"If anything, Yuuri could console himself with the fact that his husband remembered him most of the time and that he still cared about Yuuri in his own way, when he did."

Yuuri wakes up in Detroit after going to bed under heavy stress and emotional turmoil due to Victor's declining mental health. Things are different. He's dreaming obviously. And in dreams, people can do what they want.

So Yuuri decides to do what he wants. If only he could have accepted this new reality. Then the realization wouldn't hurt so much later on. But ignorance keeps the pain of reality away.

A/N: DO NOT COPY. DO NOT REPOST ANYWHERE.
-This fic came about when I decided that I wanted to use two songs as a Short Program and Free Skate for Yuuri. While trying to figure out how to do that, I read 'Way to Victory' by the amazing crea_sei. And this fic was born!!!!!!

-In the official GPF, the line up is done from lowest accumulated score overall, to highest. So in truth, Yuuri would got first in the SP and Victor would go last. I'm not following that in this because having Yuuri go after Victor adds more drama and pressure as a whole. Sochi is in Russia. Russia is Victor's terf. So the expectations are high once Victor gets off the ice. EDIT: apparently they can't make up their minds between drawing names from a hat or reverse order performances. So it's actually possible for Yuuri to skate after Victor IRL, but in this fanon universe, the reverse method is easiest and preferred.

-Links to the songs will be provided right in the chapter! ^-^

-In the Senior Division for the Men's Singles, a Short Program can be up to 2 minutes and 50 seconds long, with 10 seconds of leeway. A Free Skate can be up to 4 minutes and 30 seconds long with 10 seconds of leeway.

-I have up to chapter 3 finished.

-This isn't going to be a super long story. Less than 10 chapters I'm certain.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Yuuri's favorite song was playing. Yuuri loved the song with everything in him. And of course Victor would get incredibly sappy and play it in the middle of a rain shower. It had been the song they danced to at their wedding after all.

The summer evening was warm and the rain merely served to cool everything down. Victor was tugging him out onto their balcony as the music called to them from their bedroom. Something they had made a habit of doing over the years.

Yuuri was twirled around and carefully dipped in time with the music. He laughed as the warm rain hit his face.

He and Victor had quickly became soaked, yet neither had decided to save themselves from the downpour. Not when they had so few moments to really enjoy their time together.

Not after…

If anything, Yuuri could console himself with the fact that his husband remembered him most of the time and that he still cared about Yuuri in his own way, when he did. That he would even go so far as to do things like this in an attempt to keep Yuuri close like always.

"I love you, Yuuri," Victor said, voice full of that love and recognition that Yuuri so missed. What he wished he could feel every day and not just at random moments.

"I love you too, Vitya."

They danced for several moments more, even when they became cold, and even as the sky grew darker and darker.

"Oi! Victor, Katsudon, why are you out in the damn rain? It's cold! You could get fucking sick! We can't afford that shit right now!"

Yuuri turned and smiled at Yurio. He was a lot older now and more mature. Married and looking to adopt even. But just as brash and mouthy as ever. He hadn't changed, for which Yuuri was grateful. He needed some normalcy in his life. Victor had accidentally taken the 'never ending surprises' thing too literally, and Yuuri couldn't help but plead for something common anymore.

Yuuri tugged on Victor's hand gently and said in what he hoped was a soft but coaxing tone, "Let's go get warmed up, Vitya."
In that second, Yuuri knew that something had gone horribly wrong. The light of happiness in Victor's eyes drained away, and was replaced with something else. Fear. Something Yuuri was getting used to seeing on his husband's face.

Victor dropped Yuuri's hand as if he'd been burned and stepped away, pressing both of his hands to his chest as his eyes grew wide with panic. "Who are you?"

Yuuri could feel his heart fracture. His glass heart taking another beating and barely managing to stay intact.

A look at Yurio showed equal sadness and resignation.

Yurio had to take Victor inside, because Victor remembered him… but not his own husband. They didn't want Victor to fall into a panic attack again. Not after he hurt himself during the last one. That wasn't something that Yuuri would wish on anyone.

The rain did a perfect job of masking Yuuri's tears.

Yuuri slept alone that night.

When Yuuri awoke the next morning, he found himself staring at a white ceiling instead of the brown one he'd fallen asleep staring at. With a frown on his face, he sat up, and was stunned to not feel any pain in any part of his body as he did so. It had been years since he'd been able to sit up in bed without back pain.

This was not his room.

Rather, it wasn't his current room. He hadn't been in this particular room in over thirty years. Not since he was still in university and was rooming with Phichit.

His old dorm. The one he'd shared with Phichit back in Detroit. Back in a place he hadn't been to in a really long time.

Yuuri decided that he must be in a dream. No pain and old memories that seemed so new like they'd happened yesterday. How could it not be a dream? There was no pain in dreams, and everything always seemed so realistic.

"Hey, Yuuri! Seems you finally woke up, huh?"

Yuuri turned and found Phichit smiling at him from his own bed. The other's trio of hamsters were wiggling in their pen not afar off as their owner fiddled around on his laptop. Phichit looked young and spritely. Healthy and whole once again.

It had been a long time since he'd seen Phichit looking so good. He almost forgot what perfect health looked like.

"You slept all day. We couldn't get you to budge an inch, so Ciao Ciao just told us to let you rest. He said you would need it. He gave the rest of us the day off as well, so thanks for that!"

Yuuri winced as he stood. He was having a pretty thorough dream if Celestino and Phichit and his old dorm from Detroit were making an appearance. What kind of subconscious desires did this reveal, wondered Yuuri. Was he longing for the good old days?

"Are you okay?" Phichit asked, face a complete show of concern for his friend.
"I'm fine," Yuuri murmured. And truly, he was fine. Physically at least. He even stretched to his toes just to prove it. Not an ounce of pain involved as he laid his hands flat against the hardwood floor. A position he hadn't been able to take in years.

"Well, just know that tomorrow your work continues. As you got into the Grand Prix Final, Ciao Ciao wants you to practice hard for the upcoming competition."

The Finals in Sochi. In Russia. Where Victor was from. Where Victor would be. Where Yuuri had failed. Yuuri barely withheld a groan at the reminder of such a dark time in his life.

He hated to think about Sochi and what had happened back then. Why was he putting himself through this in his own damn dream?

"You'll be going up against your idol and I want you to crush him, Yuuri! Prove that you don't need super cool Quads to win!"

Yuuri spared his friend a smile. Phichit was such an excitable thing. Yuuri found himself enjoying the other's spunk. He'd missed it so much.

"I'll do my best," promised Yuuri, deciding to play along with the dream for now. "Though in the Senior division, Quads are basically the only way to get extra points, so I'll have to try at least. I'll get the base points if I get the rotations in, and that's what matters."

"Meh! If you say so."

Yes, Yuuri would play along with it. Sort of.

And why shouldn't he? It was his dream. Yuuri got to control his actions and reactions, or so he assumed. That was how dreams went after all.

Yuuri's theme for his season had been Sāmśāra. Considering his current predicament and how unsure he was of just what was going on and how long this dream was going to last, Yuuri would say that it seemed to fit the current him more than it did thirty years ago.

A twenty-two year old skating to the theme of rebirth was probably not right.

And endless cycle of life and rebirth. That's what he was feeling in any case. At the moment. He'd never felt it when he was actually competing under the theme though. Right now it was as if he was a new person, and in a way he was. New body, but with old experiences ingrained in the mind.

And when he stepped on the ice that day, he felt different. Not like he had in his life during the present time.

Skating had lost its appeal the more Victor lost himself to Dementia, and Yuuri found himself no longer having fun without his husband. Also, his old body just didn't agree with him like it used too. Yuuri had quit much to Victor's ire. He hadn't touched ice in half a decade.

This time, his body was young and he wasn't in pain. So when he stepped on the ice, he felt free. Free from everything. From the stress of his body. From the fear of failing with his body. From the pain of losing his husband. From the gossip of everyone around him.

Without paying his old rinkmates any mind, Yuuri had glided into a warm up easily, throwing himself into old memories and just letting himself be overtaken. A time for him and the ice to hash out their differences, and for Yuuri to take back what he loved.
He did laps. He did figures. He simply glided for the old feeling of freedom.

Without even realizing it, he'd gone for and nailed a Quad Salchow without even a blink. Not a care in the world. The relief in his body as he stuck the landing. The pure elation over being able to move properly again after so long. He wouldn't trade it for the world. If only his Victor could see him now.

Could see the rejuvenation of his love of skating. He'd really missed it.

"Yuuri!"

Sliding to a halt, the brunet looked over to Phichit, who was standing beside Celestino. Both were gaping at him, shocked by what they had seen. He realized his error then. Twenty-two year old Yuuri shouldn't have been able to land a Quad Salchow with his arms raised. Not at this point in time. This Yuuri had been very… weak in many areas. Lackluster basically.

Oh well. It was only a dream, so who cared?

"I didn't know you could do that!" Phichit gushed, eyes almost sparkling. In his hand was a camera, and Yuuri groaned when he realized that he'd been recorded. Phichit and social media should never have been introduced. "Dude, that had to be the sickest thing you have ever done on this ice!"

"I too am surprised with how easily you moved, Yuuri," Celestino said, eyes narrowed in contemplation. "How long have you been working on that in secret?" the man asked, voice full of knowledge. The type Yuuri had personally gotten acquainted with when looking after Yurio for so many years.

Yuuri flushed and mumbled a lie about the past few weeks. Celestino was still capable of making him feel guilty! Why was that allowed in his dream?! It was his dream after all! Why was he putting himself through this kind of thing in a place where he subconsciously had the control?

Honestly, he was getting the feeling that he had been longing for a reunion of sorts. Nothing else could explain this!

"And what other jumps have you been practicing without my knowledge? Without the safety of an experienced coach beside you? Without any care for your own safety?"

Celestino was good. While he hadn't been the right coach for Yuuri from the beginning, he was still an observant man. He didn't manage to coach Phichit into top form for nothing. He was obviously good at his job. Just sometimes, certain teaching methods did not coincide with certain skaters. That had been Yuuri's problem.

Had been why he couldn't bloom under the man's tutelage.

Deciding to go for it, Yuuri gave the man his answer. "The Quad Lutz, Toe Loop, Salchow, and I sometimes land a Quad Flip." There was no harm in downplaying it a little. He could 'learn' to land a Quad Loop later.

Phichit's jaw dropped. "'S-sometimes land a Quad Flip'!"

Yuuri rubbed the back of his head, feeling nervous all of a sudden. "Yeah? I figured if Victor could do it, then I should learn how to as well, you know? I don't fall as often as I used to."

"Man, your crush is too much for words," Phichit murmured, eyes focused on the footage he'd managed to capture.
"It's not a crush!" Yuuri protested. It was love. He loved his Victor with everything he had. 'Crush' simply didn't do his feelings any justice.

"So it seems that my best skater has gone ahead without supervision and tried to better himself on his own. Am I not needed anymore? Should I simply stop being a coach if my skaters can't even rely on me to help them?"

Yuuri rushed to placate Celestino, trying to tell the man that he appreciated his support and failing terribly to will away his blush. He hated it when he was made to feel guilty.

It was a damn dream! He'd been taught all this shit already by Victor. Why was he putting himself through all of this?!

"Then I suppose you'll just have to show me all of your mastered jumps to make it up to me. Repeatedly, to gauge whether or not you've actually mastered them."

Ciao Ciao was evil underneath all those charming smiles.

Yuuri didn't remember him being this evil.

The repetitions were hell. Yuuri had asked for it though. He should have been more subtle. And as the dream decided it was going to fuck him over anyway, he'd really need to pay attention from then on.

"Coach, I was thinking of changing my program," said Yuuri the afternoon before his birthday, hoping that Celestino would be considerate toward the birthday boy. Yuuri was not above manipulation in order to get what he wanted. Though why he couldn't just make it happen - as it was a dream - was beyond him.

"Which one?" the man asked, looking slightly skeptical.

"Both."

Jaws dropped all around, and Yuuri flushed under all the attention. His request wasn't exactly unique, but the timing of it certainly was. The Grand Prix Final was in less than two weeks and he had suddenly come out of nowhere with such a request. It was madness to everyone else.

"You have to be in Sochi in two weeks, and you want to rework two new programs?" Phichit asked from his place at the lunch table. His spoon was stuck in his rice pudding and he looked ready to faint. As if Yuuri's decision had such a big impact on him. Though with how closely Phichit involved himself in Yuuri's life, he couldn't really deny such a thought.

"I've been putting some things together on my own," Yuuri lied easily. Technically, he and Victor had put them together during his third season with Victor as his coach. He won gold at the GPF, Nationals, and Worlds with these performances. And judging by how this dream was going, and the fact that it was his damn dream, he could use them because they probably wouldn't be created in the future of the dream. So what was wrong with using them now?

"I found the music I want to use and I was hoping I could show you," Yuuri said, facing Celestino head on. The best way to ever get anything done was to be as forthright as possible. Celestino was the kind of man who appreciated bluntness. Yuuri could give him that at the very least.

Ciao Ciao stared Yuuri down for what felt like hours, his eyes trailing over every inch of Yuuri's figure. Searching. Wondering. Probably internally questioning Yuuri's capability to choreograph a
routine for himself. Yuuri remembered being docile when Celestino suggested music and choreography for him all those years ago. So he knew what was going through the man's mind.

He didn't care if he seemed different. It was a fucking dream!

"You don't seem to be joking," the man finally murmured a moment later. "Let's see what you have, then. Do you have the music with you?"

Yuuri beamed. "Yes I do!"

A homage to his Victor and the days in which everything had been happy and joyful. He missed the good old days.

Perhaps he really had been languishing.

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Phichit had the camera set up like always, and he was standing beside Celestino as Yuuri went to take his position out in the center of the rink. Phichit also held the control of the laptop, and looked eager to press play.

After a moment, the soft feel of the violin and cello filled the rink, a longing sound that begged for accompaniment. And Yuuri gave it, raising his hand as if calling out for someone. That 'someone' being Victor of course.

As a Short Program, Yuuri had limited time to accomplish all that he wanted. Two minutes and thirty-nine seconds in total. When choreographing it, Victor had drawn inspiration from many sources. Paso Doble and Ballet being only two of the many types of dances that inspired the steps and choreography.

Victor had literally gone and outdone himself with the technical difficulty. After On Love: Eros, he refused to settle for anything easier and would always set the bar higher. All the jumps were once again placed in the latter half of the performance, and all began with Quads. That had become Yuuri's style, compliments of Victor.

Victor was known for Quad Flips. Yuuri was known for saving jumps for the latter half because of his 'demonic stamina'.

The upbeat tune continued on with Yuuri until he came to that final flying sit spin and ended with the music, right hand on his chest and left hand resting on his lower back. He head was turned to the left, eyes looking as far as they could go as if he was peeking behind himself to see if anyone was watching him.

Victor had called it 'sexy but innocent'. Coy even.

The silence was interrupted by the very loud and demanding clapping of Phichit, who couldn't seem to decide which he wanted to do. Whistle or clap obscenely. He settled for doing both.

Their rinkmates were also clapping, obviously shocked at his performance. It wasn't something Yuuri usually allowed himself to do. Especially while not in front of people, so their shock was understandable.

Celestino was the most shocked as he knew Yuuri better than the others did and he knew what Yuuri had been capable of.

"If you perform like that, there is no doubt in my mind that you'll win," the man eventually said,
voice almost breathless. "I can't believe how intricate that was. I never would have expected you to bring something of such difficulty to the ice. Your jumps were perfect."

Yuuri beamed at the praise. He'd always been a sucker for praise. It was nice to get some after so long. And as he couldn't have Victor's praise, than any other would do for now. "May I show you my Free Program now, coach?"

Celestino waved a hand toward the ice and said, "If you can manage it now, then go ahead."

He did so. If Victor could see the shock and awe he'd inspired, he would have been proud. There was something inherently fulfilling about being able to surprise a crowd. Even a tiny one.

Yuuri had to go and get his costumes for the competition altered, and dyed. As he wasn't going for cool blue this time, he simply had the blue dyed black professionally, and then had some sparkles and rhinestones added for an overall effect.

He wanted to be dark and sort of mysterious.

Though honestly, he wished this dream was more like a dream. Why did he have to pay so much money in a dream?

At least he wasn't wasting real money.

The second costume was also dyed black, but he'd had his sleeves completely redone so they billowed less. He wasn't exactly a fan of ruffles. That had been Celestino's design, not Yuuri's.

The trousers were flared out a bit more though, which he preferred. They made his legs look even longer, and while he wasn't short per se, he wasn't tall either. In between. Therefore, he liked it when his legs looked longer. They also appeared thinner.

Two weeks had been enough to time to get everything finished, and by the time his clothing was ready, Yuuri had perfected his old routines, and was ready for Sochi.

It was time to take down the enemy in his own territory.

He just hoped that Victor wouldn't be angry over losing, because Yuuri was going to win.

Victor had never wanted him to go easy on his opponents, and he wasn't about to do so now. Even if his opponents weren't ready.

The hotel in Sochi was a lot nicer than Yuuri remembered. But that could be because he actually knew the language this time and he didn't have to stay in his room because he didn't know what to do or where to go.

The last time had been a rather lonely experience, with Yuuri remaining introverted and refusing to connect with anyone because he was uncomfortable around them. He didn't know anyone at the time, and comfort came from years of experience and continual relations.

Unlike with Victor, Yuuri never shared a room with Celestino. That wasn't the usual thing to do anyway. Then again, it wasn't like he or Vitor were very 'usual' to begin with. Victor knew next to nothing about personal space, so Yuuri couldn't really be surprised when he thought about it.

Celestino placed Yuuri's bag down beside the young skater's bed, and sent him a smile. "My room is
right down the hall, okay? Room 407. If you need anything, don't be afraid to come over or message me."

Yuuri nodded, though he knew very well that he wouldn't need Celestino's help at all. Not this time. And Celestino would not have to come banging on his door at random hours in order to see if he was still living. Nor would he have to come and force Yuuri to socialize with people.

Not this time.

Yuuri remained in his room for several moments, simply thinking over what exactly he wanted to do in his free time. There was actually a variety of options, but he wasn't feeling too moved to do anything daring yet.

He ended up looking for a good spot for lunch.

Yuuri spent the afternoon before the beginning of the Grand Prix Final, snacking on pirozhki and thinking of the past. And thankfully, his Russian was still good, allowing him to meander without fear of getting lost in a foreign country.

It was also fun to see people's jaws drop when an obviously Asian man spoke Russian. Racial stereotypes were stupid, yet provided him entertainment when he broke them all the time.

Yuuri rolled up the remained of his pirozhki and slipped the bundle into his coat pocket.

He was going to shower and turn in early.

Wandering around the building hadn't been on his mind the first time he'd competed at Sochi. Yuuri wondered how he managed to conjure up such details in rooms he'd never ever been in. Then again, his imagination was pretty amazing.

"Hello, Yuuri!" a familiar voice called out, almost sultry in a way.

Yuuri turned, finding himself confronted with Christophe Giacometti. A man whose sex appeal was uncharted and uncontrollable most of the time. He hadn't seen Chris in years. Not since the man had moved to America and gotten himself a home and family of his own.

He couldn't help but beam in return, smiling at the man who had been a great help in Yuuri and Victor's life. And yes, Yuuri knew that this Chris wasn't his and Victor's Chris, but that didn't matter. He was still fond of the other man.

Chris had a personality that just made him likable. Even when he got a little too personal for his own good. Even when his hands strayed a little too close for comfort most of the time.

"Hi, Chris," Yuuri greeted softly, unable to keep the fondness from his tone.

The man's two-toned head tilted a bit, green eyes considering him more closely. "You've changed. Since Skate America, you've changed a lot." He was also incredibly intelligent and his observation was spot on. Yuuri had changed immensely from what Chris had known.

Yuuri shrugged. "It's like I woke up a new man one day. Ever since then it's been a journey in a whole new world." And he wasn't exactly lying either, which made it easier to say. He essentially was a new Yuuri compared to the last one that Chris had spoken to.

Chris' eyes trailed over his much shorter form, obviously appreciative of what he was seeing. He was
still ridiculously good at eliciting embarrassed flushes from Yuuri. The prick.

"Well I'm not complaining. You seem more confident now. Like you can take the world on."

Only because Yuuri had done this all before. If it was a new program with new music to get used to, he probably wouldn't have been so level-headed. But familiarity bred complacency, and Yuuri felt no worries actually. He'd done this already.

He'd already called his sister and arranged for her to take Vic-chan to the animal spa in town. Vic-chan was currently in the care of a good facility that would pamper him for the whole weekend. Far away from streets and cars. Far away from any danger. Far away from the outside world. Safe.

Yuuri at least had the power to help Vic-chan in his dreams. And he would be damned if his dog got hit by a car when he knew he could prevent it!

So without the anxiety acting up, Vic-chan safe and sound, and no unhealthy food sitting heavily in his stomach, Yuuri was in the best form he could possibly be in. He was young and fit, and ready to kick some ass. Dream or not, a competition was still a competition and Yuuri had always been the competitive type.

"I feel more confident, though it's mostly just in my performances. My skating has gradually improved over the past few months and I accidentally slipped up in front of my coach. Celestino has instructed me to give my all and I'm not allowed to pretend or downgrade my routines."

"Good. I wouldn't want you going easy on us. And we aren't going to go easy on you," the older man purred, wrapping an arm around Yuuri's slim shoulders and pulling him closer than what was considered polite. "Just because you're the baby this year doesn't mean we'll go easy on you. You're Japan's Top Skater after all and that makes you a threat."

Chris smelled of cologne. Good cologne actually. Musky and hypnotizing in a way. Yuuri took a discreet sniff, enjoying it while he could.

"Are you going to join the other skaters for dinner this evening? Or do you plan to sit alone in your hotel room like you did in America?"

With a flush, Yuuri murmured something about seeing how he felt and who would be going. While he had a better handle over himself, he still wasn't that great with crowds. Especially crowds of people he didn't know. Yuuri wasn't the greatest at reaching out to strangers.

He knew of his fellow competitors, but he really only knew Chris, Victor, and JJ personally. And at this point in time, he'd really only known Chris. So it wasn't like he'd been jumping at the chance to speak with anybody else.

Chris leveled him with a pout that he struggled to ignore. "I guess that's all I can get for now. I'll talk to you again later to see if I can get you to change your mind," Chris promised, before waving good-naturedly and slinking off toward his own coach, his hips swaying from side to side with an exaggerated motion.

Yuuri rolled his eyes at the other's antics. Chris would always be a one of a kind gem.

His attention was brought back to Celestino though, who was coming over, looking more determined than usual. Certainly more determined than Yuuri remembered ever seeing aimed in his direction.

"If you skate like you did in practice, then I have high hopes that you'll come in first today. There is no way that your improvement won't be noticeable to the judges and your fellow skaters. So give
them a show worth fearing."

Yuuri grinned, appreciating the confidence.

"I also submitted a more downgraded program, so perform like you usually do, but let them think you're just shaking things up."

Celestino was naughty. He also wanted Yuuri to win. Yuuri liked it. Some thought the man liked to follow the rules too closely, but if only they knew what Yuuri and Phichit knew.

"Will do, coach."

"For the warm up, don't do any jumps. Save them for later. I just want you to go out there and make me proud."

"Hai!"

They shook hands to cement the deal.

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Victor Nikiforov was swaying from side to side, listening as the announcers and the spectators conversed and speculated over what was to come. There was talking everywhere, people conversing over one thing or another in varying languages all around the room. Together it made unintelligible noise, and he was barely able to pinpoint voices in particular.

Victor had always loved this part. The building up of the emotions and the excitement of the crowd. The tension from the other skaters because while there was a base friendliness between them, they were still trying to outdo each other. Victor thrived on that type of behavior.

Getting ready for warm ups and throwing in a Quad for the sake of the audience had always made him laugh. If he was looking forward to one thing, it was this. At least he could impress with this.

Victor was a crowd pleaser after all.

"You seem excited," Chris said, stepping up beside him. "Any reason or is it the same old thing?"

"Same old."

"Another Quad?"

"You know me so well," Victor smiled, eyes glinting mischievously.

"You do it every time. It's predictable by now," were the horrifying words he was faced with.

With an offended gasp, Victor placed a hand on his chest and backed away from his friend of many years. "For shame! I am in no way predictable! You don't know which Quad I'm planning on doing anyhow."

"A Quad Loop."

Damn. He had been planning it because a Korean skater had been the first to manage it back in Canada. While he hadn't made it to the Finals, he'd still earned a reputation, which left Victor to go back to St. Petersburg and practice until he was blue in the face. He'd perfected the jump about a week previous.

"No, it was a Lutz!" he lied, trying to keep the element of surprise together.
"Sure." Chris didn't sound convinced. He knew Victor far too well.

Victor's heated response was cut off by the announcer. A five minute warm up was up, and Victor removed his guards, handing them to Yakov who looked on with a blank expression.

Victor was the first out of the gate, followed by Chris, JJ, and the other three skaters. Victor didn't know them much. One he'd seen two times previous, but he had never made it to the podium alongside him. The other two were new.

First timers. Babies practically. They were both cute in their own ways, though that shortest one, the Japanese skater, was on a whole other level.

He'd been wearing glasses before taking to the ice, and now his glasses were missing and his hair was pushed back, revealing a figure more attractive that Victor would have assumed upon first glance. His hazel eyes were lovely.

Said skater did not do any jumps. He merely went for a few spins and some complicated footwork around the rink. He was the only one to avoid jumps. Moments later, Victor found out from Chris on why he did so.

"Yuuri has had problems in the past with his jumps," the younger man had said. "By avoiding them completely, he'd avoided possibly embarrassing himself beforehand and managed to leave his pride intact. Though he seems different this year, so I don't know why he hasn't bothered. Unless his coach forbade him to. Cialdini is certainly a strange one, so who knows?"

Yuuri. Another Yuuri. Interesting. He wondered what Yuri - his rinkmate - would say if he knew there was already a Yuuri competing in the Senior Division?

"You know him well?" asked Victor, eyes refusing to leave the smaller skater who stood several yards off.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he could see Chris smiling. "We were in many competitions together during my Junior days. He had joined the Juniors in my second to last year and ended up proving to be big competition. We traded gold and silver a lot."

"His step sequences are divine," Victor admitted, unable to hold himself back. Katsuki Yuuri was almost spell-binding in a sense. Victor had never seen him before today, but he was enchanted from a simple warm up. What could Yuuri bring to the table?

"They're his strong point along with his spins and spirals. He's fast and has stamina like you've never seen, so he can fit a lot in a limited amount of time. I think we're going to be surprised by him today. I talked to him several moments ago and his entire demeanor has changed. He used to be this shy little thing but would get easily riled up when challenged."

Chris' smile was fond. "I hope he shows us what he's made of. I've been waiting for him to get here, and I think he'll prove to be the competition we need."

"Then I look forward to seeing your friend skate as well," Victor decided, wanting terribly to see for himself.

"Good."

Yuuri was unfortunate, or fortunate enough - it depended on who made the decision - to have to perform after Victor.
Seeing Victor again had been… different. He was young and spry. No wrinkles and no receding hairline yet. Full of energy and a joy that he’d been lacking in his later years. After the Dementia hit, Victor had become a completely different person where he would have days of recollection and days of forgetfulness.

It was so frustrating, and Yuuri might have teared up a little at seeing him. If only to be reminded of what it was like when they were younger and had their whole lives ahead of them.

This wasn't his Victor. This was some kind of figment of his imagination. Something he wished he could see every day, but wasn't real.

It wasn't fair.

Whether it was selfish or not, Yuuri never wanted to wake up from this dream.

"You're up right after Nikiforov. I want you to pay attention and keep your head clear, okay?" Celestino said quietly.

Yuuri nodded to his coach to show that he was listening.

Asking him to pay attention to Victor was not a task in any manner.

Yuuri gladly watched, eyes fond and full of good memories and regrets.

---

Victor's score was a 117.21. A little more than a point below his world record. The Russian was smiling and waving to the spectators as he sat in the Kiss & Cry beside Yakov, who looked a little less stern than usual.

Yuuri was proud. He was always proud of Victor. Even when they hadn't known each other personally, he'd been proud of the man's accomplishments in his life.

Yuuri handed his guards to Celestino and shook the man's hand. They shared a firm nod before Yuuri was off, moving to take his position.

Going after Victor was always a problem. The crowd was still high after the man's performance, their expectations set to the maximum. It made it slightly terrifying to consider. As if trying to beat Victor wasn't impossible enough as it was, but now the crowd was expectant and their opinions set. Victor was their national hero after all and he was the best figure skater in history.

Yuuri wouldn't let them get comfortable though. After all, his program was specifically made by Victor himself. Yuuri had to do it justice. To do his Victor justice. That was the way to victory after all.

Morooka was announcing Yuuri's ambitious decision to change his program completely.

The music began, and Yuuri simply let himself flow with it. A soulful cello and mournful violin duet to start off with.

"He's hasn't done any jumps yet," Victor remarked. "He's saving them for the latter half. Interesting."

Chris hummed in agreement. As both had taken their turns on the ice, they got to sit back and watch the remaining competitors. Katsuki Yuuri was their main focus simply because both had taken notice of him over the others.
The music started out with a lonely violin and cello. Then came a simple beat that began accelerating until it became a continuously fast beat. It was a strings lover's paradise and set the mood quite nicely. Katsuki's skate had encompassed several maneuvers from the varying types of dance out there.

He executed a perfect fan spiral out of nowhere, and he didn't even have to lean too far forward to keep himself balanced. A history of dance showed in his movements, and his body demanded that everyone pay close attention to him.

The music got a little slow in the middle until there was only a violin to be heard, and Katsuki cut straight through the center of the rink, his right hand moving in a wave like motion down the length of his body as the music spiraled downward.

His left hand raised in a smooth arc away from his body as he glided, eyes following the movement, seeking something outside of everyone's comprehension.

The skater crouched down for only a second before leaping into a perfect Russian Split, arms spread out wide just as the music stopped and a chorus of "HEY!" filled the rink. The music continued when he landed and moved onto a Quad Salchow, landing it perfectly. It should be noted that both of his arms had been up.

Chris whistled. "I've never seen him land it in competition. That was the jump he used to struggle the most with."

Katsuki moved on to some footwork, before he lead himself into a Triple Axel from a spread eagle.

He landed that with arms up perfectly as well. From there, he had a single handed cross-grab Biellmann spiral across half of the rink and then a combination spin. Slipping from that position, Yuuri then hastened to round the rink once more to gain speed while moving through the middle, where he repeated his actions from before, but instead of preparing for a split jump, his entire body was turning counterclockwise.

He landed a Quad Flip with his arms raised, and both Chris and Victor gaped at the younger man in surprise. The announcers were going wild. Katsuki had completely changed all but one of his jumps to add more difficulty to his routine.

Yuuri finished his Short Program with a flying sit spin, and stopped with his right hand placed against his heart and his left hand behind his back, pressed against the lower part of his spine. His head was tilted to the side, neck bared under the white lights as his half-lidded gaze focused on something in the distance.

"I think his score is going to be higher than yours," Chris said as he watched his friend pick up a large stuffed poodle off the rink, and clutch it close.

Victor had to agree. No one else was insane enough to do a Quad Flip at the end of their program. Nor had Victor ever raised his arms for any of his jumps.

They waited quietly, with baited breath for the score.

Yuuri and his coach were sitting in the Kiss & Cry, staring at each other. Their mouths weren't moving, but both looked extremely pleased with the results.

"The Short Program score for Yuuri Katsuki is 119.45."

"Well I'll be damned. He beat your World Record."
Yuuri had forgotten the high he got after a successful routine in front of an audience. 

In his last figure skating years, in which Victor managed to remain in Singles for two more years when he made his comeback, Yuuri, Victor, and Yurio had taken turns on the podium. Gold, Silver, and Bronze. Until Victor had to bow out gracefully, leaving Yuuri and Yurio to switch between Gold and Silver for two more years. 

By the time Yuuri was twenty-nine, the new World Record for the Short Program was 126.12, set by Yurio. The World Record for the Free Skate was 229.01, set by Yuuri. 

He'd forgotten how good it felt to beat someone's World Record. And honestly, he, Victor, and Yurio had a streak of record breaking throughout those seasons. Victor set a new record, Yurio beat it in the next competition, and Yuuri would then beat that in the next competition. 

And there were always those little smirks and dares to do better next time. 

He sighed. He missed those times. 

Yuuri was currently in first, with Victor not too far behind him and capable of catching up easily. 

But Yuuri knew his Free Skate was packed with more technical difficulty than Victor's. Victor had done it deliberately when he had choreographed it after all. Always setting new records and breaking old limitations. 

Never giving up. 

Yuuri smiled for the camera, allowing himself to enjoy the dream for as long as he could. 

He'd return to his life of woes when he awoke, but for now, things were going well and that was all he could ask for. 

"Mr. Katsuki, do you have anything to say about your sudden deviations?"

He still hated crowds and the press though. 

"So, are you coming with us? I know a lot of people want to talk to you."

Yuuri hadn't expected to find Chris standing outside his hotel room door. But there the other was, looking expectant and a little too sexy for a night out to simple dinner. 

"Ummm..."

"Please? Everyone wants to meet the man who beat Victor Nikiforov."

Yuuri scoffed. "I haven't beaten him yet. I merely set a new record." He would beat him later on though, but that was later. 

"Same difference," Chris murmured with a shrug. "You should come along. Victor seems interested in meeting you."

At that, Yuuri flushed for the first time in the past few hours. This Victor wanted to meet him? Even after thirty years together, the man - real or a vision - seemed to still be able to make him faint. Unfair.
"Ah, I see your crush hasn't gone away!"

"It's not a damn crush! I simply admire him!"

_I love him_, Yuuri wanted to say. So, _so_ much.

Drawing himself up, Yuuri narrowed his eyes and made his decision. "I'll go. But you do not get to grab my ass once!"

Chris groaned in response, but agreed. It was the only way to get Yuuri to come along, and the fake blond had been trying to do that for years now. The least Yuuri could do was subject himself to the company of strangers for one night.

Yuuri left his hair slicked back, with those minor pieces falling in his eyes, and slid his glasses on. Victor once told him that he looked even sexier like that, and if he was going somewhere, he'd at least like to look good.

Chris gave a whistle and cocked an appreciative brow. "Sexy Katsuki is ready to go."

He rolled his eyes. Why was he friends with Chris again?

"Let's go own the night!"

Because Chris was fun. That was why.
"Do I inspire you?"

Yuuri smiled and nodded. "You're the reason I started to skate competitively."

Victor was the reason that Katsuki Yuuri was sitting beside him at that very moment. His breath had been stolen from his lungs.

"Ever since I found you, it's been a never-ending chain of surprises."

Yuuri sighed happily and took a sip of his water. He'd refused liquor unlike everyone else. Something about it 'hitting him hard'.

The very thing that Victor dedicated his career to, had been managed in a way that he finally felt was important.

Victor's stomach tingled with unknown emotions and feelings. He'd never been through this before. He'd never felt like this before. He didn't know exactly what it was, but it made his heart pound, his face turn pink in color, and his breath quicken.

And it was because of Katsuki Yuuri. The surprisingly gentle and sexy figure skater who came literally out of nowhere to beguile the skating world.

It was almost as if he was in a dream.

"So Victor, are you enamored by our dear Yuuri yet?" Chris asked, leaning over Yuuri's lap.

Yuuri's cheeks darkened in color, and Victor couldn't help but smile, charmed by him. "I believe I am," the Russian admitted happily, a sappy smile on his face.

There was an adorable 'eep' from the younger skater, and both Chris and Victor shared a smirk over his ducked head.

Katsuki Yuuri was an angel with horns. Enough said.

@Phi-chu: Bruh, you slayed tonight!

@Phi-chu: I'm honestly owning all of Instagram and Twitter with your photos.

@Phi-chu: And you went out to eat with Victor Nikiforov and Chris Giacometti!

@Phi-chu: I am so getting into the GPF next year! I can't miss this!

@Phi-chu: You must guide me, senpai!

@Katsu: I will. I promise. ^_^

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other YOI fics!

See ya! :D
CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.
Better This Time

Chapter Summary

Yuuri ends up making a 'new friend' and he really questions his subconscious.

Chapter Notes

Yuuri's Free Program is to the song, 'Victory' by Bond. The link provided in the chapter is one of the many remixes of the original. The song is officially 4:40. FS programs for the men's singles in the SD can be 4:30 long with ten second of leeway. This is the song they danced to at their wedding. They danced to it in the rain in the beginning of the first chapter. It's one of my fav songs, so I hope y'all like it!

-Victor's Dementia was not a hereditary thing, just so you all know. More will be explained later on.

-Our poor Yuuri won't even consider the possibility of this being real life for him now. Denial hurts.

-This chapter was originally 5,000 words long. And then I went to edit it and it became this.

-Victor is a sweetheart and I firmly believe he and Chris are super good friends who support the shit out of each other.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Yuri on Ice.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

The day of freedom he had between his performances saw Yuuri wandering around Sochi, migrating toward the sea because the beach reminded him of Hasetsu. Of sitting on the beach and watching the seagulls overhead as they soared over the rolling waves. Makkachin sitting between he and Victor, begging for attention as always.
In his ears blasted the music for his Free Program, his arms naturally coming up to run through the motions he'd practiced thousands of times. An invitation to join him.

A routine about claiming Victory that had been well sought out.

The song was important to both Yuuri and Victor, because it summarized their relationship well. Because it had been the song that played for their first dance as a wedded couple. Where they tango'd around the room and took part in some very indecent behavior in front of their guests.

Good memories.

Victor's full name meant 'winner/victor' and 'carrying victory'. Yuuri's full name meant 'born to win' and 'courage to win'. Victory seemed to be a recurring theme between them, so a song with a name that basically summarized their relationship, was apropos.

Besides, their 'ship name' had been #Victuri, which was also pronounced as 'victory'. It just all fit together.

He could very clearly remember the various articles that had been written about the big event and their 'subtle nod' toward their fans.

Nothing about it had been subtle.

A vibration had him pausing his music. It was Mari.

"Moshi Moshi."

"Hey! Mom wanted me to ask you if you plan to come home around Nationals or if you're just going to wait until you graduate before coming back," his sister said, sounding as bored as he expected her to be.

"I'd actually thought about this. I'll be back around January. There won't be a need for me to stay in Detroit any longer."

"What about your coach?"

"Celestino and I will be going our separate ways right after Worlds, so there really isn't a point for me to stay in America any longer than necessary. I can practice back at home just fine in the last months of this season."

Mari was quiet for a moment, before she asked, "Are you going to retire like the media kept claiming?"

"Not sure," he admitted. "This would be a good way to go out, but I'm thinking more about how inspiration comes and goes and as a competitive skater, you can't afford to lose your inspiration."

"I need time to think about my career."

