**starstruck**  
by **shizuoh**

**Summary**

"Hold my son for a moment," says the Viktor Nikiforov, live in the flesh, sweaty and panting.

"Wha—" Yuuri can't even begin to comprehend what's going on before Viktor is gone, and there's a child in his arms.

(in which Yuuri is a barista-turned-babysitter, Viktor is a famous movie star, and Yuri is an 8 year old kid stuck in the middle of it.)
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

i can practically feel my readers anger bc im not working on my ongoing fics...

disclaimer: i have no idea how coffee shops work. and if ur gonna ask why yuuri isnt working in a bathhouse instead, shh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His head is on the counter, arms covering his eyes, practically asleep. He faintly hears the jingle of music throughout the shop, and it drowns out the light chatter of the couple sitting in the back booth. Business was slow, and he basically had nothing better to do than just sleep—

"Yuuri!"

He flinches violently, eyes going wide. Jumping up, his vision is filled with Yuuko, her big brown eyes boring into his.

"What—" Yuuri stammers, eyes still blurry from fatigue, "Yu-chan—"

"The foam machine is jammed again," she says, her expression suddenly turning apologetic. "Takeshi just texted me and said that the triplets are being let out of school early."

That instantly wakes Yuuri up, and he straightens his back and turns to face her fully. "Huh, did something happen? Are they okay?"

Yuuko nods in relief. "Yes, but... there was a school-wide power outage. A truck crashed into a power line... or something." She shakes her head, and blows a strand of hair out of her eyes.

"Takeshi is busy at work, huh?"

"Yeah... I'm sorry."

Yuuri waves his hands with a light smile, scratching the back of his neck. "Don't mind it, Yu-chan. It's pretty slow today, so I think I'll be able to handle it." He's had to manage the shop on his own two or three times before, and usually those days had more than two customers in at a time.

(Though, he recalls, something odd always happens whenever he's working alone. First time, a customer showed up, ordered, and then disappeared—and when Yuuri asked about them, the other customers said they had never seen such a person. Second time, all the cups went mysteriously missing. Yuuri wonders what will happen this time.)

Yuuko exhales slowly, and Yuuri can practically see the guilt and relief flashing through her eyes.

"Sorry," she says, "again."

Yuuri shakes his head, and just smiles as she quickly grabs her bag and leaves, eyes glued to her phone.
Nothing odd has happened so far, and Yuuri begins to get suspicious.

The couple leaves a generous tip when they leave, and only a small group of teenage girls trickle in after them. They're rather loud, much louder than Yuuri would've preferred, but, he thinks, at least they're polite when they order and careful not to leave much of a mess.

When half the girls are done with their order, Yuuri nods in satisfaction and goes to the back to work on the foam machine. He silently thanks whatever's listening that it isn't as bad as last time—wherein the machine was spewing foam from all ends and flooding the floor so bad everyone was tripping and slipping—and leans over to inspect.

When he tugs on the handle, it won't budge, and he purses his lips. The backup storage of foam won't last forever, and he barely had enough for the last order with it.

He hums a faint tune, hardly audible, as he grabs a screwdriver so he can look at the inside just in case that's what's causing it.

A faint Thank you! is what he hears from the front, followed by the noise of the door opening and closing. He assumes the girls have left, and sets the tool down so he can go clean up after any possible mess before any customers get there.

Once he wipes his hands clean and steps out to the counter, he reaches down to grab the rag.

When he comes up, there's a person standing there, lightly bouncing up and down nervously. It takes Yuuri about five seconds until he realizes just who this person is, and his jaw drops. He nearly screams.

Viktor Nikiforov, the world's most eligible and handsome bachelor, one of the most renowned movie stars in all the world. In his arms is a bag and a blond child.

"Uh," is the only syllable Yuuri can muster. His entire face is pink, he knows it, and when Viktor whirls around to look at him, it blossoms red and he begins to sweat nervously.

"Hold my son for a moment," says the Viktor Nikiforov, live in the flesh, sweaty and panting.

"Wha—" Yuuri can't even begin to comprehend what's going on before Viktor is gone, and there's a child in his arms.

He looks at the door, where it's still swinging and the bell is ringing, and then down at the child.

Yuri Plisetsky-Nikiforov, a child who has been everywhere in the news lately for being in one of Viktor's most recent movies. Yuuri hadn't believed when he first read it in the news (in Snapchat's Buzzfeed article, of all things), but when pictures of Viktor and his newly-adopted son arose all over the internet, he was forced to believe it as fact. Criticism against Viktor was everywhere—claiming he only took on the child for publicity and attention, but some said it was because he was lonely. Yuuri assumed the latter, and didn't make much of a big deal of it.

But now that Yuri was in his arms, limp as a ragdoll, unmoving with a pout on his face, his
subconscious told him that it was time to make a big deal of it.

"Um," Yuuri stammers, wondering why he's carrying an eight-year old child when an eight-year old should be perfectly capable to walk. "Hello?" Yuri's heavy, and slipping in his arms until he's barely being held up by his armpits.

Yuri doesn't say anything, but only looks up with a bored expression.

Viktor's son is in his arms. Viktor Nikiforov was in his coffee shop. Viktor—

—is standing right in front of him.

Yuuri squeaks, and jumps back in shock. Viktor is smiling, half-amazed and half-confused. Yuuri is only fully confused, and he looks up from Yuri to Viktor.

"Uh?" he asks without clarifying, apparently still unable to speak.

"I've never seen Yuri so calm with someone else before..." Viktor murmurs softly, his hands pressed against his cheeks, blue eyes sparkling. He's absolutely mesmerizing. When he sees Yuuri's expression, he straightens his back and plucks Yuri from his hands. "Haha, sorry about that! You know how it is with paparazzi, and Yuri gets pretty freaked out when they're all in his face like that."

Yuuri wants to say, no, I don't know how it is, but he supposes he can understand. It doesn't explain the sudden appearance in his coffee shop, however, and why Viktor is in Hasetsu and not Russia, where he's supposedly been for the past nine months.

"W-Why—are you here? " Yuuri manages out, and flushes in embarrassment about how blunt and rude the question is. "I-I mean—"

"I'm getting ideas for a new movie!" he replies, seemingly unfazed (or, maybe he didn't even notice it). "But it's really hard when you have paparazzi on you all the time! Especially when you have to take Yuri everywhere..."

Yuuri blinks, and then it hits him. There was an article on how Viktor constantly fired babysitters, where his reasoning was if Yuri doesn't like them, then neither do I!

"Oh..." Yuuri says softly, his brain still struggling to comprehend that Viktor-hecking-Nikiforov was in his coffee shop, talking to him, acknowledging his existence.

"Hmm..." Viktor hums, and he seems deep in thought for a moment. He stares at Yuuri, long and hard, and leans in until his hair tickles Yuuri's nose. Yuuri's face is still red, he guarantees it, and when Viktor's eyes rake up and down his body his hands shake and lift up.

Then Viktor pulls away, and sets Yuri on the ground. He leans down, whispering something in his ear in what Yuuri presumes to be Russian, and Yuri nods and whispers something back. Then, they're both staring at him.

Yuuri automatically takes a step back.

"I've got it!" Viktor exclaims excitedly, suddenly completely different from his previous, serious, brooding demeanor. He jumps forward, his upper body on the counter, and grabs both of Yuuri's wrists. "You're going to be Yuri's new babysitter."

Yuuri blinks. Once, twice. His mind is scrambling; in the background the foam machine makes a
troubling noise, and then—

".... Ehhhh!?"

Yuuri wonders how the hell he got into his situation, looking at the hotel room door with a faint expression of disdain. His heart is racing and he wants to run, but he can't bring himself to. Looking down at Viktor's far-too-excited text of his address, Yuuri gulps down whatever he's feeling and reaches up to knock at the door. Before his knuckles can even brush the wood, the door swings open and a hand yanks him inside like he's in a horror movie.

He yelps as he's pulled inside, and the door shuts behind him. The sight that meets him makes him want to cry.

Viktor is standing there in nothing but a bath robe, the tie pulled loose enough for his chest to shine through. He flourishes his arms in front of him, almost looking like he's going to engulf Yuuri in a hug.

Behind him, Yuri is drawing something at the table. He spares him a single glance, and perks up a little, but soon returns to whatever he's scribbling.

Yuuri pointedly notes that the hotel room looks pretty much like a home, but he supposes that's what happens when you rent out the penthouse and you're a worldwide celebrity. There's even a mini waterfall.

"You made it!" Viktor exclaims.

He's in Viktor Nikiforov's hotel room, about to babysit for Viktor Nikiforov's son.

(He tells himself never to work alone at the coffee shop again.)

Chapter End Notes

i hate myself,

tumblr

voi sideblog
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Yuuri sighs in relief. Maybe he's not so bad at this babysitting thing.

Chapter Notes

happy halloweeny

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In his mind, Yuuri Katsuki 100% wholeheartedly agrees that this was a mistake.

Viktor sits across from him, a clipboard and pen held in his hands. Yuuri had gotten a quick glance at it when he had come in—it was a checklist. For him, he assumed. To make sure he was a worthy babysitter.


"Yuuri," Viktor suddenly says, singing his name and dragging it out. His name sounds too pretty on his lips, like it doesn't belong. "I'm just going to ask you a few questions, okay?" He says okay in accented English, and Yuuri leans back against the strangely comfortable chair.

"...Alright," he says back, because he can't think of anything else to say.

Viktor clicks his pen, and scribbles something down. Already!? Yuuri thinks. What if he already said something wrong?

Yuuri's palms begin to sweat against his knees and he wipes them furiously to keep from looking too nervous. Why the hell did he agree to this again? All because it was Viktor Nikiforov?

Viktor raises the clipboard until only his eyes peek over them. It's anxiety-inducing, and his eyes gleam with something akin to caution. How protective.

"How old are you?" is the first question.

Easy enough. "Twenty-three."

Skrít. Skrít. "Have you ever babysat for anyone before?"

"Yes. When I was younger I took care of my neighbors' daughter while they were at work."

"Hmm..." More writing. More scratching. Yuuri worries if he's doing anything wrong. Does his face look weird? Is his leg bouncing too much again?—he wills his limbs to stop moving and shifts ever so slightly in the chair.

"What do you like to do?"
A strange question, but Yuuri supposes it isn't too weird. "Um, I, uh, dance. And skate."

"Oh?" Viktor suddenly sounds intrigued, setting the clipboard on his lap with a resounding smack. His eyes are wide and sparkling, completely opposite to his previous cautious nature. He's leaning forward, like he wants more. "What kind of dance?"

"Ah—" Yuuri stammers. "Ballet."

Viktor grins and claps his hands together. "Wonderful! " he exclaims in English, and continues in Japanese, "Ballet takes so much body strength, no? Ballet dancers are very talented."

And Yuuri pauses because, wow, most responses to him saying he dances ballet are negative. *Men shouldn't dance ballet, that's a girl's thing. Men shouldn't dance. Men can't do this and men can't do that.*

But Yuuri just laughs at all of them, because he's a man and a woman and everything in between.

"Ah... yes," Yuuri says in reply, trying his best to hide a big smile from blossoming on his face. His lips tremble with the effort of keeping it petite.

"You said you skated too, correct?" Yuuri nods. "What kind?"

Yuuri is almost too embarrassed. "Ice—um, figure skating." Why is he embarrassed, he wonders? He can't pin it down, and it frustrates him.

Viktor beams. "Figure skating is so fun! I love to skate in my free time!!" He turns to the closed door where Yuri sits inside. "I've been teaching Yuri how to skate lately. He loves it!"

He seems so purely excited that it makes Yuuri straighten his back in his chair and his eyes widen. His hands clench in the fabric of his pants, and he's helpless to just watch as Viktor goes on and on about how *Yuri is doing so well with skating and it makes him so excited! and how he loves sliding across the ice with no worries, no movie scripts to deal with, oh, some people are just so lucky!*—

Then Viktor suddenly stops, and he smiles gently. "Sorry," he says. "I was rambling." He moves to pick up the clipboard, and Yuuri wants to scream no! no it's okay! but he bites his tongue and waits patiently for the next question.

The next questions are simple, ordinary ones that would be expected on a job application (though, how much is needed when you're about to babysit one of the world's most famous kids?). *Where do you live?* followed by contacts in case of emergencies and allergies and medical problems.

(It takes Yuuri quite a bit to admit to Viktor that his anxiety disorder is quite bad, but Viktor doesn't laugh or joke or anything. He just nods and writes.)

"Your questions are so thorough," Yuuri finds himself saying before he can stop himself, and blushes in embarrassment. "Oh, I'm sorry—"

Viktor laughs lightly, and taps the end of his pen against the metal of the clipboard. "Well, of course! I've gone through many babysitters; I have to make sure they're perfect for my little Yuri."

Yuuri nods, and lowers his head. Then the next question comes.

"Do you have a partner?"
That makes his head shoot up, and he gives Viktor a strange look. His face isn't as serious as it was during the other questions.

"H-huh!?!"

"A lover? An ex-lover?" His voice sounds teasing, but it's laced with curiosity.

"No! No!" Yuuri exclaims far too loudly, his ears pink. It's embarrassing to admit that he's never been with anyone. "W-why are you even asking?"

Viktor smiles. He smiles a lot, Yuuri notices, and it's different than his usual celebrity smile. "Just curious! I wouldn't want my precious new babysitter spending all his time with a lover rather than what he's supposed to, right?"

"'N-new'...?"

"Congratulations!" Viktor exclaims, letting the clipboard fall beside him. "You're officially the babysitter of the Nikiforov family!"

Yuuri's mind is blank as Viktor jumps over, throwing an arm around his neck and hovering his phone in front of their faces. He hears a vague shout of Selfie! and there's a flash. He's hardly paying attention, and the only thing going through his mind is Why did I get myself into this?

Roughly ten minutes later, Yuuri's phone is blowing up with notifications from Yuuko, and when he reads her texts he realizes that the selfie Viktor had taken was now all over the internet. Everyone knows who he is.

Yuuri buries his face in his hands and moans.

"I have a photoshoot to do, and this is the first time I'm not taking Yuri in a while," Viktor says, and reaches for the counter behind him. There's a large folder and a book in his arms when he turns around, and he drops them in Yuuri's arms without warning. They're heavy, and Yuuri's body strains with the effort of holding them up on such short notice. "In there is what Yuri eats. He has an allergy against peanuts and cinnamon, so I've made sure to label which ones he can and can't eat. He doesn't speak Japanese very well, so there's a Russian-to-Japanese dictionary in there. In case he gets bored, he has DVDs of his favorite movies in the cupboard under the TV."

Yuuri blinks. It all goes through one ear and out the other.

"I'll be back at around—" Viktor pauses and looks at his phone. "—22:00-ish? He usually protests
going to bed—his bedtime is 20:00, by the way—but he always falls asleep at least an hour afterwards."

Oh, okay. That's a lot. By now Yuuri is 100% convinced Viktor didn't adopt Yuri for publicity, not with this much care and precaution added to it. There's even a folder, and it's color-coded!

"Anything else?" Yuuri asks, half-sarcastically and half-wondering.

Viktor taps his finger against his chin, and shrugs. "No! I don't believe so!" He smiles and reaches for his bag, wrapping his white scarf delicately around his neck. "Well, I'll be off!" He makes for the door and stops at Yuri's room, where the door is barely slightly ajar. "Goodbye!" he says sweetly, adding what sounds like some kind of affectionate nickname at the end. There's a muffled reply, sounding faint, and then Viktor is laughing and leaving.

The door closes slowly, and when it clicks, the books and folder fall out of Yuuri's arms and he crumbles to the floor.

"Why am I doing this....?" he mumbles to himself, facedown on the kitchen floor. "I was just trying to fix the foam machine..."

There's a patter of footsteps, and when Yuuri tearfully looks up Yuri is staring down at him, his blond hair falling in his eyes.

Yuuri squeaks and jumps to his feet, gathering the folders and books and rather ungracefully plopping them onto the counter. He's not sure how to initiate conversation with a Russian celebrity (albeit a child) who can barely speak Japanese.

But Yuri seems to have it covered, because he crosses his arms and says with a pout, "He forget to tell you the paparazzi thing."

His words are heavily accented, but Yuuri manages well enough. "What thing?" he asks, because it sounds important.

Yuri doesn't reply with words, and only walks over to the door that leads to the balcony of the penthouse. He reaches up and opens it, and the cold wind that immediately blows through makes Yuuri shiver. When he sees Yuri is waiting for him, he walks over and peers outside.

Below, by the door of the hotel, is a mob of screaming fans. They're surrounding what looks like a fancy sports car—Viktor's car.

"They sometimes try—" Yuri starts, and pauses, furrowing his brow and looking down at the floor. "Try to... get inside," he says unsurely, like he knows he didn't say it right.

"Oh," Yuuri mumbles. That sounds important.

"Papa forgets," Yuri says, and says something harsh in Russian. "A lot."

Yuuri scoffs lightly and looks over at the pile on the counter. "He seems to remember a whole lot more..."

Yuri shrugs and closes the door. He doesn't say anything more.
Viktor is always texting, even when he's not supposed to, asking how Yuri is doing. At first, it's cute, but then as the day goes on it's just annoying and Yuuri has half a mind to turn his damn phone off.

But he doesn't, and eventually just lets Yuri call Viktor. They talk in Russian for about eight minutes, and then Yuri is hanging up and shoving the phone back in Yuuri's hands, like he's frustrated. Viktor calls back, but Yuri tells him not to answer, so he doesn't (instead, he texts him, asking what happened. Viktor only says Yuri is just a kid who gets angry easily).

Yuri is mostly content with just sitting on the couch and watching movie after movie, knees tucked to his chest and eyes glued to the screen. It's not good for a child to just sit around doing nothing all day, Yuuri thinks, but then he remembers that he's a celebrity child and probably has zero time to himself when the world's eyes are constantly on him, watching his every move.

Yuuri definitely doesn't want to be a celebrity.

(His mind flashes back to the Instagram selfies of him and Viktor, and all the online articles asking about who he is and why he's there all of a sudden. Maybe he already is one.)

His train of thought is suddenly broken by the sound of Yuri's stomach growling loudly, even louder than the TV. Yuuri looks over, and Yuri's arm is over his stomach and his face is lightly pink.

"Are you hungry?" he asks, and when Yuri nods slowly, Yuuri smiles. "Here, come with me. I'll make you something to eat."

He walks over to the kitchen and starts digging through the cupboards and the fridge, and Yuri follows after a few moments of hesitation. Yuuri wonders what he can make Yuri that he'd like, or if a kid like him would even appreciate a full meal at all.

Then he sees a certain amount of ingredients, and he can practically feel the light bulb ding over him.

"Here, I know what I can make for you!" Yuuri says, taking eggs out of the fridge and soy sauce from the cupboard. Yuri looks confused as Yuuri takes out certain cooking objects, amazed that Viktor thought so far ahead as to bring (or, buy, he supposes) pans and pots and everything one would need.

Yuri stands on his toes to look over Yuuri's arm.

"You want to help?" Yuuri asks, holding out one of the eggs.

Yuri stares at it for a few moments before nodding and taking it. Yuuri steps to the side to let him through, and Yuri carefully cracks the egg on the edge of the measuring cup with his small hands and drops it in.

Yuuri smiles. "Good job! Now, next we have to mix different things into this bowl—"

"What are we making?" Yuri interrupts.

"It's my mom's special recipe," Yuuri says with a wink, holding a finger to his lips as if to tell him to keep it a secret.
In a terrifyingly adorable moment, Yuri mimics his action and nods as he taps his lips with his index finger. "Okay."

Making *katsudon* doesn't take a whole long amount of time, but it sure does impress children, apparently, because Yuri watches in curious awe as Yuuri drizzles the sauce over as the finishing touch.

The table is set with two bowls, and Yuri sits at one end and looks all over the bowl with confusion. "What is it?" he asks, looking like he wants to poke it.

Yuuri gently takes his hands and sets them under the table. "It's called *katsudon*."

"Kat—... sudon," Yuri repeats slowly.

Yuuri nods with a smile. "It's my favorite food! My mother would always make it for me whenever she was proud of me."

"Oh..." Yuri murmurs softly, and gratefully takes the chopsticks from Yuuri's hands. He digs into it immediately, not even leaving room to breathe or even savor the taste.

Yuuri is amazed, his jaw dropping. He's never seen someone devour so much in only a minute, especially not someone half his size!

"...Do you like it?" he finds himself asking.

Yuuri stops mid-bite, and swallows slowly. He looks down shyly at his bowl before humming an approval, and proceeds to devour his food all over again.

Yuuri sighs in relief. Maybe he's not so bad at this babysitting thing.

As Viktor said, Yuri refuses to go to bed at the proper time, even after Yuuri made him bathe and dress in pajamas. He stomps his foot and yells, and even looks like he's going to resort to crying before Yuuri fearfully complies and lets him stay up. He goes to watch TV, pout set firmly in place and arms crossed firmly over his chest.

And, as Viktor also said, he falls asleep exactly an hour later, passed out on the couch and drool escaping from his mouth.

Yuuri looks down at him, and moves to turn off the TV. He's not sure whether to let him sleep on the couch or to move him to his bed, and after a moment of careful thought he decides to scoop underneath his body. He's surprised by how light the child is, and how limp he feels when he rolls into his arms. He's dead asleep, out like a light.
"Huh..." Yuuri says softly, and lets Yuri's head fall gently against his shoulder as he walks to his room.

Yuri's room is full of sports and movie posters, and stuffed animals are lined up against his blue bed. Glow in the dark stars litter his ceiling, and even though Yuri's room hardly matches his personality, it somehow fits.

Yuuri snorts softly, and moves the covers back so he can set the child down. When he does, he folds the covers back over his body, and Yuri immediately moves to clutch at one of his stuffed animals—a stuffed cat.

*What a weird kid*, he thinks, and turns off the lights as he closes the door.

Viktor walks in, bidding a hearty but low-pitched hello, setting his bag down by the door. Yuuri looks up from his phone, and stands up. His body is weary and he's so tired he could fall asleep right now, but he forces a small smile to his face and nods at Viktor.

"Thank you so much, Yuuri!" Viktor sings, and then covers his mouth when he realizes he was too loud. Then he gasps softly. "Ah! How many hours was that... what price did we...?" He counts on his fingers slowly, pursing his lips.

It's cute, Yuuri thinks, and then curses his brain.

"Ah, got it!" Viktor snaps his fingers and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a large wallet, and rifles through it for a few moments before pulling out a number of bills. He gratefully shoves them into Yuuri's hands, smiling brightly and clapping his hands together.

Yuuri's eyes widen at the sight. "Wh—I—um, t-this is too much!" he says, guilt flooding his chest. "I—I—"

"Of course it's not too much!" Viktor says, and his face looks like he's confused. "You deserve it! You've helped so much!"

Ah—his face is flushing, Yuuri can feel it. "Um..." Unsure of what to say, he merely bows his head in an attempt to hide his embarrassment. He's in front of Viktor Nikiforov, the world-famous actor, and holding what seems to be nearly 35,000 yen in his shaking hands. He must look like a fool.

*I really need to get ahold of myself.*

"Can I text you when I need you again?" Viktor asks, beaming all the while. It hurts Yuuri's eyes.

Yuuri is helpless to do anything but nod.

"Can you find your way home? I can walk you back—"

"No!" Yuuri exclaims far too quickly, and then blushes. "I—I mean... you don't have to. I can make it back." Viktor raises an eyebrow, and Yuuri continues, his face only getting redder. "Well, if you walk back in the open, the... paparazzi might find you, and..." His voice trails off, and he's run out of excuses.
"Oh, I see!" Viktor nods. "Alright! Text me when you make it back home so I know you made it safely!"

Yuuri nods, and he's off, his heart beating faster than it should.

He closes the door to his room, and flops face-first on his bed. With half a mind he remembers to text Viktor, and finds himself heating up at how Viktor was so worried about him. Viktor, a celebrity loved by the public and the world, worried about him, a simple barista who was only known in his hometown.

*How odd*, Yuuri thinks, and stares at Viktor's contact info for a few minutes. *I wonder how this'll turn out.*

Chapter End Notes

i dont speak russian. like, at all, so im not going to include any specific words unless i get a russian translator. and not an online one -- a real person. bc using google translate is just disrespectful.

[Tumblr](https://tumblr.com)

[yuri on ice sideblog](https://yuri-on-ice-sideblog.tumblr.com)
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

"Do you not like chicken nuggets?" Yuuri asks curiously.

Yuri huffs. "They're not dinosaur-shaped."

Chapter Notes

so this fanfic was begun before it was officially announced that viktor and yuuri communicate in english, but since this is an au and viktor is a celebrity who has traveled across the world, ive decided to keep his knowledge of japanese in this fic.

(however, since yurio doesn't know much of any language besides russian, his language will be mostly limited to rough english and slight japanese (with yuuri that is))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Isn't it dangerous?" Yuri suddenly asks, in the limited English he has. Yuuri hasn't heard another Japanese word out of him ever since they both discovered they could speak English—though Yuri's was more limited than Yuuri's.

"Huh? What is?"

Yuri pouts, looking far too adorable in his winter getup. His blond hair is covered by a blue-and-white pom-pom hat, a white scarf covering his neck and most of his chin. As he digs his chin into the scarf further, his gloved hand that is held onto Yuuri's coat sleeve tightens.

"Being outside," Yuri elaborates hesitantly. "Paparazzi."

Yuuri pauses, and tilts his head. It took them quite a few minutes to sneak out of the surrounded hotel undetected, but since then they haven't been disturbed or recognized by anybody (to his knowledge).

"I think we're fine," Yuuri says, smiling softly. He reaches down to zip up Yuri's coat up higher, judging he was cold from the way he was shivering. "It's nice to be outside, huh?"

Yuri furrows his eyebrows. "I like the snow."

"It's cold in Russia, yes?" Yuuri asks.

"Sometimes it's warm," Yuri replies, and frowns. "I guess."

They're in a park near the hotel, and the lake is frozen. Yuuri stares at the expanse of ice for a moment, his mind bubbling with a few ideas. He didn't bring his skates with him, and he assumes the ice is too thin to even think about skating on it.
Yuuri opens his mouth to say something, but before he can even get a word out a loud grumbling interrupts him. He watches how Yuri's chill-flushed cheeks deepen in color, and he puts a hand over his stomach.

"Hungry?" Yuuri questions, and when Yuri nods firmly, Yuuri takes his hand and starts to walk. "Alright, let's go get something to eat! I know a place you might like."

Yuri doesn't protest when Yuuri pulls him along, and he stays silent the rest of the way.

It starts to snow when they take their seats, fast-food trays in front of them. Yuuri knows that it's unhealthy and he probably shouldn't be eating it as it is, but Yuri's face scrunches up curiously at the sight of it.

"Do you not like chicken nuggets?" Yuuri asks curiously.

Yuri huffs. "They're not dinosaur-shaped."

It takes all of Yuuri's will to not break down laughing. He takes out his phone and snaps a little picture, sending it to Viktor without realizing that the vibration from the notification would most likely disturb... whatever he was doing.

Yuri takes a bite out of one, and then he's devouring the entire thing. Yuuri laughs, half-worried.

"Does Viktor eat like this too?" Yuuri asks, leaning forward.

For a moment Yuri looks as if he's going to ask *Eat like what?* but then his confused expression shifts to one Yuuri can't read. "Dunno," he mumbles around a large mouthful of fries. "Papa doesn't eat with me a lot."

Yuuri blinks. "He doesn't."

Yuri shakes his head, and shrugs, like it's the most casual thing in the world. "Babysitter makes me stuff to eat usually. Sometimes Papa brings food home, but he doesn't... eat with me all the time." When he sees the way Yuuri's looking at him, he messes with the sleeves of his shirt. "I think it's because he's busy a lot."

"...That's no excuse," is all Yuuri can bring himself to say. He doesn't feel he has the right to judge, since *Yuri is right—Viktor is a busy man, and he's probably always tired from all he has to do. But Yuri is eight years old*, and growing up in the company of paid caretakers (who hardly gave a damn about him apparently, since he couldn't stand any of them for longer than two weeks).

"I wish Papa was home more," is the sentence that hurts Yuuri on the inside. Yuri's scowling, but despite his expression he swallows the rest of his fries and says, "But it's okay."

He looks sad, and his eyes are dark. Yuuri's leg bounces as his mind rattles with what to do or say. He watches as Yuri shoves his garbage onto the tray and struggles to get the straw of his drink into his mouth. His phone vibrates in his pocket, likely with Viktor's reply, but he ignores it for now.

"Hey, I have an idea," he says, and leans in with a mischievous gleam in his eyes.
Yuri instinctively leans back, looking wary as he gives Yuuri a strange, defensive look. "...What?"
"Have you ever been to a hot spring?"

---

[17:43] Yuuri: Pick up Yuri here
[17:43] Yuuri: Location sent

---

Yuuri wishes he had his phone out in time to catch a photo, because Yuri's face when he steps into the hot springs building is priceless. It's as if he's never seen such a place before, and it mystifies him.

"An actual hot spring?" Yuri questions, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes," Yuuri replies, and smiles down at him. "Would you like to go see?"

Yuri nods eagerly, and starts to trot off in a random direction, but a sudden figure in front of him blocks his path and he stumbles. He falters, and stomps his foot like he's about to yell, but Yuuri takes his hand and pulls him back.

"Sorry about that, Mari," Yuuri apologizes quickly, and sends a little look down Yuri's way.

"Who's the kid?" Mari asks, straight to the point, as always. She stares at Yuri for a few moments before her eyes widen. "Wait. That's Viktor Nikiforov's kid. Holy shit."

"Swear," Yuri chastises quietly.

Yuuri sighs loudly and lets go of Yuri's hand. "Yeah."

"How in the hell—"

"I'll explain in a minute. Where's Mom? I need to ask her a favor."

---

When Viktor steps into the building, snow collected in his hair and nose buried in his phone, he's definitely surprised at the sight that meets him. It's written all over his face, and Yuuri represses a snort.
"Oh my God you were right," is the first sound that breaks the shock of silence, followed by Yuri's call of Papa! and Yuuri's greeting.

His mother sets down a bowl of rice on the table, smiling softly despite the fact that she was about to serve Viktor Nikiforov for dinner. Yuri and Yuuri sit with a space between them fit for Viktor, while the rest of Yuuri's family sit on the opposing sides.

"Just in time," Yuuri says with a smile.

Viktor blinks. Once, twice, then says, "What's all this about?"

"Dinner!" Yuri replies before anyone else can beat him to it. "I helped! So you better eat it!"

It's obvious Viktor wasn't expecting a response like that, because his eyes widen and he has to hold his breath to keep from bursting into laughter. There's a collective chuckle across the table, and Viktor clears his throat.

"I'd eat anything you made, Yuri," Viktor says, trying to keep his amusement hidden in a somewhat proud-dad voice. Nonetheless, Yuri beams, and Yuuri rolls his eyes.

Viktor awkwardly takes a seat, and looks at the people around him. "Um, Yuuri?"

"Yes?"

"Who are these people?"

Yuuri laughs. "This is my family."

"Oh, the Katsukis!" Viktor gasps, like they're royalty or something. When Mari blushes, Yuuri bites his lip and turns his face down. "It's a pleasure to meet you. Yuuri is such a great babysitter!"

"Babysitter!" Yuuri's mother exclaims, and Yuuri tries to focus on that rather than the way his name sounds on Viktor's lips.

"It was everywhere, Mom," Mari scoffs, already digging into her plate without even noticing. "News, TV, Instagram—everywhere."

Yuuri feels a sudden wave of nausea run through him.

Yuri makes a little sound and looks over at Yuuri's mother. "Is it okay to eat now?"

The question is so honest it makes all of them laugh in awe. "Yes, dear," his mother says, and Yuri is inhaling his food like it's the last he'll ever eat.

Viktor shakes his head. "At least savor it, kottyonok."

Yuri pauses, gives his dad a look, and purposely takes another bite about a second slower than before.

"Does he always eat like that?" Yuuri asks, giving Viktor a curious look as his hands him a pair of chopsticks.

Viktor takes them in his hands, and the way his cold fingers dance along Yuuri's warm skin before grabbing ahold of the sticks makes him shiver. Viktor hesitates before taking them, and breaking them apart into two.
"Yes," Viktor replies, like nothing happened, and Yuuri's skin still dances with the flames of his touch.

"...Huh," Yuuri says, a bit shakily, and tries to will his blush down by stuffing his face with vegetables.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Yuri staring intently at Viktor, the gleam in his eyes resembling something of happiness. He feels a swell of pride, and smiles as he takes the next bite.

By now, everyone has cleaned up, and Yuri is by the front door putting on his snow boots. Viktor arranges his scarf, and Yuuri awkwardly watches them from a few feet away, holding onto his arm with the other.

"Are you sure you don't want me to drive you back?" Viktor asks, one final time. Yuuri's smile grows.

"It's alright," Yuuri says. "I'm staying here tonight, anyway. You're off tomorrow, right?"

Viktor nods, walking closer to him, leaving Yuri to fumble with his gloves. "Yes. By the way, thank you."

"For what?"

"Tonight. The food. I've never seen Yuri look so happy to eat someone's cooking." Viktor laughs, and Yuuri laughs with him.

"He told me you don't eat with him," Yuuri says once his laughter dies down, and his eyes turn serious. "So I tried to make it where you had to eat with him."

"Oh," Viktor mumbles. "I see."

"I—Viktor," Yuuri stumbles over his own words, because in his mind he's still talking to a world-famous celebrity when his heart tells him it's just a busy man with a lonely son. "Yuri is eight. He can't just... be left alone."

He immediately regrets what he says, because Viktor downturns his head and bites his lip. "I know. I'm trying."

Yuuri frowns. "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize," Viktor says, and he's back to normal. "You're right. I'm going to start trying harder."

"Ah," Yuuri sounds. He's not sure what to say.

Viktor puts his hands on Yuuri's shoulders, and the latter flinches in surprise. Even through his gloves, Yuuri can feel the warmth of his hands, and he gulps when Viktor smiles at him—a genuine, warm, pure one that sends weird feelings all through his nerves and heart.
"You're still going to be the babysitter, though," Viktor says, like he's declaring something. "Will you help me?"

Yuuri suddenly feels like one-upping him, so he puts his hands on Viktor's wrists and nods firmly.

"Of course."

From behind them, Yuri makes an ick sound.

Viktor Nikiforov may be a famous celebrity, but as it turns out, he can't relax for shit.

"Are you fucking serious," is the only thing Yuuri can manage to say when he walks into the Nikiforov's hotel room and sees Yuri watching some cartoon on TV and Viktor sitting on the desk reading over a script.

"Oh, Yuuri!" Viktor greets, like he hadn't just called Yuuri at nine in the morning on a Saturday to beg him to come over and babysit. "Just in time!"

"It's your day off," Yuuri deadpans, seriously contemplating murder, "so why did you call me over to watch Yuri if you're here?"

At the mention of his name, Yuri lifts his head and leans over the couch.

Viktor beams. "Well, I was thinking I could work for a bit and go over lines for my next movie, but —"

"It's your day off," Yuuri repeats. "You don't have to."

"Yes, but—"

"Viktor."

"Just one—"

"You are perfectly capable of watching your son for one day, right?" Yuuri knows he's starting to get too cynical, but it's nine in the morning on a day he was supposed to sleep in, and he hasn't had any caffeine to wake him up yet.

Viktor's smile falls, and it only worsens when Yuri jumps over the couch and says something sad-sounding in Russian. He replies quickly, and the two carry on a heavy conversation for a few moments before Yuri seems to get fed up and stomps off to his room.

Viktor promptly slaps himself with his script.

Yuuri blinks. "What happened?"

Viktor moans into the papers, and his hair falls in his face when he takes them away. "He accused me of not wanting spend time with him and wouldn't believe me when I said I wanted to." He shakes his head, and his entire body slumps. "I'm a terrible father."
Yuuri has half a mind to agree, but he doesn't. He leans forward slightly, and pokes the middle parting of Viktor's hair. That has the celebrity up and shocked, face coloring as he delicately puts a hand over the area that was touched. "Wha—"

"You say you're a terrible father," Yuuri begins, "but you can learn how to be a good one."

Viktor blinks. "Are you going to teach me?"

Yuuri smiles. "Consider me your new parenting coach!"

Chapter End Notes

yuri on ice episode 7 more like shove a brick up my ass and call me viktor

(kotyonok = kitten. thx russian guy at school)

tumblr

yoi sideblog
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

"I owe you my life," Viktor says, dead-serious.

Yuuri just laughs. "Don't mention it." His heart is pounding.

Chapter Notes

some of u r confused about the "trans male character" tag. its not yuuri - yuuri is genderfluid in this. ull find out who is trans soon enough ;;;;;))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It'd been 3 weeks since Yuuri declared himself to be Viktor's parenting coach, and he can't really say that he's improved a whole lot. Sure, he's home more often now and doesn't constantly ask Yuuri to take care of his own son, but he still has his faults.

Like, for example, he has no fucking idea how to cook to save his life.

So, Yuuri takes the initiative, and one day he tosses an apron at Viktor's face and takes out pots and pans.

"What's your favorite dish?" Yuuri asks, aimlessly twirling a wooden spoon in his hands.

Viktor appears to think for a moment, eyes glancing up towards the ceiling as he fumbles to tie the apron around his waist. "Hmm..." he ponders. "Probably katsudon, after you introduced it to me!" His response is so cheerful that it makes Yuuri's face heat up, and the latter grumbles.

"Something other than that." He pauses. "Maybe a Russian dish?"

Viktor hums to himself for a moment. "One of Yuri's favorites is zharkoye. Oh, and we can also make piroshki on the side!"

Yuuri blinks, not recognizing either of the names, and takes out his phone to Google it. Even though he spells it terribly wrong, he manages to find it, and he raises his eyebrows at the sight of it.

"Looks doable, even for you," Yuuri teases, snickering at Viktor's protest of Hey! "Let's do it."

Viktor grins, his smile lighting up the whole room, and Yuuri vaguely ponders about how he got into this situation. Here he was, teaching a world-famous celebrity how to cook a Russian dish for his son.

But then he stops, because that world-famous celebrity and Viktor Nikiforov aren't the same person.
He likes the face behind the camera flashes much better.

Preparing the dish doesn't take long after Yuuri manages to find a decent website with instructions labeled. He lets Viktor do most of the work, only taking control when Viktor was about to do something wrong or he paused from not knowing what to do.

(At one point, when Viktor was cutting up the onions, he was hardly paying attention while chatting about a photoshoot where he had met one of his friends—when he nearly cut his finger Yuuri had to impulsively jump forward and grab both of his hands instead of simply shouting out. There had been an awkward silence between them as Yuuri's face turned red, and he just decided to cut the rest of the vegetables to avoid more awkward moments.)

