Silver Linings

by Silkyomega

Summary

"Yuuri still fanning himself with his shirt. Why was he so hot...it took a few moments for the realization to hit him.

Shit.

Yuuri wasn't supposed to be due his heat for another two weeks."

After two years of living in St Petersburg with his mate and Alpha Viktor, Yuuri has an unexpected Heat and learns that the path to happiness is never smooth but everything has a Silver Lining.

Notes
See the end of the work for notes.
No matter how many layers yuuri put on, he could never seem to get fully warm in the harsh Russian winter. His hometown had it's cold snaps and snow during the first few weeks of spring and Detroit had had some pretty bad winters also, but nothing could have prepared him for the biting freeze of winter time in St Petersburg.

The January sky was clear and the wind was only a light breeze but it didn't stop the chill creeping into his bones as yuuri walked home from the rink with Viktor. Viktor seemed completely unphased by the cold with only a touch of blush reaching his nose to indicate he was even the slightest bit cold. Meanwhile Yuri shivered under his coat, wrapping it closer to his body trying to tap in as much heat as possible. His breath was visible in the crisp air. Viktor moved closer to him and wrapped an arm around his waist, pulling Yuuri into his warmth. Yuuri instinctively buried his face into the Alphas shoulder breathing in his scent with a sigh. He loved being surrounded by it, he always smelled like fresh ocean breeze.

It was enough for him to briefly forget about the cold until for just long enough for the pair to make it back to their apartment. Makkachin greeted them with a joyful wag, knocking viktors duffle bag from his hands, landing on the floor with a heavy clunk. Viktor rubbed behind the old poodles ears, saying hello in to her in his native Russian.

Yuuri had only picked up a few strands of Russian in the past two years he had been living with Viktor, but every day Viktor would say the same things to makkachin when they got home. He could make out that he said “Hello my princess” to her every time he saw her and it always made Yuuri’s heart melt like butter. Yuuri felt pangs of nostalgia to his own poodle Viccan, which he had to admit made him feel slightly awkward at times considering he was now living with his namesake. Yuuri had never in his wildest dreams thought he would one day be the lover and mate of the famous alpha and his idol, Viktor Nikiforov, and although not yet pair bonded, they were inseparable.

Yuuri had asked Viktor to wait a while for them to pair bond. His anxiety has run wild at the mention of it, while an engagement can be broken off, breaking a pair bond can have very severe effects on a person both mentally and physically. It was so much more permanent. Viktor had wanted to fully commit and pair bond since nearly the beginning of their relationship but Yuuri just couldn't do it.

“He could change his mind. He could get tired of me. He could get sick of me and end up resenting me for bonding with him.” the thoughts haunted yuuri and he had refused every time it was brought up. Viktor had dropped it after a while, deciding to leave Yuuri come around by himself. The pangs of guilt didn’t go away for Yuuri though.

Looking now at Viktor moving about their little kitchen, the light of the sunset dancing on him like music. Yuuri couldn't imagine himself with anyone else. Viktor was his whole world and Universe. But he was just not ready.

“What would you like for dinner my love?” Viktor hummed, poking his head out from the refrigerator. The question snapped Yuuri back to the present. He hadn't even taken his jacket off yet. “Oh. Surprise me” Yuuri smiled. His train of thought trailed off to settle in the back of his mind.

It wasn't long before the rich smell of beets and cabbage filled the apartment. Viktor was truly a wonderful cook. Yuuri had learned how to cook a variety of things in his time in Detroit from Phichit and he had learned how to cook from his mother back in Japan but nothing really compared to Viktors cooking. Well, aside from his mother's Katsudon. From the smell and looks of things,
Borsch was on the menu tonight. The thought made Yuuri's mouth water. It was the perfect food to warm up on a cold day and it had been one of the very first dishes Viktor had ever cooked for Yuuri when he had just moved to St Petersburg.

“Mmmmmm that smells amazing Vitya” Yuuri said wrapping his hands around Viktor's waist from behind, just about resting his chin on his shoulder. The few inches height difference made it a little awkward but Viktor found it no less endearing. It didn't take long for Viktor to whip up enough Borsch for their dinner and just enough left over for him to fill a thermos for tomorrow's lunch. They ate happily, chatting casually about ideas for next season's programs and how Yurio's mood had improved dramatically since Otabek moved his home rink to St Petersburg. It was wonderfully domestic and warm despite the cold outside.

Yuuri landed the triple Axel flawlessly. The familiar sound of blades hitting ice rung out through the near empty rink. His jumps had been getting a lot better under the guidance of both Yakov and Viktor. He rarely missed a jump in competitions now. He had become a force to be reckoned with, winning Silver in nationals and Gold in both the past season's Grand Prix and in Worlds.

Yuuri knew it was the one thing that truly held him back and after coming so close to gold in passed seasons made him more determined than ever to overcome it and reach a new peak.

Yurio had been strangely unfazed about losing out to gold to Yuuri at the GPF which surprised Yuuri to no end. Yuuri and Viktor had theorized Otabek's presence had a lot to do with it and for that the pair were silently thankful.

“Yuurri. Your free leg was limp. Straighten your back.” Yakov bellowed from the barriers. His accent rolled the R in Yuuri's name thickly. Coming from the gruff older man it was far less endearing than when Viktor did it. Yuuri had been repeating the same jump combination all morning causing him to break out in a steady sweat that soaked through his shirt. He had barely felt the cold this morning which made for a change considering how cold Yuuri had been finding it. Now after several hours of training he was on the verge of overheating. He fanned out his shirt to let some cool air flow against him.

The shirt clung uncomfortably to his chest from sweat, making him feel clammy and gross. Yuuri was in the best shape of his life since he moved to Russia. With all of his usual comfort foods not readily available and his intense workout regimen being enforced, his body was at its peak. Viktor wolf whistled cheekily as he glided past. Yuuri still fanning himself with his shirt. Why was he so hot...it took a few moments for the realization to hit him.

Shit.

Yuuri wasn't supposed to be due his heat for another two weeks. Yuuri felt the heat rise inside him and he could smell his own pheromones seeping out of his pores. He had always had a fairly regular heat cycle since he had presented at 15, why did it have to come so early? Within second Viktor was beside him but kept a careful distance. The Alpha's eyes were wide with dilated pupils. His nose flared drinking in the smell.

“Yuuri....are you?” Viktor was trying to stay at least at arm's length, swallowing hard. An unregulated Omega's heat had very strong effects on any Alphas that happened to be in the vicinity. Yuuri was glad the rink was terribly empty today aside from Yurio, Otabek and Mila.

Otabek made a Beeline for the door the minute the sticky scent of Yuuri heat hit him. Being an Alpha it was best for him to stay away. Yurio followed after him with a rather angry look on his face. Yurio had not presented as either secondary gender yet, so was unaffected by the pheromones.
flying through the air.

Yuuri would have to apologize to him later but for the current moment he could barely think straight. His whole body was burning up. A searing heat bubbled in his stomach, flaring up through his entire body.

“Hot….oh god…too hot….Viktor…..I need to go home…” Yuuri felt his knees buckle underneath him. The heat had hit him like a truck. Usually Yuuri would have taken heat suppressants a week before he was due but since it was early, he was going to have to ride out a full blown heat. It was a very uncomfortable experience for omegas to go through a full, unsuppressed heat unless they had the company of an alpha to satisfy them.

This was Yuuri’s first full heat in years. Having been a virgin when he met Viktor, he knew how bad a full heat could be when left unaided. The smell emitting from Yuuri was almost enough to drive Viktor mad. His fists clenched hard in an attempt to remain in control of his instincts. The draw of an Omega in heat It was comparable to the strongest drug in existence for an Alpha. It had lead to a lot of unfortunate incidents in the past with unsuspecting Omegas and Alphas who lost control.

Mila rushed over as soon as she saw Yuuri buckle. Mila was another omega so thankfully the heat had no effect on her past a pleasant smell. “I'll drive him home. Viktor, give Yuuri a while before going home yourself” Mila hooked an arm under Yuuri and pulled him up. Yuuri whimpered as his stomach coiled in on itself. He could smell Viktor and his body needed the Alpha's touch in painful pangs of arousal. It was a difficult feeling to describe, an overwhelming need to mated and engulfed in the scent of his mate. Mila pulled Yuuri away as quickly as she could and got him out into her car.

“Yuuri, Aren't you on suppressants? That could have been dangerous had you been anywhere else.” Mila scolded. Yuuri just writhed in the passenger seat. “....came.....early” Yuuri managed to pant. “...Wasn't due for another...two weeks” Yuuri peeled off his shirt. Needing to feel air on his burning skin. Beating back a moan. He held his eyes shut tightly, Fighting against his own body.

It only took a few minutes before they were pulling up outside the apartment block. Mila caught a curious alpha getting a bit too close for comfort from the corner of her eye as she hauled Yuuri out and into the elevator. Yuuri was too far gone to be embarrassed. His pants were soaked through with slick and sweat and He was probably going to stink up the whole building, But at that moment the whole house could have been on fire and he couldn't have cared less.

Mila quickly got Yuuri inside the apartment and immediately began running an ice cold bath. Yuuri had made it to the bedroom at least before letting go of his frustrations, grinding himself into the bed. His noises even made Mila blush several rooms over. Once the bath was full and Mila had added a bag of ice, She went down the hall to get Yuuri. He was sprawled out on the bed, completely naked. A pillow buried between his legs and he writhed around.

Mila couldn’t help but feel sorry for the fellow Omega. She knew the pain he must be feeling and how uncomfortable it is to be in the beginning wave of heat. The first wave was always the worst. An Omega’s body was still warming up during the first wave and they felt the pain and need a lot more. After the second wave, they are completely taken over and it isn’t so bad then if they have an Alpha to help them through it. When on Suppressants, An Omega’s heat is usually a lot shorter and not nearly as intense. It comes on a lot slower and it is easier to manage alone. Unsuppressed heats were fast and powerful, and extremely dangerous if the Omega is alone when it strikes.

Yuuri managed to climb in. Mila doing her best to avert her eyes as he did. The water made a faint hiss sound as the roasting hot omega sunk into the ice water. The sigh of relief that escaped Yuuri’s lips was more lewd and desperate than either of them had expected.

It made mila laugh a little. “Jesus Yuuri. When was the last time you had a heat like this?” Yuuri had
barely heard her but managed to respond eventually “a few years” his breath was slowing down and
his pants had receded into deep chesty breaths. The ice water cooled him down, cooling down the
heat of the first wave. “Lucky you. Do you want me to call Viktor now?” Yuuri could only nod at
the other Omegas question. He was dunking himself further into the ice bath until nearly his whole
body was submerged.

It was pushing back the twisting fire in his core just enough to be bearable. Yuuri wished he was one
of those Omegas who have shorter less painful heats but he had been cursed with strong
overwhelming heats that could last up to a week. He was audibly glad Viktor was going to spend his
heat with him. Mila left Yuuri to sit in the ice and went to make the phone call.

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It didn’t take long for Viktor to arrive at the apartment, Yuuri could smell his scent the moment he
walked through the door even though Yuuri was several rooms away. The aroma was like fresh air
in his lungs, each deep breath causing a snap of heat in his stomach. Yuuri doubled over in the bath,
Putting his head between his knees trying to restrain the need in his stomach.

Mila lead Viktor to the bathroom but stopped short of the door.. “Viktor...he's in a full heat…” she
hesitated, looking away almost embarrassed. “...be careful with him”. Viktor nodded, taking in her
unspoken meaning. It was not unheard of for Alphas to lose control of themselves when presented
with an Omega with a strong heat. There had been reports on the news of all sorts of terrible things
happening, from injuries to even death. It was a horrifying reality of heat cycles but thankfully, due
to the rise in suppressant usage, they were becoming less frequent.

The thought made a shiver creep down Viktors spine. He could never hurt Yuuri. His beautiful
precious mate, But he had to accept that the Alpha part of himself was almost feral from just the scent
alone coming through the door. The warm rich aroma was thick in the air, His eyes were wide with
want for it.

“I'll let Yakov know what happened and I'll call back in in two days” Mila was uncharacteristically
shy as she ducked out, cheeks pink. She was kind enough to remember to bring makkachin with her
on her way out, Neither of them would be in any state to take care of him for at least the next few
days.

Once Viktor heard the click of the front door, he opened the door to the bathroom. Yuuri was
sprawled out in the tub. Sweat beading on his brow despite being in the ice cold water, his shallow
pants and soft moans made Viktor hard from just looking at him. He looked like the epitome of sex,
Stroking his cock with vigor as he called for his Alpha.

It was less than a second before Yuuri was climbing out of the tub and clinging to Viktor, dripping
wet and hotter than a blaze “Alpha...Viktor...please, Alpha..” he gasped grinding his body up against
Viktor. It vaguely reminded Viktor of the night at the banquet when he and Yuuri had first met.

Viktor wasted no time in kissing Yuuri deeply. Drinking in the delicious smell of his mate, so much
like warm spice. The omega was burning hot even after the cold bath, the water on his skin already
warm. The alpha breathed in his aroma, let it fill him with the same fire.

“Yuuri…” Viktor moaned softly breaking their embrace for only a moment. He curled his fingers
into the wet black hair of the Omega. Yuuri almost vibrated in response to the touch. His hands
moved over Viktor’s body feverishly, unbuckling his belt and unbuttoning his shirt with trembling
fingers. Viktor gently held Yuuri’s wrists before they fully worked to strip him.

With a fluid movement he pinned Yuuri to the tiled wall with a faint slap. The cold tiles felt like
heaven on Yuuri's skin, a soft moan escaped his lips. It was a lewd sound that made Viktors breathe
catch just a little. To see Yuuri so undone without even having to touch him was beyond delectable. Viktor kissed down Yuuri's jaw, breathing in his scent and nipping marks along the slender line of his neck, licking the scent gland in the nape of his shoulder. A growl was building up in the back of his throat. Yuuri shifted into each kiss, grinding his body against Viktor. His cock was already painfully hard and dripped precum, slick was leaking from him onto Viktor's trouser front as he ground on his mate.

Viktor let go of Yuuri's wrists for just a moment to shift off his shirt. Yuuri used the opportunity to pull down Viktor's waistband, letting his cock spring free. Yuri curled his fingers around the shaft and began to stroke it hastily.

Viktor had never seen Yuuri so impatient before, It was so unlike Yuuri to rush things when it came to having sex. He preferred to tease it out and make every minute last for hours, but with the fog of heat over him, Yuuri was almost vibrating with anticipation and need. It made Viktor grin wildly.

“What's the rush?” he teased. His voice shook more than he had intended as his breath caught in his throat, the sweet intoxicating smell of his mate swirled around him.

“I need you. I need to feel you inside me. Alpha...Viktor...Please” Yuuri moaned almost incoherently. He hooked a leg over Viktor hip, grinding to meet Viktor's body. Viktor moved his hand down between Yuuri's legs, stroking teasingly at his entrance. It was dripping wet already with slick and pulsed from Viktor’s touch. “Please...” Yuuri gasped deeply. Viktor had never heard him sound so desperate before but he would be a liar if he said he didn’t like it. The needy moans of his Omega made his cock rock hard against him.

Viktor slide in a finger with ease, and then another. Yuuri bucked into the touch, driving them deeper inside him. Viktor curled his fingers up to hit the spot inside Yuuri only he got to reach. Yuuri shouted out in pleasure and gripped his hand into Viktor's hair, pinning him in place. Viktor didn’t even need to loosen Yuuri, he was ready and inviting without much work. He moved his fingers out causing Yuuri to whimper with the loss of them.

Viktor wasted no time in lining his cock up with Yuuri's entrance and slide himself in in one go. Yuuri gasped out loudly, his nails digging deeply into his Alpha's back as Viktor moved deeper inside him. Both his legs folded around Viktor waist forcing him in further. It didn't take long before he was fully seated inside him. Viktor let Yuuri adjust for a few moment even though he doubted Yuuri needed time when he was so overtaken by his heat but it was a habit Viktor enjoyed, Seeing Yuuri writhe on his cock impatiently only made him want him more.

Viktor could feel Yuuri’s heartbeat thump widely through his chest. It was amazing how hot he felt around him, Like warm velvet. Vikot groaned with pleasure at the feel of him. He started to move with heavy and deep thrusts once Yuuri caught his breath. He had wanted to start slowly but there was no use, There would be many times for them to make sweet and gentle love, but this was not one of those times. They were so caught up in each other there was no point in taking their time. Viktor could feel himself lose himself in the moment. It was primal and animalistic with each hard thrust causing Yuuri to cry out in a delicious mix of pleasure and pain.

Viktor would be forever grateful in hindsight their neighbors were away that week.

The sounds Yuuri made were enough to make a man lose his mind. They didn't know if it was the heat or just how they were that day but they were frantic and rough, moulding completely into each other.

Yuuri dragged his nails across Viktors back making the alpha hiss and nip the omegas neck in response. Viktor could feel the knot rise inside him. He was desperately close, lose in the blinding euphara ,drunk on phermones and lust, he hadn't even notice that Yuri was just as close as he was.
“Viktor...vitya...I'm....oh god” Yuuri gasped and trembled, digging his hands painfully into Viktor's shoulders as thick ropey cum spilled out in between them.

The blinding intensity of his orgasm made Yuuri's whole body shake in Viktor's arms. Viktor couldn't hold himself back and let himself go. The pulse of Yuuri's silky walls clamping in pleasure around him was too much. He knotted moments later, swearing in Russian. Yuuri wriggled as he rode the waves of his orgasm and felt the gush of Viktor's release inside him, the knot filling him up was a blissful sensation.

Yuuri was shaking like an autumn leaf, his body slowly cooling down for just a while. He sobbed lightly with both pleasure and relief, curling into Viktor limply while still pinned against the cold tiles. Viktor panted into the crook of Yuuri's neck, the throngs of his orgasm lasting a lot longer than usual.

When they had both calmed Viktor slowly lowered them both to the floor. Planting tiny kisses on Yuuri's neck and shoulders, keeping him seated on his lap until his knot swelled down. A faint purring sound hummed in the back of Yuuri's throat. It was something Omegas did during their heats from time to time but it was the first time Yuuri had done it. Viktor couldn't stop himself from finding it impossibly adorable. Yuuri blushed a little, obviously embarrassed but it only made the soft noise even more noticeable.

“I think that is the cutest sound you've ever made Yuuri” Viktor laughed, stroking a finger along Yuuri's jaw. The touch of pink on Yuuri's cheeks turned a deeper shade. “It's embarrassing...heats do weird things to me. I'm sorry” Yuuri looked away. Yuuri worried silently to himself that Viktor would be disgusted at him. Yuuri had very little control over himself while in a heat and when the Omega side of him took over. His heat would last for at least another couple of days.

Yuuri wondered if Viktor would still look at him the same way afterward. Viktor had helped him through other heats but they had for the most part been subdued and not nearly as intense as the one he was currently in. The biting worry in the back of his mind that Viktor would see him as just another lustful Omega gave Yuuri a chill up his spine. Viktor hooked a finger under his chin and pulled him close for a soft kiss. “Your heat's do strange things to me too.” Viktor paused for just a moment. “I love it.” he smiled so broadly Yuuri's heart melted. It would be another hour or so before another wave of his heat would come. By the end of the four day long heat, both of the pair had lost count of how many times they had made love.
Yuuri was the first to wake up. Shooting pains ached all his muscles and joints more than any training he had ever done. He winced as he stretched out, the last few days activities has taken a lot out of him physically and Yuuri sincerely wished he could take another week off to recover. Viktor was still passed out on the bed, his hair a wild tangle of silver, his neck and shoulders bruised and red from a flurry of love bites and the scrape of Yuuri’s nails. Yuuri cringed a little at the sight. He hadn't realised how rough they had both been during the Heat. He dreaded looking into the mirror himself if how he felt was anything to go by.

Yuuri managed to sit up with a wobble, his lower half throbbed in pain. He was weaker than a newborn kitten but he couldn't ignore the hunger and thirst any longer as his stomach was starting to protest. He stood shakily and made his way to limp into the kitchen. At some point Mila had dropped in with bottles of water and some food for them whenever they were coherent enough to eat. Yuuri would have to severely thank her the next time he saw her for thinking ahead.

Even though Omegas were built to go without food and rest during a heat, The consequences of doing so hit Yuuri in full force when he woke up the next day. There was several bags of pre-packed food and bottles of water, on the top was a pack of vitamins with a note stuck to the packet in pretty handwriting.

“Don't forget to take care of yourselves, I'll keep makkachin until Friday, She's being a very good girl. Yakov is mad as hell at you so prepare for some angry phone calls.

Have fun.
Mila X
P.s You guys are loud as fuck.’’

Yuuri immediately downed a bottle and a half of water, He hadn't realised just how thirsty and dehydrated he had been, his head pounded worse than any hangover he had ever had. Yuuri popped out some of the multivitamins and finished the second bottle with a groan. He caught a glimpse of himself in the shine of the toaster out of the corner of his eye. His neck was a deep rouge purple nearly everywhere bare the line of his scent gland, Clear indents of viktor's teeth were still visible in the center of some of the bruising.

Yuuri sighed a little in relief that even after the wildness of heat Yuuri had ever had, they had not fully pair bonded. It was a temptation they could easily have given into during the throngs of passion but Yuuri was very glad they had at least had that much restraint. Yuuri decided it was best for him to have a shower before eating anything, he had became very aware of how sticky and gross he felt and the thoughts of putting off a shower for any long was unbearable. The inside of his thighs stuck
together awkwardly from remnants of sex and while he loved the smell of Viktor on him, being that sticky was just uncomfortable.

Yuuri stepped into the shower and put the shower nozzle on full blast and on the highest temperature settings. The water pounded his back and chest blissfully. Almost like a deep heat massage into his aching muscles and tender skin. Yuuri let out a long breath of relief. For a while he just stood there, letting the water flow over him. Aside from the mild pain, this was the most content and peaceful Yuuri had ever felt.

After he washed himself thoroughly and dried off, Yuuri plodded lightly back to their bedroom to see if Victor had woken up yet. The Russian was still fast asleep, letting out soft snores and a drip of droll rolled from his mouth. Yuuri lay down beside him and nuzzled his face into the crook of Viktors neck, marking himself against the Alphas scent gland. It was a rich warm scent like well aged spice that Yuuri wished he could bottle. Viktor stirred at the touch with a contented humm, a smile breaking across his sleepy face. God He was breathtaking in the mornings.

“Good morning beautiful” Viktor said softly, planting a gentle kiss on Yuuri's cheek. “Good morning to you too” Yuuri smiled and snuggled deeper into him. “How are you feeling?” Viktor groaned a little as he stretched out, his back cracking loudly “I feel like death. But it's a sweet death” he was always one for dramatics. “I need to take a shower but I don't want to wash you off me” Viktor leaned in and said with a cheeky grin that made yuuri blush deeply. “Viktor!!” Yuuri gave him a playful nudge “What? You smell amazing. I want the whole world to know that you're my mate...” Viktor trailed off. Yuuri could almost see the cogs working in Viktors head.

Victor wished more than anything that Yuuri would pair bond with him. Yuuri had to admit he thought about it a lot but he felt a wall of insecurity kept him from it. He didn't want Viktor to regret it years down the line. It was a permanent commitment and Yuuri's mind raced with anxiety at the thought of it. Viktor had mercifully not brought the subject up in a while, but Yuuri could see it in his eyes as if his thoughts were screaming it. “Vitya...you know how I feel...I'm just...not ready” Yuuri said dropping his gaze. It was hard to see the disappointment on Viktors face time and time again. Viktor was quiet as he brushed his face against Yuuri's neck, marking him with his scent.

It was a comforting sensation but it didn't help relieve the guilt in the pit of Yuuri's stomach. “I know.” there was a lot of unsaid feelings behind Viktor’s voice. It tore a hole in Yuuri's heart to hear it. “I hope you will be someday.” Viktor stroked the back of his hand along Yuuri's cheek. Yuuri leaned into the tender touch, kissing his hand gently. “I will. Soon”

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Mila dropped by with makkachin later on that day. The poodle wagged her tail so wildly, her whole body moved with excitement. Viktor ruffled her fur “Did you miss us?” he crooned over the old dog. The sloppy licks over Viktors face confirmed she had.

Mila handed the lead over to yuri. A slight blush crossed her cheeks as She avoided his eyes. Had they really been that loud? The thought made Yuuri cringe internally.

“Thank you so much for looking after him Mila, and for dropping over some things. We really appreciate it.” Yuuri smiled trying to break her obvious discomfort. “Don't mention it.” Mila waved her hand in protest. They both silently decided not to mention what she had heard and seen during the past week. Viktor and Yuuri weren't due back to training until Monday so they had at least two days for the awkwardness to wear off.

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Yuuri expected he was in for an earful from both Yakov and Yurio on Monday. It was not
something he was looking forward to and as it turned out, Yuuri’s suspicions had been correct.

Yurio was almost vibrating when he saw Viktor and Yuuri walk into the rink that morning. The 17 year old was fuming, throwing the pair an icy glare. “Well aren't you cheery today Yura” Viktor smiled knowing full well it would only make Yurio more agitated. He didn't like to admit it but Viktor loved winding up Yurio, a feat that was almost too easy sometimes.

“Don't you dare smile at me you old asshole” Yurio growled, throwing a shoe at Viktor who managed to dodge it just the nick of time before it slammed into the lockers behind him. Yuuri shrunk to the side, not wanting to be on the receiving end of the incoming rant. Yurio launched into a torrent of abuse at Viktor. Yuuri was almost glad he didn't speak much Russian and he could only imagine the words being thrown around were of a very colorful nature.

Viktor stood silently, blank with a faint smile on his face. It was the face Viktor pulled when he was restraining himself from showing his true feelings, usually reserved for when he was very very pissed. Viktor cut Yurio down with a single sentence. Yuuri wondered what Viktor had said because Yurio left looking like he had been slapped. The Teen stepped back with a scowl on his face.

“What's the damage?” Yuuri tried to say nonchalantly As yurio stomped away without another word, but the shake of worry in his voice was hard to hide. Viktor sighed a little. “Our dear little Yura is under the impression that Otabek has a thing for you. Your pheromones sent him into a rut apparently.”

“Oh..” Yuuri blushed very deeply. A pang of guilt rose in his chest. Otabek was only 20, it wasn't hard to cause a rut in an alpha that young. But Yuuri still felt bad for causing him that much discomfort, especially knowing the obvious feelings Yurio had towards the kazak. Yurio hadn't presented yet so it was an obvious sore spot for him. If Yurio was an alpha, it would be difficult for the pair if they mated, if he presented as an omega, Yurios pride would be heavily wounded and he would be forever left with the stigma that Omegas held. It was a lose lose situation in Yurios eyes. No wonder he was so pissed.

“Don't worry yourself over Yura. He’ll calm down...Eventually.” Viktor sighed.

“What did you say to him?” Yuuri let his curiosity get the best of him. “Oh?... I may have been a bit harsh” Viktor looked a little sheepish, Scratching the back of his neck “I’ll have to apologize to him later. I basically said he wouldn't be so angry if he just paid for a A.O.B test already so he could either get with Otabek or get over him. It was unkind of me but he was really pushing my patience.”

Yurio didn't have a lot of money, his grandas health had gotten worse recently and with his parents not around, the majority of his money had gone to the medical bills and just surviving day to day. Yakov had even wavered a large portion of his coaching fees until his situation had improved. AOB tests for second gender were pretty pricey due to the fact that before presenting, the second gender anatomy is almost non existent and impossible to tell without an extensive test. It had been a harsh thing to say given Yurios situation.

“Viktor!” Yuuri looked at him with shock. “You know why he can't afford one. That was a really uncalled for”

“I know. I will apologize to him later. I had offered to pay for him to get one done a while ago but he refused.” Viktor regretted saying it but as much as he was fond of the younger russian, he was sometimes very tiring to deal with, especially when he was being irrational. Viktor secretly hoped Yurio would present as an Omega, hopeful that it would go some ways to calm down the angry teen. “You should!” Yuuri gave Viktor a disapproving look.
Yuuri was thankful the rest of the day went by uneventfully. Yurio chose to keep a wide distance from either of them for the duration of their training session. Offering nothing more than a huff when they were forced to interact. Otabek trailed around behind Yurio like a puppy, clearly sensing that something was off. He never took his eyes off the blonde for even a moment. Yuuri laughed at how obviously smitten the pair were with each other but felt sorry for them all the same.

If it turned out that Yuri presented as an Alpha it would make their relationship a difficult one. While it's not unheard of for two male Alphas to mate, the anatomy of things made for painful ruts. Omega bodies were built to adapt and take an Alpha's knot while in the state of heat but an Alphas body couldn't, causing it to be painful and in some cases impossible.

Yuuri held a small hope for Yurio that since he was turning 18 and still had not presented either way that he might be lucky enough to be a Beta, But only an A.O.B test could tell at this point.

Most kids have it done quite young if their parents could afford it. The average age for presenting is 13-15 for Omega males. 11-15 for Omega females. 15-17 for Alpha males, 16-18 for Alpha Females. Betas never presented either way. Yuuri had presented at 15 and he could still remember the awful pain of his first heat. Yuuri shivered at the memory of it. If Yurio was to Present now at his age, it would be sure to be one hell of a hard time. But at least Yurio would have otabek there to help him through it, If his pride allowed him.

Yuuri had nothing but posters of Viktor to soothe him when he first presented, something he would rather die than admit to to Viktor. Yuuri would have loved to go back to his teenage self and tell him how he would one day become Viktors mate and how he would get to skate with Viktor everyday. Teenage Yuuri would probably never have believed it even if he could somehow go back to tell him. Even now, some days Yuuri still had a hard time believing it was real.

Viktor was not perfect by and stretch of the word. He had his fair share of infuriating moments but Yuuri was still thankful for whatever luck or god allowed him to finally be with Viktor. For every less than perfect moment with Viktor, there were a 100 more that were every meaning of the word.

As Yuuri skated out the outline of his new routine, he couldn't help but wish the same luck for Yurio. Underneath the fiery and obnoxious exterior, Yurio was just a kid who has had to go through a lot of hard times. He puts up such a tough outer shell to guard himself from people out of habit. Everyone except Otabek that is. Over his time in Russia, Yuuri was starting to see past it but unfortunately it never made dealing with one of his tantrums any easier.

“What’s wrong with Kitten today?” Mila skated past, gesturing her head in Yurio's direction.
“Yurio’s being Yurio and Viktor was being Viktor.” Yuuri sighed, wiping the sweat from his face with a towel by the barrier.
“That’s never a good combination.” Mila kissed her teeth. She slid to a halt by the barrier and grabbed one of the water bottles lined up on the edge and took several large gulps
“I love Viktor but sometimes it’s like he has the subtlety of a brick” Yuuri shook his head causing Mila to immediately burst out laughing, spraying water all over herself with a splutter
“Oh my! it must have been bad if even you are calling him out for it. What did he DO?” she coughed and giggled at the same time.
“Yurio was pissed at me for going into heat because it set Otabek off. I missed the most of the conversation but it ended when Viktor told Yurio that he wouldn’t be so pissed off if he just got an A.O.B and got with Otabek already.”
“Ooooooooonoooh. Yup. The man has the subtlety of a brick alright.” Mila said with a dramatic winch. “I mean, it’s TRUE..but...he shouldn't really say it.”
Yuuri nodded in agreement and let out a sigh. “Anyway. Thank you again for helping us out last week. I’m really sorry for causing you so much hassle”
Mila looked a little bit embarrassed as he spoke but shrugged it off, a cheeky smile crossed her face “Just be more careful in future. I don’t want to have to see your dick again in the near future” Mila pushed off from the barrier and skated away, leaving Yuuri in a flame of embarrassment. The red head’s giggles rang out in the echo of the rink.

Yuuri had almost forgotten in the haze of his heat that Mila had seen him completely naked. A deep crimson blush flushed over him as he wished that a giant hole would open beneath his feet to swallow him up so he would never have to show his face in public again.
Valentine's Day was only three days away.

Yuuri had been wracking his brain over and over, trying to think of a good gift for Viktor. He had chosen to finish up his training session a bit early to head into town, determined to try find that perfect something that would really surprise Viktor.

Snow was fluttering down gently as Yuuri wandered from shop to shop, taking his time. Yuuri had seen his fair share of snow from his hometown and during his time in Detroit but there was something especially beautiful about the snow that fell in St. Petersburg. It was freezing cold but it somehow felt softer, more airy. It seemed purer than any other snow Yuuri had ever seen.

The icy air burned Yuuri's lungs as he breathed deeply, the chill woke him up slightly from his sleepy mood. Yuuri had been feeling exhausted the past few days and had unfortunately not been sleeping well. His body just wasn't built for this type of cold, Yuuri mused as he shook out his hands to try warm them up. Even with thick gloves on he feared he would get frostbite with how cold they felt.

The streets of the city were pretty empty at this hour of the evening. Not many people had braved the weather it and it was starting to get dark. The faint orange glow of the street lamps started to turn on. Yuuri had ducked into shop after shop trying to find anything that caught his eye but so far his search had been fruitless. He didn't know what exactly he was looking for, he only knew that he would know it when he saw it.

He was getting tired and was being to feel hopeless, almost starting to contemplate heading back home empty handed but as he turned a corner he spotted a little shop with wooden trinkets in the window. It was tucked away between two larger flashier stores. He could have walked passed it easily had he not had to side-step to avoid the slush of a passing car.

Yuuri peeped into the dimly lit window. There was an array of little wooden toys, boxes and frames. All beautifully handmade with painstaking detail in various types of natural wood. It was the kind of shop Viktor would definitely like. He wandered in, the door bell made a tiny chime as he entered. Inside the shop was small and cramped, small wooden stools and other furniture were dotted around the bookcases of assorted items. It had a wonderful charm to it and smelled pleasantly like antiques and beeswax.

Yuuri took his time looking through the piles. He could feel that there was something there for Viktor. He just knew it, and as if by magic there it was. A small music box, made from aged carved walnut with small minimalist designs around the edges. It was elegant and very Viktor. Yuuri turned the small gold handle on the side. The tiny ting of music started to sound. It was the delicate tune Yuuri had heard many times before. Stammi Vicino.

Yuuri could barely believe it. It was perfect. Yuuri took it up to the desk without even looking at the price tag. The cashier gave Yuri a pleasant smile and gift wrapped it for him in oddly gaudy paper for a store where everything else felt so old fashioned. It made Yuuri laugh a little how out of place it
was compared to the rest of the store.

“At least Viktor will never be able to guess what it is with this paper” Yuuri mused over the hot pink and orange polka dot paper. There was something charmingly hideous about it. He glanced at his watch, it was getting late. He still had to pick up some things in the pharmacy on his way back and it was near closing time so He quickly thanked the clerk with a polite smile and hurried down the road to the pharmacy, just in time.

He needed to pick up some ankle wraps and restock on the multi vitamins Viktor insisted they both take every morning. Yuuri hated the taste of them but had to admit he had felt an improvement in his well-being since he started taking them. He was having difficulty locating the vitamins in the unfamiliar store. They were usually right beside the cough medicine in their local one.

Yuuri glanced across the shelves. “ah!” found them just beside the packets heat suppressants and bottles of scent blockers. Yuuri turned to go to the counter when a thought struck him.

He should be due his preheat by now but he hadn’t felt it. Yuuri had fairly regular heat cycles, and while it sometimes came early, it was never late. A little curl of anxiety rose in his chest. He tried to shake the thought forming in his head. Impossible.. him and Viktor were always so careful...except...Yuuri closed his eyes and rubbed the bridge of his nose from under his glasses. They had not been careful during his last heat. Since he didn’t have time to take his heat suppressants it was definitely a possibility.

He was probably just overreacting as pregnancy was less likely in male omegas but it was still...the thought made Yuuri’s mind whirl. He felt completely normal aside from being a little tired, He was being ridiculous but He decided to pick up a test just to set his mind at ease.

Yuuri got home just before Viktor. After giving makkachin a quick ruffle of her fur, Yuuri headed straight for the bathroom.

His mind had been bolting around on the walk home to the point he felt sick with nerves. His hands shook a little as he unpacked the test. Never in a million years would Yuuri have thought he would ever even have to take one of these tests, Let alone with the possibility he could be pregnant with Viktor’s baby.

Unfortunately all of the instructions were in Russian but he managed to make out that at least this one was the most accurate one available and it would take roughly 3 minutes.Taking it was an awkward affair that would have been funny in any other situation but at that moment it just made Yuuri’s hands shake harder. Setting a timer on his phone, Yuuri sat at the edge of the bathtub.

Tapping his foot trying to ease the worry but no matter what he did, the wait was agonizing. Viktor had mentioned wanting kids at some point, he didn't really have a lot of contact with his own family so he had dreamed of one day starting one himself. However Yuuri had never really given the subject much thought. It was more of an abstract concept in the distant future instead of a real possibility in the here and now.

His hands trembled as he wrung his fingers together in anticipation. Twirling the golden ring on his finger. Would Viktor be happy if he was? How would his parents react? What would happen to his career? Would he make a good parent? Were they ready to have a baby? Was it too soon in their relationship? So many thoughts cluttered his head.

The phone timer beeped.
Yuuri’s stomach did a leap at the noise. There was no avoiding it now. With an unsteady hand Yuuri reached out to the counter looked at the test. Two faint blue lines stared at him, clear as day.

Yuuri couldn't stop the tears from pouring down his face. He was overwhelmed with a mix of emotions that crashed over him, but to his surprise, The tears falling from his eyes were happy ones.

Yuuri felt his heart ache in his chest from it. He was pregnant. He was going to have Viktors child. He was dizzy just thinking about it but although He was anxious and scared beyond belief but he couldn't contain his happiness at the idea he was carrying a baby inside him. His hand drifted over his perfectly flat stomach. He had to tell Viktor! Yuuri dialed in Viktors number in his phone but as his finger hovered over the button, he chose not to press call.

What better way to surprise Viktor, than to tell him on Valentine’s.

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It was a difficult task for Yuuri not to tell Viktor the minute he came home. He could feel the urge to blurt it out bubble in his stomach as if he could explode from the sheer excitement of it, but Yuuri managed to keep tight lipped and even managing to get a doctors appointment for the next day without Viktor suspecting a thing.

After the doctor confirmed that he was indeed pregnant, Yuuri found it nearly impossible to sit still and the night before Valentines had been the hardest by far. Viktor had looked at him a little suspiciously when he refused a glass of wine after dinner as they sat curled up on the couch.

“Yuuri, if you are still feeling unwell we should make an appointment with the doctor” Viktor said with a deep concern in his voice, kissing the top of his mates head as the curled into each other.

Yuuri had lied and said he wasn't feeling well to avoid training for the last two days.

Yuuri couldn't go on the ice while pregnant so he had to make up a believable excuse as to why he couldn't train until Valentine's. Yuuri nodded in fake agreement “Yeah I think I might. I have been feeling really off lately but I'm okay for now. Just don't really feel like wine tonight” Yuuri was a terrible liar. Viktor knew something was up but chose not to push it further, instead he just hummed in disapproval “If you are sure. So what would you like to do tomorrow? It’s Valentine's after all” Viktor changed the subject for the sake of how obviously awkward Yuuri was being.

Yuuri had never been good at keeping secrets, it felt like the news was burning a hole in his chest, dying to be said. Yuuri shrugged nonchalantly. “I don't really know. I never know what to do for these kind of things so I will leave it up to you. However I would like to make dinner for you tomorrow night for a change if that's okay with you. You always do the cooking and I want to return the favor” Viktor beamed at the suggestion.

Viktor loved his cooking. “That sounds like a great plan. I have been craving katsudon after all” Viktor gave Yuuri a cheeky wink. Yuuri blushed a little, catching the double meaning instantly.

“Well, you don't have to wait until tomorrow... if you would like..” Yuuri hummed, pulling lighting on his mates collar.

“Are you feeling up for it?” Viktor asked a little surprised at the forwardness but Yuuri just nodded gave him a kiss in response.

Yuuri kissed Viktor deeply as he shifted to swing his legs over Viktors lap, His legs straddling him on either side. Viktors hands roamed up the back of yuuri’s shirt, running over the smooth lines of yuuri’s back , making his spine tingle. With a slow, gentle motion, Viktor lifted his shirt off over his head.
Viktor looked up at Yuuri softly. His hand brushing lightly across his cheek
“I love you Yuuri... You know that right?” Viktor said sweetly.
“Of course. I love you too” Yuuri smiled back but a tinge of anxiety crept in with the tone of Viktor’s voice. Did he know? Thankfully Yuuri didn’t have much time to dwell on it.

Viktor ran his hands through Yuuri hair pulling him down closer to him.
“Take off your pants.” Viktor whispered in a low growl. Cupping hold of Yuuri’s ass through his jeans.

Yuuri hopped up and obliged, pulling off his jeans with only a slight amount of awkwardness.
“All of it.” Viktor gave Yuuri a look like he would devour him, biting his lip. Yuuri winked and pulled off his boxers like he was giving a strip tease. Viktor took his hand and pulled the now naked Omega on top of him.
He ran his hands over the length of Yuuri body, mapping out every inch of him, giving Yuuri goosebumps
Viktor slipped a hand behind Yuuri and spread out his cheeks, finding his entrance with little effort. He swirled a tentative finger around the hole that was already getting wet from excitement. Yuuri breath hitched at the touch, he shifted his ass into the touch. Begging Viktor to enter him.
“God You are beautiful” Viktor purred. Teasing Yuuri in painful slow circles. He looked over his mate like he was a work of art before he slipped the first finger in to the knuckle. Yuuri let out a soft breath, preening at the praise and the feel of Viktor inch into him.
Viktor dove his finger further, curling it upwards to tease the sensitive walls. He slid his free hand underneath the waistband of his pants and began to stroke himself as he watched Yuuri react to each twitch if his finger inside him.
Viktor added another, slowly scissoring them back and forth. Yuuri was beginning to gasp, his heart pounded in his chest as all his focus was on the feel of his Alpha tease him open. Slick dripped out of him shamelessly. It felt too good. Viktor flicked his wrist and made direct contact with the omegas prostate
“What do you want my love?” Viktor asked, nipping at Yuuri neck as he buckled over him with a gasp. “oh god…” Yuuri’s moans only made Viktor curl his fingers up harder
“That’s not my name now is it?” the Alpha laughed breathlessly.

Yuuri hissed at the building pressure inside him as Viktor pushed him ever closer to orgasm.
“...Viktor…” he cried out, gripping his hand onto Viktor’s shoulders, trying desperately not to cum
“Please...fuck me”

“With pleasure” Viktor smirked taking out his fingers. He quickly undid the buckle of his pants and let his throbbing erection bounce free between Yuuri’s thighs.

With only a slight adjustment, Yuuri took Viktor in his hand and lined himself up. Viktor held onto the sides of his waist as he lowered himself slowly down. He gasped at the stretch, as he seated himself onto Viktor slowly until he bottomed out. The couch was going to be ruined by the amount of slick dripping between his legs.

Yuuri barely waited a few moments for himself to adjust before he began to roll his hips down onto Viktor, the feel of the alpha inside him made him see white stars of pleasure with each bounce of his hips. Even for an Alpha Viktor was well endowed and Yuuri loved every inch.

Viktor’s hands roamed around his body, stopping on his nipples to give them a tweek. Yuuri bit back a moan at the sensation. The trail of his hands set a fire in their wake across his skin.
There was nothing rushed in their movements as Yuuri rode in a deep slow rhythm, feeling the slide of Viktor inside him.

The alpha gabbed hard on his thighs, encouraging him to go faster. Viktor thrust upwards to meet Yuuri with each roll until he was crying out his lover's name over and over and trembling from the pleasure of it. “Viktor...im so close..” he gasped. His hands gripped into Viktor's hair as he clung on for dear life. “I am too. Come with me my love” Viktor said, his face flushed and eyebrows pinched.

It was only a few seconds before the tidal wave of orgasm crashed over Yuuri. He rocked his hips with each pulse, ruining Viktor's shirt as he spilled between them in a sticky mess. He could feel Viktor follow suit moments later, the throb of his cock inside him releasing in short rapid pumps. Viktor swore in a string of Russian, throwing his head back against the back of the couch. Yuuri crumpled against him, Panting and gasping for air, Still high from his blinding orgasm.

Viktor rubbed his scent onto Yuuri as he came down, licking at the leaking pheromones from the gland on his neck. “You smell different Yuuri.” Viktor said as he took in a deep breath of his mate's warm aroma. Yuuri immediately blushed and sat back, still anchored on Viktor’s lap. “No i don’t?, It’s probably just the excitement for tomorrow” Yuuri tried to bat away Viktors comment. “Come on. We should shower!”

It was getting even harder to keep the secret.

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Viktor had decided after much deliberation that the perfect thing to do for Valentine's in St Petersburg was to take a walk along The Potseluev Bridge. There were a few young couples were also walking along the canals, hand in hand soaking up the love in the air for the day that was in it.

It was a beautiful sight to see the many streets covered in snow and ice. The snow was flurrying gently around with only the smallest hint of a breeze. Viktor was talking joyfully of his time as a child learning to ice skate on some of frozen canals as they strolled lazily through the streets, pointing out various spots where he used frequent.

The pair reached their destination after a while. The bridge was famous for being called the “Kissing bridge” where young lovers would add a lock to the bridge for good luck and true love. Yuuri was really touched by the idea of it and it seemed there were several other couples who had the same idea as they were dotted around the bridge.

Viktor stopped half way across and gave Yuuri a warm smile. They looked over the frozen water below, watching the fresh flurry of snow be whipped up by the wind. Without saying a word Viktor pulled a little bag from inside his coat pocket and handed it to Yuuri. “You didn't have to get me anything Viktor. Thank you!” Yuuri gave him a kiss, both their lips freezing cold but warm enough for each other. “Well..Open it” Viktor urged, a sparkle in his eyes as he watched Yuuri unfold the package to reveal the gift inside.

Inside the little bag was a beautiful golden lock, with their names engraved on it and a date. It was so intricate, Yuuri had to take in a little gasp “Viktor it's beautiful! Is that the date I think it is?” Viktor nodded “The date I arrived at Yu-topia and really met you for the first time. Well sober you” Viktor winked warranting a light judge from Yuuri. “Thank you. This is perfect” Yuuri was trying to blush.

The pair clipped the beautiful lock onto the bridge to join the hundreds of other lovers locks. It stood
out like a brilliant star against all the other locks. Just like they did.
Viktor had said it was tradition to throw the key into the river for good luck. It was a wonderfully romantic gesture that made Yuuri’s heart feel fit to burst. His stomach fluttered with nerves.

Now was a good a time as any to tell Victor.

“I know you told me not to but I got you something as well” Yuuri said shyly. He could barely bring himself to make eye contact. Viktor crystal blue eyes were enough to break his nerve. He took a deep breath and handed Viktor the little music box. Viktor’s face lit up as he unwrapped the hideous paper. He turned the handle just enough to play the first few notes of their song

“oh Yuuri. This is so wonderful my love” Viktor gave Yuuri a deep kiss But Yuuri pulled back as much as he hated to do so. He need to tell Viktor. His face burned a little from both the cold and the heavy flush on his cheeks. “I um….I have something else for you too” Yuuri was adorably awkward. Viktor raised a suspicious eyebrow. Yuuri quickly handed him another little box, his heart about to beat straight out of his chest. “Oh Yuuri you really didn't have to” Viktor said with a bashful smile.

“Open it” Yuuri could barely speak. He closed his eyes as he heard the click of the box

“Is this…” Viktor voice was soft, almost a whisper. “Is this real?”

Yuuri opened his eyes to see the Russian in front of his, jaw open and tears brimming his eyes. Yuuri nodded. Inside the box was his positive pregnancy test. It was the only way Yuuri felt he could tell Viktor without exploding. “Yuuri. My Yuuri” Viktor flung his arms around him, picking him up and Swinging him in a circle. It was a strange thing to see Viktor cry. Yuuri always thought he was a beautiful crier.

“This is the best thing that has ever happened. My god yuuri, You're really pregnant? We're going to have a baby?” Viktor clasped both hands around Yuuri’s face. Staring at him with tears in his eyes. “Yes. Are you happy?” Yuuri asked, feeling himself choking up. “Of course! This is just ..wow” Viktor gave Yuuri a flutter of kisses and embraced him tightly, gushing with questions and affections.

“When did you find out?”
“about three days ago”
“oh my god. That's why you didn't want to train. And the wine. Wow I am oblivious” Viktor wiped away a tear from his eye. Yuuri had never seen him this happy.
“How far along?”
“I'm not sure but it's been about 5 weeks since my last heat so I'm guessing around that.”
“Have you told anyone else? Who should we tell first?”
“No, You’re the first person i’ve told and I'd really like to call my parents” Yuuri said shyly.
“Of course!! I still can't believe it. You're pregnant.” Viktor was shaking his head with a wide smile on his face. He seemed in utter shock. About the same shock Yuri had been in for three days. It hadn't really sunk in until he had told Viktor. Now it was really happening. It was real.

Viktor practically had a giddy skip in his step as they walked home.
Yuuri called his parents on Skype later on that day while Viktor wasted no time in calling Chris to tell him the news.

They had decided to keep it to themselves bare one or two people for a few weeks as it was still very early days. Yuuri’s parents were overjoyed at the thought of a grandchild which was a relief for Yuuri. He had been worried they would be disappointed in him as the whole thing had been unplanned but instead they gushed with joy. Even the usually stoic Mari was beaming at the news.

Phichit was equally as excited, he nearly fainted when Yuuri told him over skype after he had finished talking to his parents. They both made a promise for him to come visit them when the baby is born, although Yuuri couldn’t promise that the baby would be called Phichit if it was a boy, despite his friends best efforts.

Yuuri had left Viktor the scary task to tell Yakov the news the next day at training, but to his surprise Yakov was a lot less angry than Yuuri had imagined he would be. He just looked at the pair of them like they were silly teenagers who got caught doing something they shouldn't have but it wasn't a look of anger. Not real anger anyway.

“You will be the death of me Vitya” Yakov said gruffly, folding his arms. “You better not retire over this. This goes for the pair of you. I didn't waste good time training you both for you to throw it away. As soon as its born I expect you back on the ice” Yakov said sternly to Yuuri making a chill creep down his spine. His face was stony but warmed just a little. A smile slipping past his grumpy exterior. “Congratulations.”

The relief leaked from Yuuri. Everything was going a lot better than expected.

Yuuri was confined to sit at the barrier to watch Viktor train for the remained of the day. Viktor was always graceful and fluid on the ice but today it really looked as if he was floating on breathes of air. He was weightless as he moved from spin to jump. It never failed to make Yuuri's heart flutter watching Viktor skate.

He had been putting together a new routine for the next season early and was still trying to figure out the finer details of what he would do but Yuuri could see as he skated that he had been inspired. It made Yuuri smile but he was snapped out of the moment by a loud slam of a duffle bag beside him.

“Shouldn't you be skating pig” Yurio had arrived into the rink later than usual. They had yet to tell the teenager the news and Yuuri really didn’t want to be the one to do so by himself. “em. No. I'll be taking a break from skating for a while. More importantly why are you late? Yakov won't be happy with you” Yuuri quickly tried to change the subject.

Yuri's face darkened at the question. When he scowled so seriously, he looked a decade older than he really was. He was quiet for a few moments before he finally answered. “Granpas not doing well. The doctors said he might not survive the rest of the month.” Yurio tried to shrug and put up a brave face but Yuuri could see right through him. His hands trembled a little as he took off his shoes and started lacing up his skates.
“I’m so sorry Yuri” Yuuri said kindly but the words didn’t seem to give any comfort. “I don’t need your pity.” Yurio snapped. He swept his pale hair from his eyes. Yuuri could see there was a lot of pain behind them. He guessed it was a subject best not touched until Yurio was ready to talk about it in his own time.

He was fiery and moody but he was still only a kid. Yuuri wanted to reassure him and tell him everything would be okay but he decided against it. “Anyway. Why aren’t you skating. You hurt?” Yurio swung back to the previous subject casually. Yuuri’s stomach dropped at the question. “Well...no...I.” Yuuri stumbled over his words. He had no idea how Yurio would take the news and It was the worst possible timing. Yurio shot him a look with a “tsk” finishing his laces.

“Yura!!” Yakov called out from the other side of the rink, beconing him over. Yuuri could have fainted with relief, narrowly escaping the awkward conversation.

- By the time Viktor and Yuuri got home that night, Yuuri was thoroughly exhausted. He was starting to notice how tired he had been the past while, now realising it was the signs of pregnancy.

He was grateful he hadn't been hit with morning sickness yet but he knew it would be on its way eventually. Yuuri flopped down onto their bed the moment they came in the door with Viktor soon followed him, taking off his jacket and shoes to climb up beside him with a loud sigh.

He gave Yuuri a light kiss and hooked his arm around him. “Well Yakov took the baby news a lot better than I expected” Viktor said, relieved they avoided any major stress. “I’m glad. I didn’t have the heart to tell Yura yet. His grandpa isn’t going to last long and he seemed pretty upset. Not that he would ever admit it” Yuuri really felt bad for the teenager.

“I’ll tell him at some stage during the week if he’s in a good mood.” Viktor ran his hand over Yuuri’s stomach, absentmindedly. “Do you think our baby will be as moody as Yurio?” Viktor said jokingly. “oh god I hope not.” Yuuri giggled. “It feels weird doesn't it, like It still hasn't sunk in. We’re having baby.” Viktor smiled broadly rubbing his thumb over where Yuuri’s baby bump would soon grow.

“I don’t even feel pregnant if I'm honest. Aside for being a bit tired I just feel normal.” Yuuri sighed and shrugged his shoulders. He had expected it to feel so much different but then again he was only about 6 weeks. The doctor had booked him in for a scan when he was 8 weeks. Two more weeks of waiting until the got to see the first glimpse of their little one.

- The next week morning sickness kicked in in full force. It had sprung up one morning right before their alarms were set to go off. Yuuri had felt a bit off the day before but hadn’t paid it much notice. That morning had made up for it.

Viktor winched at the sound of Yuuri’s dry heaving from the other side of the door “Is there anything I can do to help?” he asked with a grimace. His eyebrows creased in concern.

Silence.

“I think I'm okay. Could you get me some water?” Yuuri said weakly. Viktor handed him in a bottle of water from the kitchen which he sipped apprehensive like it was laced with poison.

Yuuri was slumped beside the toilet bowl, sweat pouring down his face. He looked awful but Viktor would never tell him that. He handed him a wet towel to wipe his face. Yuuri accepted it, endlessly grateful that the towel was cold as It felt amazing against his clammy face.

“I think it’s over for now. If not I’d like a small funeral please” Yuuri said flatly. Flopping the towel on his face. It made Viktor laugh how sarcastically funny Yuuri could be sometimes. “Do you think
you'll be up for coming to lunch today? Or do you want to say home?” Viktor asked tentatively. He rubbed his mate's back in sympathy.

They still hadn't told Yurio and Viktor had decided to take him out to lunch to break the news. Yuuri half nodded “I'll be fine. Or at least I hope I will” Viktor helped him up gingerly. He was pretty dizzy from the morning sickness making him wobbly slightly. His stomach churned as he stood but it settled after a moment. “I'm okay. I'm okay” Yuuri reassured him, color starting to reappear on his cheeks.

They met up with Yurio later that day. Mila and Otabek decided to come along to lunch as well, hitting three birds with one stone. There was something about telling people that made Yuuri feel a bit awkward as he never was fond of being the center of attention, and it was pretty impossible to escape the attention when he was the one who was pregnant.

They went to a small cafe not too far from the rink that was one of Viktors favorites. He loved it for the different types of coffee they made and it had become a regular hang out for the skaters during their lunch breaks. The whole cafe smelled amazing, the mix of each variation of coffee bean had seeped into the very woodwork of the cafe, it was heavenly or at least Yuuri had always thought it was until he got pregnant.

The smell was overpowering him as he sat down with the others. He could feel himself get nauseous very quickly. Yuuri swallowed it down, praying it would pass quickly. The others chatted pleasantly as the young waitress took their orders. Yuuri opted for some cold water as the thought of food right now would definitely be the end of him. Water was the safest bet.

“You okay katsudon?” Yurio gave him a look as he flicked through the menu. Was it that obvious. “I'm fine just a bit off” Yuuri waved off the suspicion, barely keeping himself together. “Actually there's something we want to tell you.” Viktor started to say before the waitress dropped down the first round of orders, placing a strong black coffee in front of Viktor. The smell hit Yuuri full force and it was too much. Yuuri's hands flew up to his mouth as he jumped to run to the bathroom barely making it in time. He would have been desperately embarrassed if he didn't feel so awful.

“Is he okay? Should we take him to a doctor?” Otabek asked with concern. He wasn't much of a talker but when he did, He was matter of fact and straightforward. Viktor sighed, a small smile on his face “That's what we wanted to talk to you all about actually. Yuuri's pregnant”

Yurio dropped the cup he was holding with a clatter. Spilling coffee all over the table. Otabek yelped as the scalding hot liquid dripped onto his lap. “Holy shit! Seriously!?” Mila bounced with excitement, flapping her hands in front of her face while Yurio looked like like someone had just told him santa claus wasn't real. The look on his face warrant a giggle from Viktor. “We found out just before Valentine's. We're both really excited but unfortunately morning sickness has been hitting Yuuri pretty hard. He can barely keep anything down.”

“Congratulations. I'm happy for you two” Otabek said while trying his best to soak up the spilled coffee with a fist full of napkins. Viktor caught the hint of a smile on the Kazakhs face. Yurio still hadn't said anything, he just stared with his mouth open. Yuuri came back to the table a few minutes later looking a little better but still white as a sheet. Mila swung her arms around him in a hug congratulating him.

“You mother fucker…” Yurio finally shouted, Making Yuuri shrink into himself. “I fucking knew it.” Yurio stormed out without another word, the anger radiated off him in waves. “Yuri!” Viktor called after him but he had already gone. “I go talk to him.” Viktor ran out after him leaving Yuuri to
sit awkwardly with the others

Mila gushed over the news asking Yuuri question after question.
Otabek looked obviously concerned over Yurio but he wanted to be polite and sit with Yuuri and Mila as they ate lunch. After a flurry of questions, the subject came back around to yurio.

“I don't know why Kitten is so grumpy about it. He's been extra moody lately. He even gave back talk to Lilia! Liliia of all people! And that women is terrifying.” Mila shuddered, sipping her coffee. “I mean it's not like he wasn't guessing something was up. We all were but It's hard to know what goes on in that boys head sometimes. You think he would be happy for you guys”

“Yuras been dealing with a lot at the moment. He is happy for you. He just doesn't know how to process how he feels productively” Otabek spoke for the first time in a while, finishing off the last of his cheesecake.

“Well he certainly has a great way of showing it storming off in a huff!” Mila sounded far more offended than Yuuri was over the whole thing. Yuuri definitely felt awkward and sad over his reaction but he wasn't offended. Yuuri didn't think he had the energy to be offended even if he wanted to.

It was a good while before Viktor returned with a rather bashful looking yurio in toe, who looked like a bold dog with his tail between his legs. He sat down with a sulk. Folding his arms across himself and huffing.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” Mila chastised him immediately. “I have nothing to say to that pig” Yurio huffed harder. Yuuri saw the faint hint of a blush on his cheeks. “Yura…” Viktor gave him a stern look. Yurio backed down “I'm sorry. Okay?.”

“And?” Viktor pushed.

“And I'm happy for you, I guess.” Yurio nearly broke his jaw from gritting his teeth so hard. But it was clear he was softening to the idea “You better not retire pig. Same with you old man. It wouldn't be fun skating if I didn't get to wipe the floor with your tired asses”

Yuuri sighed in relief. Thank god that was over with. After another round of coffee that Yuuri thankfully survived, The group parted ways after a while, but not before Otabek pulled him and Viktor aside.

“I didn't want to say in front of Yura but I'm throwing him a surprise birthday party next week. I know he'd be happy if you came. If you are feeling up for it that is” Otabek handed Yuuri a little card with an address, date and time on it. “Of course. We'd love to” Yuuri smiled.

“He really is happy for you. When we were trying to figure out why you hadn’t been skating, he did mention how much he thinks you’d make great parents. Or at least he said you would” Otabek laughed a little “He’ll come around eventually. Anyway, Cya later” He gave Yuuri a quick nod and wave before he too parted ways.

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It was the day of Yuuri’s first scan. Yuuri felt a tinge of disappointment everyday when he got dressed that his stomach was still painfully flat. He wondered if he would ever start showing as he was now 8 weeks along and not even the barest hint of a curve. He didn't tell Viktor how often he would stand in front of the mirror just to check.

The only difference his body had was he had actually lost weight in the past couple of weeks due to severe morning sickness but after a quick trip to the doctor and some pregnancy safe medication, his sickness had gone down to a manageable level, Although Viktor still wasn't allowed bring coffee
within a mile of the house.

Their appointment was at half 1.

Viktor almost bounced along beside Yuuri as they met with their midwife, A Tiny Russian woman by the name of Olanna who spoke very good English. Yuuri was wringing his hands with nerves as they walked down the the sterile hallway. He knew he was being ridiculous worrying so much but yuuri couldn’t stop himself.

Olanna gestured Yuuri to get up on to a table once they had gotten to the little room at the end of the hall and told him to pull up his shirt. She made pleasant small talk as she squeezed ice cold gel over his lower stomach. Yuuri hissed at how unexpectedly cold it was.

“Let’s see baby shall we?” the midwife gave a very warm smile that made Yuuri calm immediately. She was an omega and obviously very good at emitting relaxing pheromones because it was like all Yuuri’s nervous had vanished. She clicked on the monitor and pressed the wand gently onto Yuuri’s stomach. It felt weird but not too uncomfortable.

“There we are! The little thing was hiding on us” Olanna declared after some searching around. A tiny blot appearing on the screen. It looked like a tiny jelly bean. Viktor began to tear up, holding onto Yuuri’s hand tightly. “Everything looks good, shall we hear the baby’s heartbeat?” she flipped switch on the monitor and within moments the sound brought Yuuri to tears.

It was a faint little flutter of a sound but it was unmistakably their tiny baby’s heartbeat. Yuuri wiped his eyes from under his glasses. There they were. Their little baby, growing healthy inside him. It was overwhelming and surreal but it was the warmest Yuuri had ever felt.

After taking some blood tests Olanna printed out a screenshot of Yuuri’s scan and put it in a little envelope for them to take home.

Viktor had declared it had to be put on the fridge immediately when they got back to their apartment. Yuuri drifted his hand over his stomach absentmindedly as he watched his mate triumphantly pin the grainy photo to the fridge with a click

“That’s you in there” he said quietly. He stopped and noticed for the first time, although he wasn’t showing yet, his stomach was slightly harder than it had been. He pressed in his fingers lightly. He definitely felt different, like there was a firm ball about the size of a tennis ball just under his belly button.

“Hi” a smile broke on his face widely. “Vitya come feel this!” he called his mate over. “it’s too early for a kick surely?” Viktor asked with an raised brow. “No no. Just give me your hand” Yuuri took his hand and pressed it gently onto his stomach. Letting him feel the difference for himself. “Wow. Is that the baby?” Viktor asked matching Yuuri’s bright smile.

“Yeah I think so” Yuuri beamed

“It won’t be long before we’ll get to really see them” he gave his mate a little kiss on his temple.

“Not soon enough” Yuuri didn’t let his hand drop from his stomach the whole rest of the day.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is going to be very Yuri-Otabek centered. Also, warning. It's going to be a feels trip.
Thank you for all the support! I am glad you all are enjoying the story!
Otabek throws Yuri a surprise party.

Yurio's 18th birthday party was later on that evening. Thankfully it was being held in Otabek's apartment which turned out to only be around the corner from Viktor and Yuuri's building. It had already been a pretty long day and while Yuuri was looking forward to seeing everyone, it was relief to know they didn't have to travel far to get there.

When they got to the apartment, Otabek greeted them and let them join the rest of the small number of guests. To Yuuri's surprise it was mainly just the other skaters from the rink which made Yuuri feel a little sad for Yurio that his only friends were other skaters. Yurio wasn't very good at making friends or being sociable in general and with the strenuous training regime he put himself under, it left very little time for fun or friendships. It made Yuuri wonder if he got lonely as the closest people he had to him was his grandfather and Otabek. He theorized Otabek must have the patience of a saint to have gotten so close to him.

Otabek looked like he was run off his feet trying to organize everything, filling up bowls of punch and putting out bowls of snacks and chips on the tables before the birthday boy arrived. During the day, Otabek had even gone as far as making Yuri's birthday cake himself. Decorating it with painted tiger stripes and buttercream. Surrounding it were dozens of brightly coloured cupcakes with little kittens made of icing on top. They looked and smelled amazing, making Yuuri's mouth water as they stood around the kitchen.

