Shattered Glass

Summary

Yuuri, his family, and friends, all react to The Kiss. Yuuri and Viktor must come to terms with it, as well.

Notes

Thanks to my betas/prereaders - Mae_Cruz and Lady Eve.

As assumed by the summary, this is an extended/missing scene of Episode 7.

Edit: Thanks to skyla2010star for the beta.

Hiroko could tell by the gasps and shocks around her that she was the only one not shocked seeing Viktor kiss Yuuri. Sure, that had probably not been the best time or place, but perhaps sometimes it was better just to act. After all, judging by the look on Yuuri’s face, he didn’t mind much. She was just happy that her son was happy because she knew how hard of a time he’d been having lately. This was exactly what he needed - what they both needed.
“Did that just happen?” Mari asked.

“Yes,” said Yuuko, blinking at the television. “Viktor just kissed Yuuri-kun on live television.”

“Live international television,” Takeshi clarified.

“I bet the forums are buzzing over this,” said Axel.

“Yeah, and social media,” piped up her sister, Lutz, as the trio got out their phones.

“Don’t tell me you aren’t happy for him.” Hiroko turned to them. She knew that wasn’t true. They were just shocked, but a mother always knows. It wasn’t as if they hadn’t been incredibly obvious anyway, especially recently.

“Of course they are, dear,” said her husband from her other side. She reached over and put a hand on his knee.

“Sure we are,” said Yuuko. “I’ve never seen Yuuri happier. But this was live international television. I just don’t want him to be overwhelmed by all of this once the adrenaline wears off.”

“Besides, this sort of thing just doesn’t happen in real life,” Takeshi pointed out. His wife elbowed him. “What, it’s true! Viktor was his idol. The two of you used to gush over him every day, and I had to listen to it. Used to drive me crazy. Your idol just doesn’t get interested in you when you grow up, and everything works out like a story. That, and the fact that as far as I know, Viktor has never said that he’s sticking around.”

“Oh? You don’t think Viktor is sincere?” Hiroko asked. She knew he meant well, and it was the duty of a friend to look after their friend’s best interests. However, she knew that while it might not be normal, what they had was something special. Call it a woman’s intuition, but she knew.

“Well, that’s not what I meant, but -”

Hiroko just smiled at him, silencing any words that Takeshi might have said. “You don’t move halfway across the world for someone unless you mean it,” she said, and she saw all the doubts go out of their faces. “Sure, maybe Vicchan didn’t intend for any of this to happen, but no one ever does. It’s hard to miss, though. The way they look at each other, the way their eyes follow each other every time they’re in the same room, the way they can’t seem to be more than a few feet from each other… This is the real thing; I would bet on it.”

One of the triplets announced that they were already “trending,” whatever that meant, as Mari asked, “What happens when Viktor leaves, though?”

Hiroko looked over at her daughter and smiled at her. “That’s Yuuri’s decision, and his alone,” she said. “Besides, he’s a full-grown man, and I have complete faith in the decisions that he makes, but I think that you’re all underestimating both of them and what’s going on between them.” She knew that the path her son had taken wasn’t the one that everyone else took, and there wasn’t anything wrong with that. Look at Yuuko and Takeshi. He had still been in school when she had gotten pregnant, but they had made it work. Sometimes, it was just meant to be - and she knew that Yuuri and Viktor were meant to be.

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Meanwhile, Yuuri had found himself gazing up at Viktor from the ice after the man had nearly tackled him. His head was resting on the ice… no, wait, that wasn’t true. Viktor had somehow
managed to put his arm underneath his head to stop it from hitting the ice. At first, he had been in shock, and he supposed that part of him still was. All he could do now was smile up at him, especially once he’d seen the way that Viktor had been smiling at him. It was hard to not smile back.

He’s not sure how long he and Viktor stayed like that, though he knew the moment wasn’t as long as it seemed. “We should probably get up now,” Viktor said.

“Mmm yeah, we probably should.” With that, Viktor stood up, reaching his hands down to help Yuuri up. The two then made their way to the kiss and cry so that he could receive his scores. They weren’t as high as he wanted them to be, but it was what he expected given his mistakes. All in all, though, he found it hard to feel anything but happiness right now.

Yuuri’s mind blurred through the interviews. Of course, the reporters asked if Viktor really did kiss him. Yuuri didn’t know what to say, but of course, Viktor was an expert at dodging questions. He always seemed to know what to say. All Yuuri could think about right now was the feeling of Viktor’s lips on his as the Russian steered him away from the reporters. “I’ll meet you after your press conference,” he said.

