Adagio

As promised, Viktor choreographs a short program for Yuri’s senior debut. However, when Yuri just doesn’t seem to get the meaning of Agape, Yakov enlists the help of Lilia, who brings with her, her prodigy student, who Viktor can’t take his eyes off.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
At age 15, Yuri Plisetsky found himself being one of the top ice skaters in the whole of Russia. He had destroyed his competition for three years in a row at the junior world Grand Prix Finals, but he was aiming for more. Something higher, something bigger, something he knew he was more than deserving of. The senior Grand Prix Finals were just that. To be the greatest ice skater of the Senior Division at just 15, his competition would never be able to go on with the shame of losing to someone who didn’t even qualify as a senior. That was his goal. However, he knew he could not do that alone. Yuri wasn’t naïve enough to believe that sheer determination would pull him through the entire competition; so he made a plan. Viktor Nikiforov, the man who held the title of top figure skater in the world at age 16. The man who won the Grand Prix Finals for five years in a row. The man who was Yuri’s key to becoming the next Grand Prix Finals winner. The man who was pissing the little Russian Fairy off.

“No, no, no, Yuri again. From the top.” Yuri groaned, skating back into the first position.

“I don’t get what I did wrong! I was perfect, I hit every beat, landed every jump, not even my fingers were out of place!” The blonde argued, blowing his hair out of his face.

“You may have hit every beat, landed every jump and kept those little fingers of yours in their proper positions, but you were not perfect. Far from it actually.” Yuri heard a small snigger from the other side of the rink.

“SHUT IT, MILA.” The laughing got louder, much to Yuri’s dismay. He turned to Viktor enraged. “If I did everything right, what did I do wrong?!” He practically roared. The older skater tutted pressing a finger to his own lips.

“You simply lacked unconditional love, you lacked Agape.” Viktor gave Yuri that carefree smile of his, which made the blonde even angrier. “How can you expect to work on a free program when you can’t even skate to your short program the way I know you can. I know behind all of that teenage angst there’s a fountain of love and emotions, and I want to see it. And only you can show it to me.” Once again Mila cracked up.

“I don’t know, Viktor. There’s a lot of teenage angst in our little Russian Fairy over here. The poor thing is as bitter as a shot of espresso. He’s even as tall as one!” Mila doppled over in laughter, clutching the sides of the rink to keep herself up.

“SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU STUPID HAG!” Yuri screamed, his voice echoed against the pristine walls of the rink. “Viktor, I can’t do Agape! It’s not my style! Why can’t I just skate to the Eros piece you were working on instead. The song is more my speed, I could land all the jumps easily, and it’s just better!” Viktor casted Yuri an unimpressed look, which almost made the blonde want to take back what he had just said.

“That’s exactly why you’re not doing Eros. It’s too easy for you, too predictable. The audience will be expecting you to do something like Eros, yet you hardly do any routines which focus on your delicate, more vulnerable side they way Agape does.” Yuri looked down, kicking the ice beneath his skates as Viktor continued, “But by all means, if you really aren’t going to at least try take your senior debut seriously then fine. We’ll do Eros.” Yuri huffed.

“I am taking this seriously.” Viktor hummed, before quirking a brow, “FINE, I’ll keep doing Agape, I just… Don’t know how to find my Agape, if that makes sense.”
“That makes perfect sense, but unfortunately only you know what the love of Agape means to you, and it’s up to you to translate those feelings onto the ice. How about we take five?” Yuri gave Viktor a nod before skating off the rink. Mila handed the teen his water bottle and gave him a pat on the head.

“It’s okay little Yuri. Just think of how much you love cats while you’re skating. I think that’ll do the trick.” Mila snorted as Yuri swatted her away.

“You stupid old hag, I don’t need advice from you, I can figure this out by myself.” The teen gulped down the contents of his water bottle before hitting the ice once more.

Yakov entered through the entrance of the skating rink and approached Viktor who was looking at Yuri, patting a finger against his lips.

“Bad practice?” The coach offered, Viktor shook his head.

“Yuri has the routine down. The step sequences, the spins, the jumps everything, but he just can’t seem to understand what Agape means to him, and how to translate that into his performance.” Viktor sighed “I’m not sure how to provide him with inspiration. His heart’s focused on winning, and not on love.”

“Well, I know it’s only been a few days, but since you’re not competing in the Grand Prix Finals this year, I want to make sure that either Yuri, or Georgi make it to the top three at least. That being said I have asked someone to come in and help Yuri.” Viktor gasped.

“Are you saying I can’t handle little Yuri all on my own? Oh Yakov, I’m hurt! You don’t think I have what it takes to coach Yuri?” Viktor pouted, crossing his arms over his chest.

“On your own? No.” Viktor stood there, mouth gaped “But, your help would be very much appreciated.”

“Whatever, you old fart. So, who did you enlist to help Yuri?” The coach gave a heavy sigh and patted Viktor on the shoulder.

“I… I did what I thought was best.” Viktor squinted accusingly at the older man before a voice erupted from the entrance of the skating rink.

“Where is my new student?”

“Oh, my goodness.” Low and behold, Lilia Baranovskaya, - Yakov’s ex-wife - entered the room. “You must really be desperate for Yuri to win this.” Yakov smacked Viktor on the side of his arm, as the former champion giggled.

The woman entered the room, her heeled boots clacking against the surface of the floor. She was wearing a bright yellow coat, that fell just below her thighs, with a belt across her waist which catered to her slim figure. Her hair was pulled away from her face, and tied into a tight ballet bun. Her bright green eyes were as cold as Viktor remembered. As Lilia entered, Viktor noticed that she was closely followed by… Someone. A young man, with brown hair and glasses. The stranger was wearing a beige trench coat accented by a thin crimson scarf.

“Right here, Lilia.” Yakov gestured for Yuri to come off of the ice and greet her, which he did. She immediately started inspecting the teen, from his facial structure to his teeth, to his flexibility. No stone was left unturned.

As Lilia inspected Yuri, making little comments here and there, Viktor’s eyes fell back on the boy.
she had come with. On a closer inspection of his own, Viktor noticed the boy had sweet dark brown eyes, and his face was somehow soft yet angular. His cheeks, nose and the tips of his ears were flushed with colour, probably from the crisp spring air. He noticed that like Lilia's coat, the stranger's trench coat catered to his own slender build from his shoulders to his waist line. Viktor was so busy eyeing the stranger, that he failed to notice that the man’s eyes were also on him. Viktor offered the stranger a smile and a wave, but he teared his eyes away from Viktor and redirected them onto the floor.

‘A shy one.’ Viktor thought to himself.

“I will be choreographing your free program, if you are willing to sell your soul for success that is.” Lilia spoke. Yuri turned to Viktor, who gave him a nod of approval.

“I’m all yours.” The blonde said simply. Yuri’s eyes drifted from Lilia to the stranger who was now standing rather awkwardly staring at the ground. “But… Who’s this guy?” He looked up seemingly shocked to be noticed.

“Ah. This is my protégé. Two times gold medallist of the USA International Ballet Competition for both the Junior and senior devision. Yuuri Katsuki.” Lilia introduced him with a thin smile on her lips. “He will be teaching you ballet. We are going to turn you into a prima ballerina, and Yuuri is just the candidate to show you what that really means.” Lilia declared.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Viktor found himself enjoying the sound of Yuuri’s soft spoken voice. His accent was just the most darling thing, that Viktor wouldn’t mind listening to him talk some more. Yuuri offered his hand out to Yuri who swatted it away. Yuri furrowed his brow in annoyance.

“Yuri? Oh, no, no, no, there cannot be another Yuri around here.” Viktor didn't fail to notice the hurt expression on Yuuri’s, as he took his hand back.

“I completely agree.” Viktor chimed in. “Therefore Mr. Katsuki will be referred to as Yuuri, and you Yuri Plisetsky can be Yurio!” Mila laughed and clasped her hands together.

“Yes! Yuuri and Yurio, hahaha that’s perfection!”

“Fine, Yurio it is. Yurio, both you and Yakov will be coming to live with Yuuri and I, so I suggest you get packing.” Lilia stated, but Yuri was fuming.

“WAIT! Why do I have to be Yurio, I was here first, he should be Yurio!” The blonde said point a finger to Yuuri, who seemed confused on what was going on.

“Well in all fairness not only was Mr. Katsuki born first, but he was Lilia’s student first, and we wouldn’t want to inconvenience Lilia, now would we?” Viktor said sweetly.

“Thank you, Viktor. You’re one of the few things Yakov did right.” Lilia said patting Viktor on the shoulder. Viktor took Lilia’s hand and kissed it.