She sighed. "Well, whatever you decide, I'll support you either way. By the way, your performance yesterday was nice. Never seen you skate like that before. Minako-sensei went crazy and managed to stay sober all night long."

Yuuri laughed. "I can imagine. I shocked my rinkmates with it when I asked my coach if I could change programs."

"I bet you did. Anyway, I'll let you get back to your rest. Go out and win tomorrow so we don't have
"Will do," he grinned.

"Ja ne."

Of course Minako would do that. She wouldn't have it any other way.

Yuuri wondered if his dream would stretch on until then. It was already twenty-four days from what he could tell. He hadn't seen his family in nearly ten years. His parents and Minako had passed ages ago, and Mari had unfortunately had Lung Cancer.

He missed everyone.

He wanted to go home, but not everyone would be 'home'.

Yuuri found himself staring Yuri Plisetsky in the eye, and wondering exactly what he was supposed to say to the boy who had become his son in all but blood. The one who had in his own gruff way, come by whenever he could to help Yuuri out with Victor's management. Because he cared.

Yuuri couldn't bear the thought of leaving his precious Victor in a nursing home or some shoddy equivalent. To be forgotten with time. Also, it was the business of no one outside their family, to know about Victor's problems.

Yurio had grown up so much, and Yuuri had to forcibly remind himself that this was not his Yurio. That he hadn't even been dubbed Yurio yet. He was just a rising Junior star. The Ice Tiger of Russia, Yuri Plisetsky. The boy with a lot of tension in his life and strain on his shoulders to do well at a young age.

"What changed?" the teen demanded, looking Yuuri over critically, obviously trying to find something bad. Or just something at all.

Yuuri smiled fondly, remembering the teen's brash attitude during his younger years as a skater. He'd mellowed out considerably as he got older. He had still cursed as much, but was less hot headed about anything. He missed his Yurio.

"A dream," Yuuri confessed, as he wasn't exactly wrong. It was a dream and he could act in a way that was usually deemed embarrassing because it wouldn't have lasting affects on his life. That was how dreams worked.

Yuri scoffed. "You suddenly got better. Your steps and spins were always fine, but your jumps have gotten much better. Too quickly actually."

Only one thing stood out to Yuuri from that sentence, and it wasn't what some would think. It was the fact that Yurio had for some reason known about Yuuri's reputation as a skater enough that he knew Yuuri's strengths and weaknesses.

Interesting. Was his Yurio like this as well? Yurio hadn't exactly been the best at expressing himself.

"Literally, a dream," Yuuri affirmed. "Maybe even a nightmare depending on how you view it. But I made sure to do things differently here so the nightmare couldn't come true. And here I am."

And he had. No embarrassing losses this time. Or death. Or sudden accidents that revealed painful illnesses.
There was a moment of silent contemplation between them, before Yurio scoffed. "Whatever." He turned away, ready to leave. "If you decide to stay for another season, just know that I'm debuting as a Senior next year and I won't be holding back."

The teen shuffled away, his back straight as he cursed lowly to himself in Russian. What he didn't know was that Yuuri understood every word he said. One didn't live with a Russian man for thirty years in his hometown and not pick up anything from him.

'I have to beat him and Victor now. Life just loves fucking me over.'

Yuuri smiled. Yurio was adorable even when he was spitting hairballs.

He missed the early years where Yurio could just walk in on he and Victor while they were doing things, and he would rant and rant for days about how gross they were and how they had 'no consideration for the children'.

He missed the teen's dramatics.


Yurio was the type of person who was hard on you because he cared. He just didn't know how to properly express himself in a way that he didn't think was embarrassing, so he resorted to a gruff attitude and glares and half-assed insults. It was Yurio's way after all.

Yuuri shook his head and sighed.

Like the good old days.

The entire afternoon found Yuuri staring in shock at his social media accounts. He suddenly had ten thousand more Instagram followers than yesterday, and his Twitter was over a few hundred thousand followers now. From what had been a modest one hundred thousand, it was now blown up beyond his control and he didn't know what to do.

Could he customize notifications? Should he just ignore the 100+ notifications awaiting him?

He was fucking trending! Number Third on Twitter and Fifth on Facebook. #KatsukiYuuri was what social media was going crazy about, which was shocking because figure skating didn't have as wide a fellowship as football - American or European - did. But still, he and Victor were trending. Victor was in first everywhere obviously.

Yuuri hadn't paid much attention to his social media in his life. This time he'd done so out of curiosity, but also to answer a message from Phichit. And by doing so, he'd seen his sudden jump in status, and so it lead to him scrolling through the GPF tags and seeing photo after photo of himself as he skated to Beatroot with a passion he didn't remember from the first time he'd performed the routine.

Perhaps because he was skating for a memory this time.

Comparisons of his footwork and jumps. People wondering over what had happened to change him so much.

"Yuuri, are you okay?"

He looked up, catching Celestino's gaze. The man was frowning, obviously concerned for Yuuri,
who usually reacted terribly to social media posts about himself if they weren't posted by Phichit.

"I'm fine, coach. Kind of shocked actually. I hadn't expected this, but it's certainly… interesting." He almost scoffed at his own words. 'Interesting' didn't even cut it.

His coach of five years, snorted. "True."

Phichit was incredibly proud and had congratulated him by making a big post on Instagram with he and Yuuri stood beside one another. Yuuri was in his Short Program costume and Phichit was in a black suit because 'it made him look good'. He even tagged it with, #FutureGPFGoldMedalist #BestFriends and #IDidHisEyeliner.

Phichit had bragged that Yuuri took first place in the Short Score for the GPF and the comments were outrageous!

{ @Katsudon_King got sexy! #KatsukiYuuri}

{| YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSS! |
{ I'm so proud of #KatsukiYuuri! He's doing so well this season! |
{ #KatsukiYuuri finally lost all that weight. Good for him! |
{ [[LINK] #KatsukiYuuri @Katsudon-King bruh } |
{ (omg! :)))))) [LINK] #KatsukiYuuri |
{ Sex on Ice. He'll make Chris work for it! [LINK] |
{ #KatsukiYuuri #LoveHim #FutureGPFWinner #SexyKatsudon #TakeMe [LINK] } |
{ @GPFOfficial #KatsukiYuuri [LINK] this boy is going places! } |
{ Wasn't #KatsukiYuuri a loser like a month ago? What happened? } |
{ Did anyone see the photo @Chris_Gia uploaded of him and @Katsudon_King? SEXY! #KatsukiYuuri } |
{ [[LINK] I wouldn't mind having these men in my harem. @GPFOfficial #KatsukiYuuri #bae #SexOnIce } |
{ #KatsukiYuuri would look really good with @Chris_Gia! } |
{| Nah brah, he and Victor would make it good! Did you see the pic of them eating together? |
{| OMG! I am here for Victor/Yuuri! |}
Yuuri could only say that he was grateful that this time he didn't make a fool out of himself. To do so in Russia of all places had always been a bit of a fear of his. Simply because it was Victor's territory and he didn't want Victor to think ill of him or anything.

This Victor was different from Yuuri's Victor. There was no telling how he'd respond, but at the same time, he couldn't let Victor get comfortable simply because he was on home soil. There was no fun in continual complacency.

Besides, Victor seemed pretty nice at dinner, so he couldn't be too off from Yuuri's Victor.

"Yuuri! Light of my life and current unexpected threat to my victory!"

He turned to regard Chris lightly, wondering why he was being so theatrical. "Yes?"

"I want a selfie."

Oh no. Yuuri had enough of those with Phichit. Phichit was in love with his mobile and social media. He loved taking photographs and loved posting them for others to see. His infectious personality drew people to him like moths to a flame.

"Do I have to? You already posted one of us the other night!"

"Not really, but what kind of friend would you be if you denied me such a simple request?" Chris said with a pout, fluttering his lashes repeatedly. "Sometimes I feel like you're avoiding me."

"Fine." Yuuri was a sucker for puppy eyes on attractive people. Chris was a dick. An attractive one, but a dick nonetheless.

"Yes!" Chris' cheered as his head turned and he bellowed, "Victor, come here! He said he'd do it!"

And Victor Nikiforov came bounding over like some graceful gazelle, blue eyes wide with excitement and mouth curved in his familiar heart smile of joy. His happy face always made Yuuri breathless. He was in his Olympic jacket like usual.

"I'm so happy!" the Russian cheered as he threw his arms around both Chris and Yuuri. Yuuri went stiff as a board, having not expected the sudden contact from this foreign Victor.

Why was Victor there? They didn't know each other well enough to be this friendly. Then again, Victor was always a ball of sunshine, so maybe he tried to be friendly even to strangers.

"Victor wanted a photo but thought maybe you'd be uncomfortable because you don't know him very well, so I'm here as a buffer," Chris explained as he lined up his mobile. Victor squished Yuuri between he and Chris, both men draping arms around his shoulders and winking flirtatiously for the camera.

Unwilling to be beaten, even at something as simple as this, Yuuri reached up and placed a hand on
either face, cupping them and pulling them down slightly. He looked at the camera through his lashes and gave his most 'sexy' pose. The one that always got his Victor riled up with ease. The one that usually lead to allnighters.

The photo came out perfectly. The illusion for three sexy men posing for the camera was broken however when Victor blushed and pulled away, and Chris' hand trailed down Yuuri's spine to grab at his ass. Yuuri playfully smacked his arm in response.

"Surprising, Katsuki. Very naughty of you."

"It wouldn't be fair for you to have all the fun. I'm allowed to tease as well," Yuuri pointed out in defense.

Chris laughed and shot Victor a smug look. "I suppose not. I'll tag you both. You can save the photo if you want and re-post. It doesn't matter to me."

The bottle blond blew a kiss to Yuuri and moved back toward his coach, leaving Victor and Yuuri to stare after his sashaying hips.

"Did you sleep well last night?"

Victor wasn't sure about what he was supposed to do, but he felt the need to fill the silence with something at least. So Yuuri didn't get tired of him and try to find entertainment elsewhere. He'd never had to worry about such a thing before, and while it was a bit unnerving in its newness, he kind of liked having to fight for Yuuri's attention.

The other shrugged as he took a seat again. "I guess. I didn't dream or anything, so I wasn't disturbed. You?"

"Well enough."

The two sat in silence and Victor wondered what he was supposed to say. He hadn't been in this situation where he didn't know what he was supposed to say to someone. It had been years since his tongue had been stayed by worry. Or maybe it was skepticism? Usually people were talking his ear off, meaning he didn't have to speak a lot.

Let them do all the praising, and just smile in response until they had to leave.

Suddenly, a thought came to mind, and he turned to Yuuri, catching his attention from the movement. "What inspired your Short Program? I could see so many types of dance in it and I'm sure many more than I recognized were incorporated within. It was unique in its execution."

Yuuri's startled look melted into one of serenity. Beauty and grace in stillness. Like art.

"A former lover and I liked to study dance styles to use for inspiration for planning routines. As I was a ballerino long before I got into skating, I already had history in dance. My ballet instructor had me take many classes in many different styles of dance so I would have experience just in case. That experience has come in handy over the years.

"We figured the music encompassed many musical genres and could literally be mistaken for particular origins all over the world, so we meshed a little of everything together."

Victor was nodding, because he could certainly pinpoint the Russian elements that had been used, the split jump not included. It was all about the movements.
"I loved the music. What was it called?"

"Beatroot by Bond."

"Does that mean something special or...?"

Yuuri shrugged. "The songs on their albums always have interesting titles. I simply stopped questioning it."

"Oh," Victor gave a nod. "What will your Free Skate be today?"

Yuuri smiled then, eyes full of teasing fun, but his mouth set crookedly. Challenging, if Victor was correct.

"It's called, 'Victory'. It's by the same group that played Beatroot."

Two programs from the same group of artists? That rarely ever happened.

And the name. 'Victory'. Yuuri looked so confident there. He was issuing Victor a challenge. A challenge for the victory today, and as Yuuri was ahead by two points, his chances were looking good in all honesty. If he skated anything like he did yesterday, then Victor would have to watch out for himself.

"I look forward to your performance then."

"You as well. Stammi Vicino Non te ne Andare is quite beautiful."

Yuuri was using the Italian name, not the English one. He pronounced it with a small roll of the tongue, the words coming out softly. As if they were old friends. As if Yuuri knew them intimately.

"I hope you enjoy the performance," Victor found himself saying, completely honest and hopeful at the same time. He wanted Yuuri to be amazed by it. Wanted it more than anything at the moment. How strange.

Yuuri beamed in response. "If it's anything you do, I know I'll love it."

Such conviction had Victor flustered once more. What was it about Victor that made Katsuki Yuuri so intent? So focused and honest?

There was more to the other than just a idolization or competitor's feelings. Yuuri looked at Victor like he was more than some legend to figure skating. Like he meant more to Yuuri than he had a right to.

Victor had done nothing worthy of such looks, he was certain. But he found himself liking them all the same. He was beginning to covet them, and he'd only seen them for the past two days!

What was Katsuki Yuuri doing to him?

Yuuri ended up going last, which allowed him to watch everyone else while he waited. As Yuuri had always dreaded going first, going last was like the greatest thing in his mind. That way he wasn't sitting there, panicking over whether or not someone was going to beat his score. Also, going last gave you a chance to gauge your own program and see if there was anything you might have to change if you wanted a higher score.

Celestino was pacing and Yuuri didn't have the heart to tell him to stop. As Yuuri tended to pace
when he got nervous, he couldn't tell another to stop what they were doing to calm themselves down. It was about as ineffectual as telling a person in the middle of a panic attack, to 'calm down'. There was really not point to it.

Yuuri was confident in his Free Program. Victor had choreographed it for him, with Yuuri pitching in here and there to change things. This particular program was what helped him set the current World Record. A record no one had beaten yet, he was thrilled to admit. So of course he was going to be victorious in this GPF.

Victor held nothing back. And because Yuuri was literally three years younger than the season he had originally performed it, his body could take it better. And his stamina was much higher now than it was later on in life. Yuuri was practically built for this routine right now. He would go out and own the ice with everything in him and make sure that this Victor knew that he wasn't playing around simply because he was cute or a World Champion.

He was doing his Victor a good turn. Flaunting his amazing skills for the world to see. Let them know that Yuuri's routine was hell because of his 'former lover' if he had to. Yuuri was proud of the work he'd put into this routine and he wouldn't screw it up.

Yuuri endeavored to skate his best always because Yakov Feltsman had once told him that he hadn't taken advantage of Victor's routine and that he hadn't done Yuri On Ice justice. Yuuri never wanted to do that again, and so he skated with everything he had. Nerves or no nerves. Because it was something that Victor deserved.

He could remember the sex he and Victor had once they had returned to their hotel room the evening Yuuri won with this routine. It was probably the best sex they'd ever had. Certainly memorable, with a few bruises that lasted for several days afterward.

So Yuuri was confident he could do it in his younger, leaner body.

Chris came out smashing with a combined score of 301.46. JJ was behind him with 288.59. The two remained in first and second respectively until Victor skated and took first place quickly, bumping both skaters down. JJ had looked frustrated as expected and Chris merely sighed as if he'd come to expect the result. But after three years of literally coming in second to Victor in everything, Chris wasn't far off from assuming it would remain the same.

That was simply how it was when Victor was your competition.

To the outside world, Victor didn't seem to be slowing down, but Yuuri knew the truth. He knew what Victor was truly feeling. His insecurities that had taken him years to fully admit to. So while Victor seemed like an ever burning star in the eyes of all of his fans, he was actually running out of gas and would soon implode if something wasn't done soon.

Victor was too amazing and too bright to ever be lost. Yuuri didn't want this Victor to feel the hopelessness that Yuuri's Victor had felt. It wasn't something he'd wish on his enemies even. He cared about Victor too much to see him suffer in such a way.

Victor got the 335.76 as Yuuri expected. His Free Program had been 218.54, which was the World Record he'd set and that Yuuri had beat during his second time at the Grand Prix Final.

Yuuri simply had to beat that today, and with a routine packed with more technical difficulty than Victor's, he would. After all, Victor had a habit of choreographing routines that had even higher difficulty than the former routines he or Yuuri had performed. Victor always wanted to get better. He always wanted to push the limits of what was considered possible.
Cao Bin and Michele Crispino were at the bottom of the board with JJ in the middle and then Chris and Victor at the top in that order. Yuuri's turn was finally up after the long wait, and he accepted Chris' good luck wink in passing.

Ciao Ciao took Yuuri's guards and offered him a sip of his water bottle before he went on to skate for the sake of not only himself, but his Victor as well. If only for Victor's diminishing memory at least.

He could imagine him back with his energy, bouncing at the gate as he waited for Yuuri to come in for a hug like always. His arms spread wide before Yuuri even finished skating, because he knew that he could offer a comfort that none other could manage.

Yuuri had missed those hugs.

He was skating for Victor today. He'd win for him as well, even if it meant crushing him at the same time. It was a tough sort of love that he had learned from the man himself.

"You seem very focused on Katsuki Yuuri, Vitya," Yakov commented, old eyes narrowed. Victor couldn't help but smile in response to his coach's digging.

"I find him to be amazing, and I want to see what he delivers," Victor murmured, eyes on the lone figure in the center of the rink. His costume was black and bejeweled on the shoulders. They sparkled in the lights. Like diamonds almost. They drew attention to the younger man, and made sure that everyone paid him the attention he deserved.

Yakov grunted and fixed his eyes on the rink. They man would no doubt be judging in his own way. "He's certainly changed since Skate America. Both performances are different and with different music. The technical difficulty of his new Short Program was at least thirty points higher. I wonder what he pulled out for this."

Victor couldn't help but concur. After such an action packed SP, his expectations had skyrocketed. Katsuki Yuuri was more amazing than a first glance showed, so he would no doubt amaze them all with his performance.

"Katsuki Yuuri of Japan is twenty three, and he has claimed that he hopes he does the song justice with his first Grand Prix Final victory," said the announcer, voice calm and expectant. "It was choreographed by him and a mystery person whose identity he has chosen to keep secret for now."

When the music began with a ringing of chimes - 'Victory' as Yuuri had called it - and Yuuri spread his arms upward in an arc and turned himself in a full circle with a mere tilt of the blades.

He was gliding then, body following along with the music.

As the strings rose in pitch, Yuuri slipped into his first spin. A camel spin done perfectly. Sliding from it with ease, Yuuri moved on to a Quad Lutz without any hesitation, landing in time with the music as it ascended. His takeoff and landing were perfect.

"Starting off with a strong beginning!" crowed the announcer. "His height was impressive."

"He's gotten better at his rotations," Yakov commented almost blandly, but his eyes were fixed solely on the rink, so he wasn't as emotionless as he seemed.

"Katsuki has five Quads of five different types planned for his program," the announcer said, which made both Yakov and Victor gape.
One more Quad than Victor had. Yuuri was certainly ambitious.

A Quad Loop. Yuuri was now one of the few people who could currently land it in competition apparently.

A Biellmann spiral that demonstrated his beautiful body and just how limber he was. Victor had to subtly shake himself in order to return to the matter at hand. This was not the time for fantasizing. He could do that in the privacy of his room later on.

Yuuri jumped into a flying sit spin immediately afterward, his rotations ridiculously fast and almost impossible to keep track of. Flowing in time with the music. The violin and viola taking the stage then, their tunes caressing Victor's ears.

The man was across the ice once again, hips moving in circular motions and arms making come hither gestures. As if inviting another to join him as he danced his victory for all to see.

Yuuri went for a Quad Toe-Triple Toe combination, nailing both perfectly. Then came his Quad Salchow, which had perfect execution once again.

Four quads in a row. It was amazing to witness.

Yuuri leapt into a Triple Axel, gaining incredible height as he did so, and immediately going for a layback spin, hand raised toward the ceiling as if trying to grasp something just out of reach.

The lights glinted off of Yuuri's sailing form, making him shine for all to see.

And they were seeing. Seeing a beautiful man unleash himself for all of them to gaze upon. So much emotion.

A combination of a Triple Axel-Single Loop-Triple Salchow came after, foot placement just as perfect as Victor had come to expect in the short time he had known Yuuri.

"Amazing step sequences," the announcer noted. "Katsuki is best known for them and his unique footwork unlike any other. To be able to keep such speed up this far into the program is astonishing!"

The music was long, Victor realized. Just pushing the margin a bit, meaning there was more time for Yuuri to complete all of his choreography and jumps, yet at the same time, it was longer and therefore it was more time for Yuuri out on the ice.

How had not tired out yet? How was he still going despite all of the work he had put into it?

"His stamina is amazing," Yakov said almost reluctantly and Victor had to agree.

Stammi Vicino was only three and a half minutes, give or take a few seconds. Yuuri's program was a minute longer at least.

He'd just performed a combination spin, forcing the music to follow his command almost. As if the music had to obey him and not the other way around. As if he was the maestro in charge.

A Triple Lutz.

The music was coming to an end. Yuuri had decided to end his routine with a Quad Flip again, and as yesterday, he'd done so perfectly.

And it should be noted, that both of his arms had been up for every jump. Not an ounce of imbalance
either.

"He landed every jump! This is the birth of a new Katsuki Yuuri, folks!"

The end of the performance ended with a Biellmann spin, the music reaching its crescendo alongside Yuuri until both stopped at the same moment, Yuuri's right arm raised and his face angled toward the ceiling. His smile was calm and full of acceptance as his fingers stretched out toward the lights as if they were about to grab something longed for.

"Katsuki Yuuri has just demonstrated to all of us exactly why he is considered Japan's ace in the hole! He has wowed us with his undying energy, amazing stamina, and surprising strength today! I believe we can all agree that he has set a personal best!"

And the only thing to show that Yuuri was indeed human and not some robot capable of the impossible, was the fact that his chest was heaving considerably and he guzzled down an entire bottle of water when he returned to the gate.

His coach was patting his back slowly.

Another poodle plush was in Yuuri's arms. He was clutching it tightly as he tried to regain his bearings.

Victor realized that he was on his feet. He'd been so excited during Yuuri's performance that he'd stood up and everything! His hands had been pressed to his mouth in silent wonder.

The Kiss & Cry was filled with two statues who were staring up at the overhead screens expectantly.

A few seconds later, the score was announced.

"The Free Program score for Yuuri Katsuki is 222.29."

Victor's new World Record had been smashed without ten minutes of him setting it. He was speechless.

"Yuuri Katsuki takes first place with a combined score of 341.74! In a turnaround of the likes of which has never been seen before, Katsuki takes the gold during his first Grand Prix Final!"

Yuuri simply sat in his chair, face flushed and smiling calmly for the cameras, waving a hand at the audience.

And the most amazing thing was that Victor found himself so very much attracted to Yuuri in that moment, that he couldn't really think about much beyond how amazing the other's eyes were, and how fit his thighs looked.

Victor Nikiforov was fucked.

If someone told Yuuri when he was twelve, that Victor Nikiforov would become his husband, he would have laughed. And then cried. If someone told him he would end up dreaming about the past and redoing everything from the beginning of his and Victor's acquaintanceship, he would have scoffed. And cried.

If someone told him that this dream Victor had found an interest in Yuuri because of how Yuuri smiled at him, he would probably accuse them of lying. And then cried. Yet, that was how it happened. Chris had a big mouth.
"Honestly though, he's completely taken with you and I think it's adorable! You've gotten the king of the figure skating world to fall before your majesty and he doesn't seem willing to get back on his feet any time soon!"

"Chris, we have to do the press conference soon. Where did you even get wine?"

Honestly, the man apparently came equipped with a lot of things.

"Why? Do you want some?" asked the man as he gave a wink and bumped Yuuri with his hip.

"No. Alcohol and I aren't supposed to mix."

Chris pouted. "Not even to loosen up?"

"No."

As expected, Yuuri took part in the press conference. He'd forgotten how annoying they were, though he handled it with dignity. He knew he did his country proud at least. His poker face was astonishing after years of practice.

"Mr. Katsuki, what happened for you to make the conscious decision to change the elements and music of your program? And did this change the theme of your season?"

Yuuri offered the woman a patient smile. "I felt that my theme wasn't true any longer. My feelings had already been shaky on it, but I finally came to a decision weeks ago and began to work on the side. My attention was diverted between four separate programs and eventually I decided to work on the two that truly held my attention.

"My theme is Victory now. Sāṃsāra brought the revelation, so it's just as important, but Victory seemed to really hit home for me."

Another reporter shouted a question. "To what do you credit your successes in your career?"

"Not 'what'. 'Who'. I would say my ballet instructor, Okukawa Minako is the primary credit. She was the one who urged me to start skating after all. After her would be my parents for being so supportive and my friends for opening their rink to me at all hours. Coach Celestino has been a great help for me in terms of finding my emotions as a strength and not a weakness. Finally, I would dedicate my choreography and improvements to a former lover of mine. May they rest in peace."

There was a moment of silence as frowns appeared on almost every face in front of him.

Yuuri didn't feel like he was lying in a sense. His Victor did not exist in this dream. His Victor had been changed because of his Dementia. Sometimes his Victor didn't feel like Victor any longer. Sometimes it was like he actually died when in that coma all those years ago.

"Mr. Katsuki, do you have any plans prepared for next season? There was some speculation that you might be thinking of ceasing competitive skating this year and ending your mentorship with Celestino Cialdini."

"I don't really know," Yuuri murmured. "Coach Celestino and I will be parting ways after this season. I'm not sure what I plan to do for the future however. Graduating should probably be the first thing I do."

The rest of the conference went in pretty much the same vein. And all the while, Yuuri was acutely
aware of Victor Nikiforov watching his every move like a hawk.

At the exhibition, Victor Nikiforov and Katsuki Yuuri were the two from the senior men's singles division who would be performing. When Victor learned of Yuuri's upcoming performance for the audience, he had been shocked but also eager to see what the other had to bring.

Yuuri had taken to the ice in a simple, form fitting, black unitard. There was a red half skirt attached to the back that curved around his front, but stopped at the hips. From the back it looked like a dress. It reminded Victor of a former costume from his Junior years.

The difference was that there was an open cut in the back and no sleeves. Only simple spaghetti straps. Yuuri's thin but toned frame looked good in the ensemble, his hip cocked to the side.

The most shocking thing was the fact that Yuuri had put on red lipstick the same shade as the skirt attached to his hips. And with his hair pushed back in such a sexy manner, he looked like the most improper temptation. And when Victor looked around, he could see how shocked and aroused many of his fellow skaters were.

"Gold medalist Katsuki Yuuri will be skating to On Love: Eros."

The guitar began the program, and Yuuri's hands raised and circled around his body as he licked his devilish lips. His head turned to the side and he caught Victor's eye. He then blew a very telling kiss and took off on the ice, bewitching the audience easily and asserting himself before all of them.

And this wasn't just a simple performance, it was the equivalent of a Short Program, with Quads performed perfectly and amped up sexual desire that was more intense than anything Chris came up with.

Victor had never been more aroused in his life.

Victor Nikiforov had followed him on Instagram and Twitter and Facebook and Tumblr. Basically, Yuuri found himself suddenly on the receiving end of many notifications regarding Victor Nikiforov.

And to be polite, he followed Victor back on all of them, only to get a very sudden message from him on Twitter, asking him out for dinner.

And yes, it was phrased, 'may I take you out to dinner?'. And Yuuri had commented on the banquet, but Victor's only response was that it was boring and he was skipping only if Yuuri agreed to go with him.

And the thing was… Yuuri wanted to go. He wanted to go and spend time with a Victor Nikiforov that was lively. Full of life and joy and all those nice things.

Even if it wasn't his Victor.

Yuuri ended up agreeing. Fuck the banquet. Sponsorships aside, they were very annoying, and Ciao Ciao could cover for him anyway.

He'd make it up to the man later.

"I'm so glad you agreed. I had hoped that I would catch some of your time before you have to return to Detroit."
Victor Nikiforov knew that Yuuri lived in Detroit. So either he was really going all out for this dream, or maybe his Victor had actually studied up on him after the GPF at Sochi?

Was Yuuri trying to flatter himself in a way? His subconscious was thirsty for his husband's affection and attention, so he dreamed this up in response? It seemed a little pathetic.

"My flight is in the afternoon so you have enough time."

And Victor was aiming that besotted smile of his in Yuuri's direction. The one always used when Yuuri surprised him and he 'couldn't help but fall in love again'.

Yuuri heart practically broke at the reminder. He wished his Victor was well. Wished they could share such glances again.

Instead, Yuuri had to settle for this. It was no less special, and it obviously made him feel warm and fuzzy inside, yet it was still lacking somehow. It just wasn't the same. This wasn't his Victor, so there were no lingering glances and heart smiles.

"I was amazed by your performances. Though I'm ashamed to admit that I didn't know who you where until a couple of days ago."

Yuuri waved a dismissive hand. "I was a new competitor and you'd never seen my face before. I'm not surprised you didn't know me."

"But I should have!" Victor insisted, looking guilty and determined all at once. "I should have known who you and the other two skaters were. I've seen them in this competition before and yet I didn't know their names until today. I think my fame has gotten to my head a little," said the man, looking downtrodden at the very thought.

Yuuri eyed the man in front of him. He and his Victor had never had a discussion like this before. He didn't know exactly what he should say because he had a blank slate currently. Nothing to draw inspiration or reference from. He didn't have to do this during the years he was with his Victor.

"I… don't think it's fame," Yuuri finally murmured.

"Hm?"

"You've become… stagnant. Haven't you?"

Victor's horrified look was Yuuri's only response, so he plowed on. "You have spent two decades in this profession. You've dedicated your life to it. Everything you are involve skates and ice and performances and audiences. And you've become used to it. You've forgotten what it's like to be a person outside of skating because all you eat, sleep, and breathe is skating. And that isn't healthy.

"And while you enjoy the perks of fame, it isn't what drives you. It isn't important to you. You focus so much on your skating and pleasing the audience that you don't consider the world around you to the fullest extent. You're burning yourself out."

Victor stared for the better part of a minute, eyes completely riveted, yet mouth set into a frown. His brows were pulled together and he looked as if he could not form a reply. The man floundered for a moment.

"H-how do you understand?"

It was whispered. Almost broken in a sense. Yuuri's heart went out to this dream Victor. Despite not
being his Victor, he still didn't like seeing his husband so sad. Didn't like it when Victor was unhappy. Victor was a cheerful person by nature and to see something so strange in his attitude was heartbreaking.

Yuuri smiled calmly and reached out to place a hand over Victor's clenched together hands. Victor flinched only slightly, but it was enough to fracture Yuuri's glass heart even further.

"As your biggest fan, I know more about you than almost anyone else. I've followed your career religiously and can perfectly remember the steps you have taken to get to where you are. You inspired me to skate competitively, Victor. You're the reason I was able to get here. And I can see when the person I have admired the most my entire life, has started hurting himself. Whether he realizes it or not."

Now he could at least. Idol worship wasn't blinding him this time.

"Then what should I do? I've- I've lost my inspiration for skating. I don't want it to end here."

Yuuri sighed. "Do something for yourself for once. Something that will make you happy. Take a vacation after Nationals. You'll have a month until the European Skating Championships. You're routine is perfection and you can't possibly get any better, so you don't need to train religiously every day. Calm down. Spend some time with your poodle. Get a massage. I don't know. Just take a break, think about what you truly want in life, and then consider your options. Don't just quit, but don't keep going if you aren't completely sure."

"You're very smart," Victor finally said, eyes a little misty. "It's like you've been through this already."

"I'd prefer 'experienced', to be the word you use. I've seen it. I am even going through it to an extent, which is why I am considering taking a break or retiring."

There was a gasp of horror and Victor was shaking his head, hands suddenly clutching at Yuuri's like a lifeline. "You can't quit! You have so much potential ahead of you!"

"But what good is a skater with no inspiration? Such a person is as good as dead in our line of work," Yuuri murmured, thinking of Yurio when he said such things.

It was true. He wouldn't deny it. They wouldn't get very far by half-assing it. Eventually it would come back to bite them in the asses.

"I- I don't want you to quit. And I don't want to quit. But we just don't have anything, do we?"

Yuuri shook his head. He had other routines in mind, but he wasn't sure if he wanted to use them again. He just won the GPF, did he really need to continue on now? He'd won a lot in life. He didn't need to compete anymore. "We don't," he finally murmured.

"What do we do?" Victor pleaded, his worry evident in his eyes. As if Yuuri had the answers he was seeking.

And Yuuri was struck with an idea. An idea that was in equal parts terrible and wonderful. An idea that could either make them or break them. An idea that surely couldn't work but he still liked in a matter of speaking.

"My family owns a Hot Spring Inn in Japan. Come stay with me for a while after the new year."
"Dude, you invited Victor Nikiforov, the god of figure skating, to your house!"

"I invited him to the inn!"

"Which you live in because it's your house!"

Yuuri sighed and rolled his eyes at Phichit's dramatic giggling.

"Victor Nikiforov asked you out on a date, took a billion selfies with you, followed you on every social media platform you are on, fed you chocolate cake from his own fork which he also ate with (indirect kiss!), and then kissed your hand before walking you back to your hotel!"

Well, when Phichit put it that way it sounded a lot more personal than it had felt. Maybe Yuuri had grown accustomed to Victor's antics that him doing such things didn't seem all that shocking to him anymore. In fact, he'd been really happy all evening, if he recalled perfectly.

He really missed their date nights.

"He barely knows me, Phichit," Yuuri pointed out. At least this Victor barely knew him.

"But he wants to get to know you better and even agreed to come to Hasetsu in the future! He will be living in your house while you both try to get some idea of what you'll be doing with your futures. Which by the way, I am so pissed about. You can't give up just when I'm about to make it to the GPF in my next season! Who am I going to take selfies with?"

Somehow, Phichit's ranting about Yuuri and Victor's possible love life, turned into a shame campaign on Yuuri for daring to 'abandon' Phichit to this new world he was only a baby in.

Yuuri rolled his eyes and turned the volume of his phone up to block out all sounds. Just to be sure, he slammed his flattened pillow over his face.

"You can't ignore me for too long!" Phichit called out over the music.

"I can try," was Yuuri's muffled response.

@V-Nik: Yuuri! Are you awake?

@Katsu_don: Unfortunately. It's four in the morning though.

@V-Nik: Oh.

@V-Nik: It's noon here. Did I wake you up?

@Katsu_don: No, I was getting ready to go to the rink.

@Katsu_don: It opens around this time.

@V-Nik: You start practice early.

@Katsu_don: Yeah. It became a usual thing, so Phichit and I go for early morning practice.

@Katsu_don: We've got nothing to do presently, but wait for my graduation.

@V-Nik: Are you excited? I took online courses. I've never stepped foot in a campus. What's it like?
@Katsu_don: Um...

@Katsu_don: Cramped. Crowded. We're all tired. And hungry. And a bit poor.

@V-Nik: That sounds bad.

@Katsu_don: We're up at odd hours, and we tend to take the lazy route whenever we can.

@Katsu_don: Our dorm room has a mini fridge and a microwave so we don't have to go out and hunt.

@Katsu_don: To make a small profit on the side, we let others use our microwave for a price, because we're all that cheap.

@V-Nik: Wow. So it's not fun?

@Katsu_don: Eh. It can be, but I'm not very social so asking me isn't the best. Phichit would have better answers. Probably happier ones too.

@V-Nik: What are you majoring in?

@Katsu_don: Linguistics.

@V-Nik: Cool! Do you speak many languages?

@Katsu_don: Japanese, English, Russian, and some Thai.

@V-Nik: RUSSIAN! You know Russian?

@Katsu_don:Yep. Don't tell Plisetsky.

@Katsu_don: He cornered me, asked a few questions, and when he walked away, he was rambling in Russian about how I'm also a threat to him.

@Katsu_don: I didn't have the heart to tell him I could understand.

@V-Nik: That's precious! Yuri barely respects anyone so having his look at you in such a light is really special.

@V-Nik: You've been blessed by Russia's Fairy.

@Katsu_don: Why do they call him that? He's a 14 year old boy, not a princess.

@V-Nik: Because he's pretty.

@Katsu_don: So? You were pretty and you were never called a fairy or a princess.

@V-Nik: Oh ho ho!

@V-Nik: You followed my career that much, did you? :)

@V-Nik: YOU THINK I WAS PRETTY!

@Katsu_don: Yeah...?
@Katsu_don: Is that a big deal?

@V-Nik: No, not really.

@V-Nik: But it was in past tense. Am I no longer pretty, Yuuri?!

@V-Nik: Has my thinning hair ruined me?!

@Katsu_don: It's not thinning! It's fine as it is!

@Katsu_don: Although I will admit to crying my heart out when you got that hair cut.

@V-Nik: Really? My hair meant that much to you?

@Katsu_don: It was a big deal, OK?!

@Katsu_don: I honestly had to stay in bed all day, it was that much of a shock.

@Katsu_don: Why did you get it cut? Grown men all over the world have long hair.

@V-Nik: :P I lost a bet.

@Katsu_don: Seriously?

@V-Nik: Yeah. And then I ended up looking pretty good without all the hair in the way. So I just kept this style.

@Katsu_don: My heart hurts from this revelation.

@V-Nik: I'm sorry, Yuuri! If I could I'd kiss it to make it better.

@Katsu_don: My heart likes where it is right now, thanks.

@V-Nik: :( 

@Katsu_don: Don't give me that.

@V-Nik: :(((((                                                                                                                                                                                                                     

@Katsu_don: We're almost at the rink now.

@Katsu_don: I'm going to have to let you go and Phichit says 'Hi'!

@V-Nik: That's fine! I'll just keep texting stuff while you're away! Hello to him too.

@V-Nik: Have fun!

@Katsu_don: Talk to you later.

@V-Nik: I've been skipping out on training because I wanted to spend some time with Makka.

@V-Nik: Makka is here and wants to say hi!

@V-Nik: k6alk`0sb;plksbd./jhv [ 
@V-Nik: She said hi!

@V-Nik: I think she's looking forward to meeting your Vic-chan.

@V-Nik: What does Vic-chan mean?

@V-Nik: Google says 'chan' is a suffix.

@V-Nik: So your poodle is named 'Vic'.

@V-Nik: Is that supposed to be short for Victor?

@V-Nik: DID YOU NAME YOUR POODLE AFTER ME! :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D

@V-Nik: I'm so happy, Yuuri!

@V-Nik: You're the best!

@V-Nik: I'm telling Chris that there is an animal named after me!

@V-Nik: He'll be so jealous!

That afternoon, when Yuuri finally got around to looking at the remaining texts Victor had sent him, he had to roll his eyes. Victor was too adorable for his own good.

Yuuri had fallen for an unique one, that was for certain.

Also, he was internally shocked at how much detail he'd given to dream Victor.

Just how long had Yuuri been subconsciously pining?

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A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other YOI fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON, I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my 21 other YOI fics!
In Hasetsu Again

Chapter Summary

Returning to Hasetsu is met with blasts from the past and too many emotions.

Chapter Notes

- So the final edit to this happened on my tablet because I can't get on the computer right now.