He hadn't eaten since that lunchtime and he was starving….

Mila and Georgi immediately came over to fawn over Yuuri once they spotted the pair from across the room, it made him feel endlessly embarrassed as he had just as put an entire cupcake in his mouth. Georgi was surprisingly enthusiastic about the baby. Lamenting how he would love to have a kid himself one day and how he hoped he would find a nice alpha girl that wouldn't break his heart. It lead into a cringy rant about his latest heartbreak that Yuuri was polite enough to nod and agree to.

It wasn't as if Yuuri disliked Georgi, far from it, but he rarely knew what to say in response to his tales of lost love. To Yuuri's great relief, Viktor managed to distract him enough for him to sneak away unnoticed.

It was about a half an hour before Yurio showed up. An explosion of streamers and party poppers greeted him as he came through the door. A mixture of emotions flashed his face before he smiled. With a flick of a switch on the sound system in the corner, the party began, filtering fun upbeat music around the room.

"Happy Birthday Yura" Viktor beamed as he handed the teen a small box, wrapped in silver paper. He gave him a hug much to the teens fake disgust "From me and Yuuri"

Inside was a very expensive looking phone. It was the latest model with a tiger print case already clipped onto the back. Yurio's eyes were wide as he took it out and flipped it over in his hands. "Holy shit old man, are you serious?" Yurio looked like he was about to cry.
“Well I know you needed a new one since you threw your old one at me last week.” Viktor laughed as he gave Yurio another side hug.”and don't worry about the Bill. Yuuri and I have that covered for the first while anyway. Our treat” He could have sworn he heard Yurio thank him under his breath before he ran over to show Otabek his new toy, taking a selfie almost immediately with him.

It really warmed Yuuri's heart to see Yurio so carefree. It was a nice side of him he wished he would show more often but more importantly, for the first time in weeks, Yurio actually looked happy.

The party lasted long into the night and Otabek had just put a rather drunk Yurio to bed. Since he was now 18, he had celebrated by doing shots of apple vodka with Viktor.
It was always a bad idea to challenge Viktor to a drinking contest at the best of times, but by the end of it, Yurio had gotten drunker than Yuuri had at Sochi.

It was universally decided it was time for him to go to bed once he challenged Viktor to a dance off. Declaring that the winner would get to coach the baby once they are old enough to start skating. Otabek had intervened just in time and shipped him off to bed to sleep off the bottle of vodka. Yuuri did not envy him for the hangover he would have in the morning.

Yuuri yawned heavily, struggling to keep his eyes open as the party wound down. He hadn't expected to feel so damn tired everyday, Yuuri wondered how Yukko felt when she was carrying the triplets, she must have been comatose.

Viktor slide his arm around Yuuri's waist, gently pulling him into his side. “Are you tired my love?” Viktor said softly, giving Yuuri a little kiss on the cheek. His breath smelled of a cocktail of apple vodka and cake

“A bit. But then again I'm always tired.” Yuuri yawned again. “Are you sure?” Viktor grinned, Yuuri knew exactly what Vikot meant as if the hand that brushed over his ass nonchalantly wasn’t a big enough hint.

They hadn't been intimate for a week or so because of how sick Yuuri had been feeling but tonight seemed as good a night as any for some fun “Well..I'm not that tired” Yuuri gave Viktor a little wink. The truth was he was that he really was exhausted but he wanted to feel the Alpha around him, he could honestly have bathed in his scent at that moment. It was painful for them to go so long without sex as the longest they had gone since there first time together was just under a week. This stretch had been torture. In silent agreement, they both quickly said goodbye to their friends and slipped away back to their apartment.

Despite all his wanting to spend some intimate time with viktor, Yuuri had barely made it to their bedroom before he fell fast asleep.

The phone call came two days later that Nikolai Plisetsky had passed away.

Yuri had rung Viktor about an hour after it happened. He was still in the hospital but thankfully Otabek had been with him. Even though it was 3 Am, Viktor and Yuuri drove straight to the hospital were they found the pair in the corridor. Yuri was heaving deep sobs into his hands, hunched over in one of the plastic chairs as Otabek rubbed his back as comforting as he could.

“Yura... I'm so sorry.” Viktor knelt down beside him and placed a hand on his shoulder. Yuri immediately wrapped his arms around him and seemed to cry harder as he disintegrated. Yuuri gave Otabek a nod as they let Yuri get all his tears out.

Nikolai was the only family Yuri had. The only other people who were close to him was Yakov, Lilia and them. But as close as they were, they weren't his family. With Nikolais passing, Yuri was...
now alone in the world at only 18.

Yuuri had never really knew what to do in these situations. Aside for be there in person, Nothing he could ever say or do seemed like it would be any comfort. He opted instead of acquiring several cups of coffee from a vending machine down the hall for everyone as they sat and processed what to do next. Yuuri was thankful that the coffee was weak so the smell was bearable but given the situation, a stronger brew would have been a lot more help. He carried the tray of styrofoam cups back, with a green tea for himself.

It took quite a while for Yuri to calm down, sniffling back the last few tears as he wiped them away with the back of his sleeve. “I don't know what to do..where do I even start” Yuri's voice was weak and staggered.

“Leave everything to me” Viktor said softly. “For now just get some of your stuff together and stay over at ours for a while. Otabek is just across the road from us so you won't be by yourself and Yuuri can stay with you while we get things organized.” It was almost frightening to see Viktor be the most calm person in a room. It made Yuuri wonder how many times he had done this before.

Otabek placed a hand on his leg trying to comfort him as Yuri nodded, staring intently at the now empty cup he clutched in his lap. A doctor came around and told them to go home for the night, telling them to come back in the morning to sort some of the legalities out. Everyone was exhausted and there was not much that could be done in the small hours of the morning with the loss still too fresh to touch. Yuri was invited in to the room to say goodbye one last time before they left. The look on the russians face made Yuuri’s heart break into a thousand pieces for him.

Dawn was only a few hours away when they got back to the apartment. Yuuri made up the spare bed with some fresh blankets and pillows.

Otabek chose to stay over on their couch to be close to Yuri if he needed him despite only living around the corner but Yuuri didn't mind. The Kazakh, although as quiet as a mouse, was surprisingly pleasant to be around. Viktor only gave a small humm at having another Alpha in the house, but he didn’t put up much of a fuss.

They left Yuri have some space to grieve but they could hear the soft sobs through the walls for the entire night. There was a helplessness to it that there was no way to help other than to be there for him when he needed them.

Yuuri made a pot of tea for them as they sat in the aftermath of the night. Yuuri was too awake to go straight back to bed, Viktor was busy making phone calls and Otabek looked too strung out on worry to even think of sleeping.

They sat in silence for a while as Viktor began to arrange things over the phone. It was surprising how many places were open 24 hours for this kind of thing. Yuuri sipped at the hot tea as he folded his legs underneath him on the couch. He tried to think of something to say to break the tension but the words weren’t coming. There was a strange vacuum in the room that only ever seemed to be around in the wake of a death.

“We’ll need to get Yura’s suit cleaned” Otabek finally said, he swirled around the last bit of tea in his mug. He stared at it as if the answers to the world were at the bottom of it, his face pinched in silent frustration.

“We can bring it to the cleaners in the morning. Viktor and I have to get ours cleaned too so we can bring it with us when we go” Yuuri nodded, “It’s a good thing mine will still fit” He gave a small laugh. While Viktor had a whole array of suits in their closet to choose from. Yuuri only had two. Both of which he hadn’t worn in a while, but thankfully would still be able to fit him, for now anyway.
Otabek smiled weakly but it was quickly overtaken with a solemn look. “I hope Yura will be okay. I wish I could do something to help.”

“I’m not much good with these things, but I think you just being here will help. The boy is crazy about you. Having you here to support him will mean a lot” Yuuri saw the hint of a blush cross the kazak’s face. Otabek nodded in agreement. “I’m going to ask him to come live with me after the funeral, at least until he can figure some things out. Nikolai wasn’t in the best financial situation so we have no idea what’s going to happen to the house.”

It was clear as day how much he cared for Yuri, it was almost painful to watch the pair dance around how they felt but Yuuri figured it wasn’t the time to bring it up.

“I had no idea” Yuuri stared at his mug.

“No one really did. You know how Yura is.” Otabek shrugged. “In some kind of sick way, it’s almost a mercy that he passed. He was in a lot of pain from the cancer and it was tearing Yura apart. Even with all the sponsorship money he was getting it was a struggle for him to pay the medical bills. He was running himself ragged trying to keep up. I had offered to help countless times but...”

Otabek sighed as if a heavy weight was on his chest.

“Yura is Yura.” Yuuri finished to which the kazak nodded in agreement. “Exactly”

After Viktor hung up the phone, they all decided to call it a night.

But Yuuri couldn’t sleep and by the sounds of it, no one else could either. Even as quiet as the Kazak tried to be, Yuuri heard Otabek sneak into Yuri when he thought everyone was asleep. He hoped that having him there would be some comfort, but what comfort could be given when he just lost the last of his family.

To Yuuri’s surprise, he found himself crying for Yuri.

-

The funeral was arranged for a week later.

It was a small affair, held in an old cemetery on the outskirts of the city. The weather was surprisingly good with only a small breeze to interrupt an otherwise beautiful day, but despite the sun shining in full force, it felt like a day it should have been pouring rain.

There were only a dozen or so people dotted around the rows of run down headstones, like a flock of crows in their mourning attire. Yakov and Lilia stood to the back as well as the other skaters from the rink while Yuuri and Viktor stayed close to Yuri for the ceremony. There were no other members of Yuri’s family in attendance, more had attended as a mark of respect for Yuri than for the poor man that passed. Nikolai had lived a quiet life which made for a quiet funeral.

Yuri was putting on a brave face but it was hard to hide just devastated he was. Otabek stayed by his side, never stepping outside of arms reach. Yuri bit back tears as they lowered the coffin down into the family plot to finally rest.

The old gravestone that stood on top was covered in moss and in disrepair, marking decades of family members passed. On the cracked surface there was the list of the various names of each deceased Plisetsky family carved into the stone. One name in particular caught Yuuri’s eye as they waited around the grave for Yuri to greet the mourners who had come to pay their respects.

Yuuri couldn’t help but look again at the name as they laid out a few bouquets of flowers by the graveside.

Anastasia Plisetsky, Died 2009, aged 31
“Yura’s mother” Viktor caught Yuuri staring at the inscription. “She died of the same kind of cancer that his grandfather had when Yuri was only 8.”

“Poor Yura” Yuuri felt heavy just thinking about it. No wonder Yuri had been taking everything so hard.

“It’s rough, but Yuri’s strong and he’s got us. He’ll be okay” Viktor sighed, tucking his hands into the pockets of his jet black suit. It made for a stark contrast to his usual charcoal grey.

“What about his dad? Yuuri asked before he could stop himself, curiosity getting the better of him. Viktor tensed up at the mention. No one ever seemed to mention Yuri’s father, and with everything that had happened, it was a question that had burned at the back of Yuuri’s mind for quite a while.

“Only met him once. Let’s just say its a good thing that asshole isn’t in Yuri’s life.” Viktor shook his head, not wanting to comment further, “We should go check on him. The crowd seems to have cleared out a bit”

Yuri sat up the front, his hands clenched to his knees. He looked exhausted and was paler than a sheet of paper. His eyes were bloodshot from tears and circled with dark rings for the hours of lost sleep.

“How are you doing?” Yuuri asked, sitting beside him.

Yuri didn’t answer, instead he gave a light nod as he started intently at the space in front of his feet.

“You know that Viktor and I are always here if you need to talk to anyone.” Yuuri tried his best to be a comfort but it felt like his efforts were falling short. It almost made him jump when Yuri finally spoke.

“Isn’t it bad luck for an expectant omega to be in a graveyard?” His voice cracked as he looked over to Yuuri.

“If you believe in superstitions, I guess” Yuuri didn’t know how to answer. “I never was one of those people to believe in old wives tales”

Yuri returned to staring into the void by his feet.

“Me neither...but you never know. Life is pretty fucking shit.” he whispered.

“Yeah…” Yuuri said. “Yeah it is.”
OKAY.

So obviously the dreaded tag is going to come into effect in this and the next few chapters. A lot of what comes up is from my own personal experience and the experiences of people close to me that went through similar things. So this is just a forewarning that it's going to be pretty rough. I am sorry in advance.

*I SWEAR THERE WILL BE A HAPPY ENDING.....EVENTUALLY*

When Viktor got home, he was greeted with an empty apartment apart from an overly enthusiastic makkachin that rushed to meet him at the door. They had just finished up moving the last of Yurio's things from his grandpa's house over to Otabek's apartment. Yurio had been coping surprisingly well the past few weeks. He had taken Otabek up on his offer to move in with him almost immediately but there were a lot of things to sort out first. So when the day to move finally came, Viktor was more than happy to offer to be the driver as it had been impossible for them to use Otabek's bike to transfer so many boxes, and one very upset ragdoll cat.

Yuuri had been staying home while they got to it, leaving the heavy lifting to the others. Instead he had taken to pottering around the house and relishing in the frequent naps he could take without being interrupted. He offered to help Yurio out with some of the legal issues after everything was moved over but for now, Yuuri had very little to do.

He had gotten a lot of the house work done and had set about finishing off the last of the pile of laundry that had built up in the back of the closet. Yuuri pulled out a bunch of Viktor's shirts to put into the basket. They smelled so warm and comforting, the scent of the alpha still clung to them as fresh as if he was still wearing them. Yuuri rubbed the soft fabric on his face, breathing it in. Ever since he got pregnant, Yuuri loved Viktor's scent around him even more than usual. The omega side of him wanted to drown in it.

For years after, Yuuri had no recollection of what happened during that afternoon much to Viktor's endless delight.

- "Yuuri! I'm home" Viktor called out, tossing his keys into the bowl by the door with a clunky jingle. Yuuri didn't answer. Strange.

"Yuuri?" Viktor called again going into their bedroom only to find it empty, a half filled basket of Yuuri's laundry was strewn about the floor. A small ball of panic formed in the pit of his stomach, but he relaxed as he smelled the pheromones of his mate waft through the apartment.

Curious, Viktor followed the scent down the hall to find the door to the spare room slightly ajar. Viktor hesitated before he took a peek inside and sure enough, there was Yuuri. Curled up in a pile of bed sheets, blankets and an assortment of Viktor's clothing. All arranged in an organized chaos, folded and tucked into a circle. In the middle of the nest, Yuuri was in a ball fast asleep, breathing
out little snores as he slept.

He was wearing one of Viktors shirts that was still two sizes to big. It rode up exposing just a sliver
of his tiny baby bump. He had fallen asleep with his glasses on, Which were in danger of breaking
from the angle he was sleeping. Viktors heart fluttered at the sight. His beautiful Yuuri, Drool and
all. A smile danced across Viktors face as he tiptoed over, not wanting to wake up the sleeping
omega.

Yuuri would probably be upset if he knew Viktor had stepped into his nest without asking but He
managed to slide off Yuuri's glasses and place them on the floor beside him without him stirring.
Viktor brushed the stray strands of ink coloured hair from Yuuri's eyes and placed a gentle kiss on
his temple, letting him sleep. He was too adorable to wake up, curled up in his first nest, relaxed and
as happy as ever. An omega’s instinct to nest was at its peak during pregnancy. And while omegas
tended to nest from time to time close to their heat, Yuuri had never made one before.

There was something about it that filled viktor up with pride to see how satisfied his mate was,
Viktor could smell the tingle of contentment radiating off him. It made his eyes well up but he just
smiled instead and left yuuri be.

Not before sneaking a quick photo with his phone, of course.

- Yuuri stretched out with a deep yawn as he brushed his teeth. The morning’s were getting harder and
harder for him to wake up, at 12 weeks pregnant, all Yuuri wanted to do these days was sleep.
Thankfully since the morning sickness had quelled, overall he was feeling a million times better,
aside from the fact he had developed an odd craving for olives that still baffled Viktor whenever he
would causally pop open a jar.

As yuuri stretched out, his back cracked loudly. The weeks of little to no training had left him a little
stiff, He wasn’t used to being so sedentary. The doctor had given him the go ahead to keep up a light
jogging regime but Yuuri was a little on edge and had chosen to take long walks with makkachin
instead. But it did nothing to loosen up the knots in his back. He dreaded how he would feel later on
down the line.

With his back arched in a stretch, Yuuri finally saw the first hint of a bump peaked out from
underneath his shirt. It wasn’t that noticeable, no more than of he had eaten a large dinner but from
this position, it curved out just enough to be seen and undeniably baby.

Yuuri pressed in his hand above his belly button, making the bump stand out even more. He gave a
giddy laugh as he called out “Viktor!!” and nearly bouncing into the kitchen to find his mate who
was just setting down a bowl of food for makkachin.

“Viktor! Come! Look look come see!!” yuuri beamed as he grabbed a hold of a confused Viktors
hand and dragged him into the master bathroom.

“Is everything okay Yuuri? what's going on?” Viktor knitted his eyebrows together as yuuri pointed
to the mirror. Yuuri lifted up his shirt to show of his new found bump. Showing it off in the mirror as
he turned at different angles.

“I'm finally showing!! Even if it's just a little bit. But look, you can really see it now!” yuuri was
fixated with it. He ran his hand over it and smoothed his thumb over the base of his stomach.

Viktor nuzzled in behind him, rubbing his cheek on his sensitive scent glad “You look beautiful
Yuuri but, How did you not notice until now? You've been showing for ages now” Victor ran his
hands down Yuuri’s sides to glide over his hips and rest on the little bump. Yuuri blushed a little. He
honestly hadn't been paying as much attention the past while, finding himself to tired to do even the most basic of things, and he was spending a lot of time with Yurio working through some of the left over legalities from his grandfather's will.
Yuuri had also taken to wear Viktors oversized shirts nearly constantly recently because the smell of his alpha had been comforting, So it was easy enough for him to miss.

“Hi baby” yuuri cood, rubbing his bump. “I can't wait to meet you already.”
“I wonder what it's going to be like when you can feel them.” Viktor gave a light kiss onto Yuuri's neck, resting his head on his Omegas shoulder. More now than ever, Yuuri smelled amazing. His pheromones were almost sickly sweet and Viktor couldn’t get enough of them. His usual scent tinged with something rich and warm, like honey.

“I'll probably freak out” Yuuri laughed. “I don't think I have ever been this excited about something in my entire life”
Viktor looked almost taken aback but it was clearly in jest. “and there I was thinking you were excited to be my mate” he pouted dramatically. Yuuri responded with a laugh and a little pushed “You know what I mean vitya. God it's going to be a long wait” Yuuri could barely peel his eyes away from the mirror to look at Viktor. “I know. But it'll be worth it my love” Viktor kissed his forehead.

Viktor took the opportunity to take out his phone and take a quick snap of them in the mirror to post on instagram. It was about time they announced their news to the world and yuuri was absolutely glowing with happiness

After Viktor had posted the photo, yuuri felt his hands slide back over his sides, gliding over his hips in a touch that was a lot more than just a sweet gesture.

Viktor buried his face into the crook of yuuri neck, kissing gently over the soft Lines of his shoulders and collarbone. Yuuri hummed at the sensation, leaning back into his alpha.

“Will you still find me beautiful when I'm all big and fat?” Yuuri said only half joking.
“Of course. I fell in love with you when you were all big and fat anyway.” Viktor gave him a wink. Yuuri feigned offence, turning to him with an exaggerated look of shock on his face.

“Ouch. That's mean vitya” he pouted but he couldn't keep a straight face for long before they both burst into giggles.
“You know I'd find you perfect no matter what, my love. If anything, even more so now.” Viktor kissed him again, his hands beginning to roam around, playing with the waistband of yuuri's pajama bottoms.

“oh? And why's that?” Yuuri asked slyly. Leaning forward ever so slightly to brush himself against Viktor front.

“Because, pregnancy suits you. It's almost unbearable to keep my hands off you” viktors said smoothly into yuuri ear. His hand slipped under the elastic of yuuri pants and found their way to cup the globes of his ass. Yuuri sighed, biting his lip.
“What would you want to do with me?” Yuuri asked, The excitement starting to make his breath hitch.
“I have a few ideas…” Viktor grinned, as he slipped his fingers between Yuuri cheeks, teasing the ring of his entrance.

Before Yuuri could say anything, Viktor pushed in a finger, taking him by surprise.
Yuuri could see the blush cross his face in the mirror in front of them.
Viktor pushed deeper, making Yuuri moan out as the alpha stretched him out. He leaned on his elbows, bending over the sink counter carefully, putting all his weight on his arms and let Viktor spread out his legs.

Yuuri wriggled his pants down to his knees, giving Viktor full access. The Alpha nipped at his neck, giving him a look that could melt steel in reflection of the mirror.

Yuuri had felt himself get painfully aroused. Intoxicated by the pheromones leaking from his mate and the memory of his last heat spent in this very room burning into his mind.

“Vitya…” Yuuri moaned, trying to keep himself together as Viktor found the knot of nerves of his prostate. Viktors free hand slid up Yuuri shirt, pulling it up and over his head in a smooth movement, leaving him naked.

“My beautiful Yuuri.” Viktor nipped at his neck, he licked at the pheromones off his scent gland, letting the sweet tang swim around his head like the most addictive drug.

From the mirror, Yuuri saw Viktors free hand slid up Yuuri shirt, pulling it up and over his head in a smooth movement, leaving him naked.

From the mirror, Yuuri saw Viktor undo his pajama pants, letting himself spring free. As Viktor pulled away his hand, Yuuri felt the tip of his cock line up with him.

Viktor pushed in slowly until he was buried to the base. Yuuri kept his eyes locked on his mate, They had had sex in this exact position on many occasions, but there was something about this particular time that was just so much more dirty and hotter than hell as he watched Viktor disappear inside him. The stretch made his eyes water but the fullness was amazing. Yuuri gasped out, throwing his head back into the chest of his Alpha.

Viktor began to move, rocking into him as he folded over. His breath fogging up the mirror with each moan that escaped his lips. Since he was already overly sensitive due to the pregnancy hormones, It didn’t take long for Yuuri to come undone. He cried out as he clung to the sink like he would disintegrate at any moment. Viktor thrust deeply into him, knocking the wind out Yuuri with each movement.

The alpha held across him protectively so he wouldn’t bump into the edge of the counter, one hand held around his waist and the other, delicately holding around his neck, his thumb rubbed the Omega’s scent gland sending shivers of excitement down his spine. Even though they weren’t bonded, Yuuri’s body reacted whenever the Alpha touched him there.

The was no time for warning before Yuuri came shamelessly over the sink. He moaned Viktors name as he trembled, the waves of pleasure flowing through him. The alpha took his que to speed up, thrusting into him with a hasty vigor, fucking him through his orgasm making Yuuri cry out at the delicious oversensitivity.

It was only a few moments later that the Alpha followed suit. Doubling over, he slapped his hand onto the mirror to steady himself. Yuuri felt the dribble of cum leak down his leg as Viktor released into him with rhythmic pumps.

Yuuri leaned back into Viktor as they came down, rubbing his cheek against his neck, marking himself with his mates scent. The low sound of his purr began to bubble up for his throat.

Yuuri blushed at the sound of it but it was hard to deny how amazing it felt. He looked at himself in the mirror. Still anorched on Viktor, the deep blush of sex was across his chest as he panted to catch his breath. His hair a mess and beads of sweat dripped from his brow. His mates hands around the curve of his stomach, overwhelmed with love and happiness. It was perfect.
Yuuri had been feeling off all morning. Viktor had to go away for a few days on a business trip to Seattle to meet with some sponsors for the new skating season. It was going to be the last year Viktor would be competing, so the trip was less about gaining sponsors as it was more about opening up the future of his career. Viktor wanted to go into coaching and to possibly break into the commentating scene. It was something Yuuri was convinced he would be great at, making the trip a good opportunity to meet some of the people in the industry that could help Viktor make the transition smoothly.

Since Yuuri would not be competing this year, and his general nervousness about flying at 15 weeks pregnant, he decided to stay home and take care of makkachin. Viktor had been very reluctant leaving him. He refused to even pack until he had rubbed his scent on nearly every inch of the apartment so Yuuri would feel safe. He had left a pile of his clothes out for Yuuri to use if he needed or wanted to build a nest, although Yuuri was still adamantly denying that's where the clothes were disappearing to.

With nothing to do with his day, Yuuri had decided to go into town for some much needed shopping. His jeans had become unbearable as his rapidly growing bump was starting to show. He was glad to have some of Viktor's clothes at hand as his own shirts had begun riding up on his bump making him self conscious. Yuuri had been putting off buying any maternity clothes as he was content on wearing his alpha's clothes but he had to relent after spending the best part of an hour struggling with a pair of jeans.

So Yuuri had set himself the task of finally picking up new clothes. He thought a walk into town would help shift the uneasy feeling he was having that he couldn't put his finger on. It was rare that they went any length of time apart and although they weren't bonded, Yuuri felt the absent as if they were. But he shook it off, placing the worry in the back of his mind as he went on with his day.

Yuuri took his time, wandering around the town from shop to shop, in no massive hurry. He dipped into a few shops, flicking through rails of Omega maternity wear. The majority of the clothes were not to his taste, with far more floral designs that Yuuri would ever dream of wearing. Yuuri preferred similar clothes for his day to day wear, only going for anything flashy when it was a skating costume.

He found a shop just off the corner of the main street that didn't seem too bad. The clothes were plain and functional and not a gaudy flower in sight. Yuuri smiled at the two shop assistants, one an older beta and the other a young omega. The shop was small enough, with only a few customers wandering around. The weather had been nice that day so there were a lot more people around town than usual but thankfully this store was quiet enough for Yuuri to take his time looking around.

He walked around, picking up a few pieces to try on, including the comfiest pair of pants Yuuri had ever seen. “Why couldn’t I wear these kind of pants all the time?” Yuuri smiled to himself, stretching out the elastic of the waistband. But his good mood was quickly dispelled by a cramp in his stomach.

He had been getting them on and off for the last few days, but was reassured by the doctor that it was normal enough to experience cramping as the baby was growing. It didn't make them any more pleasant.

He made his way to the changing rooms at the back of the store, hoping to get the whole thing over with as quickly as possibly as he was starting to feel a bit faint from the cramp. He had to hold onto the wall to stop himself from falling from a wave of lightheadedness that had crept up on him.

Yuuri gasped as a sharp pain hit him in the base of his stomach, stronger than any cramp he had felt.
The tight pulse knocked the breath out of him. He leaned against the wall to stop himself from dropping to his knees with the pain. Something was wrong. Something was definitely wrong. Panic started to bullet through him as it grew stronger.

He edged himself over to try sit on the changing bench but he couldn’t bring himself to move.

Yuuri feel a warm gush drip from between his legs, soaking through the crotch of his jean. He reached a shaking hand down tentatively. Oh no. Oh please god no…
His hand returned with deep crimson blood on it. He looked up at the mirror and caught sight of an imagine that would haunt him the rest of his life. His worst fears materialize in front of him.

His whole body was shaking from panic and pain as tears poured from his eyes.
Yuuri screamed out for help and sunk to the floor. His legs turned to jelly at the sight of himself. he felt sick. It was less than a second before the two shop assistance rushed in.

The older women immediately panicked when she saw him, her eyes wide in horror at the scene before her. She asked him something in a thick Russian accent as calmly as she could but yuuri could barely respond. His body doubled over as a wave of pain buckled over on the floor.

“I will phone for ambulance” the beta said in very broken English, already pulling out her phone to call with just as much panic as yuuri had. Her hands shook as she dialed the number. Yuuri cried hysterical tears. “Please help me. I can't...I can't breathe.”
He was so frightened beyond belief that he hadn't realized he was speaking in Japanese.

The other shop assistant ran out to grab something something to wrap around him as he began to tremble violently. The look on the younger assistants face did nothing to quell the terror overwhelming him. The whole thing must have looked like a scene from a horror movie.

Yuuri could feel his body run cold and His head was starting to get fuzzy with a low ring roaring in his ears. Dizzy from the blood loss yuuri could tell He was dropping. It was a feeling he had only felt once before after he got a concussion from a bad fall on the ice. There was nothing he could do to stop it.

No…. no…. no….

Yuuri felt the clutches of unconsciousness fold around him, he body going to shock. He grabbed out to the poor woman's arm. The last thing he remembered was the feel of the woman hugging him whispering to him softly in thick Russian as she tried to reassure him.

Then there was nothing but darkness.
Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Viktor feel the weight of the world on their chests as they process the loss.

When Yuuri could feel himself emerge from the fog, it felt like he had taken a breath for the first time after drowning in a black endless sea.

Instinctual panic set in as he fluttered open his eyes in an unfamiliar room, the small beep of a machine beside him and an sterile smell lingered in the air.

Yuuri couldn't move.

He felt wires coming out of his arms and his nose was stuffed with uncomfortable tubing. He blinked his eyes hard to try adjust to the blurr around him. Without his glasses, everything looked like out of focus blobs of color.

“Yuuri…” he heard the voice of his mate say to him. There was something wrong with his voice, It didn't sound right.

“Where…” Yuuri's voice cracked as he swallowed dryly. He tried to move but his body felt like dead weight.

“You are at the hospital my love.” Viktor appeared in his vision. A blurr with silver hair. He felt Viktor place his hand on his arm but he couldn't reciprocate the touch.

He could hear the faint sound of tears. They were coming from Viktor. Why was he crying?

“What's...what's going on. Why can't I move?” Yuuri struggled. He felt like he was underwater with his head full of cotton wool.

“Yuuri. My love…” Yuuri felt Viktor touch his hand to his cheek. Yuuri felt the wet tears streaming from his eyes, shaking under his palm.

“We lost the baby.... I'm so sorry I wasn't with you. I'm so sorry” Viktor sobbed, holding Yuuri's limp hand as if he was going to float away.

The confusion and grief that washed over Yuuri was overwhelming but his body wasn't reacting.

“Why...what...I don't understand” Yuuri tried to move his free hand to his stomach, but It flopped in place weakly. The beeping noise of the machine next to him started to speed up as Yuuri heard his heart pound in his chest.

“Try not to move Mr Katsuki. You experienced a drop and your body hasn’t fully recovered yet.” a female voice said out of his vision.

“we'll have to sedate him again. I'm sorry”

Yuuri felt the cold darkness of unconsciousness creep up and he slowly faded back to sleep.

“I’m so sorry”

--

Yuuri woke up to the first morning light trickling through the curtain. The air felt stale and empty. Like a vacuum had sucked all the color from the world, leaving him adrift in some vast emptiness.

Cold and numb.
Viktor stirred as Yuuri sat up. Pain bolted through his hip from an immediate cramp.

“Yuuri...you're awake” Viktor said, his voice barely above a whisper. The crack of exhaustion clear on his tone. He looked like he hadn’t slept in days, with deep bags under his bloodshot eyes.

Yuuri didn't answer, staring off into a distant void.

“Please say something love” Viktor said but there was a weight between them that had never been there before. Like somehow a wall had been built up around them.

It was a long while before Yuuri said anything.

“Why…” he breathed. “What did I do wrong?”

The words ripped through Viktor as he sat beside him. With no way to take away the pain, it felt like he was being torn apart from the inside.

“There was nothing you could have done my love. There is rarely any reason for these kinds of things but the doctor said she would come by later with some answers” Viktor went to touch Yuuri hand but he flinched away.

Hurt filled Viktors eyes as he sat back

“I'm sorry i wasn’t there for you when you needed me” he said softly. Staring at the light bouncing off his ring from the morning sunlight. “I wish i could have done something”

Yuuri scrunched up his eyes and breathed out “Please....Stop…” before he curled up on his side facing away from Viktor. He didn’t want to let viktor see him crying. He didn’t want Viktor to blame himself...it wasn’t Viktors fault.....it was his.

--

The doctor arrived in sometime in the afternoon. Yuuri had barely spoken a word all day and had refused to eat any of the food the nurses had brought him. They had just sat in a weighted silence the whole day.

“Hello Yuuri. I'm Doctor Valentina. I've been looking after you for the past few days.” the doctor spoke clearly but not unkindly as she flipped through her chart.

“How much do you remember about what happened?,”

Yuuri looked at her, white as a sheet. “I went to go pick up some new clothes.” Yuuri hand subconsciously brushed his bump that was no longer there, He still felt the faint cramps in the base of his stomach. “My old ones didn't fit anymore… everything was fine and then...it just wasn't.” Tears began to brim in Yuuri eyes. His hands trembled as the clutched onto his bedshirt. The memory of the pain..and all that blood. He felt as if he was going to be sick just thinking about it

“Your body went into shock from blood loss which caused you to experience a drop so things might be a little fuzzy. It's also why you couldn't move when you woke up earlier but with some rest you should be up and about soon enough” Doctor Valentina said carefully with a soft smile

“We have the results back of your C&D if you would like to know”

Yuuri nodded weakly.

“Our tests have deducted that you had a miscarriage due to cervical incompetence. Unfortunately it is a common occurrence in male Omegas, especially later on in gestation. However If you should ever conceive again, We can fix the problem with some simple stitching that will prevent the issue from recurring.” The Doctor explained not unkindly but very matter of fact. “ Do you wish to know the
The answer ripped from Yuuri lips with more force that he had intended. 

“No!. I don't want to know!” he bit back tears, folding his arms tightly around himself.

The doctor nodded with sympathy. “That's okay. If you do have any questions, Please, don't be afraid to ask. I will leave these here for you.” she flashed a bundle of leaflets before placing them on the bedside table.

“There are a range of counseling services available for grieving parents. Some couples find it comforting after a loss to talk about it with other people who have experienced similar situations. Just know that there was nothing you did wrong that caused this. There is no blame on you or anyone else. I'll be down the hall if you need me” with that the Doctor turned and left the room.

Yuuri immediately swept the leaflets off the table, shoving the tray of food that was beside it on to the floor with a loud clatter. Before he began crying into his hands. Deep heavy sobs that shook his whole body.

Viktor rushed to his side immediately, He tried to place his hand on Yuuri back but he swatted him away sharply

“Don't touch me!” Yuuri snapped angrily as he broke down. His face was contorted with the pain of loss.

Viktor tried to hide the hurt in his eyes. His heart was breaking too much that he couldn't help. He couldn't fix it.

“I'll go get some water” Viktor said quietly before he left and turned down the hall. Leaving Yuuri to cry whatever tears he needed to cry.

The doctor was only a few feet away filling out a chart. Viktor walked up to her absently, Not knowing what to say. “I …” he started but he so lost... “I know Yuuri didn't want to know, But if it would be okay, I'd like to know what the baby was. Yuuri is too upset right now to think straight so I'd like to know in case he ever changes his mind. I know it would destroy him if he ended up regretting it” Viktor said

“Of course. It was a girl” The Doctor said softly. There was a kindness in her eyes that seemed to swallow Viktor whole.

“We had a little girl” Tears sprung from Viktor eye before he quickly wiped them away. “Thank you for telling me.”

The doctor nodded “It can take some time for couples to move passed a loss especially when it’s their first but know that it does get better eventually. Just support each other as much as possible and hopefully you can try again in the future” The Doctor gave him a gentle pat on his shoulder before she continued on her route. She must have had to break the news to thousands of parents before them. It could not have been an easy job but her words were reassuring and gentle.

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It was another two days before Yuuri was allowed home from the hospital. He had requested no visitors and had refused to look at his phone the whole time he had been admitted. Viktor had to call people and let them know what happened, a task that lay heavy on his shoulders.

Having to repeat the news to each person was like tongueing a sore in his mouth, constantly reminding him of the sharp pain of grief over and over, While Yuuri had refused to even mention it.
It was a forbidden word.

When they got home from the hospital, Yuuri sat on the couch staring off into the distance, not focusing on anything in particular. It scared Viktor to see him like this. As if all life had been sucked out of his eyes. Yuuri looked small and fragile as he sat, he could have been blown away by a breeze. The mark of tape where the IV was in place still stuck to his arm.

“I'm sorry Viktor” Yuuri said. Small and flat, almost a whisper after a while. “For what my love?” Viktor tried to give him a warm smile. Crouching down in front of him and taking his hands in his. Yuuri barely reacted to his touch.

“How do you hate me?”

It cut through Viktor like a knife. “No Yuuri… No of course not. It's not your fault love. Please don't say that.” Viktor folded Yuuri limpely into his arms. He was far away somewhere painful that Viktor had no idea how to bring him back from.

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Yuri and Otabek called around a later that night to drop Makkachin home and to see how they were, Otabek brought a few tupperware boxes of various kinds of foods for them so they wouldn’t have to worry about cooking for a while. Viktor really appreciated the gesture, and even though they were reheated, the kazaks cooking was delicious. It made for a wonderful change to the hospital food they had been surviving on for the past few days.

Yuuri barely touched it though, moving around the food on his plate with his fork.

“Did they say what caused it?” Yurio dared to bring up the subject first. Yuuri flinched at the question but didn’t say anything. “It’s apparently a common thing for male Omega’s” Viktor sighed. Looking over to yuuri with a worried glance. “Thank you for stopping by but I’m going to head to bed” Yuuri said as he stood up abruptly. He walked out of the room and disappeared into their bedroom, leaving the plate of untouched food on the table.

“How is he holding up?” Otabek asked after Yuuri had closed the door behind him. “I don’t know. He has barely said a word since we got home. I don’t know what to do” Viktor said, the exhaustion layered his voice. “He’s blaming himself but no matter how much I try to tell him otherwise, he won’t listen.”

“He probably just needs some time to process it. Like, Fuck. I can’t imagine what that must have been like” Yuri grimaced, still wolfing down the food in front of him.

“Neither can I. I wish i had been with him..” Viktor said softly as he blinked back tears. The weight of the guilt was crushing him. “I brought flowers to the women that were there when it happened while Yuuri was still in the hospital. They were really nice. I’m glad that Yuuri at least had someone kind around him. I can’t stop thinking about how scared he must have been.”

“Viktor...There isn’t anything that you could have done” Otabek looked at him seriously.

“So people keep saying” Viktor gave a small laugh. “So people keep saying”

Otabek and Yuri didn’t stay must longer, giving Viktor some space. It was getting late and the past few days were really catching up on him. His eyes were struggling to stay open and he wanted
nothing more in the world than to go to his bed and hold his mate.

Viktor made his way down the hall to their bedroom but as he got to the door, He could hear the faint sobs leak through the walls. Viktor tentatively turned the handle and opened the door just a crack. Yuuri was curled up in a ball facing the wall, Crying into his pillow.

“Yuuri…” Viktor went to comfort him but stopped when Yuuri spoke up

“Please Viktor. Leave me alone”

Viktor didn’t want to leave yuuri to cry by himself. He didn’t want him to grieve all alone but if that’s what Yuuri wanted….

Viktor took some blankets and went to sleep in the spare room for the first time since they had moved to St Petersburg. The apartment had never felt so cold.
The apartment was empty when Viktor got up the next morning.

The leash was gone from the hook by the door and Yuuri's jacket was also nowhere to be seen. No makkachin and no Yuuri. Viktor sighed. Maybe some fresh air and a walk would be good for Yuuri. He never was one to sit still for long but Viktor worried if he would be okay so soon after coming home from the hospital. He was still pretty weak from the drop and his body still needed time to recover.

The apartment felt lonely without them. Like how it used to feel before Yuuri came into his life.

Viktor went into their bedroom and sat on the side of the bed, smoothing his hand over the tossed bedsheets. He could smell Yuuri's sadness, it was fresh and raw as it clung to the fabric like an unwanted intruder in their home. There was a strange feel to the air in the apartment now. It was their home but right now it felt like a foreign country. They were both lost in a vast unknown territory. Viktor pulled off the sheets and stripped the bed completely. Bundling them up in a ball and stuffed them in the washing machine in the laundry room. He needed to clean the air. If nothing else, it would keep him preoccupied for the morning. Keeping his mind busy kept it from wandering to painful places.

He unpacked the overnight bags from the hospital and threw the clothes in with the sheets to be washed. All except the clothes Yuuri had worn. Those got thrown into a trash bag and put in the bin. The blood stained pants had turned a deep Maroon and Viktor couldn't stand the sight or smell of them. His mates panic and fear were personified in the jeans.... He would have set them ablaze right there in the apartment if he could have. Instead he threw them directly out into the dumpster outside. They couldn't stay there any longer and needed to be gotten rid of as soon as possible.

Viktor took to spending the entire day cleaning the apartment top to bottom, scrubbing every surface until it smelled of nothing but bleach and artificial lemons and his hands were raw from it. There was something inexplicably cathartic about the burning smell of the bleach, like it was somehow purging all the bad energy from the air.

There had been too much sadness in the apartment in recent days. It needed to be stripped and reset so they could start on a fresh page.

As Viktor cleaned he saw the print out still pinned to the fridge. The grainy black and white scan of something that was never going to be. He held it in his hands and ran his fingers over the blurry shape. Their little girl. Viktor wondered if she would have looked like Yuuri. Would she have had his smile or his little nose. Or would she have looked like him? Viktor smiled at the thought that she could have possibly looked like his mother, she could have had her silver hair and delicate face.

But it was not meant to be.

Viktor wiped away a tear that had formed in his eye, Yuuri would probably be too upset to see it right now but he couldn't just throw it away. Viktor decided to store it in a black leather box he kept by their bed, neatly tucked away and kept safe with so many other lost things, until such a time came that they could face seeing her again.

Viktor waited all day for Yuuri to come back. After cleaning everything over and over again he took to pacing back and forth waiting from him. He rang his cell phone several times but every time the dull beep of Yuuri's voicemail rang out. Viktor was overcome with worry but he knew it was Yuuri's way of dealing with things to go off for a while. He'd done it several times during their time...
in Japan but it didn't stop the nagging feeling growing in the pit of victors stomach. He shouldn't be out so late when he was still recovering. Viktor wrung his hands as another phone call rang out.

- Yuuri didn't arrive home until late in the evening, just after the sun began to set. He walked in wearing his training gear, with sweat glistening on his forehead like nothing happened. He dumped his duffle bag by the side of the door and let Makkachin run loose from her leash. She bounded in, ran around the room before jumping onto the couch to take a perch for the evening. Giving happy little bark to Viktor as she did.

“Yuuri where were you? You should be resting!” Viktor said frantically as Yuuri walked into the kitchen. The worry radiating through the alphas pheromones could have knocked him out cold. “I wanted to get back training as soon as I could. If I get my fitness back up there's still time for me to compete in this season” Yuuri said flatly, avoiding eye contact.

“You just got out of the hospital! What were you thinking!” Viktor looked at him in horror. “Yuuri, you could have hurt yourself!!”

“I'll be fine. There's no point in sitting around” Yuuri didn't sound like himself. His voice was hollow... It was so cold…

“Yes there is! You need to recover! What if something had happened?” Viktor couldn't stop the layer of anger creeping into his voice.

“It's not as if anything worse could have happened.” Yuuri scowled fiercely “I'm so sick of people feeling sorry for me. The best way I can recover is by getting back to normal and so should you!” Yuuri shouted, clenching his trembling fists to his sides “I'm going for a shower” He stormed off and slammed the bathroom with a behind him with a loud bang that rattled the picture frames on the wall beside it. Viktor was left to stand in the kitchen alone in the aftermath. If the air could have frozen solid from the tension, it would have done so.

Yuuri had never shouted like that before...

- Yuuri stood under the searing hot shower. He let it beat against his back at full force almost to the point of burning his skin. His muscle ached and screamed from overexertion. He was still having cramps on and off in the base of his stomach and the training did nothing to help, but while he knew that it had been a bad idea to train so soon after being in the hospital, It was something he needed to do.

It was as if his body compelled him to work harder, be better, get stronger. He just couldn’t sit around and be left to feel so....weak.

The pounding water was on his head drowned out the sound of his heart racing but it couldn't stop his thoughts from circling around the dark pit in his mind like it had been days. Like the water draining down the plug hole, every thought he had would make its way back to the miscarriage.

He hated that word. He hated it with every fiber of his being.

Yuuri clenched his hands to his face and sunk down to his knees, forever grateful that the shower was loud enough that Viktor wouldn’t have to hear him cry.

--

There was nothing.

Yuuri saw himself standing alone in a claustrophobic darkness. His body felt heavy and tired, His limbs felt like lead and his chest couldn't seem to lift enough to get a good breath of air. Almost as if he was smothering under the weight of it.
He looked around and saw the floor was a sea of sticky red liquid. It dripped from the walls and trickled between his legs to pool around his ankles, slowly inching its way higher as the endless blackness began to flood.

Yuuri called out into the void but there was no answer. A mirror image of himself glimmered in front of him. He saw himself covered in blood and shaking and frightened. Then another him appeared to his left, and then to his right until he was surrounded. Pain overtook his body at the sight of all the blood, as if he was being stabbed in the pit of his stomach. The red sea began to rise higher and higher as it poured out of him, flowing up around his chest and making it's way up his neck. He could taste the metallic tang of blood is his mouth.

“Weak”

He couldn't breathe.

“Weak”

He screamed out for someone, anyone to help him.

“Weak”

But there was no one there.

“Yuuri….” a voice called out to him but it was far away. Soft and distant.
“Yuuri…”

“Yuuri!! Wake up!” Viktor was holding his shoulders as he trashed about. His throat was raw and his body was covered in a cold sweat. Had he been screaming?

“Yuuri it's okay. I'm right here. Your safe. It's okay” Viktor curled him up in his arms, trying to calm him down.
Yuuri sobbed heavy tears into his shoulder as he shook like a leaf. He took deep breaths that filled his whole lungs.
“it was just a dream love. It's okay” Viktor hushed, stroking his mates hair.

“It wasn't a dream...it wasn't a dream” Yuuri cried horsely, his fists curling into viktors shirt, as viktor rocked him in his arms as until fell back asleep.

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Weeks passed.

Viktor had been sleeping in the spare room since the day they had came home from the hospital. Yet nearly every night he would have to come back to calm Yuuri down and to comfort him when the nightmares came. They were getting worse but Yuuri refused to admit they even happened in the light of day. Acting as if nothing was wrong, however the exhaustion of so many sleepless nights was taking a heavy toll on both of them. No matter how hard he tried, Viktor couldn’t get the sound of Yuuri’s screams out of his head. To hear his love with so much pain... It was eating him alive.

Viktor had suggested that Yuuri go to on of the grief counselors the doctor had recommend after the
first few nights Yuuri had had the night terrors but he had refused, claiming they would be a waste of time and that the dreams were just nightmares brought on by the summer heat that would pass once it got colder.

Instead of talking about it, Yuuri had thrown himself into a grueling training regiment as if it could somehow erase what happened. Yakov had been severely against Yuuri returning to training so soon after it but relented after he realized there was no real way to stop Yuuri from training. He was going to do it anyway, with or without his consent.

The subject of the miscarriage became a giant elephant in the room that no one dared to mention, but the weight of it was still there, haunting the air between them as the distance between them grew wider as every day went by and it felt more and more than Yuuri was becoming a stranger.

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It was 4am.
“Yuuri hasn’t been...okay.” Viktor said. His face crunched in anguish as he let out quiet tears as he sat alone in the dark empty kitchen.

“It’s been three months but he won’t even acknowledge what happened. He’s just been training nonstop and it terrifies me. He isn’t eating properly and he’s not taking care of himself. Phichit told me that Yuuri usually comfort eats when he’s depressed but this is so different. He’s not Yuuri anymore.... I know this is a lot to ask. But could you come to visit? Even for a few days. I’ll pay for everything it’s just...I don’t know what else to do.” Viktor forced back the desperate tears from his eyes as he broke down.

The other side of the phone was silent aside from the faint phone static. Calling home was his last resort, but Viktor couldn’t sit around and watch Yuuri tear himself apart any more. His heart broke over and over again. He was helpless and lost. He had been carrying the weight of the loss on his shoulders by himself. Not only his own grief but the grief that Yuuri wouldn’t allow himself to feel.

It was too much to bare alone.

“Mari...I'm scared”
Mari was scheduled to arrive in to the St Petersburg airport at 2pm the following Wednesday. The flights had cost a small fortune for such short notice but Viktor would have been willing to pay a million rubles if it would do Yuuri any good to have her here.

It had been a long flight from Japan to Russia but Mari seemed to take it in her stride when Viktor greeter her at the arrivals area, albeit a little jet lagged and stiff.

“Thank you so much for coming” Viktor flung his arms around her in a familiar hug, a bit tighter than he realised.

“I can see why you called me. You look like shit Viccan” Mari looked him up and down with a frown, her English was not as good as Yuuri’s but she could get her point across just fine. It was true. Viktor did look like shit. He hadn’t shaved in a while, His hair was an unkept mess and the dark circles under his eyes made him look at least a decade older than he was.

“it's been...a very long few months” Viktor tried to smile but it didn’t quite reach his wary eyes. Waves of July heat hit them full force as they walked across the hot tarmac towards the car. The humidity was nothing like the summer heat of Hasetsu but it was still enough to cause an uncomfortable sweat when not in the shade.

“Does Yuuri know I'm here?” Mari asked as she slung her bag in the boot of the car. Luckily she had travelled light, so they didn't have to wait around the luggage carousel.

“No. He would probably have tried to talk you out of it if he did.” Viktor sighed before he got into the car. “He's not himself”

The ride back to the apartment took the best part of an hour. Mari seized the opportunity to take a quick nap while she had the chance before they got home. Viktor tried not to smile at how she snored just like Yuuri. It made the journey feel a little less daunting. It was something that needed to be done, but it was impossible to tell how Yuuri would react.

The possibilities made Viktors stomach clench. Would he be mad? Would he be happy to see her? With the way he had been lately, it could go either way.

Yuuri would be at the rink until that evening so Viktor had some time to fill Mari in properly about how things had been. He poured out two glasses of scotch from a bottle he had been saving in the back of a cabinet. If ever there was a time he needed a strong drink, it would be now. 
Mari swirled the ice around the glass before she took a swig and scratched a sleepy makkachin behind the ear.

“So. Tell me what's been going on” She kissed her teeth and put it down with a clink.
Viktor took a deep breath, trying to find the best place to start. “Yuuri has been taking the miscarriage incredibly hard. Even though the doctor told us there was nothing we could have done, Yuuri’s been blaming himself.” Viktor sighed, rolling his ring with his fingers, trying to focus on anything other than Mari’s eyes. If Viktor hadn’t known her as well as he did, he would have been terrified. She was imposing even for an Alpha but Viktor knew she was the best person to be there right now.

“As I said on the phone. He's not eating and he's been training himself too hard. He's lost a lot of weight but he won't admit it and It wasn't as if there was much of him to begin with. Not really.” Viktor said warily.

“He's been having night terrors nearly every night. He wakes up screaming for someone to help him but I don't know how. He so frightened. I've never seen someone so scared, But He won't let me stay with him at night and he barely talks to me during the day. I don't know what to do” Viktor buried his face in his hands.

Mari lit up a cigarette as she listened. Blowing out a small plume of smoke before she slid the packet over to Viktor. He raised an eyebrow briefly but he reluctantly accepted one anyway.

Viktor wasn't a smoker, having had only ever smoked the occasional cigar and a few packets as a rebellious teen, but there were sometimes in life that just called for one.

“Don't tell Yuuri” He took a long drag, blowing out smoke from his nose. “but fuck I needed this” “I won't tell if you wont” Mari smirked. “Shame Russian cigarettes taste like ass” “I'll drink to that” Viktor laughed softly.

“How have you been over it?” Mari asked, raising an eyebrow. “Me?” Viktor had barely thought about it. He had been so focused on Yuuri he had almost forgotten think about his own feelings.

“Devastated… but I know that we can try again if yuuri ever wanted too. I don't have much of a family but I've always dreamt of starting one someday... I can't imagine what it was like for Yuuri to actually go through it. I guess it still didn't feel as real to me being on the other side of it….I keep tearing myself apart that I wasn't with him. I'm afraid he resents me for it.” Viktor spoke sadly. It was clear the guilt hung around him like a noose.

“I don't think Yuuri resents you Vicchan. If I know my brother, he's probably too focused on blaming himself to even think about blaming you. Yuuri has always taken things to heart more than anyone I've ever seen. It's like he feels everything at full volume. Not that he would let people know that, but I really don't think he blames you.” Mari softened, reaching out a hand to touch viktors shoulder.

He gave a deep sigh, blowing out the last of the smoke in a shaky stream. “I don't want him to blame himself either. I wish I could make it all go away” Viktor rubbed his eyes with the heel of his palm, trying to stem the sting of tears in his eyes “I love him so much Mari. I can't bare to see him like this…”

“I know…” Mari rubbed his shoulder in comfort as he began to sob softly into his hands. “I know”
nowhere left to run.

As Viktor heard the keys jingle in the door his heart pounded. An anxious curl of anticipation pulled at his stomach. Mari seemed un-bothered, her arms folded as she sat at the kitchen table with a sleeping makkachin at her feet. She stubbed out the last of her cigarette before Yuuri came through the door.

Yuuri froze dead in his tracks when he saw them, panic filtered through his scent at the sight of them both. “Mari? What are you doing here?” Yuuri put on a smile as he darted a look at Viktor. “I didn't know you were coming to visit”

“I just decided on a whim to see how my little brother was doing.” she shrugged, completely unfazed, she sat and eyed him up like she was inspecting a car. Mari was not the kind to show her emotions outwardly, much like yuuri didn’t, but it was impossible to hide the wideness of her eyes as she took in the sight of him. It was much worse than she was expecting.

Yuuri had always had a small frame, narrow hips and lean shoulders. Even when he put on off season weight it was never as much as they joked it was, But now yuuri looked like a fraile ghost in front of her. His soft features were now stark and sharp, his normally doe like eyes were dull and lacked luster.

“So...Yuuri...what's going on?” she folded her arms in the way their mother always done when she was scolding them. “Nothing's going on. I don't know why Viktor called you. I'm just doing some extra training for the new season and Viktor is being overly dramatic.” Yuuri said curtly, keying in to why Mari was there.

Mari's gaze was unwavering. She didn't hold back using her alpha pheromones to show dominance just this once. “Yuuri...” Mari scowled as the strong command of obedience filled the room. It knocked the wind out of yuuri as he staggered at the scent. Any other Alpha and Viktor would have exploded but Mari was family and It didn’t make it any easier seeing His mate overwhelmed by it. The weight of the scent made Yuuri feel like he was being pinned in place, caught like a deer in headlights in her presence.

“Viktor told me you won't talk about the miscarriage” Mari said flatly Yuuri physically flinched at the mention, His face crumpled in a mix of anger and betrayal. It was a look Viktor wished he never had to see.

“Stop.” Yuuri said barely audible. Tears starting to threaten his eyes as he distingrated from the confrontation. “You need to talk about this. Viktor had said you've been overworking yourself. Like you are punishing yourself and it's not healthy. Fuck, Yuuri look at yourself”

“I wasn't healthy and that was the problem and what I do is my own business and no one else's.” Yuuri tried to turn to leave, struggling against the alphas scent. But Mari grabbed him by the wrist. Her fingers curled the whole way around.

“And this is, is it? This is healthy? What would Okaa-san say if she saw you like this?” Mari shook his skinny wrist in front of him before Yuuri snatched it back and turned to leave the room without saying another word. “Yuuri...” Viktor called after him but it was useless. Yuuri had already locked himself away.

Viktor would never have had it in him to be as harsh, it made him cringe internally but someone
needed to do it.

Mari was not letting him get away so easily. She marched up to the door. “It’s a door, Not another country. You are going to face this whether you want to or not.” She shouted through, “I have all the time in the world and you gotta pee sometime.” Mari sat with her back to the door and lit up a cigarette.

“Go away” Yuuri shout, muffled by a pillow.

“Who knew he could be such a big child” Mari rolled her eyes at Viktor, gesturing for him to sit beside her. Worry was starting to overcome him, It felt like the whole thing was crashing and burning in a tremendous disaster before Mari put a reassuring hand on his knee.

“He used to do this a lot as a kid, He hates confrontations especially when he knows he’s the one who fucked up and while It'll be harsh, I know we can get him to come around. Yuuri was stubborn as a donkey but right now He needs tough love and he very much needs to be told how much of an ass he’s being, not only to himself but to you too. It’s not going to be pretty but it will be for the best,” Mari said to Viktor softly. “Trust me” He hoped with everything he had that she was right.

Viktor braced himself as she started lecturing loudly in their native tongue. Viktor couldn't understand exactly what she was saying but the parts he could make out made him wince. His name was brought up several times in a tone that could only be described as a threat.

Yuuri answers back in short frustrated bursts as they shouted back and forth through the door. The tremble of tears on yuuri's voices were clear as day even when in a different language.

Makkachin winied at the raised voices, snuggled up into viktors side and placing her head on his lap. Viktor buried his face into her soft curly fur, trying to calm his nerves as had to keep reminding himself that It was awful but necessary. No holds barred if it meant getting through to Yuuri.

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The sun had long since set before a silence fell between them. It was the calm after a fearsome storm, somehow both saturated with emotion and empty at the same time. It felt as if something had been lifted in the stillness of the early hours of the morning but it could have just been Viktors wishful thinking.

It must have been nearly dawn when her heard the lock turn. The door had remained shut but it was an invitation that Yuuri was ready to face them.

Viktor sat up tentatively, his knees cracking from the hours of awkwardly sitting. Mari had fallen asleep leaning against the wall beside him. He didn't want to wake her so he crept as silently as he could to open the door.

The room was almost dark aside from a crack of the city night light peaking through the curtains. The faint orange glow of the approaching dawn crept over the skyline and leaked across the floor in a thin sliver. The room smelled thick with distress, anger and a cocktail of emotions that made Viktor regret his choice for having caused yuuri to ever feel those things.

Yuuri was sitting at the end of the bed, looking out through the crack in the curtains. He looked exhausted and weary as he sat limply. His eyes were red and puffy from the hours of tears he had been crying alone and his hands had rung his shirt into a wrinkled mess.

He was frightfully still.
“Yuuri..” Viktor said gently. His voice no higher than a faint whisper. He had barely taken a step inside the door, Afraid to intrude any further until Yuuri nodded for him to enter.

Viktor stepped softly to sit on the edge of the bed but not too close. Yuuri had not let him touch him for months aside from when the night terrors happened. Viktor wondered would he ever get to feel him again, To hug him again like they used to.

The fear of permanent damage rooted itself inside Viktors chest. Spreading ice through his veins at the thought of never being close to him again. He loved Yuuri so much, more than life itself but how could you love someone who didn't want your love.

“I'm sorry...I didn't know what else to do. I should have told you” Viktor began. The thick lump in his throat made finding the words difficult to express.

Although They were only inches away, the distance felt like a cavern.

“You should have” Yuuri said blankly. He sounded so tired and his voice cracked from shouting “But….” He sighed deeply “I needed to hear it”

The flickers of hope bloomed in Viktors heart for the first time in weeks.

“Are…..are you ready to …” Viktor closed his eyes. “are you ready to talk about what happened.?”

“I...I don't know” Yuuri's face began to crumple into dry tears. “I want to but I'm scared”

Viktor knelt down in front of him and took his shaking hands in his own.

“Please Yuuri. I know this is hard. But I….I can't bare to see you like this. You've woken up screaming nearly every night for weeks. You say you are okay but I know that's a lie and you know that's a lie too... you need to talk to someone. Things can’t go on like this... Please..Yuuri...” Viktor begged. The floodgates had opened as the weight of everything had finally broken him. A plea from a drowning man. “Please come with me to counseling. Just one. Please. Let me help you”

Yuuri wanted to fight it. To disagree and claim he was completely fine but Viktor was right. He was so very tired. Every time he closed his eyes he saw himself in that mirror, and it was only getting more vivid each time he dreamt of it. He had tried to force it deep down inside him but it was always there, like a shard of glass sticking in the back of his mind.

He nodded. “Okay. I'll go”

Viktor could have cried from relief as He placed a feather light kiss on Yuuri hand. “Thank you.”

He stood up slowly to give Yuuri some space. It had been a long and trying night and they were both exhausted and needed to get some rest. The thoughts of having to spend the night in the couch was not a fun one but Viktor was drained to the point where he doubted he'd even care. He turned to leave but Yuuri held on to his hand. Tugging him back gently.

“You.. don't have to leave..” Yuuri whispered. Viktor stared at him with uncertain eyes.

“Are you sure?” He asked gently. Viktor wanted nothing more than to be close to him but he didn't want to push Yuuri any more today than he already had.

“I...I really miss you”

Yuuri didn't let go, pulling his mate close to him as he lay down on his side. Viktor complied, tentatively settling down as if Yuuri could shatter at any moment. He would be lying to himself if he
said he hadn't missed the intimacy of just lying next to his mate, to be surrounded by his scent and to feel the warmth of his body against his chest.

It always had felt that Yuuri was a perfect fit, when they were together they seemed to slot together like two puzzle pieces. Everything had been so difficult the past while that Viktor was starting to almost forget what it felt like to be complete.

The road ahead would be a long and terribly hard one but there was finally a glimmer of hope that things would get better. They both has been so lonely but they were too afraid to break down the wall that grief had built up around them, but there was a path forward now. Or at least he very much hoped there was.

To Viktors surprise, Yuuri let him hold him as he fell asleep for what was left of the small hours before the dawn.

Chapter End Notes

Okay. So things will start getting better from here :D soon more Yuri/Otabek, Viktor's family, and a few more surprises to come!
Flood Gates

Chapter Summary

Viktor and Yuuri attend a counseling session and the flood gates open.

Chapter Notes

This will finally be the end of the most heavy angst!!*

*for now at least

—I can't believe you talked me into this. This is going to be a waste of time” Yuuri’s brow furrowed as he reluctantly got out of the car. Nervous butterflies fluttered uncomfortably in his chest in anticipation of what was to come.

“It won’t be that bad i promise, Please love, For me?” Viktor asked giving Yuuri a pleading look. It had taken a lot of convincing to get Yuuri to come with him today, he almost gave up but Thankfully Mari had been there to make sure Yuuri couldn’t back out of it at the last minute but it didn’t stop the clear reluctancy Yuuri had about the idea.

Yuuri gave a huff in response as walked through the glass double doors that loomed at the top of the steps into the community center. The center was only a 20 minute drive from their apartment but it had felt like it had taken hours to get there. Each minute that drew the meeting closer made Yuuri’s chest clench and his hands clam up with anxious sweat.

The room were the meeting was to be held was a awful shade of dull yellow, not unclean but not particularly fresh either. It made the whole tone of the room feel dreary and dispassioned. There was an array of blue plastic chairs arranged in a circle in the center of the room and to the side were trays of biscuits and the makings of cups of tea and coffee with styrofoam cups lined up neatly in little stacks.

Leaflets and dated looking posters with various diagrams hung on the walls. The room was obviously used for a variety of different things from day to day, some posters looked to be for AA and one for a class on mindfulness. It was nice to see a center with so many uses but it did nothing to help Yuuri feel at ease.

Yuuri fidgeted awkwardly as they walked further into the room. A few omegas and beta women were dotted around the room. Some had brought their mates along with them for support and others were there alone.

Yuuri couldn’t stop himself feeling sorry for those who were there on their own. He was thankful that he had someone beside him through it all and even though things had not been great between himself and Viktor recently, He couldn’t even begin to imagine what it would be like going through
it alone.

No one paid them much mine aside from one or two people who gave a second glance at Viktor, probably recognizing him from somewhere. Yuuri was kind of glad he almost had a Clark Kent effect when he wasn't skating. He was able to blend in when he wanted to and avoid any unwanted attention.

A rather smart looking omega clapped her hands briskly to gain everyone's attention as she stood in the center of the chairs. “Gather round everyone. It's time to start. Please take a seat!” her voice was authoritarian but kind as she gestured for everyone to come to join the circle.

Tentatively, Yuuri picked a pair of seats closest to the door, eyeing up the escape route. Inside, He was a conflicted mess both wanting to be there to heal and get better for Viktor but also wanting to run as fast as his body could take him from the situation. Yuuri bounced his knee and waited for the speaker to begin, trying to eek out the tension building up inside him as if he could snap at any moment.

Yuuri would have given anything to not have to sit through this but as Viktor took his hand, he gave a heavy sigh. If this was what Viktor wanted, he guessed he'd have to do it. It shouldn’t have been such a big deal, yet Yuuri was terrified.

The omega began to introduce the group to new attendees and opened the floor to discussion. Starting at the other end of the circle much to Yuuri’s relief. Each person took their turn in talking about their losses. One beta women had lost three in the past two years. Hearing the women express her pain made Yuuri’s heart feel like it was going to collapse. Another omega had been trying with his mate for six years to conceive only to lose the baby at 13 and a half weeks.