“Anything for you my dear.” Yuri still didn’t seem pleased, but he accepted it nonetheless. “Now I know you said you wanted Yuri to pack as soon as possible, but I wanted to rehearse his short program.”

“Of course, Yakov and I have things to discuss anyway. Yuuri, you stay here and escort Yurio and Viktor back to my home.” Yuuri uttered a small yes Lilia. “Come Yakov.” Lilia turned on her heel and walked off, with Yakov following her at a respectable distance. Viktor turned his attention back to the ballet dancer.
“Yuuri.” The man jumped. “Do you mind if I call you Yuuri?” Viktor chuckled when Yuuri frantically shook his head. “Well, alright. You can sit and watch Yurio and I practice if you’d like.” Yuuri nodded his head. Viktor couldn’t help but smile at the other man’s behaviour. He turned his attention back to the newly appointed ‘Yurio’ before getting on the ice himself. “Now, Yurio. From the top.”

Yurio got into position. As soon as the music started Yurio started skating to the composition. Yuuri watched as Yuri moved. The boy had skill, and grace, but Yuuri could tell he was missing something. He was missing feeling, in his moves.

“Yurio, where is the Agape? Where is the feeling, where is the unconditional love?” Viktor complained folding his arms over his chest.

“The only feelings I have right now are of rage!” The blonde chided.

“There’s that teenage angst again.” Mila heckled from the sidelines.

“I just can’t get it!” The Russian tugged at his hair. Yuuri furrowed his brow at the teen, and bit his lip.

“All eyes focused on him. “I… Well, I was just thinking that… I mean it’s sort of none of my business, but then again it sort of is since I am supposed to be helping you, but regardless.”

“Get on with it already!” The teen snapped.

“Well, Agape is about unconditional love, right?” Viktor gave the ballet dance a nod. “Then, why not try to think of someone you care about. You should skate as though you’re dedicating that piece to them. Like you’re trying to show them how much they mean to you through your moves, because words just aren’t enough for you to convey how much you love them, and that you’ll always love them. You get what I mean?” Viktor was in awe. How could someone who had only seen the first few minutes of the program grasp it so entirely. It was no wonder that Lilia held Yuuri with high regard. Yuri stood silently trying to process what Yuuri had just told him.

“I… I…”

“lt’s alright if you don’t. That’s why I’m here. A lot of emotion goes into ballet, and luckily for you – and not so much for me – I’m pretty good at being emotional.” Yuuri let out a small laugh. Viktor smiled at Yuuri.

“Thank you for your input, Yuuri. I feel glad known that little Yurio seems to be in very qualified hands. You should join us in practice from now on, in fact I insist that you do!” Yuuri quickly diverted his eyes to the ground.

“O-Okay, Mr. Nikiforov.”

“Who is this ‘Mr. Nikiforov’? There’s honestly no need for formalities. Call me Viktor, please.” Yuuri’s big brown eyes peaked over the frames of his glasses as he shifted his gaze from the ground and onto Viktor.

“O-Okay, Viktor.” The eye contact didn’t last long as Yuuri’s eyes fell back to his feet.

“Viktor, play the music back, I’m trying again!” Viktor had almost forgotten of the other Yuri’s presence. The former champion played back the music, and much to Viktor’s surprise Yuri was gradually showing more Agape in his movements. The grey-haired man casted his eyes back to the ballet dancer, who was watching Yuri with a small smile on his face. He could see it too. If a few
words of advice from this new Yuuri could make the Russian Fairy change this much, Viktor couldn’t help but wonder what else this man could do.
When practice was said, and done, Viktor ruffled the young Russian’s hair and congratulated him on finally showing some Agape. Even though Viktor followed that compliment with plenty of criticisms, Yuri found himself feeling somewhat proud of his achievement. The blonde’s eyes drifted to the ‘other’ Yuuri, who met his gaze with a pleased smile. The teen ripped his eyes from the older danseur. Though Yuri knew he owed his skating epiphany to the ballet dancer, he was unfortunately too prideful to admit that. After a few wise cracks from Mila about Yuri letting go of his “angsty teen shtick”, Viktor declared that it was time to go.

After packing his things, and grabbing his cat, ‘Yurio’, Yuuri and Viktor left for Lilia’s home, with Yuuri taking the lead. The place itself was lavish, and filled with the utmost sophisticated decor one could imagine. The floors were made of marble, some of the windows were crafted from stained glass. Various vases, trophies and sculptures were placed on pedestals across the rooms. Yuuri gave the two Russians a tour of the magnificent building, showing Yuri to his room, then to the lounge and finally the dining room for dinner, which Viktor invited himself to. Over dinner, Lilia ran through Yuri’s schedule over piping bowls of traditional Russian borscht.

“Yurio, you are to train with Yuuri from 7:30AM to 12:00PM and then Viktor will take you to rehearse your short program from 1:30PM to 5:30PM and then you will have a 15 minute break and do another hour of ballet practice before dinner. Do you understand?” Yuri gave a curt nod, but his face screamed uncertainty. “Good, as soon as Yuuri believes you are adequate enough, I will be coaching you through your free program. Are we clear?” Yuri gave another nod, the corner of Lilia’s lips quirked ever so slightly and she went back to eating her food.

After that, everyone continued dinner quietly; much too quietly for Viktor’s tastes. The silver-haired man turned his attention to Yuuri Katsuki, who was sat opposite him.

“So, Yuuri.” The man -who was caught with his mid bite - squeaked in response. “I couldn’t help but notice the accent. Where are you from?”

“Oh, um, I come from a small town in Japan called Hasetsu. I just came to Russia to study under Lilia.” He said, before taking another mouthful of meat.

“Japan, huh? Is that where you learnt ballet?” Viktor rested his chin on his palm, the Russian lightly kicked a foot forward rubbed the side of one of Yuuri’s legs. Yuuri’s eyes opened like saucers. Viktor held back a chuckle as Yuuri swung his legs back under his seat.

“Y-yes! I started ballet there in Hasetsu as a child. It’s been a passion of mine ever since.” Yuuri’s cheeks were about as red as the borscht in his bowl.
“Ah, well that’s good. It’s a lot easier to teach someone something when you’re passionate about it. I’m sure little Yurio will be able to make it far in this year’s Grand Prix Finals with both you, Lilia and I helping him.” Viktor gave Yuuri a sweet small, which the brown-eyed man returned in a sheepish manner.

“Puh-lea-se! With you out of the Grand Prix Finals this year, my victory is practically set in stone.” Yuri snorted, shovelling potatoes into his mouth.

“You’re not competing this year?! Yuuri was leant forward, almost out of his seat. “I thought those were just rumours.”

“Nope. Not rumours; truths. I will not be competing this year.” Viktor said matter-of-factly, Yuuri practically deflated only muttering an “oh” in response. Viktor didn’t fail to take notice of the slight disappointment in Yuuri’s eyes as he turned his attention back to his borscht.

“And because Viktor’s not competing, that means he has enough free time to help me succeed.” The blonde Russian pointed his fork at Viktor threateningly. “I know how scatter brained you can be sometimes, but now you have no excuses.” Viktor chuckled and nodded his head.

“Yes, yes Yurio, you have my undivided attention.” The conversation died down and everyone continued to finish their food. Viktor’s eyes never left Yuuri as he quietly sipped at his soup.

With dinner done, Yuuri escorted the younger Yuri back to his room for the night. As Yuri placed his hand on his door knob he turned back to face the Japanese danseur, who looked down at the younger boy.

“Um… Your advice before. It helped, I suppose so… Y’know.” The ocean-green eyed teen struggled to get the right words out, but luckily of him, the older of the two knew what he meant.

“You’re welcome, Yuri.” Yuri floundered for words, his face became flushed with colour. The blonde scoffed and strutted into his room.

“I’m welcome? W-Who said I was thanking you? I’m just glad you don’t completely suck, so I won’t be wasting my time with you!” Yuuri chose to ignore the fact that the teen’s voice cracked, and held up his hands in submission.

“Okay, okay. Well, I hope to see you bright and early at 7:30 for practice.”

“I’ll be up by 6!” Yuri slammed his door, in the other’s face.

“Well… Goodnight.” The dancer offered. He chuckled slightly when he heard a violent “Goodnight” shouted back to him from behind the door.

Yuuri turned on his heel and walked in the direction of his own room in Lilia’s mansion. His eyes drifted off to one of the various ballet themed paintings Lilia had commissioned. It was a front profile of a ballerina mid grand jeté, a memory flashed in the back of his mind, and sombre feelings struck him like a bat. His eyes became glassy as his throat started to close up.

