends and cameras up.

He had to acknowledge that maybe he had not been totally successful on erasing the images of that night on its entirety. Now, ten years later he comes to notice there was far much people than he remembered.

Maybe some of them still laughed at the sight of those pictures even if Yuuri never saw them again.

How crazy can one get at that age? That feeling of knowing it all surely messes with one’s mind.

Then Victor ended up watching that one video of the striptease he tried to pull off to his boyfriend, the one Phichit recorded but ended abruptly as Yuuri tripped on his own feet and fell on his butt.

“How I'm jealous.” Victor said, putting the phone down and looking to Yuuri. “Tell me, Yurishka. Have you always had a thing for blondes?” He asked, both teasing and curious.

“Well, they say they have more fun.” He tried to say, totally flustered as his father laughed at him, merciless.

Thank god Kosuke had been tucked in a while ago, he would make things just worse.

“But not like you, Momo!” Hiroko said, taking her phone back as Victor’s glare pierced through his entire self.

He was, indeed, a dead man.
“So, William…” Victor began that night, arranging the removable kotatsu for the night.

“Drop it.” Yuuri warned him, as he came back from laying with his parents on bed for a second. Being a thirty-something man would never make him stop behaving like a little kid with his parents, he turned off the lights and everything went pitch black.

“Yuuuri~” Victor said. “I’m just curious.” He took his lover’s hand and pulled him down on his lap. “You looked so good on those pictures, zolotse.”

And it was true.

Victor had been smiling so much as he saw those pictures his cheeks actually started to hurt. Yuuri was young and full of life and just as beautiful as he was now. Youth looked great on him, making him sparkle and vivid like a raging fire even if now he was no more than the mare cracking of a bonfire that used to be. Still warm, still alive, just the faintest touch of color and light emanating from it but definitely not like that bright and burning version of the man that now laid with him. They were the same person and yet, at the same time, they remained so apart from each other like centuries did with their years in the middle.

He knew, though, he would love them both equally deeply and madly.

How couldn’t he?

Victor fell in love with this quiet, and sometimes unsure man whose biggest attributes remained on his love and compassion, his care and responsibility just like his perseverance and endurance. It was him, silent and discreet who made Victor fall completely head over heels for him. Even if he lacked that rebel spirit and sultry attitude that the years and a kid had not taken away but transformed into drive and wisdom. Yuuri was just like the best of the flowers, always changing and always growing. It turned him into the most striking flora among thousands of weeds. It had made him special, unique, to Victor.

Whether he had lost much of Yuuri’s past, Victor knew he would be on his future and that he would never miss anything else from that wonderful man’s life.

So he just laid there, eyes looking into nothing as he felt Yuuri against his body. As he spoke like it was just them in the world, now.

“He was my last boyfriend before Frank.” He muttered after a minute of silence, the kotatsu already warming them up. “We were on the same major and I’m pretty sure he went to England like a couple of months after we broke up once we both started working. He was… interesting. A bit snobbish, now I think he had a stick up in his ass but back then I’m pretty sure I thought he was like the most wonderful man ever…”

“Ah, a wound I’ll never recover from.” Victor placed a hand over his chest, dramatically, and sighed.

“Don’t be stupid. I did not know you were out there waiting for me!” He complained, kissing his jaw just for a second. “If only…” He sighed.
“None of that, remember how life is never a coincidence. Everything that has happened to us led us to this.” Victor kissed the top of his head. “I wish I had not missed so much of your life, but I swear I’ll be here to contemplate all of the following days from this one, into eternity.” He whispered.

Yuuri did not say anything after that.

And neither did Victor, it felt like the right moment to stay silent and just enjoy the feel and presence of the other.

Victor would have given everything he had before just for the mere knowledge of that this would be once his life., A wonderful man, a wonderful son and a wonderful couple to look up to.

Victor wanted a life, a love and a marriage like the one the Katsuki had built for themselves over the course of more than thirty years. They were strong, loyal and truthful, besides loving, and that seemed to be more than the mere recipe for success in a relationship as great as theirs. Victor knew, as he looked down on Yuuri, how much he yearned to get to be like them and to grow old with kids and then grandkids to bug around on long holidays to spoil them, and yes, nag them around for fays until they could go back to their comfortable routines. The one they had built up just for them and them alone.

He knew he could build a life he would never get tired of, a love as lasting as their lives, if it was with Yuuri.

“I heard the same thing, over and over, at Japan.” He sighed then. “I guess everyone’s right, fate just sort of makes this things happen as we try to control our lives. Even if we can’t.”

Victor sighed.

“We can’t, that’s why we try every time. Can you believe it was a divorce the one thing that brought us together?”

Yuuri laughed.

“That and Kosuke. And Makka.” He nested himself around Victor, as he slid until they were laying on the tatami, getting ready to sleep. “We sort of owe them, don’t you think?” He whispered.

“I’m betting much more on Kosuke.” He answered. “I love Makka but it was Ko who helped me since day one. How wonderful that kid is.”

“That little monster.” Yuuri growled, kissing Victor’s lips as he moved off of him. “Oyasuminasai, Vitenka. I love you.”

“Sweet dreams, solnyshko.” He answered, closing his eyes as he hugged Yuuri against his chest. “Spokoynoy nochi, I love you more.”

And, oh, there it was once more.

Just as he laid asleep with Yuuri, eyes closing slowly as he felt his tired bones pulling him into a dead sleep. Just as he heard the slight snores of his lover, the movements of his body as he breathed and the soft humming of the kotatsu. Victor felt it again, as he yawned and Yuuri suddenly stopped moving as a sign of having fell completely into a deep slumber he would not be pushed out until later in the night.

How randomly it seemed to manifest, at the most quiet and simple moments of his life, that uneasy sensation of wanting more and more even when he had everything.
It was that unyielding feeling of yearning that had kept him lately wide awake.

Victor wanted to marry Yuuri so, so badly.

Yuuri takes Ice Skating his whole family the day before Christmas Eve.

It’s cold as hell but the outdoor rink is practically empty, so they have time to enjoy themselves. His parents refuse to join them, alleging they’re too tired and complaining about this damn northern, east weathers.

Yuuri laughs and lets them be, as he takes Kosuke and Victor to the queue to buy their time and get their skates.

“I am going to fall, so hard.” Victor murmurs as he sees some of the staff doing graceful laps on the ice surface.

“You won’t.” Yuuri laughs and Kosuke kisses his knuckles.

“Don’t worry, Papa. It’s not that hard. We’ll take care of you!” He said, smiling up to the older man.

For Yuuri and Ko, it had become some sort of tradition to come exactly on the 23th to skate for a while. The place became bearable and they both enjoyed the glide of their feet on the rink. It was something they liked and thanks to their dancing training they had both the balance and strength to have just a bit more of fun than the average visitor, doing more than laps as they added a couple of turns and graceful extensions. Kosuke, mainly, who was in full bloom as a classical dancer, loved the attention from the passerby’s and the staff, all awestruck at the little but skilful kid.

This time, would be the first it was more than just the two of them.

“But what if I do? I’m going to embarrass myself!” Also, it seemed it was Victor’s first time.

“Ah, come on!” Yuuri laughed, standing on his tiptoes to kiss his cheek. “It will be fun, old man. Or are you too afraid for it?”

Kosuke giggled before winking an impish eye at him, as the line advanced and they faced the cashier.

“Three skates for two hours, please!” He said kindly to the girl on the other side of the rink as Yuuri handed in the money.

“Sure thing!” She smiled, cashiering off and asking for the numbers to give them the receipts. “On the next window they will give you your skates, please ask for help if you need someone to tie them up for you. Have a great time and happy holidays!

“Thank you!” Both of the Katsuki smiled back but Victor was simply trembling.

Hiroko laughed at him, as they walked behind them to get a seat close to the rink.

“Okasan! Leave him alone!” Yuuri said, not too convinced himself since he was laughing, too.
“He’s just adorable, Momo.” Then he grabbed Victor’s elbow. “Don’t worry, Vitya. It will be fine! You’ll see how great my kids are and in no time you’ll feel like fish in the sea.”