- There is a flashback in the middle of the chapter. It's in italics only. Following chapters will have similar applications in order to explain what happened to Victor. #Feels

- Our boys are growing closer!!! Yuuri's angst comes out a bit. He needs a hug! He gets a hug! Victor is a darling!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Yuri on Ice.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

"Vitya, where are you?! Why aren't you at practice?!!"

Ah! The familiar sound of Yakov losing his mind. Victor could honestly say that he wasn't going to miss it. It was annoying and he'd gotten used to it far too quickly. But then he wouldn't be Yakov otherwise.

Shifting his mobile to his shoulder so he could buckle up properly, Victor smiled at no one and said, "I'm taking a holiday."

"You can't afford to take a holiday in the middle of the competitive season!" the old man hollered from the other end. "You need to train!"

"Yakov, we both know the routine won't get any better unless I deviate and supplement. Where I'm going has a rink within half a mile of the inn. I'll practice, but I'm taking some time with Makka for now. I'm tired and I want to do something fun for once. Also, I have no inspiration for next season and I really need to sit down and think somewhere where I'm not going to be shouted at."
The line was silent for a moment.

"Fine."

Yakov was not happy, that much was obvious, but it wasn't like he could do much as Victor was already on the plane.

"I want two videos a week of your repetitions. One video each of your Short Program and Free Skate. Add the Quad Loop to your FS. Replace the Triple Lutz with it. Don't let Katsuki get comfortable."

Victor smiled. He didn't plan to. It would be an insult to not only himself, but Yuuri as well. "Dasvidanya."

There was a simple grunt in response. Yakov had probably used up a lot of energy when yelling at him. Sometimes he felt bad for all the drama he put the older man through. And then he realized that if Yakov was truly annoyed, he would have dumped Victor off on someone else ages ago.

Putting thoughts of his irate coach aside, Victor turned to look out the window of the plane.

He was so excited! He'd get to go and spend time with Yuuri in his home where Yuuri would be around all the time! And Yuuri could teach him about Hasetsu and everything foreign!

Makka was coming with him and he'd finally be able to spend time with her! It'd been so long since he could just relax at home with his long time friend.

He was looking forward to it.

Yuuri went on to compete in Nationals and won. It was to be expected however. He was using Victor's choreography after all. Both were gold winning performances that he'd performed already and had experience in. He'd be doing his lover a great disservice if he didn't win with them. Dream or not.

More of the same questions came though. Was he retiring? Was he taking a break? What made him change his programs? Did he have a current lover? What happened to his former lover? Why did he not participate in social media like his fellow international Senior skaters? Was there something wrong with his health? Was he feeling too pressured?

Yuuri handled everything with poise and grace, like Victor had taught him to. It was the least he do for those in his own country, considering they were the ones who sponsoring him, so of course he'd give them more leeway than any other reporters.

"Katsuki-san!"

Turning, Yuuri found himself faced with none other than Kenjiro Minami, who was as bubbly as Yuuri remembered him to be. If he recalled, Minami had placed in twelfth, which was very good for someone his age.

"Hello, Minami-san," Yuuri greeted, hoping that he sounded kind. Victor would never forgive him if he didn't do this right this time.

The boy gaped suddenly, face flushed.

"You know my name!" the boy gushed, eyes practically glittering with joy. "I can't believe you
"We were competitors in the same competition. It would be a shame if I didn't know the name of Japan's up and coming rookie."

He could practically see the steam coming off the boy's face, and took pity on him by patting his shoulder lightly. He knew a lot about Minami. He'd become quite the threat to Yurio and had taken Yuuri's spot as Japan's Top Skater two years after Yuuri retired officially.

"You'll get better and then next year, you'll place even higher. Right?"

A squeak and a hasty nod was his only response, but that was okay.

"I look forward to competing against you again."

The boy wobbled back to his coach, eyes filled with tears and with Yuuri as a new friend on Facebook.

Yuuri smiled. It was the least he could do.

Returning to Detroit had him faced with his remaining month in university. Phichit was heartbroken and made sure that they made every day something worth it. At the rink with their coach and rinkmates. Out to dinner. Clubbing a little.

Phichit had been sad to see him return home, and Yuuri had promised to message his friend every week. As his partnership with Celestino would be over soon, and he'd graduate, there would be no point in remaining in Detroit any longer.

So Yuuri returned home. And Vic-chan and Minako-sensei greeted him at the train station.

The lovable pup brought tears to his eyes. He'd truly missed him. It had been a lifetime since he'd seen his friend's fuzzy face in person.

His other Victor.

[Sent 3:34] Victor: Hey, Yuuri! How are you doing?


[Sent 3:46] Victor: I'm good! I was hoping we could talk?


[Sent 3:49] Victor: First I'd like for you to turn around.

Frowning, Yuuri turned around and found his jaw and the duffle bag dropping. Victor Nikiforov was standing in the middle of his family's main banquet room, his body clothed in a familiar green kimono usually saved for the baths. His face was open, a wide smile in place as his eyes practically glittered upon seeing Yuuri.

"Hi, Yuuri!" the man bellowed even though he was only a few feet away. Then again, he was Victor Nikiforov.

"Woof!"
From behind Victor came a large brown poodle. A poodle that Yuuri knew very well. Tongue flapping and tail wagging cutely.

He was promptly pounced on and knocked to the floor. His breath was lost under the weight of the poodle.

"Makka!" Victor gasped in horror, "get off poor Yuuri! You aren't a small dog!"

Makkachin's barking and loud snuffling must have alerted Vic-chan, because the smaller poodle came bounding over, joining in on the impromptu snuggle fest. Yuuri was left to their mercy as the dogs took full advantage of his attention, shoving cold noses against his face and licking his hands.

Victor must have given up his attempts to save Yuuri as he merely plopped down beside the fallen man in order to pet his precious poodle. Makkachin gave a low bark in response.

After several moments, Yuuri was freed. Makkachin was happily sprawled across Victor's lap, and Vic-chan was laying between Yuuri's crossed legs, panting from all the activity.

"What are you doing here?" he finally managed to ask once his breathing has returned to normal and his gut stopped hurting from all the laughing.

"You didn't think I would come?" Victor asked, a smile on his face.

"Not so soon."

There was a moment then, where both had to consider the words shared between them. Yuuri flushed and looked away upon realizing what his words could have meant in another scenario. Things like that had happened far too often between he and his Victor.

Victor was laughing though. "I've been here for a almost two weeks, Yuuri. I got to meet your family. Your ballet instructor is very nice by the way. She's a great drinking partner. And I learned all about your Victor! I'm so proud to have a poodle named after me! Chris is jealous!"

Yuuri was caught between mortification again - like the first time he went through this wasn't bad enough, right? - and happiness. Because Victor hadn't found it awkward or weird that Yuuri would get a poodle like he did and then name said poodle after him. He was happy about it. Like it was the greatest compliment he could possibly receive, which was odd because Yuuri was not the first person to name his dog after Victor.

This Victor was also easy to please. Like Yuuri's Victor had been.

Yuuri must have been pining hard if he kept resorting to these kinds of things in his own dream.

"Vic-chan is so cute too! Much smaller than my Makka though. They get along really well and have snuggled most of the time I've been here. Oh! I also took them both out for runs and they've played in the waves!"

Yuuri rolled onto his side to look at Victor, who too was now laying on his own side, Makkachin pressed comfortably against his chest. The man was relaxed, head pillowed on his forearm.

"You actually came all the way to Japan just to have a vacation? You don't want to go to the Caribbean or something?"

The Russian snorted. "I'm not one for incredibly hot climates. It's really hot down there. After burning terribly, I haven't returned. Besides, you're here. Why would I pass up a chance to see you
again?"

"But you'll most likely see me at Worlds."

"I know! But I'd be seeing you earlier this way! Besides, you don't post enough selfies on social media, so there isn't much of you for me to stare at. I have to stalk Phichit's Instagram to get anything," Victor mumbled, pout perfectly in place. He was chastising Yuuri for not having a social life basically.

"You'd have so much more presence with your fans if you connected to social media more."

Victor was hunting down Yuuri's friend in order to see Yuuri's face. That should have been creepy as hell, but instead he found it really sweet. Victor had wanted to see him that badly. Badly enough to try to guilt trip him into uploading photos more often all so Victor could have something new to look at. He knew the man's game. Being married to Victor Nikiforov for nearly thirty years left him with experience.

No one had ever wanted Yuuri before Victor came along. Nor did anyone ever want him the same way or for the same reasons.

Victor reached one hand out and brushed Yuuri's fringe away from his eyes. "There we go," the man whispered in a voice Yuuri knew all too well. It was soft and considerate. "Your eyes are far too lovely to hide, Yuuri."

He couldn't help but flush. Only Victor could make him feel like this. Like he was desirable.

"Yuuri, I want to know everything about you," Victor went on to say, voice low and arousing whether he knew it or not. "I want to know about your hobbies and talents. Your friends and family. Your views on everything in life. I want all of it."

Yuuri started, reminded of a similar comment so many years ago. And Victor was looking at him with the same bedroom eyes from that time. Like he expected Yuuri to leap at the opportunity to deepen their relationship and 'learn to trust each other'.

But his Victor had been laboring under the impression that Yuuri remembered the night they had drunkenly danced, and he'd accidentally made Victor fall in love with him. So Victor had been very forward with his advances that night.

This was not the same situation, yet it was happening in a way. He didn't drunkenly grind against Victor this time, so why was the man acting the same? It couldn't be anything Yuuri did.

Yet...

It was nice to be desired in any fashion. At least with Victor, he knew it was real.

And unlike last time, Yuuri was not a faint hearted boy any longer. He was a grown man. He'd seen too much shit in his life to really be surprised by his own anxiety or feelings.

He wouldn't pass on this opportunity. Not for all the money in the world.

Shifting in order to get more comfortable, and letting Vic-chan run off to do his own thing, Yuuri propped a head up on his arm and looked Victor right in the eye. "My name is Katsuki Yuuri. I turned twenty-three this past November. I love poodles, figure skating, and ballet. I have an anxiety disorder that acts up at random times. I admire Victor Nikiforov more than anything in this world."
Victor's answering blush was lovely. Everything about him was lovely.

Yuuri was well and truly fucked.

Victor Nikiforov found Japan to be an interesting place. A place he hadn't expected to feel so welcome, but everything was just so... homey. As if he belonged there. And Katsuki Yuuri welcomed him with open arms and an adorable smile that Victor didn't feel he had earned yet. Because he hadn't done anything to deserve such treatment.

The man's family was cute. All of them just a bit shorter than Yuuri was. Tiny people. Cute and tiny people who were so positive to be around, supporting Yuuri even when they did not fully understand everything he was striving for.

Hiroko and Toshiya's English was conversational, but Mari was fluent. And Minako - whom Victor had learned was Yuuri's ballet instructor - was also fluent in English. And French should Victor need to speak with her privately, thank God.

The onsen was enormous! And for the first time in his life, Victor found himself faced with the prospect of sharing a bath with other men. He'd never done so before and had never considered doing it, but he couldn't say that he minded. He had nothing to be ashamed of.

The only thing that made his iron self control wilt a bit, was that Yuuri also shared the bath.

Victor got to see Yuuri without clothes on. Victor had not imagined more about Yuuri's physique than his thighs. Victor was a thigh man and Yuuri's were superb. But he hadn't even thought to imagine the man without clothes! Which was strange considering he was friends with Chris and Chris was like a porn video walking. Everything was suggestive in his mind.

Anyway, Victor was treated to the view of Katsuki Yuuri naked. All of him. There was no way to hide himself completely when getting into the water, letting Victor see things that had him salivating and feeling like a pervert all over. Especially since there had been a demure flush on the other skater's cheeks as he slipped in a few feet down from Victor.

Despite his confidence on the ice, Yuuri was a bit shy elsewhere and it was adorable. To see such different temperaments coming from the same person, and to have both of them be so enticing, was a rarity.

Katsuki Yuuri was adorable at the moment. Adorable in a sexy package.

And Victor found himself using that word a lot when he thought of Yuuri, which had never happened when he thought of anyone else before. Victor wondered just what Katsuki Yuuri had done to him to make Victor act so strangely.

The hot water was simply divine, and Victor reclined against the rock behind him, enjoying the beginning of his holiday a lot more than he thought he would. His muscles relaxed against the warm rock.

"What do you want to do tomorrow?" Yuuri asked, breaking him from his pleasant internal sighs.

Victor peeked at him from below his lashes, finding Yuuri looking straight at his face. His eyes were riveted on Victor's own. He wasn't trying to get a peek at anything below chin level, which made Victor feel like even more of a pervert. Yuuri could withhold his interest and Victor, a man of more experience, couldn't? He was ashamed of himself. Chris could never find out about this or else he'd be done for.
"What is there to do around here?" Victor asked, shifting closer to the other man suddenly, in order to put them within inches of each other. Yuuri's face flushed beautifully, and Victor smiled in response, glad that he was having some kind of effect on the other man. It would have stung his pride otherwise, had the man who had at least shown some interest in him, not reacted at all.

"There is an exhibit at Hasetsu Castle. Open year long. There's Ice Castle Hasetsu, my home rink."

Victor visibly perked up at that. He wanted to get to know the ice that bred Katsuki Yuuri. What had happened there?

"There's a nature trail to walk on. The ocean. We have a small entertainment district in the center of town. Little shops and restaurants specifically for fun. And if you're interested, we can take a train to Fukuoka and explore the city. It's much larger and with more opportunities."

So much to do! Victor was truly impressed. He wanted to do everything at least once, though the skating would definitely be a repeated thing. Especially if he had to meet Yakov's demanding quota.

"If you want to go to Ice Castle, my friends Yuuko and Takeshi run the place. They're married and have triplet daughters who are big fans of skating and run one of the largest skating blogs on Tumblr. They also have a Facebook page, a Twitter account, and an Instagram dedicated to skating. Don't be surprised if they bombard you with questions or ask for photos."

Victor smiled at the thought of up and coming fans. "How old are they?"

"Six."

Damn. So young. Running blogs and fangirling that young? He couldn't even remember what he was doing at the age of six. Probably skating if his recorded past had anything to say about it.

"Don't underestimate them," Yuuri warned, face completely serious. "They'll do things you wouldn't expect."

"Noted."

He was granted a gorgeous smile then. One that lit up Yuuri's face and made his eyes shine. Like Victor had just given him the world on a platter.

"I think you'll like it around here. It can relax you in ways you wouldn't expect. And who knows, maybe you'll find the inspiration you're looking for along the way."

Yuuri reached out for his discarded towel and made to stand up, wrapping it around his hips as quickly as he could in order to preserve his privacy. And Victor was generous enough to look away. Even if he didn't want to. But it was for Yuuri's sake, so that was all that mattered.

"My room is the door to the left of your room," Yuuri said before scampering off.

How… was Victor supposed to take that?

Was that an invitation to chat, or something else? And he was equally hoping for either at this point. Victor had no shame. He liked Yuuri in more ways than one and if Yuuri so much as offered anything, Victor would gladly accept.

Yuuri rubbed his hand over his eyes and sighed. Why did he have to go and do that? What was he supposed to do now? Victor would no doubt show up, but what was he going to be expecting? And
what exactly did Yuuri want out of the deal?

Right now, he and Victor were barely on a friends type of level. That meant there would have to be a lot of build up for them to be comfortable with one another.

Food! He could get food and have it ready should Victor decide to join him! Food made the world go 'round and it also made Yuuri less uncomfortable.

Yeah. Food was always a life saver.

Bless food and whoever thought of it first.

"Kaa-san, I need healthy snacks."

His mother sent him an odd look as she murmured the word, 'healthy' as if it was a foreign word she'd never heard of.

Yuuri did not appreciate her humor at his expense. So what if he had a habit of eating unhealthy food when he was home? He was a responsible adult in the body of a twenty-three year old and he liked healthy food now.

Not that she knew that or anything.

"Yes. Healthy."

"There are some vegetables in the bottom drawer in the refrigerator, and packets of dip you can make."

Yuuri sighed. He'd have to get some better snacks tomorrow.

There was such a thing as a healthy snack that tasted good after all.

"Thanks."

"Yuuri!" Victor called as he knocked on the door, hoping that he wasn't intruding. He'd been invited after all, so it should be fine.

The door slid open in seconds, and he found himself staring down at one Katsuki Yuuri, who was dressed in a simple pair of black pajama bottoms, and a red t-shirt. Yuuri's eyes were wide as they stared up at him, and the younger skater's mouth fell into an easy grin.

"Hi," Yuuri breathed carefully before stepping aside and waving an inviting arm. "I have food on the desk."

He did. The desk beside the door was covered in small bowls of fruits and bottles of water.

"I'll be going shopping tomorrow to get us some better things though."

"Can I come?" asked Victor, his curiosity over Japanese shops taking over. Shopping was something Victor didn't do much. He was rarely home enough to require more than basics for breakfast and dinner, and anything Makka needed.

"You… want to?"

"Please?" he begged, making sure to widen his eyes considerably and flutter his lashes.
Yuuri flushed adorably and nodded. "Okay."

Victor took that chance to take in the room's interior, eyes landing on the various bare spots on the wall, the keyboard in the corner, and the stack of video games on the floor. Yuuri had a cactus. Victor had a cactus at home too.

"I thought we could sit here and talk if you want," Yuuri said as he offered the other side of his bed to Victor, who grabbed a bottle of water and the bowl of orange colored fruit and plopped himself down immediately.

"What is this?" he asked as he held up the palm sized object.

"A persimmon. They're best when soft. Try it."

He did. He might have moaned obscenely too.

Thankfully, Yuuri didn't mind taking charge.

"You're in a new country, seemingly on a whim. You're taking a small vacation for yourself because you've been working yourself too hard. You aren't used to doing something for yourself. Therefore, I suppose the best question is, how are you feeling?"

Victor was quiet then, unsure of how to answer.

He was a little out of sorts of course. He was in a foreign country without the guidance of his coach to fall back on. And no one was shoving a camera in his face, so The Smile™ wasn't necessary at the moment. There was no need to pretend or anything. He was in the vicinity of someone he might be infatuated with. And he was completely lost in terms of preparing for his next competitive season.

If there was even going to be one at all.

"I suppose my love of skating has completely drained away, leaving me a bit… hollow I guess? I don't know how to describe it, but I feel like I'm missing something and it's like everything is colder and darker than usual," he confessed. "Sometimes I feel like it isn't worth it any longer, but I don't want to quit. I want skating to be fun again."

Yuuri was nodding though, as if he understood perfectly. And Victor got the feeling that Yuuri really did understand. He seemed incredibly intelligent. Wise. Like he had witnessed something similar already. Victor didn't know how such a thing was possible, but he found himself wanting Yuuri's opinion more than anyone else's.

"What about you?" asked Victor, hoping to get something more concrete to work with. How did Yuuri feel?

"Worn out. Like I've run a marathon for thirty years and I fell one too many times."

A strangely specific response. But Yuuri did look much older in that moment. As if he had been going through the motions for thirty years.

"And the thing is, I have the ideas and the choreography. I have no short supply of them, but I'm just lost. I suppose my love for skating has drained away as well. Where has the interest gone?"

"Then we need to work together to get our inspiration and zeal back," said Victor, mind already considering the possibilities. The things they could work on together. How to motivate one another for next season.
"And if I return, I'll have to find a new coach, which would be hell," Yuuri admitted, eyes raised toward the ceiling in frustration. "Coaching fees and sponsorships. The most annoying part about our chosen sport."

True. Victor couldn't help but nod in agreement.

Woof!

Both men blinked and looked toward the door. Yuuri uttered a sharp word in Japanese and scrambled to open the door, where two rambunctious poodles burst through, tails wagging and tongues flapping. Both leapt onto the bed, taking up what little space there was.

Makka plopped down on Victor's lap and Vic-chan waited for his master to be seated again before sitting down on his owner's lap.

"We have company apparently."

Vic-chan gave a tiny bark in response and nuzzled Yuuri's palm.

Seeing Yuuri and his obvious love for his poodle made Victor feel strange. There was a lightness in his stomach. Like the first time he'd performed in front of an audience. But this time he didn't feel ill.

It was nice.

He'd like to feel it again if possible.

"I'm glad you're here."

Victor blinked at the admission, noting that Yuuri's mouth had spread into a small smile that was just as dazzling as his beaming grin.

He might have forgotten how to breathe for a second or ten.

"I'm glad I'm here too."

He really was, and it was only two weeks so far, but already it was the best time he'd had in his life. And it would only get better with Yuuri there with him.

He felt calm as he watched Yuuri dote upon his poodle. Said poodle who was named for Victor. Was this what it was like to have a real friend? Or were these feelings of another sort?

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"Victor, are you okay?"

Yuuri was concerned because his husband had been grabbing at his head all day. He hadn't said anything about it, but it was obvious just from his lack of smiling and talking that something was wrong.

Victor attempted to smile at him, in a move to alleviate Yuuri's worries. Not that it worked. Yuuri had gotten top know the man very well over the past three years and nothing like that worked on him anymore.

"I just have a headache. I'll be fine."

"You should take a pain reliever. Headaches lasting that long aren't good. Are you seeing spots or
lines at all?" Yuuri had experience in this.

Victor's head shook, but the man winced. "I might have a migraine, but I don't like medication. It makes me sleepy and then I lose focus. And we can't afford that in our profession."

Yuuri hummed, knowing full well that the man was right. "When we get home, you are going to take a warm bath with some Epsom salts, then you'll rest on the sofa while I make supper. Lights will be off and sounds will be cut down to a minimum. Get the heating pad out too and you'll wrap it in a hand towel and put it on your neck."

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuuri's shoulders and nuzzled into his dark hair. "You take good care of me."

"Of course." Yuuri would always take care of Victor. He had sworn to do so when he'd taken his vows.

"Mmm... I'm lucky to have you kotyonok."

Yuuri hugged him back. "I'm the lucky one."

Victor's weight almost doubled all of a sudden, and Yuuri had to steady them both lest they go crashing to the ice.

"Victor?! Victor!"

"I'm tired," was the mumbled reply. Victor made no attempt to straighten himself out or stand on his feet again.

Grasping his arm carefully, Yuuri turned the larger man until his side was pressed into Yuuri's chest. With quick movements, he hefted Victor into his arms and carefully skated back toward the gate where Yakov was demanding answers and Mila, Georgi, and Yurio dropped their own training to see what was going on.

"He's got a migraine and he's lethargic," Yuuri explained as he set Victor down on the bench. Victor merely leaned his head against Yuuri's arm, the skin of his forehead burning.

"You have a fever, Victor! Why didn't you tell me? I would have had you stay home today."

"I didn't know," the man slurred. "Tired. The music is too loud."

Victor fell asleep leaning against Yuuri, and all Yuuri could think about, was the fact that no music was playing anywhere in the rink.

They were going shopping.

"I was hoping to get us some better things to snack on, especially if we're going to be out and about. I also need to stock up on some stuff while we're at the shops. Having not been home in a while means I'm a little out of sorts. There are a few new buildings from what I saw on my way here."

Victor was beaming. "I love spending money!"

Yes, Yuuri had ended up learning that very well over the years. There was nothing in Victor that was thrifty. Nothing at all that even remotely suggested that the money should be spent on more important things and that he did not need vibrating shoes if he was never going to wear them.
Yuuri sighed fondly at the memory of his darling Victor who never really learned how to function properly on his own.

"Do you miss them?"

"Hm?"

Yuuri looked up from his hands, and found Victor staring at him with an uncharacteristically serious expression. Said expression that usually came about when he was concerned about someone. An expression that had been leveled at Yuuri many times in his life.

"Do you miss your lover?"

"Ah… yes. Very much. He was good to me," admitted Yuuri, shocked that Victor had been able to read his mood so well. Sometimes he forgot just how perceptive Victor could be about things he cared for. And for some reason, this Victor cared despite not knowing Yuuri very well.

"I'm sorry for your loss. If I knew how to make it better I would try to help. Be what you need."

And there was that never ending generosity his Victor was also known for. Always wanting to help even at the cost of his own comfort.

"I just want you to be yourself. That's good enough for me."

And the wide eyed look Victor sent him, made his stomach flip for more than the first time Yuuri had said that.

He was in love with a man, a memory, and a dream all at once. And it wasn't fair.

Victor, no doubt sensing his distress, smiled at him in that charming way of his. "Is there any kind of Japanese food you think I should try, Yuuri? I want to get the whole experience while I'm here! I'm wearing kimonos and using chopsticks, but they aren't enough."

Thankful for the distraction, Yuuri took the man's hand and lead him toward the proper shop for his request.

"I have to introduce you to Pocky. You'll love it."

Because his Victor loved it, and had whined for days about Yuuri not introducing him to it earlier.

Obviously he was avoiding that this time.

Victor loved Pocky.

He bought the shop's entire supply.

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Victor loved Ice Castle! And he was not joking in any way!

It was so comfortable and it didn't feel crowded. Victor was used to having to share his home rink with at least ten other people, not to mention all of the people who came by daily just to have some fun. Here though, there was no one to share the ice with but Yuuri, which was fantastic!

That meant that there was less of a chance at slamming into someone while trying to practice.

Also, Victor got to meet Yuuri's friends, the Nishigori family.
There were Yuuko and Takeshi, and their triplet daughters Axel, Lutz, and Loop.

True fans of figure skating who named their children after skating jumps!

"Yuuko was the one who showed me your performances," Yuuri told him that afternoon as they were lacing up their skates. "She came at me during lunch, waving a foreign magazine in my face and practically gushing about how amazing you were. Admittedly I was skeptical until we stayed at Ice Castle a few weeks later and I saw your second to last season as a Junior competitor."

Yuuri's face was adorably flushed. "You were the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, and you became the reason I wanted to skate competitively. We mimicked every routine you did, down to the letter and collected anything with your face on it. Though admittedly my collection is a lot larger."

It was Victor's turn to blush. Victor knew that he had many fans worldwide. He also knew that some of his fans went to extreme lengths in the fandom. Yet learning that Katsuki Yuuri of all people was that amazed by him - like so many others were - made his heart flutter. That Yuuri had watched every performance of his and collected memorabilia about him.

It brought him a sort of heady feeling.

And it wasn't like such a thing was anything new, but with Yuuri doing it, it seemed more genuine and amazing.

"Do you still mimic my routines?" Victor found himself asking without his permission. He could have smacked himself for it. He didn't want to seem arrogant! He wanted Yuuri to like him. What part of having his head up his ass was attractive?

But Yuuri was smiling though. "Of course. I know all of your routines by heart and when they were performed."

Yuuri took to the ice first, doing a few laps and making some figures before he deemed himself ready.

"He's probably been wanting to do this for a while," Nishigori Yuuko called from behind him. She was smiling. "Yuuri's always wanted to skate for you. For you, with you, and against you. It's probably like a dream come true for him to have you here."

The two watched as Yuuri took position at the center of the rink. A familiar position. Yuuko's hands flew to her mouth as she gasped. And Victor understood why.

Even without music, Yuuri managed to portray the story of Stammi Vicino perfectly. Yet unlike Victor, there was more to it. It felt real. It was touching in a way that Victor hadn't been able to feel when he had skated it. As if Yuuri was really calling out to his lover and pleading for him to stay close forever.

Victor didn't miss the longing look Yuuri sent in his direction before moving onto the Quad Flip. He didn't understand it exactly, but it took his breath away.

Yuuri's lines were beautiful and his arms graceful. His step sequences simply fantastic, spins like magic. The one difference being the raising of his arms during his jumps.

And Victor felt his emotions roiling within, begging to be set free. It was like a message from Yuuri to Victor.

Stammi Vicino Non te ne Andare.
Victor never wanted to leave.

For anything.

"Yuu-kun, that was amazing!" Yuuko wailed when he came to a stop, staring up at the ceiling as if it held the answers. He wished it did. "That was the best imitation of Victor I have ever seen! I'm so proud of how far you've come! It's like just yesterday I was watching you learn how to steady yourself on skates, and now you've become this star!"

Beside her stood Victor, who was gaping openly as tears streamed down his face. As Yuuri had gotten used to seeing Victor tear up over the years, he wasn't worried any longer.

Victor was one of those men who would gladly cry when he was emotional. He found no shame in it. So to see him crying in response to Yuuri's skating, made Yuuri feel both happy and sad. Victor was beautiful when he cried, he just did want the other to be sad in any way.

Victor deserved to be happy.

"Yuuiri," said Victor quietly, a hand pressed to his chest, "I can't begin to tell you how beautiful that was. It was like you were making music with your body. Better than anything I've done even *with* music."

When Yuuri met him at the gate, the Russian reached out, wrapping cold hands around Yuuri's wrists in order to pull him into a tight hug. Yuuri sighed and buried his face in Victor's collar, missing the warmth and scent of his husband. It had been a while since Yuuri had gotten this kind of hug from his Victor. Too long.

His eyes stung.

"I've been struggling with my skating for a very long time. Most of the time I have no inspiration. But your skating makes me breathless and makes me want to skate more, even if I can't seem to create new routines any longer," the older man murmured into Yuuri's hair, sounding depressed and amazed all at once.

Yuuri's grip on the back of Victor's hoodie tightened. "You can do it, Victor. I know you can. You've always done as you wanted and if you want to skate a new program, then I know very well that you'll make one."

The hug tightened to an almost painful degree. Victor was shaking, his shoulders quivering tellingly.

Yuuri could understand because in his life, everyone expected it of Victor because he was Victor Nikiforov. But Yuuri didn't believe in him because of his reputation. It was because he was Victor's friend and he was endlessly inspired by the man.

Over Victor's shoulder, Yuuri could see Yuuko staring at them with wide eyes. He knew why too.

Yuuri was a lot different since she had last seen him. And to be so open and friendly with the man that he had basically idolized/lusted after for years, was a shock to anyone who knew Yuuri.

But for her it had been five years since seeing him, and people change all the time. Five years was a long time for him to become a new person, even if it was actually thirty years for him.

When Victor pulled away, the tears in his eyes were mostly gone, though his cheeks were still damp and reddened. He looked strangely beautiful. Victor was one of those rare people who turned his
"Katsuki Yuuri, no matter what anyone ever tells you, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. Don't let anyone tell you differently, please?"

And in that moment, it was Yuuri's turn to cry. Because those very words that had just been uttered by his dream Victor, had been said by Yuuri's Victor at their wedding, when they had exchanged wedding bands.

And this time, it was Yuuri who pulled Victor into a hug, unable to help himself. He needed the comfort. He needed the emotional release. Sometimes he felt like he was just bottling everything up inside. And one of these days he was going to explode at the wrong moment.

And he was in a damn dream! It shouldn't be like this! He shouldn't be feeling all this pain! Dreams weren't supposed to do that!

They were supposed to be an escape from reality. They weren't supposed to make everything like a better version of reality. A version you could never have.

"I hope we can continue to inspire one another for many years to come," Yuuri murmured into the man's chest, an echo of his own vow said all those years ago.

He hoped very much. And in the end that hope was pointless.

Victor was running along the beach, chasing after his overgrown puppy, who was running beside Yuuri's own overgrown puppy. The two poodles were barking and jumping in the water, circling each other and then coming back to taunt him.

Yuuri walked behind them at a moderate pace. It was still winter after all and while Victor didn't seem to care for his health at the moment, that didn't mean Yuuri was going to be irresponsible. Besides, if Victor became unwell, then Yuuri would just have to take care of him. Which was nothing new really.

He'd gotten used to it.

"Yuuri, we're cold!"

"That's what you get for running through ankle deep water in the middle of Winter. Come here!" the brunet yelled back, waving his hands to urge the man back.

Once Victor set off toward Yuuri, both canines followed, beating him to the punch as they circled Yuuri, demanding love and affection from the dry many who wasn't so dry now that two dogs were rubbing all over him. They bestowed upon him fur and water. A great gift for the lonely figure skater.

"We're going to go home and I'm going to make you some hot tea. You'll like it, trust me. And for our errant puppies, I know just the thing."

Somehow, on the way back, Yuuri and Victor's hands ended up linked. Yuuri found himself massaging said hand in order to stimulate some warmth into the tired muscles. He'd also done this many times over the years. It was like second nature to him by now.

In his mind, he was going through the various things he'd need for a warm bath for two dogs. They'd probably still have all the brushes he used on Vic-chan all those years ago. There was no need to get
new ones if you boiled them in the proper solution every few months.

"We should watch a movie once you're all warm. No more outside today. It's too cold for that. We can just relax at the inn and plan something more adventurous for another day."

Victor readily agreed, a smile on his face as they stepped inside the inn.

Victor's ears and nose were bright red in color. His cheek shade started to turn a light shade of pink. He would get a cold if he didn't take better care of himself. Yuuri sighed at how silly Victor could be.

"Remind me to buy a scarf tomorrow. It's colder than I thought it would be."

"I thought you'd be used to the cold with how it gets in Russia."

Yuuri got used to the Russian winters after several years of living through it. And Victor surely wouldn't be that affected. He'd lived in it for years and had become accustomed to it.

"I underestimated how cold it could get in Japan. I didn't bring any long-sleeved shirts or anything to keep out more than a basic wind. Though if you're feeling generous, you can always share your scarf with me," said Victor, cocking a brow and winking. "Then we can share body heat."

"Sure."

That confident look disappeared behind wide eyes and a gaping mouth. "R-really?" Victor stammered, voice almost breathy with shock.

"Why not? Having the World Champion getting frostbite would be a shame. Your face is too nice for that."

"You like my face."

"I like everything about you."

There was a moment of silence as they took their shoes and coats off.

"I like everything about you too," Victor murmured after several seconds. "You make everything fun. You make me want to live."

Yuuri's heart throbbed in response.

"And you make me want to smile, even when I'm not happy," Yuuri whispered quietly, wanting the admission to be private between them. It was no one's business but their own and he'd like to keep it that way. "You're like the sun."

"Then I think we're good for each other, Yuuri."

If only Victor knew how true that statement was.

"Let's get you warm. And then I've got two overgrown puppies to bathe."

As if they understood, both poodles whined and backed away.

He sighed, knowing that the next hour was going to be hell.
"Vic-chan, do you want to learn how to make katsudon?"

Victor's attention swiveled around to look at Yuuri's mother, who was showering Victor with a kind smile. Her eyes reminded him of Yuuri. He could see exactly where Yuuri got his adorable face from. This woman, right here.

Katsudon. He remembered the day he got to try it for the first time.

Yuuri had gone wide eyed when his mother had mentioned it, and he turned to Victor suddenly, smile bright and cheerful as he said, "You have to try it, Victor!"

And so Victor tried the 'extra large' three thousand calorie bowl of katsudon, knowing full well that he might regret it.

He didn't. He regretted none of it. It was one of the tastiest things he had ever eaten, and that was saying something. If it wasn't super packed with calories and basically every kind of unhealthy food option on the planet, he'd eat it for every meal.

He'd considered building a shrine to it. He wanted to endorse it.

He had learned that Yuuri was only allowed to eat it after he medaled in a competition. A medal had to be brought home for him to be allowed to consume any, though Yuuri had limited himself further by claiming only gold medals were worthy of katsudon consumption.

So his gold at the Grand Prix Final allowed him the bowl of katsudon he'd shared with Victor. And his gold at Nationals would allow him another.

And now there Yuuri's mother was, offering to show Victor how to make it. Meaning Victor could make it any other time he wanted in the future.

Victor obviously agreed, and he stood quickly, though carefully so he didn't upset anything at the table in his haste, and so he didn't get in anyone's way.

"I am yours to command, madam!"

She reached up to pat his head softly. "You're such a good boy, Vic-chan. I'm happy my Yuuri has you."

Victor was left blushing as she moved back toward the kitchen.

Yuuri had him. As in… did she think that he and Yuuri were together? As in romantically and not just a growing friendship? And he just realized just then that he did not mind such assumptions.

Did everyone think that when they walked around? Did they really look and act like a couple? Enough that Yuuri's family assumed they were together?

And did Yuuri realize that his mother was thinking such things already after Victor had only being in Japan for two weeks?

"Vic-chan, are you coming?"

Shaking himself out of his wandering thoughts, Victor plastered a bright smile on his face and skipped ahead to join the woman.

"Can we make it for Yuuri? I want to surprise him when he gets back." Victor was all about surprising people, and he could just imagine the beautiful flush that would stain Yuuri's cheeks when
he saw what Victor and his mother made especially for him. "He did so well at Nationals. He deserves a surprise."

"We’ll make it for the both of you, so you can go and share your dinner together in your room."

Victor really liked that idea. A lot.

"Yuuri, you've changed."

Said skater's head tilted just a bit in consideration.

He’d gone to see Minako-sensei. The woman was one of the most important people in his life and he regretted being unable to speak with her before she passed away. Therefore, he was making up for lost time in a way that didn't hurt as much as he had originally thought it would.

And her idea of a good reunion was to practice in the studio. Therefore, the both of them were seated on the floor, stretching themselves out before he would no doubt be put through a hellish evaluation.

"A lot," the woman clarified. "You have looked everyone in the eye ever since you've gotten home. You never did that five years ago."

Yuuri spared a smile for her. "Sometimes I feel like an entirely new person. But that's what experience does to you."

New and old in the same body. The old experience of the mind and the newness of the body. A strange combination.

"Many people would think that Victor is the one who brought this change about in you, but it's more than that."

In a way, yes. In another, no. Victor didn't exactly change him, he just helped Yuuri grow as a person. Yuuri changed on his own once he finally understood things clearly.

"There's always more than what everyone sees on the surface, sensei."

"When did you get so philosophical? What happened to the excited little boy that watched me with wide eyes and took in everything I said as if it was the gospel truth?"

"He grew up."

"He certainly did."

Standing, the woman looked down at him with a stern face. "You'll be starting at the basics today. I want to test your memory and flexibility."

Damn.

@Phi-Chu: Yuuri, you have been holding out on me!

@Phi-Chu: I want to know all about your flirting with your idol!

@Phi-Chu: I want the juicy details about your dates!

@Phi-Chu: Pls my family is starving!
@Katsu: You need to chill, Phichit.

@Katsu: We aren't like that. We haven't gone on any dates.

@Phi-Chu: How would you know? You're clueless when people like you.

    @Katsu: I am not!

    @Phi-Chu: YES YOU ARE!


    @Phi-Chu: Do I even need to drag out more names?

    @Katsu: Okay, you can't blame me for any of that.

    @Katsu: There are a lot of people who smile all the time.

@Katsu: How was I supposed to know that smiling at me meant they were interested?

    @Katsu: AND YOU! You only put a hand on my arm!

@Phi-Chu: Dude, you need to educate yourself on the ways of flirting. There was a lot more than just smiling.

    @Phi-Chu: And I practically sat in your lap!

    @Phi-Chu: And grinded on you, bruh!

@Katsu: Are you seriously telling me that you hit on me and I didn't notice?

@Phi-Chu: Yes. You are dense. So I'm just saying that Nikiforov might be interested and you might not notice.

