Conversations with Ghosts

by Fangirlshrewt97

Summary

Summary: Many years after they first get together, Yuuri and Viktor have lived a long and happy life. Now alone after his husband has died, Yuuri visits his grave to talk to him.

[Victuuri Week 2017, Day 7: Endings, Yuuri: Memories/Moments, Viktor: Promises]

Warning: It is a sad fic, so you might want to keep tissues handy.

Notes

Dearest Reader,

This is probably the saddest fic I have ever written, I almost cried at some parts. But they had a long and happy married life. Because I am incapable of not writing 'happy endings'. As always, the characters belong to Kubo-sensei and mistakes are mine as this is unbeta'd. Let me know what you think, or if it made you cry, in the comments and through kudos. Enjoy (I guess? It is sad, so idk if enjoy is the right word).

See the end of the work for more notes.

The ground was covered in a fresh layer of snow, unpaved as it had only stopped snowing an hour ago. It reminded him of the first time Viktor came to Japan, that fateful day that changed the rest of his life. He trudged up the steep incline slowly, his knees protesting every step of the way. He had a wreath of blue roses in his hands, collected from his garden. The house was so quiet now, it felt haunted by ghosts of those long gone. Yuuri didn’t like being there more than he had to, though his
body did not always agree.

By the time he reached the peak, he was panting, heaving himself the last few steps to the small bench there. He sat down heavily, all his bones settling in. The peak of his athletic body had long since passed, leaving behind the chubby tummy and arms and legs he had hated for so long, but now come to like. His hair had receded, leaving him with a full but thin head of hair, the same silver, Viktor’s had been for so long. His eyes were more deep set, lined with laughter lines that showed he had lived a happy life.

Managing to breathe properly again, Yuuri went to the small plot only a few meters from where had sat, leaning on the stone as he went down to his knees. He adjusted himself until he could comfortably sit on his heels, mindful to not stay there too long lest he be unable to get back up. He pushed his glasses up again before leaning forward to brush the snow off the gravestone. Viktor had insisted it be simple, nothing fancy, saying that he had been fancy enough in life.

Here lies

Viktor Nikiforov-Katsuki

Beloved Husband, Father, Grandfather, Brother and Friend

One of the best Ice Skaters the world has ever known.

December 25, 1989 - November 21, 2064

It had been a peaceful death, Viktor had passed away in his sleep, leaving Yuuri to wake up in cold arms for the first time in almost 50 years. Yuuri did not remember that first week too much, except for this hollow feeling that he knew nothing would ever fill. He had always thought that he would not be far behind Viktor when he died, and he was somewhat correct. It had been three months, and he insisted on making the climb to the top of this hill every day, no matter how much his children and grandchildren protested. He could feel his life slipping more each day, but he wasn’t scared. He had lived a full, happy life, the kind of perfect very few ever got to live. He had no regrets, and with his children all happy in their lives, there wasn’t much keeping him tied here.

Hana had tried to argue with her fathers to choose a graveyard closer to town, why did they want to be so far away. Viktor had laughed and said it wouldn’t matter much to him when he was dead. But this cemetery, when Yuuri stood up and walked a few feet below on the opposite side to where he came, you could see all of Hatsetsu. Viktor had said that this was the first town that felt like a home to him, so he wanted to be buried where he could watch over it.

“Good morning, Vitya. How are you doing? I am good. The house is so quiet now. Hana brought over Ayumi-chan and Ai-chan to visit. They are getting so big now, I can’t believe we are great-grandfathers sometimes. They stayed for dinner, so last night was nice. They had to leave today though, Hana needed to get them back to Tokyo, they are still too small to be too far away from their mother for too long.” Yuuri recounted to his husband, leaning forward slightly to shift the weight from his ankles to his knees. All those years as a top world athlete made no difference in his 70’s, his body giving him the same pains as all others his age.

Rearranging the wreath so it was more centered he continued. “Um what else? I made some katsudon yesterday. And I know, I know, the doctor said I had cholesterol and I should eat less fats and sweets. But my great-granddaughters were visiting ok, so hush. I am not going to subject our daughter to that terrible diet plan the doctor suggested when she is barely able to come anymore.
Oh! Yurio called, he said that Elena had had her daughter yesterday. He sounded so happy, he sent me so many photos of the baby. It really is a beautiful baby Viktor, you would have loved her.”

Yuuri quietened, the only sound being the faint rustling of the few remaining leaves as a cool breeze whipped past him. Or more accurately though him, even with all his extra chub, it provided no insulation against that breeze. He hunched further into himself, trying to preserve that heat. He pulled out his phone, his knobbly fingers not as coordinated as they tried to tap on the holoscreen. There it was!

The photos showed a generic hospital room and bed, a young woman in the center holding a small pink bundle. To her left were Otabek and Yurio, the former’s hair a dignified gray, eyes just as serious as during his younger years but with a softness to him. Yurio’s hair was short, reaching barely past his ear, the silver making more like Viktor than he had as an up and coming ice skating prodigy. The height helped, with him towering over the two. But the years had been kind to all of them, phantoms of their youthful beauty not quite fading. He swiped to another photo, a close-up of the baby, now awake. She was smiling, her joy infectious even through the screen as her tiny fists were reaching out to whoever had taken the photo.

Through the years, Yurio had soften, not as quick to temper or react as before, and the two Yuris had finally become ‘official’ friends. Viktor had been so happy, commenting loudly to whoever would listen how his boys finally loved one another. Yurio had finally shut him up with a threat to shave what was left of his hair. Yuuri remembered the memory fondly, the twinkle in Viktor’s eyes as he retook his seat, Otabek’s small responding smile, and even Yurio’s unique begrudging and affectionate frown.