“Okay,” Yuuri said, “though you don’t have to wait.” Viktor just smiled at him as the two parted ways. In a few minutes, he found himself sitting in front of a microphone. Phichit was sitting next to him, with Chris on the other side of him. Yuuri was still finding it a bit hard to concentrate as he was asked questions, as the only thing he could really concentrate on was the feeling of Viktor’s lips.

“Did Viktor Nikiforov really kiss you?” asked one reporter, American judging by the sound of his accent.

“It doesn’t really matter what happened,” Yuuri said, trying to force the heat in his cheeks to stay down. Honestly, he didn’t know how anyone could have mistaken that as a hug. “This is about the competition.” He felt his heart rate speed up, so loud he was sure that the microphone would pick it up, and he felt the urge to get up and run. He forced himself to stay seated, though.

“But was it a kiss?” asked another reporter; he couldn’t tell where this one was from. “Were you trying to make a statement?”

“I, for one, think I performed very well today,” Phichit said, silencing some of the reporters who were still trying to get Yuuri’s attention. “I am excited for the rest of the season, and I like my chances of qualifying for my first Grand Prix Final.”

“As do I,” Chris piped in, silencing a few more reporters. “This is exactly how I wanted my season to start, and I look forward to my next competition.”

Yuuri gave them both appreciative smiles, and anytime another reporter asked about the kiss, one of them would pipe in, directing the conversation back towards the competition, their skating, and the rest of the season. He was more than grateful because he had no idea how to handle this on his own. Viktor had handled the other reporters.

As they were leaving, Yuuri looked over at them. “Thank you both,” he said. “I really appreciate it.”

“Of course, what are friends for,” Phichit said. “Besides, it’s only understandable that you’d be a bit flustered after that.”

A blush crossed Yuuri’s face as Chris spoke up. “Yes, so when is the wedding?” There was a smirk on the Swiss man’s face.

The blush deepened. “We better be invited,” Phichit agreed, giving him a big smile.
Yuuri just walked off. He had no way to respond to that, and he didn’t know what else to do or how to handle it. He ignored the chuckles coming behind him as he headed out to meet up with Viktor.

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Meanwhile, Viktor was waiting outside, standing a bit off to the side as the crowd of people left the arena. He probably shouldn’t have kissed him, not in so public of a setting. He had no idea what Yuuri was thinking right now, and he had been quite shocked when he had kissed him. That smile on his face afterward, though, that made up for any doubts he may have had afterward. It made everything over the past six months worth it.

It wasn’t as if Viktor didn’t want to kiss him. Of course, he did. He had wanted to since the moment he had arrived in Japan, and it had taken time for Yuuri to get comfortable enough with him that kissing was even possible. He had thought a lot about how their first kiss would go, how it would happen, and in a way that wouldn’t scare Yuuri off. They had gotten a lot more comfortable with each other. Yuuri didn’t shy away from any of his affections anymore. Hell, he’d been practically hanging on him the entire competition. It was great that they’d gotten to that point.

The kiss, though… That hadn’t been planned. It had been the only thing he could think of that would surprise Yuuri. He hadn’t known the reaction that he would get, nor did he know now what reaction Yuuri would give him when he got out of the press conference. He had no idea what his Yuuri was thinking right now, but he wasn’t worried. Somehow, he knew that everything would turn out okay.

“Waiting for Yuuri?” said a familiar voice. Viktor turned to see Minako coming out of the arena. “I thought I’d find you somewhere out here.”

“Yes, he’s doing the press conference,” he responded. “I am waiting for him.”

There was a bit of silence before Minako rounded on him. “If you hurt him, I will rip your throat out, do you understand me?” Viktor just smiled at her, but inside his mind was racing. He knew she was just protective of Yuuri. After all, she had known him since he was a child. She cared for him, and she didn’t know Viktor, not really. No one did, no one except Yuuri that is. She was only looking out for him. He wasn’t offended by it; he understood what she was thinking, where she was coming from.

Minako seemed to have said her piece and turned to walk off. She hadn’t taken more than a few steps before she turned back around. Her expression had changed to one of confusion. “Was that a Flip?” she asked him. “A Quad Flip?”

Viktor nodded, and his smile changed from the fake one he had been wearing a moment before to the true one he only wore when he thought of Yuuri. “It was.”

“When did he learn that?”