‘I can’t let it get to me.’ He internally scolded himself. ‘It’s been four years, I can’t keep letting it get to me like this.’ He closed his eyes, and let out slow, shaky breaths as he started to calm down. Yuuri’s eyes snapped open as he felt a soft touch against his shoulder. Viktor Nikiforov was looking down at Yuuri, his brilliant blue eyes were softened with concern, and his eyebrows were knitted together.
“Yuuri? What’s the matter?” Yuuri cringed inside, the last thing he wanted was for Viktor Nikiforov to see him in such a pathetic state. Viktor stroked the back of his hand against Yuuri’s cheek. As their eyes met, Yuuri felt his stomach drop. Moved by sheer instinct, Yuuri slapped Viktor’s away and diverted his eyes down to the marble white floor beneath their feet.

“I-It’s nothing… I’m just… being stupid, forget about it.” Yuuri could feel Viktor’s eyes on him, but he refused to meet them in a gaze.

“How odd,” Viktor mused, “I didn’t take you for someone who was stupid.” Yuuri kept his head down, but his eyes shifted back to Viktor as he continued. “I mean you helped figure out what Agape meant to him.”

“I didn’t do much, I just told him some stuff….” The black-haired man insisted, but was interrupted by Viktor as he continued.

“You still inspired him. You – a stranger – inspired someone who I’ve known for the better part of 3 years much more than I have ever since I taught him the routine.” Viktor cast Yuuri a soft smile. “So I highly doubt that whatever is bothering you, is bothering you because you’re stupid. Don’t undermine your feelings, okay?” Yuuri looked up at the taller man. There was no pity, no intrusion, nothing. Yuuri gave Viktor a slow nod.

“Okay.” Yuuri fixed his glasses and met Viktor’s eyes completely, returning the older man a smile of his own. The Russian lit up like a candle. The sapphire-eyed man placed a finger under Yuuri’s chin, gently prompting him to extend his neck making them face to face.

“You have quite a handsome smile, I hope to see it more often.” Viktor would have paid money for a picture of the expression on Yuuri’s face. Yuuri flailed backwards, but he didn’t slap Viktor’s hand away this time.

“I-It’s getting late! I have to practice with Yuri tomorrow, so I’ll just… Goodnight Viktor!” Yuuri didn’t give Viktor anytime to reply before swerving past him, his cheeks burning with colour.

“Goodnight, Yuuri.” Viktor hummed, however Yuuri was long out of sight. “What a unique personality.”

…

Yuri tapped his feet impatiently against the hardwood of the dance studio Lilia had installed in her mansion. The time was 7:30AM according the analogue clock that was hung above the mirror mounted wall. The doors to the studio opened, and out emerged the ballet prodigy himself, holding his ballet flats, and a flask filled with some kind of hot drink Yuri couldn’t care less about.

“YOU’RE LATE!” The older man clutched his heart in shock over the teens sudden outburst. The black-haired man eyed the clock, which had just turned over one minute.

“You know what, you’re right. I’ll be sure to make up that one minute. That’s a promise.” The teen let out an audible growl, before turning his nose up at the older man.

“Whatever, let’s just get to the ballet already, I’ve waited long enough.” He insisted. Yuuri set down his flask and set up the stereo with the proper music.

“Okay, Yuri. Have you ever done ballet before?” He stripped off his jumper, showing off the black, sleeveless, full-body leotard he was wearing.

“When I was younger.” The danseur slipped on his ballet flats, and stood on relevé.
“Have you stretched yet?” Yuri stomped a foot on the ground.

“I’ve been stretching since seven! Let’s get this show on the damn road!” The older of the two held up his hands before clasping them together.

“Okay then. First position.”

“What?”

“We’ve begun. Get into first position.” Yuuri repeated. The blonde changed his stance, standing legs together with his feet fanning outward, and his arms curving towards the centre of his body. Yuuri walked around Yuri, adjusting his stance accordingly. “Okay, second position.” The teen spread his arms and legs outward; Yuuri adjusted him again before humming. “Third position” Yuri brought his right arm in again, and brought his left leg in front of his right leg. “Fourth position.” This time his right arm was brought up over his head, and his left came out on a slight right angle. Yuuri tapped the toes of the teens foot, prompting him to cross his left leg over the other even further. “And fifth position.” Yuri brought his left arm up to match his right. Yuuri walked around the blonde once more. “Again, first position.”

The two went back and forth from first to fifth position and back again. They went at until Yuri could execute each position without Yuuri needing to move him into place. Once satisfied, the real lesson started. For an hour straight, Yuuri had the Russian perform various moves from dégagé combinations, to continuous coupé jeté en tournants, and so many emboîtés Yuri had lost count. The teen hunched over as soon as Yuuri called for him to stop.

“Good! Now onto the subject of Agape.” The teen looked up from is hunched position, wiping the sweat from his brow. “I know you’re eager to get Agape down, so I thought we could focus on putting our emotions into our moves.” Yuri stood up straight and nodded.

“Where do we begin?”

“I’ll teach you a small arrangement I choreographed, and I want you to convey the unconditional love of Agape through it. Okay?” Yuri nodded once more, and the older of the two began to dance.

The routine itself wasn’t the most difficult in the world, but it was definitely emotional. Yuri watched as the other moved around the studio. His movements were precise, and obviously took a lot of muscle control, but the way he danced made him seem weightless. Yuuri finished the routine with five consecutive piqué turns before sliding into écarté devant. By watching him dance, Yuri realised why Lilia held this Japanese ballet dancer so highly.

“We’re going to do that routine together for a bit, and then I want you to do it on your own, okay?” Yuri was determined even more than before to succeed.

“Okay!” The brown-eyed man smiled at the teens drive. The two started practicing the small routine. Yuri had caught onto the choreography rather quickly and within half an hour, could do it completely on his own. But that was it. Every time Yuri performed the routine he was met with an unsatisfied look on the danseur’s face.

After perhaps the tenth attempt, Yuri slid into his écarté devant, but once again was met with a frown. The teen threw down his arms in frustration.

“What am I doing wrong?!” The teen yanked on his own golden locks.

“Your main issue is that you’re lacking a sense of vulnerability. Unconditional love is about being able to trust someone with your vulnerable side.” Yuri flopped down on the hard floor. Tucked his
knees into his chest and hugged them close. “I know it’s difficult. I know it can feel like you don’t want to show people your emotions, it’s like an intrusion. Almost like you’re giving them some sort of power over you. Right?” Yuri looked up the danseur who was facing the mirror wall. “It’s hard letting down those walls, even for a performance. But when you learn to let those walls down for your art, that’s when it becomes beautiful.” The man started to move, Yuri recognised those movements. Yuuri was doing a ballet rendition of Viktor's On Love: Agape.

“When you let that go, your art becomes personal, intimate. It becomes an experience shared between you and your audience. You’re showing them who you really are, how you really feel.” Yuuri replaced the triple axel jump with a tour jeté. Yuri uncurled himself, enraptured by the sight of the danseur go.

“You don’t have to dedicate your emotions to the whole audience, but just for that one person in your heart. The one who you want more than anything, to understand these feelings you have for them.” The quadruple salchow into a triple toe loop were replaced by four fouetté en tournants flowed by a single pique turn into three pirouettes.

“Whether those feelings are romantic, platonic, or just something else you’ve decided to call love. You still want those feelings to be heard by that one person in your heart.” Yuuri finished by lacing his fingers together, bent his spine backwards and held his arms straight up in the finishing pose of Viktor's Agape piece.

“This is my Agape.” Yuri was in awe. The danseur had only seen Yuri perform Agape one day ago. Granted it was about ten times in a row at least, but to have been able to recreate Agape, off ice no less. Needless to say, Yuri was astounded. “Do you understand?” Green eyes snapped up to meet the danseur’s.

“I think… I want to try again.” Yuuri held a hand out for the blonde to take, which he did. Yuuri counted the boy in and he began to dance, fuelled with new inspiration. Yuri flowed to non-existent music, baring his soul with his movements. As Yuri slid into écarté devant he was not met with a frown like before. Instead he was met with a proud smile, which the Russian teen mimicked.

“Again, from the beginning!” Yuri gladly moved back into position before dancing once more.

Chapter End Notes

OMG!! You guys have been commenting non-stop I just needed to get this chapter out for you. Just a word of warning, the next chapter probably won't come out till thursday at the earliest (guess who has exams she's been neglecting). Also sorry for the poopy ballet descriptions, I've done more studying for this fic than I have for my exams, holy hell.