Now, awkward moment passed, Viktor stirs the carrots and beef in the pan, whistling a faint tune as he bops his hips back and forth with the music. Yuuri resists the urge to snort—it's *horribly* cute it makes him want to squeeze something.

"Papa?" comes a small voice. Yuri walks out of his room, rubbing his eyes.

In a quick moment, Yuuri looks at the time. It's midday—had Yuri slept this *entire* time?

"Did you finish your show?" Viktor asks, handing the pan to Yuuri to walk over to his son. "You were very invested in it."

*Oh.*

Yuri's cheeks slowly dot with pink. He nods, and mumbles something in Russian.

"Sure thing, *kotyonok.*"

Yuuri wonders why Viktor is speaking in Japanese while Yuri speaks back in Russian, but then he suddenly recalls himself telling Viktor to help with Yuri's Japanese knowledge. His heart swells—Viktor had remembered even the smallest of his advice. He quickly turns back to the pan to cover his blush, covering it to let it sit and setting the spatula aside.

Yuri sniffs the air. "What's that smell?" This time, his question is directed towards Yuuri.

Yuri turns, and looks at Viktor. "Your papa said that this was your favorite," he says, stepping aside for show.

It takes a few moments, but Yuri's eyes go wide and he breaks into a big smile. He shouts something in Russian, and eagerly wraps his arms around Viktor's middle, burying his face in his shirt. Viktor lets out an *oof* and stumbles back, but laughs and picks him up, spinning the poor kid around. Yuuri bites his lip to keep from laughing.

"He hasn't had this in a while," Viktor helpfully explains once he puts the dizzy Yuri down. "I think he misses Russia."

Yuri glances up, but doesn't say anything.
"That's understandable," Yuuri says, nodding his head. He wants to say *Yuri has been dragged halfway across the world*, but holds his tongue. "Now come help with this. *You're* the one making it, remember?"

"I thought it was a team effort! You're supposed to be my coach!"

Something in Yuuri's head tells him that, in another world, everything is backwards. He just laughs and tosses the dough for the *piroshkis* in Viktor's hands.

When Yuri devours his plate, almost two hours later, Yuuri can't help but feel a little proud. He's helped Yuri regain a little sense of his home country, even if it was through Viktor.

"Is it good?" Viktor asks eagerly, rapping his hands against the table. "Did Papa make it just the way you like it?"

His mouth full, Yuri hums a satisfied approval.

"Wonderful!" Viktor exclaims in English. He whirls around excitedly, startling Yuuri so bad he drops his *piroshki*. "Oh, Yuuri, thank you!"

The way he says his name makes his heart pick up speed, and he nods hesitantly. "Ah, yes, you're welcome." He feels accomplished, and he feels good. It feels good.

Viktor goes back to paying attention to Yuri, constantly asking questions about the food quality, how good his figure-skating show was, and just general questions about his day. Yuuri feels like he's done something right, and he smiles behind his food.

For a moment, in the peace of the hotel room, Yuuri feels like he's not just the babysitter.

"Viktor Nikiforov's hired babysitter," Yuuko calls when Yuuri walks into the coffee shop, "and you're still showing up to work here?"

"Well," Yuuri pauses. "Yeah."

Yuuko rolls her eyes with a laugh. "Typical of you. How much is he even paying you?"

If Yuuri's being honest, the price depends. Some days it's higher than the last, and Yuuri wonders if Viktor's even counting hours. "... A lot," he settles with, and smirks. "I think you're going to like your Christmas present, by the way."

"Wait," Yuuko says. "What did you get me."
"It's a Christmas present. I can't tell you!"

"But it's November! Christmas is so far away!"

It takes Yuuri a moment to remember that this is a married woman and a mother of three. "I guess you'll just have to wait."

Yuuko moans in despair and sinks down the counter to the floor. Yuuri laughs, because she's always been dramatic, ever since they were kids.

As if suddenly reawakened, Yuuko pops up with a gasp. "Wait! I almost forgot to tell you!" When Yuuri tilts his head, she continues. "Remember that old ice rink we used to mess around at when we were kids?"

"Yeah?"

"It's reopening! And Takeshi's been hired as one of the new staff!"

Yuuri's eyes widen. "That's great!"

"We can go skating there again!" Yuuko exclaims. "I always wondered why we stopped doing it so often. You really loved it."

Yuuri shrugs. "I had other responsibilities. My parents needed lots of help at the hot spring."

Yuuko nods. "That makes sense, I guess. But won't it be great to pick it up again?"

Yuuri suddenly remembers Viktor's mention about Yuri's love for ice and figure-skating. "...Yeah," he says, almost distantly, and makes a mental note of his plans for the next time he sees Yuri.

"Hey," Yuuri says, sitting down next to Yuri on the couch. From the kitchen, Viktor grumbles something about his script for his new movie. "Do you own ice skates by any chance?"

Yuri blinks, and shakes his head.

Not bothering to elaborate, Yuuri throws one arm over the couch and looks back. "Viktor," he calls, and once he has his attention, "can you do me a favor and drop me and Yuri off somewhere?"

Viktor raises an eyebrow, but then sees the look in Yuuri's eyes (and the confusion in Yuri's expression), and smiles. "Okay!"

Ice Castle is the skating rink Viktor drives up to, and he's staring at the name for a few moments
before giving Yuuri a questioning look.

"I'll text you when you can come back and pick us up," Yuuri says. "I'll watch Yuri, so you can work on your script for a while."

Viktor eyes him up and down, and then his face is so bright it could light the darkest cave. Without any warning, he jumps forward and hugs Yuuri so tightly he can hardly breathe, and he can feel his bones crack. His hug lessens, but it's still there, and Yuuri is unmoving, unsure what to do. He's about to hug back, because Viktor smells surprisingly good and he's warm, but then Viktor pulls away and his face is close.

"I owe you my life," Viktor says, dead-serious.

Yuuri just laughs. "Don't mention it." His heart is pounding.

Then he steps out of the car and takes Yuri's hand as they walk inside. Yuri's face is still scrunched up in confusion, because he's unfamiliar with the lot and unfamiliar with the person at the counter.

Takeshi greets them from the counter, waving with a hearty smile. "Yuuri!" he says. "I haven't seen you in a while! I heard you were babysitting the Nikiforov—" He stops once he sees Yuuri's hand grasping a smaller, gloved one, and his eyebrows raise to his hairline at the sight. "Well, I guess it's true."

"Yeah," Yuuri says, and leans in to whisper, "I was hoping we could use the rink for a bit." He glances down at Yuri, hoping he can't hear. "He loves ice-skating and anything to do with it, really."

"Oh?" Takeshi asks, and then grins. "Like I could deny you anything! Go for it!" He leans forward towards Yuri. "What's your shoe size, kid?"

Yuri mumbles it out, and his entire body is automatically shifting towards Yuuri's, almost behind him. Yuuri says his own, and takes the skates. He sees the way Yuri's eyes widen at the sight of them, and he looks between Yuuri and Takeshi for a few moments.

"It's all yours," Takeshi says, gesturing towards the glass doors.

Yuuri pulls Yuri along as they walk in, past the locker room, and lets go of Yuri's hand to push the door to the rink open.

Yuri walks in slowly, and his surprised gasp echoes in the large room.

"Ice skating!" he shouts.

"Ice skating!" he shouts.

Yuuri laughs, and gently hands him his skates. "Go put these on."

Yuri looks like he wants to say something, but he fumbles with the words, switching to Russian for a moment. He bounces in place for a moment, before darting off to the bench to slip the skates on.

Once Yuuri has his own on, he wanders towards the entrance to the ice, and stares at it for a moment. He's skated on and off since the place shut down for a while, on frozen lakes and different rinks, but had never taken it up seriously like he'd wanted to. He's not as good as he used to be, but he has a feeling Yuri isn't going to care how good he is.

Yuri can barely wait, and he's shoving Yuuri forward once he decides he's taking too long. Yuuri stumbles onto the ice, sliding to the side a bit, and turns around to glower. "Don't push!"
"Sorry," is what Yuri says, but he doesn't sound sorry in the slightest. He's holding onto the rail for dear life when he finally gets onto the ice, and his eyes are sparkling with so many emotions Yuuri is sure this was a good idea.

But then Yuri slips and falls, and Yuuri has to keep from laughing to manage to help him.

Yuri is frowning, reluctantly taking Yuuri's hands to stand, and only tightens his grip when he wobbles in place. Yuuri begins to slide backwards, very slowly, and Yuri follows, his body leaning forward with the motion.

"I thought Viktor was teaching you how to skate?" Yuuri asks curiously.

"A little bit," Yuri replies. "Not a lot."

Yuuri purses his lips. "It's not that hard," he declares, and readjusts his grip on Yuri's hands. "Here, I'll teach you."

When he starts to move, Yuri fumbles. "Don't let me fall."

"I won't."

Yuri narrows his eyes. "Promise," he says, and even lets go of one of Yuuri's hands to hold up his pinky finger.

Pinky promises are sacred, so Yuuri doesn't hesitate to wrap his pinky around Yuri's.

"I promise."

And so they skate, and Yuuri isn't too worried about his lack of practice because Yuri is stumbling and falling left and right. It's cute, though, and he tries very hard to keep himself upright even when he's destined to fall.

"Can you do any jumps?" Yuri suddenly asks.

Yuuri blinks down at him, slowly coming to a stop in the center of the ice. "Like what?"

Yuri furrows his eyebrows. "The skaters on TV can do fancy jumps. Can you do any?"

Yuuri laughs nervously. "Well, I don't know about any fancy jumps, but... simple moves I can do, I guess."

"Show me."

Oh boy. Yuuri closes his eyes and accepts his fate. He's walked right into this.

Yuuri slowly lets go of Yuri's hands, letting him steady himself on the ice to the point where he can stand and watch comfortably without worrying he'd fall. He skates closer to the edge of the rink, and scours his mind for a jump he can do. The only one he can remember how to do is the toe loop, except he's never been good at landing it.

Well, as good a time as any, he supposes.

Yuuri takes a deep breath and skates forward, positioning his foot back and glides for a movement before kicking off with his left leg and twirling in the air. He lands almost-perfectly, wobbling a bit but staying on his feet. He breathes in and out excitedly, and turns back towards Yuri.
Yuri's in awe, his eyes wide and fists clenched over his chest.

"Wow," comes a voice, and Yuuri flinches and falls straight on his ass.

Viktor is standing there, leaning against the door with a smirk on his face.

"I'm impressed, Yuuri," he says, and it's a genuine compliment. "We should try pair-skating sometime!"

Yuuri's face goes red and he settles to laying on the ice, accepting his death right then and there.

It's night, and Yuri's in bed, and Yuuri is at the door ready to leave.

He's hesitating though, and he's not sure why.

"Viktor?"

"Yes?" comes the soft reply, and Viktor pads into the room a few moments later. "What is it, Yuuri?"

The questions been bothering him for a while now, ever since he became the babysitter, and Yuuri drums his fingers against the door frame.

"How did you decide to adopt Yuri?"

The question startles Viktor, obviously, because of the way he stops and blinks with wide eyes. He opens his mouth, and then closes it. When he looks off to the side, Yuuri suddenly regrets ever opening his mouth.

"Sorry," Yuuri apologizes quickly. "I shouldn't have—"

"It's alright," Viktor assures, waving his hand. "I should've expected this question. Everyone asks it."

He's quiet for a few moments, and Yuuri's shoulders slump.

"I was lonely," Viktor finally says, looking down. He almost looks sad. "And so was Yuri. I think... we both needed each other."

Yuuri nods. He doesn't need him to elaborate further.

"I understand," he says. "Thank you."

And he leaves, the back of his ears red like never before.
[ 22:45 ] Phichit: yuuuuauriiiiii

[ 22:47 ] Phichit: u never answer my textsssss always forgetting!!!

[ 22:49 ] Phichit: but I'm coming to Japan tomorrow 2 visit!!!! u better be ready!!!!

[ 22:49 ] Phichit: (*≧▽≦)

Chapter End Notes

ep 8 more like yurio is truly viktor and yuuris son

recipe i used bc gods know i have no idea how to cook anything other than cereal

by the way if any of u ever make any kind of content for this fic like art or smth dont hesitate to send me tht mf link!!! tbh ive already drawn 2 much art for my own fic

tumblr

yoi sideblog
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Yuuri feels himself heating up in embarrassment, and he chastises himself for not informing Viktor earlier. "This is, um, my friend, Phichit."

"Best friend," Phichit oh so helpfully corrects.

Chapter Notes

ok first off HOLY FUCK!!! look at THIS AMAZING ART !!! im literally crying (or should i say crafting lololol pinof 8 ruined me) this is the greatest

if any of yall ever make art or smth for this fic dont hesitate to shoot me wit tht mf link!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[ 12:45 ] Phichit: (・_・)(<>"

[ 12:46 ] Phichit: yuuri ur read receipts are on

[ 12:47 ] Yuuri: Sorry I keep forgetting to reply

(A total lie—he's currently busy trying to keep Yuri under control as he watches some figure skating program.)

[ 12:48 ] Phichit: (-_-)△ "

[ 12:48 ] Phichit: where are u!!!! i wanna see u!!!

[ 12:49 ] Yuuri: I thought you were getting a hotel?

[ 12:50 ] Phichit: wow... not gonna let ur bff stay at ur apartment..... shame....

[ 12:51 ] Yuuri: You SAID you were getting one
12:52 Phichit: *IK but i was hoping u would offer urs...*

12:53 Phichit: *where r u rn*

12:54 Yuuri: *Busy*

12:55 Phichit: *so cold ʕunden ʔ*

12:55 Phichit: *r u with the kid or smth*

12:57 Yuuri: *Wtf how do you know*

12:58 Phichit: *viktor nikiforov posts everything on insta smh*

12:59 Phichit: *lots of pics of u and little yuri*

13:00 Yuuri: *Ugh that's why people keep trying to stop me on the street*

13:01 Yuuri: *How bothersome*

13:02 Phichit: *so ur at viktors then*

13:02 Phichit: *whats his hotel and room number*

13:03 Yuuri: *Just wait till I'm done*

13:04 Phichit: *nvm found it*

13:05 Yuuri: *What*

13:06 Phichit: *lol u have ur location on*

13:06 Phichit: *see u in a few 《 o(≧▽≦)o 》*
Yuuri scowls to himself, glaring down at his phone before pressing the call button on his and Phichit's texting history. It rings for a few moments, but the call inevitably drops—Yuuri gaps at the realization that Phichit denied his call.

"What?" Yuri asks, taking note of Yuuri's distressed expression, his attention broke from the program as Japanese commercials flash across the TV.

"Um," Yuuri stammers. "Someone—is going to come over."

Yuri tilts his head. His hair has gotten longer. "Who?"

"A friend of mine."

"Oh," Yuri says. "Are they nice?"

Yuuri bites his lip. He's almost tempted to say no, considering the stunt Phichit just and is currently pulling, but then he remembers everything his best friend has done for him—especially in all the existential crises Yuuri has gone through while trying to figure his life out.

"Yeah," he replies. "He is."

Yuri nods, content.

---

[13:23] Phichit: if u dont tell me what the room number is ill knock on every door on every floor n say it was u

[13:23] Yuuri: Oh my god fine

Yuuri stands by the front door after revealing the room number, tapping his foot and rolling his eyes. Yuri sits at the kitchen table, slowly eating at a small cup of yogurt. His green eyes are focused on the knob of the door, as if he's preparing for the worst person in the world to walk through the door.

Then there's the telltale call of Yuuri! and Yuuri opens the door before Phichit can slam himself onto it.

Phichit stumbles forward, obviously taken by surprise, but he catches himself on the door frame and leans his head forward.

Yuuri's eyes widen as he trails his eyes downwards.
"Phichit, you're..." His voice dies out as his eyes land on the knee-length skirt covering Phichit's legs. There's almost concern laced in his voice, but he doesn't say anything more.

Phichit follows his eyes and looks down. "You don't have to look so concerned, Yuuri!" he exclaims happily, and almost skips inside. "I'm perfectly okay!"

Yuuri bites his lip. Phichit definitely looks different since the last time he saw him in person—despite the worry that the hormones would muddle with Phichit's figure-skating career, the only interference was the occasional sickness that had left him bedridden. His jaw is sharper, his chest flatter.

"Are you wearing a binder?" Yuuri asks out of curiosity. He shuts the door once Phichit's all the way inside.

Phichit is beaming when he shakes his head. "I was going to surprise you! I got top surgery!"

Yuuri blinks, once, twice, and then gasps. "Really? Oh my God, Phichit! That's great!"

They're too busy marveling over one another's changes that they don't notice Yuri slip out of the chair and wander on over to them. He eyes Phichit up and down, and meets his gaze.

"Are you a boy or girl?" Yuri asks, and the question would've hurt more for both of them if he wasn't only eight years old.

Phichit glances at Yuuri for a moment. "I'm a boy." Phichit's English was never the best, but he manages.

"But... you're wearing a skirt." Yuri furrows his eyebrows in confusion. "I thought only girls wear skirts..."

Yuuri wets his lips, and opens his mouth to speak, but Phichit beats him to it. He kneels down in front of Yuri, skirt swishing around his legs.

"Boys can wear skirts too. Anyone can wear skirts!"

Yuri purses his lips. "Anyone?"

"Yup! And dresses too! Anyone can wear anything they want to!"

Yuri's eyes are wide as he looks at the ground. It's almost like his entire view of the world has changed.

It's a few moments before he speaks up again. "Everybody always says..." he starts, and his English is a little rocky, "... that skirts and dresses and long hair is girly, so I don't wear them. I don't want to be a girl. I'm not a girl."

Phichit smiles delicately, and Yuuri is suddenly reminded of when he first met Phichit—when his hair was long and his body was clothed in pink dresses, when he cursed his very existence and loathed the feminine costumes for his skating.

"I'm a boy," Yuri finished, and when his long hair brushes in his eyes he suddenly tenses up.

Phichit hesitantly reaches out and pats his head. "You're a boy," he affirms, and Yuri's shoulders loosen.

Yuuri taps his chin in thought, and makes a mental note to ask Viktor a few questions when he gets
Phichit stands back up, and looks at the TV. His eyes widen when he realizes what it is, and he runs over to it. "It's the new program! I still need to watch this!"

Yuri blinks in shock, and flinches when Yuuri's hand lands atop his head.

"Phichit loves ice skating too," Yuuri says quietly, his eyes glinting. "He's an actual skater! Have you ever seen him on TV before?"

Yuri eyes Phichit up and down as said man excitedly hops on the couch and turns up the volume. "I think so," he replies. He doesn't say another word as he stalks towards the couch and slowly takes a seat next to Phichit. His hands are wringing in his shirt, and Yuuri snorts to himself. _How cute._

"Yuuuuri! Come join us!"

His name plays like a song on Phichit's tongue, but in the back of his mind Yuuri vaguely thinks that the song is much lighter than the song on Viktor's tongue.

It's late into the night and they're all still up, watching one of Phichit's favorite movies, _The King and the Skater_. Yuri is slumped against Yuuri's arm, drifting in and out of sleep, while Phichit is engrossed in the plot despite the amount of times he's seen the film.

The knob on the front door turns and Yuuri jolts in shock, waking Yuri in turn. Phichit blinks, pausing the film, and waits for the door to slowly open.

"Hellooo?" sings a familiar voice. Viktor steps inside, dropping his coat on the nearby chair. He looks exhausted.

"Hey—" Yuuri starts, but he's interrupted by Phichit's call of, "Hello!"

Viktor pauses as he closes the door, his eyes wide and full of confusion as he stares at the unfamiliar face on the couch. Glancing between Yuuri and Phichit, he finally settles on Yuuri and raises his eyebrows. "Who's this?"

Yuuri feels himself heating up in embarrassment, and he chastises himself for not informing Viktor earlier. "This is, um, my friend, Phichit."

"Best friend," Phichit oh so helpfully corrects.

"He barged in here after finding out what hotel and number you stayed at," Yuuri explains, sending an almost angry glare in his friend's direction. Phichit just puts his hand to his mouth and shrugs shamelessly.

Viktor slowly straightens his back. "Best friend?" he questions. For a moment, his tone is dark, and Yuuri sweats.

Yuri jumps off the couch and barrages himself into Viktor's arms. "Papa! Papa!"
"Oh, wow, you're excited," Viktor laughs, gripping the chair by the door to steady himself and prevent both of them from falling over. "What's got you so happy, hm?"

"Papa, Phichit—" and Yuuri winces at the absolutely atrocious pronunciation of his friend's name, "—is wearing a skirt and he's a boy! Boys can wear skirts and dresses and girly stuff and still be a boy!" He gets it out in all one breath, his face flushed.

Viktor scoffs. "Didn't I tell you all that already, kotyonok? " He ruffles his hair and smiles fondly when Yuri finally pries himself off. "Do you feel better about yourself now?"

Yuri nods, and Yuuri raises an eyebrow.

"Phichit," Yuuri says, turning his head. "Head back towards my apartment. You know the address, right?"

Phichit seems to notice the look in his eye, because he nods without a word and bids a quick, happy goodbye to Viktor and Yuri. When he leaves, the door closes with a soft slam. Yuri glances confusedly between Viktor and Yuuri.

"You wanna go get ready for bed?" Yuuri asks softly, rising from the couch.

Yuri hesitates, but he nods and follows Yuuri back into the bedroom, leaving Viktor alone in the walkway to the hotel room.

When Yuri is sleeping and tucked in, Yuuri walks out of the hallway and up towards Viktor, who is leaning against the counter, his fingers drilling against the marble top.

"I think I know why Yuri never let me come in when he was bathing," Yuuri says, his hands on his hips. He's not mad, not at all, because this isn't a subject to be mad about. But it's important, and he just wishes it was in Viktor's Official Yuri booklet he oh so carefully put together just for the babysitter.

Viktor nods. "He was never... comfortable with his body," he starts. "When I was signing the papers, the worker kept going on about how single parents had restrictions on adoption, and she kept calling Yuri she and her... and I noticed how often he would tense up at his name."

"His name..." Yuuri repeats to himself.

Viktor shrugs. "I figured it was some adolescence thing. A few months later though, I started searching up things on Google—why Yuri was so reluctant to wear the clothes I'd bought for him, why he'd always burst into tears whenever paparazzi would try to get interviews with Viktor Nikiforov's daughter—" Viktor says the last bit in a mocking tone, shivering at the word daughter. "I eventually figured out what was wrong, and explained it to him," Viktor says, biting his lip. "I don't think he fully understands himself yet, but..."

"You help him through it," Yuuri finishes for him.

"I do."

There's a silence between them for a few moments. Yuuri idly notices that the kitchen light has
"You know," Viktor speaks up, catching Yuuri's attention back, "you've been Yuri's babysitter for a few months now."

Yuuri glances down. It all feels like a lifetime ago.

"You're the only one that's lasted this long." Viktor's tone is soft, thoughtful, warm. "I have a feeling I chose the right one."

Yuuri bites his lip. He has the urge to make a joke, but he only scoffs, and says, "So I'm the special babysitter?"

"You are," and Viktor doesn't even hesitate on the words.

Taken aback, Yuuri slowly closes his mouth and stares at him with wide eyes. His face is heating up, he knows, and he must look ridiculous—flustered by Viktor Nikiforov calling him special (and, sure, he may have said it first, but it still counts).

But, he stops, because Viktor isn't just Viktor Nikiforov anymore. He's Viktor—the stupidly cute single father who doesn't know a damn thing about being one. He's Viktor—the one who tries his best no matter what he does, who puts all of his effort into everything he attempts, who puts all of his emotion into everything he says.

He's Viktor Nikiforov—not the celebrity, but the man who makes Yuuri's heart pound and his palms sweat.

Yuuri bites his lip. Fuck.

"It's late," Viktor says softly, and his eyes match his tone. "You should head home before it gets too dark."

Yuuri almost doesn't want to leave, but then he remembers Phichit is alone at his apartment, and if he finds something he knows he'll never hear the end of it. So, he says sure, regretting his words as he moves to grab his coat.

His fingers brush the doorknob, and he feels Viktor's presence behind him, terribly close. When his fingers wrap around the knob, he pauses, hesitant. His entire body is itching to do something, to say something, but he can't move.

"Yuuri?" Viktor's voice brings him back to reality. "What's wrong—"

On complete and utter impulse, Yuuri whirls around and tugs on Viktor's shirt collar. His lips brush Viktor's cheek for a few moments, just barely pressing, and he lets go like he's startled.

Viktor and Yuuri stare at one another for a moment, Yuuri embarrassed at his own actions but trying to hide it and Viktor staring wide-eyed.

"I'll see you later, Viktor," Yuuri says quietly, and walks out.
He gets home, and Phichit is flipping through channels absentmindedly.

"You're here!" Phichit exclaims. "Finally! What took you so long?" He sees the look on Yuuri's face, the flush in his ears, and Yuuri fears the impish grin that crosses his face. "Oooh, I think I have a few ideas."

"Get your head out of the gutter," Yuuri mutters. "Did you eat anything?"

"I ate your leftover takeout."

"Of course you did," Yuuri sighs, too tired to feel anything about it. He tosses his coat side and delves face-first into the couch, leaning against Phichit's comfortable form. His chest is flat when he puts his head on it, and the feel of it makes Yuuri smile, because it's something Phichit had always wanted.

"You look exhausted," Phichit comments, shifting to make Yuuri more comfortable against him.

"I am," Yuuri admits, "and I think I just made the biggest mistake of my life."

Phichit pauses in his channel surfing, and lets the remote fall from his hands. "What do you mean?"

Yuuri's face flushes and he buries it in Phichit's stomach.

"Yuuri. What did you do."

Yuuri's following reply is muffled in the fabric of Phichit's shirt. Phichit rolls his eyes and tugs Yuuri's head up by the back of his shirt.

"I... may have kissed Viktor."

"What!?"

"On the cheek! For like one second! But—still!"

"Oh my God, Yuuri!! Does this mean you like him!?"

"God, shut up, you're so embarrassing—" Yuuri huffs, draping his entire body over Phichit's lap.

"You do!"

"Shut up!"

"I didn't know you had a thing for hot single dads—"

"Phichit, I will murder you."

Phichit just laughs, and pats Yuuri on the head. "You love me too much to kill me."

"Doubtful."

"Yuuri!"
In the morning, when Yuri is munching away on weird Japanese cereal Yuuri had bought for him, Viktor sits in the seat across from him and checks the news on his Instagram feed. It's not much—he follows mostly celebrities and fan pages, and most of them are selfies or aesthetic pictures.

He likes a few, scrolls down a bit, and then sees it.

It's Yuuri's Instagram, and Viktor brightens at the sight of his username, but then stops once he sees the content of the picture. It's a selfie of him and the Thailand skater that had showed up yesterday, except Yuuri's face is one of fond exasperation, and he seems to be shaking his head at the camera. Looped around his neck and waist are a pair of bare arms, and a face is nuzzled into his back.

The caption reads **I gave this guy his own bed and this is what I wake up to smh.**

Viktor suddenly feels something strange, a dark feeling swirling in his chest, and he tightens his grip on his phone.

"What is it, Papa?" Yuri speaks up, his voice muffled by a mouthful of cereal.

Viktor delicately locks his phone and sets it face down on the table. Drilling his fingers against the table in a random rhythm, he smiles softly at his son, trying not to let his bouncing leg shake the table too much.

"Tell me," he says, "what do you think of the skater boy?"

"Phichit?" Yuri asks, and then swallows. "He's cool! He can wear skirts and dresses!! And he's a skater!"

"Cool, huh?" Viktor murmurs to himself, and tightens his fingers against the table. "Cool...

"Do you not like him, Papa?" Yuri almost sounds sad, and Viktor internally kicks himself.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't say that, " Viktor assures, nodding his head, and not really answering the question.

Sure, the guy's cool. He's nice, apparently, and also very, very friendly.

Viktor puts a hand to his cheek, brushing the spot where Yuuri's lips oh so softly touched his skin. It feels warm.

Chapter End Notes

**EP 9 MORE LIKE KILL ME !!!!! I NUT!!!!**

HA GOT EM!!!! 90% of the comments last chapter were split between phichit and yurio being the trans one (i thought it was obvious tbh) but GUESS WHAT THEYRE BOTH TRANS!!!
cis people? in MY fanfic? (its less likely than u think) (copyrighted by kat)

tumblr

yuri on ice sideblog
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

"Yuuri, I gotta tell you something," Phichit says, flopping down on Yuuri's bed at seven in the morning and draping himself all over his blanketed form. "You're gay."

Yuuri is silent for a few moments.

Then he sighs. "Phichit, you're gay."

Chapter Notes

i am mcfuckin screamin at the hit count wtf who r u ppl

(im kidding thank u im in tears)

i started adding chapter summaries bc i think theyre cool n ive always wanted to do them,, if theyre not cool and im just bein lame tell me lmao

also a note so ppl arent confused: this is an au, so things wont be the same in the show obviously lmao. in this fic, yuuri is genderfluid and uses he/him. phichit and yurio are both trans dudes. yuuko and yuuri both work at a coffee shop, viktor is in japan because he's filming a movie there. also, minako is a ballet coach who travels the world with her students who perform.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oh my God, Yuuri," Yuuko sighs once Yuuri steps inside the coffee shop. "You don't need to keep coming here since you have that big-time babysitting gig." She's leaning against the counter, bags under her eyes and hair a mess. Yuuri bites his lip in guilt—she's so tired because he hasn't been at work, because she's been pretty much the only person working.

"Well, I kind of do," he contradicts. "Viktor is only in Japan because he's shooting a movie."

Yuuko blinks, seemingly surprised. "Oh... I guess you're right. Though, it's been a few months now. That's kind of a long time to stay."

"I can't really babysit a kid who's all the way in Russia," Yuuri says, mostly to himself, and his heart pangs at the idea. Sure, he's only the babysitter, he's getting paid to do all this, but the thought of eventually never being able to see Yuri (or Viktor, fuck) again makes him want to die.

He shakes it off, rolling his shoulders, and moves to fetch his apron.

"Oh—" Yuuko pauses, turning around and pushing herself off the counter. "By the way, happy birthday, Yuuri."

Yuuri smiles to himself. So far, he's only gotten calls from his parents and sister, and a (rather
annoying) awakening from Phichit when he dumped confetti all over his sleeping form.

"Thanks, Yu-chan."

There's a hum from behind him, and the door bell chimes with the sound of footsteps.

"Where's Phichit?" Yuri asks, adjusting the hood of his goofy little cat kigurumi.

Yuuri snorts a little—of course Phichit would be popular with little kids—and shrugs his shoulders lightly. "He's at my apartment," he replies, unless Phichit is at this parents' house, preparing for the Ultimate Yuuri Katsuki Birthday Party they throw nearly every year. "I'm not sure your papa would like it if I started bringing random strangers to his hotel room."

Yuri pouts a little at his answer, his shoulders slumping. He turns back to his weird little kids' show, seemingly disappointed.

Yuuri rolls his eyes. He can only hope that Phichit isn't turning his apartment into a mess trying to set up some kind of party (like he does every single year—even if they weren't in the same country. Parties over Skype were always something interesting). He's tempted to text him, telling him just to make a mess at his parents' house instead, but he decides against it.

"Is Phichit your best friend?" Yuri suddenly asked, suddenly laying on the floor, his legs on the couch, head watching the show upside down.

Yuuri pauses. "Yes." And it's a not a lie, because he's known Phichit for years now. Phichit was the one who helped him discover his genderfluidity, and Yuuri was the one who helped him discover just how much of a boy he really was. They've been through almost everything together, even if their paths did go extremely different ways.

Yuri considers the answer for a few moments. "Okay. Can Phichit be my best friend too?"

Yuuri has the sudden urge to clutch his chest and fall over. Yuri is far too sweet and cute than he really knows. "Of course," he replies earnestly. "Phichit thinks you're really cool."

Yuri positively beams at that, and lifts his head. "You be my best friend too." Then he frowns. "Even though you have the same name as me..."

He stares, and can't even say a word when Yuri lays back down, pleased with his declaration. His moment of sweet innocence fades, however, when he starts getting frustrated with the characters on-screen and yells nonsense at them.

Yuuri still sits there, gaping, and in the back of his mind he thinks it's really going to suck when Yuri has to go back to Russia.

It's really going to suck when Viktor has to go.
Viktor is back, humming to himself as he checks his phone. He's almost sitting on the counter, tapping his fingers against the marble of the counter top. It's a habit, Yuuri notices, and chastises himself for watching Viktor so closely he can discover his little habits. But then, he stops, because he's always picked up on little habits people develop over the years—Yuuko is always cracking her knuckles whenever she's thinking hard; Phichit flexes his fingers and bites on his lip, Yuri runs his hands all through his hair and rocks back and forth in place.

And then there's Viktor, who taps his fingers against surfaces in rhythmic tunes, who flips his hair to get it out of his eyes only for it to fall right back into place, who licks his lips whenever's he's in deep thought.

"Yuuri? Is something wrong?" And he hadn't even noticed he'd been staring; Yuuri's face goes pink.

"U-uh—" Good job, Yuuri.

"Nothing! Sorry, just lost in thought." His phone buzzes in his pocket—probably his sister, telling him to get his ass here before she ate all the cake.

An idea forms in his mind, impulsive and stupid all at once. He regrets it as soon as it reaches his mind, and bites his lip. He's half-tempted, but it's dumb, because Viktor probably doesn't even know it's his birthday. He doesn't even want to tell him, because if there's anything he knows about Viktor it's that the man never does anything in moderation, and he'd feel guilty if even anyone spent a bunch of money or time on him.

Oh, fuck it.

"Viktor," Yuuri starts, and surprises himself with his own confidence, "would you, um... like to go the party my parents threw with me?"

There. He's said it. His entire body is racked with pure anxiety as Viktor gives him a confused look.

"Ooh, a party?" he chirps. "For what?"

"My birthday."

Viktor's smile drops into a surprised oh. He blinks once, twice, and tilts his head. "Why didn't you tell me it's your birthday, Yuuri?" He sounds genuinely curious, almost hurt.

Yuuri shrugs, looking off to the side. "Don't know. I don't usually tell people."

"Why not?"

Viktor's pushing him, he knows, but Yuuri meets him where he's at. "I don't think it's that big of a deal."

Viktor's jaw drops. "But—it's your birthday! Of course it's a big deal!" He shoves his phone in his pocket and moves to grab his coat. "Yuri," he calls into the hallway, "grab your coat. We're going to a party!"

There's a dramatic, elongated sigh from Yuri's bedroom. "Fiiiiiiiiine."

"I—" Yuuri stammers. "Viktor, wait—"

"What are we waiting for?" Viktor questions, grabbing Yuuri's hand and dragging him out into the hotel hallway. "It's party time!"
Yuuri wonders if he never should've asked him.

Yuuri's mother is beyond excited to welcome back the very handsome and famous guests, and even rushes into the kitchen to make more food just to fit them. Yuuri's father only laughs, and Mari just rolls her eyes, like she expected it.

Yuuko, Takeshi, and the triplets are all sat at the table, the triplets watching something on their mother's phone while Yuuko excitedly chats to her husband. Yuuri can see Phichit's form jumping up and down next to his mother. There's another person sitting, a ways off, holding a bottle in the air and shouting. The voice is familiar, he swears, and he squints to see closer and—

"...Minako?"

His former ballet instructor turns her head, and she's very obviously tipsy. Minako bobs her head, and cheers loudly.

"Yuuuuri! Happy birthday!" she greets, trying to stand but ultimately failing. She instead leans on the floor with her hand, slamming the bottle of alcohol on the table.

"What are you doing here?" Yuuri asks, but he can't help his smile. "I thought you were traveling the world?"

Minako shakes her head and sighs. "My student got injured during one of her performances, so we've both been sent home." She frowns slightly. "At least she gets to be with her family."

Yuuri bows his head slightly. "Well, I'm glad you're here."

Minako nods back, and then her small smile turns into one of mischief. "So..."

"Please don't."

"Viktor Nikiforov, huh?"

Yuuri feels his eye twitch. "Phichit told you."

"Oh, honey, we could all tell as soon as you walked in here holding his son's hand." Minako leans back and takes another drink, laughing darkly through it.

Yuuri's ears flush despite himself. He tells himself he shouldn't be embarrassed, but he is, and clenches his fists.

"Yuuri!" comes Viktor's fateful voice, and suddenly there's a hand on his shoulder. "Your family and friends are all so wonderful! I could stay here forever!"

"Feel free!" Hiroko calls from the kitchen.

Yuuri quickly denies him, face flushing. Viktor almost looks disappointed, but his hand doesn't move from Yuuri's shoulder when he turns his head to look for Yuri. When he spots him, he's sitting next to Yuuko, his face almost angry with determination as they talk about something important (and if Yuuri knows anything about them, it's most likely ice skating. Hell, Yuuko's children were named after ice skating moves.)
"He seems to be getting along well," Viktor says happily, and skips away towards his son.

Yuuri's shoulder burns with his touch, and Minako is laughing.

"Minako!"

"S-sorry, sorry—it's just, your face! It's so red!"

"Uuuuuugh...."

The celebration itself passes by surprisingly quick. Hiroko and Phichit bring out the cake they made together, high and proud, and Yuuri blows out the twenty-four candles stacked on top (in a scarily flammable order) while Yuri sneakily tries to blow out a few from the left of him. While he himself only eats about one piece, Yuri devours most of the cake—Yuuri can only wonder how he packs so much food in such a tiny body.

Viktor is beside him the entire time, his hand scarly close to brushing his. He makes movements, sometimes, like he wants to touch him—and he does, eventually, when he wants his attention. And Yuuri knows Viktor is a touchy person—he knows that more than anyone in the room—and no matter how many times Viktor's hand brushes his neck, his shoulder, his back, it never fails to make his ears heat up and a shiver run down his spine. And he's sure Viktor knows, and yet he continues.

Yuuri suddenly feels his chest get tight when Viktor gently grabs his elbow to grasp his attention, when Viktor doesn't let go as he points out the frosting in Yuri's long hair.

Yuuri just laughs, his voice tight and forced, and nods. Standing up quickly, he excuses himself as less awkward as he possibly can, and tries not to make it obvious that he's dying to get out of the room.

And then he's outside, and it's cold, but it's fresh air, and Yuuri breathes it in. It takes him a few minutes to stop heaving, for his chest to stop hurting, but he's gripping the collar of his shirt once he's done, and leaning against the side of his parents' hot spring.

He watches his own breath for a moment, and then he's startled by the creak of the door opening.

"Yuuri?" comes Viktor's voice, and Yuuri just wants to press himself against the wall and have it absorb him.

"Yes?" he asks, his voice shaky, and then curses himself on the inside.