Viktor just shrugged. “He didn’t ask me about it,” he told her. “He did that all on his own. He asked me before to teach him all of the quads I know, but that didn’t pan out.” It had been a surprise, and if he hadn’t tried that, the Russian had no idea if he would have been driven to kiss him. At least it seemed as if that silly fight they had was long gone.

“You wouldn’t happen to know Christophe Giacometti’s hotel room?”

Viktor just smiled at her. Minako groaned and muttered as she walked off. As if he would give her that number. Besides, she was twice his age. Chris wasn’t likely to care about that, but then again, he
preferred men. He could have told her that, but why ruin her fun?

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When Yuuri came outside, he didn’t expect to find Viktor still waiting for him. However, he couldn’t stop the smile from breaking out on his face when he saw the Russian standing off to the side. He walked over to him. “You didn’t have to wait for me.”

“Yes, I did,” Viktor said, wrapping an arm tightly around Yuuri’s shoulders as they went back to the hotel. Yuuri’s mind was racing. He knew what had been going on between them, especially over the past month. He wasn’t an idiot. Yuuri knew how he felt about him, how Viktor said he felt about him. Maybe this was inevitable when Viktor had come to Japan; Yuuri had no idea. The thoughts kept coming as they headed back to the hotel.

Viktor was going to leave. Yuuri knew this. He had said when he arrived that he would help him win the Grand Prix Final and that was it. That meant that their relationship - both personal and professional - had an expiration date. What were they going to do? What was going to happen? That date was coming up a lot sooner than he would like to admit. If he gave into this, what would happen to him when it inevitably ended? Would he be able to do deal with the aftermath of this decision? Could he continue fighting this?

Should he continue fighting this?

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As they reached the hotel, Viktor followed him back into his room. “You’ve been quiet on the way back, Yuuri,” he said. “Is everything okay?”

Yuuri nodded. “Yes, everything is fine,” he said as he took off his outer jacket, hanging it up. He paused for a second before speaking again. “You kissed me. On live international television.” He turned back to look at Viktor.

Viktor smiled at him, and Yuuri felt his heart skip a beat. “Mmm, yes, I did,” he told him. “I apologize if that was too public of a scene for you, especially since we know that it is probably going viral already.” He shrugged his shoulders. “I couldn’t help myself, though, especially after seeing you do the Flip. And I’ve wanted to kiss you for so long.”

Yuuri felt the heat rise in his cheeks, and before he knew what was going on, Viktor was stepping closer to him. Subconsciously, he took a step back as the Russian neared him. He still hadn’t fully decided what he was going to do about this, and time to decide was running out rather quickly. He smiled up at Viktor. “I’m fine with it, really,” he said.

Viktor smiled back at him, and the space between them was vanishing. “Good, because I want to kiss you again,” he said, as the Russian leaned down, capturing Yuuri’s lips with his own. Yuuri decided the moment that Viktor kissed him that he couldn’t fight this anymore. He kissed him back with full force as he felt the taller man’s hand wrap around his waist. Yuuri wrapped his arms around Viktor, sliding them up the Russian’s muscular back until he reached his shoulders. Though he had no idea what he was doing at the moment, none of that mattered anymore.

Viktor kissed him just like the kind of person he was - with an all-consuming passion and abandonment for the moment. Yuuri felt Viktor move his hands around in between them and slowly slide them up. He moaned into the kiss, as long fingers undid the jacket to his skating outfit and pushed it down to the floor. He took a cue from the older man and pushed his jacket to the floor. Viktor started easing them back to the bed, moving his hands back down to his waist and pushed
down at Yuuri’s pants. He got the idea, and together, they pushed his pants down. Yuuri kicked them off as he felt the back of his knees hit the bed.

Yuuri felt himself being pushed back on the bed, and he laid down as Viktor climbed over him. The bed was barely big enough for the both of them, but right now, he didn’t notice that. However, as Viktor’s hands ran over the leotard that was the last piece of clothing that he had, a sense of anxiety washed over him. He broke the kiss, his breathing labored. “I have no idea what I’m doing,” he admitted. “I -”

Viktor silenced him with a kiss. “I know,” he said, his voice thick with lust. “You know I would never rush you. Stop me at any time. I would only do what you want me to. Right now, though, just let me take care of you.” The Russian kissed him back, and stopping him was the last thing on Yuuri’s mind. He moved his hands around to Viktor’s chest, slowly dragging his fingers up the taller’s man chest before he began unbuttoning the shirt. Once he had done that, he pushed the shirt off Viktor’s broad shoulders, and the shirt was discarded. A sense of anticipation went through him as he touched the smooth flesh of the man he adored and desired.