He felt like a fraud. He had only lost one baby but there were so many others that had gone through so much more pain and grief. The guilt and selfishness closed around him like suffocating walls. Some people there had tried so hard to get pregnant, struggling for years and there was Yuuri, Who had gotten pregnant by accident... on a careless whim. He shouldn’t be there. He didn’t deserve to be there.

“Yuuri...it's okay” Viktor tightened his grip on his hand. Yuuri didn't realise how distressed his pheromones were and how he was finding it harder and harder to breathe. His heart began to beat violently in his chest and his hand began to tremble as he clutched them to his knees.

“I'm sorry…” Yuuri voice cracked. “I'm not ready....I can't do this” Yuuri stood up making the plastic chair clatter and screech against the wooden floor, Interrupting an omegas tearful story. He turned heel and bolted from the room leaving Viktor to run after him.

“Yuuri!!” Viktor grabbed hold of His wrist just as he made it into the parking lot. “Please Yuuri, don't leave…” He pleaded. The desperation in his eyes could have destroyed Yuuri there and then.

“I can't sit there Viktor. I just can't” Yuuri shouted as panic overwhelmed him “You can't make me. You have no idea what it's like...” Viktor dropped his hand weakly and looked at Yuuri blankly.

“I do....It was my baby too...” Viktor said hollow and flat. Yuuri automatically regretted what he said. The words took all the breath out of his lungs as if he had been punched in the stomach. Of course he knew. Hadn’t Mari said as much last night? How could he have been so selfish...
Viktor walked back to the car without saying another word. His jaw was clenched in a hard line as if it was made of stone. Yuuri tried to find something to say that could make it better but the damage had been done.

The car ride home felt a whole lot longer than the one there.

Mari decided to spend the day with Yurio and Otabek so the apartment was mercifully empty when they got back.

Viktor threw the car keys into the bowl by the door angrily, nearly knocking the bowl on to the floor with the force of it. He hadn’t spoken since he got into the car but Yuuri could feel the frustration radiate of him. His scent was bitter with it.

He stood awkwardly as he watched Viktor slump down hard on the couch. He knew he fucked up. He Fucked up harder than he probably ever had in his entire life.

“Viktor...I’m sor...”

“Stop” Viktor said harshly, cutting him off before he could finish the sentence. “Just stop” He ran his hands through his hair, not even turning to look at Yuuri.

“I don’t know what to say” Yuuri tried but he never knew what to do in arguments. The lump in his throat always stopped him from saying anything worth while.

“You don’t have to say anything Yuuri. All i wanted was for you to go to one meeting. ONE.” Viktor shook with the anger bubbling up in him. “I’ve been trying so damn hard Yuuri but no matter what i do, You don’t want my help. What do you want me to do? I’m at the end of my rope. Did you even stopped to think how much i needed to go today? FUCK!” Viktor threw his hands up in frustration,

“It’s all i have been thinking about!” Yuuri shouted back, tears tumbling from his eyes. “All i can think about is how much i let you down! How everything is my fault! I was so used to being mentally weak but this time...I was physically weak. I've spent years training, being in peak condition to compete. But when I needed to be strong my body failed me…” Yuuri’s voice hitched as an explosion of emotions erupted from him.

“It's my fault, My body was too weak to carry your child and I should have been stronger. I should have been better. The doctor even said so themselves! If I was...we’d still have our baby.. we’d be here planning a baby shower instead of acting like we hate each other But I wasn't and It's my fault.” Yuuri sobbed, his whole body shaking.

Viktor stood in silence, Not wanting to stop Yuuri from finally opening up. He felt all his anger melt away as he saw Yuuri break down in front of him, shattering like he was made of glass.

“it's my fault it's my fault” he repeated over and over again as he folded into Viktors arms. Viktor held him close, stroking his hand through Yuuri's hair. Trying to give some comfort.

“Every time I close my eyes all I can see is that fucking changing room. It makes me feel sick every time I think about it but I can't. I'm so sorry Viktor. I'm sorry I wasn't good enough”

“It’s not your fault Yuuri. Please don't say that…” Viktor held on tighter.

“But it is!...I….I lost our baby. Our little bean. It's.....It's not fair.” the weight of tears shook Yuuri's whole body. The months of pent up loss and frustration came roaring out in heavy but much needed
sobs.

Viktor was at a loss for words as he rocked his mate back and forth. Hushing him softly as he let whatever he needed to come out, come out. Sucking out all the poison that had been hurting him for so many lonely weeks.

It took him a few minutes for Yuuri to be able to speak again in a shaky and weak voice.

“I thought if I trained harder and fought harder it would go away but it didn't... For 10 weeks I dreamt of a baby we’re never going to see, that we’re never going to hold. The guilt is eating me alive and I don't know how to stop.” Yuuri buried his face into Viktor's shirt, curling his hands into the fabric as he hiccupped back tears. “I can’t stand the pity in people’s eyes when they see me. I feel so pathetic!”

“I don’t think your pathetic. Far from it” Viktor reassured him. He rubbed his cheek against his mate, scenting him with as much love as possible.

“I am. I couldn't keep our baby safe. What if i never can?”

“We can still have a baby Yuuri. So many people go on to have children after a miscarriage.” Viktor hadn’t realised how much that thought had torn Yuuri apart. It had been so black and white for him that while he was heartbroken at the loss, they could try again, He never thought about how Yuuri would feel about it.

“I haven’t had a heat in months!” Yuuri cried “I haven't had a heat since...the miscarriage. I might not have one again. We have to consider the possibility..... What if I can't have children? Why would you want to stay with an omega that can't give you a family?”

“yuuri...the doctors said it was normal to go a few months without a heat after a loss. You can't honestly believe that can you?” Viktor stood back to look at his mate. Had Yuuri really felt like that? Yuuri rubbed his puffy eyes with the heel of his hand as he sniffled back the constant flow of tears that showed no sign of ending.

“But what if I can't? I read online that some male omegas never have a heat again afterwards. We aren't built like female omegas and betas. Why would you want to be with a broken Omega? You're an Alpha, Alpha’s should be with people who can give them kids. You’re Viktor! You could have someone so much better than me”

“Then we can adopt. Yuuri...I love you because you are you. Not because you are an Omega.” Viktor pressed his head to yuuri's forehead, holding his face in his hands “I fell in love with you for a million reasons and not a single one of them was because of that”

“Do you mean it?” Yuuri sniffled, barely able to look his mate in the eyes.

“With all my heart”

Once the flood gates opened, it took a long time for Yuuri to calm down. They just sat in relative silence as Viktor held him close until he had no more tears left in him. Yuuri felt lighter for it, As if a valve had been opened to release all the pressure that had built up in his head for the weeks of holding it in.

Mari came back a few hours later. She came in so quietly viktor almost jumped when she put her hand on his shoulder.
“How did it go?” She whispered, Taking a seat opposite him as quietly as she could as to not wake Yuuri. He had fallen fast asleep on Viktors lap and for the first time in a long time, even though his eyes were still red and puffy from crying, he actually looked peaceful.

“It could have gone a lot better if i’m honest, But i think we might be making some progress” Viktor gave her a small sigh, still carding his fingers through Yuuri’s hair as he breathed out soft snores.

“Did he stay for the full thing?” Mari asked, nodding towards Yuuri.

Viktor shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, a smile breaking across his face “No. But he did promise to go again. I guess you were right”

“Told you and I guess you owe me that 5000yen then” Mari gave a breathy laugh.

Damn, Why was she always right.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is going to be about Yurio centered because stuff happens ;)


Mari flew home two weeks later. Things had been strange between them after the first night. Whatever had been exchanged between them must have had a substantial impact. Yuuri was slowly starting to improve, and the night terrors had become less frequent after he had opened up to Viktor and finally released what he had been holding in.

They had made an unspoken agreement not tell Viktor what was said, Citing it as a “sibling thing”. It made Viktor as curious as ever but he didn’t push it. If it had worked, then that was all he needed to know.

Yuuri agreed to go back to Therapy with a private counselor twice a week. They both knew It was going to be a very long road but they were hopeful and positive about the outcome. The first session had been the hardest, Having to tell someone about what happened in semi graphic detail had been a lot to let out in one day, but any progress was good progress.

Yakov had ordered Yuuri to take the season off, much to his adamant refusal, But in the end he agreed it would be for the best. Yuuri was not in the best place and the stress of competing would only make it worse. Instead he took it upon himself to be Viktor’s number one supporter and while he wasn’t competing, Yuuri still trained with Viktor every chance they could.

Things were starting to look a little brighter at the end of what seemed to be an endless tunnel.

-Bang Bang Bang-

A loud bang on the front door startled Yuuri as he was pouring out treats for a hungry makkachin after they had gotten back from a run.

-Bang Bang Bang-

The knocking at the door grew into a panicked slam of fists and kicks. Yuuri could smell the panic from the pheromones leaking through the window.

“Let me in katsudon for fuck sake” came the sobbing shouting of yurio. It was panicked and cracked in distress.

Yuuri ran immediately to the door but he barely had it open before yurio barged in. His face was flushed and covered in sweat and he reeked of the unmistakable pheromones Yuuri recognized immediately.

“Please. Help me. I don’t know what to do I’m burning up and fuck it hurts” yurio clawed at his shirt that was soaked through. “Fuck!”

“Okay. Calm down. Tell when did it start?” Yuuri’s omega instinct automatically kicked into gear. The presenting for any omega can be a very hard ordeal especially if it was unexpected. It was painful and could be traumatic if left unaided.

“I was going to be an alpha...I can't do this. Make it stop. Help me katsudon” Tears were pouring from the kids eyes. Yuri was a mess as he grabbed desperately onto Yuuri’s shirt but yuuri knew all
too well what he must be feeling.

“Go to the bathroom and undress immediately. Turn the shower on as cold as you can get it. I'll be there in a few minutes” Yuuri began to dial his phone. Yurio didn't need to be told twice, shedding his shirt immediately as he made his way down the hall.

Thankfully Viktor was out of the house, having just gone out to pick up some groceries for that night's dinner. Yuuri tapped his foot as he waited for his mate to pick up, but unfortunately The tone beeped as Viktor answering machine picked up instead.

“Vitya, Whatever you do, you need to stay away from the house for a while. Yura’s just gone into heat. I'll call otabek so you can stay there for the next few days. Call me when you get this!”

Yuuri hung up and sprung into action, he grabbed a bag of ice out of the freezer and a box of the strongest painkillers they had in the house and the last box of Yuuri’s heat suppressants before going to the bathroom. He gave a small smile to himself that it was not so long ago that Mila had to do the same for him the last time he had a heat.

When Yuuri walked into to the bathroom, Yuri was hunched up in the bath with the cold shower beating down his back. He was shaking violently but not from the cold and His skin flushed pink from the force of the water. He was crying to himself his head crammed into his knees, His knuckles white as he dug them into his legs, trying desperately to not cry out.

“It's okay Yura. We'll get you through this.” Yuuri poured the bag of ice into the bath around Yuri, who visibly sighed at the cool touch to his skin. The deep indents of his nails was starting to draw blood on his legs.

“Fuck ...why does it hurt to bad” He clenched harder, Screwing up his face in a vain attempt to quell the pain

“It's your first cycle. They can be one of the worse because you’re body is adjusting. We need to cool you down as much as possible before you go into full heat but rest assured not all heats are this painful.”

“This isn't full heat?” Yuri's gasped, his eyes wide eyed and blow wide with panic. His breath was starting to catch in his lung at the thoughts that this was about to get worse

“I'm afraid so. Once it started you can go to the spare room to wade it out. I brought you some heat suppressants and painkillers that should help you through the worst of it….I could call Otabek for you?”

Yuri swallowed down the pills Yuuri held out for him in one go without any water

“Fuck no. He can't see me like this. Oh fuck fuck fuck” He whimpered sadly, his whole body heaved as he cried. Although he had taken a growth spurt recently, he still looked like small curled up tightly in a ball at the base of the bath.

“It's not the end of the world yuri. Times are a lot different now” Yuuri tried his best to give off as calming pheromones as he could, but he was only an omega and it could only go so far to calm someone in their first heat.

“Why this have to happen to me. I was going to be an Alpha or a Beta I was sure of it. I can't live with Beka anymore once he finds out.”

“Why not? He's your friend right? I'm sure he'll understand”
"It's not that!" Yuri keened. His face contorted in so much pain Yuuri physically hurt to look at him in so much distress. “He's an alpha. He’ll only want me because I'm an omega now. This isn't supposed to be how it happens. I don't even know how to be an Omega”

“Didn't you learn about it in school?” Yuuri asked a little confused, filling up the bath with another bag of Ice. He tentatively rubbed the Russian’s shoulders, trying his best to give him even the smallest bit of comfort

“Fuck I was too busy skating to pay attention to that shit.” Yuri groaned. Schools were required to do several mandatory classes on secondary genders that explained everything from Heats to Emotional Pheromones and bonding, giving them all they need to know about their body for whenever the time came for them to present.

They were not the most exciting classes in the world but they were a vital part of any young persons education. The thought that Yura had missed the majority of them made Yuuri wince internally. He was going to be in for a few shocks.

“it'll be okay.” Yuuri rubbed small circles on his back and took a deep breath. Yuri needed to be told a few things and it was better now than never.

“You'll probably expect to have a heat every second month if you are regular. Some omegas are more spread out. You’ll need to take suppressants a week before your heat it due so make sure to keep a good record of when your heats happen. You can get combination medication that also works as a contraception if you are going to spent you heat with an Alpha”

“Oh god. I can get pregnant?” the news crumpled Yuri's even further. He obviously hadn’t considered the possibility. Yuuri put on a brave face, washing some cold water over Yuri’s back. Steam rising from his scorching hot skin.

It was not a subject he wanted to talk about right now but it was something Yuri needed to know. “I’m afraid so. The reason you are in so much pain right now is because your body is adjusting to a whole new set of organs. You might bleed your first few heats but don’t worry, You’re not dying”

“IT SURE FUCKING FEEL LIKE IT” Yuri gritted his teeth as another wave hit him.

“Hopefully it will only last three or so days. Once the full heat kicks in, You won’t really notice the pain as much.”

Yuri sat and cried for a while. Rocking back and forth in the bath as the shower pelted him. His body was slowly cooling down but the realisation that life as he knew it was over would been a hard one for him to accept. It must have been a horrible shock for him to suddenly go into heat without any real knowledge of what was happening or how to deal with it. Once his heat was over, Yuuri would have to sit down and have a proper talk with him about it.

Yuuri tried hard to keep the sympathy from showing on his face. He doubted Yuri would be in the right mind to take his concern in any other way than anger.

They sat quietly for a while before Yuri spoke through a ragged breath. “Yuuri?” He asked. It almost took Yuuri aback to hear him say his name in full.

“For what it’s worth...I...I'm sorry about what happened to you. You and Viktor would be great parents.”

Yuuri just smiled as best he could, The comment had came out of nowhere and he didn’t know how to answer. He swallowed back the lump that formed in his throat “Maybe but I haven't had a heat
since... I'm not holding onto much hope. But we have each other and makka and that's all we need. Now. I think you are cooled down enough now.” Yuuri changed the subject, slapping his thighs. It was still so hard to talk about what happened and sting deeply to remember it, But he guessed someway or another, It always would.

“You can go into the spare room now. I can bring you some of viktors clothes to nest with if you want, Having an Alpha’s scent around you might help with the pain.”

Yurio nodded in thought before speaking. Embarrassment blushed on his face. “....can you get me some of Bekas clothes instead of the old man's? I don't like how he smells”

Yuuri gave a light laugh but agreed nonetheless. “Okay, I can go get some. unfortunately I will have to lock you in the spare room for your own safety when the full heat starts. I can check on you every 30 minutes and i’ll bring water and whatever you need but i can’t let you leave until it’s over.”

Yuuri extended an arm for Yuri to help himself up. He was shaking like a leaf but still roasting hot to the touch. Yuri didn’t point out the faint drip of blood and fresh slick running down the inside of the new Omega’s leg, merging into the water of the shower to flow down the plughole.

There would be no point in causing him any more distress.

Yuuri disposed Yuri into the spare room. He was slightly embarrassed that he had yet to change the bed sheet since Mari had been sleeping there but he guessed having her scent would help for the time being while he went over to Otabeks

“Christ it smells like Chili and cigarettes in here” Yuri wrinkled up his nose as he flopped down on the bed, Barely aware he was stark naked.

“Yeah, im sorry about that. I haven’t changed the room since Mari was here. You’ll start to notice Pheromones a lot more from now on. They smell different to each person so you’re probably just smelling Mari as an Alpha. She smells like a bit like charcoal and fire to me. Are you sure you don’t want me to get Otabek himself to come over?” Yuuri asked one more time before he left but Yuri shook his head as he buried his face into the pillow.

Once yuuri had double checked the locks, before he made his way around the corner street to Otabek and Yuri's apartment complex. It was nearly identical to the one he and Viktor lived in but it was slightly taller, with maybe an extra two or three stories . Yuuri had never bothered to count.

There was a small part of him deep down that was jealous of Yura. He didn't want to admit it but seeing him go into heat just drove home the fact it had been over six months since he had a one with not even the faintest hint of a preheat.

He tried to shake the thoughts from his head as he climbed the flights of stairs until he got to the right floor. Yuuri gave two strong knocks on the door and waited, hearing the rustle of movement inside.

Within moments the Kazakh answered, giving Yuuri a look of confusion as he took a deep intake of breath. Yuuri must have reeked of Yuras pheromones.

“Hi Yuuri. What's going on?” Otabek asked, His eyebrowed pinched as his eyes darted around to find the source of the smell.

“Yuri's gone into heat. Turns out he's presenting late and He probably would be angry as all hell if he knew I told you but he asked for some of your clothes that had your scent on it. Is it okay if I grabbed some for him?”
“Oh? Really?” a small smile flashed across Otabek’s usual stoic face causing a faint blush to touch his cheeks.

He invited Yuuri in as he gathered up a tall pile of shirts he was going to put in the laundry and made sure to rub them over his scent gland before giving them over to Yuuri. “Does he want me to go to him?” he asked trying to be nonchalant but it was as clear as day he would have been ecstatic at the prospect.

“I think this time he’s a bit embarrassed since it’s his first heat. These will be enough to help him through the next few days but I suggest you have a chat with him afterwards. Viktor is going to spend the next few days here if that’s okay. Yuri will probably not be in his right mind once the heat kicks in and it’s best to not have any alphas around” Yuuri sighed, trying to reassure him as best as he could over the large stack of clothes.

Otabek nodded with a smile still on his face but he looked disappointed. He helped Yuuri out the door “thank you for looking after him”

When Yuuri arrived back the whole apartment reeked of the smell of heat. It was almost overpowering, as thick as soup in the air wafting from the spare room.

He carefully unlocked the door to find Yuri folded up in a ball on the bed and whining with tears flowing down his face. Yuuri draped one of Otabek’s shirts over him which he immediately curled into.

“alpha…my alpha…want my beka” he whimpered as the alphas scent overtook him. His rubbed into the shirt and gave a moan Yuuri wished he hadn't heard.

Yuuri left the pile of the rest of Otabek’s shirts on the bedside table and left Yuri have some privacy. A blush of embarrassment on his face.

He made sure to check in on him every half hour and so far everything seemed okay. Yuri had used Otabek’s clothes to make loose and lopsided nest that he buried himself into. His pheromones started to develop a citrus orange Tang like sour sugary candy and lemon drops. Although it wasn’t all that unpleasant, Yuuri sincerely wished he could open the winds and let some fresh air in but He would have to settle for emptying a can of scent neutralizers around the main part of the apartment instead.

The day was passing uneventful until he heard the rattle of keys in the front door lock.

Viktor.

Yuuri bolted up in panic “what are you doing? Didn't you get my message?” He fumbled up as he correned over the couch to stop the alpha from entering.

“Yuuri had what's going on? Are...are you in heat?” Viktor looked confused as his eyes wandered around the apartment. His pupils began to dilate like saucers at the scent of an Omegas heat. His nose flared drinking in the thick smell and his breath was starting to catch.

“Not me. Yuri's. You need to go to stay with otabek! you can't be here” Yuuri panicked but before he could shove Viktor back out the front door , He heard the click of the spare room and the rushed padded of bare feet on the wooden hallway floor.

“Alpha..” Yuri gasped as he bolted into the living room,
He immediately grabbed onto the lapel of Victors jacket and rubbed against him. The sweat still rolling off his naked body.

“Jesus christ Yura” Viktor struggled to fight him off, grabbing him by the wrists to keep him at a
distance. Yuri screamed at being pulled away and flailed against the restraint.

Yuuri had to hook his arms under his shoulders to pull him back. The blonde kicked wildly to be released but Yuuri kept a firm grip. Even if the trail of Yuri’s slick was destroying his jeans and soaking the living room carpet.

“Viktor you need to leave. Yuri isn’t himself. Go to otabeks. I’ll ring you once I calm him down”

Viktor didn’t need to be told twice as he turned heel and left as quickly as he could. Giving Yuuri a sympathetic look as he did. He could see it in his eyes that the scent had gotten to him but Yuuri couldn’t blame him. The smell of a fresh omega was a hard thing to resist.

Maybe Viktor would be better off with a new Omega...

Yuuri pulled Yuri back into the room, kicking and screeching at the top of his lungs. He struggled until Yuuri covered him back up in otabeks clothes again. He immediately calmed down as he writhed into the now well soiled clothes.

The first few heats are some of the worst to get through, an omegas whole body and mind are completely out of their control so Yuuri couldn’t bring himself to blame him. He knew Yuri wouldn’t even remember what happened afterwards, not this time anyway

He would probably be mortified if he realised what he’d done but Yuuri decided silently that he would spare him the embarrassment and never bring it up.

It was going to be a long few days.

Chapter End Notes

I really appreciate everyone's comments! I hope you have been enjoying the story so far but there is still so much more to go :)

Next chapter will be a bit longer and a smut warning will be in full effect! :D
The first rays of morning sunlight began to seep through the curtains on the third day and final day of Yuri’s heat. It was early, closer to 5am than it was to 6.

The past few days had gone mercifully uneventfully. Otabek had been dropping over freshly scented clothes and sheets each morning to help Yura through the day. The haze and fog of his heat was probably so strong he had not noticed Yuuri come in and out to clean and change around the sheets as much as he could.

It was about midnight when Yuri’s heat finally ebbed, leaving the young omega to relish in a much needed sleep.

Yuuri had tried to contact Viktor several times throughout the few days but his calls had gone unanswered. Yuuri was housebound for the duration of the heat once it has fully came as it was unsafe to leave the house unguarded with such a strong fresh scent lingering around.

Otabek had shied away from any questions Yuuri had about Viktor making a sinking pit form in the base of his stomach. He swallowed it back and convince himself it was just a case of Viktor being busy. But the little voice in the back of Yuuri’s mind kept wandering to places he would rather not be.

Yuuri gave a small knock on the door of the spare room before tip toeing in. The smell of heat had died down drastically since his last check and yuri was now a regular temperature to the touch. The Russian was still asleep, curled up under a pile of Otabeks shirts.

Yuuri checked his temperature with the back of his hand before softly shaking Yuri's shoulder to wake him

“Yura. I brought you some water. How are you feeling?” he asked just above a whisper.

The blonde groaned and stretched out with a displeased grunt. “I feel fucking gross and I'm starving” he propped himself on shaking arms “What time is it?”

“Still really early but your heats died down now and you need to eat something. If you want to go for a shower, you can use our ensuite, the shower has a stronger flow in there. I can make breakfast while you clean up.” Yuuri handed Yuri the bottle of water he had been holding and the omega drank it down in one large gulp before letting out a relieved Aahh.

Yuuri made sure to leave out fresh towels, clean clothes and a scent blocking soap for Yuri to use on the bed before starting to make breakfast. Within minutes the apartment began to smell of bacon and eggs, fresh coffee and hot toast. It was a welcome change from sour citrus. Yuuri swung open the windows and let in the first bit of fresh air for days.

Yuri took his time showering, spending over an hour cleaning off the remnants of his first heat. Yuuri took the quiet time to send a text to Otabek and let him know that it was okay for him to come over and collect yuri now.

Again, the dial tone rung out when he tried to call Viktor. The pit grew deeper, making him feel sick and turned off his food. He picked at his nails while he waited, nervously trying to occupy himself.
When Yura finally emerged from the room he was scrubbed a painful and violent shade of pink. Yuuri remembered how gross the first time had felt, however he was lucky his family owned an onsen so searing off the caked on sweat was a much easier feat than using a plain old shower.

Not a single scrap of food was left by the time Otabek arrived, worryingly sans Viktor.

“How are you feeling Yura?” Otabek gave him a small nod and smile. Yuri automatically blushed a deep red shading his already pinked cheeks, completely unable to look the Kazakh in the eyes. “Fine.” he shrugged his shoulders attempting to appear calm and unaffected but Yuuri caught him wringing his hands on his sleeves from the underside of the table.

“You don't happen to know where Viktor is do you?. I've been trying to call him for days but I keep getting his voicemail” Yuuri asked. He was almost afraid to hear the answer.

Otabek grimaced and shook his head. “He'll be over In a while. It's best he tell you himself”

Oh god. The pit in Yuuri’s stomach turned into a swirling vortex. No good news has ever begun with a sentence like that.

“Jesus, way to be ominous Beka” Yuri quickly laughed, standing up from the table. Yuuri didn't ask any more questions. Handing over a large laundry bag full of Otabeks clothes he had washed over the few days.

The two then headed back to their apartment and left Yuuri alone to sit in the kitchen, imagining every worst scenario his imagination had come up with. Had he gotten into an accident? Had he finally gotten sick of Yuuri and decided to leave? Did he find another Omega? Was he I'll?

Each second that dragged on caused the growing sense of dread to materialize as Yuuri’s mind bolted from one possible reason to another. Until it paused at the worst one of all, looping like a record thrown off its needle.

“Maybe Viktor was better off leaving. he couldn't blame him...after all, why would he want to stay with the omega who lost his kid.”

Stop it. Yuuri shouted to himself. STOP IT. Yuuri curled his fingers into his hair, tugging at the roots in a vain attempt to stop the thunderstorm in his head.

He practically burst out of his skin when he heard the keys in the front door.

Viktor walked in bashfully, smelling heavily of scent neutralizer, butt that was not what immediately caught Yuuri’s attention. What did was the deep yellowish purple bruise around his right eye, a few days old but still looked swollen and tender.

“What happened!?” Yuuri jolted to his feet and went over to his mate, taking his face in his hands to examine the injury, forgetting his worries upon seeing Viktor hurt.

“It’s nothing really. Otabek smelled Yura off me and well...alphas will be alphas when their omega’s are involved” Viktor huffed with a smile.

“Why didn't you answer any of my calls?” Yuuri dropped his hands and pulled his gaze away from Viktors.

Viktor tried to begin a sentence but it stuck in his throat. He gave a heavy sigh before he spoke.
“Yuuri...there's something I need to tell you, just know that I am so so sorry”

Yuuri closed his eyes and prepared himself for what was coming.

“Yura’s heat caused me to go into rut.”

Yuuri snapped open his eyes, unsure if he had heard what he said correctly.

“I should have had more control over myself but I couldn't. I spent the last few days locked in Otabeks room burning out the rut. I am so so unbelievably sorry”

“Oh” Yuuri barely whispered. It was the only thing that had not crossed his mind. Of course it would have caused a rut. Being in such close proximity to a fresh omega would have set off even the most in control of alphas.

And it had been a long time since they had even been intimate, let alone since he had had a heat of his own.

“Please forgive me” Viktor begged, reaching out to touch yuuri but he flinched away from his hand.

“It's okay Vitya” Yuuri nodded, lost in thought. His eyes searched for some unknown answer in the distance. “It's not like we're bonded...you would probably be better off with an omega that isn't defective anyway”

Viktor looked like he was slapped hard in the face. Yuuri knew he shouldn't have said that but hearing that another omega has caused Viktor to rut had confirmed a painful insecurity in him

“Is that what you think? That I would just leave you for someone else? Yuuri...how could you think that!” the hurt in viktors eyes made Yuuri shrink in on himself. Yuuri knew he was being ridiculous but the anxious hole in his head was trying to convince him otherwise.

“You are not defective yuuri. And if you think I would leave you over what happened...I can't even begin to comprehend that.” Viktor scooped Yuuri into his arms.

Yuuri didn’t resist, letting himself be folded into his alpha’s warm scent.

“I’m sorry Viktor. I…” Yuuri sighed, more angry at himself that he ever was at viktor. “I know we haven’t...you know...In a long time. I wouldn’t blame you for wanting someone else,”

“I never want anyone else but you. I’d bond you here and now if you’d let me” viktor brushed his hand against yuuri’s cheek. Instinctively yuuri rubbed into it, feeling the soft touch for the first time in too many weeks. “The whole rut all i could think about is how much i loved you and wished i could spend it with you. It was torture not being able to touch you or taste you” Vitkor drew out the last few words, sending a pleasant tingle down Yuuri’s spine. Viktor knew exactly what he was doing.

Wordlessly yuuri leaned closer and carded his fingers through his alphas hair. Their lips met in a tender press. Yuuri softly smiled “Not yet. But i wouldn’t mind taking a shower with you..if you’d like?”

Viktor flashed a devilish grin as Yuuri took him by the hand and lead him to the bathroom

The shower still had a faint smell of of Lily of the valley. The leftover wafts of scent neutralizer. The ground was still wet and made yuuri shiver as he started to undress and stepped behind the glass door.

It felt odd to be naked in front of Viktor again as if it was like they were starting their relationship all
over again. Yuuri guessed in a way they kind of were, But he craved the intimacy of showering with his mate. They had done so on many mornings that often turned into something far more than just getting clean, and while Yuuri was not wholly ready to go as far as full sex, he still wanted to have a little bit of fun.

Yuuri turned the handle and immediately the hot spray of water rushed over him. He sighed as he started to relax from the heat of it. Moments later he felt the smooth touch of his mate behind him. Skirting along the line of his hips, The alpha’s naked chest pressed to his back making Yuuri’s heart race.

The smell of his rut still flowed around him. An addicting smell that Yuuri drank in with relish.

Viktor nuzzled his face into his neck, breathing in deeply and letting out a pleased hum. His hands could almost touch around his slim waist as he pulled him close enough to feel his heartbeat through their skin. It was just as fast as Yuuri’s.

Viktors hands wandered frontwards as if tentatively asking permission to continue. Yuuri’s stomach fluttered with anticipation and arousal. Viktor kissed the line of his shoulder, savoring every feather light touch.

He could feel himself get painfully turned on as he moved his hands to slide over Viktors, guiding them down below his waist. Permission granted.

Yuuri was already half hard, it took less than a few steady and slow strokes of Viktors hands to have him gasping, his free hand slapping hard against the wet tiles in front of him.

The water washing over them did nothing to hide the drip of slick starting to flow down Yuuri leg.

“God he wanted to feel Viktor so badly.”

“I missed you my love” Viktor said softly as he buried his face into the crook of Yuuri’s collar, nipping and licking around his scent gland.

“I missed you too” Yuuri panted breathlessly. He could feel the hot coil of release slowly build in the base of his stomach. It had been so long…

Viktors body was tense behind him for a moment and his hands slowed to an almost stop. “Yuuri…” he panted “I really need to knot but I don't want to hurt you…”

Ah. Yuuri felt the bob of Viktors erection against his back, rubbing across the center of his ass. Since it had been a while since they had had sex, taking in Viktors knot would only hurt even with if they properly prepared.

He instinctively thought of the next best thing. Yuuri shifted his hips upward and reached around to guide Viktor into the small gap between his thighs, the soapy water and slick mixed to make for a smooth glide as he seated back into Viktors hips.

He clenched his legs together making Viktor moaned at the sensation of the Omega’s muscles constrict tightly around him. He took hold of Yuuri hips to still him for a moment, he wanted to enjoy every second of the warm wet feeling.

Slowly Yuuri began to rock onto him, bending forward to brace himself against the titles of the shower. The feel of Viktors cock sliding against the underside of his own felt heavenly and made his knees weak with the rapidly approaching orgasm.
As Yuuri moaned out his name, Viktor could not hold back any longer. He grabbed hold of Yuuri’s waist with one hand and wrapped the other around Yuuri’s cock. Pumping with increasing speed and force until Yuuri was bouncing off him.

He felt his knot swell at the base of his cock and to slip between Yuuri thighs that held onto him in a delicious vice grip. It wasn’t the same as when Yuuri took him properly but it was still more than enough to make him see blinding white stars as he came. Spurting a large stream of thick cum between Yuuri legs finally releasing the last pent up frustrations of his rut.

Yuuri followed seconds later, gasping out the alpha’s name. He trembled as he felt his knees go weak under him. After months of having no release, it felt like it was Yuuri first time all over again. Powerful and earth moving, the waves crashed over him for nearly a full minute.

Viktor didn’t dare move until his knot has started to go down. A weak stream of cum still leaked from his tip. Panting, he brushed back his hair from his eyes. The spray of the shower still raining down on them. At least there wouldn’t be any mess to clean up.

After a few moments Viktor pulled out, his knot now deflated and soft. Yuuri straightened his back and turned to look at him. The pink flush of orgasm still on his cheeks and drips of water falling from his eyelashes.

“You have no idea how beautiful you are Yuuri” Viktor hooked a finger under his mate’s chin and gave small kiss.

“I’d feel a whole lot more beautiful if i weren’t covered in cum” Yuuri gave a cheeky laugh “Come on, let’s clean up”
The rink was practically deserted. Yurio was still taking a few days off to recover from his heat and the others had left earlier to grab something to eat, leaving Viktor and Yuuri some time to train alone together.

Yuuri began untied his laces after a tiring practice session. He wiped away the sweat beaded on his forehead and kicked off his skates to rest his tired feet. While he wasn’t going to be competing in this years GPF, he wanted to use the time he had to hone his skill and hopefully be back on top form for worlds, but while he had relaxed his training a lot since he had begun counseling, it didn’t stop him from working up a steady sweat whenever he could.

It was nice, the size of the rink in St Petersburg was so much bigger than back home, it made it feel far more reverent to be there.

The high ceilings made each slide and crunch of the blades echo out around the rink and as the dusk light poured in, it formed beautiful patterns from the large windows and illuminated the ice in sunset reds and pinks.

Yuuri breathed a happy sigh as he packed away his gear, soaking up the peaceful contentment. But the calm moment was sharply broken by a chorus of shouting from down the hall. The loud bang of the door swinging open made Yuuri Jolt in his seat, quickly being pulled out of his quiet daydreaming.

Viktors voice bellowed as he stormed into the rink, shouting angrily something at Yakov, who followed close behind him, the old coaches face was a deep plum red as he held his temper.

What did he do now…..

Yakov shouted back at him with just as much force, Yuuri worried if he was about to burst a blood vessel. He brandished an envelope in his hand, waving it in Viktors face as he ranted.

Yakov threw a glance at Yuuri. He stopped in his tracks and turned to him in a way that made Yuuri shrink into himself. He didn’t like that look. Yuuri could tell he was about to be dragged into
something he really didn't want to be into.

“Here!” Yakov thrust the envelope into Yuuris hands roughly. “At least now you can't say I didn't give it to you. I'm not having Lana breathing down my neck about this bullshit Vitya. Not again!” Viktor threw Yakov a filthy look as the old Russian stomped off and slammed the door behind him. The bang reverberated loudly off the walls causing them both to flinch.

Yuuri had blinked in shock at the whirlwind that has just unfolded in front of him. It had been such a good, calm day...

Yuuri slowly flipped the envelope in his hand. It was made off a heavy cardstock, with a maroon wax seal, embossed in the center was a gold intricate crest of two birds intertwining in the shape of an N.

Yuuri hesitently opened it after seeking a nod from Viktor, cracking the seal cleanly down the middle and subsequently decapitating one of the poor birds necks.

Inside was a letter written in beautifully delicate handwriting that Yuuri couldn’t read, even if he could understand russian. He looked up at Viktor, his eyebrow raised in question as he waited for an explanation.

“It’s an invitation. My family are hosting a 25th memorial for my father and the bastards had the nerve to request my presence” Viktor gritted his teeth, his whole face was pinched in disgust as he looked at the letter as if it was made of some kind of poison. “more of a command than a request actually”

“I’m going to take a wild guess that you’re not planning on going?” Yuuri asked

“I don’t want to…” Viktor pinched his eyebrows and gave a heavy, frustrated sigh. “But...i guess i have to.. they even got yakov in on it. That traitor. I can't say I never got the invite like I usually do. They'll know I'd have ignored it”

“If you have to go, at least it’s just for one night? why not go and show your face and then leave again after a couple of hours? It can’t be that bad can it?” Yuuri pursed his lips trying to figure out any alternative, scanning over the letter again.

Viktor could be very stubborn when he didn't want to do something. He never really talked about his family or even really mentioned them until now but whatever they did, it must have been something serious for Viktor to dig his heels in this deeply. They must have known his feelings too if they had to resort to Yakov being a sacrificial messenger.

“My family are the worst Yuuri. I don’t want anything to do with them at the best of times. We never saw eye to eye and once I was old enough to cut contact, i did. It was a cheap move for them to get Yakov involved” Viktor huffed.

“Well there must be a reason they want you there”

“Probably just want to keep tabs on me, but i'm not exactly keen to find out.” Viktor sighed, slumping down beside Yuuri and took the letter from his hands.

“I could go with you? We can eat all the food and leave before anyone notices so it wouldn’t be a complete waste of time” Yuuri tried to joke and lighten the mood but it only seemed to make Viktors eyebrows crease further. “Yay Free food?”

“I want you with me Yuuri but...my family are….They have some very backward views on things.”
Viktor gave Yuuri a concerning look “There is a good reason they aren't in my life anymore”

Yuuri knew the implication as soon as he spoke just by the way he had said it. While the world made great strides in omegas rights in the last few decades, there were still people who looked down on them as if they were a lower class of people.

“oh” Yuuri didn’t want to say it out loud, It made his stomach plummet. “Like omega’s”
Viktor nodded. His face was crunched in the turmoil. Yuuri could barely believe what he had just heard. He instantly regretted suggesting viktor show up. No wonder he wanted to avoid it.

“There are still a very small amount of people who discriminate against omegas. It's barbaric to think in this day and age. It's why I don't speak to them if i can avoid it. They loved all my achievements as a skater but they just couldn't get passed the fact my mother was an omega. They have done some terrible things.... I tried to put it behind me but i couldn't do it. It’s not who i am. I can't be around anyone who treats people the way they do. Especially not after the way they acted towards my parents. They might not react well to me being with you and I wouldn't be able stand the idea of them doing the same to you”

Yuuri felt like he had been punched in the chest. “wow. I don't know what to say.”

“Neither do I. I hate this. I am so sorry for who they are. If they want me there then they are going to have to accept that you are my mate and there is nothing they can do about it” Viktor put his hand on yuuri cheek. “But i doubt they have changed in all the years despite the world changing around them. It’s going to be a pretty rough night and not the most welcoming. Will you be okay?”

Yuuri rolled the question around in his mind. It would be a lie to say Yuuri had never faced discrimination for being an Omega. While it was a concept that was dying out, the mindset wasn’t completely gone, But Yuuri had to admit, it had been a long time since he had been on the receiving end of it. The thought of it sent a shiver down Yuuri’s spine.

He nodded after a few moments of thought. “If you need to go, I’ll go with you. I don't want you to have to deal with them on your own so I’ll be okay” he gave a smile “and if not...we can leave after we've eaten all their food”

Viktor folded him into his arms and planted a kiss on his forehead with a little laugh “at least 10 courses”

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Yuuri always looked incredible in a tux. It was one of his hidden graces that formal wear suited him flawlessly. He slicked back his hair and managed to put in some contacts for the evening, even if they made his eyes itch after a while, But If he was going to face a fearsome foe, he wanted to at least give them something to be mad about.

Even with an overload of scent blockers, Yuuri still had a ball of nerves twist in his stomach. He wasn't usually the most noticeable of omegas but he felt that tonight he must have been surrounded by neon lights pointing him out for what he was.

It was going to be a long night and he could already feel himself get mentally tired but Yuuri was going to support Viktor no matter what.

On the drive to the estate, Viktor found it nearly impossible to keep his hands off him.He rubbed at Yuuris neck and made sure to scent him as much as possible. Even if he didn't smell like an Omega tonight, he would definitely still smell of Viktor.
As the car rolled through the front gates to the estate, Yuuri had to take a gasp of air. The mansion was the biggest, fanciest building Yuuri had ever seen. The driveway was lined with marble column and intermittent fountains all the way up to the entrance, with immaculately trimmed rose bushes dotted around the front grounds. It screamed extravagance and over the top luxury with every inch.

There were several cars already parked outside, all lined up neatly by the valets. All of them were high end sports cars. Yuuri swallowed hard. He had never felt so out of place before. Like a rusty penny admit a vault full of jewels.

The building was impressive, with several stories of marble and huge full length windows in the hall that showed into the interior. The glints of a giant crystal chandelier could easily be seen, even from where they were outside.

Yuuri’s nerves turned into solid dread as Viktor parked up the car and stepped out gracefully. He handing the keys to the waiting valet with a polite nod and smile.

Viktor looked like he belonged there instantly. His usual relaxed posture was replaced with something more sophisticated as if he was walking a runway. Yuuri tried to mimic it as he walked up beside him. He could tell he was failing at it by just how awkward he felt.

Viktor turned and gave him a peck on his cheek before the stepped in the door “You ready for this?” he asked, brushing back a stray strand of jet black hair from Yuuri’s eyes, laying it into place.

Yuuri nodded. He was far from ready but there was no turning back now.

The grand hall was so much bigger than it looked from the outside. It almost gave Yuuri vertigo just taking it all in.

The walls were covered in expensive paintings and tapestries, laced with intrigue gold details and large coats of arms dotted in between. Among the Portraits of family members passed and present, Yuuri spotted a painting of a man who looked an awful lot like Viktor but with darker, more honey colored hair. That must be Viktor’s father.

There was a grand wide marble staircase in the center of the room that broke off in two directions covered a velvet red carpet, all illuminated by the monumentally big chandelier. At the top of the stairs was a humongous portrait, painted in dark oil paints it stood out starkly against the rest of the room like a gloomy shadow.

The room was already filled with people, chatter and clinking glasses buzzed in the hall. Everyone was dressed in elegant formal wear and designer clothing as if they were attending a Hollywood premiere instead of a memorial for the dead.

A string orchestra played soft background music while the guests mingled as they entered

Yuuri pulled at his collar anxiously before his attention was quickly startled by the loud declaration of their arrival from an announcer to their left. Yuuri could have sworn that type of stuff only happened in movies but here he was.

Everyone in the room turned to look at them as their names were called out.

“Welcoming Viktor Nikiforov and his guest, Yuuri Katsuki”

Yuuri could have disintegrated then and there from sheer embarrassment as all eyes focused on them like laser pointers. The attention was mostly on Viktor, as his appearance seemed to have caused a stir among the guests. The whispers of gossip already breaking the silence.
Viktor nodded politely as they walked by, flashing the fakest smile Yuuri had ever seen him produce.

It was a mercy when Yuuri managed to grab two flutes of champagne from a passing waiter to calm his storm of nerves. He downed the first one in one go, placing it gingerly back on the waiter's tray and receiving a disapproving look in return.

The bubbles calmed him just long enough to crack a smile at Viktor.
“You'd think they would do up the place if they were expecting guests over. This place is an absolute dive” he laughed nervously

Viktor tried to hold back a snigger. His shoulders relaxing instantaneously at Yuuri’s covert humour. The soft blush of a giggle pinking his cheeks.
“I know right?” he rolled his eyes as he grabbed his own flute of champagne “disgraceful”

They began to wander around, trying to avoid as many people as possible. Viktor decided to chat to Yuuri about the House while they hunted down the Buffet.

“This was my grandfather's estate and then my fathers. Now it's currently in the family trust and only used for formal events.” Viktor sipped a the glass and pointed to the large portrait at the top of the stairs. It was an imposing painting of an elderly man with a scowl, dressed in fine clothes and decorated with gold leaf. There was something about it that was extremely intimidating. While the rest of the room felt elegant and refined, the painting looked dower and callous, as if he was judging everyone who saw it.

“Grandfather Nikiforov Couldn’t leave the world without making sure he could continue look down on everyone the moment they came in. My father's portrait should be there but the family wouldn’t allow it. It’s hideous isn’t it?” Viktor chuckled

“He doesn’t look very happy.” Yuuri tilted his head. It made him shudder.
“So. What exactly are we supposed to do at a memorial?”

“Ah. well. The family never cared all that much for my father so i doubt the evening is really about him. Probably just an excuse for a family reunion and to gush over how much they wish grandfather was here. In other words, a complete farce” Viktor rolled his eyes, guiding Yuuri over to the Buffet he had just spotted

“I guess at least we can remember him ourselfs?” Yuuri tried to be positive, giving Viktor a smile. It seemed to cheer Viktor up somewhat as they grabbed some plates.

The tables of food were impressive. They were filled with so many kinds of foods that Yuuri had never even seen before, all expertly prepared and arranged in beautiful, elaborate displays.

Yuuri was almost afraid to take anything as it looked as if any display he touched would be instantly ruined with a piece missing from it, he turned to look at Viktor to see if it was okay but Viktor was already halfway through dismantling a shrimp tower.

Yuuri didn't even get to try any of the food before a women appeared beside them. She spoke in a shrill voice that made Yuuri's spine shiver. She was an alpha with an overwhelmingly bitter and dry scent. It burned Yuuri's nose a little but he had to hide his reaction to not give himself away.

“Ah. Vitenka. I'm surprised you showed up. I'm glad Yakov was able to deliver our invitation safely” the alpha said. She had a very harsh look about her, as if she had never felt joy or happiness in her life. She was beautifully dressed in a red silk gown that just tipped the floor. She was around the age...
of 40, with dark hair that was tied so tightly in a bun it looked as if it was pulling her skin. She spoke in clear and deliberate English, throwing a look at Yuuri like she was eyeing up livestock.

“Wouldn't miss it for the world” Viktors fake smile could have fooled anyone but Yuuri. The women flicked her eyes from Viktor to Yuuri, raising an overly penciled eyebrow, she looked him up and down and scrunched her nose in obvious distaste

“and who might you be?” she asked sharply

“oh, katsuki Yuuri, it's nice to meet you” Yuuri held out a hand in a small bow but the women just stared at it as if it were an alien object. She gave a short “mhm.” before turning her attention back at Viktor

“it was a pretty bold move bringing your lover here Viktor. Not only a foreigner but a well known omega as well, the beautiful skater Yuuri Katsuki. My my. It's like you are trying to go out of your way to embarrass the family. Thank god you couldn't breed him right.”

Yuuri cringed at her tone and the last comment send a cold chill through his veins and robbed the air clean out of his lung as if he had been slapped in the face.

But Viktor kept his plastic smile firmly in place, placing his plate back on the table with the barely touched glass of champagne. “I only aim to please. Then again I could always have a string of divorces and end up washed up and alone now couldn't I? But that wouldn't be fair when we already have you to fill that position.” The women scowled bitterly at the comment Viktor fired straight back

“At least I kept our bloodline clean and not trying to dirty it up with omega filth. You shouldn't even be able to call yourself a Nikiforov, swanning around, causing us nothing but grief.” The women spat venomously

“You invited me here after all Lana. Had to keep check on the future of the family” Viktor gave a cocky smirk, deliberately winding her up. “I'm still not going to sign the papers. So you are wasting your time. Nice spread though...”

“You going to have to sign it over one way or another Vitenka. It's a disgrace having your name on the trust. Grandfather would be rolling in his grave to think his blood was off consorting with a filthy heatbreed“

The slur nearly knocked Yuuri off his feet. He couldn't stop himself from gasping. No one would dare use that term anymore. It was incredibly offensive and degrading to every omega but Yuuri guessed that's exactly why she said it.

“How about i get massive painkillers addiction and drive while blackout drunk? Would grandfather approve then since you think that's apparently just fine? But i'm not supposed to know that am I.” Viktor waited for the women's face to drop in shock before continuing “Guess your daddy will have to pay for my silence like he did with the husband of the women killed with your car while on that bender...such a respectable family. How very dare i ruin it’s spotless reputation by loving an omega mate.”

Yuuri had never seen Viktor cut someone down so viciously before. It was cold and calculated to inflict the most about of damage possible. He spoke slowly and nonchalantly but you could see it had hit a nerve with Viktor so he decided to hit one right back.

His attempt very much succeeded.
Viktor gave a wide cold smile

“Now if you will excuse me Llana, I want to show my omega mate my lovely estate.” Viktor gave her another fake smile and grabbed yuuri by the elbow to drag him away. Leaving the women to stand in shocked silence and slack jawed.

“Viktor...!!!” Yuuri asked in a hushed voice, stopping in his tracks once they found a quiet corner out of sight and earshot of the crowd “What on earth was that?”

“My Cousin Lana. She is nothing short of a bitch. How dare she bring up the miscarriage like that. How dare she call you that...that word!” Viktors exterior looked calm but yuuri could see the anger bubble in his eyes. He was furious. The hair on the back of his neck was standing on edge as if he was ready to explode at any moment and there was a tremble of rage in his hands and shoulders.

“Do you want to leave?” yuuri asked, touching his hand to his arm.

“I don't know. Fuck I hate this. .” Viktor bunched his hand into his hair, messing around his perfectly styled Fringe.

“Viktor...Aside from the omega thing....” Yuuri chose his words carefully, looking at viktor as softly as he could. “what...happened?”

Viktor pursed his lips into a hard line. Taking in a deep breath through his nose. He looked tired already but his anger was starting to quell.

“My mother was an omega. My father was the eldest son in the nikiforov line so they couldn't exactly disown him for it or me when I came along but by god they wanted to. They despised my mother and never let her or me forget it.”

“When my parents died, I was put into a boarding school as soon as they could get rid of me. Thankfully after I started to take an interest in skating, Yakov took me in. He's a friend of the families so he said it was as a favor to my grandfather but Yakov never agreed with the way my family are and knew if I was anything like my father, I'd be different. I lived with yakov and lilia for a while and my family wanted very little to do with me until I started winning medals. Suddenly they were all interested in me once I became useful. It's pathetic.” Viktor shrugged his shoulder with a bitter huff

“I am in line to inherit everything, even this monstrosity of a house is in my name but I don't want it if it meant having to be around them. ....I don't want anything to do with them. The family want me to sign away my rights to the trust so they can have it for themselves but I don't want to do that either. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if i gave them the satisfaction. I hold no love for this house or anything in it, but it will be over my dead body before they get their hands on it.” Viktors voice wavered

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Yuuri took in every word Viktor said. He had no idea...the pain behind viktor words showed so clearly on his face. He doubted Viktor had ever spoken about it to anyone. At least not in any great detail.

“I came tonight because I wanted to honour my parents even though I barely knew them... but I know they were different. If they were still alive things would be so much different. They would have loved you Yuuri.” His face softened and his shoulders relaxed a little as he looked at Yuuri.

“When I went to japan, when we first met properly, your family took me in without a second thought. They love you without question and treated me like their son the moment I showed up at their door and it made me feel so welcome and loved for the first time in my life. I wish so damn hard my family was like that but they aren’t. I should never have brought you here.”
“I'm so sorry… and I'm so sorry I'm only making it worse...” Yuuri stared at his feet. “I didn't know...”

“Yuuri no. Don't you dare say that! I love you more than life itself, they were never family to me but you are my family now and always will be.”

Viktor brushed the back of his hand along the line of Yuuri's jaw with a featherlight touch. Hooking his finger under Yuuri's chin to look him in the eyes “You're more precious to me than all the money in the world. I'd rather be homeless and broke with you than dripping in gold and riches without you”

Yuuri couldn't stop the blush flood his face.
The thought alone that Viktor would give up so much, just for him? It made him feel faint and ecstatic and sick and oh god...

Yuuri had been so terrible recently and Viktor had given up too much to be with him. Yuuri could feel the anxious spiral the more the thought about it as guilt began to squeeze around his heart.

“Viktor…” he said barely audible.

Viktor stopped him before he could continue
“I know what you are thinking Yuuri. But please don't feel bad, I'm content in my choice and I will never look back.” Viktor kissed the tip of Yuuri's nose. “Let's go home”

Viktor took Yuuri's hand and walked back out to the crowd. They all but ran out of the hall without a second glance, but made sure to take at least one bottle each of unopened champagne with them. Viktor declared that it was technically his champagne anyway since the trust paid for it so it wasn't technically stealing. It felt cheeky and thrilling as they bolted with the bottles in hand.

Viktor didn't even wait for the valet, pulling Yuuri by the hand to the parking lot. It was easy enough to spot Viktor's car among the rows of luxury sports cars. Not that Viktor's Porsche wasn't just as nice but it was less obnoxious as the rows of Ferraris.

Yuuri stopped before Viktor unlocked the door. His heart's still beating from everything that had happened but a thought was whirling around his head that he needed to get out.
“Did you really mean what you said?” Yuuri said quietly

Viktor raised an eyebrow at the question.
“yes, I did”

Yuuri didn't know what came over him because as soon as Viktor had answered he couldn't stop himself.
He leaned in and kissed him hungrily. His fingers on his free hand finding their way into his silver hair, bumping him back into the car.
It grew deeper as Viktor reciprocated. Only to be broken apart by heavy pants as they ran out of breath.

Yuuri's heart felt like it was going to burst. Something deep inside him grew bold. They were feet away from people who hated his very existence, and yet Viktor would be willing to give up countless millions just to be with him in that moment, panting with kiss swollen lips.

It was overwhelming to think about but it made something in Yuuri's mind just click.

“Fuck me” Yuuri said in between heavy breaths. His eyes fixed in Viktor, he became very aware of his body pressed against him. Adrenaline pumped through him in excited waves.
“What?” Viktor asked a little confused before the curl of a smile touched his lips.

“I said i want you to fuck me”. Yuuri pulling on the alphas tie. Viktor stared at him wide eyed.

“Right here?”

“Right here” Yuuri whispered, his free hand costed down viktor shirt to rest on his belt.
“I want them to hear you have me over and over again”
“I don't they could hear us out here…” Viktors breath hitched as yuuri’s hand slipped past his waistband to cup his growing erection
“Then you're going to have to work extra hard to make me scream”

Yuuri had never seen someone open a car door as quickly.

Tumbling into the passenger seat, they moulded together. Discarding the stolen bottles of champagne into the back, they kissed every bare inch they could find as they stripped off their clothes in a feverish race and tangled into each other.

It was awkward to move in the confines of the car but it was not enough to stop them once they had started. Viktor released the seat so it swung back with a light bump.

Yuuri wiggled off his pants and with a quick maneuver he straddled the alpha, it wasn't the most comfortable position with his knee hitting the gear stick but it worked.

Viktor maneuvered his hand around to find yuuri’s entrance. Never taking his eyes off the omega, he began to work him open. Yuuri gasped out at the sudden intrusion but it felt wonderful, feeling Viktor twitching his fingers in just the right way to make the omega whimper. Mine. Mine. Mine.

Yuuri grabbed onto the leather headrest to stop him from crumpling. The idea that someone could come out and see them made yuuri heart crash around his chest to the point he felt like he would have a heart attack but it just made him want it more.

Yuuri couldn't wait any longer. He gently pulled back viktors hand and lined himself up with viktor and slid down until he was buried to the base in one quick impulsive movement.

He panted as he hunched over, swearing in Japanese. The stretch after months of not having sex was blinding, making him see white stars of both pleasure and pain. It felt as if he body was being split open in the most delicious possible way, fully connected with his Alpha.

Viktor eyes drunk in the sight of his mate on top of him. he didn't stop him or make any attempts to slow him down. Viktor let out pleasant gasps as Yuuri began to roll his hips in fast movements, barely giving himself time to adjust to the size of alpha inside him.

Viktor tux was already beginning to be ruined from the drips of slick that was leaking from his mate and The leather car seats would need to be cleaned but at that moment they couldn't have cared less.

Viktor moaned loudly as yuuri rode deeper, the feel of the omega around him was a hot euphoric dream. He missed the feel and smell of him. The warm sweetness of his scent that swirled around him, concentrated in the small confines of the car.

The need and want of so many months without him took over. Viktor grabbed onto his thighs. his hands clutched onto him with just the right amount of roughness, pinning the omega down as he thrust up to meet him in a feverish punishing pace. Each sharp slap cause yuuri to cry out and curl his hands tightly into the alphas hair, leaving him gasping out Viktor name into his shoulder loud enough for the whole world to hear
They didn't last long until they cascaded over the edge like a pair of teenagers. Yuuri destroyed Viktors dress shirt as he came between them. Tears welling in his eyes at finding his release and the adrenaline rush.

The feel of Viktor cum inside him in soft pulses gave him butterflies. His missed it so much. He should never have put it off.

They stayed still in the moment for just a little while, letting them both come down from their high. Their breath ragged as they clung onto each other. It had been so spontaneous but it was exactly what they both needed.

“Are you okay?” Viktor asked as he gave Yuuri a soft kiss, brushing hair away from his eyes. Yuuri nodded.

“Yeah. I just...I can't believe I was putting this off” he giggled breathlessly. His face alight with a wide grin and deep crimson blush

“I never want to go that long without this ever again”

“me neither”

They slowly rearranged themselves just enough that they could drive home. Their tuxes were beyond ruined, and the evening had been a nightmare but still, Yuuri felt the lightest he had been for months. He sighed contently.

Even if the whole of Russia hated him, it would never change that fact that he was Viktors and Viktor was his.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is going to literally be 3k worth of smut. sorry not sorry XD
Yuuri comes to an important decision.

This chapter is literally 3k of smut. Sorry not sorry.

As soon as they had gotten out of the car they had fell into each other in a flurry of busy hands and hungry kisses. They tumbled through the door and kicked off their shoes, discarding as much of their clothes as they could while never breaking their embrace.

Viktor pushed Yuuri against the wall, pinning his arms above his head. He bit and licked hungrily down the line of his neck and nipped at his collar bone with his teeth. Viktor slid his knee between the omegas legs and spread them wide apart for him to slip his free hand down between Yuuri’s thighs.

Yuuri moaned at the thrill of being dominated by his alpha. The rough gropes made ache with arousal. Their fun in the car had been all too brief, Yuuri wanted to be made weak and wrecked by Viktor in every way possible over and over until sunrise.

Wrapping a leg around his alpha’s waist, Yuuri hoisting himself up against Viktor. The friction between them was at a fever pitch and it felt like he was going to explode from impatience.

Viktor released his arms and grabbed hold of his ass and lifted him from the wall to bring him to the bedroom and threw him down onto the bed with a bounce.

Yuuri gave a cheeky wink as he peeled off his pants. His tux was already a mess from their previous session in the car. His slick mixed with the remnants of Viktors last release, soaked through his trousers so much that Yuuri would have been embarrassed if he wasn’t so painfully turned on as he watched Viktor undress.

Viktor slowly took of his tie and waistcoat as if to tease Yuuri to breaking point and it was working. The wide smirk on the alpha’s face made the flutters of anticipation in Yuuri’s stomach go wild and bold.

Yuuri got to his knees and shuffled over to Viktor on the edge of the bed. He began to unzip Viktors pants with his teeth, His belt was already unbuckled from the car making for easy access to nip and lick the outside of the rock hard bulge. He never taking his eyes of the alpha. If Viktor was going to tease him, he was going to tease Viktor right back.

He pulled them down to free Viktors erection with a heavy bob. Viktor gave a wicked smile knowing exactly where Yuuri’s mind had gone. He bit his lip as he watch Yuuri take him in his hands
Viktor hissed as Yuuri’s tongue made contact with his cock. The wet heat made him give a soft moan as the omega worked the length, teasing up and down with the tip of his tongue in just the right way to make the Russian crumble.

Yuuri didn’t tease for long before he swallowed down the length until his lips hit its base. Tears formed in his eyes as he fought his gag reflex. Viktor was not a small alpha and Yuuri was very out of practice but he wanted to make Viktor’s mind explode as much as possible and this was one sure way he knew how.

Viktor laced his fingers into Yuuri’s hair as he began to move. His lips formed a tight seal, pulling out louder and louder moans with each drawn out suck and practiced flick of the tongue.

“Yuuri...I’m too close...if you keep going...I’ll...” Viktor tried desperately to keep himself together as Yuuri edged him dangerously close to orgasm.

The warning only seemed to spur Yuuri on. He moved faster, sliding his hands up to playfully message Viktor’s balls.

Viktor gripped tighter on Yuuri hair and hissed out. It was only seconds later he cascaded off the edge and came, releasing tick cum down Yuuri’s throat.

Yuuri swallowed the best he could without choking. His eyes watered from the pulse at the back of his throat and the vice-like grip in his hair. He slid his mouth off Viktor’s half soft cock with a pop and wiped the string of cum from his lips before he looked up.

Viktor was staring down at him with a burning look of awe as if he had just shown him the meaning of life. His breath was ragged and his face was a deep crimson from orgasm.

“Jesus Yuuri...who taught you that?” Viktor laughed between ragged breaths and the widest grin on his face.

“You did. You might have to show me again though. I think I’m a little out of practice...” Yuuri winked coyly. Hooking his hands onto Viktor’s shirt, he pulled the alpha down into a deep passionate kiss.

He let the intoxicating pheromones of his mate seep into him. Yuuri pulled back from the kiss feeling hyper-aware of the alpha between his thighs. He could feel Viktor’s heart beat against his chest and each slide of the alphas hand on his body set fire to his skin.

He was ready.

“Viktor...” Yuuri tilted his head back exposing the soft line of his neck.

“please...Bond with me”

Viktor looked over him blinking in disbelief.

“Are you sure? Is this what you really want?” The alpha in Viktor was screaming to bite down and claim the omega as his own without a second thought. He wanted to mark Yuuri as his mate for the whole world to see but he hesitated.

They were mates but a bonding was deeper than any other connection in earth. It was a permanent and irreversible connection to one another. Viktor had been ready to bond with Yuuri only a few months into their relationship as he was more certain than he had ever been that Yuuri was his soulmate but Yuuri had worries and Viktor would never forgive himself if they bonded in the heat of
the moment without thinking it through.

“I'm sure.” Yuuri nodded, the smile on his face could melt Viktor every time. “I've thought about it so much and I really am ready.”

Viktor nuzzled into his mate's neck, drinking in the beautiful smell of honey and warmth that was so completely Yuuri. He rubbed his face against his scent gland, peppering kisses along his neck as he went.

“it's going to hurt and I've heard it's incredibly intense the first time. Are you ready?” Viktor stopped and asked a final time.

“Yes. Bond me alpha” Yuuri held a deep breath

“I love you Yuuri” Viktor whispered before sinking his teeth into the exposed flesh.

The omega screamed as the alpha bit down. The sudden rush of emotions and feelings crashed over him like a tidal wave. Pain seared down his neck and spine setting his whole being ablaze but it was quickly overwhelmed with a new indescribable earth shattering sensation.

Every inch of Yuuri’s body felt as if it was electrified as everything burst into a kaleidoscope of color. His pupils blew out as he writhed underneath the bite that Viktor still held onto.

He felt everything.

Everything Victor felt in that moment.

Not in words but in a flood of unspoken sensations and feelings that were not part of himself but still as clear as if it were.

Yuuri barely noticed the trickle of blood pool in his collarbone and drip onto the pillow below. He was flying high on a different plane of existence in those few moments. It almost felt like an eternity before it was over and he began to find his way back down to reality.

Yuuri was shivering and trembled like a leaf, his whole being was overwhelmed with new senses and emotions as if he had taken a hit of the most euphoric drug. Viktor hugged him in close in his arms until the rush passed and leveled out.

Tears poured down Yuuri face as he looked up at his mate.

“Viktor…” he touched a hand up to meet Viktor cheek. Viktor was worried and concerned and a small bit afraid. Yuuri felt the emotions as if they were his own flow through the open mark. There was so much love behind each one….

“It's okay...it doesn't hurt” and that wasn't a lie. The initial bite had hurt as it was instantly drowned out quickly by the torrent of other feelings. There really wasn't any pain, however It was bound to hurt in the morning.

Viktor lay back on the bed once he was sure Yuuri was okay and exposed his own neck for the omega. Yuuri could feel his nervousness, the anticipation and excitement.

Yuuri drunk in the soft smell of mint and what Yuuri could only describe as ocean breeze.

His alpha.

“I love you vitya” Yuuri whispered as he bit down.

It was an incredible bliss becoming truly one with someone.
Viktor bucked and jerked underneath him as the waves of sensations flooded him just as they had Yuuri.
The metallic tang of Viktor's blood stained Yuuri's lips as he made sure to make the bond deep enough. He felt the fresh euphoria repeat through Viktor in an infinite feedback loop.

Viktor recovered far quicker than Yuuri had though, snapping back to reality in a matter of moment. He looked at Yuuri with a wild look in his eyes. Panting and running completely on instinct, he flipped Yuuri back onto his back and pinned him to the bed.

