Shared Gravity

by phoenixwaller

Summary

Yuri Katsuki doesn't advertise his alpha status, in fact he'd rather it be relatively unknown. He feels that he's never fit the stereotype, and is much happier blending into the background. However, much to his dismay, his alpha instincts are awakened one summer morning.

At first he's angry, believing that his new coach, Victor Nikiforov, has brought back an omega in heat for a day of passion. But when he intrudes to order the couple to a safer location he learns the truth. Victor, the most decorated male figure skater ever, has his own secret.

From there an inexplicable gravity grows between them, their shared secrets pulling them together in ways that both learn to cherish.

Português brasileiro
So full disclosure. I have no idea what prompted me to write this, but once it got stuck in my head I had to start. I've never dabbled in ABO dynamics before, and barely even read works with them, so I hope I don't make too many weird mistakes or fall into cliche too bad. I've put a lot of tags up there that don't apply yet, but I know where this story is going (at least until Barcelona), so we'll get to those really naughty tags eventually.

For those reading In Our Dreams, don't worry. Dreams is still my larger project. That also means updates to this story will likely be more sporadic.

That said, I hope ya'll enjoy this.
Yuri groaned and turned over in his sleep, gathering his blanket tighter around his shoulders. Something was pulling at the edges of his consciousness and he didn’t like it. He tossed and turned for close to an hour, trying to pay no heed to the urge that threatened to drag him from the sweet bliss of his dreams, until it was too powerful to ignore.

All he wanted to do was sleep. Victor had worked him extra hard the past few days, the Russian man exceptionally prickly at any tiny mistake in the programs. It was already August, and the block championships were only a month and a half away.

He moaned as his eyes cracked open, wondering what had forced him awake so early on his free day. The sun had yet to clear the horizon and a deep blue light suffused through the room.

He was as hard as a rock, far more aroused than was normal for a morning erection, and it was highly uncomfortable.

“What the hell?” he grumbled, briefly wondering what kind of dreams he had been having.

*Maybe I can get in another couple hours of sleep if I take care of that.*

Somehow just even the thought of release made him even harder, something he would have argued wasn’t possible just seconds before. But it also felt wrong. He knew he wouldn’t be satisfied with his hand.

*Fine, a jog then. Clear my head.*

Yuri tossed aside the covers and sat on the edge of his bed, rubbing the heels of his palms over his eyes to clear the sleep.

Yuri stood, stretched and took a deep breath. It hit him in a rush.

*What. The. Fuck?*

Yuri growled low in his throat, sexual frustration and annoyance at the early hour shifting to anger.

*Of all the irresponsible things…*

Yuri pulled on some sweatpants and a light t-shirt, careful of his persistent erection. A cloud of thoughts swirled in his head.

*That isn’t going away anytime soon.*

*I’m going to kill him…*

*What in god’s name made him think this was even a remotely good idea?*

*Was he really so stupid as to let a fan overwhelm his senses?*

*God… that smell!*
Is he really unable to go without sex for a few months?

Yuri growled again. The scent was overpowering even in his room, and he was glad that he took suppressants. If he were one of the alphas that didn’t he wasn’t sure if he would be able to hold back in his still-groggy state.

He stomped into the hall and the few paces to Victor’s room. The overpowering aroma was even stronger, which further incensed Yuri, who pounded on the screen.

“What the hell Victor? This is a traditional inn! It’s not safe to bring an unbonded omega in heat back for a fuck session! For god’s sake you don’t even have a lock on this door! Couldn’t you do this at their place?”

Instead of a reply Yuri’s demand was only met with desperate grunting and panting.

Yuri could smell the anger coming off himself. Normally he wouldn’t care about something as simple as a booty call. Who was he to judge his coach’s sexual proclivities? But this was really irresponsible. He grit his teeth, he needed to make it clear that the couple needed to relocate as soon as possible. It was never a good idea to move an omega in heat, but it had to be done before any of the alpha guests could get a whiff of that smell.

That enticing, demanding, begging aroma.

“Fuck Victor, you could at least answer m…” Yuri growled as he slid open the screen.

The overwhelming scent hit him full force, but that wasn’t what had stopped him mid-sentence.

The anger emanating from Yuri turned immediately to lust.

Rather than a couple, he’d walked in to see Victor sprawled on the bed, panting with a bright blush on his face. One of his hands was wrapped around his cock, fingers of the other pressed into his ass. The blankets and pillows on the bed had been rearranged in what could only be described as a nest.

Fuck.

Victor’s… an omega?

Yuri wasn’t aware of the low growl in his throat as he took a step into the room. Victor’s eyes met his, and his legs parted further as he submitted to the alpha.

“Yuri…” the platinum-haired man panted.

Yuri took another unconscious step, every one of his instincts on full. There was an omega in heat right in front of him, begging him to be its alpha.

The growl deepened and Victor’s eyes grew hopeful as they flicked from Yuri’s face to his erection and back.

“You’re… an omega?” Yuri asked.

“Yuri…” Victor begged, trying to move in ways he hoped would entice the younger man.

Yuri pulled his shirt over his head without thinking, fully intending to offer it to the prostrate omega as something to line his nest with.

His own pheromones rushed into his nose as the fabric covered his face, and for a brief instant Yuri
felt clear-headed.

He could hear Victor’s needy whine, but kept the fabric over his face for a minute, gathering his senses, before pulling it back down.

Victor’s whine intensified as soon as he realized that Yuri wasn’t undressing. He tumbled out of his nest, pausing his self-stimulation in an attempt to approach the alpha in the room.

Yuri took a step back. “No Victor. You can’t consent right now.”

Every fiber of Yuri’s being wanted to give into the lust, to shed his clothes and fuck the man in front of him senseless; to mark him inside and out.

Victor’s whine increased as Yuri took another step back. “Yuri… Alpha…”

Yuri shook his head. He was almost back in the hall, and though the scent was still powerful it was slightly easier to breath with the fresher air coming in.

“I can’t give you what you want Victor,” Yuri said in as forceful, but calm, voice as he could. “You need to take care of yourself.”

Victor’s eyes didn’t leave Yuri’s face as his hand stroked his cock.

Yuri nodded and released some of his pheromones into the air, growling slightly. “That’s right Victor, show me what a good omega you are.”

The older man made a satisfied noise at the praise.

*He’s running purely on instinct. He’s submitting to me.*

“You’re going to be good for me and take care of yourself today,” Yuri ordered, fighting his own desires as Victor released a burst of needy pheromones. “Can you be good?”

Yuri released more of his own scent, a sign that the omega was under his protection.

Victor moaned as he breathed it in. Even if Yuri didn’t touch him, the younger man had laid claim to him for the heat. He would do whatever his alpha wanted.

“Go back to your nest for me Victor,” Yuri commanded. “Be good and take care of yourself. I’ll protect you.”

A haze of needy submission clouded Victor’s eyes as he crawled back to his bed. He curled up on top of the covers and resumed his self-stimulation as Yuri stepped back into the hall and pulled the screen shut.

Yuri took a shuddering breath, still angry, and sporting an erection he knew wouldn’t be abating any time soon. He closed his eyes and released as much of his scent as he could right outside the door.

Almost on his own instinct he moved to the end of the hall. He sat down in the narrow space, blocking the path of anybody who would try to go toward Victor’s room.

He spotted movement in the form of a shadow moving in an adjoining hall. He growled low in his throat in warning.

“Yuri?” Mari asked, glancing carefully around the corner.
Yuri breathed a sigh of relief. Mari was a beta, she was family, she was safe.

She came fully into sight, carrying a load of laundry from the inn. “Yuri?” she repeated. “Are you ok?”

Yuri shook his head. “I’m going to need your help today.”

Mari sniffed at the air. Her nose scrunched at smelling her brother so strongly, but she quickly detected the other, baser scent that infused the air. Her eyes widened.

“Did he…?”

Yuri shook his head, and her eyes grew even larger.

“Is he…?”

Yuri nodded.

“Shit Yuri! You’re an alpha! You need to get out of here.”

Yuri shook his head. “I can’t. He’s submitting to me right now. I need to stay close enough to keep scenting the air. If I leave it will probably distress him.”

“So what are you going to do?”

“Sit right here and protect him.”

“Can you handle that? All day?”

Yuri glanced back at Victor’s room. “I… I have to. He’s too vulnerable here without the protection of an alpha. Besides, my suppressants are helping more now that I’ve got a bit of space.”

“Did he tell you? That his heat was coming up? That he’s an omega?”

Yuri shook his head. “Not a word, I dunno if he even realized it himself. As to why he never said anything about being an omega, it’s probably the same reason I don’t make it known I’m an alpha. The stereotypes are too much.”

“Shit,” Mari said. “Can we move him somewhere safer?”

Yuri shook his head again. “He’s too far gone, and… he’s nested.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah.”

There was a moment of silence.

“Ok Yuri. What do you need?”

“Keep everybody away. The only ones to get past the kitchens are you, mom or dad. I’m already fighting, and if I need to physically fend off another alpha I might end up giving in and claiming him. Even the staff has to stay away today, my instincts are too on edge to trust anybody but family.”

Mari nodded.

“I don’t think he prepared. So water bottles, lots of them. He’ll need to keep hydrated, but I don’t
want to take a chance on glass breaking. Also food. If possible ask mom to make one of her cold soups so we can get water in him with the food too, and not need to worry about it getting cold.”

Mari nodded again and turned to place the order.

“Oh Mari.”
She turned.

“Towels. As many as you can spare from the inn.”
She nodded and scurried off to warn his parents and the employees about the situation.

Yuri leaned his head back against the wall and moved so that he was physically stretched across the hallway. He glanced toward Victor’s room and swallowed at the lewd sounds he could hear coming from it.

“It’s going to be a long day.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments/Kudos/Shares are appreciated.

I know the chapter was short, and that seems to be a trend with what I've written so far in this story. I'm liking where the breaks are though so I'm leaving them.

Yell at me about YoI on Tumblr at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com.

Thanks again!
Bright morning light streamed through the windows. Yuri was in a daze, exhausted from not enough sleep, and from fighting his instincts for several hours already. He sat on a makeshift seat of towels, allowing his scent to soak into them. Several more were stacked down the hall, just outside Victor’s room. He’d take the ones he wasn’t using as a chair in with food and water; give them to Victor to help keep his nest clean.

Yuri had lost count of the number of times he’d heard Victor orgasm in the few hours since his discovery. It was slowing though, and he thought the platinum-haired man would probably be exhausted enough to rest soon, hopefully even sleep.

There was a knock from the adjoining hallway. Yuri peered around to see Mari standing there.

“You doing ok?”

Yuri ran a trembling hand through his hair and nodded. “Yeah.”

“Are you sure?”

Yuri gave a weak smile. “It’s harder than I thought, but I’ll manage.”

Mari nodded and looked toward the kitchen area. “Yuri?”

“Yes?”

“I called Yuko, to see if she could recommend anything that you might have forgotten or not known about…”

“And?”

“She insisted on coming over, even hung up on me before I could tell her you wouldn’t let anybody near. I made her wait outside the kitchen, but she’d like to come back and talk to you. Is it ok?”
Yuri glanced back toward Victor’s room. He could still hear panting and grunting, but softer than it had been even a few minutes earlier. There was a tinge of exhaustion in the smell as well. Yuri doubted he’d be too loud.

“She can come back, but only as close as you are now. I know she’s an omega, and shouldn’t set off my instincts, but I don’t want to take any chances.”

Mari nodded. “I have a tray ready with water and that cold soup you wanted mom to make. I’ll send it back with Yuko.”

Yuri returned the nod and watched as Mari’s shadow faded. Another quickly took it’s place.

“Yuri?” Yuko asked carefully as she stepped into view holding a tray laden with water bottles and thermoses of soup. “How are you doing?”

Yuri smiled as best he could. “About as well as can be expected I think.” He stood up and walked to where Yuko was waiting. He relieved her of the tray and carried it to the hall just outside Victor’s door. He set it down next to the stack of towels before returning to his own seat.

“Mari said not to go any farther,” Yuko said cautiously, “but can I take a couple more steps and sit down out of the way?”

Yuri smiled, realizing how careful she was being. He nodded and watched as she moved out of the main hall and into the half-hall that joined them. She slid down the wall and sat on the floor.

“Mari said that Victor’s submitting to you, and that you’re protecting him?”

Yuri nodded.

“That’s very good of you,” Yuko said with a smile. “But how did you even know to do that? I don’t think I recall it being taught in gender and sex education classes, unless they changed it after I took them. They just always emphasized that alphas should leave the area immediately. It’s not something I would have expected you to research either.”

Yuri smiled, closed his eyes, and leaned his head back against the wall. “It was when I moved to Detroit…”

“Hmm?”

Yuri opened his eyes again and looked at her. “The year before I moved to Detroit there had been a number of unplanned pregnancies and unable to consent cases at the university. Of course I didn’t know it at the time, but I heard some upperclassmen grumbling about it later.

“In order to prevent as many future incidences as possible the school instituted a mandatory seminar policy. Every student, regardless of age, primary, or secondary gender, had to attend a lecture about consent and consequences. Of course omega heat was only one aspect of that initial session, they also covered alcohol, drugs and other cases where consent could not be realistically given.”

“That sounds like a good thing,” Yuko replied.

Yuri smiled. “It was. But…”

“But?”

“Alphas had to attend an additional three lectures.”
“Just alphas?”

Yuri nodded. “In the end I think it was just the school trying to be proactive, but there was a lot of grumbling at the time.”

“I can understand why. It furthers the stereotype.”

Yuri nodded. “We had several choices, of course. Most looked to be the same few lectures, how to resist alpha urges, just packaged into different ways of looking at it. But there were three I liked the looks of, so I took them instead. They were all focused on the needs of the omega, rather than the alpha.”

“And you learned to have an omega submit while you protect in one?”

Yuri nodded.

“The first lecture was about helping an omega prepare for heat, recognizing the signs, finding a safe location, getting consent, understanding rejection, and setting firm boundaries so that you know exactly what they want while their head is clear.”

Yuri chuckled. “That was the fullest of the three, and given the number of stereotypical alphas in it I’m sure most hoped there would be tips to garner consent. Boy did they seem disappointed when consent was covered, but as a necessity. The instructor stressed that if an omega seemed uncomfortable they had their reasons for refusal, and not to push.”

Yuri leaned his head back against the wall and stared at the ceiling. “It was the second class that covered what I needed to know today. As an alpha I’d always been taught to get away from an unbonded omega in heat, so as to not be overwhelmed myself.”

“But that leaves the omega at the mercy of the next person who happens along…” Yuko murmured.

“Yeah. I’d never been fond of the idea of abandoning somebody in so vulnerable a state. In fact I took that lecture in particular because on the synopsis it specifically mentioned using alpha pheromones to protect an unbonded omega from other alphas.”

Silence filled the hall for a moment, the only noise the distant sounds of the kitchen and bustling inn.

“It was so hard Yuko,” Yuri finally said, words shaking as they tumbled from his lips. “I… I knew that omega pheromones were powerful during heat because they’re meant to attract an alpha. But even with my suppressants I could barely hold back when he was right there, begging me.”

Yuri turned a tearstained face toward Yuko, who looked like she wanted to hug him but knew better.

“I… I honestly don’t know how I managed. But somehow that lecture came back to me. He was already submitting, just me being in the room was enough, so I used it. I told him to take care of himself, and gave off as much of my own scent as I could.”

Yuri shook, and Yuko dared to reach out and place her hand over his. He smiled softly at the gesture, thankful that she was a bonded omega and not setting off his strained instincts.

“That’s not the Victor I know in there right now,” Yuri breathed. “It looks like him, sounds like him, to an extent even smells like him. But…”

Silence fell between them.
“Takeshi said the same thing after the first time he saw me in heat,” Yuko said after a moment. “We were still young, and my cycles hadn’t evened out yet.”

“I remember you presented so early,” Yuri murmured.

“Sixteen isn’t that bad, a bit early but within the normal range. Takeshi was luckier, he was seventeen before he presented.”

Yuko paused and took a breath. “The first time Takeshi saw me in heat was only about six months before I became pregnant with the girls. He’d presented a few months earlier, and had fallen into a steady rut schedule almost immediately. However, my cycles were still irregular, despite me having presented nearly two years prior. I’d go four or five months between, and then have one a month for a few months to compensate. I didn’t have any real warning symptoms either so it was a struggle.

“We were supposed to go on a date to the amusement park, and he came to my house early in the morning to pick me up. Mom and dad were already at the rink for the day. I was home alone.

“He knew he was welcome, and when I didn’t open the door he used the spare key to come in. By that time I was too far gone to warn him away. I remember him coming into my room and just standing there. He was growling, and I couldn’t help myself. He’d never even seen me naked before, and I was begging. I wanted him more than I’d ever wanted anything else in my life.

“I was so hurt and confused when he ran. I felt unwanted as an omega, abandoned by an alpha. It took me several days to forgive him, even though I knew that he did everything right at the time.”

Yuri exhaled shakily.

“I hope Victor’s not mad at me…”

“Of course not Yuri. He has to know, even as he is now, that you’re protecting him.”

“But Yuko, I made him submit to me. Worse than that I effectively claimed him as my omega by scenting the area like this. I know it’s temporary, but… What… what if he didn’t want that?”

Yuko smiled and rubbed his hand again. “Yuri, it might be hard to believe, but chances are he’s incredibly grateful. You wouldn’t know it as an alpha, but I was terrified every time I went into heat before Takeshi bonded me.”

Yuri looked at her, begging with his eyes for her to continue.

“I knew I wanted Takeshi as my alpha, but I had so many fears. What if I went into heat unexpectedly and he wasn’t there? What if another alpha found me first? We’re at the complete whim of our bodies during heat. We need an alpha brave enough to do the right thing under circumstances like these.”

Yuri smiled wanly.

“Can I tell you a secret?”

Yuri nodded.

“Takeshi doesn’t know that I know this. But my parents told me that when they got home that day they found him curled up asleep outside our front door. Just like you’re doing now, he knew enough to protect me. I was so hurt and confused that he ran, but when my parents told me how he had stayed, I couldn’t hold onto that pain. I guess he begged them not to tell me, afraid I would be even
angrier that he was so close and not with me. But I’m grateful Yuri. I’m sure Victor is too.”

Yuri smiled. “Thank you Yuko.”

She nodded and leaned back against the wall again.

Yuri listened and heard nothing coming from the room. “I think he’s finally resting a bit. I should take in the water, food and towels before the next wave hits.”

“Do you want me to leave?”

Yuri stood and considered. “Could you wait just a moment? I… I don’t know how powerful the scent will be now. I think that you might have a better chance of pulling me back to myself if it’s overwhelming. Another alpha, or even a beta I’d likely just fight.”

Yuko nodded. “I’ll stay right here until you’re done.”

Yuri returned the gesture and took several cautious steps toward Victor’s room. He slid the door open an inch and peeked in. The smell was almost too much, and he knew he still needed to go inside. He saw Victor curled up in the nest, either too exhausted to move or asleep.

Yuri turned to look at Yuko and indicated that he was going in. He slid the door open the rest of the way, and turned to grab the tray and towels. Balancing them carefully he stepped into the pheromone-filled room.

Victor groaned slightly as soon as he smelled Yuri. His eyes cracked open and Yuri caught him staring as he set the tray within reach of the nest.

Seeing that his coach was awake, Yuri took one of the bottles of water and opened it. He turned to the bed and stood near, careful not to touch the nest.

“Yuri…” Victor croaked, reaching toward him.

Yuri held out one hand and allowed the older man to grasp it. Victor rubbed his cheek against the scent glands in Yuri’s wrist.

“You’re being so good Victor,” Yuri praised softly.

Victor purred at the words.

“You’re being so good Victor,” Yuri cooed.

Victor whined happily.

“I brought food, and more water. I want you to eat and drink whenever you need to, ok?”

Victor nodded, eyes flicking between Yuri’s face, his hand and his sweatpants.

Yuri held out his hand again and allowed more of his scent into the room. Victor sighed contentedly as he rubbed the smell over his face.
This is for him. I just hope he doesn’t hate me for it tomorrow.

“I have some presents for your nest Victor,” Yuri said after a minute.

Ocean blue eyes met chocolate ones and Yuri held out the towels. “I brought some towels. Use them to keep your nest warm and dry. If they get too wet or soiled toss them on the floor ok? I can get you more. I want you to stay comfortable today.”

The platinum-haired man reached up and accepted the gift. He immediately turned to lining his nest with the fluffy towels, purring softly as he worked.

“It’s such a nice nest Victor,” Yuri complimented. “You should be proud of it.”

Victor looked at him and Yuri could see joy shining in the older man’s eyes. Yuri pat his cheek, and allowed Victor to rub it against his wrist again before releasing a burst of alpha pheromones.

“Keep being good for me Victor,” Yuri commanded. “Take care of yourself today. I’ll make sure you’re left alone, and have food and water. Ok?”

The disappointment on Victor’s face was evident, but he nodded. Yuri was his alpha, and his alpha wanted him to pleasure himself.

Yuri smiled, it felt forced, but it seemed to do for Victor. “Rest now, and, if you can, try to eat the soup in the thermos before your next wave hits, ok?”

Victor nodded and moved to curl up in the middle of his nest.

Yuri watched for a minute then backed out of the room and slid the door shut again. He turned to see Yuko standing and staring at the entrance to the hall, ready to intervene if necessary but respecting his boundaries and not stepping past his chair of towels.

Yuri nodded at her, and she visibly relaxed.

“How’s he doing?” she asked as Yuri sat back down.

Yuri smiled softly. “Exhausted looking, but I think that’s to be expected. I let him scent himself from my wrist, and he seemed to like that a lot.”

“It’s comforting to have an alpha’s scent like that. He knows you’re not leading him on, that he’s worthy of an alpha’s attention.”

“I think he’s going to sleep for a little bit. He seemed pretty tired.”

Yuko stood. “I should let you sleep too then. I figure it’s probably nearly impossible when he’s awake.”

Yuri chuckled and nodded. “I don’t know if my body would even let me, and if it did I’d probably sleepwalk in there and wake up with him purring in my arms.”

Yuko pat his hand again. “Sleep while you can. I’ll let Mari know to check in on you every fifteen minutes or so, she’s got a good nose and can wake you before his scent gets too strong again.”

“I appreciate it Yuko.”

She smiled and turned to leave.
“Yuko?” She paused and looked back at Yuri. “Thanks for coming… I… I needed that perspective. It… grounded me in a way; helped me remember that I’m doing the right thing.”

“That’s why I came. I thought you might need the advice of somebody who’s been where he is now.”

Yuri smiled.

Yuko took a few steps toward the kitchen. “One day you’ll have to tell me about that last required lecture. I’m curious to know what it was.”

Yuri smiled. “Another time.”

“Of course!” With that she strode out of sight.

Yuri stood and walked back to Victor’s room. He slid the door open just a crack and peeked in. Victor was curled in his nest and obviously asleep for the time being.

He closed the door and returned to his place at the end of the hall. He rearranged the towels he was using to form an impromptu bed and laid down to get as much sleep as he could.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments/Kudos/Shares are appreciated.

One more chapter of Victor’s full heat, then we can get into the story more and develop the more normal interactions between these boys.

Yell at me about YoI on Tumblr at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com.

Thanks again!
Aftercare

Chapter Summary

Yuri continues to guard Victor through his heat, but as the day comes to a close and the older man becomes exhausted there is something left to do.

Chapter Notes

A few people asked about that third lecture ;) Luckily it comes into play in this chapter.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yuri.”

Yuri groaned, not wanting to wake up. Somebody was shaking his shoulder.

“Wake up Yuri.”

Yuri opened his eyes to see Mari standing in front of him. It took a few seconds before he recalled what was happening. He pushed up off the floor. “Is everything ok?”

Mari nodded. “I think he’s still asleep, but it smells like he’ll wake up soon.”

Yuri returned the nod and moved to reassemble the towels into a comfortable seat.

“Do you want me to bring one of the cushions from the dining room instead?” Mari asked, eyeing the arrangement.

Yuri shook his head. “No. I’ll need these later. I’m trying to scent them. Since I’m on suppressants I don’t have as much, so being in contact with them all day was the only thing I could think of.”

Mari made a face, but nodded in understanding.

“How long was I asleep?” Yuri asked after a minute.

“Couple hours.”

Yuri blinked. “Really?”

“Yeah. Is that surprising?”

“Just… given how bad it was this morning I expected his naps to be shorter. I guess I should feel lucky to have gotten that long a break.”

Mari smiled. “Do you want me to bring you anything?”
Yuri looked toward Victor’s room. “Give me a minute to see if he needs anything, then I can answer for both of us.”

Yuri stood and made his way into Victor’s room. He saw immediately that at some point the Russian had woken up enough to eat the soup and drink several bottles of water. There were also a couple soiled towels on the floor. Yuri picked up the towels and put the empty water bottles and soup thermos on the tray. He carried them back to where Mari was waiting.

Yuri handed over the tray, then looked at the towels draped over his arm. “Umm, how about a bag for these instead?”

Mari gave him a dubious look and thrust out her arm in a give me manner.

Yuri shook his head. “They’re drenched in slick and... other fluids. There’s no way you wouldn’t smell like an omega in heat if you touched them right now. I’m sure you’d rather not set off any alphas in the inn.”

Mari gaped at Yuri for a moment before laughing and nodding. “You’ve got a point. I’ll go get a garbage bag for now. We’ll wash them as a bunch once this is over, cause they might need more than one cleaning.”

Yuri smiled. “Other than a bag, more bottles of water for Victor, more soup in an hour or so, and maybe a few more towels. I told him to keep his nest dry, so I want to make sure he’s able to do it.”

Mari nodded. “And for you?”

Yuri thought about it a moment. It wasn’t quite noon yet by his estimate, and the August heat was already starting to take over. “Did mom make enough soup for me to have some too?”

Mari smiled. “She thought cold soup was a good idea given the weather anyway, once you mentioned it that is. So it’s a special menu item today, to beat the heat.”

Yuri nodded. “Some soup then, and vegetables.”

“Not katsudon? I thought you would need the energy.”

Yuri shook his head. “Too much protein. I don’t want to confuse my instincts by giving my body too many calories in one go. That sounds like a meal perfect for somebody planning to join him in there. I think it’s safer to eat on the light side today.”

Mari gave Yuri a look before nodding. “Whatever you say. I’ll get some soup and vegetables for you.”

“Thanks Nee-san.”

She returned first with the things for Victor, and Yuri was glad for it. It mean that he could put the water and soup in the room before Victor awoke. It was almost more than he could handle, being in there with the Russian man begging.

Mari returned a few minutes later with food for Yuri, and he ate in the relative silence of the hall, listening to the distant sounds of the guests out in the inn, and paying careful attention to any noise that came from Victor’s room.

Yuri winced at the desperate, needy whine that floated down the hall when the older man awoke. He had to fight himself from joining him. He wanted to. Even without the instinctual pull he wanted to
share Victor’s bed, and his heat.

*I didn’t even know he was an omega until this morning.*

*Didn’t I?*

Yuri was taken aback at the question from the back of his mind. He tried to think of all their interactions over the past few months. There had been a couple times when he’d noticed a sweet scent from Victor, but in itself it meant nothing. He knew the overall lack of scent meant the older man was on suppressants, but since Yuri was too he thought little of it.

Then he remembered Victor’s irritability over the past several days. The man had seemed especially prickly, and easily tired. He’d also eaten even larger portions than usual at mealtimes for several days before claiming not to be hungry and only taking liquids the afternoon before.

*Those are all signs, but…*

Yuri knew that it would trouble him, but he also understood that it was too late to do anything. If he worried about missed signs while Victor was in heat it would surely come out in his scent and distress the other man.

Yuri spent the day alternating between keeping himself as relaxed and distracted as possible, and tending to Victor’s needs.

As the afternoon turned to evening he could smell a change. There were still several hours of Victor’s heat left, but it would be over sometime that night. He let his mind drift to the final of the three lectures he’d attended, something that seemed so unlikely for him to need at the time, but would prove invaluable before the sun rose again: Omega Heat Aftercare.

The lecture had been the least attended of the ones he had selected, with fewer than a hundred in the audience from an estimated two thousand alphas enrolled at the university. However, of all the lectures Yuri had found it the most captivating.

Omega mental health following a heat was a topic that had never been discussed in his gender and sex education classes before, and it wasn’t something he’d heard many alphas give much thought to. But while others were dozing through the requirement, Yuri was rapt with attention. He learned that the presence of the alpha was crucial to a speedy recovery following a heat.

More interesting was that how an omega perceived the heat as they regained their faculties determined how they would go into the next one. An omega that felt safe would be more relaxed the next time, while one that was nervous would expend additional energy to secure their location prior to the subsequent heat.

Yuri chuckled remembering something that was probably missed by the stereotypical alphas who had been asleep. The alpha’s actions during and immediately following the heat of an unbonded omega would determine how that alpha was treated in the future. Those who used the heat to force their will with no consideration of the omega would be rejected almost automatically, while those who showed care and respected the omega would fare better in future relations, no matter whether platonic or romantic.

Yuri sighed. *I hope he understands that it isn’t right for me to touch him like this. I hope he doesn’t hate me tomorrow.*

Yuri stood and readjusted the towels he was sitting on. He knew his back would be sore after sitting on the floor all day, but it was something he had to do. Lewd sounds were drifting from Victor’s
room again, but they had the edge of strain, of desperation, a last gasp of an instinct that was quickly losing to exhaustion.

Yuri listened to the diminishing noises drifting in from the inn as onsen and restaurant guests left for home, and travelers retired to their rooms. The soft sounds of dishes being washed in the kitchen filled the hall along with the gentle hum of the washing machines as linens were prepared for use. Hushed voices spoke of supplies that needed ordered and any issues that arose over the day.

Eventually the sounds of workers faded as well. Lights were diminished and the silver-blue illumination of the nearly full moon filtered in through the windows.

Yuri guessed that it was past midnight when soft whimpers filtered into the hall.

Yuri sniffed. The smell of heat had started to become stale, and exhaustion tinged the air. He stood and walked to Victor’s room. He cracked open the door and peered inside. Victor was sprawled on the bed, the nest looking shabby, with a few pillows already knocked to the surrounding floor.

Yuri returned to his seat and gathered all the towels he had sat on all day. He picked out the three that smelled the least like him and lined them in the hallway as a buffer to warn any other alpha that the territory leading to the omega was his. He then draped the remaining five towels over his arm and stepped into Victor’s room.

Victor was awake but clearly spent. He turned to look at Yuri, and somehow found the energy to put himself on display for his alpha.

Yuri smiled and allowed his scent to permeate the room. Victor hummed in response.

“You’ve been very good today Victor,” Yuri praised. “I’m proud of you for taking care of yourself all day like I asked.”

Victor smiled, and it almost broke Yuri’s heart to see how exhausted the man was.

“I have a reward for you, if you want it.”

Victor looked up, hopeful, his legs parting.

Yuri shook his head. “Not that, but if you’d like I’ll join you in your nest tonight. You can fall asleep next to me. Do you want that?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri reached out and allowed Victor to rub his face against his wrist again.

“Can I get in your nest now? Or do you want to do anything to it first?”

Victor looked around and readjusted a few pillows before turning and looking expectantly at Yuri.

Yuri smiled. “It’s such a nice nest Victor. I bet it’s really cozy.”

The platinum-haired man beamed at him, and stared at the armful of towels as Yuri carefully climbed into the arrangement of pillows and blankets.

Yuri moved to settle himself against the headboard. He propped up one knee and rested his arm against it. He set the towels within reach and patted his free leg.

“Come here Victor, and bring your favorite warm blanket with you.”
The naked man searched his nest for a moment, then selected a blanket. He crawled over and curled up on Yuri’s lap, his torso braced on the raised knee and arm. He buried his face in Yuri’s shirt, absorbing the younger man’s scent.

Yuri brushed a few stray strands of hair from Victor’s forehead. “Are you comfortable?”

Victor nodded.

“Good.”

Yuri reached for the scented towels and arranged them as best he could over them omega, giving him a cocoon of alpha pheromones before releasing more and enveloping them both. He then tugged the blanket over them both as best he could.

Yuri stroked Victor’s face, loving the sound of his pleased hum.

“You were so good for me today Victor. I’m very proud of you.”

A happy, calm, scent filled the air. Yuri looked down and saw that Victor had fallen asleep. He smiled and swept the hair from the omega’s forehead before carefully pressing a kiss to the skin there.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t give you what you needed. I wanted to, but I don’t want you to regret anything.”

Yuri continued to stroke Victor’s face with his fingers. The older man looked so at peace in sleep, and even more beautiful than during the day.

I wish I could really be your alpha Victor. I wish I could know that you meant it when you begged me to share your heat.

For now though, I can be your alpha like this. I can share this moment, I can give you this peace and my protection. And as much as I want to give you so much more, this will do, because it’s more than I ever hoped for.

Yuri kissed Victor’s forehead again, and buried his nose in the platinum hair. It was sweet and alluring. He could smell it every day and never tire of it; a combination of sweet oranges and fresh snow with a touch of cinnamon.

Let me be selfish just for tonight, let me hold you and protect you. I’ll probably never have this opportunity again.

Yuri watched Victor sleeping in the light of the moon until exhaustion overtook him and he fell asleep as well.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments/Kudos/Shares are appreciated.

So that takes us through the end the major parts of Victor's heat. Next time: how they react.
Yell at me about YoI on Tumblr at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com.

Thanks again!
Prescription

Chapter Summary

As Victor recovers from his heat both he and Yuri face the fact that it was unexpected, and the possible implications of it.

Chapter Notes

I can't believe how fast this fic has grown. In only a couple days it's my most viewed and most liked. I love seeing everybody's reactions.

That said, I'm itching to finish the next chapter of *In Our Dreams* and I don't want to post updates to both on the same day. So if I can finish chapter 9 of that it'll be updated tomorrow instead of this one. We'll see I guess. Something will go up tomorrow, either on this story or on that one.

Anyway... Happy reading!

Pale yellow light filled the room as Yuri awoke. His back was screaming at him. For a moment he wondered what he'd done to be in such pain before he remembered that he had fallen asleep sitting up, with a Russian man curled in his lap. He sniffed the air. The heat pheromones had faded and become stale, it was really over. He leaned his head back against the headboard and breathed a sigh of relief.

He looked at Victor, and brushed away a few stray hairs that had fallen across his face during the night. His idol, his coach, his mentor, all of that fell by the wayside in the moment. For the time being he was none of those things. He was a vulnerable person who needed Yuri’s protection. He was an omega in need of a considerate alpha. He was Victor, a person who had crashed into Yuri’s life, and one whom Yuri had come to regard as a dear friend, even though he secretly longed for more.

“I wish I could have this forever,” Yuri murmured in Japanese as he gazed at the person sleeping in his arms. He couldn’t restrain the urge to kiss him again, and pressed his lips to the Russian man’s forehead.

Victor groaned as Yuri sat back up. He shifted, trying to get more comfortable, before finally opening his eyes. Yuri smiled down as the ocean-blue orbs focused on his face, and placed his hand along the Russian’s jawline. He rubbed soft lines along Victor’s cheek with his thumb.

“Yuri?” Victor asked hoarsely, momentarily confused.

“Good morning,” Yuri replied. “Feeling better?”

Victor blinked several times, then a deep blush spread across his cheeks up to the tips of his ears. He
buried his face against Yuri’s chest. “Oh my god…”

Yuri smiled and combed his fingers through Victor’s hair, loving the softness of it.

“It wasn’t a nightmare… was it?” Victor murmured, voice further muffled by Yuri’s shirt.

Yuri startled slightly at the phrasing. “Afraid not,” Yuri replied softly. “But it’s over now.”

Victor’s hands snaked up from under the blanket and fisted into the fabric of Yuri’s shirt. The older man trembled at first, but soon started shaking uncontrollably. Yuri felt dry sobs against his chest, and could smell Victor’s distress.

Yuri didn’t know what reaction he had expected, but this wasn’t it. He wrapped his arms as best he could around Victor and held him close.

“I’m sorry Victor,” Yuri said as the older man’s unease settled to shivering. “I know what you wanted yesterday, but I couldn’t. You were in no state to make that decision.”

Victor shook his head, hands clenching even harder in the fabric. Yuri barely understood a muffled, “That’s not it.”

Yuri started, his mind reeling, trying to understand what had made Victor so distressed. “I… I don’t know what I did wrong. Please forgive me.”

Victor lifted his face just enough for Yuri to see red crowding the edges of Victor’s eyes, but he was so dehydrated that it appeared he hadn’t shed any tears.

“Yuri, you didn’t do anything wrong! Please don’t think that.” Somehow the air felt even more distressed as Victor tried to allay Yuri’s fears.

Yuri released a shuddering breath that he hadn’t even realized he was holding. He put his hand on Victor’s face again. “Ok, then… What can I do?”

Victor lowered his face into Yuri’s shirt again. “Let me… let me just stay like this for a while.”

“Of course,” Yuri replied, and ran his fingers through Victor’s hair, trying anything to soothe the Russian.

They sat that way for a several minutes, and Yuri could tell by Victor’s breathing that the older man was savoring his alpha smell. He released more to satiate the remaining needs of the omega, and continued stroking the older man’s hair. He felt the tension slowly release from Victor’s muscles and a short while later Victor was humming softly against the fabric.

“I’m sorry,” Victor finally whispered, and Yuri felt it as much as heard it.

Yuri could smell calm in the air.

Yuri slid his fingers underneath Victor’s chin and gently turned the man’s face up so that he could look him in the eye. “Why didn’t you tell me Victor?”

“That I’m an omega?”

“That… but more about your upcoming heat.”

Yuri rubbed his thumb over Victor’s cheek again, and Victor turned to smell and rub against the inside of Yuri’s wrist. For a moment Yuri wished that the intimate nature of the moment would never
“Why didn’t you tell me that you’re an alpha?”

Yuri startled but quickly softened into a gentle smile. “Probably the same reason you hide your omega status. There are too many stereotypes; too many expectations to conform to.”

Victor nodded. “Mm-hmm.”

“But Victor, you had to know that a room without a lock is a bad place to be in heat. Why didn’t you warn me? Surely you realized that I would find out as soon as it started.”

Victor turned his face into Yuri’s chest again. “Ah eh-eh oh,” he mumbled incoherently.

“Victor,” Yuri scolded.

Victor whined and looked up at Yuri. “I… I didn’t know it was coming. I’m on suppressants.”

Yuri scowled. “What do you mean you didn’t know?”

Victor whined again, still susceptible to the shifting moods of the alpha. “I wasn’t expecting it, and the only clue I had was irritability.”

Yuri growled low in his throat, and only realized it when the older man whimpered.

“Sorry Victor. I’m just worried. We’ll go to the doctor this afternoon and make sure everything is ok.”

“I don’t want to,” Victor argued.

“Victor…” Yuri warned.

Victor fidgeted nervously.

Yuri sighed and ran his fingers through Victor’s hair again. “I don’t want to force you with my scent, though we both know you’re still receptive to it. But I do have other ways of getting my way. I’ll just tell mom that you’re not allowed any katsudon until you have a doctor examine you.”

“That’s so mean!” Victor protested.

Yuri smiled. “Yes, but so is making me worry about your health. You’re supposed to be the responsible one, aren’t you? Coach?”

Victor grumbled and buried his face in Yuri’s chest again.

Yuri moved enough to poke at Victor’s hair whorl. “Come on. You know I’ll worry if you don’t. Do you want to be the reason I flub my jumps?”

The grumbling increased before Victor finally relented. “Fine. I’ll go, but only because I can’t have you missing jumps so close to the block championship.”

Yuri laughed. “You sure it wasn’t the katsudon?”

Victor smiled and looked up at him. “It was partially the katsudon.”

“I’m declaring today a free day, if that’s ok with you coach. My back is killing me.”
Victor smiled and nuzzled back into Yuri’s chest. “That’s fine, I’m feeling a little under the weather myself.”

A calm silence filled the room, the only sounds those of the birds outside. Yuri wanted to stay that way, but knew that they had to face the day. “We should probably go shower, maybe soak in the onsen for a bit. It won’t do to go outside smelling as strongly as we do.”

Victor curled up against Yuri. “Can we stay like this for a few more minutes? I’m comfortable right now.”

“Sure.”