Also the next chapter will lay on the Viktuuri PRETTY FRICKIN' HARD so have that to look forward to. But again, THANK YOU for the comments and Kudos and everything, you really make me wanna write this story. I love ALL OF YOU
Incentive

Chapter Summary

Viktor can't keep his hands to himself.
Yuuri makes a bet.
Yuri takes it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

By the time clock had struck 11:30AM, Yuri had not only danced to Yuuri’s short choreography, but the blonde Russian had insisted on being taught the ballet rendition of Agape. The teen had supplied Yuuri with the composition, and the duo danced to the melodious tune together. Now the two sprawled across the floor of the dance studio, huffing and puffing from exhaustion.

“Okay, so we’re basically done for this lesson.” Yuuri sat up and stretched his legs. “You can go relax till your skating session with Viktor.” The blonde rolled onto his stomach, his eyes went straight to the clock, and his brow twitched in annoyance.

“No! You were one minute late remember? You said you’d make that up to me. We still have half an hour, and I want to use it.” The Japanese man let out a long sigh. He sat in a side split and rolled his ankles and patted the space in front of him.

“Come.” Yuri obeyed. He sat in front of the brown-eyed male, copying his form. Yuuri held out his arms, which the teen took. The danseur leaned back, pulling the teen forward.

“What are we doing?” The teen sounded slightly annoyed, he switched to leaning back, pulling Yuuri forward.

“Cool down stretches. Gotta keep your body flexible, if you’re going to be a prima ballerina.” Yuuri let go of the blonde’s hands and lent his torso to one side, and then to the other.

“What does being a prima ballerina even mean?” The teen grunted as he followed the other’s movements.

“Well, a prima ballerina is the leading woman. All eyes are on her no matter what, she’s like the main attraction.”

“So I’m going to be the main attraction?” The teen let out a graceless snort. “I’ve been doing that for the last three years of my life.” He gloated aloud. The danseur shifted from his side split into a front split and leaned forward. Yuri followed suit.

“So I’ve heard, but being a prima ballerina is more than that. What Lilia wants is for you to be as graceful and angelic as a prima ballerina. Maybe even to be a like prima ballerina abssoluta!” Yuuri’s eyes seemed to gleam as he spoke.

“What in the world is a ‘prima ballerina abssoluta’?” The danseur gasped.

“Prima ballerina abssoluta is the most honourable, downright prestigious title any ballet dancer could
get. There are only a special few who have earned that title, including Lilia Baranovskaya.” They switched to the other leg.

“So, basically I’m turning into one of these elites?” Yuuri hummed. “What makes you so sure I can pull off this whole prima ballerina thing?”

“Well… You’re young, your body is pretty much figureless which give you an advantage in a way.” The two stopped stretching. “Many male ice skaters won’t be going for a feminine style, you’ll be able to captivate the audience with not only with the femininity of the routine, but with your own beauty and charisma.” Yuri felt his cheeks flush slightly.

“Of course I can! Charisma is one of my specialties.” The blonde hid his smile with his hand.

“I can tell it’s one of your more redeeming qualities.” Yuuri huffed out a laugh. “But in all seriousness Yuri, you’re a beautiful, talented young skater with your whole career ahead of you. And we’re going to turn you into a prima ballerina.” Yuri felt his cheeks heat up even further. The teen pushed himself off the floor and stood up.

“I-If you’re trying to win me over with flattery, just save it, okay? It’s hard to perform with your head up my ass.” The danseur leaned back cross legged.

“Okay, Okay. I’ll keep the praise to a minimum, and leave it at: you’re gonna go far and we’re all here to get you there.” Yuri nodded his head, and folded his arms.

“Good. Now if you don’t mind, I’m going to go eat.” Yuri walked to the door before turning back. “Are you coming?”

“Nope. I’m staying a while. Still got some dance left in me. I’ll see you during your practice with Viktor though, so go ahead without me.” The blonde grunted before exiting the studio, leaving Yuuri in silence. The danseur sprawled himself across the floor before picking himself back up.

Yuri sat in Lilia’s lounge scoffing down his third slice of apple sharlotka.

“Careful, Yurio. You’ll take your whole hand off.” The teen turned his head to the source of the sound. Viktor stood in the doorway watching in an amused fashion. “Didn’t get any breakfast my dear?” Yuri licked the remnants of crumbs and spilled apple filling off of his plate.

“One of Lilia’s cooks made apple sharlotka, and wanted a taste tester so here we are.” The teen grabbed a serviette from the coffee table in front of him, and wiped down his mouth. “I’m sure there’s some left back in the kitchen if you want some. Also, why are you here already? You’re an hour early.” The white haired male tutted.

“Punctuality is a virtue.” The ocean-eyed teen rolled his eyes. “Anyway, where’s Yuuri? I would have assumed you two would have been together.” Viktor said as his eyes scanned the room for any signs of the danseur.

“He’s back in Lilia’s dance studio. Said he still had some dance left in him or something.” The blonde reclined in his seat.

“And how did you find your first lesson with him?” Viktor settled himself on the arm of a chair awaiting a response.

“It… He…” Words danced on Yuri’s tongue as he tried to figure out what he wanted to say. “He’s
like you. Pays a lot of attention to detail, and he’s just amazing.” Yuri felt Viktor’s gaze on the side
of his head. He locked eyes with older skater, who was smiling softly. Realising what he said, Yuri
shot up out his chair. “WIPE THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE!” He screamed defensively.

“What look? I’m just happy you respect him. I was worried you two wouldn’t be able to get along.”
The blonde turned his nose.

“OF COURSE, I RESPECT HIM. HE RECREATED YOUR AGAPE PIECE OFF ICE FOR
CRYING OUT LOUD!” That caught Viktor’s attention. “I know I was perhaps sceptical at first, but
I was wrong. You’ll all get me to the finals, I have no doubts anymore.” Yuri declared.

“I’m glad you feel that way.” Viktor turned on his heel. “I’ll leave you to your own devices, but no
more apple sharlotka, okay?” The blonde huffed, before turning his attention to his phone.

Viktor walked around Lilia’s mansion, he had been there enough times in his earlier years of
performing to know where the dance studio was. As he approached the door, Viktor stopped and
heard the soft orchestral tune of On Love: Agape. Viktor pushed the door open slowly, and saw
Yuuri in all his glory. Viktor’s eyes followed his every movements. The way his full body leotard
hugged the toned muscles of his legs, and torso. Viktor took special note of the curve of Yuuri’s
backside, how ample it looked. How squeezable. As Yuri had mentioned before, the danseur was
performing a ballet rendition of On Love: Agape. Viktor could instantly see what alterations Yuuri
made to make the dance feasible off ice, but the overall movements, and tone remained consistent.

Yuuri was so absorbed in the music that he failed to notice Viktor as his eyes took in the other’s
every movement. The danseur initiated his four fouetté en tournants, he finally noticed Viktor
standing beside the doorway. The Japanese man shrieked, falling backwards onto his behind.

“V-V-Viktor!” The man gulped, catching his breath. “I didn’t see you there, you startled me.” Viktor
walked over to the dark-haired man on the floor, and extended a hand for him to take, which he did.

“Forgive me staring but, Yurio told me you recreated my Agape piece. I wanted to see it for myself.”
He pulled the man off of the ground before stepping closer to him when he was on his feet.

“Yeah… I hope that’s okay, I just couldn’t help myself. When I see a routine I like, I just want to
dance to it y’know? Make it my own, I guess.” Yuuri couldn’t help but notice that the space between
Viktor and himself was very, very small. The danseur cast his eyes downward, but he didn’t shy
away like he did last time.

“I don’t mind. In fact, I’m very flattered, not to mention impressed.” Viktor closed the gap between
them even further, so much so that their chests brushed with every breath they took. “I want to see
more, if you’re alright with having an audience that is.”

“I… Um.” Yuuri kept his gaze cast downwards. The Russian tilted his head to the side to try to get a
better look at Yuuri’s face.

“Or, would you rather I leave?” Yuuri immediately met Viktor face to face. He clutched the older
man’s shirt so tightly, the neckline was dragged down.

“No! That’s not what I want.” The dark-haired danseur furrowed his brows in a look of unease. “I
just wanted to apologise first.” Viktor was taken aback.

“Apologise? Whatever for?” Taking a deep breath, Yuuri continued.