The smell of Viktor was intoxicating and Yuuri felt slick leak from him with increasing quantity, soaking through onto the sheets as white hot coil of intense need for the alpha erupted inside him. His omega side screamed out to be taken immediately and Viktor was more than happy to comply.

Viktor's eyes blew wide as the sweet scent coming from Yuuri. He breathed in deeply through his nose taking in as much of the smell as possible. Hot tingles shot down his body from Yuuri through their bond.

"Yuuri…"

Yuuri didn't answer, his back arched as he let out a moan
"Alpha... I need you.." Yuuri’s pupils were dilated so big, his brown eyes looked like black saucers as he was overcome with pheromones.

Viktor gave a deep animalistic growl. He didn't need to be asked twice before he swung Yuuri legs around his waist and dove into him in one motion straight to the hilt. Yuuri let out a strangled scream at the suddenness of it his hands flying out to cling to the sheets. Thankfully he was still stretched from their time in the car but it didn't stop the shock of the intrusion.

It was primal and visceral. Viktor began fucking into him in rough powerful thrusts with a punching pace, folding the omega in half underneath him. The sound of slapping skin and slick filling the air, swirling and mixing with the loud cries of pleasure Yuuri didn't even try to hold back as he curled his fingers deeper into the bed sheets.

Everything was overly sensitive and raw and the world was starting to blur into a hot feverish haze. The omega in him was losing all control and he could tell the alpha side of Viktor was too.

Viktor licked the length of his neck, biting down hard onto the fresh open bond mark. It took only a few seconds of Viktor doing so to make Yuuri fall into pieces and climax. Thick ropey cum spilled between them as Yuuri came and writhed in orgasm but Viktor was far from finished.

He flipped Yuuri onto his knees without faltering his pace. He placed his hands firmly on Yuuri shoulders as he drove deep, punishing Yuuri prostate with every thrust and forced him down into the mattress. Yuuri crumpled into the mattress like a rag doll as he let his alpha take full control over his body.

"Alpha...Alpha...vitya…"

Hearing Yuuri say his name while being so wrecked with pleasure was enough to finish Viktor off. His knot swelled at the base of his cock and pushed into Yuuri without any resistance.

Yuuri yelped and squirmed at the sheer size of it, Taking an Alpha’s knot outside of a heat could be extremely painful but Yuuri didn’t feel any pain. Only a satisfying fullness as he felt Viktor fill him up and spill into him in long heavy pulses.
Viktor shouted a string of Russian as he came. Grabbing hold of Yuuri roughly by the hips to fix him in place hard enough that it would definitely leave bruises in the morning. The sensation of being knotted caused Yuuri to reach another orgasm before he collapse down onto the mattress in a painting mess.

Struggling for breath, Yuuri gasped in sharp rapid breaths. Viktor was still inside him yet he already wanted more. It wasn’t enough.

It took several minutes before Viktors knot to go down and the moment it was, they was ready for round three.

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The next morning Yuuri woke up stiff, sticky and in agony. He grimaced as he sat up, trying to stretch his neck from side to side but was overcome with pain immediately. He felt as if he had been beaten up by a bear as all his muscles protested their overexertion.

The fresh bond mark was swollen and throbbed with a sharp ache but it nowhere near as painful as his rear. They had been extremely rough with one another the night before which was unusual for both of them. They had lost all control over themselves and given into their primal instincts brought on by the bonding and it had lead to some rough yet incredible sex.

They had lost count on how many times they had done it. Yuuri's stomach was still bloated out with how much Viktor had filled him. He winced at the thought of how gross the bed sheets must be...

His head felt as if it was stuffed with cotton wool. It felt as if he was hungover but with only a glass and a half of champagne in his system, it was more likely caused by the crash after the adrenaline rush and over exertion.

Yuuri struggled to stand up. His hips protested more now than they did even on his more strenuous of training days. His legs felt as if they were made of jelly as he wobbled unsteady on his feel.

His body felt weird and tingled with each movement and he skin felt oddly hot and clammy. It felt similar to how he felt during pre-heat. Yuuri didn't want to get his hopes up but he would have to keep an eye on it incase the bond might trigger a heat soon.

He barely noticed Viktor sit up beside him.

"Yuuri, Are you hurt? Your in pain... I am so sorry I have no idea what came over me" Viktor was immediately fawning over Yuuri, scenting the opposite side of his neck to the bond mark.

He felt Yuuri's discomfort through their bond... it was a very strange thing to know that no matter what he felt from now on, Viktor would feel it in part too and visa versa. They would share everything completely. It was both amazing and kind of terrifying.

"I'm okay. We were kind of rough last night. I had heard than bonding could be intense but wow" Yuuri laughed. "That was something else!"

"It really was!" Viktor face light up "everyone is going to go crazy! We should have a bond party!" Viktor practically bounced with happiness. It was infectious.

Yuuri was too tired and sore to get overly excited but once he recovered, he would be a lot more enthusiastic. As it was he felt as if he need to sleep for a week or seep in a hot bath for a week. Whichever came first.
“We should. I promised to take Yura to register his presentation before his next heat so we should register our bond while we’re there. A bond party sounds really fun but right now...I need to shower” yuuri wrinkled his nose. “I feel really gross”

He was covered in a mix of sweat, blood, slick and cum and it was almost enough to make him gag. Viktor sprung out of bed as if he was ready to go for a marathon jog and insisted he shower with him.

The water stung the wound on yuuri’s neck painfully but it was amazing to feel clean again. They would need to cover their marks with bandages for them to heal correctly but not before yuuri stopped to inspect it in the mirror as he put on one of Viktors shirts. His neck and wrists were covered in bruises, his thighs were just as marked up from the frantic sex. He looked like a mess.

Yuuri looked at the bond. It was unmistakably viktors mark. It was still deep and angry looking but yuuri could make out the ridges of his mates teeth, even the slightly crooked canine on the right hand side.

Yuuri ran his fingers gently over it with a soft smile. It tingled and stung to touch but it filled him with so much happiness he felt his heart could burst.

“We should take a selfie. I want to show off my beautiful new husband to everybody” Viktor beamed his heart shaped smile and toweled off his hair.

“I'm a mess Viktor! I'll look terrible “ Yuuri laughed waving Viktor away but it was no use. Viktor folding him into his arms with a kiss
“Impossible. There is no one on earth as beautiful as you my love. Come on. Let's show the world!”

Yuuri relented. His hair was still wet and his face was blushed but Viktor was right. He wanted to show it off to the world that they were officially bonded for the rest of their lives. It gave him butterflies that this was actually real. He was viktor’s forever...

Yuuri lowered the collar of the borrowed shirt and let viktor quickly snap a selfie with their marks proudly on display.

“You look so good with my mark on you” Viktor nipped along his neck as he looked over the selfie “My perfect and beautiful omega. I'm the luckiest alpha in the universe”

“Viktor…”Yuuri hesitated before he spoke. He didn't want to break the tender moment between them but he needed to get it out of him. He gently pushed out of the hug “I think I might be going into pre-heat”

“Really? Do you think the bonding might have triggered it?” Viktor asked, touching the back of his hand to yuuri’s forehead. He definitely felt a lot warmer than usual.

Yuuri nodded. “It’s possible but it could just be a false alarm from the bonding hormones. We’ll have to wait and see”

“Yuuri...If you go into heat…Do you...want to try again?” Viktors tone was a lot more serious, turning Yuuri to look at him. It was a question he had been afraid to ask but if ever there was a time to ask it would be then. Viktor felt the hesitation and guilt leak through their newly formed bond.

“I want to try again someday but I'm...I’m just not ready yet.” Yuuri said, looking away from Vitkors gaze.
Viktor softened and gave him a kiss on the forehead “It's okay. Whatever you want to do, we'll do.” The love and reassurance flowing from Viktor nearly floored Yuuri.

Feeling how Viktor felt first hand was more than he could have imagined. Viktor loved him so much and he had felt so much support and kindness. Viktor had felt that the entire time... How could he ever have doubted it.

Yuuri looked at the picture they had just taken. Showing off their marks to the world, they could not have looked or felt more in love.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your continued support, kudos and comments! it is so encouraging to see people enjoy this random fic XD
Future

Chapter Summary

Viktor and Yuuri look to the future.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this has taken so long to upload but I am actually currently in the middle of planning my own wedding which is actually next week (20th) so July has been a really crazy month.

From August onwards I'll be back to weekly posting. :)

Thank you all for the support!!! I'd love to hear what you think is going to happen? :D

The internet exploded.

Their phones erupted in a non stop torrent of phone calls, texts and well wishes from their friends the moment Viktor hit send on their photo and uploaded it for the world to see.

Yuuri managed to find a few minutes in between the barrage of phone calls to duck away to their bedroom to facetime his parents and give them the good news. They were overjoyed and teary eyed as Mari and Minako shouted their congratulations and waved frantically over their shoulders exclaiming that it was “about damn time!!”

Their reaction had Yuuri beaming from ear to ear and his heart full to bursting from love. It felt surreal but so right to be officially bonded with Viktor. It made butterflies flutter in his chest every time his fingers absently ran over the bandage on his neck. The fawning Yuuri from his teenager years would never have dreamed in a million years that this would be his future. A future entirely filled with Viktor. It would take a few months to properly heal but the sting was just another reminder that it was real.

As Yuuri clicked off the video call to his family he gave a deep sigh. Even though there was so much happiness in his heart, there was a creeping heaviness that began to creep in like a dark cloud over his joy

“My love...is something wrong?”. Viktor asked carefully handing Yuuri a fresh cup of coffee as he walked back into the kitchen, turning his phone off to stop the overwhelming flow of messages.

Yuuri shook his head but he wasn't fooling Viktor. He could feel it too. The tinge of sadness leaked out no matter how happy they were.

“It just feels a bit weird.” Yuuri gave a small smile that didn't reach his eyes. “The last time everyone was so excited was when we told everyone I was pregnant. It makes me a little sad…”

“I know. It makes me sad too” Viktor took Yuuri hand in his and gave it a soft kiss on the knuckles
“But we should enjoy where we are, as we are. Let's try focus on right now and how wonderful the future will be. After all we have a party to plan”

Yuuri knew Viktor was right but it was easier said than done even if viktors enthusiasm for parties was infectious. He nodded with a small smile.

“Speaking of. When would you like to have it?” Yuuri changed the subject to more lighter themes. Viktor hummed and tapped his finger to his lip as he thought about it “How about the last weekend of september?”

“That’s only a month and a half away. No way we can pull together a bond party in that short notice!” Yuuri frowned and shook his head

“Of course we can” Viktor swiftly kissed him on the forehead “Leave it aaallll to me” Yuuri didn't like the grin on the alphas face. It was the grin of mischief viktor had when he was about to do something completely extra.

He hummed in reluctant acceptance.

“Okay. But nothing too crazy!. Something small and simple and no fuss” Yuuri gave in.

He had always been terrible at planning parties and he wouldn't know where to even start to organize something like that in Russia. While he had a bad feeling that the party was going to be over the top in trade mark viktor style, maybe it was for the best to leave it to someone who could actually speak Russian.

“And no stripper polls” Yuuri quickly added pointing a playful finger at his mate.

Viktor vibrated like a giddy child, already searching the internet for party ideas.

“Heck!!”

That night Yuuri tossed and turned in their bed, throwing the bedsheets off himself to lay in a restless heap. His body was tingling with the prickles of heat but never managed to tip over the edge

Even on top of the covers he felt clammy and too hot. The heat was touching the surface but not quite pushing passed the initial flutters, like trying to catch a fleeting ghost that never fully manifested. It left him tired and frustrated beyond belief.

It was impossible to sleep.

Eventually Yuuri gave up, getting up with a sigh and wandered into the living room. If he was destined to be kept up, he might as well do something with his time aside from stare at the ceiling.

Curling up on the sofa, he clicked on his laptop that filled the room with a soft artificial glow. Makkachin stirred softly in her bed. She let out a puff of disruption before falling back asleep in a fluffy ball. At least one of them would be getting some sound sleep that night.

Back when he lived in Detroit, Yuuri often was unable to sleep because of the stress of exams or upcoming competitions so over the years Yuuri found a sure way to help him get to sleep.

He rummaging around until he found his ear buds and plugged them in and

He began the video he had looked at countless times.

It was a video recording of the first time Viktor had skated to stammi vicino.

No matter how often yuuri had watched the routine it never failed to make his hair stand on end. It
was so powerful and emotional, but now that he had gotten to know Viktor since the first time he 
saw it, it was hard not to see the loneliness in it.

Yuuri clicked on the next video, a recording of their exhibition skate. Watching the difference made 
his heart soar. He could see the love on Viktor face as they glided across the ice. Now that he had 
felt those feelings first hand through their bond, it made it incredibly special.

It made him nostalgic at how much things had changed recently. It felt like his whole world was 
spinning at a million miles an hour and even if he never had a heat again, he would be safe in the 
knowledge that Viktor loved him regardless and that they had their whole lives together ahead of 
them.

As he hit replay, yuuri found his eyes get gradually heavier until he slowly drifted off the sleep to the 
beautiful sound of their duet.

-

With a deep gasp Yuuri bolted awake, sending his laptop flying to the floor with a loud clatter. 
The repeat of the same dream he had had for months raced through his head. He clutched his chest as 
he struggled to take in air and sweat poured down his face. It had been a while since he had the 
dream but it didn’t make it any less terrifying.

Within seconds Viktor crashed through the door in an identical state of panic. His face was frantic as 
he found Yuuri. Waves of panic phermonies flowed from him as if he was about to drop dead then 
and there.

“Yuuri!! What was that?! I ...I saw that!!” Viktor struggled to speak as his breath was wild and 
ragged. Yuuri could see his heart beat through his chest even in the dim night light.

“You saw?” Yuuri asked as Viktor quickly scooped him up into his trembling arms and held him 
painfully tight.

“Is that the dream? The one you've been having since the miscarriage?” Viktor was shaking as he 
stroked Yuuri’s hair. He buried his face into his neck and began scenting him protectively.

“Yeah…. I haven't had it in a while” Yuuri said quietly as he let the alpha calm down. He pet 
Viktors arm until he loosened his vice grip hold on him.

“I'm sorry. That was awful...it was like I was watching it from a distance and I couldn't do anything 
to stop it. But I felt everything as if it were my own dream. I'm so so sorry Yuuri.” Viktor was near 
tears. He was clearly shaken a lot more than Yuuri was

“When I woke up and you were gone...i…. I panicked”

“Sorry. I couldn't sleep so I came out here to cool down and i must have drifted off.” Yuuri was 
starting to become aware of how much colder he was feeling. The sticky clamminess had all but 
disappeared aside from a small barely there warmth in the base of his stomach.

“We should go back to bed. You look like you need some sleep” Yuuri smiled as he unwound 
Viktor from him. The alpha’s eyes were still wide with panic but he seemed to be calming down and 
his breath was returning to a normal rate

Yuuri took his hand and lead him back to the bed where Viktor curled up against him so close he 
could feel his heartbeat on his back. He had to admit he liked this protective side of viktor. As he 
listened to the rhyme of his heart and surrounded himself with his alphas scent, he fell back into a
As the following days passed so did any sign of Yuuri’s heat. Yuuri guessed it really was a false alarm brought on by the hormones and rush of their bonding but it didn’t stop the disappointment. While he knew he was not ready to try again any time soon, it didn’t stop him hoping that someday they could but as each week rolled by with no heat, it was starting to feel like an impossible pipedream.

They were to meet Yuri outside the rink the day before the bond party so they could go down to the registrations office together but they were running extremely late. As they sprinted down the road they spotted Yuri waiting outside of the rink looking less than pleased.

He was leaning against a low lying wall out the front, kicking at stones with the toe of his sneaker, his arms folded in a huff. He greeted them with an annoyed tsk and flicked his blonde bangs out of his face.

“What took you guys so long? I was waiting here for ages!” he huffed, digging his hands into his pockets.

Yuuri gave Viktor an accusing look “Someone forgot to set the alarm” he hummed “Anyway let's get going. Afterwards we can get something to eat”

Reluctantly the Russian nodded and began to follow them as they walked towards the city center. The streets were busy and bustling with early business and tourists. The Shops had just began to open up and cafes began to lay out their tables into the street in the morning sunshine.

The streets in St Petersburg were so different than Yuuri’s home, it was hard not to get homesick.

Now that he and Viktor were bonded, he wished more than ever he could visit his parents. But they had already taken so much time off this year, he couldn't ask viktor to drop everything to go to Japan for a few weeks when the new season was only just around the corner.

Instead yuuri settled for breathing in the salty sea air of the port and the distant call of seagulls. Even if it wasn't his home, it was their home.

The registrations office was located just passed the pier. It was a fairly small building that was bland and uniform with big double doors that lead into a reception room. There were two large desks In the center with several notice boards and chairs lined up in front of them.

Luckily, even though they were running late, this time of the mornings there very little ques so the whole process would only take a few minutes.

Viktor walked up to the desk and was greeted by a youngish alpha women. With pointy features and a mass of frizzy blonde hair. He spoke with a polite smile in his native language.

The women looked at him with a raised eyebrow after Yuuri heard him say his name.

The look she shot the pair of them gave Yuuri a funny feeling. It was oddly uncomfortable as if she was disapproving or disgusted. It made Yuuri shrink into himself as he hovered near the door.

Viktor filled in various forms and got Yuuri to sign where it was needed. They needed copies of their passports, dental record and had to get photographs taken of their bond marks to complete the register.
Yuuri was shocked at the paperwork involved but could not have been more thankful he barely had to fill any of it out.

Yuri had gone up to the other desk and registered his presentation a lot quicker than it had taken Viktor to finish up the forms.

The presentation registration only required a pin prick blood sample and photo ID. All done and over with in a matter of seconds.

When they finally left, Yuuri took a deep breath of relief. He couldn’t put his finger on it but something about it felt very off. He shook his head, Maybe it was just because he was exhausted.

The three of them wandered around the city for the remainder of the day, picking up the last few bits for the bond party in various shops before getting lunch in a nearby cafe that had the worst coffee Yuuri had ever tasted. He had hoped the caffeine would wake him up but instead it just turned his stomach.

Yuuri promised himself a long bath and a good night's sleep to hopefully be back in full working order for the party. Yuuri had gotten more and more anxious for the party as it had gotten closer to the day.

He was almost dreading it as he hated to be the center of attention, at least when it came to any event off the ice, but

Now that is was less than 24 hours away, Yuuri allowed himself to feel a little excited for it.

They really needed a good celebration after everything that had happened and Yuuri couldn't wait to finally unwind and relax.

Even with Viktor taking over the planning, Yuuri was feeling the second hand stress and tiredness of putting together everything in such a short space of time.

He hoped tomorrow was going to be worth it.
What happens at the party, stays at the party.

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Viktor get drunk.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Are you ready?”

Viktor slid up behind Yuuri as he was fixing his shirt in the mirror. It was getting to around the time they should begin heading to the party. Viktor had managed to keep the details tight lipped during the weeks of planning and it made Yuuri extremely anxious.

He could feel the nerves twist in his stomach. He hated surprises but since he knew Viktor was excited for the big reveal, he went along with it even if he felt sick from anticipation.

“Nearly. I wish you would tell me where it is. I'm a nervous wreck” Yuuri laughed awkwardly. Viktor playfully kissed his neck and ran his wrists down Yuuri’s sides and wrapped his arms around his waist, marking Yuuri with his scent.

“But then it wouldn't be a surprise. I can't wait to see your face when you see it” Viktor flashed him a smile that immediately made Yuuri want to just stay home and spend the night with him in bed instead.

Since they had bonded Viktor had been overdoing it with scenting. Every piece of clothing he owned was now drowned in Viktor's scent and while Yuuri didn't mind so much, he was beginning to feel a bit embarrassed as it was starting to get overpowering to most other people. Yurio had complained about it the entirety of the day before when they were registering but it didn't stop Viktor scenting him while he was getting dressed up for the party.

“You smell amazing my love.” the alpha hummed contently into the crook of his neck, making Yuuri blush. “You keep saying that but at the moment i only smell like you” Yuuri playfully shrugged Viktor off, buttoning up the rest of his shirt. He turned to face his mate “okay” he nodded “I'm ready…”

“Wait wait wait! One more thing!” Viktor rummaged in his pocket and pulled out a black silk cloth. “We can't have you seeing the surprise before the right moment” he tied on the blindfold as Yuuri gave a sigh of defeat. “It will be worth it, I promise!”

- The drive was suspiciously short.

- “No peeking!” Yuuri could hear the widest grin on Viktor face as he was blindly guided for a few more steps until they were passed through a door. Viktor finally lifted his hands from Yuuri eyes and took off the blindfold.
“You can open your eyes now!”

Yuuri blinked as his vision rejusted, he gave a loud gasp as he took in the hall before them.

They were at the ice rink but everything was completely changed. The rink had been converted and expertly decorated. The ice was covered with a light wooden flooring and all the walls were lined with blue and silver snowflakes and winter wonderland style decorations. There were balloons and streamers of silver ribbons, with tables of food and chairs set up in front of a large stage in the end of the hall with a dance floor in the middle. Big sparkly snowflakes hung from the high ceiling like stars above the party making the whole set up look dreamlike and more beautiful than Yuuri could have imagined.

They were the last to arrive. Their friends and rinkmates were already gathered in the center, chatting away to themselves until they noticed their arrival.

A loud chorus of congratulations greeted them with a flurry of steamers and cheers as they walked into the party.

Yuuri could barely take it all in. Everything was spectacular. He looked around with his jaw open until he stopped dead, seeing familiar face he hadn't seen in far too long,

“Peach!!” Yuuri ran immediately to grab his Thai friend in a huge hug.

“Yuuri!! It's great to see you!!! I can't believe you're official bonded with Viktor freaking Nikiforov. Wow how does it feel!?" Phichit beamed giddly, shaking Yuuri from excitement.

“Terrifying but also amazing. I can't believe you're here!!” Yuuri couldn't contain the smile on his face seeing his old friend.

“I know right? Viktor told me he was organizing the bash and I happened to be over in Moscow last week for some training so no way could I miss this! I can’t believe you took the plunge! You need to tell me EEEVVVERRRRYYYYTHIIING”

The two friends got instantly lost in a well overdue catch up while Viktor went to greet the other guests. An old school swing band took to the stage and began playing for people to dance to. Drinks and food begun to be passed around as people chatted and began to enjoy themselves in full swing.

Yuuri found himself knocking back more drinks than he had thought and Phichit was more than encouraging their antics as if they were back in college so it wasn’t long before Yuuri was starting to get tipsy.

After several bouts of dancing and mingling, Yuuri and Viktor found their way to find Yurio and Otabek, who were hiding out in the corner. They seemed to be more than happy to enjoy their own company for the evening, With Yuri blushing a rose pink when they caught the two alone together.

“Congratulations You old geezers”

Yuri held out the envelope shyly, looking away with a pout but the edges of his lips were curled into a smile that only someone who knew Yuri well enough could have spotted.

Viktor gave him a hug as he took it and opened. Immediately his eyes went wide and his jaw dropped in utter shock.

“Yura...how. This is too much! We can't accept this”

“My grandfather's will finally got sorted and I wanted to pay you both back for all the help you gave me. And you two really need a holiday so consider it a honeymoon or whatever” Yurio stuffed his
hands into his pockets and shrugged, feeling awkward at showing his softer side.

Inside were two open return tickets to Japan. They must have cost a fortune

“My god yura thank you so much. It’s been so long since we’ve seen my parents” Yuuri was in shock but overwhelmingly excited at the prospect of seeing his parents again after the year they were having.

“Don’t worry about it. Just...don’t make me have another dance off with you. I’m not nearly drunk enough yet” Yura laughed. Otabek gave them a look that made Yuuri splutter his drink. It was definitely a sight Otabek wanted to see. Viktor took the hint and winked at the kazak.

“Ooooh you can’t get out of it that easily” he laughed as he practically dragged Yuri to the dance floor much to the Russians protest. Otabek followed with a huge grin. “I missed out seeing this before. I’m not missing it again. Congratulations again Yuuri.” Otabek patted his shoulder before he ducked away to see the chaos unfold.

Even Yakov joined in in the fun of it. Breaking his usual stoic phisade to crack a smile at the gangly teen try to out dance Viktor. Phichit used the opportunity to take as many photos for social media as possible and chris lamented the lack of a stripper pole, citing that it was about time for a rematch with Yuuri but settled for doing a rather energetic tango with him instead.

As the night went on, Yuuri lost count of how many drinks He had had. The floor was starting to move in a seesaw and the lights were blurring into each other in a multicolored haze.

The Majority of people had dispersed or went home as it was approaching the early hours of the morning.

Viktor was telling people some hilarious story at the other side of the room that had people laughing and spilling their drinks. Yuuri giggled along even if he hadn’t heard what was being said and finished off some form of cocktail that phichit had coerced him into drinking that tasted of nothing other than pure alcohol.

It wasn’t as if he could taste any of it at that point anyway but he could definitely feel the sick rise in his stomach as he gulped it down.

Wobbly and on very unsure feet he set off to find a bathroom, having to pause several times to steady himself and stop from tumbling over his own feet. As he made his way down the hall, the music faded into the background and was replaced by a faint knocking coming through the walls. Curiosity was getting the better of yuuri, he decided to check where it was coming from.

Knock...knock....knock....knock.

Sliding along the wall to steady himself, Yuuri followed the noise to the cloak room. The door was slightly ajar and against yuuri’s better judgement, he peeked inside.

There in the tangle of jackets and coats, Otabek was buried deep inside a moaning Yuri, pinning him up against the wall. A gaspy and needy “Beka....” was all yuuri heard because he quickly ran away from the door. His face turned a bright scarlet as he tittered like a teenager.

Yuuri completely forgot why he had gone down the hall in the first place, he Turned on his heel and went back out to the party...he needed to tell viktor.

“Yuuri, why are you so red?” Viktor asked handing him another drink that yuuri waved away

“...I just saw something I don't think I'd survive if yura found out.” Yuuri fluttered his hands in front
of his face giddily, his words slurring together.

“Are you keeping gossip all to yourself? That's totally not fair. I'm your husband! dish dish dish” Viktor gave a cheeky pout. He was extra flirty when he was drunk and it almost made Yuuri lose his train of thought.

“I just saw Yura and Otabek in the closet”
“were they?”
“Yup”
“Really?”
“mmmmmmmm”
“oh thank fuck. I honestly couldn't stand watching them dance around it anymore.” Viktor laughed, polishing off his drink and wrapping his arms around Yuuri.

“I know! God it took them long enough! Im happy for them” Yuuri leaned into Viktor. “Maybe Yura will lighten up now he’s gotten a good dick” Yuuri was sniggering hysterically. yup. He was completely and utterly hammered.

“Speaking of..its getting late. Why don't we head home so you can have a good dick too” Viktor whispered into Yuuri's ear. Giving him a wink and sliding his hand around his waist to pull him close.

“Oh god yes…” Yuuri didn’t have to be asked twice before he was leading Viktor by his tie out the door.

--

They both fell in the door a few minutes later. They were tangled in a flurry of drunken kisses, barely able to walk straight but they managed to make it to the bedroom in one piece.

Yuuri stumbled a little as he pushed Viktor onto the bed and straddled him. Even as drunk as he was, he loved to see Viktor sprawled out underneath him. Whenever Yuuri had a few drinks, he couldn't stop the Eros side of him from leaking out. Viktor loved to let him take the lead when he was like this. The alpha found it incredibly sexy to be dominated every now and then by his omega.

“You have far too many clothes on…” Yuuri attempted to sound seductive as he tugged off Viktor's jacket and unbuttoned his shirt. He ground himself down on Viktor's crotch but had to stop to steady himself as he lost his balance. unfortunately, with an over zealous tug on Viktor's tie, Yuuri ungracefully tumbled off the side of bed, landing on the floor in a heap and instantly erupted into a fit of laughter.

The whole room spun as he realised what had happened. They were both far too drunk for this.

“i….I can't get up” Yuuri chuckled in ball on the floor, unable to sit back up. He laughed deep belly laughs as if it were the funniest thing to ever happen.

“I guess I'll have to join you then” Viktor rolled off the bed, pulling the bedsheets down with him. As much as they both wanted to have sex after the party, the alcohol had other plans. It had been an incredibly fun night and Yuuri wondered why he was ever worried about it. It was brilliant to catch up with their friends and to celebrate their bonding. Yuuri felt on top of the world.

After a few minutes of laughter and sloppy kisses, the alcohol and exhaustion of the day set in and they both fell into a drunken sleep on the bedroom floor in the pile of bedsheets and half removed clothes.

However, The next morning was not quite so funny.
Yuuri woke up and honestly could have sworn he was about to die. His head pounded with a dull ache and the room was spinning around him as if he were being swirled around in a teacup. He mouth was dry and still tasted of the weird mix of various drinks he had the night before. It made his stomach churn and flip uncomfortably.

His eyes stung from his forgetting to remove his contacts and the light peaking in through the curtains made his head hurt even worse. What had they done last night to make every joint in his body so stiff and sore...

Viktor was still fast asleep beside him, His hair was a mess but he still looked flawless as he seemed to sleep completely peacefully. Yuuri had a feeling he looked more like a reanimated corpse than his impossibly perfect mate. He most certainly felt like a corpse anyway.

It took a few minutes before he fully woke up and when he did, he regretted it immediately..

“oh god...I'm going to be sick” Yuuri staggered up, Tripping over the bed sheets as he sprinted to the bathroom The acidic burn of vomit in the back of his throat made his eyes water before he made it to the toilet in time to empty his stomach.

It had to be the worst hangover he had ever had. Even topping the one he had a sotchi.

For the rest of the day, Yuuri swore he would never drink again and once Viktor woke up in a similar state, he wholeheartedly agreed to do the same.

Chapter End Notes

Not my best chapter but there is something coming up in the next chapter that will (hopefully) be a lot more exciting lol.

thank you all for the lovely support, kudos and comments :D i really appreciate it!

it might be a few weeks before the next update as i said in the last chapter, im getting married on friday so i'll be on honeymoon lol

Would love to hear what you think will happen and what you think is in store for Viktor and Yuuri :D
Chapter Summary

Yuuri takes a rough fall.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the days following the party, Yuuri’s hangover seemed to continue long after the traces alcohol had left his system. He had spent the best part of the week bedridden or being viciously ill in the bathroom, becoming more accustomed to the toilet bowl than he ever could have imagined.

The sight and smell of food anywhere near him was enough to warrant a trip to the bathroom. Viktor had asked him to go to the doctor at least a hundred times but Yuuri stubbornly waved it off as a stomach bug he must have picked up at some point and there was no need to worry, promising he would be just fine before their trip next week.

Even if Yuuri himself was convinced this was what dying felt like..

As Sunday rolled by, Yuuri eventually felt a bit better. He was still as weak as a newborn kitten and tired from the week of illness but he craved to get out of the house and breath in some fresh air. As nice as their bathroom was, Yuuri desperately wanted to see some different scenery if even for only a few hours.

Packing up his training bag, he decided that a trip to the rink would do him the world of good. Drinking in the fresh air in his lungs on the walk there. The breeze felt amazing on his skin and the salty air of the sea tingled his nose and reminded him of home, clearing his head as if he had never been sick at all.

After the chaos of the party and the week of being bedridden, the quiet solitude of the ice was a welcome reprieve. Yuuri could always zone out the noise and bustle of people when he skated. There was something so relaxing about being connected to the ice, the sound, the smell, the faint chill on his skin from the ice made his hair prickle.
It was peaceful and calm and just what he needed.

The rhythmic scrape of the blades cutting grooves into the ice was like welcome music as Yuuri twirled around to the tune playing in his head, feeling his muscles stretch and loosen with movement.

He was beginning to feel a hundred times better already, mustering up the courage to try a few jumps.

Yuuri began to crouch to prepare for an axel, sliding into position and lifting off the ice before he was hit with a wave of dizziness as he hit the landing

With a heavy thump, he landed on the side of his skate that sent him into a frontwards tumble, landing awkwardly and roughly on his hands just narrowly escaping cracking his face open as he made contact with the ice.

White hot Pain instantly shot down his arms like lightning bolts and his head spun in dizzy loops.
Disoriented, Yuuri rolled over to assess the damage and catch his breath. He had landed extremely badly on his left wrist. Pain shot up through the joint in hot throbs and it was starting to swell.

Yuuri prayed it wasn't broken but it was at the very least quite badly sprained. He would need to have it braced.

His stomach began to churn from the fall, he could feel bile rise in his throat after the initial shock wore off. He managed to stand up but only barely.

Yuuri legs felt like jelly and head was swimming, threatening him to faint as wave of sickness hit him in full force.

Yuuri struggled to hold it down as he picked himself up and rushed to the barrier, desperately trying not to vomit until he made it off the ice.

Unfortunately the other side of the barrier was not so lucky as he lost the battle and dry heaved into a bin by the barrier gate, Bringing up the last bit of water he had drunk before taking to the rink.

Mila came over immediately from the other side of the hall after seeing him taking the fall with the first aid kit already in hand.

“Wow Yuuri, that was a serious fall, you okay?” She asked, concern on her voice as she began unpacking the kit on the bench to find something to brace yuuri’s wrist with.

“I don’t know, I thought I was feeling better today but now I feel even worse” Yuuri crunched up his clammy face face and hissed as Mila examined the sprain, moving the joint back and forth to assess if it has been broken.

The mix of pain and dizziness was getting the better of him, Yuuri had to fling his free hand up to his mouth to stop himself from being violent ill on to Mila's lap.
He jolted up and barely made it back to the bin.

Unfortunately there were no more contents in his stomach so he ended up dry heaving and wrenching painfully. Tears pooling in his eyes from frustration and the sting of rawness in the back of his throat.

Mila came over and rubbed his shoulder.

“I think I need to go to a doctor” he pained, taking the bottle of water from mila when he gathered himself enough to stand up straight.

“You might have a virus? My friend was sick last week with some stomach bug. That or it was the chilli I cooked….you didn't happen to eat any of it did you? I knew something was off about it” mila rambled off.

“Mila...I beg you...don't mention food” Yuuri was practically green at the thought of it.

“Do you want me to get Viktor? You might need to get some xrays and it's best you go see a doctor if you're this sick. You look like you’re going to keel over. you're as white as a sheet!!!”

Yuuri shook his head into his hands. “He'll only worry and tell me off for skating when I wasn't feeling well. If you have the time, would you mind driving me?”

“No problem!” Mila helped yuuri gather up his bag “You should ring viktor and tell him where we are though. He'll be wondering what happened”
Yuuri nodded weakly. He’d ring Viktor if he managed to survive the car ride...

Yuuri sat on the doctors Bench, twiddling his thumbs. He was still feeling weak and lightheaded but tentatively, he was beginning to feel a little better after a nurse had given him some anti nausea medication and water. The ache of his other injuries were starting to show themselves, his hip and wrist had taken the brunt of the fall, making any movement stiff and sore.

The doctor had checked and rechecked his wrist, declaring it as a bad sprain but thankfully not broken. He was to rest it as much as possible and wear a brace for at least a week. If he had landed any worse it would have most certainly shattered.

She had taken a few blood samples and a urine test to try figure out the cause of Yuuri’s increasing sickness. She had left with a perplexed look on her face that did nothing to calm Yuuri’s nerves that the illness might be something more serious.

The doctor came back with the sheet of test result after a what felt like hours.

“mMhmmm okay Mr. Nikiforov, it seems we have some news for you and it’s exactly what i thought” The doctor sat down with a pleasant smile, flicking through her chart.

“I hope the smile means I'm not dying then?” Yuuri laughed nervously, twisting the hem of his shirt.

“No. Quite the opposite. The nausea you seemed to be experiencing was actually due to morning sickness.” The doctor gave him the widest smile

“Congratulations, You’re Expecting! Roughly About 8 weeks judging by your hormone levels”

The blood drained from Yuuri’s face and his stomach dropped to the floor. “N..No. No way. The test must be wrong” Yuuri turned as white as a sheet. She must be joking..he can't be.

“The tests are 100% accurate. I read in your medical history that you've had a late stage miscarriage on your last pregnancy. We will put you on extra supervision and give you an appointment for an ultrasound tomorrow.” the doctor began to fill out some papers.

“But… I haven't had a heat since I had the loss. This can't be possible” Yuuri shook his head trying to process what he has just heard.

“Mmm I see by your bond mark that you are fairly recently bonded?” Yuuri nodded with his eyebrows pinched tight, his hand absently went to trace over the healed scar on his neck.

“Some mates experience a phenomenon during the bonding process called a flash cycle. It is a short lived heat, lasting for only a few hours after the pair has bonded. Did you have intercourse during or just after you bonded?” the doctor asked nonchalant

“Oh god. We did.” Yuuri buried his face in his hands. He could feel himself begin to fall down a tunnel of panic. This had to be a joke right? His heart began to thump in his chest and it was getting hard to breath.

“Then that’s more than likely what happened then. I know it can be hard to process a new pregnancy after a loss, we have councillors available if you wish to speak to someone about any concerns or
worries you may have. As for now, we’ll just book you in for the scan tomorrow. “ The doctor smiled warmly and handed Yuuri a number of brooches and a printed appointment card for tomorrow at noon.

Panic overwhelmed him and he felt himself cascade into an anxiety attack. He couldn’t breathe and his heart pulsed loudly in his ears. His chest seemed to shrink and pull all the air from his lungs and his stomach flipped in awful waves.

“I can’t...I...oh god. This can’t be happening..it's too soon..I'm not ready..I can't do this... I got so drunk last week and oh my god I just fell! Oh god what if I hurt them. I can't...oh god” yuuri crumpled in in himself. Shaking violently and tears streaming down his face, he gasped in heavy heaves trying to suck in air as he descended into a panic attack.

It felt like his world was crashing down around him, all the hard work he had done to pull himself together after the miscarriage shattered in an instant.

The doctor rubbed his back, trying to calm him down but it was fruitless. “Deep breaths yuuri. It's okay. Just breathe..”

“What if I really hurt it? Viktor would never forgive me. How could I be so stupid?” Yuuri sobbed into his hands hysterically

“I can see if I can fit you in for an ultrasound now to help ease your mind. Our tech isn't on duty until this evening but if you don't mind waiting for about a half hour, I can do a scan for you myself. Try not to worry too much. Alcohol consumption in the early stages of pregnancy isn't recommended but if you don't consume any alcohol for the remainder of your pregnancy there should be no lasting damage done.”

Yuuri barely heard her speak. He was circling the plug hole and god themselves couldn't stop it.

Yuuri didn't know if it was the shock or lack of oxygen from his panic attack, but he keeled over and fainted.

A few minutes later when he came to, the doctor had swung him up on the examination bed and placed a cold wet towel on his forehead. She was filling out some prescriptions beside him and periodically checking her watch.

Yuuri had tired to sit up but noticed he had been hooked up to an IV.

“How are you feeling?. Do you feel any better? You were out for quite a while. I was starting to get worried you’d gone into a drop” she gave him a warm look of concern and checked his pulse.

“You were very dehydrated so I thought It best to put you on a drip for a while. You can stay here for a while to get your vitals back to normal and then I can still do the scan for you. Would you like me to call in your friend?”

“No. I….I can't tell her.” Yuuri shook his head, his head felt like it was full of cotton wool and everything felt odd and distant. It didn't feel like reality...

“If you could tell her to ring Viktor to come get me that would be great”

The doctor gave him a small nod and left him alone in the room to recover.

Yuuri couldn't stop the flow of tears. They seemed to spring a leak from him as if the pressure of
emotions inside him could no longer be contained. He scrunched up his knees to his chest as he tried to regain control.

How could this even be possible?

Could he go through this again?

What would viktor say?

....

What if he had lost it?

....

The memory of his reflection in the changing room mirror crept into his mind like an unwanted guest that made his body shake in heavy sobs.

He couldn't do this.

There had to be some mistake.

Yuuri stood up and began to bolt for the door but just as he reached the handle, the door clicked open, startling him as the doctor returned, wheeling in a cart with some equipment on it.

“Oh. I sent your friend home. She's going to send for your alpha to come collect you” she smiled and sympathetically rubbed his shoulder, guiding him back to the examination table.

“I'm sorry. This is a little bit too much to take in.” Yuuri wiped away a tear from his eye. “I feel like a mess”

“Not at all. It can be very difficult to process a new pregnancy after a loss. Especially if it's unexpected but it will be okay. We are going to schedule you in for a cervical cerclage when you are 12 weeks along to prevent the chances of another miscarriage and if you don't mind lying down and rolling up your shirt, we can start to put the rest of your worries at ease”

Despite the doctor being very warm and comforting, Yuuri’s body still felt like it was made of lead with every movement. He wished he could hide his grimace better but the doctor noticed it and gave him another pat of reassurance.

His hands trembled wildly as he rolled up the bottom of his shirt, exposing his stomach. For the most part it was nearly completely flat. But as he lay back, now with the knowledge he was expecting, yuuri noticed the soft hint of early pregnancy between his hip bones, barely visible but nevertheless there.

It was undeniable. How could he not have noticed?. He crunched his eyes shut. The guilt was beginning to eating him alive.

The doctor poured the cold gel over the bottom of his stomach under his belly button. Yuuri gasped with the shock of the sudden cold.
Taking the wand in hand, she began to press it against yuuri stomach, moving it around in small circular movements. Her eyes glued to the screen.

The smile she gave yuuri could have lit up a room.
“Everything looks perfect. Baby is developing well. Right in the mark for 8 weeks. No signs of
anything amiss.” the Doctor tilted the screen forward so Yuuri could see the grainy screen.

“Look there's they are, all curled up safe and sound” she pointed to a tiny fluttering blob no bigger than her fingertip on the screen. “They are actually on the bigger side so i can imagine you’ll be showing pretty soon, but overall they are completely perfect’

Yuuri stared at the screen blankly, trying to take in the image and tried desperately not to cry again, swallowing down the lump in his throat

“Want to hear their heartbeat?”

Yuuri’s face clenched as he nodded

He had no idea if he could handle hearing it. It made it all feel too real.

The doctor flicked a switch on the machine and within seconds the fluttering sound of a heartbeat came through the speakers. It was fast but strong like the flutter of bird wings.

Yuuri couldn't hold it in any longer. The tears poured down his face. he buried his face in his hands as sobs over took him. He couldn’t look any more.

He wiped away a tear with the heel of his palm

“I'm so sorry. I can't believe it....” Yuuri hiccuped.

“This is really happening...”

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It was like his whole world was a daze. The doctor gave him some strong medication for his morning sickness and signed him in to have a cerclage fitted in a months time. He was given to all clear to fly to Japan without much worry but he still didn't know how on earth he was going to tell viktor the news.

The doctor printed out a copy of the scan for him before yuuri went into the waiting room to hopefully find viktor. Seeing it printed out in front of him felt more terrifying than he thought.

“What's wrong? What happened?” Viktor immediately stood up to run to his mate, the flood of worry rolled off him like a tidal wave

Yuuri’s mouth gaped open like a fish as he tried to form the words but they never came. He couldn't say it, the words got trapped in his chest like they were forbidden from being said aloud.

He stuffed the scan into his pocket without viktor noticing and hoped viktor didn’t feel his hurricane of emotions leak through their bond.

“It's just a really bad sprain. I should be okay. The doctor gave me some antibiotics for my stomach flu so I should be right as rain soon” Yuuri waved him off. The guilt of the lie swirled in his stomach. His eyes were still red and puffy from tears.

“mmmmm if you're sure. You look like you've been crying. Is something wrong?” Viktor hummed and furrowed his brow sensing the lie.

Yuuri shook his head and gave him a weak smile.

“Yeah. im fine. I just want to go home. I'm still feeling sick and I could do with a shower” He sighed.
They were both Deathly silent on the drive home as Yuuri built up an invisible wall around himself. He really needed some time alone before he could even think of telling Viktor.

He needed to get his head together first.

The moment they got home, Yuuri headed for a shower. Yuuri let the water blast him at full force. Whenever he needed to think things out or get a hold of himself, he usually went for a dip in the onsen when he was at home or for long showers when he was in detroit.

The pound of water on his chest seemed to always calm him down enough to think clearly, but unfortunately this time, there was nothing that could have helped him.

His arms wrapped around his stomach and crumpled to the floor of the shower. The fear had shaken him to his core now he was alone with his thoughts.

What was he going to do? He couldn't bare the thought of being pregnant again But also...he couldn't ignore the fact he was 8 weeks along even if he wanted to be or not.

He ran his hand over his stomach. How had he have not realized? His sheer denial of all the symptoms he was having. Putting them down to the exhaustion of the bond party or the flu.

Yuuri figured Viktor must be suspecting something. or at least subconsciously as it would explain how much Viktor had been scenting him. It was a perfectly normal thing for Alphas to do when their Omegas were pregnant but he never clued into it.

If he had not been pregnant, that level of scenting would have automatically sent him into a heat…

Yuuri remembered the day after they bonded and how he felt on the edge of a heat for the whole day. He realised he should have gone into heat but he couldn't because he had already gotten pregnant when they bonded the night before.

Yuuri bumped his head against the titles. God he was oblivious.

What shocked Yuuri more is how he could have ignored the tiny bump that had grown. It was no bigger than a slight curve in between his hips, too small for anyone other than him to notice but now he knew it was there, it was hard to miss.

He had lost weight over the summer and his frame was always slim to begin with. It made it very easy to spot any changes in his physic but he had stupidly put down the pooch as just a bloated caused by his sickness but now…

He ran his hand over it. It felt like a giant weight. How could something so small feel so earth shatteringly big?

The crippling fear that engulfed him. The thought of having another chance, a new life growing inside him after so much pain. The feelings were at war with each other. Could he even allow himself to feel happy? Or Excited?

Every emotion he had was eclipsed by raw unbridled fear.

The horrible voice in the back of his head screamed at him. “Weak. You were too weak to keep the last one and You'll be too weak to keep this one too. Don't get excited. It won't last...”

He wished he could run away from it all and not have to think about it but it was impossible to run
away from something that was literally inside of him.

Viktor kept giving him looks of concern the whole evening. There was no doubt he felt Yuuri turmoil through their bond but no matter how yuuri tried, he couldn't say it.

He couldn't face seeing viktor excited over something that could be gone in an instant. He couldn't put viktor through that again.

Yuuri curled up in a ball the moment they got into bed and pulled his knees to his chest. Edging to the side of the bed.

“Yuuri….. Is something wrong?” Viktor asked after a long silence. “You’ve been acting strange since the doctors..”

“No. I just feel a little off. I'll be okay in the morning” Yuuri said almost a whisper.

Viktor nuzzled in behind him to give him a kiss as he did every night. His hand drifted as always, to hold him around the waist but yuuri flinched at the touch, swatting viktor away with his good hand with a little more force than he had intended.

“Don't touch me!!” Yuuri hadn't realised he had shouted the words out loud until he saw the look on viktors face.

He regretted it instantly.

The rejection and hurt seeped out of his mate but he didn't respond, instead he scooted over to his own side and lay flat on his back to stare blankly at the ceiling.

Yuuri hugged his knees tighter.

Viktor didn't do anything wrong...he just... Couldn't…

His mind was whirling too far out of control to think straight.

He wasn't ready for this.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for your congrats! we had an amazing day and we both had a lot of fun on our honeymoon :)

your support, comments, kudos and subs are really appreciated! i am so glad you all have been enjoying this fic as much as i have been enjoying writing it :)
i love hearing what you folks think of each chapter, so please don't be shy!
Yuuri has never been good at keeping secrets.

A week passed and still Yuuri couldn't bring himself to say it out loud.

After Yuuri’s outburst, they had both silently decided to brush it off and act like nothing had happened. However, the air between them still remained tense and quiet.

Yuuri was feeling increasingly terrible because he knew it was entirely his own doing. He had caused such a mess through his selfishness but he still couldn’t open up to Viktor. He could feel his actions had hurt his mate deeply but he didn't know how to explain what was going on without spilling the news.

How could Yuuri tell Viktor when he hadn’t even come to terms with it himself?

Now more than ever Yuuri wanted to wrap himself up in his alpha, to be doused in his scent and feel the warmth and love he knew was waiting for him in Viktors arms but there was an invisible blockade stopping him from accepting it and Yuuri hated himself for it.

Yuuri had tried several times to tell him. When they were in bed, when they were cooking dinner, when they were brushing their teeth in the morning.

Yuuri had told Viktor a hundred times in his head but each time his mouth moved to speak, he lost his nerve.

The day arrived for their flight to Japan and thankfully the tension had cleared to some degree. Viktor gave Yuuri little smiles as he discussed their travel plans and how he was looking forward to seeing Mari and Yuuris parents and how he was going to miss makkachin while they were away.

Yuuri tried to be as enthusiastic as possible to try mend the spat and for the most part it worked but it was still obvious that things remained a little off. Yuuri could tell Viktor was suspecting something.

Mercifully, the medication had helped to ease the morning sickness slightly but Yuuri was continuing to find it difficult to stomach the majority of foods, leading to convert trips to the bathroom if a particular smell or food turned him the wrong way.

The sickness had been increasingly more severe this pregnancy and it had automatically caused Yuuri to stress even if everything was as okay as the doctor had told him it was. The whole thing had made him so unbelievably tired and irritable, It was taking all his willpower to not burst into tears at even the smallest of inconveniences and it was doing nothing to help the situation with Viktor.

“Yuuri, are you feeling okay?” Viktor asked as they took their seats in the plane. They were due to take off shortly and Yuuri’s stomach was already starting to unsettle and his head pounded from the near constant headache he had.

He nodded with a small smile “Yeah just feeling a bit nervous. It's been a while since we've seen my family”
Viktor knew that was a lie but nodded all the same. It's not like Yuuri could lie right now. they could feel each other as clear as day through their bond when they were this close together. Distance dulled the connection but sitting shoulder to shoulder, there was no hiding.

The seatbelt light binged on just in time for a distraction.

Yuuri delicately clipped in his buckle, leaving more than necessary slack on the belt to the point it was barely even fastened. He tried to kept it loose while also trying not drawing attention to his stomach, because even though no one else would notice, Yuuri didn't want Viktor to suspect anything which was getting more and more difficult.

He had been avoiding being naked around him for the past week and Yuuri had taken to wearing baggier clothes since he found out he was pregnant. They hadn't been intimate in a while because of the morning sickness so it had been relatively easy to hide himself.

However, The weight of keeping it a secret was burning a hole in his heart.

A flight attendant passed up and down the aisle to check if everyone was ready for take off, clicking up seat trays as she passed.

She stopped beside Yuuri and leaned in with a friendly smile to tighten his belt, making him give a squeak and blush profusely. The embarrassment could have swallowed him whole. Viktor was busy routing in his bag for his headphones and managed to miss the awkwardness. As soon as the attendant passed, Yuuri loosened the belt again.

The flight was a long one. With more than 12 hours to kill, Yuuri tried his best to get some sleep. His body and mind were utterly exhausted. He was constantly uncomfortable from bloating and cramps and the omnipresent churn of his stomach. He honestly couldn't remember the last time he had felt so awful.

As much as he was looking forward to seeing his parents and having some relaxing time in japan, Yuuri wished he could curl up in a ball and sleep for a decade.

Viktor dozed off to sleep as soon as they had gotten into the air. Yuuri was not so lucky. No matter which was he sat, he could not get comfortable enough to sleep so he settled on watching a terrible in flight movies to pass the time.

While Viktor slept beside him, Yuuri softly rubbed his cheek against his bond mark, letting the scent soothe him without waking the sleeping alpha up. He missed it so much and needed the comfort of his mates pheromones but it would be suspicious to ask outright.

Yuuri had found himself absently building a nest when they were packing for the trip and had to stop himself in a fluster before Viktor found him. His hormones were running in all different directions and his omegan instincts were getting hard to defy.

While he couldn’t nest on the plane and couldn’t outwardly scent himself on his mate, he settled for taking Viktors jacket and curled up in it for the duration of the flight. Yuuri hope it would be enough to help him sleep, if even for only a few minutes.

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By the time they touched down in Japan, Yuuri was fit to pass out. His body ached and his head felt as if it was about to explode. It was a mercy that the airline food was bland enough that he could keep some of it down, but unfortunately the flight was not without a trip to the bathroom after a heavy bout of turbulence.
When they arrived to the onsen, the welcoming smell of katsudon wafted in through the open doors of the kitchen like a warm hug. Yuuri’s mouth watered for the first time in days as he realised just how hungry he was and how wonderful the smell was. Even if he could never eat another morsel of food again, he knew he would be able to eat katsudon. It was the smell of home and comfort and just what he needed right now.

“Yuuri!!! Vicchan!!!” His mother ran to the door to greet them, giving them a massive hug before taking their bags into the reception room. “How was your flight? It is so good to see you!” She began into a torrent of chatter as she arranged up a couple of pillows by the table and poured out some fresh green tea.

“You look a bit unwell,yuuri, are you feeling okay?”

Yuuri was far too tired to lie “oh yeah I'm fine. I'm just getting over a stomach flu and the flight was a bit turbulent. I'll be fine.”

“Well hopefully some good food will help settle you in” Hiroko hummed before hurrying to the kitchen.

She returned shortly with Mari, carrying a large tray of food and snacks.

“Well hello to you too” Yuuri pouted. She was a blunt as always.

“Ah don't be like that!” She gave him a nudge and turned to Viktor to give him a fake scowl “Have you been taking care of him?”

“I have been doing my best I swear!” Viktor laughed, raising up his hands in defence. “His wrist is entirely his own doing!”

Mari hummed before looking over Yuuri, her eyes narrowed and she scanned over him. She quietly asked him in Japanese

“Why do you smell different?”

Yuuri nearly choked on his tea. Ungracefully spluttering it over himself. He fumbled to clean it up and laughed nervously.

“No i don't! You haven't seen us since we bonded, it's probably just that”

He wasn't fooling anyone and Mari wasn't buying it but she decided to change the subject, turning back to Viktor for some pleasant chit chat.

Yuuri didn't contribute much to the conversation, turning his full attention to the bowl of food placed in front of him.

His stomach growled at the sight as he devoured it like a starving man. It tasted like heaven and filled him with satisfying warmth. It was the first time Yuuri had felt full in weeks, it almost brought tears to his eyes.

After the dishes had been cleared away, Yuuri gave in to his exhaustion and decided to go to bed early, Leaving Viktor to stay up to share some drinks with his father. It had been a challenge to refuse the sake they had taken out halfway way through the meal as a toast to the pairs new bond.
Yuuri had to wave it off, citing the pain medication for his wrist as a reason not to participate. Mari was watching him like a hawk and it made him squirm in place. It seemed he was very bad at hiding things from her.

After much debate, Yuuri managed to slip away and wander down the hall to their old room that his mother had made up for them before they arrived. Their bags had already been brought up and placed on the bed but it otherwise looked the same as always.

Rummaging through his suitcase, Yuuri found a set of comfortable pajamas to change into. He was only passed the 9 week mark yet it was already getting difficult to button the top of his jeans, and especially since he had been so sick, loose pajamas and baggy shirts were a godsend.

Safe that he was finally alone, Yuuri ran his hand over the base of his stomach, feeling the firmness of his little bump under his belly button. It peaked out noticeably now he was relaxed and well fed. It was like the baby knew Yuuri was trying to keep them hidden as they seemed to get bigger with every passing day.

All the time the voice in the back of his head was screaming at him to not get attached in case he miscarried again, Yuuri found it impossible not to fall in love with the tiny thing when he was alone.

He gave a sigh as he felt around with the tips of his fingers. It was so strange and scary to feel that again.

“So..”

Yuuri startled at the sound, nearly tripping over his own feet. Mari had walked in and leaned against the door frame. Her arms folded as she blew out a plume of smoke.

“When are you going to tell Vicchan you've got a bun in the oven?” She raised an eyebrow with a smug smirk, “I don't know what you're talking about” Yuuri fumbled around to finish throwing on his pajamas.

“Mhm. Suit yourself.” Mari kissed her teeth and took another drag of her cigarette “But You’re really bad at hiding it. Anyway, Why on earth are you keeping it a secret? it's not like he won't notice…..i mean” Mari flicked her eyes up and down him.

“You’re already showing”

Yuuri pulled down the hem of his shirt to hide himself and blushed deeply

“i'm going to tell him..I'm...im just not ready yet’

“Not ready? Fuck Yuuri. What the hell are you waiting for? Don’t you think it's a bit cruel to keep it from him like this. Viktor's your husband, It's his kid too after all.” Mari scolded her eyes were on him like laser pointers. She could always see right through him.

“You need to tell him Yuuri and if you don't do it soon, I will. He has a right to know.” she scowled before eventually softening with a sigh “Do it before you leave. You’ll need to tell mom and dad too while you’re here….Congrats little Brother. I’m happy for you.”

She walked off with a wave, leaving Yuuri in a vacuum of guilt.
That night, Yuuri found himself yet again lying awake unable to sleep. Viktor was snoring peacefully beside him, sprawled out over the covers. Yuuri could feel through their bond that Viktor was having a dream, one that was making him feel happy and content as he sighed out little snores. Being able to feel and see each other's dreams had been a strange thing to get used to since they bonded but Yuuri liked it very much.

Yuuri gently curled into Viktors side, sliding in under his arm to nuzzle in at his mates chest and let his scent swirl around him, soaking up the feeling from their bond. It was comforting and intimate but in the end, it only made Yuuri feel worse.

Tears began to pool in his eyes as he thought about everything that was going on but mostly about how mad he was at himself that he couldn't be honest. He felt so alone and he didn't have to be. Why was he doing this to himself? To them? Why couldn't he just say it...

Yuuri curled up into a tighter ball.

Mari was right

Why did she always have to be right.
Yuuri promises to open up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Yuuri's brief peace didn't last long before he was awoken by the urgent need to rush to the bathroom, throwing up everything he had managed to keep down earlier.

It was somewhere around 3 am and the onsen was deathly quiet. The only sound was a faint ticking of the grandfather clock in the reception room and the distant snores of the other occupants. It was quiet around this time of year, with only half of the guest rooms booked out.

Everyone was still dreaming away while Yuuri stuck on the bathroom floor, wrenched up the last remnants of bile from his stomach. When would this nightmare end...

He wiped away the clammy sweat that beaded on his forehead and eventually began to make his way to the kitchen to get some water, hoping it would help to wash the horrible taste from his mouth. Yuuri was honestly starting to believe he would never be able to taste anything other than acid for the rest of his life.

As he hazily wandered down the hall, it took him a few minute to register the faint glow of light already streaming out from underneath the kitchen doorway. It looked like Yuuri wasn't the only one that couldn't get any sleep.

Mari was standing by the counter, pouring out a pot of tea and taking little puffs from a cigarette. Yuuri gave a small knock on the door before he entered so he wouldn't startle her, but she seemed to already know he was there.

“I made enough for two if you feel up for some” She said quietly while pouring out another cup of steaming tea in a steady stream.

“or should I say three?” Yuuri could hear the smile on her face even from behind.

“Please. I could use a cup right now” he sat at the table, burying his face in his hands. Sighing in defeat. “It’s a shame i can’t have something a little stronger”

Mari came over and sat next to him, handing him a warm cup of fresh green tea. The smell was amazing and comforting, as he took a sip, the warmth filled his chest and settled the storm in his stomach for a while. It was the same mix their mother used to make when they were sick as kids.

“Rough night?” She asked, flicking the ash of her cigarette into a tray in the center of the table.

Yuuri nodded. Even if he had wanted to deny it, he probably looked like hell. He could feel the dark circles grow under his eyes and his skin had felt clammy and waxy for days. “Yeah. The nausea has been ridiculous. I don't know why they call it morning sickness when I feel sick literally all the time. I feel awful” Yuuri rubbed his eyes.
“You look it. Maybe it's your body telling you you should tell Vicchan?” Mari smirked “How far along are you anyway? Last time I was talking to you, you said you hadn't had a heat since the miscarriage”

“About 9 weeks, 3 days. It happened when we bonded, apparently it happens sometimes.” Yuuri gave a little huff, warming his hands on the warm tea. It was nice not to have to hide it any more around her. He didn't realize how much he desperately wanted to talk about it with someone.

“Bit of a surprise then?” Mari leaned back in her chair.

“You can say that again” Yuuri managed a smile “Anyway, What has you up so late?” he swirled around the tea in the cup before taking another sip.

“I’m due a rut soon and it’s making it difficult to sleep. Besides, it’s hard to get some shut eye when all i could hear is you turning inside out in the bathroom.”

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you” Yuuri blushed and shifted in his seat. Had he been that loud? He immediately started to worry if he had woken anyone else in the house. He hadn’t been back to their room to check if viktor was still asleep...

“Don’t be silly. I was awake anyway. Aside from that, How are you feeling? I'm guessing there is a good reason you haven't told Vicchan”

Yuuri could feel himself waver at the question. There was no point in lying.

“I'm terrified Mari. Before, I never gave a second thought to what could go wrong but now its all i can think about... I know i'm being silly... but... I feel so fragile. I'm afraid to do even the smallest of things incase something happens. What if I tell Viktor and…” the words caught in his throat “…I end up miscarrying again?...I can't put him through that…”

“And putting yourself through this alone is so much better? If my memory is correct, you were the one we had to scrape off the floor and put back together, not Viktor”

The truth of it stung a deep. There was a few moments of silence before either of them spoke again.

“What if he's not ready?” Yuuri was barely audible. He stared into the cup and watched the floating leaves lazily swirl in a circle, disrupting the reflection of the dim kitchen light above them. It was hard to look directly at Mari. He felt like he was a little kid again being scolded by their mother.

“Are you?”

The question landed home harshly and Yuuri couldn't stop himself from disintegrated.. Mari knew the answer without him even saying anything. The tears tumbled from Yuuri’s eyes like a waterfall as he crumbled under the weight of everything he had been desperately trying to hold in. His shoulders shook with the force of his quiet sobs. He was so so tired. He couldn't keep it all in any more.

Mari was beside him in an instant to wrap her arms around him. “It's okay..it'll be okay” she soothed. In all the time since they were kids, her hugs had never changed.

“I want to tell him so badly Mari. I really do. I'm just so afraid…” Yuuri hiccuped. “I know how awful and selfish and unforgivable I'm being. Im disgusted with myself. Some stupid part of me was thinking that if I didn't say anything it would all go away and I wouldn't have to deal with it. But then the other part of me really wants to deal with it..”
Now the floodgates had opened, Yuuri let everything out, clutching a hand to his tiny bump as if he would shatter like glass.

“I had convinced myself that this would never happen again, that we'd never have another chance but now that we do, I have never felt so unprepared in my life. I don’t want to keep them a secret like they are some terrible thing that’s happened...I want this baby so much and i already love them more than i ever thought i could love someone... but I can't even let myself feel happiness... What if I lose them? The last time nearly killed me. It completely broke me inside to the point I never thought I could ever recover, let alone what it did to Viktor. He puts on such a brave face but I know how much it broke him too... I can't go through that pain again...I can’t. I'm not strong enough.. Neither of us are....”

Yuuri clung onto Mari and he broke down into a million pieces. She rocked him back and forth as he cried out all the tears he had been keeping locked away. He didn't know if the tears would ever stop coming.

“No one can predict the future Yuuri, You mustn't let the fear of losing something steal away your joy while you have it. The doctors know what caused the miscarriage the last time so they can prevent that from happening again” Mari hushed. “Try focus on how wonderful it is that in seven months time you'll be holding your little one and be wondering why you ever worried so much in the first place.”

“But what if it's not okay? I've been so so sick....What if something’s wrong with them?” Yuuri whimpered.

“It’s natural for you to react badly when you’ve been dealing with so much stress. You’re body is probably trying to tell you to relax but I can ring the doctor in the morning for an appointment if that could help?”

Yuuri nodded with a sniffle “Please” exhaustion was starting to take over after he released all his pent up emotions. His eyes were still puffy with tears but he was begining to calm down.

“and Hey, it could be always be twins, remember how sick yukko was when she was having the girls?!” Mari gave a small laugh to lighten the air

“Oh god please don't say that!! Trying to process that i’m having one baby is hard enough, don’t even mention the possibility there might be two!” Yuuri grimaced but a smile touched the corner of his mouth. He already felt lighter having opened up to her.

“Yuuri….Please…. Promise me you'll tell Vicchan soon?” Mari asked quietly once their giggles had faded.

“It’s a huge thing to keep from your Alpha. I can't imagine how sad he’ll feel once he realises why you've kept it from him for so long. Promise me you'll tell him”

Yuuri nodded.