Yuri combed his fingers through Victor’s hair absentmindedly until he felt and heard the Russian purring with contentment.

“I’m sorry Victor.”

Victor moved, and Yuri turned to look him in the eye. “What for?”

Yuri grimaced. “I… I made you submit to me. I didn’t know what to do, what you wanted me to do. So I claimed you by scent and made you submit. It was the only way I knew to protect you.”

Victor shook his head. “It’s ok Yuri. I’m glad you were here.”

Yuri smiled, and stretched uncomfortably. “We need to get up though. I might not be able to move if we don’t.”

Victor whined, but shifted out of Yuri’s lap.

Yuri scooted off the bed and stretched, wincing as muscles complained at the weird use over the past day. “I could soak all day.”

“Let’s skip the doctor and do that,” Victor suggested.

Yuri shot him an annoyed glance, but quickly smiled. “Nice try, but I’m taking you to the doctor. Since you weren’t expecting the heat, it’s one thing I’m going to insist on as your alpha.”

“My alpha…” Victor mused.

Yuri blanched. “I… I didn’t mean it like that.” He started fidgeting, his own hormones beginning to return to normal and his quiet self re-emerging. “I just meant that… since I sort of claimed you yesterday… and made you submit…”

Victor smiled and stood, the blankets and towels falling off him.

Yuri blushed and turned his head.

Victor laughed and stepped into Yuri’s space. He ran his fingers along Yuri’s jawline. “Are you really going to blush now Yuri? You’ve seen me nude before… in the onsen… yesterday.”

“That’s different,” Yuri muttered.

“If you say so,” Victor chuckled. “But I do like your idea, let’s just soak in the onsen all day.”

Yuri looked up, chocolate eyes meeting blue. “No. I’m not backing down on this.”
Victor sighed. “Ok, you can drag me to the doctor. Let’s soak before that though. I’m sore in ways I didn’t think was possible. It’s a lot of work to masturbate all day.”

“Victor!” Yuri whined, burying his face in his hands.

Victor laughed and pulled a robe around himself before heading toward the onsen. Yuri quickly followed. They soaked in relative silence for close to an hour, the baths empty during the early time of day.

Yuri could tell that something was bothering Victor, but figured that an unexpected heat could easily cause some inner turmoil. He hoped that a clean bill of health from the doctor would set his mind at ease.

By mid-morning they were walking toward the nearest clinic. However they quickly learned that the doctor wanted to wait on a determination until Victor’s medical history could be sent from Russia. Blood was drawn and initial tests started, and they were asked to return that afternoon.

Yuri noticed that Victor’s unease continued, and was glad when they returned to the clinic several hours later.

“Good afternoon Nikiforov-san,” the doctor said in Japanese as she strolled into the examination room. “I’m Doctor Ito.” She saw Yuri and looked at him questioningly before sniffing the air.

“And what’s your name? The chart is only for one patient.”

“Katsuki Yuri.”

“You’re the alpha?” she asked.

Yuri shook his head. “Temporary only. He wasn’t in a safe place, so I claimed him in order to protect. I remained nearby as a guard. I’m here to make sure he’s ok, and to act as a translator.”

“Can I ask what your relationship is? Given the personal nature of this discussion I want to make sure he’s comfortable with you translating.”

Yuri nodded. “He’s my coach… and my friend. Though if you prefer I’ll wait outside. He’s fluent in Russian, English and French, so translators in any of those languages will work.”

“Yuri?” Victor asked.

“Doctor Ito’s making sure it’s ok if I translate,” the younger man explained. “She doesn’t want you to be uncomfortable with me here, and she wants to be clear that the information I hear will be personal.”

Victor was silent for a moment, then grabbed Yuri’s arm and tugged him close. He draped his arms over Yuri’s shoulders. He pointed to his mouth, mimed speaking, motioned at Yuri, then the doctor and back.

She laughed at the obvious display and nodded her understanding.

“Victor!” Yuri protested as he squirmed out from the embrace of the Russian man.

Doctor Ito smiled, “I guess I have my answer.” She turned back to Victor. “I see that you’ve been on suppressants?” she asked.

Yuri quickly repeated the question in English.
“Yes,” Victor replied. “I’ve been on them for several years. Heats aren’t exactly desirable as an athlete.”

She nodded as Yuri translated and immediately went into her next question. “How long was this latest heat?”

“One day.”

“A bit on the short side,” she said with a slight scowl.

“Any negative side effects of the suppressants? How long have you been on them?”

The conversation continued back and forth for several more questions until the doctor seemed almost satisfied with her notes.

“When was your last heat Nikiforov-san?”

Victor grew quiet as Yuri translated, and shifted uneasily.

“Victor?” Yuri prodded.

Silence.

“Victor,” Yuri growled.

“Two… and a half… years.”

Yuri’s eyes widened. He could feel the eyes of the doctor on him as his voice rose. “Did you just say two and a half years?”

Victor shrugged. He nodded.

“For god’s sake Victor! Do you know how dangerous that is? It’s no wonder it happened without you expecting it! Your body had to force it on you, despite the suppressants!”

Yuri felt a hand on his shoulder, and realized that his anger had pervaded the room. He turned and saw a questioning look on the doctor’s face. He quickly told her the answer and saw a similarly annoyed expression at the time that had elapsed.

She grumbled and turned to a computer screen. Yuri could only imagine Victor’s medical history as she studied and scowled over the information before turning to them again.

“There are no immediate signs of problems Nikiforov-san,” she started, allowing Yuri a chance to translate. “However, your body has rejected the suppressants. You will need to switch to a different kind.”

Victor nodded. “What kind?”

Doctor Ito shook her head. “We’ll need to discuss that at a later date. While nothing sticks out as an immediate issue, I am concerned about the length of time you suppressed, and that your body had a reactive heat in order to compensate. I want to put you under observation before prescribing new suppressants, and make sure future heats are normal for a man of your age and health.”

“Do you think there is a problem?” Yuri asked before Victor had a chance to.

The doctor shook her head again. “No, it’s standard practice.”
Yuri noticed that although it seemed that he was ok, the Russian was nervous.

“How long?” Victor asked.

“One year.”

Yuri’s jaw dropped, and Victor visibly paled once it was translated.

“How long?” Victor finally asked.

The doctor turned back to the chart displayed on her computer screen. “This isn’t the first instance of a reactive heat from oversuppression. I’m just ruling out any underlying causes that would be masked by suppressants. I’d also like to ensure that you return to a normal heat cycle when off them.”

“This wasn’t the first time?” Yuri accused Victor before translating the rest of the statement.

Victor looked away and Yuri sighed, informing him of the doctor’s reasoning.

“Last time it was only three months,” Victor grumbled. “Just one heat.”

“Last time! Do you hear yourself Victor?” Yuri growled. “Don’t you know how dangerous it is to over-suppress?”

Victor stared at the floor and Yuri gave the doctor the information.

“I’d like an extended observation period to rule out long term effects. If there are no complications we might be able to revisit after two heats, but I want at least that many.”

Yuri sighed and explained.

Victor flopped back dramatically on the examining bed. “I haven’t had to deal with regular heats since I was a teenager. Once a year, heck once every two is too much. Every three months will be torture!”

“Stop being so dramatic Victor,” Yuri huffed. “You brought this on yourself and you know it.”

Victor sat up. “But Yuuuuuri!”

Yuri crossed his arms. “You’re not getting any sympathy from me Nikiforov. First you don’t say anything. Now I find out that you had a reactive heat from oversuppression? I think given the dangers, you’re getting off easy.”

“What’s he saying?” the doctor asked.

“Nothing much, he’s being whiny about his heats,” Yuri replied before translating their actual conversation.

The doctor chuckled when she realized that Yuri was scolding her patient for her. Victor tried to argue a few more times, but she held firm.

“One year Nikiforov-san. I want to ensure your heats are healthy. After that we can discuss new suppression options.”

Victor grumbled as Yuri translated.

A smile crossed over the doctor’s face as she turned to her computer again. “Also, I’m forwarding
my notes and diagnosis back to your primary physician in St. Petersburg. That way if you should move back they have the most up-to-date information.”

Victor paled once Yuri had translated and promptly flopped back on the bed again. “Heats... Every three months... I think I’m gonna die.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments/Kudos/Shares are appreciated.

I bet you weren't expecting that reaction either. ;-)

Yell at me about YoI on Tumblr at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com.

Thanks again!
**History**

Chapter Summary

With the doctor's orders in mind both Yuri and Victor head for home, but when Yuri notices an unusual cloud over Victor's mood he decides that a heart to heart on the beach is the better plan.

Chapter Notes

Looks like I didn't get my chapter of Dreams done for today, but it'll be done tomorrow. So there will be a break before the next chapter of this posts.

Thanks for all the comments and kudos. I really am glad you're all enjoying these word doodles.

Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Katsuki-san?”

Yuri stopped from where he was leading Victor from the examination room. He turned to face Doctor Ito. “Yes?”

“Can I talk to you a moment?”

Yuri nodded and walked back to where she was standing.

“I know Nikiforov-san was my patient today, but I’d like to ask you a few questions as well.”

Yuri nodded and turned to Victor. “She wants to talk to me a minute.”

“Is it ok if I wait here?”

Yuri nodded and returned his attention to the doctor.

“You mentioned he’s your coach. Are you an athlete as well?”

Yuri blinked, wondering how she had missed the posters of him around town. “Yes. I’m a figure skater.”

“I thought you looked familiar. It must be the glasses.”

Yuri smiled.

“I take it you suppress as well?”

Yuri nodded. “Yes, I have for years. It’s… uncomfortable for me to present in public as an alpha,
more so in a competitive sport. I don’t really fit the mold, and my pheromones are strong enough that it puts fellow skaters on edge.”

She nodded. “You’re not the first alpha I’ve heard who doesn’t like to be easily detected in public. But you have a pretty strong presence today. Given your coach’s negligence, I have to ask. When was the last time you went off your suppressants to rut?”

Yuri thought a second. “Four months? It was the end of March. I make a point to do it at the end of the season so it doesn’t impact my training or competition schedule.”

“So once a year?”

Yuri nodded, and the doctor scowled.

“How long have you been on your current dose?”

“Three years. I started suppressants while I was training abroad in Detroit, we got lucky with something that worked right away and my doctor there never changed it.”

Doctor Ito grimaced and made a noise deep in her throat.

“Doctor?” Yuri prodded.

She looked up and smiled. “It might be nothing. You could have an increased presence in response to your friend’s heat. Had you ever been around an omega in such a state before?”

Yuri shook his head. “No.”

“An increase in pheromone activity is common the first time an alpha encounters an unbonded omega in heat. But I think that I’d like to check your suppressant levels in a couple weeks. We might need to either adjust your rut schedule or increase your dose.”

Yuri nodded. “I need to schedule my pre-season physical anyway. I like to do them in September. Is that good, or do you need to see me sooner?”

“That’s fine.” She looked as if she was about to dismiss them, then looked to Victor.

“I don’t know how close the two of you are, but he trusts you. If he asks, I’d suggest going off your suppressants and rutting at the same time he’s in heat.”

Yuri felt the blush start and spread immediately to his ears. “Wh… what?”

She smiled. “It’s not unheard of for friends to help each other through this. And it might be healthy for you to rut more often. Also, your suppressants prevent you from knotting, and if you do share a heat you’ll both find it far more pleasurable if you can do it.”

Yuri felt like he was going to die of embarrassment.

She smiled. “Just think it over. In the meantime, schedule your appointment for next month, and one for him in two months.”

“Not after his heat?”

“I want to make sure everything looks good before then.”

Yuri nodded and led Victor to the front desk, where he scheduled both of their upcoming
appointments.

They started back toward the inn, but almost immediately Yuri could see that a dark cloud had settled over Victor’s mood.

“Victor, let’s go to the ocean.”

Victor looked at Yuri and smiled. “I’d like that.”

The beach was busy with summer bathers, but they were able to find a bit of space near the tracks. They sat on the sand and were quiet for several minutes. Victor pulled his knees to his chest in a pose that Yuri was all too familiar with, and the younger man knew that it was his turn to open up and meet the Russian where he was.

Yuri looked out over the ocean and the people frolicking on the sand.

“I never thought I’d be anything but a beta,” Yuri began. He felt Victor’s eyes on him, but couldn’t bring himself to meet them with his own. “My parents are both beta... my sister is beta... grandparents on both sides are beta. I have an aunt who is an alpha, and one of my great-grandparents was one. I have a cousin who’s an omega. But really, our family tends to follow the statistics fairly well. Ninety percent beta, with the last ten percent evenly split to alpha and omega.

“I always thought that if I did present as something else, it would be an omega. I’ve always had a slight build, even when I put on weight. I’m not aggressive, and I’m only competitive on the ice. I’ve never really discussed my secondary gender outside of family and close friends. I think most of the figure skating world thinks I’m either beta or omega, and I don’t do anything to dissuade that.”

“Why not?” Victor asked after a minute.

Yuri smiled. “Probably for the same reason as you. You have to know that most assume you’re an alpha, or a very alpha leaning beta.” Yuri sighed. “There are so many stereotypes. Alphas are expected to be strong, powerful, dominant. They’re supposed to carry themselves with a self-assuredness ingrained by biology. But I’m none of those things. I’m a ball of anxiety most days, and question my own decisions so much that the questions have questions. I’d rather melt into the wall than be forceful or dominant. I’m almost exactly the opposite of what people expect from an alpha.”

The sound of gulls and lapping waves filled the air, sprinkled with laughter drifting up from the beach.

“Most of my family is alpha,” Victor said after several minutes. “There hadn’t been an omega on either side in generations, until me. In a way being surrounded by them ingrained the subtle mannerisms in me. I learned so many of the little quirks at such a young age that nobody ever questioned it. Those are things alphas do, so Victor Nikiforov must be an alpha too.”

Victor let out a sarcastic laugh.

“It was my own personal hell though, after I presented as omega. Nobody knew how to handle it. They knew how to deal with a rutting teenager; the aggression, the outbursts and the need to posture for dominance were all second nature. There wasn’t a person in my family who couldn’t defuse a rutting teenager within a matter of minutes.

“Nobody knew how to handle my heats. I was an enigma.”

Victor paused and when he started talking again there was a noticeable shake to his voice. “I have a fairly large extended family, plenty of cousins my own age. But as we all began presenting I was
ostracized. It was almost as if I had a disease. In a family of alphas I was an outcast. I couldn’t take it, and I drowned myself in training. I could prove that I was worthy if I just worked hard enough… if I won enough.”

Yuri looked over to see that the Russian man was fighting his emotions.

“Victor, I’m sorry,” Yuri said softly.

Victor shook his head. “It’s funny what you get used to. I pushed my family aside to focus on skating. It was easier. I could control my skating when I couldn’t control my biology. But no matter how much I worked, how hard I trained, I was still at the whim of hormones and cycles that I didn’t understand.

“I… I hated it.”

“So you started suppressing?” Yuri prompted after another pause.

Victor shook his head. “Not immediately. But…” he took a shuddering breath, “I had a bad experience, and it scared me. I was paralyzed with fear, terrified that it would be worse the next time… certain that I was so innately weak that there would be a next time. I was scared of the vulnerability, and though my doctors thought it was too soon I was put on suppressants at sixteen.”

“That’s so young…” Yuri mused.

“It’s almost a point of pride in my family. The alpha gene is supposedly so strong that it presents before the final growth spurt. The joke was that we were so alpha it mattered more than our primary characteristics. In my case it was used against me, I was so omega that I presented early in order to offer myself that much longer.”

Victor hugged his knees. “By the time I started suppressing I had already dealt with heats for several years. I presented at thirteen.”

Yuri stared, shocked.

“It was so much easier on suppressants. I could focus on skating, I only had to go through the horror of a heat once a year, but…”

Victor looked out over the ocean, obviously lost in a painful memory. “Even once a year was too much. I wasn’t any safer, I was just in danger less often. I started pushing the limits of the suppressants. I needed to know exactly how long I could go, how long I could be safe.”

“And you pushed yourself too far…” Yuri concluded.

Victor nodded. “The doctors, teachers, everybody… they all seem to stress that a heat is supposed to be a pleasurable experience for an omega. But I never felt that way.

“The first time I had a reactive heat was four years ago. I’d gone just over two years. Yakov was the one who found me, livid that I’d skipped practice only two weeks before worlds. Just like you, he dragged me to the doctor.

“I don’t blame him, or you. But… it’s a part of myself I don’t really want to face. Going to the doctor about it makes it real.”

Yuri scooted closer and laid his right hand on top of Victor’s raised knee.
Victor smiled wanly.

“I tried to be good, to get back on an approved schedule. But every time I tried to stop, to let it happen I made excuses. There was always a competition, or an exhibition, perhaps a sponsor meeting. It made more sense to delay it another day, one more week, maybe next month. Eventually the routine of putting it off is as ingrained as taking the daily pills.”

Yuri squeezed Victor’s knee, and the older man gave Yuri a real smile that time.

“Yuri, you might not believe it. But… yesterday was the best heat I’d ever had.”

Yuri blinked. “But… I made you submit to me. I refused your begging.”

“You made me feel safe. It was the first time I’d ever felt safe, protected, during a heat. No lock was ever strong enough, I could never hide my scent well enough. A couple times my lips were cut and bloodied from my biting them to keep from making noise. In my mind, I was always in danger.

“Yuri, you didn’t try to take advantage of me. You showed a strength beyond what you can even comprehend. You reminded me that it’s safe to trust.”

Yuri blinked, and Victor leaned in to kiss his forehead. “Thank you.”

Victor leaned against Yuri and they stared out together, watching happy people play on the sand.

“I can’t do much. I’m only your student,” Yuri felt Victor tense slightly, “and your friend.”

Relaxation. “But I’ll do my best while you’re here. I… I’ll keep protecting you… if you want me to.”


Yuri leaned back against Victor.

“So what did the doctor want to talk to you about?” Victor asked after several minutes.

Yuri sat up and gaped at Victor. “It was… nothing important.”

Victor smiled, and Yuri saw the glint of mischievousness in his eyes. “You were blushing so hard your ears turned red. Tell me Yuuuuri!”

“No!”

“Yuuuuuri…”

Yuri sighed and gave the platinum-haired man an exasperated smile. “You’re not going to let it go, are you?”

Victor grinned, and a part of Yuri melted at the fond expression in his eyes.

“Fine, I’ll tell you, but only because I want to see you blush too. Oh, and I have a demand.”

“Oh really?”

Yuri smirked. “I think I won a major battle against myself yesterday, and I’m allowed katsudon when I win. So I demand my prize.”
Victor stared, then burst into laughter. “Deal.”

Yuri figited. “She wants to monitor my suppressants. I might be developing a tolerance to my current dose. She… she suggested I rut twice a year instead of the once I currently do.”

“Oh really? Is that all?”

Yuri felt the color creep across his cheeks. “She… suggested that I might time my next rut… to coincide with your heat… and spend it with you.”

Yuri buried his face in his hands, terrified to look at his coach. After a moment of silence he dared to peek between his fingers up at Victor’s face.

Victor started shaking and doubled over before laughter tumbled from his lips. “I can see why you had that reaction, and it’s adorable!”

“Victor!” Yuri whined.

“I’m sorry Yuri, it’s just you’re so cute when you’re embarrassed.”

Yuri grumbled, and Victor threw his arms around him.

“Don’t worry about it Yuri, that’s a decision for later.”

“Victor!”


Yuri kicked some sand at his coach, which resulted in laughter and a battle to see who could make the other relent first against the stinging assault.

Victor won, and he draped himself over Yuri in celebration. “Thank you Yuri.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments/Kudos/Shares are appreciated.

We're starting to see a bit more about Victor's unease about both his omega status and his heats. I'm excited to explore such a vulnerable side of this normally confident man.

Yell at me about YoI on Tumblr at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com.

Thanks again!
As the day following Victor's heat comes to a close both men are still dealing with the lingering imbalance. A quiet moment allows them both a chance for recovery, but a text conversation with Yurio gives Yuri fresh insight.

AKA both these boys are lovable idiots when it comes to love.

Oh, and have some fluff, cause this chapter has floofy floofy fluff.

I love all the reactions I'm getting to this work. Thank you all so much.

If you've been enjoying this work please punch the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri found Victor soaking in a quiet corner of the onsen. The Russian’s eyes were closed, but an unsettled look on his face was more than enough for Yuri to know that he was awake. Yuri moved close. “May I join you?”

Victor cracked one eye open and scooted over in the narrow space between some boulders, leaving just enough room for Yuri to sit.

Yuri eased down into the hot water and sighed. “I needed this.”

Victor looked over and Yuri caught the slightest of smiles before the Russian leaned against the smaller man.

“Victor?”

“Sorry Yuri, I know I must smell bad, but… It’s been a long two days, and I’m still not completely settled. I just want to be close to you for a bit longer.”

Yuri blinked. “You don’t smell bad.”

Victor looked up at Yuri, “Really?”

The younger man could feel the flush spread across his face. “I… I like the way you smell. It’s calming.”

Yuri smiled when embarrassed color tint alabaster cheeks. He reached up and placed his palm
against Victor’s jaw.

Victor closed his eyes again and dipped his nose enough to sniff at Yuri’s wrist. He sighed after a moment and moved away.

“You ok?” Yuri asked when Victor’s calm look of a moment prior was replaced by the expression of unease again.

Victor looked at him. “Yes, and no.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Victor started, paused and furrowed his brow, then started again. “I’m sorry. I know it can’t have been easy on you, or your family.” Yuri waited a minute for the older man to continue, but that was all he said.

Yuri sighed, he could tell by the way Victor had wanted to be near a couple minutes earlier that the last of his heat hormones were still in his system. He looked around and ensured that they were out of sight of any stragglers in the bath before tugging on Victor’s arm.

“Yuri?”

“Come here. It’s pretty obvious you still want to be near my scent. Tomorrow we’ll be back to normal, but… let me give you what you need right now.”

Visible relief washed over Victor’s face as he sat in the V between Yuri’s legs. He turned so that both his legs were draped over one of Yuri’s and his shoulder under the younger man’s. He twisted his torso so that his face was pressed against Yuri’s collarbone.

“Better?” Yuri asked as he wrapped his arms around him.

“Mm-hmm,” Victor replied, taking a deep breath against Yuri’s skin.

Yuri buried his nose in Victor’s hair. If he was honest, his reaction to the heat made him need the closeness as well. He savored Victor’s smell, sweet oranges and snow, and noticed that the cinnamon was almost gone. He immediately understood that the spice was a part of the quickly diminishing hormones.

He wanted to talk about it, but the way that Victor had demurred or changed the subject nearly all day had made it pretty clear that it wasn’t a topic that Victor was comfortable with. He realized just how hard the conversation on the beach must have been.

*If he’s not comfortable with his heats, then he probably doesn’t want to talk about… this… either. It’s ok. I’ll make it clear that I don’t expect any changes between us.*

“Will you be ready to get back to practice tomorrow?” Yuri asked, running his hand up and down Victor’s back.

Victor nodded. “Yeah. I miss the feel of the ice under me.”

“I think I’m most looking forward to the ballet studio in the afternoon. I can use the stretch.”

“You always seem more relaxed after studio time. Maybe we should switch out. Ballet in the morning and ice later.”

Yuri shook his head. “Too hard to get private time on the ice in the afternoon. Yuko had to shift
some public times around to give us even the one hour we have every day now.”

Victor looked up from where he was nuzzled against Yuri. “Really?”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah. The afternoon is a popular time for classes and for the local hockey teams.”

“Teams?” Victor asked, raising an eyebrow.

Yuri smiled at him. “Technically, though age-brackets might be more appropriate. There’s the children’s, youth, and teen. We don’t have an ameteur team here for adults, I think Fukuoka is the closest for that.”

“I see. I guess we’ll just have to keep the morning ice to ourselves then,” Victor replied as he leaned in again.

“There’s advantages to that though,” Yuri murmured. “Fresh ice every morning. No waiting for the zamboni to finish.”

Victor hummed. “I do love that feeling, being the first one to make a mark.”

“Mm-hmm,” Yuri replied.

Yuri leaned his head back against one of the rocks, closed his eyes and breathed deep. He could hear the soft trickling of water through the spring, quiet conversation from the far side of the pool, and the hum of summer insects.

One more minute, just a bit longer. I don’t want to give this up yet.

Victor’s breathing slowed and became gentle as the man relaxed fully in Yuri’s arms. As the tension melted away the younger man felt it exhaustion take its place.

Yuri leaned forward again and nuzzled Victor’s hair.

One last time.

“Come on Victor,” Yuri said softly against the older man’s head. “We should get you to bed. I need my coach to be well rested.”

There’s that tension again, Yuri thought as the briefest moment of stiffness passed through the man in his arms. But then Victor was nodding against his chest and slowly unwinding.

Yuri fought the desire to reach out and pull the platinum-haired man back into his arms. Instead he stood and followed Victor to the showers. They rinsed in silence and padded through the quiet halls back to their rooms.

Victor paused just outside his room with the door open. Yuri could smell traces of lingering pheromones, but they had left the windows open all day and it was almost gone.

Victor looked at Yuri, and for just a second Yuri could see that there was something on the older man’s lips, ready to come out.

“Victor?”

Victor startled and blinked, and Yuri saw something sad in his eyes, and a note of longing.

“It’s nothing Yuri. Just tired I guess.”
Yuri knew there was something more, but was reluctant to push. “Get some sleep Victor. We’ll get back to work tomorrow.”

Victor nodded. “Yeah.”

Yuri walked past Victor toward his own room, and was stopped by a hand on his wrist. He turned and saw emotion clouding ocean-blue eyes.

“One… one more time?” Victor asked softly, shaking slightly.

Yuri smiled. “Of course.”

He stepped into the circle of Victor’s arms and tilted his head so that the taller man could bury his face in his neck. He snaked his own arms around Victor’s middle and pulled him close before nuzzling against the same spot on Victor’s neck.

Yuri couldn’t help but hum at the smell, and felt a tremble through Victor.

“I… You… You really like the way I smell?” Victor asked, voice so timid that Yuri knew that there was pain behind the question.

Yuri answered by nosing the spot. “Mm-hmm. It’s a nice smell. I never noticed it before, but it’s calming. It reminds me of quiet moments; peeling new year’s oranges before walking through fresh snow.”

“Really?”

Yuri rubbed Victor’s back. “Yeah.”

Victor shook, and buried his face further into Yuri’s neck. “Thank you.”

Yuri didn’t know what he was being thanked for, but knew not to question it. He moved one of his arms and pet Victor’s head until the Russian stood again.

“Goodnight Yuri,” he said softly.

“Goodnight Victor.”

Yuri watched as Victor stepped into his room and slid the door shut.

*Just go in there, let him know now, while you’re both still so open to each other.*

Yuri turned and walked to his room. Almost immediately his realized that his cell phone was beeping. As soon as the screen lit up he was greeted with a low battery warning, and he plugged it in.

He settled on his bed and scrolled through his notifications. There was the normal handful of new followers on social media, and the standard assortment of promotional emails to delete. He sent an apology to a sponsor that had emailed a day prior asking for a meeting, and promised to look at his schedule and give them some times the following day.

Yuri sighed when he saw the number of missed text messages. As expected more than half were from Phichit. He quickly sent off an apology and promised to video call on their next free day. He replied to several more people, but felt shock at one name: Yurio.
2:10 pm - OI KATSUDON! Victor’s not answering his phone, probably forgot to charge it again. I need to talk to him.

3:17 pm - I’M NOT TRYING TO STEAL YOUR COACH PIG. I JUST NEED TO ASK HIM A QUESTION.

4:03 pm - DON’T IGNORE ME!

5:32 pm - DO YOU NOT REGULARLY CHECK YOUR MESSAGES?

6:08 pm - I texted Yuko. She said today’s not a good day. What’s going on?

7:26 pm - What’s going on over there Katsudon? Do I need to fly back to Japan to kick your ass?

9:47 pm - I SWEAR TO GOD! IF I HAVE TO FLY BACK TO JAPAN YOU’LL BOTH HAVE SCARS UP AND DOWN YOUR BACKS FROM ME WALKING OVER YOU WITH MY SKATES ON.

12:13 am - WHAT THE HELL KATSUDON?!?! IT’S AFTER MIDNIGHT THERE. LOOK, TEXT ME BACK AS SOON AS YOU SEE THIS. I DON’T CARE WHAT TIME IT IS.

10:57 am - Katsudon! Why didn’t you text me?

12:33 pm - I texted Yuko again. She said you might still need some space? Text me.

6:07 pm - Yakov demanded to know what had me so riled up. He got a funny look when I told him. Did you fucking talk to Yakov and not me?

8:22 pm - Shit. I should have figured it out sooner. Victor went into heat… didn’t he? Text me.

Yuri felt his breath catch in his throat at the last text. He typed a reply with shaking hands.

12:17 am - Hi Yurio. Sorry. I haven’t checked my phone for a couple days. I’ll have Victor call you tomorrow.

He set his phone aside, but it almost immediately lit up with an incoming text.

12:18 am - About time pig. Now answer my question. Victor went into heat, didn’t he?

12:18 am - Yes

12:21 am - Look Katsudon, Victor doesn’t know that I know. He never talked about his secondary, not even to his rinkmates. If you say anything they’ll have to drain the rink to get all the pieces of you out of the ice.

12:23 am - I saw something I shouldn’t have about four years ago. We’d all assumed Victor was sick, but Yakov was on edge too. I went into the locker room for something and they were there. Yakov was threatening Victor about reactive heats, and not being allowed to practice quads if he had another one. After Yakov stormed out I peeked around to look at Victor. He was shaking pretty bad and paler than I’d ever seen him, and I’ve seen him white with pain. I’ve never seen him look so scared.
12:26 am - I didn’t know how a reactive heat was different than a normal one, so I looked it up, and learned they’re caused by oversuppression.

12:28 am - Yakov’s look today was the same as it was that day. Victor over suppressed again, didn’t he?”

12:29 am - Yes

12:29 am- Even for an eleven year old it was pretty obvious. This confirms it. Victor’s terrified of his heats Katsudon. I don’t know why, but whatever it is, it’s bad for him.

Yuri felt himself trembling as he read. So it’s not my imagination. He said there was a bad experience, but it felt so much stronger.

12:31 am - He didn’t want to talk about it with me. I decided not to push too much.

12:32 am - Good idea. Look. I’ll forgive you for ignoring me this time. But I’m serious. One word of Victor’s secondary to the public and you won’t have the opportunity to face me in Russia.

12:33 am - Don’t worry Yurio. I know when to keep secrets.

12:34 am - That’s not my name katsudon! Have him call or text me tomorrow. I like the quality of the Agape costume. It’s one of the best ones I’ve ever worn. I know he has a personal costumer different than the rest of the Russian team. I’ve not been thrilled with my recent outfits and want to talk to his guy.

12:35 am - I’ll let him know that’s what you want.

12:36 am - Thanks… and… I’m glad you were there for the old man. Maybe it wasn’t so bad for him this time.

12:37 am - Thanks Yurio. Good night.

Yuri dropped his phone on the bed and leaned against the wall. He knew that, with the doctor’s demand to see a healthy heat schedule, they would need to face Victor’s heats sooner than later. But after talking to Yurio he wanted to give the Russian a bit of space before bringing it up again.

Yuri sighed. What do you need from me Victor?

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Some people picked it up after chapter 5, but yeah. Victor has a past with his heats. We’ll get there eventually.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com
Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri and Victor fall back into a routine of training and work as they prepare for the upcoming regional championships. But a sponsor meeting puts Yuri on edge. How will Victor handle Yuri's shifting moods?

So anybody who has read my other YOI fics probably recognizes that I like to move forward in time though vignettes rather than a concrete day to day account. As we're shifting from the intense scene of the heat to the more subdued area between events I'll focus more on these snapshots to show their developing bonds. It's a style I like and lets those bigger important scenes, where I slow things down, really stand out.

In this chapter, more of a glimpse into the world, and more floofies!

If you've been enjoying this work please punch the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Everything was the same, and at the same time everything was different. The changes were so subtle that at first neither one noticed, but within only a couple days they recognized that an intimacy had grown between them. Gazes lasted an extra few seconds, touches lingered longer than they had before. A wall that they hadn’t even realized was there had crumbled.

They were far from lovers, but they shared a connection that went beyond mere friendship.

Victor was practicing on the ice while Yuri took a break when Takeshi Nishigori strolled in and sat next to him on the bench.

“You did a good thing Yuri,” Nishigori said.

“Nishigori?” Yuri asked, unsure what the older man was referring to.

“Yuko told me about what happened last week,” the older man explained.

Yuri stiffened slightly.

“Don’t worry Yuri. If he wanted people to know it would have been out a long time ago. We’re not going to question why, just honor that he has his own reasons for keeping it quiet.”

Yuri relaxed.
“It takes a lot of strength to not give in,” Nishigori said. “I’ve been with Yuko for eight years now, I’m used to the hormones and the need. They say that as you become accustomed to the pheromones it has less effect, but if I had to turn her down, I know I couldn’t stay close. I’d have to get far enough away to not smell her. When she said you stayed, and even went into the room. Fuck Yuri, I know I couldn’t have done that.”

Yuri curled over in embarrassment. “Maybe it was because it was my first time being around an omega in heat, or the suppressants.”

Yuri felt the stare and turned to see Nishigori gaping at him. “That… was your first time?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you even human Yuri? The first time I saw Yuko I was on suppressants, stronger than yours if I recall the bottle that fell out of your bag a few months ago, and I barely had the strength to run. The first time is the worst.”

“Maybe I’m just that weak an alpha…” Yuri said softly as Victor landed a quad lutz.

Nishigori growled low in his throat. “A weak alpha would have given in. A weak alpha would have been so overwhelmed that they would have been in a heat haze before their clothes hit the floor. Remember, Yuko was there, she told me how powerful his pheromones were. What you did was the opposite of weak Yuri.”

Yuri looked up and smiled softly.

“Yuuuuri!” Victor called. “Are you done resting yet? It’s getting close to the end of our time and I want to work on your quad salchow. It’s still not clean and the block championships are only a month away.”

“Duty calls,” Yuri said with a smile as he stood and walked to the ice.

Nishigori laughed and strolled out to return to his place at the front counter.

Yuri slipped into the onsen and moved to a quiet corner to grumble alone. He was in a foul mood and knew that even with the suppressants his irritation would be coming off him in waves. He slid down up to his shoulders in the water and tried to put the events of the day out of his mind.

Unfortunately the solitude only gave him time to dwell and he soon found his anger increasing.

“Yuri?”

Yuri cracked one eye open to see Victor standing nearby, a worried look on his face. He tried to smile, to reassure the Russian, but the older man wasn’t buying it.

Victor scowled, picked a spot across the narrow branch of water and sat down, never taking his eyes off Yuri. “You were fine before you left for your sponsor meeting this morning. What happened?”

“Nothing.”

Victor’s eyes narrowed. “Yuuuri.”

Yuri averted his gaze. “I’d rather not talk about it.”
They sat in silence for several minutes, and Yuri could feel the eyes of the platinum-haired man boring into him.

Victor sighed and stood. He took a few steps toward the showers, then turned back.

Yuri startled when the Russian sat next to him and draped his arms over the shoulders of the smaller man.

“Victor!” Yuri protested. He wanted the contact, but not in public, and not when he was angry.

Victor was stronger and managed to keep Yuri from squirming away. He used his free hand to grab Yuri’s chin and turn it toward him. “Close your eyes Yuri.”

Yuri’s breath caught in his throat. *Is he seriously trying to kiss me right now?*

Victor’s eyes narrowed as Yuri hesitated. “Close your eyes,” he repeated, voice dropping in pitch.

Confusion mixed with Yuri’s anger, but he was too flustered to argue. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, expecting to feel the lips of the Russian against his own.

Victor pulled Yuri close, and used gentle pressure from his hand to angle Yuri’s head.

Skin against skin as Victor closed the gap and their chests pressed together. Yuri could smell his scent. He breathed it in, his nose scratching along Victor’s stubble.

*The anticipation is killing me.*

Victor turned, and Yuri felt his nose pressed into Victor’s neck.

“Just breathe Yuri.”

Yuri froze for a second before his brain processed the order. He took a deep breath, the scent of oranges and snow filling him. He immediately felt calmer.

Yuri shuddered as some of the anger released in a rush.

“That’s right Yuri,” Victor said softly. “Just keep breathing.”

Yuri squeezed his eyes and buried his nose against Victor. Suddenly he couldn’t get enough. The anger, the frustration of the day felt wrong. Victor was right; that soothing scent the only thing that mattered.

Yuri turned and wrapped his arms around the taller man, holding him close, not wanting to lose the anchor in the maelstrom of his emotions. He shook, his body confused as the tension of seconds earlier vanished.


“Shh Yuri. Just breathe. We’ll talk in a minute.”

Yuri knew the scent of an omega was supposed to have this influence, but he’d never imagined it would be so strong. He nosed at the spot, begging Victor’s body to release more of the soothing aroma.

Victor rubbed circles on Yuri’s back as he held the smaller man close. Eventually Yuri stopped shaking. He took deep breaths against Victor’s skin. It was then that the Russian finally released him.
“Feel better?” Victor asked as he moved to be able to look at Yuri.

Yuri wanted to follow, to stay in the embrace. Instead he blushed and nodded. “Thank you.”

Victor smiled. “I thought it was worth a try.”

“It worked. But how did you know?”

“You told me… remember?”

Yuri thought about it, and recalled saying something about Victor’s scent after his heat. He nodded.

“Want to tell me what happened now?” Victor asked, placing his hand over Yuri’s for a brief moment.

Yuri took a deep breath, feeling the steam of the onsen in his lungs. “The sponsor meeting itself was fine. We reviewed expectations for the season, and renewed the contract through next summer. I’ll likely have some endorsements in January, and maybe an exhibition in the spring.”

“That’s good, isn’t it?” Victor prodded.

Yuri nodded. “It is, but…” Yuri shuddered and pulled his knees close. “There were a few people waiting to go into their own meeting once I was done. I think one was a skier, but I’m not positive. I could hear them talking as I waited for the secretary to finish a call so we could schedule future meetings.

“They said something about a rumor that the sponsor had planned to drop me after last season. It wasn’t all that surprising. I honestly expected it after my poor performance.

“It didn’t even bother me too much when one suggested that I was renewed because you’re my coach. In fact I kinda like hearing that they think you can turn my career around.

“But…”

Yuri grumbled and hugged his knees. Now that he was calmer he realized how foolish his anger had been.

“Yuri?” Victor’s voice pulled him from his thoughts.

“I don’t know who said what. I don’t know if they meant for me to hear it or not. They were pretty quiet, but you know how noise carries in an empty room.

“They… they suggested that the only reason you’re here… is for sex. One even asked if I was really planning to skate this season at all, or if you coaching me was a convenient excuse to explain your presence.”

Yuri heard Victor exhale, and he expected the Russian to be as outraged, but instead he felt fingers at the small of his back.

“Yuri, you have to know those rumors have been swirling for months. Probably even before Yurio arrived.”

Yuri grumbled. “Yes, but I would have thought they’d have died down by now. Was the exhibition just a joke to them? You’re giving me so much, you put your own career on hold for me. I… I’m working so hard to make this a good season. I want to be worthy of your time.”
Tension in the fingers. “Yuri, of course you’re worthy of my time. I wouldn’t be here otherwise.”

“You wouldn’t be happier on the ice?”

The fingers on his back stilled a moment before rubbing small circles again. “I’m on the ice every day, helping you become the skater I know you can be.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Yuri, I’m exactly where I want to be right now. Trust me on that.”

Yuri nodded, but questions still swirled in his mind.

“There was more…”

“Oh?”

“I normally don’t care about the rumors that I’m an omega. But… I’ve been more on edge lately. They… they said I must be a nice omega catch for an alpha like you. Then they wondered if I had been the pursuer instead, trying to lure the most-eligible alpha with my omega wiles.

“They reduced both of us to outdated ideas about gender roles. You the powerful alpha who claims the prize omega. Me the seductive flower that seeks to rise through sex.”

Victor’s fingers curled into a fist against Yuri’s back before relaxing again.

“It angers me so much Victor, that the stereotypes are still thrown around like that, even as walls crumble in so many other areas of society. I might not advertise that I’m an alpha, but I don’t hate it. The only reason I don’t discuss it is because of the stereotypes. I’m me, that’s all that should matter. I should be judged on what I do, not expectations of my secondary gender.”