"Why are you out here?" Viktor asks, his hands in his coat pocket. "Your birthday party's inside, you know."

Yuuri doesn't respond, and just turns his head away. He's not even sure how to answer his question. His chest is starting to get tight again.

And, thankfully, Viktor remains silent as he slowly walks over towards him. He eyes Yuuri up and down, raising an eyebrow, and slides off his coat. Yuuri blinks in confusion when it's suddenly
draped over his shoulders, the trench coat engulfing his shorter form. He grips it in shock, resisting the urge to tighten it around his body.

Viktor grabs onto the collar of his own coat, yanking on it until Yuuri is nearly pulled flushed against him. Not giving Yuuri the chance to question it, he leans forward until their foreheads are touching, and his hot breath is fanning over Yuuri's face.

"I wish you'd tell me what's wrong," is what he says, his tone soft.

"Um—" Yuuri stammers, his face going red. He can't even think with Viktor so close, his hair tickling his skin, his scent overwhelming his senses. He bites his lip, and composes himself, even if just for a few moments. "I'm... sorry for leaving so abruptly. I was getting... anxious."

"Anxious?" Viktor echoes. "Why?"

Oh, of course. Yuuri's face lightens in color. "Well..."

Viktor is waiting, waiting for him until he can bring himself to tell him. Yuuri is grateful for his silence, but he wishes Viktor would stop looking at him so intently. He feels conflicted, and for a moment he wants to bolt and run.

"I'm just the babysitter," he blurts. "And you treat me like..."

Viktor stares. "Like what?"

Yuuri avoids his gaze. "Like I'm something special."

Yuuri starts when Viktor's grip on his coat collar moves to grab his shoulders. Viktor pulls his forehead away, and instead he gives Yuuri the most desperate look he's ever seen on him.

"You're not just the babysitter, you know," Viktor urges. "You've... wormed your way into Yuri and I's lives more than anyone."

"You make it sound like a bad thing," Yuuri deadpans.

Viktor shakes his head quickly. "You've changed Yuri. And... maybe me. " And suddenly, he's blushing , and Yuuri's eyes widen. "You've taught me to do so many things, and how to take care of my own son better. Without you, I don't know where I'd be. My own son would probably still be the angry little boy he was before. Now he's smiling, he's energetic, and he's..." Viktor takes a deep breath. "... so much different. Because of you."

Yuuri feels like crying, but for a whole new reason. He's helpless to the small smile that replaces his frown.

"So... don't call yourself just the babysitter," Viktor finishes, and his grip loosens.

Yuuri's breath is shaky when it escapes him, and when his eyes leave Viktor's they land on his lips. Viktor is staring too, but neither of them make a move.

Eventually, Viktor takes a step back, and Yuuri misses the warmth.

"Come back in when you feel better," Viktor says, taking a few steps towards the door. He smiles. "Everyone in there really misses you."

And then he's gone, and Yuuri indulges himself in the sweet scent of Viktor's jacket.
"Yuuri, I gotta tell you something," Phichit says, flopping down on Yuuri's bed at seven in the morning and draping himself all over his blanketed form. "You're gay."

Yuuri is silent for a few moments.

Then he sighs. "Phichit, you're gay."

Phichit hums in thought. "You're right, but right now you're a bigger gay than I."

"Is that even possible," Yuuri deadpans, and tugs his blanket over his head.

"Hey, I'm being serious right now!" Phichit reaches over and pulls at the blanket. "You need to do something about your little Nikiforov situation!"

Yuuri tenses. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Bullshit," Phichit says. "You came back inside your parents' house wearing his jacket. He's practically always looking at you. Are you really this dense?"

He's really not, and he knows he's attracted to Viktor—but he also knows attraction isn't love, and attraction is temporary. He knows Viktor is temporary.

"It's not going to be anything, Phichit," Yuuri finally says, exasperatedly, and almost angrily, because goddamn it, it's seven in the morning and he really doesn't want to talk or think about his conflicted feelings when he just wants to sleep it all off. "Viktor's only here to shoot a movie, and while he's off doing that he needs someone to watch his son. He's leaving for Russia soon, because the movie is almost done. So, nothing is going to happen, it can't happen, and can I go back to sleep now?"

He's being too harsh, he knows, and immediately regrets it when Phichit's eyes soften and his look turns into a frown.

"Yeah," Phichit says quietly, and rolls off the bed. "Sorry."

He's about to leave when Yuuri sighs and lowers his head.

"I'm sorry, Phichit," he says. "I shouldn't have lashed out at you."

"No, it's my fault," Phichit says, and he doesn't turn around. "I shouldn't have pushed you."

Yuuri gets up before Phichit can escape completely, and just when he's halfway out the door he wraps his arms around Phichit's shoulders from behind. He jolts against him, but Yuuri doesn't let go, and drops his forehead to rest on his shoulder.

"Please don't be sad. Or angry," Yuuri says. "I don't think I can handle my best friend being upset because of me."
Phichit is quiet for a few moments, but then he snorts. "You've always been that way."

Yuuri feels all of his anxieties melt away, and he smiles. "You're right."

Phichit pulls away, and turns around. "Go back to sleep, dork. You deserve a good night's rest."

Yuuri laughs quietly. "I sure as hell do."

And then Phichit leaves, and when Yuuri goes back to bed his dreams are filled with images of silver.

"Here," Viktor says, handing Yuuri a carefully-wrapped present, unable to hold back his excitement when Yuuri examines it all around. "Happy birthday, Yuuri!"

"You... didn't have to get me anything," Yuuri says, feeling guilty when he looks at the present—it's obvious he spent a lot of time decorating the exterior, and Yuuri is only worried to know what's inside. If it's something expensive, he plans to shove it back into Viktor's arms and demand he take it back.

"Of course I did!" Viktor argues, leaning forward on the couch. "I felt bad about not being able to give it to you yesterday, because someone," Viktor pauses to poke Yuuri's cheek in disdain, "didn't tell me it was his birthday!"

Yuuri rolls his eyes, and looks down at the gift. He's hesitant, and lifts his hand—
—then there's a piece of paper being shoved in it.

Yuri is standing there, hands behind his back, shifting and avoiding Yuuri's gaze. "I drew you that."

His face is pink with embarrassment.

Yuuri blinks at him and then looks at the paper in his hand. It's of him, Viktor, and Yuri, all crudely drawn in crayon in the usual style of a child, and they're all holding hands with smiles on their faces. On the bottom of the paper it reads Happy birthday Yuuri in rough kanji (helped out by Viktor, no doubt) with a small smiley face at the end.

It's so precious that Yuuri feels tears come to his eyes. "I love it," he says, and it's honest.

Yuri's embarrassed expression turns deeper, and he smiles slightly.

"Now, open your gift!" Viktor pleads, bouncing his legs excitedly.

Yuuri sets down the drawing on his lap, and picks up the present. He almost doesn't want to ruin the careful wrapping, but gives up in favor of curiosity. Underneath the red wrapping is a brown cardboard box, and Yuuri eyes it warily.

But Viktor and Yuri are both watching him intently, and he has no choice but to lift the top and look inside.

And his jaw drops.
Inside is a carefully woven blue scarf, with embroidered white branches and vines across the bottom of it. It's *beautiful*, and when Yuuri lifts it up it's *soft*, and he has the sudden urge to rub his cheek against it.

"...Where—"

"I made it!" Viktor exclaims, and Yuuri looks up in surprise to see that he's blushing. "It took me all night, but it was worth it."

Yuuri is astounded, and ultimately decides that the scarf is far more expensive and valuable than anything he could've ever gotten. And, all of a sudden, the burning in the back of his eyes gets stronger, and tears spring to the corners.

"You... made it," and his voice is shaky.

"Yeah!" Viktor says. "My mother taught me when I was a child. I hope I didn't mess it up too bad?"

And then Yuuri is crying, earnestly, and sniffles.

"No, it's perfect."

*Thank you.*

---

**Chapter End Notes**

me: i should make this more slow burn

inner me: make them kiss

FUCKING EPISODE 10 I LITERALLY HAD TO LAY DOWN FOR AN HOUR AFTER IMF CKIN

*umblr

*yi sideblog*
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

"Yuuri, do you think Viktor would sue me if I tried to steal his son—"

"Phichit, no. "

Chapter Notes

hey who wants to buy me sims 3 expansion packs on steam

so my 8 year old brother is apparently big for his age so idk how big normal 8 yr olds are?? but in canon yurio is short for his age so i mean

fun fact: my birthday is one day b4 yurios. we r both pisces, aka the best zodiac sign.
all u aries ppl can fucc off

(im kidding dont send me hate)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The actual shooting of scenes is what takes the longest, and it's what Yuri despises the most. Viktor's gone for maybe hours at a time, maybe an entire day—and in retrospect shooting a scene shouldn't take that long, but Viktor is a professional actor, and if he does not like the way the scene's set up he'll demand a retake.

Yuuri figures this out when Viktor spends nights pacing around the house, speaking random lines out loud, while he's getting ready to leave. It's like a slap in the face—a reminder that he's a world-famous celebrity, a movie star adored by thousands.

So, during these times, Yuuri takes Yuri to Ice Castle. And this time, Phichit has joined them.

It's times like these—when Phichit is holding Yuri's hands and guiding him gently across the ice, retelling funny stories from his competitions and about his fellow competitors—that Yuuri reminisces what it was like a few years ago. When Yuuri was still actively pursuing ice skating, when he wasn't worried about his future and how he would support himself. Sometimes he wishes that he went along with Phichit to skate professionally, but the reality of it all is that he just wasn't meant to, and he's happy at the coffee shop with his childhood friend.

(And he's happy as the babysitter for Yuri Plisetsky-Nikiforov, no matter how temporary it may be.)

He hears a thump, and whirls around worriedly until he sighs in relief. Phichit is laughing on the floor of the rink, Yuri piled across his lap face-first on the ground. The latter's shoulders are shaking with quiet giggles.

"Maybe it wasn't a good idea to skate with these pants on," Phichit says, hooking his hands
underneath Yuri's armpits and lifting him up off him. He stands and pulls up his harem pants, rubs
the small of his back and winces with a shiver. "And a crop top."

"Don't let the ice ruin your style," Yuuri teases from the sidelines, running his hands along the
designs of his scarf.

Phichit rolls his eyes, and looks down at Yuri. He reaches down, brushing his hair from his eyes.
"Your hair is getting quite long. Can you see behind it?"

Yuri shakes his head and blows a strand out of his eyes for good show. "Papa said he'd take me to
get it cut sometime."

Yuuri strokes his chin, and opens his mouth, but Phichit beats him to the punch with, "Wouldn't he
be overrun with paparazzi?" He pauses. "Ha. Papa-razzi. That was a pun."

Yuuri sighs. "Do you want your hair cut?"

Yuri pauses, and looks down at the ground. "I don't like it when it's super long..." he finally
mumbles, picking at the strands with two fingers. "It makes people think I'm a girl."

Phichit squats down to his height and tilts his head. "Just because you have long hair doesn't mean
you're a girl," he says matter-of-factly.

Yuri is quiet for a few moments. He fumbles with his skate for a few moments.

"Yuri?" Phichit continues.

"I want to get it cut," Yuri says quiet, almost shamefully.

Phichit looks like he's about to cry—always the dramatic. Yuuri snorts and gestures for them to
come over. Once they've skated their way towards him (Yuri not as graceful as Phichit), Yuuri
kneels down to untie Yuri's laces.

"How about I take you to get your hair cut?" he says, slipping off the first skate.

Yuri's eyes widen behind his long bangs. "Right now?"

Yuuri blinks—that hadn't been exactly what he was implying, but he figured why not. Viktor was
most likely still filming, and if he went there would surely be crowds of paparazzi lining the
streets.

"Sure," he agrees after he realizes he'd been silent for a while.

Yuri suddenly grabs Phichit's hand, almost causing him to fall over the bench. "Can Phichit come
too?"

Phichit puts a hand over his heart and turns his head away, looking tearful.

Yuuri laughs, tossing his head back. "Of course!"

Phichit pumps his free hand in the air. "Yes! Hair-cut trip!"

Yuri looks at his own hand and copies his motions. Phichit makes a dying noise and sinks to the
floor.
"Yuuri, do you think Viktor would sue me if I tried to steal his son—"

"Phichit, no."

Yuuri almost brings Yuri to his family's home, but then he remembers all the times his family was too lazy to drag him to the hairdressers' and just cut his hair themselves—it resulted in horrifying moments of bowl-cuts, misshapen bangs, and all-around terrible styles.

So he tries his luck with going into the city and finding a decent enough hair stylist that doesn't cost a fortune.

They step inside, carefully, and Yuuri suddenly regrets his choice of party—a famous celebrity's famous son, that famous son's semi-famous babysitter, and a successful ice-skater who's been in the Olympics.

It's not really much of a surprise when the young lady at the front widens her eyes and throws a hand over her mouth.

"I just need to get him a haircut," Yuuri says quickly. "Can you do that for me?"

The young lady eyes Yuri up and down, and bites on her lip before excitedly nodding. She stands from her chair, grabbing an apron and setting her book on the counter.

"Business has been slow lately, actually," she says, and her voice is shaky. "I can't believe you, of—of all people!"

Yuuri laughs nervously, hoping that no one recognized them as they came in. He hopes because they aren't with Viktor, that some people would overlook them. But with the way he and Yuri have been over the news lately, someone recognizing them is more likely than he'd like.

Yuri, as small as he is, manages to climb up onto the leather chair, and leans back. He looks nervous when the lady wraps the mat over his body. It's quite big on him, and Yuri kicks his legs in anticipation.

The lady—Yuuri reads her name on her name tag, Momoko—runs her fingers through Yuri's hair and exhales sharply. "Oh, it's so soft!" she exclaims. "So, what were you thinking of getting done?"

Her question is directed at Yuuri, but he just shakes his head and gestures towards the child on the chair.

"Yuri, what do you want?"

Yuri blinks, obviously not expecting control to be handed over to him. He looks panicked for a second, and Yuuri worries that he may have done the wrong thing, but then Yuri is taking a deep
breath and staring right into the mirror.

He lifts his hand and fingers a part of his long hair. "I want it... shorter."

Momoko carefully lifts the bottom of his hair. "How short? Show me." She's calm; much more so than when she first watched them walk in.

Yuri places the edge of his hand just below his chin. "There."

"Hm, a good length," Momoko mumbles, almost to herself. "Anything else?"

Yuri shakes his head quickly. "No. Just cut."

Momoko chortles softly and nods her head. "Alright."

And so she gets to work.

Halfway through, Phichit jumps in front of Yuri and adjusts his phone camera.

"Do a big smile for Instagram!"

Yuri blinks once, twice, and then smiles wide, raising both of his hands for peace signs.

Phichit snaps the photo, and squeals in excitement.

"Send me that so I can send it to Viktor," Yuuri says from the other side of the room, not even looking up as he flips through an overrated celebrity magazine.

[ 14:45 ] Yuuri: image attached

[ 14:46 ] Viktor: im in real tears rn

[ 14:46 ] Viktor: new insta prof pic
"Viktor makes the picture his profile picture and he doesn't even like my post," Phichit whispers, scandalized. "The bastard."

Yuuri shushes him. "No swearing in front of the baby."

"Yuuri, he's eight years old.

"A baby!"

"Alright!" comes Momoko's excited shout, effectively ending their argument, and whirls Yuri's chair around. "Tell me what you think!"

Yuuri and Phichit's jaws both drop in unison. Yuri's hair is cut to the exact length, but the hair curls slightly at the ends and frames his face like it's a work of art. Yuri's eyes are cast downwards, like he's embarrassed, but his face is twitching like he's trying to hold back a smile.

Phichit moans and nearly sinks to the floor. "Ooooh my God, I'm making you cut my hair every time I come here."

Momoko blushes, and laughs behind her hand. "Oh—you're too nice!"

"Do you like it, Yuri?" Yuuri asks before he starts ranting about how well it's done.

Yuri glances up shyly, and nods. "Yes."

Momoko slaps her hands against her cheeks and grins. "I think it looks great!" Yuuri says, and that's not even the half of it. "It's a wonder business is slow for you. You're amazing," he continues genuinely.

Momoko's face is bright red. "Stop it! You guys are too kind!"

Yuuri smiles, and gets out his money so he can pay for it all. While he pays, he sees Phichit and Yuri trying to steal as many suckers as they can from the bowl at the counter, Yuri even going so far as to stuff them in his gloves.

"Oh, this is too much of a tip," Momoko says, pushing back the money slowly.

Yuuri shakes his head. "It's fine. You deserve it."

Momoko looks like she's about to die, and she sighs shakily as she takes it.

"You're too nice, Yuuri," Phichit says, his crop top lifted so he can carry the amount of suckers he's stolen.

Yuuri eyes the top full of suckers and then back up to Phichit's face.

"Put them back."

"Aw, c'mon—"

They're interrupted by a sudden knock on the glass door, and all four turn to look at the group of girls taking photos and giggling.

Yuuri narrows his eyes at Phichit. "You added a location, didn't you," he accuses darkly.
Phichit dumps all the suckers out of his shirt and shrugs sheepishly, refusing to meet his gaze. "Um..."

"You guys can go out the back!" Momoko blurts, shaking her hands in front of her. "It's for employees only, but I can make an exception."

Yuuri sighs in relief. "You really are a lifesaver."

Momoko blushed and smiles, waving as Phichit scoops up Yuri and bolts out the door.

"Hey—Phichit, I said you can't steal him!"

They're halfway down the street, hoods up and hidden, when someone suddenly calls out at them.

*Good job, Phichit,* Yuuri muses, frowning, and takes Yuri's hand before running.

Pictures of them are already on Instagram by the time they manage back inside the hotel, locking the door behind them as soon as they rush inside the room.

Viktor is on the couch, headphones over his head as he intently watches something on his laptop (which—Yuuri notes—is covered in different kinds of stickers). He lifts his head a little once he hears the door slam shut, and slides off his headphones. "Oh, you guys are back!"

Yuri escapes Yuuri's clutches and runs up to him, fluffing his hair. "Papa, papa, look at my hair!"

Viktor completely removes the headphones and shoves them off to the side. He ruffles Yuri's hair, smiling brightly he could've replaced the overhead light. "I saw! Yuuri sent me a few pictures of it!"

"And I got a bunch of suckers!" To show it off, Yuri slips off his coat and holds it upside down. What seems like a mountain of suckers spills onto the floor, and Phichit bursts out laughing.

"Yuri!" Yuuri exclaims, and Yuri flinches sheepishly.

Viktor is only laughing, picking up two and looking at the flavors. "So many! You sure you can eat all these?"

Yuri looks at him like he's stupid. "'Course I can!"

"Is that you on the laptop?" Phichit interrupts curiously, leaning over the couch and looking over Viktor's shoulder. The latter pauses, hesitant, and then presses play on his laptop.
It's one of the scenes, unedited with the green screen still in place. Viktor is covered in makeup, makeshift scars and dirt and blood on his face and shoulders. He's holding a gun, and Yuuri can't really tell if it's fake or not.

"Whoa, intense," Phichit whispers. "So cool! I always forget that shooting the movies doesn't look as cool as it does when you're watching it."

Viktor scoffs. "I make anything look cool, excuse you."

"What's the movie's plot?" Phichit asks, and he's leaning over the couch so far his head could touch the cushion from behind.

Viktor grins, wide, like he's been waiting for this question. "Well," he starts, clapping his hands together, "the main character is, well, me, and I play as a high-school teacher who has a double life as an assassin."

Phichit blows a raspberry.

"Hey! It gets better," Viktor assures. "My character is struggling to hide his secret life from his friends and family, and everything goes upside down when the guy he's hired to kill steals his daughter as a hostage."

"Dramatic."

"Yes! And he teams up with one of the witnesses of the kidnapping, which happens to be his worst student."


Viktor frowns at him, putting his hands on his hips, but it's all in good fun. "It's a good movie! There's strange sexual tension between the worst student and the best student, and I don't think it's intentional."

"Is it gay?"

"Yes."

"Yuuri, we're watching it," Phichit immediately declares.

Yuuri scoffs and rolls his eyes.

Viktor then sighs, leaning forward and resting his chin in his hands. "Oh, yes, shooting the scenes is quite fun, but I haven't had a free night out in ages!" he sighs. "I spend most of my time taking promotional pictures and dealing with scripts and scene changes! Movies are so complicated."

"A night out, huh?" And that's when Yuuri sees the devious glint in Phichit's eyes, one that he knows all too well. "Why don't you and Yuuri go out?" comes Phichit's fateful suggestion. "I know for sure that Yuuri doesn't get out much, either."

"Phichit!" Yuuri flushes.

"What?" Phichit is smirking, batting his eyelashes innocently.

"There'd be no one to watch Yuri," Viktor says, but his ears are pink, "since Yuuri is the babysitter."
"I can do it," Phichit immediately offers, sliding to kneel next to said child. "We're basically best friends already."

Viktor narrows his eyes. Yuuri wishes the floor would open and swallow him whole.

"But..." Viktor mumbles. He shifts his gaze back and forth between Phichit and Yuri, looking distrustful. He bites his lip, hesitant, and settles his gaze on Yuri. "Do you trust him?"

Yuri looks over at Phichit. "Yes."

Viktor seems satisfied, and leans back. "Well... alright."

"What?" Yuuri nearly shrieks, far louder than he meant to. He immediately shuts his mouth once he sees the startled look on Viktor's face. "I-I mean—"

"Do you not want to?" Viktor asks, soft.

Yuuri's face couldn't get hotter. He shakes his head quickly. "N-no, no, no, I'd love to, I mean, um —"

"Then it's settled!" Phichit exclaims, and snatches both their coats from the coat rack. "Have fun you two!"

And he tosses their coats at them and shoves them out into the hotel hall, the sound of muffled laughter coming from behind the closed door.

They're on their way to a restaurant when Viktor's phone buzzes with the notification that he's been tagged in something on Instagram. He looks up at Yuuri, who's trailing slightly ahead of him, ears pink, claiming he knows "where one of the best are," and smiles softly.

Unlocking his phone, he clicks on the notification and stares at it for a few moments.

It's Phichit, and he has a sucker in his mouth, peace sign thrown up. Yuri is under his arm, holding a game controller, with his own sucker sticking out of the corner of his mouth.


glad @v-nikiforov trusted me enough 2 babysit his precious baby while he's on his hot date!! ( •̀•́)

Viktor scoffs, and double-taps his screen. He sees the slight smile hidden on Yuri's face in the photo, and screenshots it so he can zoom in.

He ultimately decides that maybe Phichit isn't as bad as he once thought.
"I can't believe Phichit put me up to this," Yuuri groans around his straw, bouncing his leg and slightly rocking the outdoor glass table they're sat at. Then he pauses. "Well, no, I can believe it."

Viktor leans forward on his elbows. "Are you nervous?"

Yuuri laughs, like it's obvious. "I'm always nervous."

"I wonder why that is." 

"Anxiety, probably," Yuuri deadpans, and Viktor grins.

It's not as cold as it's been the past few weeks, and the snow that coats the ground is thin and soft. The moon is high in the sky, the street is less crowded, and there's Christmas lights decorating the bricked buildings across and beside them.

(Viktor's personal favorite are the blue ones—they're just so appealing to the eye.)

"My birthday's on Christmas Day," Viktor comments softly, brushing a hand through his hair.

Yuuri raises an eyebrow. "Really?"

"We don't really celebrate Christmas in Russia, though," Viktor continues.

Yuuri pulls away from his straw and twists at the middle of it. "Hm..." he mumbles. "Well, you're in Japan right now," he decidedly says. "What would you like for Christmas?"

Viktor tenses visibly, and he looks at Yuuri with shining eyes. "I haven't... really thought about it."

Yuuri smiles softly, and looks down. "Well, when you do think about it, tell me."

There's a silence between them until their food arrives, but it's not awkward. When Yuuri exhales and looks at his breath in the cold night air, he vaguely wonders if outdoor seating was the best option, especially when Viktor has a better chance of being recognized outside.

But he sees the way the stars twinkle, despite the light pollution, and he looks at the way Viktor's face looks in the moonlight, and he ultimately decides it was a good choice.

"Yours looks good," Viktor says, finally breaking the silence, pointing to Yuuri's plate with his fork.

"Oh," Yuuri starts. "It's... called porchetta, I think." He pokes at it gently. "I haven't had Italian food in quite a while."

"Mm," Viktor says around his mouthful of pasta. Some of it falls off his lip and he jumps to cup underneath his mouth with a surprised noise.

Yuuri hides his laugh with the back of his hand.

Maybe it's not as awkward as he thought it would be.

---

They walk, on the sidewalk, side-by-side, hands so close they could be laced together.
There's already Christmas decorations laced along the lights of the streets and the buildings, and Yuuri spends most of their walking time admiring them. He's always loved the Christmas season, no matter how cheesy his sister says all of it is.

"You really like Christmas, huh?" Viktor says, making Yuuri jump.

Yuuri feels his face flush in embarrassment. "Oh, sorry, I just—" His voice breaks in the middle of his sentence. "—really enjoy the season. The cold. The... lights."

Viktor just laughs, his shoulders shaking. "Don't get flustered now," he says, his hand gently coming up to grab Yuuri's forearm. "It's cute when you get excited."

If Yuuri wasn't red before, he sure was now, and he feels his inner self sinking to the floor. He groans internally, turning his head away externally, and feels his racing heart calm just slightly when Viktor's touch leaves him.

There's even music playing, soft and slow, despite how late it is, and the sound of it cuts right through Yuuri's anxieties. It's calming music, and Yuuri blinks in pleasant surprise when Viktor starts whistling and humming to the tune. He taps his fingers against his thigh to the rhythm, and Yuuri tilts his head.

"Do you sing?" he asks, curious.

Viktor pauses mid-hum, and turns his head. Yuuri bites his lip when he notices the slight snow collecting in his silver hair.

"A little," he replies. "I'm much better at dancing."

Yuuri himself knows a few dances or two (all thanks to Phichit, the bastard).

"Show me," he blurts without thinking, and then has the immediate urge to throw himself into the street.

Viktor blinks, eyes wide, like it's something he wasn't expecting. He stares at Yuuri for one, two more seconds, and then smiles.

"Will you dance with me?" is what he asks, holding his hand out as an invitation.

_Oh boy. This is not_ what he signed up for. Yuuri stares at his hand in anticipation, licking his lips nervously. He's sure his hand is trembling when he hesitantly places it on top of Viktor's.

As soon as their hands touch, Viktor wraps his around Yuuri's and starts walking around the corner.

It's darker, there's less lights, and the music is much more faint and muffled. But, somehow, it feels more intense. More intimate. Like they're utterly and truly alone, even when they know that they could be recognized at any moment.

Viktor is still holding his hand when he turns around to face him. "Don't be so nervous," he says, voice even softer than the music, and somehow it radiates most of all. His cheeks are flushed from cold, and Yuuri has to hold his breath when he looks him right in the eyes—because he's just so breathtakingly gorgeous that it keeps him up at night.

Yuuri wonders if it's still mild attraction.
"I'm not," he says, after realizing Viktor was waiting for him to reply.

Viktor just hums, and leans forward. His hands slide from Yuuri's hands, down his arms, gently, and around his waist until he's very nearly pressed flush against him. Yuuri makes a little noise in surprise, and tries his best to suppress a shiver when Viktor holds onto his hips.

"Can you dance?" Viktor teases.

Yuuri frowns, and tries to prove some kind of a point by looping his arms around Viktor's neck. The position is far too intimate and close than a normal babysitter and parent would have.

(Then again, Viktor constantly reminds Yuuri that he's not just some any ol' babysitter. Sometimes Yuuri finds himself believing it, even if just for a moment.)

"Yes," is how he replies, voice calm, despite his inner turmoil.

Viktor's smile is almost proud, and then changes to the same soft one he always gives him. The music is dimmed now, and the only sounds overwhelming the melody is the racing of Yuuri's own heart and the wind blowing around them.

It's cold, but where Viktor is touching him it's warm.

And so they sway, Yuuri refusing to meet Viktor's gaze. But he can feel Viktor's eyes on him, and only him, and he smiles a little.

Because Viktor was just a celebrity who everyone adored, and now he's here in Yuuri's arms, shaking like he's the most vulnerable man in the world.

And they're dancing, and it's uncoordinated and maybe Yuuri should brush up on his skills—because he steps on Viktor's feet twice and Viktor nearly slips on ice.

Viktor's thumbs are rubbing small circles on his hips where his jacket's ridden up. Yuuri's hands are fiddling with the hood of Viktor's coat.

They don't notice when the music comes to a stop.

So they stand in front of the door to Viktor's hotel room, and Viktor hesitates in opening the door. His gloved hand hovers over the handle.

He pauses in his movements, then turns. "Did you have fun tonight, Yuuri?"

Yuuri fumbles with the hem of his scarf. "Yes," he replies genuinely. "Did you?"

Viktor smiles, and it's soft, but bright all the same. "Yes." He turns and places one of his gloved hands against Yuuri's cheek, and Yuuri can feel the heat of his palm even through the leather glove, and his face is warm—

"I did."
Viktor's lips brush Yuuri's forehead, and the kiss is cold.
And it's fast, and his touch is gone as fast as it came.
Viktor opens the door and steps inside.

Yuuri is still way far gone by the time he and Phichit get back to his apartment.
"Soooo," Phichit croons, "how was it!"
Yuuri's eyes flick up, and he brushes his fingers against his forehead. It's warm.
"It was nice."
And he regrets it all, because the attraction has only grown stronger.
(It was definitely a date.)

Chapter End Notes

all i have to say about episode 11 is What The Fuck
great googly moogly its all gone to shit
this isnt relevant to the story at all but during passing period my school plays music over the speakers so a few days ago mariah carey's "all i want for christmas is you" was playing and during the part where it copies the title i sang "all i want for christmas is foooooooooood" and the teachers beside me laughed so hard they almost fell down the stairs and i still think about it late at night
anyways hope u enjoyed the chapter and sims 3 is the dominant sims game
if any of u ever make art for this fic send me tht mf link!!
tumblr
voi sideblog
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

"It's not love!" Yuuri whisper-yells in protest, his cheeks heating up. "It's just... strong attraction."

"A crush," Phichit decides.

Yuuri sighs and hangs his head. "A... crush."

Chapter Notes

yuri on ice was our light in the dark'ness dementia raven way

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's one of those rare days off—where Viktor isn't shooting a scene or dealing with a photo shoot and the cafe is closed due to heavy snow. Where he can lay on his couch and just stare into the unknown.

"Phichit," he says, "what day is it today?"

"December 23rd."

Yuuri jumps up in a panic.

It turns into a busy day when Yuuri realizes that it's two days before Christmas (not to mention Viktor's birthday), and while he's bought and prepared gifts for nearly everyone he knows, he's lacking in Viktor's birthday present.

"There's a reason you don't wait last minute to get gifts," Phichit unhelpfully says from beside him, eyes glued to his phone. "Why are we going out when the sidewalks are literally coated in ice? Someone's gonna fall and die."

"You didn't have to come," Yuuri deadpans, shoving his hands in his pockets. It's horribly cold, and he's forgotten his gloves. The only part of his body that remains warm is his neck, carefully covered by the blue scarf.

"Yes I did," Phichit argues, pursing his lips. "I'm your best friend, and if you slip and bust your ass on the ice I'm slipping with you," he declares, "Friends don't let other friends slip on ice alone."

Yuuri rolls his eyes, but with the way he's sliding all over the icy path, he's bound to slip at any
"I figured Viktor would be your first," Phichit says, and pauses. "In—gift-buying."

"Nice save," Yuuri says, and then absentmindedly adjusts the scarf around his neck. "Well... I couldn't think of anything of worth to give him."

"You could probably give him a jar and say it's your *breath* and he'd cry over it," Phichit jokes.

Yuuri wrinkles his nose. "Ew, Phichit."

"He *made* you a scarf," Phichit scoffs. "If that doesn't scream *in love* I don't know what does."

"It's not love!" Yuuri whisper-yells in protest, his cheeks heating up. "It's just... strong attraction."

"A crush," Phichit decides.

Yuuri sighs and hangs his head. "A... crush."

Phichit snorts, and shakes his head. "You're hopeless."

"I know," Yuuri agrees in a deadpan. He lets out an elongated sigh and throws his hands in the air. "What the hell am I supposed to give him that measures up to a handmade scarf!?"

Phichit isn't paying attention, laughing at something on his phone. He taps Yuuri's shoulder, bringing him to a stop, and wraps an arm around his neck when he brings his phone screen up to Yuuri's face.

"Jesus—" Yuuri leans back when the brightness of his screen blinds him momentarily, and squints to look at the photo. It's of Viktor, smile so big it could rival Phichit's phone brightness, holding up what looks like a brand new phone case. It's baby blue, with tiny images of pugs dotting the surface of it.

*nuew phone case!!!* reads the caption, followed by a multitude of heart and sparkle emojis, and Yuuri wonders why he ever doubted that Viktor would be a lowercase & emoji kind of guy.

"Guess he likes dogs," Phichit comments, as Yuuri is making a mental note to like that photo later. "Maybe you can get him a dog or something."

His tone is joking, and when Phichit's arm releases itself from his neck, Yuuri is already staring at the ground and tapping his bottom lip in thought.

Phichit blinks, and when Yuuri looks at him with strong eyes, his own eyes widen.

"Wait, no, Yuuri I was *joking*—"

"Let's go."

"*Yuuri!*"
He buys a fucking dog.

Phichit is slumped against the wall, head in his hands, shaking his head from side to side in what Yuuri can't interpret as either disappointment or disbelief.

Yuuri doesn't name the dog, and makes an appointment to pick up the dog early Christmas morning so he drop it off at Viktor's hotel room as a surprise. When he signs the papers, he walks back out to the lobby of the animal center, and Phichit is staring at him almost angrily.

"A dog," is his first words.

Yuuri runs his hands through his scarf nervously. "Well—yes," he stammers. "I think it's a good gift! Certainly something store-bought couldn't match up to a handmade scarf!"

Phichit sighs. "But a dog. You could've, I dunno, made him one of those sex coupon books!"

"What?"

"You know, where it says 'Free ticket for a blowjob', or—"

"Okay! I get it!" Yuuri shouts, blushing bright red. "I'm not good at making things, so I bought something that I'm... hoping he'd like."

Phichit rolls his eyes, and pushes himself off the wall. "I just hope you know what you're doing."

"I never know what I'm doing."

"Now that we can agree on."

When it's Christmas Eve, Yuuri's day off becomes a true day-off. He spends his time laying in his bed beside Phichit, watching silly vines, nothing but their laughter and the occasional remark of That's you.

It's nice, it's calming, and it makes Yuuri realize just how much he's missed having his best friend around.

And then it's Christmas, Viktor's birthday, and when he wakes up he sends Viktor a quick text wishing him Happy birthday! and making a comment about how he's going to stop by early.

Careful not to wake Phichit from what seems to be an action-packed dream, he gathers up Yuri's present in a bag and grabs his keys so he can drive down and pick up Viktor's gift.
He steps into Viktor's hotel room, and he's not surprised to see the man sitting on his counter with a cup of coffee, chatting to Yuri in Russian as the latter watches the Christmas program on TV. While he doesn't question why they're up so early, he mentally wonders why Viktor didn't even flinch when he walked inside (even though he knocked).

"Yuuri!" Viktor calls excitedly, his entire face lighting up at the sight of him.

Yuuri's forehead suddenly feels hot, and he tightens his scarf around his mouth. "Happy birthday."

Viktor's smile, although seemingly impossible, gets even wider. "Oh, thank you! It feels so weird being 28 now."

"Old man," Yuri deadpans from the couch. Viktor clicks his tongue at him.

Yuuri laughs. "Yuri, I have your Christmas gift."

"I have a gift?" Yuri repeats questioningly, ignoring Santa on the TV to hop off the couch and trot on over to him. He's wearing adorable footie-pajamas, coated in candy canes. How festive.

"Of course you do," Yuuri says, and kneels down so he's around Yuri's height. He takes the bag and pulls out a large plushie cat.

Yuri's eyes go wide. "Whoa!"

Yuuri gently hands him the plushie, and smiles softly when Yuri wraps his entire body around it.

"Papa, look how big it is!"

"It's even bigger than you!" Viktor laughs, and sets aside his coffee when he gets off the counter. "Are you going to tell Yuuri thank you?"

"Thank you!" Yuri exclaims automatically, and rushes off towards Viktor to compare him to the plushie. Viktor plays along with him, standing on his toes to make the size difference even stronger.

Yuuri watches them for a moment, and then clears his throat. When the two look at him, he shifts awkwardly in place.

"I, um... have a present for you too, Viktor."

"Another plushie?" Yuri pipes up curiously.

Yuuri shakes his head, and then holds his hands up. "Just... give me a moment."

And he steps out, down the hallway where one of the hotel staff holds the dog by the leash. Yuuri thanks them softly and takes the dog's leash in his hands, hoping the dog won't bark and ruin the surprise. To his relief, the dog only barks when it skips through the door, and spots Viktor and
Then Yuuri walks inside, blushing down to his collarbone, and smiles nervously. "H-happy birthday..."

Both Viktor and Yuri are speechless, both sporting wide eyes and dropped jaws. Then Viktor's eyes fill with tears, and he's rushing towards Yuuri like he's the only one he can see.

His arms throw themselves around Yuuri's shoulders, bringing his face to his chest. The fabric of his grey sweater is scratchy, but Yuuri appreciates the warmth, and allows himself to fall deeper when he closes his eyes and wraps one arm around his waist and hugs back. It's nice, and Yuuri wishes he could stay like that forever, but then Viktor is pulling away and kneeling down to face the dog.

"A dog!" he exclaims breathlessly, and for a moment Yuuri wonders if he's going to start crying (if he hasn't already done so). "Oh my God, Yuuri!"

"D-do you like it?"

"Like it?" Viktor gasps, and laughs in unadulterated happiness when the dog jumps on his lap and licks his face. "I love it! I-I can't believe it—!"

Yuuri covers his smile with his scarf, but it's so big it's hard to hide it.

Yuri is still staring. "You got Papa a dog?" he mumbles.

"It's our dog, kotyonok! " Viktor corrects, throwing himself on the dog and hugging it so tightly it was like he would never let go. "I'm gonna name you Makkachin!"

When Yuuri relinquishes the leash, the strangeness of the name reeling his head, the dog immediately runs away from Viktor and jumps on Yuri, pawing at his new plushie and drooling all over his pajamas.

As Yuri attempts to push the dog away, Viktor rises to his feet and practically hops in place in front of Yuuri.

Shaking his hands excitedly, Viktor seems at a loss for words. "Yuuri!" he almost squeals, and Yuuri takes a moment to remember that this man is deemed a sex god in countless magazines across the world.