    @Katsu: I know he is interested, Phichit. He hasn't held anything back.

    @Katsu: But we honestly haven't done anything. It's not like that. Yet.

@Phi-Chu: Fooey! Bruh, you need to get on with it!

    @Katsu: Maybe later.

    @Phi-Chu: Yuuuuuuuuri!

    @Katsu: PhichiIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

    @Phi-Chu: Don't ignore me!

    @Phi-Chu: Katsuki Yuuri!

@Phi-Chu: Yuuri, if you don't answer me, I'm posting one of our training photos!

    @Phi-Chu: Fine. Don't say I didn't warn you.
@Phi-Chu: You look good when you're pole dancing, btw.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other YOI fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my many other YOI fics!
"Yuuri! Yuuri, I need you!"

Said man almost dropped his chopsticks when Victor appeared out of nowhere, brandishing his mobile in Yuuri's face and sputtering about 'where, when, how, and why' and Yuuri had to look carefully. It was a photo of Yuuri. A photo of Yuuri straddling a silver pole in a class that he and Phichit used to take.

And if he was allowed to be arrogant, he looked pretty damn good.

Phichit actually went ahead and posted the photo. Yuuri hadn't thought that he would, but maybe he should have been more mindful of it, considering all the dirt that Phichit had managed to scrounge up on him over their years together in the dorm. Of course there was blackmail on either side, but this was dark and low.
Well, if Phichit wanted to play that game, then Yuuri could as well. After all, there were some things that Yuuri knew. Some things Phichit was unaware of. Yuuri was not the only forgetful drunk in the world.

"What's the problem?" Yuuri asked as he popped another piece of broccoli in his mouth and chewed slowly, savoring the garlic. At least there was a way to make the healthy food taste good. Otherwise, Yuuri would be suffering.

Vic-chan nudged his leg, and Yuuri passed him a piece of Fuji apple. He was very much into sharing. He wasn't in any way trying to pawn off his healthy food on his forever friend. Nope.

Victor was sputtering in the doorway. He kept looking between the photo and Yuuri, as if trying to reconcile the images. "When did you learn how to do this?" he finally settled for asking. It probably wasn't the question he had wanted to ask, but at least it opened up the can of worms further.

"About two years ago if I'm correct. I've taken many different dance classes, and that was just another. My history in ballet practically helped me in every class I took, and pole dancing was no exception. I was the class favorite. Phichit called me the teacher's pet because she tended to gravitate toward me because I pick up instruction well."

Victor whistled as he stared down at the post. "Your thighs look dangerous."

"I know." Yuuri couldn't help but smirk as he knew a few things that Victor was unaware of. After all, his Victor had formed a sort of fascination with Yuuri's body. His legs in particular.

Meaning he had a sort of fetish. Because no matter how much Yuuri worked out, he could not lose the developed muscles in his legs. So he had the thickest thighs of the entire skating group. One doesn't dance for nearly two decades and not have any muscles after all. And Victor had loved it.

He especially loved it when Yuuri wore his old costumes. Because Victor was leaner in frame, so there was always a bit of stretch here and there. So usually the fabric would pull a bit too much in the thigh area, not that Victor had minded or anything.

Basically, dream Victor was having a bit of a problem because he was aroused by the photos of Yuuri's spread legs and very talented skills. And Yuuri couldn't blame him, because there was something erotic about a person being able to move in such a way.

Yuuri took pity on the man and simply smiled innocently. He wouldn't tease him. Much.

"I can crush a medium sized pumpkin between my thighs." A useful little trick he learned he could do while celebrating his first Hallowe'en in the States. It had been an empowering discovery, and at the time, the attention had made him uncomfortable. Now he loved it.

There was a high-pitched, unholy whine in response, and Yuuri merely kept his smile in place. He was good at playing innocent. After all, it had been something his Victor loved. He wouldn't begrudge the man his enjoyment of that fact.

"Interesting," Victor whispered, clearing his throat. "That's nice to know."

The man turned and left the room, leaving Yuuri to giggle at his antics.

Now, to get back at Phichit. Which video would be the best?

"What do you think, Vic-chan? Beach or bra?"
"Bark!"

"Both it is!"

Phichit had started an online war. He had no one but himself to blame for this!

"So the plan is that you'll come to Europe with me for the European Skating Championships and then I'll go with you to the Four Continents Championships. After that, we'll come back to Japan because Worlds is being held in Tokyo, and we can practice together up until then."

Yuuri nodded along with Victor's game plan. The man had desperately begged Yuuri to come and cheer him on in the ESC and when Yuuri had finally agreed, he'd purchased the tickets for the plane then and there. And then he promised to buy the plane tickets to Taiwan for the 4CC. Yuuri hadn't been able to get a word in edgewise.

"I don't need you to buy tickets for me," said Yuuri, face stern though his eyes were soft. He understood Victor's thought process, but that didn't mean that he needed financial help or anything.

"I know, but I really want to. In return, you can pay for all the taxis we'll have to take, and we can split the bill on food if you really want to."

And that was how Victor did things. Because Victor liked to travel comfortably. During their first year as student and coach, he'd humored Yuuri's method of travel, but would not allow Economy after they were engaged. Something about First Class being more comfortable for them and as a skater, Yuuri couldn't afford to hurt himself by sleeping incorrectly.

Or rather, Victor liked to pamper and be pampered. And the best way to do that was to get the best of the best.

The man rented an eight million dollar car when they had vacationed in Israel. He wasn't the type to waste an opportunity. Now wasting money on the other hand... that was something different altogether. And heartbreaking for Yuuri's wallet which hadn't even been used for such... endeavors.

And the champagne Victor always bought with that cheeky smile knowing just how it would affect Yuuri.

Champagne was Yuuri's guilty pleasure. One flute became two, which became five, and then ten. And many more. He couldn't be trusted around alcohol. Especially when his inhibitions decided to fuck off out the window when he imbibed too much. He became a new person under the influence of liquor.

"What about Makka? Do you want her to remain here with Victor for the time being?"

"You're sister and I have already worked out an agreement. She'll be dog sitting for me. I've already paid her for the month we'll be away," said Victor with a smirk, eyes glinting from the lights beside his bed.

"So you just knew that I was going to agree, didn't you?" Yuuri couldn't help but ask, feeling a little amused and nostalgic at the same time. His Victor had done many things like that over the years. He'd gotten very good at reading Yuuri's moods.

Victor grinned and trailed his hand down Yuuri's face. "No. But I was hoping that you would."

Such an adorable sap Yuuri fell for.
Not fair. How dare he be so charming.

@Phi-Chu: Dude! DUDEDUDEDUDEDUDEDUDE!

@Katsu: What?

@Phi-Chu: Dude, Victor Nikiforov just uploaded a video of you rolling around with his poodle!

@Katsu: So?

@Phi-Chu: He tagged it, #MyFavPeople and #LoveThem.

@Phi-Chu: Woo for you! (°_5°)

@Phi-Chu: Finally, some progress.

@Katsu: I don't think he meant it in the way you think it was meant.

@Phi-Chu: Yuuri, his entire Instagram has become a montage of photos of you.

@Phi-Chu: You and him and sometimes the dogs. But mostly you.

@Katsu: He's just excitable. He took photos of everything around here.

@Katsu: I was his tour guide, so of course I ended up in a lot of photos.

@Phi-Chu: Don't argue with me!

@Phi-Chu: I know my stuff and I know he's into you.

@Phi-Chu: A lot! ^-^

@Katsu: Maybe a little, but we still don't know each other that well.

@Phi-Chu: Again, bro, he WANTS to get to know you!

@Phi-Chu: (°_5°) If you know what I mean!

@Katsu: I know!

@Katsu: It might take time and I don't want to get ahead of myself.

@Katsu: What if he's just happy to finally have a friend other than Chris?

@Katsu: Someone who isn't acting like they want something from him.

@Phi-Chu: I don't know about you, but nothing WE ever did looked like anything in those photos.

@Phi-Chu: And we're best friends.

@Katsu: I get it. Trust me, I get it.

@Phi-Chu: :P Sometimes you need things spelled out for you, man.
@Phi-Chu: Just tryin' to make sure that you understand what's going on.

@Katsu: Yeah.

@Katsu: I don't know why he had to post the training one though.

@Phi-Chu: Hold on, your future boyfriend just made another post!

@Katsu: Fine.

@Katsu: There is no telling if we have a future ANYTHING, okay?!

@Phi-Chu: Holy crap!

@Phi-Chu: You learned his routine!

@Phi-Chu: He just posted a video of you skating 'Stay Close to Me'!

@Phi-Chu: [LINK]

@Phi-Chu: Dude, look at it and what he had to say!

@Phi-Chu: Everyone is going to get the wrong idea!

Yuuri's face went red immediately as he clicked on the link. He thought he'd avoided the whole incident this time because everything was different. Because there was no need to bring Victor all the way to Japan because he was already there.

He and Victor had been at Ice Castle, and Yuuri had wanted to show him in person. Victor and Yuuko had loved it. Of course Victor had asked him to repeat the performance a few times. 'For inspiration's sake,' the man had said.

Apparently, Victor had taken a video of him and posted it and now all of his Instagram followers could see it. All sixty million of them. Which meant all of his other followers would see it too as it would no doubt be shared all across the web. And then news stations and journalists would get their hands on it and write up stories about it.

There was no peace in Yuuri's life, was there?

The video was nothing new, though Yuuri knew that instead of downgrading the jumps, he'd kept them as they were. So it was more of an impact than the first time around. There was no music, so the imagination had to be used. But lacking music didn't mean the skating wasn't good.

He honestly hadn't expected it to happen though! It shouldn't have.

v-nikiforov Yuuri surprised me last week when he performed my routine for me!

So I asked him to do it again.

I'm so happy! He said it was because it's the best routine I've
ever done and that he hoped I
would always remember it! :3 :3 :3

#Blessed #PitterPatGoesMyHeart

#BestHolidayEver #:3 #StayCloseToMe

#YuuriIsAmazing #INeedToLearnVictoryNow

Victor was such a sap. Yuuri had to cover his eyes for a moment. A moment to gather his wits again. He could feel all the emotions just bottled up inside and begging for some kind of fangasmind response. Because sometimes one just needed to scream into their pillow in order to get the feels out.

It was just Victor being Victor. Nothing new. Nothing to be embarrassed about. He'd gone through this before. He didn't need to overreact like this! He'd married the man, dammit! He should be used to these kinds of things! Thirty years of them happening on a constant basis had built up a sort of resistance, or so he thought!

Of course the comments were all over the place. There were fans screaming. The usual jealous people. Some who were put out that Yuuri got to spend time with Victor every day. Someone was spamming stupid links. And Phichit's comment was already at the top of the post, gaining Likes quickly.

phichit+chu My boy, Yuuri! Slaying at his tiny, home rink!

#Competition #SoPumpedRightNow #ComingForYou @katsu_ki

Rolling his eyes, Yuuri left his own comment. An attempt to control the situation.

Not that it worked.

katsu_ki It's not that big of a deal. I just wanted to surprise him.

It was a late birthday present. That's all. #RollsEyes

He finally returned to the conversation with Phichit, feeling a little more drained than before.

@Phi-Chu: Not just a friend thing!

@Katsu: Okay, so I didn't know he'd taken a video of it.

@Katsu: It was just supposed to be a surprise.

@Katsu: But he kept asking to see it.

@Phi-Chu: Well he was surprised and is gushing about it everywhere!

@Phi-Chu: Literally, Insta, Twitter, Facebook, Tumblr.

@Phi-Chu: Basically anywhere he has an account, he has shared his own post so all of his followers can see it.

@Phi-Chu: This is more than just a friend thing, my man.
@Katsu: I can tell, thanks. It's just a little embarrassing.

@Phi-Chu: It shouldn't be. He appreciates practically anything you do.

@Phi-Chu: Hangs all over you at any convenient moment.

@Phi-Chu: And smiles differently ever since becoming friends with you.

@Phi-Chu: His Instagram used be filled with only his dog.

@Katsu: I get it!

@Katsu: It could still be only friendly though.

@Katsu: Romance can take a long time.

@Phi-Chu: There is no hope for you, is there?

@Katsu: Just saying. I'm not getting my hopes up unless he does something drastic.

@Phi-Chu: He better do something soon, I'm dying over here!

@Katsu: I'm sorry my love life affects you so terribly.

@Phi-Chu: You don't understand!

@Phi-Chu: As I will be your best man, I need to know when the wedding is!

@Phi-Chu: What the color scheme will be so I don't clash!

@Phi-Chu: The food that will be served.

@Phi-Chu: The playlist for the reception.

@Katsu: WEDDING?!

@Katsu: You're getting a little too ahead of all of us there!

@Phi-Chu: Nonsense!

@Phi-Chu: You have been wanting to meet him for most of your life.

@Phi-Chu: And now you're friends with him!

@Phi-Chu: And he's crushing on you in return.

@Phi-Chu: Wedding bells are in your future!

@Katsu: Phichit!

@Phi-Chu: :D ;) :D

@Katsu: I hate you.
@Phi-Chu: No you don't!

@Katsu: You don't know that.

@Phi-Chu: You've yet to unfollow me on any social media.

@Katsu: I could if I cared enough to do it!

@Phi-Chu: Victor posted some more photo!

@Phi-Chu: Their of you and him only.

@Phi-Chu: (°_°) If you know what I mean.

@Katsu: Are they decent at least?

@Phi-Chu: You're both shirtless and he's eyeing you up.

@Katsu: WHAT?!

@Phi-Chu: (°_°)

@Katsu: And where exactly was the photo taken?

@Phi-Chu: It looks like your bedroom.

@Phi-Chu: Something you aren't telling me?

@Katsu: I don't think so?

Yuuri could not for the life of him remember when that ever happened. He had to actually stalk all of Victor's accounts before he finally got to Twitter, when said photos had been posted.

Indeed, they were both without shirts, facing the camera. Red in the face with stupid smiles ready to greet the world as they sent bunny ears toward the camera. Victor's mouth was crooked in that adorable heart smile of his. The man's right arm was wrapped around Yuuri's naked shoulders, his hand cupping Yuuri's chin with his free hand. And Yuuri's right hand was wrapped around Victor's wrist, as if using him for stability.

They didn't look like just friends. Even Yuuri could admit it.

The tags though!

#DrankTooMuch #YuuriIsAFunnyDrunk

#FunThingsHappened #MySecretThough

#HopingForARepeat #BestNightEver

WHAT?! When did they drink? He would remember getting drunk, right? Or at least know that not remembering the former evening meant he got drunk.

He tried to think about it. Victor went out for a drink a lot, and Yuuri ended up having to get him sometimes. But he didn't remember getting drunk himself.
This was why he didn't drink often! He couldn't remember anything after it happened!

And what did #MySecretThough mean? There were no strip clubs in Hasetsu, so no poles would be available. So what could have happened between them for Victor to be so happy about it? It wasn't like the man managed to get a private show or anything.

What the hell?

@Phi-Chu: I really want to know the story behind it though.

@Phi-Chu: His hand is just fondling your face and everything, bruh.

@Phi-Chu: Like, no chill. He can't get enough of touching you.

@Phi-Chu: He's so damn extra.

@Phi-Chu: Yuuri!

@Phi-Chu: Yuuuuuuuuuuuri!

@Katsu: Sorry. I had to check them myself.

@Katsu: I can't believe it. I don't remember that at all.

@Phi-Chu: Have you ever awake to butt pain?

@Katsu: NO!

@Katsu: Definitely not! I would know that sensation very well, thanks!

@Phi-Chu: Oh really? (°_°) 

@Phi-Chu: Do tell!

@Katsu: No.

@Phi-Chu: Please?

@Katsu: No.

@Phi-Chu: PLEASE?! 

@Phi-Chu: Yuuri?

@Phi-Chu: I will get the truth one way or another!

@Phi-Chu: You cannot hide from Phichit Chulanont!

@Phi-Chu: And I still owe you for the beach and bra thing!

@Phi-Chu: Prepare yourself, Katsuki!

Victor couldn't help but grin widely. He'd sneaked into Yuuri's room to wake him up and found not only his little poodle sleeping with him, but Makka as well. And while he should be put out that his
own poodle found Yuuri to be more pleasant company, he couldn't help but agree. Yuuri was an amazing person to be around and his temperament was infectious, whether he knew it or not.

"You've been swayed too, Makka?"

The large poodle had taken up the space by the window, claiming a good portion of the bed as hers as well. A small twin sized bed could barely fit the grown man and poodle together, which left poodle Victor to sleep on Yuuri’s back.

It was adorable, and he couldn't help but get a few photos for some nice memories. After all, he had to wake Yuuri up but he wanted more cuteness to look at whenever things got a bit too stressful. It was a secret. These were not meant for social media.

Once his mobile was safely tucked in his pocket, he reached out to poke Yuuri's cheek. In response, Yuuri wrinkled his nose and turned his head away so Victor didn't have easy access any longer. But this was Victor Nikiforov! Victor wasn't the sort to take anything laying down. Well... he took a few things while laying down, but not everything. And this was not the time for such thoughts!

Placing his cold hand on the back of Yuuri's neck, Victor leaned down until his lips brushed against the shell of Yuuri's ear. "Yuuri," he murmured, blowing lightly in hopes of eliciting some kind of verbal recognition.

He got what he wanted, but it was far too erotic in his opinion. It was a simple moan, but it hit him hard, and made him hard. Glancing down, he tsked at himself for being so damn susceptible to beauty. Why did Yuuri have to be so arousing?

"Yuuri, please wake up," he valiantly tried, massaging the sides of Yuuri's neck, which were a little tense.

Another dirty moan. It couldn't be anything but such. Victor had to bite his lip to stop himself from saying all manner of inappropriate things that wanted to pop from his mouth at the moment. This was not the time. Yuuri was still sleeping after all.

He could exercise some kind of self control at the moment. He had restraint! He was not a man of impulse! Well, not too many impulses!

"Yuuri!" he whined.

"Vitya," came a mumbled response.

Victor's face contorted into an odd expression of embarrassment and pleasure at the sound of Yuuri's voice enunciating such a nickname for him. Yuuri was still asleep, but he was calling out a nickname for Victor.

Did he subconsciously want to call Victor by such a name, but was worried that he'd be offended? If that was the case, then Victor just needed to come up with a nickname for Yuuri in order to let him know that it was perfectly fine!

Although, Victor did worry for himself if he was going to get aroused every time Yuuri called him, 'Vitya'.

He shrugged to himself. He'd pass that hurdle when he came to it.

"Vitya."
Damn. He came to it a bit too soon.

Taking a deep breath for his final attempt at waking the sleeping beauty up, Victor screamed, "Yuuri! There's no more katsudon!"

In the unfortunate aftermath, Victor the poodle was knocked off the bed, Makka was startled terribly, and Yuuri slammed his head off of Victor's chin. Both would probably have a bruise each.

Next time he wouldn't lean in so close. He really needed to stop being so mesmerized by Yuuri.

Victor and Yuuri were spending their last day in Japan doing minimal skating. Nothing too serious because they'd be on a plane come the next morning, so being uncomfortable then wouldn't do either of them any good. Flying First Class or not.

"Have you ever tried couples' skating?" Victor found himself asking after he and Yuuri passed each other on the ice while doing figures.

"Yes. It was fun. Freeing in a sense."

Yuuri had experience in it then.

"Can we try?"

Yuuri came to a halt right beside Victor, holding his hand out in invitation. "Do you want to lead or shall I?" That serene smile was breathtaking.

"Can we switch any time?"

Yuuri smiled as if he'd expected such a question, and nodded serenely. "Being a couple means sharing the load equally."

'Being a couple'. Victor would admit to himself that he really liked the sound of those words when they came from Yuuri's mouth. And the fact that Yuuri was talking about he and Victor together, made it all the better. Ever since Hiroko had made that comment about Yuuri 'having him', Victor couldn't stop thinking about he and Yuuri and their relationship.

Victor took Yuuri's offered hand - it was rather soft - and together, the two started gently across the ice, getting a feel for their new position and how to share the weight evenly between them. Like a proper couple.

More than once did Yuuri's hands trail to Victor's waist in order to guide him, and Victor did not hold back in ghosting his own hands over Yuuri's shoulders and hips whenever he so dared. Sometimes one had to take chances, and as Yuuri didn't push him away, he figured it was allowed.

They didn't actually get anything done, but the simple back and forth motions around the rink were enough. Victor still enjoyed himself immensely. It was a memory he intended to keep in his heart for the rest of his life.

The Nishigori triplets ended up uploading a two minute long video of he and Yuuri later on in the same evening, and titled it, [A Pair On & Off the Ice?].

Victor liked it and shared it on every social media platform he was a member of. Yuuri's minor frustration over it wasn't as severe as he wanted it to be. The man's pout was adorable though, and Victor wondered what else would get him such an expression.
Besides, the reception was very positive.

Especially when even Victor's followers started to notice their closeness.

{OMG! Are @V-nikiforov and @Katsudon_King together?!}

| {Due that would be the best thing ever! Gay athletes who are open about their feelings.}
| {Victor + Yuuri = Victuuri/Victuri! Confirmed! Hashtag it. #ItMakesSenseNow}
| {Not everything is fucking gay! Why do you people have to make everything so damn gay?}
| {Excuse me bitch, gtfo! Why do you have to make everything straight?}
| {Because I'm realistic}
| {'Realistic'. Hetero isn't the default sexuality! @V-nikiforov has made his entire Insta about @Katsudon_King and has tagged #WantToKissHim and #LooksGoodNaked all week.}
| {Nah bruh, that's a bro kiss! Haven't you heard of them? They're totally straight! :D}
| {What? Nothing to say about that Mr. Realistic? Do you NOT want to get naked and kiss your bros like Victor wants to with Yuuri?}
| {I need to know if they are a couple. It's for science!}
| {Do you see how they're holding each other?! Couple! #GayFigureSkaters}
| {I swear this was predicted in Cards Against Humanity.}
| {If that game somehow predicted two men getting together I might actually play it.}
| {I'm so happy for them! #Victuri}

{#LGBTQ+ Representation matters! #Victuuri are so brave! #Respect}

{I hope no one fucks it up.}
Sitting on the plane ended up being a really nice and really comfortable. Yuuri did not often indulge in the finer things in life, even after being married to Victor Nikiforov for nearly thirty years, but when he did, he took full advantage. It wouldn't do to waste anything after all.

He found himself sitting in a large and fluffy seat that was spacious enough for him to even tuck his feet under his body should he so desire. And of course this Victor, like his own Victor, still did not seem to know a thing about personal space. Even when they were thousands of feet in the air, Victor could not keep his hands to himself. Yuuri found a silver head resting on his shoulder numerous times and couldn't help but smile and nuzzle into the man's hair. He smelled so familiar and of home, even if they didn't have a home together yet.

The small table in front of them opened on either side allowing them to share space. Many times they ended up playing Tic-Tac-Toe and kept making larger boards to up the difficulty. And if one thing should be noted about dream Victor and real Victor was that Viktor Nikiforov did not take any kind of game lately. If you were playing, you were playing to win and that was that.

None of this, for the fun stuff. Either play to win or don't play, because there were others who would love to win and get a chance to participate.

Yuuri had a bit of a ball teaching Victor how to play Gin Rummy. It was kind of funny, as Yuuri had learned the game in his first year and university back in America. It was one of those unfortunate moments where he could not escape socializing with his fellow peers, and he had to spend time with people.

He ended up learning how to play a lot of card games and might have gotten into the habit of gambling every now and then. Yuuri didn't even remember when it happened, nor did he recall when he ended up teaching Victor all of the card games he knew. But taught they were. Besides, Victor had only shown an interest in card games until years into their relationship, so being able to teach him now was a nice change.

Victor indulged in the offered champagne as expected and after a few hours, Yuuri found himself nodding off, his head landing on Victor's which had been resting on his shoulder.

This was nothing new and when they were awoken by the stewardess, both merely smiled at one another and wiped their drool from their chins.

At least Victor did embarrassing things too.

Slovakia was cold in the Winter, Yuuri ended up learning some time in his late twenties. Like, very cold.

It wasn't exactly his preferred vacation spot, but Victor had loved it. And he had nothing against the country or anything, but he was the type to prefer level temperatures. Not too hot, not too cold. Medium. Sixteen degrees Celsius at the most.

But it was still a nice evening once they had all of their things put away in their hotel room that had two beds. Neither said anything about that as they put their things up for the evening. Even if it was on Yuuri's mind, he wasn't going to bring it up. Not yet.

Victor wanted to go out for dinner, and together, they braved the winds and flurries.

And the thing that touched him most was that Victor had insisted that Yuuri use his scarf - the one he'd finally bought back in Hasetsu - even though Yuuri had his own scarf and was already using it. But Victor went on a whole spiel about how being Russian had him *conditioned* for the cooler
weather and that he wanted Yuuri to be comfortable at all times.

It was such a terribly Victor thing to do. Yuuri couldn't help but sigh as he thought of all the times his Victor had done such a thing for him. Victor was such a romantic and it was charming most of the time.

"I miss Makka already," Victor pouted, and Yuuri couldn't help but agree. If it was feasible to bring both dogs along, they would have gladly done it.

Yuuri placed a hand on the man's shoulder. "I'm sure we can get Mari to FaceTime so we can see her."

Victor's pout was flipped around immediately and he wrapped an arm around Yuuri's shoulders, bringing Yuuri in close. A light kiss was placed on Yuuri's right temple. "You're the best Yuuri! You have all these solutions. It's like the angels sent you to me to guide me!"

Yuuri was calling himself a gift from the angels now?

Not only was he torturing himself with all of these things that he wanted in reality, but the dream kept dragging on and on. Maybe he was in a coma? Were people cognitive during comas? Did they dream? For what seemed to be two months? Were the studies on the brain that far yet?

He was almost tempted to believe this was reality. He got tired and hungry. His feet hurt after practice. He had to pay outrageous bills. One would think they would make a dream world easier on themselves. Not this realistic mimicry of life that hurt more than it should.

Yuuri stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, not paying an ounce of attention to anything around him as he considered it.

Dreams. They were easy. And when bad things happened, you woke up. Simple. Sleeping, pain happens, and pop, you're awake once again and you're fine.

Most dreams you weren't aware of until you had awoken. Like with nightmares, or that ridiculous one where you woke up feeling like you're falling.

But if it was indeed reality, then that would be something like time travel. Or dimension travel. It hadn't ever been proven that both were impossible, but why would it happen to Yuuri of all people? That was the major question. He wasn't anyone special. He hadn't done anything in life to deserve such a thing. He was just Yuuri.

"Yuuri?"

It couldn't be. He pinched his cheek and indeed felt pain. Pain didn't happen in dreams. But was a coma a dream really? That was the question. Maybe an elaborate hallucination? And why would he be in a coma at all? He was only fifty-five in reality! He had no illnesses and never had a serious injury. Not like Victor. He'd simply gone to bed crying his heart out and wishing for the old days. That was it.

He wasn't the one who got hurt. He wasn't the one who had an accident. He wasn't the one who lost his memory. Shouldn't Victor get a chance to redo his life then? Wouldn't that have been more fair? He deserved it after everything he had been through.

If this was indeed reality that is. Though sometimes it felt too good to be true.

"Yuuri!"
He blinked and looked up at ‘dream’ Victor, who was staring at him with obvious worry. "Yuuri, are you okay? You just stopped all of a sudden and you haven't moved since. I tried calling you several times, but you haven't responded once."

"Victor, I feel like I'm in a dream right now and I'll wake up to a nightmare," admitted Yuuri, the horror slowly beginning to set in.

And Victor, dear Victor who was always so concerned for him, placed both of his hands on Yuuri's cheeks and stared deeply into his eyes. An attempt to calm him down so they could work through the problem on their own. The usual.

"You're a little warm. Maybe you have a fever. Your eyes are dilating normally, but you look ready to drop. Should we go back to the hotel? Do you need to rest?"

"Didn't you want to eat dinner?" asked Yuuri, immensely touched still over the smallest of kind gestures from Victor Nikiforov. His heart honestly couldn't handle this right now though.

"We can just order in."

Victor took his hand and gave a firm nod. "I want to make sure that you're alright. And if you feel like telling me what is wrong, then I'll be here to listen. Okay? But don't push yourself for my sake."

And just like that, Katsuki Yuuri's glass heart was once again shattered by the kindness of Victor Nikiforov.

And he might just fall for this possible-dream-Victor as much as he did for his own Victor. And he wasn't sure if he'd mind all that much. It was just another Victor. Same heart and smile. Same manners and actions. Just a new expression of all of it.

But at the moment he was faced with a worrying thought. Was he dreaming about a future that he wished he could have? Or was he reliving his life again, but better this time? Who was to say what was a dream and what was reality?

There was a commotion that awoke Yuuri early in the morning. A loud and frantic banging that he recognized to be the cupboards in the kitchen.

Feeling the empty spot next to him, Yuuri realized that it was Victor. Victor rarely ever got up to eat a midnight snack though. Or a three thirty snack, if the clock on his mobile was correct. It just wasn't Victor's thing. He'd prefer to get up and watch the sunrise, or maybe sit by the fire to think.

So this was something to be concerned over.

Yuuri put his slippers on and made his way to the kitchen, where Victor was rummaging through the fridge now. On the counter was a brown bowl. A dog bowl. Makkachin's dog bowl to be precise. Said bowl that had been put away in the attic for the past three years.

"Vitya, what are you doing so early?" Yuuri asked, watching his frazzled husband shove stuff aside frantically. He couldn't help but look back at the bowl on the counter. Why was it out?

"I can't find the dog food!" Victor said, voice frantic and worried.

"Why do you need dog food, Vitya?" asked Yuuri. From seeing how Victor looked so worried, Yuuri was beginning to worry as well.
"Makka needs to eat, but we don't have anymore food for her."

The dog bowl on the counter made more sense now, but...

Yuuri stepped forward to pull Victor away from the fridge and placed a hand on his hot forehead. It was hot as expected. "Vitya, if we had dog food, it wouldn't be refrigerated. Also, we haven't had a dog in nearly three years. Makka passed away years ago."

Victor's shoulders stiffened, and he turned to look around the kitchen, his eyes just as frantic as his movements. Searching for something. "Makka was here!" he insisted, wide eyes turning to Yuuri and pleading. "I saw her. She came to wake me up and lead me to the kitchen!"

Yuuri's head was already shaking in denial as he softly soothed a hand down Victor's face. "I'm sorry, Victor. I know you miss her, but she's not here anymore."

"B-but I saw her," was the broken reply, and all Yuuri could do was wrap his arms around his husband and let him cry his feelings out. "I heard her."

He also wasn't sure if it was from a dream or maybe Victor needed therapy. Makka had been with him for nearly 18 years. It would make sense that he would take her passing hard.

Victor clutched him close and his tears soaked Yuuri's shoulder.

There was one thing that was obvious though. Victor was seeing things and he still had that damnable fever. Despite how his doctor claimed he was in perfect health, the fever remained ever present. The fever reducers weren't working very well despite being prescription medication.

Fuck it. Yuuri was taking him back to the doctor. Something was wrong.

Seeing things that weren't there was serious. It could be delirium caused by stress and the fever for all he knew. It might even be something worse!

"Yura, why is this happening?"

"I don't know. But we'll find out what's wrong, Vitya. I promise."

Dreaming about the present was strange. Or was he dreaming himself into the past and his dreams in the dream world were all about reality? He couldn't remember any of the dreams he'd had in this dream before now. How strange. And annoying.

"This is so confusing!" he wailed into the open room, smacking his arm against the bedding.

"What's confusing?"

Victor. Dream Victor that might not actually be a dream, Victor. A Victor who might actually be a real Victor because there was a possibility that Yuuri time or dimension traveled and if that was the case, then everything he'd done up until this moment was not in any way, lacking in consequence.

He'd done a bunch of shit just with the thought of no consequences in mind. Because this was his damn dream! It was supposed to be carefree!

This would mean that he really wasted almost four hundred dollars all to get his costumes redone. And his heart practically wept at that idea. All that money! Yuuri was cheap and he recycled skating costumes in order to save money! That had not saved him any money!
"I thought this was all a dream," Yuuri admitted. "I thought it was all a dream, so I've been doing things I normally wouldn't dare do because this was all just so impossible and amazing that it couldn't be real. I swear I was not this confident a few months ago! And now it might actually be real!"

Yuuri's bed dipped at the side, and Victor sat himself down beside Yuuri's left knee. His blue eyes were full of concern and his cold hands reached out to take hold of Yuuri's trembling fingers.

"Technically, there is no true way to prove whether you're awake or not because a dream could fool you into thinking you're awake. It's like the Poe poem about dreams. 'Is all that we see or seem, but a dream within a dream?' It's your own faith that lets you determine what is real or not. So if you want to believe this is a dream, then you can. And if you want to believe this is reality, then you can."

Victor's cold fingers massaged the meaty flesh of the palm of Yuuri's left hand. "I would prefer to think of you as real, because I remember most of my dreams, and rarely are they ever so lovely."

Yuuri flushed, because Victor was so charming. Even when Yuuri was having a existential crisis, the man managed to just make everything better.

"If it's a dream, I don't want to wake up," he admitted after a moment. Victor's hands clutched his even harder. "What was happening before this possible dream occurred, wasn't pleasant and I don't want to go back to it. I can't live with that. And if that is indeed reality, then am I a bad person for not wanting to go back?"

"You're allowed to want to be happy, Yuuri. Whatever you're scared to confront, doesn't mean you don't deserve happiness. Now I would prefer to think of this as reality, and if you want to as well, that's fine. But if you think of me only as a dream, I wouldn't be offended. After all," Victor smiled, eyes twinkling, "you'd be dreaming of me. And I can't ask for anything better than that, now can I?"

"You'll always be a charmer," Yuuri said with a fond sigh, allowing his fingers to link with Victor's.

"For you and only you," Victor promised with a wink.

And boy was it true.

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When Yuuri officially met Yakov Feltsman this time around, the man looked to be a lot more surly than the first time, but Yuuri was also prepared for his attitude, so he wasn't offended by the man's countenance or deeply set frown.

"You barely filled the quota, Vitya," the man said in Russian, unaware that Yuuri spoke and understood it.

Victor waved his hand and grinned. "I did the videos and that's all that matters. Also, Yuuri helped me with my step sequences. You should be happy."

Yuuri snorted. "It wasn't as if there was much to work on," he murmured in English, knowing that Victor had spoken in Russian, and knowing what it would mean once Yakov was made aware.

Yakov's eyes went wide for a moment, before he huffed. "I want to see your improvements."

"I know, I know. Don't worry."

Victor was already stepping onto the ice, and he sent a wink in Yuuri's direction before moving to
practice without music.

Yakov had demanded that Victor add two Quads at the end of his program in order to raise the technical base points. And because he was Victor Nikiforov, he would no doubt do it perfectly, even if it was a bit of a challenge for him due to age and lacking stamina. But Victor wasn't one to give up on a challenge.

The thing was, while they both had decided to go with the new routine by adding Victor's new jump line up, Yuuri was still capable of changing his own routine and he had the time to do such. They wanted to up the technical points and difficulty in preparation for Worlds, but they forgot that Yuuri was right there and that other skaters were capable to changing their programs on the fly as well.

So while Victor had five Quads as well now, Yuuri could still defeat him.

Meaning that once he got a feel for how many points Victor earned from this performance, he was going to switch the line up of his own jumps to make a greater impact. After all, there was only one way to go, and that was up.

Yuuri had no problem loading the back half of his routine with Quads and combos if he had to. That was how Victor had coached him. Just because he cared for Victor didn't mean he'd go easy on him.

Victor would never allow such a thing. That was 'his way of showing his love'. Being a hard ass.

He could already see the improvements to Victor's choreography. It had been beautiful before, but Yuuri had made minor changes in his version of the routine. Transitions were easier because he had the stamina to keep up with the speed he'd imposed upon himself while performing.

Victor had a habit of not taking much seriously unless he truly felt that he needed to work on the subject of choice.

He'd listened to Yuuri's concerns, and had taken his remarks into account. Yuuri even had Minako come to the rink one day to evaluate Victor. The former prima ballerina did not withhold her comments and let Victor have all of it at once as she dressed down his abilities from one end to the other.

He was losing flexibility, needed to work on presentation better, and his footwork was getting sloppy. While the woman was a fan of skating and admired him, she was almost twice his age and had competed in more competitions than him, and had been dancing for literally almost fifty years. She knew her way around practice and never once went easy on Yuuri.

It was in respect as a fellow athlete, and yes, Yuuri considered ballet a sport. After all, he'd been doing it since he was four and he knew all of the struggles involved. It was fucking hard and not everyone could do it. There was criteria if one wanted to be more than a passive body on the dance floor. Ballet was demanding.

So yes, Victor had actually had to practice despite him pouting over it. But when he wanted something, he went for it. And Victor had Yuuri record his progress for his coach. He wanted the season to show his progress.

Also, Yuuri could tell that his PCS would be a lot higher this time. He wondered if people would notice that little fact.

Yuuri was proud to see his improvement though. Even Victor could improve somewhere. Yuuri knew that now. It only took thirty years for him to fully realize it.
"It seems that skater Katsuki Yuuri of Japan has joined Victor Nikiforov's coach, Yakov Feltsman! It's been noted that he arrived alongside Nikiforov and that both checked into the same hotel room. I can only assume they are friends and he decided to come and support his fellow competitor."

Victor barely withheld a smirk as he looked at the screen that showed both Yuuri and Yakov stood beside one another, not making any effort to converse. Victor was supposed to be up next, but he had wanted to hear what the announcers had to say about Yuuri's presence.

Since he wasn't European, obviously some would be confused over why he was in attendance of a European event.

They didn't disappoint. Some were speculating that he and Yuuri were really good friends, which wasn't exactly wrong. Some thought that Victor had somehow wrongly influenced the Japanese skater (guilt tripped him into coming). Another assumed they were lovers. They weren't right, which was probably the saddest thing actually.

Still, Victor was glad to have Yuuri as a friend, but he was looking forward to something more. With all those tingles the younger man inspired within Victor, of course he would want to keep that new feeling as close as possible. He wanted all of Katsuki Yuuri. Even if the man was having an existential crisis.

Besides, after that night at the bar, and that time in his room, it was good to know that there would possibly be something more in store for them. For now they were friends.

Victor would make sure that those 'friend' assumptions were laid to rest with his actions. After all, he wasn't above light manipulation in order to get what he wanted. Anything in order to get Yuuri to own up to his feelings.

Moving off toward the ice, he waved off Yakov's irate comment about paying attention to his competition and instead fixed his eye on Yuuri only who was smiling calmly in the face of the spectators and the other European skaters who were watching his actions closely.

Yuuri reached out to flatten down Victor's collar, and Victor couldn't help but take those smaller hands for what had to be the millionth time in the past few days. Yuuri merely smiled at the familiar action and looked Victor in the eye, waiting for him to speak.