“I promise”

- Yuuri hadn't figured out exactly when or how he was going to keep that promise. He had been reciting a script in his head over and over trying to get it right but everything Yuuri had tired to come up with just ended up making him cringe with how awkward it was going to be to say out loud. God he hated how bad he was at this...
"Surprise, I’m pregnant!"
"Guess what i’ve been keeping secret from you for nearly three weeks? Our unborn child!!!" “Turns out my body does work after all! i’m growing a tiny human! Isn’t that neat?”

It was starting to feel like torture.

Much to Yuuri’s relief, the following week went by without being caught out. Viktor had been keeping up training at ice castle in preparation for the upcoming season so it had given Yuuri time to get his head together about what would be the best way to tell him. He had to come up with a slew of excuses as to why he wouldn’t go skating with Viktor and he was rapidly starting to run out of ideas.

While Yuuri was still keeping the news from everyone else, It had been oddly relaxing now that someone other than him knew about the pregnancy. It was a welcome relief that when it was just Him and Mari in the onsen, Yuuri didn’t have to hide or stop himself from subconsciously scenting along the curve of his bump. The never ending supply of tea Mari was giving him had helped immensely as well.

Not to mention the utterly therapeutic dips in the onsen Yuuri took when he knew no one was around. He wasn't able to stay in the water for very long each time, only a few minutes before he would have to get out for safety reasons but even a few minutes in the warm springs seemed to melt away the knots of stress and tiredness for at least a little while.

During the day while Viktor was training, Yuuri had taken to giving his parents a helping hand with running the onsen whenever his sickness was under enough control to allow him some respite. He needed busy work to distract him from the vortex inside his head.

It was nice. It reminded Yuuri a lot of when he was a kid, spending his weekends helping out after coming home from ballet or skating practice. Minako was going to be coming home from a trip abroad at the weekend and Yuuri’s parents had decided to hold a dinner for her when she arrived so it had been all hands on deck.

Yuuri wondered what Minako would have to say on the matter. He could almost picture her reaction with a big smile and hugs, He thought about how happy his parents would be when they found out and how Yura was probably going to lose his mind again. It made the idea a little less scary, And while it there was a list longer than a mile of things to worry about, Yuuri found himself getting a little excited.

Yuuri was trying his best to be as helpful as possible around the onsen but even after only a small amount of work, he would have to give in and rest from the fatigue and nausea. Yuuri was getting more and more bouts of lightheadedness but thankfully Mari had been brilliant at coming up with reasons for his regular disappearances, making sure their parents never got suspicious or question it.

Viktor, However was starting to get deeply concerned. Yuuri felt it any time they were around each other. The overflow of worry through their bond was intense but Yuuri managed to brush it away. Tension between them was palpable and yuuri’s dismissal of his worries was clearly rubbing on Viktors last nerve.

Viktor was starting to get short with Yuuri over the smallest of things and he had been avoiding being around him much. It hurt to see the distance growing between them. Viktor felt so far away right when Yuuri needed his Alpha to be close. But Yuuri couldn’t find it in him to blame his mate for how he was reacting. It wasn’t viktors doing that was causing so much tension, it was entirely his.
Yuuri promised he would tell him soon. He really would.

The day before Minako’s dinner, Yuuri was helping his mother change all the bedsheets and towels in the guest rooms. Folding away the laundry and fluffing out the freshly pressed linens. The whole onsen smelled wonderfully clean, the crisp morning breeze was wafting the soft scent from the fresh loads of washing and the faint smell of lemons from the window cleaner Mari was using.

Unfortunately, That morning in particular, Yuuri was feeling dreadful. He had not kept any solid food down in several days and he was feeling incredibly lightheaded, Even Mari’s tea was coming right back up whenever he dared to take a sip. All he wanted to do was go back to bed but he had already offered to help Hiroko. He had naively hoped that the work would take his mind off the queasiness but it had sadly not worked.

It was actually hard for Yuuri to focus on anything. As he handed up the bunch of towels to his mother, The world around him was began to sway back and forth as if the ground below his feet was a funhouse ride and the edges of his vision blurred into a dark tunnel.

He couldn't keep a thought in his head long enough to say anything.

He struggled to steady himself as he felt the world tilt and rolled backwards until everything faded to black.

THUMP.

The next thing Yuuri knew he was lying flat on his back on the floor with his mother above him, fanning him manically with a sheet.

“Yuuri! Yuuri! Are you okay?”

Yuuri blinked as his head spun wildly, he felt like he was going to vomit again. When he made an attempt to sit up, he ended up flopping back down, completely unable to balance himself.

“What...what happened? Why am i on the floor?”

“You fainted sweetheart. Mari’s gone to get the car to bring you to the hospital”

“Oh..” Yuuri could barely stay coherent enough to protest. “No...no.. I’ll be fine i just need to have a lie down..”

Hiroko held her hand on his shoulder and gave him a sympathetic look.

“We are taking you to the hospital dear, Fainting while in your condition is never a good sign so it’s best to get you checked out by a doctor. No ifs or buts!”

“You...” Yuuri’s head was fuzzy and pounded painfully but he managed to sit up with a little help from Hiroko. “You... know about the baby?”

“Of course we know. I smelled it off you the moment you walked through the door, a parent can always tell. We didn’t say anything because we thought YOU didn’t know. You were so insistent on having a flu, we figured you hadn’t realized yet and didn’t want to ruin the surprise for you” she laughed softly and handed him a glass of water.

Yuuri sipped it tentatively, finally coming back to his senses. The water sloshed uncomfortably in his stomach. He could feel the pulse of his heart rush though his head while the room began to spin again. He had to close his eyes to stop himself from being ill.
“I….I haven’t told viktor yet”

Hiroko hummed and nodded “We figured as much but We can deal with that later. For now, just focus on standing up”

Hooking her arm under his shoulder, Hiroko managed to help Yuuri up with a shaky wobble. His whole body felt as weak as a newborn fawn, making each step difficult

Hiroko lead him out to the car just as Mari pulled up in the driveway. Yuuri didn’t even try to sit upright in the backseat. He curled up on his side and closed his eyes, taking deep breaths through is nose to try take control over the never ending waves of dizziness. He didn’t even hear Mari reassure him when they were nearly there.

The hospital was only a short drive away and since his mother had rang ahead, Yuuri was seen immediately as soon as they arrived by a young Doctor.

Yuuri was taken into a private room and put on an IV drip straight away for his severe dehydration. He had vials of blood taken for various tests and given strong medication through the drip to calm his stomach.

After a rather embarrassing cervical exam and a quick check of the baby's heartbeat with an internal doppler, a nurse came by with a plate of fruit and crackers for Yuuri to nibble on while he waited for the doctor to return with his results. To his surprise, They were staying down and at that moment, They were the most delicious crackers Yuuri had ever tasted.

“Hello Mr Nikiforov. How are you feeling?” The doctor came in with a smile as he flicked through a chart after nearly an hour.

“A lot better thank you” Yuuri sat up. And it wasn’t a lie. The drip was starting to take effect, easing his headache and settling his stomach. It was the best he’d felt in weeks.

“That’s good to hear. We are looking over your tests and we’ve come to the conclusion you are suffering from hyperemesis gravidarum. We’d like to keep you here for the rest of the day and overnight on an IV to get your fluids back up and monitor you.”

“Oh god. What does that mean? Is there something wrong with the baby?” Yuuri began to panic, clutching his hand protectively over his bump. The doctor was smiling but it didn't stop Yuuri’s stomach plummeting

“No no not at all. Baby is perfectly safe and healthy. Hyperemesis gravidarum is a mild complication that occurs in some pregnancies causing severe nausea, fatigue and dehydration. It's what caused you to have such intense morning sickness and led to you have that fainting spell earlier, but don't worry, it is completely manageable and will cause no lasting effect to you or baby in the long run if properly monitored. Unfortunately, it's not all that pleasant to go through, but with some bed rest and some fluids, you should be feeling much better soon.”

The relief washed over Yuuri instantly. Everything really was okay...

“Tomorrow afternoon we would like to perform a quick ultrasound just as a precaution before we discharge you, however you will need to check in with your doctor at home when you go back to Russia as you many need an additional stay in hospital. We’ll also need to go through a diet plan for you as you are a little underweight for where we’d like you to be at your gestation. As for now, I'll be back in an hour or so to check up on you, try get some sleep while you can and eat whatever you think you can handle. Myself and the nurse are just a buzz away so I'll let you rest up” the doctor gave him a smile and a nod before walking out the door.
Yuuri flopped back into the bed. Rubbing his eyes under his glasses with his fingers. He was definitely feeling a lot better but it was a situation he would rather not have been in. Viktor would probably find out he was in hospital soon and Yuuri still had no idea how on earth he was going to tell him.

He had to come up with an explanation and fast.

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After Mari had rung him after Yuuri had been admitted, Viktor had immediately rushed out the door rink. She hadn't mentioned why or how but all she had said was that Yuuri had collapsed and had been taken to the hospital.

Viktor was sure he had broken at least three traffic laws to get to there as soon as physically possible. He had gone into fully autopilot Alpha panic mode and nothing was going to stop him from being by his mates side

Viktor rushed through the hallway door just in time to catch the doctor leaving Yuuri’s room.

“Doctor, what happened? is Yuuri okay? I’m his Alpha” Viktor frantically looked over his shoulder to try and see Yuuri through the tiny open crack of the doorway.

“Oh you must be Viktor. Don’t worry, both Yuuri and baby are doing completely fine now” The doctor gave him a cheery smile. “He just needs some fluids and a good dose of bed rest but You can head in to see him if you’d like”

“Oh thank god……” Viktor physically melted from relief before the cogs began turning in his head...

“Wait…………………..what did you just say?”

Chapter End Notes

I have been writing this fic in full force recently, and i pretty much have the next 12k words ready to upload. Its been really fun hearing from you all! even if some of you are guessing what is going to happen already *shakes fist* But seriously, thank you all for the comments and kudos! Id like to know if you'd like me to keep uploading whenever the chapter is ready to go, or would you prefer i space out the chapters a bit more? either way is fine with me, just want to know what would be best for ya'll reading this feels train haha.

just a quick note that Im using this > http://dirtlawyer.info/wp-content/uploads/breannadolly-hello-i-am-an-anartist-omegaverse-man-and-anatomy.png as the biological reference for male omegas.
And Yuuri is suffering from this condition>
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hyperemesis_gravidarum

I know i said there would be less angst (and i swear there will be! everything is going to work out i really really promise) But man this is just too much fun to write! forgive me ;;
Viktor stood outside the door unable to move as if his whole body had been cast in stone. His hand hovered over the handle.

Yuuri was…

How…

Viktor couldn't keep a question in his head long enough to find any answers. He was getting dizzy trying to keep up with the spin of a thousand thoughts whirling in his head all at once.

It was a chaotic jumble of joy, excitement, fear and shock, all Viktor knew for certain was that he needed to be by Yuuri's side. He must be in shock after finding out, he’s probably scared and alone and Viktor needed to support his omega as much as he could, They could get through this together.

Viktors hand trembled as he pushed the door open, taking in a deep breath to try steady is nerves.

Yuuri was lying back on the bed with an arm draped over his eyes, The colour was starting to return to his cheeks but it made Viktor’s heart pang to see his mate hooked up to an IV, being poked and prodded from needles. He looked so tired..

Viktor could feel the turmoil, the fear, the guilt, it leaked out of yuuri in a constant stream through their bond. It was a weird feeling that didn't seem quite right.

He swallowed hard as he tried to find any words to say but he failed. This wasn’t the reaction he was expecting to walk into. Something was wrong...

“Yuuri…”

Yuuri startled bolt upright in the bed, obviously not noticing viktor’s quiet entrance. Panic radiated off him in high pitched waves that their mark itch uncomfortably.

“Viktor! You're here! Oh..Emm I can explain...i swear i was going to tell you i...-”

“wait...how long have you known?!?” Viktors eyes widened as the realization settled in.

Yuuri already knew.

Yuuri knew about the baby and hadn’t told him...

Yuuri winced as he felt Viktor’s reaction. A slow creep of hurt and betrayal bubbled in Viktors chest as all the pieces slotted into place. That's why Yuuri had been acting so strange….

Why had he kept it from him? Why had he lied? Viktor didn't make any moves to move closer despite he could tell how much Yuuri wanted him near. He stared at his mate as he felt his chest implode as if a sledgehammer had just smashed through his ribcage.

“Since I sprained my wrist” Yuuri answered quietly, his voice cracked as a lump formed in his throat.

3 weeks...he’d been lying to him for 3 weeks!
“How did it happen? When?” Viktor said robotically, unable to process what he had just heard.

“When we bonded. It caused a minor heat without us realising it” Yuuri looked completely empty and Viktor was avoiding looking at him. Viktor couldn’t look at Yuuri without breaking apart.

“Does anyone else know?” Viktor stared passed Yuuri as if he wasn't even there. He held his fists to his sides as he bite back angry tears that were threatening to break over his cheeks.

“Mari and my parents. But no one else. Viktor I swear I was going to-”

Viktor cut him off. shaking his head, He put his hand up to stop him in his tracks. Not only did Yuuri kept the baby a secret...but he had told his family before he had told him.

Viktor felt the wound of betrayal as if it had carved out a chunk of his heart.

It was too much to take in.

There was a painfully long silence. Viktor spoke quietly as he tried to come to terms with truth. His eyes searched for answers but found nothing but emptiness. He had to know..

“Do... you not want the baby?” He asked barely above a whisper.

The question punched a hole directly through Yuuri and knocked the wind out of his lungs. He broke down into tears.

“Of course I do...how can you even ask that!!… I just.... I just..”

“You just what, Yuuri? Didn't think that I might like to have been told that you are fucking pregnant?”

Viktor clenched his fists, The hurt was starting to boil over into painful anger. How could Yuuri do this to him. To them. Viktor found himself losing control of his temper as he shouted out in a rush of raw emotions

“I was worried sick all this time thinking you were falling back into that awful place again!. I thought you were seriously ill or that you were hurting yourself or god knows what else. Why the fuck didn't you tell me? I'm your husband!! You seem perfectly fine with telling everyone else before me, Why did you lie to me! I knew something was wrong, i just knew it! Mari had been acting weird since we got here!”

“it's not like that Viktor…”

“Then what is it like? Because from where I'm standing it feels like I'm the last one to know. How long were you planning on keeping it from me? What if you had miscarried again? You would have kept the entirety of our child's life a secret. Why...why didn't you say something” Viktor wiped away angry tears, shouting through his teeth.

“I swear I was going to tell you..I..”

“Well. It's a bit fucking late now isn't it” Viktor clenched his jaw so hard he was convinced it was going to snap. He saw Yuuri winch at his words. He was being emotional and harsh and he needed to leave before he said something he couldn't take back. But how was he supposed to be okay after finding out like this. It made him feel like an utter fool but what hurt the most was the sheer disregard for his feelings. This wasn’t the Yuuri he knew. His yuuri wouldn’t hide things from him, His yuuri would have trusted him. The yuuri in front of him now just felt like a stranger.
After a tense few moments of silence Viktor turned to walk out the door.

“I need some time alone.” Viktor said barely above a whisper as he stormed out of the room leaving Yuuri alone in the wake of his anger.

Yuuri tried to call after him, clambering out of the bed as much as he could before he was held back by the wires still attached to him, Knocking over a tray of medical equipment onto the floor with a loud clatter.

“Viktor! Please! Don't leave! Viktor!”

He called out as loud as his lungs could shout for his mate but Viktor was already gone.

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Viktor didn’t know where he was headed he just knew he needed to get out of there. His head was too cloudy to think straight and he would only end up saying yet more things he would regret if he stayed any longer. Yuuri had hurt him and he had hurt him right back. It was a complete mess and Viktors couldn't stand it any longer.

He was barely down to the waiting area when he saw Mari storming up the hallway, having overheard the commotion. She looked extremely angry.

“What did YOU DO!!” She shouted at him before he even had a chance to react to her standing in front of him. She reeked of rut pheromones.

“What did I do? You should go ask Yuuri why I'm so upset but I guess you already know since he saw fit to tell you before me” Viktors voice shook with frustration and his eyes were still red from holding back tears. His better judgement would have told him to shut up and stay quiet but he had gone well beyond the line of rationality. He was lashing out and it didn't matter who or what was in front of him.

“Don't you think he wanted to? Did you even give him a chance?” Mari squared up to him almost nose to nose

“He had three weeks to tell me, that's more than enough time, but hey, it's not like my fucking feelings ever god damn matter. Why do i even bother -”

Viktor didn't even finish his sentence before Mari punched him in the face so hard, he was pretty sure she broke something. The searing heat of pain exploded in his face the minute her fist made direct contact.

“What the hell is wrong with the pair of you. I swear to FUCK. I am not able for this right now” Mari was practically screeching. Her rut was starting to take over and she was losing control of herself.

Viktor staggered back with the shock of the impact, clutching his nose that was bleeding quite heavily, it dripped through his fingers and stained the front of his Tshirt in little red droplets. Stars and lights danced around his vision as he blinked his eyes open. She had really hit him hard.

“You fucking asshole. I knew you were an idiot but FUCK. All Yuuri’s done since he found out was think of you! he was so scared to tell you because of how you would react and look at you. What have you done! You should be supporting him not abandoning him! what kind of alpha are you??!” Mari screamed at him while starting to pull at her jacket
The heat was starting to radiate off her as she clearly began to descend into the first wave of her rut. Sweat poured from her face and her pheromones were stinging the air around her. Alphas were known to be considerably more aggressive around the time of their rut, especially toward other alphas. It was the worst possible timing for Viktor to have crossed her but he doubted if she was in her full right mind the encounter would have been any less explosive, even if the fire of rut certainly did not help the matter.

Mari trailed off into a string of profanity, leaving Viktor to stagger in front of her.

“God fucking damn it!!”

She wheeled around to find the first omega she saw, which happened to be a tiny dark haired nurse with pretty eyes and a friendly face, Mari began to speaking to her in Japanese with a wide smile that was almost unnerving

“Hi there. I'm very sorry to bother you. My name's Katsuki Mari, Are you by any chance single?” she began in a cool and collected tone that was drastically different from the one she had just been using towards Viktor.

The tiny nurse blinked at her in surprise and blushed a light shade of pink “why...yes I am.”

“Excellent. Would you be so very kind as helping me through my rut? I feel like I'm going to peel off my skin or kill that russian idiot over there and I'd much prefer to be doing a beautiful omega such as yourself instead” Viktor stood slack jawed and dazed as got the jist of what Mari had just said He had never seen Mari act so charismatically, even when saying things that were considerably less than charming. It was absolutely terrifying.

The nurse blushed heavily now as she looked away with a shy smile “Katsuki Mari from the onsen?” she raised her eyebrow

“The very same” Mari gave another dazzling grin as she got close to the nurse.

The pretty nurse gave Mari a quick look over, took a deep sniff of her scent before she nodded.

“Sure. I'll help you. My shifts just ended a few minutes ago”

“Thank you so very much” Mari kissed the nurses hand before she whipped around to stare down Viktor again switching back to English and shifting her tone back to icy cold.

“You better fix this russian! I can't help you this time. ou know better than anyone that Yuuri can’t deal with things by himself. He’s needs you to be the strong one and i know, it sucks what he did. Im fucking mad at him too but Yuuri is scared and alone and you will not let him down. Do you hear me? So you better pull yourself together and alpha up and put things right or I swear to god you will not make it out alive.”

With that final threat, Mari quickly marched out the door with the tiny nurse hooked into her arm leaving Viktor in complete shock at what had just happened.

Blood was still trickling down his nose painfully and he had just witnessed the most out of character thing he had ever seen Mari do. He now instantly understood where Yuuri got his bold streak from when he was in heat, he would have been impressed if what Mari had said hadn't struck home deeply.

Viktor was so confused and bewildered, it would be the understatement of the century. His chest felt hollow yet still as if it weighed the whole world.
He didn't want to see Yuuri like this or maybe at all or maybe he did but he couldn't bare the sight of him right now but he wanted to so much…

Viktor pulled at the roots of his hair, trying to get a hold of himself but he was failing. It was all to much. He shouted a groan in angry frustration before he stormed out the door, nearly taking the door off its hinges.

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By the time he had made it to the shore, all Viktors anger had fizzled out like a sparkler. He was left feeling more angry with himself than he could ever be at Yuuri and overwhelming empty inside as if every emotion he ever had had been scooped out.

viktors shouldn't have reacted so irrationally but he let his temper get the better of him and he could feel the shame and regret settle over him like a heavy cloud. What had he just done...

He stared out onto the beach. The tide was lazily creeping up onto the shore in curling waves of foam, and the sky was painted in beautiful blues with only the softest hint of clouds. It felt so much like home here with the crow of seagulls and swish of waves. He imagined Yuuri felt like that too when they saw the sea in St Petersburg. It should be a comfort but right now it felt too much like a foreign unknown land.

Viktor walked down into the beach and sat with a flump into the sand. His shoes dug little holes in the loose grains as he leaned on his knees, kicking a pebble with his toe.

Why didn't Yuuri just tell him?
Was he afraid he wouldn't be happy? Of course he would be happy, why wouldn’t he be?
Was Yuuri afraid that he wouldn't want the baby? Did Yuuri not know him at all?
What if Yuuri had lost it when he collapsed, Viktor would never have known and that was a thought he just couldn't bare. Why why why why.

The possibility had torn straight through him. Yuuri had been so ill. Viktor kicked himself for not having noticed. Now looking back on it, it all added up as clear as day.

Yuuri refusing the sake, the baggy shirts, the sickness, refusing to skate or train.
The warm tingle he had felt through their bond, the sickly sweet smell of Yuuri's scent..it was the exact same tang as the last time.

Viktor hadn't even noticed Yuuri stealing his clothes until he really thought about it.

Of course he was pregnant. How could Viktor have missed it?

The alpha carded his fingers through his hair and clenched at the roots, nearly pulling them straight out of his skull. How could he have been so oblivious? His mate needed him and he couldn't even figure out what was going on.

No wonder Yuuri didn't trust him.
He had let his omega down and he had just acted like a monster right when Yuuri needed him the most... it was unforgivable.

Viktor imagined how scared Yuuri must be. How alone and sickly he must be.
It was tearing him to shreds… such an unbelievable mess.

But...Yuuri had still kept the baby from him. Their child. After everything that happened, it cut deeply to think Yuuri didn't want to tell him. He thought they had gotten passed this... Why didn't he
Viktor didn't want to admit to Yuuri how much he had wanted to try again or how much the flickers of hope had burned in his heart when they thought Yuuri might go into heat after the bond. He had never thought he had wanted a baby so much until they had lost one. Once Yuuri had started to get better mentally, Viktor had secretly been daydreaming of what it would be like to be a father. To have a proper family, running after a kid that looked just like Yuuri. Teaching them how to skate and play the violin, teaching them their languages and sharing their homelands with them.

Viktor wanted it so much but he had been holding it in for Yuuri's sake. He knew that Yuuri wasn't ready and Yuuri being better was always the most important thing.

But now it was a reality. A terrifying, unexpected yet utterly wonderful reality.

No matter how either of them felt, no matter the fear or worries they might have, nothing was changing the fact Yuuri was pregnant and Viktor had no idea how to put things right. He wanted to support Yuuri and be the best mate he could be but underneath it all he felt so betrayed. He found himself quietly sobbing into his hands, unable to make any sense of the conflict inside him.

Even the calm waters of the ocean couldn't still the noise in Viktor's head so he did one of the only things he knew that would.

He took out his phone and dialed in a number. Sniffling back a quiet sob. The tone rang out for only a few moments before it picked up.

"Yakov......" Viktor said, his voice cracking. "I fucked up……"
Reasons.

Chapter Summary

Viktor and Yuuri have a heart to heart.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was getting dark by the time Yuuri heard the door to his room open quietly. Even though He was curled up on his side facing the wall, he knew it was Viktor who had walked in.

He didn't turn to look. He didn't want Viktor to see just how much he had been crying.

Their bond prickled faintly, reacting to the tension which was now significantly more subdued after their explosive encounter earlier. Like releasing the pressure of a valve, everything felt strangely calm and still.

Yuuri felt the side of the bed dip as Viktor sat close to him but neither of them made any move to speak. Viktor, however, made the first gesture of peace.

He took off his jacket and placed it close enough for Yuuri to reach back and take it, feeling the alphas scent that faintly lingered on the fabric.

Yuuri sniffled a little as he curled it into his chest. They may be in a difficult place right now but Viktor was still his Alpha and he needed that comfort. It clawed at his chest that even as hurt as Viktor was, he gave it to Yuuri without even having to be asked.

It felt like hours passed before either of them spoke. They sat in that haunted silence waiting for the other to say something but nothing came for the longest time.

Eventually viktor sighed, the tension leaving his shoulder, he finally decided the dust has settled enough to start to mend things.

“I'm sorry…. I didn't mean to react the way I did” Viktor said softly from behind Yuuri. “I'm sorry I acted like an ass and I shouldn't have shouted. It wasn't fair of me”

He began, but kept his eyes firmly locked in front of him, keeping them both back to back. If he looked at Yuuri, his resolve would crumble and he wouldn't be able to say what he needed to say.

“I'm not going to lie, I am really hurt you didn't tell me. Since…..the miscarriage you've kept me at a distance and I don't know why. I hate it. It's like no matter what I do or how much I try, you just won't let me in. And It has to stop Yuuri. We can't keep doing this over and over again.”

Yuuri stayed silently curled on his side. Viktor continued.

“For a while I thought you blamed me for what happened but I thought we had gotten passed that when we bonded. So it hurt all the more when you pushed me away again. Especially over something like this….You are not an island and neither am I. I am your mate and your husband, if there is anyone in the world you shouldn't keep things from, it's me. I just want to know why you didn't tell me...”
“I’m scared” Yuuri’s voice was a sad muffle as he buried his face into the jacket.

“Were you afraid that I wouldn’t be happy?” Viktor asked, he twirled his ring between his fingers as he waited to hear what Yuuri had to say.

“No” Yuuri shook his head “That’s the problem. I was afraid you would be happy….i’m terrified that something could go wrong and then I’d have gotten your hopes up. I pushed you away because I didn’t want to let you down…..”

“Yuuri. The only way you could let me down was by not being honest with me. No matter what, i always want to know what you are feeling. We’re a team, remember? We will deal with whatever comes our way, together. We're going to be parents after all” Viktor subconsciously smiled as he said the last few words.

“Vitya…” Yuuri rolled over to look at him, his eyes were red and puffy and he looked exhausted. “I’m sorry I didn't tell you. I should never have lied like that. I am so sorry. I didn't mean to close you out but I couldn't get out of my head. I panicked and I'm still freaking out. I have no idea if i'm ready for this and I don't know what to do or how to feel. It's all so scary…” Yuuri sniffled, too tired for fully fledged tears. “but i swear I didn't tell my parents or Mari before you. I haven’t even been able to say it out loud to myself, let alone anyone else”

“How did they find out?” Viktor asked confused, his eyebrows pinched.

“My mother smelled it off me. She recognized the scent of my pheromones as soon as she saw me and Mari figured it out by herself. I couldn't really deny it when she caught me changing the night we arrived” Yuuri ran his hand over his stomach, hidden under the bedsheets and hospital gown. “It's getting hard to hide to be honest. I'm kind of already showing.”

“Well, that makes me feel like a complete idiot” Viktor laughed, the warmth finally filling back into the room. “I thought you smelled different because we had bonded. If I had known, I could have guessed after a week”

“You are an idiot” Yuuri gave a small smile, putting out his hand to pull on Viktors shirt sleeve “but you’re my idiot. And I'm an idiot too. I'm sorry.”

“Promise me you will never keep anything from me again” Viktor looked at him with the saddest eyes.

Yuuri nodded “I promise I will try. I never meant to hurt you and i will do everything i can to never hurt you again. I love you” Yuuri tugged at him to bring him in closer and Viktor was more than happy to oblige

“I love you too” Viktor kissed his hand and climbed into the bed beside him, scooping him into his arms, settling him against his chest.

Viktor placed a Featherlight kiss on his temple and brushed his scent along every inch of Yuuri’s body with his wrists. The omega sighed with relief, feeling the comfort of his mates scent around him. It seemed to seep into every crevice inside him and fill him with the warmth he'd been missing for weeks.

“So. Do you want to tell me everything now?” Viktor whispered as he stroked through Yuuri’s hair. “I want to know everything there is to know about our little one” he wrapped his arms around yuuri’s waist, holding him gently close.
Yuuri softly giggled “I will but first.. .You have to tell me what happened your face…”

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The pair stayed up well into the night, finally opening up and being honest about everything they could before they both gave into much needed sleep.

Nurses regularly came in to check on Yuuri, the light from the hallway crepted in each time to hit Viktor directly in the eyes and waking him up, but he didn't mind so much because then he got to see Yuuri sleep, where all the worry and tiredness left his face for at least a brief while.

The doctor came around early the next morning to run some further tests and checks on Yuuri to make sure everything was okay and to try figure out the cause of the Hyperemesis Gravidarum.

Now that he was aware of Yuuri’s pregnancy, the alpha inside of viktor had been going wild. He didn’t leave yuuri's side unless entirely necessary, even being reluctant to take a bathroom break if it mean Yuuri would be alone, and had been overly protective of anyone touching him without warning. Viktor cringed at himself, he would never normally act so defensive but his primal instincts were running on overdrive.

The doctor was the same one from the day before, a handsome young beta with a warm smile that calms viktor down immediately.

He flicked through a chart of Yuuri’s medical notes and began to ask some questions to figure out possible causes.

They had to answer plethora of questions that took close to an hour, going through an extensive list of possible causes before a nurse wheeled in an ultrasound machine.

“Its still not really clear what's causing your excessive sickness. There is nothing that is jumping out as any one reason. You conceived as you bonded, correct?” the doctor asked

“Yes. We did”

“So given that date, it's safe to say you will be due around May 6th so i’d like to do a quick ultrasound to confirm a few things if that's okay” the doctor hummed and began to set up the machine beside him. Clicking on switches and heating up the wand.

Yuuri raised a confused eyebrow, shaking his head

“I didn't have a heat since January. Do you think we could be off on our date's?”

“Oh No, the dates are accurate. It's the blessing of omegan heats. They thankfully leave very little room for error. We just to make 100% sure you are not carrying twins. Multiples can sometimes cause excessive sickness and since you are showing larger than usually expected for your due date, we want to be sure. But don't panic, you are more than likely not, given your hormone levels. It could possibly just be fluid and the way your body is carrying. Every pregnancy is different” The doctor handed over the machine to the waiting technician

Yuuri gave Viktor a worried look but it was hard to ignore how his stomach flipped in several directions at the prospect. They would have to roll with whatever punches happened and accept any outcome that came together but it didn't stop Yuuri from being incredibly nervous.

Yuuri could see Viktors eyes widen when he pulled up his gown. It was the first time Viktor had seen him bare since Yuuri found out he was pregnant. It made Yuuri feel automatically self conscious. Blushing out of embarrassment, he focused on the screen as the technician began the
“Mmm definitely only one perfectly healthy baby. Your fluid levels are normal, as are baby's measurements. From what I can see it just seems that you are carrying forward with possibly some hormonal fluctuations the could be leading to bloating. But everything looks perfect.”

Yuuri and Viktor watched the grainy screen intensely. Viktor teared up as the tiny blob of their baby came into focus. The little flickering movements were clear as day, even if nothing else was particularly defined. The soft pulse of its little heartbeat and wriggle of its tiny kicks, still too small to feel but strong and healthy all the same.

Yesterday Viktor was completely unaware of their tiny precious baby and now as he sat there just over 24 hours later, they were looking at them on the screen.

Viktor clasped his hands to his face as he took in a deep staggered breath. “Oh Yuuri. My Yuuri. Look at them.” His mouth faltered as held back a sob “How can we be so lucky? Wow”

It did funny things to Yuuri’s heart to see Viktor react so softly. It was the reaction he was dying to give himself but had been holding back out of worry. Now that Viktor knew, Yuuri allowed himself to feel the joy and excitement he had denied himself for weeks.

“What do you think has caused the sickness then?” Yuuri asked absently, barely able to tear his eyes away from the screen.

“There's no way to tell exactly. Your body went straight from the hormonal overload of bonding to a false heat and then pregnancy. It's more than likely overloading from the rapid changes. Did your alpha heavily scent you after you conceived?”

Yuuri nodded “Yes. It was nearly constantly...I stopped him after I found out I was pregnant...” the embarrassment pinked his cheeks.

“We were having communication issues.” Viktor mercifully interjected to elevate his awkwardness “Do you think the scenting could have caused it?”

“mmmm it could be possible that the sudden drop in pheromones levels could have caused Yuuri's body to react negatively. Omega's are highly Sensitive of their alphas pheromones during pregnancy and any changes can sometimes cause side effects.”

Yuuri felt more guilty than ever. He had unknowingly contributed to his sickness by pushing Viktor away. It was like the universe was going out of its way to scold him for keeping it secret.

“We will be prescribing you strong medication to help you keep food and fluids down. That, combined with the nutritional plan, you should see a drastic improvement. However, I cannot stress enough that you listen to your body. If you are feeling the instinct to scent or nest, it's best for both you and your baby to listen to them.”

Yuuri blushed with guilt but Viktor was right there to rub his shoulder reassuringly. Yuuri cringed at how hard he had been battling the urge to do both of those things. His body had been screaming at him and he had completely gone against it. He had been such an idiot...

“Are you scheduled in for a cerclage in your home hospital?” The doctor asked and frowned as he looked up from his notes.

“Yes. I'm due to get one in a few days after we get back to st Petersburg, why?” Yuuri was starting to worry at the doctor's shift in tone.
“That's good. It's nothing to be concerned about yet and since you are scheduled quite soon it will be fine but from your internal examination it does appear that your cervix is showing signs of thinning so the sooner you receive a cerclage the better. If you rest up and don't do anything overly strenuous, you should be fine. You are nowhere near the danger zone yet”

Yuuri clenched his hand into Viktors sleeve, trying to stave away the flood of panic. Viktor patted his hand and whispered that it would be okay.

If it was already starting to thin at only just 11 weeks...Yuuri clamped his eyes shut. He didn't want to think about it. He couldn't think about it.

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The doctor allowed them to be discharged a few hours later after they had put Yuuri on another round of IV's and printed out several copies of the scan for them to take home.

They were just waiting for the final check to be discharged while Yuuri was changing back into some normal clothes from his hospital gown.

“Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?” Viktor asked, trying to calm Yuuri's nerves. He could feel the last bit of news from the doctor had riled him up, which was not good for him after everything that had happened and just before they were due to leave the hospital.

Yuuri worried his lip with his teeth. He thought for a few moments before he caved and asked, there was no point holding back now...

“It's a bit embarrassing but you wouldn't happen to have some sweatpants with you? My jeans don't really fit anymore and it's kind of uncomfortable to try button them”

“Oh. Sure! They are a little gross from training but I do have a pair in my gear bag” Viktor rummaged around for few moments before he reappear with a pair of grey sweats.

Yuuri gratefully slid them on, the elastic was blissfully loose on his waist, even if the legs were a bit long. It was such a relief to not have to squeeze the button of his jeans closed and finally relax.

However, a creeping thought came into his head He would have to pick up some maternity clothes eventually but the idea alone made his stomach plummet. Viktor picked up on the sudden change immediately.

“AH. I see. It's okay. I have a few pairs of sweats that should be fine for a while and we can figure out something when we get back so you won't have to worry. You've always looked better in my clothes anyway” Viktor lightened the mood with a cheeky smile

“They are a lot more comfortable. I didn't know how long I could have kept struggling with my jeans. These feel like a dream in comparison.” Yuuri traced his hand along the waistband.
“I still can't believe how I missed it. I know the scan said it was only one but not convinced. You're really popping out” Viktor laughed and gave Yuuri a kiss on the cheek.

“They want to be the center of attention already, isn't that right little one.” Viktor delicately cupped the tiny bump in his hands and this time Yuuri didn't flinch. He smiled instead, letting himself bask in the brief happiness.

“Hi baby”

“Hi baby…”

Chapter End Notes

see? i told you it would be fine....... XD there is even going to be smut soon!

a lot of people were mixed on Mari's reaction, so i'd like to explain she was acting very out of character due to her rut and probably has very little recollection of clocking viktor in the face. Alpha ruts are hardcore haha.

So. Now they both know about the baby, What do you think they will have? Boy or girl? :) of course, i already know and what they will be called but i want to start hearing your theories XD we still have soooooo much to go.

thank you as always for the wonderful support, kudos and comments! i love to hear what you folks are thinking! it makes it all worth while! <3
Yuuri and Viktor were greeted with the warm buzz of laughter and chatter as they arrived back at the onsen. It seemed they had missed the majority of Minako's welcome home party, as Yuuri’s parents were beginning to clear off the table of the empty dishes and pouring out the start of the alcohol.

Minako was already halfway through what looked like her third pint of beer before they arrived, Yukko, Takeshi and the triples were all talking away and picking at the snacks still left out on the table. Hiroko hurried to meet them at the door, giving them a small hug and asked how Yuuri was feeling in a hushed voice.

“I am so glad you two have sorted things out and you are looking so much better! Finally some color in your cheeks, I was starting to get worried! We have some food left if you are feeling hungry, you must be tired, come sit down” She was trying her best to hide her how excited she was to finally be allowed to ask, but her wide smile splashed across her face.

Viktor never really got over how much Yuuri looked like his mother when he smiled.

“Yuuri!!! It's good to see you! Hiroko told me you were at the hospital, what happened?” Minako gave them both a warm grin and a wave as they walked into the reception room, she nearly fell over as spun around to see them.

“I'll be okay. Just need some Rest” Yuuri shrugged. He had been hiding the pregnancy for long enough that it was going to be a hard habit to break. Viktor gave him a supportive pat on the shoulder. Everyone was around them now aside from Mari and He would have to tell people eventually, he figured now would be as good of a time as any and began to steady his nerves.

He sat down beside her and Viktor. Minako stared at him with sceptical eyes. “Rest from what? It doesn't look like you’ve been doing much training with that gut... have you been slacking off on your diet? How are you going to compete if you aren't....”

“Well, I won’t be competing this year anyway... because....” Yuuri looked over at Viktor for a last minute push.

1….2….3

“I'm pregnant.” He finally blurted it out, cutting Minako off in the middle of her rant. His cheeks instantly turned a deep scarlet. Minako's jaw dropped in shock and silence fell over the room as the sudden announcement.

“Holy shit. No way!! How? When?” Minako squealed and bounded over to give him a hug just about knocking him to the floor
“You know, literally everyone has asked me those same two things.” Yuuri laughed “When we bonded so I'm nearly 11 weeks. And DO NOT put that on the internet girls!” Yuuri pointed at the triples who already on their phones to tweet the news. A disappointed chorus of awww followed as they reluctantly deleted what they were about to post. Instead they swung into a flurry of questions, asking about every little detail. Clambering over one another to ask their question first.

“Wow guys, i’m so happy for you! Are you excited? How are you feeling?” Yukko bounced giddily, flapping her hands in front of her. “Takashi and i have a load of baby things you can have if you want. We have enough baby books to fill a library”

“Thank you. We’re both nervous more than anything but we’re starting to get more excited now” Yuuri didn’t like being the center of attention but it felt really nice to talk about it. Seeing everyone else so excited about the baby made him worry less about being excited himself.

Yuuri then recanted what had happened and why he was in hospital and the plan to have the cerclage fitted to prevent another miscarriage. Minako looked deeply concerned but after Viktor produced the little scan photo, all the worry disappeared and was replaced in a symphony of coos and aahs.

Viktor gushed over it like a peacock displaying their feathers as he pointed out their little arms and legs, declaring they would definitely be a figure skater or a ballerina. Minako instantly offered to teach them when they were older if they wanted a private ballet tutor.

It made Yuuri smile to think about. Having their child grow up to be a dancer or a skater or anything really.. but again, as if without fail, his thoughts went straight to the worst case scenario…..if they made it that far…… The news from the doctor had shaken his confidence and it was hard to hide his apprehension.

Hiroko rubbed yuuri’s shoulder, guessing immediately why Yuuri was acting quiet. “It’ll be okay sweetheart. Enjoy the moment” she whispered to him with a kind smile. She was right of course, but it would take a long time for Yuuri to actually believe that.

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Even though it had only been about a couple of hours. Yuuri was starting to feel exhausted. He managed a brief escape from the triples after they got into a fight over who the baby would be named after. Yuuri gave a deep sigh of relief as he wandered down the hall to the bathroom to finally be allowed some peace and quiet.

The air was pleasantly cool compared to the stuffiness of the reception room. The muffled laughs and conversation still filtered out down the hall but it was quiet enough that Yuuri could clear out his head and enjoy the peace of solitude.

As he reached the bathroom, he found the door to be unusually locked. This part of the onsen was only for his family and away from any of the guest rooms..who was in there.. Yuuri’s eyebrows furrowed as he pondered who could be the occupant as he waited patiently for them to exit.

The door unlocked with a hurried click and out came a small omega with a flushed face, she looked like a doll that had been covered in scratches and angry looking bite marks all along her neck line and was wearing nothing but a damp bedsheet. She smelled just like Mari.

“Oh my gosh. I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to take so long.” The omega blushed heavily with a nervous giggle, grabbing at the bed sheet to cover herself.
Yuuri didn't have time to think of a reactions, his mouth hanging open unable to find any words to say, before Mari poked her head around the corner without a stitch of clothing on. She looked in a worst state than the Omega. The waft of her active rut flowed out of her shamelessly, completely uncaring of Yuuri standing right there..

“What's taking so long Aki, The beds getting cold without you.” She groaned, taking the Women by the hand.

The pretty woman waved quickly before skipping back into Mari’s room. Yuuri had never been so glad that their parents had their rooms soundproofed as teens.

Viktor appeared at his side a few moments later as Yuuri stood, blinking in bafflement and completely forgetting his need to use the bathroom.

“Oh. That's that nurse from the hospital.” Viktor laughed “The one Mari picked up when she... you know..” he mimicked Mari hitting him

“Aaaah. She's seems nice” Yuuri said with as much enthusiasm as he could muster before a yawn overtook him. He had been fighting his sleepiness for a while but it was starting to get the better of him.

“You should go to bed, my love” Viktor brushed his palm against Yuuri’s cheek sweetly “I'm sure the others won't mind.”

Yuuri hummed, contemplating an early night. “I want to but... I also want to be near you. I need to have you around me.” He rubbed into the gentle touch and closed his eyes and sighed.

“Say no more. I'll just tell everyone we're calling it a day and I'll be right with you!” Viktor pecked a kiss on his forehead and headed back to say goodnight to the family.

---

A while later Viktor came into the bedroom to find Yuuri already curled up under the covers, finally relaxed in a familiar bed. He had snuck in several pieces of the alpha’s clothes to build a sloppy makeshift nest, while it was not his best nest by any stretch of the word. it made him feel safe and comforted and that’s all that mattered.

Viktor tiptoed in with his hands suspiciously behind his back, trying not to startle his mate.

“Mmm whatcha got there vitya” Yuuri poked his head out from under the covers with a sleepy yawn, already vaguely smelling the surprise viktor was failing to hide.

Viktor produced a bowl of green olives from his back with a flourish.

“Ta-Da! I remembered you really liked them before and I figured you might be craving some” he smiled as he saw Yuuri's eyes had already begun to devour them.

“Oh god yes” Yuuri popped one in his mouth, not hiding the satisfaction even a little. He burrowed back up into the covers and picked at the bowl. “I have no idea why.. but they taste so so good” Yuuri contently savored every last bite as Viktor crawled in to cuddle up beside him

The Alpha kissed his neck and let his pheromones swirl in around his mate. His arms curled around his and pulled him close as they just enjoyed some quiet together. It was only a matter of minutes before both of them had nearly fallen asleep in the warmth of each other.

Yuuri was tired but as he felt the embrace of Viktors arms around him and the firmness of his
Alpha’s chest against his back, he figured he was not too tired that very indecent ideas didn’t float into his head having him so close after nearly a month.

“Vitya…” Yuuri whispered cheekily giving Viktor a familiar look and scooting himself back into his chest.

“Oh..” Viktor grinned from ear to ear, feeling Yuuri’s hand drift down his front. “Do...do you want to? Are you sure you’re not too tired?”

Yuuri bit his lip and nodded. “Nothing too rough but I really want to feel you again...the doctor did say to listen to my body after all” he winked

“God bless that doctor” Viktor dove in for as kiss, sending Yuuri into a fit of airy giggles

The alpha let his hands roam in painfully delicate strokes, tracing his fingers along Yuuri’s legs until they tugged at the drawstrings of his sweatpants. With some skillful work, he untied them until they hung low, barely covering the curve of Yuuri’s ass.

Viktor hugged him closer against his chest, he glided his hands underneath the waistband and folded his fingers around the Omega. Yuuri’s breath hitched as Viktor began to stroke him gently, in slow lazy movements.

They weren't in any rush, simply enjoying the intimacy and closeness of each other.

Yuuri nudged his ass back into Viktor's crotch, feeling him getting excited through the fabric of his pants. As Viktor's grip tightened ever so slightly, Yuuri hummed satisfyingly, knowing it was driving Viktor crazy. He didn't mean to be such a tease but he couldn't help himself.

Viktor ran his free hand to slide in-between Yuuri's legs, doing some teasing of his own.

“Are you sure you want to?” Viktor asked a final time. Yuuri nodded, leaning back to kiss him softly on the lips “I'm okay.”

Viktor proceeded to slide a finger between his cheeks, already damp from slick. Viktor circled him once, twice, before finally entering.

Yuuri quietly gasped as his back arched into the touch, not knowing to push onto Viktor's fingers or up into his hand that pumped on his cock in listful strokes.

It felt wonderful. Viktor was taking care of him tonight, and it was everything he wanted and needed.

Yuuri felt almost as if he was about to fall asleep until he was bolted awake by the curl of Viktor's finger slightly, making direct contact with his prostate,

The alpha dragged it slowly along until Yuuri let a muffled moan escape him, his face turning into his pillow. Viktor immediately added another finger, teasing him open a little further.

“N..not fair” Yuuri smiled, his hand going back to lace his fingers through Viktor's hair.

“What would be fair?” Viktor smirked, flicking his fingers upwards again to make Yuuri blush and close his eyes, enjoying every last second..

“I want to make sure you feel amazing, my love. So relax, you have no idea how much it turns me on to see you like this” Viktor purred in his ear, moving his fingers deeper.

Yuuri didn't put up any more protests as he gave into the delicious feel of being pleasured from both sides. It wasn't long before he was panting with breathy moans at each stroke. He gripped his hands
into the cloth of the bed sheets as if he could float away at any moment.

“Stop...vitya...I'll cum...” The omega panted, burying his face to stop himself from crying out “P- Please...Not yet...I want to cum with you inside me”

Viktor obliighted, slowly sliding out his fingers and wriggled his pants down just far enough to free himself. He was painfully hard from smelling how much Yuuri was enjoying it. His pheromones were going wild even if their bodies were not doing much work.

Using Yuuri’s slick, he lubricated his cock one handed, still slowly pumping Yuuri. With a small adjustment, he pulled Yuuri to him and teased against his hole, sliding in the tip with a practiced movement.

Yuuri sighed through his bitten lip as he seated completely onto Viktor. The warm stretch and fullness almost made him finished right then and there but he held out.

Viktor began to rock into him in a tame sway, barely moving more than a inch with each dazed thrust. Viktor rubbed his cheek against yuuri’s neck as he ground against him. Bathing in the addicting smell of his omega.

It wasn't about the race to the finish this time, instead they relished in the intimate connection that only they could have. It was soft and tender as they moulded completely into each other and lost all sense of time.

Viktor nipped at Yuuri’s bond mark, licking the delicious pheromones that tasted of sweet honey. God, it was so damn good…

Yuuri began to move himself back against Viktor to grind deeply, Losing track of everything that wasn't the feel of his alpha inside him, rubbing at just the right angle to hit his prostate on every entry.

“Oh my god…viktor..” Yuuri panted “I...I…” he snapped his eyes shut, his body went rigid as the warm flood of pleasure shook him, he came dry from the stimulation. Yuuri nearly yanked Viktors hair from the roots as he arched into it, crying out at the surprising intensity of the slow burning orgasm. He was overly sensitive from the lack of sex and pregnancy hormones and it seemed to have set his nerve ending on edge.

The wet clamp of the omega’s inner walls around his cock made Viktor moan out in a deep growl. The tightness was amazing as he rode Yuuri through his writhing orgasm. It didn't take long for Viktor to follow suit, releasing into his mate with a staggered pulse and swearing quietly in his mother tongue.

A deep purr vibrated in the omegas throat as he body floated through the wave into a satisfied haze. Viktor was barely even soft before Yuuri felt his eyelids get heavy and sleepy. Preening in the afterglow, he began to fall into a contented sleep.

Viktor gave Yuuri a series of featherlight kisses, Whispering how much he loved him in a barely audible mix of english and russian as Yuuri’s purrs turned into gentle snores, giving into his exhaustion.

Viktor couldn’t stop himself from scenting Yuuri as he held him close, still nestled inside him. The Alpha brushed his wrist over yuuri’s stomach, his palm that was just big enough to cup the little bump entirely. He couldn’t help but feel that he held his whole world in his hands as he did.

His Life and love.
He swore to himself that he would do everything he could to make sure they were as safe and happy as they were now for as long as he lived.

Chapter End Notes

After much debate, i have decided that i will be doing a side piece of Yuri and Otabek’s story to go along with Silver Linings once the main story has finished, so Keep an eye out in future for that ^_^

thank you all for the comments and Kudos! Yuuri and Viktor still have so many people to tell about the baby so the next few chapters is going to involve a lot of announcing so i hope ya'll are up for some fun!
Just the beginning.

Chapter Summary

Yuuri and Viktor come home and have to tell everyone the news.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It felt oddly sad to be going back home after everything that had happened. Since they had been in Japan, in just a short couple of weeks, their whole world seemed to have changed.

Yuuri felt calmer and a lot more prepared for the journey ahead of them now that everything was out in the open. He almost didn’t want to leave, he would have been perfectly content spending another few months at home in a comfortable bubble away from real life.

However, the date for Yuuri’s cerclage was only a few days away and they couldn’t put it off any longer.

Yukko had given them a mountain of baby books and had promised to send over some things that they would need in the coming months. She had made them swear to send her regular updates about how things were going and to ask her for anything they wanted to know.

Her enthusiasm was infectious, talking Yuuri through as much baby knowledge as she could remember from when she was expecting the triplets and what to expect next. It felt like an information overload but Yuuri was thankful for being able to talk things over with his old friend. Hearing that every expectant parent felt just as nervous as he did made Yuuri feel a little less crazy.

Even though it was technically Yuuri second pregnancy, it felt different and new somehow as if it was the first time again. Little worries that Yuuri hadn’t even thought about before kept popping into his head and he was noticed that even Viktor was behaving differently about it. He had been glued to the books Yukko had given them and was asking her and Takeshi every question he could think of.

It was painfully sweet.

Once Mari’s rut had finished, she was in a significantly better mood with Viktor. She had apologized quite a few times in classic Mari fashion, offering Viktor sake and cracking sarcastic jokes. Viktor had pouted for a while about it, claiming his “beautiful” face was ruined, but it dissipated soon enough, although the now light bruise around his right eye was still little tender.

Mari’s thirst, Aki, had stayed for dinner before sheepishly leaving to go home the night after Mari’s rut had ended. Yuuri instantly liked her, she was cheery and breezy and the exact opposite of his sister.

He hoped that he’d get to see her again sometime and Mari seemed to agree, blushed ever so slightly when she was brought up in conversation.

Mari and his parents made sure to pack a box of green tea for Yuuri to bring home for any time his stomach was acting up. The medication and Viktors scenting had improved things dramatically with only the smallest hint of nausea at some smells, however coffee was still firmly on the banned list.
Yuuri was using the opportunity to eat as much of his mother's cooking as he could, after being too sick to eat for weeks, no one was going to dare stop him having an extra bowl of katsudon.

Well, the doctor did tell him he should be putting on at least half a pound a week for the next while...

he was surprisingly okay when they landed back in St Petersburg. It had been a much calmer and pleasant trip than the flight over, with only a small bit of queezyness for the whole journey, and this time Yuuri didn't hide the loose belt buckle making for a much more relaxed flight.

While Yuuri wanted nothing more than to go to bed immediately when they got back, they had to stop over in Otabek and Yuri's to collect Makkachin. They had been looking after her a lot lately and Yuuri felt a pang of guilt every time he thought about it. He missed the old girl and he couldn't wait to cuddle up with her.

Yuri, Otabek, and Mila were waiting for them when they arrived, complete with a rushed makeshift welcome home party that mostly consisted of a bottle of wine and some of Otabek's freshly baked pastries.

Yuuri mouth watered at the sight of them but his attention was soon grabbed by Makkachin who automatically rushed to greet them.

The big ball of brown fluffy bounded at them the minute they walked through the doors, tumbling towards them in an excited gallop to leap at Yuuri, narrowly avoiding knocking him to the floor.

Yuuri was luckily quick to catch her paws in his hands before they collided with his stomach, twisting awkwardly to avoid her paws jabbing into him. He staggered back as the poodle bounced and barked happily, slobbering big wet licks on his face.

Usually Yuuri would just have let Makkachin bowl him over but she was a big dog and they needed to start being more careful with her.

"Hello my precious princess. Did you miss us" Viktor coo'd and knelt down to scratch the poodles ears, and taking her away from Yuuri "We missed you, yes we did, who's my fluffy baby huh?"

Makkachin barked and wagged her tail so fast it made her whole body move. For an old dog, she always got as excited as if she was still a puppy.

"Welcome home guys!!" Mila beamed, already pouring out some wine for them which Yuuri politely had to decline.

Yuri was quick to give Yuuri the side eye, noticing his odd behavior with Makkachin.

"Hey katsudon" he scanned Yuuri with a frown.

"I know you've been taking some time off and all but you didn't have to let yourself go and pig out in Japan" Yurio gruffed, nosing at the poorly hidden bump that just barely peaked out from his coat.

The look made Yuuri cringe and a crimson blush flushed his face as he pulled over his coat over to hide himself. He had forgotten how obvious the pregnancy had gotten even in the few short weeks they were away, and while wearing baggy clothes worked to an extent, there was only so much he could do when his frame was naturally small to begin with.

It made any weight gain glaringly obvious and it didn't help that Yuri regularly likes to tease him about even a single pound gained ever since they first met. Of course he would have noticed….

"I...I didn't pig out" Yuuri shied away awkwardly
“Then what's with the pooch” Yurio tried to give Yuuri a little joking poke in the stomach but the second Yuuri flinched, The alpha in Viktor took over and a deep protective growl vibrated in his throat. It was a sound that made tingles shoot down any omegas back and Yuri was no exception.

It had came out of nowhere and even took Yuuri aback at the suddenness of it.

Viktor’s eyes widened as he realised what he had just done. Yuri actually looked frightened as jolted back from the alpha. “Jesus Christ old man. What was that for??”

“Oh my god I am so sorry, I don't know what came over me” Viktor began to apologize, fluttering about but yuri had already stepped back behind Otabek, who was surprisingly unfazed by Viktors show of Alpha dominance.

Viktor gave up and sighed. He looked to Yuuri for a nod before he explained, giving his mates hand a small squeeze.

“I guess there's no point in hiding it from you guys, you'll find out eventually anyway...Yuuri’s pregnant...”

the silence in the room was so deafening they could have heard a pin drop.

“I'm a little overprotective at the moment as you can imagine. The alpha in me is going crazy and I didn't mean to growl like that. I'm really sorry. We were waiting until next week to tell people”

Yuuri was silent, stopping completely in his tracks and his jaw hung open. A cocktail of emotions flooded his face before he stepped forward and tentatively threw his arms around yuuri in a hug. Much to everyone's surprise.

Yuuri patted the young Russians back in mild confusion.

“Aww man” Mila rooted in her pocket to pull out a fistful of cash and handed it to Otabek, “Congratulations guys.” The kazak had a smug look on his face as he pocketed what looked to be a substantial amount of money.

“Hey, What was that about?” Yuri asked frowning at the exchange, finally releasing Yuuri from the awkward hug.

“Otabek and me made a bet about whether Yuuri was pregnant or not. Beka won” Mila huffed. Folding her arms and puffing a strand of hair out of her face. “Not that we're not delighted for you, of course we are! I'm so happy for you. But like seriously, I was so sure it was just a heat”

“It's okay. It was a shock to everyone really. Even Viktor didn't know until last week” Yuuri laughed. The fact that nearly everyone had guessed or noticed before viktor was getting kind of hilarious.

“And how the fuck did you know?” Yuri glared at otabek, his sentimental mood completely dissipated.

“I’m an alpha, I could smell it off him for weeks and he was pretty sick before he left, Doesn't anyone else pay attention?” Otabek looked actually confused. “It was really obvious. Congratulations though. You must be so happy”

“Yeah. It's still kind of surreal if I'm honest” Yuuri mused “but the good kind of surreal.”

“it's why we had to cut our trip a bit shorter than we'd have liked. Yuuris booked in for a procedure
in a few days that will hopefully prevent another miscarriage. We were waiting until afterwards to
tell everyone but it looks like everyone has already figured it out” viktor said with a hint of a laugh.

The more people that seemed to know before him, the more oblivious he was feeling. Yakov always
did say he was an airhead but this was getting ridiculous.

“Well I sure as shit didn’t.” Yuri scowled “How am I going to beat you at worlds when you can't
skate? The old man's no challenge at all”

“Wait, are you saying I am a challenge?” Yuuri cheekily beamed, catching Yuri's slip up.

“Well..not anymore anyway!” Yuri's scowl deepened but the embarrassed blush tipped his nose just
enough to give him away “Not when you're off playing happy families on the side lines. You better
still come to watch me wipe the floor with grandpa nikiforov”

Yuuri giggled as he saw Viktor face at being called grandpa. “Of course. I wouldn't miss it. Isn't that
right grandpa?” yuuri nudged viktor who honestly looked like he would shatter from betrayal

“You wound me yuuri. Not even a papa yet and you're already calling me old..I'm only 30.” viktor
sniffed at the deep stab at his ego.

Viktor proceeded to spend the entirely of the rest of the evening dramatically sulking.

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A few days later,

Yuuri shifted nervously in the waiting room of the hospital, unable to sit in any way still.
The nerves were coiling around his stomach making him feel sick and restless. viktor was trying his
best to calm his worries but any attempt so far had failed.
It was going to be a quick and simple outpatient procedure, just in and out with no fuss but yuuri still
felt completely on edge.

There was very little that could go wrong with the simple procedure but the thoughts of needles and
god knows what else going anywhere near his sensitive parts made yuuri squirm but he had to keep
taking deep breaths and remind himself why it was happening.

With the cerclage in, it reduced the chances of another miscarriage by roughly 90%. And even
though that 10% chance was terrifying and seemed daunting, yuuri knew he would feel so much
more reassured knowing there would be a fail safe in place. His cervix was already weakening so the
sooner that it could be fixed the better.

Yuuri would go through anything, no matter how horrible or scary, to make sure their baby was safe.

As the doctor called out Yuuri's name, his stomach did backflips and his heart raced in his chest at a
dizzying speed, he sighed. better to get it over and done with. Yuuri swallowed the lump in his throat
as he stood up to follow the doctor. Here goes nothing.

Viktor wasn't allowed into the procedure room with him so the frantic alpha was left to worry alone
in the waiting room. He paced back and forth like an animal in a zoo waiting for it to be over,
checking with the passing nurses if it was done yet and how much longer would it be.

All in all, It was a relatively quick affair, lasting only just over an hour with yuuri receiving a local
anesthesia that made his entire lower half feel floaty and weirdly tingly. Thankfully, He had felt
almost nothing during the procedure aside from a bizarre tugging that made yuuri’s spine shiver. He
dreaded to think what it would have felt like without the anesthesia.
He glad he didn't have to stay overnight as he craved their own bed, and secretly Yuuri was itching to nest. It was an odd feeling as before he was pregnant, Yuuri never nested but now it was all he wanted to do.

There was something safe and comforting about it that Yuuri needed right now and Viktor was more than happy to provide freshly scented clothes for his mate to use to his heart's content.

Yuuri was significantly sorer when they arrived home. The doctor had warned them that Yuuri could experience light bleeding and cramping for a few days after the procedure but reassured them not to worry or panic. As for the moment, it was just becoming uncomfortable, with each movement causing an unpleasant sensation deep inside his hips.

"Vitya..." Yuuri ears pinked with embarrassment of having to ask for help as he tried to get out of the car. "Could you help me? I feel a bit unsteady" he laughed nervously as he realized he probably wouldn't be able to walk properly, his legs felt like they were made from jelly and he didn't trust them to support his weight.

"Oh, of course my love, why didn't you say anything" Viktor was at his side in a second, hooking his arm under his and helping him to stand. "Do you think you can walk?"

Yuuri winched a little as he felt the tug of the raw internal stitches. He weighed himself on his feet and tested his strength before deciding against it and shaking his head. "I don't think I can. I'm afraid I'll fall"

"It's okay. I got you" Viktor didn't hesitate to lift the omega up into his arms like a bride in one graceful movement.

Yuuri blushed profusely and buried his face into Viktors neck to stop himself from the giggles "This is so embarrassing. I feel like one of those helpless omega’s from children’s stories"

"Nonsense. I never got to do this after our bond party so I might as well do it now" Viktor laughed "Anyway, it will be good practice for when the baby comes"

With that, Viktor carried Yuuri through the door with ease and brought him to their apartment. Yuuri was ordered on bed rest for at least a few days to make sure everything settled correctly and the stitches healed, and Yuuri couldn't have been happier.

Pregnancy was already exhausting but thankfully the doctor said now he was in the second trimester, he would start to get his energy back soon. As for now, Yuuri was going to enjoy being on bedrest for as long as he could.

Viktor climbed into bed beside him. The anesthetic was beginning to wear off and a dull cramp was starting to throb in the base of his hips.

Yuuri tried to hide his grimace as he shifted his position. Tucking a pillow behind his back. Viktor had been so worried, he didn't want to make him stress any more than he already had been.

"Does it hurt?" Viktor asked, concerned at Yuuri poorly hidden discomfort.

"A little but it doesn’t bother me that much" Yuuri said with a smile, lacing his hands around his small bump "As long as the baby is safe, that's all that matters. I feel like we can finally relax a bit now"
Viktor bend down to placed a kiss on the tip of Yuuri’s stomach “I know what you mean. We should enjoy every minute.”

“Easy for you to say” Yuuri pouted playfully “You won’t be the one getting all big and hormonal and sore!”

“True, but I will certainly get to enjoy the view. Three weeks is going to be a long time to try keep my hands off you” Viktor cheekily winked, automatically making Yuuri blush with frustration. “Pregnancy suits you already”

There was a strict ban on sex until Yuuri was fully healed but with the look Viktor had just given him, it was going to be a very long three weeks indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Im sorry its been so long since i updated! i lost a chunk of my WIP's since my phone got stolen (it was where i was writing on the go) so i technically had to re-write this chapter and im not sure if it is as good as the original draft ;_;
anyway, i hope you enjoyed it anyway.
skating seasons and the preliminaries are coming up soon, so what do you think is going to happen? ^_^

thank you for your patience and kudos and all the wonderful comments, i really appreciate the support!
The listing go live and Yuuri and Viktor prepare to go to Canada.

After the assignments for the GPF went live, it was like the whole rink had been electrified. Everybody huddled over Mila's bright pink laptop to see who had been placed where and the buzz in the air was infectious.

Yuuri had to peak over Georgie's shoulders on his tiptoes to try see the listing. Scanning over the list of alphabetical names, he finally stopped at N.

"Viktor Nikiforov, Skate Canada, November 27-29"

"Hey Yuuri! Looks like you'll be spending your birthday in Canada this year!" Mila beamed up at him, "Viktor and Kitten are in Skate Canada!"

“Oh. That's um...awesome” Yuuri shrugged and stepped away from everyone who had started chatting amongst themselves about the assignments. Yakov had already grabbed a hold of Viktor and Yura to begin a prep talk about the other competitors assigned with him.

Yuuri was trying as hard as he could to be excited but he couldn't stop the creeping panic that was rising in his chest. Why did it have to be so soon. Why not the cup of France a week later or Rotterdam just after that. Why did it have to be that one.

He knew he was being ridiculous. He took a deep breath to calm himself, closing his eyes to keep himself focused. There was nothing to worry about.

“Yuuri…you look a little pale, Do you need some water?” Otabek had come up beside him as quiet as a mouse. It made Yuuri jump a little as he had completely retreated into his own head.

“Sorry, I'm a bit worn out.” Yuuri shook his head and sighed. It wasn't exactly a lie but it wasn't the whole truth either. He had only just been allowed at the ring after his week of bed rest and he was still not feeling 100% back to normal.