Yuuri smiled at them, kissing his dad on the process as they reached the next window.

“Yeah, right.” Victor mumbled, extremely doubtful.

Yuuri stepped close to the counter and rang the little bell so the staff could come to attend him.

It was just then, when a dry mop of hair he should’ve recognized, turned around to slice him into two with dead, dumb green-ish eyes.

It was Frank.

Kosuke literally gasped before sticking his tongue out to him as Yuuri stood there, dumbfounded with his whole body turning into concrete.

It was Victor, always Victor, who cleared his throat and spoke up.

“Good evening.” He said, polite but cold with that thickened accent. “Here, please.” He took tenderly the tickets out of Yuuri’s fingers and put them on the counter with a wicked, dangerous grin. Yuuri could feel his parents tensing up behind him, unable to say a word as they all stared into the men on the other side of the counter.

He scanned the group in front of him with a strange look, before nodding without saying a word and turned around in search of the three pairs of skates.

Yuuri felt something he knew all to well climbing up on his back and gripping his throat strongly. Suddenly he had trouble to breathe, feeling his legs shaky and his head exploding. Something was off inside him and, out of nothing, he started to lose touch with reality even when he had his son’s hand to anchor him to earth.

“Solnyshko, it’s fine.” It was Victor’s voice, calm and normal now as he stood behind him with a hug meant to guide his breathing, chest against back while hugging him from the waist. “We’re all here, we’re fine.”

And they were.

So Yuuri tried to follow Victor’s breathing pattern as Kosuke let go of his hand just to hug them both as he could manage to. He felt strong with them around and Yuuri smiled suddenly at the burst of bravery. He had always been confident like this, he only needed the little push to let it show fully.

“Can you believe he has to work in this thing now?” Victor whispered to his ear. “Not to undermine the rest of the staff but didn’t you said he had…”

Yuuri laughed out loud now, fully.

“Yeah. It’s funny.” He agreed as Kosuke smiled up to them.

Victor took a second to kiss his lips carefully, savoring the remains of the hot chocolate they had sipped at the crowded mall downtown before getting to the rink. Yuuri felt himself become even more relaxed, smiling into the kiss as Victor pecked him one last time before pulling out, just to see Frank red faced and handing them their skates.
Victor smiled once more at him, letting go of Yuuri.

“Ah, spasiba.” He said, taking the three pairs and returning to Yuuri and Ko. “Let’s go, moya lyubov.” He did not even care to look back as Yuuri did the same, turning around and facing his parents with a small smile as they walked to the couched seats to change their shoes.

His father asked, of course, in Japanese if he was okay and if he needed anything. Yuuri told him he was fine and then turned to his mother to let her know he did not know he worked here, but that he was all right since everyone was there with him. Both of his parents looked a bit disbelieving but they nodded, nonetheless and sighed as Yuuri reminded them he had forgotten him long ago. He was in love and even took a second to reassure his dad once more with a little kiss on his cheek. Toshiya was not pleased but Yuuri knew he felt a but more sure now that he had seen his son smiling brightly like he had not seen a thing.

So they nodded, bowing briefly at Victor and went to their sits at the edge of the rink with their stuff.

Yuuri turned to Victor and Ko.

“I’ll leave our shoes.” He said, confident, as he took the pair of discarded footwear.

“Otōsan…” Ko tried to say, but his dad only shook his head as Victor nodded his.

Gracefully, he walked to the counter and left the shoes as Frank handed him a copy of the format he had to fill in as he left his shoes with no more than a stern look.

There was nothing to be afraid of, he knew it was no use to be all freaked out on something that was not even worth it today. Yuuri had to breathe and face life like he always did, it was no trouble for him. He was strong and determined, nothing would hurt him or his loved ones.

So facing his ex was a piece of cake, after all he had gone through.

And he did just that, like he was invincible.

(Probably he was.)

“Youuri, I…” He tried to say, but the mentioned just lifted his palm, silencing him immediately before signing the paper sheet and going back to his family, barefoot.

There was no need to do or say anything else.

When he returned, Kosuke had finished lacing his skates perfectly as Victor struggled just for a second with his’.

Yuuri smiled warmly and knelt.

“Here.” He said, patting his thigh for Victor to place his foot carefully as Yuuri knotted the laces with skill. It took a couple of minutes before he was all set up.

“I’m very proud of you.” Victor said once his lover was sitting next to him, tying his own skates with what seemed like practiced ease.

“I know, thanks.” He said, smiling down to him as he got up and stretched his hand. “I am, too.”

“You should be.”
And they walked to the entrance of the ice, smiling as Kosuke rushed to the slick floor and darted like a bullet straight to the centre of the rink.

“He’s a natural.” Victor said, voice shaking just a bit as Yuuri leaded him.

“Isn’t he?” He snickered. “He’s great! Pretty much like at everything he does.”

Victor nodded, taking a deep breath as they made the first step into the ice.

“Now, breathe.” Yuuri instructed him, cheeks flush as everyone looked at them. It was certainly an image picture, him acting as some sort of personnel and Victor like a shy costumer.

Yet he adored it.

“It’s all about the muscles in your legs, tighten them but not too much.” He pulled Victor by the hand. “Don’t try to step like a normal walking, just glide your feet on the ice like if you w-“

Yuuri gasped, being yanked to the cold surface of the ice as he heard a Russian curse in his ear.

*Obviously* they ended up in the floor in a second.

It was *very* likely Yuuri had never laughed so hard like that before.

Of course it was *all good.*

_________________

Half an hour later, Hiroko finally stopped laughing at his sons’ failures on trying to make Victor-san skate.

“Oh, god. He surely can’t skate even if it were for his life!” She laughed and Toshiya nodded, agreeing. As they talked in Japanese, both looked over the rink to watch the skaters glide through the ice.

“It’s not amongst his talents.” He coincided.

“It is not, but it’s not like it’s the worst thing he could do.”

Toshiya nodded.

“What would you not forgive the man?” He asked after he saw the one they were talking about crash against one of the containers from the other rink side.

“Ahh, don't be so hard on him! Have you seen the way our Yuuri looks at him?” She chimed.

“I have. That’s why I don't want anything to happen between them. My kids deserve to be happy.”

Hiroko stayed silent as Yuuri ran to Victor and pulled him up, smiling and kissing his already red hands better before pulling him back on his feet to the centre of the ice. When they were holding hands, Victor seemed okay but as soon as they let go of each other he fell quite pathetically to the floor. It was fun.
“They are.” She said after a while, watching how Kosuke joined them and laughed at something Yuuri said about his Victor.

When Hiroko first saw Victor Nikiforov, she was just a bit confused. She thought this son had no intentions on dating anymore after the divorce, he had said himself it was not only a lose of time but too distractive from his duties as both a parent and a teacher. Then she saw his Yuuri smiling and eyes bright that she had no heart to confront him over his change of mind. Victor was lovely, responsible and really caring. Instead of taking too much time he gave it all and it seemed he had become a father too. Kosuke was a special kid, he would've never called ‘papa’ any man just because. It all pointed to that precise direction where it was said things were fine. Things were worth it.

“I just don't want anyone to hurt Yuuri ever again.” Toshiya sighed. “I trust Victor-san but how am I going to leave my son in less than two weeks just like that's it? What if he needs me and I can't be here?”

Hiroko shook her head, approaching his husband and kissing his forehead quickly.

“He's our son. Maybe he always needs us, but he has Victor and that's enough for him even if we're far away.” He expressed her concern with a Stern look. “Now, now. Don't think too much about it, they're fine. They'll be fine.” She assured.

“Ah, woman. Always so confident.” He snickered. “How are you so sure?”

Hiroko’s eyes turned wide.

“Oh? Haven't you realized?” Her lips curled on a knowing smile. “They have already been on the verge of losing it all…”

“That didn't help at all.” His husband growled and Hiroko laughed loudly.

“The way they smile, the way they touch… something happened. Now they try to make every second count not because they can suddenly lose it for real now. But because they know how lucky they are to have each other.”