As if this was something he was used to. He seemed completely relaxed in this atmosphere, and it was hot. Sometimes confidence was enough to be arousing.

"Wish me luck, Yuuri?" Victor practically purred, waiting for some kind of blush in response.

"You don't need luck. You're amazing as you are and you're going to go out there and get a gold medal that I can kiss."

Victor's eyes went wide immediately at the brazen suggestion, but he really liked the idea of Yuuri kissing his gold medal. It hadn't been the answer he'd expected, but it was so much better. He liked it a lot. Yuuri's delectable mouth all over the gold of the medal, teasing Victor. A poor replacement for something much better, yet just as arousing.

Leaning even further into Yuuri's space so that their chests touched, Victor ghosted his lips across the apple of the man's cheek. Let the announcers make of that what they will.

"Is the medal the only thing you'll kiss?"

There was a sharp intake of breath, before Yuuri's face tilted slightly, putting Victor's lips at the
corner of his mouth now. So close but so far.

"I *might* be persuaded to put my mouth on something else if you do *really* well."

God, did Victor need to do well. So well in fact, no one could ever question his performance. There was more on the line than anything ever had been before.

He stepped onto the ice just as his name was called, and he could feel the thrill of excitement once again hitting him. He wanted to win this. He wanted to give it his all. And this time, he was looking forward to it. All because of Katsuki Yuuri.

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Victor had taken first place as expected, with Chris taking second behind him. When the Swiss man had noticed Yuuri's presence, he'd made it a point to stay around him and Victor, forcing his coach to migrate to their section.

"So you just decided to come to Slovakia to cheer Victor on, did you?"

Yuuri shrugged, minutely disrupting Victor's arm which had somehow found its way around his shoulders as they waited.

Victor wasn't one to leave it as it was. He was grinning at Chris. "Yuuri agreed to come and support me here and then I'm going to cheer him on at Four Continents! And then we plan to battle it out at Worlds later on!"

A cocked brow was the only response Victor received, but Yuuri could tell that Chris' mind was putting everything together and he was coming to conclusions that should probably have worried him, but Chris had a way of not being embarrassing about his observations. At least not too much.

"It seems you both have gotten close," the Swiss man remarked, voice carefully neutral, but Yuuri could already see that something was coming.

Victor wasn't ready, so when he nodded gleefully, Chris pounced on the opportunity.

"Is he as good as I always imagined then?" Chris asked, directing his question at Yuuri while motioning toward Victor with his head.

Victor sputtered while Yuuri smirked. "I wouldn't tell you even if we *had* gotten that close."

"Victor, what are you waiting for? Have I not taught you anything?" Chris bemoaned as he went on to rant about how inconsiderate Victor was as a lover and how he might have to take classes. "You need a few lessons with dear old Christophe."

And all the while, Yuuri couldn't help but laugh. Victor Nikiforov certainly knew his way around the bedroom. There was nothing 'inconsiderate' about him when in bed. Victor was passionate and knew when to be gentle, and when to be rough. A nice mixture for Yuuri's tastes.

But Yuuri stayed his tongue because seeing Victor so flustered was cute and it was nice to see both men unwinding and just enjoying each other's company. They were good friends that the other needed. So it was nice for them to strengthen their bond.

"You were waiting for Yuuri to show an interest in you?" came the loud and horrified reply to whatever Victor had quietly murmured into Chris' ear. Victor didn't look amused in the least.

"I'm just saying that he hasn't exactly made his adoration of you a secret. Everyone knows about it.
Just practically locked lips before you went to skate. He's looking right at us without even blinking. It's not like he's shocked or anything."

And Victor's face only got even more red. As Yuuri had come to learn after many years, that shade was particularly lovely with his skin tone.

Yuuri sent a wink their way and turned his attention back to the ice and the new skater who was up. He would be kind this once. Katsuki Yuuri knew how to be merciful when the moment called for it.

Victor - as expected of him - won the gold at the European Skating Championships, and Chris came in second with silver. As he was the winner, Yuuri had conceded to doing whatever he wanted. Which ended up being dinner and then heavy drinking at a local bar with a wide selection of liquor.

He wouldn't hear any of Yuuri's complaints about him buying dinner, especially since in his mind it was a date and he wanted to be the one paying for this one. Yuuri could pay on other dates, but Victor totally claimed the first date.

"You're ridiculous. And will you stop drinking so much? You need some water too."

He pouted at the cup that was shoved under his nose. "But water has no flavor!" he whined.

"I can get a lemon for it."

"Yuuri! why won't you have anything to drink?" asked Victor, hoping to distract the man.

"Because I'm the responsible one and you're going to need help to get back to the hotel."

"It's hot in here!"

"No stripping!"

Too late.

Victor was already free of his shirt, but Yuuri was quick to grab it before it could be thrown randomly.

"Victor, this isn't that kind of bar. Put your shirt back on."

"What will I get if I do?" he asked, quirking a brow flirtatiously.

"If you wanted a kiss you could just ask instead of getting drunk."

A warm, but simultaneously cold bolt of pleasure ran down his spine at those words. Yuuri understood and was fine with it!

"I can have a kiss?"

"When you're sober and if you remember, then sure."

"Okay!"

He'd never forget this!

A/N: The first is done!
How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON, I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my many other YOI fics!
The two grow closer between Slovakia and Taiwan.

Chapter Notes

-So there are a lot of things that happen in this chapter. You'll laugh at some parts. You'll be exasperated at times. You might cry at the flashback.

-As for the flashback, there are mentions of illness and injury. It isn't pretty and it does explain a good portion of what happened to Victor. If you are easily hurt, get tissues.
*SPOILERS-IF YOU DON'T WANT 'EM-LOOK AWAY* Victor has a seizure during a jump. He knocks himself out upon landing, and at the hospital, it's revealed that he has Limbic Encephalitis.

Yuuri sighed as he supported Victor's weight. The man had decided that he was going to drink excessively to celebrate his victory at the European Championships. Victor had almost every kind of liquor the particular bar offered, and tried so very hard to coerce Yuuri into drinking with him. Unfortunately, one of them had to be mature, and Yuuri was trying to avoid consuming alcohol.

"Yuuri," the man slurred, nuzzling into Yuuri's scarf. "Yuuri, I want to sleep with you tonight, can I? I like sleeping with my favorite people and you're my favorite people so I want to sleep with you!"

"You can share my bed but we won't be doing anything other than sleeping, okay?" Yuuri murmured, thinking about his promise to kiss Victor when he was sober. He had made such a promise because he intended for Victor to remember it. Very well. Victor wasn't always coherent after drinking.

"Okay!" agreed Victor. "Can we cuddle too? I usually cuddle with Makka but since she isn't here, I have no one to cuddle with. And you are so adorable that I just want to hold you for forever and
never let you go. You look so cuddly!"

"Yes. We can cuddle if you want," Yuuri relented without so much as an argument. After all, he was actually a very needy person and Victor gave the best hugs.

"I very much want. There are many things I want to do to you, Yuuri!"

He flushed, but wasn't as embarrassed as he would have been had he been younger and more inexperienced. He was just struck by how damn open Victor was about their personal lives out in public. People didn't need to know about what they did behind closed doors. That was between he and Victor.

The hotel room was spacious and far too large for his own liking. Like, why did they need so much space when it was just the two of them? But then again, this was Victor he was thinking about. And Victor liked to live comfortably. Which meant having the biggest and the best of everything.

"Mmm, Yuuri."

He deposited the man on his bed and rolled his eyes at the spectacle he made, legs spread obscenely and arms stretched out on either side, taking up the whole amount of space on the bed. He was like a gangly, human starfish. An adorable one though.

"Victor, you need to shower and get ready for bed. We have a busy day planned for tomorrow and you'll want to rest up so your hangover isn't too bad. I don't want you to be in pain."

"Can you help me, Yura?"

Damn. He was aiming those hooded, glassy eyes in Yuuri's direction, and Yuuri being the weak fuck that he was, nearly purred at such a sight and hearing his new nickname. Besides, it was Victor, and it wasn't as if he hadn't done this before or anything. How many times in his life did he have to rescue Victor from a bar and be subjected to his rampant sexual advances afterward? Not that he minded or anything. It worked as an ego boost if anything.

Yuuri took ahold of Victor's shoulder and began the careful process of removing his arm from his coat sleeve. Victor thankfully made some kind of effort in helping him, bending his arm in the right direction to get it free from its confinement.

The other arm was next, followed by the scarf.

"You don't need my help to shower, do you?"

"Not really, but I wouldn't mind some help if you know what I mean," Victor smiled, quirking his right brow several times. "We could get all the nooks and crannies that way. I've been dyyyyyyyyying to find all of your secret spots."

Flushed, but not horrified, Yuuri murmured, "I don't think we're that close yet, Victor."

The pout returned. "We could be."

"Give it time," Yuuri murmured as he carded his fingers through Victor's silken hair. "I won't be able to stay away if we do something like that now, and you aren't of sound enough mind."

"Mmm... I'll hold you to that, Yura."

When Victor awoke the next morning, he found himself snuggled right up against Yuuri, who had
his face pressed very closely to Victor's naked chest. All he could feel, was the soft and silky hair of
the Japanese man, and the sensation of warmth across his neck. Yuuri's skin was warm and made
him comfortable.

Apparently, Yuuri was a cuddler. He cuddled hard and fast, and didn't hold anything back. That
would explain why he had a leg thrown over Victor's legs, and why his left arm was practically
wrapped around his waist, holding him close. He was holding on for dear life. As if Victor was
going to escape or something. Not that Victor wanted to ever leave Yuuri's side or anything!

This situation had to be one of the best he'd ever been in. Victor had woken up beside partners
before, but never had he happy to see them when he opened his eyes. So the fact that his stomach
fluttered and his heart skipped a few beats when he realized that Yuuri was sleeping beside him,
spoke volumes. Also, Yuuri wasn't the product of a one night stand, which was what made him more
special than anyone else Victor had ever shared a bed with. Sex wasn't what defined their
relationship, which was a surprisingly nice realization.

He knew it because he was still wearing his pajama bottoms. If sex was involved, he would be
naked, and Yuuri wouldn't be wearing clothes. Also, Yuuri's delectably exposed throat would be
covered in bright red marks of all kinds, because Victor was an exhibitionist and he loved making
statements. He would have gladly made sure that Yuuri wouldn't be able to hide everything from the
public eye, because he was that possessive.

Yuuri's sleeping face was adorable, and Victor enjoyed looking at it from time to time. He even had
a few photos saved on his mobile because he couldn't help himself. Yuuri was all innocence and
temptation in a beautiful package. A package that Victor wanted to unravel at almost every minute of
every day.

Reaching out, he trailed the tips of his fingers Yuuri's cheek that hadn't fully slimmed down. There
was just the smallest bit of extra flesh to grab there and he was tempted, but he didn't want to
interrupt the other's sleeping. After all, it was rare that he got to see Yuuri so relaxed and calm.
Victor would take whatever he could when he could.

While basking in Yuuri's presence, Victor decided to go through the events of the former evening.
He needed to remember exactly what happened once they left the rink. He didn't like being unaware.

Victor had insisted that they go out for dinner. He picked a nice restaurant and seated himself directly
beside Yuuri instead of taking the opposite side of the booth. They then ordered a large platter of
foods to partake of, and Victor spent the majority of his time feeding Yuuri from his own fork. And
Yuuri had good-naturedly taken everything he'd offered, an exasperated smile on his face.

His mind summoned up a very erotic image of Yuuri's mouth enclosed around the forkful of breaded
chicken. Now, it could simply be Yuuri's own charm that was coming through, or Victor was in way
too deep. As either were possible, he didn't know if his mind was just making something more erotic
than it actually was, or if Yuuri had been teasing him. Yuuri did like to tease, so it was possible that
he wasn't reaching.

From the restaurant, Victor remembered Yuuri's protests as they walked into a bar. The restaurant
had more wines than anything else and while Victor liked wine, he was into more exotic beverage
choices after a victory, so he decided that they should go drinking. Yuuri had once again tagged
along despite not exactly supporting the idea. He was an ever tolerant angel at Victor's side.

If he recalled correctly, Yuuri had one shot of Vodka, but left Victor to do the excessive drinking,
claiming that he had to be the responsible one of them. That he had to make sure they got themselves
and everything they owned, back to the hotel room.
If Victor thought hard enough, he could almost perfectly remember the discussion about kissing. The thought of Yuuri agreeing to kiss him if he kept his clothes on and remembered the offer, made his face heat up in desire and hope. Chris' comment the night before had definitely hit its mark, but Victor had still be skeptical. But it was nice to know that Yuuri was perfectly willing.

When would be the best time to bring that up? Should he do it when Yuuri awoke, so they could both think about it until he was ready? Should he wait for a more romantic setting? What if Yuuri didn't want to kiss him? What if Yuuri was just being nice because he didn't want Victor's feelings to be hurt?

But before Victor's Short Program, he said that if Victor did really well, he would put his mouth on something else than a gold medal. So that had to mean that he was at least open for a kiss if nothing else?

"Victor?"

Blinking, Victor found himself face to face with a wide awake Katsuki Yuuri, who was staring at him for who knows how long. His beautiful eyes were unfocused and half-lidded with somnolence.

"You've been thinking a lot. Are you okay?"

He couldn't help but beam. Yuuri was always so considerate to others. Somehow Victor had managed to meet this man and he was so lucky to know Yuuri!

"I'm fine. I was just thinking about you."

"I know," Yuuri answered, much to Victor's confusion. "There's this look that comes over your face when you think of me. You wouldn't realize it. Also, you were petting my face a lot, so it was kind of obvious."

Oh. He hadn't meant to give himself away so obviously. But Yuuri had picked up on his habits well enough to know that? Yuuri was so observant!

"Well I can't help my thoughts. We're so close after all." To prove his point, he wrapped his arm around Yuuri's neck in order to pull him closer so their bodies very obviously rubbed up against one another.

That adorable flush appeared and he couldn't help but huff a laugh at how cute Yuuri was. It was so easy to fluster him, even when he always seemed so in control.

"Sorry. I usually sleep with Vic-chan or Makkachin, so I'm used to having a cuddle buddy."

"I don't mind, believe me."

He really didn't.

"That's good. I don't feel like moving yet."

Some people would probably think that such a situation was awkward, but Victor couldn't help but feel comfortable. And having two poodles beside them would have made it better.

Just a nice morning of warm cuddling, and then lunch was ordered because they were too lazy to get dressed like normal folk. Or rather Victor still didn't want to get ready. After all, he and Yuuri were staying in Slovakia for a few more days before flying to Taiwan. They could afford a few days of laziness here and there.
Too bad they couldn't take a shower together. Victor was reluctant to let Yuuri go so easily. At least he had the other man to himself for the next month or so.

"Do you want that kiss now?"

His world stopped and he looked over at Yuuri, who was reclining against the pillows he'd taken from the unused bed.

"How did you know I remembered?"

That devilish mouth curled upward. "You've been staring at my mouth on and off. It was a wild guess."

Damn! His body was betraying him without his knowledge!

"If you're fine with it," Victor said, voice casual, as if his whole life was not riding on this very moment!

Yuuri placed a hand on Victor's cheek, thumb rubbing up and down slowly. Victor's eyes closed without his consent, but they popped open when Yuuri's mouth slotted perfectly over his. Warm and soft, and better than anything he'd envisioned, even if it was incredibly innocent in execution.

When they pulled apart, they were smiling at each other. Victor's heart might have been doing Quad Flips of its own.

"Congratulations on your victory, Vitya," Yuuri purred.

The shiver rolling down his spine was delicious, Victor decided.

Four more days in Slovakia were spent skating and being tourists. It reminded Yuuri of his first time in Barcelona and how Victor had pulled him all over the city in order to buy this and that. How they held hands all day and exchanged rings later that evening. How they got engaged even though neither really asked properly.

It had been one of the best nights of Yuuri's life. Suit shopping included.

Speaking of suits.

"We need to get you a suit. Your current suit is atrocious and I cannot stand the tie you have."

"I only have ever needed one suit or tie. What's so wrong with them?"

Victor scoffed as they walked. "What isn't wrong with them? The colors are dreadful, the shape doesn't fit your body, and they blend you into the background when you should be standing out. You're beautiful, and beauty should be accentuated, Yuuri. So that everyone can see you and envy you."

"Victor, how is it that someone like you exists?"

"Hm?"

"Sometimes I wonder how this much perfection managed to go into the creation of one being."

Victor was beaming in response. "It seems we're of similar mindset, Yura. Now let's get you that new suit! I have a feeling you'll look dashing in blue."
They got the suit. It was a shade darker than Victor's eyes. Somehow, some way, it worked. And he wasn't allowed a tie. Something about his collarbones looking good as they were. And judging by how Victor had been eyeing them up while Yuuri was modeling the suit, he simply said such for his own interests.

Meaning Victor was deeply interested in baring Yuuri's body, but only enough to tease other people. Victor had been unsurprisingly possessive over Yuuri. While he had liked showing his husband off, he always did so with class and style.

Nothing too egregious.

After all, it was always fun to surprise people, but in a good way.

This Victor was the same.

---

Yuuri smiled as Phichit began leaving a ridiculous amount of comments on his Instagram posts. The last had been of them holding hands in front of a sculpture.

**katsu-ki** Victor and I are in a museum!

#art #betterthanithought

**p-chulanont** boy, I know you know what this means!

#confirmed #Victuri #iwasright

And that last comment lead to the current conversation.

**@Phi-Chu:** Dude! You and Victor are together now?

**@Katsu:** Not really. We haven't done much besides cuddle.

**@Katsu:** And share the same bed sometimes when it's cold.

**@Katsu:** For sleeping purposes only. Unfortunately though.

**@Katsu:** Not for lack of desire or anything. Just not ready.

**@Phi-Chu:** Boi you are thirsty for dat perfect ass of his!

**@Phi-Chu:** And it means that I was right all along! (´о ̄³о´)

**@Katsu:** Yes, I know. Denial is easier than acceptance though.

**@Katsu:** I practically offered him a bj if he won gold at the ESC.

**@Katsu:** He has yet to said anything about it though.

**@Phi-Chu:** WHAT THE HELL BOI?! SPILL IT NOW!

**@Phi-Chu:** OH MY GOD, BRUH NO EFFIN WAY!

**@Phi-Chu:** HE HASN'T SAID A THING ABOUT IT YET?
@Katsu: Nope. Not a damn thing to be said.

@Phi-Chu: Perhaps you should take control of it then.

@Phi-Chu: It would be a surprise and he loves those!

@Katsu: Maybe. Though I'm not the most adventurous.

@Phi-Chu: My boi managing to get the man of his dreams!

@Phi-Chu: Your story is like a goal for the rest of us mortals!

@Phi-Chu: I demand to be the one to publish it officially!

@Katsu: Not much happened. It'd be a pretty bland story.

@Phi-Chu: My friend, you forget who I am and what I do.

@Phi-Chu: I can make anything juicy if the need arises!

@Phi-Chu: If you get what I'm puttin' down! (°_5°)

@Katsu: IstG I will leave you here again, don't test me!

@Phi-Chu: Don't even think about it, Katsuki Yuuri!

@Phi-Chu: I haven't gotten you back for the beach/bra pics!

@Katsu: I was getting you back for the pole dancing reveal!

@Katsu: It's your own fault for starting it and you know it!

@Phi-Chu: We must have a very different idea of 'fault'.

    @Katsu: -----_____----- no shit, Sherlock!

    @Phi-Chu: Don't you extend a -_- at me, Katsudon!

    @Katsu: I'll -_- to you if I damn well want to, Phichit!

    @Katsu: Don't make me break out the other ones! :)

@Phi-Chu: I should never have taught you about emojis!

@Katsu: It's not as if I've learned much from the book.

@Katsu: If I want a specific one. Like this (°_5°) one.

@Katsu: Then I have to search online, and then copy/paste.

    @Katsu: It's too much of a hassle most of the time.

    @Phi-Chu: Dude, your phone has the emojis on it.
@Katsu: Where is it?? I HATE THIS SO MUCH!!!

@Phi-Chu: Smiley beside the keys is a list of emojis!

@Phi-Chu: You didn't know! XD XD XD XD XD XD

@Katsu: Shut up! I'm still learning about this shit!

@Katsu: I don't text people much because I hate it!

@Katsu: It requires openness which I don't really do.

@Phi-Chu: We need to get you out and about more!

@Phi-Chu: Pretty sure Victor could help you unwind!

@Phi-Chu: If you know what I'm talkin' about! (₀ ₃₀)

@Katsu: Everyone knows what you mean. Hard not to.

@Katsu: You outing us and we aren't even official yet.

@Katsu: You have millions of followers all over, Phichit!

@Phi-Chu: And they'll spread the word that you and M

@Phi-Chu: *Mr. Sex aren't on the market!

@Phi-Chu: See? I'm helping you out, be grateful!

@Katsu: Mhm. Sure thing there, buddy! Sure thing.

@Phi-Chu: Victor just posted a photo of you both at the museum!

@Phi-Chi: You're touching something that looks like a dick.

@Phi-Chu: Not gettin' any ideas ya? (₀ ₃₀)

@Katsu: Not every oblong shape looks like a dick!

@Phi-Chu: Yes they all do bruh! 'Oblong' rly?

@Phi-Chu: You just don't wanna to admit it.

@Katsu: It was a block made of wood!

@Phi-Chu: I bet it was! ;)

@Katsu: -_- 

@Phi-Chu: :P

@Katsu: -_-
Yuuri rolled his eyes. Phichit should never change.

At least he could count on some thing to never change.

Others though. He hoped they didn't remain the same.

"Vitya, is the migraine still present?"

Victor nodded slowly, as his neck had begun to throb as well. Yuuri had ordered him to take some pain reliever, even though he didn't agree with such a thing. There was a fine line between possibly overdosing, and easing pain, and this was not a time for Victor to be picky.

"The doctor said you just needed some more sleep. None of the tests showed anything, but I don't understand what's wrong," Yuuri admitted as he carded his fingers through his husband's hair, hating himself for not being able to find out what was wrong with Victor.

"You should stay home," he decided.

"I'm going," the older man insisted, face set in stone. "I'll wear a hat and sunglasses, but I'm going to help you practice. I've stayed home enough already. I don't want to be without you right now."

Yuuri had frowned, but relented, his heart nearly being rendered in two at how desperate Victor had sounded. Victor wouldn't be so easily swayed after all.

"If your fever spikes any higher, we're going home," he threatened. Victor's health was more important than anything.

The incident that came about because of such actions though, was hell.

Just a few hours at the rink. Yuuri had gone to get the bento boxes he'd made for their lunch. Victor had been sitting on the bench waiting for him.

He wasn't supposed to get on the ice. Yuuri had specifically told him to stay away from the ice, but Victor had always had a bit of a problem with listening. Also with observing his own damn health. Yuuri probably should have expected him to not listen. He should have been more aware.

Still, when he heard Yakov's voice ringing out through the rink telling Victor to 'get his ass off the ice now', Yuuri had dropped what he was doing in order to turn right around and go and give his husband a piece of his mind. Unfortunately... that was when it happened.

Yuuri made his way back to the rink in time to see Victor go for a jump - at least it was a Double and he hadn't tried to overexert himself - and fall. And Victor didn't fall. Not even at the age of thirty-
two, did he fall when they skated together. So it was a big deal and a problem.

It was an even bigger deal when he landed wrong and slammed his head off the ice. And the worst thing about the situation, was that Victor was unconscious on his front, and was seizing spasmodically.

"What the fuck?!" could be heard from Yurio, but Yuuri was already rushing onto the ice so he could turn Victor onto his side in the standard recovery position. He didn't know much about seizures, but he knew enough.

"He needs an ambulance!"

Yuuri's eyes kept moving from Victor's face which was slack, to his madly moving legs and the very dangerously sharp blades attached to his feet. He shouldn't have even brought them to the rink, what had he been thinking?!

Victor's admittance into the nearby hospital was barely kept under wraps. They got away with saying that he fell and concussed himself on the ice. Because he did, so it wasn't a lie. But no one needed to know that the World Champion of six years, had had a seizure. It wasn't their damn business anyway.

But this had lead to questions and problems.

Yuuri railed into the doctors. He held nothing back. Victor's personal doctor got a stern talking to over his lackadaisical treatment in the past few months where Yuuri had forced Victor to go for repeated testing only to find out that 'nothing was wrong'.

"How that hell does a man who is in near perfect health, suddenly have a seizure?!" Yuuri demanded. "How does someone whom you've been claiming is 'perfectly fine', suddenly have a seizure?! I would really love to know, Dmitri!"

And said doctor could only stare at him in shock as he went on and on about his sheer incompetence as a man of medicine.

"You did not give him all the tests you should have. You just don't like doing your damn job. Let's tell it how it is. You're lazy fuck and if the hospital finds something wrong with him, that you overlooked, I will bury you in lawsuits."

From there, Yuuri had to make a long list for the staff so they knew what was going on with Victor and for how long, as apparently, the man's own doctor didn't keep records very well, nor did he know how to do his damn job!

And all through the drama, Yurio and Mila were on standby, ready to help in any way they could, which involved a lot of back and forth travel from their house to the hospital, and more drama than what should have been necessary had someone done his damn job the way it should have been done.

And on Victor's ninth day in the hospital, he awoke to hear the bad news. On his forehead was a large bruise from the connection to the ice. It spanned several inches and apparently throbbed every few seconds.

Limbic Encephalitis. Cause unknown. Apparently, Victor had been building it up for months. Months and months. At least four since the symptoms began. And it had been about two weeks since they suddenly got worse and the inflammation started. Months and months of Yuuri taking his
suffering husband to a lousy doctor who apparently didn't know what a CT Scan or an MRI was.

Months of the man's brain slowly swelling and suffering under that fever that hadn't fully broken. Him having to see things that weren't there. Things that hurt him. The sleepiness and lack of energy.

It explained the hallucinations and memory problems. The non-stop fevers and migraines. The damn seizure mid-jump.

And unfortunately, as Victor had been living in the midst of the worst of it for too long, treatment would take far longer, and there would be permanent damage to his brain. Which in the long run, could cause more health problems involving the brain.

After all, brain damage could not be healed. Whatever was affected was permanently ruined and could not be regrown or fixed. It simply existed without a purpose because it was dead.

The problem with this particular type of Encephalitis, was that it centered around the Limbic System, which Yuuri learned had control over emotional development, long-term memory, olfaction, motivation, and behavior. To have that part of the brain pretty much destroyed because of some fool’s incompetence, made Yuuri want to scream and cry and stab a chair with a spoon.

Because Encephalitis was just the beginning of a lot of diseases and disorders.

And Yuuri had to hold his husband close, and allow the man to cry over the revelations that came with this new information.

As of the seizure, he would never be allowed on the ice, ever again. It was too dangerous now that he was prone to epileptic issues. It also meant no more driving. No more biking. Pretty much, Victor wouldn't be allowed freedom unless he could go a certain amount of years without any neurological issues. And he would have to be assigned a canine aid specifically for tracking seizures and possibly helping in preventing them before they occur.

Yuuri knew that there was nothing he could say that could make any of it better, which made it all worse.

And so began the descent of Victor Nikiforov's life, and the pain he didn't deserve to endure.

Taiwan was the exact opposite of Slovakia. It was seventy plus degrees, which meant that there would be no scarf sharing between them on this trip. Victor had pouted the entire ride to the hotel, arms folded as he lamented about how the universe was working against him.

It meant it was too hot to cuddle Yuuri. It was too hot to sit too close together. It was too hot for the fun things they had been doing all month with each other. Which meant 'no fun to be had'.

Yuuri placed a calming hand on the man's knee and sent him a knowing smile. "There's a pool at the hotel."

And suddenly, as if by magic, Victor's sour mood was flipped in seconds. His heart smile made an appearance, and his eyes glittered with new knowledge. "And we'll get to swim together?"

"Of course."

Swimming for Victor had always been a reason to strip. Victor liked removing his clothes, and swimming let him wear as little as he wanted while still maintaining public decency. Or some sort of decency at least. Not that he really cared about being decent in front of other people.
Perfectly toned body covered in dripping water. Yes, Yuuri was perhaps a bit horny. Sue him. It had been a while since he'd been able to get any kind of sexual release. He was longing for certain things. Certain things that only Victor was capable of providing.

"I can't wait until we get to the hotel!" Victor cheered, bouncing excitedly now that he had something to look forward to.

Yuuri sent him a pitying look as he said, "You'll have to wait a little longer. Celestino will be meeting up with us and he wants to set up a time to run through my routines. To make sure I'm keeping up with training despite that we've done FaceTime and Skype so he can watch in person, but yeah."

The pout was back again, but Yuuri merely laughed and bumped his friend/boyfriend? with his elbow in order to lighten his mood. Victor's answering grin proved that he was in fact still happy. The prospect of swimming almost naked with Yuuri seemed to be too great to be ruined by unpleasant news.

"After you talk to your coach, then can we go and swim?"

"Sure. We can order in after that," said Yuuri, already envisioning relaxing in front of an air conditioner.

"Yes!"

Victor had to sit back and watch as Yuuri and his coach talked in hushed tones. Celestino Cialdini, who was much taller and more imposing than Yuuri, was actually really nice, which made Victor relax some. At least it was good to know that Yuuri had support from all sides.

Yuuri's hands moved to express whatever it was he was trying to explain, and his coach nodded slowly. There was a glint in his eye. As if Yuuri had given him the best news in the world.

The rink was pretty deserted as they had come in early before the Four Continents Championships. Victor knew that he wasn't allowed to give input this time. It was time for an actual coach to do such.

Yuuri stepped onto the ice and proceeded to work through his Short Program, free of any music. And it wasn't as if he needed music to begin with. Yuuri had the sort of skill and personality that made it so he didn't need music to tell a story. His body was the music. And his passion was revealed through his movements.

He owned the ice just as thoroughly as he did in front of a crowd. He treated the practice as if it was the real thing. Victor rarely ever did such, usually because the thrill of a well entertained crowd was not available, so he struggled to get into the mindset he usually was in during competition.

The Quads. The Quads were done so smoothly, as if Yuuri had been doing them for decades. Victor would admit at least to himself, that he was jealous of Yuuri's healthy body and monstrous stamina. Sometimes Victor had to take longer breaks because his knees just weren't what they used to be. Even he could admit that sports were trying on the body after two decades dedicated to them.

Yuuri decided to go for his Free Program then, only stopping to take a drink from his water bottle, before taking position once more.

It was as it had been the first time. Victor had seen it countless times over the past month and a half, but he still wasn't used to the breathlessness that came with watching Yuuri perform. To see Yuuri giving all of his love of skating, into his routines. It was stunning and more attractive than anything
Victor had ever seen.

He really needed to get laid sometime soon. Maybe it would calm his damn body down.

"Yuuri! It was beautiful as always!" Victor cheered once the other man stepped off the ice.

The smile he received made his stomach erupt in a mass of fluttering butterflies.

He was screwed.

Yuuri had already informed his coach of his plan to switch the composition of his jumps. He had simply skated the normal routine in front of Victor to lure him into a false sense of security. After all, Yuuri loved the competitiveness of it, and he wanted to see the shock on the man's face once he won gold at the 4CC with a new order of jumps.

"Yuuri, do you want to shower first?"

"Please? The lack of onsen here is killing me already."

Victor's smile lost it's bright cheeriness. Instead, it became far more pleased than usual joy would demand.

"I could give you a massage."

Ah, that was it.

Two men who were sexually attracted to one another, who were sharing a room, and who were used to bathing together. They practically did everything together since early January and Yuuri was lingering on past feelings already. Victor's own feelings, while mostly unknown at present, were also growing.

Also, Victor wanted a lot of kisses and Yuuri had alluded to a blowjob a few times already.

A massage was asking for a lot that couldn't actually happen yet because Yuuri was performing in a few days and he couldn't compromise himself in any way. The universe just seemed to love fucking him over. Unfair.

"I suppose I could subject myself to a massage."

Victor gave a theatrical gasp of offense. "I'll have you know that I'm great with my hands."

Yes he was. Yuuri knew it all too well. So very well.

Yuuri grabbed his bag of toiletries from his luggage and sent a wink in Victor's direction before stepping into the bathroom.

For the room they were staying it, it was certainly nice, though it only had a shower. Still, there was a lot of space. And he meant a lot of space. And while it may have lacked a bath, the shower could fit at least five people of Victor's size.

The hot water was a blessing. Yuuri had to rub at his own shoulders, imagining that he was at home where the the hot water was actually up to his chin and he was reclining against a boulder. The steam rising into the cool, open air. Snow covering the plants and foliage.

Onsen were lovely in the Winter.
He actually really would like that massage. And from how stiff his poor shoulders were, it was going
to lack in all sexiness. No matter how hard Victor was no doubt going to try. He could pay the man
back later though, so it wasn't that concerning.

His body screamed in denial as he stepped out from beneath the spray.

Yuuri quickly soaped up and finished his business, much preferring the thought of a massage and a
good night of rest.

In their single bed, he might as well add. Because Yuuri hadn't felt the need to ask for different
accommodations.

"You're going to wear all of that?" Victor asked when he stepped out of the room, clad in only a
hotel provided white robe.

"You're acting as if I'm completely covered. I didn't want to get ahead of myself by assuming, so I
figured this would be alright."

"Full body massages take up a lot more space than the knees and below, Yuuri."

He couldn't help but flush at the insinuation that Victor would be touching every part of his body. He
didn't mind the thought either.

"I'm not so sure you can handle it, Vitya."

The deep inhale from the Russian was all he needed. Maybe not lacking in all sexiness after all.

Yuuri had it. He didn't use it often, but after years of his Victor literally driving in the belief, Yuuri
finally came to terms with his sexuality. He had it alright, and he was a lot better at manipulating it
now than he ever was before, because he knew it worked.

Yuuri dropped the robe without a second thought and smiled innocently. "Where do you want me?"

Victor had never a terribly religious person. There was never any time in his life to dedicate to
religion. Yet in that moment, when Yuuri had willingly removed the barrier between he and Victor,
and simply stood there like an innocent angel, unaware of his own appeal, Victor believed.

His eyes wanted to linger. They were practically begging to get in an eyeful. Yet at the same time, he
wasn't sure if staring would make Yuuri happy. After all, it could be creepy in a way.

He gave a wide gesture to the bed and had to stifle a groan at the image of Yuuri spread out, naked
on the sheets. And it wasn't even for a sexy purpose, though that didn't mean it wasn't sexy.
Everything Yuuri did had some level of sexiness to it.

Yuuri had a nice ass and his thighs were killer. A distant voice telling him about being able to squash
a pumpkin, came to him then. A reminder he gladly welcomed.

Weak. He was so damn weak.

At the sight of Yuuri spread out and pliant, he didn't mind in the least. This was a blessed sight and
anyone would be a fool to ignore it.

It was in moments like these that Victor was happy that he felt the need to travel with so many
personal care products. He had the perfect lotion for this particular moment. Vanilla. A nice joke
considering how his thoughts were anything but vanilla.
Without mercy, Victor squirted a long stripe of lotion down Yuuri's spine, snickering when the man jumped a bit and squeaked in response.

"Rude!"

"But I'm going to warm you up soon, so it can't be that bad," teased Victor, setting the bottle down on the nightstand.

Yuuri's body was warm from the shower and the appreciative groan when Victor spread his hands across his shoulders, was hot. A few seconds of rubbing the lotion in and digging his thumbs into the knots in those shoulders saw Yuuri limp and responsive.

With patience unmatched, Victor carefully took his time mapping out the spinal column. When Yuuri wiggled a bit at his sides being touched, Victor smiled. It was nice to know for future occasions. Any time he wanted to mess with Yuuri, he just had to give a little tickle.

When he reached Yuuri's perfect ass and thighs, he had to take a deep breath. Calm. He was calm and poise. He had control. He would make it through without making a scene. Probably.

Or he would have had Yuuri not moaned obscenely when Victor's hands smoothed over his firm behind, taking great care in spreading the lotion to where it needed to go. And if his fingers got a little too close in the center, Yuuri said nothing. He simply pushed back into the touch and Victor had to bite his lip. So fucking hot!

It was massage time. Happy endings weren't a part of the deal. Yet.

Thighs. Yuuri had thick thighs. Any uneducated or unaware person would had immediately assumed fat. But when Yuuri tightened them, the skin would stretch around the bulging muscles, the definition obvious even from far away.

And Victor's hands were blessed enough to get a feel and his body came alive at the naughty thoughts running through his mind at the sight of such perfection.

And when Yuuri's legs tightened, Victor could see a dimple in his left cheek. The temptation to point it out was beaten out by the fact that his hand was almost crushed when he touched a sensitive part on Yuuri's inner thigh and those thighs came together real quick to halt his advancement.

"That's a bit of a special place," Yuuri murmured, voice deliciously low and aroused. Almost breathy.

Erogenous. Yuuri was so full of surprises. Victor couldn't help but find him all the more attractive for it.

"I see." More like feel, but who cared?

And this was only Yuuri's back. Victor had to wonder what would be erogenous on the other side.

He blinked. He was going to be giving Yuuri's front a massage as well. He was going to be getting more than an eyeful and if Yuuri's reactions were any indicator, then Victor's self control was going to be tested to the limits. After all, Yuuri was beautiful already. But what about when he was aroused?

Victor leaned over the man in order to murmur directly into his ear, "Turn over."

Yuuri shivered tellingly. He could have smirked in triumph if he wasn't so taken with the other man.
It was nice to know that Yuuri was very much aware of Victor's presence. It made him preen.

Yuuri didn't pause or reconsider, he simply turned and indeed, as Victor had expected, his cock was making a statement. Still, he politely averted his eyes and moved around the bed in order to pay attention to Yuuri's feet.

This part of the massage was to be done gingerly. Yes, he was aroused. Yes, he actually wanted a happy ending to occur. But he wasn't a barbarian and he knew that this part of the massage was not playful or flirty. Yuuri's feet were incredibly important and needed a gentle touch.

There was a hiss when he applied the lightest of pressure, and Yuuri's fingers tightened in the bed sheets.

Victor had to use the lotion again in order to make the slide easier.

"You need to take better care of yourself, Yuuri. I can't stand the thought of you being in pain. I'll be worrying about you so much if you don't look after yourself."

"I honestly don't notice most of the time," the boy admitted with a shrug. "I'm used to paying attention to more important things."

He asked and shook his head. "That's not good. This beautiful body of yours is very important and it should never be in less than perfect condition. Be more aware of your health, Yuuri. Else we'll find ourselves in a similar situation more often than needed."

Yuuri's other foot lifted a bit from where it had been laying on the bed, in order to rest on Victor's shoulder, giving the Russian a very clear view of his body. His gorgeous body.

"Who says that I mind that?"

Victor was in some serious need of water. His mouth was dry and his reply disappeared in the wake of Yuuri's sexual actions. His damn arousing confidence. Did he know that he was sexy, or was this him winging it? And if so, damn!