“So, Where did you get assigned?” Yuuri smiled and changed the subject.

Otabek hummed and handed him a bottle of water anyway “Rotterdam with JJ. Looks like you'll get to escape him at SC but Guess I should start practicing my JJ style” Otabek mimicked JJ’s signature hand pose jokingly while keeping a completely straight face.

Yuuri couldn't stop the laugh bubble from him. The silliness of the Kazakh doing such a dramatic pose without losing his stoic demeanor made him instantly feel a lot better.

“Thank god for that” Yuuri laughed “Yura will be glad for that too. I still remember last year!”

Yuri and JJ had gotten into a rather heated argument after last year's Grand Prix that had ended in
viktor having to physically hold Yuri back from tearing JJ’s head off or strangling him with his medal, whichever came first.

JJ was one of those stereotypical alphas that believed they were god’s gift to the world and while he didn’t mean any genuine harm, there was something about him that rubbed nearly everyone the wrong way And Yura was no exception.

Yuuri personally didn't mind him too much, but considering how tired and hormonal he had been recently, he was secretly relieved he didn't have to deal with him. Yuuri shudder to think how obnoxious he would be if he found out Yuuri was expecting.

“The further Yura and JJ are from each other, the better.” Otabek nodded in agreement
“Are you and Viktor going to be announcing the baby news soon? I can imagine the reporters will be wondering why you're not listed in the participants”

Yuuri hadn't even considered that. He kissed his lips with a frown
“No. I honestly have no idea. I know we should but I don't really want to make a big deal about it. I guess We'll have to figure some things out first but... maybe not yet’

Otabek nodded, not needing to be told anymore. It was one of the things Yuuri sincerely liked about otabek, he knew when things were better left unsaid and respected people's space. It was a relief.

Everyone slowly started to trickle back onto the ice to continue training after the excitement had died down and soon the rink was filled with the sound of metal on ice once again.

It was when Yuuri was left alone with his thoughts as he sat on the side benches that the anxious tingle began to build inside Yuuri’s chest.

Watching Viktor skate had always been one of yuuri favorite things to do, but at that very moment all yuuri wanted to do was run away somewhere and hide.

He couldn't concentrate on the beautiful notes of music playing through the speakers that echoed in the rink or the way viktor had refined his jumps so it almost looked like he was floating instead of skating to each note in perfect timing.

No. All he could hear was the pounding of his heartbeat in his ears and the unpleasant ball of lead that was heavily weighing in the pit of his stomach.

Why was everything moving so damn fast.

Skate Canada was only two weeks away. It shouldn't seem like such a huge deal but for Yuuri, it was a milestone that felt like a mountain to overcome and the realization they would have to go public without pregnancy terrified him.

The reporters had not been kind about the subject previously and after the news broke that he had lost the baby back in May, some journalist and supposed “fans” had been just plain cruel.

Some had said the whole pregnancy had been faked to tie Viktor down. Others had blamed Viktor for coaching him too hard before he conceived. Ome of the more horrid speculations had claimed it was deliberate so Yuuri could put his skating career first.

That one had hurt Yuuri the most.

It had been a horrible mess and it made Yuuri feel ill just remembering it. He desperately didn't want to have to go through that stress again.
Now that they were bonded, Yuuri could only imagine the media storm that might come, and if anything was for certain, it was that there would be no avoiding it if Yuuri was to accompany Viktor with Canada.

The vultures would find out sooner or later.

On the walk home, Yuuri couldn’t focus. Viktor was chatting away to him about something or another but Yuuri had not heard a word he was saying. He had become white noise in the background while Yuuri head was screaming a million things at once.

How could they even consider going public yet... he'll be 15 weeks at skate Canada... what if something happened...

He was brought back to earth by Viktor squeezing his hand warmly.

“What’s on your mind my love?”

Yuuri pursed his lips, weighing if he should tell Viktor or not about his silly anxiety. Yuuri had been trying to be more open with him but he couldn’t help but feel his omnipresent anxiety was tiring for Viktor even when Viktor insisted otherwise.

“I don’t know. I feel stupid... but I’m nervous” Yuuri kept his eyes focused on the path in front of him. “Skate Canada is two weeks away... and... well” without even thinking about it, he held his hand protectively to his bump which was hidden away by a thick fluffy jumper.

“I’m sorry. I know I’m worrying over nothing...” Yuuri tried to shrug it off, waving with an insincere smile but Viktor stopped to pull him into a hug

“Try not to worry my love. It’s normal to feel nervous but it will be okay, I’m sure everyone will be just as happy about the baby as we are.” Viktor kissed Yuuri forehead innocently, not fully getting what he was nervous about but Yuuri didn’t feel like correcting him

“Yeah.” Yuuri nodded weakly. “I guess I should really pick up some new clothes before we go. Nothing fits me anymore but I haven’t been able to bring myself to go shopping and...” Yuuri cut himself off, Not wanting to vocalise what he was thinking.

“How about we go together today? We can get it over and done with and then it can be one less thing to worry about? It can be an early birthday present” Viktor beamed at the prospect

Yuuri hummed as he considered it before nodded. Maybe if he went with Viktor he wouldn’t feel so scared.

“Okay”

--

Yuuri did not want to go. The more he thought about it, the more every fiber of his being began to protest. His legs felt like they were made as stone as forced himself into a shower.

He was being stupid but he just couldn’t...

The thought of going into one of those store...

He couldn’t do it.

His heart bolted as the painful memories crept into his mind like a horrific slideshow.
Yuuri had thought having a shower would help him calm down as that sometimes helped to clear his head when he was feeling anxious but this time it only seemed to make things worse.

Just as Yuuri stepped out of the shower, he saw his reflection in the fogged up mirror.

He looked so different yet so much the same. He looked more fragile now. While before he had felt unstoppable and strong, so confident in his body for doing the incredible feat of carrying his and Viktor's child, but now...he couldn't see anything other than a body that had failed him once before.

It was as if his body was not his own now but instead some clever mirage that could disappear at the blink of an eye. Like the little bump that was growing more prominent every day between his hips was somehow a big lie or trick that was going to vanish any second.

He stood, unable to move as he felt the tendrils of panic curl around his chest and splinter like ice in his veins.

He was around this far along when they had lost their first little one...When he was too weak to keep them safe...

If he went out it could happen again...

There was only a small stitch stopping it...

Yuuri could see that day in his head as clearly as if it were happening right at that moment in front of him in the water mirror,
Completely exposed and vulnerable.

He didn't deserve to stand there. The world shouldn't be letting him coast further along as if nothing had happened...

Before Yuuri knew it he was drowning. He felt sick and the acidic burn of bile rose in his throat. He barely forced himself to move quick enough to reach the toilet before he dry heaved into the bowl.

Yuuri could feel the clutching fear take over him as he tumbled into a panic attack.
He pressed his back against the wall and sunk down onto the cold, wet tiles of the bathroom floor.
Yuuri curled up into a ball as his whole body shook and tears poured down his face, completely losing control of everything.

Stop it stop it stop it.

It was impossible to breathe, impossible to think clearly as so many bad thoughts raged in his head in the worst kind of torture.

What if his body was too weak to carry their baby this time too...he hadn't made it passed 15 weeks last time...it could happen again...everyone will be paying so much attention to him in Canada...
He could already see the look in their eyes...

Viktor had felt his distress from the bedroom and had came in at some point. Yuuri couldn't tell when, He only felt Viktor's arms close around him in a comforting circle but even the soothing scent of his alpha couldn't pull him back from the depths of panic that had swallowed him.

“it's okay, I'm here, sssshhhhh it's okay” Viktor rocked him back and forth as Yuuri cried through the attack in shaky sobs until they slowly settling down to a soft whimper.
“I'm sorry…” Yuuri sniffled, wiping away the tears from his cheeks with the back of his trembling hand.

“Nonsense. You have nothing to be sorry about my love. Do you want to tell me what happened?”

“I…” a painful lump caught in Yuuri throat “It's hard to explain…”

“it's okay Yuuri, take your time”

“it's getting so close to….I'm nearly 15 weeks and...I was getting out of the shower and looked in the mirror and...I just couldn't get that awful memory out of my head and we needed to go out and I just…” tears began to leak from his eyes again “I'm sorry, I'm so stupid”

“You're not being stupid Yuuri. It's okay, there is nothing stupid about feeling this way. this is going to be a hard time to get through and you are allowed feel scared” Viktor soothed his hand over Yuuri's damp hair

“I promise we will get through it. Baby is safe and healthy and I'll be right here with you. Things are so different this time. We'll be okay. You are stronger than you think you are my love” Viktor kissed Yuuri's temple as he calmed down, rubbing his scent across his mate to soothe his distress.

“I feel so helpless vitya. Like I'm just waiting for something awful to happen around every corner. I'm terrified to go or do anything in case something goes wrong…i lost them at at this point before when you were gone. Now we have to go away again and i'm terrified it will be history repeating itself” Yuuri hiccuped “I hate it”

“I'm terrified too but we have to have faith in the doctors and ourselves that we can get passed this. If I'm honest...i can't stop thinking about before either. The second I saw the dates of skate Canada it was the first thing that came into my mind” Viktor held the Omega as close to his chest as he could, so Yuuri could hear the steady beat of his heart that was so very calming.

“but...the past is in the past and we need to remember that this is a whole new pregnancy and focus on what we can. My heart breaks over the baby we lost every single day. But we need to focus as hard as I can on this wonderful new chance we have”

Viktor held his hand to Yuuri stomach and stroked it gently. “The future is going to be so much brighter Yuuri. I promise”

It took awhile for Yuuri to fully calm down and the attack to subside. The pair sat on the bathroom floor until it had ebbed away into a peaceful quiet.

“What are we going to do about Canada?” Yuuri broke the silence

“I'm not going to be able to hide it from the reporters much longer. It getting pretty obvious now and I haven't even told peach I'm pregnant, how are we supposed to tell everyone else. What if they are just as mean as before?”

“Well fuck them. Who gives a fuck what some journalists say. What matters is you, me, and our child. I don't care what anyone else thinks or has to say about the matter” Viktor huffed definitely

“Now. How about I go into town and pick up some maternity wear for you so you don't have to?” Viktor smiled to lighten the mood now Yuuri had calmed down a little. He gave him a kiss on the nose.

“Thank you.” Yuuri nodded visibly melted with relief. “I'd really appreciate it”
Viktor unfurled himself from Yuuri and helped Yuuri to his feet “So, What kind of things would you like me to pick up?”

Yuuri felt like a weight had been lifted off his chest and he could finally breathe again. It was wonderful.
“Anything is fine but please no floral. All the shops seem to think that’s what every omega wants but I'm pregnant not a grandmother. It will be cold in Canada so something warm would be nice as well.” he smiled

“Consider it done. I'm going to pick you out a whole new wardrobe and While I am gone you can curl up with makkachin and Skype Phichit to let the poor man know he's going to be an uncle” Viktor winked

“It would be a bit of a shock for him to find out at SC after all”

Chapter End Notes

Okay. So I know I muddled the timelines for real life GPF announcements and such but I hope it still works even if it's not how it's done in real life. ;_;

I really appreciate all the kudos and comments folks! I honestly love hearing what you all think about each chapter and what's coming up.

There's going to be something fun happening in the skate Canada chapter and of course Yuuri's birthday. ;)
Whatever will be will be.

Chapter Summary

Yuuri Skypes Phichit and Viktor goes on a shopping spree

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yuuri paced the room with a restless energy. Viktor had left for town just over a half hour ago and Yuuri was still struggling to find the courage to call Phichit.

If Yuuri was completely honest with himself, he was feeling nervous as he opened up his laptop and hovered the mouse over the Skype icon, stepping back more than once after chickening out of pressing call.

Yuuri hadn't quite figured out what he was going to say to him. The would be no doubt that phichit would be happy at the baby news, he would be ecstatic in fact, but Yuuri still found himself hesitant.

It had been a rough and emotionally draining day, not including his earlier panic attack but Knowing how excited peach would be about the baby when he himself was feeling so uncertain made him feel even worse.

Phichit was always the kind of person to get overly excited over things. He made everything, be it big or small, feel like an occasion to be celebrated. He radiated enthusiasm about everything he could in life and it was an endlessly endearing and sweet quality that Yuuri admired in him.

But...it was also kind of daunting. Especially right now.

Was he emotionally prepared for the reaction? Was he able to accept his friends happiness and joy when all he could feel was fear and worry? There was something about it that made yuuri feel wrong, like it would almost jinx it to be as happy as he wanted to be.

Yuuri wished he could put off telling people for another while but canada was so soon and it was something that he needed to do. Phichit was listed for skate Canada too and it would be unfair to keep him in the dark until they met each other.

Yuuri frowned, his eyebrows pinched together in thought as he rolled around ideas in his head.

Eventually Yuuri curled up on the couch with makkachin tucked into his side protectively. Her head nudged ever so slightly into him as she tried to edge her way onto his lap.

With a deep breath through his nose, Yuuri clicked on Phichits icon and the familiar jingle of the Skype call played.

One ring. Two ring. Three...he answered

“Yuuri! Hey how ya doing?” Phichit came into view on the screen.

It was clearly late where he was, the room was dark with only a strip of street light coming in
through the curtains and Phichit looked to be laying on his bed in a pair of colorful pajamas. Proping his laptop up on a pillow.

“Long time no see stranger.” he waved with a grin from ear to ear

“Hey Peach! It's good to see you!” Yuuri waved back at his friend and smiled. “I saw you got posted to skate Canada! So did Viktor and Yura. Are you ready for it?”

“Oh course!!! Wait till you see my new routine, Chao Chao thinks it's my best yet so beating lover boy will be a walk in the park. I'm going for gold this year no matter what!! So you better be ready for it” Phichit winked playfully. “Speaking of, i didn't see your name up there Mr nikiforov, What's going on? Why aren't you skating?”

“Well..about that...” Yuuri kissed his teeth as he felt flutter of nerves in his chest

“i guess It's best if I just show you”

Yuuri shifted his laptop around to get a better view, placing it on the table in front of him. Yuuri pulled up his t-shirt sheepishly to show off his bare bump to the webcam that made him look so much bigger on screen than in reality

“Surprise!”

Yuuri winched but he couldn't hide the smile in his face when the screams exploded from the other side of the screen.

There was a crashing noise as Phichit obviously knocked over his laptop as he freaked out, rattling the webcam in an excited blur.

“Oh my gosh oh my gosh oh my gosh. You're kidding!!” Peaches reaction was far more intense than Yuuri had imagined. It was so sincere it made Yuuri's heart full. Phichit was excited enough for the both of them. “No way!! Your pregnant? How?! what?! when?? Tell me everything!!”

“It eh...kind if just happened. It definitely was a bit of a shock but I'm 13 weeks nearly 14. Im due in May.” Yuuri giggled at Phichits face when he finally sat back down.

“We only found out a few weeks ago so We haven't made it public yet so please don't post about it” Yuuri pointed a finger at the screen as a warning.

Yuuri could see the Tai boy's heart shatter knowing there was an official ban on social media posts.

“okay. Consider my lips sealed! But Wow though. For real! Your pregnant? That's insane! Aaggghh” Phichit rolled around on the bed clearly giddy before he turned to the webcam with a pout “but wait...Boo. That means you can't party with me on your birthday, that's my whole big plans ruined”

“I'm afraid so, but we can still have do something or go out for dinner. Since Viktor will still be competing, I'll be coming to skate Canada this weekend to support him, so we can have a proper celebration then. I could do with a good time” Yuuri smiled but Phichit frowned at the statement

“Why? Has Vicchan been taking good care of you? Has he been a good alpha? Do I have to have a talking to him?”

Yuuri blushed “oh no no no that's not it. Viktors been amazing. Incredible actually... I guess I'm just being a bit…”
“Yuuri-ish?” Phichit finished his sentence for him with a questioning humm

“Yes…” if there was anyone Yuuri felt okay with letting into his anxious mess of a head, it was Phichit. Back when they lived together in Detroit, Phichit had to drag him out of a fair few low points for which Yuuri would be forever thankful.

More often than not, Phichits blind optimism and enthusiasm was like a healing balm to Yuuri whenever he felt the weight of the world on his shoulders but it could also be a bit overwhelming at times. Yuuri hoped that this time would be the former and figured now was a good a time as any to talk about what was going on.

He needed to let it out with someone who wasn't Viktor. Viktor had been amazing and wonderful and beyond what Yuuri could dream of, but it was unfair to burden with all his anxiety and worries when Viktor was in the same boat.

It seemed to come in waves. Sometimes Yuuri was okay and excited and felt great, then other times he felt so unprepared and worried, like he could fall apart all over again at any moment. It was an exhausting seesaw he wished he could off of.

“I've been freaking out. Being pregnant again after what happened, it's a lot scarier than before. I can't stop worrying like some annoying broken record. I must be driving Viktor insane from all the stressing i've been doing but i can’t stop myself. I've had a pretty bad day of it today, He had to pick me up off the bathroom floor earlier because i freaked out. It was kind of embarrassing…”

“Mmmmm I can only imagine. It’s bound to be pretty scary after what you two have been through. Hell, I'd be a mess too if I were in your position” Phichit pursed his lips “Has everything been going okay? You feeling good otherwise? What had the doctors to say about it?”

“I had some pretty severe morning sickness, I could barely keep anything down but it's starting to settle now thankfully” Yuuri smiled sincerely. “Other than that we're as healthy as we ever were.”

It was true. Since his sickness was almost completely gone and the pain had healed from his stitches, everything was actually fine. Of course, there were still the normal pregnancy symptoms like the tiredness and some cramping but nothing that was out of the ordinary.

“Then unless you've been told otherwise you should relax and enjoy it while you can. Worrying about things you can't control is a waste of energy but I will bet money that Viktor has already told you that. You wouldn't be Yuuri if you didn't worry yourself silly about things anyway. Whatever will be will be. So try think of all the positives, I mean, how often do you get to eat as much as you want and no one can call you out on it?” Phichit laughed lightheartedly. It was infectious. Yuuri could feel him shoulders feel lighter just from hearing it.

“So calm yourself and chill my friend. You got this. And of course, you'll need all the energy you can to cheer me on at SC!!”

--

Yuuri had stayed on Skype for a while longer before finally letting Phichit go to sleep, saying goodbye with the promise that they would go to dinner the first night they arrived in Toronto.

Viktor was still not home from his shopping trip so it was just Yuuri left to his own devices in the apartment with makka and to mull over what phichit had said. He played it over in his head and thought about it thoroughly.
Whatever will be will be be.

It was true. He couldn't control whatever was going to happen. He could worry himself half to death and the baby could be fine or he could not bat an eyelid and still lose them. There was no way to predict it and all they could do was take as much care as possible and wait and hope and pray that everything would be fine.

Smoothing his thumb over the swell of his bump with one hand and petting behind makkachins ears with the other,

It will be okay.

---

Viktor arrived home shockingly late. Yuuri jolted awake when he heard the front door open, not realizing he had drifted off to sleep at some point. Makkachin let out a quiet yap and trotted to the door to welcome her master home.

Yuuri saw the mountains of bags coming before Viktor even made it through.

There must have been a few dozens at least, all from different shops in what looked to be expensive labels and fancy high end shops.

“VITYA!” Yuuri gasped in shock at the sheer quantity.

Viktor looked a little sorry as he pecked Yuuri on the cheek.

“I can explain. So I went into town and nothing there was good enough, not for my Yuuri, so I took a little detour and I picked up some much better things for you”

“Some? I'm pretty sure you bought out an entire Mall!!” Yuuri laughed peaking into one of the bags Viktor had put on the couch.

“Not the entire Mall! Heavens no….And it wasn't a mall, it was a outlet.” Viktor winked and handed Yuuri his first set of bags. And scooted him towards the bedroom

“Go. Try them on. I want to see the full fashion show!.”

Yuuri sighed and gave in, walking into the bedroom with a humm of disapproval.

He rooted through the never ending mountain of bags to pull out a few things to try first. He laid them out on as he unpacked each one, covering the entire bed with just the first lot

Viktor had done really well much to yuuri's surprise. Most of the clothes were things yuuri would have picked up himself, simple and practical not overly garish or flashy in block colours and patterns. Yuuri could have cried with relief. They still had viktors signature flair to them but they were significantly more wearable that yuuri had been imagining they would be. some were more viktors style than yuuri's but Yuuri couldn't say he overly disliked them either.

Viktor had picked up more than an entire wardrobes worth of outfits including a healthy supply of warm clothes now It was getting into the cold of winter. Yuuri was secretly delighted to see a humongous jumper that came to his knees he would be able to hide and curl up in during the trip in Canada.

There however, were a few amount the pile that yuuri knew Viktor had gotten just for his own enjoyment. Yuuri spied a black velvet box in one of the fancier bags.

He pulled it out and inspected it, whatever it was, even the box looked ridiculously expensive, with
Yuuri almost felt like he shouldn't open it but Viktor hadn't said anything otherwise. With curiosity getting the better of him, he peeked inside and carefully lifted the lid.

It instantly made him blush a deep scarlet.

Inside was a beautifully folded set of deep blue maternity lingerie, tied with a silk ribbon. The sheer fabric had little flecks of glitter in the overlay that made it shimmer like star light. It wasn't entirely unlike the free skate costume Yuuri wore a few years ago but it was definitely more revealing and probably at least three times more expensive.

Yuuri had dressed up before for Viktor whenever they were feeling adventurous, especially during viktors ruts but there was something about wearing something so scandalous while pregnant that made Yuuri's modesty meter fly off the handle.

Yuuri snapped the lid back on the velvet box and put it aside out of sight before the sight of it made Yuuri die of embarrassment. He quickly put it back into the bag it came from and put it away. He agreed to himself to pretend he never saw it and turned his attention to the more practical items Viktor had bought.

Yuuri pulled out a pair of black jeans that had a thick band of elastic around the waist. They fit like a dream and Yuuri could have melted with comfort after spending the passed while in pants he couldn't even button anymore or viktors too long sweat pants.

There was a blue patterned shirt in another bag that looked like it was designed to cling to every curve of Yuuri's body leaving very little to the imagination, Yuuri knew Viktor got just because it showed off his bump. Eyeing up some of the tighter fitting tops and shirts, He figured that a lot of the clothes would be like that.

Yuuri sighed but accepted that it would be impossible to try hide it any longer. All going well, he would only get bigger in the coming months and since Yura and most of the rink knew already and they would be announcing soon anyway, he might as well embrace it.

Yuuri could feel the flutters of his heart begin to race as he prepared himself to look in the mirror. It was something he had been avoiding at all costs, now more than ever due to his earlier attack in the bathroom and the daunting fact he was so close to 15 weeks.

Yuuri swallowed down the lump in his throat. He needed to start pulling himself together. He could do this.

Yuuri slowly opened looked at himself up and down, turning gentle to the side to fully take his new shape in. His heart racing as he did.

It was terrifying but despite himself, Yuuri didn't feel quite as bad as he thought he would as he saw himself in the full length mirror. Maybe that talk with Peach had helped more than he realized.

It felt weird and bittersweet.

Yuuri remembered being so painfully excited the first time he saw that he was starting to show the last time. How he had rushed to grab Viktor and show him the barely there bump that never got any bigger. It almost felt like it had been a dream, somewhere far away that had happened to someone else.

Yuuri closed his eyes. He needed to think forward. The future was going to be brighter. Just like
Viktor had said.

He had already made the first step passed the milestone. Or, at least Viktor had stepped it for him. He wouldn't have to worry about getting any new clothes for the next century and it already felt like a massive relief to have it over and done with. Now all they had to do was get passed 15 weeks and three days.

It was so near yet so very far...but one step at a time.

After Yuuri had a quiet moment to himself, he emerged from the bedroom, newly filled with a tentative confidence.

Viktor gave a cheeky wolf whistle at the sight of him as he walked back into the kitchen. “Wow. I am a lucky alpha”

“Stop it.” Yuuri blushed with a smile, enjoying the look In viktors eyes a little too much.

“I can't help it. You look wonderful. Did you like what I got you?” Viktor grinned

“Most of it. Some of them make me feel like I have a giant neon sign pointed to my stomach. But these jeans are the best” Yuuri playfully tugged at the elastic of the waistband that still had a lot of extra room in it, obviously designed to accommodate the entire pregnancy.

“Well is it wrong of me to want to show you off? It's not like it's something to be ashamed of and the look suits you” viktor gave yuuri a kiss and brushed his hand over the side of his bump. “I want to see every inch of you while I can”

Yuuri blushed crimson as he felt what Viktor was thinking through the bond. Viktor laughed feeling his embarrassment resound back at him and pecked his mates cheek

“I noticed” Yuuri hummed, raising an eyebrow. “If that black box is anything to go by”

“Consider it a birthday gift.” Viktor winked and hooked his finger under yuuri’s chin in a way that always made yuuri's knees weak even after years of being together.

Yuuri couldn't stop the cheekiness leak out of him “My birthday or yours?”

“Oh” Viktor leaned in to whisper in yuuri’s ear “Definitely both”

Yuuri giggled and took a step back “well, You'll have to wait then because you know what the doctor said. We can't do any of what your clearly thinking” Yuuri teased Viktor just a little, bopping his mates nose.

The alpha was left with a look on his face like someone had told him santa wasn't real.

Of course, Yuuri was feeling just as frustrated as Viktor, but boy was it fun to play with him...if only a little.

“Besides, I still have a lot more clothes to try on”

Chapter End Notes
Sorry its taking me a while to put out chapters right now :/ been ridiculously busy ;_;

I've also been feeling my writing has been really not my best recently so ive been writing and re-writing everything at least a dozen times until im even somewhat happy with it ;_;
Writing is hard.

Thank you all for sticking with this fic and leaving comments and kudos and basically encouraging me to continue writing <3 i really appreciate it.
The day of their flight to Toronto had arrived.

Yuuri had barely slept in the days leading up as the milestone loomed around them like an unspoken cloud. He was feeling on edge to the point he had been reluctant to leave the nest he had haphazardly made in the spare room after the postings had been announced.

The Omega in him was in protective overdrive and it made him feel safe being surrounded by Viktors scent, but even in the soft comfort of his alphas clothes, Yuuri was unable to relax.

Yuuri really wished that they didn't have to leave. He prayed to whatever god would hear him that the competition got delayed, even one week would do.

Unfortunately, they were still scheduled to fly out that afternoon.

The competition wasn't due to start until friday, however, they were flying in two days before so Viktor could get some practice in at the Toronto rink before the competition.

The tight knots in yuuri's stomach made him feel sick with the anticipation of it. He was worried for Viktor, his performance had suffered because of all the things that had happened during the year. His routine, of course, was as flawless as always however it was clear viktors mind was preoccupied with Yuuri and the baby. He didn't say it out loud but yuuri could tell Viktor was feeling just as anxious as he was.

Neither of them could claw their head away from the giant impassable block that was the date.

Friday.

15 weeks and three days.

Yuuri folded his clothes as neatly as he could to try occupy himself. He had already packed and unpacked a dozen times already in some bizarre ritual as if getting every minor detail perfect would somehow make everything go okay.

The flight only a few hours away and they still had to go over to collect Yura at some point.

The pheromones of the stressed out omega had wafted into the kitchen and by the time Viktor came in to check on him, Yuuri was practicing vibrating with nerves.

Viktor tugged his hand, urging him to take a rest and sit down on the bed beside him. He tried to soothe him as much as he could, scenting his wrist along yuuri’s neck gland and their bond mark. It helped a little but not enough.

“You're fretting” Viktor sighed, brushing a stray strand of yuuri's hair out of his eyes.

Yuuri hummed and nodded. “How can I not be. I don't know how you are so calm about everything.” Yuuri folded his arms around himself, curling his legs up underneath him like a ball

“I don't know either if I'm honest. But...I got something for you that might help” Viktor smiled. “Hold out your hand and close your eyes”
Yuuri looked at him with a confused frown before doing as Viktor asked. “Okay……” He held out his hands and tentatively waited for whatever Viktor had planned.

He felt an object be placed in his cupped hands.

“Open them” Viktor beamed, his eyes lighting up as he waited for Yuuri’s reaction like an excited child.

It did nothing to dispel Yuuri’s confusion as he stared at his hands

“It’s...an orange?” Yuuri laughed in bafflement “Thank you?”

“It's not just an orange! No no no...You see, I've been reading in one of the baby books yukko gave us. Right now, our little one is about the size of that orange. When I went to the store earlier I couldn't stop smiling when I thought of it and I wanted to make you smile too.”

“Wow. Really?” Yuuri looked at the orange with a new sense of wonderment,

“And they can react to light and have teeny tiny fingernails now. Isn't that amazing?!?!?”

When Viktor put it like that, it was very odd to think that their baby was already about the size of his palm.

Viktor was right, It really did make Yuuri smile. He rolled the orange around in his hand, Palming it from one hand to another, feeling the size and weight of it. The baby sure didn't feel like the size of an orange, Yuuri was already feeling massive and bloated and needing to pee far more than any human ever should, but the idea of their baby still felt like a tiny little thing,

It was strange and Yuuri didn't know why but There was something about seeing it in his hands that made Yuuri feel grounded in a way he never expected. Their baby was getting so big already..

“Thank you Vitya. It's perfect!” Yuuri genuinely smiled.

--

Yuuri kept the orange in his pocket for the rest of the day as they finally finished packing and made their way to collect Yuri.
He wasn't answering his phone and neither was Otabek, causing some minor panic as they were already running late.

Viktor gave a quick sharp knock on the door, calling out Yuri’s name. He didn't even get to knock a second time before the door swing open and Yuri stormed out,. “I'm fucking coming. Jesus.” He growled and pushed passed them with his case like a leopard print thunderstorm.

A frustrated looking Otabek stood in the doorway in the wake of the explosion that was Yuri.

“What's with him?” Viktor asked and scratched his head in confusion.

“Yura is being Yura.” Otabek rolled his eyes “Please let me know when you land safely. I doubt he'll be talking to me for a while”

When they went out to the car, Yuri had already thrown his case into the trunk and was pacing like a caged tiger, looking more and more angry as they got closer

“What was that about?” Yuuri asked tentatively.

“None of your goddamn business” Yuri gritted his teeth. His eyes were glossy with bitten back
angry tears “It doesn't matter!!”

Yuuri knew he should drop it but seeing the fragile look on Yuri's face made his better judgement go out the window. Maybe it was his hormones or just he was feeling parental right now but he couldn't let it go.

“Yura. What happened. Why are you so upset?”

Yuri clenched his jaw “I don't want to talk about it. Can we just fucking leave already?”

“And why not?” Yuuri sighed. “Did you an otabek break up? Did you guys have a fight?”

Yuri actually looked like he was slapped in the face. His face crumpled, The blonde tried desperately hard to hide the pools of tears forming in his eyes.

“We are not together! We never were!” Yuri growled “Just drop it already!!”

Yuuri and Viktor gave each other a knowing look and decided to drop the subject and set off for the airport in an awkward silence.

It was going to be a long trip.

--

Yuri barely spoke a word the entire flight. Folding his arms in a huff and blocking out everything around him with his headphones.

After a few failed attempts at conversation, Yuuri had decided it was best to let him cool off before he tried again. Yuri could be almost scary when he was angry. They had gotten used to it after a few years but it didn't stop him being prickly at times.

Yuuri often wondered what patience Otabek must have to be able to live with him for so long.

When they arrived at the hotel in Toronto, Yura stormed off to his room without saying another word and if Yuuri was honest, it was a relief.

The flight had been 12 hours and Yuuri was fit to pass out, not to mention the lingering heartburn. He would try again in the morning to see what had happened, but for that night, Yuuri just wanted to go to bed.

Viktor checked in for them and enlisted the help of several staff members to bring their bags up to their room for them, refusing to let Yuuri carry anything that wasn't feather light.

It made Yuuri feel a bit embarrassed with the fuss Viktor was making, especially since it was a dead give away about their situation to anyone who happened to be listening in. There were not that many people lingering around the huge marble clad reception room but yuuri was still away of the odd pair of eyes that had noted their arrival.

There was a buzz around already about the various speculations on why Yuuri not skating and they were still holding off making the baby news public Until Yuuri felt ready, but If Viktor carried on the way he was any more, they wouldn't have to announce a thing.

Yuuri grimaced at the fuss. Being made to feel like a fragile flower would not have been the top of his list of things he wanted right now but If it was what made Viktor feel better, then he would go along with it, even if they both knew full well he would have been perfectly capable of carrying his own bags.
After a surprisingly long elevator right, they arrived at their suite. Yuuri gasped the minute the set foot inside the door.

It was magnificent.

Viktor had booked out a master suite on the top floor where there were full length windows to show off the spectacular view of the Toronto skyline. There was a giant bed in the center of the room that looked out over the city. It was just getting close to sunset when they arrived, casting dramatic silhouettes of the nearby buildings in the orange and red of the sky.

“Wow,” Yuuri smiled as he looked out at the forest of rooftops around them.

Viktor finished up tipping the staff who had dropped off their bags. Viktor had over packed as per usual but Yuuri didn't mind so much this time as he got to bring some of his own new wardrobe with him. Since it was getting into winter, it was the perfect excuse to wear oversized jumpers and heavy coats and Yuuri was going to take full advantage of it.

“Isn't it wonderful?” Viktor walked over beside him and rested his chin in Yuuri's shoulder, coasting his hands to lace around Yuuri's stomach once they were alone. “It's going to be your birthday after all. I wanted to make sure you got to open your eyes to a beautiful view”

“Well I'll be waking up next to you so I think we already got that covered” Yuuri laughed

“Flaterer” Viktor winked “I stayed in this hotel a few years ago and I could never forget how nice it was in the morning and I wanted you to see it too. I hope to make this a perfect weekend for you and this is just the start!”

“Oh. Is there going to be more surprises?” Yuuri raised an eyebrow

“Well...you'll just have to wait and see, won't you?”

Yuuri hummed in a fake disappointed tone before turning to sit in the bed. He sunk into it immediately, lying down to stretch his back after the long flight. It was softer than Yuuri could have imagined it to be, the bed sheets smelling vaguely like lilacs.

Yuuri let himself doze off for a few moments, savoring the quiet comfort as Viktor set about unpacking. The rest was cut all too short by the series of bings from his phone. Yuuri Groaned remembering he had promised to text Otabek once they had arrived.

Yuuri reluctantly sat up and pulled out his phone. There were actually more texts that Yuuri had expected. Some were from Peach asking if they had arrived yet, a few from his mother and one from Yakov asking where Yura had gotten to.

Seemed the young blond was causing more than just them trouble.

Flicking through his contacts, he found Otabek’s number near the bottom. They rarely had the need to text each other all that often so he was unfortunately near the end if Yuuri's message list.

Yuuri slide open the message tab and began to write:

Yuuri: hey otabek. Just got to the hotel safe and sound.

Otabek: Thanks Yuuri. Yuras not replying to me so I'm glad to hear you arrived safely.

Yuuri: I noticed. what happened with you two?
Otabek:....

There was a long gap between texts before the bing came through.

Otabek: can I ring you?

Yuuri scrunched his eyebrows. It was odd for Otabek to want him to call but it must have been something important. It was definitely cause of concern.

Yuuri excused himself and went out to the quiet of the hallway to dial the kazaks number.

Otabek picked after only one ring.

“Hey otabek, what's going on?” Yuuri asked, not hiding the concern in his voice.

“I'm sorry for calling so late...I just need to talk to someone and you and Viktor are the closest people I have here asides from yura”

“No no, it's okay.”

Otabek sighed. “Has Yura said anything?”

“Not really. I asked if you guys had broken up but he said you were never together but I know that's not true. Other than that he's been avoiding saying a word to us”

Otabek gave a tired laugh “sounds like him alright.”

“So what's going on?”

“Well..That's kind of the problem. As you've probably guessed, Yura and I have been... Intimate for a while now but unfortunately yura won't make it official with me. I've been asking him for weeks but he's been refusing every attempt I made. Last night...”

There was a weighted pause. Yuuri could almost hear Otabek struggle to find the words to say from the other side of the phone.

“I told him that I loved him...And he's went crazy...and He's trying to push me away and I can't stop tearing myself apart over it...i feel like I fucked things up and...I'm sorry for dragging you into this. I just figured you'd understand.” It was the fastest Yuuri had ever heard him speak.

“Ah. I see.” Yuuri blinked, trying to process what he has just heard “Do..Do you want me to talk to him?”

“You know him, he can be impossible at times. I don't think there would be much point. Especially not now, right before a competition. I feel like an idiot. He seems to think I'm lying or just fucking him around but I'm not. I love him so fucking much…I don't know what to do”

Yuuri could hear so much frustration in the kazaks voice it was painful to hear. He sounded utterly defeated.

“You not an idiot beka. It will be okay” Yuuri mulled over what to say. He knew full well that Yuri felt the same way about otabek but it didn't feel right to tell him. It should be something for Yuri to say himself. It made Yuuri feel desperately awkward. He was honestly not expecting to be stuck in between a lovers tiff when he woke up this morning.

“I can try talk him around, he can't stay mad forever. We will be home on Monday so it will give him
some time to cool off. I will keep you updated about everything and I'll try have a talk to him” Yuuri
didn't know how or what he would actually say to Yuri but he didn't want to leave the poor Alpha
feeling any more forlorn than he already had to be.

“Thanks...i really appreciate it yuuri”
With that, Otabek hung up.

Yuuri took a deep breath and leaned back against the wall, putting his phone in his pocket. He rubbed
his tired eyes from under his glasses.

This honestly felt like it was going to be the longest weekend of his life and it had only just started.

Chapter End Notes

A bit of a short chapter because the next two chapters are going to be a massive XD

Some awesome things happens and i am really hype to share it with ya'll

Thank you for your continued support, comments and kudos <3333
Viktor had been right.

The sunrise was absolutely beautiful as it began to rise through the windows, draping them in the first light of the morning.

Yuuri had woken up a little while ago, enjoying the peaceful quiet of the moment. He watched the orange light creep along the floor before it trickled across them, outlining every detail of Viktor's features in a golden glow like a Halo.

It was completely silent except for the soft breathy snores of his mate, sprawled out beside him in the tangle of bedsheets. Yuuri smiled as he buried his nose into them and breathed in the faint scent of his alpha.

He wished they could just stay like this, buried safely into the crook of Viktor's arm, not having to face the day ahead of them as if they could freeze time in a bubble, to hold it close and never have to move from the comfort of their bed.

But alas, it was an impossible dream.

Today was the day.

Friday.

They had spent the entire day at the rink yesterday, trying to get as much last minute training in as possible. Yura and a few other skaters had taken to the ice as well, using the opportunity to feel out the space of the rink and do some final adjustments to the routines.

Phichit wasn't due to fly in until the late last night so Yuuri had yet to hear from him. If there was going to be anything good about today it would be that he got to see his friend again.

Yuuri was looking forward to his light-hearted banter to distract him from himself.

Despite the peaceful morning, the tendrils of anxiety began to tighten around his heart in a choke hold, squeezing the breath from his lungs and robbing his stomach of its bottom.

It was becoming an all too familiar feeling. The omnipresent weight of dread.

Yuuri sighed softly, tracing a gentle finger along the lines and form of his alpha, Viktor always looked breathtaking, but especially when he slept when he was blissfully unaware of the world.

But, not so much this morning. It tinged Yuuri's heart with guilt to see the circles forming under his eyes from the stress of the past month and the subtle lines of his face looked tired in a way that no one but Yuuri could see from up close.

It was just shy of 6am. Their alarms were not set to ring for another hour before they had to get up and make their way to the rink for warm ups and pre skate interviews.
Yuuri had unfortunately been awake for at least two hours already. His body had refused to let him feel at ease, spending the night unable to stop shifting from one side to another in a fruitless search for a comfortable sleeping position, even though the bed was more than welcoming.

Yuuri finally gave up and sat on the side of the bed and cracked his stiff joints. He had desperately wished he could go running again but he had been too afraid to risk even go for a light jog. His muscles and joints had been very much protesting his lack of training.

Yuuri got up quietly, careful not to wake Viktor up and earlier than he needed to be. He would need to be as well rested as possible for the day ahead.

Pulling on a stray t-shirt off the floor and fixing his glasses, Yuuri went into the bathroom to pour himself some water from the tap.

The room outside the bed had a chill to it with the bite of winter in the air. Yuuri shivered as his bare feet touched the bathroom tiles in his tip toe to the sink.

Glancing at himself in the mirror, He looked like he's been pulled through a bush. His hair was messed in a million direction and there were a matching set of dark circles under his own eyes. He rubbed his face with the back of his hand to wipe away the sleep and wake himself up. Yuuri hoped that no one else would notice how exhausted he looked.

He took one of the glasses from the white marble shelf and pour out a glass and drunk it down with a quick satisfying gulp, but just as he polished off the glass he felt something odd…

At first yuuri thought he had just imagined it, that he was still half asleep and his mind had not fully woken up yet. It felt something like bubbles flickering in the base of his stomach.

It took a few seconds for yuuri's brain to register what had just happened. The cogs whirled into motion as the realization slammed him in the chest and made his heart seize up in his chest.

Yuuri froze and dropped the glass from his hand, shattering it into a spray of pieces at his feet. Tears flowed out of his eyes as he felt another quick flutter just below his belly button.

The baby moved.

It wasn't his imagination.

He had definitely felt them move for the first time and an ocean of emotions wouldn't even come close to being big enough to describe how much he felt.

Yuuri couldn't hold back the tears as he pressed his hand against the swell of his bump, clutching at his oversized t shirt. Their baby was alive and moving and healthy and he had felt them. Really and truly.

Viktor had woken up in a panicked start at the sound of the glass shattering. He bolted in with a wild look in his eyes and His whole body on edge to feel his mate in distress, ”Yuuri what's wrong? What happened?” he frantically searched for the source of the shattering, moving around the fragments of glass to take yuuir’s face in his hands.

Yuuri had felt the panic seep through their bond mark but he couldn't stop crying long enough to explain. It was too overwhelming to find any words to say out loud.

“Is there something wrong with the baby? Should I ring an ambulance?” Viktors eyes darted around unable to read the unfamiliar emotions coming from his mate. it wasn't panic, it wasn't pain, but
Viktor knew something up causing the alpha in him was going at a hundred miles an hour.

“Yuuri please say something love, you're scaring me”

Yuuri shook his head

“I...I felt the baby move.” his voice wobbled as he sniffled back tears “I really felt them”

Relief washed over Viktor immediately, his shoulders releasing their tension and a wide smile broke across his face.

“Oh Yuuri.” Viktor wrapped his arms around his mate and stroked his back as he continued to cry, Letting him cry it out on his shoulder until he was ready to talk.

“I'm...Im sorry vitya. It's the damn hormones.” Yuuri managed as small laugh, wiping his eyes from under his glasses.

“...I never got to feel our baby ...before and I'm just a little overwhelmed. They are alive and i felt them. they're really there. ” Yuuri held his stomach “It kind of caught me by surprise”

“My sweet Yuuri. It's okay, no need to apologise, Tell me, What did it feel like?” Viktor hushed, holding Yuuri close to him and rocking him gently to calm him down. Viktor was practically leaking relief in his pheromones. He rubbed his cheek against yuuri scent mark trying to soothe him.

“it was soft..Like the flutter of a bird or a butterfly. Right here” Yuuri lifted up his shirt had took viktors hand and placed it where he had felt the gentle movement of their baby low on his stomach.

“It was faint but it was definitely them…”

Viktor held his hand against the little bump and smiled warmly, rubbing his thumb over the spot. “I can't wait to feel them too. They are getting so big and strong”

Yuuri nodded but the sadness of what happened before still lingered in his eyes. Yuuri had doubted it would ever really leave him.

“I already feel massive. I'm going to be the size of a small house by the end of it by this rate” Yuuri grimaced but the edges of his mouth were still curled into a smile.

“And what a beautiful house you will be” Viktor kissed his temple “Every day that goes by is another day closer to when we get to meet our little bird. I can't wait”

“Little bird” Yuuri laughed softly. “I like that”

---

Yuuri felt like he was in a daze. It was as if his body had gone into a floaty autopilot as they got ready to head to the rink, the small smile still on his face as he absently threw on a wooly jumper than barely hid his bump and much to his surprise yuuri found didn't really care all that much if it did or not.

His head had gone off a million miles away as he focused entirely on trying to feel that little movement again.

Realistically, Yuuri had read in the baby books that it can be sporadic at first and he may not feel them again for another few days or even a week, but Yuuri wanted to savor every flicker that he could and was already living to feel that tiny movement again.

“Katsudon….hey!! are you listening?...Yuuri!”
Yuuri blinked up at yura who has been obviously trying to talk to him about something as they waited for the taxi to the rink. Yuuri had not heard a single word the Russian had said, he had barely even registered that he had appeared beside him let alone said anything.

“Sorry. What was that?” Yuuri hummed, pulling out of his daydream.

“Nevermind. Jesus, You are a fucking space cadet today. Have you seen the skating order?” Yuri scowled in no better mood than he had been since they arrived.

Yuuri had tried to get an answer out of him all of yesterday on why he what was going on with otabek but it had not gone according to plan. The attempts only seemed to backfire and cause yura to dig his heels in further in defiance. It seemed the only thing that could resolve it was time and time was what Yuuri was going to give him.

Yuuri relayed as much as he could to otabek, even if there was not much progress. In the back of yuuri's mind, he knew he should try offer some help or advice to the love sick kazak but after this morning, the world could be collapsing around him and he still wouldn't be able to pull his attention away from the baby.

Yuuri shook his head, “No, not yet.”

“Right. Well, I'm going second, Viktor is fifth. Your friend, what's his name, selfie guy, he's up first.” Yura huffed, throwing yuuri a confused look, clearly seeing Yuuri wasn't listening again. He turned to Viktor and said something in Russian that made Viktor burst out in a breezy laugh.

“No, He's fine Yura.” Viktor beemed. “Yuuri felt the baby move this morning, he's just a little preoccupied...and... Today is...um...it's a hard day for him. So leave him be.” Viktor changed to a whisper, he leaned in and told yuri the significance of the day in their mouth tongue but Yuuri still copped what had been said by the change in Yuri's face.

“oh Fuck” Yuri's eyes widened as he nodded.

“Okay. My bad.”

The taxi pulled up just in time to escape an awkward silence.

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There was already a crowd of journalist and photographers littered around the enormous glass lobby of the Stadium, there was a loud buzz of voices and clicks of cameras as the skaters and trainers began to filter in, echoing around and reverberating off the walls in an excited hum.

As if like clockwork, the moment Viktor set foot outside of the car, there was a frenzy of people clambering to ask him questions and to take his photo, flashing the camera bulbs as they walked into the crowd.

Yuuri made sure to stay tightly behind the alpha and out of the way, keeping as low profile as possible. Even as hazy as he was, he was glad he remember to douse himself with scent blocked from head to toe before leaving the hotel in the hopes that no one would pay enough attention to him to notice he was pregnant, at least not at first glance.

Although, if Yuuri was honest with himself, He wasn't too bothered about hiding it anymore, not after he had felt their little bird. It had put a whole new perspective on things and people knowing didn't seem all that important anymore.
Regardless, Yuuri was thankful that everyone was there to see Viktor today and not him, Viktor was a born natural at being the center of attention while it had always made Yuuri feel uncomfortable and nervous. Off the ice, Yuuri never liked so many people focusing on him, but Viktor seemed to revel in it, soaking it up like sunshine on a flower.

Yura had already been cornered by his own set of fans, who had begun to pull him into selfies and getting him to sign all sorts of merch he never knew existed. The look on yura’s face was always priceless and Yuuri couldn't help but let out a small giggle at the young skater’s troubles.

“yyyyuuurrrrrrrriiiii!!!” Yuuri attention was pulled towards a familiar voice among the sea of people, a hand waved frantically out to him above the crowd “Yuuuuuri!!”

Within seconds, Phichit popped out between two photographers like a bottle rocket to throw his arms around Yuuri in a tight hug.

“Aaaahhhh oh my gosh it's great to see you! You are glowing!! Oh. Sorry. Gotta be careful” Phichit hopped back with a massive toothy grin on his face that made Yuuri feel embarrassed.

“It's great to see you too but we still haven't told people yet so sssshhh” Yuuri winked, not too seriously.

“I heard you are up first. How are you feeling?”

“Never mind how I'm feeling, you know I'm good!. The more interesting question is how are YOU feeling. I'm dying here!” Phichit bounced giddly like an excited puppy, only stopping for a moment to get his picture taken by a passing fan.

“Surprisingly..i feel amazing” Yuuri smiled brightly.

Phichit was about to say something until Yuuri felt a dart of anger through his bond mark that made his eyebrows pinched together. Uh oh.

Yuuri turned around to try find where Viktor had gone off to, going up on his tip toe to see over people's head. He didn't like the tingle he felt coming from his mate. It was unlike Viktor to get angry when he was around his fans, it wasn't his style.

“What's going on?” Phichit looked over to what had caught yuuri's attention. A hush had fallen over the crowd and voices could be heard clearly over the near deathly silence.

Viktor was in the center surrounded by a hoard of pushy journalist waited with bated breath for Viktor to respond to whatever question that was asked. Yuuri missed what had been said but he could feel viktors reaction prickle at the hairs on his neck.

“I would appreciate if the subject of my family was not commented on at all. I am no longer in contact with them and have not been for a quite some time and I would like to very much keep it that way. My family is now and always will be, Yuuri, my dog, my coach and everyone in the ice skating profession and that will be all I will say on the matter. No further questions” Viktor snipped with a plastic smile before turning to walk away, pushing through the crowd unceremoniously with his jaw clenched tight enough it could have shattered.

Yuuri gave phichit a nod before he took off to follow the alpha, grabbing hold of his sleeve once they had gotten to the quiet of an empty corridor. Viktor was radiating with a cool anger that was nothing short of unnerving.

“Viktor….what was that? What's going on?” Yuuri asked carefully, feeling out how Viktor would
Viktor gave a heavy sigh and pinched the bridge of his nose with a shaky hand. He took several deep breaths, slowly breathing out and calming down.

“Im sorry. I just had to get out of there...My family have been... difficult recently. It was not something I had expected to be brought up” Viktor began, his anger deflating now Yuuri was there.

“They have been really making a play for the trust and a few people, I'll give you two guesses as to whom, made a huge commotion when we had publicly announced our bonding. It seemed to have set them off and they have said some horrible things to the press and... I'm sorry I didn't tell you..I've been trying to not to think about it...”

“Oh” Yuuri breathed softly, his eyes falling to the ground. He almost didn't want to ask.
“What...what did they say?”

“You don't want to know...They are just being petty. I'm also nearly 100% certain they were behind some of the bullshit that happened in May, given some of the comments they made. But I am sick and tired of giving them space in our life when we have so much more important things to think about ” Viktor managed a smile and brushed his hand along Yuuri’s bump.

“This is all that matters now. You, me and our little bird. I can only imagine they are going to lose their minds when they find out you're pregnant. I wish I could see their faces”

Yuuri let everything sink in. It would make sense that some of the nastier comments made about them would come from the likes of Lana but instead of letting it sting, Yuuri thought for a few moments before coming to a snap decision An idea formed in his head.

“...why don't we?”

“What?” Viktor gave him a confused look.

“Why don't we... You have to do a press conference before the competition starts anyway, I mean, why can't we just say it, make it public. It's getting hard to hide and what's the worst they can do? Say more stupid thing to the press? They'd do that anyway..They'll have to find out eventually so what a better time to give them a giant fuck you” Yuuri rambled as a flood of words came out of his mouth.

He couldn't believe he was saying this. It was crazy! Unthinkable! But he said it.

Today seemed to be moving all to quickly from waking up this morning with a dread in his heart to being ready to announce their baby to the world. It was all happening so fast it almost made Yuuri's head spin.

“W...would you be okay with that?” Viktor asked, searching Yuuri's face for any signs of doubt “I don't want us to announce our little bird just out of spite. Are you really ready to do it?”

Yuuri nodded, letting out a long and much need sigh. “I'm ready. I want to tell the world and them getting mad about it will be just an added bonus”

Viktor pulled him into a hug and giggled. “Are we really doing this?”

“Yeah” Yuuri laughed “I think we are”

--
The truth was, Yuuri didn't know if he was really ready or not. His confidence deflating quickly after the realization that they were actually going through with this crazy idea.

The thought of everyone knowing made his chest tighten and palms sweat like anxious fountains. It felt like it was going to be a lot of eyes on his every move from the moment Viktor would announced it. The pressure of being the subject of the latest hot gossip was deeply uncomfortable.

On the other hand, Yuuri figured it would be like pulling off a band aid, it was better to do it quick and get it over and done with instead of dragging it out and making it anymore painful that it had to be.

After they announced it, Yuuri would be finally able to breath, keeping it a secret had made him bottle up a lot of things that would be best to let go of. It was another step that Yuuri had to take and although he did not feel confident that he was ready to do so, the opportunity had arrived regardless.

The press conference was being held in a large room adjacent to the rink. A few journalists had already taken their seats as Yuuri and Phichit walked in. Yakov was by the side of the stage, his face was surprisingly calm as he talked Viktor through what he was going to say, nodding sharply in the same way he did when he was preparing them for a competition.

It looked like yakov wasn't the only one that was going to be more than glad to put an end to the stream of questions he was receiving about why Yuuri wasn't participating. It seemed like it would be just as much a relief to him as it was going to be for them.

When he caught sight of Yuuri coming in, he turned and walked up to him,

“Yuuri, are you sure about this?” Yakov huffed in a low voice that didn't have it's usually toughness to it. Yuuri would have gone as far as to describe it as almost soft.

Yuuri nodded. “as I'll ever be” he managed a smile.

To his surprise, Yakov held out his hand and shook Yuuri's hand. Yuuri could have sworn he saw a hint of a smile as he did.

“Best of luck” with that he went back to finish briefing Viktor.

Yuuri found a seat close to the corner by the edge of the stage, out of the way and hopefully out of view. Phichit sat beside him silently giving him as much support as he could.

Within minutes the room was packed with reporters and recording equipment, staff ducked in between chairs and wires to test mics and set large jugs of water on the table.

It felt like it was painfully slow and Yuuri's nerves were starting to bubble to the surface. He prayed that they were making the right decision making the baby public so soon. Even with all the hustle and bustle of the day so far, the reminder of what today was was not forgotten. Yuuri absently held his hand to him stomach. What if…

His thoughts were cut short by the eruption of noise and Cameras flashing as Viktor took to the stage. Yakov sat beside him, giving Yuuri a quick glance before taking his seat.

Press conferences were always parts of professional life that Yuuri felt the most awkward at. With the cameras flashing and thunderstorms of voices, it always felt a little overwhelming. Yuuri was glad he didn't have to go through it this time, at least not entirely. Viktor was an old hand at it as he answering a few harmless questions to begin with before the inevitable hard questions arose.
“Viktor, you said before that this was going to be your last season. Are you sad you will not be competing against your husband Yuuri Nikiforov?”

“I’m not sad at all. Sure, it is unfortunate I cannot have my love on the ice with me for my last season but considering the circumstances, I am much happier knowing Yuuri is cheering me on from the sidelines this time”

“And what circumstances would that be? Is he injured?” a young journalist up the front piped up.

Viktor gave Yuuri a look and waited for his nod of approval. Yuuri gripped onto Phitchits hand tightly. The butterflies of anticipation rose in his chest and threatened to burst out of his throat. He could barely sit still.

This was it.

“As some of you are aware, Yuuri and I experienced a loss in May of this year of. It has been a very difficult time for us both and as you can imagine, it's has affected us deeply and left us both heart broken.” Viktor said carefully, making sure to choose the right words.

“Yuuri had already discussed the possibility of taking the season off to come to terms with the loss but, as fate would have it, that is not the reason he will be absent from the ice for the next while...”

Viktor looked over to Yuuri and gave him a smile. Yuuri closed his eyes and took a deep breath, bracing himself.

“Much to both our surprise and sheer delight, We are incredibly happy to announce that Yuuri is expecting once again.”

The crowd of journalists exploded into a flood of questions, climbing over one another to ask their question first.

It was finally out there.

The world knew and there was no going back.

Chapter End Notes

I legit had this chapter planned for months XD

I just pictured Viktor calling the baby little bird in a Russian accent and it melted my heart and I had to do it.

What did you all thing? :D what do you think is going to happen????
Swan song

Chapter Summary

Viktor skates his short program

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took exactly 5 seconds before full blown panic begun to set in.

Much to Yuuri's luck, the hoard of journalists were entirely focused on Viktor, crowding around him like a swarm of bees to shout their question first. In their frenzy they had yet to notice Yuuri hiding behind Phichit in the corner.

Had they done the right thing? What if it was too soon? Now that it was out for the world it felt all too real and claustrophobic. Like ripping off a band-aid to expose the raw reality underneath.

Yuuri was pretty sure he had broken his poor friend's hand as he clenched onto Phichit for dear life, his heart raced in his ears as he began to feel sick rise in his throat and his stomach churn.

It felt like he couldn't breathe with all the noise and flashing lights and the roar of blood in his ears. Yuuri wanted to leave. Right. Now. It was too much. He needed to get out of there.

While people were distracted, Yuuri took the opportunity to slip out of the room, pulling Phichit along with him by the arm in a rough tug. He wanted to go somewhere that wasn't there, somewhere quiet so he could catch his breath.

The day had finally caught up with him. He didn't know if it was the remainder of his morning sickness or the crash of nerves, but they barely made it to the adjacent bathroom before Yuuri threw up into the first toilet he saw, dizzy and shaking with nerves.

It was a relief that the place was empty. There was no one around to see the sorry sight of Yuuri trembled on the stall floor while Phichit rubbed his hand between his shoulder blades until he calmed down.

"I'm sorry Peach. You shouldn't have to deal with this before you have to perform" Yuuri shakily stood up, his head still hazy as the guilt of burdening Phichit with his anxiety crept up on him. Phichit would be performing soon he didn't need to be distracted by something so silly.

"It's no worries, honestly. I could tell you were freaking out in there. You really have a death grip when you're jumpy!!. But at least it is over and done with now." Phichit handed him some paper towels with a warm smile.

Yuuri grimaced, going over to the sink to splash water on his face. "...I know... I'm overreacting. It was my idea to tell everyone to begin with!!, but when we sitting there...it all got a little overwhelming..im sorry."

"It's okay. These things happen." Phichit patted his shoulder

"Say, Do you want to go get some air? There's a vendor outside who does hot chocolate with those
tiny marshmallows you like, we can grab some before we have to head into the rink” Phichit didn't even wait for Yuuri's answer before he was pushing him out of the bathroom with a grin on his face.

Yuuri didn't know if he could even stomach anything it was in such a knot but the sound of some fresh air sounded more than welcoming and at least a hot drink would be something to warm him up for a little while.

It had started to snow outside. the soft flicks of powdery snow drifted down in the light November breeze. The ground was already painted in a fresh sheet of white, making their footprints stand out as they walked out onto the Courtyard.

Yuuri took in a deep breath of the frosty air, letting it chill his lungs and burn his chest before exhaling it out in a puff of fog. The cold seemed to calm him, bringing him back down to earth.

He wished he had remembered to bring his jacket and gloves, having regrettfully left it in the conference room. Yuuri shivered and wrapped his arms around himself for the short distance to the vendor, glad for the fluffy jumper he had out in that morning.

Phichit must have been just as cold, wearing only a hoodie and tracksuit pants over his skating costume but he didn't show it if he was, happily marching to the stall without a hint of a chill.

The little cart was hidden away around the corner in between a few trees. It had large brass coffee Brewers and a heated plate to make crepes and other snacks in the center, the smell of chocolate and baked goods wafted through the air deliciously all hinted faintly of maple syrup. The sight of it made Yuuri's mouth water and his now empty stomach growl in protest.

“Here” Phichit smiled brightly and handed Yuuri a steaming cup of hot chocolate and a small chocolate covered pastry. “If ever there was a sure way to make you feel better, it always would be food” he laughed, seeing Yuuri's face light up at the sight of the chocolate treat.

“Hey…” Yuuri pouted “That's not true….I'm also cheered up by dogs” he laughed light-heartedly, the worry and anxiety beginning to melt away by the warmth of the hot cup in his hands.

He held it close to his chest, letting the heat seep in through his fingers and spread all over his body. They found a nearby bench that had been sheltered from the snowfall and sat down for a while as Yuuri devoured the treat.

“Feeling a bit better now?” Phichit asked after a few moments, swirling the hot chocolate around the end of his paper cup.

“Yeah. Thank you. I don't know what happened. Everything seems to be going so fast, it's hard to take it all in.” Yuuri stared out at the still falling snow. It had already been a surreal day and it had barely even begun.

“There's a lot going on for you right now, I can understand. It can't be easy for you after everything that's happened but I know you can do this. Its funny, I still remember back in college when you used to have posters of Viktor on your wall and now you're sitting here, not only married to the guy but your having his kid. It must be pretty insane” Phichit laughed lightly.

Yuuri blushed faintly at the mention of such an embarrassing memory. “It's more than insane. Some days I can't even believe it. I would never have believed it in a million years if you had told me this would happen a few years ago but...I am so happy it did” Yuuri gave a small smile “I felt them move for the first time this morning.”

“No way!!!” Phichit clapped his hands excitedly, “Wow that must have been awesome! What did it
feel like?”

“Strange, it was really tiny, I almost missed it. But I can't wait to feel it again” Yuuri rested a hand on the base of his stomach, still hidden away under the wooly jumper

“Do you think the baby's going to look like Viktor?” Phichit mused, polishing off his cup with a satisfied sigh.

Yuuri shrugged. He had not really thought that much about it this time. His head had been filled with so much worry and stress he had almost forgotten to enjoy the daydreams that every expecting parent has about their baby

He had never allowed himself to think that far ahead.

“Oh I hope so, but I know realistically they'll probably look more like me. Japanese genes are more dominant over viktors Russian ones, my teenage self would be heartbroken”

“That actually reminds me of something..” Phichits giggled with a mischievous look in his eyes, leaning in comically close.

“What kind of accent is your kid going to have? You both have pretty strong accents and you both speak English and your own languages…”

“Oh my god…”

Phichits rolled over laughing knowing full well what he'd just done. They had joked about the exact same thing over drinks while in college.

“Our child is going to sound weird aren't they?” Yuuri held his face with his hands as he giggled. Falling into his friend in a well needed fit of laughter. “I can't believe you would curse me like this!”

“You said it not me!!” Phichit fanned himself, trying to catch his breath between howls “im sure they will sound perfectly normal, Anyways. We should head back in, warm ups will be starting. Now, don't you feel better?”

“Much. Thanks Peach” Yuuri genuinely did.

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“oh there you are! I was wondering where you had gotten to, I was worried” Viktor gave Yuuri a kiss on the forehead when they found him after the conference dispersed.

“We went out for some hot chocolate. I'm sorry I kind of left without saying anything” Yuuri said sheepishly, feeling embarrassed at how he had reacted “I was feeling a bit ill but I'm much better now.”

Viktor hummed with a concerned look on his face but didn't push any further. “If you are sure. But if you need to you should go back to the hotel for a rest”

Yuuri shook his head “I wouldn't miss a chance to see you skating!, Come on, The warm ups will to be starting at any moment”

Viktor had kept his costumes for the season under tight wraps and had refused to let Yuuri see even a sneak peak at them. For now Viktor was in his usual training gear with only the tiniest hint of Navy fabric peeking out of the hem.
Much to Yuuri's disappointment, he had to part ways with Viktor as they came to the break off between competitor area and the spectators.

Viktor gave him a tight hug and showered him with kisses before he had to go get ready.

It was so unbelievably strange for Yuuri to be on the spectators side. Even though the stadium had reserved seating close to the kiss and cry for family and friends, it might as well have been a whole different country from where Yuuri wished he could be to support Viktor.

He managed to slip passed as many people as he could as he made his way to the stands at the side of the giant rink.

He flashed his pass to the staff by the door and found an empty seat close to rinkside, there were a good few of the other skaters and their supports hanging around the stands, chatting away before they had to take to the ice for warm ups.

Yuuri could see Yakov, Lilia, Yuri and Viktor at rink side already. They were getting the standard lecture and nit-picking that Yuuri had gotten all to well accustomed with. It made him feel oddly nostalgic that he wasn't going to be skating this season.

It was for a wonderful and marvelous reason why he wasn't but it still made his heart pang for the rush of competition and feel of the ice beneath his feet as he watched on from the side.

Yuuri was starting to wonder would he ever feel that again, it wasn't something he had really thought about but the realization was starting to settle in. He might not skate competitively ever again. Pregnancy changes a person's body in ways that Yuuri couldn't even imagine yet, his joints were already starting to get stiff...and would he want to leave their little one for even a second once they came?

It was something he would need to have a serious think about but now was not the time.