Between the two of them, they rid each other their last vestiges of clothing and then they were both naked. Yuuri’s heart was being rapidly in his chest, but with Viktor’s hands running themselves along his body, he found it near impossible to think of anything else. He took the time to examine every inch and plane of the body offered to him, wanting to memorize it all for future reference. Viktor seemed to be doing the same; his long, elegant fingers were tracing patterns as their mouths sought to devour each other.

Viktor repositioned himself, sliding one knee in between Yuuri’s legs. Yuuri spread his legs to allow him better access, and the Russian settled himself in between them. Yuuri’s hands went to Viktor’s shoulders as the older man moved his hands to his thighs, coaxing them open more. He moaned into the kiss, digging his nails into Viktor’s shoulders as he felt a long finger slowly slide itself inside him. Yuuri moaned as Viktor moved his lips down to his neck and began to kiss and suck. He had to adjust slightly to the feeling of a part of another person, any part, inside of him; not that it was a bad feeling, of course, far from it. Meanwhile, Viktor's other hand edged up, curling his fingers around his hard cock and began to stroke.

As Viktor continued, he gave Yuuri time to adjust and stop him with everything he did to him. Every touch, every graze, every move was made to increase Yuuri’s pleasure. He moaned when Viktor did, the pleasure only seeming to increase with every moment. Yuuri felt his pleasure climax with Viktor’s and then abated.

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Yuuri woke up several hours later, and he could tell from the light coming in through the window that it was morning now. He couldn’t remember when the two of them had fallen asleep the night before. As soon as that thought crossed his mind, memories came flooding back, and he was keenly aware of the sleepy Russian on top of him, more so than he had been a moment before. He remembered kissing; there had been lots of that. He remembered them undressing each other. Yuuri also remembered Viktor’s fingers inside him, around his cock...

Yuuri brought his hands up to cover his face, careful not to disturb Viktor. This was a lot to take in. Not that he regretted what happened last night. No, he couldn’t and would never say that. If anyone had told him a year ago or even eight months ago that he would be here, right now, with Viktor after spending the night with him, Yuuri would have said they were crazy. Yet, here he was. They had spent the night together; it had been wonderful.
Yuuri took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves and racing heart. A lot had happened in a very short amount of time. It was kind of overwhelming for him. He just needed everything to slow down a bit so that he could sort out his thoughts. Another part of him, though, wasn’t sure he wanted things to slow down. Groaning, he knew what he was going to do regardless of how he felt. He knew that Viktor was going to leave, and when, it would be more painful than he realized right now. However, for the moment, he would enjoy what was going on between them and take every moment with him that he could.

He would deal with the pain later.

Suddenly, he heard his phone go off. Reaching across the sleeping Russian - and seriously what are the chances that he woke up before Viktor - he grabbed his phone and saw that he had two texts from Minako-sensei. *Do you want to meet up for breakfast?* It was sent about fifteen minutes ago, and just now there had been another text, *Are you still sleeping?*

*No,* he texted back. *Not anymore. Sure, breakfast sounds great. Meet you downstairs later.*

Gotta wake up Viktor now. He sent the message, and Minako-sensei responded back almost immediately. *Let the Russian sleep if he doesn’t want to wake up.* Yuuri responded back to her, *I can’t, he’s kind of on top of me at the moment.* That message was sent before he thought about it, and it wasn’t until he got her responses that he realized what he’d done.

*Wait, on top of you?*

*Why is he on top of you?*

*Did you two sleep together?*

*Yuuri answer me!*

Yuuri groaned, and was half-tempted to ignore her; he knew better, though. She would not let this go. *I would have, but you were texting back too quickly.* He sent it, knowing that wouldn’t be enough information for her, so he started on another text. *And yeah, we did. I’m not saying any more, though!* It was a private matter between him and Viktor, and he didn’t need her wanting every detail of their relationship.

*Fine. About time, though, if you ask me.* Yuuri smiled at the text as another appeared. *So, breakfast?* He thought about it for a second and went to answer her, but at that moment, Viktor started to stir. He moaned and muttered something into Yuuri’s chest. *He’s waking up. I’ll let you know soon.* “What was that? Viktor, you were mumbling,” he said, gently rubbing the taller man’s back.