He concentrated on the foot in his hands, making sure to give the heel and arch equal amounts of attention. Yuuri's back arched and a groan followed.

"Another special place?" Victor asked, voice light and teasing. More secrets for him to keep and make sure no one else was ever privy to. He liked learning about Yuuri.

"Mmm. Maybe your hands are just really good at what they do."

They were, but there was more to it. So much more that Yuuri wasn't owning up to. But that was okay. Victor did have patience and when he wanted something, he was relentless in pursuing it.

"Other foot now, Yura."

Yuuri presented it easily, trailing his toes down Victor's pectorals until his heel was pressed against Victor's abdomen. His freshly massaged foot took its time as it lowered to the bed, deliberately rubbing against the front of Victor's trousers. He wasn't fooled by Yuuri's cute smile and fluttering lashes.

Victor took great care with the remaining foot, making sure to rub his knuckles over the arch. And as expected, Yuuri moaned and wiggled around under the onslaught of mixed pain and pleasure.
Once his feet were properly taken care of, Victor got his revenge by pouring a massive amount of cold lotion on Yuuri's belly. His hands taking the man apart slowly, enjoying his moans of appreciation. And if he trailed over Yuuri's bare pubic bone too many times, neither of them said anything.

Neglecting the part obviously seeking his attention though, was his payback. After all, it was obvious that Yuuri wanted release, but in retaliation, Victor would draw it out for as long as possible. If there was one thing he was good at, it was frustrating others. Whether deliberately or not.

And Yuuri's smooth and lotioned body was so beautiful. He could appreciate just how fit the man was, with his muscles subtle until they were needed. How beautiful he looked when pleased.

"Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit," came the low and murmured mantra from Yuuri, who was squirming just a bit under Victor's ministrations.

"You seem to have a bit of a problem," Victor remarked, hands trailing over Yuuri's hipbones. "Would you like some help, Yura?" he asked, eyes trailing over the thick insistence between Yuuri's legs.

"Please?" came the breathy plea.

Victor hummed and wrapped his hand around Yuuri's cock, shushing him when he moaned loudly. "Calm down, Yura. I'll take care of you."

He didn't even try to calm down, hips already moving. He was anything but calm as he took what he wanted without bothering to wait. He'd been that aroused, all because of Victor.

If Victor spent the next few minutes in the washroom, furiously masturbating to the memory of Yuuri coming in his hand, it was no one's business but his own.

Before beginning his performance of Beatroot, Yuuri blew a kiss in Victor's direction. After all, his surprise would no doubt shock the man. It would also inspire some competitiveness.

"Next on the ice, representing Japan! Katsuki Yuuri!"

He waved to the spectators and took a deep breath to steady himself. It was time to give his dear Vitya a wake up call.

His original program had the three required jumps. A Quad Salchow, Triple Axel, and a Quad Flip. As Victor had decided to up his base points for his Free Program, Yuuri had decided to do the same, but with both of his programs. Just to mess with the man.

Yuuri rearranged most of the jumps and exchanged them. Now he had the a Quad Loop, a Triple Axel-Single Loop-Triple Salchow, and finally the Quad Flip. Just to up the difficulty once more in order to be a pain in the ass.

He wondered if Victor would have a response for Worlds after this? It was so fun if he did!

"Yakov, Yuuri changed his jumps!"

The old man sighed. "I know, Vitya, I was watching. He was watching you closely and reacted accordingly. This means we can expect him to do the same thing for Worlds in order to make it more challenging."
Victor paced as he thought.

Yuuri had completed reconfigured the jumps for his Free Program. He put all of his Quad jumps in order from least to (almost)greatest leading up to the ending. Triple Lutz, Triple Axel, Triple Axel-Single Loop-Triple Salchow, Quad Toe-Triple Toe, Quad Salchow, Quad Loop, Quad Lutz, and finally the Quad Flip.

Yuuri hadn't wanted to take away his Quad Flip ending. If he'd switched it and the Lutz, he would have gotten more points, but he seemed intent on building a reputation for using that jump at the very end of his routines in the future.

"Vitya, you will have to put in some serious work in the next few weeks. Katsuki isn't a joke and he isn't going to go easy on you just because you've become friends. This was an invitation to duel, and you better give him a damn good fight. I don't care if you're smitten with him, do your best to bury him."

He nodded, even if Yakov couldn't see it. He really enjoyed this. The thrill of having good competition who was willing to do whatever it took to win. Yuuri was making the season so fun!

"Don't worry, Yakov. I'll think of something."

Even if he was to backlog his routine, his PCS would still be lacking and he would lose out to Yuuri's beautiful expression. Presentation and emotions had always been something he'd struggled with.

After all, when people talked about Victor Nikiforov, they couldn't stop talking about his technical skill. It was always about if he landed his jumps and glorifying him for his precision.

So if he wanted Stammi Vicino to truly mean something, he had to demonstrate something no one else had ever seen from him before. Honest emotion.

The story of a lonely man, finding a new lover who was just as distraught as he, and the two of them bringing each other to life in a sense, and joining as one to live a better life together.

His thoughts trailed off to Yuuri. Yuuri would was alone like Victor and was a little awkward at times. Who was sweet and beautiful and kind and tolerant. And every other amazing adjective under the sun.

"I'll figure something out," he promised his coach before hanging up. He could do it.

"Victor, are you okay?" Yuuri asked from the other side of the washroom door.

The Russian opened the door and smiled down at the adorable man before him. "I'm fine. I simply had to talk to Yakov."

The answering smirk was teasing and made Victor was to kiss it.

"Hope it was an enlightening conversation."

"The most illuminating, I assure you."

"Good. So what do I get for winning?"

Victor's mind blanked when Yuuri leaned up, brushing their nose together. "I did so well, Vitya. Don't I deserve a reward too?"
Shit. His heart was pounding in his ears and his body was responding happily.

"What do you want?" he asked, voice dry and throat tight.

"Something you haven't given to anyone else."

That could be a number of things, but… he did have something.

"Would you be opposed to my mouth on your cock?"

Yuuri's eyes dilated instantly and his entire body leaned on Victor. "It's a shame we still have a month left in the season. I suppose this will have to do for now."

For now.

Oh, God. That implied that there would be much more later on and he could not handle it right now!

Victor backed the man up against the bed and forced him to sit. Yuuri was fully clothed and wearing the suit he was going to be wearing to the banquet. It would be hot to get him off while so smartly attired, but Victor would take it as a challenge. Bring Yuuri pleasure and get nothing on his new suit. The suit that Victor had chosen and purchased for him.

"Slow or fast?" was all he could ask as he knelt down.

"Whichever is good for you," Yuuri murmured as his belt was unbuckled as quickly as possible.

Victor was a man of action first and talking later. So when he finally freed Yuuri's cock from his briefs, he didn't really give himself time to appreciate the view or make any comments. He promptly choked himself, and hummed pleasantly when Yuuri released the most adorable whimper. Cute and sexy at the same time. The man was a miracle.

Reaching up, he pushed Yuuri down so he could shift the other's legs over his shoulders. It a far more preferable position and gave him better access. As he was on a time limit, it had to be quick.

Popping off for a second, he managed to tell Yuuri to pull on his hair - it was a kink of his - before returning to his self imposed task. A task he hoped to be repeating in the near future.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON, I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my many other YOI fics! This is Part 6 of my Valentine Bundle!
"You're choreographing a routine to On Love: Agape?"

Victor turned to Yuuri, face stretched into a wide smile at the other's observation. He had a feeling Yuuri would recognize it, but he didn't think it would be this soon. His heart fluttered as he thought about how amazing Yuuri was. How lucky he was to have Yuuri in his life.

"Yes. I promised Yuri Plisetsky that I would choreograph a Short Program for his Senior Debut. When you skated to On Love: Eros back at the Grand Prix Final, I went and looked the music up because it was so nice. And then I found that it was only one of two arrangements! So this I felt, was perfect! It'll truly help Yuri delve into a side of him he usually tries to avoid. I want him to expand his repertoire. How else can he expect to surprise anyone otherwise?"

He was blessed with a proud smile in return. Yuuri's eyes took on a familiar shine that Victor could liken to 'pride' and 'joy'. He got that look in his eyes whenever someone did something he was particularly amazed and grateful for. And this time it was aimed in Victor's direction.

"It's admirable that you've taken this so seriously, Vitya. I'm proud of all of your hard work."
He was admirable. Victor had become a sucker for Yuuri's praise. If any of his comrades ever knew about this, he would most likely be mocked for the rest of his life, but he couldn't find it in himself to give a damn. Because it was Yuuri's attention that was focused on him. It was Yuuri would was proud of him and what he was doing. And it was Yuuri who said such nice things to him and actually meant them.

And he might have just realized that he had a praise kink, so long as Yuuri was the one doling out praises. It was something that he coveted, he'd learned.

Victor had been praised nonstop for the past twenty years, and it didn't take long for the happiness over it to just fade away. But when Yuuri complimented him on anything, it was like his emotions were taking a beating for the very first time. Because Yuuri didn't give praise easily, and it usually wasn't for the reasons one would expect.

Victor was a jealous person. And while he was frustrated with the world for not seeing how amazing Yuuri truly was, at the same time he was happy because he was bathed in Yuuri's radiance more than anyone else ever was. So in a way, he benefited from the world being obtuse.

Victor Nikiforov was a selfish man and he was not embarrassed to admit such.

"Will you show me?"

"Hm?" Victor blinked, looking back to Yuuri.

Yuri rested an arm on the barrier that separated the ice from the rest of the room. His eyes were full of mischief and his smile was composed, but knowing. He looked too good for words, and Victor just wanted to pull him into his arms and kiss him breathless right then and there. But they were in public and Yuuri didn't like too much PDA in front of other people. And if he could be anything, Victor could be respectful of another's limits and feelings.

Grinning, Victor motioned toward the disc player. "Go right ahead if you'd like. It's the only song on the CD though."

Victor stood in the center of the ice, awaiting that first note of the heavenly voice to sing to him of hope and happiness. Yes, it was definitely something new for Yuri to perform to. It might even help him find a gentleness inside himself that he might not know even existed.

The routine's choreography was finished. All that was needed were the jumps and Yuri's personal touch to be included. The framework was done, and now the filling had to be added. And Yuri would put his own spin on it, in order to make it his and not Victor's.

This was Yuri Plisetsky's debut, not a Victor 2.0 debut.

Yuuri was clapping by the time the last note had faded out and Victor's hands were raised toward the ceiling. His breathing was a little heavy he had to admit, and all he did was skate and mark jumps. He would probably have to work on some stamina training. Aging in sports was such a problem.

"The very opposite of Eros. It was just as beautiful as I imagined it would be."

A flush worked its way over Victor's cheeks. That praise thing again. Yuuri would be the death of him! Not that he minded or anything. If Yuuri wanted to lavish him with praises, he wouldn't stop him! Victor was of the needy sort.

"He probably won't understand it though. How do you plan to teach it to him?"
That left Victor to gape at him, realizing that yes, Yuri would no doubt have a spot of trouble connecting to something he'd never considered before. How was he to make sure that the teen would be able to present the routine for what it was?

"I have no idea," Victor admitted bashfully, unable to stop the uncomfortable laugh from bubbling over his lips. He didn't like feeling vulnerable. He didn't like not seeming smart. After years of mocking commentary of him seeming 'air-headed', he got frustrated when he wasn't always classy and 'all-knowing'.

"We'll figure something out."

'We'. It meant more than one person. It meant that Yuuri had included himself in the tutoring of Yuri, which made Victor's heart pound at the prospect. He would very much like that. He would very much like to show his Yuuri off to all of his rinkmates and have him wow them with how spectacular he was.

"Have you begun choreographing your routines for next season, or is inspiration still elusive?"

"I… might have a Free Program in place," Victor admitted, voice lower with his own hesitancy.

"Show me?"

Those fluttering lashes would be the death of him!

"Anything for you, zvyozdochka."

And he did mean anything.

"You know, Yuuri's looked up to you for a long time."

Victor looked up from where he was stretched out on the floor of Okukawa Minako's ballet studio. The woman had agreed to help him out with his training and how he could possibly improve his presentation. He couldn't pass that chance up.

It was about 'expression' and he had begun to lack that in recent years as he got older. Also, he might have been ignoring specific ballet practices because they were boring. And without those stretches aiding him every day, he was losing his limberness slowly but surely.

She preferred to work both he and Yuuri on different days so they didn't get sidetracked by one another. Or rather, so Victor would actually pay attention and stop drooling over how good Yuuri looked whenever he so much as breathed in his direction. It was just a better learning environment when they were separated. Unfortunately.

Minako was observant and she had made the decision early on and she hadn't been incorrect, which was why he didn't complain. While it annoyed him having to be away from Yuuri at any given time, this was to help him with his career. And as of a few months back, he'd been truly struggling and unsure of what to do with himself. But now he was getting help.

He wanted to keep on skating competitively, but how could he do that if he passed up every chance he had to continue? So yes, he gratefully took up the woman's offer to train him in the past three months.

Still, she made him just slightly uncomfortable in a way. Like she knew something he didn't and was judging him for it. And there was actually one thing he really hated. Being judged but not knowing
why. Tabloids judged him but they blatantly put what they were judging him for, right on the front page. This was a different kind of judgment, and it made him uneasy.

The woman looked stern as she stood off to the side of the room, her arms folded and feet resting in a perfect Fourth Position. It reminded him of how Lilia Baranovskaya would stand back when he bothered to take her classes. A seasoned dancer with high expectations and no mercy.

"Yuuri has been watching you since he was eleven," the woman explained. "He knows more about you than other person would bother to learn. He taught himself how to read Cyrillic just so he could understand announcements about you. He compiled a notebook filled with chronological information about you and still has it packed away in a special box he bought specifically to keep it safe from harm."

She was alternating between looking at her nails and Victor's face, seemingly unsure of where to look.

He felt touched that Yuuri was so dedicated to him that he'd learn a new language that was in no way easy to understand to foreigners. It was flattering and it made his gut feel warm and fuzzy. Like Yuuri was right there giving him a hug.

Minako was trying to tell him something, which was why he sat up in order to give her his full attention.

"That boy came to me in need of confidence, and despite taking to dance so spectacularly, he was still lost. And then he met Yuuko and decided, under my advice, to try figure skating. He was by no means good, but he seemed to really like it, so we worked on that more than ballet. He had divided his attention between dance and skating and couldn't seem to decide what to do with himself.

"Then he saw you perform at the Junior World Championships, in that black costume and with your long hair pulled up. And he just up and decided that day that he was going to become and international figure skater and was going to skate against you someday."

She smiled and shook her head at the memory of a young Yuuri making such an important life decision.

"He dedicated most of him time from then on, to practicing in the rink, and with friends like the Nishigori family, he didn't have to pay. The ice was his for the taking any time he wanted, and he limited himself to only Yuuko and Takeshi, and the ice, giving everything he had to it. And then moving to another country to see his dream come true. Because he wanted to meet you as an equal.

"He studied everything you did. How you skated. How you held yourself. He wanted to do everything you did, but better. He mimicked every routine you have ever done, until he could do them with his eyes closed. Foolishly did some with his eyes closed and slammed into the barrier more than once because of it."

Both of them cracked a smile at the thought, and Victor sighed at the mental vision of a teen Yuuri being so dedicated to something that he would closed his eyes while skating in hopes of proving his knowledge. It seemed like a Yuuri thing to do, honestly.

"He made this large chart of your skills and had his own lined up beside them. He was so proud of the day when he realized that the levels of his steps, spins, and spirals were actually higher than yours. He reached Level 4 by age sixteen because they were his best out of everything. It made him feel like his dream to be your equal wasn't so foolish and that he could pull it off."

She shook her head and pointed over to the far wall where a small photo of a teenage Yuuri was hanging. He was holding up a piece of paper and looked like someone had given him the best gift ever.

"The day he realized he cleanly landed the Triple Axel before you had. He was judging by how you'd done it only two months and four days after turning sixteen, and he had managed to do it two days after turning sixteen. He was so proud and it gave him the push needed to start taking his Quad training seriously.

"His coach at the time had been holding him back, and when he finally came to terms with that fact, he expanded his search and put himself out there, where Celestino Cialdini took notice of him and offered him a place at his preferred rink all the way out in the United States."

Yuuri claimed he'd been a nervous wreck when growing up. He said he had anxiety and every now and then, Victor could easily see it in him, festering and demanding to take control of his thoughts.

To take his future into his own hands at such a young age had to be hard, but he thought Victor was such a level to reach, that he forced himself to do things that probably made him uncomfortable all along. Because he wanted to skate beside Victor as an equal.

"That boy has worked his ass off to be as good as he is. He's given the ice everything he has and he deserves to be respected for it." She aimed her dark brown eyes at him and made sure that he was paying very close attention as she said, "If you are in any way playing with his feelings, I have enough of a reputation to do some damage to yours, Nikiforov. And it will forever be a black mark on your life."

Her voice chilled him to the bone and while he felt a little insulted that she would assume the worst of him when it came to his intentions for Yuuri, he couldn't fault her. Yuuri had apparently next to no experience in romantic relationship with people. She was looking out for him in her own special way, and Victor found it to be charming, even if she was threatening to ruin his life somehow.

"I care about Yuuri very much," Victor admitted, shifting to his feet in order to stand and face her head on. "I'd done the romance thing before. Dated, flirted, and once even thought I was in love. And even with all those things that had been done with people I was officially together with, nothing was ever as fun as when I'm with Yuuri.

"He tries to understand who I am. He listens and he doesn't think my worries are ridiculous. And he most certainly never holds me to this standard of perfection in everything simply because I'm a multi-time champion in certain aspects of skating. Yuuri likes me as I am, and I don't have to worry that he won't understand the drama of fame or that he will demand more attention because of it. He just understands, and it's the best thing I've ever been faced with."

The woman looked him in the eye the entire time, not daring to break the contact they had.

"And it's not as if I don't like fame and attention. I'm vain to a point and can admit it gladly, but it's nice to know that there's one person out there who likes me because I'm Victor, and not because I'm a 'Living Legend'."

He couldn't help but sneer the name. What once seemed like the best thing in his life no longer meant anything. Because it wasn't new any longer, and for years, the chances of him losing that title had been low.

"Yuuri isn't the only one," said Minako softly, her folded arms loosening and falling to her sides. "He's admired you his whole life, and made sure that everyone who loves him, knows as much about
you as he does. We all admired you already, but meeting you in person has proven who you truly are, and seeing how you look at him confirmed the truth for us. We like you, and it's nothing to do with riches and fame. It's because you're an amazing athlete who has accomplished more than any other figure skater ever has. Who has dedicated his life to his sport. Who has proven that he is a good person inside and out. Who is an example of hard work and determination. These are the reasons why we all like you."

He might have teared up a little at that and had to hold back the urge to hug her. Not everyone was as receptive as Yuuri was, or so he'd learned recently. Especially in Japan of all places.

"Thank you, Minako-sensei."

She smiled.

"I want to work on your jumps now. We'll see how well you do from a standing position."

"Yuuri! We can skate to Stammi Vicino together!"

Said man blinked a few times from where he was laying on his bed. His hair was completely mussed and sticking out in every possible direction. His eyes were dazed, and he looked ready to collapse. A pitiful squeak came from him. It was so cute!

Victor closed the door and launched himself onto the other's bed, disrupting both poodles as well as his lover. The brown balls of fur glared in his direction as they relocated to the other end of the bed, allowing him to take up the empty space beside Yuuri, who simply snuggled into his side and gave a heavy sigh.

"Vitya, it's really early right now. Why do you have so much energy?" Yuuri asked, voice slightly slurred and completely adorable. "What could possibly have you up at the ass crack of dawn?"

Ass crack of dawn was new. He'd never heard of it before. Hearing Yuuri say it though made him want to laugh.

Victor was a besotted fool and he didn't give a damn if he looked like an idiot when he smiled at Yuuri. His Yura was just so amazing.

"I had Stammi Vicino made for my program, and the singer recorded a part two, but instead of it being an Aria, he made a Duetto with a friend of his."

Yuuri gave a hum and a small nod of acknowledgement.

"You know what the Aria is about, don't you?"

"Yeah. Beautiful, but kind of sad for the most part."

Victor nodded as he wrapped his arms around Yuuri in order to pull him close.

"You see, the Duetto cuts out the sad parts, so it isn't as long and it's just about a relationship and the hope of a new love. So it would be a good exhibition for us to skate to, don't you think? You can do Stammi Vicino as well as I - even better than I if I'm being honest - so we would just need to choreograph some sequences and lifts as a pair. It would surprise everyone and it would be beautiful!"

His Yuuri was silent for a moment. "What would we wear?"
"I thought about that and I called the designer of my costume and already commissioned a replica for you, but in blue because it's a fetching color on you. I also may have expedited the process so it'll be finished faster and sent here in time."

"Mmm, so you just knew that I would agree, huh?"

Victor flushed, feeling a little foolish for just assuming. But Yuuri really liked the song and routine, and the chances of him saying no even though he was really good at ice dancing and pair skating, were low.

"I had hoped I could convince you to agree. I made a mental list to work through in case you refused."

Yuuri stretched his limbs out and pulled away a bit so he could look Victor in the eye. He was much more awake than before. "And what would be on this list that would be good enough to convince me to go along with your plan?"

A smirk lit up Victor's face. He trailed a finger down Yuuri's cheek and said, "I can be very persuasive, Yura. You wouldn't be able to handle my attentions when I'm trying to get my way."

"I don't know, Vitya. You might need to usher the dogs out so you can demonstrate these persuasive moves."

Victor was off the bed in an instant, mentally promising the offended canines that he would pay them back for taking Yuuri's time and warmth away from them. There was a pet shop in town, he would go and get them treats later.

For now, he was going to give his Yuuri a treat.

"Roll over for me, zoloste."

"Hold my hand and just sync yourself with me. Move with my body as if we're just one person with more than one extension. And soon you'll be able to control my movements and where I go. It takes trust. Like in a Tango. You have to know your partner better than you know yourself."

Victor nodded seriously, and Yuuri knew that that would not do either of them any good. When they had practiced for their pair skate to the duetto of Stammi Vicino the first time around, both and ended up giggling more than anything. Especially after all those failed lifts. It was a fun time that had a lot of cuddle time and some some falls here and there.

He needed to get Victor into the right mood so he wasn't over-thinking everything.

The two started off across the rink at a slow pace that would be easy even for a beginner to keep up with. Right foot, left foot. Nothing special. Simple laps around the rink at Ice Castle Hasetsu, allowing them to acclimatize themselves to the feel of working with another person.

It was much easier after several weeks of practicing, and it didn't take as long for either of them to get used to one another. If they decided to quit Singles competitions, they could probably go into Pairs.

Unfortunately, the ISU did not allow same sex couples yet. That didn't happen until 2017 when Yuuri and Victor skated together for their fourth exhibition, and people raised enough of a fuss for the ISU to act. The Winter Olympics the following year had been interesting.

"Have you done synchronized skating before?" Victor asked after their eighth lap. His hold on
Yuuri's hand was more of a simple hold and less of a death grip. His one hand was clasping Yuuri's.

"Yeah. Back in Detroit, some of the girls in the skating club were trying to make an amateur group and Phichit and I ended up joining them a lot. I was relegated to giving small tutoring sessions on footwork and presentation to help them out. In return, Celestino thought it would be good for me to learn their methods of training."

The Russian was smiling. "It's like every time I turn around, you've done something else amazing, Yuuri."

He shrugged. "I just have prior training in this. It's not that big of a discovery when you really think about it."

"I beg to differ."

Victor suddenly tugged Yuuri closer, and the younger man fell in line easily, flushing when Victor released his hand in order to take hold of his hips. Yuuri's left hand lightly covered Victor's and he leaned into the touch as they glided across the ice. A small spin allowed them to change positions and ended with Yuuri leading.

A glide and another change in position, with Victor almost cradling him.

"Everything about you is a 'big discovery' to me," Victor murmured in his ear.

Damn this man for being so charming! Yuuri stifled the urge to cry and simply snorted as if he wasn't affected by the other's words. As if Victor did not hold the power in his beautiful hands, to render Yuuri to an emotional wreck within seconds.

Unfortunately - or fortunately if one looked at it from another perspective - Victor decided that he wanted to divert Yuuri's attention, moving his hands around Yuuri so they rest precariously over Yuuri's groin.

"Mmm, another discovery I happen to love," the man purred, mouth caressing Yuuri's neck while nuzzling the younger skater. His voice practically a whisper across Yuuri's ear drums.

"This is a public rink, whether we've rented it out or not. You can't do that here," he reminded the man, though he made no move to stop his advances. He was too comfortable and far too into his memories of similar situations and how Yurio and Yakov got so pissed at them. He had a thing with being held from behind because Victor's shoulders were wider than his own, making his chest and shoulders a nice and solid wall to lean on.

And it wasn't as if their height differences were the large, but even three inches made a difference if judging by shoulder height alone. Yuuri fit in Victor's arms easily, though to be fair, he thought Victor fit pretty well in his arms too. Especially when dancing.

"This is relatively innocent. And no one but us is in here right now. So we can do whatever we want and not have to worry about voyeurs," said Victor, drawing him back to what was currently happening in his friend's rink where anyone could just walk in at any time really.

Not that Victor was the type of person to care whether he had an audience or not. He was the shameless sort and Yuuri had been coerced into many a public spectacle in his life. And if he was being honest with himself, he enjoyed every single one of them. Not that he said anything, though he was certain Victor had figured it out along the way.

"What am I going to do with you, Vitya?" was his exasperated response.
Victor snickered and wiggled his brows a few times. "I can think of a few things."

He skated right into that one. It was a good thing that he didn't mind in the least.

"Just lift me and try not to drop me this time."

"Yes, sir."

"Vitya, I need to you to be more careful and considerate to your situation."

The look on his husband's face made Yuuri's stomach drop with guilt, and his back chill over. He knew the look very well. It was the 'betrayal' look. The one that said what Victor never felt comfortable enough to voice aloud. The one that remonstrated Yuuri properly. The one that would have him tearing up in the washroom hours later.

With a sigh, Yuuri seated himself on the blue sofa beside the man he'd promised himself to for the rest of his life. "Vitya, I love you with everything I am. I don't want to find out that anything else has happened to you. That's why I'm enforcing these rules. They're for your own well being."

"I can go out for a simple run, Yuuri," Victor grumbled, voice low and shaking slightly. "Nikita would be with me the whole time and I'm sure someone would notice if I suddenly have a seizure in the middle of the path. It's quite hard to miss."

His head was already shaking before Victor could finish though. Because despite what the man thought, it wasn't always like that. "Victor, not all seizures are obvious. With some of them you cannot see the visible effects, and with others they are extremely noticeable. There is no telling if you've had any seizures or not.

"The doctor said you'd been having mild ones long before the accident. We cannot in good conscience let you go out alone right now. Not until you can go at least two years without so much as a blip of an epileptic issue."

"I can't just sit here and do nothing!"

Victor was already off the sofa, pacing back and forth in an attempt to calm himself down. And all Yuuri could do was watch from his place, knowing that the man needed his distance, even if he couldn't have much of it due to his condition.

"I don't want to be stuck inside all the time having to wait for you or someone else to come and escort me somewhere like I'm needy and pathetic. I've lost us both of our careers and I can't do anything about it, and it sickens me!"

"I'm sorry, Vitya. I'm so sorry that this has happened to you. And I'm sorry that you need to be kept under restrictive guidelines, but I'm not doing this to take away your freedom. I'm just worried about you and I can't lose you because some asshole didn't do his damn job!"

He didn't mean to become cross. He wasn't trying to yell at his husband and he didn't in any way think that this was Victor's fault. He was just so frustrated over all of it and he wanted Victor to understand where he was coming from and how alarming it was to come home and not see him anywhere. To not hear anything in return when he called out to Victor.

Yuuri didn't move from his seat. He knew that it wouldn't do either of them any good if he coddled far too much. Victor was experiencing a breach in his privacy and he knew that he wouldn't be able to do normal things without someone by his side at almost all times. At least until he passed the year
mark necessary without any seizures.

Victor's shoulders slumped. "I get it, Yuuri. I truly get it, I promise. I haven't forgotten what has happened. But I brought Nikita with me. It didn't seem like there was anything wrong."

That was the deception of neurological illnesses. Not all of them were obvious and not all of them had a cure or could be prevented. And it was for reasons like that that many people were not aware of the dangers of neurological illnesses and deteriorating mental health. It was why symptoms for such were generally overlooked or ignored.

"Many things don't seem wrong until they suddenly are, Vitya," said Yuuri in the softest tone he could manage under all the stress.

"I know," came the almost silent reply.

Several moments passed as both steadily looked in different directions. The tension was high between them and both usually preferred to keep to themselves lest something be said that neither meant. It was how to keep their tempers in check.

Victor took a seat beside Yuuri after what felt like hours later. He was staring at his shoes as if they held some kind of knowledge that he was in dire need of.

"Hey, Yuuri."

"Hm?"

He looked up, finding Victor smiling at him as if everything was alright. As if they hadn't just had a tense exchange over Victor's health and future. As if Yuuri hadn't almost just broke down in tears over everything going on in their lives.

"I want to go for a run, want to come with me?"

"Aren't you tired?" asked Yuuri, incredulous and unable to keep himself from blinking in shock. Victor had already gone for a run and he was ready to go again?

"No. Why would I be?"

Yuuri's stomach sank into a freezing lake then and that uneasy feeling returned again.

He'd forgotten it already? Even with his sore muscles?

"Vitya, you already went for a run earlier. I came home and you weren't here, which had me panicking. We just talked about it."

There was a moment where all Victor did was stare at him as if he was mad, before his cheerful grin turned upside down and his sparkling eyes dimmed really quickly. It was like someone had doused a lit candle with cold water.

"Oh," was the dejected reply.

Neither said anything about it. Yuuri didn't have the heart to drag up an argument that Victor seemed to have forgotten already. It would do no one any good.

"Vitya, would you like to have some tea with me? We can cuddle on the sofa afterward and watch a film of your own choosing."
That perked the older man right up and he nodded, seemingly forgetting that he was sad a moment ago. "Can we have some Oolong? It's always been my favorite."

Yuuri sighed, but nodded anyway. He refrained from mentioning that last week, Chamomile with lemon had apparently, 'always been Victor's favorite'.

What was the point?

He simply grinned and bore it.

"Yuu-chan, here's some katsudon for you and Vic-chan to have before you have to leave for Tokyo."

Yuuri flushed, but accepted the tray his mother handed him, trying to pretend that the knowing look she was sending his way, didn't actually exist. "Arigato gozaimasu."

"Thank you!" cheered Victor from behind him.

His mother winked and closed the doors.

When he turned around, Victor sat up in his bed, eyes bright with excitement at the realization that they were getting some katsudon. "Your mother is one of the best people I've ever met."

He had to agree.

"Be careful," he advised as he sat carefully, placing the tray between them on the stack of pillows Victor had set up. "Bigger bowls means more space to get hot. Don't burn yourself, and take your time while eating."

Victor beamed and nodded. "You take such good care of me."

He did. One thing he could be proud of was that Yuuri had been attentive to the needs of his husband and always tried to keep a positive attitude. As Victor's memory had begun to fade over and over, Yuuri found himself putting on fake smiles often in order to placate him. To keep him as happy and content as possible.

After all, first impressions meant a lot. And with Victor's declining mental health, Yuuri found himself going through many 'first impressions' with his husband in the later years.

"I try," he settled for saying, not wanting to seem too proud. He couldn't let himself linger on depressing things. How was he to advance emotionally if he never tried?

Victor - whose skill with chopsticks had improved drastically ever since coming to Japan - held out a piece of breaded pork, eyes practically sparkling at the concept of feeding Yuuri from his own bowl.

"You're a sap."

That didn't mean he didn't take the offered food. It would be foolish not to. Free food was the best thing in the world.

"I'm a sap for you!"

Yes. He was Yuuri's sap.

Yuuri dipped into his own bowl, willing to return the favor because it was cute and he liked feeding
Victor. Unfortunately, he became aware of two pairs of brown eyes watching his every movement. A glance to the right showed that both Makkachin and Vic-chan were seated on the floor, looking up at the two of them with wide, pleading eyes. That kind of cute face that made a dog look completely abandoned and bereft of any sustenance.

The look that inspired that term 'puppy dog eyes'. The kind that would totally trick Victor's mushy heart into giving over everything he had if thought it would help. Because his Victor was just that giving.

"Aw!" Victor cooed, grabbing a piece of pork and holding it out to Makka. Proof that he was caring.

Sighing, Yuuri gave his piece of his poor poodle and rolled his eyes when both dogs went to opposite sides of the room in order to have their snacks in 'private'.

"I think they've gotten spoiled because of us, we should take it a bit more easy on them from now on."

There was a snort from his lover, who sent him an amused look.

"Have you seen your sister with them? We are not the ones doing the spoiling, Yura. Mari thinks she's being sneaky, but I caught her giving them extra food several times! Her response was that I'm younger than her so she obviously knows better."

Yuuri was quiet for the rest of the meal, just enjoying their time together. Also, the thought of his blood family taking to new family so well, was nice and made him feel warm inside.

He was proud that everyone got along so well.

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@Phi-Chu: DUDE!

@Phi-Chu: We need to have a veeeeery long talk!

@Katsu: ???

@Phi-Chu: Don't you ?? me!

@Phi-Chu: Since when are you and Victor Nikiforov dating?!

@Phi-Chu: And why was I not the first to be informed?!

@Phi-Chu: I feel betrayed, man!

@Katsu: What?

@Katsu: I don't really think we're dating.

@Katsu: We haven't done much, considering.

@Katsu: And it's not like we discussed it.

@Katsu: When do you know that you're dating?

@Phi-Chu: Do you go out to eat?
@Katsu: Yeah?

@Phi-Chu: You share baths and showers?

@Katsu: Yeah. But it's an onsen, so duh.

@Phi-Chu: You share a bed and kiss?

@Katsu: Yeah.

@Phi-Chu: You suck each other's cocks yet?

@Katsu: Yeah.

@Phi-Chu: WHAT?!

@Katsu: Wait! Don't you dare!

@Katsu: Shit.

@Phi-Chu: Bruh we NEEEEED to talk!

@Phi-Chu: I want to knoooooooooow!

@Katsu: Fine.

@Katsu: But I'm not telling you everything.

@Phi-Chu: KK.

@Phi-Chu: So when did it start?

@Katsu: At the FCC.

@Katsu: It was pretty hot and started with a full body massage.

@Katsu: And some teasing and taunting.

@Phi-Chu: Ooooooh!

@Phi-Chu: Who was massaged?

@Katsu: Me. Naked. An hour long.

@Phi-Chu: DAMN BOI-YOI-YOI!

@Phi-Chu: You've gotten braver!

@Katsu: I suppose.

@Phi-Chu: Was it good?

@Katsu: ^_^
@Katsu: Victor certainly knows how to use his hands.

@Phi-Chu: Was there a Happy Ending™?

@Katsu: Perhaps XD.

@Phi-Chu: I have never been prouder, dude.

@Phi-Chu: This is cheer worthy!

@Katsu: TY.

@Phi-Chu: Victor seems to be good for you.

@Katsu: I think so too.

@Phi-Chu: And this means that my fine ass was right all along!

@Phi-Chu: Praise to me, I'm fly as shit!

@Katsu: (T_T)

@Phi-Chu: Give me a break.

@Phi-Chu: I was right and your arguing was pointless!

@Katsu: I know.

@Katsu: I just wanted to be sure.

@Phi-Chu: So anyway, back to my list.

@Phi-Chu: You do all this shit.

@Phi-Chu: You're a couple.

@Phi-Chu: He likes you A LOT.

@Phi-Chu: You adore him.

@Phi-Chu: A perfect couple! XD

@Katsu: You're ridiculous.

@Katsu: But you aren't wrong.

@Phi-Chu: [PHOTO]

@Phi-Chu: Reminds me of this meme.

@Katsu: Yes. I'm the lawyer with the crossed arms.

@Katsu: Reluctantly admitting you were right.
@Phi-Chu: So can I start making posts about you and your bf now?

@Katsu: Why?

@Phi-Chu: *laughs*

@Phi-Chu: If you only knew how many photos I have of you two.

@Katsu: ?

@Phi-Chu: I got people, bruh.

@Phi-Chu: They do things for me.

@Phi-Chu: Got a pretty in depth folder all about U 2 at 4CC.

@Katsu: WHAT?!

@Phi-Chu: Yeah!

@Phi-Chu: Where you ate and stuff.

@Phi-Chu: Don't worry, I got things on the other skaters too, so don't feel bad.

@Katsu: Umm...

@Phi-Chu: And nothing violates privacy because it was all done in public.

@Phi-Chu: And the tabloids have similar pics.

@Katsu: That's worrisome.

@Phi-Chu: Maybe.

@Phi-Chu: But it works.

@Phi-Chu: Someone tries something and I can probably handle them.

@Katsu: You scare me sometimes.

@Phi-Chu: :3

@Katsu: That won't work either.

@Phi-Chu: Is it too late now to say sorry?

@Katsu: Don't. You. Fucking. Dare.

@Phi-Chu: Sorry.

@Katsu: PHICHIT!

@Phi-Chu: XD XD XD XD XD XD
@Katsu: I'm done!

@Phi-Chu: Come back! I need U!

@Phi-Chu: I want to know all the sexy deets about your beau!

@Phi-Chu: U can't leave me hanging!

@Phi-Chu: When am I gonna be your Best Man?

@Phi-Chu: Will there be pole-dancing at the wedding?!

@Phi-Chu: Inquiring minds wanna know!

@Phi-Chu: What should my Best Man speech say?

@Phi-Chu: I know! I'll tell the story of the water park.

@Katsu: DON'T YOU DARE!

"Tokyo looks different since the last time I was here," Victor remarked once their things had been put away.

Yuuri, in the process of hanging his skating costumes on the back of the washroom door, turned to look at him. "It's been more than three years since you've had to be here. Things change you know."

Victor shrugged. He had already put his costumes up, but had them dangling from the curtain rod, blocking the light from entering the room. The room that he'd decided he wanted because it was larger than their original room and he 'wanted more space'.

Sometimes he had to sigh at how spoiled the other was. Charming, but spoiled.

"Are we going out to eat or do you just want to stay here and cuddle as we watch something?"

Yuuri flushed. They'd taken to staying in his room in recent evenings, just cuddling on his bed and watching whatever movie they could find. As Victor's last days in Japan were coming up, of course they wanted to spend as much time together as possible.

'Cuddling' of course turned a little more heated than either expected the first few times, ending up with Yuuri usually straddling Victor and Victor trying valiantly to get him off without using his hands.

Eventually, 'cuddling' took on a whole new meaning when the movies were forgotten.

"I suppose we can 'cuddle'. If you want to."