It took a second for Toshiya to answer.

Hiroko was an intelligent woman's, if she said so it should be because it was truth. He didn't want to think too hard about it, he knew his son got that over thinking from him and now it was just a habit in himself. Toshiya sighed and supposed maybe he could let things go, if Yuuri and Kosuke were happy it was fine. He had to learn to let things be, but sometimes as a father it was just too hard. Sometimes he still wanted to tell Yuuri what to do, how to do it so he wouldn't be hurt at some point. But he couldn't and sometimes it was worry that kept him awake at night. No matter how grown up and responsible he had became, how independent and strong. It was still his son and it would always be that little kid who danced on the edge of the Onsen baths even when he was told not to.

But he wasn't that kid anymore; he was a smart and loving man who sometimes knew better than Toshiya himself.

“Ah, then they're ready.” He got up. “I supposed now I can finally let my son go.”

Hiroko, still sitting down, laughed and nodded, patting his husband's back with a steady hand.

“I can't believe it took you thirty one years.” She looked up to him. “I'm proud of you.”
“And I'm of my Yuuri.” He scratched the nape of his neck and turned, apologetically, to Hiroko.
“You think it's all good?”

“If it wasn't, they're life wouldn't be this way. Toshi, now. Let's go for our kids.” She rose, too, and walked to the entrance.

Just as Toshiya looked over his shoulder, Yuuri was doing laps around Victor and his son, smiling at them as they watched him lost in the image of his son performing some sort of intricate figure in the ice. The look Kosuke and Victor shared seemed so alike it bathed Toshiya with confidence.

His wife, as usual, was right.

Yuuri laid on his bed, now occupied by his parents, as he dozed on his father's side when Victor arrived.

It was an intimate moment, Victor felt. He thought about taking a step back but then he remembered Kosuke asking urgently for his dad. So he cleared his throat and talked to his lover.

“Yurishka, Ko needs you.” He said, trying not to look at the floor. “Can you…?”

“Sure.” He got up and said something to his dad in Japanese, who nodded and let him go.

“Thank you.” He kissed his cheek and fetched his son, Victor was about to follow him when he heard Toshiya’s voice.

“Ah, Victor-san.” He called. “Come here for a second.”

Victor turned on his hills and silently walked over him, doubtful.

“Sit with me.” He said getting up so his back was propped on the headboard before parting the mattress beside him.

Victor nodded again, walking slightly to him before he awkwardly shifted on the bed. It was one he knew, but the weight of the older man made it foreign to him. It was also not his side of the bed, and Toshiya was too small besides him so it took a while for Victor to accommodate.

“So, tell me, do your parents live here in America too?” He asked.

Victor shook his head.

“They both died when I was very young, I was pretty much raised by my aunts for most of my last childhood years and my teenage.” He sighed. “When I came to the States I was taken in by a professor called Yakov, from Russia, too. He was pretty much the closest thing I had as a father, then”

Toshiya nodded.

“I wanted to ask because the way you look after Kosuke and Yuuri is remarkable. I thought that
maybe I should ask where you got it from.” He sighed, patting his thigh. “I guess you're just a natural. That makes me really happy, *Vitya.*”

He smiled hugely at that, turning to him as he thanked him with a bow.

“It comforts me to go back to California if you're here. If you're going to stay here.” He snickered. “Maybe finally I can stop worrying about my kids so much.”

Victor nodded once more.

“I'll make sure you don't worry ever again.” He coincided. “I can promise you that.”

“Ah, it'll be fine then.”

That was when Yuuri arrived, not saying much before launching himself onto the bed with his hips on Victor's lap and his legs on his father's. He smiled at them before popping loudly a kiss at Victor.

There was the sound of a camera shooter and Yuuri winced.

“Okasaaaaaaan.” He grimaced and looked over at Hiroko with a set of accusing eyes.

“I'm having this printed!” Yuuri groaned. “Don't worry, I'll get you one too.”

Of course Victor felt it too, as he looked down on his lover and to his side to Toshiya.

Life was good, and it would only get better once he married Yuuri.

It was something he definitely had to do. Victor just couldn't wait.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, that ending was a bit loose but I thought it didn't matter since it's a really chill chapter
Also, Frank was not actually vital to it but I wanted to rub Yuuri's happiness all over his asshole face bc why not \_(ツ)/ Talk about plot devices... So here's it! Hope you liked, drop your comments telling me how do you think this is going to end and maybe some requests for aditional works to the series bc I love y'all that much ( °^°)

It's been a ride and I'm so thankful for it!!
Come scream at me over this and any other thing at my main (@akauali) and my YoI sideblog (@victorkatsun) on tumblr ! !

Kisses to everyone, read you next time! ❤️
Brightside

Chapter Summary

It was the best of times; it was the brightest of the days. It was Christmas, and Victor's birthday. Whatever happened today would not matter tomorrow, some might think. But the Katsuki had never been the kind of people who thought that. Therefore, every day counts for forever.

Chapter Notes

i am aLIVE

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri stretched his hand, careful, as one of his fingertips finally touched the warm expanse of Victor's bare chest. Only a crazy Russian like him would sleep shirtless in the middle of December, dear God.

Feeling the sting of an electric load, Yuuri retreated his hand before daring to place his full palm right above Victor's heart.

It was the first birthday, and Christmas, they would spend together.

He wanted it to start now.

He tried not to stare at Victor but the purple hue lights coming from the kitchen window were just too striking on him. It fitted his pale skin so well and made his features look sharper. Therefore, sexier. Victor was made to be contemplated, stared at for hours as he laid anywhere doing anything or nothing at all. His face too attractive even when off, hair falling temptingly over his forehead and covering his eyes as it had kept growing longer, adding just the right amount of youth to his pleased, aging face. Yes, there were like three noticeable wrinkles around his eyes and probably some spots and blemishes that his expensive creams couldn't win over but he was still devastatingly precious, it even made him look better, Yuuri thought.

“You said no waking up early on vacation.”

His voice fitted him so well that it was alluring by itself. But it had startled Yuuri as he was deep thinking about how stupidly beautiful his lover was.

He jumped and hid a laugh behind his hands, Victor opened his eyes.

Those eyes…

“Happy birthday, Victor.” Yuuri muttered after a minute if silence and glancing.

The smile he was given as an answer was so bright it seemed blinding on the darkness if the apartment. It was barely over seven.
“Thank you.” He said, pulling a hand out of the kotatsu to place it on Yuuri’s face.

They didn’t do much, then. Just stared at each other and smiled goofily like two kids who were doing something they shouldn’t. Victor’s smile was inviting to do exactly that but Yuuri knew better and decided to stick on his side of the tatami as his heart started to jump crazily inside his chest. It was a very important day.

“I had a speech prepared in my mind but it's too damn hard to say a word when you're looking like that.” Yuuri said.

“I literally just woke up,” Victor laughed.

“My point exactly.” He moved closer to him. “So unfair.”

Victor rolled his eyes and moved his hand until it was cradling the surface of Yuuri’s nape. He sighed and buried his long, slender fingers, on the raven locks against his neck.

“How do I look?” He asked, then. “Exactly. Tell me…”

Yuuri’s breath hitched.

Nodding slightly, he closed his eyes. Trying to tell solely out of memory how drop dead precious he could look.

“You look like the sun.” He muttered, taking Victor’s free hand to press it against his lips as he spoke. “Bright, big… beautiful. You look like the star you are, powerful and strong. Your hair covers your right eye just a shy over heavy and your nose is just a bit turned up. Then your lips, heart shaped and pink and so soft… your face is carved from marble and your eyes are a piece of clear, warm waters. You may look like the sun but the one in the sky is jealous of you, Victor…” Yuuri said once more before his eyelids fluttered open and looked straight into his lover.

“I love you so much…” Was the only thing he heard as an answer, suddenly swiped off of his side of the kotatsu to lay literally on top of Victor.

Yuuri would not dare to complain, though.