The commentators began to chime over the sound system announcing the start of the short programs.

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Phichit was up first.

The crowd had filled up to near capacity as everything was about to begin. There were barely an empty see in the whole stadium bar one or two. The air was already electric with anticipation as the crowd went silent for Phichit's entry into the ice.

Phichit's costume was beautiful, decorated entirely in Golden swirls on rich black velvet that fit his theme to the letter. He had gone for “Magic” and he had definitely succeeded in looking like a magical genie.

His chest was puffed up with confidence as he waved to the spectators and dazzled them with a smile.

Yuuri clapped and shouted encouragement as Phichit took to the center of the ice and waited for the music to start, Yuuri slightly regretted not thinking ahead to make some banners to support him, he would have to think of that for next time.

Despite having a minor tumble after his second jump, Phichit pulled off magnificent routine. He had been completely right that it was the best he had ever done. It had been enchanting and Yuuri couldn't stop from bouncing in his seat as he clapped at his friends finishing pose.
It was already shaping up to be a very tough competition.

Yura was up next with his theme of “Destiny”
He had been practicing his routine religiously from the end of last year's season and he had refined it down to the smallest detail.

His costume resembled a sunset with an ombre pattern of sequins that glittered like a disco ball in the flashing lights from the cameras with his hair done in a twisted braid like a crown.

It made Yuuri smile how much yura had grown up since they had first met. He looked a lot older and mature now but he was still the same old yura.

The lights dimmed to mark the start of yuras performance, gliding into the center of the ring like a golden swan.

His music began slow but moved to a faster pace to make sure he hit all the elements needed to give him the highest score. His timing was perfect and moves landed to perfection yet something was off.

It was without a doubt that yura skated beautifully and pulled off each movement with a practiced skill and execution yet Yuuri could see it in the furrow of the Russians brows as he skated, the slight wobble on his landings and waiver of concentration in his spins.

It lacked his usual passion, Yura was distracted and it was starting to show.

Yuuri worried his lip as he watched on, barely able to keep off the edge of his seat. It was almost a relief when he pulled his final pose and the music came to an end.

To anyone else, it would have been a near flawless skate but Yuuri knew him too well and for the perfectionist yura was, it might as well have been a train wreck. Yakov had to almost chase him down to drag him to the kiss and cry for his results as he had stopped off so quickly the moment he was off the ice.

Otabek would probably be watching the live stream back home in St Petersburg, without a doubt their misunderstanding played a part in yuras distraction. He must be feeling awful.

The next skater had began their routine and Yuuri barely noticed. Today had been a roller-coaster.

Yuuri winched as a thought came into his head. How would everything that's happened effect Viktors skating…

He didn't want to be a distraction for him when it was his last season. Even sitting in the crowd could be enough to throw him off…

All the time off training Viktor had to take to look after him ,The hassle he was getting from his family and all the energy he had to give to making Yuuri feel okay when he could have been putting it to use on practicing...

The sudden chorus of claps signalling the skaters finish snapped him out of his head with a flush of guilt for having entirely ignored the poor skater that was coming off the ice.

Yuuri didn't even catch to skaters name.

Within a few minutes, Viktor came into view and yuuri's previous cascade of thoughts filtered away.

Viktors costume was breathtaking, a mix of sheer fabric and Navy velvet with silver stars and sparkles that made the costume look like shimmering moonlight. The sheer panels hugged his body in sinful ways, just enough to show the right amount of skin and the outline of his sculpted abs and
Yuuri’s eyes were like saucers as he watch his mate take to the ice with a breathy “wow” escape his lips. Viktor looked incredible and it made his cheeks hot just looking at him.

Yuuri quickly had to glance around himself as if there was going to be some secret mind reader who had just heard the thirsty thoughts that popped into his head upon seeing his mate.

For not the first time, Yuuri wondered What he did in life to be so lucky to have that work of art as a husband.

As Viktor took to the center of the rink he found Yuuri in the crowd and blew him a kiss, the crowd reacted with an aww as everyone’s eyes found their way to Yuuri much his embarrassment.

Viktor began to move in a listful glide, the music was a soft cello of a song Yuuri didn't recognize. It sounded sad and lonely, echoing throughout the rink in a haunting Melody. As more string instruments joined in, it became a sorrowful symphony that nearly had every onlooker close to tears.

Viktor skated beautifully and weightlessly, looking more like an ethereal spirit dancing on the ice than a real physical skater. It was mesmerizing.

While His theme had been “Hope” but there was nothing hopeful about it.
It was a swans song. A song of loss and sadness and Yuuri could feel each note tug at his heart, resonating in his chest like a chime of a temple bell.

Even though the beautiful music didn't have words, it's message was as clear as day. Yuuri could see the emotions written on his alphas face, it told a story of loneliness and isolation, expressing all the pain of the past year in the one way Viktor really knew how. It had been all too easy for Yuuri to get wrapped up in his own pain and worries and forget that Viktor had felt the same as he had.

With the trailing notes echoing out into silence, the crowd erupted into cheers, giving Viktor standing ovation for his performance.

Viktor bowed to the judges and looked up at yuuri to see his reaction before sliding off the ice to the kiss and cry.

Yuuri felt almost like a fool standing by himself in the crowd, wiping away the flow of tears from his eyes. He must have looked a mess. The pregnancy hormones were making it impossible not to cry at absolutely everything and especially today and especially knowing the full story behind Viktors routine.

He couldn't stop the flood gates.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took far longer than it needed to to get uploaded. I've been finding it hard to write at the moment but I'm hoping to get a bit more frequent.

Thank you for all the continued support and kudos and comments and in general, I really appreciate you all liking this fic :)

There's some smut coming up and some angst and some more of Viktors backstory ooooooooooooooo I hope y'all are ready XD
Would you folks like it if I set up a Tumblr or something to talk about the fic on? Let me know if you would :)

Surprise!

Chapter Summary

A day full of surprises!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a tight finish. Viktor only just scraped ahead by three points in front of Phichit with Yuri scoring a lot lower than everyone had anticipated.

Yuuri could see the young Russian's face drop when the scores came echoing over the sound system, biting back tears at placing third after the short program. There was an audible hum of speculations about why the scoring had been so low. While the audience was mostly oblivious to his underperformance, the judges had zoned in on it and had scored him harshly for every tiny mistake.

Poor yura. It would be a hard score to recover from and even worse to have to perform again in that mindset now that everyone would be watching him more closely.

Sunday would be a hard contest. It would be a good thing there was going to be a days break between the short and free skate.

Viktor was being his usual self beaming and waving at the kiss and cry, dazzling everyone with his signature smile and talking joyfully to the reports. Yuuri had been allowed to sit with him for the announcement after talking with security and a small intervention from yakov.

Photographers and cameras swarmed around them instantly and shouted congratulations as they snapped shots of them together. After the earlier press conference, they had become the hottest new gossip and everyone wanted their share.

It almost felt like their baby news had taken away the spotlight from the actual competition but Viktor was more than happy to play into it, he had always been a fan of public displays of affection that, even after several years now, never failed to make Yuuri die of embarrassment.

It felt oddly nice all the same, despite the awkwardness, everyone was asking about the baby and offering their congrats with an infectious excitement. Asking when was he due, did they know what they were having, were they excited and how he was feeling, had they thought of any names.

It was more questions that Yuuri had even asked himself if he was totally honest.

Yuuri tried to answer with as much enthusiasm as he could with the energy he had left but the tiredness of the rollercoaster of the day was settling in so he left Viktor to do most of the talking.

The day had felt never ending and Yuuri could not have been happier to see their bed the second they got into the hotel room.

He immediately curled into a ball in the center and letting out a tired groan and grabbing up the duvet around himself. Yuuri was already starting to miss being able to flop face first onto the bed, but being
curled up into the sheets was just as good.

Viktor had left him rest while he took a long and much needed shower to soothe his muscles. the hot steam from the open bathroom door gave the room a lovely sauna feel, it was nearly impossible to try stay awake in the warm comfort and low light of the bedside lamp. soon Yuuri was found himself dozing asleep.

After what must have been several hours, Yuuri was woken up by the gentle glide of his mates arms around him, pulling him into a cuddle from behind.

The smell of shampoo still lingered on viktors damp hair as The alpha peppered little kisses along his neck and onto the soft spot just behind his ear that sent tingles down yuuri's spine every time.

“Would you like me to order some food my love? You haven't eaten much today” Viktor said softly, waking Yuuri up as gently as he could. “We can get some room service if you are up for it”

Yuuri hummed in response, barely opening his eyes. It was true he was absolutely ravenous, but it felt far too comfortable and wonderful being wrapped up in viktors arms on the edge of sleep

“When you wish is my command” Viktor gave an airy laugh and slowly sat up to use the phone, being careful not to disturb Yuuri too much as he dialed in the number for reception.

Yuuri rolled over and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. his head felt cottony and drowsy as He really hadn't intended to fall asleep for so long but he did feel much better after taking the small nap. His body simply demand more sleep these days.

Viktor hung up the phone and scooted back to pull Yuuri back into his arms. He lacing his hands lightly across the small swell of yuuri's bump and scented along his neck.

“So, have you felt them again since this morning?” Viktor asked after a while of contented quiet.

Yuuri shook his head and sighed “No sadly, the baby books said I might not feel them again for a couple of days as it's still early on. Most people don't feel them for another couple of weeks or so but apparently lying still or drinking cold water makes it easier to feel them” Yuuri had tried to pay as much attention as he could during the day to see if he could feel their little bird flutter again, but it has honestly been a very distracting day so he could have missed a thousand little kicks and not noticed.

“I'm sorry..” Yuuri said barely above a whisper, breaking the calming silence that had fell between them.

“For what?” Viktor looked down at him with concern on his face. Yuuri could feel the light prickle of worry creep through their bond as the alphas eyebrows knitted together.

Yuuri ran his fingers along viktors hand, tracing the shape of his knuckles and muscles as if they could help him formulate what he wanted to say more clearly

“I...haven't really been there for you. Seeing your program today really made me realize how utterly selfish I've been nearly all year. I was so caught up in my own head, I kept forgetting you were going through everything just as much as I was. It wasn't fair of me and..I'm sorry Vitya.”

Viktor gave him a soft smile “Hush.. that's behind us now. the short program was about the past. But The free skate? That's about the future. I changed a lot of it after find out about the baby. I want us to look forward to what's to come and put the past behind us. I know you are going to love it.” Viktor stroked a gentle finger along Yuuri's cheek.
“We're moving forward together my love. And that's all that matters”

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Even after the exhausting day and the mountains of food they had ordered to the room for dinner, Yuuri found himself awake in the middle of the night, restless and unable to sleep. It was like his easier nap had granted him a second wind and now he was stuck, wide awake.

No matter which way he laid, he could not find much comfort, instead he tossed and turned for a while to no avail. He wanted to sleep so badly, his whole body and mind screamed for it but for some reason it just wouldn't come.

Yuuri sighed lightly and settled for laying on his back with a hand very gently placed on his stomach, smoothing over the swell to pass the time.

It felt so strange, he was almost embarrassed by how fascinated he was by the feel of the weird firmness of the ever expanding bump.

It felt almost like he had swallowed a grapefruit whole but it made him smile because it was just another confirmation that their baby was growing bigger each day.

He couldn't stop himself from tracing it with the tips of his fingers and scenting with the glands on his wrists, following along the valley his hips now made around it.

He found himself doing it an awful lot lately, becoming his secret hobby he liked to do when he was alone.

Yuuri decided after a while to lay deathly still, barely even daring to take a breath to try and see if he could feel the baby again.

He focused hard on feeling anything at all, any tiny change or possible sign of movement.

Yuuri waited for nearly an hour before he found his eyelids growing heavy with sleep that finally began to fall over him.

Yuuri had just about drifted off until he felt the tiniest, smallest flurry just under his fingertips that filled his heart to bursting with joy. Yuuri grinned like a giddy child, folding his hands around himself and he curled onto his side.

“Goodnight, little bird” He whispered in his native tongue with a wide sleepy smile just before he drifted off to have pleasant dreams.

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When Yuuri woke up the next morning to the jarring sound of rapid knocking on the door.

The bed beside him was suspiciously empty with just the faint remnants of warmth in the tousled sheets where his husband should have been.

Yuuri flustered to find his glasses on the nightstand, barely putting them on his nose before he stumbled to open the door to the unexpected visitor.

Phichit's wide grin greeted him when he opened it, marching into the room without a second thought, making Yuuri endlessly glad he decided to wear his pajama pants during the night.

“Oh. Hi Peach, What's going on?” Yuuri sleepy wiped his eyes with a confused yawn
“Wakey wakey sleepy head! We are gonna take you out! Tomorrow's your birthday but since it's a competition day, we won't be able to do anything fun! so instead we're bringing you out today for some fun and surprises!” Phichit wiggled his fingers in Yuuri's face like a magician introducing an dazzling act before bouncing down on the bed.

“Why do I feel like I should be worried?” Yuuri laughed. Before he could ask any questions, ciao ciao burst through the door behind him like a booming ray of sunshine

“Yuuri!! Good to see you! Congratulations!” Ciao Ciao scooped Yuuri into a tight bear hug without any warning, almost making Yuuri smother in the alphas lion's mane of hair that smelled too much of sandalwood for Yuuri's sensitive stomach this early in the morning.

“Come here! let me have a look at you!” ciao Ciao let Yuuri go and looked him up and down with the brightest grin on his face. It made Yuuri feel desperately self conscious in his barely fitting pajamas. If he had known they would be expecting company Yuuri would have much preferred to have some proper clothes on before seeing his old coach for the first time in over a year or at least ones that didn't cling so much.

“You are already showing so big! Oh you look so much like Patrice did when we were expecting our Angelo! you are making me broody! Congratulations!!” He hugged Yuuri again, patting his back with enough vigor to thoroughly wake Yuuri up.

“T-thank you?” Yuuri awkwardly smiled and adjusted back his glasses. “So where are we going? Do you know where Viktor is?”

“Oh ha! That's the thing. It's a surprise! Viktor and me have been planning this since the placement announcements so today is going to be like a mystery birthday toury...thingy” Phichit giggled

“Oh, now I'm definitely worried! I still remember the 21st you threw me..” Yuuri winched

“We swore we would never speak of the incident Yuuri… anyway...trust me. It'll be fun! Viktor has gone to wake up kitten so Go get dressed and we'll see you downstairs!!” Phichit hopped off the bed and bounced out of the room leaving Yuuri in a blinking daze.

Oh he was definitely concerned now but If both Peach and Viktor had teamed up for it, he decided it would be best to not even attempt to fight whatever they had planned and just roll with whatever happened.

So After a quick shower and putting on the most comfortable clothes he could find, he made his way down to the lobby, donning a long red scarf and a matching bobble hat.

The snow had gotten heavier over the night and Yuuri didn't fancy spending the day freezing to death.

Everyone was gathered around on group of armchairs by a big Christmas tree in the center of the lobby. Phichit had begun taking selfies in front of it with a disgruntled looking Yura.

Viktor had been chatting away with Celestino before waving at Yuuri as he came in. They appeared to be looking over a giant map of Toronto's touristy spots, mapping out routes to unknown destinations.

Yuuri raised an eyebrow, trying to peek over at the map.

“ah ah ah! No peeking You'll just have to see when we get there!” Viktor coyly folded it away without him seeing so much as a glimpse of their plans and winked at him.

“Since the snow has been heavy, we'll get a taxi to most of the places. The first one should be
outside any minute!”

“Oh oh! Since the cats out of the bag on the big baby news, we need to get a selfie before we set off!” Peach already has his selfie stick out and pulled Yuuri in front of the sparkling tree. The angle made Yuuri cringe as it was nearly a full body shot, but the lights behind them were pretty and hopefully enough distraction from his bump

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Once they had set off, Yuuri couldn't pull his eyes away from out the window as the passed through the city.

Toronto was beautiful. The streets were already lined with festive decorations and lights that would sparkle once it was night. The snow had fallen heavily throughout the night, painting everything in a thick coating of white. It made the streets look spotless and fresh with the trees frosted with ice like they were made of glass.

Their first stop on their surprise tour was to visit the Toronto Aquarium. Since Yuuri had grown up by the sea, he had always taken an interest in sea life, from the smallest of sea creatures to whales and krakens, Yuuri jumped at any chances he could at going to aquariums or the sea side. Viktor had brought him to the Oceanarium in St Petersburg when he first moved there as one of their first official “dates”

There was a relatively small crowd outside the entrance waiting to buy tickets consisting a school tour of preschoolers and some families.

It may have just been the hormones but Yuuri couldn't help himself from watching the little kids run around and find it infinitely adorable.

He couldn't wait until they could bring little bird to an aquarium. He wondered if they would like the sea as much as he did.

After getting the tickets from the booth, that Viktor had thankfully prebooked, They walked around each exhibit in a stroll. Stopping to listen to the various informational recordings and to look for the one fish that was always hiding in the back.

They spent a lot of time in the underwater tunnels, watching as huge manta rays floated above them like kites, Yuuri figured this must be what scuba diving felt like. It was breathtaking. Yura took sneaky selfies in front of one of the sharks that was swimming close to the glass, trying not to show just how much he was enjoying himself.

Much to his surprise, Yuuri was convinced he saw Yuri smile when they came to the seahorse exhibit. It was a huge cylindrical tank in the center of a dark room, lit up in a faint violet glow.

“Hey katsudon” He called Yuuri over to point at the flurry of tiny seahorse that were swimming around in the illuminated tank in little listful circles.

“Do...do you think... male omegas are kinda like seahorses?”

The question caught Yuuri off guard a little.

“um Well.” He didn't really know how to respond to the bizarre question. “They both mate for Life and males carry the offspring like we do, So i guess, in a way we kinda are?”

The blonde furrowed his eyebrows and huffed, looking into the tank intensely muttering something about “motherfucking seahorses”

Yuuri decided back away and leave him to it to his strange contemplation and find Viktor.
They had lost him at some point around the turtle exhibit when Phichit had grabbed Viktor to take pictures of them getting to hold one of bigger turtles during a demonstration one of the staff were doing for a group of kids.

Yuuri looked around to see could he find the bob of silver hair through the crowd only to spot him coming out of the gift shop with a look of mischief on his face.

“I got you something” Viktor grinned holding something clumsily behind his back,

“Vitya.. You shouldn't have! we agreed you didn't have to get me anything for my birthday” Yuuri frowned in fake protest, the smile curling is frown too much to make it even a little bit believable.

“True…. buuuuut I saw this and I just had to get it for you!” Viktor pulled out a giant octopus plush toy, it was a glossy copper tone and had a spotted pattern on it's back that glinted in the lights from the nearby tank of clown fish. It was so big he needed two hands to hold it, holding it out to Yuuri with a huge smile “Surprise!”

“Oh Wow!” Yuuri giggled, giving the plush a cuddle

“I knew you'd like it!” Viktor glowed with satisfaction of his choice “come on, let find the others! Our next stop awaits!”

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After the aquarium, the next stop was some sightseeing in the City. The buildings towered over them as they walked around the snowy streets, the lights were already starting to come on even though it was only afternoon. There were several market stalls set up already that were selling food and trinkets for Christmas. It felt very much like their first GPF together in Barcelona all those years ago.

They eventually visited the CN building that ciao ciao refused point blank to go up in, he adamantly denied it was because he was afraid of heights, but it was very clear it was. They decided to leave him be and head to the huge tower without him, as he was more than happy to wait in the ground floor cafe.

The view from the top was incredible. It was possible to see the majority, if not the whole of Toronto from up there. Much to everyone's amusement, it was actually Viktor who had the most difficulty dealing with the height's. The CN tower had a specialized glass floor where tourists could walk out on and see straight down. Everyone else had walked out into it without much concern but Viktor had clung to the edge with genuine terror.

“I'm not afraid of heights..I'm afraid of dying!” He said, a faint whimper in his voice after Yuuri had poked fun at him.

“Vitya, You've been skydiving before. What about this is so scary?” Yuuri held out his hand to the terrified alpha. “It's okay, I'm right here”

“Skydiving gives you parachutes!” Viktor scowled but took yuuri’s hand all the same then slowly stepped out onto the glass and looked down.

It was hard to hide the giggles as viktors face turned green but he stayed strong and walked over to the edge with them, slowly and tentatively.

Yuri was having the time of his life up there, snapping dozens of photos and taking a video of the skyline. It was good to see him relax after the tense day yesterday and all the stress of whatever was
going on with otabek. He needed a good day of carefree fun before the competition tomorrow to be back on top form.

They stopped outside of city hall for a while after walking around the city some more. there was a huge ice rink in the courtyard that was lit up in beautiful streams of Christmas lights in front of a giant “Toronto” sign. They asked a passer by to take their photo in front of the huge landmark. Giant plush octopus included.

Yuuri felt a pang of jealousy as he watched the rink slowly fill up with people. Wishing he could go skating there, it looked like such a beautiful location. He'd been off the ice for weeks now and it missed it terribly.

He very much liked seeing other people skate however. there were families there with their children, barely old enough to walk, putting on tiny skating boots and getting their hand held as they stepped onto the ice for the first time

“That will be us soon” Viktor kissed Yuuri's cheek, the warmth of it on his ice cold cheek snapped Yuuri out of his daydreaming with a hum

“Here's hoping little bird likes figure skating” Yuuri sighed contently “Can we get something to eat? I am starving!”

“Let's head back to the hotel, we have dinner reservations at a place not too far from there so we can take a rest and get changed, sound good?” Viktor slide his hand around Yuuri's back Yuuri hummed, he was starting to feel pretty worn out after all their walking around, as much as he was having a wonderful time, his energy was still zapped.

--

The hotel lobby was an inviting sight after the long day. Phichit and Ciao Ciao went to their own rooms and said they would meet back down in the reception in two hours for dinner

Yuuri was going to use the time to take a long hot shower and a quick nap if he could. Even if it was a little embarrassing to need naps right now, but it was exhausting work growing a human.

They had just stepped into the elevator when Yura froze

What was he doing here...how...why “fuck fuck fuck”

Otabek.

Yuri pressed the button on the elevator hard, slamming his hand to make the door shut fast. “come on you piece of crap!”

“Yura!!” Viktor scolded.

Yuuri pressed the button for every floor up until theirs. Giving otabek a fair chance as he bolted towards the stairs to try catch them.

“God damn it, I don't want to talk to him.” Yuri growled once the doors closed.

“Well you're going to have to. It's not fair yura. He literally flew all this way just to talk to you. You should hear him out” Yuuri scowled with his hands dramatically on his hips.

Ping, the first floor doors opened and closed just as otabek got to the top of the flight.
"You won't make me talk to him will you?" Yura threw a look at Viktor as if he would be the one to break easier

"Don't look at me, i'm not going to stop him." Viktor shrugged and shook his head.

Yuri looked at both of them in the hopes that one of them would stop the evitable from happening but they didn't, this was something he couldn't avoid and he owed Otabek at least an explanation of his behavior.

Otabek made it to the top of the stairs on Yuri's floor just as the elevator dinged. Viktor practically pushed the young blonde out of the evlovator.

Otabek was folded over and gasping for air, his cheeks red from the exertion of sprinting up nearly 20 flights of stairs

"Holy....shit...that...was...a lot...of fucking...stairs" Otabek panted like a dying man. His hands on his knees “Yura…”

“I don't want to talk to you. Why are you even here!” Yuri folded his arms and scowled

“I couldn't let you...just leave...like that. I can't... you're being...”Otabek tried to collect himself. Still breathing heavily and sweat pouring off his face


“Being...a little... bitch.” Otabek said with a hint of a laugh

“You know I love you...You know I'd do anything for you...even run up a billion flights of god damn stairs... you're just being... difficult and you fucking know it. I'm not letting you walk away yura”

“I'm not being difficult!” Yuri shouted like a child throwing a tantrum

“You are by far the most difficult human being ...I have ever met ...in my entire life. You are infuriating.. and selfish and kind of a fucking asshole if I'm totally honest...but I love every bit of you. I love the ground you walk on” Otabek laughed “for fuck sake yuri, what do you want from me?”

Yuri blushed a deep Scarlett, feeling embarrassed. “I...I don't know”

“Fine...cause I know what I want from you. What I've wanted from you for god damn years...” Otabek rummaged in his pocket before collapsing down on one knee, ring box in hand

“Marry me, asshole”

Chapter End Notes

Phew that was a longer chapter than I had anticipated but I wanted to do it for ages haha.

Hope you all enjoyed it, as always, kudos and comments are so appreciated, honestly, I
don't think I would have wrote any of this if I wasn't for your wonderful support :)

I will be drawing art to go along with the fic on twitter if anyone wants to check it out

Twitter.com/silkyomega
Yuri blinked. Everyone was frozen in place, not even daring to breathe until he answered or at least said something to break the heavily silence.

It was deafening and seemed to stretch the seconds into hours as the question hung in the air.

“For the love of God Yura, say something!” Otabek pleaded, still on one knee and outstretching his shaking arms with the ring box open in front of him and his breath still ragged.

Yuri just stared, his jaw opening and closing like a startled fish and his face turning from snow white to a deep flush of pink.

“.I…” He could barely speak. The question had come so far out of nowhere, it completely knocked him out. He frantically looked around to try find something to say but nothing came.

Yuuri and Viktor looked on with baited breath, trying to stay out of it as much as possible while still hanging on edge waiting for Yuri to answer. Viktor pressed the open door button several times quietly with the back of his hand so they could stay and see what happens.

Yuri mumbled something barely audible between his teeth with a look of awkward distress on his face that made the pink in his cheeks deepen to a scarlet red.

“huh, what was that? didn't quite hear you there” Otabek had a satisfied smirk on his face “... wanna repeat that?” He gave a breathy laugh, his shoulders relaxing having heard Yuri enough the first time to know the answer already.

“FINE!” Yuri was practically exploding as he shouted “GOD! I fucking hate you so damn much.... Yes...Okay! I'll marry your stupid ass if you get off the floor and stop making an idiot out of yourself!” The look on Yuri's face was a mix of pain, anger and happiness that was truly indescribable. The Russian had never been good with processing emotions in any other way than blind rage. From an outward perspective, it could have been confused for actual anger but everyone else could see right through his false temper.

“Yeah? Well, I'm your idiot now!” Otabek chucked the ring box at Yuri, who only barely managed to catch it before Otabek threw his arms around the young Omega. Yuri didn't even try to protest, accepting the shower of kisses.

Viktor and Yuuri took that as their cue to leave, letting the elevator doors finally close but not before whooping like a pair of embarrassing parents, warranting yuri to give them a rude hand gesture as the doors closed with a ding.

Viktor was practically bouncing around the elevator like a giddy child, flapping his arms and dancing in the spot.

“Oh my God! Our little kittens getting married!! He's still a bit young but still, I'm so happy for them! Aaahh”

“I can't believe he just done that!” Yuuri laughed wholeheartedly “I am so glad yura said yes, I think
Otabeks heart would have gave out if he hadn't!

“Definitely! The poor guy, flying all this way and running up those stairs to make such a dramatic proposal...why didn't you do that when you proposed to me?” Viktor winked playfully to tease his mate.

“I proposed to you outside of a cathedral in Barcelona and on the night we bonded, if I recall correctly, we had wild sex in the front seat of your porsche in front of your family who hate my guts. If we ever bond again, I'll dually note you want a dramatic proposal instead” Yuuri said flatly, teasing right back and poked the alpha in the rib's with the tentacle of the octopus plush he still had hooked under his arm.

“Fair point. Yours was pretty good too!” Viktor melted, he loved it when Yuuri teased him like that. the cheeky side to Yuuri made his heart do strange things every time.

“Damn right it was good” Yuuri nodded with smug grin on his face.

Check mate.

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After a much needed shower and a lay down, they were ready to head down to the lobby and out for the dinner Viktor and Phichit had planned. Napping had become a way too regular thing for Yuuri and he was starting to find it hard to go a full day without at least one. The doctors had told him the he was supposed to be getting his energy back now he was in the second trimester but it just ended up making him more tired.

Yakov was going to be meeting them at the restaurant and Everyone were already placing bets between them about how he would react to Yura and Otabeks engagement. There had been much discussion of it from the moment Viktor had let slip what had happened by the elevator.

Yuuri was trying his best to join in in the banter and speculations but he couldn't concentrate on a word that was being said after he realized how unbelievably hungry he felt. His stomach growled embarrassingly as they hung around the lobby waiting for the pair in question to make an appearance. Yuuri was convinced he had heard it echo.

When finally the two love birds appeared, They walked into dead silence and everyone's eyes on them like spotlights, cutting the conversation short. Everyone pretended not to know what had happened but it was blatantly obvious that they knew like a giant elephant in the room.

“So….what are you guys talking about?” Otabeks said with a poker face, trying to play it cool.

Yuri looked like he had been splashed with red paint from the deep blush on his cheeks. It was quite funny to see the blonde be so awkward. He was usually unbelievably confidence and so sure of himself but to see yuri shift his feet and bashfully hide behind otabek was enough to make Yuuri giggle to himself.

“Nothing..” Phichit grin a wide toothy smile. they had no hope of keeping it secret when the tailander had the subtlety of the sledge hammer. Yuri threw Viktor a deathly glare that could have killed him on the spot. If there was anyone to spill the gossip it would be him.

“You told them!?” Yuri frowned sharply. His eyes shooting daggers.

“Yes! And oh it's so exciting! Congratulations kitten!” Phichit couldn't hold back any longer and ran up to give the other Omega a hug.
Yuri grimaced like he was being hugged by an overly touchy relative but he accepted it all the same. Phichit tugged out his hand to see the ring.

Yuri had decided to wear it on his middle finger so as to not have it immediately noticeable as an engagement ring.

It was a plain matte black titanium ring, with faint markings of leopard print in polished black. It was not a stereotypical engagement ring by any stretch of the word, but it was very Yuri. Otabek definitely knew his omega well.

“I fucking hate you old man. Don't go telling anyone else! I haven't even gone public with...my presentation yet, so don't be going around telling people we're getting married!. It'll look bad!” Yuri said through gritted teeth, but his face softened at the mention of the engagement.

Viktor crossed his heart and promised not to say another word as they began to head to dinner.

The restaurant was an all you could eat style world cuisine buffet. There were huge banburies and trays full to the brim with food from different countries, each with a little flag on top to represent where it came from. There was an impressive selection from the US to Japan, English and polish and even some Russian food Viktor was eyeing up as they passed.

The heavy mix of smells on Yuuri's empty stomach was both mouth watering and stomach churning. While his morning sickness had settled to a manageable level, Yuuri was still very sensitive to any kind of smell and As they walked passed the trays to their table, it was like a game of Russian roulette of which ones would make Yuuri's stomach flip.

It was also torturous to pass by the table of fresh sushi knowing he wasn't allowed have even the smallest bite, but Yuuri was more than happy to settle for the vast range of other food they had on offer and had spotted out of the corner of his eye that katsudon was indeed on the menu.

Their booth was in the corner around a circular table with a large lamp in the center. Yakov was already sitting there reading the news paper as he waited for the party to arrive.

“Ah. About time you all showed up.” He gruffed. Flicking the news paper onto the table.

“So far the press has been kind about your announcement Vitya. Well Done” he looked up at Yuuri “Consider it a birthday present that I got our best promotional team working on it. Hopefully we won't have a repeat of last time. Atlin! What the hell are you doing here?” Yakov turned his attention to otabek and Yuri who had been trailing behind.

Otabek kept his face blank and shrugged it off “I came to support Yura”

Yakov scowled at him skeptically but didn't question them further. “I'm sure you did”

Everyone got settled in and took turned to go up for their plates of food

Yuuri lost count of how many plates he had eaten by the end of the night. He was sure to would be up all night with heartburn because of it but as he stretched back, contented and stomach full, he could not have cared less.

“Geez katsudon, I know you're eating for two but did you have to eat for three and four as well?” Yuri jested, having eaten nearly as much himself.

“i’m completely allowed! It’s doctors orders! I'm supposed to gain about a pound a week from now on” Yuuri slightly winched. It was going to be a nightmare to have to burn it all off once the baby comes but he wanted to enjoy the freedom to eat as much as he wanted while he could. “Besides...it's
my birthday!"

“Oh! Oh! Speaking of birthdays! It's Present time!” Phichit giddly pulled out a package from his backpack under the table. It had some lovely blue ribbon wrapped around it in a neat bow.

“Awww You didn't have to! Thanks peach!” Yuuri slowly began to unwrap the gift with curiosity. Inside was several other smaller packages. One contained a keychain with a printed photo of a group photo they had taken at their bond party. Another contained a set of blue polka dot gloves with puppies on them, one was a wonderfully tacky t-shirt that read “Ice Ice” and an arrow pointing downward to where Yuuri's bump would be. It was never something Yuuri would ever buy himself, but looking at it, it made him laugh so he figured he would actually wear it at some point.

but the last of the packages was a much more confusing one. It was an wide unmarked tub of some sort of cream that smelled a bit like mint.

Yuuri looked puzzled for a moment, sniffing the tub curiously before Phichit explained “It's this special skin cream for baby bumps. It's to stop stretch marks and all that nasty jazz. It's supposed to be really good and it cost an absolute fortune so you better let Viktor apply it for you as often as possible!”

Yuuri immediately blushed, burying his face in his hands. While the thoughts of having Viktor rub him down thoroughly with cream did sound very appealing, it was not really the sort of thing he wanted to be thinking about while out in public.

“Thank you, I'm sure I won't have any objections” Viktor had a devious look on his face while taking the tub in hand to inspect it, clearly already liking the idea. The blush on Yuuri's cheeks made its way to the tip of Yuuri's ears causing phichit burst into a fit of giggles even harder. Why did his best friend love to embarrass him so very much.

“Keep it in your pants Vitya, you're skating tomorrow!” Yakov interjected, throwing a spoon from his coffee cup at him, barely missing a direct hit to the forehead. Yuri spluttered out the drink he just took, choking on a laugh.

“That goes for you too boy!” Yakov turned on him like a bulldog to a kitten, quickly shutting the blonde up with a pointed finger.

“What...what's that supposed to mean?” Yuri said taken aback, looking around without a hint of subtly.

“You heard me” Yakov glanced at Otabek who had been sitting quietly beside him. “You and Atlin are up to something! I'm not a fool. Now, I don't care what it is but you better control yourselves unit after tomorrow. I'm not having either of you mess up because you were kept up all night like a pair of bloody teenagers.”

Hearing the old alpha take so blatantly about their sex lives was enough to make even otabek blush.

“Come on feltman!” Celestino chimed in with a drunken hiccup “Go easy on them. They just got engaged!” Celestino waved him off, completely forgetting their vow of silence after the third or fourth glass of wine had settled in.

“You what?” Yakov wheeled around to Yuri again. The young Russian was eyeing up an escape route while trying to move away from the volcano about to erupt.
Yakov stared at him with scary burrowing eyes “Is this true Yura?”

“Kinda?” Yuri winched, preparing himself for the scalding rant but to his surprise. It didn’t come. Yakov just stared at him and looked at Otabek with his eyebrows deeply furrowed.

After a few seconds, He huffed and went back to casually sipping the coffee he had gotten for desert, finally giving a satisfied aahh “Good. He's your problem now Atlin. Best of luck with that”

It was not the reaction any of them could have bet on but it was a relief that could be clearly seen on Yuri’s face, He visibly looked more relaxed now that yakov had at least been informed. Though, It would be a long while before they would make it public.

It had been quite an eventual day, Yuuri was almost dreading how tiring tomorrow was gonna be.

The competition wasn't until the afternoon but they would have to be up earlier for the warm ups that were sheduled before noon. While Yuuri didn't ever mind early rises, he wished he could have a lay in after the two days of chaos they had just had.

For now, he would be more than happy to settle for an early night and to wake up tomorrow at the ripe old age of 27.

Chapter End Notes

A bit of a dull chapter I'm afraid 😞 BUT

The next chapter is going to be several thousand words of pure smut sooo it'll be fine haha.

The chapter after that, there is going to be a lot of angst and drama thats going to spark the plot for the second half of the fic, I've been plotting it out for ages and been hinting at it for a while as I've had it planned since the start of the fic so I hope y'all are ready for it!

Also holy shit how did we make it to 30 chapters! Oh my gosh haha.

Thank you for the continued support!
I made a Tumblr and Twitter if you want to chat or see some of the art I've drawn for the fic :)  
Twitter.com/silkyomega  
Silkyomega.tumblr.com
Yuuri felt like he had slept for a thousand years as he snuggled up into the blankets all warm and content. He felt more well rested than he had in a long time, slowly waking up with no alarms, only greeted by the morning sunshine coming through the window. As he stirred awake and curled into where Viktor should have been, he noticed yet again that Viktor’s side of the bed was lying empty.

Sitting up with a long stretch and a yawn that cracked his back, Yuuri wiped away the tears of sleep from his eyes and looked around at the blurry room to search for any sign of Viktor. He had really wanted to wake up next to his husband for his birthday but Viktor’s gear bag was gone and his coat was absent from the back of the chair so Yuuri figured he must have gone to get some warm ups in early. Today’s competition was sure to be a close one so it would make sense Viktor wanted to be as prepared as possible.

As Yuuri looked sleepily around the room he noticed a giant bouquet of roses on his bedside locker with a little white handwritten card nestled in between the vibrant red blooms that glowed in the light.

Yuuri fumbled quickly to find his glasses and plucked out the card: “My dearest loves, Happy Birthday! I decided to let you sleep in, you looked too peaceful to wake. I love you with all of my heart and soul, forever and always, Vitya”

The beautiful fluid writing made Yuuri’s heart sing, fawning over the elegant letters of his husband’s handwriting that still had the scent of roses lingering on it.

“My dearest loves” He absentmindedly stroked the side of his bump as he read the words over again. There was just something about how Viktor included the line that made warmth and love flood his chest. It seemed so fitting. It wasn’t just him alone anymore, there was the baby now as well and there was nothing he could have wanted more for his birthday.

With an airy sigh, he decided to pull himself away from the sentimental moment to check his phone to see what time it was. He really didn’t want to be -

...Late.

The blinking digits lit up to read that it was half past 1 and The competition had started at noon! While the sentiment and rest had been truly wonderful, the sleeping in and missing the competition entirely was not.

Yuuri didn’t know he could ever move as fast, ripping off the bed sheets in a panic and barreling out of the bed to get dressed. Shit shit shit shit.

He bulldozed around the room like a tornado, pulling on the closest clothes he could find within his
proximity, barely having time to brush his teeth and nearly tripped as he put on his shoes in the rush but luckily he caught the wall to steady himself before he bolted out the door, completely forgetting to brush his hair in the process.

The skater before yuri had just stepped off the ice when Yuuri managed to arrive, desperately late, out of breath and with a cramp in his thigh and lower back that made his eyes water as he Staggered in through the doors.

He wondered how on earth he had gotten so unfit in just a few weeks.

“Yuuri!” Yuuri heard his name being called from down the hall outside the entrance to the stands. Otabek was standing just outside with his phone in his hand and a frown on his face
“I was just about to call you. Where were you? You missed nearly Everyone. Yura is up next, we should get in before it starts!”

Yuuri followed Otabek to the seats he had saved for them pretending to not be struggling to catch his breath. Otabek had set up a comfy spot complete with a blanket to wrap up in close to the front barrier. They got to sit down just in time for the lights to change and the announcement for Yuri to take to the ice chimed in over the speakers.

“Yura was really nervous when I saw him. he didn't get much sleep last night and It was impossible to talk any sense into him this morning” Otabeks eyebrows furrowed as he watched Yuri talk to Yakov like a hawk. Even Yuuri could see from here that the Russian looked tired as he stepped out onto the ice and glided to the center with an anxious energy that radiated off him like a cloud.

For his free skate, Yuri had chosen a costume with a simple black design and an ombre into a deep purple at his feet and fingertips that shimmered and sparkled when the light caught it and hugged his figure, showing off his thin waist. He had filled out a little since they had first met but he was still a beanpole in Yuuri's eyes.

Yuuri could feel otabek tense up beside him. His hands clutching the fabric of his jeans in anticipation of Yuras performance so tightly, his knuckles turned white.

The crowd hushed as the music began. It was an intense and dramatic piece, with sharp string instrumentals and a symphony.
Yuri looked nervous but his movements were tight and precise, focusing intently on each step and landing every jump perfectly.

He was on much better form today than during the short program. His confidence building as the music came to a thundering climax and landing a complicated series of jumps before finally finishing with a flourish.

Otabek jumped to his feet the moment Yuri landed the final move, already clapping wildly when the crowd exploded into a chorus of cheers, throwing down a rain cat plushies and yellow roses onto the ice as Yuri bowed to the audience and judges.

“That's my Yura! DAVAI!!!” Otabek shouted, a small smile on his face. “I will be back in a moment” he bolted off down to the barrier to greet Yuri as he stepped off the ice.

They were still keeping their relationship and engagement a practical secret from everyone so when they met, they didn't embrace or hug the way Yuuri would have expected, instead they just nodded to each other and Yuri gave Otabek a thumbs up.

The scores came in shortly after and Yuri had scored amazingly, Currently holding first place even
after the three previous skaters.

Phichit was lining up to go next, revealing his eye popping costume that could have blinded anyone that started too directly at it. It was a geometric design of yellows and reds, with gemstones on nearly ever free inch if fabric. He looked like a glorious glittering fireball.

Only peach could pull off something so garish and still make it look amazing, the colors flattering him wonderfully.

Yuuri cheered and clapped as Phichit took to the ice, dazzling the audience with his charm and gliding in a circle, he cheekily blew a kiss to one fan who caught his eye. What Phichit lacked in some parts of his skating, he more than made up for it tenfold by his charisma and charm. Yuuri was kind of envious of how natural he took to being the center of attention, He seemed to bask in it like a fish in water.

The music was just about to begin as Otabek returned from the changing room, holding a paper bag under his arm

“Did I miss anything?” Otabek asked taking his seat beside Yuuri.

“No, Peach has just started.” Yuuri shook his eye, his eyes glued to his friend until a rustling beside him distracted his attention.

Otabek nugged his arm gently

“Here, I figured you might have forgotten to eat considering you were late so I got you some food. I hope chicken is okay” Otabek held out a wrapped sandwich and a bottle of water

Yuuri hadn't realized how hungry he was until the rumble from his stomach sounded at the sight of food. “Wow, thank you, that's really kind of you. I'm actually starving!” Yuuri laughed and took it gratefully

Otabek nodded and focused back on Phichit performance “Don't mention it. Happy birthday by the way”

Phichit had taken a few mis-steps and flubbed the last jump in an otherwise great routine. The music had be hot and energetic with an Oriental feel to the instruments, it had suited the routine well and Phichit was sure to be scored amazingly for it even after the fall. He must have been more nervous than he had let on.

Yuri arrived up onto the crowds shortly after getting changed just as Phichit was waiting for his scores to be read out at the kiss and cry.

“Yura, you did amazing. Well done!” Yuuri greeted the Russian covering his mouth with his hand as he chewed a mouthful of sandwich.

Yuri shrugged and sat down beside Otabek, crossing his legs casually “I could have done better. No biggie. Selfie boy looked good out there though, He could be a close second”

“Viktor has to perform yet, you never know!” Yuuri swallowed, checking the running order. There was only a few minutes left before Viktor would be up.

“Unlikely, the old man can't hold a candle to me anymore…. And i can't believe you actually wore that” Yuri sniggered, glancing at him up and down.

“Wore what?” Yuuri puzzled before he noticed what he had pulled in him that morning without
realizing. It was the Ice Ice baby t-shirt Phichit had gotten him. Yuuri's cheeks exploded into a blush as he covered his face with his hands. “Oh God, no wonder people were looking at me funny on the way here!”

Yuuri hadn't paid much notice to the looks he had gotten on his way to the rink, he had been far too busy panicking that he would miss everyone's performance to register the attention.

Well. It was a good thing everyone knew about the baby now as the shirt directly pointed out his bump. But he would have to die of embarrassment later because Yuuri caught sight of Viktor preparing to take to the ice through his fingers.

His costume was breathtaking. It was white and blue that looked like a mix of ice crystals and the morning sky, there were little glittering snowflakes in the swirls of white that twinkled as he moved.

With his silver hair and alabaster skin, Blue had always given Viktor an otherworldly look but he often preferred warm colors like bright pinks and gold. But Yuuri caught the meaning immediately the moment he saw it and made him well up.

Viktor had chosen blue because it was Yuuri's color.

Viktor searched for Yuuri in the crowd as he looked around before he skated out. The smile on his face when their eyes met could have lit up the stadium. He waved and blew a kiss as he circled to the center. The cheers of the crowd rumbling down to silence as they waited for the music to start.

But the music didn't start, instead was a chorus of an acapella choir singing, it was airy and haunting like the voices of angels that sent shivers down Yuuri’s spine. His performance was jaw dropping and laced with emotion in every twist and turn. As he moved everyone could see that they were witnessing something truly special.

It spoke a million words of hope and love and grace that swelled up in Yuuri’s chest and ran down his cheeks in tears. It was the shining day to the dark night of Viktor’s short program. The hope that comes after loss.

When he finished, the stadium was in total silence. No one wanted to break the awe that had fallen over the crowd until it finally shattered into a roaring applause.

It was by far the most beautiful piece Yuuri had ever seen Viktor skate. It was going to be a crowning jewel of his career and a spectacular routine to retire on. There wasn't a doubt in anyone's mind that Viktor was going to walk away with gold this year and Yuuri could have burst from pride for his husband.

He ducked out from the stands and rushed down to meet Viktor off the ice from the barrier. Viktor looked tired from close up, with the toll of such a demanding routine clear on his face but the smile on his lips made him been with joy as he saw Yuuri waiting for him.

He scooped up one of the toy poodle plushies that had been thrown into the ice and gave it to Yuuri with a kiss on the cheek and whispered in his ear

“Happy Birthday beautiful”
As with every competition, big or small, they were invited to the skaters banquet. Since the competition had been a preliminary event, it was a small and relatively casual affair, with mostly journalists, skaters and coaches in attendance.

Both Yuuri and Viktor had adamantly persisted they didn't want to go but Yakov had twisted their arms into at least making a short appearance since Viktor had taken the gold and moved onto the next stage of the ranks, the Cup of China. There was no wriggling out of it no matter how much they pouted.

Yuri had come second while Phichit had surprisingly gotten fourth. The general consensus was the judges had a bias against the 3rd place contender but Phichit was still wonderfully happy with his placement and was yet to be out of the running for a spot in the final.

The dinner turned out to be a painfully dull affair, with Yuuri and Viktor seated beside a particularly droll beta who wouldn't stop talking about the vintage of the wine they were serving.

Yuuri honestly would have given anything to be able to down a bottle after having to listen to her but settled instead for a orange mocktail.

Yuuri had spent the majority of the evening adjusting his coat and shirt uncomfortably. The fit was a lot tighter around his stomach than he had anticipated and it was making him very self conscious. He could see people glancing at him a lot more than before now people knew he was pregnant.

It had been a very hot subject among the journalist and other competitors and it really set Yuuri's nerves on edge. Then again, anything involving Viktor Nikiforov was a hot subject and he just so happened to be Viktor Nikiforov's pregnant newlywed omega husband.

There was something about how a lot of people were looking at him here felt different than earlier at the rink.

It was a much more mixed bag of glances. Some were soft, pleasant smiles while others looked at him like he shouldn't be there, the vague resentment in their eyes. He knew that certain people had said that Yuuri was holding Viktor back and that Viktor shouldn't have bonded with him, claiming that he had ruined viktors career, the list had been endless. It was a pity that even Viktor placing first didn't quell their judgments.

Yuuri had gotten somewhat used to it over the years but tonight felt different. Maybe it was the hormones or the fact they were discussing their baby but it seemed to effect Yuuri a lot more.

Viktor could feel the tingle of worry filter from Yuuri's bond mark as they idled by the bar. He took his hand in a graceful slide and pulled him closer to whisper in his ear

“Do you want to leave my love?”

Yuuri nodded quickly back. It had only been just over an hour after dinner but already Yuuri was screaming to escape

“I...I can feel people staring at me and…”

“Say no more, it's your birthday after all. We showed up for the meal but don't have to stay.” Viktor kissed his cheek softly “Let's head back to the hotel so I can give you your real birthday present.” Viktor winked and slid his arm around the back of Yuuri's waist in a way that was a fair from innocent and made Yuuri's cheeks flare up pink. The implications behind the words made Yuuri feel hot under his suit collar.

“Yes please” Yuuri giggled, looking around to spot where yura and yakov were.
They managed to slip away unnoticed once Yakov had gotten distracted by a group of sponsors, practically racing each other out the door and trying not to get caught.

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They didn't last long after they were inside the hotel's room before their hands were ripping away each other's clothes in a blur of kisses and grabs, Yuuri being the first to be stripped completely naked under Viktor's skillful touch.

Yuuri sprawled out on the bed, holding himself up on his elbows as he watched His Alpha slowly take off what was left. Viktor wore suits like a king wore a crown but as gorgeous as he looked in a suit, there was nothing compared to watching him take it off, piece by piece, to reveal his perfect sculpted body underneath.

The lines of his body never failed to make Yuuri's heart skip a beat, since the very first time he saw the alpha naked and every time since. The raw form of Viktor Nikiforov was a sight to behold.

“Do you like what you see?” Viktor said in a playful tone, his eyes glinting with the tease as he saw Yuuri's obvious stare descend to his already hard erection.

Yuuri bit his lip and nodded. Yuuri could feel himself get sinfully turned on just from looking at his beautiful mate. It didn't seem fair.. it made Yuuri feel even more self conscious and all too aware that any abs and toned physique he previously had were now replaced with an ever growing swell of baby bump. He didn't feel anywhere near as attractive in comparison.

Viktor slow leaned in for a kiss but Yuuri stopped him with his foot, placing it flat on the alpha's chest and pushed him back gently with the tip of his toes.

“What's the matter?” Viktor hummed as ran his hands up Yuuri's bare leg and kissed the side of his foot in little soft pecks.

“It's not fair. You get to look like this everyday while I'm only going to get fatter. How can you stand to look at me like this” Yuuri blushed, trying to turn away but Viktor held his leg firmly in place and locked his eyes on him intensely.

“...you have no idea how utterly gorgeous you are. Being pregnant is only making you more so” Viktor began to trail his kisses down Yuuri's inner leg as he pulled in closer, sending little shivers down Yuuri's spine

“..knowing you're carrying our child, that you're my omega, my mate and I made you this way...how beautiful you get each day you grow fuller with our little bird... Yuuri..my love ..it's the sexest thing in the entire universe. I have to hold myself back every time I see you…you are absolute perfection”

The praise made Yuuri glow and sigh out a pleased little moan, Yuuri loved it very much whenever Viktor praised him like that and as he felt Viktor's lips grown hungrier, making their way to the top of his inner thigh, he was done for and left gasping from Viktor's teasing bites.

Yuuri had to close his eyes when Viktor blew a kiss on the tip of his painfully aroused cock. He shuddered as his breath vibrated against the tip. He could feel slick already dripping between his legs, begging for his alpha's attention.

Without a word of warning Viktor closed his lips around Yuuri, flicking his tongue over his head. The wet warm feel of his mouth and the vibrations of Viktor's hum of enjoyment sent warm tingles across Yuuri's entire body like sparks of electricity.
Yuuri didn't dare look down, instead closing his eyes and taking in every last detail of the sensation of viktors tongue against him.

His hands flew into viktors hair once he got lower and hollowed out his cheeks. he began to bob and suck with expert talent that had Yuuri bucking underneath his touch within moments but viktors held his thighs firmly in place with one hand, spreading him out and the other hand circled his hole, teasing it out like a game to see how long Yuuri could last before he fell apart.

He timed the entry of his finger with one particular suck that left Yuuri crying out and clenching his hand into the bedsheets.

In no time at all Yuuri was writhing and panting aching moans as each drag of viktors lips up and down his shaft drew him painfully close to orgasm. Viktor moved and curled his fingers in rhythmic timing and scissored him open.

“Viktor...Vitya...” Yuuri gasped “I'm gonna cum...it's too much” he looked down to see the glint of blue eyes over his bump before Viktor looped his fingers around the base of his length and chased back the orgasm that was threatening to spill over.

Viktor pulled his mouth off with a pop, licking the drip of precum off his lips.

“So soon? But I'm just getting started” the look on his face could have devoured Yuuri, there was no way Viktor would let it end there, not until Yuuri was utterly fucked into blissful oblivion. “Let me take care of you Yuuri.”

Viktor rolled the r in his name just the way he knew Yuuri's loved. God he was going to kill him. “Please..” Yuuri panted, begging to feel his mate.

Viktor didn't even wait before he pulled out his fingers and carefully flipped Yuuri onto his side. He guided Yuuri's top leg up onto his shoulder and the other between his thighs, spreading him like a ballerina. Even after the weeks of inactivity and pregnancy, Yuuri was still as flexible as ever and Viktor was going to take full advantage of that, kissing the inside of the omegas leg as he lined up the tip of his erection and nudged at Yuuri's entrance.

“Ready?” Viktor asked, Yuuri nodded breathlessly in response.

With that, Viktor pushed in, sending Yuuri reeling at the stretch. It has been a while since they had had sex, even the preparation hadn't stopped the intrusion from taking his breath away and whine out a filthy moan as Viktor seated himself further, until eventually bottoming out. Everything felt so hot and tight and over sensitive, Yuuri had no idea how he was going to take it but every inch of him wanted it so badly. It felt like his first time all over again.

Viktor stopped to catch his breath and let Yuuri adjust to him, breaking the flow for only a moment. He looked down at Yuuri and asked softly “Tell me if you are uncomfortable or if you want me to stop okay?”

Yuuri answered with a breathy grin “I'll be alright. It's just been a while is all…” the flush in his cheeks spread across his chest like wildfire “Now, fuck me like it's my Birthday, Alpha”

Viktor moved gently at first but quickly found a fast and punishing pace. It wasn't long before the angle of viktors entry had Yuuri seeing stars. Viktor rolled his hips in a deep rock, drawing out each drag of his cock outward for all it was worth before slamming back in in earth shattering thrusts, making Yuuri bounce and squeak out a gasp with every entry.

The tears welled in Yuuri's eyes from the pleasure and oversensitivity as Viktor built up the pace.
Viktor was going to give him exactly what he asked for and Yuuri was going to enjoy every delicious moment of it. His body practically begging for more from the pent up frustration that bubbled to the surface in a passionate blaze.

Time stopped having any meaning as they lost themselves in each other. The feel of their bodies come together in rhythm and thirsty cries of pleasure and wet slaps of skin on skin.

It had been too long.

“Harder... alpha” Yuuri groaned and Viktor complied

With a swift movement, Viktor adjusted Yuuri further onto his side, swinging his leg over until he was kneeling, hoisting his hips up and pushed his shoulders down into the mattress, giving the alpha unhindered access to his ass while keeping his bump safe and well above any contact with the bed.

Viktor proceeded to fuck into him hard and fast until the omega was practically screaming his name with each powerful piston of his hip. Yuuri gripped hard into sheets, burying his face into the pillow to stop from crying. His whole body felt like it was on fire and Viktors made him fall apart into a million pieces underneath him. It was euphoric and perfect and oh so very satisfying.

Viktors movements eventually became disjointed as he was tumbling close to orgasm, gasping out indecipherable Russian. He wrapped his arms under Yuuri and held around his waist, holding him firmly but not too hard

In the moments before he reached his finish, Viktor bit down on Yuuri's bond mark, sending the Omega cascading into a mind blowing orgasm that shook his whole body.

Yuuri came undone in his arms, writhing as he came in white hot bursts onto the sheets below him. Viktor was right to hold him because all the muscles in his body twitched and turn to jelly from the strength of it, his inner walls tightening around Viktor sinfully to milk out the alphas own release straight after him.

Viktor slowed and rode him through it, pumping the last few drops before finally stopping. His chest flat against Yuuri's arched back.

They lay completely still for what felt like years, trying to catch their breaths in deep sighs and their hearts racing.

The second Viktor pulled out, Yuuri's body melted into a satisfied puddle in the center of the bed, the alphas cum dripped down his legs sinfully as he did and The faint rumble of a purr sounding in the omegas throat through his wide grin.

Viktor ran his hand along the length of his body, tracing invisible lines with his fingertips as they came down.

Yuuri couldn't tell what it was, if it was because it was his birthday or the pregnancy or the excitement of the competition but it was definitely in the top 5 of the best orgasms he could remember. The waves of it still made his insides a quivering mess.

“I hope you had a good birthday my love” Viktor chuckled, nuzzling his face into Yuuri's sent mark and licked up the sweet pheromones of his wholly satisfied mate

Yuuri couldn't think clearly enough in his blissed out daze to respond other than a light nod.

“The best”
Chapter End Notes

Oooookay.
So. I had to update the tags for the next chapter, it's going to be a dramatic and I nearly had heart failure just writing it but it will be okay, I promise!!
We're okay.

Chapter Summary

An series of events have been set into motion.

Chapter Notes

The chapter title is very important for anyone of the faint of heart. Just a head up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The flight home got them back to St Petersburg at nearly midnight due to several flight delays caused by the snow. A fresh flurry of ice had come in from the East and delayed all the flights coming in and out of Toronto.

Yuuri had spent a considerable time in discomfort as his lower back had locked from their romp on his birthday. Sitting around in an cramped airport and then on a plane for 12 hours had been the worst but at least the reason for the pain had been a good one.

Yuuri had found himself still preening from viktors words whenever he replayed them in his head. It made him oddly giddy for some reason to think how attracted Viktor still was to him even though he was soft from pregnancy, It was definitely something he was going to keep for future references and hoped to use it to his full advantage in the months to come.

When they finally arrived back to St Petersburg and back to their complex, Viktor had gone with the others to collect makkachin from Otabeks apartment. He had made sure to call Mila before he had left for Toronto so the old girl had been well looked after while they were away. Viktor had been missing her terribly and wanted to collect her straight away.

Yuuri decided to go ahead however, as he wanted to go to bed as soon as physically possible. his mind set on the thoughts of their bed and a good stretch of his back on their orthopaedic mattress. It was going to be heaven and Yuuri wanted it so badly he could have cried.

Yuuri yawned as he set down his bags and pulled out his keys. It was pretty dark in the hallway outside their front door and Yuuri had to squint to see where the keyhole was as he twiddled the key in the locks. After one turn of the key, something didn't feel right.

His heart began to race as he noticed the lock had already been opened.

They never forgot to lock the door, even when they are running late as it was something Viktor always checked and double checked out of habit. His mind raced to everyone who had a key to their apartment. Mila maybe getting food for makka? Or Otabek before he left? Yakov?

None of the theories sat well with Yuuri so he dove his hand into his pocket and took out his phone to call Viktor, dialing in his number with a small tremble in his hands.
Yuuri didn't want to go in and investigate without Viktor being there just in case.

He listened intently to the dial tone, the crackly beep ringing out painfully slow as he felt his whole body beginning to tense with a creeping sense of dread. The hallway smelled thickly of scent blockers and Yuuri could tell... He wasn't alone.

It was on the fourth dial that Yuuri felt something cold and sharp press against his neck and a hand tightly grip his free wrist, wrenching it behind his back in a painful jolt.

“Drop it” A voice said in a familiar sneer that made Yuuri's blood run cold. Yuuri automatically obeyed, dropping his phone to crack on the floor face down.

He could faintly hear Viktors voice through the speaker saying his name.

“If you scream, You'll just die quicker” The voice hissed in his ear like a snake and the knife pressed in a little harder. “Go inside and don't make a sound like a good little Omega”

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“Hello?” Viktor furrowed. There was silence and footsteps on the other end of the call but no answer from Yuuri.

“Yuuri? Is everything okay?”

It was unlike Yuuri to butt-dial him but there was a strange feeling deep in his bond mark that just told him something was wrong, that Yuuri wasn't safe. It itched at at him like a blister that wouldn't be soothed until he found out what was wrong.

“What's up?” Yuri asked, noticing the weird look on Viktors face as he hung up.

“l don't know..but i should head back.” Viktor hummed, staring at his phone with his eyebrows furrowed in deep concern “I have a bad feeling, would you mind taking makka for a bit longer? I'll text you when we're home”

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Viktor arrived to the apartment to see the front door wide open and darkness inside their apartment. There was no sign Yuuri except for the heavy smell of panic in his pheromones that seeped through the air of the hallway and his bag still dropped at the front door. The remnants of his phone was smashed on the concrete.

“Yuuri?!” Viktor shouted out, running into the apartment the minute he caught the scent. All his common sense had been replaced with a mindless panic. His mate was in trouble and he needed him!

When Viktor rounded the corner into the kitchen he saw his worst fears come to life in the shadowy forms in front of him

“Aah, Vitenka, How nice of you to join us, we were worried you weren't going to come, weren't we heatbreed ” Lana smirked in a cold threatening voice, holding a knife to Yuuri throat, already digging in enough to make a tiny trickle of blood from a nic to the soft skin.

Yuuri was oddly calm on the outside, his mind and body being taken over by survival mode and pure adrenaline. However, in the inside he was afraid to breath, afraid to tremble as the bite of the blade dug into his skin. If he moved or tried to fight her off, there was a higher chance of being hurt so he stayed as still as possible.
He had to close his eyes to stop from panicking, the stream of silent tears of fear ran down his cheeks. He had never felt fear as paralyzing before, made it wholly worse by the fact that he felt the tiniest flutter in his stomach as he stood there, so hyper aware that it wasn't just his own life that was being held hostage. Yuuri didn't care if he got hurt, but he couldn't even bare to think about what could happen to the baby.

Viktor had no idea how what to do, freezing in place on at the sight. His wide startled eyes darted from Yuuri's face, down to his bump subconsciously in a quick flick.

Lana caught it immediately “Oh, don't worry. I haven't hurt your precious rut toy or the abomination he's carrying...well...not yet anyway...” she laughed maniacally. She had clearly been drinking with the sour smell of liquor off her breath and the trembling of her hand that held the knife dangerously tight to Yuuri's neck. One tiny slip of her hand could kill him.

“Let him go Lana! If you want to hurt me then hurt ME! He's done nothing to you!” Viktor shouted but the edge on his voice gave away how rattled he was, he held up his hands to trying to defuse the situation.

“Oh but he has vitenka. Everyone knows you won't sign over the papers while you have these two parasites to look after. You've made quite a show of us, parading him around like a prized pig” Lana sneered, She looked possessed as she spat out each word like poisonous acid

“It was bad enough you bonded the filthy slut, you has to go fuck another runt into him. I barely believed it at first when my friends at the registrar's office told me you'd come in. I thought you'd have more respect for yourself but then, you outdid yourself with that circus you performed on TV”

“Enough!” Viktor shouted, his hands balling into trembling fists and his jaw clenching hard enough to crack “Let him go and I'll give you want you want. I'll sign the papers. I'll do whatever you ask just please don't hurt him.”

“The damage has already been done. You've made a mockery of us! We should have sent you off with Ivanya when we had the chance” Lana's hand began to shake wildly as she was losing control over her temper, Yuuri couldn't stop the faint whimper escape him as he felt her grip grow tighter and the knife dig deeper into his throat.

The tension had been so high that no one noticed a set of footsteps growing closer until it was too late.

Otabek and Yuri had unknowingly walked in on the scene unfolding in the apartment. It had set time into overdrive and everything moved at breakneck speed.

In a flash, Yuuri used the split second distraction of Lana turning to see who had walked into to try pull away from her grip.

Viktor had had the same the idea to use the opportunity to try take the knife off her, He launched forward to grab her hand like a flash of lightning but not before Lana had swung Yuuri around, counteracting his escape attempts and flung him hard to the floor.

His head colliding with the edge of the kitchen table on the way down with a sickly hard thump before knocking him out cold.

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Yuuri didn’t remember much of what happened next. Everything was kind of fuzzy, like his head was filled with static or pins and needles.

He could hear a lot of shouting and crashing faintly over the loud, blaring ringing in his ears.

There was the sound of smashing plates and he could hear Viktors voice shout and mumble before it went strangely quiet after one loud and heavy thud that ended the disruption.

Yuuri blinked his eyes open and found he was lying on the ground. The world was spinning dizzily fast, swaying from side to side as if he was on a sailboat that made him feel like he was going to vomit.

Everything looked doubled in the darkness until he saw the blurry outline of Viktor come up to him, his silver hair the only thing he could make out clearly.

“YUURI” Viktors panicked voice muffled in through the loud ring in his head that starting to throb with a dull pain.

Yuuri could feel Viktor touch him all over and repeat himself name with panic in his voice

“Yuuri we need to get you to a hospital. You’re bleeding” his breath was unsteady and heavy. The alpha had a cut just above his eye and his lip had been split. He looked like a mess.