“Look at me Yuri.”

Yuri raised his head and his eyes met Victor’s. “I’m here because you entranced me. The way you dance, the way you move across the ice. It’s beautiful. I had no clue you were an alpha until circumstances forced you to reveal it, but I didn’t care either. Your secondary was never a concern. I’m here for you.”

Yuri gave a faint smile, but his feelings weren’t quite in it.

Victor pulled Yuri close again, and as he inhaled the fainter scent that surrounded the larger man he realized how much tension had seeped back in during the discussion.

“People are going to talk Yuri. There’s nothing we can do about that. What we can control is how we react. I agree that it hurts when I read an article or forum post diminishing you as my student. I see your talent every day and I know you’re going to stun the world. But half of those that are watching say similar to what you heard, and others think I’m some kind of miracle worker and are totally disregarding your existing career.”

Yuri looked up and stared.

Victor’s eyes met his and the Russian smiled. “You and I know the truth. Whatever anybody else says, we’re the ones living this every day. That’s all that matters. Ok?”

Yuri smiled, real for the first time in hours. “Yeah.”
Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I really wanted to establish a solid reasoning for Victor to be all over Yuri at competitions rather than just his seemingly unrequited love. Using his scent to calm Yuri is a good excuse and I wanted to go ahead and get that ball rolling.

And I really wanted to have an opinion from another alpha about how Yuri handled Victor's heat, cause Yuri is still a ball of anxiety.

Also, yes, I'm a dirty dirty tease :-P

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri shows his competitive side during a video call with Phichit, and Victor struggles to deal with life off his suppressants.

More floofies, and a Phichit. Oh and a bit more insight into Victor's head.

If you've been enjoying this work please punch the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

“Yuri!”

Yuri beamed as Phichit Chulanont’s face filled the screen of his laptop. “Phichit-kun! How are you doing?”

“I’m good, working hard so that I can beat your ass in Beijing.”

Yuri laughed. “That gold is mine Chulanont.”

“We’ll see about that. I’m going all out.”

“That might not be enough.”

Both men laughed as the requisite competitive spirit died down. “How’s coach Celestino adapting to life in Thailand?”

Phichit shrugged. “Ciao Ciao? You know him. A few good bars and a relatively safe menu and he’s happy. He doesn’t eat over much, one of the spices mom uses doesn’t sit well with him. But otherwise he seems content enough.”

“Is he still travelling back to Detroit a lot to check in with the associate coaches?”

“Not as much as earlier in the summer. Patrick is the only other one from the rink in the grand prix series, and he always got along better with coach Nancy better anyway so Ciao Ciao is taking a back seat for him.”

“He’s been grooming Nancy for a while. I think he wants to make her a full partner coach. It’s a good time to see what she can do.”

Phichit smiled. “I think you’re right. So how’ve you been?”
“I’m good, a bit more on edge than normal though.”

“Because of the upcoming season?”

“Probably. A part of me still wonders if I can come back.”

“You’ll be fine.”

“And Victor? How’s he doing as your coach?”

“It’s definitely different than it was with Celestino. We’re around each other all the time. He’s learned to push me in different ways because of it.”

“Is that good or bad?”

“You tell me when you’re wearing silver.”

“And you said you were nervous. That sounds like an awfully bold statement to me.” Phichit laughed. “So why’d you miss our call last week?”

Yuri smiled even as he felt his stomach knot. Phichit was incredibly perceptive so he’d have to be careful of his answers.

“Victor was…”

Yuri was interrupted by a knock at his bedroom door. “Hold on a second Phichit.” He turned slightly, “Come in.”

“Yuuuri…” Victor whined as he strode in. “I’m sore from all those quads you made me show you today. Let’s go soak in the onsen.”

Yuri sighed, and Phichit squealed over the video. Victor draped himself over Yuri to look at the screen and the Japanese man could tell that his Thai friend was frantically trying to take as many screen captures as he could.

“Don’t you dare,” Yuri warned his friend.

“But Yuri…”

“No Phichit. The last thing we need right now are crazy rumors thanks to your social media habits.”

“Yuuuri, aren’t you going to introduce me to your friend?” Victor complained.

Yuri chuckled and Phichit replied before Yuri had the chance to continue. “Hi! Phichit Chulanont, Thai skater and future gold medalist at the Cup of China.”

“Oh really?” Victor replied, a playful tone to his voice. “I think you’re underestimating my Yuri.”

Phichit squealed again and Yuri felt a blush spread across his cheeks. “Did you hear that Yuri, he said ‘my Yuri.’”

Yuri wanted to bury his face in his hands.

“Victor, Phichit… Phichit, Victor,” Yuri finally managed. He took a deep breath and turned to face Victor. “Phichit and I were roommates and rinkmates while I was training in Detroit. He’s also my best friend.”
“Oh?” Victor teased, allowing himself to drape further over the Japanese man’s form.

Yuri could hear the sounds of Phichit’s frantic tapping of the screen capture button. “Victor you being draped all over me is going to be all over social media in a few minutes if you don’t stop. I won’t be able to talk him out of it for long.”

Victor grumbled and leaned on the back of the chair instead.

“Delete those photos now Phichit,” Yuri warned.

“Just one Yuri! Let me post one at least.”

“No. But you can keep one for your personal collection.”

Phichit grumbled, but relented after a minute.

“So what were you two talking about?” Victor asked as Phichit deleted the screen captures.

Yuri turned to Victor and hoped that the look in his eyes made it clear what he was doing. “I was telling him that the reason I missed our call last week was due to your stomach flu.”

Victor blinked, then Yuri saw the most grateful look imaginable shining back at him from the depths of ocean-blue. “I’m so sorry Phichit. I’d have made him leave my side had I known he had a call scheduled.”

“It’s ok. Yuri is overly protective in a sweet way. When I had the stomach flu he took care of me for three days. He treated you to some of his rice porridge right? I was amazed at how much better it made me feel.”

“It was fantastic, so warm and soothing.”

Yuri could tell by the tone in Phichit’s voice that the Thai skater wasn’t buying it, but that he was willing to go along with the ruse for Yuri’s sake. He breathed an internal sigh of relief.

“I’ll leave you to your call Yuri,” Victor said, standing up. “It was nice to meet you Phichit. I guess we’ll see you in Beijing.”

“Wait, before you go…” Phichit protested.

Yuri sighed. “Victor, he wants a screen capture for social media. What do you say?”

Victor leaned in close, draped one arm over Yuri’s shoulder and held out a number one sign with his free hand. Yuri smiled and mirrored the gesture, much to Phichit’s delight. “My followers are going to love this!” Phichit squealed as Victor stood.

“Don’t keep him up too late Phichit,” Victor said jovially. “He’s got an early morning.”

Phichit eagerly assented, but as soon as Yuri’s door slid shut his tone turned serious. “Going to tell me what’s really going on?”

Yuri sighed. “What gave it away?”

“Just a feeling. Spill.”

“Not this time Phichit. That photo is you agreeing to not pry.”
Phichit was silent for a moment before relenting. “Fine. I know when you’re not going to talk, and I know you’d normally tell me unless it was important.”

“Thanks Phichit. So tell me, how’s your quad coming?”

Phichit beamed. “Still a bit shaky, but I’ll have it down by Skate America.”

“I can’t wait to see it. You’re going to wow the crowds.”

“I’m skating for Thailand,” Phichit beamed. “I’m going to show the world what a great country it is, and I’m going to show the Thai people how much fun figure skating is.”

“If anybody can do it, you can.”

Yuri was returning from an evening jog with Makkachin when he saw a familiar head of platinum hair walking lethargically from the inn. Yuri slowed, noticing the slump in Victor’s shoulders, but the poodle barked and excitedly ran to her owner.

“Makkachin!” Victor smiled when he saw his canine companion, but it was without the normal enthusiasm.

“Victor?” Yuri asked carefully as he strode close.

Victor widened his smile, but Yuri could immediately tell that it was fake. He scowled and Victor quickly dropped the pretense.


Yuri quickly walked the dog to the family entrance, let her inside and returned to where Victor was waiting at the gate. “I saw some yatai set up near the park. Let’s go indulge.”

Victor nodded, and smiled softly. Yuri was glad to note that at least the gentle emotion was genuine.

They strode in silence for a minute before Yuri purposefully moved close and bumped Victor’s shoulder with his own. “I bet it’s lonely in your head, I know it is for me. Wanna talk about it?”

Victor looked to the sky, where a blanket of stars shone down. He was silent for a moment before he answered. “Let’s get our food first and find a quiet place to talk.”

“Okay.”

Victor ordered from the taiyaki stand, and Yuri met him a minute later with some kyuri. They walked to the park and found a secluded bench.

Yuri nibbled on his cucumbers while waiting for Victor to break the ice.

“I forgot all those little changes that happen when I’m off suppressants,” Victor said after several minutes. “It’s mostly my mood, but there is the occasional unexplained ache. Like my body has to remind me that it’s in control.”

Yuri nodded. “I know what you mean.”

“Yuri?”
“You think it’s that different? I’m pretty sure Doctor Ito was right. I can feel myself on edge, and I’m quicker to anger. I have the feeling that I’m at the limit of what my suppressants can do. I’m going to ask her to increase the dose, and just hope it’ll get me through the season. Some of the other kinds have side effects I don’t want to deal with in the middle of competitions.”

“You don’t get the aches though.”

“Tell me that when I’m in a rage and slam my fist into a wall. That hurts like hell the next day.”

Victor gaped, then gave a real smile for the first time that evening.

“There it is,” Yuri said softly, leaning over to brush the fringe from in front of Victor’s eyes.

“Yuri?”

“You’re smiling again. It’s a much better expression than the frown you had been wearing.”

“I’ve smiled a lot.”

“Not like this. You tried to give me the same smile you put on for the cameras.”

“That doesn’t work anymore?”

Yuri smiled. “Not on me. A few months ago I might have bought it, but not now.”

“But that one always works.”

Yuri rested his hand on Victor’s cheek, and the older man closed his eyes at the contact. The Russian took a deep breath and Yuri knew that his wrist was close enough for him to smell him.

“Before you came here you were my idol; a glittering figure on the ice, untouchable, beautiful. My dream to meet you at your level seemed so lofty because a part of you was that person on television or beaming from the pages of a magazine, distant and unreal.

“There’s a lot about you I still don’t know. But you’re here now, and very much real. I’ve learned that you’re as human as I am, you hurt the same, and you have your own dreams. The mask doesn’t work on me anymore because now I recognize that it is a mask.”

Victor opened his eyes even as he reached up to slide his hand over Yuri’s, trapping the younger man’s hand against his face.

“We all wear masks Yuri. Some of us have been wearing them so long we forget they’re there.”

Yuri rubbed his thumb over Victor’s cheek. “You may have forgotten you had it on, but you’ve started taking it off around me since I asked you to just be yourself. And every time I see you without it I see something brilliant. I wish you’d never put that mask on again, because it dulls your shine. That person is cold and distant, impulsive because impulsive is expected. It’s you, but so distorted as to be a cheap imitation. The real you is so much more amazing.”

“Yuri…”

Yuri shook his head. “The Victor here, right now, without that mask, is far better than the one I idolized all those years. I may still have a lot to learn about you, but this is the you I want to learn about.”

Yuri could feel Victor trembling under his hand.
“Victor, you accepted me as I am, anxiety and all. What kind of person would I be if I couldn’t do the same for you?”

“Do you accept me Yuri? Even… those parts of me that don’t match expectation?”

Yuri moved close and slid his hand behind Victor’s head. He drew the taller man toward him until their foreheads touched. “Who cares about expectation when the reality is so much better?”

Victor shuddered. “Thank you Yuri.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Yep, I'm still a dirty dirty tease, cause honestly, there wasn't *NEAR* enough sexual tension in the show. :-P

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

Existing obligations pull Victor back to St. Petersburg for several days, but an impromptu party on his return demonstrates just how much everybody means to him.

Chapter Notes

I was kinda at a loss when I started this chapter, but I remembered that even taking the season off to train Yuri, Victor likely had long-scheduled events for sponsors, things that could not really be avoided cause shirking contractual obligations is bad. So it's a bit of a filler chapter, but was interesting to write.

Also, Victor being extra and extravagant. LOL.

If you've been enjoying this work please hit the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor looked at his suitcase, sighed, sat on the bed and stared at it in silence for several minutes.

“What are you doing?” Yuri asked after the quiet became too heavy.

“Just making sure I didn’t forget to pack anything.”

“Victor, you’re going to be gone for four days. It’s not the end of the world if you forget something.”

Victor looked up and smiled. “It’s a Russian thing.”

Yuri laughed and moved to sit on the couch across from him. “I guess I’ll have to take your word on that.”

Victor sighed. “I wish I wasn’t going. It’s not the best time. When I agreed to this exhibition I hadn’t even skated in Worlds yet. I thought an early September show was fine as a pre-season activity. But we’ve got two and a half weeks until your regional championship. I should be here working with you.”

Yuri stood and walked over. He placed his hand on Victor’s shoulder. “It can’t be helped. It’s best to stay in the good graces of sponsors, and shirking contractual obligations is sure to leave a sour taste for them.”

Victor looked up at the Japanese man and smiled. He wrapped his arms around Yuri’s waist and brought him close for a hug. Yuri smiled and ran his fingers absentmindedly through Victor’s hair.
“You remember your assignments while I’m away?” Victor asked, pushing back so that he could look up at Yuri. His hands settled on the curve of the younger man’s hips.

“Yes, Victor,” Yuri replied with a smile. “Today I join you on the train until you get off at Fukuoka. From there I proceed to Tokyo. I’ll arrive this evening, and tomorrow is the final alterations on my free skate costume.”

“What else?”

“New skates so that I have them broken in before the Cup of China.”

Victor smiled. “And when you get back from Tokyo?”

“Work on choreography with Minako-sensei.”

Victor nodded. “You have the day I come back free.”

Yuri laughed. “You just want somebody to join you on the train.”

Victor smiled. “I’ll have just gotten off an eighteen hour flight. Need to make sure I get off the train at the right stop.”

A comfortable silence fell between them for several minutes.

“Are you nervous about being back in Russia?”

“Not particularly. It’s a relatively small exhibition so I doubt much will be said outside of those attending.”

“I bet you’re looking forward to eating Russian food again for a few days.”

“Hmmm… I’ve kind of gotten used to Japanese. Your mom’s cooking puts a lot of restaurants to shame.”

Yuri chuckled. “I’ll let her know.”

“I wish you could come with me. I’d show you around St. Petersburg; take you to the rink and introduce you.”

Yuri laughed for real. “I bet that would go over spectacularly, especially with coach Yakov.”

Victor grinned. “He just doesn’t see what I see.”

“He has access to the same internet videos you do. Besides, isn’t he still mad at you?”

“Yakov is all bluster. He cares too much, so he yells to pretend that he doesn’t. Once you get used to it, it’s rather endearing.”

“He’ll be there, won’t he?”

Victor’s lips tightened into a line. “Yes. Mila is skating as well, and since he’s well known to these sponsors he has an open invite to any exhibition with one of his skaters.”

“Are you nervous about seeing him?”

“A little. I might not be worried about being back in Russia, but Yakov has been a huge figure in my
life. I know he’s still upset with me.”

Yuri frowned. “You’ll be ok, right?”

Victor smiled. “Yeah. I expect I’ll get the silent treatment. It’s a habit of his when he’s upset and not in a position to yell.”

“I… I’m sorry that I’m the one who came between you and him. It’s obvious how much you respect him.”

Victor shook his head. “Don’t be Yuri. He’ll get over it eventually, and it’ll be your skating that shows him I’m right.”

Yuri smiled.

“In the meanwhile, a box of sweets sure won’t hurt as a peace offering.”

Yuri glanced over at Victor’s suitcase. He’d thought it was a bit large for four days, even accounting for the skates and costume. “How many gifts are you taking back?”

Victor smiled. “Not too many. Sake and sweets for Yakov because he doesn’t like unnecessary clutter. I bought Yurio that tiger-print yukata set we saw before the summer festival. I have a hair clip for Mila that I thought would look good on her. There’s a tea set for Lillia, since she trained me in ballet and is around the rink again. A romance Omamori and some stationary for Georgi, who likes to write sappy poems after a breakup…”

Yuri sighed and facepalmed at the extravagant nature of some of the gifts.

Victor rattled off a few more names, then finished off with. “... and more sweets for everyone.”

Yuri smiled as Victor finished detailing his list of gifts. While he thought it was a bit much, he knew the Russian man would be beaming as he presented each item to its chosen recipient.

“We should get going,” Victor said after a moment. “The train will leave soon.”

Yuri nodded and walked into his own room to retrieve his overnight bag.

“That’s all you’re taking?” Victor asked when the younger man met him in the hall.

“I don’t need much: change of clothes, some toiletries, stuff like that. I do have another bag shoved in here to carry back my costume and new skates.”

Victor nodded. “Ok. If you say so.” He stared at his own suitcase again.

“Victor, if you forgot your toothbrush, just buy a new one,” Yuri finally said, waiting by the door.

Even though Victor had only been away a few days, the atmosphere on his return was almost like a homecoming celebration for one gone much longer. An impromptu party had developed in the dining room of the inn, with excited banter from all the attendees.

Yuri’s mother fussed over the Russian, making sure that he had eaten properly in St. Petersburg. His father looked on with a fond smile until they both had to return to the kitchen to prepare some food for guests.
Yuko, Nishigori and the triplets asked about the other skaters, and Victor took great care to let them know all about what to look for in the coming season from their programs. He also detailed how Yurio was doing back in St. Petersburg.

Yuri could see the visible relief on Yuko’s face as she realized that the teen indeed seemed to be doing as well as he’d told her via text. She’d acted almost as an adopted mother to him during his time in Hasetsu, and still thought of him as one of her children.

Minako asked how Lillia was doing, and Yuri was a bit startled at learning that she knew the former prima ballerina. Minako laughed and reminded him that she had performed all over the world. Victor briefly discussed how the Russian woman was doing, and even passed on a message from one dancer to another.

After a while the party settled down, until Lutz piped up. “What did you bring us from Russia?”

“Lutz!” Yuko scolded. “It’s very rude to demand like that. Besides, he was there on business.”

“But…”

Yuko folded the girl into her lap. “Omiyage are a Japanese tradition. You can’t expect them from everybody.”

“Nonsense!” Victor proclaimed. “Of course I brought back gifts for my friends. Yuri, will you help me bring them down?”

Yuri stood and followed the older man to his room. He was directed to several bags. “This is everything, right?” Yuri asked, gaping at the size of the bags. “I think you brought back more than you left with.”

“There is one more thing. Did a box arrive while I was away?”

“Yes. I set it over there in the corner,” Yuri replied, pointing with his chin as his hands were full.

Victor smiled, and Yuri was walking back out with the bags when the older man rushed over, and grabbed a small box from one. “This one is for later,” he explained. He tossed the brightly wrapped package back onto the bed, grabbed the delivery box and followed Yuri back to the dining room.

Everybody gathered round as Victor started passing out vibrantly wrapped gifts, each trying to determine what was inside. Some were slightly easier to guess than others, with tall thin boxes screaming of alcohol but others almost indistinguishable.

“Can we open them now?” Axel asked.

“Of course!” Victor proclaimed.

Yuri noticed that he was the only one without a gift, a part of him wondered why, but he leaned against a beaming Victor as they watched packages being opened. “Thank you. You didn’t have to bring back things for everybody.”

Victor turned and smiled softly. “Of course I did. It’s customary, isn’t it? I’ve got one for you too, but it has a bit of explanation so I’ll give it to you later.”

Yuri felt the blush creep across his face as he nodded.

In the end everybody received two gifts. The girls each received a wooden toy. Yuko and Yuri’s
mother were gifted sets of Matryoshka dolls. Nishigori and Yuri’s father each got an umbrella with scenes of St.Petersburg. Minako was given a fine shawl, and Mari a lacquer box. In addition all the ladies received sweets, except Minako who was gifted a bottle of fine vodka with the men.

“I have one more gift,” Victor explained once the excitement died down. He pulled the parcel from where he had put it to the side. “This one isn’t for a single person, but is something hopefully everybody can enjoy. It’s for Yu-topia.”

Hiroko and Toshiya knelt beside the box and opened it to reveal an expertly crafted samovar and a selection of fine teas.

“Russians are very serious about their tea,” Victor explained. “And they traditionally use one of these so that each person can prepare it to their own tastes. You’ve been so gracious in accepting me and introducing me to your customs I thought it only proper to repay you in kind.”

The elder Katsukis moved to embrace the Russian, and after a quick rinse Victor was showing them how to use the vessel to prepare tea.

Eventually the party died down and as the staff closed the inn for the night Yuri followed Victor back up to their rooms.

“I have one gift left to give,” Victor said softly, grabbing Yuri’s sleeve as the younger man walked past absentmindedly toward his own room.

Yuri turned and blushed. “You… you didn’t have to…”

“Nonsense,” Victor countered, brushing the backs of his fingers along Yuri’s cheek. “It’s tradition, isn’t it?”

Victor pulled Yuri into the room and picked up the box from the bed before handing it to him. Yuri turned it over in his hands, admiring the shiny blue wrapping paper.

Victor moved behind Yuri and draped himself over the smaller man. “I know an omiyage is supposed to be a representation of where a person went, as well as something that takes into mind the preferences of the recipient. But every time I tried to think of something traditionally ‘Russian’ or screamed of St. Petersburg nothing seemed appropriate for you.”

Yuri turned and tried to look Victor in the eye. The older man realized what he was trying to do and allowed him to turn, but kept his hands on Yuri’s waist.

“I… I finally decided that just something from St. Petersburg or Russia wasn’t personal enough. I wanted to get you something that expressed a part of me as well.”

Yuri looked at the box.

“Go ahead Yuri.”

Yuri slid his thumb under the edge of the paper and unwrapped the box. Inside he found a finely knit piece of soft gray. Victor reached inside and pulled it out, revealing it to be a long scarf.

The Russian looped the scarf around Yuri’s neck, the length allowing for several layers as well as decently long tails. Yuri noticed immediately how soft it was against his skin.

“I only buy scarves from this shop. They’re made using the finest wool, with the yarn spun and dyed on site using a method passed down from one generation to the next. It might not scream of Russia to
other people, but it does to me. I knew you would look wonderful in one, and I was right.”

Yuri felt his blush deepen. He gathered the scarf in his hands and buried his face in the warmth, much to Victor’s delight.

*Victor… he took the time to pick out something this personal.*

“Thank you,” Yuri finally managed.

Victor pulled Yuri’s shoulder and wrapped his arms around the Japanese man. “You’re welcome Yuri. I hope you think of me every time you wear it.”

Yuri looked up, his eyes widening a bit. He nodded and melted inside at Victor’s smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Not as floofy as previous chapters, but still some softness between our boys. And I liked being able to show how much support Victor has in Japan.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at [phoenixwaller.tumblr.com](http://phoenixwaller.tumblr.com)

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another’s eyes.
The block championship is quickly approaching, but Yuri feels that something is missing from his Eros program. It’s only after Victor pays a visit to Yuri’s nighttime practice that he begins to realize what needs to change to give the program the core that he had lost.

More floofies, and Yuri being oblivious.

If you’ve been enjoying this work please hit the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri skated lazy circles around the rink, the bright lights from overhead casting harsh glares on the ice. Outside it was dark and late.

There were eleven days left until the block championship, and Yuri felt that something was missing. He’d changed in the months since the Hot Springs on Ice exhibition, and while the Eros program was still good, he knew it could be better. He just didn’t know how.

He moved to the center of the rink and fumbled for the remote control in his pocket. He started the music. He was the most beautiful woman in town and he knew it. He tossed his hips with a bit more flair and moved in a way that accentuated his every curve. He marked his jumps rather than risk a fall, but otherwise ran the program from top to bottom.

The music ended. It’s still not right.

Yuri was frustrated. He knew the program was missing something, something that had been there for the skate-off against Yurio, but was gone now. Victor hadn’t said anything in practice, but he could see that the Russian man had the same concerns he did.

What changed?

Yuri was getting frustrated. He knew his mood was making things worse, but refused to give up. He started the music again. Was it the katsudon? Is katsudon really my Eros?

Yuri thought of femme fatales and katsudon, but the magic was still missing. He was breathing heavily, having run the program more times than he could count.

“Damnit!” he shouted into the empty rink, his voice echoing in the rafters. “What’s wrong with it?”
He skated to the barrier and gulped down water from his bottle. *I'm better than this!*

He took a deep breath. *Yuri on Ice is good, it's me, it's my story and I can feel the connection in my soul. But Eros is eluding me again.*

He skated back to the center and assumed his starting position. *I'm going to get it right!*

Yuri closed his eyes, pressed the play button, ran his hands over his body and opened his eyes to smirk at where Victor would normally be standing.

He promptly fell when he saw the Russian standing there, a steaming cup of what was most likely tea in his gloved hands.

“Vi… Victor!” Yuri called from where his ass was throbbing from the impact. “What are you doing here?”

“I noticed you still hadn’t come home. I came to find out if you needed anything.”

Yuri was quiet. He normally wouldn’t want to have an intrusion at that hour, but he had to admit that he needed the other man’s help.

“It… it’s Eros,” Yuri said timidly, noting that the music still playing gave it away. “It… it’s just not right.”

“Not much you can do about that sitting there.” Victor smiled and set his drink on the barrier. “Are you going to get up, or should I come out there and help you?”

Yuri blushed, stood and brushed ice shavings from his pants. He skated over and noticed a second steaming cup on the cart. Victor picked it up and offered it to the younger man.

“I thought you might like something warm to drink.”

Yuri accepted the cup, took a sip and was grateful that Victor knew exactly which kind of tea he preferred from the late-night cafe down the street. It was even prepared to perfection.

“Thank you,” Yuri said after a moment.

The music stopped, and Victor leaned on the barrier. “I was wondering when you would ask.”

“Victor?”

“I could see that I didn’t need to scold you over Eros, that you were already doing that well enough on your own. You’ve been struggling with it.”

Yuri nodded. “Something’s missing. But I don’t know what. Last time I needed to change how I approached the program. I changed how I viewed myself, even how I moved, but I know it’s strictly emotional this time.”

Victor smiled. “Skate it for me Yuri.”

Yuri nodded. “Full, or should I mark the jumps?”

“Whichever you want.”

“I’ll mark then. I’ve been at it for a while and don’t want to risk a fall from exhaustion.”
Victor nodded and accepted the remote from Yuri before the Japanese man skated back to the center of the rink.

Yuri sighed, closed his eyes and nodded when he felt he was ready. He ran his hands over his body. He was beautiful and he knew it; enticing and the center of attention. Every man wanted him and every woman wanted to be him.

The music ended and he wanted to scream. “It’s still wrong,” he spat.

“Come here,” Victor said softly, his voice like silk.

Yuri skated over to where the Russian was standing at the barrier. He braced himself against it, recovering slightly and seething.

“Look at me Yuri.”

Yuri looked up into Victor’s ocean-blue eyes. The older man was obviously in coach mode, but there was something softer in the gaze as well.

“Stand and close your eyes.”

Yuri took a deep breath and did as instructed. A moment later he felt Victor’s fingers on his cheek and could smell the pheromones from his wrist. He leaned into the touch, nosing at the spot.

“I don’t want to douse your fire,” Victor murmured, “but right now you’re so tense that if you do find the emotion you’re looking for it won’t show in your skating.”

Yuri nodded and breathed deep the soothing aroma. After a moment he felt better, more focused. “Thank you,” he said softly.

Yuri could hear the smile in Victor’s replied, “You’re welcome.”

Something tugged at Yuri’s thoughts, and he looked up to meet Victor’s eyes again. He held the hand to his face and took another deep breath of Victor’s scent before speaking again. “I… I like that you can do this for me, that you have that effect. But…”

Yuri squeezed his eyes shut, he didn’t want the closeness of those moments to end.

“Yuri?”

Yuri opened his eyes again and let Victor’s hand drop. “It’s just… I know you’ve got issues with… being an omega.” Yuri winced when he saw Victor stiffen slightly. “I… I don’t want you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable. So… please. If it bothers you, don’t do that any more.”

Victor eyes filled with a mix of emotions that ranged from sadness to indescribable joy. He slid his hand around Yuri’s neck and drew the younger man toward him into an embrace. “Thank you, Yuri,” he said softly.

For a moment Yuri thought that those touches would stop; that he wouldn’t smell that mix of oranges and snow again.

“It means so much that you are so considerate of my feelings. But…”

Yuri looked up at Victor.

“For the first time I like an aspect of my secondary. I see how it calms you, brings you back to
yourself, and… Yuri, I like being able to do that for you. I used to keep my distance whenever I thought my smell was too strong. A part of me thought that nobody would ever want to be near it.

“There are a lot of things I hate about… what I am… but being able to do this for you is not one. So, if you’ll let me, I’d like to keep doing this when you need it.”

Yuri felt tears in his eyes and he quickly blinked them back to nod at Victor. “I like it too. I don’t think you understand how soothing, how relaxing it is for me. It cuts through whatever is going on in my head and helps me focus.”

Victor beamed at him, and cupped Yuri’s face again. Yuri sighed as he once more got a whiff of Victor’s scent.

They stood that way for several minutes. Yuri’s hands on the barrier, one of Victor’s wrapped around his back with the other on his face.

“Victor…” Yuri finally asked. “Is… is there something I can do for you… as an alpha?”

Yuri heard Victor’s breath catch in his throat, and he quickly clarified. “My scent is supposed to have its own use, right? I never thought much of it, but I seem to remember that it’s should act in much the same way with you. I mean I’ll protect you if you ever need it, my pheromones are strong enough most don’t want to fight me. But that’s something unlikely to happen, and I want to do what I can to reciprocate.”

“You… you don’t mind?” Victor asked cautiously.

“Of course not.”

“I’d like that.”

Yuri smiled, and saw gratitude in Victor’s eyes. They leaned into each other and rested their foreheads together, each breathing in the essence of the other. They took the moment for what it was, one of mutual understanding and acknowledgment.

After a moment Victor spoke again. “Why don’t you tell me what you’re thinking about out there when skating eros.”

Yuri closed his eyes and ran through the program in his head. “The thought that sticks most right now is that I’m the most beautiful woman around.”

“Not katsudon?” Victor joked.

Yuri laughed. “Not anymore. Now it just makes me hungry.”

“So what does the most beautiful woman do?”

“She dances and shows off her beauty. Men want her, and women want to be her.”

“Is that all?”

Yuri raised his head and their eyes met. “What do you mean?”

“Is that all you’re thinking of when you skate?”

Yuri blinked. “Yes?”
Victor smiled softly. “Eros is a dance of seduction. It doesn’t matter if you’re the most beautiful person in the world. You don’t want them to just want you, you want them to beg. Don’t just flaunt your beauty on the ice. Make promises with your body. Hint at forbidden pleasures.”

Yuri swallowed. “Victor?”

Victor smiled. “Seduce me Yuri. If you can seduce me you can seduce the whole audience. Can you do it?”

Yuri gaped, but nodded. He moved to the center of the rink.

“No music this time. Let your skates sing instead.”

Yuri stared at Victor. Seduce him? How do I do that?

Yuri took a deep breath and started. The first thing he imagined was what he hoped to accomplish with his seduction. His hands were no longer his own as they traced his curves. He was mapping out how he wanted Victor’s hands to travel over his body. When he smirked at the Russian it was a playful “come and get it.”

He was more than the most beautiful woman around, he was a temptress and a tease. His hips told stories of what could happen between the sheets, his arms sang promises of ecstasy. When he finished he imagined Victor wrapped in his arms, begging for more, caught in the web of his dance.

He immediately knew that the performance was different. He looked to where Victor was standing, and could just make out a blurry smile. He skated back to where the platinum-haired man was waiting.

“How’d that feel?” Victor asked.

“It… felt good. Right.”

“It was beautiful Yuri.”

Yuri smiled and blushed.

“What were you thinking about?”

Yuri’s breath caught in his throat. “I… well you wanted me to seduce you… I mean…”

Victor laughed. “Ready to head home?” he purred.

Yuri shook his head. “I’d like to run it a few more times.”

Victor frowned slightly, but nodded. “Just don’t stay too late ok.”

“Ok.”

“Your doctor’s appointment is in the morning isn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll see you here after?”

“If all goes smoothly.”
“Ok.”

Victor took a step back and walked several paces toward the door. Yuri was sipping his tea when he saw the older man turn.

“Yuri?”

“Yes Victor?”

“Yuri?”

Victor was silent for a moment before finally shaking his head. “Sorry, it was nothing.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded, but Yuri could see in his stance that he was unsure and possibly a bit sad.

“Goodnight Yuri.”

“Goodnight Victor.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

ARGH!!! Yuri! Learn to take a hint boy!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

Yuri revisits Dr. Ito for his pre-season physical. Later he finds Victor asleep in the family's private dining room.

Chapter Notes

I just wanted to give a big thank you! This story has seen so much love and it's really fantastic to see how much everybody enjoys it. Thanks so much for joining me on this journey.

If you've been enjoying this work please whack the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Good morning Katsuki-san,” said Dr. Ito as she walked into the room.

Yuri bowed in greeting before sitting in the patient chair.

“How are you doing today?” the doctor asked as she looked over her notes for him.

“I’m good, thank you.”

“You’re in for your yearly physical if I recall, yes?”

Yuri nodded. “Yes. Just making sure that there are no problems before heading into the season.”

The doctor nodded in response and shifted through several pages before addressing him again. “I see no outstanding medical issues that require special consideration, so we’ll do a standard physical examination plus a stress test for athletes. Is there anything else in particular you wanted to discuss today?”

Yuri swallowed. “Umm… about my suppressants…”

The doctor blinked, then a moment of recognition at the subject flitted across her face. “Oh yes. I do remember something about that when you were in with your coach several weeks ago.”

Yuri nodded. “I… I think you were right and that I’m developing a tolerance to them. I’ve been more on edge recently, quicker to anger, along with other typical alpha traits.”

She nodded. “I’ll have a nurse draw some blood while we wait for the treadmill then. It’s a rather quick test so I should have some results for you before the end of your physical.”
“Thank you doctor. But I’m concerned about them in another way as well.”

“Oh?”

“My doctor in Detroit informed me that the suppressants for alphas have more side effects than those for omegas, and that some could cause issues for athletes. I don’t want to deal with new side effects right at the start of competition, so if we do have to adjust I’m hoping you can increase the dose instead of try a different kind. At least until the end of the season.”

Doctor Ito scowled. “If you’re developing a tolerance then increasing the dose will only postpone the inevitable, and they might fail entirely before spring.”

“I know, but I’d prefer to try it this way instead of switching. If they do fail I’ll go without until summer. It won’t be comfortable, but I’ve only been on them for a few years anyway so it’s nothing I haven’t dealt with before.”

The doctor nodded. “Whatever you want. Since suppressants aren’t a medical or sport required necessity I’ll let you make your own judgement here.”

“Thank you.”

Doctor Ito proceeded through the normal barrage of tests. She checked for standard things like swollen lymph nodes and problems with the ears, nose or throat. She reviewed bloodwork panels for disease and informed Yuri that he was disease free, something he could have told her but figured it was part of her job. Soon they were walking down the hall to the stress machines so that she could evaluate his physical condition when subjected to the higher strain of a competitive athlete.

After what felt like a refreshing, but utterly boring, run she declared that there were no signs of abnormal strain from exertion and declared him fit for competition. They returned immediately to the examination room where she checked the in-room computer and saw that the results of his suppressant test had been posted.

“It’s as you thought Katsuki-san. You have started to develop a tolerance to your suppressants. I can increase the dose, but given what I’m seeing here they’ll likely fail entirely by the new year. You might be able to push it a bit longer if you rut in the next couple months, but even if you do you’ll likely have to go several months without suppressants.”

Yuri nodded. “Increase the dose then, if you would. I’ll deal with my returning alpha traits as they come.”

Doctor Ito was silent for a moment as she entered the new prescription into the computer. She turned to Yuri with a serious look on her face, and was obviously about to say something before changing her mind. “How’s your friend doing?” she asked.

Yuri blinked. “He’s doing ok. But shouldn’t you be asking him that during his appointment next month?”

Doctor Ito smiled softly. “He seems the type to not open up readily about things that make him uncomfortable, and he was radiating discomfort when you two were in here before. I figure it doesn’t hurt to ask while he’s not around.”

Yuri sighed. “I understand the position you’re in, but there’s nothing I can tell you. He doesn’t speak to me about it much either.”

Doctor Ito nodded. “It was worth a try. Will you be translating for him again during his follow-up
appointment?”

“As far as I know. He hasn’t said otherwise.”

She nodded again. “If that changes please let us know a couple days in advance so we can bring in a translator. You said English, Russian and French, yes?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I’ll make sure that’s noted in his file so that if we do have to bring in somebody we have all the options readily available.” She then returned her attention back to Yuri. “Now, before you leave. Is there anything else that you would like to discuss today”

Yuri was silent as he thought, then shook his head. “As long as I’m healthy for competition I’m satisfied. I’ve felt good in practice, and except for my suppressants nothing seemed out of the ordinary.”

“That’s good, and with that I’ll wish good luck in your upcoming competitions.”

Yuri stood and bowed again. “Thank you Doctor Ito.”

Yuri was quiet as he padded through the silent halls of the family residence toward the kitchens. It was well past midnight, but he was thirsty.

He’d just finished a tall glass of water when he noticed a light coming from the family’s private dining room. He approached cautiously and noticed Victor slumped over the table and asleep with a laptop open next to him. Yuri could see the details of their upcoming trip to the Chu-Shikoku-Kyushu Regional championship on the screen.

“Victor?” he asked softly of the room.

Victor shifted slightly and made a noise but didn’t appear to wake up. Yuri stood there for a moment and noticed that the Russian was trembling and whimpering in his sleep.

Yuri took several cautious steps in and knelt next to the Russian. “Victor?”

Victor made another noise but remained firmly asleep, his whimpers turning into a soft whine.

Yuri frowned and placed his hand on the older man’s shoulders. “Come on Victor. Won’t you be more comfortable asleep in your own bed?”

“Nngggnnnh,” was Victor’s reply as his nightmare seemed to settle. His breathing was less ragged and the whine was gone. He hummed softly in his sleep.

Yuri sighed and brushed away the hair that had fallen over Victor’s face. His hand lingered for a moment; gaze captured by the peaceful expression.

“It’s still like a dream to me,” Yuri murmured in Japanese. “You’re actually here. Every day I get to see you and work with you. It’s more than I ever could have hoped for. But somehow I want more. It’s so hard to keep my distance when I just want to curl into your arms.”

Victor made a noise and ocean-blue eyes looked up at him. “Yuri?” he asked, half-asleep.
“You fell asleep in the dining room,” Yuri explained softly.

Victor smiled and nuzzled into the hand that was still on his face, making Yuri blush. “Smell good,” Victor mumbled before closing his eyes again.

Yuri moved his hand to the older man’s shoulder and shook gently. “Come on Victor. Let’s get you to your bed.”

Yuri managed to get the Russian to his feet, but Victor was barely coherent enough to walk and ended up with his head on Yuri’s shoulder, nose pressed to his neck.

“Yuri smells so good and dances so pretty.”

“That’s nice Victor,” Yuri replied, blushing even though he knew that the platinum-haired man wasn’t awake enough to even know what he was saying.

Victor’s babbling switched to Russian, but Yuri knew he was still talking about dancing by the way his hips were moving.

Somehow they managed to make it up the stairs and Yuri wrestled Victor to his bed. However as soon as Yuri tried to convince Victor to lay down the larger man wrapped him tightly in his arms and they both fell onto the padded surface.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, more coherent after pulling the smaller man down on top of him.

Yuri squirmed in Victor’s grip. “Geez, now you wake up?”

Victor blinked. “What are you doing?”

“Trying to get you into your bed you big goof. You fell asleep in the dining room.”

“Again?”

Yuri stopped his futile struggling, realizing that Victor was still too close to sleep to know how tightly he was holding on. “What do you mean, again?”

“Not first time,” Victor mumbled, quickly falling asleep again.

Yuri resumed struggling, which only made the Russian cling tighter.

“Stay.”