"I take it you like your gift," Yuuri laughs softly, looking downwards in slight embarrassment.

"It's the greatest gift!" Viktor exclaims, and hugs Yuuri once more. His touch is like fire, even though his skin is cold.

Yuuri suppresses a shiver at his touch, and hugs back slowly. It's nice to give into what he wants, when he holds back because of his fear, but rationality wins, so he pulls away and smiles softly, even when his heart pounds against his chest and his brain tells him to touch, touch, touch.

"Thank you, Yuuri," Viktor says, and suddenly his voice is softer, less excited, lower.


Viktor's hands slide from his forearms to his shoulders, up to his neck. His hands are cold, but Yuuri's entire body feels hot. He's smiling, bangs covering his eyes and sweeping along his
cheekbones. He looks beautiful, and when he leans in even closer, Yuuri can see just how long his eyelashes are, just how deep the blue of his eyes are.

And that's when Yuuri realizes, oh God, Viktor's going to kiss him. He's holding onto him tightly, tilting his head, and Yuuri is half a second away from closing his eyes and just letting himself indulge. He can feel Viktor's breath, it's warm—

*All you ladies pop your pussy like this*

*Shake your body, don't stop, don't miss*

Viktor pulls away, and Yuuri squeezes his eyes shut.

"That's my custom ringtone for Phichit," he murmurs out in a quick explanation, because *oh my God did that just happen*, and huffs when he turns around and slides to answer.

"Yoooo," Phichit's voice comes through the receiver. "*We're going to your parents' house for the Christmas party, right? Also, we're out of toilet paper.*"

Yuuri's eye twitches. "You couldn't have just texted me?"

"*No?*" Phichit scoffs. "*It's important. Why, did I interrupt something?*

"... No," Yuuri lies lamely, and clenches his fist. From behind him, Viktor is marveling over Makkachin and beckoning Yuri to come and pet him.

"*Oh shit, I did!*" Phichit gasps, and then there's a shuffling noise. "*I'm gonna get to your parents' house right now. Don't worry, I'll let them know that you'll be over late because you're too busy making out with legendary superstar Viktor Nikiforov.*"

"Phichit, that's *not* what's happening—" Except he's hung up, and Yuuri is two seconds away from throwing his phone out the window.

"What'd Phichit say?" Viktor asks curiously, like nothing just happened, like he wasn't about to kiss Yuuri's breath away just a minute ago.

Yuuri sighs. "He was asking about the Christmas party at my parents' house."

"Ooh, a party?" Viktor sings. "You should get going then. You don't want to be late."

"Um... you can come, if you want," Yuuri offers, shrugging his shoulders in an attempt to look casual, but the heat on his face betrays him.

Viktor shakes his head. "Yuri and I are gonna marathon those American Home Alone movies, and then Skype some friends back home," he says, "but thank you! Tell your mother hello for me!"

Yuuri nods, and he almost wishes Viktor had kissed him, because their exchange is so awkward and rushed that Yuuri just turns on his heel and walks out without another word.

When he closes the hotel room door, he regrets it, because he should've said so much more.

Like *I'm sorry Phichit ruined our almost-first-kiss, can we try again? or I'd really like to kiss you, but I'm afraid what will happen because you're a celebrity, and you live all the way in Russia.*

His head hurts when he walks back into the snow, and he slips on the ice.
He's glad to see all his friends and family, and the gifts he receives are nice and thoughtful, but the entire party passes by in a blur, because the only thing on his mind is Viktor, Viktor, Viktor, the kiss. It's selfish, to be thinking of the one you like when you're surrounded by friends and family who love you, but Yuuri can't help it, and he hates himself for it.

If his family notices his strife, they mention nothing, and the party continues.

And then it ends. Phichit apologizes teasingly for ruining what he deems a sexy moment, and Yuuri quietly tells him it wasn't anything like that, no matter how his brain tries to tell him he wishes it was.

Yuuri falls onto his bed and crashes, too far gone when his phone vibrates from beside him.

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[23:36] Viktor: i hope your christmas party was nice

[23:37] Viktor: thank you for your gift, again

[23:37] Viktor: it was really hard to keep myself from sobbing embarrassingly

[23:38] Viktor: when i was little i had a dog and it died, and it hurt me really badly, so the dog you got me today reminded me of him

[23:39] Viktor: idk what my life would be without u

[00:13] Viktor: sweet dreams yuuri

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In the days following Christmas, Viktor is called into the studio for more shooting. When he's at the hotel room, watching over Yuri, Yuuri wonders how long it'll take for them to finish the movie completely and put out whatever trailers they want.

But, one day, he doesn't have to wonder anymore, because Yuri trots right up to him and tells him. "We're leaving in three weeks, you know."
And Yuuri drops his phone.

Chapter End Notes

normalize platonic intimacy yall

too bad i aint got nobody to be platonically intimate with rip

happy holidays and merry viktors bday everyone im dead on the inside and my eyes hurt from crying so much during yuuris free skate in ep 12

tumblr

voi sideblog
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Except this time is different. Yuuri wants to prove himself.

Chapter Notes

everyone: a dog was a bad gift

me: I KNOW THATS THE POINT LEAVE ME ALONE

not every gift has to be good guys lmao leave me and yuuri alone.......  

lots of Bad things happened in the past few days also i just wrote this chapter last night 
so im sorry if this chapter isnt up to par

trigger warnings for mentions of abuse, brief mentions of vomit, and descriptions of 
anxiety attacks

also this chapter contains a flashback, bc it was the only way i could make a scene 
stand out more rather than describing it through a large block of dialogue

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Three weeks, three weeks, three weeks. It all repeats in Yuuri's mind, over and over. For a moment, 
he's angry at Yuri, he has no other reaction than anger—but then he remembers. That's just how 
eight-year olds are. It's not his fault. It's not his fault. It's not Yuri's fault.

So he just nods in reply, moves to grab his phone, and remains quiet the rest of the day.

Yuri retreats to his room at the end of the day when Viktor returns. When Yuuri hears the door shut, he whirls around and grips the end of the couch. His eyes are blazing.

"What the hell? " Three weeks, three weeks, three weeks.

Viktor blinks in obvious surprise, and his lips part a little. "Yuuri, what—"

"How come your son has tell me you're leaving in three weeks, and not you? "

Yuuri watches how Viktor's expression changes, from confusion to realization. How his eyes widen and his mouth worms its way into a frown.
"I was just informed yesterday that there was only one more scene to shoot," Viktor says slowly, his grip tightening on his bag. "I gave Yuri a rough estimate of when we'd be leaving."

"Yesterday..." Yuuri mumbles, crossing his arms. Maybe he's overreacting a little now. "You could've told me then..." His voice is a whisper now, and to his horror, his eyes are burning with unshed tears. Don't cry don't cry.

Viktor's face is darkened with guilt. "I'm sorry. I should've told you sooner." His voice is genuine, and god damn it, Yuuri feels like a complete asshole.

Yuuri bites his lower lip, and clenches his fists. They tremble.

"It's alright," he says, his voice shaky. "I'm sorry for yelling."

He snatches up his coat and leaves, the air too thick for him to breathe.

He doesn't have to watch Yuri the next day, and Yuuri is somewhat grateful for it. It gives him room to breathe, to process what's happening, to realize it all.

He feels Yuuko watching him throughout the day, even if it's just watching his movements from the corner of her eye, or directly walking up to him and observing him very closely.

When the last customer leaves, Yuuri swallows thickly and braces himself on the counter. The laces on his apron are loose, but he can't be bothered to reach behind him and tie them. He feels like he's going to fall over.

"Yuuri," Yuuko says, in all seriousness. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, Yu-chan," he replies, trying to keep his voice steady as possible. He's spiraling down somewhere dark—into an anxiety state only his mother has ever been able to break him free from. He's not sure what to do—he wants to run, to lock himself in his room and hide underneath his covers until his life is over. It's getting hard to breathe, to think, to see—

"Yuuri, please tell me what's wrong."

And in all honesty, Yuuri doesn't even know. It starts with Viktor and Yuri leaving, morphs to Yuuri's own self-hatred of himself and his cowardice, and spirals down to remembering all his past problems, embarrassing moments, traumatic experiences. He remembers being bullied in school, how he always thought he'd never be anything.

Fucking hell. It's getting worse.

So Yuuri takes the decision to go for it. He clenches his fists and digs his nails into his palm, and lowers his head.

He decides to start at the beginning. "Viktor's leaving. In three weeks." He spits the words out, like it's the worst news in the world.

Yuuko's eyes soften, and Yuuri remembers—she doesn't know. She doesn't understand like he and
Phichit do.

"Oh, Yuuri..." Yuuko says, but she doesn't know the full truth.

"I like him," Yuuri spits, and maybe his palms are bleeding from how hard he's clenching his fists, "a lot." And he's leaving.

Maybe he's overreacting, because it's just a crush, but none of that matters right now. Yuuko knows what to do—she's known him for so long—and she doesn't say a word as she pulls Yuuri close to her chest and strokes his hair. She holds him there, tightening her arms around him, and lets him lean against her for as long as he needs to.

It's nice, and Yuuri lets himself loose for a while, his hands slowly reaching up to grip the back of her shirt tightly, his body trembling as he tries not to crush her. It's always been like this, Yuuri realizes—Yuuko comforting Yuuri, hugging him, even in their childhood.

Yuuri can only wonder how she hasn't gotten sick of him yet.

"Did you take your anxiety medication?" Phichit asks worriedly, fumbling all through the cabinet in hopes of finding something, anything.

Yuuri can't speak, his throat is all choked up. He feels like if he opens his mouth, he'll vomit all over again, and he only gags over the toilet in reply.

"I'll take that as a no," Phichit says, mostly to himself. He exhales slowly to calm his shaking hands, and does a little happy dance in place when he finds Yuuri's long-forgotten anxiety pills, shoved in the back of the cabinet, as well as a small box of antiemetics. "Yuuri, do you—"

He's interrupted by the sound of more retching, followed by coughing and a little sniffle. Yuuri curses to himself—he always starts crying whenever he throws up. The tears stream down his cheeks as he grips his pant leg, trying hard not to escalate into full-on sobbing.

"Oh, Yuuri," Phichit says softly, kneeling down next to his hunched-over form, and when he strokes his back soothingly Yuuri wonders what the hell he did to deserve a best friend like Phichit. "You've gotten yourself all worked up..."

It's not the first time, Yuuri thinks to himself. There's been two other times in his life where he's had attacks and instances as bad as this.

"Do you remember that time back in Detroit, when we were just starting to figure out who we were?" Phichit asks softly, his hand pausing for a moment on his lower back. "The year before you decided that ice-skating wasn't meant to be something long-term for you?"

Yuuri takes a deep breath, trying to calm down his sniffling and shaking. He nods slowly.

"Well, the day I was crying about my hair, about how long it was and about how the coach said I'd never make it big if I 'kept pretending to be a boy'," Phichit whispers, shuddering and using air quotes. "You took me back to my room and snatched up a pair of scissors, and cut my hair like
there was no tomorrow. And when I'd finally stopped crying you hugged me and promised you'd always be there for me, no matter what." Phichit takes Yuuri's tear-wet hand and squeezes it. "And I said I'd be there for you, right back."

Yuuri swallows. It had been a troubling day for both of them. But it was also a turning point. The day Phichit finally let go of social stigma. The day Yuuri finally decided whether to stay in ice-skating or go home.

"I'm still keeping that promise."

Yuuri hiccups, and he starts crying even harder.

Phichit looks at him and then back at the toilet. "Are you alright? Does your stomach feel better?"

Yuuri nods slowly, the till of nausea just slowly circling in his lower belly. He feels empty, and sick, but there's nothing left in his throat but the bad aftertaste.

Phichit hums and rises to his feet. He flushes the toilet and closes the lid, then scoops underneath Yuuri's arms and lifts him so he can sit on top of the lid. "You should get a shower," he says. "Do you want me to help you?"

Yuuri remembers showering with him—in those past instances. The times he couldn't stand or refused to move, so Phichit quite literally said fuck it and dragged him to the shower and cleaned him himself.

Except this time is different. Yuuri wants to prove himself.

Yuuri shakes his head. "No," he whispers, his voice hoarse. "I—I can do it."

Phichit nods, confident in his answer. "Okay. If you need anything, I'm right outside the door. I'll bring you a change of clothes."

And then he leaves, and Yuuri grabs the nearest towel. He feels disgusting, inside and out, but having Phichit around makes things a little less disgusting.

(The thing about Yuuri's anxiety—it escalates.

It's small at first, with maybe a problem he can't fix, or some terrible news he just received. He can deal with it then. He can calm himself down then.

But then, he starts thinking. That's when it gets bad. He thinks of reasons of how it could have happened, and automatically blames himself.

He scours deep inside his mind, to his deepest memories, his worst ones.

And it overwhelms him. He falls into a dark abyss of bad experiences and current problems, like a back and forth cycle.

It takes only the closest to him to drag him out of it.)
Yuri doesn't talk to him a lot the next day he's babysitting—he's in his room and way too engrossed in whoever he's talking to on Skype—so Yuuri doesn't really have to do much.

Once in a while, he walks over and checks what he's doing. There's a woman on the screen, with red hair and a bright smile. They're talking in Russian, and it's almost like she's teaching, with the way her voice is soft and her words repeat themselves. Yuri types things on the laptop, and scribbles stuff onto a notebook.

*A tutor*, Yuuri thinks, because there's no way Viktor would enroll Yuri in some Japanese school or any online school.

And it goes on like that for the rest of the day, with Yuri only pausing to get food. The new dog stays by his side the entire day, either on his lap or his bed. Yuuri notes that his behavior towards Makkachin is much different now than a few days ago.

When Viktor comes home, the atmosphere is awkward. Yuri's door is closed, and he's finishing up whatever he's learning before running out to greet his papa.

In the meantime, Yuuri takes the chance.

"I'm sorry," he blurts as Viktor is removing his coat, and flushes. "For... lashing out."

Viktor pauses, blinking with wide eyes in surprise, and then smiles softly. "No, it's my fault. I should be apologizing."

"No, I—" Yuuri's voice blanks out, and he takes a deep breath. "I overreacted over something you couldn't help..." *And it escalated into something terrible*, God, he's so embarrassing.

Viktor is laughing, soft but there, like it's what he expected him to say. "It's really alright, Yuuri," he says, and then sets his bag down by the door. In a moment, he offers Yuri's closed bedroom door and quick glance, and now his smile is more forced. "Have I ever told you the story of how I came across Yuri?"

Yuuri is taken aback a little—because he assumes this is something personal, something he hasn't told a lot of people. There's nothing in the media of it—only the stories of him even adopting a child, and everything afterwards.

"No," Yuuri replies softly.

Viktor is smiling, like he's replaying a memory in his head. He takes a seat on a chair by the counter, and Yuuri leans back against the back of the couch.

"Yuri hasn't told me a lot about his life before me," Viktor says. "All I really know is from files."

"... Was it bad?" Yuuri finds himself asking.

Viktor hesitates, clenching his fists. "Yuri was... neglected by his birth mother."

"Oh..."
"I was given access to his files when I adopted him," Viktor continues. "He was born in southern Russia, and his mother was homeless. She was a drug addict, and... didn't want him." He swallows. "I... guessed that she hit him, somewhat, but he was definitely neglected."

Yuuri lowers his head. He can't even imagine it.

"When his mother died, his grandfather took him in and somehow made it all the way to where I lived," Viktor says. "Except he was very poor... and eventually Yuri got taken away to the nearest orphanage. I can't imagine what it was like for him." Viktor's hands tremble, and he wipes his palms on the fabric of his pants.

Yuuri wants to reach out to him, but he only swallows and watches.

"It was... a dark time in my life before I adopted him," Viktor goes on. "I was lost, honestly. The spotlight controlled my life and I just... wanted out of it."

He lifts his head.

"But then I met Yuri."

---

*His eyes glued to his phone, Viktor walks down the dark street hardly lit up by the street lamps. The sidewalk is cracked and cold, and he can see his breath in the crisp fall air. He's scrolling through the latest news reports, tabloids of his outings, his adventures of going to grocery stores, or anything he's ever done when he's stepped foot out of his apartment.*

*It's irritating, and he feels trapped.*

*He grimaces down at his phone screen, and then shoves it away in his pocket. He huffs, shoving his hands in his pockets and quite literally stomping the rest of the way down the sidewalk. He's acting petty, he knows, but it's the stupid media's fault for turning everything in his life into some overdramatic, fabricated lie. So what if he's going on twenty-five and still not in some long-term relationship like the media likes to make him into. He's labeled as the world's hottest bachelor, with rumors coating the front of magazines of his apparent "one-night stands" and "sexy flings". He hates it.*

*He's so caught up in his anger that he doesn't even notice the figure that rams into him and knocks the wind out of him.*

Viktor coughs, stumbling back, and barely manages to keep from falling backwards. He looks down and blinks at the small figure on the ground, fallen on their back and struggling to pick up something from their bag.

When the figure leans up, Viktor sees their face. It's a child's face—squishy and rosy cheeks, with long blond hair framing their face. The only thing that stands out is the bruise along their jaw, and their split lip. It's prominent when the child scowls at him, scooting back a little.

"Whoa," Viktor says. "Are you okay?" Even though the child was the one who ran into him. It's late at night, and the kid looks no older than five, maybe six.
The child doesn't reply, and Viktor notices them reaching for a spilled bag, with small packets of snacks littering the ground around it.

"Let me help you," is Viktor's immediate response, and he kneels down to pick up each packet. The child stares at him strangely, brows furrowed in confusion, but hesitantly accepts his help and opens their bag to let Viktor drop the packets inside.

"Why are you out so late?" Viktor asks, and he doesn't mention the child's age, or the fact that they're alone.

The child frowns. "Why are you?"

Viktor laughs. "Good point," he says. "I'm just walking home." He eyes the child up and down. "From the look of it, you have no intention of going home." He's had his fair share of experiences with running away. It's not like his own parents were perfect.

"Home..." the child repeats, and scowls even deeper.

Viktor rises to his feet and tilts his head. "Do you have a plan?"

"A what?"

"A plan," Viktor repeats, crossing his arms. "You know, a place to go. Money to buy food once that stash of yours runs out. Clothes to wear. A place to hide when people realize you're gone."

It hurts his heart, because a child this young has it so bad that they felt the only way was to run away. A child, who looked barely six, and maybe even younger. But there was no doubt that this kid was smart, because how else could a possible five/six-year old pack everything up and get this far?

The child lowers their head. Viktor takes that as a no.

"Then you'll never make it out there," Viktor says.

Then there's the sound of sirens in the distance, and the child's eyes go wide in panic.

"They found you, huh?" Viktor murmurs.

The child immediately moves to hide behind his coat, kneeling down for good measure. Viktor doesn't move, just closes his eyes and sighs. The police car rolls up and screeches to a stop, and the door opens to shine a flashlight right at Viktor's face.

He squints and lifts his arm, and the child sheepishly pokes their head out to peek at the officer.

"Aren't you that one celebrity?" the officer deadpans, obviously uninterested.

"Who?" Viktor asks.

The officer pauses, pursing his lips, and then shrugs. "We're looking for a kid—oh." He shines the flashlight on the child's face, and his lips turn into a frown. "Stupid girl. Almost every week the orphanage calls and reports her running away. They may as well lock her up."

Viktor raises an eyebrow, and steps to the side as the officer walks up and snatches the child up by the wrist, only tugging harder when the child screams in protest and tries to pull away. The child reaches out towards Viktor in some silent plea, but Viktor only watches as they're shoved into the car. He feels guilty, but swallows it down. It's none of his business.
"Sorry to inconvenience your night, sir," the officer says, his hand on his hip as he holds the door open to his car, halfway inside. He slips inside, muttering a quick, "I don't get paid enough for this shit."

The child in the car is laying down in the back, arms crossed, and Viktor wonders how they'll fare as the car drives away.

How interesting.

"Oh my God..." Yuuri whispers, and by this point he's sitting beside Viktor at the counter. "So... Yuri ran away? You found him?"

Viktor nods. "I didn't think of him much after that... but then a friend of mine mentioned something about some celebrity adoption trend." He looks up. "It made me think of Yuri, even though I had no idea what his name was back then."

"How did you find him, then?"

"I looked everywhere, really," Viktor replies, blushing a little in embarrassment. "I was so desperate to find a kid who I barely even talked to, it was embarrassing. Some of my friends just tried to hook me up with other people to fill the void in my heart, but I didn't work... So I retraced my steps, and found the orphanage he lived at."

"And you adopted him."

"Yes. It took quite some time for the paperwork to become official." Viktor wraps his arms around himself. "He was five when I adopted him. The first time he called me Papa was a year ago."

"He really loves you," Yuuri says, because it's the only thing he can say. He sees it in the way Yuri always awaits Viktor's return. He sees it in the way Yuri excitedly tells Viktor all about his day. He even sees it in the times Yuri is angry, because even then he will not refuse Viktor's touch. He'll only go towards it.

Viktor nods, and looks at his feet. "I think... Yuri saved me." And it's so horribly sappy, but Yuuri's tearing up anyway.

He reaches forward, and pulls Viktor into a hug like it's the only thing he knows how to do.

"So, how'd it go?" Phichit asks once Yuuri steps inside his apartment, leaning his head back to look at him from the couch.

Yuuri is silent the entire time he takes off his shoes, his coat. He only looks up at Phichit with big,
watery eyes.

"Phichiittttt, " he wails, and jumps over the couch to tackle him in a hug.

"Wait, what—Yuuri! "

(If three weeks is all he has, three weeks it is.

Yuuri vows to savor—and maybe that's the wrong wording, he thinks—his time with Viktor and Yuri. He will make the three weeks a time to remember.

And maybe he'll get over his fears.)

(Probably not.)

Chapter End Notes

me: alright lets make viktor and yurios first meeting light and happy, lets just—
inner me: make it overdramatic and stupid
ill probs change it later bc its just rly dumb its like 2 am as im writing this chapter rn
on a happier note, look at this amazing art that was made for this fic!! and also possibly reblog to support the artist!!

tumblr

yoi sideblog
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

[15:51] Phichit: MY LONGEST YEA BOY EVER

Chapter Notes

wow 10 chapters we r rly movin up huh

tbh i cant believe how many ppl like this fic?? im so anxious abt my writing and posting stuff bc im so fearful tht ppl wont like it but?? the hit count?? the amount of kudos?? wtf yall

also, im sry if yurio always seems 2 extra. hes lowkey based off my own 8 yr old brother, and my brother has fetal alcohol syndrome and behavioral issues so he's always acting over the top and childish. i guess i project that onto yurio a lil since my brother is the only clue i have about 8 yr olds....

i hope yall arent tired of me rambling yet lmfao

(trigger warnings for like... language? theres an issue over instagram comments and harsh things are said so like. be careful lmfao)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri first hears the sound when he's in the kitchen making a sandwich for Yuri. It's a strange sound, almost like a muffled sigh mixed with a groan. Yuuri dismisses it as nothing, and wraps the sandwich in a napkin once he's finished.

Once he walks out in search of the little blond, he's nowhere to be found. Yuuri blinks once, twice, then raises an eyebrow.

"Yuri?" Sometimes it's weird to say his own name out loud, but if he thinks hard enough about it, their names are said slightly different ways.

There's another muffled sound, this time deeper and elongated. Yuuri sees the top of Yuri's head from in front of the couch, and walks over to peek over the top of it. There lays Yuri, his entire body stretched out on Makkachin's large, sleeping form. His face is buried into his fluffy fur, and for a moment Yuuri wonders if he's suffocating.

"Yuri, I have your sandwich," he says, holding said object up, because he's not too worried of the possibility of Yuri suffocating from laying on a dog.

Yuri lifts his head, his cheeks and ears red from being stuffed into fur. "He's so soft..." he nearly whines, patting the dog once for good measure. The dog in question kicks his leg in his sleep, but otherwise sinks further onto the floor. It's a wonder he didn't wake up just from Yuri being on top
of him.

"You must not weigh a lot," Yuuri wonders aloud, and sets the sandwich on the coffee table. "You like the dog, huh?"

"Yeah," Yuri answers, and slides off Makkachin to retreat towards his food. "I wish you'd got a cat, though."

"You're a cat person?" Yuuri takes a seat on the couch, and hooks his hands underneath Yuri's arms to pull him up with him to prevent him from eating on the floor and getting crumbs everywhere. Despite his efforts, a few get on the carpet, and Yuuri sighs.

"Papa likes dogs more," Yuri says with his mouth full, not even bothering to reach out and scoop the crumbs tumbling over his lips. "He says I can get a cat when I'm older."

Yuuri clicks his tongue and reluctantly reaches his hand out under Yuri's chin, catching the crumbs before they fall. He spent a far too long amount of time furiously vacuuming the living room carpet after the last time Yuri ate on the couch.

(Even though there's housekeeping services in the hotel, Yuuri feels horribly bad when other people clean up a mess that was mostly his fault in the first place. He prefers to do it all himself.)

"I got your papa a dog because he likes them," Yuuri says in a matter-of-factly tone, "and because it was his birthday present. _A bad decision on my part, but, the dog's still alive. That's a good sign._

He stands once Yuri gulfs down his sandwich, taking the napkin it was wrapped in and walking over to the trash can. He claps his hands together a few times over it, and moves to the sink to wash them. The things he does for this kid.

"Do you like Papa?"

Yuuri chokes on his spit, water splashing onto the front of his shirt. The back of his ears suddenly go very hot, and he groans when he looks down at his soaked shirt. Looking over at Yuri, he tries to will his sudden embarrassment down by swallowing and asking, "What do you mean?"

"Do you like him?" Yuri repeats, folding his arms over the top of the couch and resting his chin on his forearms. He tilts his head a little, stray strands of blond hair falling into his eyes. "Do you think he's nice?"

Yuuri takes a deep breath. _Calm down, Yuuri. The kid's eight._ "Yes, I like Papa very much." It's not a lie, not at all.

"That's good," Yuri mumbles, almost to himself. "There are some people who don't like him, y'know? They say... mean things."

"Oh?" Yuuri dries his hands with the nearby towel, and leans his hip against the edge of the counter. "Like what?"

Yuri pouts, and his gaze casts downwards. "Like... that he's stupid. And that he made a mistake."

"Mistake?" Yuuri repeats.

"Me," Yuri says, looking up, and Yuuri's eyes widen at the guilt on his face. "I've seen the magazines Papa reads—they say it was stupid of him to adopt me, 'cause he doesn't know how to
take care of me..."

Yuuri nearly slams the dish towel on the counter top in a sudden fit of anger. He stomps over towards Yuri, hands still slightly damp, and cups his face firmly. Yuri flinches at the contact, and looks into his eyes with shock.

"All of those magazines are lying," Yuuri says, furrowing his eyebrows. "Your papa is a wonderful parent, okay? I know you know that, so don't ever feel guilty about being in his life." He pauses for a moment, looking for any signs of guilt in Yuri's eyes. "Okay?"

Yuri suddenly smiles. "Okay."

Yuuri lets go of him and ruffles his hair, laughing softly and leaning back.

Yuri puts his hand on top of the one on the crown of his head. "Papa likes you too, y'know." He doesn't give Yuuri the chance to question him. "He's always talkin' about you, and telling me to be extra nice to you because you're special."

Yuuri blinks, and his face breaks out into a warm flush. "I—"

"Are you special, Yuuri?" Yuri asks, in what seems like the most innocent curiosity. When Yuuri only stammers in reply, he lets go of Yuuri's hand and lowers his head. "I think you're special..."

Oh God, Yuuri feels like he's going to die. His face is so red he might explode. Yuuri tries to not let himself get too happy about the fact that Viktor talks about him! Viktor thinks he's special!

His flush dies down a little, and he scratches at his arm. He tries changing the subject with, "Hey, you wanna go to the ice rink today?"

"Yeah! Can we take Papa with us too?"

"Of course.

They end up waiting until Viktor comes back at noon, and then all heading to the ice rink together. The car ride consists of Viktor singing loudly to weird pop songs and Yuri throwing things from the backseat in an attempt to get him to shut up.

Yuri's on the ice in seconds, and his skating has gradually gotten better and better. Yuuri thinks he might be able to go pro one day.

Yuuri and Viktor take their time putting on their skates, their legs unusually close together on the bench they sit on. Yuuri reaches down to tie one skate, and glances out of the corner of his eye to see Viktor's gaze slowly traveling down to his fingers. He feels his face heat up and swallows thickly, trying to ignore the intense stare and just tie his damn laces already. His fingers tremble, and it takes him a moment to tie the last knot, but he manages it and sighs. Moving to the other skate, he looks over to see Viktor running his fingers over the golden blade of his skate.
Yuuri watches him for a moment, pausing on the final knot, seemingly transfixed in the way Viktor's long, slim fingers trace along it, slowly.

Viktor catches him staring, and winks once he's caught Yuuri's eye. Yuuri blinks, and then stammers out something incomprehensible before returning to his own skate. His entire face is pink with embarrassment.

"Scandinavians invented ice skating in 3000 B.C.\textsuperscript{,}" Viktor suddenly says thoughtfully.

Yuuri taps the edge of his blade against the floor and gives him a weird look. "Where did \textit{that} come from?"

"I am just a treasure chest of useless facts," Viktor replies, sliding his foot in the skate and working on the lace. "I can remember that the longest recorded flight of a chicken was thirteen seconds, but not the fact that movie photo shoots were at nine this morning."

Yuuri snorts, covering his mouth with his hand. "Oh, wow," he says between giggles. "Do you have any more \textit{useless} facts?"

Viktor pops his head up and grins. He clears his throat and hovers his hands in the air, wiggling his fingers as if it would help him think. "Oh! I know!" he exclaims. "I know that when your mouth is hot, you should drink milk because it kills the burn instantly. Water only moves it around."

"Interesting..." Yuuri jokes, smirking a little.

Viktor laughs, leaning over to tie the other lace. "I know that lawn darts are illegal in Canada."

"Oh my."

"And there's approximately one chicken for every human being in the world!"

"Where did you even find all these facts?" Yuuri sniggers, leaning his head back before he jumps off the bench and carefully walks until he's in front of Viktor.

Viktor grins sheepishly. "One time I spent the entire night just looking up random facts," he explains, tightening the last lace. "I guess they've just stuck with me."

Yuuri rolls his eyes, and offers his hand.

Viktor glances at it for a moment, and his eyes suddenly darken. "There are a few facts I know that \textit{aren't} useless."

"Huh?" Yuuri questions. His hand does not drop.

"I know that the human eye never grows.\" Viktor leans in with each sentence, his smirk only worsening. "I know that sex burns 360 calories an hour.\" He suddenly reaches up and wraps Yuuri's hand around his own, allowing Yuuri to pull him up from the bench, but he doesn't stop there. Only tightening his grip, he steps forward until his leg is between Yuuri's, and his face is so close Yuuri can feel his chest pressed against his.

"I know for a fact, Katsuki Yuuri, that you are very, \textit{very} captivating."

Yuuri's face \textit{blossoms} red. He can't say anything, he can't breathe, and his hand is trembling in Viktor's grip. All he wants to do is get \textit{closer}—

"Papa! Papa! Come skate with me!"
Yuuri curses in his head, and he curses even more when Viktor pulls away and shouts something back in Russian to his son on the ice. He looks back at Yuuri once, smiles, and then nearly skips over towards the ice.

Yuuri is left there, flushed and bashful, scratching awkwardly at his arms. He runs both hands through his hair, pushing his hair back, and exhales slowly. He needs to pull himself together, right now, before he somehow embarrasses himself further.

His mind reels as he drags himself towards the ice. Did Viktor set that whole thing up just to flirt with him, or was it just an in the moment kind of situation? Yuuri bites his lip, looking down at his skates.

He's attracted to Viktor. He likes Viktor. And it's not just like. He wants to hold him, touch him, kiss him. Except he's trapped. Because he can't.

"Yuuri!"

He snaps out of his thoughts, and looks up. Viktor is waving at him happily, Yuri holding his free hand and nearly spinning in the center of the ice.

Yuuri swallows down whatever anxiety threatens to bubble in his throat, and shoves his thoughts away for later.

He can dwell on them later.

Turns out Viktor is more clumsy on the ice than graceful. There's a few incidents where he busts his ass on the ice, or knocks over Yuuri trying to keep on his feet.

It's a mess, but Yuuri finds it all to be absolutely hilarious.

"Oh, the elegant and desirable movie star Viktor Nikiforov is absolutely atrocious on the ice!" Yuuri says dramatically, putting both hands on his cheeks in mock surprise. "I can't believe it! The whole world has been deceived!"

Yuri snorts from behind him.

Yuuri grins at the annoyed look Viktor gives him from his place on the ground. He almost angrily scrambles to his feet, saying, "I'll show you—" before promptly falling right back down.

Yuuri bursts out laughing, leaning forward and keeping himself up by holding onto his knees. "It's not that hard!" he wheezes, because the thought of what the media would make of this if they found out Viktor Nikiforov was not the irresistible sex god they all made him out to be.

When he focuses his gaze on Viktor's face the man's cheeks are dotted with faint pink, staring up at him like he's the night sky. His eyes are wide and his hair is disheveled. He looks as if he's just discovered something beautiful.

Yuuri blinks, confused. "What is it?"
"Your laugh is one of the greatest things I've ever heard," Viktor blurts.

Yuuri freezes, his grip automatically tightening on the fabric at his knees. He closes his mouth slowly, trying to will down whatever color would come to his face next. "Ah, sorry," and, God, why the hell would he apologize when it was a compliment, "here, c'mon." Yuuri holds out his hand, despite the fact that it was sweating.

Viktor is still staring at him like he's the greatest thing he's ever seen (and he's really not, stop it Viktor), and he takes Yuuri's hand slowly, carefully. His touch is gentle, and he nearly stumbles onto Yuuri once he's back on his feet.

"Thanks," he says distantly.

Yuuri nods, and turns away quickly. He starts to skate towards Yuri, who's settled for trying to spin on the ice on one foot.

His heart is pounding.

[ 15:34 ] Phichit: YUUUUUUURIIIIII
[ 15:34 ] Phichit: YOOOOOO
[ 15:42 ] Phichit: ohmy GOD YUURI
[ 15:45 ] Phichit: ( ´Д´ ) <!!

[ 15:50 ] Yuuri: Holy shit what do you want
[ 15:50 ] Yuuri: I'm busy BABYSITTING you know

[ 15:51 ] Phichit: MY LONGEST YEA BOY EVER
[ 15:52 ] Phichit: seems like u were doing a lot more than babysitting lmfao


[ 15:54 ] Phichit: link
[ 15:54 ] Phichit: (´ `)
Yuuri: **PEOPLE SAW US AT ICE CASTLE??**

Phichit: idk i guess paparazzi were following u or fans saw yall

Phichit: cant believe they got a picture of u guys so close tho omg

Phichit: what were u and Viktor doing (ノ^_^ノ)

Yuuri: *I was helping him off the bench?*

Yuuri: *It's not that deep*

Phichit: *im sure its fine*

Yuuri: *The picture has over 16 thousand likes Phichit*

Phichit: *dw about it its fine!!*

Phichit: *yuuri??*

Yuuri gets home, sets his bag and coat aside, and immediately fishes out his phone. Flopping on the couch, he opens Instagram to see that godforsaken photo, of two people standing close, with a small silhouette of a child in the left corner.

He swallows, and clicks on the comment section.

As he scrolls, most of them are just a set of emojis or questions as to who the other person (himself) is. But then he gets to the nasty ones.

**contelesi_** lmao?? viktor would never go for someone like him

**muna_play1** Isn't that the dumb babysitter Viktor picked up from off the street

**ardelaythe** nooo!! Viktor is mine <333 that stupid fat piggy needs to stay out of the way!!
Fans are scary, he decides, and feels tears well his eyes. This is what he was afraid of. This is what he wanted to avoid.

Yuuri throws his phone onto the ground, not hard enough to break it, and throws his face into a pillow. He feels like he's going to throw up. He sniffles, feeling his eyes start to burn, but he doesn't get to the chance to full-on breakdown before Phichit rushes through the door.

"Yuuri!?" he asks quickly, his eyes darting around the room.

Yuuri hesitantly lifts his head and wipes at his eyes.

Phichit nearly falls on his face rushing to the couch, and he throws his arms around Yuuri's shoulders to pull him into a tight hug. "Oh, Yuuri, I'm so sorry! I shouldn't have shown you that post!"

"I-It's fine," Yuuri manages, tilting his head so his forehead is propped up against Phichit's shoulder. "I'm glad you showed me..."

"I saw all those stupid comments," Phichit suddenly says angrily, pulling away and gripping Yuuri's shoulders.

"I saw them too."

"Ugh, no!" Phichit groans, and pulls at his own hair. "They're not true! I'm gonna sue all of them!"

"You can't sue someone for commenting on a post..."

"Yes I can! Especially if it's my best friend!"

Yuuri smiles softly, lowering his head, and folds his hands in his lap. "I—um," he says, his voice failing him for a moment. "It's fine, really... It's given me a chance to really think about things..."

"Huh?" Phichit voices, turning his head. "Like what?"

Yuuri bites his lip and tucks his knees to his chest. He knows Phichit won't laugh at him for sounding so (probably) ridiculous, but...

"I... about Viktor."
Phichit immediately gains interest, turning all the way around and crossing his legs. He leans forward with sparkling eyes, propping his elbows on his knees and his chin on his palms.

Yuuri rolls his eyes. "Um... well, I like him."

"I know."

"Can I finish?" Yuuri nearly snaps, and sighs when Phichit just nods for him to continue. "It's... not love. I don't think I'm ready to commit to love yet. It sounds... scary. " He wraps his arms around his legs, resting his chin on his knees. "But... it's something close. I don't know how to define it."

"You can go old school and call it like-like, " Phichit suggests, half-jokingly.

Yuuri shrugs. "Sure. Let's go with that." He shakes his head. "I like-like Viktor. I want to touch him. I want to hug him. I want to..." He pauses. "... kiss him. A lot. All the time, and every time I see him my mind just goes blank. It's... bad."

"I think it's obvious that he likes you too, though," Phichit informs. "I think you should just go for it."

"But that's the thing!" Yuuri exclaims, leaning forward and making Phichit jump. "I can see that. I'm not dense, Phichit. I can tell when someone's interested in me, but..." He looks down at his feet, and wiggles his toes from inside his socks. "He's... a celebrity. He's someone famous, someone the world looks up to."

"You're kind of a celebrity yourself, now."

"It's not a good kind of famous, Phichit," Yuuri whines. "Didn't you see the comments? Everyone hates me because of how close I've gotten to Viktor."

"They're just jealous you see a side of him they don't."

"I know! And I knew this would happen!" Yuuri turns around and shoves his face into the couch cushion. "I don't want to get even closer because I'm afraid of what will happen..."