“Last night. When I pushed you away. I know you were trying to console me, but I got mad at you
for getting too close.” Yuuri let go of Viktor’s shirt, but he kept his hands flat on the skater’s chest.
“And for that I’m sorry. I wasn’t kidding before when I said I was an emotional person.” Yuuri let out something akin to a laugh. Viktor brought a hand up, and moved the hair out of Yuuri’s face.

“You don’t need to apologise, I wasn’t offended by your actions.” Yuuri gave Viktor perhaps the most genuine smile Viktor had seen in a while. “But, if you want to make it up to me, you can dance for me.” The danseur pulled himself away from Viktor and did a single *piqué turn* before facing Viktor.

“Please, don’t take your eyes off of me.” The danseur's demeanor had done a complete 180, and Viktor suddenly saw something else within Yuuri.

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” Yuuri restarted the music, and started the routine from the top.

…

Yuuri Katsuki was for lack of a better word, incredible. The way he held himself as he danced, it was as though he was going for gold in the IBC instead of dancing for Viktor's eyes alone. His every turn, and leap had every ounce of the Russian's attention. Viktor was completely bewitched by the sight of Yuuri dancing to his choreography. It was as though he was under a spell, where the only thing that he could do was look and stare. It was no surprise that he lost track of time. Yuri had barged into the dance studio and drag the both of them out while scolding them both for not sticking to his schedule. The teen's rage did not let up even when they entered the rink.

“I cannot believe, EITHER of you.” The blonde complained as he tied the laces of his skates.

“Yes, yes, Yurio, we’ve heard.” Viktor sighed, leaning against the side of the rink. Yuuri walked out of the changing room of the ice rink, with a towel around his neck. His hair sleek and slightly dampened by water.

“I can’t believe you forced me here before I could take a shower back at Lilia’s.” The ballet dancer huffed while ruffling his hair dry with the towel around his neck.

“You showered here, didn’t you? Now c’mon, start the music Viktor, I am pumped.” The little Russian punk pulled himself up before eagerly getting onto the ice.

“He seems eager.” Viktor mused, getting the music ready.

“I think he just wants to show off.” Yuuri came and stood beside Viktor, who scooted closer to him. “All skaters do. I’ll just be happy to see what he learned from you.”

Yuri slid into position in the centre of the rink. Viktor clicked the remote, and the sweet-toned tune of *Agape* flooded the space, as Yuri began. Viktor could instantly see there was an improvement in the boy’s movements. As Yuri skated, the former champion saw something different in him. An air of sincerity in his movements, something genuine, and honest. This was his *Agape*. The young Russian had never let himself look so vulnerable, but as his hair flowed following his every movement, his true beauty shined through.

The music signalled for the second portion of Yuri’s skate, and that’s when Russian Fairy started to have trouble. Yuri lost it. The blonde ended up getting swept up in his leaps and turns, so much so that he lost his *Agape*. Viktor’s eyes fell on the danseur, who was watching with furrowed brows. He saw it too. Yuri clasped his hands together and thurst them upwards, coming into the final pose of the routine. The teen breathed heavily, as he stood up straight his face contorted.

“Yurio!” Viktor called out, the teen cast his gaze to Viktor. “That was your best performance yet,
you’ve truly grasped the concept of Agape! Well done!” The older skater exclaimed. The teen blushed, before kicking the ice under his feet.

“I lost it half way though.” He pouted childishly, folding his arms over his chest.

“But, you’ve improved significantly compared to how you were the other day.” Viktor applauded.

“Not to mention, its April. The Grand Prix Finals aren’t until November, and we’ve only had one session together.” The dark-haired danseur noted. “You’ll get it in no time.”

“Tch. I know! I just want to get it now.” The teen mumbled under his breath. Both Yuuri and Viktor chuckled at the grumpy teen.

“Perfection doesn’t happen overnight my little Yurio. You know what you have to do, and you know how to do it. Now all you need is practice.” Viktor reminded the teen, who merely kissed his teeth before getting back into position.

“Again, from the top!” He exclaimed.

“Well, one thing I can commend him for is his determination.” The danseur noted, the former champion hummed.

“It also helps that he has the stamina to keep up with that determination of his.” Yuuri let out a quiet laugh, a sound Viktor found himself liking more and more every time he heard it. He played back the music, and the blonde began the routine again.

Though Yuri kept losing his Agape during the second portion of his routine, he still showed signs of improvement. Yuuri marvelled at the teen as he executed his jumps. From the quadruple salchow, triple toe loop combination to the Quadruple toe loop and combination spins, the Russian teen was precise.

“He’s really good at landing those jumps.” Yuuri mumbled.

“I’d chalk it up to that determination of his. From an early age, he’s been nailing jumps like these.” Yuuri leaned against the side of the rink, with a thoughtful expression, as the teen skated around the rink.

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Yuri laid down on one of the changing room benches. Viktor had let the blonde leave an hour early for doing so well. The teen pulled out his phone and started tapping away.

“You okay there?” The teen angled his head to the source of the voice, and Yuuri was standing there with an amused look on his face. He turned his attention back to his phone.

“Yeah, why?” He grumbled in response.

“Well, I was just thinking that since you worked so hard today, we could skip our session later. You deserve a good rest.” The blonde rolled over onto his stomach and gave the Japanese danseur an accusatory look.

“You really don’t wanna make up for that one minute, do you?” The older of the two snorted.

“Damn, you have me figured out.” The teen kissed his teeth before focusing back on his phone. “But in all seriousness, you were excellent in the studio and on the rink. You’ve earned some extra time to

“I’ll see you at dinner.” The blonde waved him off, not even bothering to take his eyes off of his phone. Just as Yuuri was about to leave, he stopped himself in his tracks. “Actually, I have a question.”

“What?” Yuri groaned, focusing his gaze on the Japanese male. The blonde’s brows furrowed as he saw the danseur’s awkward body language. He was bouncing on the heels of his feet, and playing with his fingers. “You look like a goddamn school girl about to confess to her crush, spit it out.” He spat impatiently.

“How do you land your quadruple salchows so well?” Yuri lifted a brow as the danseur continued. “Whenever I do them, I can only land them about 30% of the time and that’s being generous so… I was wondering if you had any advice?” The older man looked at the teen somewhat expectantly.

“You skate?” The brown eyed man nodded. “You any good? I mean if you’re trying to land jumps and shit you’ve got to at least be somewhat competent.” Yuuri shrugged, his cheeks grew red in what Yuri could only assume was embarrassment.

“Actually, um… I’m a certified skater. When I was 17 I ranked top figure skater in Japan.” Out of all of the things the danseur had done to surprise the teen, that had definitely taken the cake.

“SHOW ME!” The teen’s outburst mad the danseur jump back. “I want to see you skate! Show me right now!” His eyes burned as he insisted.

“Whoa. First of all, my skates are back at Lilia’s, second, why?” Yuri jumped off the bench and made his way to the older man, getting on his tiptoes to meet his eyes just barely.

“Because, I want to see what you can do! Plus, if I see you skate, I can help you fix your landings on the quad salchows.” Yuuri immediately regretted opening his mouth. He paused for a moment, taking a deep breath.

“How about, we make an agreement?” The teen tilted his head to the side, signalling for the man to continue. “If you, can nail Agape, I’ll skate for you.” Yuri smirked.

“Deal. You better get those skates ready ballet boy, cause it’ll be your turn to hit the ice soon enough.” The teen took his phone before exiting the changing rooms leaving the danseur alone. Yuuri doppled over and let out a great sigh, before internally groaning.

‘Why do I keep opening my big mouth.’ Yuuri exited the changing rooms with his head hung.

Chapter End Notes

FINISHED EXAMS! I'll be updating more regularly. Also did you really think Yuuri wasn't gonna be a skater in this fic?? HA! Prepare your butts.

Also #CallOut to Viktuuri fic Pas de duex. ADAGIO WILL BE THE ALPHA FIC!!!
Exposition

Chapter Summary

A - not so brief - look into the professional history of Katsuki Yuuri. ft. Minako, Phichit, & some probably inaccurate references to ballet companies.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Performing was always a part of Yuuri’s life. As a child, he would hop and prance around the living room as Japanese pop music echoed from the radio. He would pull his father, mother or even sister from whatever they were doing, so that they could dance together to the fruity sounding music. Those were the times little Yuuri looked happiest. When he was singing and skipping giddily without a care in the world.