Yuri softened slightly and allowed himself to rest on Victor’s chest for a moment. “You don’t know what you’re asking. You’re so asleep you probably don’t even know for sure I’m here.”

Soon Victor’s breathing evened out and Yuri was able to extricate himself. “Goodnight Victor,” he said, standing next to the bed.

Yuri managed several steps toward the door before Victor’s soft and half-asleep voice cut through the quiet of the hour. “You said I could smell you.”

“Victor?” Yuri asked, turning to look back and half expecting to see the older man asleep. Instead he saw deep blue eyes staring at him.

Victor whined low in his throat, and the noise caught on Yuri’s alpha instincts. He turned and walked back to the bed, where Victor was waiting to pull him down.
Yuri had no more than touched the mattress than Victor was burying his nose against him. Yuri sighed and wrapped the older man in his arms, noticing that he was trembling slightly.

“Bad dreams?”

Victor nodded.

“Is that why you were asleep in the dining room?”

Victor shook his head. “Just fell asleep there. Had a feeling. Wanted to work.”

“I see,” Yuri replied and nuzzled the top of Victor’s head, which made the Russian purr with contentment. “I’ll stay until you fall asleep. Ok?”

Victor nodded slowly and Yuri pet his head until his breathing evened out again and he could see the peaceful expression on the older man’s face.

“Oyasumi,” Yuri said softly before pressing a kiss to the sleeping man’s forehead. He eased himself from Victor’s arms and made sure the blankets were secure around his shoulders before returning to his own room.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I don’t know if athletes have more rigorous physicals, but I imagine so since they put so much strain on their bodies. So I wrote it that way. If I’m wrong...*shrug*... it’s a minor detail.

Next time we get to the Chu-Shikoku-Kyushu Regional Championship!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Regional

Chapter Summary

It's time for Yuri's first competition, but how will he handle his nerves as he skates in his opening event of the season?

Chapter Notes

It's time for Yuri's first skate. I didn't recap except for those instances when I thought I needed to expand a bit. Otherwise this is a bit of a shorter chapter, but I think it's ok.

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Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri looked at his bag and sighed. “Victor, Fukuoka is only an hour away. It really seems unnecessary to get a hotel room for the competition. We could just come back home and sleep in our own beds.”

“Nonsense Yuri,” Victor countered. “It’s one thing for Minako and Nishigori to commute each day, but what if there was a problem on the train. You could miss practice, or worse, your scheduled competition time.”

“Nothing’s going to happen to the train Victor.”

“Then it’s nothing we need to worry about because we’ll be spending our nights there.”

Yuri sighed, and resigned himself to the fact that he wasn’t going to win the argument. “Are you ready then?”

Victor looked at his own suitcase for a moment, studying it. “I guess I can always just come back if I forgot something.”

“Victor!”

Victor laughed. “Kidding Yuri. I’d have Minako bring anything I forget.”

Yuri buried his face in his hands and tried to control his exasperation.

Strong arms wrapped around him and pulled him close. “Victor!” he protested.

The platinum-haired man smiled down at him, but didn’t let him go. “Just breathe Yuri.”

Yuri’s eyes widened at the order, but Victor didn’t give him a chance to argue.
“There’s no need to be nervous. You’ll be great. Getting worked up over where we sleep the next couple of nights is just a waste of energy. Okay?”

Yuri nodded and leaned into the embrace.

Reporters were waiting for them when they arrived for the morning’s practice session. Yuri had accepted that he was skating first and was starting to feel confident about the evening’s short program, that is until Victor started spouting nonsense about a personal best.

_There’s only four of us, _Yuri thought as he moved across the ice for practice. _This is just a prerequisite, it’s common for all the men from the region to proceed to sectionals. I just have to not screw up._

Yuri could feel eyes on him and shivered. He tried to focus, but ended up leaving the ice early.

“Yuri, are you sure you’re done?” Victor asked as they made their way to the locker room. “There’s still fifteen minutes.”

“I’m sure. I want to go get some lunch and relax before this evening.”

Victor scowled but Yuri ignored it. It was time to focus on the competition. They ended up at a nearby restaurant and ate in near silence as Yuri brooded over what was to come.

Yuri tried to relax in his hotel room, but felt he had barely settled when it was time for him to head to the rink. He exited his room, bag slung over his shoulders and knocked on Victor’s door. “Victor, are you ready? It’s time to go to the rink.”

“I’ll meet you there Yuri. I need just a few more minutes.”

“Ok.”

Yuri hoped that the walk to the rink would let him clear his mind, but it only allowed the clouds of worry to gather faster.

Yuri ignored his fellow competitors as he sat in front of the locker room mirrors, liberally applying gel to his hair and attempting to slick it back. Eventually he got it to mostly behave, but noticed that Victor still hadn’t arrived. Hair aside, he had another issue that he needed his coach’s help with.

Grumbling he pulled on his Team Japan jacket and made his way to the lobby of the rink. There he saw Nishigori and Minako, and a moment later, Victor, dressed to the nines in what had to be a very expensive suit.

After a few minutes of Victor parading in front of fans and the cameras Yuri was finally able to wrestle his coach back to the locker rooms.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, noticing the annoyed look the younger man was giving him.

“When you said you needed a few minutes I thought you had forgotten something and would be right behind me. Don’t get me wrong, you look great, but I needed you here.”

Victor studied him. “You got a bit too much gel in your hair. But otherwise you look okay.”

Yuri growled, on the verge of snapping from nerves, as he pulled off the jacket again to reveal his
bare back to his coach.

Victor started laughing. “Sorry Yuri! I forgot how this costume zipped. I could never get it on my own either. But why didn’t you ask another competitor to help?”

“Because they were getting ready for the own performances,” Yuri grumbled as Victor drew the pull up toward his neck. “Besides, this is supposed to be something my coach helps me with, isn’t it?”

Victor turned Yuri around after zipping him up and smiled at him. “I’m sorry Yuri. I’ll make sure to be with you during prep from now on.”

Yuri scowled, but nodded.

Victor looked up at a clock. “There’s still a few minutes. How about I redo your hair? You’ll spend forever getting that gel out otherwise.”

Yuri sighed and allowed Victor to lead him to a stool in front of the mirrors. The older man took a towel and soaked in some warm water. He drew the moistened fabric over his hair until most of the gel was removed. He then proceeded to run a comb through his black strands until they started to lay back on their own.

Yuri closed his eyes as Victor worked, noticing that he could detect the traces of Victor’s smell with the Russian so close. He found it the moment soothing.

“You have such nice hair, Yuri,” Victor murmured. “It’s a shame to clump it with gel.”

“Well it gets the job done,” Yuri retorted.

Victor leaned over and rested his head on Yuri’s shoulder so that the younger man could see their faces side-by-side in the mirror. “How about you let me style it from now on?”

Yuri caught Victor’s eye in the reflection and sighed. “Only as long as you can make it on time.”

Victor smiled and stood, adding just a tiny dab of gel to his hand. He worked it through Yuri’s hair and ran the comb through one last time.

Yuri had to admit that the result was far better looking and feeling than his own attempts had been. He stood and faced his coach. “You ready?”

“Shouldn’t I be asking you that?”

Yuri smiled. “Let’s go show them what we can do.”

Victor nodded. “Yeah.”

They made their way to the competitor area of the rink, and Yuri stepped onto the ice for the warm-up. He felt his nerves coming back and quickly tried to stifle them, but memories of the previous year took that moment to flood his thoughts. He remembered the disappointed gasps from the crowd, the pain of knowing he’d failed even before finishing his program.

The warmup was over and he went to take a sip of water before starting. He felt a knot in the pit of his stomach when he noticed that Victor looked annoyed.

“Yuri, turn around.”

“Victor?”
“Turn around, okay.”

Yuri turned. “Like this?” He wondered if his costume needed adjustment.

Strong arms grabbed him from behind, jolting from his thoughts. He heard the cameras from across the rink, but was immediately engulfed in Victor’s soothing scent. It cut through his nerves and allowed him to focus.

“Seduce me with all you have Yuri. If you can seduce me you can enthrall the entire audience.”

Yuri thought back to the practice sessions over the previous week and a half. He’d found the soul of the eros routine again by trying to seduce his coach.

Now he had to seduce the rink. He moved to the center of the ice and the music started.

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Despite a lackluster response from the audience and putting a hand down on his quad salchow, Yuri ended the night with a new personal best for the short program. He was satisfied, but unsure about reducing the difficulty of his free skate.

He stepped out of the shower and towed off his hair, remembering that he’d have fought the gel much more had Victor not restyled it for him.

*His hands in my hair, fingers working through an absurdly small amount of gel. It felt so good.*

Yuri sighed. He had more than a twenty-five point margin after the short program, but the nerves were tugging at the edges of his mind again.

*He knew how to help me… I… I wonder…*

Yuri finished drying and walked into his empty room. He pulled on a comfortable t-shirt and some sweatpants before sliding his keycard into his pocket and making his way to Victor’s room next door.

“Yes?” came the reply when he knocked.

“Victor? It’s me.”

A moment later the door opened. “What is it Yuri?”

Yuri stood there for a moment, unsure himself of what had driven him to his coach’s room. He was snapped out of his thoughts by a tug on the wrist.

“At least come in out of the hall, ok?”

Somehow Victor had made even a standard hotel room look cozy. Lights were on over the bed and a book lay open and face down on it. His wool jacket was carefully draped over the back of a chair and Yuri could smell the lingering traces of tea.

“What’s wrong Yuri?” Victor asked, moving in front of the younger man.

“Arigato gozaimasu,” Yuri blurted out, bowing.

Victor laughed. “You’re welcome. But for what?”
Yuri blushed. “That hug… at the rink. I didn’t thank you for it properly, and…” The blush deepened. “It… it really helped.”

Yuri peeked up to see a smile on Victor’s face. He stood up straight again.

Victor took a step into Yuri’s space and brushed his fingers across his face. “You looked so stressed. It was the only thing I could think of to snap you out of it.”

“It worked. I felt a lot calmer after that.”

“I’m glad.”

Victor took a step back toward the interior of the room.

No, don’t go.

“Victor?”

“Yes Yuri?”

Yuri suddenly found himself unable to speak; unable to form the words.

Victor stepped into his space again and wrapped his arms around the smaller man. “Don’t be afraid to ask for what you want Yuri.”

Yuri squeezed his eyes shut. What if what I want is more than you’re willing to give?

“Or maybe, what you need?” Victor offered, voice soft.

Need. Yes I can focus on that. I need this.

“Can… can you hug me again tomorrow?”

“Is that what you need?”

“I probably won’t have the courage to ask, but I think it’ll help. So please, even if I don’t ask. Hug me again tomorrow before I skate.”

Victor smiled and held him closer. “Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

They’re always so touchy-feely before competitions, and I wanted to give them a good reason for it.

I don’t think I’m going to cover the free skate itself. I don’t see a need for it, but will likely pick it up again that evening. Dunno for sure yet though.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com
Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Spirit

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuri join the competitors and coaches from the regional competition for a celebration dinner, during which Victor has an irresistible offer for the skaters. After their return to Hasetsu the duo discusses Yuri’s exhibition skate.

Chapter Notes

In which impulsive Victor is impulsive Victor. :-D

If you've been enjoying this work please whack the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri had never much been interested in celebrating with competitors after a skate. When he won he worried about hard feelings, and when he didn’t do so well he had always chosen to suffer in solitude. But when Victor readily accepted the invitation to join the other skaters and their coaches for dinner the night of the free skate he had no choice but to go along.

“Victor, do we have to?” Yuri demanded from where Victor was watching him change in the locker room.

“No, but it’s the polite thing to do. Besides, don’t you want to relax before heading back home and practice tomorrow.”

“About that. I don’t understand why we couldn’t just join Minako and Nishigori on the train back to Hasetsu tonight.”

Victor stood and walked over to where Yuri was tugging on a comfortable shirt. He placed his hands on Yuri’s shoulders.

“Yuri, sometimes encouraging other skaters comes in the form of wishing them well before a skate. Other times it is something different than competition. Interacting with your competitors off the ice allows you to build bonds. Skating can be a lonely sport, and having a circle of people who you know, who you will cheer for and know they will do the same for you, is important.”

Yuri looked into Victor’s eyes and sighed. The older man was obviously excited about spending a few hours with the competitors and coaches, and who was Yuri to intrude upon that? He nodded.

“Ok, but not too late.”

Victor smiled. “Let’s get your things back to the hotel. You know where they’re going right?”
Yuri nodded. “It’s a popular sushi place nearby. I’ve eaten there a few times.”

“Great!”

They stopped in at the hotel and dropped off Yuri’s skate bag, then walked toward the restaurant. When they arrived the others were already there and seated around a large table.

“Yuri!” Minami called, waving to his idol.

Yuri smiled shyly, and squawked when Victor pushed him next to the younger man. He sat down, but couldn’t seem to settle his nerves. He watched as the two other skaters and their coaches talked back and forth in rapid Japanese, but it was the young man seated next to him that was able to break his silence.

“I’m gunning for you in Aichi, Yuri,” Minami said confidently, speaking in English for the obvious benefit of Victor. “I’m going to make sure I see you again at Nationals, Four Continents and Worlds so that I can compete against you in the Grand Prix series next year.

Yuri looked down and gaped at the teen’s grin. “Think you can catch up in only a month?” he bantered back.

“I’ve got one quad. I bet if I train hard I can add another,” came the enthusiastic response.

Yuri smiled. “It’s not that easy. It took a lot of work for me to even get my quad salchow to where it is now. I had to have Yuri Plisetsky show me how to land it.”

Minami’s eyes went wide at the name. “You mean the junior world champion? I thought you were rivals.”

Yuri nodded. “We are, but because we trained together for the exhibition we were rinkmates too.”

“I didn’t even know he could do quads until he performed them there.”

“He was banned by his coach from performing them in the junior division. Now that he can show them off I’m sure he’ll put them to good use.”

“I’m sure you’ll beat him.”

“We’ll see. He’s a tough competitor and will wow the world this season I’m sure.”

“I can’t believe he showed you had to land a quad salchow.”

Victor draped himself over Yuri’s shoulders, which caused Minami to immediately blush. “Hey Yuri, don’t forget about me. I nearly killed myself showing you all of my quads.”

“It’s totally unfair that Yuri gets to learn advanced jumps from a living legend,” joked one of the other skaters, Omiki Yuuto, if Yuri recalled his name properly.

“Yeah,” chuckled the other, Fujiwara Hikaru. “It’s an unfair advantage.”

Victor laughed in a way that was a sure sign that he had something on his mind. “Well it just won’t do for my Yuri to have an unfair advantage now would it?”

“What are you thinking Victor?” Yuri accused.

“Just going to even the odds a bit for these men. If they and their coaches can agree on one day in the
next two weeks to come to Hasetsu, I’ll do a jump workshop for them.”

“Victor!” Yuri protested. “Do we really have time for that? The Cup of China is only six weeks away, and when we add in sectionals we’ve only got five for practice.”

“That’s why I said within the next two weeks. Besides, it’s good to help out other skaters when you can.”

“Do you mean it?” Minami asked excitedly.

“Of course!” Victor replied.

“And what about Yuko and the Ice Castle schedule?” Yuri retorted.

“We’ll make it work,” Victor said with a wink. “But how about I text Yuko now and find out if there is a better day for the rink?”

Yuri sighed as Victor started texting Yuko, and Minami translated their conversation to the coaches. Soon excited chatter was flying back and forth across the table as the coaches recognized the opportunity for what it was. Watching the quads on a screen was one thing, but a live demonstration and assistance from a skater who routinely landed four of the five ratified quads in competition was too good an offer to pass up.

Rapid Japanese flowed between coaches and students, and Yuri could tell that Victor only understood a few words, including toe loop, salchow, lutz and flip.

“Oh Yuri, tell them I can demonstrate a quad loop too. I’ve never felt confident enough to put it in a competition piece, but have done it in exhibition skates.”

Yuri relayed the information, and soon found that he couldn’t help but smile at the energetic air.

“You said you had fun today,” Victor said softly, draping himself over Yuri again. “Won’t it be even more exciting to see what these boys can do in just a month if given a boost?”

Yuri found himself nodding.

Victor’s cell phone buzzed, and he proclaimed that he had a list of days that worked best for Ice Castle.

Before the end of the evening they had plans for a regional jump workshop set in a week and a half. The coaches asked if they could bring other students, and after some discussion they capped the number of participants at three people per coach. Video cameras were encouraged so that they could document how their own students progressed and share the information to a wider audience.

“Yuri, we should start planning your exhibition skate,” Victor called from across the rink.

Yuri looked up and a blush immediately crept over his face. “About that…”

“You have something in mind?”

Yuri skated over to lean on the barrier near his coach. “I… I was thinking… if you don’t mind that is…”
“What is it Yuri?”

“I’d like to skate your free program from last season, Stay Close to Me.”

“Oh? Any particular reason?”

“Well I already know it, and… it just seems appropriate.”

Victor smiled. “I think that’s a lovely idea.”

“Really?”

The Russian nodded. “It got my attention didn’t it? Besides I bet the world would love to see you skate it. You put more soul into it than I ever could.”

“Oh no Victor, I could never match your beauty in it,” Yuri looked down and blinked away the glare of the ice.

“Give yourself more credit Yuri.”

Yuri looked up at the soft tone in Victor’s voice. “I… I’ll have to downgrade some of the quads I think. I’ll try to get a flip and a lutz learned, but…”

“Don’t push yourself on an exhibition skate. Downgrade the jumps and focus on your competition programs. The audience will love it regardless.”

“You think so?”

“I know so. But what are you planning to do for a costume?”

“I was thinking of having one made similar to yours.”

Victor grinned. “I love it! What color were you thinking?”

“I usually wear shades of blue.”

Victor hummed in satisfaction. “Perfect. I’ll ask my costumer what information he needs in order to get started.”

Yuri waved his hands in protest. “Victor we can go with somebody in Japan.”

“Nonsense Yuri. He designed the pattern and is therefore best suited to making it in a smaller version. It makes more sense to go to him rather than have somebody else try to reconstruct it.”

Silence.

“Right?” Victor prodded.

Yuri had to concede the point that going to the original designer was probably a better idea than having somebody else try to recreate the pattern. “Ok. You win.”

“Great! I’ll call this afternoon, once it’s morning in St. Petersburg, and find out what information he needs.”

Yuri smiled at seeing Victor so excited over such a trivial thing as the costume and program selection for his exhibition skate.
“Victor?”

“Yes Yuri?”

“Could you… would you skate it for me?”

Victor blinked and Yuri felt the need to elaborate. “I’m sure there are nuances that the cameras never caught. I… I just want to make sure that I do it right.”

“I’ve never skated it for a private audience,” Victor teased.

“Well you don’t have to… I mean I thought it would just be nice to see… You can just point out mistakes instead,” Yuri stammered, flustered.

Victor ran his fingers up Yuri’s cheek. “I’d be delighted to. I don’t have the music with me though. Is tomorrow morning ok?”

Yuri looked into ocean-blue eyes and nodded.

“In the meanwhile, how about you skate it for me Yuri. It’s been several months since you last ran it, right?”

Yuri nodded again.

“Let’s see where you’re at, and we can go from there.”

“Yeah.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

When the whole idea of the jump workshop hit me I knew it was just so Victor that it was perfect. What do you think?

Also, there was something about the last episodes which bothered me... why was Minami cheerleading with Yuri's family? Yuri didn't even know who he was in ep 5, so how'd they get close enough for that. Unless there was more off screen interaction? Well here's some interaction. :-D

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

Yuri is still struggling with Eros. He thought he'd found it's core in seduction, but the performance at Regionals had lost the soul that he'd found with Victor. Victor talks him through it, helping him find the heart of the program, but is his lesson too much?

Chapter Notes

Another shorter chapter, but I think it'll be ok.

If you've been enjoying this work please hit the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun had yet to clear the horizon as Yuri walked into the Ice Castle. He turned and locked the door behind him. The lobby was dark, but he could see dim light filtering through the glass doors that lead to the ice. He walked to the locker room, flipped on the light, changed to his practice clothes and carried his skates to the rink.

Today was special. Victor was going to skate Stay Close to Me, and Yuri was going to be the entire audience.

Victor was skating lazily across the ice in his standard practice clothes. The rink was draped in long shadows as the only light was what was coming through the windows. Smaller shadows moved through the bands of blue from the leaves falling in the autumn weather.

Silence, then the crack of a blade meeting the ice. Another perfectly executed jump.

Yuri took a moment to just appreciate what was before him. Victor, his idol, the person he’d aimed for his entire career was there, real and more human that he’d ever been before.

Yuri moved around to rest on the barrier at mid-rink, content to watch Victor practice. He moved in and out of the shadows, real, illusion, real, illusion. He smiled as he spied Yuri, and stayed in the light as he skated over.

Yuri’s breath caught in his throat as Victor reached for him, the same way he would reach for a non-existent partner in his free skate. For the first time the expression on Victor’s face wasn’t sad and empty, it was fond, and the platinum-haired man smiled softly.

Victor transitioned from lazily skating whatever came to mind, to the remainder of the program. It excited Yuri, the new look on the Russian’s face, the trust that was there. Skating the routine would no longer be an act of copying the idol to regain his love of the sport, it had developed a new
meaning. It would now be an homage to the months of work, to the bonds that had grown between them.

Yuri felt a sense of determination. He was going to do Victor’s program justice.

Victor held the finishing pose for a moment, then smiled and skated over. “Good morning Yuuuuri.”

Yuri smiled and leaned across the barrier. Victor acknowledged the silent request for something that had become somewhat of a ritual for them. Their foreheads came together softly and they took a moment to merely relish the presence of the other.

Yuri tried to reason it away, that it was merely a calming thing for the both of them, preparing them for the day ahead. But deep down he wished for it to hold a deeper significance.

“Ready for me to skate for you?” Victor murmured after a moment.

“Mm-hmm.”

They separated, and for the briefest moment Yuri thought he saw a tinge of longing in Victor’s stunning blue eyes before the older man straightened and moved toward the center of the rink.

The sun crested the horizon as the music started, transforming the light in the rink from a solemn blue to a radiant golden.

Somehow it seemed a perfect metaphor for the feelings of excitement blooming in Yuri.

Yuri was taking a break from practicing Stay Close to Me while Victor was off getting coffee.

Instead he was practicing Eros again. He thought he’d found the soul of it before the regional championship, but had known by the lukewarm response of the audience, and even how it felt, that he hadn’t skated it properly.

Something was still off. It was there when he skated alone for Victor, but as soon as he had an entire audience it seemed wrong.

I tried to seduce them. What was so wrong about it?

“Eros again?” Victor asked as he came back into the rink bearing steaming mugs of coffee.

Yuri looked up and blushed. “Something’s still wrong with it.”

“Skate it for me,” Victor commanded as he set the hot beverages on the cart.

Victor leaned on the barrier as Yuri took his start position.

Seduce the audience. The audience is Victor. Seduce Victor.

Yuri started the program, and let the sound of his blades tell the story of seduction.

It was right this time. Why wasn’t it right in competition?

“It looks fine Yuri,” Victor called as the younger skater kicked the ice in frustration.

Yuri skated over and accepted a proffered cup of coffee. He took several cautious sips of the
warming liquid before speaking.

“It was right before the competition, and it’s right now. But it felt wrong during.”

Victor leaned on the barrier and studied the Japanese man. “So what was different?”

Yuri shook his head. “I don’t know. I was trying to do just like in practice. I was focusing on seducing the audience.”

Victor smiled and chuckled.

“What is it?”

“Were you trying to seduce the whole audience, or just a single person?”

Yuri thought back to the skate. “The whole audience.”

“There’s your problem.”

"Huh?"

“Think back to the Hot Springs on Ice competition. You said that it was right then, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“But you weren’t trying to seduce anybody, were you.”

“No, not exactly.”

“What were you skating for then?”

“I… I was skating in order to keep you here.”

“The answer’s right in front of you Yuri.”

“Victor?”

“Come here.”

Yuri skated the couple feet to where his coach was standing and faced the platinum-haired man.

“Closer Yuri,” Victor demanded, his voice dropping in pitch.

Yuri moved so that he was pressed against the barrier and noticed Victor’s eyes darken.

Victor leaned into Yuri’s personal space. He laid one hand on the younger man’s arm and cupped his face with the other, drawing his thumb across his lower lip.

Yuri couldn’t quite suppress a shudder at the intimacy.

“It feels good, doesn’t it?” Victor purred. “Being seduced is a very powerful feeling.”

Yuri nodded, suddenly unable to form words.

“Now imagine that it was more than just us two here right now. Imagine me leaving you and doing this with the next person, then yet another a moment later.”
Yuri hissed slightly, starting to understand.

“It cheapens it, doesn’t it?” Victor prodded.

Yuri grimaced.

“Skate it for me again Yuri, but keep that image in your mind. Imagine that the rink is filled, and try to seduce your entire audience.”

Yuri frowned, but he moved back to the center of the rink. He started the program, and the same sense of wrong that had so pervaded his skate in Fukuoka had returned.

“Was that what was wrong with it?” Victor asked as Yuri once more met him at the barrier.

“Yeah. But… how did you know?”

Victor smiled and leaned in again, face close that Yuri could smell the coffee on his breath. His voice dropped in pitch by several notes when he spoke again. “Seduction is a dance for two Yuri, and it’s made all the more alluring in the exclusivity. It’s two people caught on a point of shared gravity, orbiting around it and each other, drawing steadily together until the heat consumes them both then being flung to safety again. It’s repeated, each cycle drawing them closer and closer until they eventually crash together. Those outside the pull can only watch the spectacle unfold.”

Yuri swallowed, both hopeful and terrified that Victor would close the difference and kiss him as part of his demonstration. Every nerve was on edge. Gooseflesh rose on his arms as the Russian’s fingers danced along them, and a shiver ran up his spine when they locked eyes and he was unable to look away again.

“Think about it Yuri,” Victor purred. “What’s better, somebody who is focused solely on you, or a flirt who woos the first one to pay attention?”

Yuri’s breath hitched in his throat. “Focused,” he whispered.

Victor smiled, his thumbs driving Yuri mad making circles on his forearms. “That’s right.”

Yuri squeezed his eyes shut, overwhelmed. “But… but how am I supposed to seduce the audience if I focus on just one person?”

“Don’t,” Victor whispered in Yuri’s ear.

The closeness, Victor’s scent, the feel of his breath over sensitive skin was almost too much for Yuri and he had trouble keeping his balance.

“What do you mean ‘don’t’?”

“Just that,” Victor murmured, still too close for Yuri to feel centered. “Don’t seduce the audience. Seduce one person. That message is for one person and one person alone. Everybody else should feel like they are on the fringes watching.” Victor’s hot breath moved down from Yuri’s ear and he felt it along his neck, tantalizingly close and yet so far away.

Please just kiss me.

“But won’t they feel excluded,” Yuri asked, unable to control the shake in his voice,

“That’s the point. People want what they can’t have. It’s human nature.” One of Victor’s hands moved to the small of Yuri’s back.
Like I want you?

Victor inhaled near the crook of Yuri’s neck, too far to touch but close enough to make Yuri shiver. “When you seduce only a single person you make yourself unavailable. You are the temptation and are uninterested in anything else. No matter how much they try, they can never have you. The closest they can come is being invested in your story. Will your seduction succeed, or will you be cast off?”

Yuri swallowed.

Victor backed away, and Yuri shook slightly with the loss. He wanted to follow but was stopped by the barrier between them.

Victor smiled, still rubbing circles on Yuri’s forearms with his thumbs.

Yuri licked his lips, mouth suddenly dry.

“Do you understand now Yuri?”

Yuri nodded.

Victor stared for a moment and sighed. “I wonder if you really do.”

“Victor?” Yuri rasped, throat feeling as though he hadn't had water in days.

“Nevermind,” the Russian said with a soft voice. “Go skate it for me.”

Yuri nodded. He could focus on skating. It was real, concrete. It gave him something to grab onto when the only thing he wanted was to pull Victor close again and never let him go.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

So I was aiming to crank the unresolved sexual tension to 11 (it only goes to 10) and break off the knob. How’d I do?

Also, Yuri is still oblivious.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Jump

Chapter Summary

The day of the jump workshop has arrived. The attendees converge on the inn the night before to mingle, and both Minami and Victor talk about the first times they saw Yuri skate.

Chapter Notes

Thanks all for all the comments on the last chapter. It was entertaining to see everybody freak out about the title drop in the dialog, and it was definitely time to explain how I named this.

And the evil author in me loved how much you all wished Yuri wasn't so oblivious. >:-) 

If you've been enjoying this work please hit the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As soon as Yuri’s family learned of the jump workshop they had insisted that the attendees stay at the inn, and made sure to give them a rate that made it worth their while. That was how Yuri found himself sitting down for dinner with the group of skaters and their coaches.

The air was energetic, the group of mostly teenagers excited to learn jumps from the five-time consecutive world champion. Victor had insisted that Yuri teach as well, pointing out that even coming in sixth, he was a finalist at the previous year’s Grand Prix Final, officially making him one of the best skaters in the world. Eventually it was determined that Victor would teach quads, while Yuri worked with the students to shore up triples and spins. Minako had intruded on the planning at one point, making herself available as well, and the whole thing had ballooned from something expected to last a handful of hours to a full day figure skating intensive.

Introductions were made, but the names flew so fast that Yuri knew he wouldn’t remember them all. Alongside the three men from the regional competition were a handful of upcoming female skaters whom the coaches thought might develop the ability for quads if given proper instruction, as well as one more man in the senior division and one in the junior.

Minami was thrilled, spending as much time gaping at Yuri’s childhood home as participating in the conversation. He ordered katsudon for dinner, over the objections of his coach, because it was Yuri’s favorite, and sheepishly asked for an autograph on his favorite poster.

As Yuri got comfortable with his, self-described, number-one fan, he found himself curious. “When did you first see me skate?”
Minami was excited for the chance to discuss how big a fan he was. “I went to the regional competition the last year you were in juniors to support a friend skating in the novice division. You were incredible. I was able to see you again at sectionals, and watched you on television all the way through your win at Junior Worlds!”

“You’ve been a fan that long?”

Minami nodded. “I had entered the novice division that year, but didn’t qualify for regionals. Seeing you gave me the drive to compete harder.”

Yuri blushed, and the color deepened when Victor turned and leaned against him. “What are you talking about Yuuuri?”

Yuri turned just enough to look at the Russian. “Minami-kun was telling me about the first time he saw me skate.”

“Really?”

Minami nodded.

“Do you want to hear about the first time I saw Yuuri skate?”

Minami nodded so hard it reminded Yuri of the bobblehead dolls that had seemed so popular in America.

Yuri looked at Victor shocked. “Wasn’t it the video the triplets posted?”

Victor laughed, a sound that both made Yuri embarrassed and made him realize how comfortable they were around each other. “Of course not! I would be terribly negligent in the duties of a professional athlete if I didn’t research those I could be skating against.”

“I thought you didn’t know who I was. I mean, didn’t you think I was just a fan in Sochi?”

“Yuri. Give yourself more credit. Now do you want to hear about this or not?”

Yuri felt himself pale, but at the same time he wanted to hear the story himself. He nodded slowly.

Victor smiled. “I think it would have been your Junior Worlds win.”

Yuri’s eyes widened. “That long ago?”

“Of course! You’d announced you were moving into the Senior division in the fall, so it was a decent bet you’d be seeded into the Grand Prix series.”

“But we weren’t in the same events.”

Victor shrugged. “So? Why wait months to see who I’m up against when the off-season is the perfect downtime to research?”

Yuri buried his face in his hands. “I never thought of it like that. I always did my research when I knew my assignments.”

Victor laughed. “And what did you do when you learned who was in the final, scramble instead of practice?”

Yuri groaned. That was exactly what he did, staying up late to watch videos.
Victor’s laughter only increased, and as much as it embarrassed him, Yuri had to admit that he loved the sound.

“I was a bit disappointed when you barely missed the final that year. Your skating has always been beautiful Yuri.”

“I’d just moved to the US, probably not the best time to move halfway around the world, start college and get a new coach.”

Victor smiled. “Probably not, but you had your reasons.”

Yuri leaned against the older man, momentarily forgetting that they weren’t alone. A soft shriek from Minami reminded him and they separated awkwardly.

“A part of me kept hoping we’d get assigned to the same preliminary events every time I was seeded into the Grand Prix Series,” Yuri said softly. “At the same time I didn’t want to skate against you until the finals. So… in a way… I guess I got what I wanted.”

“I…” Victor started, before one of the coaches and Minako got into a boisterous discussion over what would be the best part of the following day.

The men looked at each other, the collection of road-weary skaters and decided that it was time to declare the party over. They would need to be on the ice early the next morning.

Yuri slipped into the onsen. Though it was still open, the late hour meant it was nearly empty. Minami and one of the other skaters were talking in hushed but animated tones. Yuri smiled at them but decided he wanted to have a bit of peace.

He moved to the far side and found Victor sitting alone in one of the private recesses.

“May I join you?”

Victor opened his eyes and smiled, nodding.

Yuri moved and sat across from him. They spent several minutes in comfortable silence before Yuri spoke. “You’ve really been watching my skating for that long?”

Victor smiled. “I have. Some years I paid more attention than others, I tend to limit my deep research to those who medal at major competitions, but Sochi was hardly the first time I was prepared to skate against you.”

“Really? But… You’re Victor Nikiforov, five-time consecutive world champion. I’m just me. I don’t even really have the right to be teaching these kids anything tomorrow.”

Yuri stared at ripples in the water. He could feel the self-doubt creeping in, he hated himself for it. He was an alpha, but one without the confidence he was supposed to have.

“Come here Yuri.”

Yuri looked up and saw that Victor’s arms were open for a hug.

“How’d you know?” Yuri whispered as he moved over and buried his face in Victor’s neck.
“It’s the little things, the way you avoid looking at anything, the tiny tremble in your voice, how your muscles tense when you’re trying to hold yourself together.”

“Am I really that obvious?”

“Only to someone who knows you. I look back now and see how hard you fought at the exhibition. I didn’t recognize the signs yet.”

Yuri laughed sarcastically. “I guess do this a lot if you’ve learned them so quickly.”

Victor grumbled and lifted Yuri’s face so that their eyes met. “I told you when I got here that I wanted to learn everything about you. I wasn’t kidding. You hide so much Yuri, I’ve never had to study a competitor as much as I had to study my own student.”

“I’m sorry,” Yuri murmured, turning his eyes away.

“Don’t be,” Victor said softly, allowing Yuri’s head to fall back against his neck. He rubbed soft circles on the younger man’s back. “I like learning about you.”

“Really?” Yuri closed his eyes and nosed at Victor’s scent gland.

“Mm-hmm.”

They were silent for a couple minutes, and Yuri realized they were the only ones left in the bath.

“I… I thought you didn’t know who I was in Sochi. When you offered a photograph I assumed you thought I was just another fan.”

Victor ran his cheek across Yuri’s head. “I didn’t recognize you at first. I’d never seen you with glasses and your hair natural. But I had put it together before even offering the photo. I’m so used to fellow skaters wanting them I just assumed you would too.”

Yuri swallowed. “I did, but…”

“But?”

“I’d just failed in front of you. I came in last place, and messed up all of my jumps. I looked like a joke.”

“Yuri…” Victor sighed. “Everybody gets nervous, and everybody has bad days.”

“Not you.”

“Especially me. It’s hard to be where I am. Everybody’s expectations weigh on me. Russia expects another gold, the audience expects another flawless performance. Every time I step onto the ice I feel it. I love skating, but… some of the magic is lost when you’re skating for everybody’s sake except your own.”

“I never thought of it like that.”

Victor pressed his lips to the top of Yuri’s head, making the younger man blush. It was the first time the Russian had ever done that.

“Yuri, from the first time I saw you skate I wanted to face you. You’re far more talented than you give yourself credit for. I kept waiting for the day we’d be assigned to the same events, or the year you’d finally come up to worlds. I know what to expect from so many of the other skaters. Chris is a
powerhouse when it comes to jumps, Cao Bin was a master of transitions and twizzles before he announced his retirement. Michele Crispino skates with a singular devotion that gives each of his programs a raw emotional feel.

“But you, Yuri, you’re more. Your body makes music while it moves to it. You transition between elements so smoothly that it’s as if there’s no transition at all. Your skates sing during your step sequences, and the world revolves around you when you spin. Your pour so much emotion into every movement the audience has no choice but to feel it with you. There’s no one thing that makes your skating stand out, because that limits what you bring to the ice. And I know that, given time and training, you’ll be able to land all five of the ratified quads, you may even become the first to land a quad axel. The power is there. I see it.”

Yuri squeezed Victor close, needing the words far more than he realized. “Thank you,” he whispered.

Yuri leaned on the barrier and watched as Victor lifted off from the ice. He made four perfect rotations and landed the quad loop to the applause of the students. The coaches were all holding video cameras, making sure to capture everything. They had even spread out to get different angles and had made arrangements to share their footage.

Yuko came up and leaned on the barrier next to Yuri. “When Victor texted me about a jump workshop I was a bit surprised, but everybody here is so excited.”

Yuri nodded. “I worried they’d be starstruck, but they’re focused. They want to learn.”

“Wouldn’t you have been, if you were in their shoes? An opportunity like this is rare, they know to take advantage of it.”

Yuri smiled. “Yeah. It would have been a dream to learn from Victor. Even one day would have been amazing.”

“And you’ve got him every day.”

Yuri blinked, and smiled. “You’re right.”

“I like seeing how close the two of you have gotten. You’re happier than I think you’ve ever been.”

“Huh?” Yuri turned to look at Yuko. “What do you mean?”

Yuko stared at Yuri, a shocked look on her face. She quickly softened into a smile. “Yuri, I’ve known you for a long time. You’re happy. Victor makes you happy, and when I compare him now to when he arrived, you make him happy too. You both smile a lot more, and there is genuine joy there.”

Yuri looked back to the ice, where the platinum-haired had just landed another perfect jump. He smiled softly. “I guess you’re right.”
Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

So obviously I didn't want to get into the technical weeds of a workshop. I wanted to focus more on the characters again. I'm happy with this chapter. I also like that softness that they have between them. After the UST from last chapter I thought a quiet moment was called for.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Pause

Chapter Summary

Victor declares a half-day to recover from the workshop, leading to an afternoon nap. Later that week Yuko lets them know exactly how popular their workshop was.

Chapter Notes

FLOOFIES AHEAD!

A couple people have asked when we're going to get into all those lovely smut tags. Don't worry, it's coming. That's why I put that slow build tag in there too. I know it seems like I'm just teasing at this point, but I need them to be completely trusting of one another. If they don't have a solid foundation then when I DO get to the good stuff it'll feel forced and too quick. So a bit more patience. It's really only a handful of chapters away now.

If you've been enjoying this work please punch the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor and Yuri stood on the platform, waving goodbye to the skaters and their coaches. They had barely made the early morning train due to Hiroko Katsuki doting on the group and providing an indulgent breakfast.

Yuri was pretty sure that his mother would have adopted Minami if she could have. She couldn’t get over how big a fan of her son he was, and she made sure to extend an invitation for the young man to join the family for any future public viewings; an offer which caused the teen to go wide-eyed with excitement.

Victor draped himself over Yuri in the almost empty station as the train pulled out. “Any objections to me declaring today a half-day?” the Russian asked. “That was a bigger ordeal than I expected.”

Yuri laughed. “Just remember, it was your idea.”

Victor lowered his arms enough to wrap them around Yuri’s waist and rested his head on the younger man’s shoulder. “And it was a good one too.”

“Oh really?” Yuri teased. A part of him wanted to squirm in embarrassment, but the part that wanted to be held like that won and he leaned into the embrace.

“Mm-hmm. It proved to me that you can get out of your head and enjoy skating, even with an audience.”
That made Yuri squirm, and he managed to twist in Victor’s embrace, finally ending up facing him with the taller man’s arms draped casually over his shoulders.

“Hey, I was comfortable,” Victor protested.

Yuri blushed, but managed to ask his question. “What did you mean about me getting out of my head?”

Victor sighed and brushed the backs of his fingers over Yuri’s cheek. “Yuri, I see you skate every day. You’re stunning, beautiful on the ice. But I think back to regionals, and to last year’s Grand Prix Final, and to other competitions, and I see now that you’re like a completely different person when competing.”