"Okay," Phichit says, and clears his throat. He scoots up a little closer. "Tell me. What do you think will happen?"

Yuuri turns his head until only his cheek is in the cushion. He sighs, looking off to the side. "We can get together, all is fine for a while, but then the rumors start coming in. Viktor Nikiforov captured by his babysitter? Viktor Nikiforov not a bachelor anymore?" He groans. "They'll say I'm just a dumb barista who has no business in the big world of celebs. Then the paparazzi chase us at every corner, constantly trying to snap pictures of us—like they're doing already. It'll be bad for Yuri, who is just a kid, and it'll be bad for the relationship because we're always trying to hide. Celebrity relationships never go well, and there's a reason why!"

"Hmm..." Phichit hums thoughtfully, but Yuuri isn't done.

"And he lives in Russia! " Yuuri continues. "He has friends in Russia, people he knows. He has a home there. He has a life there." He covers his face with his hands. "He has no business staying around in Japan after his movie is done. He's leaving in less than three weeks, back home. There's no point in going for it now if he's just going to slip out of my life."

Phichit reaches out and peels his hands away from his face, wiping away the stray tears.
"It's going to be fine," he says reassuringly, and squeezes Yuuri's hands for emphasis. "You both have impacted each other's lives so much. I doubt he's just going to disappear if he—"

"When."

"... when he goes back to Russia."

Yuuri pulls his hands away from Phichit's grip, and wraps his arms around himself. He and Phichit sit in silence for a while, avoiding each other's gaze, not touching, not moving or talking.

Then, Yuuri breaks the silence. "You're going back to Thailand in a few days, right?"

Phichit nods. "Yeah. I have to prepare for next season."

Yuuri purses his lips. "Yuri's not gonna like that. He's quite taken with you."

Phichit snorts, and his smile is so bright it makes Yuuri smile too. "I'll say goodbye to him before I leave."

Yuuri nods, and he suddenly feels extremely drowsy. He has to babysit again tomorrow, and his emotional state is wrecked for the night. Phichit notices the way he sways and hums out a response, and gently puts a hand on his shoulder.

"You should go to bed," he says. "It'll make you feel better."

Yuuri nods. "Okay." He leans in and wraps his arms around Phichit, and suddenly he's reminded of Detroit, of everything the two went through to get to this point, and he suddenly feels like crying all over again. "Thank you, Phichit."

Phichit kisses the top of his head. "You're welcome, kiddo."

"I'm older than you."

"Shush."

The next day, the winter's cold hits hard, and a blizzard runs through during the day. Yuri spends most of his time switching from the TV to the window, watching through the glass to see the snow fall at a quick rate.

Yuuri watches too, and he wonders vaguely how he's going to get home. He doesn't realize he's said it out loud until Yuri speaks up about it.

"You can stay here tonight," Yuri says, and then frowns. "Except you can't sleep in my room."

"Wha—" Yuuri stammers, raising his eyebrows. "No, it's fine, I can just drive home—"

"But you could die!"

Yuuri starts at Yuri's sudden declaration, putting a hand over his chest. Yuri puts his hands on his
hips, and his face looks... emotional.

"I saw a movie where a guy drove home in the snow and he died and became a snowman!" Yuri shouts. "I don't want you to become a snowman! You'd melt in the summertime!"

Yuuri isn't sure what to say. He stares, opening and closing his mouth in confusion. Half of his mind is wondering what the hell kind of movies Viktor is letting Yuri watch, and the other half is rationalizing how dangerous it would be to drive home with how thick the snowfall is.

"Papa will be okay with it!" Yuri exclaims. "I can call him right now!"

Before Yuuri can realize what's going on, Yuri has his unlocked phone and is scrolling through the contacts in an attempt to find Viktor's number. And before Yuuri can question why an eight-year old can work an iPhone, Yuri is already putting the phone to his ear and staring dead into Yuuri's eyes.

Yuuri reaches forward in an attempt to grab his phone before Viktor picks up, but Yuri is small enough to slide under his arm and run into the hallway.

"Yuri, you—"

"Papa? No, I'm not Yuuri. Do you see the storm outside? It's scary."

Oh God.

"Yuuri might turn into a snowman if he goes out. He needs to stay here, okay? He can't sleep in my room, though." There's a pause, followed by an affirmative hum. "Okay. Bye-bye, Papa!"

Yuri runs back into the living room, not reacting to Yuuri's terrified expression. He shoves the phone back in his hands with a smile that looks too innocent to be real.

"I saved your life," he declares. "You're gonna stay here tonight!"

And then Yuri runs off, saying he's going to Yuuri-proof his room, leaving Yuuri hunched over the couch, clutching his phone tightly with one hand. He watches Yuri's retreating form, wondering how hard it would be to hide the body of a child.

[12:23] Yuuri: I'm staying at Viktor's tonight bc of the snowstorm

[12:24] Phichit: SEX

[12:25] Yuuri: NO
wrote this whole chapter while listening to danger men at work 10 hour version nonstop

also, if ur feelin a bit generous, u can check out the sketches i made for this fic and also possibly reblog them! if u ever make art or anythin for this fic dont hesitate to shoot me wit tht mf link!!

i just realized i never confirmed if viktor is cis or not in this fic. is he a boy? is he agender? is he bigender? we'll never know

tumblr

voi sideblog
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

"Lazy," Yuuri calls from the couch.

Viktor hums in affirmative. "Lazy it is," he agrees, reaching up to take the chocolate mix from the shelf.

Chapter Notes

here it is.... The Chapter....

also!! i think its amazing that so many ppl like this fic? it started out as a stupid idea i put in a tumblr post but now?? im glad that u all like the genderqueer characters (esp phichit 70% of comments in this forsaken fic are about him) and everything!! tbh i cry a lil every time someone messages me on tumblr or sends me an ask or comments and says they like this fic.... i just cant believe it tbh

dthis chapter is officially NOT dedicated to hime >>>:(

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For the rest of the day, Yuri acts as if nothing happened. As if he hadn't doomed Yuuri to a night of awkward tension and weird feelings. The entire thing terrifies him—where is he going to sleep? What is he going to do about pajamas? What is going to happen in the morning?

He wonders if everything is going to play out like some weird book, where Viktor will offer his bed and his clothes. He isn't sure he can handle it. Yuuri spends most of his time glaring outside, through the window, cursing the very existence of snow—as if the snow were sentient and determined to ruin his life.

(Phichit sends him teasing texts over the course of the day, most of them along the lines of i hope viktor can warm u up lmfao! )

Viktor comes back later than usual. When Yuuri hears the door open, he stands up out a habit, and then remembers he has nowhere to go. He's trapped.

I'm doomed.

Viktor walks inside, letting out a loud sigh, and Yuuri peeks over to see him. Viktor slides off his coat and shivers, rubbing his arms and shaking his head. Yuuri can see the bright flush on his cheeks from the cold, his lips chapped from the brisk wind, and the slight collection of snow in his silver hair. He stares, and stares, because wow.

"It's freezing out there!" Viktor exclaims, eyes going wide. He runs a hand through his hair, and all of a sudden Yuuri can see the brilliant blue of his eyes staring at him, and he swallows nervously.
"The snow was nearly blocking the entrance to the hotel!"

He strides inside, moving to the wall where the thermostat is at. Yuuri watches him, and he can't seem to take his eyes off him. He just looks so vulnerable, a sudden shift from the images the media portrays. He's cold, which is a stupid thought to focus on, but Yuuri's eyes linger on Viktor's face as he puffs out his red cheeks, blowing into his hands and rubbing them together.

Yuuri tightens his grip on the couch he sits on. He's paying more attention to Viktor now more than ever.

"Are you cold, Yuuri?" Viktor suddenly asks, blinking at him.

It takes Yuuri a few moments to realize that Viktor's talking to him. His face heats up in embarrassment and he puts his hands up. "I'm—not really, actually..." He's always been the type to be naturally warm.

"Really?" Viktor says, sounding amazed. And—it's such a Viktor thing to do—he throws himself onto Yuuri and wraps his arms around him, his cheek nuzzling against his jaw. "Ooh, you were right! Your skin is so soft too..."

"Um..." Yuuri isn't sure what to say or do. His hand trembles when it hovers over Viktor's back. Viktor is freezing, and Yuuri shivers (though he's sure if it's from Viktor's icy skin or the fact that Viktor's hands are lingering at the base of his spine, one of his fingers gently lifting the back of his shirt and grazing his bare skin). He tenses up when Viktor lets out a slow sigh, his feet lifting from the floor and his knees coming up to support himself on the arm of the couch. "You're really cold, y'know," Yuuri says, trying to keep his voice level. He doesn't mind Viktor's touch as much as he probably would've a while ago.

"I'm always cold!" Viktor exclaims, suddenly leaning back and pouting. Yuuri resists the urge to close his eyes and tip his head back in exasperation. Viktor's arms move until they're looped around Yuuri's neck. His hands are like ice incarnate, and Yuuri yelps when Viktor grins and shoves them down the back of his shirt. "You're warm!"

"Get off me! You're freezing! " Yuuri backs away, pushing on his chest and stifling a laugh.

Viktor giggles, straight-up giggles, and leans back. "How are you so warm?" he asks. "It's not fair!"

Yuuri's voice dies in his throat. For a moment, it's almost like Viktor's going to slide into his lap, but Yuuri's gaze is too focused on the one leaning on him, looking down at him with bright eyes, smiling down at him with the sweetest look in the world. His fingertips brush the fabric covering Viktor's hips.

"Um—"

"Papa," interrupts a soft voice, and Yuuri and Viktor both turn to see Yuri standing there, Makkachin wagging his tail and panting beside him. "I'm thirsty. And cold."

Viktor blinks and then slowly pulls himself away from Yuuri's grasp. Yuuri, for once in his life, suddenly feels cold once Viktor's touch leaves him. He sinks into the couch, staring off into space in a strange moment of confusion.

"Well," Viktor declares and claps his hands together, "since we're all stuck in here until this blizzard tides over, how about I make some hot chocolate to warm us up?"

Yuri's head perks up, and Yuuri swears his hair moves with the movements. "Do we have
marshmallows?" he asks quickly, grabbing onto Viktor's hand in an attempt to keep up with him as he walks into the kitchen. Makkachin follows in tow, settling himself on the rug in front of the stove and laying down.

Viktor opens the cupboards and laughs triumphantly. "Well, lookie here!" he says, standing on his toes to reach in at the very top shelf. He pulls out an unopened bag of marshmallows, tossing them over his shoulder vaguely in Yuri's direction. He barely manages to stop them from hitting his place, and he takes a few steps back. Viktor pulls out, keeping one hand on the knob of the cupboard as he stares into it in thought. "Do we be lazy and use store-bought or be cool and make it ourselves...?" he mumbles, in thought, nearly to himself.

"Lazy," Yuuri calls from the couch.

Viktor hums in affirmative. "Lazy it is," he agrees, reaching up to take the chocolate mix from the shelf.

They all sit on the couch, wrapped up in blankets. Yuri sits in between Viktor and Yuuri, sipping away at his marshmallow-drowned hot chocolate from his Hello Kitty mug, his fluffy blanket wrapped around his head and body, with only his hands poking out. Viktor is curled in like Yuri, except his legs hang over the arm of the couch, his head leaning onto Yuri's shoulder.

Yuuri sits on the opposite side of Yuri, and his gaze is flickering from the movie on the TV to the figures sitting beside him. He's not so interested in the movie as Yuri and Viktor are—and the idea of being caught watching them instead makes embarrassment curl in the pit of his stomach. The snowstorm rages outside, the thick clouds covering what would've been a dazzling starry night sky drowned in moonlight. The sounds of wind curling through the air are soft; background noise.

But the lights in the hotel room are dimmed, and the lights from the television screen illuminate the best parts of Viktor's face and features, his expressions when each scene flashes by. Yuuri isn't close enough to appreciate it properly, a small child blocking the way to someone he'd been unknowingly admiring for years.

Viktor Nikiforov is a celebrity. He's been in movies, TV shows, commercials, magazines—he's mingled and befriended some of the biggest people in the world. He's rich beyond belief, and adopting a child only brought more attention to him. He's untouchable, one of the world's most eligible bachelors, one of the world's biggest stars.

Yet here is, wrapped up in a blanket like a child and engrossed in the movie about the walking snowman.

Yuuri takes a deep breath and stares down at his swirling cup of hot chocolate. The heat radiating to the mug burns his hands, but he ignores it and curls further into the couch. He's the babysitter, though not just the babysitter. For a moment, he wonders what it means, but then his mind begins to drift other ways. It drifts to the Instagram post and all those comments, how everyone is angry that it's him catching Viktor's attention. He tries to tell himself to be flattered by their jealousy, but his chest hurts at the thought of it.

He thinks of each time Viktor was so close, touching his skin and pressing up against him. He
thinks of each time Viktor's laughed, smiled, cracked a joke. He thinks of the beginning, where he was barely teaching Viktor how to cook a basic dish. When they barely knew each other and Yuuri could still only see the face the cameras captured.

Yuuri closes his eyes and takes a long drink. He really, really, *really* likes Viktor.

When he swallows and sighs out loud, he suddenly feels a pressure against his arm. Looking down, he sees Yuri leaning against him, his hair falling in front of his closed eyes, his chest rising and falling steadily, his mug about to fall out of his hands and spill everywhere. Yuuri quickly takes and sets it on the coffee table; Yuri automatically wraps his arms around himself and cuddles further into Yuuri's side.

Looking over at Viktor, he's still watching the movie, but one of his hands moves to run through Yuri's hair. Yuuri observes their position for a moment, and widens his eyes. They all cuddled up against each other, matching blankets and all. It's almost like...

*A family,* Yuuri thinks.

His face goes red.

Viktor ends up carrying Yuri to bed once the movie ends. Yuri's blanket slips off his waist when Viktor scoops him up in his arms, and Viktor looks down at him with such fond eyes that Yuuri has to turn away. Makkachin follows into Yuri's bedroom, and Yuuri wonders if the dog likes Yuri more than he likes Viktor.

When he comes back, Makkachin nowhere in sight, Viktor looks tired, but his smiles at Yuuri like he's the only sight in the world. Yuuri can't stand it, and for a few moments wishes that Viktor would quit looking at him like that.

"Would you like to shower?" Viktor asks, tilting his head. "Hotel showers are usually quite odd, but this hotel really has upped them up a bit!"

Yuuri blinks, and then remembers *this isn't Viktor's house, it's a hotel room.* "Um... I mean, if you wouldn't mind..."

Viktor laughs then, and his eyes are sparkling. "You don't have any clothes to change into, though, right?"

*Oh God.*

"You can borrow some of mine if you'd like?"

Yuuri knew it. He *knew* it. "Ah... uh—"

"Although they might be a bit big on you..." Viktor thinks to himself for a moment. "Well, I'm sure I'll find something! Towels are in the bathroom, so just take as long as you'd like."

*Why are you so nice.* Yuuri rages to himself internally for a few seconds before sighing in defeat.
"Okay..." he says, and slowly stalks into the bathroom.

The hotel bathroom is one of the fanciest he's ever seen. And, sure, it's an expensive hotel—Viktor rented out the penthouse—but Yuuri's never seen one so large. The shower is a step-in shower, with glass all around and even seats inside it. There's lights overhead the shower, and when Yuuri flicks one of the weird-looking switches it turns blue. He decides to keep it, just to get the full experience.

He doesn't bother looking at himself in the mirror, because he knows he looks like a mess. He takes off his clothes, folding them into a neat pile on top of the counter. Stepping into the shower, it takes him more than a few minutes just to figure out how to turn the water on, and another minute to make it as hot as he wants it.

And he stands there, letting the water run over his body. He's always been one to just let his mind go blank while showering, but it seems that this time is different. Yuuri finds himself observing the selection of bottles on the side of the shower. Most of it is scented body wash, but Yuuri notices the special revitalizing shampoo beside all of it. He stifles a snort with his hand—he wonders if Viktor's hair is really that thin.

Every time he finds a clue that Viktor Nikiforov may not be as perfect as the media suggests, his heart swells. He sees a side of him the world is blind too.

Maybe that's why everyone is jealous.

*He stole Viktor from the world*, he thinks, and for a moment he feels a little proud of himself.

The moment goes away, however, and Yuuri's mind goes blank.

He's wearing Viktor's clothes, and he's sitting in Viktor's bed while the other sleeps on the other side.

Yuuri covers his face with his hands. His entire life is in shambles.

Once he had gotten out of the shower, clad in Viktor's slightly-large black shirt and sweatpants, Viktor was already shirtless and flopped over on his bed, scrolling through different apps on his phone. "Yuuri, come sleep with me!" he had propositioned, and hadn't really given Yuuri a choice when the latter tried to offer himself the couch. Yuuri had been convinced Viktor would've thrown him over his shoulder if he tried to leave.

So he sat down, moving under the blanket, scooting towards the edge as much as possible. Viktor was shirtless, his sweatpants riding low on his hips. Yuuri had to force his eyes away, trying not to
let his heart pound too loudly. He gripped the blanket tighter, and that was when Viktor started scowling at his phone. Yuuri couldn't help but lean over, and he saw Viktor scrolling through the comments on The Post.

"You saw this, right?" Viktor had asked, and his voice sounded annoyed. "What kind of fans..." He scrolled through more, his nails tapping harshly against his screen every time he moved his finger up. "All these comments are uncalled for."

Before Yuuri could say anything, Viktor had leaned up and frowned in his face "You don't believe any of them, right?" And there was the fateful question. When Yuuri didn't know what to say, Viktor had pressed further. "Because none of them are true. You're not just some dumb babysitter, you're not ugly, and Yuri and I are very lucky to have you."

And he said all these things in one breath, like he had been planning them, or they had been in his head for a long time. Yuuri had stared at him for a long time after that, and suddenly all the weight fell from his shoulders. Viktor's cheeks had been pink, like he was suddenly embarrassed about what he said, and he pulled away once he was satisfied with Yuuri's expression.

"I just wish that everyone else could see you the way I do."

I don't, Yuuri had thought, selfishly.

And then Viktor crashed, and as it turns out he's the biggest bed hog in the world. Yuuri has to stray on the edge as Viktor spreads his entire body out, his face smushed on the pillow and even a bit of drool coming from the corner of his mouth. His arm and leg hangs off the side, his other hand underneath his stomach and his other leg rose up to the side. It's a weird position, but Viktor is fast asleep, with no implication that he'll ever wake up.

Yuuri tears his curious eyes away to look out the window. The blizzard has lessened, and only the light fall of white remains. It's soothing, kind of, and now Yuuri can see the parts of the sky where the clouds have parted, the twinkling stars watching over the city.

He looks down, at the several floors down, where the night owls of Hasetsu are living their lives, maybe making memories.

And here Yuuri is, in a bedroom of a penthouse suite, sitting next to Viktor Nikiforov's sleeping form. He's making memories here, he thinks, right now. Viktor is fast asleep, shifting around beside him, and Yuuri can't believe it.

He likes him. He wants to touch him. He wants to—

Suddenly, the light from outside makes his silver hair glow. It's cascaded over the pillow, messy and tangled up in the back from how much he's moved around on the sheets. Yuuri looks at the top of his head, where his hair parts, and his palms begin to sweat. He leans forward, curious, about the shampoo in the bathroom, about the flawless silver of his hair, and he touches it.

His finger pokes the very top of his head, and then rips away like it burns. Viktor's nose wrinkles in reply, and God he's so cute, but he doesn't wake or stir. Yuuri looks at his hand, and then his fingertip, and wonders if the rest of Viktor's hair is as soft as he could feel with just a moment's touch.

Yuuri can't stop himself—he's scooting closer, until he can feel the heat radiating off Viktor's bare skin. The blanket slips off his hips, until only the top half of him is visible. His skin is pale, but Yuuri notices the freckles and moles that dot his back and arms. He's never seen them before, but
each little mark reminds him of just how vulnerable Viktor is. He isn't Viktor Nikiforov here, he's just Viktor—the man who has revealed so much for him. The man who's shown him a sight he's never seen before.

The man who manages to make his heart beat faster than it has for anyone ever before.

Yuuri lays down then, pulling the blanket up over his shoulders, and turns to face Viktor. The drool has dried onto the pillow now, and Viktor's face is red from being pressed into the pillow. He's *so* beautiful, Yuuri thinks, but this side of him shows he's not as perfect as everyone deems him to be. He wonders if he's going too far now, as he reaches out with a trembling hand and brushes Viktor's hair from his face with his right hand. His fingers are shaking when he pulls away, the hair just falling right back into place.

He's *definitely* going too far now—he's touching Viktor's cheek, letting his hand slide up the expanse of skin. His skin is warm, unlike the cold it was earlier, and it's inviting. Yuuri has to resist the urge to throw his arms around him and pull him close, burying his face into his hair. And, *God,* no matter how much he wants to, he can't.

*I like you,* he thinks. *I like you. I like you.*

"Viktor," he says softly, his voice barely audible, because he knows Viktor is asleep, "I like you."

And then suddenly there's a soft mumble from Viktor's side, and Yuuri panics, *shit,* and he's *way* too close to Viktor he should pull away—

There's something soft against his lips, barely there, like it's lazy, and then Viktor is slumping back against the bed.

*Oh my God.* Yuuri is frozen, reeling backwards and slapping a hand over his mouth. For a moment he thinks Viktor is awake, about to smile and laugh like it was all a joke, but there's nothing. Viktor doesn't move, and he only starts snoring in reply.

He's fast asleep, and he has been the entire time.

Yuuri doesn't know *what* to think, and his face, all the way down to his collarbones, is dusted in *red.*

*Viktor Nikiforov kissed me.*

Yuuri puts two fingers to his bottom lip, his eyes wide in confusion. In his embarrassment, he quickly turns his back to Viktor's face and buries his head underneath his pillow. The cool side of it doesn't ease his burning face, and the only thought in his mind is *Viktor's lips Viktor kissed me his lips are so soft.*

He wonders how the *hell* he's going to fall asleep *now.*

(He crashes not even five minutes later.)
Yuuri wakes up to the feeling of arms around his waist. His eyes are still closed, sunlight pouring through the window and through his eyelids, and he grimaces, shifting around. He feels the weight on the other side of the bed leave, and sighs in frustration at the loss of warmth. Pawing aimlessly at the other side, he suddenly feels something soft and fluffy laying next to him, and decides to cuddle that instead.

Yuuri really wakes up when he feels a tongue licking his face. He groans and reaches around for his glasses, slipping them on and groggily blinking his eyes open. Makkachin is on top of him, wagging his tail and slobbering all over his face in excitement.

"Ugh, was I cuddling you?" Yuuri asks and wipes his face. He sits up, and Makkachin jumps off the bed to dart out of the room. Rubbing his eyes, Yuuri sniffs the air and blinks at the vague smell of pancakes.


Yuuri groans and buries his face in his hands. He's afraid to even face him after last night. Will he even remember? Was he actually secretly awake and only stayed asleep just to let Yuuri embarrass himself?

Yuuri runs a hand through his messy hair and shakes his head to rid himself of his thoughts. He has to face it sooner or later, he figures, and walks out of Viktor's room into the kitchen.

Viktor stands there, still shirtless, except in his hands he holds plates of pancakes.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty!" Viktor chirps, and of course he'd be a morning person.

"Yuri wanted pancakes for breakfast, so I made enough for all of us!" Viktor says, setting down two plates on the table. Yuri is sitting on the counter, his plate on his lap, a cup of milk beside him in a superhero cup.

"Thanks..." Yuuri says, eyeing Viktor's face for any hints of anything. He sits down, and Viktor sits across from him. He eats, but he isn't paying attention to anything else but Viktor's face. His hair is messy, even though it seems he woke up some time ago and just didn't bother to fix it, and one of his fingers is wrapped in a bandage.

"What happened to your hand?" Yuuri asks worriedly.

"Burnt my hand," Viktor says around a mouthful of food. "On the—cooker thing. What's the word?"

"Skillet?"

"Yes!" Viktor nods. "It doesn't hurt very much, but it was quite red. Yuri nearly cried when he saw it."

"I don't cry!" Yuri exclaims from the counter.
Viktor laughs, and Yuuri resorts to bouncing his leg underneath the table. *I like you*, the voice inside his head says, and he scarfs down his pancake to keep from accidentally blurting it out loud. *I like you. I like you. I like you.*

"You slept in a lot! " Viktor says. "You must've been tired."

"Ah, well, I usually sleep in if I don't have anything going on." *I like you.*

"I'm a morning person, I guess. I can barely stay awake late at night!"

"Yeah, you totally crashed." *I really like you.*

"Ah, man! I'm such an ugly sleeper. You must've thought I looked ridiculous."

"You looked fine." *You kissed me.*

"I'm such a heavy sleeper, really. Nothing ever wakes me up!"

"I'm more of a light sleeper." *I wish you would kiss me again.*

Viktor suddenly stops talking, and looks up at Yuuri. He blinks once, twice, and tilts his head curiously.

"Yuuri," he says softly, "are you okay?"

Yuuri jumps in shock when Viktor touches his hand. Shocks go up his arm and down his spine, and he tries to suppress a blush. "U-um, yeah! I'm alright!" He's so stupid, he can't stop the thoughts swirling in his head. The memory of Viktor kissing him. The feel of his lips against his.

And Viktor doesn't even remember it.

Yuuri wonders whatever happened to trying to stray away from his feelings. Viktor and Yuri are leaving soon. It's no use pursuing anything now.

Yuuri closes his eyes and finishes his pancakes.

---

When Yuuri gets home that day, he spends most of his time in his room reading every single negative comment ever said about himself.

Some of them hurt, but most of them just make him laugh.

He wonders how they'll feel now that *worldwide celebrity Viktor Nikiforov* kissed him in his sleep.

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Chapter End Notes
rip yuuri the poor guy has to deal with so much.............

tumblr

yoi sideblog
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Yuuri pauses, his mouth falling open. "I'm sorry anyway," he decides to say. "I used to think being a celebrity was easy." He looks over at Viktor's face. "Now I know it's anything but."

Viktor just nods. His shoulders slump. "I used to think that too."

Chapter Notes

we call those push things at grocery stories "shopping carts" in america. fuck ya trolleys

ok, i forgot to link this last chapter but LOOK at the cool art that was made for this fic!!! im shook!!

AND this art my friend made!!! go reblog and stuff!!

if anyone ever makes art 4 this fic, dont hesitate 2 hit me wit tht mf link!!

THIS CHAPTER IS DEDICATED TO EVERYONE WHO CALLS A CARBONATED BEVERAGE "POP"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Okay, we're gonna make the greatest dinner tonight," Phichit declares, dragging Yuuri with one hand and the other on the handle of a shopping cart. "It's gonna be a mix between Thai and Japanese, right, and—"

"—you're gonna make me make it," Yuuri finishes, smiling.

Phichit gasps, scandalized. He whirs around, hand flying to his chest. "I can't believe you would suggest such a thing!"

"But you are."

"Yeah, I am."

It takes Yuuri five minutes to convince Phichit that they should not take turns riding in the
shopping cart, and another five to even work out what they're going to make.

They settle on simple chicken dishes, and Yuuri makes a list on his phone.

Phichit continues insisting buying on useless things, like snacks and random knickknacks they find in different aisles. No, Yuuri says each time, firmly, not even looking up from his phone as he pushes the cart.

You're such a dad, Yuuri, Phichit had said offhandedly, but nonetheless the comment made Yuuri stop in place and blank out.

"We should get wine," Phichit says, staring down at the different selections, oblivious to Yuuri's inner turmoil.

Yuuri snaps out of it, shaking his head, and pushes forward. "What kind?"

"Let's get..." Phichit hums, tapping his chin. When he bounces upwards, his skirt bounces with him, and he stands on his toes to reach the top of the rack. "This one!" he exclaims, holding it like it's a child. "It's called Sauvignon Blanc."

"I'm pretty sure you pronounced that wrong," Yuuri snorts, shaking his head as Phichit takes one of the brown bags from the dispenser and places the bottle inside.

"Oh, shut up," Phichit says, though his tone has no real malice. "What's next?"

"Uhh." Yuuri pauses and unlocks his phone. "We need the spices. And soy sauce."

"Don't you have soy sauce already?"

"Yeah, but I'm almost out. May as well get more now."

"Huh, fair enou—Yuuri!"

Yuuri flinches, and looks up from his screen to see Phichit racing down the aisle. He just stares, incredulous, and internally prays for the staff to forgive them for all the noise they're making.

"Phichit! What—"

"Look!" Phichit is practically shoving a magazine in Yuuri's face as soon as he catches up, his grin getting bigger and bigger by the moment.

Yuuri leans back in shock and takes the magazine in one hand. It's slightly crumpled from Phichit's tight grip on it, but the title and photo on the front are extremely clear.

Love Triangle Fued?: Viktor Nikiforov spotted with hot celeb after his steamy photo with his babysitter!

And Yuuri stares at it in horror. It's one of those stupid fan magazines, one that spreads lies and exaggerates stories for attention, but Yuuri finds himself glued to the front cover. There's the picture from Instagram, blown out on one side of the cover. On the other side, separated by a little bubbled word that reads V.S., is a photo of Viktor in front of a movie set, and his arm is lightly around the waist of a woman clad in a red dress. She looks slightly familiar, except Yuuri can't put
his finger on it, and he pushes that recognition aside when he sees the laughing, happy looks both Viktor and the woman are sharing.

*Jealousy* flares in his chest, and he tightens his grip on the magazine.

"Whoa, that's a scary face, Yuuri!"

Yuuri blinks and shakes his head. "It's just a stupid magazine."

"But you're famous now!" Phichit exclaims, ripping the magazine from his hands and flipping to the page where the main article lays.

Yuuri tries to resist looking, but he finds himself moving to look over Phichit's shoulder. He doesn't even know what he's worried about—he and Viktor aren't even a thing, aren't even a *couple*—but the sight of Viktor's hands trailing gently against the woman's hip, his chest turned to face her like he's engaged in whatever she's saying.

Yuuri's eye twitches when he reads a sentence from the article.

"*It seems Viktor Nikiforov's heart is changing directions after the arrival of hot celeb*—What?" Yuuri spits. *Why is he so angry?* he wonders. It's *none* of his business. It's not like he can tell Viktor who he can and can't talk to—that would just be crossing the line, and ultimately creepy. It's not like it's inherently a *romantic* thing with this woman, and even if it was, who was *Yuuri* to butt in and get *jealous* about the entire thing?

"It's just a fake article," Phichit laughs. "It's so funny though—they dig in so deep!"

Yuuri crosses his arms, and tightens his grip on the handle of the shopping cart. "Yeah, it's fake. So put it down and let's just get the rest of the ingredients." His tone is tight, and his words come out harsher than he meant them to be. He's about to apologize, but Phichit doesn't even look mad.

In fact, he's *smiling.*

"Yuuri!" he gasps, eyes sparkling. "You're *jealous!""

"*Oh*—shut up," Yuuri sputters, his ears going pink. "*I'm—ugh.*"

"Oh my gosh! That's so cute! Well, you always *were* the jealous type."

"I'm not the—" Yuuri cuts himself off with a groan, and he almost angrily takes out his phone to look at the next ingredient. "*Spices, Phichit.*"

"Oh, fine, fine, let's go." Phichit's heels clack against the tile of the floor as he jumps into the next aisle.

Yuuri sighs once he's gone, running a hand through his hair. His glasses are smudged but he can't be bothered to clean them, and he ignores them for the moment to glance back at the discarded magazine, placed upside-down inside the rack. He frowns and moves to fix it, but before he can put it back right-side up, his eyes catch the smiling face of the woman with Viktor's arm around her.

She's pretty, sure, and Yuuri's sure that she means no harm. His chest is still pounding painfully, and he bites his lip.

*It's not my place it's not my place it's not—*

He drops the magazine into the cart and pushes it towards the next aisle.
They're in checkout when Phichit notices the magazine laying at the very bottom of the cart. He picks it up, and opens his mouth to question Yuuri, but the latter just takes it from his hands without a word, and buys it along with the rest of the ingredients.

They don't talk about it the entire ride home.

"You bought a lot of chicken," Phichit comments, kicking his feet back and forth from his place on the counter top.

"I'm making Thai chicken and *yakisoba*," Yuuri scoffs. "And we needed enough for two servings, or—" He pauses and eyes Phichit up and down. "—more than two servings."

"What's *that* supposed to mean!"

"It means you inhale every ounce of food put in front of you," Yuuri explains, and goes back to pouring the soy sauce in the mix. "And then some."

Phichit huffs, and crosses his arms. He kicks his bare foot out to nudge Yuuri in the side, but the latter dodges just in time.

"Hey, don't complain!" Yuuri says. "I'm making this for *you*. You should be helping me!"

"Well, I mean, you seem to be doing just fine—"

"*Phichit.*"

"Alright, alright." He swings his feet one more time before jumping off the counter, and rolling up the sleeves of his blue long-sleeve. He looks over the array of ingredients and bowls Yuuri has set out, and blinks. "How the hell are you sorting all of this?"

"It make sense to me."

"Well," Phichit scoffs, "you're gonna have to point me out to what is what, because your sensible organization doesn't mean shit."

Yuuri rolls his eyes, tosses Phichit the recipe for Japanese ginger pork, and turns on the stupidest pop song he finds on Phichit's phone.
While most of the dishes are cooking on the stove, Yuuri leans his hip against the counter as he heats up the canola oil for the yakisoba in the skillet next to most of the chicken, absentmindedly sprinkling cabbage and onions on top of it.

Phichit sits on the couch, his legs draped over the side and dangling. He's staring at the ceiling, his shirt riding up as he lazily scratches at his stomach.

"I can smell all the food and I'm dying," Phichit moans.

"Then die," Yuuri says, "cause it's not done yet."

Phichit lets out another, dramatic moan from the couch, tossing his head back. Yuuri hears a vague thump from where Phichit's foot hits the side table. All is silent for a few moments, a few blessed moments, but then Yuuri hears the telltale sound of his phone going off.

A text message.

Automatically, Phichit reaches for it, and unlocks Yuuri's phone like it's nothing. He scrolls down for notifications, and his eyes widen at the sight of them.

"Oh my God."

"Who is it?" Yuuri's head shoots up, panicked.

"It's Viktor."

"Wait, wha—Phichit, give me my phone."

Phichit sniggers and crawls upwards on the couch when Yuuri climbs over his legs, practically straddling him as he clambers forward in mad attempts to snatch his phone back. Yuuri's knees are on either side of Phichit's hips, his hands on his shoulders, hovering over him with an angry expression. Phichit isn't even fazed, and if anything his mischievous grin only grows wider.

"What did he say?" Yuuri asks, pursing his lips.

"That he loves you," Phichit teases, holding Yuuri's phone close to his chest and smirking.

"No," Yuuri says firmly, trying to ignore the blush rising on his face. "Now tell me what he really said."

"Alright, fine," Phichit says, and turns the phone in Yuuri's direction. Yuuri doesn't move from his position, really—he only shifts until he's basically sitting on Phichit's lap, and takes the phone in his hands.

[ 20:14 ] Viktor: image attached


The image attached is saved from Snapchat, depicting Viktor pouting towards the camera with the dog filter, and beside him is a turned-away Yuri, obviously trying to get out of the picture. Yuuri
snorts at the scene, but then he's paying attention to how adorable Viktor is in the picture. The dog filter is one of his personal favorites, besides the flower crown, and Viktor using it is just a final blow.

Yuuri holds his phone to his chest and sighs. He can feel his heart beat pounding against his chest.

"Are you shook?" Phichit jokes.

"Rightfully shook," Yuuri agrees, and then sighs, hanging his head. "I don't know what I'm doing."

"You're being an idiot is what you're doing," Phichit deadpans. "A hopeless, pining idiot."

"I knooooooow," Yuuri moans, and buries his face in his hands. "I bought that stupid magazine because I was jealous over a picture. A picture that I didn't even know the context of," he says, and then slaps his cheeks. "I'm not even... dating him! What right did I have..."

"Calm down," Phichit says, and lifts himself onto his elbows. "I know you're super nervous about pursuing anything after what you explained to me—"

"I'm not pursuing anything—!"

"But," Phichit says, pausing for a moment. "He likes you."

"I—"

"He kissed you in his sleep, Yuuri," Phichit scoffs, and leans up until he's right up in Yuuri's face before he can protest. "You slept in the same bed, you wore his clothes, he reacted to your touch while he was sleeping, maybe from some kind of dream, and kissed you."

Yuuri opens his mouth, but when he sees Phichit raise an eyebrow, whatever dared to come out of his mouth dared no more. He pouts. "Maybe he's dating mystery woman from the magazine..."

"Okay, now you're being ridiculous." Phichit leans up all the way, shifting his position until he can grab Yuuri's shoulders without the latter sliding off his lap entirely. "Those magazines are fake, desperate for stories about Viktor, especially right now since he's a hot topic. You know Viktor better than anyone, probably. Do you think he'd drop all these hints and then cast you aside for some woman in a pretty dress?"

"... Maybe—"

"Yuuri."

"Okay... no. He wouldn't."

Phichit smiles. "Exactly." He pauses, sniffs the air, and narrows his eyes at Yuuri. "Did you turn off the burner?"

"Oh shit!"
"Y'know, the chicken is a little overcooked, but this is pretty good," Phichit says, his feet swung over Yuuri's lap as the latter flicks through different movies on Netflix.

"Oh, shut up. It's your fault."

"Hey, my official Phichit Chulanont Motivational Speeches are nothing to laugh about, Katsuki."

Yuuri rolls his eyes, pouring some wine into a fancy glass and handing it to Phichit. "What do you want to watch?"

"It's my last night here, so we should make it memorable," Phichit says. "Let's watch Bee Movie."

"I fuckin' hate you."

"No you don't," Phichit laughs, gently smacking Yuuri's chest with the back of his hand. "Would you let me stay at your house forever if you hated me?"

"True," Yuuri says, and looks down at his array of food set up on the coffee table. It was mostly his craft, but plates of Thai chicken, Japanese ginger pork, and *yakisoba* lay across in neat piles, along with little bowls of dips and candies. The wine is on the side table, and Yuuri very nearly tips his own glass of wine trying to reach for one of the dips.

"We can binge that one new series that's on there," Phichit says with his mouth full, making vague hand motions towards the TV.

"We have to go the airport early tomorrow."

"Oh yeah..." Phichit purses his lips. "Friends?"

"Friends," Yuuri agrees, and presses play.

---

It's not the most conventional or most emotional of last dinners, but it's pleasing nonetheless.

Phichit and Yuuri spend their entire night coddled up on the couch, gulping down wine and stuffing their faces in chicken. It reminds Yuuri of their college days—they weren't really the type to hit up parties, so during their nights alone together, they would binge old movies and argue over who ate most of the popcorn (when, in reality, it was probably Phichit's hamsters).