When Yuuri turned 5, his mother signed him up to do ballet lessons, which he adored. Okukawa Minako had been his teacher. She was a former world renowned ballerina and holder of one of the most prestigious awards in the ballet world; the Benois de la Danse. At first sight of this tall, older woman, 5 year old Yuuri was beyond intimidated, so much so that he shied away from her hiding behind his mother’s leg. It was only when the lesson started did Yuuri realise that he was the only boy among a sea of little girls in the small class of thirteen little ballet dancers to be. All of the little girls giggled in groups of two to three and even four, leaving the sole boy in the class huddled in the corner by himself. Yuuri would have stayed alone if it wasn’t for Minako. The older woman approached him in that little corner and spoke to him softly. She had coaxed him out of his corner, and catered to him throughout the lesson. Yuuri giggled as she made silly jokes, and Minako would encourage him whenever he looked lonely, or down. As the years went by, Minako and her studio had become a safe space for Yuuri. Whenever he was sad, annoyed, lonely, even angry, he would run to the studio and dance his frustrations away.

When Yuuri was 6 years old his parents took his to the Ice Castle for his birthday. The only skating rink in the whole of Hasetsu. His older sister sat on one of the benches sipping on hot chocolate, as Yuuri clung to the side of the rink, shakily moving on the ice. Yuuri fell backwards, only to be caught in the arms of someone else. Looking up Yuuri saw a warm smile. A girl with soft chestnut brown hair and big rosy cheeks. She helped him skate for the rest of the day. Though he was still wobbling, he managed to skate around the rink fairly well. He struck a small pose and the girl giggled, clapping her hands together. Her name was Yuuko, and she was Yuuri’s new best friend.

When Yuuri was 10 years old, he entered the Junior Japan Grand Prix in Tokyo; his first big ballet competition. He performed one of the classical variations Minako had taught him. Having all eyes on him struck the poor boy with nerves, however Minako’s reassuring expression quelled those nerves. He danced for the audience with all his strength. His heart thumped in his ears, and adrenaline flowed through his whole boy, but that didn’t matter. All that mattered was that he wasn’t alone out
there on the marley floor, he had Minako cheering him on. Yuuri won first place in the Junior B division. He struggled to hold onto his trophy, certificate, and flowers in those little, sweaty digits of his as a photographer snapped pictures of him and the other winners.

Though Yuuri’s parents could not come with him and Minako to Tokyo, they ended up engaging in a long, long skype call consisting of Minako flailing, and gushing over the boy’s performance, while Yuuri clutched his trophy. His very first trophy, which would be the first of many.

When Yuuri was 12 years old, he saw Viktor Nikiforov skate for the first time. Yuuri, Yuuko and their new friend Takeshi watched the Russian figure skater glide gracefully around the ice on TV. His costume was black, his right arm and half of his torso were covered in mesh, and big thick silver sequins were laid along his shoulder and hips. Finally, there was strip of fabric along the side of his hip that looked reminiscent of a skirt. Yuuri’s eyes were stuck to the Russian as his body moved to the composition, his beautiful sterling silver locks flowing weightlessly. From that moment on, Yuuri wanted to skate by Viktor’s side.

When Yuuri was 17 years old he quit skating.

When Yuuri was 18 years old, he managed to win gold at the US International Ballet Competition. He had no idea how he managed it, he looked up at the audience and saw his friend Phichit holding a tablet up. Without his glasses on, all he saw was a blurry figure waving frantically from the screen. He knew it was Minako, smiling he waved back. He held his medal in his hand, gripping it tightly. When the night was over Phichit slung an arm over Yuuri’s shoulder raving about his performance back at the hotel room. Phichit left Yuuri to talk to his parents on the phone, and then again to Minako. She cried at how beautiful he was, he cried thanking her for all that she had done for him.

When Yuuri was 19, he stopped dancing.

When Yuuri was 20, he was scouted to join the National Ballet of Japan. He moved to Tokyo and became a premier danseur there. He kept to himself most of the time, just as he had done when he was 5, entering Minako’s dance studio for the first time. The only difference was, Minako wasn’t there to crack jokes like she used to. However, when his feet touched the stage, she was there with him.

When Yuuri was 22 years old, he won gold at the US IBC once again. Phichit had managed to come and support him as he did four years before. The Thai skater had taken a scrapbook worth of selfies and videos of Yuuri dancing. Phichit had even treated him to dinner and drinks. Spending time with a friendly face was something Yuuri had missed living in Tokyo.

“You were INCREDIBLE out there man!” The Thai skater praised as he ate. “If you’re that good in those pointes, I can’t even imagine how awesome you would be on the ice. It’s a good thing you’re a ballet dancer otherwise I’d have some serious competition at the Grand Prix!” Yuuri rolled his eyes, and kicked Phichit lightly under the table. The two of them laughed the night away.
Yuuri had just turned 23 years old when Lilia Baranovskaya sought him out. The prima ballerina of Bolshoi Ballet had contacted him, offering him a chance to become her protégé. Yuuri was astounded, to have been picked by a prima ballerina absoluta. He wasted no time in saying yes. Sending his goodbyes to his family and friends back in Hasetsu, he went off to Russia. He had spent the last three months at living alongside Lilia in her home, proving to her he was deserving of the opportunity she had given him. Come March, Lilia had informed Yuuri of a new proposition.

“Yuuri.” Her sharp voice cut through the silence of the studio. “My ex-husband has requested my services in creating a ballet inspired free skate for one of his figure skaters.” Yuuri quirked a brow.

“Oh?”

“I want you to come with me. You have a background in skating, I think your services will be useful.” Yuuri was somewhat reluctant to agree at first, he didn’t even know whether he had what it took to teach someone ballet, but he soon changed his mind. He knew who Lilia’s ex-husband was, who he coached. In retrospect, Yuuri’s reasons for agreeing were somewhat selfish, however he pushed those feelings aside.

‘What are the chances I’d meet him.’ The danseur thought to himself bitterly.

Apparently rather high.

Yuuri was still 23 when he met Viktor Nikiforov. The man had been just as handsome in person as he was on screen. His voice was ever sweet, and smooth to listen to, like velvet. His demeanour was quiet, and casual, despite his illustrious status. The Russian’s eyes though. His eyes were a brilliant, icy blue that held nothing but warmth in them. Viktor Nikiforov was a role model of his, the reason he had started skating, the reason he had wanted to continue skating, but most of all, Yuuri swore the man was out to give him a heart attack. No one warned him that Viktor would be so affectionate. No one warned him that Yurio – his new student – would be so determined. No one could have told Yuuri that ballet would lead him back to his childhood idol, and yet here he was. Dancing to Viktor’s On Love: Agape while the former champion's eyes followed his every movements with the same expression he had when he had first saw Viktor skate.

And he loved it.

Chapter End Notes

Episode 9 had. me. SHOOK.
So much so that the I had to replace the original chapter for this fic with *this* chapter because episode 9 inspired me so hard and I didn't wanna leave y'all hanging so... Hope you liked this lil chappy
Look forward to da yaois in both chapter 5 & 6 (especially in 6 holy fuk) of Adagio
You have been warned
Yuri was many things. He was tough, bold, precise, elegant – within reason – but most of all, he was determined. The night after he and Yuuri issued their little wager, the Russian fairy had been practicing non-stop. The thought of seeing the danseur on ice made the teen want to succeed that much more. Yuri worked throughout the week, skating and dancing as best as he could. Viktor took note of the blonde’s newly found drive during practice one day.

“He seems so motivated. I assume this is your doing?” The older Russian turned to face the danseur by his side. Yuuri adjusted his glasses and chuckled nervously.

“Uh… I guess you could say that.” Viktor took note of how Yuuri’s cheeks flushed in what he could only assume was embarrassment.

“Wow! You continue to impress me.” Viktor hummed tapping a finger against his lips. “I have so much trouble getting that little kitten to listen, won’t you tell me your secret?” Yuuri ducked his head and twiddled his fingers out of habit.

“W-well, uh… A magician never reveals his tricks?” The brown-eyed man tried, shrugging his shoulders stiffly. The older skater huffed before pouting.

“Yuuri, I’m hurt. Is there no persuading you?” Viktor purposefully bumped his hip against the danseur’s, who bumped the skater back.

“If it works out in the end, I may reveal my secret.” The Russian teen twirled across the ice. He had been getting better and better at maintaining his form. Though Yuuri was glad the blonde was improving, the danseur couldn’t help but feel somewhat apprehensive at the thought of having to skate for the teen. It was odd for someone who had spent most of his life performing in front of others, to feel jittery at the prospect of skating for one person. Granted that person was perhaps a better skater than he was, but then again it wouldn’t be the first time Yuuri would be performing in front of someone who could be considered better than him.

Yuuri pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind, ignoring Viktor as he pouted. Yuuri watched as the teen moved around on the rink. He was on a roll, maintaining his form perfectly. This was his cleanest performance yet. Yuuri bit his bottom lip slightly as he the teen went on, at this rate Yuuri would have to skate for the teen as he promised.