“I’m just me,” Yuri replied softly.

Victor shook his head. “You love skating Yuri. Every movement you make in practice proves it. The ice is in your soul, but you lose that magic in competition, and I don’t know why. I wondered if it was the competitors, or if an audience caused it. But yesterday proved that wasn’t the case.”

Yuri cocked his head to the side. “How so?”

Victor smiled and leaned in until their foreheads were touching. Yuri wanted to point out that they were in public but enjoyed the touch too much to protest.

“You’ll be skating against those same boys in just over two weeks. If competitors made you nervous then a room full of those against you next should have done it, even if they’re not at your level. Instead you handled them with grace.

“But they were also your audience. It might not have been a practiced routine, but you were performing for them. You flawlessly executed elements that you missed last December. If you were nervous about landing jumps wouldn’t being expected to demonstrate and teach them have been an even bigger worry than merely performing them? I gave you a higher stakes audience than any arena, and you rose to the challenge.”

Yuri gaped, coming to the realization that Victor’s seemingly impulsive offer had been carefully thought out once it had become a reality.

“You’re so cute like that Yuri.” Victor smiled. “But now I’m even more confused. What makes you so nervous during competition?”

Yuri fidgeted. “I really don’t know.”

Victor frowned. “Can we work on figuring it out?”

Yuri lifted his gaze and met the Russian’s. “We?”

Victor smiled softly. “Yuri, whatever makes you nervous is holding you back. I want the world to see what I do every day. I want every person who watches you to hear the music you make. The only way that will happen is to develop methods to help you manage your nerves before a skate. I want to help you do that.”

“But it’s just a part of who I am,” Yuri replied weakly.

Victor brought his hand up and rubbed his thumb against Yuri’s cheek. “I know that Yuri. But knowing that doesn’t mean we give into it. We’ll try different things, we’ll keep trying until we
discover a way to keep you focused before a skate. And if it fails we’ll try again.”

“And what if we never find anything?” Yuri whispered, squeezing his eyes shut in fear.

Victor pulled him close. “Then I’ll hug you before every competition for as long as I’m your coach. I’ll let you scent me as much as you need in order to feel calm.”

Yuri shook as he brought his arms up and wrapped them around the larger man. He pulled himself close and buried his face in the Russian’s chest. “Thank you Victor.”

Yuri was glad that Victor had declared a half-day. After the workshop he hadn’t noticed how exhausted he was, and was looking forward to just relaxing in one of the family’s private rooms. He started off on a cushion against the wall, reading an article in a figure skating magazine, before noticing a large plot of sunlight on the floor. He smiled, moved the pillow and laid down in the warmth. He placed the magazine on the floor and continued reading.

Soon the warmth and the exhaustion caught up to him. He pulled his glasses off, rubbed the bridge of his nose and laid his head on his folded arms, intending to relax for just a few minutes.

Yuri blinked in the dim light. The sun had set and the soothing heat had disappeared with it. However, despite the loss, he was warm and comfortable. Just at the periphery of his vision he could see the worn edge of a blanket. He smiled softly at the thoughtfulness.

It was only as he began to recover his senses that he noticed a gentle pressure on his back and the soft sound of steady breathing. He shifted just enough to turn and face the other way, and saw that Victor had fallen asleep beside him.

Yuri sighed, content. Something was just so perfect about the moment, and he quietly studied the sleeping man.

He quickly noticed that, despite wearing the comfortable clothes that he liked to lounge in, Victor was shivering slightly as the October chill seeped into the room.

Yuri knew that there was plenty of blanket for the both of them if he got closer. Still half-asleep, his cautious side wasn’t aware enough to argue against snuggling up to the man he’d slowly started to realize he was in love with. Not the abstract love from the press conference, but true romantic love.

Yuri managed to move Victor’s arm without waking him and scooted close enough to cover them both with the blanket. Victor shifted comfortably with the addition of the warmth and draped his arm over Yuri again.

Yuri stayed that way, watching Victor sleep, for several minutes until the Russian moved slightly and his platinum hair fell across his face, obscuring Yuri’s view.

Somehow the act of brushing the hair away from the older man’s face was enough to wake him. He smiled softly as stunning blue eyes focused on him.

“Privet Yuri.”

“Ohayo,” Yuri replied teasingly.

“I guess I fell asleep,” Victor said as he looked around. “I thought you could use a blanket, but you
looked so comfortable I thought I’d lay in the sun too.”

Yuri smiled. “I’m glad you got some rest. You worked hard yesterday.”

Victor pulled Yuri close and nuzzled his hair. Yuri closed his eyes and savored the gentle touch, burying his face against the older man’s chest.

“You smell good Yuri.”

Yuri looked up and met Victor’s eyes. “So do you.”

Victor blushed in the unguarded moment and Yuri thought it was about the most wonderful thing he’d ever seen.

Yuri leaned back into the embrace, slowly waking up and comfortable with Victor’s presence. It was only as his shy side made an appearance that he started to worry about how close they were.

“We should probably get up and prepare for dinner,” Yuri said, trying to shift away.

Victor’s arm tightened from where it was still draped over his middle. The Russian man had closed his eyes again and was still in a state of half-sleep. “Don’t go.”

“Victor?”

Ocean blue eyes opened, and something in them made Yuri relax back into the embrace.

Victor smiled and closed his eyes again. “I just want to stay like this a few more minutes. Okay?”

Yuri blushed, but he could hardly refuse the request when he was the one who had initiated the cuddle… and when he wanted it too.

Victor shifted to wrap both his arms around the younger man, and even managed to tease one of his legs away and trapped it between his own. “Better,” the Russian declared once he had wrapped himself around Yuri sufficiently.

Yuri smiled and relaxed. He would enjoy these little moments for as long as he could.

I wish this would never end, he thought as he returned the embrace and wrapped his arms around the older man.

Several days had passed since the jump workshop, and the men had fallen back into the routine of training when Yuko pushed open the glass doors and strode up to the barrier near the end of one of the morning practice sessions.

“Victor, Yuri, can I talk to the two of you for a few minutes?” she called as the music for Yuri’s free skate came to an end.

Both men looked at her, not having heard her come in, then nodded at each other and skated toward the barrier.

“What’s up Yu-chan?” Yuri asked.

Yuko pursed her lips, obviously trying to decide how to start. She finally sighed. “Look, I wasn’t
going to bring it up at first, but…”

Yuri looked to Victor, both wondering what was going on.

“What is it?” Yuri pressed.

Yuko looked at both of them and an embarrassed blush seemed to spread across her cheeks. “Look I know it was initially meant to be a one-time thing, but somehow word got out and…”

Yuri looked to Victor again, who shrugged.

“Are you two planning to hold any more figure skating workshops?” Yuko finally managed to say.

Yuri blinked. He didn’t know what he had expected, but that wasn’t it. He heard laughter and turned to see Victor doubled over.

Yuri turned back to Yuko to see she’d loosened up.

“I don’t think either of us has thought about it,” Yuri said. “We’ve been focused on the competitions.”

Yuko smiled. “Apparently word traveled fast after the workshop ended. I got a call about it the same afternoon everybody left. I told them I didn’t know if you were planning another, and took their information as a courtesy. But the next day two calls, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. I thought word had spread far when I got a call from Tokyo yesterday, but I got one from Hokkaido this morning. In the past few days it’s been about the only reason people have called.

“People are asking when or if you’ll hold another intensive workshop, and they’re pretty excited about just the idea of it. I know you probably meant it to be a one-time thing, but there is a lot of interest.”

Victor and Yuri shared a glance.

“I guess we haven’t thought about it,” Yuri said.

Yuko nodded. “I thought as much.”

“The middle of the season isn’t a good time for it either,” Victor said softly.

“I told them that, they said they didn’t care when, to just let them know if it was going to happen.”

Yuri and Victor stared at each other for a moment before both burst into laughter.

“Look what you started!” Yuri accused.

“It was still worth it!” Victor retorted.

Yuko looked at them both as if they’d gone mad.

“Tell them we’re gauging the interest,” Victor said after a moment. “If there is enough we’ll consider it for the off season.”

Yuko nodded.

“If you don’t mind Yu-chan,” Yuri said. “Can you make note if they have anything in particular they want? I think if we’re going to do this we should do it right. Including paying teachers like Victor
and Minako-sensei.”

“Hey, you too Yuri,” Victor interrupted

Yuri rolled his eyes. “If we’re charging then we might be able to bring in more instructors too.”

“Oh!” Victor exclaimed, and Yuri could practically hear him plotting.

Yuri smiled. “Tell them we’re not committing to anything right now though.”

Yuko grinned. “It’ll do! I just wanted to know your thoughts as these calls keep coming in. If it was completely off the table I decided it was better to let them know now.”

“Thank you both,” she said with a smile as she bowed and made her way back to the front counter.

Yuri heard the soft scrape of blades behind him and turned. Victor wrapped his arms around the younger man and smiled as Yuri returned the embrace.

“I almost expected you to say ‘no,’ Yuri,” Victor said softly. “Since my master plan was revealed and all.”

Yuri smiled up at the Russian. “I enjoyed it, after I got over my initial fear. Watching them get better, even in a single day, felt great. I liked knowing that I was able to help.”

Victor grinned. “It’s a fantastic feeling, isn’t it?”

Yuri nodded.

Victor leaned in and their foreheads touched. “Now you know how I feel every day with you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Yeah I know, filler chapter is filler chapter. But it wasn't QUITE time to move onto the next plot point yet. Now the timing is right. At least I gave you floofies, right?

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri gets a call to Tokyo for an interview and Victor’s follow-up doctor’s appointment is quickly approaching.

Who’s ready for some teaser angst? I’ve given a good stockpile of floofies, and it’s about time to start putting them to use.

If you’ve been enjoying this work please use the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri was in the middle of his strength training regimen when his music was interrupted by his phone ringing. He sat up and looked at the caller ID to see that it was newscaster Morooka calling. He just managed to answer before it went to voicemail.

“Hai, this is Katsuki.”

“Katsuki-kun,” Morooka said. “Thank you for taking my call. I was wondering if you were available to come to Tokyo for an interview next week.”

Yuri swung one of his legs over the bench so that he was sitting on it rather than straddling it. “Next week? What day?”

“We have a spot open on the nineteenth, and since you’ll be going to the Cup of China only a couple weeks later it was decided that it was a good time to talk to you about the upcoming season.”

“You said the nineteenth?”

“Yes.”

Something was sticking at the back of Yuri’s mind. He couldn’t remember exactly what it was but something told him that he needed to find out before committing.

“I’ll have to talk it over with my coach. There might be a conflicting appointment. Is there another day available if I do have prior obligations?”

“I’m sorry, that’s the only day we have open.”

“Thank you. Give me a couple hours to discuss with Victor and I’ll let you know before the end of the day.”
“Thank you very much. I look forward to your answer.”

“Thank you for considering me.”

Yuri ended the call and opened his calendar app. His stomach immediately dropped when he realized why he’d felt there was an existing commitment.

He really needed to talk to Victor, but the Russian had ended his own workout about fifteen minutes prior and had left to get lunch. He quickly sent a text.

12:45 pm - Need to talk. Where are you?

12:46 pm - Getting lunch at Nagahama Ramen. Everything ok?

12:47 pm - Yes and no. Need to discuss something with you before this afternoon’s time on the ice.

12:48 pm - I just got my food. Do you want to come here or meet nearby?

Yuri thought about it for a moment.

12:50 pm - Put in an order of miso ramen for me. I’ll meet you there and we’ll talk after lunch.

12:51 pm - Miso ramen, got it, but you’re on salad tonight.

12:52 pm - No big surprise there. See you in a few.

Yuri dimmed the screen on his phone, quickly showered and changed before jogging to the ramen stand. He found Victor there with a concerned look on his face, and a steaming bowl of noodles waiting.

Yuri took a seat and dug into the warm food while Victor finished his own meal. However he couldn’t ignore Victor’s uncomfortable expression as he ate.

“I received a call from newscaster Morooka,” Yuri finally said as he neared the bottom of the bowl. “He wants me to come to Tokyo next week for an interview.”

“Is that what you wanted to talk about?” Victor asked. “Couldn’t that have waited?”

“The problem is the date,” Yuri elaborated. “That’s the rush to discuss. I need to give him an answer today.”

Yuri saw confusion flit across Victor’s face for a moment, then the Russian paled slightly.

Yuri nodded and fell silent as he finished his lunch.

Soon they were walking toward a nearby park, enjoying the warmth of the fall day. They found a secluded bench and both sat there in silence for several minutes before Yuri broke the ice.

“I already asked if a different date was available. He said there wasn’t.”

“You need to do the interview Yuri. Any press right now is a good thing.”

“Should I call the clinic and try to change the day of your appointment?”
Victor shook his head, though Yuri noticed that he had a pallor about him. “No. With sectionals and the Cup of China coming up so fast I don’t want to put it off. We need that time to practice. It’s better to only lose the one day and not two.”

Yuri reached out, paused for a moment, then laid his hand over Victor’s. The older man looked at him and smiled, though Yuri could see that he was barely holding himself together. He decided that more was necessary and pulled on the Russian until Victor was leaning against him, head on his shoulder.

“I don’t want to leave you alone for your appointment. I should be there.”

“Yuri, I can handle it. I hate it, but it’s not my first visit to a doctor about it.”

“But you’ll have a stranger translating for you.”

Victor stiffened somewhat.

“I’ll turn down the interview.”

Victor sat up, a hard look on his face. “No Yuri. Go to Tokyo. I’ll be fine.”

Yuri narrowed his eyes, about to argue, before an idea struck him. “What if somebody you know goes with you?”

Victor looked a bit horrified at the idea before softening, realizing that Yuri couldn’t be the only one who knew. “Who do you have in mind?”

Yuri turned slightly on the bench so that he could cup Victor’s face. “I think Yuko would be the most appropriate.”

Victor’s eyebrows came together in confusion. “Yuko?”

Yuri nodded, and ran his free hand through his hair nervously. “She came over… on that day. She wanted to make sure I was doing ok.”

“Why Yuko?” Victor asked carefully.

“Because she’s an omega. She knows what it’s like.”

Yuri saw an emotion cross Victor’s face, but he wasn’t sure exactly what it was until the older man spoke. “I… I never had anybody around me who was an omega before. All my rinkmates were alpha or beta. Yakov is a beta, though as much as he yells you’d swear he was alpha.”

Yuri stared at him. “You never had anybody to talk to about it?”

Victor leaned into the hand still on his face and shook his head. “No.”

Yuri couldn’t hold back, he tugged the Russian into an embrace. “I’m sorry Victor. I can’t even imagine not having somebody to confide in, somebody to reassure you, who knows what it’s like.”

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s chest, even though they were both sitting in a way that made it awkward. Yuri smoothed Victor’s hair. “I really don’t want to leave you alone. I’ll decline the interview if we can’t find somebody you trust to go with you.”

“Let’s ask Yuko.”
“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded against his chest. “You need to do the interview Yuri. I’ll manage for my appointment.”

“Ok.”

Yuri checked his garment bag and made sure everything he needed was in it. The suit jacket and slacks were pressed, the shirt and tie ready. A small toiletries bag tucked in the corner held a few essentials and the contacts that he only wore for press events as they irritated his eyes.

He’d considered wearing the suit on the train and flight to Tokyo, but decided that comfort was more important. He’d have time to change at the studio.

He folded and zipped the bag, then stepped into the hall. It was still early, but he had several hours of travel to get there, plus time just waiting to get through security and transitioning between the train and airlines.

He’d intended to slip past Victor’s room and let the man sleep, but saw the light seeping from the other side of the screen and could hear him tapping on keys.

Yuri knocked softly on the door. “Victor?”

“Come in Yuri.” Victor’s voice was tired.

Yuri slid the door open and saw how haggard Victor looked. He moved into the room and sat on the edge of the bed. “Did you sleep at all?”

Victor smiled softly. “A bit.”

Yuri reached out and touched Victor’s cheek. “Nightmares again?”

The Russian nodded.

“I’m sorry.” Yuri angled his wrist so that Victor could smell his pheromones. “Why didn’t you wake me? You know I would have let you scent me until you could sleep.”

Victor gave Yuri a tired smile. “You needed to sleep. It wouldn’t do for you to have bags under your eyes during an interview.”

“You and I both know makeup crews would cover them up easily.”

“Your sleep was still more important.”

“And what about yours?”

“I’ve had these nightmares for a long time. I’ve learned ways to cope.”

“Ways that apparently include pushing yourself to exhaustion so as too be too tired to dream.”

“It works, at least most of the time.”

Yuri gave an exasperated sigh, and looked at his phone. “Scootch.”
“Yuri?”

“Move your butt over Nikiforov.”

Victor scooted some and Yuri took the laptop away, placing it on the floor nearby. He then sat on the bed and pulled the Russian against him.

Victor’s breath hitched in his throat before he buried his face against Yuri’s chest and fisted his hands in his shirt.

“I won’t be able to stay until you fall asleep, but hopefully it’ll be enough to let you get a few hours of rest before your appointment.”

Victor shook and Yuri smoothed his hair until the Russian started to relax a bit. Victor’s breathing had just started to even out when an alarm on Yuri’s phone began to chime. Yuri quickly swiped it away but Victor had perked back up at the sound.

“That was my five minute warning,” Yuri explained, gently extricating himself from the man’s arms. “I better get headed toward the station.”

“If that was your five minute, why were you headed out so much earlier?”

“I was going to grab a quick breakfast in the kitchen.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly.

“Don’t worry Victor. I’ll get something at the airport in Fukuoka. You’re more important than the handful of yen some food will cost. Will you try and get some sleep?”

Victor nodded and Yuri reached out to once more touch his face. “Good.”

They stood there like that for a moment before Yuri sighed. He really didn’t want to leave the Russian like that. “Yuko will be here at one to go with you to the clinic. The staff already knows that she’ll be translating for you today. There should be no issues.”

Victor nodded again and Yuri made sure that the older man laid down before he closed the door, picked up his bag and made his way through the silence of the October pre-dawn toward the train station.

Yuri was sitting in the Tokyo airport waiting to board his return flight. He counted the omiyage in a smaller bag he took on trips for just that purpose, making sure that nobody was forgotten. Tokyo Bananas in assorted flavors for all the adults, and he’d stopped by a line of gacha machines to get some collectibles of the triplets’ favorite show.

It was only as he noticed the blinking on his phone did he remember that he’d muted it in the television studio and not turned it up again. He unlocked it and listened to a message from Yuko. She said that the doctor’s appointment had gone well, but that Victor had been acting off since the doctor refused his request to go back on suppressants.

Yuri send a quick text to Yuko asking for an update. She replied immediately that as soon as they returned to the inn Victor retreated to his room. A few minutes later she sent a follow-up informing him that Mari said Victor was still there and hadn’t come out since.
Yuri scowled, and looked at the flight time. He’d be boarding soon, but was still several hours away without any delays. He thanked Yuko and sent a text to Victor immediately, informing him that he was on his way back.

The silence was deafening, and the longer he went without a reply the more worried he became. Even after several more texts he’d heard nothing from the Russian, and there was a knot in his stomach as he found his seat on the airplane.

He fidgeted the entire flight, and as soon as he was waiting for the bus that would take him to the train station he pulled out his phone and checked. As he’d expected, there was still no response. He boarded the bus a couple minutes later and was soon on a train back to Hasetsu.

*I should never have gone. I should have refused the interview. He needed me and I wasn’t there.*

*God, why didn’t I just insist that he change his appointment date if it was so important for me to do this?*

*I trust Yuko, and I know Victor does too, but he needed me there.*

There was pain in Yuri’s hands. He looked down to see he’d clenched his fists so hard that his fingernails had dug into the skin. Blood was dripping from a couple of crescent-shaped cuts. He looked around and saw that most of the passengers in the section had moved away from the obviously agitated alpha.

Yuri forced himself to relax. He was only about an hour away.

He jogged the entire way from the station back to the inn, glad that he was only carrying a wardrobe bag and a smaller one of gifts. Mari noticed him as he came through the family’s private entrance, but said nothing as he kicked off his shoes, dropped his bags haphazardly on the floor and ran up to Victor’s room.

Yuri didn’t even knock. He could smell the distress in the hallway. He slid open the door and stood panting in the opening.

“Victor!”

Victor looked up from where he was curled into as tight a ball as he could manage sitting on his bed. His eyes were red and puffy as if he’d been crying for hours.

“Yuri,” Victor choked out in a tone that struck right on the younger man’s alpha instincts.

His friend needed him, the omega that was so precious to him needed his support. *His* omega needed him. He was the only alpha that was allowed so close. He was the only one who knew that smell of sweet oranges and snow, and his was the scent that the omega sought out for comfort.

Yuri bolted across the room and crawled onto the bed, desperate to get to the platinum-haired man.

“Victor, I’m so sorry,” Yuri cried as he pulled the Russian into his arms. “I should have never left your side today.”

Victor scrambled to bury his face against Yuri’s chest and clenched his hands in the cotton shirt he wore. With him so close Yuri couldn’t help but smell the terror that had been hiding underneath the distress.

“I tried Yuri,” Victor said between hiccups. “She… she said that there was no sign of disease
or anything else that causes reactive heats. I asked for suppressants, but she said she still had to make sure my normal heats were healthy."

Yuri pulled the man in his arms tight against his chest and rubbed his cheek across platinum hair. He released as many of his own pheromones as he could, anything to soothe the omega.

“I’m so sorry Victor. I should have been there.”

Victor shook in his embrace. Yuri turned his head and placed a kiss on his fine hair.

“I’m here now Victor. I’ll help you through this in any way I can.”

Victor nodded into his chest, and whispered so softly Yuri barely heard the request. “Just… hold me.”

“Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Definitely no floofies this chapter, but some teaser angst instead. Things are definitely moving along now. Next time the boys head to Aichi for sectionals, then after that they'll be on their way to China!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Aichi

Chapter Summary

Yuri heads to his second competition of the season: Japanese Western Sectionals in Aichi. He's up against the same faces from the regional meet in Fukuoka as well as those from across western Japan.

However, despite the competition, his mind is focused more on the well-being of his coach.

Chapter Notes

Did you know there was a missing competition? Neither did I until I had to research how the competitions fed into Japanese Nationals. So it looks like it goes regionals, sectionals then nationals, and Western Sectionals, which covers the half of Japan Yuri is in, would have taken place only a week before the Cup of China. Talk about back to back.

Anyway, happy reading.

PS - If you've been enjoying this work please use the share button up above and spread the love. It posts easily to both twitter and tumblr.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri and Victor were in the terminal at the Fukuoka airport, waiting for their flight to Aichi for the Western Sectional competition.

Yuri was tapping his foot impatiently, looking between the plane sitting on the tarmac and the counter where there were employees waiting to call boarding groups.

“Yuri, relax,” Victor said softly beside him, placing his hand briefly on his knee. “You’ll do fine. Yuko and the triplets are coming in tomorrow to watch, so are Minako and Mari. You have plenty of support. And you know Minami will cheer for you.”

Yuri turned to look at Victor and smiled. “I’m ok.”

Victor narrowed his eyes. “Your jitters say otherwise.”

Yuri sighed and brushed a few strands of hair from in front of the Russian’s eyes. “Don’t worry. I’ll be nervous about my skate tomorrow. I’ve just got pent up energy today.”

Victor studied him for a moment and sighed.

Yuri knew that Victor wasn’t buying the half-lie, but wouldn’t push any farther. It was true that the skate wasn’t what was on his mind, but his nerves were in overdrive.
No, what was bothering him was the lingering scent of fear that surrounded the omega next to him. More than a week had passed since the doctor’s appointment, and it hadn’t completely faded. He’d finally realized that the only reason it hadn’t been there since the unplanned heat was because the older man had held onto the thinnest hope that lack of a disease would be enough to be granted suppressants again.

Yuri wanted to talk to Victor about it. He wanted to help, but he had no idea how, and the Russian’s silence about the issue make it nearly impossible. He’d tried broaching the subject, but each time the older man had deflected immediately.

They’d spent more time cuddling in private, and those seemed to be the moments that Victor seemed almost calm. Yuri liked and even longed for the closeness, but he hated the scent of fear on the omega. He wished he could make it go away entirely, but without knowing more felt his hands were tied.

Yuri reached out for Victor’s hand unconsciously, and laid his on top.

“Yuri?” Victor asked at the unexpected contact.

Yuri started. “Sorry. I don’t know why I did that.”

Victor smiled softly. “It’s ok.”

Yuri was quiet. As soon as he thought about it he knew why he’d reached out to the Russian. His instincts were demanding that he lead the man somewhere safe, where it could just be the two of them and he could take as much time as they needed for him to soothe the fear away. Every fiber of his being insisted that he protect the omega beside him.

Instead he did the next best thing, he distracted Victor; forced him into coach mode. “What are my weaknesses going into tomorrow’s short program?”

Victor looked at Yuri, a moment of shock crossing his face before softening into a smile. He knew what Yuri was doing. “Your quad salchow is your biggest problem. Think you can do it?”

Yuri nodded. “Third time’s the charm, right?”

Victor laughed. “Well it'll give the announcers in Beijing a better line than ‘never landed it in competition,’ won’t it?”

“What else?”

“Tighten up on your spins, make your audience dizzy with lust.”

Yuri smiled. They both knew it was a diversion tactic, but the only other times Victor seemed to get out of his head was when he was coaching Yuri.

*If I can’t cuddle him, I’ll keep him focused. I won’t let those fears overwhelm him.*

“Yuri!”

Yuri turned to see Minami running up to him, a disappointed look on his face. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s not fair that we’re not in the same skate group,” the teen pouted.
Yuri laughed. “Not much we can do about it. That’s what happens when you draw lots to determine start order.”

Minami grumbled.

“Besides,” Yuri continued, “you skating before me means that you can watch my program doesn’t it?”

Minami seemed to brighten slightly at the thought.

“And I’m late enough in the order that I can watch yours too, since I missed it in Fukuoka.”

That seemed to be what the younger skater needed to hear, and his eyes widened immediately with hope. “You’ll really watch?”

Yuri nodded. “Promise. I won’t take my eyes off you.”

Minami was giddy with excitement. “We’ll be in the same group tomorrow for the free skate for sure now. There’s no way I’ll make a mistake with you watching! I’ll be standing beside you on the podium again.”

Yuri grinned. He had to admit that Minami’s enthusiasm was infectious. He watched as the younger man ran to where his coach was calling, then continued his own search for Victor. He soon found the Russian sitting quietly on a bench away from the cameras.

“You ok?” Yuri asked, sitting next to the platinum-haired man.

Victor looked at him and smiled softly. “Shouldn’t I be asking you that?”

Yuri shrugged. “I could use a hug, but… closer to my skate time. I don’t want it to wear off before then.”

“You can have more than one you know,” Victor joked.

Yuri smiled. The energy of the arena and competition had driven most of the fear from Victor’s scent. Some part of Yuri understood that skating and competing had become a vital coping mechanism for whatever troubled the man, much as the ice allowed him to deal with his own anxiety.

“I saw you talking to Minami,” Victor said after a moment. “He seemed pretty excited about something.”

“I promised to watch his short program. Since he’s in the first group and I pulled the last I figured I could give him a few minutes.”

Victor smiled. “It’s good to see how supportive of him you are.”

Yuri smiled, then stared out at the floor. “All this time I was aiming for you. I was so singularly focused on making it to your level that I forgot that the people coming up behind me might want me to look back once in awhile.

“But you... you never stopped inviting everybody to try and join you. Your skills got better each year, and the world adapted. You pushed yourself, and pulled the rest of us along. You acknowledged those who stood beside you, praising Chris’s performances time and again. When skaters had an off day and reporters ask you about it you were always confident that they’d come
back strong.

“I think, that if I’m ever really going to reach your level, it has to be more than the skating. I have to be able to give kids like Minami the encouragement they need, so that when I step aside they’ll be ready to fill my shoes.”

Yuri startled slightly as Victor leaned against him and buried his nose in his neck. He blushed and was glad there was nobody around.

“I’m proud of you Yuri. It’s not easy to break out of that devotion to oneself and recognize another, especially competitors. Just don’t give him too much at once. You’ve still got several years of beautiful skating in you. Don’t want him nipping at your heels too early.”

“Yeah,” Yuri replied noncommittally.

Yuri reached over and squeezed Victor’s knee. “Come on. It’s about to start. Let’s go find a seat for the first group, then we’ll get ready for my skate as soon as Minami is done.”

Victor sat up straight again and smiled. “Okay.”

Yuri was comfortably in the lead going into the free skate. He’d managed to beat his own personal best again with a score of 97.11 in the short program. He’d felt the program was better by focusing on seducing just Victor, but something was still just slightly off.

Luckily he’d managed to land his quad salchow, and except for the mood still being off was confident that the program was steadily improving.

Minami had also set a new personal best during the short program, and was in third place as they prepared to take the ice.

“I’m going to nail my quad today!” Minami declared as they left the ice after the warmup.

“Has it been easier since the workshop?” Yuri asked, walking with the young man toward a section of corridor where they could stretch and stay warmed up for their programs.

Minami nodded as he pulled his headphones free of a jacket pocket. “I land it more often than not now.”

“That’s fantastic!”

“I’m aiming to be on the podium at nationals again this year, and go with you to Four Continents and Worlds!”

Yuri smiled. “You can do it Minami-kun.”

The teen grinned then put his headphones in and focused on stretching and keeping loose for his skate.

“You doing ok Yuri?” Victor asked the younger man caught up in the hall.

Yuri nodded, but had to admit that the nerves were starting to eat at him. “I’m not used to being in first after the short program. It’s a bit daunting.”
One of Victor’s eyebrows rose. “How are you not used to it?”

Yuri blushed. “I’m just not. Before last month my previous best in the short was in the mid-eighties. It’s fine here, but once I got up to Four Continents or the Grand Prix series it was barely adequate.”

Victor smiled. “I’m glad I was able to bring out your best then. You’re a beautiful skater, and I want everybody to see your talent.”

Yuri smiled shyly, and noticed the commotion in the hall as competitors stretched and kept themselves ready. He bounced his headphones nervously, wanting to have Victor’s attention, but also needing to focus and get his head in the game.

Victor noticed Yuri’s fidgeting, rested his hand on the younger man’s cheek for a moment so that Yuri could faintly detect his scent, and smiled. “Focus Yuri. I’ll be right here.”

Yuri blushed crimson when the older man snuck a glance around and gently kissed his forehead. “You’ll do great,” he whispered as his face lingered close.

Yuri smiled. “Thank you.”

Yuri’s warmup mix included several piano ballads to keep him calm. He focused on his breathing and in maintaining the looseness in his muscles. Out of the corner of his eye he saw competitors head to the rink for their own skates.

_This is my story. I just have to tell it._

He closed his eyes. He remembered fighting alone, and Victor’s inexplicable appearance in the hot springs. He thought of those first timid months, when he was torn between awestruck and terrified. He felt the closeness that had brought them together, especially since circumstances had forced them to reveal parts of themselves that they kept hidden.

He thought of Victor.

_This is our story. It’s not just me anymore._

There was a tap on Yuri’s shoulder. He opened his eyes to see Victor looking at him. He pulled the buds from his ears.

“You ready?”

Yuri nodded and Victor escorted him to the ice. The young man who had been in second was stepping off, a scowl on his face. Yuri assumed that he’d fallen.

Yuri waited for the plushies and flowers to be collected, and stepped onto the frozen surface. He moved just to the side of the entrance.

“Just like practice Yuri,” Victor murmured as they leaned with their heads almost touching, breathing in each other while making it appear that they were merely in private conversation. “You know this program. Just don’t run into the barrier this time, ok?”

Yuri looked up at Victor and laughed. “You’re never going to let me live that down, are you?”

Victor grinned. “Never.” He pulled the younger man in for a hug. “Go show them how beautiful you are.”
Victor greeted Yuri as he stepped off the ice after the awards ceremony. He had placed first again, and Minami had taken second once more. The teen was giddy with the thought of nationals in just under two months.

“You were beautiful Yuri,” Victor purred as he pulled his student in for a hug as the others made their way toward the locker room. “You’re going to stun the world next week at the Cup of China.”

Yuri smiled up at his coach.

“Yuri! Victor! You’re joining us for dinner again right?” Minami called from just outside the competitor corridor.

“Da,” Victor called back immediately, then turned to Yuri. “That’s ok, right?”

Yuri nodded.

“Can’t wait!” Minami replied. “Hurry back so we can decide where to go.”

“I’m excited to show the world just how incredible you are,” Victor said softly.

Yuri smiled. He was ready.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

More Minami, YAY!

I like to think that skating (and as an extension, coaching) is a coping mechanism. It's those quiet moments in between that allow him to brood. This allows him to have those private vulnerabilities while appearing strong and confident as a competitor and coach.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

It's time for the Cup of China short program. Yuri and Victor make their way to Beijing, but as the men grow closer Yuri finds himself more protective and possessive of his coach.

Chapter Notes

It's time for China and the short program. Which means... POSSESSIVE YURI!

Enjoy!

If you've been enjoying this work please whack the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Some part of Yuri knew that an omega off suppressants started preparing for a heat long before one who was on them. His ruts were the same. He’d notice little quirks several weeks in advance as his body readied itself for the intensity of instinct.

The difference between being off suppressants versus on was like a rising tide rather than the floodgates opening. He preferred the slow build as it was gentler, but it wasn’t worth the alpha traits in the interim.

Yuri first detected it the night before they were leaving for China. Victor’s nightmares had returned and he was scenting the Russian so that he could sleep when he smelled the tiniest hint of cinnamon. At first he thought it was just his imagination, but when the older man fell asleep against him on the flight it was unmistakable.

Some dormant part of Yuri awakened, and by the time they were getting off the flight he found himself overly protective and possessive of the omega. He wanted to snap and growl at alphas who came too close; to keep them away. He knew part of it was just exhaustion from travel, but also that his own suppressants were on the edge of usefulness.

“Yuri,” Victor turned to face him as they waited at the baggage carousel for their luggage. “You’re tense. Didn’t you sleep?”

Yuri looked up at the man. “I did. Just on edge is all.”

“About the competition?”

Yuri shook his head. “No. It’s nothing to worry about. A good night’s sleep should fix it.”
Victor was unsure, and it showed on his face. Yuri smiled, he knew that sleep would help. His alpha side was always stronger when he was tired. He reached up and slid a hand around Victor’s neck.

Victor leaned subtly into the touch.

“The first practice isn’t until this evening,” Yuri said softly. “And I don’t think either of us slept too well last night. How about a nap when we get to the hotel?”

Victor smiled, and Yuri saw the mask fall for a moment. Despite the scenting the night before, the Russian was exhausted.

They didn’t have time to take them often, but naps had become a special treat for the pair. It was comfortable, free of connotation. There was no pressure, just a moment of quiet. They’d curl up together and simply sleep, wrapped in each other’s arms and scents.

It was just the thing to soothe the raw edges of Yuri’s nerves, and ease Victor’s exhaustion.

Gentle understanding settled into the silence as they waited for their luggage and made their way to the hotel. They checked into their rooms, right next to each other, but Yuri did little more than take off his coat and push his suitcase to a corner. He immediately went to Victor’s room and pulled him into an embrace.

“You’re clingy today,” Victor murmured when the younger man protested at letting go so that they could crawl under a blanket.

Yuri couldn’t deny it. He wanted the Russian in his arms. His instincts demanded that his scent be strong enough on him that no other alpha would come close.

Victor stood at the edge of the bed. He placed his hand on Yuri’s jaw and ran his thumb over the younger man’s cheek. Yuri tilted his head immediately to sniff at the scent emanating from the older man’s wrist.

Kiss him! his instincts urged. Bite at his scent. Make it clear you’re his alpha.

“Let’s nap before it gets too late,” Yuri said softly.

Victor smiled and leaned over to set an alarm on the hotel’s clock. A moment later their limbs were entwined beneath a thin blanket.

“Yuri?” Victor asked after a few minutes, eyes closed and breathing even.

“Hmm?” Yuri murmured, not wanting to disturb the peace that had settled over them.

“Let’s get hot pot for dinner after practice.”

“Okay.”

Yuri knew as he helped a drunken Victor into bed that the reason the Russian had drank so much was not due to camaraderie, but because he was hoping to stave off his nightmares.

It was one of the reasons that Yuri wished Phichit hadn’t called Celestino. While he had his own guilt over dissolving their professional relationship, his former coach was an alpha who neither masked his scent nor took suppressants. Yuri was on edge, but had no idea how the Italian’s strong
scent would affect Victor.

The Russian’s drunken state, something that hadn’t been so bad since they’d started getting closer, was a sign of how he’d coped.

Victor was already asleep when Yuri tugged the blankets over him. As embarrassing as it had been to deal with him naked in the restaurant, it made getting him to bed easier.

Yuri looked at him, and, despite the alcohol, saw a tremble on the Russian’s lips. He sighed and laid on top of the covers, pulling his coach into his arms.

“I wish you’d talk to me about it Victor,” he whispered, not wanting to wake the man. “I don’t know how to help you, except to do this. I want to do more for you.”

Victor turned and buried his face against Yuri. The trembling had stopped.

Yuri ran his fingers through Victor’s hair. He was tired, but determined to ensure that the older man slept soundly. It was only as his own eyelids started to droop that he unwound himself.

He checked that Victor’s phone was charging on the nightstand, then set a water bottle and a couple of aspirin beside it. He wrote a note to make sure that the Russian got the hint about the medication then finally made his way to his own room.

He’d barely been in his room since dropping off his luggage in it that afternoon, only returning to get his gear for practice. It was cold, empty. Most importantly, it didn’t smell like Victor.

All he wanted was to return to the other man’s room and curl up beside him to sleep.

There were too many people paying attention to Victor. Chris and his coach, the female skaters from Russia, even Phichit, Yuri’s best friend, was more than the alpha wanted to deal with.

Yuri could barely detect the Russian’s scent, something he’d noticed as soon as he went to Victor’s room earlier that day. The sterile scent of a masking soap assaulted his senses instead of the gentle caress of sweet oranges and snow. It helped in a way, he was less likely to snap at people, but made him angry as well. He wanted to be the one protecting the platinum-haired man, his scent warning others away.

Yuri knew it was nonsense, masking soaps were common, but his instincts told him to be insulted. His scent wasn’t enough, the omega had to hide himself rather than count on the alpha.

It hurt in a way Yuri hadn’t expected, and it drove him to fight.

He was going to show the world that he had every right to have the highly decorated skater by his side. He was going to show Victor that he wanted to be his protector.

Seduce Victor.

Chris was talking to Victor, Yuri pretended to ignore it and continued warming up.

Seduction isn’t just making yourself unavailable. Yuri finally understood. It’s about sending a message so strong that the world knows the object of your affection is sure to reciprocate.

Victor lead him from the larger holding area to the tunnel that opened to the ice. He waited in a small
room and continued to stretch. He was the last person in the first group to skate, both a blessing and a
curse.

Phichit was on the monitor, skating to a song that he’d long wanted to. Yuri was proud of his friend.

Victor’s hand was on his shoulder, guiding him toward the ice.

*I’m going to show the world I’m worthy of you and your time. I’m going to show you that I’m
worthy to be your alpha.*

Yuri and Phichit passed in the tunnel. The Thai skater stopped and hugged him; wished him well on
his skate. He thanked his friend and congratulated him on his own performance.

Applause rang in his ears, sharp and annoying as Guang Hong finished his skate.

He was on the ice, braced on the barrier. Victor’s finger was driving him mad, tracing back and forth
along the back of his hand. He was going to show the world, Victor was his.

“The time to seduce me by picturing katsudon and women during your skate is over,” the Russian
murmured. “You can fight with your own personal charm.”

The hand on his tightened, the maddening finger a point of Yuri’s focus.

“You can envision it just fine, can’t you?”

Yuri couldn’t take it. He wanted the omega’s scent, his attention. He grabbed the teasing hand and
clasped it with his own. He pushed into Victor’s personal space, setting his forehead against the
Russian’s. There it was, faint, but enough, that delicious scent, hiding under the soap.

“Don’t ever take your eyes off me,” Yuri commanded.

He took his place on the ice.

*This is for you and you alone, Victor. The rest of the audience can only watch and wish they were as
wanted as much as I want you.*

He licked his lips, thought about tasting Victor’s mouth, the skin along his neck.