They clean up together, borderline tipsy, giggling and tossing suds at each other as they take turns washing and drying dishes. Leftovers are put in the fridge (there's not much), and the rest of the wine Yuuri puts in the back of the fridge.

They sleep in the same bed that night, and Phichit passes out as soon as he hits the pillow. Yuuri takes a little longer, and for a little while he just watches Phichit sleep.

As he drifts away, he wonders how he deserved a friend as good as him.
Viktor and Yuri meet them at the airport, and Yuuri takes photo after photo when Yuri runs up to Phichit to jump into his arms and never let go.

"Is Phichit going to steal my son?" Viktor jokes when Phichit takes Yuri in his arms and spins him around.

"He might," Yuuri says, laughing. "I guess they really got along."

"Yeah..." Viktor says, and he sounds thoughtful.

Phichit is suddenly kneeling beside Yuri, wrapping an arm around him and pulling out his phone. The hand around his shoulder becomes a peace sign, and he sticks his tongue out playfully at the camera. Yuri looks once at Phichit and immediately copies, not quite aware of what was happening. Phichit snaps three or four pictures, and then kisses the top of Yuri's head.

"You're gonna be a great skater, Yuri!" he exclaims. "I'm gonna go to all your shows!"

"Me too!" Yuri gasps, and then whirls around towards Viktor with the most determined look Yuuri's ever seen on an eight year old. "Papa, can we go see all of Phichit's shows?"

Viktor blinks in shock, and then scratches the back of his head. "Oh, kotyonok, I'd love to, but—"

"Great!" Yuri exclaims, completely cutting Viktor off. Yuuri hides his snort behind his hand. "We're gonna see all your shows, Phichit!"

Phichit puts a hand on his chest, and it almost looks like he's going to cry. "Oh my gosh...." He looks up at Viktor with what looks like glossy eyes. "Viktor... your son... I'm... shook."

"I understand completely," Viktor says, and Yuuri can't tell if he's joking or not. "Yuri!" he calls, and smiles when the boy in question turns around. "C'mon, let's go wait outside. I'm sure Phichit and Yuuri need to say goodbye to each other."

"Oh," Yuri says, like he's not really understanding it. "Okay. Bye, Phichit!" He jumps in the air when Viktor takes his hand, waving one arm and smiling.

Viktor laughs, pulling up his hood and sunglasses, urging Yuri to pull up his hood as they walk out of the departure area.

Yuuri sighs, and then turns towards Phichit, who's smiling.

"I'm gonna steal him," Phichit declares.

Yuuri shakes his head. "No you're not," he says, and wraps his arms around Phichit's neck.

Phichit drops his luggage and immediately moves to hug him back, his arms looping around his back and gripping his coat. "I'll miss you," he mumbles into his shoulder.

Yuuri sniffs when Phichit's hair tickles his nose, and nods. "I'll miss you too."

Yuuri isn't sure how much time passes until they let go, but once they do Yuuri suddenly feels cold all over. It's going to be weird not having his best friend around all the time, even though he wasn't really around super long anyway.
How long was he even here? Yuuri wonders, because he's seem to lost track of the flow of time.

He wonders if it's been like this ever since a child was dropped into his arms at his boring barista job all those months ago.

"Okay, FaceTime everyday—"

"Not during practice," Yuuri interrupts.

"—especially during practice," Phichit corrects, grabbing his luggage and starting to walk backwards. "And, uh, you'll update me on all things Viktor-and-Yuri, and before you guys have your first official kiss you have to call me so I can fly down and witness it for myself."

"Christ," Yuuri scoffs, crossing his arms. "Just go home, Phichit Chulanont."

"Hasta la later, Katsuki Yuuri," Phichit says, and then he's gone.

Yuuri stands there for a few moments, just sinking in the silence and lost in his thoughts. People walk by him and he pays them no mind—he can barely think his mind is so blank.

But then his phone vibrates, snapping him out of his weird mood. He jolts in place and digs in his coat for his phone, fumbling a bit. When he manages to unlock it, he swipes to get to the text notification from Viktor.

[ 10:45 ] Viktor: yuuuuuuuuuri ppl are starting to recognize us!! hurry up!!!


Yuuri practically rushes outside of the airport, not bothering to pull up his hood as he glances around the outside of the entrance. The sidewalk is slick with ice, and once he sees the black vans parked around Viktor's car, he sighs in exasperation.

Viktor is waving from the side, his hand covering the part of the face the hood and shades don't hide. Yuri is behind him, holding onto his hand and looking around warily. From behind the side of the building Yuuri can see flashes of cameras, and he bites his lip.

"We should hurry," Viktor says, walking in a quick pace towards the rented car. "Yuri gets really uncomfortable around paparazzi—they're always quite rude to him."

Yuuri nods in understanding, and he doesn't think twice to open the back door to let Yuri in. He scrambles inside, pulling his hood completely over his head when the sound of camera flashes gets closer.

Viktor groans when one of them catches up close, snapping a photo of his irritated face.

"Viktor Nikiforov, are you—"

"Not today," Viktor grumbles out, and slams the door shut.

Yuuri hops inside, closing the door before a camera could shove itself in his face. He takes a deep breath once the tinted windows of the car block most of the camera flashes, and looks over at Viktor.
His hand is trembling as he tries to put the keys in the ignition, and when he drops them on his thigh he lets out an irritated sigh.

Yuuri reaches over and gently puts his hand on top of his, tightening his grip and looking at his face. He doesn't know what to say, so he doesn't say anything, and he swallows when Viktor shifts their hands to link together.

Viktor takes a deep breath and picks up his keys with his right hand, plugging them into the ignition and turning it. They stay there for a moment, not moving, and then Viktor slowly takes his hand away. When he does, Yuuri blindly finds himself chasing his touch, and then he shoves his hands in his lap. Viktor's hand moves slowly and pauses on the steering wheel, like he suddenly feels regret.

But he drives off, and leaves the paparazzi in the dust.

"Are you alright?" Yuuri asks, when the car ride is silent and Yuri is playing some kind of game on Viktor's phone.

Viktor leans back against the car seat. His entire face is riddled with exhaustion. He doesn't reply for a few moments, like he's thinking of what he should say, or if he should say anything at all.

"I'm..." he starts, and then shakes his head. "No. I will be fine."

"Oh..." Yuuri mumbles. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Viktor says quickly, and then glances behind him quickly to look at Yuri. "It's just those... paparazzi," he sighs, and his foot presses harder on the gas for a moment. "They butt into our personal lives and will stop at nothing to just get a picture." He almost looks like he's snarling. "And when I first told the world that Yuri is a boy, the paparazzi wouldn't stop calling him she, and one tried to grab his hair—" He suddenly cuts himself off, and stares straight ahead at the road.

Yuuri pauses, his mouth falling open. "I'm sorry anyway," he decides to say. "I used to think being a celebrity was easy." He looks over at Viktor's face. "Now I know it's anything but."

Viktor just nods. His shoulders slump. "I used to think that too."

When they arrive back at the hotel, Yuuri learns that Yuri has a tutor from Russia who Skype-calls him three times a week. Yuri calls her up immediately, sitting at the table with the laptop in front of him and a notebook beside it.

Viktor stands behind Yuri, chatting to her about something in Russian, laughing at whatever she's
saying every so often.

The woman on the screen has short red hair and a mischievous smile that reminds him of Phichit. She glances at Yuuri, who lingers curiously in the corner of the screen she can see, and looks back at Viktor before giggling something out.

In response, Viktor's face goes pink, and he frowns before whispering something that sounds harsh.

But the woman only giggles, says something else, and she ends it with the word Vitya. Yuuri pauses, because it sounds like some sort of nickname. Almost like Viktor. Maybe it's a Russian thing, he figures, though he sees the way Viktor sighs at the mention of it and wonders if it's some old pet name.

Yuri looks over his shoulder and pokes Viktor's arm, mumbling something Yuuri can't decipher. Yuuri makes a mental note to search for Russian language books, and Viktor laughs and leans away from the computer.

"Yuuri," he calls, looking over at him. "This is Mila Babicheva; she's Yuri's tutor."

"Hello!" Mila greets cheerfully, her voice slightly distorted by the connection, and Yuuri can hear the accent in her English. "I've heard a lot about you—!"

"Mila!" Viktor whisper-yells, and his face turns a darker shade of pink. "I don't send Yuri to public school, or private school," Viktor explains. "I'd much rather have him have a tutor."

"Yuri and I have so much fun!" Mila laughs, and Yuri sends her a scowl. "Yuri and Yuuri... that's so confusing!"

"Japanese Yuuri's name is drawn out longer," Viktor says.

"Oooh, I see..." Mila mumbles. "I'm not really sure how you do it, Vitya."

It's definitely a nickname, Yuuri realizes.

"I can't stay for long," Mila says, and her cheeks go a little red. "I have a date later."

Viktor raises an eyebrow. "Is it the girl you told me about?"

"Yes! But, ugh, her brother's so protective..."

"I'll just be thankful for you staying as long as you can," Viktor assures, and ruffles Yuri's hair before leaving the two to study.

Yuuri watches him go into the bathroom, and he stares down at his feet.

Vitya.

He wonders if he'll ever compare to the friends Viktor must have in Russia.
When Mila leaves for her date and Yuri finishes with his studies, Viktor brings up the suggestion that they should all go out together.

"What?" Yuuri asks, looking up from his phone to give him a confused look.

"It was Papa's idea," Yuri says from the couch.

"Hush," Viktor says, waving his hand at his son. "I just thought it'd be nice! We can go eat somewhere, and just... hang out!"

It sounds nice, but Yuuri has experience in going out with Viktor. It escalates.

"I mean... sure," he says anyway, "but—"

"Great! I'll go get ready!"

*I can never win.*

---

They go to a restaurant in a secluded part of town, to avoid the paparazzi as much as possible. Viktor gets recognized, of course, once or twice, but everyone who comes up to him promises not to tell anyone.

It's nice, Yuuri thinks, to hang out without having to worry about anything.

*I wonder what Phichit's reaction will be,* is the first thought in his mind, followed by, *Oh.*

Viktor insists on showing Yuri dog videos the entire time, in which his response to most of them are *What about cats?*

Yuuri sits across from Viktor and Yuri, smiling to himself and hiding his face behind his menu. He's not sure how long he can keep up his facade of not liking Viktor. Every time he looks at Viktor's face all he sees is the calm, peaceful face he makes as he sleeps. Every time he opens his mouth all he can think of is Viktor's lips on his, chaste and barely-there, but *real.*

Yuuri doesn't know what's worse—Viktor not remembering it or Viktor *having* remembered it.

His face is turning pink and the waiter is coming over, so he lowers his menu and tries not to make his blush too obvious.

They order, Yuri getting something from the kids' menu, and they're left alone with their thoughts.

There's a silence between them for a little bit, until Viktor frowns at the table and looks up.

"Have you seen the new rumor about me?" he asks, and Yuuri suddenly breaks into a cold sweat.

"There's a magazine comparing you and a friend of mine."

*The magazine holy shit he's talking about the magazine—*

"Um, yeah!" Yuuri says nervously. "I saw it..." *A friend of his? "Who was the woman?" Oh God*
do I sound jealous...

"She's the co-director for my movie," Viktor says, and sighs. "Tabloids will turn anyone around just to get a stupid story. They erased her identity completely!"

"Oh..." Yuuri says, relief flooding his chest, followed by guilt. He remembers the carnal jealousy he felt once he saw Viktor's arm around the woman's waist, and furrows his eyebrows at the memory. He doesn't have any right to, not one bit.

"It's like I can't do anything without someone twisting my entire life around," Viktor says, and glances over at Yuri, who's watching cat videos on his phone. "When I adopted Yuri everyone just said I did it for attention!"

"That's terrible," Yuuri says, because he saw all those stories when it happened, and he knows well enough now to see it's anything but a cry for attention.

"Yeah..." Viktor sighs. "Romance stuff is especially difficult too, but I usually try to ignore the tabloids when that happens." He's looking directly at Yuuri now, and there's something in his sharp eyes that tells him he's dropping hints.

Yuuri's ears go pink, and he tries not to notice. "R-really...? I'm sure the paparazzi and the media would always be in your face about it."

"I'd just ignore all of them, and tell them the truth," Viktor says, reaching for his drink and biting at the straw. "It wouldn't matter, since we'd be together, right? Who cares what the media would think?"

Yuuri's palms are sweating. We. He said we. "You have a son, though. If the media was always in your face about your love life, what would they do about your son?"

"I'd only date someone who was great with kids," Viktor replies, his eyebrows raising. "If the media ever dared to touch him, I'll make sure they never try again." He leans forward, resting his chin on his palm. His eyes are lidded. "I'm very protective of the ones I love, you know. Especially in a relationship."

By now Yuuri's face is turning red. He doesn't know what to say, because every point he brings up is countered by Viktor's response.

I can't. You're leaving soon.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees a hallway with a bathroom sign and an arrow. When he sees Viktor open his mouth again, he stands up quickly and takes a deep breath.

"I'll be right back!" he says a little too loudly, and he can feel the restaurant's eyes on him. "I—um, bathroom." And he scurries away as fast as he can without being as suspicious as possible.

He goes into the bathroom and makes a beeline for the sink. Looking at himself in the mirror, his entire face is red and embedded with sweat. Brushing his hair back, he takes off his glasses and turns on the faucet to splash water over his face. He exhales slowly as he feels the drops of water trail down his chin and onto his shirt, and he takes the paper towels from the dispenser and wipes his face as best as he can.

When he looks up over the towel, he sees Viktor standing behind him in the reflection.

"Whoa!" Yuuri whirls around, and fumbles around for his glasses behind him. Nearly shoving
them onto his face, he looks up at Viktor and grips the sink tightly. "Um..."

"Am I reading this wrong?" Viktor asks, and he looks irritated.

Yuuri leans back when he takes a step closer. "Uh, reading... what—?"

"This," Viktor says firmly, and moves two fingers between them. "You like me."

Yuuri's face blossoms red. "I—I—uh, that's—"

"Am I right?" And Viktor's face isn't irritated anymore, but nervous. His cheeks are pink, and he's biting his lip.

Yuuri swallows and turns his head away. "I..." There's no point in hiding it anymore. "Yes."

It feels like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders.

Viktor exhales slowly, and looks down at his feet. "Have I done something wrong...?" he asks, and looks up slowly.

"N-no!" Yuuri says immediately, shaking his head. "Of course not! It's just..."

Viktor's eyes are watery. "Just what?"

Yuuri blinks, and his throat is closing up. "I... can't," he bites out, and wraps his arms around himself.

Viktor pauses, and then takes a step forward. His hands come to grab Yuuri's forearms, and suddenly he's leaning in like he's going to kiss him. Yuuri flinches and pushes at his chest in a panic, and they're both staring at each other with wide eyes.

"Why can't you?" Viktor asks, furrowing his eyebrows.

Yuuri frowns. "You're... a celebrity. I'm just a babysitter."

"You're not—"

"Let me finish," Yuuri says sharply, squeezing his eyes shut. "Please." Viktor slowly closes his mouth. "I... like you. You know that. But you also know what happens when celebrities get into relationships. T-they're constantly stalked, talked about, rumors everywhere. And since I'm not a celebrity like you, they'll tell me I—I don't belong. I'll get even more backlash than that stupid Instagram post! We'll always have to hide, and we won't be able to go on dates without being attacked left and right!" He's rambling now, his voice rising, and he isn't sure he can stop himself. "You came here to shoot a movie, not to be with me. I'll never be able to compare to your life in Russia, and everything you've worked for, and your entire career!"

Viktor is staring, mouth parted, eyes wide. He's frozen.

Yuuri sighs and drops his shoulders, looking down at his feet in shame. It takes everything in his willpower to not cry. "I like you, a lot. But I'm just... scared." He swallows. "It won't work out."

There's silence. Dead silence. Yuuri's heart is pounding so hard he can't even hear himself think.

And then Yuuri sees a teardrop fall to the ground.

Looking up, Yuuri gasps softly when he sees Viktor's eyes filled with tears, spilling over like a
race. He's silent, and Yuuri nearly groans because he's such a pretty crier.

"I see," Viktor whispers, like he's begging his voice not to crack. "Then... will you at least see me off on my flight on Saturday?"

Yuuri blinks. It's Monday.

"Of course."

And he's left alone in the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

:)))))

tumblr

yoi sideblog
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

[ 09:18 ] Yuuri: Yall gonna hook up or what

[ 09:19 ] Phichit: WE JUST MET

Chapter Notes

hello! if its not too much trouble, please stop referring to me as a girl or a woman in the comments! i am agender, and i use they/them pronouns, so it kinda sucks when you guys say things like "why would you do this to me woman!!" thank u!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It takes Yuuri a few minutes to calm himself down in the bathroom. The sight of Viktor's tears—caused by him, all because of his words—brought him to tears himself. Yuuri stares down into the sink, gripping the sides so hard his knuckles are white. He swallows when the tears roll off his cheeks and fall into the sink. He makes no sounds, his heart caught in his throat. He can barely breathe, let alone think.

When his eyes start to dry and he can cry no more, Yuuri lifts himself up and washes his face. He wonders what happened to the nice, peaceful night out they were supposed to have.

Drying the water off his face, Yuuri sighs and stops right at the door. He stares at the handle, afraid to open it. What awaits him is guilt, is pain, is biting regret.

Maybe I shouldn't have said all that, Yuuri wonders, and bites his lip. It's far too late now to fix anything. Probably, Yuuri adds as a second thought. Viktor probably hates him now, and he reaches for the handle to swing the door open.

When he walks out, he sees a camera flash and hears a shout.

At the table where they once sat, Viktor is gripping Yuri's shoulder tightly, pushing him behind him. His face is red with what seems like anger, and he's shouting at paparazzi. Yuri is crying behind Viktor, his hair all messy and hanging in his face. The paparazzi seem oblivious to Viktor's protests, and the waiter that took their order is frantically trying to usher everyone out.

Yuuri quite literally runs up, and Viktor looks towards him with a frantic gaze once he stands behind him.

"You know how to drive, right?" he asks, and when Yuuri nods quickly, says, "We're getting out of here." He ignores the paparazzi and turns around to swing Yuri into his arms, and sure, an eight-year old may be too old to be carried, but Yuri is still crying and he buries his face in Viktor's
shoulder when the bright camera flashes start again.

Everything before is forgotten even for just a split second, and the only thing on Yuuri's mind is *car, car, get to the car.* He catches the keys to Viktor's rental when they're tossed to him, and he shoves open the door maybe a bit too roughly than he needed too. Viktor is following him, speedwalking, with Yuri in his arms.

When Yuuri unlocks the car and slides into the front seat, he quickly turns on the ignition and jumps when Viktor slams the car door shut. He's sitting in the backseat, his hair all hanging in his face and drenched in sweat. Yuri is in his lap, and Viktor's arms are holding him tight.

"Go," Viktor says, and Yuuri goes.

The restaurant incident is not mentioned the following day.

When Yuuri comes to babysit Yuri, Viktor does not speak him.

He does not look at him.

Yuuri's heart does not shatter.

(It does.)

It's his fault, of course it is. He's the one who shut Viktor down, he's the one who's caused all the problems.

He's the one who went and fell for a goddamn celebrity.

Yuuri watches as Yuri sits at the table eating eggs, swinging his legs back and forth underneath the chair when his feet don't quite touch the ground. His mind—*unhelpfully*—supplies him with the reminder that he's leaving in *four* days. He'll be back in Russia, back home, and Yuuri won't see him ever again.

*Maybe that's untrue,* Yuuri thinks, but maybe it isn't. He can comfort himself with the idea that Viktor and Yuri will come back, will remember him.
Except Yuuri broke Viktor's heart to the point of making him cry. A side of him nobody's ever seen before.

Yuuri frowns and looks down at his hands. He reminds himself to go see Viktor's movie once it comes out.

[09:12] Phichit: YUUUUUUUUUUURII HOLY FUCK
[09:12] Phichit: I JUST TALKED TO THE HOTTEST DUDE IVE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE
[09:13] Phichit: (●◡∀◡) ✯ сентября

[09:14] Yuuri: What the hell
[09:14] Yuuri: details

[09:15] Phichit: HIS NAME IS LEO AND HES BEAUTIFUL.....
[09:15] Phichit: HES FROM AMERICA BUT HES IN THAILAND BC OF A COMPETITION THINGY
[09:16] Phichit: HE WAS AT THE RINK THIS MORNING AND (′∀｀)♡
[09:17] Phichit: most beautiful boi ive ever seen in my LIFE

[09:18] Yuuri: Yall gonna hook up or what

[09:19] Phichit: WE JUST MET

Phichit's texts serve as a momentary distraction, and Yuuri finds himself smiling at his screen as he types out a reply. He misses his best friend, misses his constant presence and his constant sass—his apartment is just a tad lonelier without him around.

Yuuri sits beside him, not-so-inconspicuously leaning over to look at his phone.

"Who are you talking to?" he asks, bracing his arm on Yuuri's shoulder.

"Oh," Yuuri says, shifting so Yuri can press closer. "It's Phichit!"

"Phichit!" Yuri gasps, his eyes suddenly lighting up.
Yuuri rings him up, and Phichit's face appears without a moment's hesitation. "Yuri!" he calls, but Yuuri can't tell which one he's referring to.

"Hi!" Yuri greets excitedly, practically clamoring on Yuuri's lap in an attempt to get closer to the phone. He observes Phichit's side of the screen for a few moments, and then purses his lips. "Where are you?"

"At my home rink!" Phichit replies, leaning his head to the left so Yuri can see behind him. Some of his rink mates and his coach are standing in the background, and Yuuri can hear vague shouting and the sound of blades against ice.

"Celestino said not to text during practice," Yuuri deadpans, but the corner of his lips twitch upwards.

"Oh, it's fine!" Phichit assures, but the way his coach sighs from the background implies otherwise. "How are you doing, Yuuri?"

"Oh..." Yuuri folds his arms over his chest.

"Is it still...?" Phichit's voice trails off. When Yuuri looks off to the side and nods, Phichit clears his throat and quickly changes the subject. "Yuri! Have you been practicing your ice skating?"

Yuri nods quickly, his hair bouncing with the movement. "Yeah! Papa and Yuuri take me all the time!"

"Good, good!" Phichit chirps, smiling brightly. "You need to work hard, okay?"

"Okay!" Yuri agrees, nodding. "Maybe I can get famous enough and skate against you!"

"That'd be a real treat," Yuuri snorts.

"I bet you'll beat me," Phichit hums, closing his eyes and tapping his chin thoughtfully. "I guess I'll have to work hard too!"

They spend about an hour more talking to him, distracting him from the practice he should be doing. It's nice, Yuuri decides, and the delight that fills his heart when Phichit and Yuri start talking about ice skating animatedly nearly overwhelms him.

But then Celestino shouts at him, ordering him to hang up and actually skate, and they say their goodbyes.

Phichit hangs up, and Yuri slumps back against Yuuri's form.

"Is Phichit ever gonna come visit again?" Yuri asks, looking up with curious eyes at Yuuri.

Yuuri pauses, wondering how he should reply.
"He might come to Russia for a competition!" he says, scratching the back of his neck.

Yuri's pout grows deeper. "What about you?"

"Huh?"

"How is gonna visit you and..." Yuri's voice trails off, and he clenches his fist in frustration, like he doesn't know how to word it. He's silent for a few moments, and then sighs. "'m gonna go play with Makkachin," is what he says next, and crawls off Yuuri's lap in a retreat to his room.

Yuuri finds himself alone in the living room, and the warm moment is gone.

Viktor comes home late.

Really late.

He stumbles into the hotel room, his coat sliding off his shoulders and his shirt unbuttoned. His face is flushed from obvious intoxication, and he laughs once he falls against the wall.

"Viktor!" Yuuri gasps, and rushes up to catch him before he falls.

As a result, Viktor throws his arms over Yuuri's shoulders and leans in close, giggling and hiccuping all in his face. "Yuuuuuuri..." he sings, his voice slurred. "I missed you!"

"Did you go out and drink?" Yuuri asks, furrowing his eyebrows. "What were you thinking!?"

"Your..." Hiccup. "...friend. Minako..." Viktor says, pushing all his weight onto Yuuri. "Mm... I don't remember..."

Yuuri sighs as he takes a step back to support the extra weight piled onto him. Of course Minako, he thinks, and then looks up at Viktor's face. He's so close, and he smells so heavily of alcohol that he turns his head to gag. Viktor's arms tighten around his shoulders, until he can bury his face in Yuuri's hair.

Yuuri flinches when Viktor breathes in deeply.

"Yuuuuuri.... you smell gooood..."

"U-um," Yuuri stammers, his face going red down to his neck, "thanks?"

Viktor hums into his hair, his lips moving to press against the crown. He stays like that for a moment, and then quickly turns his head with a gulp.

"What?" Yuuri asks quickly.

"I think... I'm gonna be sick."

"HUH—wait, get off me! Don't throw up on me!"
Once Viktor's thrown up (thankfully in a toilet, not all over Yuuri's clothes), Yuuri quite nearly carries him to his bed. It takes a few minutes to unwrap Viktor's arms and legs from his body, and another two to push himself off Viktor when the latter pulls him into bed with him.

"Stay with me," Viktor whines, high like a child.

Yuuri sighs. "You're drunk."

"You're pretty."

Yuuri wills the pink in his cheeks down. "Viktor—"

"You're soooo mean," Viktor sobs, and there's suddenly tears in his eyes. He rolls around on the bed, pushing the blankets off and spreading himself out. "Yuuuri, " he cries again, drawing out his name in the most dramatic way possible, "why are you so mean to me?"

"Mean to you?" Yuuri asks.

"You won't love me," Viktor says, pressing his cheek into the bed. He's just drunk, he's delirious.

"I like you! And you hate me..."

"I..." Yuuri starts, and his face is pink because Viktor's feelings are spilling out like alcohol. "I don't hate you," he answers honestly.

"Then why do you hurt me so much...?" And now Viktor is crying, but it doesn't sting as much as the restaurant bathroom.

"I don't mean to," Yuuri whispers.

When Viktor only moans and cries more, writhing around on the sheets and clinging to the bed, Yuuri bites his lip. He turns around to try and leave, but Viktor gasps in a panic and grabs Yuuri's wrist with a sweaty, shaking hand.

"Don't leave!" he shouts, and tugs Yuuri until he can wrap his arms around his arm. "Stay by my side..." he says, and his voice is low. "Stay close to me..."

_He's a clingy drunk, figures._ Yuuri makes a weak attempt to pull his arm away, but Viktor's grip only tightens and his touch leaves heat wherever it goes.

"Viktor..." Yuuri says softly, because he _regrets, regrets, regrets_. His mind is conflicted between his heart and his brain, and while his heart is telling him to _stay by his side and get into the bed with him_, his brain is telling him to leave.

Yuuri stands there for what seems like forever, watching a drunk Viktor rub his face against his shoulder.

He eventually makes a decision.
Viktor wakes the next morning, his head pounding and stomach bubbling with nausea. He groans, and nearly hisses when the sunlight from outside blinds his eyes.

He sits up, holding onto his head and squeezing his eyes shut. It hurts to move even, and he wonders just how much Yuuri’s friend Minako convinced him to drink last night.

When he opens his eyes, he spots something beside him.

On the bedside table is a sticky note, a water bottle, and aspirin. Viktor leans over, taking the note and the aspirin on two hands.

You came home drunk and nearly threw up all over me.

I've dealt with hangovers before, so I left you what usually works for me.

Try not to get shitfaced with my friends again, it never works out well.

- Yuuri

The bed is empty besides him.

Viktor blinks at the note, staring at it for so long the words blur together. He groans and sets down the note, quickly twisting the aspirin container open and fumbling for the water bottle. He downs about three, tipping his head back and falling back onto the pillows.

His head is pounding, but so is his heart. He remembers nothing, nothing at all, and wonders what kind of embarrassing things he could've said (or done). The thought makes him flush, and he picks up the note again.

The handwriting is gentle, but the words are laced with a joking tone that only Yuuri can pull off.

Viktor lifts the note to his face and presses his lips against the words.

Maybe he's embarrassing sober anyway.

Viktor doesn't join them for the ice rink.

Yuuri and Yuri skate together alone, only two in the large rink that'd fit three very nicely.

"Did Papa not want to come?" Yuri asks when Yuuri takes his hands and skates from one end to the other.
It's because of me, Yuuri thinks, but does not say it aloud. "I guess he had some last minute stuff to do."

"Is he gonna finish in time for Saturday?" Yuri questions, oh so innocent, and oblivious to the way it constricts Yuuri's heart.

Saturday. Viktor's flight. Viktor and Yuri's flight to Russia.

"I think so," Yuuri replies, hoping his voice doesn't sound too strained. His grip on Yuri's hands tighten.

"Hm," Yuri hums in that innocent way of his. "Okay."

(They skate for the rest of the afternoon. It's horribly lonely.)

The communication between Viktor and Yuuri drops heavily. They don't talk about Viktor being drunk, the restaurant, or any of the tension between them.

It's horribly painful, but Yuuri wonders if it's for the best.

(And it may be for the best, but Yuuri finds himself feeling a new kind of hurt he's never felt before.)

It's Thursday.

Yuuri arrives at the hotel room to see a few bags packed.

It's already starting to feel empty.

Viktor doesn't speak to him much other than the occasional hello and explanation, and even then almost all of his speech involves Yuri.

He's just the babysitter now.
Friday becomes the hardest day of them all.

The flight is early in the morning, so when he arrives at the hotel room, there's luggage scattered about the main room. The months they stayed in the room, the months they spent building it up to their liking, all gone.

Just like that.

Viktor gives Yuuri a weird stare once he walks in. "You don't have to babysit today," is what he says.

Yuuri pretends like it doesn't hurt. "I know." He pauses for a moment, trying to figure out how to explain himself. "I had nothing else to do."

It's a good excuse, and whether Viktor doesn't notice or sees straight through his bullshit, he says nothing. He only shrugs, and his gaze is casual.

"Alright," is what he says, is all he says, and walks into the other room.

Yuuri puts his coat on the hanger, and looks down at the ground as he walks inside the hotel room. He doesn't know why he's here, or what he's even going to do.

*It's the last day*, his mind is telling him. *He's going to leave. He'll be out of your reach forever.*

Viktor and Yuri will take their flight to Russia, and Viktor will return to the daily life of a celebrity. His movie will come out, he'll make headlines, attend interviews, and be in award shows.

(And Yuuri will watch every single one of them.)

*What about the babysitter in Japan?* the interviewer will ask. *Who?* Viktor will respond.

Just like it was before the entire mess happened.

Maybe Yuuri shouldn't have gone to work that day in October. Maybe he should've rejected Viktor's offer as soon as it was propositioned. Maybe he should've kept a safe distance, prevented himself from catching feelings.

He buries his face in his hands. He wonders if he would've ever been able to avoid falling for Viktor.

"Yuuri!" he hears, and looks up to see Yuri barreling into his arms. "I thought you were coming tomorrow!"

"I'm here to see you, of course," Yuuri says, smiling and ruffling his hair. "I'm coming tomorrow morning too!"

"You can't be late, okay?" Yuri demands, sounding more like a declaration than a question.

"Like I'd even consider it," Yuuri says, leaning back against the couch.
Yuri bounces in place for a few moments, and then climbs up onto the couch beside him.

"You wanna watch a movie with me?"

The only movies Viktor lets Yuri watch are kid ones, but Yuuri finds himself agreeing without hesitation.

They watch movies for the whole day, until Yuri falls asleep on Yuuri's lap. He waits until the last movie finishes playing out, and then automatically scoops Yuri up into his arms and moves him to his bed.

His room is mostly empty, but it isn't even his room. Once they're gone, some other people will rent the penthouse, and it'll be like they were never there.

Yuuri sets him down, and watches him for a moment. Makkachin trots in not even half a second later, jumping onto Yuri's bed and nearly jostling him awake. Once he's settled onto the bed, he flops down, practically half on top of Yuri. Yuri's arm automatically swings over the dog's fluffy form, and his face nuzzles into his fur.

Yuuri can't resist taking a picture, and he leaves the two alone to go back to the front room.

Viktor is sitting there at the table, filing his nails and pursing his lips at them. He looks oddly threatening in the dimmed light of the penthouse, and the feeling only worsens when he looks up at Yuuri with a strong gaze.

Yuuri feels a chill run down his spine.

"Yuuri," he says, and his voice is indescribable. "Can I ask you something?" He sets down the nail file, expectant.

Yuuri moves so he's sitting across from him. "Um... okay."

Viktor looks down at his hands for a few moments, curling and uncurling his fingers like he's testing their movements. He tilts his head up, and his hair is bright even in the dimmed lighting.

"Why are you so afraid?"

It's a question Yuuri was not prepared for, and he wonders if even a warning could've prepared him. He leans back, blinking with wide eyes.

"Afraid...?" he repeats.

"Of this," Viktor says, and hesitates. "Us."

It's a repeat of the bathroom incident.

"Oh," Yuuri startles, and clenches his fists. "Well... um—"

"I-I know you have anxiety and the whole 'celebrity' thing is a problem for you, but..." Viktor's
voice trails off, but then it picks itself back up again. "Can't we try?"

Can’t we try? Can’t we try? It rattles Yuuri’s brain, and he scrambles, searching for an answer that could possibly describe his feelings in the most sensible way possible. But his head's all a mess, and the only person who understands him is him.

So he doesn't know what to say.

Or rather, he doesn't know what he should say. He doesn't want to hurt Viktor, far from it, but he doesn't want to hurt himself either. He’d rather save Viktor from having to deal with mistakes and drama for just what could be a few moments of happiness.

He wants to pursue it, but he doesn't.

He's afraid. Why is he so afraid?

"I don't want it to end badly," he blurts. So why not avoid it altogether? goes unsaid. "You, um, know how celebrity relationships are." His entire face is going pink with embarrassment, the back of eyes prickling with shame.

"I suppose..." Viktor says, and his voice is soft.

The tension is unimaginable.

"I'm sorry," Yuuri says, and his voice cracks and oh God he's going to cry.

"I'm sorry too," Viktor murmurs, and even he sounds hurt.

It's all his fault.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Viktor," Yuuri promises.

He's crying before he even walks out the door.

________________________________________

Saturday is a bleary day and it rains.

Yuuri comes to the hotel room for the last time, and Yuri's smile is so big it could clear the whole storm.

"You're here!" he shouts excitedly, and he's already all dressed up for the flight. Running into Yuuri's arms, he's oblivious to the painful pounding of Yuuri's heart. "You're coming with us to the airport, right?"

"Yes, of course," Yuuri replies, smiling and swallowing down whatever else threatened to come up.

"Our flight is in two hours," Viktor murmurs, looking at his phone. "We should get going."

He meets Yuuri's gaze, and they stare at each other for a moment.
Yuuri looks down, and kneels to grab one of Yuri's bags.

"Yeah. Okay."

---

The car ride is silent.

The walk inside the airport is silent.

It's only not silent when Viktor breaks the silence at the gate, hiding his face from the other people who might recognize him.

He turns, letting go of Yuri's hand, and bites his lip when his eyes meet Yuuri's.

"Thank you," he says, "for taking care of Yuri."

"You're welcome," Yuuri breathes out, because Viktor is so beautiful it hurts.

Viktor takes a deep breath, and looks at the time. "Um..." It's like he's wracking his brain for something to say, but he throws all caution to the wind when he grabs Yuuri by the shoulders and leans in close.

Yuuri gasps, his glasses sliding down his nose from the jostle. He stares at Viktor, his face slowly coloring, and he watches the blush rise to Viktor's own face. Their staring is awkward, but it changes when Viktor takes a step forward and hovers over Yuuri.

Yuuri really, really, really wants to kiss him. He feels like he almost might.

And Viktor almost might, too, because he's leaning in and his grip on Yuuri is tightening like he's nervous. They're both trembling, and they're stopping before leaning in again.

"Viktor," Yuuri mumbles, and his eyes are already sliding closed, and he just wants to take the leap and lean in, just jump in and throw all his worries in the trash and never think about them ever again.

He can feel Viktor's breath on his face, and they're so close, they're almost kissing—

Yuuri puts his hands on Viktor's forearms and drops his head, closing his eyes and squeezing them shut like it's going to block it all out.

But it doesn't, and when he opens his eyes Viktor's face is turned into one of the saddest expressions he's ever seen.

They pull away without saying a word.

"Flight 767 is now boarding."

Yuuri is frozen. No amount of knowing could've prepared him for this.

"Oh." Viktor's voice is tight. "That's us."
Yuri looks up at Viktor and reaches for his bags. He doesn't say goodbye to Yuuri, which confuses him, but when they start to walk away and Yuuri doesn't follow, Yuri suddenly stops and turns around.

"C'mon," he urges, pointing towards the gate.

Yuuri blinks, and looks at Viktor.

"Um—Yuri," Viktor says, kneeling down in front of his son. "I didn't buy Yuuri a ticket."

"Huh?" It's like it genuinely puzzles him, and he furrows his eyebrows. "But... he's coming with us, right?"

"No, dear," Viktor says slowly, shaking his head. "He's staying here."

"But..." Yuri's frown goes bigger. "Why?"

"Yuuri lives here, dear," Viktor continues, putting his hands on Yuri's shoulders. "This is his home."

"Russia can be his home too," Yuuri argues, and his voice has a strange tone to it."

"No, Yuri, he can't—"

"He can!" And now he's shouting, catching the attention of the others around. "I don't want to leave if Yuuri isn't coming!"

Yuuri suddenly feels horribly embarrassed, and he covers his hand with his mouth. "Yuri—"

"NO!" And he's screaming, tears starting to fall down his face. "I don't wanna go, Papa! I'm not going!"

Viktor looks at the entrance towards the plane, and how the line of people is beginning to shorten. "Yuri, we're going to miss our flight," he says calmly, with the strength of will only a parent can have. "We have to go."

"NO! I'M NOT GOING!"

"Yuri," Yuuri says quickly, running up to him and dropping to his knees to hug him. "I'm sorry."

Yuri batters his fists against his chest, and Yuuri jumps back in shock.

"I'm not going Papa don't make me go—" Yuri's tantrum is effectively cut off when Viktor reaches down and pulls Yuri up into his arms. Yuri thrashes, screams, pulls at Viktor's hair and arms, but nothing can make him let him go, and Viktor takes the luggage and starts walking.

Yuuri is stuck there, stuck helplessly watching.

"Viktor!" he blurts impulsively.

Viktor turns, and even Yuri's tantrum pauses.

"I..." Yuuri fumbles with his words. "I'm sorry."

Viktor nods, and he looks destroyed.
"I'll text you when I land."

And he's gone.