‘Shit.’ The danseur thought as the blonde was drawing to a close, he was less than mentally prepared for this. Yuri was about to start his spins when a voice wracked throughout the rink.

“GO, YURIO! GO YURIO, GO!” The teen stumbled, and fell onto his bottom. His face went red as
anger boiled beneath his skin.

“MILA!” The blonde scrambled up onto his feet and glared at the redhead, who was linking arms with another person; a young woman. “I WAS DOING SO GODDAMN WELL, WHAT THE FUCK!” The teen screeched. Yuuri let out a sigh he didn’t realised he was holding. Mila cackled as did her friend beside her.

“Sorry, Yurio. We didn’t mean to throw off your groove.” The redhead said in English. Mila’s friend faked a cough to cover the giggles that erupted in her throat.

“FUCK YOU, HAG! ALSO, WHO THE HELL IS THIS BITCH?!” Yuri thrusted a finger at the girl covering her mouth. On a closer inspection, she had flowing black hair, and rich caramel coloured skin. Her eyes were dark, with a purple hue to them. Mila hugged the stranger from behind, and lead her to where Yuuri and Viktor stood watching by the stands.

“This is my bestie from Italy, Sara Crispino! She’s one of the ladies’ singles figure skaters, forth in the world. Right behind me!” Sara smacked Mila’s face with the back of her hand.

“You didn’t beat me by much Mila. I’ll beat your skinny ass this season.” Mila pouted, and squeezed Sara tightly making her wheeze.

“Regret! Regret!” Sara gasped, trying to bat Mila away to no avail.

“Now, now Mila. Stop abusing your friend, and introduce us.” Viktor spoke in perfect English, Yuuri marvelled at Viktor’s accent. It was somehow both thick and smooth, definitely something Yuuri wouldn’t mind listening to further. Mila let the Italian woman go, and gestured to the two men in front of them.

“Sara, this is the marvellous Viktor Nikiforov,” Viktor took Sara’s dainty hands in his as they exchanged hello’s. “And this is Yuuri Katsuki, Yurio’s ballet instructor.” Sara turned her attention to the danseur, and extended her hand to him.

“It’s nice to meet you, Miss Crispino.” Greeted Yuuri as he took her hand in his. Sara chuckled into her free hand.

“You’re just as cute as Mila said.” Yuuri blushed, spluttering for a response, which only made both Sara and Mila laugh louder. “I’m just messing with you. And please, call me Sara.” The Japanese danseur covered his flushed face and whined.

“It’s nice to meet you, Sara.” He said again behind the safety of his hands. The girls giggled again, Viktor pet Yuuri’s hair.

“Uh, HELLO?!” All heads turned towards the Russian on the ice. “I was in the middle of something over here!” The teen exclaimed gesturing frantically to the ice. Mila snorted.

“Well we’re crashing your training sesh, this honey is only in Russia for 7 days and I promised to give her a go on the rink, so make some room.” Yuri tipped his head back and groaned out of frustration. “It’s almost 5:30pm, that’s the end of your session time anyway so leave.” The scarlet-haired Russian sang.

“FINE. But let me get in ONE more attempt, for the love of God.” The two girls traded looks before motioning for the blonde to continue. The teen let out a sigh before skating back into position, getting ready. Viktor played back the music and Yuri began to skate. Like the previous attempts before, the blonde’s movements were smooth and precise. Sara watched wide-eyed at the young Russian’s routine.
“Oh, wow. He’s good.” The Italian muttered under her breath as they all continued to spectate. Yuuri couldn’t help but agree. The blonde had started the second portion of his routine, and like before, he was nearing perfection. The danseur bit his bottom lip as Yuri started his spin sequence, that was the part where he typically lost it. However, this time he didn’t. This time he maintained his form, perfectly. He finished perfectly.

‘Shit.’

Viktor’s eyes shined, as he clapped his hands together along with Mila and Sara.

“Yurio, you were perfect! I’m so proud of you!” The older skater applauded. The teen’s lips curved into a wide smile, his tongue ran across his front teeth and he locked eyes with Yuuri’s.

“Shit.” Yuuri breathed.

Yuuri was proud of the little Russian punk. So proud that he allowed the teen to have the next two days off, and requested his favourite dish be served for dinner. However, despite all of those gestures of praise, Yuri didn’t consider the danseur’s blatant avoidance an act of praise. As soon as they had returned to Lilia’s abode, Yuuri had made himself scarce. It was a little difficult trying to celebrate his achievement when Yuri was hunting the Japanese man down like a bloodhound. Yuri had stalked almost every corridor of Lilia’s mansion. It had turned to night when he finally caught his target in his sights emerging from the foyer.

“KATSUKI!” The danseur’s head whipped to the side, only to see the 5’4’’ blonde charging at him. “FACE ME LIKE A MAN!” The danseur let out a squeak before dashing off down the halls. His long legs carried him out of the Russian’s reach.

“DON’T YOU RUN AWAY FROM ME! WE HAD A DEAL!” Yuuri made a B-line straight into his room and locked the door. The teen slammed into the shut door and started banging on it relentlessly. “OPEN THIS DOOR YOU, BITCH!” He said, while trying to jimmy the door handle.

“Yuri, I’m sensing a little hostility.” The man replied from behind the safety of the door.

“Oh, you haven’t even seen me hostile! We made a bet, and I won it so you owe me a performance!” The blonde resorted to kicking the with every word he said. “SKATE FOR ME, GODAMMIT!”

“Kicking the door doesn’t make me want to open it, y’know.” Yuuri said matter-of-factly. The teen gave the door one last solid kick before leaning on the door.

“If I don’t see you skate, how am I supposed to help you on your quad sal?” Yuri pressed his ear to the door, but all he was greeted with was silence. “I mean… If your really don’t want my help, I could always ask Yakov to help you,” still silence, “Or Viktor?” The door slammed open and the teen was dragged into the room.

“NO, NO, NO, NO! No please, no! I do not want Viktor involved. If I had to skate in front of Viktor, I’d die of embarrassment!” The teen smirked up at the danseur.

“Well, if you wanna keep my mouth shut, you know what to do.” The Japanese man looked down at the teen, with what seemed like a scowl. “Don’t look at me like that. You brought this on yourself.” The smug look on the Russian punk’s face made Yuuri drag a hand down his own face with a groan.

“Y’know, when I was younger I really wanted a younger brother... Not anymore.” The teen rolled his eyes, the smug expression never leaving his face. “Tomorrow. I’ll skate for you tomorrow night.”
“Why not tonight?” The teen tried.

“Because, I wanna sleep, and I need time to mentally prepare myself.” Yuri looked less than impress at the other's response, but he decided he would take what he could get.

“Ugh, fine! Tomorrow night, after the public skate session, you and me are going to the rink, and you’re gonna skate up a storm.” The danseur nodded his head.

“Fine, now leave. I actually want to sleep.” The teen backed out of the room with his eyes squinted.

“If I have to drag you outta this room tomorrow, I’ll kick your ass, and then I’m breaking out Viktor.” Threatened the blonde.

“Goodnight, Yurio.” Yuuri closed the door in the Russian's face before he could respond.

“Goodnight, you fucker!” The danseur leaned against the door and groaned. He really did not feel like skating any time soon, especially tomorrow. He walked dragging his feet towards his walk-in wardrobe and rummaged through some untouched boxes until he found what he was looking for. He pulled out the shoebox from his wardrobe, and opened it. A fond smile appeared on his face as he reminisced his days on ice. He was incredible, a rising star for the nation of Japan. People had stated that he could have dominated the skating world.

‘Dominating the skated world.’ He mused to himself. His heart thumped with either anxiety or excitement. Perhaps even a mixture of the two. Yuuri walked over to his bed, after placing his skates on his bedside table. He closed his eyes and managed to lull himself to sleep, thoughts of the upcoming night filled his dreams.

…

By ten O’clock, most were either asleep or in their room; all except for two. Mila and Sara had stayed at the skating rink, skating in circles around one another to music that played from Sara’s phone.

“I still can’t believe your brother let you come all the way out here.” Mila mused. “How did you manage to convince him to let you go alone.” Sara turned to her and gave her cheeky smile.

“I just told him you wanted me to visit.” Mila cocked a brow. “By the way you’re great-aunt Gertrude had an anaphylactic shock and she didn’t make it.” Mila snorted and doppel over.