He smiled goofily, completely gone for the man who seemed to hold him as his life was on it. Maybe Yuuri was a lifeline then and there, and he would be the rest of his life if he was needed to. There was not a thing he wouldn’t do for Victor.

So he held him back, kissing lazily his cheek and jaw, whispering little words of adoration in Japanese as he did so.

He could have stayed there for hours, not moving at all even when he had tons of cooking and prepping to do with his mother for dinner. He was just too comfortable and content, like his place in this world was right there over Victor’s heart. Which was probably true.

And he wished that was true.

Since he met Victor his life had changed so much it was almost unbelievable the way it had not even been a year and he was someone entirely different to the Yuuri that moped around his friend’s house for the holidays. It was nothing like the man who barely made it through the night, or the tired parent who had to leave his child in arms of another for he could not stand the weight of a single pebble over him. It ad been a dark, dark place. And Victor came to make him shed every sad tear his body had left only to produce so much more love and happiness he did not know he could
possess now.

Nothing could compare to the way Yuuri lived and loved right now.

He owed this man so much he hoped he could give it all back in the time they would have from now on.

Looking up to Victor, Yuuri found him looking back adoringly at him. His hands carefully placed over his hips and his smile sleepy but endearing.

Yuuri was about to say something, on English for a change, when he felt an indescribable smack on his whole back. Like a sack of apples had suddenly fell over him.

“Hey Otōsan, why you calling Papa sun? I thought I was your sun.” Kosuke said, pretending to be insulted before Victor barked a loud laugh.

“Hey I can have two.” Yuuri said, wiggling to make his son get off of him.

A groan came from Victor, loud and clear as he snapped his hand over his mouth.

Yuuri knew what that meant. But it was not safe for family hours. Even ungodly family hours.

“Get off, Taiyo.” He said, trying not to laugh. “You’re going to asphyxiate Victor.” He squirmed again, looking into his lover who shut his eyes as tightly as his mouth to prevent himself from making another sound.

“Ah, sorry. Sorry.” He mumbled, going off and laying besides his parents on one side before Yuuri did the same on the other. Now Victor was in the middle, trying to cool off as a beautiful rose dust covered his cheekbones and the bridge of his nose.

Yuuri giggled.

“I got you something, Papa!” Said Kosuke, shaking the older man so he looked back at him.

He did so, blushed a bit bothered.

“What is it, Ko?” Victor said.

“Ah, just… something I did on my arts workshop at school. It’s nothing but, uhm, here…” Yuuri saw his son scramble around the living room to retreat a green folder from a drawer where Yuuri used to storage the best essays from his students, picking the biggest envelope out of the rest before going back to his parents.

Kosuke sighed, pulling a sheet of paper out of it.

Victor took it with a steady hand, biting off a huge smile as he saw the scrapbook collage of himself, Yuuri and Kosuke.

Yuuri looked carefully at the piece. Beautiful ivory paper stained with pastel watercolors and a horrible amount of washi tape. Several pictures in Polaroid frames featured the three of them, hugging laughing and even sleeping. Little buttons and stickers everywhere with an absolutely unnecessary quantity of sticky glitter adorning the full sheet.

“For the best family in the world.” Victor muttered, reading the inscription Kosuke had scribbled with messy letter on the back of the page with a blue, shining pen. He smiled widely at Yuuri before looking down at Ko. “I love it, thank you so much Detka.”
“Ah!” Ko was just a dot over flustered. “It is nothing…” He muttered before shaking his head and launching himself once more into Victor’s steady chest. He was trembling when his little arms wrapped around his parent and kissed his cheek. “Thank you for staying with us. Arigato.”

Yuuri felt his own heart losing its rhythm before kissing both his lover and son.

“Shiawasena tanjōbi…” He whispered to Victor, lips flush against his cheekbone.

Life can be kind.

For Victor, ever since he met the Katsuki, things started to fall into place.

Just like now, Hiroko hugging him so tightly he felt the air in his lungs running out and Phichit taking so many selfies his ears started to complain about the sound of the cell phone camera shooter.

Like every day since he started to woke up next to Yuuri, not a fear in his heart and no worries in his head besides what could he do that day to show how much he loved both his lover and Kosuke.

It was as if everything he have ever had used to be into a mess and suddenly this two wonderful human beings gave every single thing a place and an order for him to just follow and learn how great everything could be.

“Hiroko leave the poor man alone.” Toshiya said between laughs as his son poured more tea down on his cup.

“I hope you have a great day, Victor.” Phichit was the next in line to hug him, pressing his little frame against Victor's towering body and giggling when he saw Yuuri winking at him.

Victor did not notice any of this, of course, since Kosuke was dancing around as he helped with the last touches of Christmas decorations.

“Thank you, Phichit. I'm sure I will.” He assured before letting him go. The younger man pushed him back as he shoved his hand inside the coat he was still wearing (Northern winters were just too rough on a poor Thai man) to take out a little plastic envelope with a bookshop logo.

“Yuuri told me about your little novels, Victor. Maybe you can stock up this weekend for the rest of your vacations.”

Victor took the envelope, feeling the card inside as he laughed.

“Ah, I'm running out on sappy YA. How convenient!”

Yuuri snickered as he passed by with the teapot still in his hands, making his lover wait until he had placed it on the table to grab him by the waist.

“Everyone's getting me really cute things for my birthday and I can't believe the one I expected the most from is totally empty handed. How?”

Yuuri laughed again, making his parents smile too as Phichit, obviously, took a picture of them.

“Well, that's because I am your gift.” He whispered to Victor before squirming out of his grasp.
with a gasp from him.

Toshiya whistled and Kosuke rushed to them.

“Otōsan, Papa is all red!” He noted.

“That's what he deserves.” He said simply, as he sent back tighter kitchen. “He's always making me red.” he pointed out. “It’s only fair.”

Victor barked something in Russian, trying not to stare at his family while sitting down on a chair at the dining table.

“So, Victor. What are you making us for the night?” Phichit asked cheerfully, sipping his own apple cinnamon cider Hiroko had made.

“Ah! I'm managing the desserts with Kosuke. I heard you're in charge of the appetizers?”

He nodded.

“Yuuri and Hiroko are dealing with the dinner and I think Yurio's bringing the drinks.”

“I'm keeping you off the vodka, honey.” Yuuri passed by behind him, rubbing his back as he dived into the kitchen.

“It's not Victor who we should be worried about!” Hiroko chirped and Yuuri groaned. Having his parents around was both a blessing and a curse.

“Oh, but why do you have to say it like that?”

Victor smiled as he received a wink from his mother in law and made a toast sign to Toshiya. Yuuri did not come back from the kitchen. Phichit sighed before following the blushing young man as Kosuke finished his own bowl of cereal.

“So this is going to be the best Christmas ever!” He declared by raising a fist, punching the air and laughing loudly at his family.

Victor had to agree, it was not because of the date or his birthday. That day was meant to be the best already.

“Agree.” He muttered while texting a quick response to Chris’ panic of what to bring to the dinner.

“Hey, Papa?” He turned to Kosuke, who had left his seat to reach Victor.

“What's up?” He asked, taking the kid in his arms to settle it down on his lap.

“You're having a good birthday, right?” He asked doubtfully, peeling the bottom of a cupcake from the assortment uncle Phichit had brought.

There was no need to think at all.

“I am…” He answered, hugging the little kid before stretching his arm to Yuuri who came back much less embarrassed than before. The younger man followed his lead and soon ended up wrapped around his lover's back with a dreamy smile as Ko smiled up at his parents. “Thanks to you two, the best ones in the world.”

Victor could've sworn he heard a thousand cameras clicking around, a saucy comment and
Hiroko's whistling for the hundredth time that morning alone but he could not bring to care an ounce. He was truly having the best day of his life, with those who he loved and surrounded by people who cared for him. Victor had to open his eyes just a little every now and then to see how blessed he was, how thankful he had to be every day when he woke up in this far from picture perfect life that suited himself like nothing else had ever done in the world.

He was one lucky man.

So he had to make the most out of it.