Viktor slowly lifted his head up. “I said that phone was bright.” He smiled at Yuuri. “Good morning, lyubov moya.”

Yuuri smiled before he caught the foreign words. “Wait, what does that mean?”

“My love.” Viktor leaned up and kissed him; Yuuri melted into the kiss.

“We need to get up,” Yuuri told him, breaking the kiss.

Viktor groaned. “Mmm, I don’t want to,” he said. “I’m quite happy where I am.” The Russian kissed him again, and Yuuri found himself forgetting everything he knew he needed to say - meeting up with Minako-sensei, the gala this afternoon and the banquet that evening. All he wanted to do was have Viktor continue kissing him.

Reluctantly, Yuuri broke the kiss again. “We really do have to get up,” he said. “We’ll miss breakfast if we don’t get up soon, and Minako-sensei wants to meet us there. I also have the gala this afternoon
and the banquet tonight.” Viktor gave another groan and relented. He texted Minako-sensei to let her know they were getting ready. The two showered - separately - and got dressed.

As they were fixing to leave, Viktor wrapped his arms around Yuuri’s waist and pulled him close. The Russian set his chin down on Yuuri’s shoulder, and for a moment, the two just stood there like that. Yuuri didn’t know why he was being so clingy right now, but then again, Viktor was a very clingy, affectionate person. “I just… want to make sure that you are okay,” he said. “A lot happened yesterday. I don’t want you to be overwhelmed.”

Yuuri smiled, leaning back into Viktor and setting his arms over the Russian’s. “I’m fine,” he said, though it meant the world that Viktor wanted to make sure that everything was okay. He had been a bit overwhelmed at first, but he knew that this was what he wanted. “Thank you, though. Last night was… amazing.”

Yuuri could almost feel Viktor smiling against his shoulder before he pressed a kiss to Yuuri’s neck. “Mmm good, shall we get going then? Don’t want to keep Minako waiting too long.” Viktor released Yuuri’s waist, moving one of his arms around Yuuri’s shoulders as they left.

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Viktor’s affection towards Yuuri continued, and Yuuri wasn’t complaining. It was nice to know that Viktor cared. Minako noticed, and he was sure that others did, too. He refused to think about how much harder this would make things down the road. Right now, he was where he wanted to be with who he wanted to be with. Everything else he would deal with later when it happened.

The afternoon came quicker than he would like, and thus, came the gala. Yuuri’s exhibition was Viktor’s free skate from last season. That had actually been Yuuri’s idea. The one that kept getting him, though, was the very first jump in the program - the Quad Lutz. He couldn’t do it, not yet anyway. Viktor could, though, and if he ever wanted to be better than Viktor one day not only would he need the Flip, he’d need the Lutz, too. Viktor had told him that he didn’t need it, but Yuuri wasn’t going to let it go.

The next day, they were back home in Hasetsu. Yuuri was heading towards his room, as was Viktor when they walked by his room. The Russian grabbed his hand, causing Yuuri to turn around. Gently, Viktor tugged at his hand and took him into his bedroom. As soon as the door was closed behind them, the Russian pulled Yuuri towards him. The space between them was erased almost instantly as the taller man wrapped his arms around Yuuri’s waist. Before he knew it, Viktor gave him a long, slow lingering kiss. “I love you, my Yuuri,” he said.

Yuuri smiled up at Viktor, wrapping his arms around him. They hadn’t said that since that day, a couple of weeks back, but Yuuri enjoyed hearing it. “I love you, too.” This time, it was Yuuri who initiated the kiss. Right now, he didn’t want to be anywhere else but here. He was grateful when Viktor pulled back because as much as he enjoyed kissing him, he didn’t want the Russian to think that he wanted more. As wonderful as the other night was, he didn’t think he was ready for more right now. “I should probably be getting to bed,” he said.

Viktor smiled down at him. “There’s a perfectly good bed right here.”

A blush crossed Yuuri’s face; yes, he was well aware of the bed. They had spent the past two nights in the same bed. “Yes, I know, but -”

“Is there something in your bed better than here, with me?” Viktor was almost pouting, and while Yuuri knew it was fake, he couldn’t help but smile.
“No, I suppose not,” he said, kissing him again. Yuuri wondered what it would be like, waking up to Viktor every morning. Other than that pain that he knew was coming later on, right now, this was where he wanted to be. This was what he wanted, and like he had told himself the other day, he would deal with the pain later.

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