He looked to where his coach was standing. The man was blurry, but he knew his message would be
clear in his eyes. *You’re mine.*

The ice was perfect under his feet, he step sequence flawless. *I’m different now, and it’s because of
Victor. I don’t care what anybody else thinks.*

Triple axel… quadruple salchow.

*I’m the only one who can satisfy Victor. I’m the only one in the whole world who knows Victor’s
love.*

*I’ll prove that now.*

Quadruple toe loop, triple toe loop. Final spin. His arms wrapped around himself in the finishing
pose.

*This space in my arms is for you Victor.*
Platinum hair was waiting for him at the kiss and cry. Victor was draped over him.

*Did you get my message?*

Victor leaned in. “Yuri, did it feel that great?” The tone was one Yuri had never heard before, it made desire curl within him.

“Well, I was hoping everybody else felt great watching me.” *I hope you felt great watching me.*

The scores were announced. Yuri leaned in to squint at the screen.

“Of course they’d feel great watching a performance like that,” the Russian purred in his ear.

“You’re the best student.”

The scent of cinnamon surrounded him, somehow overpowering the distasteful aroma of the soap.

The applause died down, and they stood. The warmup for the second group was about to start.

They made their way to the competitor tunnel.

*Kiss him! Kiss him now! Claim him as yours!*

“Victor…” Yuri called to the man walking a few paces in front of him, confidence in his voice.

“Yes Yuri?” The Russian stopped and turned, an expectant look on his face.

Yuri took several steps, closing the distance between them, a low growl in his throat.

“Skater Katsuki!”

Yuri snapped back to reality with the appearance of newscaster Morooka and several other members of the press. Microphones were shoved in his face and he was bombarded with questions.

Victor slipped away as Yuri dealt with the onslaught of the media.

Yuri managed his escape once it was Georgi’s turn to skate, but couldn’t find his coach anywhere. The confidence that had filled him a moment ago was swiftly waning, the alpha urge to fight for the omega apparently satisfied with the skate.

He wandered into the lounge where Phichit and Guang Hong were watching Leo’s short program, which had just begun.

Yuri’s instinctive urge to claim his coach had dissipated. He wanted to find the older man, to make sure he was safe, but the overwhelming drive of moments prior was gone.

He decided to wait with Phichit and Guang Hong. Staying in one place would make it easier for Victor to find him.

Sure enough, the Russian walked in a moment later, just as Leo’s scores were announced, and wrapped his arms around Yuri.

The smell of the damnable masking soap was gone, along with it the cinnamon. Yuri understood that Victor had gone to the locker room and showered. He leaned into the embrace, savoring the scent of clean skin and the Russian’s unique aroma.

“You smell better,” Yuri whispered during the thunderous applause as Chris took his place on the
ice.

Victor replied by tightening his grip on the Japanese man.

Chris skated, and being engulfed in Victor’s smell allowed the courage to pool within Yuri again.

*I’ll talk to him tonight. I’ll do it right, not something driven by instinct.*

Chris’s program ended.

Yuri was in first.

The warmth of courage was replaced with the icy grip of expectation. He was bombarded by reporters once more.

He was in first, he was a skater reborn, he was expected to deliver a perfect free skate.

Any thought of discussing his feelings with Victor was driven from his mind as memories of failure overwhelmed him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I know, I’m still a dirty dirty tease. :-P

Hopefully the shift in writing style wasn’t too jarring as Yuri’s instincts took control. He still had a steady grip on them, but was definitely influenced. I wanted to convey that stilted style where his instincts and moments with Victor were all that mattered.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

---------------------------------------------------------------------

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another’s eyes.
Kiss

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Cup of China Free Skate, but Yuri is an anxious mess and combined with exhaustion threatens to topple him from the podium.

Chapter Notes

Here it is, (one of) the moment(s) you've all been waiting for. The Cup of China Free Skate!

Also a bonus author's note here at the beginning because at the end would be weird.

If you've been enjoying this work please hit the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

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So someone asked in comments for Victor's POV from the last chapter. I ended up writing the cliff notes for it, so here you go - Victor's POV for chapter 19

*What flipped his switch?*

*Naptime!*

*Hot pot?*

*What flipped his switch?*

*WHAT FLIPPED HIS SWITCH?*

*Thoroughly seduced!*

*Kiss me Yuri!*
Damn reporters.

Dang, I stink of arousal.

Aah shower.

Where's Yuri?

Cuddle Yuri!

Don't nut on the ice Chris!

Oh Chris...

Friggin reporters!

Yuri felt like death warmed over, and he looked like it too. Even moving was a struggle; as if there were lead weights attached to his arms and legs.

There was a knock at his door.

“Yuri?” Victor called. “Practice will start soon. Are you ready to go?”

Yuri didn’t want to face his coach looking like he did.

“I overslept,” Yuri lied. In reality he had barely slept at all and had alternated between nervous shuffled pacing and trying to rest for the past several hours. “Go on ahead. I’ll be a few minutes behind you.”

“I can wait.”

“No, no. Go on. I’ll be right there.”

“Ok.” Victor sounded unsure, but Yuri heard fading footsteps as the Russian headed toward the elevators.

Yuri groaned, and shuffled into the bathroom. He’d already showered but it hadn’t taken the edge off
his exhaustion. He turned on the faucet and ran cold water into the sink. He splashed it onto his face several times, but just ended up feeling like any warmth had been sucked from him.

He looked in the mirror, dark circles stood out under his eyes. He sighed. There was nothing he could do except push through. He ran a comb through his hair, draped his competitor badge around his neck, checked that his room key was in his wallet, and made his way to the rink.

Yuri spied Victor chatting with Chris as he made his way out of the competitor tunnel. They were smiling and laughing easily.

Yuri didn’t think he’d ever seen Victor like that. There was a comfort he had with the Swiss skater, and it was apparent that though they had been competitors for years they had a fierce friendship off the ice.

“Yuri!”

Yuri turned to see Phichit coming up behind him from the locker rooms. He smiled at his friend and received a frown in return. Phichit stormed up and put a hand on Yuri’s shoulder.

“Yuri? Why didn’t you tell me it was this bad?”

Yuri ran his fingers through his hair nervously. “I didn’t know it was going to be this bad until it was late.”

“So?”

“It’s not like it’s been before Phichit. Besides…” he faltered.

“Besides?” Phichit pushed.

Yuri didn’t want to tell his best friend that the thing he was craving was Victor’s scent; Victor’s words of encouragement.

“It’s not like it was at Four Continents two years ago,” Yuri finally said. “The stakes were high then, but the pressure is much worse here.”

Phichit scowled. “I’m here too you know.”

Yuri tried to smile at his friend, but the Thai skater didn’t let him. He pulled the Japanese man into a hug, and Yuri melted into the embrace.

“I want you on the podium beside me Yuri,” Phichit whispered. “I’m taking gold, but you better grab silver.”

Phichit stepped back and smiled. “I never saw you skate like that under Ciao Ciao. You’ve grown so much. You always had the skill to win, so make me work for my gold. Ok?”

The men stared at each other, and Yuri knew that Phichit was about to say something else to encourage his friend when Celestino spied them.

“Phichit! Catch up with Yuri later. You’ve only got an hour for practice, so get on the ice,” the coach called.

Phichit nodded and walked toward his coach. “I’ll see you later Yuri!”

Yuri saw Victor perk up out of the corner of his eye, probably at hearing his student’s name. He
turned, saw Yuri, and swiftly concluded his conversation with Chris.

Yuri walked over, ready to listen to any of Victor’s practice instructions. Instead the Russian scowled at him. “Yuri, you haven’t slept, have you?”

“I… I did. A little bit anyway.”

Victor’s eyes narrowed. He grabbed Yuri’s jacket and dragged him back toward the locker room.

“Victor!” Yuri protested. “What are you doing? The practice is only an hour.”

“I’m not letting you on the ice like this,” Victor grumbled. “You barely have any balance, you’d just hurt yourself out there.”

“You’re walking too fast, that’s why I’m off balance!”

Victor stopped and stared at the Japanese man. He stepped in and held Yuri’s face in his hands, thumbs stroking along his cheeks.

The touch was so soothing that Yuri couldn't help but close his eyes.

“You’re exhausted Yuri,” Victor murmured. “I’d rather lose this practice than deplete any more of your energy.”

“But my program…” Yuri argued weakly.

Victor sighed. “You’re not going to be able to skate it at all like this.”

Yuri whined.

Victor leaned in. “I’m not letting you on that ice like this,” he repeated. “So get in that locker room and take off your skates.”

Yuri wanted to argue, but honestly didn’t have the energy. He collapsed onto a bench and pulled his skates off. He stored them in his assigned locker, put on his sneakers and slumped back into the hallway.

Victor looked at him, an intense stare that made Yuri slightly uncomfortable, then grabbed his arm and led him from the arena.

“Victor!” Yuri protested again, but the Russian was undeterred. A few minutes later they were on the shuttle that ran between the arena and hotel.

By the time they reached the lobby Yuri had stopped protesting and allowed himself to be dragged to his room, but he balked again when Victor ordered him to strip.


Yuri’s alpha side reared its head for a moment, insulted about being bossed around. But it was quickly suppressed by the exhaustion. He was too tired to argue any more.

He pulled off his shirt and sweatpants, then looked at Victor.

The Russian nodded in approval, stepped close and tugged a sleeping mask over Yuri’s eyes. He then slid his arms around Yuri’s waist and picked the smaller man up.
“Victor!”

Yuri was tossed onto his bed and a blanket draped over him. It was immediately anchored by Victor’s weight.

“Nap until this evening’s event starts,” the Russian murmured, releasing as much of his scent as he could. “It’ll be fine. I always slept in until the last minute before competitions, too.”

Victor settled down, half on top of Yuri and pinning the younger man to the bed, his scent engulfing Yuri’s senses.

“Victor! Did you set an alarm?”

The platinum-haired man was silent, only filling the room with his pheromones.

Somehow it stressed Yuri, that he couldn’t move or set an alarm himself, but he soon succumbed to the silence and the soothing scent of the omega.

They managed to make it to the arena in time, despite the lack of an alarm.

Unfortunately, taking the edge off the exhaustion did little to ease Yuri’s anxiety. His hands trembled and almost everything made him jittery. Worse, he could smell the concern on Victor and was in no state to reassure the man.

“Yuri, were you unable to take a nap?” Victor was wearing his mask again, hiding his worries and acting like a coach.

Yuri blinked. *He’d been there the entire time hadn’t he? “Huh? I did nap! I did!”*

Victor stared, then banned him from doing jumps during the warmup.

Yuri had to jump. He’d missed practice and needed to get that feel of the ice under him. If he didn’t then he might not be able to at all during his program. However the feelings of inadequacy only got stronger when he tumbled out of a landing.

He could feel the eyes of the other skaters on him. Chris had been there the year prior during his failure, Phichit had seen him nervous so many times that he knew exactly how Yuri would crack.

*They know they just need to skate clean. That’s all it’ll take to knock me off the podium.*

Yuri knew it was his anxiety talking, but the voice only got louder as music filled the hall where he was warming up. He turned to watch the monitors as he tried to keep loose, but Guang-hong’s performance only put him more on edge.

*I can’t do this. I can’t watch.*

Yuri reached out and turned off the monitor. When he heard another a short distance away he went to it and turned it off as well. Finally he sat on a chair in the hall, trembling uncontrollably.

“Yuri, why don’t you keep stretching,” Victor suggested.

*Yeah. Keep moving, keep the muscles loose.*
Yuri moved from one exercise to another. Nothing felt right. The world was shaking apart at the seams and nobody else seemed to notice.

He heard music and applause as Chris started his program.

*It’s Chris. Of course he’ll win. Victor’s not on the ice to hold him back. Why did I think I could do this? I’m just going to humiliate myself again.*

Victor was leading him away from the ice, down to the parking garage. The cement muted the sound some.

Applause drifted down, overwhelming despite the barrier of concrete.

*Oh god. Who just skated? Was it Chris? Who’s in the lead? What are the scores? How badly will I fail? I have to know.*

Yuri asked Victor, but the Russian instead told him to calm down.

*How am I supposed to be calm? I’m going to fail again. I’m going to show the world that they were right, that I’m not worthy of you.*

*I’m going to fail you.*

*Victor… I’m going to fail, and you’ll leave.*

*I can’t lose you.*

*Please don’t go.*


Yuri nodded and slid the buds into his ears as the first notes of Phichit’s piece drifted down.

The piano music helped. It was soothing. He clung to it as he moved, keeping his muscles limber. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the gentle notes and moving to it.

*Keep loose. Trust Victor. Focus.*

The piece ended and Yuri opened his eyes. Victor was staring at the ceiling, a strange look on his face.

He pulled the earbuds out and was about to ask when he heard the applause. It was thunderous, even in the garage.

Yuri froze.

*Who was that? Oh god! I can’t. The audience is on their feet. How can I possibly compare? I’m going to lose Victor. He’ll have thrown away an entire season for a failure. Victor will be seen as a failure because he couldn’t make me into a winner.*

*No…*  

Despair curled in Yuri’s stomach, and a part of him felt sick.
Victor’s hands were on his ears, his scent, tainted with worry, filled Yuri’s nose. “Don’t listen!”

The Russian stared straight into his soul, determination across his face.

Silence as the audience waited for a skater’s scores. It was time to go. Yuri said something about getting back, and without waiting for Victor started toward the stairs.

“Yuri,” Victor called after a few paces. Yuri turned to look at the Russian, who was wearing an indecipherable expression. “If you mess up this free skate and miss the podium, I’ll take responsibility by resigning as your coach.”

Thoughts swirled in Yuri’s mind.

What?

No!

Why?

It won’t be your fault!

Please don’t go.

Victor, I need you.

Please… I… I

Victor… I love you!

Tears spilled unbidden from his eyes. “Why would you say something like that, like you’re trying to test me?”

Victor was trying to apologize, but the floodgates had opened. He mumbled about his own failures; said something about how it was worse because of how his performance would reflect on Victor.

Then he said the words that he’d locked inside himself for months, terrified to speak them for fear that they would come true. “I’ve been wondering if you secretly want to quit!”

Were all those months for nothing? I know they weren’t.

“Of course I don’t.”

“I know that!”

Of course not. People who want to quit would let their student scent them. A person who wanted to quit wouldn’t take naps in the sun with their protege. It’s ridiculous to think you’d want to quit now, but my mind doesn’t believe me.

Victor was saying something about crying and not knowing what to do.

Just believe in me.

“Should I just kiss you or something?” Victor asked. Yuri could smell the desperation as the Russian sought an answer.

Not like this!
“No! Just have more faith than I do that I’ll win!” Yuri cried.

*Just believe in me. Be my anchor through this!*

“You don’t have to say anything. Just stand by me!”

*I need you Victor. Please. We may not be mates, we may not be lovers, but you’re the person closest to me. I need the man I love to have faith in me.*

Victor stared at him, then took a couple cautious steps towards him before wrapping the younger skater in his arms.

Yuri was engulfed by his scent, the worry was still there, but he could smell trust as well.

“I’m right here Yuri. I’ll always be right here. I’ll believe in you enough for the both of us,” the Russian whispered against his hair.

Victor pushed back and lifted Yuri’s chin so that their eyes met. “I’ve believed in you since the beginning. I wouldn’t have gone to Japan if I didn’t believe in you.”

Yuri’s breath hitched in his throat. Victor’s thumb ran along his cheek.

“I believed in you since your senior debut. Remember? I researched you for years. I’ve always believed that you have the talent to win.”

Yuri collapsed against the taller man, tears falling again. The words helped, but not as much as they should have.

*I wish I’d heard that sooner. I needed that before now.*

They stood that way for several seconds, tension filling the air.

Victor’s gloved thumb ran over Yuri’s cheek again, wiping away the tears. “I’m sorry Yuri.”

Yuri nodded into his chest, it was the best acceptance he could give right then.

Applause filtered down again, paused and increased as another skater took the ice. They only had a couple minutes to get back and put on his skates.

“We better go,” Yuri whispered, stepping out of the embrace.

For the first time, it hadn’t helped.

Victor was flying at Yuri, arms encircled him. One held the back of his head and the other wrapped around his shoulders.

Their faces were so close, and Victor’s eyes were closing as Yuri’s were widening.

Their lips brushed, the faintest touch, but Yuri felt the desire. Then they were gone. Victor’s head was to the side and they came to a jarring stop on the ice. The wind was knocked out of Yuri, but he didn’t think he was injured.

The rink was absolutely silent for a heartbeat.
“That was the only thing I could think of to surprise you more than you’ve surprised me,” Victor said softly as he pushed himself up to gaze down at the younger man, a look in his eyes that Yuri had never seen before.

_God I love this man._

“Really?”

The applause was deafening, but it was somehow softer than Yuri’s own heartbeat. Victor leaned in and their foreheads touched.

“I knew you could do it,” Victor whispered.

They laid there for several seconds, until the chill nipped at Yuri’s back. “Ok you big goof,” he said fondly. “I’m going to freeze if you don’t let me up. You’re wearing a coat. I’m wearing a mesh panel.”

Victor smiled, and for a moment Yuri thought the older man would kiss him again. Instead the Russian got to his knees and scrambled from the ice, leaning back from the barrier to offer a hand up.

Yuri couldn’t concentrate on his scores, though Victor seemed excited about them. Yuri had earned a silver medal.

The ghost of Victor’s lips on his own was more important than the medal.

Victor tugged on his jacket. “Come on Yuri. You should freshen up before the medal ceremony.”

Yuri let himself be led through the competitor tunnel. Skaters congratulated him, and he somehow managed to be gracious, despite the fact that he was walking through a haze.

Yuri saw Phichit and Chris as they entered the locker room, both men wiping the sweat from their faces, and adjusting costumes to be pristine again.

Yuri looked at the mirror, then at Victor.

“Victor. Can we talk?” Yuri whispered.

Victor gazed at him for a moment, then nodded.

The door opened behind them and an event official poked their head in. “Ten minutes until the medal ceremony.”

Yuri nodded out of habit, even as Victor lead him away from where the other men were preparing at the mirror. They made their way to the far end of the room, near the lockers.

Yuri’s anxiety was creeping back in. _Had the kiss been a mistake? Was it meant to be a hug?_

“Yuri?”

Yuri squeeze his eyes shut for a few seconds then looked up at Victor. “Why… why did you kiss me?”

Victor smiled. “Because I wanted to surprise you.”

“Was… that all?” Yuri said, looking at the floor.. _Of course it didn’t mean anything else._
Victor stepped into his space, and lifted Yuri’s chin. “Because I wanted to kiss you,” Victor said, voice softening in tone and volume.

Yuri took a shuddering breath as Victor leaned in closer.

“Because I couldn’t hold back any longer.”

Victor’s lips were on his again. Yuri froze. The softness, the warmth, Victor, all overwhelming him. It ended and Victor moved back a little. “Yuri? Are you ok?”

Yuri was still processing. Victor kissed me!

Yuri smelled the nervousness. “Yuri… I… I’m sorry. I… I didn’t mean to…”

Don’t apologize!

Victor moved to take a step back.

No!

Yuri reached out and grabbed the lapels of Victor’s coat. He roughly pulled the Russian close again.

“Yuri?”

He bunched the fabric in his hands, forcing their chests together. He realized he was growling low in his throat.

“Yuri… I shouldn’t have… not without…”

Yuri rose up as much as his skates would allow and used the grip on the coat to pull Victor down. Their lips crashed together.

Yes!

Victor stiffened for half a second before relaxing into the kiss.

Yuri had no idea what he was doing, he’d never kissed anybody before. His body knew what it wanted though.

He pressed their lips together, chaste and clean. The warmth, the feel of Victor’s mouth on his own was even better than he’d imagined it could be. He savored it before putting some space between them.

“Yuri?” Victor whispered.

“Was that ok?”


“Good.”

Their lips came together again. Yuri released Victor’s coat and ran his hands up to tangle his fingers in platinum hair. He kept the Russian’s face close.

Victor’s lips were soft, despite spending so much time in the drying environment of the rink. They were warm, quiet embers that spread to Yuri and warmed him throughout.
Victor gasped when Yuri pulled his bottom lip between his and sucked on it lightly.

_It tastes like his ridiculously expensive lip balm._

They parted for a heartbeat before starting again. Years of longing and months of sexual tension crashed around them and they couldn’t get enough of each other.

Yuri lost track of time. It could have been a minute or a year. Victor, and the kisses he’d longed for, were all that mattered.

Yuri heard a gasp that wasn’t Victor’s.

_Mine!_ his internal alpha proclaimed. He broke the kiss to see Chris and Phichit standing nearby and staring at them.

Yuri growled low in his throat at the intruders. Phichit backed away immediately, knowing Yuri almost never growled.

Chris’s eyes narrowed and he stepped closer, replying with a growl of his own.

Yuri saw Phichit’s eyes widen. The Thai skater took another step back, expecting an alpha fight.

Yuri’s hands dropped back to Victor’s coat. He gently pushed the Russian aside so that Yuri was between him and Chris.

Yuri’s growl deepened. _Mine_!

Chris’s growl grew in intensity as well, and he stepped into Yuri’s space.

Their eyes never left the other.

Chris reached out, and Yuri prepared to fight when the tone of Swiss alpha’s growl changed. It said more than words could. _I’m not challenging you for your mate, so get your head out of your ass and pay attention._

Yuri blinked and he fell silent.

Chris fist the sleeve of Yuri’s costume. “I don’t appreciate being growled at Yuri,” he snarled. “Now I’m very happy for the two of you. It was about time you stopped dancing around each other and figured it out. But now is not the time.”

Yuri blinked in confusion.

“We’ve got to be back on the ice in five minutes. So do what you need, accept your medal, and you two can ravish each other in the hotel tonight.”

Yuri blushed at the suggestion.

Chris released his costume. “After dinner of course. I haven’t seen my best friend and rival since worlds, and I fully intend to go out and catch up with him, and I guess his new boyfriend.” Chris looked over his shoulder. “And probably his boyfriend’s best friend, seeing how close the two of you are.”

Chris stepped back and stomped toward the mirrors again.

Yuri heard the distinct sound of an aerosol spray, then Chris reappeared and tossed the can to
“Don’t let either of them out of here without using that. They reek of each other. Yuri’s pheromones will definitely be a problem right now if not masked, and there’s no time for a shower.”

Phichit nodded, glancing at Chris, Yuri, and back again.

Chris stormed out of the locker room.

Victor was rubbing Yuri’s arm where it was still holding him back. “Yuri,” the Russian said softly.

Yuri looked up at the platinum-haired man. “I’m sorry.” His gaze dropped. “I… I had no right to get so aggressive.”

Victor turned Yuri around and pulled him into his arms. He kissed Yuri’s hair, then tilted his chin up to plant a chaste kiss to his lips. “It’s ok.”

Victor smiled, and Yuri blushed in reply.

“Chris is right though,” Victor said after a moment. “We do need to get back to the ice.”

Yuri nodded.

“And I’m starving.”

Yuri stared, then laughed, a sound which Victor matched.

“Chris will forgive you soon enough,” Victor reassured. “He’s really easygoing.”

Yuri smiled.

Victor looked over at Phichit. “I think you were just invited to dinner too. You joining us?”

Phichit beamed. “Of course!”

Victor nodded. “Good. Now hand us that masking spray. Chris is right. Neither Yuri nor I can go out smelling like this.”

The dinner party grew to include Leo, Guang-hong and Georgi. They decided on a late-night restaurant nearby, recommended by the Chinese skater, and were soon seated around a large table, trading dishes and sampling the cuisine.

Just as Victor had said, by the time the medal ceremony had concluded Chris had returned to his normal jovial mood and was joking and flirting with his competitors. Yuri could barely believe that the man laughing on the other side of Victor was the same alpha he had almost fought earlier.

Going to dinner as a group had proved to be a wise decision. Though the mainstream media had respected their privacy enough to avoid the question, the fans and tabloids were far more persistent. The other skaters formed a barrier around Victor and Yuri as they left the arena, and Yuri was grateful for it.

Victor was trying to tell Georgi that Anya wasn’t right for him when Yuri felt Phichit’s hand on his arm. He turned to his friend.
“Are you ok Yuri?” Phichit whispered. “I’ve never heard you growl like that, and I thought after five years of sharing an apartment I’d heard almost every alpha growl you had.”

Yuri smiled. “I’m fine. It was a misunderstanding.”

Phichit studied his face for a moment, then nodded. “For a moment I thought you and Chris were going to fight.”

Yuri felt some of the blood drain from his face, remembering how close it had actually been to that. “Yeah, I was a bit out of my head. But he was able to snap me out of it.”

Phichit cocked his head, stared for a moment, then sighed. “I swear, you alphas have a language all your own. All I heard was growling.”

Yuri smiled. “We get our points across.”

Phichit laughed. “I guess I should be glad I’m a beta. I don’t have to deal with all of that.”

Yuri grinned and hugged his friend. “Thanks Phichit. I was a horrible friend today. I’m sorry.”

Phichit hugged back. “Yuri, I knew from the moment I saw you this morning that it wasn’t a good day. I’ve already forgiven you.”

Both men laughed, and Yuri blushed as Victor turned and draped himself over his shoulders. “Hey Yuuuuuri, what are you talking about?”

Victor’s arms snaked around Yuri’s middle and the younger man leaned back into the embrace. “I was just apologizing to Phichit for being a bad friend.”

Victor smiled and nosed at Yuri’s neck. “Hmmm.”

Yuri shifted so that Victor could get more of his scent. “And I should apologize to you too. I was a horrible student.”

Victor’s grip tightened around his middle. “Mmmm, you’re forgiven.”

Phichit had teased Victor away from Yuri’s side on the walk back to the hotel, and Chris quickly slid into the vacant space.

Yuri blushed. He had somebody else to apologize to. “I’m sorry for growling at you Chris.” He looked out of the corner of his eye to see a soft smile on the Swiss man’s face.

“It’s ok Yuri. I think it took me by surprise more than anything.”

“I never knew you were an alpha.”

“I didn’t know you were one either, so we’re even.”

Yuri smiled.

“That said…” Chris began, a serious tone in his voice. “I won’t forgive you if you hurt Victor.”

One of Yuri’s eyebrows rose at the threat.
“I’ve known him a long time Yuri. I’ve consoled him through bad breakups. I thought he’d never get involved with an alpha again after the last time. I don’t want to see him hurt like that anymore. Got it?”

Yuri swallowed and nodded. “How… how well do you know him?”

“I’ve offered to help him during…” Chris waved his hands to indicate that Yuri should just complete the sentence on his own. “I don’t know if that answers your question or not.”

Yuri made an unsure noise and glanced up.

Chris sighed. “I don’t know and I never asked about his past from before we met. There’s too much pain there. I could see it in his eyes when he refused my help. I never offered again, just the suggestion seemed too much.”

Yuri nodded in silent understanding of what Chris was trying to say.

Let him come to you.

They were almost to the hotel when Yuri felt Victor at his back. “What are you two talking about?”

Chris turned his head to look at the Russian and grinned. “I was telling your student that he had better clean up that flip before Barcelona if he wants to challenge me. It was a valiant attempt, but I won’t go easy on him.”

Victor laughed. “Seems that Chris has issued a challenge, eh Yuri? How do you think we should respond?”

“How fast can you teach me a quad lutz?”

Chris’s eyes widened slightly before he grinned, and Victor’s laughter intensified.

“That’s my Yuri!”

The group piled into the elevators, and as they ascended others got off one by one. Finally it was Chris, Victor and Yuri. The two friends spoke easily until they reached Chris’s floor. The Swiss man smiled as he exited, but Yuri couldn’t miss the glance thrown his way.

You’ll get that fight if you hurt him.

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s neck. “I’m so proud of you Yuri. You really did surprise me tonight.”

Yuri turned in Victor’s embrace and looked up at the man who was now his boyfriend. He couldn’t help but stare. Victor, that beautiful, perfectly imperfect man, whom he had idolized for years was there, holding him in his arms.

He wondered briefly if it was a dream.

“Yuri?” Victor asked softly.

“Kiss me.”

Victor smiled and leaned in, pressing his lips to Yuri’s.

The elevator dinged on their floor, and they separated as the doors slid open.
Their hands found each other’s as they walked down the silent hall, fingers entwining.

“Come in?” Yuri asked as they stared at the side-by-side doors.

Victor smiled and nodded, following Yuri into his room.

The door had no more than closed before their mouths crashed together again. The kisses were chaste at first, but Yuri quickly wanted more. The alpha inside of him wanted to devour the omega. His tongue darted out and licked at Victor’s lips, requesting access, which the Russian promptly granted.

The heat of Victor’s mouth, the taste of his breath was too much. Yuri moaned as he explored the wet cavern, their tongues dancing and flirting. He was dizzy with want; flush with need.

He was also completely and undeniably exhausted.

His body shook with confusion before he slumped into Victor’s arms. The Russian held and kissed him silently for a moment before the passion evened out and the smoldering heat between them was little more than an ember.

“I think it’s time for you to sleep Yuri,” Victor said softly. “Let’s get you into bed, da?”

Yuri smiled and nodded. He allowed his boyfriend to guide him to the bed and sat down. He watched as the Russian moved to rummage through his suitcase, quickly returning with pajamas.

“Do you need help?” Victor asked.

Yuri shook his head, shrugged out of his shirt and pants, and only almost fell over once as he tugged the nightclothes on.

Victor moved to the head of the bed, pulled down the covers and guided Yuri to it. Yuri sat on the edge and the Russian kissed his forehead. Victor turned to leave.

Don’t go!

Yuri reached out and grabbed Victor’s sleeve.

“Yuri?”

“If… if it’s ok…would you… spend the night?”

Yuri blushed, and turned away but after a few seconds of silence looked at Victor who was blinking in confusion.

“Not for… that,” Yuri clarified, waving his hands weakly. “But, we already nap together, and it’s so good. So wouldn’t spending the night like that be even better?” His voice was hopeful.

Victor smiled. “I’d love to Yuri. But…”

Yuri stiffened at the word. Did I go too fast?

“Let’s go to my room instead?”

Yuri blinked and released a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding.

“My bed is bigger,” Victor explained.
Yuri smiled and nodded. A few minutes later they were under the covers in Victor’s room, legs tangled together and Yuri’s head comfortably against Victor’s chest.

“Goodnight Yuri,” Victor murmured as he pressed a kiss to Yuri’s hair.

Yuri could only sigh in contentment as he drifted off in his boyfriend’s arms.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

KISS!!!! AND MORE KISSES!!! AND FINALLY SLEEPING TOGETHER!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another’s eyes.
Yuri was warm and comfortable. Even without opening his eyes he knew that sunlight was streaming into the room. He was happy. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d been so content in the morning, and briefly wondered why.

As his senses started to wake he noticed the unmistakable scent of Victor. He hummed and curled further into the blanket. His head hit something soft yet firm. Yuri grunted softly at the unexpected barrier and opened his eyes. He was greeted with the sight of soft t-shirt fabric.

Huh?

Yuri moved back again, his eyes tracing up the fabric to skin, then Victor’s soft sleeping face.

Yuri’s breath caught in his throat. Waking beside the Russian after a nap was nothing like waking up next to him in the morning. He was beautiful, peaceful, hair a mess, chest rising and falling softly with even breaths.

Fuzzy memories of the previous day flooded him: exhaustion, anxiety, skating... and kissing the man he loved.

Yuri released a shuddering breath and reached out to caress Victor’s face. He’d touched him so many times over the past few months, but it was different now. He marvelled at the softness of Victor’s skin, pads of his fingers tracing over delicate yet masculine features. The light stubble along his jaw, so fine Yuri couldn’t see it, was a reminder that the moment was real.

Victor squeezed his eyes as he started to rouse, blinked a few times to focus, then smiled gently. “Ohayo Yuri.”
Yuri blushed and returned the smile. “Dobroye utro.”

Victor’s smile widened and he leaned forward to press his lips to Yuri’s. Yuri started, then melted into the soft chaste kisses.

It was better than he’d even thought possible.

Victor’s tongue darted out and licked at the seam of Yuri’s lips.

Yuri pulled back.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, a concerned tone at having the kiss rejected.

“Don’t… don’t you want me to brush my teeth first?” Yuri blushed. “Morning breath and all…”

Victor smiled, cradled the back of Yuri’s head and moved in again. “Brushing your teeth means you getting out of bed. Morning breath is nothing compared to the lack of you beside me right now.”

Yuri felt that his heart was about to burst as Victor closed the distance between them again. When the Russian licked at his lips a second time he parted them and moaned as a warm tongue pushed into his mouth.

Yuri shifted to give Victor better access, and he quickly took advantage, leaning over the younger man and delving into the warm cavern.

Long fingers wound into Yuri’s hair, holding him just where Victor wanted, and Yuri immediately reciprocated, plunging his own hands into platinum locks.

“Mmmm, Yuri,” Victor whispered as they separated. “It’s so good to finally be kissing you.”

Yuri blushed and looked into Victor’s eyes. “You too.”

Victor smiled and leaned in for another round of breathless kisses.

It was all so good: being so close that they were sharing the same air, the tiny gasps and moans Victor made as they tasted each other, the way their bodies pressed together as if any distance was too much. It was a heady feeling, and Yuri loved every second.

Yuri knew he was getting aroused, but gasped as Victor shifted and fabric pulled across his hardening length.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, hovering over him, concern written across his face.

Yuri took a second to catch his breath, the feeling in his cock was too much right then. He blushed as he got himself under control. “I’m fine, but…”

Victor blinked a few times. “But?”

Yuri’s blush deepened. “I think we should slow down some.”

Confusion crossed Victor’s face before it softened into an expression of understanding. He smiled and leaned back in, but the kisses were soft and chaste.

“Better?” Victor asked after a moment.

Yuri nodded. “Sorry. I know it was good.”
Victor smiled. “Never apologize for speaking up for yourself or your needs.” He cupped Yuri’s face and ran his thumb over his cheekbone. “I never want you to be uncomfortable. Ok?”

Yuri smiled and nodded. He pushed up enough to press his lips to Victor’s once more. He was considering pulling Victor back down to continue when his stomach growled.

Both men turned to look at the offending spot on his body, and burst into laughter. They exchanged a few more soft kisses before Victor shifted and got out of bed. “I guess that means it’s time to get up.”

Yuri smiled and watched the Russian stretch, his top riding up to expose a strip of skin along his abdomen. Yuri licked his lips, suddenly wanting to taste it; wanting to bite it and leave a mark.

Victor smiled down at him, knelt on the bed, kissed him again, then stood. “Come on. Let’s get some breakfast before the exhibition practice.”

Yuri nodded and swung his legs over the edge of the bed. He blinked as he looked around, and remembered that his stuff was in the other room.

“I guess I should go shower and get dressed.”

Victor eyed him from where he was still standing on the other side of the bed. “I wouldn’t mind you going down just like that, but it’s probably a good idea.”

Yuri padded toward the door, but was stopped when Victor grabbed his arm and pulled him into an embrace. “One for the road.”

Yuri smiled and allowed his mouth to be claimed once more.

Yuri saw exuberant waving as soon as he and Victor stepped into the hotel’s restaurant. Phichit, Chris, Celestino and Coach Karpisek were all seated around a large table. The group turned to see who the Thai skater was waving at, and, without a word, shifted to make room.

“Shall we Yuri?” Victor asked softly.

Yuri nodded. “Yeah.”

They moved to take a seat among their counterparts, Victor snagging an unused chair from a nearby table.

There was a moment of silence, then Celestino broke it. “Congratulations on your silver medal Yuri.” The Italian coach then turned to Victor. “And to you as well Victor. It’s quite an achievement for your first year as a coach. You drew something out of him that I was never able to.”

Yuri squirmed slightly in embarrassment before looking at Victor out of the corner of his eye.

“I should be thanking you,” Victor replied confidently. “He’s an amazing skater and it’s no doubt that your training had a dramatic impact on him.”

Somehow the acknowledgement shattered a wall between them. Yuri wasn’t sure what had caused the iciness between the coaches, but the mutual respect allowed them to see each other as equals.

“Yes Victor!” Coach Karpisek added. “I wasn’t convinced at first either, but you might have a good
future as a coach.”

“Thank you.”

Yuri smiled at seeing Victor bow slightly, a habit obviously picked up from his months in Japan.

What went unsaid was the relationship between the two that went beyond coach and student, something that Yuri was thankful to avoid at that point.

Pleasantries exchanged, the two senior coaches resumed a conversation that they had been having before Yuri and Victor arrived, giving the younger men the opportunity to talk amongst themselves.

Phichit immediately wrapped his arms around Yuri. “You look so much better today!”

Yuri smiled. “Yeah. I feel better.”

“You’ll come sightseeing with me between practice and the exhibition won’t you?”

“I don’t know Phichit… I don’t want to get too tired before tonight’s skate.”

“Come on Yuri. Besides, you probably need to buy gifts for everybody. Right? See the sights and get your purchases out of the way at the same time.”

Yuri stalled for a moment before Chris leaned in from his conversation with Victor. “Count me in, where’re we going?”

Phichit immediately turned to the Swiss skater. “I was thinking the Forbidden City.”

Victor grumbled and shook his head.

“No?” Phichit asked.

Both Victor and Chris laughed.

“We tried doing that one several years ago the day before the short program,” Chris explained.

“I thought my legs were going to fall off when we got on the ice for practice,” Victor continued with a laugh.

Phichit raised an eyebrow.

“We may be competitive athletes, but it’s a lot of walking and standing around,” Chris finished. “I think it would be fun to go again, but not on a day I have to skate.”

“Oh…” Phichit replied, sinking in his chair a bit.

“I know!” Chris said. “How about the Bird’s Nest and Water Cube?”

Phichit perked up at the suggestion. “What’s that?”

“Those are two of the venues from the two-thousand eight summer Olympic games,” Chris explained. “They’re supposed to be better at night, but I wouldn’t mind a daytime look. After that we can head to one of the market districts.”

The two men bantered back and forth about the site, and where else to go.

Victor slid his hand under the table and rested it on Yuri’s knee before squeezing. Yuri looked up
into his ocean-blue eyes.

“Are you ok with sightseeing Yuri?” Victor asked softly. “You seemed hesitant.”

Yuri smiled. “I don’t want to exert myself too much before the exhibition, but a little should be fine. Besides, Phichit’s right, I do need to buy omiyage still.”

Victor returned the smile and kissed Yuri’s forehead, making the younger man blush.

Yuri heard the distinct sound of a camera app, and knew without looking who the culprit was. “No Phichit.”

“Yuuuuuri!” the Thai skater protested. “Come on, my followers will love it.”

“No. But I won’t make you delete it.”

Phichit grumbled, but agreed to the compromise.

“Now Victor,” Coach Karpisek called from across the table. “As the coach in the group we’ll expect you to make sure our students get back to us in good skating condition.”

Victor laughed. “That’s new, usually you just tell me to make sure Chris comes back alive.”

“Added responsibility comes with the job title,” Celestino joked.

Yuri smiled, happy to see that Victor was finally starting to be recognized as a coach.

Food was delivered to the newcomers, but Yuri and Victor had barely taken a few bites when Chris stood. Victor looked up at him with a raised eyebrow.

“I need to prepare for practice,” Chris said with a smile before walking away.

A few minutes later Phichit stood as well. “See you at the arena Yuri.”

“You’re going too?”

Phichit grinned. “It’s not that far, I had already planned to jog there rather than take the shuttle this morning. But it does take an extra few minutes that way.”

Yuri nodded, knowing that his former roommate sometimes just needed to run off extra energy, even if he had a full day ahead of him.

The coaches continued their conversation while Victor and Yuri ate. They had almost finished their meal when Yuri felt fingertips brush lightly across his back. He looked up to see Minako standing there.

“Ohayo Minako-sensei,” Yuri said, bowing slightly.

“Ohayo Yuri,” she replied before switching to English for the benefit of the others at the table. “Is this seat taken?”

“Phichit left a few minutes ago to head to the arena for practice, so it’s open.”

Minako smiled and sat down next to her dance student.

The coaches stopped their conversation and looked at the newcomer. “Yuri, aren’t you going to
introduce us?” Celestino asked.

Yuri blinked a couple times, then blushed. “I forgot you’ve never met. Coach Celestino, Coach Karpisek, this is Minako Okukawa. She is my dance instructor, and the one who encouraged me to start figure skating.”