“Phichit called me yesterday night, saying that there was a documentary last night on ice skating, and how they mentioned all of us. I guess in the end we were all history makers right? You are still the most decorated ice skater, Yurio a close second. I have my three golds each from Worlds and the Grand Prix. Phichit with his gold and more importantly, his numerous ice shows over the years. He told me the most recent one is starting it’s tour in Thailand as usual but visiting 40 countries. He sounded so happy but also so jealous that he couldn’t travel with the tour. Can you imagine that? A 68 year old travelling in small cramped spaces to 40 different countries in the space of three months? Who else did he say? Oh Chris’s incredible Olympic program was played as well as talking about his following career as a judge. I talked to him too, did I tell you? My memory is starting to fade too Viktor. I searched for my glasses for two hours yesterday only to realized they had been around my neck the whole time.”

The wind that had previously been a breeze was stronger now, the chill starting to seep into Yuuri even with all the layers. The Japanese man was lost in memories of brighter days, of flashy costumes and many years left. He chuckled as he was reminded of the email he received from JJ. Although Viktor did not care for the Canadian, Yuuri empathized with him, the two forming a good friendship after that Grand Prix where he failed. JJ was actually the first from that group to retire. A too ambitious program ending in a fatal mistake during a jump that resulted in a broken kneecap and an early retirement. But he had found happiness in music, going on to produce music for many years, Isabella by his side.

He had sent all the skaters from that group a digital scrapbook(or the ones alive, even after all these years that car crash that took Georgi a dark memory. He had been so young, not even thirty, but lost in one of his daydreams, he had been hit by a drunk driver when he had gone to buy a ring for his girlfriend, so sure that he had found the love of his life. The doctors said he had died on impact, not even knowing what hit him. It brought Yuuri some small comfort, he had died thinking about his lover, happy. Not in pain). It was a collection from their various Instagrams and Fan photos mixed with videos and press photos.
Looking at those images, from Phichit’s bright smile during his short program on ‘We Shall Skate’, to Seung Gil’s ridiculous mambo shirt to even Georgi’s ripoff Elsa costume, Yuuri recalled The Year. And it was capitalized in his mind because it was the year that marked a turning point in his life. And there were the podium pictures, god Yurio had looked so miserable after making history as the youngest person to win the Grand Prix, as well as winning it during his first season in it. It changed to The Photo. The one with Viktor and Yuuri on the ice after his free program in China. Looking at it, Yuuri felt tears come to his eyes. He tried to wipe them off, but they kept coming.

“You know Viktor, you told me that year that I was so selfish when I told you I wanted to end this. But now who is the selfish one huh? I wake up every morning to an empty bed, Hana told me to get another poodle, but I said no. You know why? Because I didn’t want a poodle without you. I didn’t want a poodle who would be with me till I died than had to be a burden to someone in our family. So I wake up to an empty bed, to an empty house, to family who is a city away. Yuu-chan is gone, Mari Onee-chan is gone. Nishigori is not all there, he did not even recognize his grandson the other day. Our friends are in different countries. You told me I was selfish for trying to end our relationship before it really had a chance to go anywhere. Well what is your excuse. You stupid man, you made me fall in love with you, marry you, spend almost 50 years with you by my side. You made me make you the center of my universe and then without a care you just left in the middle of the night. I want to hate you but I can’t because I love you too much.” The tears were coming stronger now, the grief that was always just below the surface these last few months boiling to the surface so easily. Yuuri’s cries were the only other sound in the empty cemetery, at six in the morning, the town was barely waking up.

“I miss you Vitya, I miss you every goddamn second. I still find myself making coffee for two when you aren’t there to drink it. When I read something funny or interesting, I turn to share it with you but you aren’t there. The house is filled with your ghost Vitya, I see you sitting in your rocking chair, squinting at the book because you had too much pride to wear your glasses. I see you in the backyard, tending to your precious roses, inviting me to come see them. I see you dancing in the living room with a baby Hana. I see you everywhere but you aren’t there. And it hurts Vitya. It hurts so much that sometimes I think I will die of heartbreak. And when I don’t I wonder why I haven’t. Hana and I celebrated Adoption Day two weeks ago, do you remember when we came to visit you? It is because it felt so fucking wrong without you there. I hate this, I hate waking up every morning without you around. I hate that it worries Hana so much and she is always checking up on me to make sure I don’t do anything stupid. Fuck!” Yuuri said as he thumped the ground, not even trying to control his tears anymore.

The skater cried for what felt like an eternity, the sun slowly rising higher in the sky, the bright day almost mocking the sadness in his heart. His phone went off, a message from Hana telling him that she was leaving the house to come pick him up. That was what finally prompted him to stop, his heart still aching as the perpetual sadness seeped back into his bones. He tried and failed at wiping away the evidence of his tears.

“I love you you stupid Russian. I love you more than anything in this world ok? You hear me? I am coming, I don’t know how much longer I can go on. So promise ok? You told me when we got married that you were going to spend the rest of your life, till death separated us together with me. Well I call bull, it’s my turn to be selfish. I want to spend eternity with you, so when I join you better be there, you hear. I am expecting you to be there when I come, waiting for you. And I know you are hearing me because you promised to never take your eyes off of me, and you never did. So what’s to say that death made that promise invalid?” The small shot of adrenaline in his system left, making him deflate. Pressing a kissing to the gravestone, he whispered a soft “See you soon, moya lyubov” before turning and heading down the hill, to where his daughter was waiting to pick him up.
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