The sight of Viktor's retreating back, the sound of Yuri screaming and crying out his name is all he sees and hears when he lays down in bed that night.

He turns up his ringtone, keeping his phone beside his head in case Viktor texts.

Yuuri turns so he's looking up at the ceiling.

Tomorrow is Sunday.

Tomorrow he doesn't have to go to work.

He's not even just the babysitter anymore.

He cries himself to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

dont worry
its going to be okay
this story will have a happy ending

tumblr

yoi sideblog
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

"But, yeah, really Yuuri, Viktor is totally into you. It's like that song by Ariana Grande —you just gotta have a little less conversation, and a little more touch his body."

"I hate you."

Chapter Notes

all the comments last chapter were of everyone cursing me out for ending it like that LMFAO i guess i deserved it

obscure references to weird characters? those are people from my groupchat making a cameo. im a good friend

to be real for a sec, wtf are yall. i wrote the first chapter of this fic as a joke and published it wanting to make a short story that would probs get 1k hits max,, but now we're at 84k hits and 7k kudos and?? wtf yall im shook

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[ 01:23 ] Viktor: we landed safe and sound!!

[ 03:21 ] Viktor: yuri misses you a lot haha its only been a few hours

[ 06:18 ] Viktor: yuuri??
"You know," Phichit says over the phone, and his tone is soft when it comes through, "I did warn you of this."

"I know," Yuuri bites out, harsher than he actually means to. "I just..."

"It's alright, Yuuri," Phichit sighs, and there's a shuffling sound for a moment. "You had the chance though. I just wish you would've taken it."

Yuuri can barely stand it. He clenches his fists against his knees, hanging his head. All of a sudden he feels shame wash over him.

He misses Phichit by his side.

He misses Viktor, and it hasn't even been twenty-four hours.

"It's too late to do anything now," Yuuri mumbles.

Phichit is quiet for a few moments, waiting for Yuuri to say anything else.

"I think I'm gonna stay with my parents for a bit."

Phichit makes a humming noise. "That's probably a good idea," he murmurs. "Just don't start drinking like you did when you failed that test in college."

"I'm not gonna drink, Phichit," Yuuri says defensively, but his mind is already drifting towards the leftover wine bottle in the fridge. "I'm just..." His voice trails off, because what is he going to say? When it was his fault? When everything that went on happened because of him?

When he was the only one to blame for feeling this way?

"Just go rest a bit, Yuuri," is what Phichit says next, and then hangs up.

It takes Yuuri a few moments to lower the phone from his face.

"...Bye."

---

His parents welcome him with open arms—they always have. Some of his stuff is already here, so he doesn't have to pack hardly much.

"Where's that handsome foreigner you were always with?" his mother asks when he comes through the door. "The little boy?"

It makes Yuuri's heart drop to his stomach.
"He went home," Yuuri says quietly, "to Russia."

Mari walks in right at that moment, leaning against the door frame and frowning.

"Oh, Yuuri," she sighs, shaking her head. "What have you gotten yourself into this time?"

Mari's always been the type to blurt out whatever she's thinking, and now is no exception.

"You're an idiot," is the first thing she says when they walk inside one of the empty banquet rooms. She slides the door shut, and leans against the wall with a discouraged expression.

Yuuri glances around the room, wondering if there's anyone outside trying to listen in on their conversations.

"Minako isn't here, if that's what you're wondering," Mari says. Her voice is dry and deadpanned, and Yuuri gulps.

The room is cold without the heating, the frosty January air seeping through the openings in the wooden walls, collecting on the windows as snowflakes in random designs. Collecting on the sycamore tree right outside, the leaves fallen and coated in frost. Yuuri is still kneeling on the floor, and he blows into his hands.

"I am an idiot," Yuuri agrees without hesitation. "You're right."

Mari rolls her eyes. "Well, don't say it like that."

"Like what?"

"Like you don't even know why you're an idiot," she says, and crosses her arms over her chest. "You said Viktor went home. Viktor and Yurio."

"Yuri," Yuuri corrects.

"Whatever." Mari waves her hand. "You liked them, right? Or liked Viktor in particular."

Yuuri's head shoots up from where it had been hanging. "What!? How—"

"I know everything about you, little brother," Mari says, and she takes a cigarette from her box, puts it in her mouth, but does not light it. "Besides, I saw you two through the window. At your birthday party, remember?"

Yuuri feels his face heat up. "I..." He's not sure what to say, because he can't deny it. His sister always knows everything.

"If anything, Viktor was the obvious one," Mari chuckles. "That guy hung off you like you were a clothes hanger. All he would talk about is you! " She laughs for a few more moments, and then sighs. Her expression grows more serious. "So why did you let him go?"

He can't lie. "I was scared."
"Of what?"

"Of being in love."

There's a silence in the room for a long moment. In Yuuri's mind, it feels like an hour, and within that hour his face gets redder and his palms get sweatier. He feels like a little kid again, being teased by his teenaged sister. He feels like he's a little kid again, being punished for a wrongdoing.

Except he's twenty-four years old and kneeling in front of his thirty-year old sister. And he's just confessed he's in love with superstar actor Viktor Nikiforov.

Mari clears her throat, and she takes the cigarette from her mouth. "He's a celebrity, sure," she says slowly, like she's thinking of how to word her sentence in the best way possible, "but... that doesn't make him untouchable."

Yuuri feels a strange spike of irritation shoot through him. "Well it's too late now."

"Maybe not."

He blinks in confusion, the back of his eyes prickling with heat. "What do you mean?" It comes out harsher than intended, but his sister isn't fazed.

"Call him," she explains, adjusting the purple headband that pushes her hair back, "or text him, I guess. Keep talking to him, even if he's in Russia. Make him remember you."

"You sound like you're talking from experience."

Mari grins, and when she smiles, her tongue pokes out from between her teeth. "Remember that long-distance girlfriend I had from Estonia?"

"I thought that didn't work out?"

Mari rolls her eyes. "Yeah, well, I was sixteen. And you're twenty-four."

"Basically sixteen," Yuuri says with a soft grin, slowly rising to his feet.

Mari snorts, lightly punching his shoulder. "Yeah, you wish," she says, and runs a hand through her hair. "Though, I don't think it's gonna be that hard to keep Viktor from forgetting you."

"Huh?"

"Really? " Mari jeered. "Have you even seen the way that guy looks at you? It's super obvious he's head over heels for you, like, seriously." And she says everything so casually that it makes Yuuri's face heat up. When she sees the way his face changes, she grins, and leans forward. "It was love at first sight when Viktor Nikiforov spotted the cute barista boy."

Yuuri pouts, and it's playful, but Mari frowns and mistakes it for something deeper.

"Or..." Her voice trails off for a moment. "Is it not a masculine day?"

Yuuri blinks once, processing her question. "Oh! No, it is, thanks. I'm fine."

Mari eyes him up and down, and then hums once. "Anyway, if you're gonna be staying here a while, you're gonna help out around the hot spring, right?"

Yuuri scoffs. "I don't think Mom and Dad will let me off that easy."
Mari shrugs. "Well, I will. You've had a rough week, I'm guessing. Just take a day off tomorrow."

"Oh," is all Yuuri can say, because it's a type of kindness he's not used to, especially not from his sister.

"Anyway," Mari sighs, pushing herself off the wall and sliding the door open, "I'm going out to the freezer. Want somethin'?"

"Uh, do we have any pop left?" Yuuri asks.

"I think so," Mari replies. "What kind?"

"Any," Yuuri says. "Doesn't matter."

"Wow, so helpful," Mari drawls sarcastically, cracking her neck and shoving the unlit cigarette back in her mouth. "The things I do for that guy..."

Yuuri just watches her retreating back as she leaves, and looks down at his hands, and just looks at them, for some odd reason. And he spends so much time looking at his hands, watching the way his fingers move without him even having to think about it, that he doesn't notice when Mari walks in and tosses the can of pop at him.

It lands on his forehead, and he flinches at the sudden cold. He catches it in his hands and looks up at Mari, who's holding a Kirin Lemon and smiling at him.

"Thanks, Mari," he says, but the way he's looking at her makes Mari wonder just what he's thanking her for.

"Anytime," is how she decides to reply, and downs half of her pop in one go.

---

[12:45] Yuuri: sorry I didn't see the notification

[12:46] Viktor: ohthats ok!!!

[12:46] Viktor: how are u??

[12:48] Yuuri: I'm fine

[12:48] Yuuri: Your flight was nice?

[12:49] Viktor: yeah!!! we had first class!!

[12:49] Viktor: yuri was kinda crying mostly thru it tho....
"Phichit, it's awkward," Yuuri groans into the phone.

"You're calling me while I'm trying to practice and talk to Hot American Guy," Phichit deadpans.

"C'mon, Phichit, you're never practicing."

"Yeah you're right. What's up?"

Yuuri groans into his phone, running a hand through his hair. "My sister told me to try and talk to Viktor more now that he's gone, but..."

"... but what?"

"It's so awkward!" Yuuri exclaims, and he would've slapped his hand over his face if he weren't wearing glasses. "It's like we don't even know how to talk to each other anymore! Every time we text I don't know what to say! It's just..." He leans against his bedroom door and closes his eyes. "Phichit, I'm dying."

"You're so dramatic."
"Says you."

"True," Phichit agrees, and then sighs. "Well, just do what I would do. Glam yourself up into looking bomb as fuck, and then go out and confess your love!"

"That only works with you, though."

"It hasn't worked yet," Phichit protests, and there's a silence. Yuuri figures he's looking at Leo. "But, yeah, really Yuuri, Viktor is totally into you. It's like that song by Ariana Grande—you just gotta have a little less conversation, and a little more touch his body."

"I hate you."

"You made out with me in college, Yuuri, you don't hate me," Phichit points out, and Yuuri just rolls his eyes at the memory. It had happened during one of the first times Yuuri got truly shitfaced, but it's not something Yuuri regrets. Phichit is a good kisser. "Anyway," Phichit continues, "it's probably gonna be awkward the first few days. You two spent nearly every day together, so obviously it's going to be weird when you're not seeing each other every day."

Yuuri frowns. "I mean... I guess."

"No, Yuuri, don't doubt my knowledge," Phichit says. "You're gonna be fine, alright. Sure, you fucked up. You let Viktor go without even giving him a chance."

Phichit is silent for a moment, and Yuuri takes that moment to slowly slide down the door of his bedroom until he's sitting on his floor, his head tilted back and banging against the wood. "But it's not too late."

"You sound like Mari."

"Ahh, Mari... my love, my bae, my trans sister," Phichit sighs dreamily. "I totally go straight for her. But anyway, it's not too late, Yuuri. You can still do this."

Yuuri hangs his head, and clenches his fists. His heart pounds. "But how...?"

"Don't ask me."

Yuuri frowns.

"Ask Viktor."

Yuuri starts helping out at Yu-topia as he promised, entertaining the guests that come with his charm. Family friends and regulars return to see him, chatting it up happily.

The only thing that Yuuri can't stand is the TV in the main room, which occasionally switches to a news channel that documents the progress of Viktor's new movie.

He ignores it every time it comes up.
He and Mari spend their time serving drinks and food. It's almost like being a barista again— except this time he wonders if being alone will have the same impact.

And when he's alone one time, nothing happens, but the most eventful thing that happens is when Minako is drinking and laughing at the TV, when he and Mari are leaning against the counter and watching lazily.

When a customer asks for a drink, Yuuri moves to grab it, but Mari moves quicker. She takes the tray in her hand and takes a few steps forward, looking off to the side, but then she's suddenly running into someone and spilling something all over everywhere. When she pulls away, Mari is shocked to see a young person standing there, holding a half-emptied can of peach-flavored pop—Ramune—with the rest spilled all over on the front of their shirt.

Yuuri covers his mouth with one hand, partly in shock and partly to hide his laughter.

"Oh, shit," Mari curses, and sets down the tray. "I'm sorry, let me—"

"No, it's alright," says the young person, and Yuuri sees the way Mari's ears go red at their, rightfully, angelic voice. And then the person smiles. "Don't worry about it."

They head towards the bathroom, leaving a shocked and flustered Mari standing in the middle of the room. The customer impatiently shouts for their drink again, and before Mari can even move Yuuri swoops in and picks up the tray. When he passes by Mari and meets her eye, he grins, and saunters over towards the customer.

"Oh—fuck you!"

"Language, Mari!" their mother scolds from the kitchen.

Yuuri sets down the drink with a laugh, setting the tray aside and tightening the string on his apron.

"Our new story today—movie star Viktor Nikiforov revealed to be having a secret love affair? " Yuuri suddenly hears from the TV. He shoots his head up automatically, and now it's Mari's turn to laugh.

Except, her laugh dies out when the television shows an image of Viktor leaning in and kissing the cheek of a woman dressed in blue.

And now they're all just staring at the TV, Yuuri's eyes wide and his form threatening to fall over.

"Eeeeeeeh?" Minako slurs from the table in front of the television, leaning on one arm and lolling her head. "I thought... Yuuri was dating Viktorr?"

Yuuri is speechless, because everything Mari had said is useless. Viktor's already forgotten about him. Viktor's already moved on, ignored everything that happened, pretending that everything they said was a lie.

And it was probably his fault.

"Minako," he says suddenly, and practically stomps over to the table she's sitting at. When he sits, she looks over at him with a confused, but happy expression. "Hand me a bottle."

Minako laughs and very nearly tosses the bottle to him, and almost breaks it.
"Uh, Yuuri—" Mari warns, but her words have already been drowned in alcohol, and Yuuri downs half the bottle in one go.

Minako cheers loudly, and in the back of his mind Yuuri can hear his inner voice telling him to stop.

But the television is still talking, so he keeps going.

Viktor is grimacing, scrolling through the news article on his phone, scowling at every close-up of him and the fan he had met the other night. He had only kissed her cheek as a sign of gratitude, and just because she looked the same age as him, the media blew it out of proportion.

(And they wouldn't even listen to his claims that she was merely seventeen, and it was, in fact, illegal not to mention disgusting.)

He vaguely hears the telltale sound of Makkachin sneezing from Yuri's room, no doubt all over his son's arm or face. Except he knows Yuri won't wake up, not until light is pouring through the windows and Viktor is practically hanging Yuri upside down and shaking him in an attempt to wake him.

Suddenly, the article on his phone is replaced by the screen of someone calling him, and the silence in his apartment is replaced by soft piano music—Yuuri's custom ringtone.

Viktor's head raises automatically, his eyes going wide. He wastes no time in answering it, no matter how beautiful the piano music is.

"... Hello?"

"Viktooorrnnn!!" 

"Yuuri?" Viktor asks, holding onto the edge of his chair and frowning. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fiiiiiiine," Yuuri slurs from the other line, the connection going weak for a moment, and there's a shifting sound. "m... in my room... My sheets are all wet..."

"Wet?" Viktor repeats in confusion. "Are you drunk?"

"Maaaaaybe," Yuuri giggles, and Viktor honest-to-god dies. "'m... all hot, Viktor."

"W-well," Viktor stammers, "are you safe?"

"Mm-hmmmm, " Yuuri sings, and laughs breathlessly into the receiver. "Viktorrr... who was the giiiiiiirl?"

"Girl?" Viktor asks, but it's a dumb question. He knows what Yuuri's talking about. "Oh, her? She's just a fan. I try to be nice to all my fans."
"Ooohh? " Yuuri grumbles, and he sounds irritated. "Nooo, you can only be nice to me! "

"Only you?" Viktor snickers, and folds his arms over the back of his chair, resting his chin on his arms. If anyone were to walk in and see his face and position, they would say he looks decidedly lovestruck.

"Yeaaah, " Yuuri mumbles, and he hiccups. "Only me! You can only kiss me! "

Viktor's eyes go wide and his face blossoms red. "K-kiss you?" he stutters, and curses himself for sounding horribly off-guard. "Well, um, Yuuri, you, uh, never did let me kiss you."

"Huuuh? " Yuuri sounds genuinely confused, but he's also drunk, so there's that. "But I wanna kiss you, a lot. 'm gonna come over and kiss you all the time. "

"Yuuri, you're in Japan." In the back of his mind Viktor wonders if Yuuri will remember saying any of this.

"I'll get a plane. "

"Yuuri, you're drunk, and you're not thinking straight." 

"I know, " Yuuri jokes, and dare Viktor say he sounds flirtatious. His tone is deep, and Viktor's face gets even redder.

"Yuuri..." he sighs, and bites his lip. "I—"

"Love you, " Yuuri finishes suddenly, and makes a weird groaning sound into the phone. "'m.... fallin' asleep. "

Viktor closes his eyes. "Well, you should go get some rest, okay?"

"But I wanna keep talking to you... " It almost sounds like he's about to cry.

"You can talk to me tomorrow, okay?" Viktor says, putting on his parent voice. "You should sleep, so you'll feel better tomorrow, okay? And then you can tell me more about how much you want to kiss me."

Sue me.

"Okay, " Yuuri says hoarsely, and Viktor has to close his eyes and count backwards from ten.

"Night, Vitya. "

And then he hangs up, and Viktor is left there, eyes wide, face pink down to his shoulders.

Vitya. It rings in his head.

Viktor covers his mouth with his hand and lets his phone fall to lap.

Vitya.

Vitya.

"Shit," he whispers, and starts crying.
Yuuri wakes the next morning with a raging headache.

"You can talk to me tomorrow, okay?" Viktor says, and Yuuri hears the strange tone suddenly in his voice. "You should sleep, so you'll feel better tomorrow, okay? And then you can tell me more about how much you want to kiss me."

"Okay, " Yuuri says hoarsely. "Night, Vitya."

But then his headache is gone, memories are rushing in, and he's screaming.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Mila stomps her foot lightly and lets out a sigh.
"Viktor."
"Yes?"
"Can I slap you?"
"Be gentle."
She isn't.

Chapter Notes

30% of comments on chapter 14: ahh why do u hurt my heart like this!!
the other 70%: FUCK YOU ITS SODA
it's called pop.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri watches the sun rise the next morning, unable to sleep with all the thoughts and regret reeling through his mind.

He confessed—sort of—while shitfaced drunk.

As if his life couldn't get any worse.

Mari, who had heard the entire conversation (albeit one-sided), teased him about it the next day. Viktor, who had heard and remembered everything Yuuri had said, continuously texted him heart emojis the moment he woke up.

He was doomed.

"Well, as they say, yaint," Phichit says over Skype. He isn't at practice (this time), and on his shoulders and hands are his hamsters (and Yuuri only knows the names of two of them—Fernanda and Bree), squeaking softly and nuzzling into his skin.
"What does that even mean? " Yuuri sighs, running a hand through his hair.

"YAIN'T."

"You don't make sense."

"I may not make sense, " Phichit says, "but you made a lot of sense last night."

"I swear to God—"

"You confessed! " Phichit exclaims, making a move to clap his hands together but realizing one of his hamsters is sleeping in one hand. "Kind of, I guess, but still!"

"I told him I wanted to kiss him."

"Didn't you say he could only kiss you?"

"YES!"

Phichit bursts out laughing, the movement jostling a few of his hamsters. "Well... I mean... it's too late to back out now, " he says matter-of-factly. "Viktor's gonna be expecting his kisses soon."

"We only kissed once, " Yuuri whines. "And Viktor was asleep! He doesn't even remember it!"

"Well, make him remember it."

"How?"

On the other side of the screen, Phichit suddenly grins. He strokes the hamster in his hand as if he's a corny villain in a old spy movie.

"Kiss him so hard he dreams about it."

---

"Huuuh?" Yuuri sounds genuinely confused, but he's also drunk, so there's that. "But I wanna kiss you, a lot. I'm gonna come over and kiss you all the time."

Viktor buries his face in his hands, and feels the burn on his palms. He sits at the kitchen table of his apartment, slumping over the table and groaning into his skin.

"Don't tell me you're still pining over that babysitter guy."

"He wants to kiss me, Mila!" Viktor shouts in protest, lifting his head, tears prickling in the corner of his eyes and his bottom lip jutted out.

Mila puts one hand on her hip and cocks it. "Please," she laughs, shaking her head. "I saw that guy once in a dumb Skype call, and even I can tell he's out of your league."

"I know! " Viktor whines. "He's so beautiful and perfect..."

"You're hung up on this dude, " Mila giggles.

Viktor pauses for a moment, and then purses his lips. "So how are things with you and Sara?"
"Quiet, Nikiforov."

He smirks to himself, noting the flush on Mila's cheeks that goes as bright as her hair. Then he sighs, and runs a hand through his own hair.

"Okay, but Mila, if you saw him you'd understand—"

"I'm a lesbian," Mila bluntly cuts him off.

Viktor pauses. "I know," he continues, "but still."

"If you love him so much then go back to Japan," Mila scoffs, like it's the simplest thing in the world. "Be with him."

Viktor gives her a deadpan glare. "Are you joking?"

"Are you joking?" Mila counters, and crosses her arms. She gets a fierce gleam in her eye, like she always does when she gets serious. It's always been terrifying, even when Mila is a bit younger and shorter than he is. "You could've brought him with you! Hell, Viktor, you told me you're in love with him. Aren't you gonna try something to get him back?"

Viktor's pout grows deeper. "I think he... made it very clear that he has no interest in being with me."

Mila stomps her foot lightly and lets out a sigh.

"Viktor."

"Yes?"

"Can I slap you?"

"Be gentle."

She isn't.

As Viktor cradles his sore cheek, Mila firmly plants both of her hands on her hips and leans down from her standing position to glare right in his face.

"He drunk-called you to tell you he wants to kiss you," Mila whisper-yells. "C'mon, Viktor, he basically told you he loves you!"

Viktor rubs his cheek and turns his gaze away. "Well..." His cheeks are red now, and not from the slap.

"No, Viktor, there are no wells," Mila says, and scrunches her nose. "Call him back. Tell him how you feel. Make plans to see each other."

Viktor just shrinks in his chair and throws his arms over the table. He leans forward and presses his forehead against the cool surface of his dining room table.

Mila sighs from behind him, and Viktor flinches at the sudden feeling of a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sure everything will work out, Viktor," she says, "but you need to lead fate's way."

Her touch leaves him, and Viktor shifts in place. He does not lift his head when he hears Mila
move towards the door, grabbing her coat and jingling her keys.

"I'll be back next week. Yuri's been doing quite well in his classes."

And then Viktor hears the door shut.

He's taking Makkachin for walk, wrapped up in a large coat with one of his hands holding onto the leash and the other scrolling at his phone. Yuri is beside him, lightly holding into one of the strings on his coat.

He's barely paying attention to where he's going, which is probably a bad move on his part, but the tabloids and media are blowing up with news of his new movies. Teaser trailers were just released, along with theatrical posters and concept art.

Viktor smiles down at his phone, reading one review on the first trailer, when it says that the movie looks interesting, that the concept and plot are unheard of, that—

"Papa!"

Viktor immediately halts, nearly stumbling forward from his abrupt stop. He tightens his grip on his phone, and slowly turns his head to look at his son.

Yuri is beaming, pointing at something on the ground. "Look! Makkachin made a friend!"

And Viktor looks down, and Makkachin is trying to tug from his leash to reach towards another dog, smaller in size and different in breed, but all Makkachin sees is a friend. The two dogs bark at one another, and Viktor purses his lips.

"Ah, I'm sorry," says the woman holding the other dog, smiling apologetically.

Viktor just stares, and smiles softly. "Oh... no, it's fine. He's quite energetic, haha." He's looking down at his dog, trying to gently urge him away so they can be on their way, murmuring things in Russian and even slipping into English

His dog.

The dog Yuuri got him.

Viktor's heart suddenly floods with... something. He tightens his grip on Makkachin's leash, and puts his phone in his pocket so he can replace the missing feeling in his other hand with Yuri's.

"Papa?"

"I'm gonna fix things, Yuri," is all Viktor says, and he starts walking again.
After being spot by fans and pictures taken, Viktor makes it home and lets Makkachin loose with Yuri. His son runs off into his room, Makkachin following close by his heels, and after a few moments Viktor hears the telltale sound of Yuri's television blaring. Except this time, he doesn't bother to tell him to turn it down.

His attention is focused entirely on his phone. On Yuuri's contact information.

Neither of them had sent any messages to each other since last night, since Yuuri had called and basically confessed. Blame it on fear, on shame, on embarrassment.

Viktor bites his lip. It's all or nothing now.

[ 16:45 ] Viktor: hey

Bouncing his leg, Viktor bites the skin around his fingers, a bad habit he's tried to let go of. To distract himself from falling into full-blown anxiety, he goes back to his browser app and diverts his attention to the reviews and comments on his movie's trailers. Most are kind, and it gives him a breather.

Viktor switches back to his messenger app to check just in case Yuuri left him on read.

Except he didn't, and the three little dots on his end are disappearing and reappearing.

His face going oddly red, Viktor immediately goes back to the home screen and presses his phone to his chest. He feels frozen, and his throbbing fingers are screaming in protest at the continued biting.

Viktor pulls his phone back to look at his lock screen. It's a photo of Yuuri and Yuri on the couch back in Japan, fast asleep, faces illuminated by the movie on the television they had fallen asleep to. They're bundled up in the same blanket, Yuri's legs thrown over Yuuri's lap and the latter's curled on the couch. Yuri's face is leaning on Yuuri's chest, and Yuuri's arm is lazily wrapped around his waist.

It's a great photo, and Viktor finds his heart clenching at the sight of it.

But then suddenly part of it is covered by a notification. From Yuuri.

Viktor's hands shake when he slides to answer it, and he spends more time than needed reading it.

[ 16:50 ] Yuuri: Sorry for last night... I was really drunk

Viktor blinks, and it takes him quite a while for his shaking fingers to stop making typos when he taps out his reply.
[16:51] Viktor: so u remember?

Yuuri's reply comes quicker this time.

[16:52] Yuuri: I do
[16:52] Yuuri: But....

[16:53] Viktor: u meant it tho?
[16:54] Viktor: right??

Yuuri's answer doesn't come as fast this time, and Viktor's fingers suffer even more as he leans back against the couch and trembles. He's fearing the worst—what if Yuuri didn't mean anything he said and it was just all a silly joke? A dare? What if Yuuri's already over him, and Viktor will never be able to move on? What if—

[16:58] Yuuri: Yes

[16:59] Viktor: can i call you

He doesn't give Yuuri a chance to respond before he presses the call button. It rings once, twice, three times, and for a moment Viktor is convinced Yuuri isn't going to pick up, that he's just going to leave him hanging.

But then it clicks, and a voice comes through, "Hello?"

"Yuuri!" Viktor gasps, and his back straightens.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" His voice is soft, like he's embarrassed, like he's trying to hold back, or hide from something.

"I..." Viktor hesitates. He has to let it all out now. His mind reels through everything Yuuri told him that night, everything he confessed, whether it was legible or not. "I want to kiss you too."

There's a silence on the other line. ".... Viktor."

"A lot," Viktor says, and lowers his head. "You called me by my nickname."

"I-I, " Yuuri stammers, "heard it from Mila."

"Oh." Viktor's pink down to his chest. "Well... you should call me it more." He's so terribly embarrassed, the words spilling out of his mouth.
"Viktor, about what I said, I..." Yuuri begins, and his voice hangs off. He takes a deep breath. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Viktor says immediately.

"No, it—it was uncalled for," Yuuri pushes. "I shouldn't have—"

"Yuuri, no, it's fine."

"I was drunk, I let all my feelings slip out, I—"

And he's still rambling, but Viktor is hardly listening anymore. His heart is beating so fast he doesn't know what to do, and he clutches his chest. Viktor's red now, and his mind is filling with dumb thoughts, and in his throat are words threatening to throw themselves out, words he doesn't know Yuuri's ready for, but all he wants is for Yuuri to know how much he—

"I love you," Viktor blurts.

And the silence is deafening.

Viktor's trembling even harder, and in the corner of his eyes there's angry tears threatening to spill. He's angry at himself, for giving in, for being so impulsive, for forcing Yuuri to deal with him.

*I love you so much.*

"Viktor," Yuuri breathes, "I—"

"Who are you talking to, Papa?"

Viktor flinches, and looks over at Yuri, who's tugging on his shirt and rocking back and forth on his heels. Viktor notes Yuuri's silence, and the flush on his face leaves his skin.

"Is it Yuuri?" his son continues, his eyes suddenly sparkling.

"A-ah, yes," Viktor replies, nodding. "Would you like to talk to him?"

"Mm-hmm!" Yuri nods excitedly, and eagerly takes the phone from him when Viktor hands it out. It's quite big in his small hands, and Yuri fumbles with it for a moment before putting it to his ear. "Yuuri?"

Viktor assumes he replies, because then Yuri is laughing and taking a seat on the couch next to him. He takes this moment to take a breather, putting a hand on his heart and feeling the quick beating of his heart. His skin is warm all over, and all of his nerves are on edge.

And he never got to hear Yuuri's reply.

"You're coming here, right?" he suddenly hears Yuri ask, and sighs.

"Yuri, he's—"

"Well, you have to! I miss you!" Yuri exclaims in what sounds like a protest. "Makkachin misses you too." He pauses, and Viktor hears Yuuri's muffled voice from the other line. Just to be annoying, he leans in close to Yuri and presses his ear right against his cheek. "Papa! Get off!" Yuri says, pushing him away.

Laughing, Viktor wraps his arm around Yuri's shoulders and pulls him close.
"Papa misses you too," Yuri says, and it's not a lie.

"Well..." Viktor hears very faintly from other line, and only from how close he is, "tell Papa I miss him too, alright?"

"Papa," Yuri immediately says, turning his head, "Yuuri misses you."

Viktor snorts, and covers his mouth with one hand. "I miss him too, kotyonok."

When Yuri goes back to the phone and just starts spewing off about his day, Viktor shifts and makes himself comfortable as he leans against Yuri, his arm thrown lazily over the couch and the other intertwined with his son's. He spaces out for what seems like hours, staring off into space while Yuri no doubts drains his phone battery talking to the love of his life. He sits, and he waits, and he thinks.

(There isn't much waiting involved, in all actuality.)

"Okay," he suddenly hears Yuri say, and it jolts him out of his headspace. "Bye-bye, Yuuri." He presses the End Call button, and drops the phone back in Viktor's lap.

Viktor stares at it for a moment, watching as the call ends and it goes back to the messaging app. Then he slowly looks over at Yuri.

"What'd you two talk about?" he asks curiously.

"He said he has a surprise," Yuri replies casually, kicking his legs back and forth since they don't touch the ground.

Viktor blinks. "For you?"

"For us."

He's not sure what to think, and he has no ideas of what the surprise could be. It could be small, or it could be big.

Yuri wriggles out of his grasp, mentions something about being hungry, and goes off towards the kitchen. Viktor doesn't move for a moment, his head still reeling. He only picks himself up off the couch when Yuri pokes his head out and whines out a Papa, I'm hungry.

So, he obliges.

(He's so distracted as he cooks that he nearly burns the house down.)

(Viktor orders pizza instead.)
"I have to go now, Yuri, okay?" Yuuri says into his phone, typing on his keyboard with the hand that isn't holding his phone. "You'll get your surprise soon."

"Okay," Yuri says. "Bye-bye, Yuuri." He ends the call, and sets his phone face-down on his desk.

It's dark in his room, the only light coming from his computer screen. He squints at the webpage, and scoffs.

"One hell of a surprise alright..." he mumbles to himself.

*flights from japan to russia,* Yuuri types into his computer, and hits enter.

Chapter End Notes

me last chapter: 80k this is impossible

me now: 90k this is impossible

please...

tumblr

[link to tumblr]

yoi sideblog
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

"You had the chance to get some action and you didn't take it," Phichit scoffs, and rolls his eyes. "Tragic."

Yuuri moves to take a sip of his tea. "I don't see you getting any."

There's a pause.

"Well, why do you think Leo is here?"

Yuuri chokes on his tea.

Chapter Notes

just so there's no confusion, this chapter starts out a day or two before the Phone Call last chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's Wednesday.

Yuuri lays across the floor in front of the television. He's on break, and he's casually fanning himself with a folded napkin. It doesn't help much.

"Make him mine... make him mine..." Phichit's words repeat themselves in his head, and he mumbles them out loud.

"Will you shut up?" Mari sighs from her place leaning against the wall, her eyes glued to her phone, most likely texting the person she ran into the other day.

Yuuri rolls his eyes, and tosses the napkin aside. His phone buzzes in his pocket and he lazily takes it out, using the Touch ID instead of simply typing his password in.

[11:34] Phichit: LEO IS GONNA BE SLEEPING OVER AT MY HOUSE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[11:34] Phichit: ㊞ (♡♥♡) ⊃

[11:35] Phichit: (■ ♡⇒≡■)

"You seem to be typing quite a bit," Mari comments.

"So do you," Yuuri counters, except he doesn't look up from his phone.

"It's Phichit, right?"

"It's the mystery person who was drinking peach pop, right?"

At that exact moment, Hiroko walks out carrying a tray of cups. She glances between her oldest and her youngest, and laughs to herself.

"You two are so alike!"

That night Yuuri spends his time laying on his bed, staring up towards the ceiling, his head swirling with mindless thoughts.

Viktor's face fills his head suddenly, and he freezes up. Memories and stray fantasies bubble in his mind, memories of Viktor telling him silly facts and calling him captivating, memories of an asleep Viktor subconsciously kissing him in his sleep—

Fantasies of pushing Viktor against a wall and kissing him so hard he can't breathe.

Yuuri squeezes his eyes shut when he feels his face start to get red. He rolls onto his stomach and buries his face into his pillow, flipping it over to the cool side in an attempt to cool down his blush. Viktor's words sound like a broken record, and his face gets even hotter just thinking about it.

He can't do anything except think, because Viktor is all the way in Russia. There's no way he'd come back, and no way Yuuri would ever—
Coming to Russia. Yuuri slowly opens his eyes, moving to plant his chin on top of his pillow. He circles his arms in front of him, chewing on his lower lip.

At first, he thinks of the money problem—he works two jobs, at the hot spring (and that's for free) and at the coffee shop, but then he realizes. His pay from babysitting Yuri gave him more money than the two jobs combined.

Yuuri whips out his phone and clicks on his Google app.

He blanches once he sees the average price of a one-way flight.

Do I even have that much...

Yuuri takes the leap to check his bank account, squeezing his eyes shut when it loads. When he opens his eyes again, he nearly shrieks.

He's loaded.

"Viktor definitely paid me too much!" he exclaims, to nobody.

He stares at the large number for so long that they blur together, and he blinks a few times to shake himself out of it. The money problem is out of the way, he decides. But then he thinks of who would give him a ride—

(Minako would, definitely.)

—what he would do once he got there—

(Viktor would pick him up, and if he was busy, he could just call a cab.)

—how he would find Viktor's address—

(Who is he kidding? Viktor is a celebrity; Yuuri could probably find it online. Okay, or maybe he can discreetly ask Yuri.)

—and that's when he realizes he's stalling. He's worrying about trivial things that could be solved simply or aren't even a problem, all because he's embarrassed. He's nervous to show his face.

He's scared to finally seek after what he's been yearning for this entire time.

Yuuri moves to bury his face in the pillow again, and he doesn't lift it for another five minutes until his phone vibrates. When it does, he flinches, and nearly drops it off his bed.

It's a message from Phichit, except it's just a photo with the caption being a string of heart emojis. It's a selfie of him, next to someone (who looks extremely handsome, Yuuri thinks) who is smiling and blushing and leaning away towards the camera. He wonders if it's Leo, and when Phichit sends his next text saying me and leo are having so much funn!!! uwu!!! it confirms it.

He almost feels somewhat jealous, but the feeling is useless, so he stores it away.

Don't get too carried away, he sends to Phichit, and then flips over so he's staring at the ceiling again.

He starts to wonder where all this newfound confidence came from.
It's Thursday.

It's nighttime, and he's drinking with Minako.

"He's just....." Yuuri slurs out, his face already flushed from intoxication. "He's beautiful!"

"Viktor, right?" Minako asks, and surprisingly enough, she's only half as drunk as her counterpart. It's about to change, though, when she tips her head back and takes a gulp of the bottle in her hand.

"Ye—ah!" Yuuri exclaims, hiccuping in the middle of his sentence. "He's.... perfect..."

"Then why don't you marry him?" Minako jokes, snorting. She's slightly swaying.

Yuuri pouts, his glasses sliding down his face. He makes no move to fix them, and instead squints at Minako's blurry face as if it'll make it magically clear. He burps, his head recoiling back from the apparent shock.

"I want to! But... the media says.... he has a girlfriend now," Yuuri says, and tears well in his eyes. "Secret love affair."

"It's probably fake," Minako says, and her voice is starting to get shaky. "Viktor loves you!"

Yuuri's crying now, and all of a sudden he forgets why.

"Maybe you should go to bed," Mari says from behind them.

Yuuri doesn't protest when his sister picks up him with ease, and carries him into his room.

It's Friday morning, and Yuuri just confessed his love through a drunken phone call.

And now it's the nighttime, and Viktor just told him he loves him.

Yuuri wills his blush away when Yuri hangs up the phone, and he types *flights from japan to russia* into his computer.
It's Saturday.

Yuuri does not tell Viktor about his "surprise," nor does he give any hints.

They text a lot more, however.

[13:24] Viktor: i left yuri with milk while i went to the store


[13:25] Yuuri: Oh yea milk was the one in the Skype call


[13:26] Yuuri: It's ok

[13:27] Yuuri: One time I called my sister "Mark"


[13:28] Viktor: i just changed mila's name in my phone to milk


[13:30] Viktor: are u gonna tell me about the surprise


[13:31] Yuuri: A selfie of you with puppy dog eyes isn't going to sway me

[13:32] Viktor: ur such a top

Yuuri snorts when he sets his phone down, turning back towards his computer and typing a few more things into his plan.

"You're really going for it, aren't you?" Mari asks, turning round the corner and leaning against Yuuri's bedroom door.

"'It'?" Yuuri laughs, feigning innocence.

Mari rolls her eyes. "You're taking a big step, you know."

"Yeah, well..." Yuuri shrugs halfheartedly.

"You sure you wanna go through with it?"

Yuuri doesn't answer for a long moment. He stares at his computer, watching the contents load, and ignores the vibration of his phone that tells him Viktor's texted him again. Then he turns his head to look at Mari, who looks as casual as ever but her eyes are filled with concern.

"I should've gone for this a long time ago."

Mari blinks once, twice, and then the corner of her lip curls upwards into a smirk.

"Just tell Viktor to give me free tickets to his movie."

It's Sunday.

"Hey, Yuri," Yuuri greets happily, smiling despite the fact that he's walking on the street alone. "Is it fun being back home?"

"Sometimes," Yuri replies, and he sounds distracted. When Yuuri hears the faint bark of a dog, he understands why. "I miss Japan though. The food was good."