Victor nodded instantly, reaching out to wrap his arms around Yuuri's waist. "Please?" He rubbed his nose into Yuuri's messy hair, humming slightly. "I like spending time with you and I have to take what I can get."

What he could get indeed.

"Maybe we should cuddle first. To work up an appetite."
Yuuri's answer was to start backing up toward the bed, and he tugged Victor down with him, smiling as they fell.

"I'm not really hungry, but maybe we can work on that."

Victor's hands grasped at his lover's hair, forcing Yuuri's head to the side so they could kiss properly. Even though they had to wait until after the competition before they could do any true penetration, Yuuri had to admit that Victor was very good with his mouth and hands. And frottage had never been so satisfying before.

"You can't come with us?" Victor whined, trying to ignore the part where he was whining. He couldn't help himself though. He just learned that Yuuri and his coach were going to another rink to practice. And that meant Victor wouldn't see Yuuri for a few hours! To be separated from Yuuri for so long was like torture!

It was like the universe was conspiring against him again!

Yuuri reached up to run a hand through his silver hair, smiling in process. "This is important, Vitya. You can't come this time because we are finalizing our plan for the competition and this time, we have to come up with our own ways to surprise each other."

He was pouting and he couldn't help it! He'd been skating with Yuuri for the past three months! He'd gotten used to being with the other man! How was he supposed to think when Yuuri wasn't there to watch him? When Yuuri wasn't able to critique his skating?

"You'll do fine without me."

"I won't!" the older man protested. He wouldn't. He would be so lost and Yakov would be angry and shout at him for not paying attention. It would be dreadful!

Yuuri tsked and shook his head several times, though his smile was still soft. "You go out drinking a lot back home, you can handle a few hours away from me. You've done it before, Vitya."

"That doesn't mean I won't miss you. If you remember, I'm always trying to get you to come with me, but you never want to drink, so I'm always alone and so very sad, Yura!"

Right then, he could see the slow dilation of his Yuuri's eyes. "If it'll make you feel better, you think about what you can do to beat me. To be honest, I already have planned for how I'm going to bury you and you seem to be a little behind," Yuuri teased, looking like he was enjoying this more than he should. "You're going to give me a challenge, aren't you Vitya? I can't be the only one saving up surprises."

Victor gulped when Yuuri's finger trailed down his chest and scratched over his left nipple, offering a coy smile at Victor's shuddered breathing.

"Yeah," Victor murmured, clearing his throat a few times. "Yes," he said more firmly.

"Good. I wouldn't want it to be too easy of a victory."

And just like that, Victor's competitive spirit was aroused and he couldn't help but smirk at his lover. He really enjoyed how good of a tease Yuuri was. It was erotic and attractive, seeing him so confident and willing to tease someone who would be considered his figure skating senpai.
"I will be giving this competition my all, Yuuri. Don't get too confident yet."

"I expect the best, Vitya. Especially since I'm nowhere near finished with surprising everyone yet."

Yuuri's hand tightened in his shirt and he yanked Victor down into a rough kiss.

Okay, maybe the confidence wasn't unneeded after all.

"Well it seems that the skaters to watch out for in the Men's Singles are Victor Nikiforov of Russia, which isn't surprising. Katsuki Yuuri of Japan, the newcomer and usurper to Nikiforov's GPF gold streak. Christophe Giacometti of Switzerland who has taken Bronze for the first time in years. Jean Jacques Leroy, a young upstart from Canada. And finally, Michele Crispino of Italy. These five had participated in this past December's Grand Prix Final, and managed to make it to the World Championships."

"Indeed, Hisashi-san, It seems as if these five are ready to once again duke it out for another gold medal, though to be honest, the two who have truly caught my interest this season are Victor Nikiforov and Katsuki Yuuri."

"I have to agree. I have made note that both Katsuki and Nikiforov attended the Four Continents Championships and the European Championships together, in order to support one another. The amazing thing, is that both skaters changed the jump lineup for their programs, upping the maximum difficulty. I think we're about to witness a battle like none ever seen on the ice."

"I hope so. It's refreshing to see Nikiforov having to work a little. He almost seemed to be getting bored. But then Katsuki came along and decided that he wasn't going to go easy on his fellow competitors. His turn around from the beginning of the season is spectacular."

"True. I've been a fan of Katsuki's for a few years and I was honestly surprised to see this sudden change in him. It was if he'd shed his only self and blossomed into this new being who was just as amazing as before, but now more than capable of showing exactly why he's amazing. I am genuinely proud of what he has accomplished."

"He is someone to admire alright! With Katsuki here, I'm certain the next few seasons will prove to be quite interesting."

"I cannot wait!"

"You two are disgusting!"

Victor and Yuuri both turned in their seats. As the Pairs were skating first on the first day, they weren't expected to skate for several hours yet. Victor hadn't wanted to watch the Pairs at all, but Yuuri had made him sit there and watch.

He couldn't be too annoyed because he was with Yuuri the whole time.

Still, the sudden interference in their time together hadn't been appreciated. Even if it was his rinkmate.

"Hello, Yuri."
The blond sneered in return, though his gaze ended up landing on Yuuri, who smiled calmly and waved. "It's nice to see you again, Yuri-san."

The blond's green eyes trailed down the Asian man's features, taking in whatever he was searching for.

"Are you competing next year or not?" Yuri ended up demanding, staring only at Yuuri.

Victor looked back and forth between them, wondering if he'd missed something important.

"I am," Yuuri confirmed, much to Victor's relief. And apparently Yuri's as well. Despite the blond not sighing like Victor had, his own relief was easy to see.

"Good. I'm entering the Senior Division and I plan to crush the both of you, so don't you dare go easy on me."

Yuuri merely smiled at the teen's gruff attitude. "I can't wait to see how you manage Victor's routine!"

"Huh?"

"Yeah. Victor finished choreographing your Short Program last week."

Suddenly, Victor was on the receiving end of the teen's penetrating stare. "You actually remembered?" he asked, voice almost impossible to hear.

"Yeah!" Victor said with a nod. "It's great, so I expect you to do it justice, okay?"

The teen sat down beside Yuuri's, staring out at the ice.

"Yuri, why are you here anyway? You're not a Senior and the Junior Worlds was two weeks ago."

That got him out of whatever attitude he was in. The glare was fierce as usual. "I was fucking bored and made Yakov bring me! Deal with it!" he hissed, so much like his kitten back in St. Petersburg.

Victor merely laughed and returned his attention to his Yuuri, who had gone back to watching the Pairs. "Anything good, Yura?"

"If you had been paying attention, Vitya, you would see for yourself," Yuuri said with a teasing grin.

Victor rubbed his nose against Yuuri's.

Yuri made several gagging noises. "I won't want to see you flirt in front of me! That's gross!"

"It you don't like the way we look, look the other way!" crooned Victor, making sure to hold Yuuri's hand even tighter in response, encouraging the other to rest his head on Victor's shoulder.

The teen didn't move an inch.

Victor withheld an amused snort. Just as he expected of the boy.

"I know what you've been up to. I'm not as ignorant as people think. I can tell when someone wants to battle."

Yuuri fluttered his lashes at the accusal in Victor's tone. His smile could only be described as angelic.
"I'm afraid that I don't know what you mean, Vitya."

Victor groaned lightly and had to bite his lip in order to control himself. Yuuri snorted in response.

"You've issued a challenge. I know you, Yuuri. I know what you've been doing and why you've been doing it. And I've been watching you just as much as you watch me."

He placed a hand on Victor's chest, wishing he could feel the man's heart through the fabric of his costume. Instead, all he got with the heat from the other's skin. "What if I told you that I wanted you to watch me?"

The sight of the pink tongue belonging to his (future?) husband, almost made him lose his composure, but Yuuri had a tight grip on his libido at present. This was no time to lose in their little game. He had to stand tall and keep himself in check.

"I'd say that you've been naughty, Yura. A very naughty boy."

Victor's voice was temptation and seduction and basically everything that was good about sex, all wrapped into sound. It wasn't fair that the man was so damn attractive and able to manipulate basically anyone without having to try.

The taller man leaned down so that he could whisper in Yuuri's ear, lips brushing his skin lightly. "I'm going to beat you, Yuuri, and when I do, I'm going to take you back to our hotel room and I'm going to fuck you all evening."

Fuck.

Yuuri swallowed and squared his shoulders. "When I win, Vitya, I'll be doing the fucking."

Challenge issued.

Victor's blue eyes flashed.

Challenge accepted.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my many other YOI fics! ^-^
"Are you sure you want to do this? You don't have to. You managed to win gold at the Grand Prix Final without it and I don't see how a few more points are really worth this. You fell twice during practice."

"Out of twelve jumps," Yuuri pointed out. "And it's not just about winning, though I honestly wouldn't mind the results of that. It's about about surprising everyone, Victor in particular." He'd always loved shocking his husband in good ways, and this was something he'd done during his last year as a competitive skater.

As he was younger than the first time he'd done it, and his body was in better physical condition, he could handle it more, though honestly he didn't plan to do it in every routine. It was just something that he had to do in this particular competition. He would probably never do it again because there
wouldn't be a reason to. He had Victor, he'd already won with his and Victor's choreography, and he apparently had a second chance to live his life, but better this time. He didn't need to win several times to be happy.

"You are going to ruin your knees," Celestino said, disapprovingly. "You might go out there and fall. Are you sure that you want to risk this? Especially in the order you've decided to do it?"

"I'm sure, coach. This is important to me personally."

After Yuuri had done it, Yurio had put himself through hell in order to be able to do it as well. It took two years, but soon it became his signature move, and Yuuri felt like he was saying goodbye to an era while welcoming in a new one. A farewell to his Victor and Yurio, and a hello to the new Victor and Yurio. So it was only appropriate that he do so in a flamboyant manner.

Celestino sighed. "I am not happy about this, but it's not as if I can do much to stop you. You managed to run through the routine three times without falling once, so I can't complain. But if you step off the ice and are in pain, I will put my foot down for the Free Program."

He found that to be a fair decision. After all, he didn't even need to do it multiple times, but he was just proving a point. That he took this seriously and he liked being competitive with Victor. Also, he might have had a small kink involving the pleasure on Victor's gorgeous face whenever he was unexpectedly made happy. Especially if Yuuri was the one to make him happy.

The Italian man eyed him closely, before giving a terse nod. He was correct in the sense that he really couldn't stop Yuuri.

"You have a lot of potential for the future, Yuuri. I don't want you to ruin your chances before you even get them. You haven't fully decided whether to retire or not, so for now, the future is on the table before you and you have to make a choice. Don't let the choice be taken away from you."

Yuuri gave a final nod.

"The Short Program score for Victor Nikiforov is 119.57, taking back his Short Program World Record from Katsuki Yuuri and setting a new personal best and bumping his way up to first place! He has really set the bar high in this competition!"

Victor's elation could have made him float for all he cared. He had replaced his original jump composition, settling for his two highest Quads and a Triple Axel. He'd managed to rework some of his step sequences, and had sharpened his spins. It was the best Short Program he had ever skated, and judging by his record breaking performance, it couldn't get any better than that.

His head turned, seeking Yuuri's face out of the group of skaters and their coaches who waited on the sidelines. The man was clapping slowly, a small smile on his lips. The cameras were panning over to his face to see his reaction but he was nothing but grace and poise, taking the attention with calm. He didn't seem annoyed or jealous. In fact, there was a lightness to his countenance that Victor recognized easily.

The man turned to his coach and gave an award winning smile that made Victor's heart flutter within his chest. He could also recognize that sparkle in Yuuri's eyes. As if he'd finally gotten the answer he'd wanted. He'd been relatively silent all day as the competition officially began, and Victor had correctly guessed that it had to do with him thinking and trying to find some kind of solution. Victor had just skated, and Yuuri had found the answers he was looking for.
He realized then. Yuuri had paid attention to Victor's program as Victor had skated first. That allowed him to mentally modify his own program, though Victor didn't know how much more he could do. After all, Victor had calculated their scores and there were honestly neck and neck. Only a fall could be detrimental to either of their victories. So whatever Yuuri was planning on, had to be good or else.

Yuuri was skating first in the second bracket. One more skater and he'd take his turn out on the ice and the man didn't look alarmed or worried in the least. He merely seemed excited, and that familiar grin on his face made Victor wary but excited as well. What would Yuuri do in order to pull ahead and take the lead? What was he plotting in that gorgeous head of his?

So many skaters didn't consider the score for the Short Program to be important. Victor didn't subscribe to the same belief, because he'd won in competitions past by even half a point, simply because his SP had been higher than anyone else's. That half a point had been given to him by his SP scores and had pushed him ahead of his fellow competitors, saving his ass and bringing him the gold medal.

Scoring high in the Short Program could mean everything in the long run, so he wouldn't start worrying only when the Free Skate came along. He would begin to worry now.

Chris stepped off the ice after giving a minutely arousing performance, blowing kisses to his fans. Victor had never been too interested in Chris' sexual routines, and now that he had Yuuri, he honestly couldn't give a damn about Chris' lacking sexual appeal. He'd already seen sex incarnate and it was not Christophe Giacometti. So when he watched Chris, nothing happened.

Yuuri stepped into the ice, his jacket slung over his coach's arm. He was handed a bottle of water in order to take a long drink as the scores for Chris were deliberated.

"The Short Program score for Christophe Giacometti is 110.94! A new personal best! He is currently in second place! He's been putting out more and more personal bests this season and we've never seen him do so well before!"

It was a new personal best for the Swiss man, who looked ecstatic at the results overhead. Victor was proud of the other. Even when the future seemed bleak for his own career, he didn't give up or quit. Chris had pretty much been relegated to silver for years, and the annoyance he most likely felt when the realization that he would probably end up getting used to bronze for his remaining years as a competitive figure skater, had to have sucked. It would be hard to anyone in a similar situation to come to grips with the fact that they might not get their shot.

And since Yuri would be joining the Senior Division next season, and there was a chance that Yuuri would remain as well, things were looking even more bleak. It meant that Chris would have one hell of a tough time ahead of himself and he might not even get the bronze at all if Yuri trained hard enough in order to make the podium. And as Victor didn't plan to retire just yet, he had a feeling the next few years were going to be a test for the other Senior Men skaters. Basically, the podium was going to be harder to get to than ever.

"Next on the ice, representing Japan, is Katsuki Yuuri!"

Yuuri greeted the audience with a smile, waving both arms in a wide arc above his head, before bowing to the judges, as he usually did. So polite to everyone, even when he literally promised not even an hour previous, to bury his competition relentlessly.

Victor adored him.
Beatroot had been set as Victor's ringtone. He'd been unable to help himself because it was catchy and he liked it. It also made him think if his Yuuri and anything that could do that was obviously good in his book. And if Victor got up and danced whenever he heard it, that was no one's business but his own.

As usual, Yuuri didn't change anything in the first half of his program. There were the twizzles, the steps, the fan and arabesque spirals. Two spins, one layback and one camel. And his control of his body while only using one leg was impressive. Sailing across the ice on only one foot wasn't exactly easy, especially when not bracing yourself with the other leg. Shoot the duck was hell on the calves and ankles.

Beatroot reminded Victor heavily of music from his time with his babushka. Yet at the same time it could also be misconstrued as music from other origins, interestingly enough. He didn't know what possessed Yuuri to choose it, but he was grateful to have been introduced to it.

The Russian Split had been a tribute to him, or so Yuuri had told him. It was also a cultural joke because of the shouted 'Hey' in the middle of the song. And yes, Victor laughed every time he saw it. Also, Yuuri's legs splitting that far apart with obvious ease, was sexy. It wasn't exactly an easy maneuver and not even Victor could do it. His rinkmate Georgi could.

Of course right after that came Yuuri's first jump… which he'd changed to a Quad Flip? That made no sense because he usually preferred to keep it at the end of his routines.

"Katsuki raises both arms for maximum difficulty and slides out of the landing with smooth movements."

After Yuuri's footwork was supposed to come a Triple Axel, but instead, he'd gone for a Quad Lutz. Arms raised once again.

The commentators were going wild, but all Victor could do was quickly look in Cialdini's direction, and found the man worrying his lower lip. He hadn't looked that way at the GPF nor at the 4CC. Whatever Yuuri was planning, it was possibly dangerous enough to make the man worry.

Yuuri's body spread into an Ina Bauer, his legs long and majestic in a way. Usually Yuuri stuck with the spread eagle entry for his Triple Axel.

A layback as well? He was mad! He seriously believed that he could do a Triple Axel after that? Victor's abdomen hurt just watching as Yuuri's spine arched so fluidly. The core strength necessary to keep himself upright was intense. No wonder Cialdini was worried. It was a fool's move at the very least!

Yuuri slid from the position just fine and in a small turn, launched himself off the ice for an Axel jump.

Distantly, Victor was aware that rules required an 'Axel type jump' and that Triple Axel wasn't necessary the one needed. Senior Men these days rarely did Double Axels though, so of course he was going to assume that it would be a Triple! Any other sane skating fanatic would have also assumed as well.

It was not a triple in any fashion.

Yuuri said that he wanted to surprise everyone. He'd even gone to another rink to practice with his coach in private, all for this moment. All so he would literally surprise everyone.
"Katsuki Yuuri has just landed the first ever Quad Axel in competition!" came the disbelieving screeching of the announcer.

The routine was finished with the layback spin as previously planned, and when Yuuri stopped in his finishing pose, he looked triumphant. Also, his chest was heaving.

The whole room burst into loud applause, and Yuuri bent over, hands falling to his knees which he proceeded to rub repeatedly in circular motions to probably ease whatever strain he'd put on them by doing a damn Quadruple Axel of all things!

"That boy, is a fool," said Yakov from his side, reminding him that yes he was there in person and no, he wasn't alone in that moment. "A talented hard worker, but a fool all the same. He could have hurt himself."

Victor had to agree. But at the same time, Yuuri was Victor's fool, so that was okay. Not that Victor wanted him risking it again. Especially if it had him hunched over like that, trying to get rid of the shock to his knees after pulling a stunt like that.

Yakov sighed. "Go and get him. I know you want to."

Victor was already moving, wanting to kiss Yuuri but also wanting to reprimand him for putting himself at risk like that. Quads were bad for their health in general, but four and a half rotations were just hell to even attempt, especially after such a difficult entry. One thing was certain, Yuuri wouldn't get a GOE of +3.0. Maybe a +2.0 instead for that entry, but his transition out of the jump hadn't been so clean. Not shocking as it was four and a half rotations!

Yuuri was lead over to the Kiss & Cry and his scores were being decided when Victor jumped in front of the camera in order to hug him tight, barely withholding the urge to kiss him while on live television. He could wait until later to do that. There were more important things going on at present. Like how his lover had put his own health in danger all for a damn jump.

"We'll talk later," he told the younger man, who sighed, probably knowing what was coming to him.

"The Short Program score for Katsuki Yuuri is 120.23, a new personal best as well as a new World Record for the Short Program. He dethroned Victor Nikiforov less than half an hour after he set a new record. Katsuki is now the only person to have landed a Quad Axel in competition!"

Victor was proud. Very proud. He wanted Yuuri to know that, but he was also worried for the other's health. And he would make certain that Yuuri knew that most definitely.

His little history maker was one hell of a man.

"Your coach is right though, zolotse. You proved your point and I don't think anyone is ever going to forget it. But you don't need to ever do that jump ever again, okay?"

Yuuri sighed in frustration. Yes, he understood their worries, but it wasn't as if he'd done anything too strenuous. After a day of much needed rest, he would do fine. His knees weren't that bad and all he needed was a pain reliever and a hot bath. By the time the Free Program rolled around, he would be right as rain again.

"Don't roll your eyes at me, Katsuki Yuuri. Me caring about your health isn't something to roll your eyes over!"
He hadn't realized that he had done that.

Victor's warm hands framed his face, forcing his attention away from his fiddling fingers. Victor looked concerned, which wasn't a usual look for him. And it wasn't something that Yuuri wanted to see on the man's face. Victor shouldn't have to worry about anything, ever. His time was too precious and valuable to be wasted on needless worries.

"We care about you Yura. We don't want you to hurt yourself by putting too much pressure on your body or your mind. And we don't want you to ignore your limits simply because you think that you've got something to prove. And I don't even know what exactly it was that you had to prove as you've shown how amazing you are already."

"But I like surprising you."

"And I'm flattered and perhaps a bit aroused by it, but risking your own health isn't flattering or arousing. It's dangerous and I don't want to see you moving like this ever again. You could barely stand on the ice afterward and the entry into the jump did you no favors. Just relax for now. Let someone else take care of you for once. You don't have to be strong all the time."

Yuuri had to be strong for years. And while he'd had Yurio and Mila and Chris and Phichit, they couldn't always be around. He had to be strong for both he and Victor, because he'd made a promise. He took his wedding vows seriously and every day, he tried his best to make it worthwhile despite the circumstances.

He was so used to taking care of others - Victor, most of the time - that the thought of someone having to care for him was almost laughable. It wasn't like he needed help or anything. He was fine.

"I know that look," said Victor with a frown and a shake of the head. "You aren't okay. You take risks that you probably shouldn't sometimes, and you push yourself too far. And I don't know if this stems from your assumption that your life is a dream and therefore there are no consequences to your actions, or if there are some issues you haven't managed to work out yet, but it makes me worry at times."

Victor worried about him. That was why he asked Yuuri not to try a Quad Axel ever again. It was why he didn't approve, because he understood the dangers it could represent, and as Yuuri was just into the height of his career, he didn't want Yuuri to be taken out of the game unwillingly. He wanted Yuuri to still have a choice. Like Celestino did.

Stepping forward, Yuuri wrapped his arms around the man, and let himself be held in a way that had nothing to do with sexual desire or cute cuddles. This was comfort, and for some reason, he felt a lot better even though he said nothing. Even though he couldn't pinpoint exactly what was bothering him. It was just better when Victor cared and held him.

Victor was there for him. In sickness and in health.

How apropos.

It had happened while Yuuri was cooking. He'd been asked to make blini, which he'd found himself getting better and better at making. Victor had a headache and frankly, Yuuri wouldn't trust him near a stove when he was unwell, so it was up to Yuuri to try and make them the way Victor liked, all without burning the house down. He had been doing an okay job.
Yuuri reached over to grab the serving white plate off the counter in order to pile another on it. The smell was at least nice. Victor should be proud of his latest attempt at least.

"Who are you?"

Yuuri jumped, almost dropping both the plate and the spatula. Thankfully, someone Divine had to be watching over him, and he was able to place both down safely on the counter without breaking anything or burning himself. Yuuri's gracefulness didn't extend to the kitchen, unfortunately.

When he turned, he found Victor standing the doorway of the kitchen, looking at Yuuri like he was a complete stranger. His blue eyes were full of distrust, and he was so tense, Yuuri could see the vein throbbing in his neck. He looked like he was ready to charge any second.

"What?" was all Yuuri could ask, feeling his stomach fall into a pit of darkness as he played those breath stealing words over in his mind.


It wasn't a game. It was real. He hadn't thought it would come to this.

The ring on Yuuri's finger felt oddly cold even though he'd been wearing it for a few hours already. The wedding vows, the honeymoon, the competitions, the training, the romancing… it seemed that Victor had forgotten all of it.

Yuuri made sure that his hands were perfectly in view so Victor wouldn't have to be so wary. The best way to calm someone down was to show allow them visible access to all escape routes and prove that you meant them no harm.

"I'm Katsuki-Nikiforov Yuuri. Your husband of nearly ten years."

The pure disbelief in his husband's eyes was like a stab to the heart. His very fragile heart that was weak to emotional stress and trauma. Especially after the past few years. Yuuri wanted to go crawl into bed and cry.

"I'm not married!" insisted Victor, voice tight.

Yuuri gestured to his ring finger and then pointed to the ring on Victor's own hand. When Victor laid eyes on the golden band that had in no way been cheap and had been a symbol of all of Yuuri's feelings mixed into one message, he merely frowned.

"This proves nothing. I've never wanted to get married."

He could see the hostility basically thrumming under the surface, and he knew that he would have to play this carefully until he could either get Victor to the doctor, or Victor's memory returned eventually.

"Why don't you call Yuri if you're having trouble believing me? You remember him, right?"

"Of course I would!"

"Okay, okay," said Yuuri softly, hoping to appease the man. "His number is the third contact on your mobile, but it's under Yurio. And don't be offended if he calls you an idiot, he does it all the time and it's from a deep well of hidden admiration that he has for you."

The quirk of the man's brow made him feel a little foolish.
"A very deep well of hidden admiration," he explained intensely.

Victor didn't take his eyes off Yuuri, even as he fished his mobile from his pocket and started flicking through his contacts. The button was tapped, and speaker was turned on so that both Victor and Yuuri could hear the conversation.

"What the fuck do you need? I am in the middle of practicing for next season and don't think for a second that I'm not capable of coming over there to kick your ass for interrupting me!" came Yurio's voice over the speaker, only slightly distorted.

The small smile that spread across Victor's face made Yuuri's heart plummet. Because his Victor remembered Yurio, but not his own husband.

"Yurachka, I'm having a problem," Victor murmured into the mobile, eying Yuuri carefully.

There was a moment of silence, before Yurio asked in a tight voice, "Is something wrong with the katsudon?"

Yuuri was touched that Yurio was so considerate of his health, but it didn't make the situation any better.

"I don't know what that is," confessed Victor, voice full of worry. "There's a strange man in my flat claiming to be my husband." The slight tremor at the end of the sentence could have broken Yuuri's heart.

The resounding 'fuck' Yurio uttered made Yuuri simultaneously feel better, but also feel worse. For different reasons.

"Victor, you are going to stay in that house. It is your house. That is your husband. The dog is especially yours too. You will wait for me. Do not go outside by yourself. You might not like it, moron, but it's for your own good. You got hurt and legally can't be left alone. The Asian man is Katsuki-Nikiforov Yuuri. Yes we share a name, and yes I'm the better one."

Of course in a time of crisis, Yurio would still find it in himself to be snarky and kind of brash. It was almost cathartic in a way, so Yuuri could only nod his head in agreement. Something familiar would set Victor as ease and also make him feel better. So it was fine. In the long run, Yuuri would also need the emotional support of another person he cared about.

The time it took for the blond to show up had to be the longest half hour of Yuuri's life. While he had returned to cooking the remaining blini, Victor had pretty much hovered over his shoulder the entire time. And unlike all the other times he'd ever done it, it wasn't with a sense of trust and adoration at Yuuri's slowly developing cooking skills.

The front door opened easily, as Yurio had been given a key years ago in case he needed to stop by. The blond, whom had grown a lot over the years and was much taller than Victor, stomped his way into the kitchen to see them, looking furious but also resigned. Not even the ridiculous leopard printed pants could alter the mood in the room.

Victor's mouth was hanging. Even during Yurio's explanation of the situation. Even during the long time spent trying to refresh his memory by breaking out the photo album from their wedding, or the many Instagram photos dating back years and years. Even when he saw the various folders on his mobile, listed under specific names and filled to the brim with photos of them doing inane things together and just enjoying each other's company.
A few had Yurio in them. When they went to Disneyland. When they took a holiday in Hawaii. And all the while, Victor would shake his head and wonder aloud at how he could possibly forget so many years of his life. Which then came the revelation of his injury.

"You have a doctor's appointment scheduled for next week. If... if things aren't fine by then, I don't know what they'll want to do."

Victor was staring at the island counter between them. His mobile screen had gone black after him ignoring it for too long. Yurio was seated to the man's left, not exactly trying to comfort him, but also not trying to be rude about the situation. He was just a silent presence.

"I need a moment," said Victor, standing.

Yuuri's worry skyrocketed, but the man merely held up a hand. "I'm just going to the bedroom for a few minutes. I'll come back when I'm ready."

When Victor was gone, the uncomfortable silence in the kitchen made Yuuri feel like he was going to vomit. They didn't do quiet in the Katsuki-Nikiforov household. Quiet meant problems and unease, and he didn't want to consider either of them.

Yurio fixed him with a penetrating stare. "How are you holding up with all of this?"

It startled a laugh from him, but it was void of all humor. "My husband of ten years forgot whom I am, and can't believe that he would even get married in the first place."

Yurio didn't really have to ask how he was feeling. Yuuri was such a sap that his emotions might as well play across his face all the time. He was easy to read, and this couldn't have been any more easy to see.

"There is always the option of putting him in a personal care facility."

"Hell no!" Yuuri hissed. He hated the thought of it. "I can't abandon him to a place like that. Half the time he would remember that he'd been abandoned when he has living family perfectly capable of taking care of him! And the other half he wouldn't understand why he was alone if he supposedly had family who could take care of him!"

Yurio sighed. "It's only going to get worse, you realize? The doctors at the hospital said that his brain won't ever heal from the Encephalitis. A lot of that matter is dead and useless to him. And it's quite possible that he'll get some kind of memory problem because of it. Can you really handle dealing with that? You aren't exactly the champion of durable emotions."

"If I don't stand by him, how can I call myself his husband? I made vows, Yurio. In sickness and health. While it may be common for couples to split apart over this kind of thing, I won't allow us to be one of them. I'll give him the best life I can. Until the very end," Yuuri promised, a single tear slipping free and leaving a wet streak down his cheek.

Moments later, both found out that Victor had never gone to the bedroom. He'd stayed just outside the kitchen door in order to listen to them. To test them.

The man had cried and wrapped himself around Yuuri, apologizing for not being able to remember him and wishing that he was fine so this wasn't happening.

Yurio even accepted being dragged into their hug, because he understood how serious the situation was, and he cared. Deep down he cared very much.
That had only been the beginning of the true struggles Yuuri and Victor faced throughout their marriage.

"Are you sure you're okay? Your knees aren't in pain? Your calves are properly stretched out? You aren't lightheaded or anything? Did you eat enough at the hotel or should we get you something to snack on?"

Yuuri placed a hand on Victor's cheek to halt his babbling, and smiled. "You gave me a full body massage again, and pampered me all day yesterday, only allowing me to do basic stretches to keep myself in form. I've gotten good rest and did everything you and Ciao Ciao told me to do. I'm fine now." And truly he was. His body felt at ease and there was no lingering tension. He couldn't probably do another Quad Axel, but he'd already promised not to.

Victor and Yuuri's coach had been very insistent that he not attempt another Quad Axel. After a lot of arguing and worrying, they managed to wrangle a promise from the other man that he wouldn't do it again. He had agreed that he had made his point and did something others couldn't only dream of doing, so he didn't need to do it again.

"I'm just glad you didn't decide to first show it off in your Free Program. Four and half minutes is hell enough and you doing that would have been even worse for your body. Whether at the beginning or end of the program. It makes me shudder to think of anyone trying a Quad Axel after four minutes of intense skating. It's good that you didn't plan on it."

"I know. You're up next, by the way. So go out there and show us your best. After all, we still have a bet going on."

When Yuuri's body brushed up against his, he had to take a deep breath to control himself. Skating while aroused was actually pretty difficult and as he wasn't like Chris, who had been doing it for years. He wasn't used to the feeling and he didn't want to jeopardize his performance by starting to get used to it. "I'm going to win," he announced.

Yuuri scoffed. "You'll try, but I'm definitely coming out on top later on."

"We'll see."

Victor was manhandled onto the bed with apparent ease. And the fact that Yuuri was able to just lift him up without issue, made his body hot. And the sight of the gold medal around Yuuri's bare neck, made him both aroused and happy. His Yuuri had proven himself by winning, and only by less than a point.

Yuuri's Free Program score had been lower than Victor's, by .17 points after Victor set a new World Record, but that little extra bit in his Short Program, had pushed him ahead of Victor in the overall scoring, which allowed him to get that gold medal. And it looked lovely when pressed against his skin.

They were both naked, Victor having managed to strip himself in medal worthy time and then took to removing Yuuri's clothes as quickly as possible. Not that Yuuri helped at all. He was too busy trying to kiss Victor to actually lend a hand in the process. Not that Victor minded, but he was aroused, and had been dreaming about finally having penetrative sex with his partner and it was going to happen. Yuuri would be inside him and then he'd be inside Yuuri. The thought made him shiver in pleasure and anticipation.
His Yuuri was a tease though. Victor hadn't known until it was too late, with Yuuri's lips pressed against the hollow of his throat and his hands trailing down Victor's body, squeezing something and giving a hum of pleasure every time he liked what his hands touched.

Turned out that he liked all of it.

"I can't wait for you to fuck me," the younger man had said, his hand wrapped firmly around Victor's cock, giving it slow strokes. They felt good, but weren't enough to get him off, and he had a feeling that that was Yuuri's plan all along. The cool of his hand against the heat of Victor's flesh was a small shock, but a pleasant one.

"But I get to fuck you first," Yuuri added, his grim triumphant.

Yuuri's eyes were blown wide and he looked disheveled in the best of ways thanks to Victor's needy kisses and groping. He was in control and by the look on his face, he was going to make sure that Victor was thoroughly owned all night long.

"Victor Nikiforov," the man sighed, "owner of the best cock in the world."

The small thrill of pleasure he felt at the compliment was thrown out the window when Yuuri disappeared below his waist, mouth sinking down onto said cock without even a moment of hesitation. His tongue playfully flicked at the foreskin.

It had been a skill that Victor had learned about around a month ago. Yuuri had cornered him in the showers at Ice Castle Hasetsu and proceeded to demonstrate exactly what he could do with his talented tongue, and it wasn't just speaking multiple languages and tying cherry stems into knots. It was the best teasing Victor had ever received, and he happily remembered Yuuri clutching his lower body closer when he came, refusing to pull off.

It was soft and good and better than any other blowjob he'd ever gotten. It was like Yuuri was born to do this one job, and somehow managed to branch out his other skills to match. He was a god in human skin and Victor wanted to worship him in return. But Yuuri won their bet, so he had to wait for said turn.

The man popped off. "I think you're hard enough."

Victor moaned pitifully, not caring about how pathetic it sounded coming from him. His Yuuri had abandoned him on the bed all for some lube. Victor would have gladly gone lubeless and handled all the ramifications of such a decision, if it meant that Yuuri's skin could continue touching his own.

"Vitya," Yuuri purred, "I have to stretch you open and the best way to do that is with lube."

He had expected some fingers and maybe even a light massage to stimulate him. But Yuuri was always surprising him and when his legs were lifted and spread so they could be hooked over Yuuri's shoulders, he realized that he had underestimated the other man. He hadn't thought Yuuri would go in tongue first, but then again, his Yuuri was something special.

Victor cursed long and loud, certain that most of the words weren't even in English. The lube was cold, but Yuuri's tongue was warm and soft, and slipped around the ring of muscles easily before dipping in only slightly, but not enough for Victor's preferences.

He tried pushing his hips in various directions, hoping to get more of that delicious feeling, but Yuuri was taunting him. Flicking his tongue against Victor with quick movements and humming pleasantly when Victor moaned in frustration.
"Be good, Vitya," Yuuri murmured, adjusting his hold on Victor's body and dragging him across the bed even further. That subtle strength was so sexy!

"I'm trying, Yura!" he said, voice high and breathy. "But your tongue is so good and I want it inside me so much."

"I just want to make sure you're properly opened up, Vitya."

With that, Yuuri's tongue pushed in deep and with remarkable precision, wiggling around and moving in and out with purpose. Victor screamed without remorse, reaching down to pet Yuuri's messy hair and murmur as many heartfelt endearments as he could remember. Various languages spilled from his lips as he told his lover about how perfect he was and how considerate he was. How Victor adored him and wanted to stay by his side and never leave.

After that little revelation, Yuuri moaned and shoved Victor down, having decided that the foreplay and preparation was finally finished.

"Vitya, I want you to hold on tight."

Fuck.

His mother had hanged his newest medal up beside his other medals. Those accrued from skating and dancing competitions throughout his life. When Victor saw the particular cabinet that had been designated for Yuuri's awards, he'd let out an amazed whistled.

"You're so talented," the man had told him, making Yuuri flush pleasantly. He had come to grips with his little praise kink so long as Victor was doling out the praises. The fact that his certificates for great achievement in school seemed to impress him, made Yuuri feel good. Just as good as seeing his other gold medals.

Vic-chan and Makkachin had been very affectionate when they had returned from Tokyo. Yuuri was once again plowed over at the train station and he couldn't help but laugh at how cute both poodles were. He also had to make up for the fact that he and Victor had been away for so long. A nice walk around Hasetsu would probably do them some good in the future.

"Yuu-kun, I made you and Vic-chan some katsudon! Extra large!"

He salivated heavily during those few minutes of having to wait for the food. Victor was in a similar state, but he was halfway wrapped around Yuuri when he accepted his food with a smile and a 'thank you'.

He proceeded to watch Yuuri eat, even insisting upon feeding him with his own chopsticks. Yuuri chose to ignore the smirking of his sister, and focused all of his attention on his lover, whom he knew had a bit of a kink with providing for Yuuri. He liked feeding Yuuri, buying things for Yuuri, and generally being the cause of Yuuri having anything nice.

Yuuri was also a bit of a tease and he liked to feed into that small sugar daddy kink. Enough to make Victor happy, but not too much to become dependent on it.

"Yura, you make everything so much better."

"It's just katsudon," he pointed out, though he actually understood what the man had been saying. When you were in love, even the most ridiculous things done by your loved one, would just seem super cute. And you couldn't help but be enamored, even when the situation was embarrassing.
Victor hummed and shifted so he could hold Yuuri even tighter between his legs. Yuuri was grateful for the family having in a separate dining hall so as not to disturb the patrons of the inn. Nobody needed to see Victor massaging his hips through the fabric of his shorts.

"I'm happy to be here, Yuuri."

"I'm happy that you're here, Vitya."

Victor's eyes took several seconds to actually open, which was unusual for him. He'd always been an early riser, whereas Yuuri was a night owl to the extreme. Usually he could sit up immediately, feeling unruffled and have no qualms about just standing up and getting some tea. This morning however, was not the case.

He was warm, which he immediately chalked up to sharing a bed with Yuuri. Both he and Yuuri could cling for dear life when they slept and this morning, it seemed that Yuuri was doing all the clinging.

The shampoo that Yuuri used was fresh from his shower the former evening. He smelled good and Victor took a deep breath, even though his eyes still remained stubbornly closed.

It took several tries, but he finally managed to open his eyes, and found himself slightly taken aback by the color of the ceiling. His ceiling wasn't white. It was blue. It had sparkles. There were fan shapes in the paint to make an interesting pattern. This ceiling looked nothing like that.

Wait... 'blue and sparkles'? Victor never had a blue room before, let alone a ceiling. Never slept in one either. Why did he remember something that obviously had never happened before? He'd stayed in orange hotel rooms, but not blue ones. How strange.

It must have been a dream, though he didn't remember his dreams from the former night. Victor and dreams weren't a good mix. He usually couldn't remember them very well.

"Something on your mind?"

Yuuri was already awake. How many times had they been in this position before? Victor couldn't remember, but he knew it was a lot. And he didn't mind one bit.