He turned up to see Yuuri, who hurried to grab his face by the cheeks before kissing him in the mouth with a loud smack. Kosuke giggled and turned red before looking away as Phichit laughed loudly.

“How’s Victor-san as your Papa, Ko?” He asked wickedly with a wolf grin painting up his tanned features.

“He’s the best.” The kid answered in a heartbeat. “You don’t even know, uncle Phichit. He’s…” he turned his sight up again, to see both Victor and Yuuri looking funnily at him.

Victor felt his heart grow a thousand times with those huge copper orbs staring up in adoration at him. So he could only muster the same feeling back, biting of a sob as he kissed the little kid on the forehead.

Yuuri slapped him on the back.

“Aw! Yuurishka!” He replied.

“Y’know, Ko. I saw him first.” Yuuri played on.

“That’s so not true, Otōsan. It was me! Because of Makka!” The dog barked at the mention of her name from the other side of the room.

“Ah! That doesn't matter.” Victor snickered, clasping the two Japanese men against his chest. “I have more than enough love for you two, shush it now!”

Hiroko said something about too much love and Toshiya pretended not to smile too widely as the door rang with the fury of no one but Yuri Plisetsky.

“That's Kotenok!!” Kosuke squirmed away from Victor and rushed to the door as Yuuri laughed and kissed his lover stupidly for a second.

“Don't forget me during dinner, ‘kay?” He whispered.

Victor rolled his eyes.

“Like if I ever intended on looking away from you.”

Yuuri smiled before walking away.

“Good. I’ll be watching, too.”

“Jesus Christ Katsudon I thought I was going to make pirozhki and you have that sorry excuse of a Russian baking my pastries at ungodly hours in the morning?” His best friend barked from the kitchen, where he started to lay down bottles of champagne, cider and vodka.
“You are making pirozhki!” Yuuri’s melodic voice flew straight to the kitchen, from the dining room, where Hiroko jumped on her seat to meet the man that had entered seconds ago.

“Hey it’s not pirozhki, they're croissants and I made them you silly twat!” Phichit replied, following the older woman as Victor laughed.

“Merry Christmas Eve to you too, Yura!” Victor said before taking a bite from Kosuke’s forgotten cupcake.

“Yeah don’t talk to me?” The dancer said, biting off a snarl that painted his face up with disgust.

“Sorry!” Victor chirped back, not meaning it at all.

“Hey I mean it I still want to slit your-”

“Hey, Yurio. Beka’s calling. How can I answer?”

Sweet, pure and innocent Kosuke, as always, spoke up right when he had to, to save the day. Pushing Yurio's phone up into his teacher's face so he could unlock the screen and accept the incoming face call from his boyfriend, he played his best doe eyes to prevent the younger Russian from finishing that sentence.

“Hey Otabek!” The little kid screamed before running to the living room, phone in hand and smile still up and shinny on his face.

“That kid is going to steal my boyfriend, why?” He complained, joking to Yuuri as his friend pushed him to seat between his parents.

“Behave.” Yuuri told him as he poured more tea into everyone's cups.

“Is it too early to spike it up?” Yurio's mouth was pressed into a thin line.

“Yeah it's not even midday.” Toshiya answered like a dad would when talking to their youngest son.

“Sorry, yeah. Good morning Toshiya.” He mumbled.

“Morning, Yurio!” He still and would always use his daughter’s nickname. “How’s Otabek?”

“Away.” He groaned, complaining. “On tour for the holidays but fine, as always. Thank you.”

“I’ve always been fond of that young man.”

“Who isn’t?” Both Hiroko and Yuuri screamed from the kitchen as a sound of, probably Phichit, spitting his drink on a fit of laughter.

Victor could not hide his smile at that point as Yurio flushed furiously, pride puffing up his chest.

“I hope he’s treating you well...” Yuuri’s dad continued.

“He is.” Yurio almost let out a dreamy sigh. “Thank you.”

Toshiya nodded.

“Just like Victor-san here, our Momo has never been happier.” Hiroko appeared, giving Yurio a kiss on his head with a brownie chunk floating on a little cup with warm milk.
“Ah, fuck. Thanks, Hiroko.” He sighed, trying not to make eye contact with anyone as he went up and started to fumble with his backpack for a brief second before retreating a long box from it. He came back, Hiroko smiling at him when he pushed the present unceremoniously, almost throwing it, at Victor. “If it wasn’t for mama Hiroko this would’ve stayed inside my bag. Happy birthday, old man.”

Slightly taken back by surprise, Victor's eyes rounded up until they resembled plates. So he just nodded and took the box to open it with trembling fingers.

That was something he could've never expected.

“Thank you, Yura.” He said, voice honest and just a bit shaky.

“Whatever.” He barked, sipping milk before growling.

Victor bit back a snicker and took away the wrapping paper to find a long necklace with beautiful scripted kanji in white gold.

“That's- that's precious.” Yuuri muttered behind him, reaching slightly to feel the cold metal between his fingers.

“Does it say-?” Victor began before being cut out by Yurio.

“Katsuki. So you can be even more disgusting than you already are.” There was no venom on his words, but the struggle of hiding a very pleased smile behind his cup.

“I- I love it…” Yuuri took it from him and placed it around his lithe throat, helping Victor to get it comfortably over his collarbone before dropping a kiss right above the rising pulse. Victor thanked him and rushed to Yurio's side. Before he could say anything, run away or kill him, the older hugged him tightly and placed a kiss on his head. “Thank you. It's wonderful. Thank you.”

“Whatever!” He pushed him aside just before turning his head to the side. “I- I thought I should've made up for all those years I never got you anything. Also, you're a sap. I thought you would like it.”

“I do.” Victor dared to ruffle his hair just like he did all those years back then. “Spasiba, Yura.”

“It's nothing.” He said before stuffing his mouth with a croissant still scorching hot, almost burning his whole mouth in the process.

“Ah! The spirit of Christmas!!” Phichit said and Yurio raised a middle finger at him as Yuuri's parents laughed out loud.

“Look! Now I'm totally a Katsuki!” Victor was positively jumping like a puppy when Yuuri caught him between his arms and laughed at the utter silliness of his lover. Even as adorable as he was, it wasn't like he could've not been ridiculous.

“You've always been.” Was all he said before burying his head in the croon if his face, cheeks heating up and smile unable to go away. Victor felt his own grow more as if it was possible and he sighed, wrapping his as around the others man's frame.

“Yeah.” He admitted “I guess I have.”
Sara and Mila arrived on a flourish of chocolates and homemade cookies as the sun started to set. Yuuri had been cooking non-stop since the morning with his mother and friends when his lawyer and her girlfriend crashed the apartment after their Christmas party had been cancelled.

Everyone was delighted, of course, but there was a little someone just a bit bothered by the lack of love on his special day.

“Yurio, c’mon. You can't skulk around like this! Kosuke is setting up Chris’ x-box for you to play Just Dance with him!”

The Russian was not moving.

“He's so excited please don't make him wait.” Yuuri pleaded and Yurio groaned.

“Don't.” Was the only reply the Japanese got.

“I'll make Victor come here and drag you from your hair up to my son, Plisetsky. Don't test me.” Using his parent voice and the prospect of Victor harassing his scalp was just the perfect incentive for the younger to jump in his place.

“You're mean!” He exclaimed.

“And you're unnecessarily dramatic. Otabek will be here for New Year’s, don't worry~!” He reminded him as he caressed his cheek with warm hands from checking the contents of the oven minutes before.

“Yeah but everyone's so disgustingly cute and I miss him as fuck, God I'm pathetic.” He groaned and drank from his spiked tea. Almost five hours later ha had finally managed a splash of vodka into his drink.

“You don't think he feels the same? It's hard but you know how much he wanted that part on this year's production. Be happy for him and be just a little patient so you two can be all happy and romantic next time you see each other…” Yuuri patted him on the cheek. “Let's play before I destroy you on another dance battle.”

“Like hell that's happening ever again, Katsudon.”

Yuuri laughed, shaking his head.

“Go! I can hear Ko's favorite song all the way up to here!”