"Oh?" Yuuri teases, "and you don't miss me?"
"I do! " Yuri gasps, sounding scandalized. "I miss you more than Papa does! "

"Oh really?" He's having way too much fun, and he waves to the store owner when he walks in. "I'm not sure I believe you." He barely listens to Yuri's protests when he's walking towards the section where all the charms are. He nearly forgets he's in a religious store until he sees the inspirational words on all the products.

"I definitely miss you more than Makkachin does," Yuri says randomly. "When you get to Russia, I have a surprise for you too!"

That makes him snap out of it, and he turns his head. "Oh? What is it?"

"I can't tell you! That'll make it not a surprise anymore!"

"Is it a good surprise?"

"Of course it is! It's from me!"

Yuuri laughs as he picks up what he wants to buy.

"I'm sure it's going to be wonderful."

"So you are coming, right? Here?"

Yuuri pauses, toying with the charm for a few moments.

"I guess you'll see."

It's Monday.

"Aaah, I wish I could come with you! " Phichit whines through the screen.

Yuuri holds up his phone so he can see Phichit's face clearly. In the background, there's a silhouette in the bathroom, the door open just enough to see. He raises an eyebrow at Phichit, who turns in confusion and then flushes.

"Who is that?" Yuuri teases.

"Who do you think? " Phichit scoffs, and his ears are red. "He's so sweet, Yuuri, I'm so gay."

"We're all homosexuals," Yuuri says, and props up his feet on his desk.

"Anyway, how much does the trip cost?"

"Around 88 thousand yen."

"You're kidding."

"And that's economy..."
"Do you have enough?"

"More than enough," Yuuri sighs, and takes note of Phichit's curious face. "Viktor paid me more than a babysitter should make.

Phichit makes that face, where Yuuri always thinks he should be looking into a mirror and smugly putting on lipstick. "Well... you were more than a babysitter."

Yuuri's face flushes, and he frowns. "Shut up."

"You had the chance to get some action and you didn't take it," Phichit scoffs, and rolls his eyes. "Tragic."

Yuuri moves to take a sip of his tea. "I don't see you getting any."

There's a pause.

"Well, why do you think Leo is here?"

Yuuri chokes on his tea.

It's Tuesday.

He's bought his tickets, and he's ready to go.

Minako is the one that drives him to the airport.

Viktor is the one that blows up his phone when he texts hinting messages about his surprise.

Mari is the one who teases him before he sets off.

Phichit is the one who texts him endlessly once he's in the airport.

And he's the one who fights his anxiety to step through the gates.

He's on the plane, and he's terrified. With his luggage in the compartment above him, he grips the sides of his seat and tries to distract himself by staring out the window.

What if it's a mistake? What if Viktor just sends him back home immediately? What if he gets lost?

Yuuri closes his eyes and tries to block everything out.
Viktor: WHAT IS THE SURPRISE!!!!!!! i cant WAIT ANYMORE

Yuuri: I sent your surprise on an airplane

Viktor: what

Yuuri: Make sure you're there

Viktor: WAIT A MINUTE

It's Wednesday, six in the morning, and Yuuri is getting off the plane.

He takes his luggage, and clutches his chest when his heart begins to race. Out of the corner of his eye he sees people with cameras, and his anxiety lessens.

He's here.

He barely knows Russian, and doesn't speak to anyone or pays attention to anything as he walks towards the exit. There's people everywhere, and when Yuuri finally gets to the terminal, he sees the large crowd and hears the excited giggling. He sees the flash of cameras and hears the familiar sound of someone trying to break through.

Then he does, and Viktor's face peaks out through the crowd. Yuri is in his arms.

Yuuri takes a deep breath, willing himself not to cry, and waves.

"... Hi."

Chapter End Notes
happy belated christophe's birthday

(im sorry about how rushed the last part is. ill go back and fix it later syfdhbnk)

tumblr

vot sideblog
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

"I-if it helps," Viktor says, leaning up, "well, it was love at first sight."

Yuuri isn't fazed. "What, with the dog?"

"Yuuuuuuurri!"

Chapter Notes

uwu

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"... Hi."

And it's like the world slows down to a stop, and it moves slowly, carefully—to the sound of Yuuri's heartbeat. Time passes by in moments, one, two, three, and Yuuri is smiling and looking down at the ground.

But then the world speeds up again, and there's a small blond child barreling himself in his arms.

"Yuuri!" he shouts, and beams up at him with the brightest smile Yuuri's ever seen. "I knew you'd come, I knew it!"

"Of course you knew," Yuuri says, reaching his arms underneath him so he can pull Yuri up into his arms. "You're super smart."

"Oh, wait!" Yuri exclaims, and pauses for a moment to reach into his coat pocket and take something out. "I have a surprise for you too." He holds out his fist and slowly opens it. Inside is a handmade bracelet woven with beads and strings. It's blue and white, and on each bead is a different English letter—together, it reads Yuuri.

Yuuri exhales softly when he sees it, his eyes going wide. When he looks up, Yuri's face is pink.

"I made it for you," he says, his cheeks puffed out. "Hold out your wrist."

He does, and Yuri gently clasps the bracelet around it. Yuuri takes a moment to observe it, and despite the childlike design of it, it's one of the greatest things he's ever laid his eyes on.

"Oh, Yuri!" he laughs, and spins Yuri in his arms (despite the fact that the kid is eight years old, and not that light). "It's beautiful! I love it!"

"Really?" Yuri asks, like he was expecting Yuuri to reject his gift or throw it away or something. "Papa helped me with it a little... But I mostly made it!"
"Well, you get all the credit," Yuuri says, ruffling his hair and smiling. Yuri nods, and when Yuuri looks past his head he sees him, staring at him, his head poked out from the crowd of fans trying to get his attention.

Yuuri slowly sets Yuri down, and the latter takes the hint, moving to the side and looking between Viktor and Yuuri.

Neither of them move. The noise from Viktor's fans begins to drown out, until all Yuuri can hear is the beating of his own heart.

Until all he can see is Viktor walking towards him, a strange expression on his face.

Until all he can feel is Viktor's arms around him, Viktor's warmth drowning him, consuming him.

Yuuri closes his eyes; he feels like he's about to cry. He throws his arms around Viktor's shoulders and pulls him close, resisting the urge to tackle him to the ground and hold him with all the strength of the world. He hears the flashes of cameras and the murmurs of bystanders, but he ignores them. He doesn't care anymore.

Viktor doesn't pull away for what seems like forever. When he does, he's crying.

"So was it a good surprise?" Yuuri blurts.

Viktor doesn't even try to hold back his silly smile. "Yeah," he says, and laughs. "Of—of course it was!"

Yuuri smiles back, and his face is glowing. He tightens his grip around Viktor's shoulders and lifts himself up. "I... I want to apologize, Viktor."

Viktor blinks, and his smile fades. "For what?"

Yuuri bites his lip. "For not listening to you," he says, but maybe those aren't the right words. He tries again. "For... being too afraid."

Viktor makes an expression that tells Yuuri he knows exactly what he's talking about, but he decides to be an asshole and makes the cheeky little grin anyway. "Afraid? Of what?"

Yuuri rolls his eyes. "Of this. " And he grabs Viktor's collar and kisses the cheeky little grin off his face.

It's something he's been waiting forever to do, even before Viktor kissed him in his sleep, and it feels like it's Yuuri's first kiss all over again. Yuuri can barely hear the background noises over the rushing of his own blood, over the beating of his own heart, but he doesn't care.

And Viktor doesn't care either, because he's kissing him back.

It doesn't last long, and they pull away, Yuuri still gripping Viktor's collar like his life depended on it and Viktor still closing his eyes.

And he doesn't open them, not even after a few seconds have passed.

"Open your eyes, Viktor."

"No."

"Why not?"
Viktor's face suddenly gets redder. "I'm afraid this is just a dream."

Yuuri blushes, and disguises his embarrassment with a laugh. He reaches up and pinches Viktor's neck, and that makes him open his eyes—and yelp.

"Ow!" Viktor shouts, and glares down at Yuuri. "What was that for!?"

"Is it still a dream?" Yuuri says, but can't hide his snort.

Viktor frowns, except he can't hold it for long. He breaks into laughter, and so does Yuuri, but both of it cuts off when there's someone shuffling between them. It's Yuri, who looks annoyed, with his cheeks puffed out and his lips pursed.

"Stop hogging Yuuri, Papa!" is what he opens with.

Viktor and Yuuri both look at each other, and start laughing again. Viktor leans down and brings Yuri up into his arms, kissing the top of his head. "We can share him, dear!"

Yuri's pout grows deeper. "I don't like sharing."

Viktor blinks. "Well... I don't know what to tell you, kotyonok."

Yuri just crosses his arms, and turns away. When he does, his pout goes away and morphs into something more fearful. There's people with cameras rushing their way, and Yuri moves to hold onto Viktor's sleeve.

"Uh," Yuuri starts, noticing Yuri's discomfort. "We should... probably get out of here."

"Yeah, c'mon," Viktor says, taking Yuuri by the hand and dragging him along outside.

It takes them a few minutes to get outside, to maneuver through the crowds that were watching them, through all the paparazzi and the interested fans. But they get there, and Yuuri slams the car door shut once he takes a seat. He exhales slowly, and turns his head over towards where Viktor sits in the front seat. Viktor is frowning, trying to turn the key to start the car, but failing.

Yuuri laughs to himself, and leans over, holding onto Viktor's arm for leverage so he can kiss Viktor's cheek. It's a soft kiss, his lips barely brushing against his skin, but the skin he kisses turns red and warm.

Viktor is frozen for a few moments, his eyes wide and unblinking when Yuuri pulls back. Then he kicks into full gear—sporting a large grin and excitedly turning the ignition.

"Let's go!"

"I've got it!" Viktor exclaims excitedly, suddenly completely different from his previous, serious, brooding demeanor. He jumps forward, his upper body on the counter, and grabs both of Yuuri's wrists. "You're going to be Yuri's new babysitter."
"Well," Viktor says as he pushes open the door, letting Yuri scamper through first, "this is it. Home of the Nikiforovs." He throws his arms out as if it's a show, and Yuuri claps for the hell of it. "Thank you, thank you, I'll be here all week."

Yuuri laughs, and drags his luggage into the apartment. "I like it. It's pretty... you."

"Well, I only get the best."

Yuuri rolls his eyes, and moves to take off his coat. "Russia's pretty cold," he says.

Viktor hums and takes a few steps towards him, waiting until Yuuri puts his coat up on the rack before he puts his arms around his waist and his chin on Yuuri's shoulder. "Cold, eh?" he mumbles, and nuzzles into Yuuri's red cheek. "I see you kept the scarf I made you."

Yuuri pauses, and shifts in his arms. The touch and action is familiar, but all of a sudden, the meaning of it shifts.

What even are they anymore?

Yuuri laughs to himself. "Of course I did," he says, his voice soft. "It's very well-made."

Viktor hums. "Well, I'm glad you like it."

"Did you keep the gift I got you?"

As if on cue, Makkachin starts barking from Yuri's room. He runs out, panting, and jumps onto Yuuri's legs as if he's trying to crawl on him.

Yuuri grins, and kneels down to pet him. Consequently, Viktor's touch leaves him. "I see you have," Yuuri says, turning his head away when Makkachin starts to lick at his face.

"Mm," Viktor chuckles and starts to walk towards the kitchen. "Are you hungry? I'm assuming you didn't eat much on the plane."

Yuuri nods. "Yes, but... I don't want to impose—"

"Nonsense," Viktor says with a mischievous smile. "Let's see how well I took your cooking coaching, no?"

And so Yuuri agrees.

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Viktor smiles. He smiles a lot, Yuuri notices, and it's different than his usual celebrity smile. "Just curious! I wouldn't want my precious new babysitter spending all his time with a lover rather than what he's supposed to, right?"
"N-new...?"

"Congratulations!" Viktor exclaims, letting the clipboard fall beside him. "You're officially the babysitter of the Nikiforov family!"

Viktor still isn't the best at cooking, so his attempts take quite some time. At one point Yuuri has to step in and help him with the recipe, and the next point Yuri came in wanting to help in some way.

They all cooked the last part together, and now here they were, eating beef stroganoff at Viktor's kitchen table, without a care in the world.

As Viktor and Yuri start up idle chatter in Russian, Yuuri zones out and stares down at his plate, his vision becoming shaky as his mind goes blank.

*He's in Russia,* is the first thought that runs through his mind. He's in Russia, with Viktor, in Viktor's home.

*He kissed Viktor.*

Yuuri's face blossoms pink, and he scarfs down his food before Viktor notices. Once he lifts his fork to his mouth, the setting sun from outside reflects off the beads on his bracelet, and he looks down at it for a moment. The lettering is silver and it gleams, even though the bracelet is just made up fake, cheap, children's beads. The strings are carefully woven, however, and Yuuri can feel the love that was put into it.

When he looks up, he notices Yuri staring at him. He smiles, and Yuri quickly turns his head away like he's embarrassed.

Yuuri feels the sudden urge to cry, except for what seems like the first time, it's happy tears.

"How long are you gonna stay, Yuuri?" Yuri asks suddenly, his voice muffled by all the food stuffed in his mouth.

Viktor reaches over and gently smacks Yuri's palm, barely a touch. "Don't talk with your mouth full!"

Yuuri giggles. "Well... depends on how long your Papa is letting me stay," he replies, leaning forward on his palm and glancing at Viktor out of the corner of his eye.

Yuri swallows and looks over at him. "Papa?"

Viktor blinks, and leans back a little. He looks between his son and Yuuri, noting their expectant looks. He takes another bite of his food and smiles.

"Well, Yuuri," he says, and his eyes hold a little something more, "you can stay here as long as you'd like, as long as you don't mind sleeping in my room."

And Yuuri isn't sure where his sudden confidence comes from, but he has no problem leaning his arms over the table and grinning.
"Of course not."

Yuri shakes his head, and shrugs, like it's the most casual thing in the world. "Babysitter makes me stuff to eat usually. Sometimes Papa brings food home, but he doesn't... eat with me all the time." When he sees the way Yuuri's looking at him, he messes with the sleeves of his shirt. "I think it's because he's busy a lot."

"...That's no excuse."
"I don't think there's anything to be nervous about," Viktor says, tossing his towel in the laundry bin. He moves over towards the bed, and takes a seat on one end, swinging his legs over. "Isn't it just like in Japan?" In the hotel, goes unspoken.

Yuuri shakes his head. "No... it's—different, somehow."

"How so?" Viktor is moving closer.

"W-well," Yuuri starts, scratching the back of his neck and turning his body around to face Viktor, "I guess... since this is your home."

"My home?" Viktor echoes back, the bed creaking from his movements. They're only two feet apart.

"And... it's in Russia..."

"Russia..." One foot.

"A-and... I guess I kind of intruded..."

"You didn't." Five inches.

Yuuri swallows, his entire face going red down to his neck when Viktor scoots until his practically straddling him, his hand coming up to cup his cheek.

"I—" Yuuri cuts himself off. "I just came here randomly, no warning," he's just blurting things out by now, "a-and I'm probably being annoying by staying—"

"You're not," Viktor assures, and his thumb swipes over Yuuri's bottom lip before he kisses him. The kiss is soft, short, but Viktor presses forward firm enough to shut Yuuri right up. Yuuri only regains himself to kiss back for a moment, his hand shooting into Viktor's hair, but then Viktor is pulling back and running his thumb against his cheek gently.

"You're not being annoying," Viktor says in a whisper, and his face is so close that Yuuri can feel his breath when he talks. "I'm so happy you're here. I'm so happy about everything right now." As he says this, his other hand is wrapping around Yuuri's waist and pulling him close, until Viktor's face is buried in Yuuri's shoulder and his legs are splayed over Yuuri's lap. "Yuuri, I... you have no idea how much you mean to me."

Yuuri's face is beyond hot by now. His hands tremble when he wraps them around Viktor's back, tracing the bumps in his spine and feeling Viktor shiver. He can't keep his smile to himself, and he chuckles softly.

"Well... I could say the same about you."

That makes Viktor tense up against him, the grip around his waist loosening slightly. He is still like that for a few moments, just pausing, slightly shaking, and then he throws all caution to the wind and hugs Yuuri so hard and so tightly that he falls on his back on the bed, Viktor landing on top of him.

"Oof—" Yuuri goes down, his hands hovering over Viktor's back when he lands on top of him. Viktor's grip tightens around him, until Yuuri can barely breathe. Yuuri gasps, and pauses when he suddenly feels wetness on his shoulders. "Viktor—" He pushes Viktor up and sits up himself, until Viktor is very nearly sitting in his lap. Yuuri stares at his face, and reaches up. "You're... crying?"
Viktor sniffs and lifts one hand to wipe at his nose. "Of course I am," he replies, his voice all shaky. "I..." He doesn't make any move to wipe away his falling tears, and they dot his sweatpants. "You... have no clue what you do to me."

Yuuri is flabbergasted. He spends a few moments just watching him cry, watching the glimmering tears fall. It's not the first time he's seen him cry, but each time is more mesmerizing than the last. He suddenly feels bad for not replying for so long, and he lowers his head. His hands go to rest on top of Viktor's and squeeze.

"I really don't," he answers, and glances up to meet Viktor's eyes.

Viktor takes a deep breath, and turns his head away. "I've..." His voice trails off, and his face suddenly becomes pink. "Ever since I was young, I've never... truly loved someone," He bites his lip, and stares down at his hands that are covered with Yuuri's. "My parents were..." His face becomes pained. "... not the best. I never had many friends. Once I got into the showbiz industry, well... everyone only pretends to like you."

Yuuri just waits for him to finish. Viktor's spilling everything out to him, and he's not sure when he's going to stop.

"I had lovers, but... I never felt anything with them. They were all for..." And then he stops, like he's amazed at his own sentence. "... show."

Yuuri raises his eyebrows, and flinches when Viktor suddenly grabs onto his shoulders, his tears becoming heavier.

"But you—you were different. No, you are different!" His eyes are sparkling and he's smiling, and the tears just keep coming. It's like he's discovered something beautiful for the first time. "I was just going to Japan to shoot my movie, and I just happened to stumble upon the most beautiful person I've ever seen in my life. " Viktor leans in close, and wipes away his tears. "And I think it was fate."

"... Viktor," Yuuri whispers breathlessly.

"I finally found my family. My life and love," Viktor says, and presses his forehead against Yuuri's. "You and Yuri are my life and love." He closes his eyes, and lets his hands slip from Yuuri's grip and trail up his forearms. "And I never want to lose you. You're not for show. You're not a fling. I'm willing to do anything for you to be mine and for me to be yours." Viktor presses his lips against Yuuri's cheek and murmurs against his skin, "I love you."

It's like the phone call, but so much better. Yuuri is frozen, his eyes wide and open, and all of a sudden he feels like he's going to bawl his eyes out in front of him. He's not afraid of dumb media coverage or lies in tabloids anymore, he's not afraid of anything.

"I'm only afraid of losing you," Yuuri says out loud, his voice soft.

And they stare, and stare, and stare—as if they're afraid of what's to come. As if they're afraid to touch. But when Yuuri's hands brush against Viktor's neck and slide into the back of his hair, they throw all caution to the wind and kiss.

They kiss, and they kiss, and they kiss, until neither of them can breathe or recognize themselves anymore. It doesn't go any further than just touching lips and roaming hands, but then they pull away, and they're looking into each other's eyes like the other is an ethereal being, like the other is heavenly, like if they took away their hands, the other would disappear from their life forever.
So they don't pull away, they don't remove their hands. Viktor only pulls himself closer, and now they're both crying, laying on the bed, just holding each other.

They're happy tears.

"I was lonely," Viktor finally says, looking down. He almost looks sad. "And so was Yuri. I think... we both needed each other."

Yuuri nods. He doesn't need him to elaborate further.

"I understand," he says. "Thank you."

"Is it always this cold in Russia?" Yuuri asks, blowing into his glove-less hands and rubbing them together.


They're out in the streets, taking their own time by themselves while Yuri stays home with his tutor. When Viktor sees the way Yuuri shivers, he takes his hand and pulls him closer to his side, until Yuuri is pressed against him and their hands are intertwined. Viktor's hand is warm, despite the icy chill of the air.

"Are you worried about being out in the open like this?" Viktor asks next, curious.

Yuuri hesitates. He tightens his grip on Viktor's hand. "Not really," he replies honestly. "I don't really care anymore."

Viktor raises an eyebrow, and smiles cheekily. "That's good." And he yanks Yuuri's hand so he can kiss him on the cheek.

They stay like that for a moment, and then Viktor pulls away, loosening his grip on Yuuri's hand. Yuuri blinks up at Viktor, and then smiles, looking down at the ground to hide his blushing face.

"Now people are really gonna expect something..."

Viktor laughs.
"You know," Viktor speaks up, catching Yuuri's attention back, "you've been Yuri's babysitter for a few months now."

Yuuri glances down. It all feels like a lifetime ago.

"You're the only one that's lasted this long." Viktor's tone is soft, thoughtful, warm. "I have a feeling I chose the right one."

Yuuri bites his lip. He has the urge to make a joke, but he only scoffs, and says, "So I'm the special babysitter?"

"You are," and Viktor doesn't even hesitate on the words.

They eat at a restaurant, where Viktor mostly has to translate everything for Yuuri. *It's cute*, Viktor says. *It's not*, Yuuri rebuts, *I barely know the language.*

Their restaurant experience is a lot less dramatic than the last time, in Japan. No confessions and arguments in the bathroom, no annoying paparazzi, no crying child.

Just the two of them.

It's nice.

"Yuuri?" Viktor's voice brings him back to reality. "What's wrong—"

*On complete and utter impulse, Yuuri whirls around and tugs on Viktor's shirt collar. His lips brush Viktor's cheek for a few moments, just barely pressing, and he lets go like he's startled.*

Viktor and Yuuri stare at one another for a moment, Yuuri embarrassed at his own actions but trying to hide it and Viktor staring wide-eyed.

*I'll see you later, Viktor," Yuuri says quietly, and walks out.*

When they get home, there's articles online and stories about the two of them being seen together—holding hands, exchanging chaste kisses, being way too much like a couple to be seen as anything otherwise.

Viktor shakes his head quickly. "You've changed Yuri. And... maybe me." And suddenly, he's blushing, and Yuuri's eyes widen. "You've taught me to do so many things, and how to take care of my own son better. Without you, I don't know where I'd be. My own son would probably still be the angry little boy he was before. Now he's smiling, he's energetic, and he's..." Viktor takes a deep breath. "... so much different. Because of you."

Yuuri feels like crying, but for a whole new reason. He's helpless to the small smile that replaces his frown.

"So... don't call yourself just the babysitter," Viktor finishes, and his grip loosens.

One of Viktor's newer movie interviews comes on the television when he and Viktor are sitting on the couch together, Yuri sitting on the other end playing a game on Viktor's phone. Viktor is speaking in Russian to the interviewer, but there's subtitles at the bottom in English that make it easier for Yuuri to understand what's going on.

"Your movie's first premiere is showing very soon!" the interviewer says, and the camera cuts to her when she's smiling. "You must be very excited."

"I am," Viktor replies, and Yuuri is reminded by how beautiful the Russian language sounds from his lips. "I put a lot of work into this movie. I hope everyone who goes to see it leaves—" He pauses, and then laughs. "—at the very least, satisfied."

He and the interviewer share a laugh and a few jokes, and then the subject changes dramatically.

"I hope you didn't get too distracted in Japan while shooting your movie," the interviewer says next, and Yuuri raises an eyebrow. Viktor's face beside him slowly begins to get pink. Viktor's face on the screen just turns confused.

"Huh?"

"You had to find a babysitter, right?" The interviewer is sipping her tea now, and Yuuri snorts. "There were quite a few rumors about your... relationship with him."

"How long ago was this interview?" Yuuri asks Viktor.
Viktor flushes. "Two days ago."

"Oh... " Viktor on the TV replies, and he scratches at the back of his neck. "Well—"

"And I saw photos of you two out and about here, in Russia?"

"Well... yes."

"So, what's your relationship towards him? " The interviewer is smirking slyly, watching as Viktor's face gets brighter.

"Um... " Viktor on the TV hesitates, flustered. "He's..."

"He's?"

"My boyfriend."

Yuuri whirls his head around to look at the real Viktor he's cuddled up against. He's burying his red face in his hands, groaning when the fateful words reach his ears. Yuuri just laughs into his hands, and he doesn't pay attention to the interview anymore, even if they're talking about him.

"Boyfriend, huh?" he asks teasingly.

Viktor hesitates before moving two of his fingers so one eye pokes out. "Is that... alright?"

Yuuri smiles. "Of course it is," he says, and kisses him.

From the other side of the house, Yuri looks up, and grimaces.

"Ew."

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It's cold, but where Viktor is touching him it's warm.

And so they sway, Yuuri refusing to meet Viktor's gaze. But he can feel Viktor's eyes on him, and only him, and he smiles a little.

Because Viktor was just a celebrity who everyone adored, and now he's here in Yuuri's arms, shaking like he's the most vulnerable man in the world.

And they're dancing, and it's uncoordinated and maybe Yuuri should brush up on his skills—because he steps on Viktor's feet twice and Viktor nearly slips on ice.

Viktor's thumbs are rubbing small circles on his hips where his jacket's ridden up. Yuuri's hands are fiddling with the hood of Viktor's coat.

They don't notice when the music comes to a stop.
"I've seen the articles, Yuuri," Phichit says over the phone. "I'm guessing it went well."

Yuuri laughs, and looks over where Viktor and Yuri are spraying water at each other while trying to do dishes. It's not very productive, but it's cute.

"Yes," Yuuri replies. "It did."

"We're leaving in three weeks, you know."

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[23:12] Mari: isn't it late there??

[23:12] Yuuri: Yes

[23:13] Yuuri: It's fine though

[23:14] Mari: are you up all night being gay again :/

[23:15] Yuuri: Fuck off it's late for u too

[23:16] Mari: we're both being gay i guess.

[23:17] Yuuri: How are things with peach pop person

[23:19] Mari: good. we text a lot

[23:19] Mari: how about you and viktor??
"Viktor," he says softly, his voice barely audible, because he knows Viktor is asleep, "I like you."

And then suddenly there's a soft mumble from Viktor's side, and Yuuri panics, shit, and he's way too close to Viktor he should pull away—

There's something soft against his lips, barely there, like it's lazy, and then Viktor is slumping back against the bed.

Yuuri spends the rest of his night thinking about the beginning, the middle, and the end.

When Viktor ran into his coffee shop and threw Yuri in his arms.

When he invited him to his house for an interview, and when he became the babysitter.

When Yuuri's attempts at parenting coaching became so much more.

When he stopped being just the babysitter.

Viktor is still awake, so he rolls over and runs his hand over his shoulder. When Viktor shifts to turn around, the bed creaks. "Yes?" he asks, and he's angelic.
"Why did you ask me to hold Yuri when you first met me?"

Viktor blinks, like he wasn't expecting the question. He probably wasn't—it's a strange one. But what Yuuri doesn't expect is for Viktor to turn his head away and bury his face into the pillows. He mumbles his answer out into them, except Yuuri can't hear him.

"Viktor, I can't hear you."

He mumbles again.

"Viktor."

"Alright, alright," is the mumble Yuuri hears, and Viktor lifts his head. "I... well." He averts his eyes. "I saw a cute dog and Yuri didn't want to go near it."

Yuuri blanks out for a moment, processing the answer.

"A... dog."

"A dog," Viktor blurs, flushing like he's embarrassed.

"So you're telling me," Yuuri starts, leaning up on his arms, "you were walking down the street, saw a cute dog, and just because your son didn't want to go near it you throw him in the nearest person's arms and leave him?"

Viktor is silent, looking away, but the intense gaze Yuuri has on him makes him pale. "I've..." he starts lamely, "... learned a lot more since then?"

Yuuri narrows his eyes. "I can't believe you! All that, over a dog!"

"I-if it helps," Viktor says, leaning up, "well, it was love at first sight."

Yuuri isn't fazed. "What, with the dog?"

"Yuuuuri!"

Yuuri snorts and rolls his eyes. "You're ridiculous. You're lucky I love you."

Viktor immediately sits up, jostling the weight of the bed. "You love me!?"

There's a pause where the world stops. The only thing going through Yuuri's mind is memories—past events, the day Yuuri first realized his feelings were anything but platonic, the night Viktor kissed him in his sleep, the night they danced together in silence, the airport.

His mind is reeling.

"Yes," he answers. "I love you."

Another pause; Yuuri's heart is racing.

Viktor squeals and tackles Yuuri, accidentally knocking him to the ground. Yuuri's legs remain on the bed and his back on the floor, Viktor curled up on top of him and holding him tight.

"I love you so, so, so much, Yuuri!" He's making so much noise with his excited yelling and moving, knocking things over, but Yuuri can't be bothered to stop him.
Yuuri smiles, and hugs him back just as tightly.

"I—"

"Some people are trying to sleep here!" Yuri shouts from his room, followed by an angry slam of a door.

Viktor lifts his head and looks down at Yuuri, eyes wide, and then the two burst into laughter. Yuri yells something angrily in Russian, and there's the bark of a dog.

"Feisty eight-year old," Viktor says, lifting himself off his boyfriend. He picks up Yuuri by pulling at his arm, and they both go back to the bed.

"Almost nine," Yuuri corrects. "Very soon."

"You're right." Viktor smiles. "You'll be here for his birthday, right?" You'll be here with me forever, right? goes unspoken.

Yuuri smiles back, and laces their fingers together.

"Of course."

"I..." Yuuri fumbles with his words. "I'm sorry."

Viktor nods, and he looks destroyed.

"I'll text you when I land."

And he's gone.

Yuuri slowly opens his eyes to see Viktor's bedroom ceiling. Viktor is curled up against him, fast asleep, their legs tangled together.

Yuuri throws an arm over his eyes and feels like crying. None of his old memories matter anymore. Now he gets to make new ones.
when u realize next wednesday is yurios birthday........................., (and next tuesday is your birthday)

tumblr

voi sideblog
"Yuuri, I've been a celebrity for years!"

"Oh, I guess it already *has* gone to your head," Yuuri says, and hides his snort behind his hand. "Maybe that's why your forehead is so big."

Viktor chokes on his own spit.

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**epilogue**

**noun**

a section or speech at the end of a book or play that serves as a comment on or a conclusion to what has happened.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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The rink is packed, cheering fans on both ends and all around.

"You don't think they're going to announce all three of his names again?"

There's a laugh from the man beside him. The golden ring on his finger glimmers in the light when he passes through into the rink.

"That'd be a mouthful. I'm sure they're just going to go with Plisetsky-Nikiforov."

They hear the sound of a camera shutter, and Yuuri laughs to himself.

"I think they've noticed us."

"No kidding," Viktor scoffs, looking around at the fans that are pointing in their direction, some holding up their phones to take videos or pictures. "Who knew there'd be so many Viktor Nikiforov-Katsuki stans at the Junior Division?"

Yuuri rolls his eyes and elbows his husband. "Alright, alright, don't let the fame get to your head."

"Yuuri, I've been a celebrity for *years*!"

"Oh, I guess it already *has* gone to your head," Yuuri says, and hides his snort behind his hand. "Maybe that's why your forehead is so big."

Viktor chokes on his own spit.

From behind the curtain, Yuri glowers at his parents, his head poking through and his frown
prominent. When he steps through, Viktor and Yuuri whirl around and grin at him.

"Don't be embarrassing," Yuri sighs, mostly to himself, but it's all in vain when Viktor and Yuuri engulf him in a giant hug, practically suffocating him. There's more camera flashes, and shouts from the crowd when they all turn his attention toward him. Yuri sighs, and tries to hide his embarrassed face as he tries to wriggle out of their grip.

"You never let us hug you anymore!" Viktor whines when he pulls away. "I just want to love my beautiful, talented, amazing son—"

"I get it," Yuri says, brushing off his jacket. His face is pink.

"Now, now," his coach says, patting Yuri's back. "Don't wrinkle his costume, now."

Yuri unzips his jacket and slides it off, and he's startled by Viktor's strangled cry.

"I'm so proud..." And he's crying, with Yuuri having to comfort him, but it looks like Yuuri's on the verge of tears too. "Yuuri, our son is going to be magnificent."

"This is only the Junior's," his coach says, and she sounds proud too. "Just wait until he moves up."

Viktor makes another dying noise.

The speaker crackles, and the voice that comes through announces Yuri's name for the free skate. Viktor sees the way he tenses up, the way his hands clench so hard his knuckles turn white.

"I'm in second place after the short program," Yuri's voice comes through softly. "What if—"

"You're going to win," Viktor says, putting his hands on Yuri's shoulders. "You're going to do wonderfully." He moves to hug him, wrapping his arms around his son's back, and squeezing tightly. "So just go out there and skate."

This time, Yuri hugs back.

When they pull away, it's Yuuri's turn to hug him. They don't hug for long, because it's Yuri's turn.

Yuri runs a hand through his hair, and adjusts the chest of his costume. He feels like he has adjust everything, but he doesn't have time. Yuri moves over to the rink, and takes one step in.

"Aaah, I hope I'm not late!" shouts a voice, and Yuri turns back around to see Phichit rushing in, nearly barreling into Yuuri and stumbling. He pants, obviously tired out and sweaty, and props his hands on his knees. Looking up, he gives Yuri a big grin and a thumbs up. "Good luck, Yuri! I'm rooting for you!"

Yuri's eyes go wide, and he turns his head quickly, ducking out onto the ice.

"12-year old Yuri Plisetsky-Nikiforov from Russia—"

"Told you, Yuuri."

"—skating to The Lilac Fairy' from The Sleeping Beauty."

Viktor closes his eyes and hums. "A good song."

"You picked it out, right?" Phichit asks, to which Viktor nods.
And Yuri skates, and skates, and skates. He spins, and spins, and spins. When he jumps, it's flawless. When he stumbles, he makes it graceful. He's beautiful, like an angel, already called a prodigy by some. He's only twelve, and he's already this good. His hair flies behind him when he jumps, and his body moves fluidly to the choreography, to the music, to the people that cheer in the stands, chanting his name. Yuri only falls twice, and even then they're small slip-ups.

When he's done, the cheers hurt their ears. When he's done, flowers are thrown onto the ice. When he's done, he skates to the edge to let a fan drape a crown weaved with flowers. When he's done, he goes over to the Kiss and Cry, where his family is waiting for him.

He steps off the ice, holding a bouquet of flowers, and gasps when Viktor, Yuuri, and Phichit move to hug him. It's a weird kind of hug, with Yuri in the middle trying to breathe, but it's a comforting one nonetheless. Yuri feels his nerves start to lessen, his hands ceasing their shaking.

"You did amazing!" Yuuri exclaims.

"Better than I ever could," Phichit jokes.

Viktor is crying again, blubbering out words Yuri can't understand. Yuri moves back to avoid getting snot and tears on his costume, and Yuuri takes the initiative to move Viktor into his arms and calm him down.

Yuri sits down with his family, and tightens his grip on his pant leg, squeezing his eyes shut. He's so nervous he could die, and he feels like he's spiraling into something unknown. He's dying, and —

They announce his score.

And he's won first place.

Yuri's eyes shoot wide, and his mouth falls open. He doesn't move or do anything until Phichit shakes him excitedly by the shoulders. Yuri flinches, and looks over at Viktor and Yuuri. They have their arms open, smiles wide.

He doesn't hesitate to leap into their arms, laughing and crying all at once. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees the stupid bracelet he made when he was eight clasped securely around Yuuri's wrist.

"He did really well," Phichit says when Yuri leans his head forward to have the gold medal slipped around his neck.

Yuuri nods. He feels like crying. "It feels like he's my son." Then he pauses. "He... really is."

Phichit laughs. "Of course he is," he says, and turns towards his friend. "You were one of the biggest impacts of his life."

Yuuri doesn't reply, but when Yuri turns his head in his direction and waves, he knows he's done everything right.
The medal ceremony passes quick. Yuri brandishes his gold medal in front of all the other competitors, in a typical twelve-year old way.

They stay for the exhibition, and then leave. The hotel is within walking distance, so they walk.

The air is chilly with the November cold. It's dark, so there's less chance of anyone recognizing them and stopping them.

"Where's Phichit?" Yuri asks, raising an eyebrow. He tightens his jacket around his body.

Yuuri ponders to himself for a moment. "Uhh, I think he's going on a date with Leo."

Yuri rolls his eyes. "Of course."

As Yuri picks up his pace to walk beside Viktor, Yuuri hears the idle chatter of some TV show they caught up with the night before. Distracted, Yuuri takes the moment to look back.

To remember the day he met them, to remember the day he realized he was in love.

To remember the day he slid a golden ring on Viktor's finger, crying all the same.

Viktor doesn't appear in too many moves anymore, but there's always the occasional casting and media that wants him. He has a hard time saying no, so he usually does it, or Yuuri refuses for him.

They moved out of their apartment in Saint Petersburg to a larger one to accommodate a larger family. It's nicer, roomier, and closer to the local ice rink.

His world revolves around fame now. There are downsides, like constantly being stopped on the streets and media spreading lies, but it has its perks too—his family's inn has gotten more publicity, he has more money to buy things for his friends.

(And, sometimes, it's nice when people recognize you.)

He's snapped out of his daze when he hears the telltale sound of Viktor's laughter.

"No, they're all connected, okay, so when they do it—"

"I'm 12 years old, Papa, why are you telling me this?"

"We watched the same show!"

"You covered my eyes during that part!"

"Oh, well, it was still a good part."

Yuuri laughs to himself, and picks up his pace a little so he won't get left behind. He wasn't part of this family at the beginning, but he's wormed his way in, to the point where Yuri is accidentally calling him Papa at certain moments.

There's more chatter, more laughter, and Yuuri can't help but laugh more. Never in a million years did his old self think he'd be here right now, walking to a hotel he'd share with celebrity Viktor.
Nikiforov and his son. Never in a million years did he think he would be this much in love, and this much caring for someone.

So he looks up, up at his family.

And he is left inevitably starstruck.

Chapter End Notes

(the lilac fairy is the piece viktor skated for the junior world championships)

happy bday yurio ur still 15 sadly in canon hredskdfbh

uhh well.... thats it lads lol. sorry if this was a lame epilogue but i rly wanted yurio to skate...

*insert like 5 crying emojis* this fic has turned into well.... a lot. it was just supposed to be a stupid little fic that woulda probs gotten like 1k hits max. but now we're at 100k hits, 18 chapters... and a lot of people like this fic. many people have told me that this fic has made their wednesdays better, that the inclusion of genderqueer characters was a good thing. and this fic got... really popular. that's so amazing., i never expected so many people to enjoy my writing. thank you all for sticking this far, thru all the angst and endless cliffhangers lol

until next time

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yoi sideblog

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!