“Wow. If I ever see your brother again, I’ll be sure to remember to shed tears over my fictional great-aunt’s death.” Sara skated over to Mila and hugged her from behind.

“It got me here didn’t it, Red?” The two swayed slightly to the beat of a slow song. “Besides, you need consoling after breaking up with not-Jack Zimmerman.” Mila tilted her head back and leaned into Sara.

“How considerate of you. What would I do without you, Crispy?”

“Call me ‘Crispy’ again, and you’ll find out.” Mila turned around and laughed as she gave Sara a peck on her lips.

“Alright, fine. What about radost’ moya?”

“What does that mean?” The red-headed Russian brushed her lips against Sara’s, smiling.
“I means, my joy.” The brunette ‘awed’ in response and kissed her softly. The two skated mere inches from each other to soft Italian music for a little while longer.

"We should get going, I still have to show you the Russian night life." Sara let Mila go, but the two still locked fingers.

"M'kay, but we have to do this again tomorrow night. 7:30 right?" Mila nodded. The two left the ice, and hit the street.

Yuuri was startled awake by the sounds of a vicious pounding on his door. He threw open the door only to see what he expected to see. A small angry Russian teen scowling up at him.

“Yuri, it’s 9AM, and you have the day off. I promised I’d skate for you tonight not to-now.” The teen squinted his eyes.

“I was just making sure you didn’t hope on a plane back to Japan.” He said accusingly.

“First of all, I’m not that dramatic. Second, even if I was, I’m too poor and there were also no cheap flights direct from Russia to Japan.” Yuri’s scowl increased even further, making the danseur chuckle. “That was a joke.”

“You’re about as funny as Viktor. And I’ll have you know that, that is an insult.”

“Well, I am choosing to take that as a compliment.” The teen folded his arms and jutted his hip out.

“Speaking of, the silver skater is at the vet. His fuckin dog ate chocolate.” Yuuri let out a small gasp.

“Oh? That’s so sad.”

“Well, get your act together by 8 O’clock tonight, cause that’s when you’re performing ballet boy.” The teen turned on his heel to leave before stopping in his tracks. “And don’t think I won’t drag you by your balls to the rink cause I will.” He hollered back back at the older man, before walking again.

“I’ll keep that in mind.” The danseur rolled his eyes before closing the door. Yuuri pulled his phone from it’s charger and opened up his contacts. After the incident at the dance studio, Yuuri and Viktor had traded phone numbers, however neither had sent the other a text or phone call. Yuuri took a deep breath before writing a message.

[To Viktor]

I heard about what happened to Makkachin. I hope he’s okay, and I hope you’re okay too.

09:10AM

[From Viktor]

Thank you, Yuuri! He’s still with the vet right now. Makkachin is always getting into all sorts of things he shouldn’t. He’s such a naughty boy.

09:11AM

[To Viktor]
That’s worrying. I hope my little poodle is doing okay back in Hasetsu. If anything happened to Vicchan, I’d cry. I really do hope Makkachin is okay. And If you need anything I’ll be there for you. 09:13AM

[From Viktor]
Thank you Yuuri, you are an absolute darling!  
09:13AM

[From Viktor]
I think a dance would make me feel better.  
09.13AM

[To Viktor]
You are impossible. But since your doggy is ill, you’ll get a special dance.  
09:16AM

[From Viktor]
(°_°)
09.17AM

[To Viktor]
stOP.  
09:17AM

[From Viktor]
;)
09:20AM

[To Viktor]
Why are you like this.  
09:20AM

[From Viktor]
You set yourself up for that one and you know it.  
09:20AM

[To Viktor]
I know.
09:21AM

[From Viktor]

Thank you for talking to me Yuuri. I feel a lot better now.
09:22AM

[To Viktor]

Any time Viktor, I’m here for you.
09:22AM

[To Viktor]

And prepare yourself for the dance of a lifetime.
09:25AM

[From Viktor]

:0
09:25AM

Yuuri laughed at his phone before putting it aside. His eyes fell on the skates he left on his bedside table. He bit his bottom lip as his thoughts trailed back to Viktor. The same Viktor that inspired him, the same Viktor he had been enamoured with for years of his life. As his heart swelled, he grabbed his skates and dashed out of his room.

…

Time flew by before Yuuri's eyes. One minute he was skating simple circles in the ice rink during the public skate period, and then next minute he was alone on the ice in front of the other Yuri.

“Alright Mr.Best in Japan. Dance for me.” The Japanese man looked Yuri in the eyes while handing him his glasses.

“Never ask me to dance for you like that again, okay?” The teen rolled eyes, and folded his arms over his chest. “Now, take this with a grain of salt alright. I’ve been practicing this for fun so… Yeah.” Yuri didn’t respond.

Yuuri took in a deep breath before centring himself in the middle of the empty rink. He closed his eyes and let his mind flash back to Viktor. The same Viktor who drove him through his skating career. The same Viktor who made him want to do better. The same Viktor who never failed to surpass his expectations. His eyes opened and he began to skate.

Plisetsky watched as Yuuri skated. Even without the music, he recognised the routine in an instant. It was Viktor’s ‘Stay Close to Me’ from last year’s Grand Prix. The routine he won with. Yuri gulped as he watched the danseur skate. His step sequence was spot on, as good as Viktor’s if not better. His jumps – though a bit choppy – were landed without him touching the ice or falling. He had made every rotation, and with beautiful height too. For someone who was a dancer, Yuri never expected him to be that good of a skater.
'Why would he quit skating when he was so good?' The teen wondered. 'Is there anything the this guy isn't good at?' Yuri was lost in the other’s performance, his mind was full of questions, which he wasn’t sure he would get answers to. As Yuuri finished, the teen's mouth was slightly gaped. The Japanese danseur skated to the edge of the rink, where the blonde was, and scratched the back of his head bashfully.

“Well, how was that?” The man looked down at the young Russian hesitantly.

“Why did you quit?” Yuuri seemed to be taken aback by the question, as the teen continued, “You probably could have made it to the GP finals. HELL, you probably could have made it to the podium! Why did you quit?!” The man’s lip tightened into a thin line. He visibly chewed on his tongue before replying.

“Let's just say... I quit for personal reasons, and leave it at that.” The blonde didn’t bother press further. Yuuri stepped off the ice, and began untying his skates. “Well, let’s go back. And this stays between us remember.”

“Yeah, yeah. You better teach me my free skate on ice though.” The teen grabbed Yuuri’s bag and chucked his shoes to him. The danseur huffed before rolling his eyes.

“Fine, fine, now let’s get going.” He said before putting his shoes on.

…

Yuuri woke up to the sound of his phone vibrating under his pillow. He groaned, wiping the drool from his mouth before checking his phone. His eyes shot wide open as he had 50+ notifications on various social media accounts, as well as texts from different people.

[From Pikachuchu]

OMG! BRUH! I AM SHOOK! WHY YOU NO TELL ME!!!!! YOU COMMIN BACK??!!?? PL$ PLS TELL ME YOU COMIN BACK TO DA ICE! PL$! MY BOI!!!!! TLK TO MEHHHHHHHHHHH!

00:35AM

[From Yuuko-chan]

Oh my goodness, Yuuri-kun! I cannot believe this! I am audibly screaming at 6am! Are you making a return? Please tell me you’re making a return!

23:47PM

[From Yurio]

I would like you to know that none of this was my fault.

05:56AM

Yuuri cocked his head to one side. He was too tired to look through all of the messages everyone had sent him. He hopped on twitter to hopefully gain some clarity. Yuuri let out an ungodly scream as he saw the first thing he was tweeted in.

‘Lilia Baranovskaya protégé @KatsudonYuuri skates to @VNikiforov Stay Close To Me’ [Link]

Yuuri couldn’t get any paler if he tried.
aight so what had happened wuz I lost this chapter when I was half way through it and I sort of lost the will to live. BUT thanks to all of your wonderful comments I retyped my shit just for y'all.

((and if you would like to buy as a phone case/sticker/greetings card to support ya girl you can!!)) --> [http://www.redbubble.com/people/dezadoodle/works/24563102-premier-danseur?asc=u&ref=recent-owner](http://www.redbubble.com/people/dezadoodle/works/24563102-premier-danseur?asc=u&ref=recent-owner)

End Notes

IT BEGINS.
I know this chapter wasn't the most descriptive, but I'm just trying to set the scene here. I promise the fic will get more descriptive as we progress.

Also according to the YOI wiki, Yurio is referred to as the Russian Fairy because he's so beautiful.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](http://www.redbubble.com/people/dezadoodle/works/24563102-premier-danseur?asc=u&ref=recent-owner) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!