Yurio rolled his eyes and pulled Yuuri by the collar of his cardigan to the living room where Chris finished setting up the screen as Victor cleared the floor from the coffee table and the ottoman with his bare hands.

Yuuri, a year later, still felt his throat closing at the image of his lover moving furniture like they were pebbles.

“I would really appreciate if you stopped being so god-damned thirsty at your whack-ass boyfriend.” Yurio growled, pulling his golden hair into a knot.
“Well sorry you can’t be the only one with a stupidly hot boyfriend!” Yuuri hissed into his best friend’s ear.

“Yeah like that baldass is any hotter than Beka!” He bit his lip. “Otakbe can let yours drop dead any day, you know?”

“Huh.” Yuuri laughed. “You wish!”

Yurio tried but failed at his attempt in hiding his huge grin before shaking his head.

“He's really got you, right?” He asked.

“Bad, Yura. He's got me bad.”

“Well shit I still want to skin him but I guess that's good enough for me to let him live.” He hugged Yuuri from the side. “I'm really happy to see you smiling like this, Katsudon. Kosuke too. Last year was the worst Christmas of my life when I saw you two so teared up… I'm glad this goof is good enough for you, at least.”

Yuuri rolled his eyes, smile getting wider as he pushed his friend's hip with his own, laughing.

“Look at you Kotenok! All protective and stuff~”

Yurio rolled his eyes.

“Bite me.”

“I can't you're engaged.”

They both laughed loudly.

“I still think no one deserves you, Katsuki. So you better watch your back from this Russian because I can't let anyone hurt you like that ever again.”

“He won't.” Yuuri replied confidently.

And that was because he knew.

Whatever had happened in the past year, the way his life shaped and his heart changed all came to this very moment where he saw his lover dancing lazily with his son in his arms as Phichit took a thousand photos of them together. Whatever trick fate pulled off was made for nothing more than the warmth in his chest that spread as he saw his heart and life take shape.

“I think you're right.” Yurio answered for much of his friend’s surprise.

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The evening rolled around, laughter and warmth filling up the apartment as Victor swayed with Kosuke and Yuuri on his arms. Dinner was ready, and everyone engulfed every single thing that was served as they also helped the hosts with the last details, stacking up the kitchen with Hiroko managing everything as she chirped in Japanese with her son.
The little apartment was miraculously arranged into some sort of winter cabin wonderland with a couple of huge wooden tables borrowed from Christophe and many chairs coming from everyone’s houses. Kosuke and Victor managed to put everything in place, with Yuuri adorning it to become homely, cozy and picture perfect for Phichit’s never-ending photoshoot. Even Sara and Mila had brought Poinsettia arrangements with baby breath blooms to add just a bit more of color to the mix.

Everything was wonderful.

“Everyone go back to the tables, we’re bringing the rest to you!” Kosuke started to shout as he pushed Mila and Yurio out of the kitchen, following Toshiya’s instructions. Makkachin barked and followed all of them.

Victor, focused on tossing properly the homemade dressing for the salad as he stirred the gravy simmering on the stove, kept his huge smile to himself.

Christophe came by, then, smiling slyly with his wolf grin while sipping his eggnog.

“You seem pretty damn pleased with yourself.” He remarked.

Victor chuckled.

“Well I am. Also I feel a bit tipsy so that helps.”

“You better sober up before Kosuke starts asking why you smell like medicine.” Yuuri came back to grab the salt Victor had beside him, taking a second to kiss his lover on the jaw, before going back to his mother.

“You two are so… homely. It seems as if you were married for ten years and not ten months.”

“We’re not married.” Victor pointed out, tasting the dressing before humming approvingly.

“Yet.” Chris said with a wink before pouring more of his drink into the cup he was holding.

Victor let himself wander, thinking about marriage and their family like he usually does. He knew life was better now, he could just sweep Yuuri off of his feet and get him a candy ring and things would be fine. They would get married and Kosuke will tease them endlessly for their romance-less engagement. They were comfortable like that but Victor knew it was exactly that what he had to keep himself from doing. Yuuri deserved the world, whether it was on a gold band or through days and days of love and effort. Whatever it was and whatever it took, Victor had to do so much more before kneeling down to the man of his life and heart.

He knew he had to.

“Yes.” He agreed then, smiling slightly to his friend. “I want a huge white wedding for him.”

“I bet you do.” Chris sighed and rubbed his hands over Victor’s clothed chest. His best friend had gone changing quite some time ago, shedding his plush knit sweater into a crisp white button up under a deep burgundy vest with some fitted jeans. “I can't wait to see it.”

“I can promise it will be a ball.”

Chris let him go and smiled.

“I'm counting on it.”

“You two look way to comfortable over here.” Phichit said as he entered the kitchen with the
empty cracker platter.

“Ah, honey. I was just wondering when our favorite couple will get married.” Chris kissed Phichit's head. “Any bets?”

He shrugged, hiding a smile as he walked over the counter.

“Couldn't tell. They're unpredictable.” He filled the plate he had in his hands once more and then turned to his boyfriend. “Stay away from the stove I don't want anything funny staining your outfit.”

Ignoring his cryptic response to Chris’s inquiry, they watched the younger male sway out of the room as he screamed something about the turkey at Mila.


Chris, himself, wore a casual navy blue suit he had bought with Phichit. The only good thing to ever come out of that horrible dinner so many nights ago was a finally stable relationship with Yuuri's best friend. Chris was older than the outgoing Thai, for almost twelve years, and getting tired of fooling around. Phichit came on a parade of energy and light that pulled Christophe like a moth to a flame, where he started burning like the world could disappear for all that he cared. Plus, Victor's bickering about a life beyond work surely did things to his workaholic friend and turned him into a needy being who craved affection like a neglected child. So now he understood.

“Ah, thank you Mon Chérie.” He smiled. “I'll get out of here before I try to eat everything, now.”

“That's not happening as long as I'm here.” Yuuri appeared once more, hugging Victor from behind with arms tangled around his waist. “Get out.”

The funny expression on Chris’ face made Victor wonder only for a second before his lover pulled him into a far corner so they could share a deep kiss.

If Victor had not seen Hiroko squirming her way out of the kitchen before Christophe, he would be incredibly hesitant. But she had left a couple of seconds ago, so he indulged on the touch of Yuuri’s hands over his face. He did his best to stifle a deep moan when Yuuri bit his lower lip and swept his tongue over the reddened skin before nibbling it once more. Victor groaned and pressed his arms tighter around the younger’s waist, pressing his whole body on a keen response to his lover’s action of affection.

“You looked too good to not to try…” Yuuri smiled before nipping at his jaw, making Victor close his eyes tightly.

“Are you talking about me or the ham?” Victor huffed against his earlobe before sucking it for a second. Yuuri squirmed as he giggled.

“Idiot.” He said, not meaning it for a second.

“Papaaa.” Before Victor even thought about saying something else, Kosuke came bursting through the entrance. “Everything’s ready! We’re waiting for you two.”

Under record time, Yuuri had pushed Victor away so they could pretend they were entertained on casual, innocent, chatter as their son showed up before them.

“Ah, thanks Detka.” Victor mumbled, trying not to look at his overly flushed lover.
“C’mon. Soon it will be time to open up the gifts.” Yuuri shoved the dressing and the salad platter to Kosuke’s arms. He took a pair of pans and Victor managed the huge baking tray with the roasted vegetables.

“I’m not done with you.” Yuuri muttered as he passed by, getting out to the kitchen much to Victor’s dismay.

He still had to make it through the night, though.

God helped him.

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By the time dinner ended, everyone started opening up gifts. Victor was the luckiest one, receiving almost twice what everyone got thanks for his birthday happening that day too.

“Don’t you think this is going to happen every day, baldass.” Yurio muttered as Mila kissed Victor on the cheek after he thanked her for the scarf and the double spa date.

“Yeah, this is pretty much happening because you’re integrating to the family this year.” Sara said, giggling with her girlfriend as Victor rolled his eyes.

“I would not expect that, thank you everyone!”