Both men smiled and welcomed the dancer to the table.

“So you’re the one who taught Yuri to dance?” Celestino asked after a moment.

Minako nodded. “Yes. He’s been dancing since he was just a small boy.”

Celestino nodded. “I could see as soon as he came to me that he must have been well trained in dance. He was much more graceful when I took him on than almost any student who’d come before. It’s nice to finally meet the person behind that.”

Yuri couldn’t help but notice the slight blush that crept across Minako’s cheeks. He smiled, knowing that she always liked it when people complimented her students.

Coach Karpisek leaned in and started asking Minako about her background, and soon the three were deep in conversation.

A few minutes later Yuri and Victor had finished their meals and made their exit from the lively conversation that had sprung up between the coaches and the dancer.

“Seems they’re getting along,” Victor said as they made their way toward where the shuttle would pick them up.

Yuri nodded and smiled before leaning against his boyfriend as they walked. Victor quickly got the hint and draped an arm over his shoulders.

“You’re ok with this?” Victor asked as they waited for the shuttle. “You’ve always seemed reserved about any kind of public affection.”

Yuri nodded. “For now, I just want to be close. But… it probably will take time for me to become comfortable with it on a regular basis.”

Victor smiled and pulled him closer. “Take your time Yuri, you’re worth waiting for.”

A moment passed before Yuri had the courage to ask something else. “Do… do you need to scent me?”

Victor turned and blinked. “Yuri?”

“The other night, I noticed you drank more after Celestino arrived. I assume it’s because he has quite a… presence. I just want to make sure you’re ok.”

Victor smiled softly. “Thank you Yuri. I’m fine.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded. “There was more space between us this time. Besides, I’m still riding the high from sleeping with you in my arms.”

Yuri blushed, and the two exchanged a brief kiss before stepping onto the shuttle.
The men left as a group after the short exhibition practice. Phichit was already chattering away about what he wanted to see at the old Olympic venues, obviously having looked them up on his phone after arriving at the arena before everybody else.

On the way out Yuri saw Minako and Coach Celestino heading off together, deep in conversation.

“It’s nice to see them talking like that,” Victor said as he caught the same sight.

“Yeah,” Yuri replied. “He always did praise my dance skills. I bet he’s picking her brain right now on things to help other students improve.”

Victor was quiet a moment as he studied them. “Maybe, but I think they’re flirting.”

Yuri looked over, and his eyes widened slightly. It was subtle, but once Victor had pointed it out the signs were unmistakable.

Phichit snapped a photo with his phone. “She’s a famous dancer, isn’t she Yuri?”

“Yeah?”

Phichit grinned. “Spell her name for me?”

“Phichit…” Yuri argued, but Victor was already leaning over the Thai skater’s shoulder and helping him tag the photo properly.

Yuri took off his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose in exasperation.

“Done!” Phichit proclaimed.

“At least tell me you were polite with the caption,” Yuri said.

Phichit grinned.

“It’s fine Yuri,” Victor said. “I read it. It’s just something about… Ciao Ciao… and Minako discussing dance.”

Yuri exhaled heavily. “Well at least he didn’t imply anything.”

“Of course not!” Phichit retorted in mock hurt.

Yuri laughed.

“Come on you three,” Chris said from the bus that had just pulled up. “You’re about to get left behind.”

The others scrambled to get on the bus and were soon on their way.

Victor and Yuri stumbled into Victor’s hotel room, burdened with shopping bags. The older man was excited and enthusiastic, having been noticeably recharged by spending the day with friends.

Yuri set the bags down and collapsed on the bed. They only had about an hour before they’d have to head to the arena for the exhibition skate, then there was still the banquet afterwards.
Victor sat next to him. “You doing ok?”

Yuri smiled. “A bit tired, but I should be fine by the time I need to skate.”

“Did you get everything you needed at the market?”

Yuri mentally went over his checklist one more time. He’d bought some tea for his mother, er guo tou for his father, a silk shawl for Mari, a Chinese knot for Yuko, a paper cutting for Nishigori, and small opera masks for the triplets. He’d considered buying something for Minako as well, but since she had joined them on the trip decided it was unnecessary. He nodded.

Victor smiled. “Good. I got almost everything I wanted.”

Yuri groaned. “Victor… we’re almost out of time to shop you know.”

Victor slid his fingers under Yuri’s chin. “Luckily, I don’t have to go far.”

Yuri blinked for a second, then realized he was being flirted with. He chuckled and let Victor claim his lips.

“Much better,” the Russian purred as they separated. “I’ve been craving that for hours.”

Yuri blushed. “Me too.”

Victor grinned and pushed him back onto the bed. “We’ve got a little time before we have to get ready. How about we cuddle and kiss until then?”

Yuri gazed up into blue eyes and smiled. It sounded like the perfect way to relax.

The crowd roared when they saw Yuri’s costume, a blue replica of Victor’s from the previous season. Yuri smiled, a bit nervous but also excited about performing the program that had brought him and Victor together.

He skated cleanly, landing the downgraded jumps with ease, and the audience roared again when, instead of reaching for somebody who wasn’t there, it was Victor standing on the other side of the barrier at mid-rink.

Victor wrapped Yuri in his arms as he came off the ice, and they moved nearby to watch Phichit conclude the night. The gold medalist was skating to a sassy piece from The King And the Skater; a retort of all the wonderful things about Thailand after the main character had called the country backwards.

“I should have figured it out before now,” Chris laughed beside them.

“What’s that?” Yuri asked.

“That he’d use another song from those movies.”

Yuri laughed. “They’re his favorites. He always wanted to skate to them, and this was his third favorite song.”

“I see.” Chris smiled. “So anything exciting planned for the banquet tonight?”
Yuri blinked in confusion. “No? It’s a banquet. I figure I’ll mingle, smile for sponsors, and if I’m lucky be able to duck out early enough to sleep tonight. We’ve got an early flight.”

Chris cocked his head to the side, and Yuri couldn’t miss the flash of disappointment in his eyes.

“Why?”

“Oh, no reason,” Chris replied.

Phichit’s song ended, and Yuri stood to hug his friend as he came off the ice. He could hear Victor and Chris talking behind him.

“How’d it feel to be skating as the gold medalist?” Yuri asked.

The Thai man beamed at his friend. “It was great Yuri! And it’s even better with you here.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Nice little soft chapter before our boys head back to Hasetsu.

Next chapter probably won’t be up until Monday between 6-7 MST. It's time to update Dreams again.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Having returned to Japan, Yuri finds that he has a more pressing problem than the upcoming Rostelecom Cup. Victor's heat is less than two weeks away and they have to find a safer location than the inn. But he knows that broaching the issue will be difficult.

Yuri stared at the calendar and sighed. He was supposed to be gaming online with friends from the US, but had left the group early. He had too much on his mind to focus on entertainment.

He turned back to face his computer and clicked several times. He reviewed the information in a number of open browser tabs, each detailing room rates and amenities.

A part of him wished that he'd held the discussion with Victor before heading to China; before they’d become a couple. Their relationship was too new, and he was about to have to hurt the man he loved.

Yuri sighed and stood. He put his laptop to sleep and padded softly to Victor’s room.

Victor was sitting on his bed, sitting against the headboard, laptop propped on his knees. Yuri just stared for a moment. It was such a normal thing, no ice, no lights, no glittering costume. He was seeing Victor in a way he’d only been able to dream of a year ago, and he was as captivated as any audience waiting for a program to begin.

Victor looked up and smiled softly, breaking the spell. Yuri stepped into the room and climbed onto the bed beside him, curling up against his side without saying a word.

He smells so good. I hope I can still hold him after this.

“I thought you were gaming,” Victor said after a moment.
Yuri looked up and met his eyes. He smiled, “This is a better way to unwind.”

Victor returned the smile, kissed the top of his head and resumed his work on the computer. Yuri watched as Cyrillic letters filled the screen, Victor responding to a number of emails.

In a way he was glad that the language barrier existed. He could watch what Victor was doing without being overly nosy, just sharing the moment.

Victor cleared out the last unread message, and Yuri shifted enough to let him put the laptop to the side. When he sat back up he pulled Yuri into his arms and they sat cuddled against each other in silence for several minutes, exchanging soft kisses.

“You’re tense Yuri,” Victor murmured after the kisses had dwindled to just cuddles again. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“In a few minutes,” Yuri responded, nuzzling the older man’s shoulder. “I just want to stay like this for a while.”

Victor turned and kissed his forehead. “Ok.”

I don’t want to do this, but I have to. I can’t put it off any longer. I just hope that he’ll forgive me.

Yuri squeezed his eyes closed and gathered his courage. His arms tightened around Victor.

Don’t hate me.

“Victor?” Yuri began with a shaky voice, releasing the Russian and sitting up slightly. He forced himself to look at Victor’s face.

“Yes Yuri?”

“We need to talk about your heat. It’s coming up soon, isn’t it?”

Victor stiffened noticeably, and backed away as if Yuri was threatening to throw boiling water on him. An unhealthy pallor immediately replaced the normal warmth of his face, and his breathing shallowed.

Yuri’s lip quivered. “I’m sorry. I know it’s hard, but we have to talk about it. Time’s running out and there are preparations that have to be made.”

Victor scooted from the bed and stood, staring at Yuri as if he were a venomous animal about to strike.

Yuri scrambled and managed to grab Victor’s hand. He felt the tug but refused to let go.

“Victor, please. Look… I know you’d probably prefer to have it here where you’re comfortable. But it’s not safe. This is a traditional building. We have to find and reserve a room for you in either a heat house or a hotel.”

Victor was frozen, staring at him. It was an improvement from trying to escape. Yuri took a second to pull on the Russian’s hand and kiss it.

“I’m sorry, Victor,” Yuri murmured against his fingers. “I know you’d rather not think about it, but I want you in a safe place. If you want me nearby to scent you there are hotels that can accommodate that with extra rooms. We’ll work around what you need, but I won’t be comfortable unless I know you’re safe, and that means finding you a better place than here.”
Victor’s shallow breaths continued, and his eyes shook slightly. Yuri held his breath, waiting for a response.

Victor swallowed, breathing starting to return to normal. He swallowed again and licked his lips. “You’re talking about… location?” he whispered, a tone that indicated he didn’t trust his own ears.

Yuri nodded and dared to stand to put his hands on the Russian’s waist. One immediately traveled up to brush against his jaw.

“I want you to be comfortable Victor. I really do. I know home is the best place for comfort, but traditional building in Japan means paper walls and sliding doors. There are no locks, and only the thinnest of barriers. This hallway is probably the safest place in the inn, but there are so many customers daily in the springs, the restaurant and the inn itself. A stray waft of air could carry your scent to the main rooms, and to the noses of who knows how many alphas. I’ll gladly scent you again, if you want, but not here. There are hotels that have rooms for non-participant alphas. Or you could go to a heat house, they’re safe.”

Victor stared at him. “Location…” he whispered as if he was still processing the reality of the situation.

Yuri nodded and pulled Victor into a hug. He rubbed the Russian’s back until Victor relaxed slightly. As soon as he felt the tension leave his muscles he maneuvered the taller man to sit on the bed, then held his face in his hands and caressed alabaster cheeks with his thumbs.

“We need to find a place for you in the next several days,” Yuri continued as ocean-blue eyes met his chocolate ones. “I’ve already talked to Yuko, and she’s going to take you to several nearby heat houses tomorrow afternoon to see if any are acceptable. They fill up first so if you want one you’ll need to reserve your room fast.”

Victor blinked, still obviously confused at the reality not matching whatever his darker thoughts had expected. “What’s a heat house?”

Yuri smiled softly. “A kind of specialty hotel. They’re safe places for omegas to have their heats. Most are in remote locations and feature stronger, more secure construction. They are Japan’s answer to the traditional building problem.”

Victor stared blankly. “Why Yuko and not you?”

Yuri continued to rub lines on Victor’s cheeks, glad to see color returning to them. “I’m not allowed. Alphas are strictly prohibited. Not even betas are allowed within the main buildings, instead used as security and supplemental staff. They are safe places by and for omegas only.”

Yuri saw an emotion almost like longing flit through Victor’s eyes. “Only omegas?”

Yuri nodded. “Only omegas. They have locking doors, staff that know how to ensure your needs are met, and the best ones are in secretive locations that only omegas know about. Safety and comfort are their priorities. No fears about being found, no forcing yourself to be quiet, no restraining your scent. You can have a safe and healthy heat without worry.”

Victor shuddered and pulled Yuri into an embrace, burying his face against the younger man’s stomach. Yuri ran his fingers through platinum hair. He felt the Russian trembling beneath his hands.

“If none of the heat houses are to your liking, then I’ve made a list of nearby hotels with heat accommodations. I can visit those with you. We’ll find you a safe place where you can be comfortable. I want this to be a good heat for you.”
“Yuri…” Victor said, voice so shaky that the younger man couldn’t be sure that he wasn’t crying. “Thank you.”

After calming Victor down enough to have a somewhat awkward discussion about finding a location for his heat they’d prepared for bed, but the bad choice of Yuri’s timing had another consequence. They’d only been asleep a short while when he was woken by broken whimpers.

Victor was trembling in his sleep, his face contorted. Just the sight of him having a nightmare was enough to rouse Yuri’s protective side. He moved closer and pulled the Russian into his arms, scenting the air in an attempt to calm him.

The shaking soon stopped, but whatever memory had caught Victor was reluctant to release him again. He mumbled, the ghost of a long-forgotten conversation roaring to life. Yuri couldn’t understand anything, the words in Russian.

The thing that was undeniable though was the pain and anguish when Victor choked out a strangled name.

“Petrov!”

Yuri’s embrace tightened, his alpha instincts both insulted and ready to protect. He knew it was ridiculous, but the omega in his arms had obviously just called the name of a prior suitor.

*Mine,* demanded the part of Yuri that would fight for Victor.

*Why is he calling out the name of another like that?* his anxiety replied.

Wracked with confusion, Yuri did the only thing he could. He held and tried his best to soothe Victor until the nightmares seemed to pass.

Yuri stood at the top of the stairs and watched Victor slide into the passenger seat of the Nishigoris’ car. Yuko waved and a moment later they had turned the corner and were on their way to tour the local heat houses.

Yuri followed Taksehi back inside the rink. He’d agreed to teach Yuko’s intermediate class that afternoon in exchange for her going with Victor.

Yuri took a seat behind the counter and watched as Takeshi made his way through the racks of skates, inspecting each pair for damage to the blades, fraying laces or other problems that could lead to injury.

“Are you sure about this Yuri?” he asked while looking at the third pair.

“Sure about what?”

“Letting Victor go alone to a heat house, or a hotel, or whatever else he decides on.”

“What do you mean? You know the inn isn’t a safe place.”

Yuri absentmindedly took a sip from his bottle of water.
“I mean, wouldn’t you rather spend it with him?”

Yuri was so shocked he spat out the water and nearly choked on what trickled down his throat.

“Nishigor!”

Takeshi set the skates back on the rack and turned to face the younger man. “I’m serious Yuri. You two were already so obviously close that everybody could see it, and the kiss on international television was only a surprise to the two of you and the audience. Anybody around you on a daily basis knew it was only a matter of time.

“Besides, you’re an official couple now. So what’s the problem?”

Yuri shuffled nervously under Takeshi’s gaze. “He hasn’t asked.”

“So? Why don’t you ask him?”

Yuri looked up and shook his head. “I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Did Yuko talk at all about his doctor’s appointment?”

Takeshi thought for a moment. “She said that he asked for suppressants, and didn’t look so good after he was denied them, but that was about it.”

Yuri nodded. “He’s got a bad history with his heats. Just talking about them is hard on him.”

“It can’t be that bad, he’s in a car with Yuko to explore local heat houses.”

Yuri shook his head. “It took a lot of work to get him there. He ran a hand through his hair nervously, unsure how much to say. ‘Nishigori… he had a panic attack right in front of me last night, just from my bringing up the fact that we needed to talk about a safe location.’”

“Shit. Really?”

Yuri nodded. “If alphas were allowed I’d be beside him in a heartbeat today to make sure he was ok.”

“It’s really that bad?”

“Yeah,” Yuri said softly. “If he asks it’s a different story, but… I won’t be the one to bring it up. He’s got to get there on his own.”

“And if he doesn’t get there?”

“Then he doesn’t get there. It’s his choice. I won’t push. He means too much to me and I won’t poke at that pain for my own selfish needs.”

Takeshi stared for a moment, then smiled softly. “You’re a good man Yuri.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.
So I know that all the "I want"s from Yuri seems a bit selfish, and in a way it is, even if he only wants the best for Victor. But this is actually a good thing, and it's setting up for later.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Tour

Chapter Summary

Yuri and Victor continue to look for a safe place for Victor's heat. Next up: Hotels with heat-specific accommodations.

Chapter Notes

So it seems a lot of you are queuing up to lynch Petrov. Might wanna put that on chill for a couple days as we don't find out what he did in this chapter, or tomorrow's chapter. It's likely to come out on Friday.

If you've been enjoying this work please hit the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri sat with his back against the headboard, Victor curled against his chest. He ran his fingers through Victor’s fine hair absentmindedly. He could feel the tension in his boyfriend’s muscles and mood, and wanted nothing more than to soothe him.

“I’m sorry about today,” Yuri finally said.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, turning just enough to look at his face.

Yuri moved his hand to rub small circles on Victor’s upper arm. “I should have talked to you sooner, and not sprung it on you last night. I… I just thought that the less time you had to brood, the better it would be.”

Victor shifted to kiss along Yuri’s jaw. “It’s ok Yuri. You did the right thing. You’re right that the longer I think about it the worse it gets.”

“Did you manage ok with Yuko today?”

Victor shifted again and turned to bury his nose in Yuri’s neck. He released some of his scent to relax the omega.

“Yuko was very patient, and explained everything to me. I wish I’d have had access to places like that in Russia.”

“They don’t have anything like heat houses?”

“No paper walls to worry about.” Yuri could hear the soft smile in Victor’s voice. “But no, at least not that I ever knew of.”
“So… where…?”

“In my apartment, alone.”

Yuri tightened his arms around his boyfriend. “Nobody to make sure you had easy access to food and water?”

Victor shook his head, trembling slightly.

“I’m sorry Victor.” He turned his head to kiss at his jaw, the only part he could reach. “I can’t imagine how hard that must have been for you.”

“When I planned them I would make sure to have stuff like that nearby, but the ones when I was a teen and it hadn’t evened out yet, or the reactive one, those were hard. I was weak for days after.”

Yuri heard a hiccup and rubbed his hands along Victor’s back. He fell silent for several minutes until he thought it was ok to talk again.

*Little bits at a time. Don’t overwhelm him.*

“Did you like any of the places Yuko took you to?”

Victor made a noncommittal noise.

“That doesn’t sound good.”

“They seemed nice, but I’m not sure.”

“Were they missing something?”

“I’m not sure.”

Yuri felt more than heard the slightest growl in his throat, and Victor shuddered in response. He shifted, and pushed on the Russian so that he could look him in the eye.

“Victor, what do you want out of this heat?”

Blue eyes blinked several times in confusion. “Yuri?”

“What do you want out of this heat? Have you even thought about it?”

“I don’t understand.”

Yuri leaned forward and kissed Victor’s cheek before leaning back again. “You said once that no lock was ever strong enough, that you were always scared. We’re going to make sure you’re safe, and that you don’t feel unsafe. But what do you want once that fear is gone? I know it won’t all go away at once, but maybe… maybe if you’re looking forward to something else, you can push it aside.

“So what do you want? How do you want to feel when it’s over? I’ll do everything I can to help make it happen. If you liked my scent and want it we’ll get you a heat room with an attached alpha suite, there are a handful of hotels that offer those for couples that want that connection, but don’t have sex for religious or other reasons. If you want to be tended to by an omega for safety then a heat house might be the better idea.

“It’s your heat Victor. Tell me what you want… what you need. Let’s make it happen.”
Yuri took a deep breath. Victor’s lip was quivering and he was certain that he’d pushed too far. He pulled the Russian against his chest again and ran his fingers up and down the older man’s back.

“I told you last night that I want you to have a good heat. I’m serious about that. But finding a safe place is only one part of it. You need to know what else you need to make it happen. Ok?”

Victor shuddered in Yuri’s arms, but nodded.

Yuri was tossing and turning. He’d woken a short time earlier to find the bed empty beside him. Something told him that Victor just needed time to think, so he was doing his best not to intrude. But his boyfriend’s nightmares of the night before were playing on his anxiety, and he couldn’t get the strangled name out of his mind.

Who’s Petrov? Why did Victor call out his name like that?

He heard the door slide open, closed and a moment later felt the mattress dip beside him. He detected the faint smell of the onsen clinging to Victor. There was a moment of chill as the air snuck under the covers, then the cool of Victor’s skin as he snuggled close.

“Are you ok?” Yuri murmured.

“Did I wake you?”

“No. I was awake.”

“You should be sleeping you know. We’ll be headed to Russia before you know it.”

Yuri turned and kissed Victor softly, “You’re one to talk.”

Victor chuckled and returned the kiss.

Yuri could smell worry on the omega, though it wasn’t strong. “Are you ok Victor? You seem worried.”

He felt Victor’s fingers along his face. Yuri hummed appreciatively.

“I’ll be ok. I just decided to take some time in the onsen to sort through my thoughts,” the Russian responded.

“Anything I can help with?”

Yuri felt the air move as Victor shook his head. “No. Not yet anyway.”

“Hmm?”

“I was just thinking about what you said earlier. I’d always been so concerned with just being safe during my heats that it took over everything. There wasn’t room for any other thoughts between that and the urges that come with it.”

“Victor…” Yuri began, reaching out to touch his boyfriend.

Victor found Yuri’s hand and held to to his face, shaking his head.
“It’s easier to define what I don’t want than what I do, but… I know I’m coming from a place of fear that way.”

“It’s a start.”

“I do know one thing I want.”

“Can you tell me?”

Victor took a deep breath and released it in a shudder. “I want your scent again.”

Yuri closed the distance between them and kissed the trembling Russian. “Then we’ll start with the hotels that offer an alpha suite. That way my scent can be there, and you’ll know I’m nearby.”

Yuri leaned in so their foreheads were touching and felt Victor’s nod.

“You ready?” Yuri asked, leaning over to kiss Victor’s forehead as the older man sat up from removing his skates.

Victor made a face. “I’m ready for lunch… but I’m not sure about after. I still haven’t gotten anywhere about thinking of what I might want. It’s… hard.”

Yuri sat down on the bench next to Victor and leaned against him. “Maybe, for now, we need to change your mindset.”

“What do you mean?”

Yuri took a deep breath. “So this is embarrassing, and you can kinda blame Nishigori for this, but it worked when I had to decide on hotels when I was a teenager.”

Victor snorted a laugh. “You had to look for heat rooms when you were a teen? Why?”

Yuri blushed. “Did you ever wonder why my room is off at the end of a hallway when the rest of the family sleeps closer to the main portion of the inn?”

“I always thought it was a bit odd, but just assumed that it was due to space reasons.”

Yuri shook his head. “My room used to be near everybody else’s. That was, before I presented as an alpha.”

Victor blinked in confusion, and Yuri squirmed trying to form the words. “The same reason it’s not safe for you, is the same reason it’s not safe for me. They moved my room while waiting for my ruts to even out. It’s the farthest from the main rooms of the inn, and least likely for smells to reach.

“A rutting alpha loose in an inn is not a good thing. When I presented it took my dad and three employees to wrestle me back. There were too many scents and I was out of my mind trying to sort through them all. It was a storage room then, and not at all a comfortable place to rut, but it was the only place they could put me where things weren’t so… overwhelming.”

“In my family the nearest non-rutting alpha would just grab whomever was raging and smother them in alpha pheromones until they settled.”

Yuri chuckled. “Hard to do in a family of mostly betas.” He paused, took a breath and continued, “It
was decided after that to move my room, as a precaution, but when we knew my ruts were coming we always just booked a heat room. The hotels use strong scent blockers in the hallways and the rooms have extra thick walls so no sounds or scents bleed over. They were a much safer option."

“So where does Takeshi fit into this?”

Yuri blushed. “The first time I was looking for one I was seventeen. I’d only had one rut and just knew that there was this… drive… to mate, to breed… It was overwhelming and a bit scary. I felt that I didn’t know myself.

“When I told Nishigori that I had to look for a hotel he laughed and said he wished his parents would send him to one. I was confused, he had a nice home and room to rut in, why would he need a hotel?

“He said, and this may seem silly, but it worked. ‘Don’t think of it as a rut. Think of it as a two-day vacation where your sole duty is to get off as many times as possible. Now would you rather do that at home, where you masturbate every day, or would you rather spend it in a comfortable room where you can let loose?’”

Victor stared with wide eyes, then burst into laughter, which made Yuri blush.

“After that I looked at the rooms differently. I knew I’d be there the night before my rut started, and probably the night after it ended. So I looked at what else was offered. What were the amenities? Stupid things like: was the television big enough? If things during the rut weren’t important than the things around it had new purpose. Maybe that’s where you should start.”

Victor was still laughing, and Yuri could see tears in the corners of his eyes. It was the happiest he’d seen him since the discussion of his heat had come up and he’d gladly take his own shame to see his boyfriend happy again.

“It really worked?” Victor asked after a moment, still fighting the occasional chuckle.

“It did. I knew the rooms were safe. I would have no reason to prowl since the odors are heavily masked outside in the halls. And in my more lucid moments there would be things I’d enjoy.”

Victor smiled, and Yuri leaned in to kiss him.

Yuri was ravenous, and couldn’t get enough of Victor as they kissed in bed. He’d noticed a subtle shift in the omega’s scent as they toured hotels with heat rooms in the afternoon, and it had only gotten stronger as the day turned to evening. He knew that it was just the pre-heat hormones, but it clawed at his alpha senses in a way that drove him crazy.

Luckily Victor seemed more than willing to reciprocate, and returned his kisses with just as much passion.

Hands roamed over clothes, pulling gently. Both wanting to rid the other of the barriers between them, but not wanting to stop long enough to do so.

The kissing hadn’t got so heated as to cause real arousal since the morning in the hotel. It was an unspoken agreement, with them both deciding to back off before that point as they explored their relationship. But they’d passed it a while earlier, too lost in each other to care.

*I have to stop. Focus on Victor’s heat for now, we can discuss sex after.*
The thought was almost immediately swept away as Victor’s tongue tangled with his own. Their legs twined together, bringing them closer, and the pressure of the Russian’s thigh was delicious against Yuri’s hardened length. Victor moved again, and Yuri felt a hard cock pressing against him.

They separated for a moment, and Yuri got a good look at Victor’s face. The Russian was flushed and his eyes blown dark with lust.

_Fuck._ Yuri plunged his hand into Victor’s hair and pulled his boyfriend into another deep kiss.

Yuri wrapped his arms around the larger man and flipped him onto his back. His left leg fell between Victor’s, and as they kissed he felt the Russian moving against him.

Yuri’s kisses trailed from Victor’s lips to his jaw. He tasted and nipped at the skin, each moan and gasp from the man beneath him only driving him to want more. He kissed the omega’s neck and sucked lightly on the scent gland before moving down to cover the skin not covered by the t-shirt Victor was wearing.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned, a begging tone to his voice.

Yuri ran out of skin and needed more. He pushed up to look down at the omega writhing under him and his breath caught in his throat.

Victor’s hair was splayed across the pillow, a flush across his face spread to his torso and descended under the offending fabric. His head was unconsciously turned to lengthen his neck, exposing the scent gland. His chest rose and dropped in quick but even intervals as he tried to catch his breath.

It was simultaneously the most beautiful and erotic sight Yuri had ever seen. For a second he imagined Victor’s face contorting in ecstasy, the feel of plunging into the heat of the man below him.

A growl was forming in Yuri’s throat before his rational mind finally cut through. No!

Yuri gasped in shock as his better sense made a return. He was hard as a rock and wanted nothing more than finally be with Victor, but he knew it wasn’t the time. He took a deep breath and a couple seconds to compose himself.

Victor was whining softly beneath him. Yuri reached out and turned his head, then placed a gentle kiss on his lips.

He was careful of his almost painful erection as he moved to lay beside his boyfriend again, and winced slightly at the needy noises coming from the Russian.

Once he was as comfortable as he could be he reached out and urged Victor to turn and face him.

“I’m sorry Victor, but neither one of us is in our right mind. We’ve been around people nearing rut or heat all afternoon, and we’re both being affected.”

Victor took a couple deep breaths, and Yuri saw his eyes return to normal and the flush lighten.

Yuri smiled and reached out to touch Victor’s face. “Believe me, I want to. But right now I want to focus on your heat, and sex would only complicate that.”

Victor swallowed and licked his lips. Yuri immediately wanted to kiss them again.

“Are you ok?” Yuri asked after a few seconds of silence.

Victor nodded. “Yeah…”
Yuri frowned. “I’m sorry. I know how close we were. I… I just don’t want to make things any harder on you than they already are. Let’s focus on what you want for your heat. We’ll have time after to add sex. Ok?”

Victor nodded again. “Yeah.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Hi all, Dirty tease of an author is back, and I know that was a dirty dirty tease. But it's ok, because I have my reasons.

Now, be mindful of the lines... the angry looking crowd is queued up to lynch Petrov when they find out what he did. If you're here because the idea of a masturbation vacation is appealing, form that group in the clearing over there.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Somehow it felt weird to be on the ice on a Sunday. Normally it was their free day, but with Victor’s heat set to begin on Saturday, and them having to leave for Russia the Wednesday immediately after, they had decided to forego the break in order to have as much practice time as possible.

Yuri was just coming out of a camelback spin when he heard the door to the rink open and Victor call from near the barrier.

“Yuri, Mari is here with the car. She says it’s all ours for the afternoon, and all of the errands for the inn are done.”

Yuri skated to the barrier, grabbed his towel and wiped the sweat from the back of his neck. “Great! That means we can finish our hotel tour since you didn’t find anything you liked yesterday.”

Victor nodded and leaned across the barrier. Yuri smiled and touched their foreheads together before granting a kiss.

“Was there anything else?”

Victor blanched and stuttered. “She… she said the clinic called to remind me of my final pre-heat checkup tomorrow.”

“You had another doctor’s appointment and forgot to tell me?”

Victor looked away. “I’m sorry… it’s just…”

Yuri turned his face back and kissed him gently on the lips. “It’s ok. Yuko told me about it. When I saw how bad you were when I got back from Tokyo I knew you’d have pushed anything like that from your mind. So I asked her for any details I needed to know about.”
Victor’s face softened and he smiled. “You’re too good for me Yuri.”

Yuri returned the smile. “Shouldn’t I be the one saying that? Because you’re definitely too good for me.”

They kissed again and Yuri made his way to the break in the barrier. “Let’s go. There aren’t as many hotels today, but they’re scattered, so driving will eat away a lot of time.”

Victor nodded.

Victor watched the trees fly by outside the car’s windows as they drove up the narrow road. Yuri could tell just by the atmosphere in the car that the Russian was in a good mood and enjoying the drive.

“It’s so pretty Yuri, but is there really a hotel all the way out here?”

Yuri smiled. “Yeah, apparently it’s fairly new. Nishigori told me that he and Yuko stayed here for their shared heat and rut last year, and loved it. It’s a bit pricy though.”

“Oh?”

“Apparently the owners bought one of the old onsen inns that closed. The building was in disrepair, but they were able to salvage most of the skeleton. The photos online make it look like they kept a lot of the traditional aesthetic, but have completely modernized the interior. The sliding doors are only for the holding rooms, and the main rooms have regular doors. The walls are all compliant with heat room regulations, and supposedly each room has its own outdoor bath.”

“Really?”

Yuri smiled. He knew how much Victor loved being able to soak in the onsen.

“It’s got all the amenities, plus dedicated room service to bring food and water according to pre-orders. Nishigori said that was one of the best parts. Order everything the night before things get going, and during those moments when you’re not completely in a haze food and water are waiting in the holding area. No ordering and hoping you’ll still be lucid when it arrives from regular room service.”

“Wow.”

“There are other things that Yuko says you would probably appreciate too,” Yuri continued. “They’re selling it as a resort destination for couples looking for a honeymoon style getaway, and apparently it’s starting to do ok. They don’t have many rooms though. When I called this morning they said that there were only two remaining for this next weekend.”

Victor nodded in understanding.

Yuri turned off onto a smaller road, and a few minutes later they were crunching across a gravel parking lot. He had to admit, from the outside it looked like any traditional inn and the feeling continued when they stepped inside. It was only when they reached the open room to tour was the illusion broken.

Behind the sliding shoji screen was a narrow space just large enough to store a cart with any
deliveries of food, water or essentials. On the other side was a solid wood door.

Even before stepping into the room Yuri knew that something was different, Victor felt different. He watched his boyfriend as the main room was revealed, and saw a look of delight on his face. He followed where the Russian was looking and saw a specialty nesting bed with the mattress recessed into the frame.

Yuri translated the information from the employee detailing the room and the attached alpha suite, but knew Victor was hardly listening.

They’d found the place for Victor’s heat.

Victor was sitting on the edge of the bed, his arms wrapped around Yuri’s middle where the younger man was still standing. Afternoon light streamed through the windows.

“You seem happy,” Yuri murmured as he played with platinum hair.

Victor looked up. “Yuri, it’s so quiet out there. You don’t understand how hard it was alone with the traffic noise outside, wondering if anybody else in the apartment building could hear or smell me. It was so different there. It felt safe as soon as we stepped out of the car.

“Then the bed… I know I like to nest, and to have a bed made to not only accommodate that, but make it easier… Yuri, I’m still scared, terrified actually, but I know you’ll be there to protect me. For the first time I’m letting myself think that I might have a good heat.”

Yuri smiled. “Do you have everything you want?”

Victor nodded. “Yes, but I think there is one more thing I need.”

“What is it?”

“You. I need you Yuri.”

Yuri laughed. “You just said it yourself, I’ll be there to scent you and be near.”

Victor shook his head. “No. I’m asking you to share my heat.”

Yuri felt as if all air had suddenly been sucked from the room. He stared down. He wanted to, more than he was even willing to give voice to, but wasn’t sure.

“Victor… did I hear that right?”

Victor nodded. “Share my heat with me Yuri.”

Yuri placed his hands on either side of his boyfriend’s jaw and guided his face up so that he could stare into ocean-blue eyes. He looked for any sign of pheromone influence, and sniffed at the air. All he could smell was determination.

Yuri swallowed. “Victor, are you asking for me, or for you?”

“I don’t understand.”

Yuri’s thumbs ran over Victor’s cheeks. “If you’re asking out of a sense of obligation, or that you’re
worried that I’ll leave if you don’t, then the answer is no. I refuse to be a burden, and I’m not going anywhere if you spend your heat alone. You’re more important to me than that, and I know you’ve got a troubled history. I won’t add to it just because you feel that you have to ask.”

Victor’s eyes widened and shook slightly.

“But if you’re asking for you, because you feel that my presence will add to your heat; that I can make it a more pleasurable experience… then I’ll gladly join you.”

“Yuri!” Victor cried as he pulled him close and buried his face against his stomach.

Yuri ran his fingers through Victor’s hair again. “I’m not going to lie Victor, a part of me wonders if you’re ready, even if you are asking for you. I know you don’t talk about your heats, and I’ve tried to push as little as possible. But I know from what few discussions we have had that something about them is traumatizing to you. I really want this to be a happy and healthy heat.”

Victor shook and held Yuri close.

“There’s time,” Yuri murmured. “I want you to decide why you’re asking. Really think about it for me. Let me know when you’re ready. Be selfish, I’ll be here either way. In the meanwhile you can get birth control at your appointment tomorrow, that way no matter what you decide you’re covered. Ok?”

Victor nodded, then stood and pulled Yuri in for a kiss.

They were kissing by the light of a dim bedside lamp. The touches were gentle and had lost the desperate edge of the night before.

Yuri sensed that an air of determination once more surrounded Victor, and he wasn’t overly surprised when the Russian pushed off the bed to stare down at him.

“Yuri. I want you to join me for my heat.”

“You’re asking for you?”

“Yes.”

“You’re sure?”

Victor nodded. “Three days ago I wouldn’t have asked at all. I was too scared and alone was the better option. I was terrified when you wanted to talk about it, panicked that you’d leave if I told you I wanted to be alone. But you started going on about how the inn wasn’t safe and we needed to find somewhere else. Then you said something… you said you wanted me to be safe and happy.”

Yuri reached up and cupped the side of his face. “Victor, of course I do.”

Victor shook his head. ‘Yuri, ‘want’ is inherently a greedy word. It’s a request for the self. I don’t think you even realized it at the time, but it cut through my fear. You didn’t tell me to find a place for my own sake, but that you had your own desires about my safety. You weren’t focused on fucking me into the mattress, but instead on what I needed emotionally. These past couple of days I’ve seen how important my needs are to you, and how you put them even above your own.

“Once I realized that you weren’t asking to be there, a small voice inside started wanting you there.
I’d think about the past three months, seven months, how much you’ve been there for me. I’d remember conversations, little touches, and I knew I’d miss them, even for a day. That voice grew louder, demanding me to wonder what it would feel like, wrapped in your arms and scent when I’m the most vulnerable.

“Even earlier today I still had the tiniest bit out doubt. I’ve never had a heat partner, and, honestly, it scares me. I don’t know how my past will affect things. Then you told me that you would refuse if I was asking for your sake. I thought about it in the onsen, but no matter how I looked at it I knew that I wanted you there.

“Yuri, you’ve been so attentive to my needs I’m sure you’ve pushed some of your own desire aside. But what if they coincide? I want, no, I need you there, with me. So please, join me for my heat. Be my alpha.”

Yuri stared into his eyes, and saw that the omega didn’t waver. He reached up and pulled his boyfriend in for a deep kiss.

“I’ll join you, on one condition.”

Victor tensed. “What is it?”

Yuri smiled. “If you change your mind, for whatever reason, even if you don’t have a reason, you let me know. Even in the middle of your heat. If you don’t want me there, you tell me to go. I’ll still scent the room for you, we’ve reserved a room with an alpha suite so we have that option. Can you do that for me?”

Victor nodded, eyes wide.

Yuri kissed him again, and Victor melted into the embrace.

“Yuri…” Victor said softly.

Yuri smiled, fingers teasing along Victor’s neck.

He took a deep breath. “I… I do have one more concern.”

Victor inhaled sharply and stared, worry in his eyes.

Yuri blushed. It’s ridiculous. I just agreed to spend a day and a half in almost non-stop sex with him. Why am I nervous now?

“You… probably figured this out from talking with me and others. But I’ve never been in a relationship. I… I don’t want my first time clouded by that haze of pheromones.”

Victor blinked. “Yuri?”

Yuri took another deep breath. “I’m asking you to make love to me. Before your heat. I want to know what it feels like to be with you... without being overwhelmed by instinct.”

Victor stared for a moment before leaning in to kiss him. “Of course.”

Immediately the atmosphere in the room changed. Yuri pulled the platinum-haired man close and their kisses deepened. Voicing the desire between them was all it took to dissolve the barrier. One of Victor’s legs slid between Yuri’s and pressed against his rapidly hardening length.

“Victor!” he gasped, breaking a kiss.
“Mmmm, Yuri,” the Russian responded, dropping kisses along his jaw and down to his neck.

Victor was easily as ravenous as Yuri had been the night before, but they both knew they wouldn’t be stopping this time. The younger man closed his eyes and allowed himself to just feel the sensations as Victor dropped open mouth kisses along his exposed skin.

Yuri was hard, his cock already aching for attention. He pushed his hips up to rub against Victor’s thigh and moaned as his boyfriend pushed back against him so that they were rutting against each other.

Victor’s mouth returned to claim his and they kissed, exchanging moans as they moved together.

Fingers traveled down his side and rested on his hips. Yuri broke the kiss to nod silently before their mouths crashed together again.

Yuri shuddered as fingertips brushed over the strained fabric covering his cock, and groaned as Victor pressed the flat of his palm against it. His head fell back in pleasure when the teasing hand wrapped around it and stroked through the fabric.

“Victor,” he moaned breathlessly.

Victor kissed his neck and continued to stroke him. Soon he couldn’t take it any longer. He wanted to inflict the same delicious torture on the Russian. He reached between them and let his fingertips dance over similarly strained fabric.