Yuuri weakly lifted his hand to where the pain hurt most on the side of his temple where he felt a warm, wet patch of hair. He pulled it away and started at the blood on his palm, unable to link two and two together in his confused daze.

“I...I think I hit my head” Yuuri mumbled, slowly becoming more aware of the pain growing all over his lower body through the fog

“No...Yuuri...not from there” The look on viktors face was horrifying. He was deathly pale and his eyes were wide black dots of panic that Yuuri had never seen before.

As if on cue, The hot throb of pain came through the daze, radiating from deep between his hips in a sharp stab as a warm leak of blood was beginning to stain through his pants.

The sight and sensation melded with the dizziness made Yuuri throw up onto the wooden floor beside him. The movement only made the pain seer blinding hot, making the omega hiss and double over, clutching his hands to his stomach.

“We need to get him to a hospital NOW. Otabek, you drive!” Viktor practically screamed as he scooped up Yuuri into his arms like a bride. Yuuri heaved as the world around him spun in disjointed motion, too confused to fully understand what was going on until the fresh air hit him full force.

“Yuri, ring Yakov” he ordered carrying Yuuri out the door. “Tell him to deal with her and meet us in the hospital once the police arrive”

Once the dots connected, Yuuri descended into hysterical sobs, clinging onto Viktor in the back of the car as another wave of pain tightened around his body. “No no no no no” he repeated in Japanese, gripping his hand to his stomach so tightly, his nails left little indents on his shirt.

Yuri was talking quickly on the phone to Yakov, constantly looking over his shoulder into the back seat. The look on the young blondes face would have been almost funny if it hadn’t been such a horrific situation. Once Yakov had been called he then rung ahead to the hospital before they arrived so they would be prepared to take yuuri into the emergency room immediately.
Viktor held the hysterical omega close to his chest, rocking him back and forth and tried in vain to calm him down. He ran a shaking hand through Yuuri's hair and hushed “it will be okay. We're nearly at the hospital. It'll be okay. I promise” the look of fear in his eyes didn't help reassure him.

Everything happened so quickly. In a matter of minutes they were in the hospital and a flock of attendants were surrounding them. Viktor was speaking in fast, frantic Russian, Explaining as quickly as possible what happened as the lifted Yuuri onto a stretcher and wheeled him into the emergency room.

Viktor had to stand helpless as the carted his love off. Yuuri was trying to fight the attendants off repeating over and over that they needed to go the hospital and calling out for viktor in a begging shout. His distress and panic tore Viktors heart to shreds and there was nothing he could do to help. All he could do was watch as he disappeared beyond the double doors to an unknown fate.

It was an memory that would burn a hole in Viktors mind for the rest of his life.

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When Yakov arrived at the hospital a while later, Viktor must have paced the small circle of the empty waiting room more than a hundred times. Walking back and forth like a caged animal.

The anger and frustration and worry vibrated off him in violent waves. The alpha in him still pricked in a protective frenzy, so tightly strung he could snap at any moment. His omega had been threatened and hurt. Their baby could potentially be hurt or worse and no one was telling him what was going on.... The edge of Viktors temper was coming dangerously close to the surface.

“Vitya..” Yakov said taking off his hat and walking up slowly as to not set off the alpha. It wasn't so much that Viktor himself could be set off, but it was a natural reaction for alphas when their omega was hurt as the alpha “guarding” instinct was as strong as any rut.

“How did she find out where we lived?” Viktor practically screamed. His whole body trembling from the rush of pheromones. He was still covered in the red stains of Yuuri's blood and his face showed the vicious scrap he had had with the other alpha, his pupils were wild and dilated, making his blue eyes empty black pools.

“I don't know. You know I would never..” Yakov tried to say before Viktor shouted over him. His voice high and irrational.

“Then how? Yakov, she could have fucking killed him. She...she might have...yakov..he was bleeding so badly. What if he loses the baby?” The pent up anger quickly melted into uncontrollable tears. The tight frustration in his shoulders becoming heavy with sobs as he clung into the front of the old Russians jacket and dropped to his knees, completely falling apart.

“We can't let ourselves think like that. You got him to the hospital as quickly as you could, they will take care of him.” Yakov tried to reassure him. The old man didn't know what to do or say to the desperate man as his feet.

“I nearly killed her yakov. I just lost it. The minute she put a hand on yuuri I saw red. How did she know where we were? We can't go back home. What if she comes back?” the questions blubbered out of Viktor in a stream.

“Who the hell knows with that women. It's a pity you didn't finish the witch off. You came very close but she was alive when the police came anyway. ” Yakov sat down with a tired sigh, pulling
Viktor to sit beside him

“But For now we need to think straight. You and Katsuki can stay with myself and Lila for a while. I can call my lawyer in the morning and get to the bottom of this. Right now You need to focus on calming down”

“How can I calm down? How can I think of anything when I have no idea if Yuuri is okay? If our baby is okay? What kind of alpha am I to let them get hurt. I...I couldn't live with myself if…” Viktor stared at the blood on his fingers through watery tears.

“Yakov...I'm not strong enough to lose either of them.”

“Don't say that Vitya. You are getting ahead of yourself. Admittedly, Your mate does seem to attract calamity like a bloody magnet but you have to stay strong for them” Yakov held viktors shoulder. He had no idea if his words were any comfort but he tried his best.

Viktor rested his face in his hands, clenching his fists in his hair to try distract himself.

He couldn’t think past the replaying imagine of Yuuri laying in the floor... the blood pooling from between his legs...his hands tight around Lana's neck…

It made Viktor sick to his stomach.

Yuri and Otabek returned from their coffee run a little while late. It seemed to be more of a distraction than an actual need for coffee as no one touched the cups in their hands until the hit liquid had turned cold.

No one wanted to break the thick silence that had fallen over the waiting room, hearing nothing but the ever louder tick off the wall clock, painfully inching forward minute by minute until finally and mercifully a doctor came through the door with a clipboard in hand.

“Nikiforov?”

Viktor bolted to them immediately upon hearing his name being called.

“Yuuri, is he okay? Is the baby okay?” The desperation of his pleaded could have broken someone's heart

“Yes. Both are going to be completely fine. Your husband sustained a pretty nasty concussion on his right temple. After an MRI, we can thankfully say he’s in the clear and won't have any long term damage although he might be a bit dizzy and sore for a while.” The Doctor paused, trying to figure out how to say the next part.

“The fall unfortunately ripped the internal stitching of his clerage. That combined with the concussion caused his body to get confused and start premature contractions. It’s what caused the heavy bleeding. Thankfully, we were able to stop them relatively quickly so no lasting harm will be done. There will need to be a few extra precautions put in place for the duration of his pregnancy and Yuuri will need to stay in hospital for at least a couple of days but he should make a full recovery”

“And the baby? Are they okay?” Viktor begged.

“Yes, they will be perfectly fine, they got a bit of a shock that caused them some distress but it will have no lasting effects. They are a tough little thing” The Doctor smiled reassuringly

The relief washed over Viktor like ocean waves as tears of relief rolled down his cheeks.

“You can come in and see him now, He's still a little dazed from the concussion and we've had to
sedate him so he might not be very responsive” the doctor said sympathetically and lead Viktor into the room where Yuuri was on hooked up to a drip.

Yuuri’s neck had been stitched and bandaged from the cut he had gotten and his head had a bandage over it like a cartoon.
He looked pale but okay considering he was curled on his side on the bed with a tangle of wires attached to him and a monitor belt around his bump.

Viktor rushed over to him and threw his arms around him, showering him with kisses.

“Yuuri, my Yuuri, my love are you okay? How are you feeling?” Viktor asked with a shaky voice, his hand automatically smoothing over Yuuri’s bump protectively and his other cupped his cheek.

“The room won’t stop spinning and my head feels funny” Yuuri said weakly, his hand moving to Viktors over the side of his stomach

“But we're okay” He managed a smile as he looked at his mate but His eyes were glassy and unfocused as if he was seeing right through Viktor.

“You’re safe now and that's all that matters.
I promise I will never let a single person lay another hand on you or our little bird ever again. Yuuri, I swear it.” Viktor kissed Yuuri’s hand fiercely, tears threatening to break from his eyes once more.

“Lana's is going to regret this day for the rest of her life. I promise you”

Chapter End Notes

So. We've officially hit over 100k! And we are over the 2/3 mark!!!

This was planned from the first time we met Lana, and the dodgy registration lady and ahhhh. I've been dropping hints for a while so I hope y'all caught them lol.

This incident is going to spark the arc for the rest of this fic, but just to reassure everyone that there will be a happy ending and Yuuri and Viktor will have a safe and healthy baby by the end of this! I swear! ;_;

There will be two more angsty bombs by the time that comes around though so yeah...I'm sorry XD

Thank you all for the continued support, reading all your comments and kudos has been so motivating. Thanks you all so so much <3
“Okay. I think you’re just about ready to be discharged” The doctor scribbled down some last minute notes on his clipboard and finished off his checks with a click of his pen.

“There are a few things we will need to keep an eye on. After the tear in your cerclage and previous miscarriage, it, unfortunately, places you in the “high risk” category for the remainder of your gestation. You’ll have to spend a considerable amount of time on bed rest both now and as you get further along. We’ll want to see you in for checks every two to three weeks until the cerclage is ready to come out but because of the damage to the cervix, there’s a chance that once removed you'll likely go into labor within 24 hours so we would like to delay removal from the usual 36 weeks to 38 if possible”

“Will that mean I won't be able to fly out to the GPF after Christmas? cause... I’m...high risk?” Yuuri asked quietly looking over to Viktor for reassurance as he felt the pit of his stomach sink.

“I'm afraid not. We really wouldn't advice going anywhere too far away from access to a hospital for the duration. Taking it as easy as you can and avoiding stress is your top priority. If you want to do some activities we recommend some light stretching or short, casual walks but no longer than 20 minutes at a slow pace until the stitching has fully healed. Any agitation may cause more premature contractions or infection and we want to avoid that as much as possible.”

Yuuri tried not to frown but the way the doctor was speaking made everything feel so incredibly scary like he was made of glass and just one thing away from breaking. It only compounded the thick layer of worry already heavy on his shoulders and sent a hundred catastrophic thoughts whizzing through his brain.

...High risk...

The words sent unpleasant chills through Yuuri's veins. He was already on edge about the “what ifs” and omnipresent fear of losing the baby before this, but now? It was going to be impossible to be anything other than stressed now that it was a very real possibility.

He had only just started to feel comfortable….

Viktor held onto his hand tightly, feeling the omega tense up. They had both gotten the fright of their lives last week and the future seems so uncertain and adrift for them both. Yuuri could see the guilt and pain as clear as day on Viktors face. He felt it prickle at their bond mark like white noise but neither of them had called attention to it. No one wanted to address the elephant in the room.

“We'll want you back in about a week for an ultrasound and some routine checks. But otherwise, you are good to go” The doctor chirped

“It will be okay, We’ll make sure you and baby are as healthy as possible” The doctor patted Yuuri gently on the back before letting them finally leave the hospital. His positivity, unfortunately, was not contagious.

It had been 8 days since the incident with Lana and Viktor had spent the majority of that time in talks with his lawyers and police about what had happened. It took Yuuri 3 days to be fully awake and aware after his concussion and Viktor had been wrought with worry the entire time.

While the hospital staff had been wonderful during his stay, Yuuri wanted nothing more than to go back home... but….
The inner conflict of wanting to go back to their own home that was once a safe haven but was now somewhere frightening and exposed. They couldn't go back once Lana knew where they lived, it wasn't safe and it just felt like too many bad memories had permeated the very foundations.

It wasn't their home. Not any more.

Yakov had graciously offered for them to stay with him and Lilia until they had sorted everything out, but while Yuuri was endlessly grateful for their offer, the prospect of living with them was almost as terrifying as going back to their apartment.

Yuuri knew Yakov quite well having built an odd friendliness with the alpha through training but Lilia, on the other hand, was a complete mystery.

When they pulled up into the driveway, Yuuri couldn't believe this was actually where Yakov Feltman lived. It was the exact polar opposite of what Yuuri had grown to know of Yakov, the overly fancy exterior didn't seem to match the gruff old alpha’s sensible and plain style.

It did, however, definitely suited the airs of Lilia and seeped with delicate class Yuuri would expect from any home she lived in.

It wasn't the size that shocked him most, but the sheer elegance of the detailed moldings around windows and door frames, all in a light colored stone like something from the Renaissance come to life. The outside was patterned with Vines and flowers growing up the side for the light bricks with wide pillars at either side of the giant heavy mahogany door that had a golden brass handle and door locker in the center. Flanked by two of the biggest rose bushes Yuuri had ever seen.

Viktor helped Yuuri to gingerly get out of the car like a newborn fawn shaky on his feet, he held him delicately under the arm despite Yuuri repeatedly saying that he was fine but Viktor wasn't listening to a word. His face was hard with a storm of emotions locked behind it that buzzed through their bond.

It seemed to sizzle and throb like a burn. He was so angry and distraught and frightfully determined to make sure Lana pays a heavy price for daring to do what she did. Yuuri could see the twitch in his eyes whenever Yuuri showed discomfort, compounding the anger he felt for the instance having happened at all.

It worried Yuuri to see him like this. It would be almost scary if Yuuri wasn't feeling similar thoughts...albeit a lot more tired and tender.

The fresh stitching stung as they walked sheepishly into the house, even after a week, it hurt to move even an inch as the painkillers wore of and his head still ached from the concussion.

The hallway of the great house was enormous. There were white classical busts on either side of the entrance and a pale dusty blue carpet that lead them down to the lounge. The walls had beautiful paintings of ballet dancers that Yuuri had to do a double take to inspect as there were more than one genuine Degas, recognizing it from a book he had once read about fine art.

In the center of the brightly lit front room, there was a circle of expensive looking antique chairs, lined up around a wide coffee table with a full China tea set and sandwiches already laid out on a tower on a silver tray.

Lilia was standing awaiting their arrival like a poised statue in the doorway.
God she was even more terrifying close-up.

Viktor left Yuuri there with a peck on the cheek as he went to drop their bags up to their room.

“Please remove your shoes before coming in” Lilia said in a very thick Russian accent. Her voice was sharp and stern but it didn't have any malice behind it. More the sound of a strict matriarch that no one would dare disobey. Lilia was definitely an Omega with the aura of an Alpha.

Yuuri awkwardly kicked off his shoes as neatly as possible beside the door where other pairs of shoes had been lined up. He didn't dare bend down and possibly tug any more on the stitching so it made for a rather wobbly hop.

“Come. Sit. Welcome to our home” Lilia gestured for him to take a seat on the opposite armchair and began to pour out tea into the delicate cup that Yuuri was almost convinced was made of paper.

“Yakov has explained to me you and Vitya will be staying with us for a while, yes?” She raised her penciled eyebrow and offered Yuuri the cup, watching him like a hawk.

“Um yes. Thank you so much for having us” Yuuri nodded awkwardly, the elegance of the house making him feel out of place, He could feel himself sit bolt upright in the chair as if a poker had been stuck up his back. Afraid to relax as he was panicking that he was going to break something expensive just by breathing.

The clock on the marble mantle ticked by in the silence. It almost seems to get louder the longer it drew out.

“You have a very beautiful home” Yuuri tried to make chitchat, looking around the high ceilings and overly elaborate decor that would put any palace to shame.

Lila nodded and sipped her tea “Yes”

More silence.

Yuuri had very few interactions with Lila since he moved to Russia. She had retired from ballet and had left the running of her school to her assistant so Yuuri had rarely seen her when he practiced outside of one or two encounters that barely lasted an hour at best.

He wondered how on Earth Yura managed to live here for those few months some years ago.

It was going to be an interesting few weeks.

Yuuri shifted in the chair and cleared his throat.
“Have..have you lived here long?” Second attempt at small talk.

“Yes” A tiny smile curled the end of the Russians lips. She looked at Yuuri over the brim of her cup before clicking it down on the saucer
“You do not have to be so frightened child. You act as if I shall eat you should you dare to move!”

“Oh! No! Um..I'm sorry” Yuuri blushed and stared at his feet. Embarrassment burning his ears red, was it that obvious?

Lila gave a small laugh that sounded bizarre and musical coming from such a stony woman.

“You are more than welcome here Yurochka. Yakov told me of your troubles with Vitya’s Lana. I hope you and your little one are faring well?” Her eyes glanced down to Yuuri's bump.
“Y-yes. The doctors said everything will be fine and healed in a couple of weeks and there's no harm done to the baby which is a relief. I'll just be sore for a while and I've been ordered on bed rest” Yuuri sipped on the tea, slowly relaxing his shoulders he had realized he had been holding stiff with tension. “We're just so glad the baby is safe and okay. That's all that matters. It gave us a big scare for a moment”

“That is good news” Lilia nodded “We will make certain you have well rested. Especially for the little one. If you should need anything while you are here please do not hesitate to ask. You are Vitya's family so now you are our family now also”

Yuuri had no idea how to take the women. It was strange that such a harsh looking woman would be so kind in her words.

“You both looked after Viktor when he was a child, right?” Yuuri asked, remembering what Viktor has said of his childhood “You're almost like his parents”

“Yes. We took Vitya in when he was still only a boy.” Lilia's expression turned solemn as she paused. “Sadly, Yakov and I were not blessed with children of our own but Vitya was always our son even so” a flash of sadness cracked through Lilia's stony face.

“Oh. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry” Yuuri felt bashful sitting in front of the Russian who's tone had changed so quickly and he didn't know why. It almost gave Yuuri whiplash.

“No no. No need for apologizing. We are glad Vitya has you now. And soon a child of his own. It is very special.” A smile flickered in her lips before she set down her cup with a loud clack that made Yuuri jump a little at the suddenness. The subject had obviously caused her some distress and Yuuri didn't know how to react or what he had done but the air had definitely soured.

“For now, you should relax and take a bath. I had our maid sterilize it in preparation for your arrival. Everything you should need has been laid out for you and then you should have rest. We can get someone to bring you something to eat in bed.”

Lilia shooed Yuuri out of the door before he had much time to protest. Although...The prospect of a bath sounded amazing, it felt wrong to leave with such a mood hanging in the air.

It was something he would have to ask Viktor about later...

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After a quick wander, Yuuri found the bathroom on the second floor. A giant claw-footed bath sat in the center of the ridiculously large room, so big, Their whole apartment could have fitted in it with room to spare.

Everything was sparkling clean and gleamed like it was straight out of a magazine.

Once Yuuri had finished gaping at the room, he wandered over to the bath and slowly turned the shining brass taps, filling the room with steam and the sound of running water. He wasn't allowed to have a hot bath, not the type of heat he wished he could have like back in the onsen. So just a warm one would have to suffice but as long as he got to soak himself, It was going to feel amazing either way and he could honestly use the quiet alone time to process everything that had happened.

Yuuri began to shed his clothes before pausing when he caught a blurry glimpse of himself in the fogging up mirror as he took off his shirt.
He looked like a hot mess. His arms had several small bruises on them from the various needles and IVs he had received in hospital, his neck still had a mark from the cut that had needed several stitches. His eyes were tired and heavy with dark circles underneath. The only thing that looked okay was his rounded out stomach. It made him so unbelievably glad that it was still there even if he was feeling dreadful.

After a few minutes, the deep tub was filled to the top. Yuuri hissed as he had to climb into the bath, feeling the internal tug of the stitches bringing tears to his eyes. But the moment he dipped his toes into the warm water, he was thankfully Lilia had thought of it.

The water rose to just beneath the brim as he sat fully down, splashing on a few drops of water for the edge. It was deep enough that even the Apex of his stomach and tops of his knees were covered under the water, with just his head and bare shoulders above the surface.

It felt beyond wonderful. The week in the hospital had been stressful and life was scary and all out of sorts. As Yuuri sunk into the warm comfort of the bath, he let himself relax for just a little bit, running his hand over his bump and rippling the surface of the water with the gentle strokes.

17 weeks.

It had felt like such a hurdle to reach that had already had so many ups and downs, How on earth was he going to last another 21.

The baby had been getting more active in the past week, making themselves known a lot more often to maybe twice sometimes three times a day. He particularly felt them at night just before he would go to sleep.

Now, in the quiet of the bath, Yuuri could feel little flutters of movement to the right of his belly button from the baby reacting to the warmth of the water around them like a goldfish. They were faint and small but felt so amazing each time Yuuri felt them. He never wanted them to stop.

“Hello my little bird. Someone is awake today. Do you like the bath? It's nice and warm isn't it” Yuuri cooed, speaking to himself in his native language. “I'm so very glad you are still here. I hope you know how so so much we love you already. We can't wait to meet you”

Yuuri closed his eyes and let himself relax and allowed himself to have a quiet private moment with their little bird.

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Knock knock knock

Yuuri twitched awake at the sound of someone on the bathroom door. At some point, he had fallen asleep in the comfort. The water had gone cold and was making him chill. Goose pimples tingled his arms and shoulders above the surface as the cold water cut rings around his skin.

“Yuuri my love, do you need any help getting out?” Viktor said quietly, peeking in from behind the door.

“Oh…” Yuuri hadn't even thought about it until the moment Viktor had said it. He realized how difficult it would be to get out by himself without hurting the stitches. Getting in had been easy, but getting out was going to be much more of a challenge.

“Yes..Please, if you wouldn't mind” Yuuri blushed. Viktor came over and hooked his arm
underneath Yuuri's shoulder and helped him steady himself and stand, Yuuri held on to his arms in a deathly vice grip as he stepped out of the bath with a winch and a gasp, the stitches pulling ever so slightly in the wrong direction.

The alpha got completely soaked in the process.

“How do you feel?” Viktor handed him a giant fluffy towel from the rack beside the bath as the Omega began to shiver from the cold. His eyes lingering on the stitches on Yuuri’s neck.

“A bit better. It definitely helped with the stress” Yuuri tried to laugh but Viktors face was blank and stoney. He had been like this for most of the time Yuuri was in the hospital. He could feel Viktor beating himself up about what happened no matter how much Yuuri had told him otherwise. It had made things a little tense between them, even though no one was to blame.

“Little bird seemed to really like it. I could feel them move around a bit more, like a little koi” Yuuri smiled softly, toweling down his stomach “I think I'll be having a lot more baths from now on”

“They might end up being an Olympic swimmer instead of a skater then” Viktor softened, Stroking Yuuri's bump and placing a feathery kiss on Yuuri's forehead “Come on. I guess it's time you see my room then”

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Yuuri had wondered for a large part of his life what it might have been like to be in Viktor Nikiforov's bedroom.

The first time he had set foot in Viktors apartment, it had been a surreal enough experience but nothing compared to walking into a teenage Viktors room.

The walls were covered in Medals and trophies, first place ribbons and certificates of achievements. It was like a hall of fame for the starting years of Viktors career.

“Wow” Yuuri breathed. The inner fanboy in Yuuri wanted to jump around and inspect every single one and see if he could remember what costume he wore, what music he skated to. Teenage Yuuri would have been having a fit.

“Lilia and Yakov liked to keep my room for me for whenever I needed it. It's really sweet of them really, They did the same for Yura, Mila, and Georgie too.” Viktor hummed, sitting down on the giant four-poster bed. “In a way, they've always been my real family. I hope you are okay saying here. I know it can be a little intimidating....”

“Oh no, It's honestly fine. It'll just take some getting used to is all. I'm not used to such fancy decor” Yuuri laughed, running his fingers along the edge of the heavy velvet blush curtains.

“That's Lilia for you. And you wonder where I get it from” Viktors eyebrows pinched in confusion and tilted his head “Of course, Why? What made you think she wasn't?”

Viktors eyebrows pinched in confusion and tilted his head “Of course, Why? What made you think she wasn't?”
“Well..she seemed to be a little upset when we were talking earlier. I mentioned you grew up here and we had been talking about the baby and it seemed to have upset her..” Yuuri trailed off, staring down at his hands on his lap.

“Ah.” Viktor hummed “Its a long story. Yakov and Lilia couldn't have children and they really really wanted to. They hid it very well from us when we were growing up here but Lilia had several miscarriages and it put an awful strain on their marriage. It was eventually the reason they got divorced... Lilia never really got over it”

“Oh..” Yuuri could feel himself shrink in on himself with shame.

The revolution made Yuuri feel faint.
No wonder she had gotten upset.

He remembered so vividly how he had felt after his miscarriage. He wouldn't have been able to be in the same room as a pregnant person, let alone live with them and he had only had one. He couldn't even comprehend how horrible it must be to have had multiple and there he was, bold as brass and obviously pregnant, flaunting it right in front of her.

“Oh no. I...I didn't realize.” Yuuri's heart sunk with guilt “She must think I'm such an asshole, prattling on about the baby like that. Poor Lilia.....”

Viktor folded Yuuri into his arms “No No! Not at all!” Viktor hushed him “It's not as if you are doing anything wrong and Lilia wouldn't think that at all! They want to make you as welcome as possible here while we sort things out and you shouldn't be worried in the slightest!!!”

Viktor continued to reassure him, changing the subject to lighter topics but Yuuri was left wholly unconvinced.

The next few weeks weren't going to just be awkward but potentially torturous. Lilia must be a stronger person than Yuuri could ever even hope to be. Yuuri hadn’t even gone through that much and he felt like falling apart.

He was so afraid, stress, worried, sore and tired and so very far away from his own parents, Staying in a practical strangers house….Everything was feeling like one giant overwhelming mess.

All he wanted was to go home.
It was snowing.

The faint wispy swirls of snow came down from an endless abyss that seemed to stretch out further than the horizon.

It felt odd, strange almost, that the light breeze that caught the flurries didn't bite with cold or how the snowflakes that landed on Yuuri's checks seemed to disappear without so much as a chill on his skin.

As Yuuri walked in the vast white nothingness, each step felt as if he was walking through honey, like he not really in control of his own body but instead as if he was being controlled by some outside force pulling him along on a string.

It was only when he noticed his stomach was lacking it's now familiar curve that he realized he must be dreaming... But it wasn't his dream....it didn't feel like anything he had ever dreamt before...there was a strange aryness to this dream that felt distinctly different from his own dreams... It must be viktors...

Faintly, somewhere off into the distance, yuuri heard a familiar voice echo in the void and decided to follow in its direction to find the source. If this was a dream, he might as well see where it led.

After a while, two structures began to materialize in the air, shimmering into existence like a mirage in a snowy desert.

Two giant bird cages made from delicate golden vines appeared. They were taller than Yuuri could even imagine, standing side by side with golden flowers wrapped around the bars in a beautiful pattern that glinted against the falling snow

In the one to the left, the source of the familiar voice.

A very young Viktor was sitting by the edge of the cage with his legs tucked loosely underneath him. He looked to be only a kid, not yet a teenager with his hair long and pooling around his waist. He was holding onto the bars and smiling brightly as he watched the figure in the other cage with his wide blue eyes.

In the cage to the right, there was a little girl. No older than maybe one or two years old. She was running around and catching snowflakes in her palm, waddling back excitedly to the edge of the cage to show Viktor. She stretched her tiny hand through the bars to give him a closer look.

Each time she did a round, Viktor would clap and cheer her as if it was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen, making the little girl giggle and shriek out in delight, stomping her tiny feet into the snow.

Yuuri moved a little close to get a good look at the little girl but stopped just short of view.

The girl looked....off.

Her features were not defined and looked as if she had been blurred out like bad photoshopped up close, it was even more unsettling. Yuuri couldn't look at her for too long before he felt uneasy.
There was something... unnatural about her.

The scene repeated. The girl chasing the snowflakes and returning to Viktor only to do it over and over again in an infinite, identical loop.

Eventually, Viktor began to look sad. He spoke to the girl a bit quieter in Russian, all joy seemingly draining out of him.

Yuuri couldn't make out what he was saying, but he just about caught the little girl's name.

Ivanya.

He had heard this name before but couldn't quite put his finger on it in the fog of the dream. Viktor spoke it so gently and kindly. She obviously meant a lot to him.

Who was this girl?

Viktor held out his hand through the cage, pressing himself painfully against the bars to reach the little girl but only managed to barely touch the very tip of the her coat before she stopped in her tracks.

She froze on the spot as if she was suddenly made of stone...staring at Viktor with a wide look of absolute horror...

….and without warning burst into violent flames.

Yuuri's heart could have stopped with how sudden it was as the fire engulfed the little girl with terrifying speed. Yuuri could feel the air get sucked out of his lungs as if he was beginning to drown.

Yuuri tried to call out for her but his voice didn't make a sound. It wasn't his dream, he couldn't interfere, only watch helplessly as the gut wrenching scene unfolded.

As shocking as the sudden fire was, what was the most unsettling was how Viktor just sat and watched as the little girl screamed out loud, visceral cries of pain before eventually she became silent, turning into a pile of ash just as quickly as she had set alight.

Viktor didn't even flinch.

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Yuuri jolted awake in a cold sweat as he gasped out, struggling to get air into his lungs. He clutched his shaky hands to his heart, feeling it beat violently in his ribcage from what he had just witnessed.

Viktor barely stirred awake beside him with a yawn, still curled in the nest of bed sheets as if completely unfazed by the horrifying dream.

“Yuuuri...” Viktor groaned, flopping his hand around blindly to feel out where Yuuri had gone “Too early...sleep” and began mumbling in sleepy Russian

Viktor tugged on Yuuri's shirt to pull him back to bed. Yuuri's Whole body was shaking like a leaf but he complied, letting the alpha fold around him in a cuddle.

Yuuri tried to calm down, matching his breathing with the fall and rise of viktors chest against his back and laced his fingers through viktors hand that he held across his bump.

Little bird was obviously woken up by all the commotion too because Yuuri could feel a little flurry
as he settled back down but even in the comforting embrace and scent of his mate, Yuuri couldn't go back to sleep. Not with the scream of the little girl set ablaze still echoing in his head.

It had shaken him deeply.

When morning came, the wonderful inviting smell of fresh bacon and toast wafted through the hallway as they walked into the dining room a little passed 10am when they finally decided to get up.

Yuuri had been awake since 4am and was feeling more than a little tired, but the delicious trail coming from the dining room had tempted him out of spending the whole day in bed.

The table in the center of the room was almost comically large, with the top half covered in the makings of various breakfasts and trays of freshly cooked bacon and eggs, surrounded by chairs waiting for Viktor and Yuuri to arrive.

Lilia was perched at the top of the table reading a newspaper paper and sipping some coffee from a delicate cup while a male servant took away her already finished plate. She had probably gotten tired of waiting for them to get up.

Yuuri scolded himself internally, automatically regretting not getting dressed properly before they had came for breakfast. He pulled down his shirt awkwardly as he became hyper aware of his bump after what Viktor had shared with him the night before but unfortunately, the pajama top was an old one and didn't go very far at hiding anything.

The thought made Yuuri cringe as he scooted to the table as quickly as he could to avoid Lilia noticing his entrance and avoid pulling at his stitches any more than necessary.

The painkillers the doctor had perceived him only went so far and after being awake most of the night, it was needless to say that Yuuri was feeling sore.

“Good morning” She said from behind her newspaper when she heard the faint squeak of the chair being moved across the wooden floor

“G-good morning” Yuuri said back as quiet as mouse while Viktor wasted no time taking his seat and loading up his plate with an assortment of food from the trays, munching down on some bacon.

Yuuri hadn't even begun to decide what be wanted before a server was almost instantly at his side, making him jump a little at how quiet she had appeared.

It was something Yuuri doubted he would get used to as It was a level of opulence Yuuri didn't think happened in real life, but there he was, getting waited on by an actual in the flesh servent. It was bizarre.

The server began to pour out some coffee in a steady stream from a large silver pot before Yuuri even had a chance to protest.

In an instant the smell of the strong fresh coffee hit him like a truck and made his stomach flip uncomfortably.

“Oh..n..no thank you...I'm really sorry…” Yuuri flushed and waved his hands in front of his face to try compose himself and fight the wave of nausea that rose in his throat.

He wasn't used to being waited on and having to cause such a scene made him die of embarrassment as well as feel ill.
He was pretty sure the server didn't understand a word of what he was saying in his fluster as she didn't stop pouring until the cup was full to the brim.

Viktor noticed the green look on Yuuri's face and quickly said something to her in Russian with a nod and smile. Within a second, the cup of coffee was whisked away and replaced with a cup of fresh green tea instead.

Yuuri blew out some air in relief once the churn of his stomach had eased.

“You should have said something sooner Yurochka, we can inform the staff to refrain from the morning coffee from now on” Lilia folded her newspaper in front of her with a flick and looked over to Yuuri, peering over her reading glasses like a stern school teacher. “If there is any food you would like to request or any you wish to avoid, just let us know and we can make arrangements.”

“Oh no, please, I don't want to cause a fuss. I'll be fine” Yuuri's face flushed bright pink at the whole affair. He looked over to Viktor for some moral support for his discomfort.

Viktor turned to Lila with a slight grin, taking a bite out of some particularly crispy bacon.

“Yuuri is under the impression he's making you feel uncomfortable Lilia”

If the table hadn't been so wide, Yuuri would have thrown Viktor a kick under the table. There seemed to be no end to the embarrassment this morning.

“Viktor!!” Yuuri squeaked, sinking low in his seat as he wished a hole would open in the ground and swallow him.

“Oh?” Lilia raised a puzzled eyebrow “Why ever would you think such a thing?”

Viktor spoke to her in Russian and Yuuri witnessed about a dozen emotions floor the woman's face in a matter of seconds before they settled back on her stoney blank default.

“I see.” She took a few moments to process whatever Viktor had said to her before she nodded and stood up, brushing the creases from her dress “I'm sorry. You must excuse me” and with that she left the room so quickly it was enough to make a person's head spin.

Yuuri immediately regretted ever coming down for breakfast at all. He was completely turned off the idea of food. In fact, he was completely turned off the idea of being anywhere other than back in bed.

“What did you say to her?” Yuuri scowled, shooting daggers across the table at the alpha.

“I told her the truth, that you're worried your making her uncomfortable because of the baby. We're going to be here for a while my love and Lilia will be fine but I'm more concerned about you, you're supposed to be taking it easy and avoiding stress and here you are worrying about some silly coffee like it's the end of the world. It's not good for you or the baby. You need to relax….” Viktor sighed, clearly not wanting to have to say what he was about to say “…but….”

“but what?…” Yuuri frowned, he did not like the sound of that “but”

“I'm sorry to have to bring this up but at some point we have to go down to the police station and give your formal statement about what happened. I know we already gave one in the hospital but they want another now you can think clearer after you've somewhat recovered from your concussion. it's better to get it over and done with so you can relax and rest and not have to worry about it again”
Yuuri nodded. He had almost forgotten. “Oh...okay...we can go today...to get it over with” all his previous grumpiness disappeared only to be replaced with the sinking feeling of dread.

He didn't want to have to remember that awful night again, honestly, it was one of the last thing he would have wanted to do..but it had to be done.

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Yuuri wrung his hands in his sleeves as they walked into the police station. His nerves were on edge and he was close to turning around and just walking straight back out the door.

Realistically, Yuuri knew he had nothing to worry about but there was something about the prospect of regaling the whole ordeal again felt daunting, Like poking open a fresh wound that had only just began to scab over and heal.

That night had replayed in his head enough times since it happened and Yuuri was starting to doubt if he truly felt okay enough to go through it again. Maybe it was the lack of sleep or the gymnastics his stomach had been doing since breakfast, or the wave of hormones that had been playing havoc with him today, but Yuuri had to bite back the slowly creeping anxiety that inched up his chest.

Viktor held his hand to the small of his back in support the entire time. While it wasn't a miracle cure for his anxiety, it made Yuuri feel a little less terrified as an old beta officer called them into the interview room to take their statement.

The old officer sat at the opposite side of the metal table and flicked through a file, barely looking up at them.

Yuuri spotted several photos of the kitchen of their apartment and a few pictures of Yuuri’s injuries the police had taken that night in the hospital. Looking at them again with fresh eyes was more difficult than Yuuri thought it would be. The cut on his neck had came so close to doing real damage and seeing it so graphically sent a cold shiver down his spine.

“Okay Mr. Nikiforov. Would you mind running through what happened that night in as much detail as you can remember? We're ready when you are” The officer clicked record on a little tape recorder and got ready to take notes.

Yuuri took a deep breath to steady his nerves, holding Viktors hand tightly and he began to retell everything he could from the beginning, From noticing the door unlocked, to smelling the liquor off Lana's breath. He could hear the shake in his voice as he spoke. Remembering it all made it all feel painfully raw and scary.

He could still hear the sneer in her voice...the way she hissed in his ear...

He had to clench his hands to stop the panic from taking over more than once but he got through it. Viktor had stayed by his side in support the entire time, lightly scenting him with his wrist to help calm him down as the distress seeped through his scent to fill the room.

When it was over, Yuuri almost felt worse for it, like he had been hollowed out and drained of any energy he had.

“Thank you. We have some follow up questions we need to ask you, are you okay to continue?” The officer said, looking up at Yuuri for the first time and noticing the pained look on his face.

Yuuri nodded and agreed, even though it felt like a lie.
The officer scanned over a sheet of questions, clicking his tongue as he did so. “Were you in heat or preheat at the time of the attack?”

“Emm... No. Definitely Not” Yuuri almost let out a tiny laugh at the absurd question “I'm 17 weeks pregnant and I haven't had a heat since January”

“Of course...mmm.. Was your husband experiencing a rut or in pre rut?” the officer nodded, writing down the information

“No. His last rut was in July. He's not due one until February” Yuuri answered straightforwardly.

“Did Ms nikiforov smell like she was in rut or pre rut?”

“No” Yuuri shook his head “ Even if she was using scent blockers I would have been able to smell it that up close. The only thing she smelled of was alcohol”

“I see. Mr nikiforov, can you give us any idea as to why Ms nikiforov would have wanted to hurt you?”

Yuuri pursed his lips. The question had made his heart seize. How can you just outwardly say that someone wanted to hurt you purely because you were an Omega?...to be hated for nothing more than what you are…

Yuuri almost didn't want to admit it out loud, it hurt far deeper than he wanted to think about.

“I know she didn't approve of Viktor and I…” Yuuri trailed off, a lump forming in his throat “She didn't like the fact I'm an Omega and she felt like it was offensive to their family...”

“Had Ms Nikiforov previously mentioned any intent to harm you or anything indicating she may act like this?”

“I only met her once before back in July. She had been very vocal of her dislike of me. She had said some pretty horrible things, but I didn't think she would go this far” Yuuri looked down at his hands.

“Like what?” The officer looked up from his writing.

Yuuri wished to whatever god was listening that he didn't have to repeat it.

“She had called me a filthy heatbreed...and...had made jokes about a previous miscarriage I had experienced earlier this year...she was thankful that Viktor hadn't bred me right...” Yuuri's voice cracked as the memory of her words seared like a hot poker. It was clear she had had every intention of making sure they would lose this baby too. He held his arm across his bump protectively as he continued.

“When she threatened me that night...she had said she wanted to...cut the abomination out of me. That they were dirtying the Nikiforov bloodline” Yuuri had to bite his lip to stop himself from crying.

“Do you believe that anything you may have done or said prior to the attack may have provoked Ms Nikiforov?”

Yuuri was beginning to reach his limit. The questions were beginning to feel more pointed that the officer had probably intended and everything felt too raw.

Nevertheless a wave of guilt flooded over him.
If they hadn't flaunted their bond or the pregnancy in Canada, the whole thing may never have happened. If Yuuri hadn't pushed Viktor into going to that stupid party in the first place, Lana may never have even met Yuuri and they could have carried on with their lives without ever having to have come across the monstrous women.

“We never thought she would go this far…” Yuuri spoke shakily, his voice vibrating from the threat of tears. “We...we announced that we were expecting while in Canada but we didn't think she would actually break into our house...”

“Do you think this announcement may have caused the incident?” The officer was writing down his notes with a raised eyebrow. The way he spoke and the tone in his voice made Yuuri feel like he was on trial.

“I...don't know...” Yuuri shook his head weakly.

“You must have known a public announcement would have caused some kind of reaction if Ms Nikiforov had previously expressed an objection to your relationship...”

“No! Do you think this was our fault?” Yuuri clenched his fist to hold back tears.

“I'm just saying that if you were aware of Ms Nikiforov's disapproval of your relationship with Mr nikiforov, some more discretion would have been advisable. No one is accusing anyone of anything, We are just trying to figure out what happened” The officer said cooly.

“You know what happened! I was attacked and held at knifepoint in my own home and nearly lost my unborn child because of that women and you are trying to make it sound like we are the ones at fault for doing a perfectly normal thing! You're supposed to help victims not make it out like they were in the wrong!” Yuuri couldn't hold back the tears any longer as they rolled down his face in steady streams, losing any composure he previously had.

It had been too much to take.

“Officer, Yuuri is clearly upset, is there a point to these questions?” Viktor interjected sharply, holding his arm around Yuuri.

“I'm sorry. Ms Nikiforov has filed a counter report claiming she was goaded into it by your husband and has filed an assault charge against you, mr nikiforov. We need to get the whole account and as much details as we can about the incident before it's brought forward to a court” The officer heaved a tired sigh.

“Then you will have to speak to our lawyer for any further questions. We're done here. Now if you don't mind, my mate needs to rest.” Viktor practically scooped Yuuri out of the chair and marched out of the interview room, slamming the door behind him.

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Yuuri barely made it to the car before he broke down.

“Yuuri…” Viktor held onto him, folding him into his arms “it's okay, please calm down”

“No. Stop telling me to calm down Viktor!” Yuuri cried into his shoulder “What is there to be calm about? This is all my fault!”

“What?” Viktor said utterly shocked by Yuuri's statement. His eyes wide like saucers as he searched for reason in Yuuri's face.
“All of this is because of me and everyone thinks that! even the police think it's my fault! And it is! It pissed Lana off when i showed up to the memorial, then when we bonded, and then we flaunted it online and then on TV...it was my idea Viktor to say those things at the interview! I didn't think someone would actually break into our house over it but they did and little bird nearly got hurt because of my stupid actions and now you might get sent to jail and it's all my fault again and I just..” Yuuri sobbed barely decipherable, clinging to the front of viktors shirt.

“It's not your fault my love.” Viktor smoothed his hand over Yuuri's hair and hushed him the best he could “You are not the blame for any of this”.

“but I am...” Yuuri cried weakly. He was so tired and sore and completely and utterly done. “I am....”

Viktor held him close and tried to hush back the wave of sobs as they stood by the car. Yuuri didn't care they were in a public parking lot and looked like a mess, he couldn't hold it back anymore once the floor fates had opened and It took quite a while for it to subside.

“I want to go home...I...I need to nest..” Yuuri said quietly through snifflly tears after he took a few minutes to compose himself.

“Okay sweetheart. We can get you home and we can find you a nice safe spot” Viktor kissed his forehead and wiped away the omegas tears from his red puffy cheeks.

Yuuri curled up to the Alphas side in the car on the drive home. The omega in him was going into a protective shut down and Yuuri could feel himself withdraw into himself. He wanted to hide away in isolation until all of this horrible nightmare was over with.

His skin felt like it was too small for his body and itched all over uncomfortably almost like a sunburn. His stitches ached, his hormones were going all kinds of crazy and every last drop of energy had been stolen away from him.

Things just kept getting worse and worse.

Chapter End Notes

Been a while since I updated ;_;

Thank you all so much for all the support and lovely comments <3 even if I don't reply, I love reading each and every one of them. Seeing what you folks think is gonna happen is always the best part of uploading a chapter.

If you wanna come say hi or see some of my omegaverse art, I have a Twitter and Tumblr all under silkyomega if you wanna check it out :)

Next chapter is going to be maximum fluffy and lovely!!! So prepare for some d'awwww
It had been six days since Yuuri had barricaded himself into a makeshift nest at the back of Viktors closet.

When they had gotten home after the debacle at the police station, Yuuri had immediately begun tearing the closet apart in a frantic fluster, burrowing into the safest place he could find where no one could touch him and surrounding himself he fresh scent of his alpha as much as he physically could. The need to protect himself and the baby clawed and itched at Yuuri's skin like fiberglass and nothing could make the fear calm down until he had done so. Every inch of his being was on edge, every sound and movement made Yuuri jump out of some irrational fear of an unknown threat lurking somewhere out of sight.

Viktor had tried to protest but at that point Yuuri was too upset to be reasoned with or talked out of it. Trying to force Yuuri out would only cause him more distress and make things worse. As awful as it was to watch his mate retreat like that, it was the lesser of two evils and eventually, Viktor reluctantly let the omega do whatever he needed to do to feel better.

It wasn't a very comfortable nest by any standard and the dust tickled at Yuuri's nose and the length was not quite long enough for Yuuri to fully lay down but it felt safe, safer than outside where everything was suddenly so much scarier and danger seemed to be around every corner.

Yuuri refused to leave or move from his hideaway except from stealthy, ever increasing runs to the bathroom when he was sure no one was around. He didn't even let Viktor near him unless he was on the other side of the closet door.

The thoughts of his pregnant mate sitting in a cramped and dingy closet tore at Viktor but he knew there was nothing that he could do except wait for Yuuri to come out on his own, he just hadn't expected it to be a whole six days...

During the times Viktor had to go training and leave his post by the closet, Yuuri heard the bedroom door creak open and the quiet click of heels on the wooden floors across the room and the faintest squeak of bed springs each day.

Yuuri could see Lilia through the thin slats in the door, never saying a word or intruding, just sitting and keeping Yuuri company in quiet solidarity. She occasionally brought plates of food to leave by the door for whenever Yuuri felt safe enough to peak out when the coast was clear.

It wasn't that he didn't want to be with people or that he didn't realize how crazy this whole thing was but Yuuri needed to protect himself and calm the omega in him that had been set on red alert.

It was a fear that Yuuri didn't know how to explain or rationalize. He just couldn't bare the thoughts of the outside world where anything could happen. It wasn't the same anymore.

The night with Lana played in his head over and over like a broken record...the ghost of the knife in his neck...the hiss of her words...the blood...

It brought back too many painful memories and daunting realities.

He needed to stay safe. He needed to keep their baby safe...
Yuuri had been feeling the baby move and kick more and more since they had came home from the hospital. The little wave of movement from left to right and then a flick or a nudge here and there was the only thing that kept him together.

He spent nearly twenty four hours a day curled up quietly in his nest, his hands folded permanently over his growing bump waiting to feel the next tiny movement.

It almost hurt how much Yuuri had fallen so deeply in love with them already with every single flutter being a wonderful reminder that their baby was alive and if keeping them alive and safe meant spending the rest of the nine months buried in this dusty hole, then so be it.

Losing them was not an option.

Knock knock.

The faint knock on the wooden door jolted Yuuri away from his train of thought. He hadn't heard anyone enter the room.

"Yuuri…" Viktors voice came softly through the slats of the door "Yuuri my love,...I hate to have to do this...but you need to come out today…” Yuuri could hear the guilt layered in Viktors tones.

"...why?” Yuuri asked, not wanting to hear the answer. The dread building up in his chest at the idea of having to leave for any reason. It was enough to make his heart race and his blood stop still in his veins.

"We have a scan today at the hospital. Do you remember?” Viktor sighed. “They have to check to see how the baby is doing. Will you come out? I promise it will be quick and then we can come straight back home if you want to”

Oh. Yuuri had completely forgotten about that.
He had completely lost track of time... he didn't even know what day it was.

He paused in silence for a few moments before He stirred, his joints protesting from his stiff position he had huddled into for the past few hours. Pins and needles began to pulse through his leg as he turned over to peek out of the door.

"...what time?” Yuuri asked, his voice hoarse from the dust.

"2pm. There's time if you'd like to shower. It's only just noon” Yuuri could hear how tired Viktor was through his voice and it stabbed him with guilt and the warm concern that filtered through their bond was enough to crush Yuuri's soul.

He didn't mean to be so difficult all the time. He had been putting Viktor through nothing short of hell the past year and it only seemed to be getting worse. For more than the dozenth time that day, Yuuri wondered why Viktor was even putting up with him anymore.

Slowly and reluctantly Yuuri came out, the light hurting his eyes from the days in the dark. Viktor held out his hand and helped him to his feet, the weight of his bump was starting to throw off his balance and his back cracked audibly as he stood on wobbly, numb feet.

After a quick realization of how badly he smelled in the light of day...a shower sounded amazing.

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It was a quiet car journey to the hospital. Neither of them dared to speak much or mention the
elephant in the room. Yuuri occasionally glanced over at Viktor and could see the tired lines under his eyes, re enforcing the guilt that was eating him alive.

Viktor looks exhausted and worn out. He must have spent the last few days doing nothing but worry and the air around him was a closed wall that Yuuri had no one to blame for but himself.

It felt all to familiar to where they were a few months ago...

He needed to stop this. He needed to pull himself together and be strong. It wasn't fair to Viktor and it wouldn't be fair on the baby to have to grow up with such a mess of a parent… their baby deserves better. Viktor deserves better….

...Why was he so weak...

Once they got to the hospital they didn't have to wait long in the waiting area before their name was called and they were lead into a private room by a chipper nurse. Yuuri was ushered to sit on the examination table, blushing profusely when he had to ask for a hand up as he was feeling quite unsteady due to the shift in his center of gravity. It was definitely a development that was going to be hard to get used to.

When the doctor came in, Yuuri felt instantly more at ease as she was the same doctor that gave Yuuri his first ultrasound back at the start of the year and the familiar face of a doctor he trusted was exactly what Yuuri needed to see when he was feeling so vulnerable.

It was like she could almost sense it the moment she walked into the room. Placing her hand gently on Yuuri's arm in a small gesture of comfort.

"How are we feeling today?" The doctor smiled happily over her glasses at Yuuri while she snapped on her gloves with a practiced flourish, clicking on the machine and warming up the wand in it's holder.

"Okay. I've been feeling the baby move a lot" Yuuri nodded with a slight smile as he rolled up his shirt over his popped out stomach. It amazed him how much it stood out now when he lay down.

"An active little thing then. That's a good sign! Shows they are healthy. Now, let's have a look and see if we can get a good picture of them today" The doctor hummed as she rubbed on the freezing cold conducting gel. Yuuri hissed with the surprise of it. Even knowing it was coming didn't seemed to take the edge off how cold it was.

Viktor held onto Yuuri's hand, feeling the growing anticipation filter through him. Yuuri was hoping Viktor could feel how thankful he was that Viktor was there beside him still, despite everything that's happened.

As the doctor started, the press of the wand onto Yuuri's bump was a weird sensation now that Yuuri was getting bigger, like pressing a finger into a stiff balloon but what was weirder still was Yuuri could feel the baby nudge against the press of the wand in little kicks of protest that sent a tingle down his spine. It was a very bizarre feeling indeed.

"ooh did you feel that?" The doctor laughed, catching the little kick through the wand.

The doctor turned the screen so they could see what was going on. The baby looked so much more human this time, with it's clear little fingers and toes, the ghostly white shadow of their spine and the little flicker of their heart beating like a butterfly in their chest. Yuuri couldn't help but grin when he saw a flick of the baby's leg on the screen and could actually feel the corresponding nudge under his belly button.
“Everything is looking perfect. Baby is just about 6 inches. Looks like they're gonna be a tall one and they are very active which is a good sign. Won't be long before papa should be able to feel them too”

Viktor practically beamed at the prospect, holding Yuuri's hand a little tighter and His eyes lit up like fireworks with excitement.

“Oh! And It looks like we got some perfect timing. You can see them sucking their thumb. Just there” The doctor pointed to the faint image of their baby's tiny hand, held against their mouth in a small sucking motion. The doctor tilted the wand just a little to catch a perfect clear shot.

“Oh my gosh” Yuuri immediately melted and his eyes welled up. It was the cutest thing he had ever seen and his heart was full to bursting with love. Their little bird was sucking their thumb!

“I'll make sure to print out that one for you. It's not often you get to see that. Now. Would you like to know the babys sex?” The doctor asked while finishing up some routine checks and pressing in the wand to different parts of Yuuri's bump.

Yuuri looked over to Viktor to see how he felt. The alpha shrugged, kissing Yuuri's knuckles “It's up to you my love, whatever you want”

Yuuri hummed before shaking his head.

“No. Let's keep it a surprise. I just want them to be safe and healthy”

He was just beyond delighted and relieved that the baby was thriving, it didn't matter what they were as long as they were okay and the thought of a nice surprise at the end sounded like fun.

The doctor finished with a physical exam and to great relief, confirmed the stitching had settled and were healing well and everything was in order. On the way out she gave them an envelope with some of Yuuri's documents and print outs of some shots she had captured during the scan, including several copies of the clear snapshot they had taken of the baby sucking their thumb.

She held her hand to Yuuri's shoulder just before he left “Everything is fine. You and baby are both doing wonderfully so try and relax and enjoy your pregnancy. It's such a special time and you should enjoy it while you can. It will be okay, trust me” the doctor winked and waved them off.

On the drive home, Yuuri ran his fingers over the grainy photos. Tracing along the teeny delicate fingers of their little bird. His heart felt odd. Both filled with so much love but also with a tinge of sadness clouding it.

He remembered running his fingers just like this over an older scan so many months ago. ...he wondered briefly what their lost little one was..a big brother or sister to their little bird.

The memory pricked at his heart for just a moment before it dissipated, but it pricked nonetheless at an old wound that would never fully heal.

“Viktor….” Yuuri was about to say something, he wanted to ask... but decided not to. Changing his mind at the last minute. It wouldn't make it any easier knowing and now was not the time…

“C..can we get some ice cream?”

“Oh” Viktor smiled in surprise. “Sure. Yes of course. Mmmm what kind would you like?” The light flickered in his eyes that Yuuri actually wanted to stay out for a while and his shoulders visibly relaxed.

“Doesn't matter. Just any old kind. I kinda want to go for a drive with you”
Yuuri wanted some fresh air. Knowing the baby was healthy had lifted a lot of weight from his chest and going for a drive with Viktor sounded a lot better than going back to the dark cramped closet.

He looked over again at his mate and set his resolve. He needed to move forward for all of their sakes no matter how hard it may be… the future felt like a huge void of scary unknowns but he needed to be strong and put on a brave face. Yuuri didn’t want to hide from it anymore.

After stopping at a small convenience store, they drove for a while going nowhere in particular. The grey buildings of the city gave way to snow covered trees and the smell of sea air.

They eventually pulled up to a pier that overlooked a beach that peaked out of a heavy patch of forest just outside the city. The sun was just starting to sink low in the sky painting the clouds a rosey orange.

Viktor rummaged in the shopping bag once they had found a good spot to watch the sunset. “Okay. I got three kinds. I got…. strawberry, chocolate and lemon” Viktor pulled out three tubs complete with attached little plastic spoons “which one would you like?”

“Mmmmm” Yuuri smiled, eyeing them up and licking his lips. “The baby wants strawberry”

“What baby wants, baby gets.” Viktor handed him the tub, wrapping it in some napkins first to stop the chill and popped open the lemon one for himself.

They sat in peaceful silence looking out at the sun setting over the horizon of the water, sending golden ripples against the beach.

Yuuri could hardly believe how lucky he was to have someone like Viktor. Even in the middle of the bitter Russian winter, Viktor was more than happy to eat freezing cold ice cream with him, to go for a drive to nowhere in particular and to stand by him through hell, even when he was being irrational and downright awful. It was nothing short of a miracle.

Yuuri watched the waves until his eyes drifted to the nest of houses along the shore. They looked almost like the houses painted onto biscuit tins, with big porches that overlooked the beach and large bay windows reflecting the twinkling sunlight from the waves.

“Wow. Can you imagine living there?” Yuuri sighed. He really missed living so close to the beach. It made him pine for home more than he realized. Everything seemed so much simpler back then.

“Where?” Viktor looked over the steering wheel to follow Yuuri's gaze to the houses

“There. Wouldn’t it be amazing? Out here in the quiet, next to the sea. Waking up with the sound of the ocean every morning and the birds in the woods. It would be so peaceful”

“We could. If you wanted to?” Viktor looked back at Yuuri with a soft smile.

Yuuri chuffed a laugh “Even if we wanted to, we could never afford it, look at the size of those places. They are way out of our price range.”

As nice as the thought was, it was an impossible dream. Yuuri had not competed in nearly a year and with the baby coming, money would be in short supply even if they sold the apartment for a good price, it wouldn’t come close to how much a house like that would cost…. not to mention the upcoming court hearings and legal fees. The cost of everything was enough to send a shiver down Yuuri’s spine

Viktor hummed “Well, once we sell the apartment, we can have a proper look for somewhere by the sea” he smiled and winked, licking the last of his ice cream of his spoon. “I could picture us growing old somewhere like here. It would be nice”
“...Really?...do you mean that?” Yuuri looked over at the Alpha

“Of course “ Viktor beamed “Can't you imagine it? Both of us living somewhere like here, with little
bird and maybe a few more children in the future, retiring and just living happily together, growing
old...maybe some grandkids running around eventually. It would be a perfect life” There was almost
wistful look to Viktors eyes as he spoke.

“Life's far from perfect now ” Yuuri looked at his hands to try stop his eyes from watering. “It seems
to just get more and more messed up because of me...I'm so sorry you have to put up with all of this”

“Look at me “ Viktor put his finger under Yuuri's chin to look him in the eyes. They were intense
and focused, staring right into him “Never said that again. My life is more perfect now with you than
it ever would be without you. I don't know how many times I have to keep telling you this before
you'll finally trust me.”

“I know..I just find it hard sometimes..” Yuuri sighed. “I don't know where my head is right now.
Everything is all scrambled...it's like trying to organize a bowl of spaghetti...”

Viktor tried his best not to laugh at the last statement even though it was meant to be a serious
conversation

“What?” Yuuri pouted

“See...that's why I love you. Who else would come out with a statement like that?” Viktor shook his
head with a smile and kissed Yuuri's forehead “Yuuri, I know things are awful at the moment, hell,
I'm confused and frustrated and scared out of my wits as well, but just like I said to you before when
we found out we were having little bird, we are in this together and we'll get through it no matter
what.”

Yuuri gave a small smile. Viktor must have said those words to him a millions times by now but his
anxiety had a wonderful habit of making him forget he wasn't alone in his worries, but for once,
Yuuri could really believe it.

The coming months were going to be difficult with the court case but after everything that happened,
after all the tears and worries, the panic and arguments and scares, there they were, still holding
strong together. If they could come through all of that, they could get through anything.

“speaking of growing old. What do you want to do next week?” Yuuri asked, wanting to change the
subject to a lighter one. There had been too much gloom already.

“What's next week?” Viktor played dumb but Yuuri could see in his eyes he knew exactly what he
meant and he wasn't getting away with it so easily.

“What's next week?” Viktor played dumb but Yuuri could see in his eyes he knew exactly what he
meant and he wasn't getting away with it so easily.

“Christmas and you know....” Yuuri playful leaned in and whispered “you're turning 30”

“Nooooo don't say it out loud. Agh” Viktor winched and laughed. “i'm too young to be 30 already!
Besides, a nice dinner with everyone would be more than enough. I know Lilia wants to cook some
traditional food for you. She hasn't shut up about it since we arrived”

The sound of food made Yuuri's stomach rumble even after the tub of ice cream he had just polished
off. He blushed in embarrassment of how loud it was but he guessed it came with the territory of
eating for two.

“Come on, let's go home.”
When they got back to the house, Yuuri was surprised to see that Lila had spent the entire day putting up Christmas decorations.

The whole house looked more like a department store display than an actual home, with baubles and garlands on every surface, glittering lights wrapped with green ivy around the bannister up the grand staircase and there were more than one fully decorated Christmas for nearly every room. It must have taken ages and several pairs of hands.

“I thought Russians didn’t do Christmas until January?” Yuuri looked confused but happy to see so many lights dotted around the place. It made the house seem more homely and welcoming, even if it looked almost comical.

“Lila probably wanted to make it special because you are here this year” Viktor laughed looking around, bouncing one particular shiny ornament with his finger “She never usually does this.”

Lila waved them in as they arrived, batting away a stray bit of tinsel that was strung in her hair.

“How was the doctor? Everything is okay yes?”

She asked and took Yuuri’s coat, dusting off the thin layer of snow.

“Oh yeah. Everything is really good.” Yuuri didn’t know how much he should say. The air was still very much awkward between them but her enthusiasm was more than welcome. Lila looked at him expectantly as if waiting for him to continue.

“...We got a wonderful scan. The baby was sucking their thumb”

“Oh my how precious.” Lila paused “…is it okay if... maybe I can see?”

Yuuri nodded and pulled out the photos from the white envelope and showed Lila the one they had caught most clearly. He tentatively handed it over.

“Oh look at that. How beautiful” Lila broke into a wide smile “and good thing they seem to have gotten your nose and not our Vitya’s” she let out a giggle, tapping her nose with her slender finger and winked.

It was so unlike her, Yuuri could have choked on air as he held back a laugh. He half contemplated if she had been replaced with some cheery imposter or had taken some kind of drugs.

“Heeey, What about my nose” Viktor frowned, overhearing Lila’s comment.

“Nothing nothing, your nose is fine. It’s a strong Russian nose. Yakov will be home soon from the airport. Young atlin will be joining you at the finals it seems. Are you hungry?”

Yuuri didn’t even get to answer before his stomach growled in reply. He cringed “Very much so”

The dining room was already set up with a mountain of food waiting for them and it took Yuuri less than a minute to dive in. He had not realized how hungry he was until the warm rich smell of the gravy and beef combined to make his mouth water.

He had absolutely no regrets on finished a plate and a half of food before Viktor had even made it halfway through his own.

After they had finished, Lila was hovering around like a bee as if anticipating something and it was making Yuuri feel nervous. The older omega was pacing around and fidgeting with the decorations she had put up, moving things around and preening the tree. It was almost like she was nesting.
“Viktor, is Lila okay?” Yuuri whispered

“Mhm? I think so. She is acting a bit weird isn't she” Viktor hummed. He turned to her and asked her something in Russian.

She immediately stiffened like a board and Yuuri could have sworn he saw a blush touch her cheeks. She answered, clearly embarrassed by something and whatever it was, Viktor had to hide a giggle.

“What's going on?” Yuuri was really starting to hate that he wasn't fluent in Russian. Even after living there for a few years, he could only ever make out bits of conversations and in situations like this, it was deeply frustrating.

“Emm... Lila has a surprise for you apparently but she's embarrassed about it” Viktor shook his head and sighed, clearly amused by whatever the surprise was.

“If you are finished with your meal, would you come with me?” Lila asked Yuuri a bit more sternly than she probably intended. She was acting very very weird.

Yuuri tentatively followed her after they had finished as she lead them down the hall into the back room.

They came to a door that Lila had to unlock before they entered.

“I know you will have to stay on bed rest for most of the time until your little one arrives and you might need a nest but I cannot let you stay in the closet any longer. It is bad for you and baby and it's not good..” Lila lead them in with a nervous energy. “So please. If it is okay, I arranged this for you”.

In the back room Lilia had gathered up mountains of sheets and blankets, pillows and bags of viktors clothes around a huge nesting couch in the center of the room.

She had laid out some books in English on a small table beside it, as well a laptop, a remote for a television in the corner and a buzzer to call in a member of the household staff should Yuuri need them. she had fluffed all the pillows and made sure each blanket and sheet had been scented with Viktors pheromones. Meticulously set up for the ultimate bed rest comfort.

“I used to use this room all the time when I nested in my younger years. It is safe and quiet...please feel free to use it. The floor of a closet is no place to nest for an expectant omega. We can have anything you want brought in if you would like.” Lila folded her hands nervously. It must have been a long time since Lila had nested last so no wonder she was acting so strange.

It was a very big thing for anyone else to set up a nest for an omega. It was a deeply personal thing usually left exclusively for mates and family members. To share a space previously used for nesting by another omega was even more so, like letting someone else into a very special and private space that only the closest family would ever get to enter.

For Lilia to go out of her way to prepare a space for Yuuri with such care and attention was touching in a way Yuuri had not expected.

“Oh. Wow thank you so much. This is just..wow” Yuuri didn't even know how to react. Words failed him on how unbelievable it was. Despite himself and to lilia's brief shock, he hugged her.

Lilia awkwardly patted his back, clearly unused to spontaneous hugging but the small smile on her face gave away how happy she was to receive it.
It was going to be a million times better than the dusty closet and Yuuri couldn't have been more thankful.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry it's been so long since I've updated ;_; real life has been kind of crazy and I was suffering a bit from writers block.

I really appreciate all the love and support this fic has gotten and I honestly can't believe how many people are still reading!
Thank you so much and I promise the next update won't taken nearly as long <3

Next chapter is viktors birthday with a 100% chance of smutt ;)

End Notes

This is my first time writing an Omegaverse Fic so i hope i didn’t butcher it.

I would really appreciate some feedback and hope you enjoy!

****unfortunately, i do not have a beta for this fic so i am very sorry for any spelling/grammar errors i missed during proof reading.

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