“Well, I might give you double gift every year.” Hiroko said, winking at him.

“That’s only because you’ve basically adopted him.” Yuuri mumbled. “Bet he’s your favorite now.”

“We’re not answering to that.” Toshiya sipped his cider and everyone laughed.

“Ko. It’s time for your present.” Phichit said and nudged the little kid forward. He smiled dumbly and ran to the tree to get a plastic folder neatly hided among the lower spheres. Kosuke pulled it out with care and walked with wobbly legs back to the dinner table.

“Am I getting another one, Ko?” The kid giggled, not answering to Victor. “I thought you had said I was only having one!”

“Papaaa…” He replied, trying not to smile too much through his shaking teeth.

“What’s that, Kosuke?” Mila asked, smiling hugely.

“I- I don't even know.” He mumbled, reaching to Victor and waiting for him to make him a space on his lap. The older did and took Ko until he was sitting down on his legs. “When I told Otōsan about what I wanted to get you as a present he told me to ask you first. But that was like, super dumb because then you’d know what I got you and that so not the point, so I'm kind of risking this thing because… well, I don't know.”

“Cheer up, Ko.” Yurio said, phone on his hands as he clearly recorded everything.

“Yeah. Right.” He sighed and turned his head to Victor. “Also, I think you're like super cool so I'm hoping you're going to like it no matter what.” He handed him the envelope, plastered with little blue post-it notes with tons of different drawings and hearts. His eyes were closed tightly. .
“Kosuke…” Yuuri said, cueing him to keep talking. It seemed like they had rehearsed something.

“Oh, yes!” He placed his little hands over Victor's. “Before you open it I want you to tell you that you're the best thing that ever happened to me, Papa. I... I love you and I want to thank you for what you've done for me and Otōsan.” He looked at Yuuri, who nodded and told him to go on in Japanese. “And if this is not what you want…”

Victor interrupted him, shaking his head and hugging Kosuke for a second.

He was nervous, yes, but he could not let that show. Kosuke was also the light of his life, he loved him dearly and hoped nothing would get into their way onto happiness. He just wished the best for the kid and seeing him so nervous truly did something to Victor’s own stomach.

“None of that.” He smiled and opened the envelope, pulling a stack of papers with a huge handmade cover with some Japanese kanji in colors. There was a little note with the translation (‘I love you’) and a picture of Kosuke and Victor. He giggled before turning the page. “Let's see what we've got…”

'Legal Adoption Forms’ read the title of the first sheet of the package.

“...Here.” Victor's voice cracked, face turning white as he looked up to Kosuke. He gave him the tiniest of the smiles and a little thumbs up.

If it wasn’t for the amount of people around them, Victor should’ve been a crying mess by now. His heart dropped with a heaviness he didn’t know he could feel, but truth be told it was because it only grew a thousand times more. He felt like his whole being turned into someone entirely else.

Victor was actually a father.

He never thought the nickname did, nor a stack of legal papers. It was much more about the responsibilities and the care, how you loved the child and the way you supported them no matter what. And he had been doing just that for quite some time, now.

But the fact that he could be Kosuke’s as much as Kosuke could be his’, even if blood did not bound them at all, meant the most to Victor.

“I love it.” He told him breathlessly as the kid did a tiny jump and took out a pen from his waist coat. “Perfect!” Victor chirped, trying not to break character, and started filling the forms in an unbreakable silence. No one moved as his hand scribbled ink perfectly over the paper, accurate and precise on the information as Kosuke watched closely. He took care of the first two top forms, as the others were already filled by Yuuri and their lawyer, Sara.

Fluently, filled with pride, he signed off the last line and looked over at Kosuke.

“This is the best gift of my life.” He told him, watching the kid's face break before catching him once more in his arms as the Ko released a sob.

Kosuke started crying, probably with both relief and happiness as well as Victor. How cared now? He was unbelievably happy. He felt the stream of tears over his cheeks and the wet spot forming in his shirt, from Ko’s eyes as they held each other tightly. He kissed Kosuke everywhere on his face and whispered love words to the little angel, making him blush vividly before he could smile again.

Even Makkachin came by, smelling the distress in the air and rubbing her fur all over Victor’s legs to calm him and Kosuke down.
“Spasiba, Papa.” He said before hugging him again, arms tightly coiled around his neck as Victor looked up at Yuuri.

That kind of smile usually meant more tears, but then it just made Victor's heart explode.

'Thank you’, Yuuri mouthed to Victor as he shook his head and extended an arm to him. Yuuri got up faster than he ever could have, running around the table and crashing against his lover and son, hugging them tightly.

The sound of the camera shutter filled the silence before applause and a very weeping Toshiya yelled in Japanese before being silenced by his wife's hand. Victor looked at them and smiled brightly as Phichit also screamed something.

“What the fuck. This is so unfair; you're too damn cute, fuck.”

Much to everyone's surprise, Yurio was also crying. His beautiful face red and already wet as he still held his phone up, sobbing before rubbing his eyes furiously with a napkin.

“We love you too, Yura.” Victor said, still too moved to say anything else.

“You shut up I still hate you but this is precious.” So he growled and tapped on his screen a couple of times before putting his cell phone down. Then he looked at Phichit. “Be sure to send me that shit.”

“No bad words Kotenok!” Kosuke said as he let Yuuri clean his face.

The other man laughed.

“Will do.” Phichit also put his phone down and rubbed a hand over Yurio's head. “It'll be fine. Who's next?!”

Yuuri bit his lip and shook his head, letting go of his son and lover.

“We’re done. I’ll bring Victor’s cake.”

“You sure are a lucky entitled bastard!” Christophe came by, rubbing Victor’s scalp with his knuckles. “Dinner, double presents and a cake? I might steal Yuuri from you by now…”

“Christophe Giacometti!” Phichit’s voice froze the older men in their places. “You’re dead man.”

“I was going to threaten you, but I think Phichit did a fine job on that, already…” Victor muttered as Kosuke shook his head.

“Not happening.” He almost growled and Victor laughed loudly.

“That’s my son.”

The phrase flew like an arrow aimed at everyone’s hearts. There was no need on pretending the words weren’t sharp as knives cutting deeply into the flesh.

By now, no one would dare to make fun of Kosuke for crying again.
Yuuri came by with the cake, covered in white frosting and color sprinkles along with a dangerous amount of candles. Everyone stood up and approached to Victor, who was standing up as his lover placed the cake in front of him. That’s when everyone started singing, Yuuri and Kosuke leading in Japanese as everyone followed in English.

*Otanjoubi omedetou*

*Happy birthday to you…*

“Come here…” Victor took Kosuke by the waist, cocking his hip to one side so he could rest the kid’s weight over it.

*Otanjoubi omedetou*

*Happy birthday to you…*

Yuuri stood by Victor and Kosuke, hand brushing Victor’s hair as everyone kept singing.

He knew, then, that he would go all over his life once more, day by day, just to reach that one morning when he met Victor Nikiforov; who was now the love of his life.

If he had to, he would accept to do so in a blink.

Yuuri saw Phichit handing over the cake knife, as the song slowly died.

*Otanjoubi omedetou*

*Happy birthday to you, dear Victor.*

*Happy birthday to you.*

Blowing the lights, Yuuri watched as his lover and son laughed over the cake as they cut it together. The illumination provided only by the twenty one candles died when they were all blown, as they had turned off the rooms for the moment.

Hearing his heart thumping loudly, Yuuri knelt on one knee when Yurio went to turn on the lights once more.

“Victor.” He called softly, making his smiling lover turn to him.

Victor *almost* dropped Kosuke the second he saw Yuuri below him with a little box, opened up with a ring inside, gasping only to pull the little kid back into his chest as he held on to him as a lifeline.

“Otōsan?” Yuuri knew he was crying but then he couldn’t care. Shaking his head, Kosuke stayed silent as he tried not to stare at his parents crumbling to pieces.

“I’m not going to talk about the first time I did this, since it turned out awfully.”