"Why would something be wrong, zolotse?"

"You're pouting something fierce."

Damn. Yuuri was really good at reading him despite the fact that they had only really known each other for five months. He sighed. What an amazing five months it had been thus far.

"I just have this odd feeling that there's something wrong. Like my brain keeps insisting that something is wrong with the ceiling, but I know your family only has white ceilings."

"Something wrong... with the ceiling?"

"My brain thinks it should be blue, but I know that it isn't and never was, you get me?"

He didn't miss the way Yuuri stiffened, though he wasn't sure what he should say in response. It was just a ceiling. Nothing to worry Yuuri about. Victor's head would be back on straight soon.

"Are you feeling well?" asked Yuuri, reaching up to place a hand on his brow to feel for a temperature.
"Yeah, it's just an odd feeling. Nothing special and nothing to worry about."

"I'm here if you feel like talking."

Smiling, Victor wrapped his arms even further around his boyfriend and squeezed. "I know, malysh."

@Phi-Chu: So now that you're a GPF and Worlds gold medalist, how does it feel?

@Phi-Chu: As great as I think it does?

@Katsu: It's okay I suppose. I'm proud of myself, but mostly I'm just glad that I won mine and Victor's bet.

@Phi-Chu: Ooooh! Details!

@Katsu: If he got gold, he did the fucking. If I got gold, I did the fucking.

@Phi-Chu: BOI! I AM SO PROUD OF YOU!

@Phi-Chu: You and Victor Nikiforov! And you were the top!

@Katsu: He topped immediately afterward though.

@Phi-Chu: You're that type of couple, huh?

@Phi-Chu: This is the best thing I've ever learned!

@Katsu: Yeah. It's great!

@Katsu: And before you gloat, yes, we are a couple.

@Katsu: He said that he likes taking care of me.

@Phi-Chu: Aw! Is he secretly a sap?

@Katsu: Yeah. You should see him with Makka.

@Phi-Chu: Think he'd be good with hamsters?

@Katsu: Yep. He likes animals in general.

@Phi-Chu: You've snagged like the best dude on Earth.

@Phi-Chu: Got any tips for us lowly mortals?

@Katsu: I honestly don't think I did anything.

@Katsu: I didn't approach him or anything. I just skated.

@Katsu: Chris introduced us and he apparently liked my skating.

@Phi-Chu: You seduced Victor with your skating!
@Phi-Chu: I don't think that'll work for me tho.

@Phi-Chu: If my future lover isn't a skating fan or a skater themselves, then seduction via skating probably wouldn't work.

@Phi-Chu: Still tho, good 4 U~!

@Katsu: ^_^

@Phi-Chu: So I know how you are about releasing personal info…

@Phi-Chu: …but I am curious you know.

@Phi-Chu: Is he circumcised?

@Katsu: No. But neither am I.

@Katsu: And to be truthful, I prefer it that way.

@Phi-Chu: Oooohhhhhhh!

@Katsu: Yeah.

@Phi-Chu: This is the best!

@Phi-Chu: And boy, you've gotten pretty daring, haven't you?

@Katsu: I'm not even going to try to deny or hide it.

@Katsu: It's rather obvious by now.

@Phi-Chu: You both were flirting heavily before the competition.

@Phi-Chu: And I s2g the commentators still thought you were only friends after your SP!

@Katsu: ?HOW?

@Phi-Chu: ikr! You and Victor were literally groping each other beforehand and holding hands!

@Phi-Chu: How obvious do you need to be?

@Katsu: Well, the kiss after the Free Program was certainly enough to prove it.

@Phi-Ghu: Yeah, but the ignorance is annoying as hell sometimes.

@Katsu: True.

@Katsu: Victor had forgotten we were in public. That was why he grabbed my ass.

@Phi-Chu: He seems the type who would do that.

@Katsu: Yeah.

@Katsu: It was great.
@Phi-Chu: I'm so damn jelly rn!

@Katsu: Why?

@Phi-Chu: Because you get a hot guy who adores you!

@Phi-Chu: And who apparently has a soft side.

@Phi-Chu: And a nice dick.

@Katsu: All of the above is true.

@Katsu: And no, I don't have pics.

@Phi-Chu: DAMN!

@Katsu: I guess you'll just have to use your imagination.

@Phi-Chu: I've been doing that for years.

@Phi-Chu: A little more won't hurt.

@Katsu: XD

"Would you want to come with me to St. Petersburg and train there with me?"

"You want me to move to Russia?"

Yuuri hadn't expected *that* of all things when he entered Victor's room during his last night in Hasetsu. He'd expected hot and wild sex, preferably with him on Victor's lap the whole time. Instead, he found Victor staring up at him with glossy blue eyes.

"Yakov could coach you. You've proven to be a good skater and he would probably love how kind you are. You'd probably be the only person around who would listen to him all the time."

"I'm not sure I can-"

"Please?! I don't want to go away and know that you'll be far away from me. Makka and I will be so lonely without you! And Makka will miss her new friend too!"

His heart was practically floating in response to that, and Yuuri allowed himself to be gathered into Victor's arms. The man rocked them both back and forth as he talked, trying to give as many reasons as possible that would convince Yuuri to move to Russia with him. He even tried to guilt trip Yuuri with the fact that their poodles would be sad as well.

What Victor didn't know was that Yuuri's glass heart was easy to mold and Victor didn't even *have* to convince him to move to Russia once again. It was just the coaching thing. No coach would ever be the same as Victor had been, but Yuuri remembered how things had been a little more difficult for Victor when he coached Yuuri while also competing. He didn't want to put undue stress on the man he loved.

"Are there any other coaches based in Russia, who are within half of Yakov's league? Preferably someone who can dedicate the time necessary to a single skater?"
Victor understood the implication immediately and slotted their lips together in gratitude. "I think I have an idea!" he said once they had parted enough to speak coherently. "And don't laugh because I think it's great and I never have bad ideas."

"Okay." Yuuri refrained from mentioning that many of Victor's ideas had in fact been pretty terrible over the years. The man seemed too excited to tear down.

"I'll coach you!"

Again? Victor was offering once again, but for a completely different reason this time, and Yuuri's heart practically pounded with love at the reason. Because he didn't want them to separated. It was actually touching this time around when Victor offered to coach him.

"You don't technically need a coach, but in name I could be one to stand with you at competitions. And I really want to choreograph routines for you. To see you skating to something I choreographed, would be so erotic. And then I can take you home and love you properly and reward you for doing such a good job."

While they words made him tingle a bit, he couldn't let himself be interrupted by physical desire.

"Vitya, coaching takes a lot of work, and if you plan to compete as well next season, it'll put more strain on you. It'll be a struggle for you."

"That's alright! I feel like I've done it already," the man confessed, face contorted in confusion.

Hm?

"Yeah! I had this odd dream last night, which was where I got the idea. I met you at the Kiss & Cry during one of the assignments and then we were training back in St. Petersburg. And then came the competition and you skated to routines I had made for you, and you won gold at the GPF while I won silver and Yuri won bronze. And then you and I did an Exhibition together to Death of a Bachelor and then kissed and announced our wedding date on the tenth of April. We had gold rings and everything."

That… was real. That had actually happened. That was when they had decided to officially get married and confirm their engagement. They had actually gotten married on the tenth of April as well! It had been the anniversary of the day that Victor had blown into Hasetsu, bringing a snow storm with him from Russia.

Victor was talking about it as if it was a dream, but it had actually happened in Yuuri's life. What the hell?

"Yura, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," he said, trying to find something else to think about. This was too much right now. "I just can't believe that you dreamed of being engaged to me," he lied, knowing it would distract Victor for a time.

Victor scoffed. "Who wouldn't want to be engaged to you? You're amazing!"

Aw. He was such a darling at heart. Yuuri tapped his nose in adoration. It was a little cold at the tip.

"But too bad for anyone wanting to though," Victor continued. "You're mine."

Yuuri was going to cry.
"So will you come be with me and let me coach you, Yura?"

Taking a deep breath, Yuuri nodded. He would never even considered refusing to be with Victor again.

"Can we go see the cherry blossoms before we go to bed? It might be the last chance you'll get to see them for a while."

"Da."

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON, I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my many other YOI fics! ^-^
There was noise coming from the kitchen. Victor blinked twice, unsure of why there would be any noise in his kitchen. He was in the lounge, and the television was on. He'd been relaxing when the sudden sound of metal banging against metal reached his ears. And it was coming from his kitchen? There should be no sort of noise coming from the kitchen, he was certain. He'd lived alone for years.

Standing, Victor hesitantly scooted his way toward the open doorway, balancing on the balls of his feet so he wouldn't be heard by anyone who might be in the house with him. The floor didn't even creak beneath him, he was so stealthy. All was silent save for the old film playing on the TV and the clanking coming from the kitchen drawers as they were being opened and closed.

He peeked around the corner and found himself staring at the form of someone he did not recognize. Their back was turned to him as they stood barefoot before the oven. A simple pair of pajama bottoms and a white top adorned the person's body, with Victor's pink, 'Lick Me' apron tied about their waist. Their hair was dark and he was certain he could see glasses on their face.

The person was making blini. On Victor's stove. In Victor's kitchen. In Victor's house.

Frowning, Victor stepped into the kitchen and demanded, "Who are you?"
The person jumped and whirled around, staring wide-eyed at Victor. They managed to not drop the spatula and plate in their hands, but only just barely. But just because the person was clumsy and kind of cute, did not mean that could be trusted, and Victor glared. He could be very fierce when he wanted to be, and would use that to his advantage against the stranger.

"What?"

It was a man, he was certain. And attractive man, but an unknown currently invading Victor's space nonetheless. Victor did not like it when his space was invaded by anyone.

Huffing, Victor once again asked, "Who. Are. You?" He made sure to enunciate slowly because he was feeling like being an asshole. And he wasn't required to be nice to people who broke into his house and were using his food to make themselves food.

The man's devastated expression made Victor feel a little guilty, though he couldn't understand why. There was nothing for him to feel guilty about. After all, there was a stranger in his house, not the other way around. Right? So why should he feel bad for wanting to defend his territory? And why did the man look betrayed?

The plate and spatula were set aside slowly, and the man's left hand rubbed over his right, drawing Victor's attention to the golden ring adorning his right hand. A wedding band. Brown eyes glanced down and Victor did the same, finding himself staring at an equally golden ring. On his marriage hand no less.

Both of the stranger's hands rose, palms facing outward and fingers spread apart slowly. A sign of caution or surrender, he did not know. "I'm Katsuki-Nikiforov Yuuri. Your husband of nearly ten years."

What?

Husband?

Victor would never get married. He'd promised himself years ago.

~.O.~

Victor blinked, and found himself staring at the sky. A sky full of gorgeous yellows and oranges, with some pinks and purples thrown in for good measure. Barely any clouds were visible, leaving the view bare. He couldn't remember the last time he'd laid eyes on such a serene sight, but it was lovely anyway. It made him feel nostalgic, though he couldn't really understand why.

A shuffling sound to his right drew his attention, and he found a very attractive Asian man sitting beside him. They were on a bench, and between them, rested a sleeping dog that he was not familiar with. The man was attractive in an understated way, with lovely brown eyes and brown hair streaked with bits of silver. His face was a little chubby, but in Victor's eyes, that served to make him all the more adorable.

Ever the charmer he'd always been, Victor beamed at the man, wanting to make a good impression. "Hello! I'm Victor!"

There was a brief moment of sadness that flickered in the man's eyes, before it disappeared. Victor felt horrible when he saw it, but the man interrupted before he could even formulate some sort of query. "I'm Yuuri," said the Asian angel. "It's nice to meet you, Victor."

"What do you do for a living, Yuuri?" Victor asked. There was nothing wrong with being friendly,
right? Especially to such an attractive man.

Yuuri smiled softly, little crinkles appearing at the corners of his eyes. "Well, more recently I'm a coach, but I did some figure skating for a while many years ago."

"I figure skate too!" Victor announced, excited to meet someone who probably shared his adoration for the ice. "I have always loved skating. It's the only thing that's ever made me truly happy and ever made me feel free. It's everything to me and I would never want to lose it."

Yuuri's smile was even more soft now. "I can see that. I'm sure you've got good skills at presentation."

Head tilting to the side a bit, Victor couldn't help but feel confused. "How would you know?"

"You're attitude and aura. They scream 'look at me'. You like attention obviously, and you like making people happy. So obviously presentation would be important to you. The story behind the routine being a big part of your choreography."

He was nodding before Yuuri could finish. Because the man was right. Victor loved monopolizing the wow factor. He loved seeing how impressed people got when they watched him. And the man seemed to be able to read him so well! It was amazing! No one had ever come to understand Victor in so little time, and even those with much time weren't so good at it.

When he voiced his opinion of the man's deducing abilities, Yuuri merely shrugged calmly. "I'm not that amazing. I'm just an old man with an eye for these things."

"You're not old!" Victor protested, eyes trailing to the hair that was so thick and lovely as it rested atop Yuuri's head. It curled over his ears and around the blue turtleneck sweater he was wearing. And it was difficult to see the little silvery/grey bits here and there. "You aren't balding and you have so much hair left!"

"I'm certain forty-seven is old, Victor. But thank you." Yuuri was smiling again.

Yes, balding was a sign of old age. Victor had always determined his own old age by whether he was going bald or not. He reached up to pat his head, and froze in place. He was missing hair and he shouldn't be.

The hair on top of his head was a lot thinner than it should have been! What the hell?!

"Where'd my hair go?"

"Victor-"

"Why is my hair so thin!" It shouldn't be like that. It was supposed to be swoopy and soft. And it was styled the wrong way! His hair had a specific part to it and for some reason, it wasn't where it should be!

"Victor! I need you to take deep breaths for me!"

That was Yuuri's voice, but it wasn't working right. Whatever the man was saying wasn't coming across too well in the fog. Victor was too busy panicking over his lack of hair and his need for a mirror. Was it an illness? Hair falling out was a sign of many terminal illnesses!

"Victor! Victor!"
He was eating cake. Why was he eating cake? Victor never bought himself cake and he rarely ever
got to have any because why would he put his body through that when he had practice to do?

Victor looked around in confusion, and found himself sitting in a small, blue room, with furniture in
various shades of blue, surrounding him. There was a thick black carpet beneath his feet, and a
surprising lack of tables.

There were no hard surfaces. Everything was padded thickly. Poofy in a way. It was garish and did
not fit his style at all. The blues were lovely, but everything else was just wrong.

"Victor, are you okay?"

He started and whipped around to find a man he most certainly did not know, staring at him with
obvious worry. Three things became apparent then. Victor's head was throbbing, his lower back
was aching for whatever reason, and he was in a stranger's house.

"Where am I and who are you?" he demanded, only to pale.

What was wrong with his voice? Why did he sound so… old? Victor wasn't old, he was twenty-
seven! This was a nightmare. It had to be!

"Victor, I need you to take a deep breath for me and hold it for five seconds, can you do that?"

He did not. The strange man with the soft eyes wasn't anyone Victor knew. He was under no
obligation to do anything the man said. He didn't want to!

"Where. Am. I?" the Russian demanded again, standing up and glaring at the unknown person.

And the man only stared at him with what Victor could only describe as acute sadness. He didn't
care. He was suddenly very angry and he wanted his answers.

He took a threatening step forward.

Victor stared at the man kneeling before the small photo frame on the table. Incense was burning
nearby, and the man's head bowed. His hands were clasped before him.

"Why are you sad?"

The man sighed. "I'm just thinking about my parents. I miss them."

He leaned away so Victor could see the photo of two plump people, hugging each other. Their faces
were holding wide smiles and laugh lines. The man kneeling on the floor was in the photo as well,
but a little younger, plus another person whom Victor didn't know, standing behind the obvious
couple in the center.

"I'm sorry for your loss," said Victor, wondering if there was a way to get the man's mind of such a
depressing topic of thought. He didn't really know how to handle sad people, but Victor didn't like it
when people were sad.

Maybe some figure skating would help?

"Thank you, Victor."
He frowned. "I'm sorry, but do I know you?"

"Who is that, Yurachka? Why is he in my house?!"

"Old man, shush! You're being too loud."

"No! I want to know why some Asian man is in my house!"

"Vitya, just stop for a second and breathe, okay. You're flatmates and have been sharing space for years."

The blond was pushing him toward an open doorway. In the distance, the music that had been playing was cut off suddenly, not that Victor cared. "You got hurt and are having memory problems. We didn't want to put you in an old folks home so we got you this place instead."

"I don't understand."

Yuri huffed. "I wouldn't expect you to. You'll just have to stay in your room for the night until you remember things correctly."

"But-"

"No, Vitya. I'll go check on him, but you have to stay here. It's for the best."

Victor got hurt and he couldn't remember someone he was living with. How?

"Yurachka," he murmured quietly. "Who is that man to me?"

The blond sighed, hand pressed to his brow as he closed his eyes. "Your husband."

Husband...

Victor sat down on the bed the room provided, feeling his entire body ache with the movement. Why was he hurting everywhere? There was no mirror in the room. Nothing hard either. Or sharp. Strange. Victor certainly hadn't designed this room.

But the biggest thing to stand out to him, were the lines in Yuri's face. Like actual wrinkles. Gone was the perfect-skinned youth he was used to seeing.

"Yura, why do you look so old and why would I need to be put in an old folks home?"

The blond cursed.

His answer made Victor feel...

Victor shot out of bed, eyes wide and heart pounding erratically as he took in the decor of his room. A room he recognized very well. It was his room in St. Petersburg. He was in Russia. He was home. With all of his pointed furniture and nothing was covered in fluffy shit. It was all as it should be and nothing from those horrible nightmares.

"Victor?"
Yuuri! Victor looked over to find Yuuri sitting up in the bed as well. The sheets pooled around his hips, revealing Yuuri's bared torso. The man looked tired and adorably ruffled. But not old. No grey hairs and no crows feet. No sad look in his eyes whenever Victor paid him attention. And no injuries inflicted upon him because...

"Victor, are you okay?"

"It's just the dreams," he murmured with a shake of the head. He'd been having them for a while. He should be used to it by now, but for some reason he wasn't! "They keep coming more frequently and they make no sense! It's beginning to try my nerves when I wake up every morning like this. I don't want them."

His lover leaned close to wrap his arms around Victor, laying his head on Victor's bicep. "Are you sure that you're fine? Maybe we can set up an appointment or something. Night terrors aren't normal for this long and I'm really worried about you. It's been nearly a month. What could been so terrible that you would have night terrors for a month even though none of them are the same?"

He shrugged, having no idea himself. There was no rhyme or reason to the dreams, they just kept happening with no context given.

"It's just... they're these odd scenes between you and I. It's always me and you, and I recognize you, but then I also don't, you know. When I wake up I know it was you in my dreams with me, but it's like I don't know you in the dreams, and it either always results in me panicking in fear, or me becoming angry and attacking you. And it scares me," he admitted. He didn't like how strange the dreams were, and he didn't like the content of them either. "I'm not violent naturally, so it isn't right that I would be even in a dream."

Yuuri's breathing stuttered a bit, and when Victor looked up, it was to see the younger man gaping at him. But it was the look in his eyes that worried Victor the most. As if he knew exactly what Victor was talking about. But that was crazy. Yuuri couldn't know of Victor's dreams because Victor hadn't actually spoken up about them, because he'd been scared to.

"Did you say you don't know who I am and end up attacking me a lot in those dreams?" the other man whispered, the horror still noticeable in his voice.

He shifted uncomfortably. It was all so realistic, and he didn't like remembering how violent he'd gotten in the last one. Victor was only prone to violence when backed into a corner - which rarely ever happened because his life was good - and he really couldn't understand why dream Victor couldn't seem to understand that Yuuri was his husband and not a foe! Why would anyone ever want to land hands on Yuuri? He was such a darling and deserved to be taken care of and loved, not hurt and abused.

"Victor, what did you dream of last night?" asked Yuuri, voice deadly soft and quiet. And to be honest that alarmed Victor more than anything. The hand on his own didn't feel comforting like it normally did. It felt strange ad alien.

"Stuff," he mumbled, unwilling to answer. It wasn't good. He didn't want Yuuri to know about them. To know the horrible things going through his mind at night. Because it had to say something terrible about him if his subconscious was putting him through all these awful night terrors.

"Victor, please tell me."

Yuuri's eyes were beseeching. Pleading him to just give in and explain his nightly experiences in his dreamworld. But they were more than just that and he hated knowing that such things happened,
even in a dream. It didn't sit right with him as a person, let alone as Yuuri's boyfriend.

He sighed though, because his Yuuri looked so worried. "There was one where I found you in the kitchen but didn't know you. And another where we were on a park bench and I was flirting really hard, and ended up panicking when I reached up to touch my hair only find a lot of it missing. Then there was the one with the cake and the room of blue furniture and I... I think I hit you in anger. One of you remembering your parents. The final one just now was of Yuri pulling me away from you and telling me to breathe slowly or something. He said I got hurt and that you were my husband but I forgot you somehow, and then told me to stay in my room and not leave."

There was a moment of pure silence, where he refused to meet Yuuri's gaze. He didn't like the dreams. They made no sense and they infuriated him as much as they offended him. As if Victor would ever lay hands on Yuuri in such a manner! It wasn't possible!

"Oh, Vitya," sighed Yuuri, reaching up to pull his face closer. He looked to be on the verge of tears as he rubbed Victor's cheekbones with his thumbs. "My poor, poor Vitya."

Yuuri kissed the tip of his nose twice. "I'm so sorry that this is happening to you, Victor. It should never have happened to you at all."

He frowned, and took Yuuri's hands into his own in order to force the eye contact he wasn't looking forward to. "Yuuri, what do you mean?"

What did Yuuri mean? How did Yuuri go about explaining that? Explaining this whole situation? And his integral part in all of it. How did he tell the man he loved, that what he was experiencing was actually the past for Yuuri, and weren't just some dreams? How did he maintain honesty between them when the truth was so very painful?

"Victor, remember how I believed I was in a dream and was being reckless because of it?"

The man frowned, but nodded.

"This kind of plays into that. Those things in your dreams have happened to me. One day I woke up back in Detroit, as if none of it happened. And I assumed I was dreaming and decided to do what I want because this new life I would be 'living' wouldn't actually be real. So there would be no consequences to anything I did, and I was fine with a dream because my reality had just been one hardship after another."

Victor merely sat there, staring at him with his mouth agape.

"That's why my programs changed and why I could suddenly do jumps no one ever saw me do before. So either this is a dream, or I time traveled to the past but kept all of my memories, and you are slowly regaining yours. You were the lover I lost. You got injured terribly, which revealed that you had Limbic Encephalitis. And because it had gone untreated for so long, your limbic system was mostly ruined and you ended up with intense Dementia at a young age because of it."

And now Victor was dreaming about memories of times where he forgot who Yuuri was. So was that just a part of this possible-dream, or was it actually some form of time-travel? Which was so strange, but who was he to say what was and wasn't possible? Yuuri was not a supreme being.

"How?" was all Victor could ask, and Yuuri hated how fragile he sounded. Because that question was just an umbrella question for everything he wanted to know and didn't understand. And Yuuri had to be the one to tell him everything, and he hated the fact that he would have to put Victor through this all. He would have much referred it if Victor had gone the rest of his life never knowing
of what Yuuri and his husband had been through.
"I'm so sorry, Vitya."

@Phi-Chu: Are you okay?

@Phi-Chu: I haven't heard from you in a while and got worried.

@Katsu: I'm fine.

@Katsu: Victor hasn't been feeling well lately, so I've been looking after him.

@Phi-Chu: Aw! It's love.

@Phi-Chu: I hope I can find that one day.

@Katsu: I'm not really doing much though.

@Phi-Chu: But how many people do you really think have been with him?

@Phi-Chu: Especially when he's not feeling too hot?

@Phi-Chu: I'd bet money you're the first person in a decade.

@Katsu: You aren't wrong.

@Phi-Chu: I knew it!

@Phi-Chu: Kudos to you for taking care of your beau! You're the BF of the Year!

@Phi-Chu: Will this affect the upcoming season?

@Katsu: I don't think so.

@Katsu: It's been a lot of poor sleeping and migraines though.

@Katsu: It's adding stress so we've halved his training times.

@Phi-Chu: He IS getting older. It's to be expected.

@Katsu: Kinda wish it wasn't happening at all though.

@Katsu: Seeing him so down is heart-wrenching.

@Katsu: I can't do much and it's frustrating!

@Phi-Chu: But you're there, which is more than he can say for anyone else.

@Phi-Chu: And sometimes that's what someone needs most.

@Katsu: :)

@Phi-Chu: So onto other things. Next season.
@Katsu: Yeah. Been working hard.

@Phi-Chu: Me too! I've got my routines and guess what?

@Katsu: You'll tell me anyway.

@Phi-Chu: I'm doing The King and the Skater!

@Phi-Chu: Finally got Ciao Ciao to agree!

@Katsu: Congrats. And your Quad training?

@Phi-Chu: Coming along smoothly. I'll manage a 4T soon!

@Katsu: Make sure you record it to show me, okay?

@Phi-Chu: I would never forget that.

@Phi-Chu: The camera is my life.

@Katsu: Don't I know it.

@Phi-Chu: Yeah boi!

@Katsu: ;)

@Phi-Chu: So I know Plisetsky is joining the Seniors as well.

@Phi-Chu: How would you gauge his threat level?

@Katsu: 6/10 currently. He needs a push to get fired up.

@Phi-Chu: Still, that's pretty good considering he only just turned 15!

@Katsu: IKR.

@Phi-Chu: Does he have Quads?

@Katsu: 2 but I won't tell you which ones.

@Phi-Chu: Damn! I gotta work extra hard now!

@Phi-Chu: He's making me look bad!

@Katsu: Don't hurt yourself.

@Phi-Chu: Yes, mom. Thanks, mom.

@Katsu: I am no one's mom. I don't do that kind of roleplay.

@Phi-Chu: But you do roleplay of OTHER sorts?

@Katsu: Maaaaaaybe...
"Vitya, are you feeling better?"

Victor groaned in response. Learning the reason behind the whole nightmares thing, and Yuuri springing into his life in the most amazing way possible had been slightly helpful, but it didn't stop the dreams. They kept coming and coming. And it annoyed him because they were mostly of the times where he didn't know who Yuuri was.

And reactions varied every single time.

How had Yuuri stayed with him through all of that? Why would Yuuri decide to put himself through all of it? Victor knew of many people who wouldn't have stayed with their spouse or lover if something like that happened, because they couldn't handle the emotional struggle to come. But Yuuri had blatantly refused to just ship him off to a building filled with old people who could barely function on their own. He hadn't wanted Victor to have to survive on his own, not understanding why he'd been abandoned by his family.
Yuuri had been the very definition of #1 Husband. Honestly. No one would ever live up to the example his Yuuri had given him through all those years of faithfulness. No one could ever affect him in such a way. No one could ever give and give so much and know that nothing would ever come back in return. It was a rare thing to see in the world these days.

Selfless. Katsuki Yuuri was the very meaning of selflessness. Putting others before himself, and being willing to take on burdens no one would dream of carrying, because his love for Victor had been so strong that he'd do anything. And he took his vows seriously. The vows they'd written for each other, with promises of 'sickness and health' being taken very seriously for the both of them. And Yuuri had elevated those words to a whole new level with his dedication and adoration of his husband.

Victor was struggling to remember everything, but it was coming to him. Slowly but surely. But it was proof. Proof that he'd somehow earned the love of someone like Yuuri. After two decades of loneliness and a lack of love in his life, Victor had managed to find Katsuki Yuuri. And then somehow, Yuuri managed to come back to him a second time!

He would consider himself lucky. Life-ruining Dementia aside, Victor had gotten something that most people could only dream of. Eternal love and devotion from someone who wanted him for him. From someone who accepted everything about him, including his annoying flaws.

And here he was, in a new chance at life, and he would get to try again. And with them properly warned this time, maybe they could prevent what happened in their old future. And maybe this time things could go as they should have, and Yuuri wouldn't have to bear the struggles on his own. This time around, Victor would be there to hold him up should he need the help.

Victor looked up at Yuuri, who had waited patiently while he put his thoughts into order. "I think I'm doing a lot better, actually," he said softly, taking up his lover's hand and breathing a happy sigh when Yuuri practically beamed at him, and leaned in to give him a small kiss.

Emotionally, he was better than fine. And Yuuri would be there to help him mentally as well.

"So can we change your doctor, please? Just to be safe? I never want to see that ass again."

"Vic-chan, get off Potya, please?"

The poodle, who had been too busy rolling all over Yurio's pet cat, paused and sent Yuuri a look. A very familiar look that practically stated, 'I'm adorable and doing nothing wrong'. Strangely enough, Victor, his namesake, was also incredibly talented at such a look too. To an almost lethal degree.

And the feline currently experiencing the excitable dog's antics, merely blinked slowly up at him, but made no move to free himself from what looked to be suffering. So maybe he didn't mind?

Makkachin was sprawled across the sofa, watching with lazy eyes, tail wagging calmly. She didn't try to help either.

It was all very sweet and domestic, and Yurio looked on from the kitchen, where he was making pirozhki and currently drying his hands with a towel. "You're lucky Potya is so calm. He looks like he could kick your dog's ass, Katsudon."

Yuuri huffed. "Vic-chan is a lover, not a fighter."

Vic-chan's tail wagged, earning himself a small coo from Yuuri, who couldn't help but bend down and give him some good pets.
He was so grateful that they all got along. He knew Makka was motherly toward Potya, but he'd been a little worried since Vic-chan hadn't been here last time. But he'd worried for nothing because Potya seemed to be a saint.

Their little family was coming together again.

"You're both gross!" Yuri announced as he passed by them on the ice. Yakov had him doing figures because he'd come in five minutes late since he had to argue with his landlady over something.

Yuuri and Victor shared a smile. Recently, Victor was gaining more and more memories, but less and less bad ones. And he'd come to Yuuri to ask about their lives together and how Yurio had played a massive part in everything, and how he helped any time, and was ready to stop everything in his life should Yuuri need him to come up and help out for a while.

Obviously, the boy before them hadn't grown into the amazing young man that Yuuri remembered so vividly, but he had no doubt that Yurio would be similar. He might hide behind a gruff exterior, but he was a darling underneath all the ice. And he had a sense of justice and a kindness that was often overlooked simply because he was blunt and cold on the surface.

Victor had been incredibly touched and had even cried once he learned the full extent of the other's efforts. Because in his life he hadn't yet realized just how many people he had in his corner. And Yuuri was proud to be the one to tell him everything he deserved to know and more. And to let him know that the small world he'd only ever saw, wasn't what he believed it to be at all.

That he had many people who cared about him in one way or another. That they would stand by him no matter what. And it was nice to see Victor Nikiforov shine with adoration for the people who'd been there for him in this life and the last.

"Go teach him his choreography," Yuuri murmured, nudging Victor toward the ice. "He's been really excited and it isn't fair to keep him waiting so much. He might even break a record with it for all we know."

Victor smirked playfully in return, and sent a sweet smile in Yurio's direction. And by sweet, Yuuri meant evil. Because now Victor was digging deeply into his inner coach that he'd managed to perfect over the years, and had reclaimed more easily than other things.

"Yurio, it's time for you to learn the intimate details of the word, Agape!"

The look the boy sent him, could only be described as utter horror. And maybe a little bit of regret. Perhaps wishing that he hadn't pushed for a routine after all.

And Yuuri could only laugh because this Yuri hadn't been exposed to Victor's unorthodox teaching methods yet, so he wasn't unprepared for what was about to go down on the ice. And it was hilarious to think about!

"I want to refine your Yuri On Ice performance so you can do it this season."

Yuuri gaped. "I haven't even gotten the music from Ketty though."

"So you'll get it and in the meantime, we will enhance the performance so it's the most technically challenging we can make it. From what I remember, you changed some key elements and I wish to just up the ante so you don't have to do that. It's dangerous and while I know you can do it, it'll make me worry anyway, so we'll do this my way this time."
He couldn't even imagine a better version of his Yuri On Ice performance. And he'd never considered making it more difficult. But then again, Victor was using one of his old routines from their shared memories, and was changing some of the elements up to make it more difficult. So of course Victor wanted the most challenge he could get while out on the ice. Meaning that Yuuri and Yurio were going to get the most overhauled versions of their programs as possible.

"I suppose I'll just have to work extra hard to defeat you, Vitya," he said with a cheeky grin.

"I expect you to, zolotse. And if you do well today, I'll take you home and give you the best reward of your life."

He was practically tingling from where Victor's hand had caressed his cheek. He would do extra well, so then they could dedicate the whole weekend to each other. And Yuuri's most recent online purchase was something he'd longed to try on Victor.

Victor took a deep breath and smiled. The past few months had been difficult with getting used to the sudden surge of memories, but he'd managed to get through it with his Yuuri's help. And Yuuri was always ready with information when he asked, and it helped fill in the gaps in his memories.

Currently, the next season was going to be starting soon, and he'd managed to do everything he'd wanted, even with such little amounts of sleep and true rest that the body desperately needed.

Both Yuuri and Yurio had their routines. Yurio was once again taken under the tutelage of Lilia Baranovskaya. And occasionally, though he really thought no one knew, he accepted assistance from Yuuri, who was the only other person around with more than a decade of ballet experience. And Yuuri dedicated much time to helping the boy for his Agape and boost his presentation of it. And then the footwork for his Free was refined thanks to Yuuri's assistance.

Victor wasn't the only one who wanted a challenging season. Yuuri was doing everything he could to help not only the blond kitten, but even Georgi and Mila. And though Mila was competing against them in any capacity, he'd still spent time helping her out as well because while he liked Sara, he wanted Mila to win more.

It was like Yuuri was recreating the skating family from their memories, but this time he was more confident and he wasn't the one being drawn in. And the thing was, everyone adored him and he didn't even know it!

Yakov thought he was a blessing because he got Victor to behave half of the time. And he got Yurio to calm down and listen to instruction from others. Georgie wasn't as vocal about his breakup this time around, and Mila had been getting closer and closer to landing a Quad Toe Loop thanks to Yuuri's assistance.

Lilia liked him because she could not only see Minako in his movements, but she admired his work ethic, and how he made tea.

The skaters themselves all liked him for different reasons. Even Yurio, who tried to pretend that he didn't.

Past or present, Yuuri seemed to have this ability to draw people to him and make them want to listen. And then he held them all together, like a glue, and made them feel cared for. Like they actually mattered.

Months back Victor had referred to him as a angel sent to guide him, and he honestly felt it was true. After all, something had sent Yuuri back to him. And then decided Victor was worthy enough of
returning to a sweeter time in his life as well. And now that things were different and Yuuri was taking as many precautions as necessary, the chances for what happened in their memories, to happen again, were very low. And if it in any way looked as if Victor was ill, there was a different doctor to visit, and Yuuri already had experience in the area of handling an ill loved one.

He was genuinely looking toward the future and was very happy with what he imagined.

He hoped that Yuuri had finally been able to lay down his worries and had come to accept this life for what it was. Yuuri deserved to be happy, and seeing him lost would only serve to make both of them sad. Victor wanted to be there for Yuuri, to make up for all the times Yuuri was there for him. Whether he remembered all of those times or not.

It was time for Yuuri to let Victor be the strong one. He'd once told Yuuri that he didn't need to be strong all the time, and he especially stood by those words now. It was time for Victor to be the hero.

"Deep breaths, lapochka," instructed Victor, voice all warm and silky as his hands tightened the fabric around Yuuri's eyes, cutting off his vision. "I want you to concentrate on my voice and let me take care of you, okay? You've been so good and you need to be rewarded."

Yuuri arched off the bed, moaning for him. Victor had to withhold a groan and took a deep breath of his own. He placed a hand on Yuuri's chest, and pushed him back down. "You need to lay still, love."

"Vitya," Yuuri whined, an adorable pout overcoming his features. Victor was hit with a need to kiss his lover, and did so. But only chastely, since this wasn't the time for that yet. His Yuuri's frustration whimpers were like fuel to a fire.

"You'll get what you need soon enough, Yura. You have to be patient for me." he said as he began the slow taunting he'd had in mind all week. His mouth started at Yuuri's throat, and moved down. Victor alternated between sucking, licking, and nibbling the shower-dampened flesh.

The best part in his opinion, was the fact that Yuuri allowed this. That he trusted Victor enough to do these things for him.

His Yuuri's trust was sexy as hell.

One would think that after decades of seeing a loved one practically deteriorate before their eyes, Yuuri would have thrown in the towel and decided to be done with the whole romance scene. That he didn't want to do it ever again because of the pain the very first time had caused him. But he'd given it another shot, because it seemed as if the universe had given him another shot, and it paid off.

Victor Nikiforov somehow still came back to him. And he wasn't the same as Yuuri's husband had been. He was like he'd used to be, and coming to terms with that had been difficult, but Yuuri wouldn't ever trade him in for a different Victor. He'd fallen in love with Victor once, long, long ago, and had married him proudly. He'd fallen in love with Victor again, in a different place and at a different time, and it was just as beautiful as the first time.

And instead of Yuuri popping the question, Victor had dramatically gotten on his knee while they stood at the podium, and in his hand was a familiar gold ring. Snowflakes engraved on the inside and everything. But this time, Victor had the words, 'Forget Me Not' engraved on the outside. And darling Phichit had appeared at their sides, holding a small handful of sky blue forget-me-nots out to Victor, who proceeded to give them to Yuuri as he asked for Yuuri's hand in marriage.
Yuuri smiled and nodded, accepting the offer with a sharp nod, holding his right hand out expectantly. Victor's jubilation was shared by the entire crowd as they all leapt to their feet with applause, screaming and cheering them on.

One back on his feet, Victor leaned up for a kiss, but Yuuri playfully held his lips off with his index finger.

"I'm sorry," he said, almost erupting in a fit of giggles. "I don't feel like kissing you because you didn't win gold."

"Yuuri!" the man whined, sending him those adorable baby blues and making puppy dogs eyes Makka would be proud of.

"You're both gross," Yurio called from the bronze side of the podium. "Just get it over with already!"

"If you say so!"

Victor pulled him in and then dramatically dipped him, much to the audience's excitement. "In sickness and in health, Yura. I promise I won't forget."

Second chances really did happen and Yuuri was so grateful to get one of his own! "I know, Vitya."

The kiss was slow and soft, and was perfection. And Yuuri beamed as they pulled away.

Of course, Phichit kind of ruined the moment as he got in close with his phone and said, "Once more, with feeling."

The two shared a look, but shrugged and went for it again. And there was most certainly some feeling involved. Enough for a grumpy teenager to turn away and pretend to vomit.

And with the engagement now official, they could start on their long life together once more, but indeed with more feelings.

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A/N: Done!

How was it? Let me know!

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See ya! :D

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Chapter End Notes

Check out my many other Victuuri fics!

Part of the 2017 Christmas Bundle.
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