“Catastrophic!” Yurio yelled from the corner as the rest of the people present shut him up with sounds and even a flying piece of cake from Mila.

Yuuri chuckled and nodded.
“Pretty much… The point is that this time I’m sure of what I want for me and Kosuke, for you and our family. I let myself believe that this has always been our destiny, if something like that truly exists and it has never just been a fairy tale Haha used to make me sleep. I love you and there is nothing I want more in this world than being able to call you my husband. And I’d like you to let me, if you love me too. This time, it is meant for forever…” Yuuri’s voice broke before sighing, pulling the last words from the bottom of his throat. “Will you marry me?”

“Yes.” It was said only once, not a thousand times or a hundred shakes of the head. It was only a single word, breathed out almost as if he had been holding it in for far too long.

And maybe he had.

Victor dropped carefully to his knees, too. Not letting go of Kosuke as he pushed his left hand shakily towards Yuuri, who took it tenderly to kiss it with care before placing the golden band on his finger.

“I would love that you two stopped making me cry.” Victor muttered as heavy tears started falling from his eyes once more.

“It brings out the color in them…” Yuuri joked as he stood up, pulling Victor and Kosuke to his arms.

The world was quiet, as if it had been shut down for a second in existence as midnight fell over the apartment where a universe was being born.

Yuuri’s mind was blank, nothing flooding it with fear nor anxiety as his heart took over with sensation and emotion. He needed to feel more of Victor then, his lips on his skin and his arms pulling him into the safest place in the world. He wanted nothing more than this man right here, holding his son, forever into the next morning and the following after. Simple as that, as the sun he was lighting up everything around him and feeding the flowers he had grown so carefully into his life and soul.

“Sure, hun.” Victor closed the space between them with a kiss, earnest and simple in its adoration until he pulled back. “I love you more.”

“You three!” Yurio came crashing into them, long limbs and golden hair falling over the trio with no more ceremony than a heavy “smack”. “You sappy, horribly precious, disgustingly… disgusting. Yebat!” His arms squeezed them even more.

“Yura! No Russian swearing among my family.” Victor muttered, snaring kisses among the two Katsuki.

He did not answer.

“I’m surprised he’s the most emotional one right now.” Sara commented.

“I’m not.” Yuuri muttered, hand brushing the blond strands over his shoulder as Phichit nodded, phone in hand.

“It’s been a hell of a day. I should’ve given you that stupid necklace like in a month.” Yurio barked, lifting his red and wet face to look up to the three. “Congratulations.” He whispered. “On everything.”

“Aw, Yura…” Victor kissed the top of his head, and for once Yurio did not say a thing. “Thank you.”
“Arigato, Yuri.” Yuuri whispered, closing his eyes and leaning into Victor.

“Kotenok, when are you marrying Otabek?” Kosuke asked, head titled and eyes shining with curiosity.

“Ah!” Yurio snatched him from Victor’s arms. “I would’ve done it already if a certain someone didn’t steal him from me all the time.”

Kosuke screeched as he flew in the air from Yurio’s arms. He caught him and took the kid to his grandparents, the same ones beaming with love and pride.

“Y’know…” Victor muttered, taking Yuuri’s hands to kiss them. “You stole my lines.”

“Shut up.” He was being told. “I had to.”

“You didn’t. But I’m so thankful for it… I can’t wait to marry you.”

“Well you have to, we need to start saving up.” Yuuri whispered. “I refuse for this wedding to happen on a city hall.”

“Over my dead body.” Yuuri lifted his face and seeing the love Victor professed him in that second was enough to make tears prickle his eyes.

“Stop. Crying. Katsudon.” Yurio was back with Phichit, pulling the Japanese man away from Victor as his two best friends poked him around, laughing as if they were still in college. “No more tears today!”

“I could’ve swam in them!” Phichit laughed and grabbed Yuur’s cheeks. “I’m so proud of you…”

“Stop it.” Yuuri scrunched his nose up, closing his arms as he looked over at Victor being nagged in russian by Mila as Chris laughed loudly. “You’re not my parents.”

“But we are, momo.” Hiroko appeared behind him, hugging Yuuri as she sang something in Japanese.

“Hiroko, please let our son breathe.” Toshiya laughed.

“I would if he wasn’t this brave.” Hiroko pecked him on the cheeks.

“Mooom.” Yuuri groaned. “Please, dad. Help!”

Toshiya only snickered.

“We’re calling it a night, momo. Yurio invited us over for the night, we’ll take Kosuke with us so the four of us can have breakfast in the morning.” Yuuri shuddered, like that was supposed to mean something.

He did his best to hide his flushed cheeks.

_________________
What seemed like a hundred congratulations and thousand hugs later, Victor only got a thousand more from his Yuuri.

His fiancé.

They were standing on the living room, kotatsu assembled and furniture pushed into the walls on a mess as the remains of the dinner laid everywhere around the apartment.

Everything was dark and almost silent, except for Victor’s humming as he swayed with Yuuri on his arms.

“What’s that?” He asked after an eternity of stillness.

“Something I used to hear my mom sing. Can’t remember what it said, so I only hum it like this.”

“It’s beautiful.” Yuuri still answered.

“I know. I wish you could’ve met her. She was a queen.” Victor muttered.

“Maybe one day we can visit her… What flowers did she like?”

Victor nodded, huffing a small laugh.

“Gardenias. Like you.” He sighed. “I’d love to take you over there.”

Yuuri looked up to him, hands worming up to take his face between his hands before kissing him deeply.

They were fully alone, not even Makkachin around to interrupt them as they took time to taste each other beyond words. Feeling each other, leaving touch far behind as they hearts pressed each other tightly. Yuuri’s thumbs drew circles over Victor’s cheekbones and he pressed his palms over Yuuri’s waist with an endearing strength. He wished they wouldn’t move for the world, as he knew it was the place he had to be; every day, from now on.

“We can.” Yuuri said against his lips, smiling so widely out of the blue that Victor’s soul cracked a bit from the beauty of it. “We have now all of our lives.”

Victor kissed him again, not knowing what else to say.

After all, they did have a lifetime together. Now.

Chapter End Notes

holy shit this is actually over ^_^;

I’ve been doing this for you guys ♡, thank you so so so much for everything I never thought I would do so great at my first fanwork I’m beyond humbled, I hope you stick around to the series and for many many other things I have coming up for the fandom (and maybe others, who knows?)

So so much love, sending a thousand kisses to everyone! ♡ ♡ Take care, love you all
This is my first written fanwork, forgive and forget the many mistakes you might've found! English is not my first language.

21/04/2018
A few basics:
✽ At the beginning of this Yuuri is 30, Victor is 34. Every other principal character is obviously aged up yet the canon age gaps are not precisely respected.
✽ Height difference is my shit so even if in canon they're not that far apart in my verse they kind of are. Yuuri is around 5'5 and Victor is 6'1-2 so YEAH LET ME HAVE MY TOL AND SMOL
✽ Kosuke is adopted, there are no a/b/o dynamics and both Yuuri and Frank are cis, for those wondering about it.
✽ I talk about a made-up Seattle on the east coast, don't ask about it lol
✽ I tend to over dramatize and romanticize, hope you don't mind

05/02/2018
I know the format kind of sucks, there's too much spacing and suddenly there's no spacing at all?? Sorry! I'm trying to fix it but I still don't have AO3 figured out, forgive me! ( 人 ∀* )

14/02/2018
A lovely user reminded me that there's only ONE Washington up in the west coast, so for practical purposes let's all pretend there's ANOTHER Seattle up in Maryland, at the east coast. Sorry, I did not checked out my geo references before posting none of this shit. Hope y'all can forgive me and my dumb ass.

19/03/2018
I will delate my rambling @ chapter notes, eventually. I tend to talk way too much. Forgive me!
Also, editing will take a lot and will not happen anytime soon, sorry! Please forgive my mistakes and the funny format. I screwed up but eeeeh~
AND! I don't speak Japanese nor Russian so spare my mistakes and errors on language/culture I'm totally relaying on google and some books I've read around, a thousand apologies for any mistakes!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!