“Yuri!” Victor gasped, shuddering slightly as nerves alighted.

Yuri used his free hand to pull his boyfriend back into a kiss as they teased one another. But he quickly wanted more.

“Touch me Victor,” he pleaded.

The Russian didn’t need any further prompting and quickly slid his hand beneath the waistband of Yuri’s pajamas and into his boxer-briefs. Long fingers wrapped around his cock and Yuri couldn’t help but buck into them.

Victor broke the kiss to gaze down at him, and for a second Yuri wondered how he looked to the beautiful man above him.

“How do you want me Yuri?”

“Inside me, please,” Yuri moaned.

Victor stopped and stared, prompting Yuri to meet his gaze. He blinked, collecting his thoughts. “Is that a problem?”

Victor shook his head. “No… but are you sure? You’re an alpha.”

Yuri growled and pulled his boyfriend in to kiss him deeply. “When have I ever cared about those stereotypes? We’re partners.”

Victor pulled back just enough to blink down at him again. “But don’t you want to be inside me?”

“We can do that too.”

Victor’s eyes darkened with lust, but Yuri could see that he wasn’t sure.
“I know what I want Victor. It’s ok, unless you don’t like being the one to give. If so we’ll do what you want.”

Victor smiled. “I love both.”

“Then there’s no problem except for the fact that I’ve never done this before have no idea what I’m doing or what to expect,” Yuri laughed.

Victor kissed him. “Then let me take care of you.”

Victor closed the gap between them, and their kisses resumed, filling the space between expressed desire and action. Yuri slid his hand into Victor’s pants and stroked him to the same languid pace he was receiving. As his hand worked he wondered what it would feel like to have the Russian inside him. His fingers splayed around the girth and explored the length, he felt the weight of it on his palm. He shuddered as he imagined it, knowing it would be reality soon.

Victor’s mouth moved from Yuri’s lips to his neck, and he growled softly with lust as the omega sucked lightly on his scent gland. Then Victor’s fingers drifted from his cock and massaged at his entrance.

He tensed for half a second before relaxing into the touch.

“Are you sure Yuri?”

Yes I’m sure! Yuri pushed up on one elbow so that he could kiss the Russian. “Make love to me Victor.”

Victor nodded and scooted off the bed. Yuri was confused as his boyfriend pulled out a box and rummaged through it, but quickly understood when he saw the bottle of lube.

“For toys…” the Russian explained with a slightly embarrassed tone. “I usually don’t make enough slick outside of heat.”

For a second Yuri had the fantasy of watching Victor fuck himself with a toy, and realized he had a slight kink for it. He growled in approval, which made Victor’s blush of arousal deepen.

Victor stretched his arms up to remove his shirt, exposing the same tease of skin that Yuri had been so drawn to in the hotel.

“Wait,” Yuri growled.

“Yuri?” Victor froze, skin on tantalizing display.

“Just like that,” Yuri ordered, voice deepening with lust as he moved to lean off the edge of the bed. “Come here.”

Victor stepped close and Yuri growled again as he buried his face against the skin. His tongue darted out and he tasted it.

Yuri pulled away for a second and met Victor’s eye. “Vknuso,” he growled, before leaning in again and sucking small marks along the Russian’s stomach.

“Fuck,” Victor moaned as he pressed himself against Yuri’s eager mouth. He whined softly with each nibble and suck.

Yuri wanted more. He pushed the t-shirt up, his mouth trailing behind. He moved to kneel and kept
working up until he pulled the shirt over Victor’s head and claimed his mouth. His hands roamed the delicious skin, and he loved the way his boyfriend shuddered under his touch.

The lube hit the bed, and Victor’s fingers were tugging at Yuri’s shirt. He moved back just enough to let the Russian pull it over his head before pressing close again. Then hands were inside his pants, grabbing at his ass, stroking his cock, thumb circling and dipping into the slit and he convulsed with a wave of pleasure.

“Let me take care of you Yuri,” Victor purred.

For a second Yuri forgot who was the alpha and who the omega, but it didn’t matter. They were about to be together. Finally.

He nodded, mouth suddenly dry and body expectant with desire.

Victor kissed him as he pushed his pants and underwear down toward his knees. Yuri gasped as the cool air touched his cock, and moaned when it was once more engulfed by the warmth of Victor’s hand.

“Victor…” he moaned.

“Lay back so I can pull your pants off you the rest of the way.”

Yuri nodded and awkwardly managed to lay back on the bed. Victor tugged his pants off, then quickly removed his own. Yuri swallowed hungrily when he saw the pale skin and pink tip of Victor’s cock spring free. Then the Russian was on the bed again, their bodies pressing together as they kissed.

Victor moved down, tracing a reverse path of that which Yuri had tasted on his torso. He gasped when Victor sucked and nibbled on his nipples, and shivered as the Russian nipped at the muscles of his stomach.

Wet fingers pressed against his entrance, massaging gently, and Victor lifted his head to watch Yuri’s reactions.

Yuri pushed up on his elbows and leaned forward as best he could to kiss his boyfriend. Victor smiled and their tongues danced as the older man convinced the ring of muscle to relax enough to allow a finger inside.

Yuri gasped with the new sensation, and fell back onto the bed with a deep moan.

“You ok?” Victor asked softly.

Yuri nodded. “It’s just new.”

Victor stared for a second then started pumping the finger in and out slowly, making Yuri shudder. “Good?”

“Yeah.”

Victor returned to kissing Yuri’s torso, moving lower as his finger worked. Then there was a pause. Yuri looked up just in time to see the head of his cock enveloped by Victor’s mouth at the same time a second finger pushed into him.

“Fuck…” he groaned, the sensation too much to focus on anything else except the pleasure.
Victor’s tongue and mouth worked Yuri’s cock as his fingers spread him open, the free hand holding Yuri’s hip steady. Then there was a third finger, and the slight burn of a stretch. Yuri’s hands fisted in the sheets and he moaned, his cry mingling with Victor’s humming on his cock.

Then the fingers and mouth were gone, and Victor was leaning above him, staring down. Yuri’s eyes drifted down to the Russian’s erection and he swallowed, simultaneously wanting it and wondering if he could take it.

Victor moved to kneel over Yuri and kissed him. He could taste his pre-cum on his boyfriend’s lips, and that somehow made him want him even more.

“You ready?” Victor murmured.

Yuri nodded.

“Tell me if it hurts, or if you want me out.”

Yuri nodded again and watched as Victor moved to line himself up with Yuri’s entrance. Then there was a new pressure, a greater stretch as he was pushed into for the first time. He gasped, pain and pleasure mixing as he opened up.

Yuri’s breath stopped as the burn became too much for a second, then it eased as the head popped through. He took several shallow breaths to ease the pain.

“You ok?” Victor asked, concern painted across his face.

Yuri nodded.

“Do you want me out?”

Yuri shook his head, not trusting himself to use words.

“Can I keep going?”

Yuri took a sharp breath, paused a second, then nodded. He wanted more.

Victor seemed to understand despite, the lack of words. He shifted slightly, an action which caused both pain and pleasure and hovered over Yuri, one of his hands reaching out and tangling with the younger man’s fingers.

“Let me know when you’re ready,” he said, squeezing to indicate that he’d understand the nonverbal communication.

Yuri squeezed his eyes shut and focused on the feeling. Underneath the pain there was pleasure, and as his body became accustomed the balance shifted. He squeezed Victor’s hand, and new sensations filled him as the cock was pushed farther inside him.

There were tears in his eyes, and streaming down his face. It hurt, but felt good. Every push inside ignited a firestorm of pain that dulled to the roaring inferno of pleasure. Then the forward momentum stopped and Victor’s mouth was against his. He realized that his boyfriend was fully sheathed within him.

_God it hurts, and feels so good._

Victor was kissing his tears away and murmuring softly in Russian. Yuri didn’t understand the words, but the tone sounded like an apology.
He felt so full, he shifted slightly to ease the sensation and moaned deeply when all of his senses ignited with fresh pleasure.

“Yuri?” Victor asked softly.

Yuri opened his eyes and smiled. He nodded.

Victor pulled out slowly, tentatively, and pushed back in at the same careful pace.

So good!

“Victor…” Yuri moaned breathlessly.

“Good?” Victor asked once fully inside again.

“Better,” Yuri replied, and immediately moaned again as the Russian moved inside of him.

They kissed as Victor set a steady pace.

“You feel so good Yuri,” Victor gasped as he broke the kiss.

“You too,” Yuri growled in reply before pulling the omega down again.

Victor’s thrusts quickly became faster, and Yuri’s hips rose with each one to meet him. Then the Russian started shifting slightly. Yuri didn’t understand why until he saw white as the hard cock pressed against a bundle of nerves inside him.

He cried out in ecstasy, head dropping back. Victor immediately leaned in to suck on his scent gland, hitting the same spot with each thrust and overwhelming Yuri with pleasure.

“I’m going to come soon,” Victor warned near his ear.

Yuri realized that their hands were still tangled together and squeezed. He wanted it.

Permission granted, Victor moved to kneel between Yuri’s legs and held his thighs. He pulled out and thrust in sharply several times, then his head dropped back, eyes closing and mouth opening in an ‘O’ of pleasure.

“Yuri…” he cried into the room even as the man in question felt a warm pulse deep within.

He’s beautiful.

Yuri rocked his hips against his lover, drawing out Victor’s pleasure for as long as possible before Victor collapsed bonelessly on top of him.

They kissed while Victor softened, then there was a sense of loss as the cock was removed from inside him.

It was then that Yuri realized that he’d been so focused on being filled that he’d forgotten his own aching erection. He was quickly reminded as Victor’s fingers wrapped around it once again.

“I want to feel you inside me too,” Victor moaned softly as he searched the mattress with his free hand for the lube.

Yuri’s alpha instincts roared to life at the request and he growled at the thought of filling his boyfriend.
Yuri watched in amazement as Victor found the lube and flicked the top open. He drizzled it over Yuri’s cock, which he was still stroking with the other hand, closed the lid, then dipped his free fingers into the lube that he had just poured and reached back to prep himself.

Yuri enjoyed the sight, but was surprised how fast Victor determined he was ready and moved to straddle Yuri’s cock. He sunk onto it easily, taking him in one smooth motion and groaning in need the entire way.

Yuri’s head fell back again. He couldn’t decide what was better, being inside Victor or being filled himself. He somehow forced his hips to still to allow his boyfriend time to adjust.

Then Victor was moving, rolling his hips and riding his cock and it was just too good. Yuri groaned and thrust up into the heat and tightness of his lover.

Victor leaned back and braced his hands on his thighs, taking him even deeper. Yuri could tell immediately by the change in tone that he was riding that same sensitive bundle of nerves inside.

“You… Yuri…” Victor moaned his name over and over.

Yuri growled and thrust up, wanting to see his omega in even greater pleasure. He was quickly rewarded with desperate whines.

“You feel so good Victor,” he growled, thrusting up hard.

Yuri enjoyed the view and feel of Victor riding him, but quickly realized he wasn’t going to last long.

“I’m close,” he gasped.

He expected Victor to climb off, instead there was a squeeze on his thigh.

Permission.

Yuri thrust up hard, and again. The third time proved too much and he came with a shout, entire body pulsing with pleasure as he came inside of Victor. Everything was white, and he lost track of time as ecstasy overtook him.

When he came back to himself he found that Victor had slowed. He smiled and beckoned his lover in for a kiss, which was promptly granted. They kissed until Victor shifted off him, then pulled each other close again to continue.

“Wow…” Yuri finally said when he was capable of forming words again.

Victor nodded against him.

They curled into each other, enjoying the blissful high too much to speak for several minutes.

“Victor, that…”

Victor shook his head and Yuri stopped, confused.

Victor brushed the backs of his fingers over Yuri’s face.

“Vitya.”

“Huh?”
“When we’re alone, like this… I’d like it if you’d call me Vitya.”

Yuri blushed. “Isn’t… isn’t that a bit personal?”

Victor smiled. “Yuri. I had your cock in my mouth less than an hour ago. Your cum is trickling out of my ass and I’m pretty sure you’re in a similar state. We passed personal some time ago.”

Yuri’s blushed deepened, but he smiled. “Oh… ok… Vitya.”

Victor smiled and leaned in. “Again,” he purred.

“Vitya.”

A kiss on the lips. “One more time.”

“Vitya,” Yuri said breathlessly as the Russian claimed his mouth once more.

Their bodies pressed together as they kissed, tangling, minimizing the space between them. The air heated around them, and Yuri soon realized that he was hard again. The press of a cock against his thigh told him he wasn’t the only one.

“You wanna go again?” Victor asked as their lips separated.

Yuri nodded and was flipped onto his back, the Russian settling easily between his legs.

There was the press of Victor’s cock, and his back arched in pleasure.

“Vitya!” Yuri cried as he was filled for a second time.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Happy Hump Day ya'll! '0/ ;-)  
Collectively now... "FINALLY!"

Next chapter on Friday, probably around 7 pm MDT if everything goes well. Check my tumblr for better updates as we get closer.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuri pay another visit to Dr. Ito for a final pre-heat checkup and to get birth control. Afterwards Yuri can't get the strangled name of a former lover out of his mind, and anxiously asks about it.

Chapter Notes

So this chapter is another long one.

I may be fast, but these long chapters take a lot, and it's hard to do them as quickly. Tomorrow's should be shorter again, but next week there will probably be another couple long ones. I might not be able to keep up with a daily posting schedule with them, so pay attention to my tumblr for updates.

If you've been enjoying this work please use the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri was glad to get off the ice by the time of Victor’s appointment. He was still riding the post-sex high, but was sore. He knew that they would have to be careful around competitions until he got used to it.

He’d given up on the quad flip for the day and was running drills on his transitions when his alarm beeped. Victor walked over from where he was standing at the barrier to turn it off and Yuri skated to the exit.

“You doing ok?” Victor asked softly as he handed over Yuri’s blade guards. “You looked a bit stiff out there.”

Yuri smiled. “A little sore, but I’ll be fine, if not by this afternoon then by tomorrow.”

“Good,” Victor said with a kiss.

“Are you ready?”

Victor sighed. “Not really, but I think I’ll be ok. You’ll be with me this time.”

Yuri smiled. “Always.”

Victor smiled in a way that Yuri couldn’t quite decipher, but didn’t have the luxury of dwelling on either. They made their way to the locker room, showered and were soon walking toward the clinic. As they walked their hands tangled together, fingers flirting and playing.
“Ohayo Nikiforov-san, Katsuki-san,” chirped Dr. Ito as she walked into the examination room.

Both men bowed and made their greetings before Victor sat on the examination table again.

Dr. Ito moved toward the computer and reviewed her charts. After nodding several times she did the standard things like test Victor’s heart rate and blood pressure, as well as listen to his heart and lungs.

“Any signs of an abnormal pre-heat? Hot flashes, strange food cravings, severe unexplained emotional swings? Any major changes since I last saw you?”

Victor shook his head.

Dr. Ito entered the responses into her computer and turned to the men with a smile. “Since your test results last month looked good, and there are no new symptoms, I think we’re good to go for a self-reported heat. You won’t need a post-heat followup unless there is a problem. Just call a day or so after and let the nurse take some information over the phone for your chart.”

Yuri translated and saw visible relief on Victor’s face.

“Is there anything else before you leave?”

Yuri nodded. “Yes, he’s going to need birth control.”

“Are you the alpha?”

Yuri nodded again. “Yes.”

Dr. Ito grinned. “I thought you two looked lovely together. I’ll call in the shots.”

“Shots?” Yuri asked, confused. “Isn’t it just one?”

Dr. Ito laughed. “It’s new, but when possible it’s recommended to have a two-step shot now. One for the omega and one for the alpha. It’s a gentler, and more effective.”

Yuri nodded and quickly explained to Victor.

While they were waiting for a nurse to come in with the shots Dr. Ito opened up a new form on her computer.

“I would say that having an alpha present would constitute a major change, so if you don’t mind I’d like to ask some questions of the both of you.”

Yuri nodded.

“Have you been intimate physically or will the heat be the first time?”

Yuri quickly discussed with Victor, and the two came to an agreement. “He says if I know the answers to just give them, he doesn’t need me to translate everything unless it’s something I don’t know.

“Yes… we’ve… been intimate.”

“Condoms?”

Yuri blinked a few times and made a face. “No?” he finally squeaked.
Dr. Ito gave him a sideways glance before sighing. “Normally I’d chide you over sexually transmitted diseases, but I know that you know he’s clean since you translated some information for me over the phone. And you know you’re clean so I’ll let it slide for that.”

She studied the information on the screen and continued. “We’re still several days from the heat, so he shouldn’t be fertile yet. But just for ease of conscious… were you on your suppressants?”

“Yes. I only stopped taking them this morning.”

Dr. Ito smiled. “Good. At least one of you was on birth control then.”

“Even if they’re not working as well?”

She waved her hand in an ‘it doesn’t matter’ fashion. “Some alphas take low dose so that they retain most of their other traits but still have the birth control. They’re extremely effective at that at least. The only real downside is it prevents knotting.”

Yuri breathed a sigh of relief. He’d figured it was safe since there were still several days before the heat, but knowing his suppressants were still doing one of their basic functions was good to know.

“However, use a condom for the next few days. We’ll do a cheek swab on Wednesday to make sure both of your birth control shots are at full effect, but we don’t want to take any chances since you said you stopped taking your suppressants.”

Yuri nodded in understanding.

“Good. Now… rutting. Are you planning on doing it? I’m assuming so but need it clearly stated.”

Yuri blushed and nodded again. “Yes, we discussed it and it was decided I’d rut at the same time.”

“Good. Just because we are monitoring this heat, even if self-reported, we need all this information. What are your knotting times, do you know?”

Yuri was silent. “Normal knots… about twenty minutes? I think. It’s been a while. My breeding knots during a rut tend to go for an hour to an hour and a half.”

“If you have any control, try to limit them to an hour,” she replied. “I’d rather not have him on a knot for much longer than that until we know how he reacts to this heat.”

“I think I can do that.”

“Good. Since you’ll be with him I’d like you to monitor his heat duration. Thirty-two to thirty-six hours is normal, since his last was a short reactive it might go long. But report it if it goes for more than forty, it might be a sign of a lingering reaction.”

Yuri nodded in understanding.

There was a knock and a nurse came in with a couple of syringes.

“That’s all the questions I have for now,” Dr. Ito said. “I’ll let the nurse give you your shots now, unless you have any questions for me.”

Yuri turned to Victor, then both shook their heads.

“Good. Come back sometime on Wednesday for a cheek swab. It should only take a couple of minutes. We just want to ensure the birth control is at full effect with time to give a booster dose if
“I’ll be able to knot with it?”

Dr. Ito smiled. “Yes, this is specially formulated for ruts, so you’ll knot fine.”

Yuri sighed with relief, a part of him was looking forward to sharing that intimacy with Victor.

The doctor left, and both men were given their shots. A few minutes later they were walking back toward the inn. Yuri translated the conversation with the doctor about birth control and knotting since he hadn’t at the time.

Yuri noticed that Victor was contemplative again. He purposefully bumped into the Russian and smiled up at his boyfriend.

“We left the ice early for the appointment. How about we pick up Makka and take her for a long walk on the beach?”

Victor smiled. “That sounds like a perfect idea.”

A few minutes later they were trailing behind an excited poodle, the dog perking up immediately at the words ‘beach’ and ‘walk.’ They moved to the sand and Victor knelt, letting Makkachin off the leash with a lecture in Russian.

“What did you say to her?” Yuri asked as the dog took off to run along the shore.

“I told her not to get too wet since it’s cold. Not that I expect she’ll listen.”

Yuri laughed and watched as the poodle scared off a couple black-tail gulls. She sniffed around, dug for a moment then took off after something else.

Yuri and Victor walked, hands coming together again as they watched the dog play.

“You doing ok?” Yuri asked as they walked. “You seem quiet.”

Victor looked down and smiled. “It’s still hard. I’ve spent almost a decade and a half fearing my heats. You make me feel safe, but it doesn’t all go away at once.”

Yuri stopped and turned to face his boyfriend. He gazed into ocean-blue eyes for a moment then rose up on his toes to kiss Victor’s chill reddened lips.

“Let me know what you need Vitya. I’m here for you.”

Victor wrapped his arms around the shorter man. “Yuri... “

Yuri could see that there was something else on the Russian’s mind when they were interrupted by an excited bark. He turned to see that Makkachin had picked up a driftwood stick and was wagging her tail expectantly.

He laughed, tugged the stick from her mouth and threw it. The dog barked happily and was off in a blur of brown fur.

“She likes you,” Victor said. Yuri could hear the smile in his voice.

“She likes you too,” Yuri teased.
“Well they do say that dogs have a great sense when it comes to good people,” Victor retorted.

Yuri looked up to see that Victor had put on his trademark smile, and he laughed.

*I wonder what Makkachin thought of his other partners...*

*Did she like that Petrov he calls out for?*

Yuri froze as the anxiety-ridden thoughts pushed into his mind. Though Victor, thankfully, had restful sleep the previous night, he’d called out the name again a couple more times since their discussion days before, each time with the same strained tone.

Yuri stopped walking and looked at his feet. He didn’t want to know. Victor was with him now, that was all that should matter. At the same time his anxiety insisted that there was no way he could compare, and that the name in the middle of the night was proof.

Yuri shook as the anxious thoughts built upon themselves.

“Yuri?” Victor asked as he realized that he had taken several steps without the younger man.

Yuri clenched his hands, trying to control his thoughts, but to little effect.

Makkachin had returned with the stick, and was whining in concern.

“Yuri!”


“Yuri... Yuri. What’s wrong Yuri?” Victor peppered kisses into his hair.

Yuri buried his face in his boyfriend’s chest and inhaled the omega’s scent. His trembling eased. Victor’s hand rubbed his back, barely felt through the coat he was wearing but soothing all the same.


Yuri reached up and fisted his hands in his boyfriend’s coat. He wanted, needed, to be close.

*Victor.*

Victor held him close and soon Yuri realized that he was whispering Russian to him. He didn’t know what was said, but the tone cut through and after a few minutes he relaxed into the embrace.

Yuri was crying. *Who is he? Chris said he was hurt. Am I a rebound? Am I enough of an alpha for him? How can I be? I’m a mess.*

“Yuri... It’s ok Yuri. I’m here.”

Makkachin was still whining and hand jumped up on him, trying to lick at his face.

*I can’t look, but I have to ask.*

Yuri’s grip tightened on Victor’s coat. “Vitya... Who’s Petrov?”

Victor tensed immediately. “Who told you that name Yuri?”

Yuri’s breath hitched in his throat. “You... you’ve been calling for him in your sleep,” he sobbed. “Is he why you came here? Am I a rebound?”
Victor’s arms tightened. “Yuri, I’m so sorry. You’re not a rebound. I promise.”

“Who… who is he?”

Yuri felt his boyfriend tense again, and Victor pushed him back slightly. One hand snaked under his chin and his face was guided up so that Victor could look him in the eye.

“He’s a previous boyfriend. Long ago though. I promise I’m here for you. I’m with you now and that’s not going to change.”

“Vitya… why do you keep calling for him in your sleep?” Yuri knew tears were streaming down his face, but he couldn’t stop. His anxiety had him in its clutches and he felt that everything he’d always wanted was slipping through his fingers. “Am I not alpha enough for you?”

Victor eyes widened before he pulled him close again and kissed his hair. “I’ll explain to you Yuri. I promise. But can you give me a little time? It… it’s hard to talk about. Can you give me that time?”

Yuri shook and pressed his face into Victor’s coat. “Vitya…”

“I’m sorry Yuri. You deserve an answer. Let me get my thoughts together. Ok?”

Yuri tensed and clenched the fabric of Victor’s coat. I have to trust him. He had to respect Victor’s request and trust his boyfriend in order to get the answers he needed.

Yuri nodded, still struggling to get his own feelings under control.

“Thank you Yuri. And I’m so sorry. I never want to do anything to make you doubt yourself.”

Victor lifted his face again and Yuri felt soft lips against his own. “You’re the person I want. Never doubt that Yuri.”

Despite Victor’s assurances, Yuri was in a vulnerable mood when they arrived back at the inn and he’d retreated to his room to be alone. Mari had brought him dinner, knowing he was unlikely to emerge in such a state.

He felt bad, abandoning Victor after asking an obviously difficult question, but he was in no position to be around people either. He hurt. He didn’t know how much the other person had meant to the man he loved, and his anxiety insisted that he’d never measure up.

There was an email from newscaster Moorooka. He was asking for an interview Friday evening, by phone so that Yuri wouldn’t need to waste a valuable training day in travel. _Friday’s no good. We’ll be in final preparation for Victor’s heat._

Yuri clung to it. He had to trust the man he loved. He’d proceed under the assumption that things would continue as planned.

He had to trust that Victor really wanted him.

Yuri composed a reply, indicating that he was unavailable. He sent a brief statement thanking the Japanese people for their support during the upcoming Rostelecom Cup, and said that if they had any particular questions he would answer via email.
He’d just sent the email when he heard a gentle tap at the door.

“Yuri?” Victor asked softly. “Can I come in?”

Yuri stood and walked to the door. He slid it open and allowed his boyfriend into the room before returning to his computer. He saw that a reply email had already arrived, promising a handful of interview questions the following day.

Yuri turned to see that Victor was sitting on his bed, back against the wall.

“Come here Yuri.” Victor’s arms were open, and suddenly being wrapped in them was the only thing that mattered.

He stood, took a few steps toward the bed then crawled across the mattress until he was pressed against Victor’s chest. The Russian kissed his hair, holding him silently for several minutes.

“I’m sorry Yuri. You should never have to worry about my past.”

Yuri nuzzled into Victor’s chest. “Vitya… am I not enough of an alpha for you? Is that why you’re calling out to him in your sleep?”

Yuri felt and heard Victor’s breath catch in his throat. “No Yuri. That’s not it at all. In fact you’re the best alpha I’ve ever met, best person I’ve ever met, which is why I’m terrified of losing you.”

Yuri lifted his face to look at Victor, and was immediately kissed. As the kiss ended his head was guided back to his boyfriend’s chest and he was nestled into his arms.

“I know Chris must have said something to you…”

Victor tensed slightly at the mention.

“Chris is protective of me Yuri. He’s known me a long time and you’re not the first alpha he’s challenged. You are the first to stand up to him though.

“You see, to Chris, any alpha who backs down isn’t worthy of my time, and usually receives a fist to the face for the effort. Luckily the life of a competitive athlete doesn’t leave much time for romance or there would have probably been a more serious incident.

“Chris is more than a protector though. He’s been a confidante as well. I’ve only had a handful of relationships, and the only two that ever truly hurt me were both with alphas. He was there for the aftermath of both, which is why he’s so aggressive about protecting me now.”

“Petrov…” Yuri whispered.

“Mm-hmm. And another named Anton. I really can’t tell you about one without telling you about the other though. It hurts, I’m not going to lie, but I hope that when I’m done you’ll understand why I was suddenly having those particular nightmares.”

Victor seemed to start, quieted a minute and then spoke. “I met Petrov during the twenty-ten Olympic Games in Vancouver. He was energetic and charismatic, moving through the Russian contingent during the wait for the Parade of Nations at the opening ceremonies. Everything about him screamed dominant alpha.

“I’d just turned twenty-two and had never had a serious relationship. Then this snowboarder comes up to me and… There was this intensity about him that I couldn’t avoid. When he started pursuing
me, I was overwhelmed. I don’t think he knew at that point that I’m an omega, but he’d definitely had practice using his alpha pheromones to seduce his intended partners and it was on full blast for me.

“Two weeks is a long time to be the target of a determined alpha trying to seduce a mate, especially when relatively confined like in the Olympic Village. We’d somehow run into each other several times a day, likely not an accident, and with every meeting he drew me in a little more. By the time we returned to St. Petersburg we were dating.

“For a while things were good, really good. I even thought I was in love. I slowly opened up to him.”

Victor took a deep breath. “Do you remember me saying I had bad experiences, and that’s why I went on suppressants as a teen?”

“Mm-hmm,” Yuri nodded against Victor’s chest.

Victor shook slightly, his arms tightening around Yuri. “Bad isn’t actually the best word for it. Traumatic is much more appropriate.”

Yuri looked up.

Victor smiled softly and kissed his forehead. “Not tonight. There’s only so many of my memories I can handle at once.”

Yuri nodded and curled up again, closing his eyes so that he could focus all his attention on Victor’s words.

“At some point I revealed to Petrov that I’m omega. I even told him that heats weren’t good for me because of my past trauma. I didn’t give him details, but I thought he understood.

“Summer came, and we’d been together about six months. It was between seasons for both of us, normally the perfect time for athletes to heat or rut. He started asking when my next heat was. For a while I was able to deflect, but as the summer continued he persisted. It hurt a little bit more every time he brought it up.

“We were in bed when he brought it up the final time. He told me how much he was looking forward to knotting me, and something broke inside. I couldn’t change the subject any more. It was clear that he expected to spend his rut with me, with me in heat. To him the decision had already been made and the only thing left to me was the timing. It terrified me.

“At first I tried to be gentle. I tried to remind him that heats were an uncomfortable thing for me. But he persisted. He insisted that I’d love it. The longer it went on the more my old terrors came back. I did the only thing I could think of to make it stop: I told him, clearly, that I fully intended to spend my heat alone.”

Victor took a shuddering breath.

“He was so angry Yuri. He called me selfish and a cocktease. He told me I was a disappointment as an omega, and that I’d never find a mate since I was obviously disobedient. He claimed that I’d led him on for months.

He dressed while he was yelling, and then he was headed to the door. I was naked, and fell out of bed. I ran after him through my apartment, trying to get him to understand my position. I had almost reached him when I tripped over the edge of a rug trying to stop him.
“I yelled for him, called out, tried to get him to stay. I knew that if he walked out that door he was walking out of my life, he was walking away because I refused to share my heat.”

Victor paused, shaking at the memory.

“He sent his coach… his coach to pick up any of his stuff that had found its way to my apartment. I wasn’t even worthy of being looked at after just trying to protect myself.”

Yuri shifted, he wanted to kiss the hurt away. “Vitya…”

Victor looked down and shook his head. “Not yet Yuri. I won’t be able to finish if I stop now. Even all these years later the memories are raw.”

Yuri nodded and curled up again.

“Petrov was probably partially responsible for my first reactive heat. I was scared that if I went into heat so soon after he left that I’d call him out of desperation, so I pushed it, even though I knew it was dangerous. Before I knew it the season had started again and there was no good time for a heat. It was the following summer before my body forced it on me.”

Victor paused and took a deep breath.

“Anton was the second alpha I dated. He was so different from Petrov, cool, collected and calm. He presented himself as confident and capable, and it was a good look for him. He was in business, and we’d met during a sponsor event about a year and a half after Petrov left.

“Things immediately seemed different, so I thought it would be ok. He wasn’t an aggressive pursuer, and our relationship developed at a much more relaxed pace. It felt calm and natural.

“But I was still hurt, and I didn’t tell him about my omega status at all. I knew he was an alpha, and I didn’t think I could handle it again.

“The season ended, and we’d been together about four months. I was still under doctor observation since my reactive heat, though had been allowed my suppressants again. I knew I had to heat, so I told him that I had an appointment in Moscow and would be out of town for a few days. We made a date for a few days later, and I thought I’d be able to get it over with without causing any problems.

“I should have known better. Anton had a bit of a romantic side, and he’d decided to surprise me by showing up unexpectedly on the day I was supposed to return from my ‘trip.’ My heat had only been over for a handful of hours. I was an absolute mess.

“When I opened the door he said something about how it smelled like somebody was in heat on my floor, then the full force of it hit him. It was still early spring, too chill to leave the windows open for long in St. Petersburg. The smell and one look at me was all it took.

“He was livid. His face turned shades of red I didn’t think was possible, and his normally calm demeanor fell apart. He didn’t say a word. He just turned around and walked away.

“I was too exhausted to do anything but crawl back into my nest and cry.

“He finally replied to my calls several days later with a short email. Simply put, he couldn’t be with somebody who had to hide something as important as secondary gender, no matter what the circumstances. He also indicated that it was doubly insulting as I knew he was an alpha, and was approaching his own rut. I’d rejected him as an alpha in his eyes, so he took it to mean the relationship was over with no room for discussion.”
Victor quieted and held Yuri close.

“When you came to me the other night and said that we needed to talk about my heat, all those memories came flooding back, and I couldn’t lose you… Not you Yuri. You’re so much more to me than either of them ever were. I was terrified you’d demand to spend my heat with me, and that you’d walk away when I had to refuse.

“The thought of losing you was too much. The sight of them leaving replayed over and over in my mind until I finally realized that you weren’t asking to share it, but was instead focused on finding a safe place for me. You don’t know how important that was.”

Victor kissed the top of his head.

Yuri couldn’t hold back any longer. He got to his knees and took Victor’s face between his hands, kissing his boyfriend passionately.

“I’m so sorry Vitya. I… I didn’t know…”

Victor smiled softly. “Of course you didn’t. Why would you?”

Yuri smiled and then leaned their foreheads together. “I’m sorry for another reason too. I’m sorry you had to relive those memories to deal with my anxiety. It… It’s just that… you called out that name during your sleep, and a part of me felt inadequate as a partner… as an alpha. I worried that I couldn’t give you what you needed.”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuri’s waist and held him close. “You’re the best alpha Yuri.”

“Really?”

Victor nodded. “Really.”

They kissed for several minutes.

“Yuri… I know you’re different… but tonight… I think we’re both in a vulnerable state. I need to feel like an omega, and I want you to feel like an alpha. Can… can we do that?”

Yuri studied Victor’s face for a moment then nodded. “Yeah. We can do that.”

Victor smiled, and Yuri kissed him softly before pushing him down onto the bed.

“Here?” Victor asked, slightly surprised.

“Here,” Yuri said, looking down at how Victor was sprawled across his mattress. “Where it smells like me.” He knelt over the Russian and kissed him deeply. “If you want to be my omega tonight, then I want every bit of that part of you to know who your alpha is, and the best way to do that is to make sure you’re smelling me with every thrust.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly and Yuri smirked as a faint blush spread across his cheeks. Yuri laid half on top of the Russian, pinning him to the bed and kissed him again. Each time their lips came together it was slow and sweet, deepening the connection between them.

Yuri slid his hand into Victor’s pants and wrapped his fingers around his cock. The Russian gasped and Yuri licked kisses into his mouth.

He wants to be an omega tonight, and me his alpha? I can do that. I’ll make sure the only things he feels are pleasure and like he’s been properly claimed.
Yuri took it slow, kissing and stroking the man beneath him, gently dropping his boyfriend into that place of pure bliss. At some point Victor’s shirt came off, and Yuri licked and sucked tiny marks onto his chest, savoring every gasp and moan. He managed to wrestle the Russian’s pants down just enough to free his cock and sucked on the tip, loving the flavor of his pre-cum.

“You’re such a good omega Vitya.”

Yuri shifted to pull off his boyfriend’s pants then stood at the side of the bed and stared. Platinum hair splayed across his pillow, and his lips were reddened from kissing. A flush spread across his face down to his shoulders, and his normally alabaster cock was the color of cherry blossoms, hard against his stomach and shiny with spit and pre-cum.

Yuri licked his lips. “You’re beautiful Vitya.”

He knew he didn’t have enough experience to properly take his boyfriend apart, but he was going to expose all the cracks he could.

*My omega has been broken with emotional hurt. And just as one would fill the cracks in a bowl with gold, I’m going to fill his with love.*

He could see that Victor was already beginning to fall into an omega headspace, plaint under the demands of an alpha. “On your stomach for me Vitya.”

The Russian nodded and got to his knees. Yuri put a hand on the small of his back and pushed.

“Just relax, let me take care of you.”

Victor nodded and laid on his stomach, arms wrapped around Yuri’s pillow.

Yuri’s fingers drifted down the omega’s spine, causing the Russian to arch against him, until he touched the puckered entrance. He found it slightly wet with slick, but wanted his boyfriend to be comfortable. He stood, and walked over where he’d dumped the bag from the pharmacy earlier. He pulled out a new bottle of lube and a condom before returning to the bed. He slicked his fingers before sliding one into Victor, gently opening him up.

Soon he had two fingers inside, and twisted his hand to find his boyfriend’s sweet spot. “I love those noises you’re making Vitya,” he purred as he rubbed the bundle of nerves.

He rolled the condom onto his length with one hand while three fingers of the other worked to open the Russian. Then he was pressing into his lover. He could tell by the desperate whimpers that the omega wanted him to go faster, but he wanted to take his time. He watched as his cock slid inside, growled in pleasure at the feeling of them joining together.

He laid across Victor’s back and pressed kisses to his shoulders. “You feel so good Vitya.” He noticed the tremble that passed through his lover’s shoulders.

*He loves praise. Good.*

He started rocking slowly into the man beneath him. He was going to take his time, it wasn’t about getting off, it was about bringing them closer together. He shifted until Victor cried out in a way that he knew meant he’d found the sweet spot again. He drove into it with each languid thrust, stripping his lover of any thought, any emotion but ecstasy.

He dropped kisses along Victor’s shoulders, whispered words of praise into his ear as he worked to fill all the cracks in the man’s heart.
He noticed how Victor was clinging to his pillow, breathing in deeply. It made the alpha part of him happy, and he decided to push the tiniest bit.

“Do you like smelling me when I’m with you Vitya?”

Victor nodded and murmured something unintelligible, but he got the point anyway.

A kiss on the shoulder. “Do you want to take that pillow to the hotel to use in your nest?”

Victor’s eyes opened and Yuri could just see the blue staring at him from the corners. There was joy shining within them. He smiled and nodded.

“I like knowing you want my smell in your nest,” Yuri growled softly. “Do you want more?” He ground into the sweet spot as he asked.

Victor gasped and groaned in need.

“Such a good omega,” Yuri purred, hoping it was what Victor needed. “Wanting to line his nest with things that smell like his alpha. We’ll go through my things in a day or so and I’ll let you pick out several things for your nest. Do you want that?”

A noise of assent, and the alpha part of Yuri was even more satisfied.

His kisses turned to nips, and the praise falling from his lips included more about how good the omega was. He could see that Victor was completely lost to the pleasure, and he started to move faster within him.

“I’m close Vitya.”

Victor’s hips drove back against him, wanting it. He nipped at the Russian’s shoulders again as he thrust several times. He came with a gasp, entire body thrumming with pleasure, before he collapsed on top of his lover.

They stayed that way for several minutes, Yuri softening inside, before he moved. He ordered the Russian to turn over again as he removed the condom, and started kissing alabaster skin when he returned to the bed.

Victor shook, still blissed out, as Yuri kissed up the inside of his thigh. His back arched and he moaned deeply when the tip of his cock was enveloped in the soft heat of Yuri’s mouth.

Yuri intended to suck off his omega, but a tug on his shoulders told him that the Russian had other ideas. He smiled, climbing up to kiss his lover while his hand stroked instead.

He could tell by the tiny tremors through Victor’s body that he wouldn’t last long.

“You’re so beautiful Vitya,” Yuri purred between kisses. “I love seeing you like this.”

Victor’s back arched, and Yuri felt warmth across his hand. He turned to see a ribbon of cum land on the Russian’s stomach.

“That’s right Vitya,” he growl in praise. “Show me how beautiful you are.”

Victor moaned in ecstasy, and Yuri watched more of the Russian’s cum land on his stomach. He saw the flow lessen and he turned to the omega’s ear.

“I bet you have more in there. Let me see it.”
Victor gasped with fresh pleasure, and there were a handful of thick ropes before the orgasm finally ended.

Yuri pushed up slightly from the bed and growled in approval. His omega was breathless and flush with lingering pleasure. Thick strands of cum coated his stomach, and when Yuri shifted he could just see Victor’s hole, twitching slightly from just having been fucked.

Yuri licked his lips. He decided it was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen, and it was his. He’d fight to make sure that nobody else ever saw his omega like that. The Grand Prix final wouldn’t be the end, he wouldn’t let it be.

The Grand Prix Final…

Yuri thought as he stood and grabbed a handful of tissues to clean Victor’s stomach.

It brought us together…

That beautiful alabaster skin was clean, and Yuri dropped kisses along it.

I want to do something special for it.

Yuri curled up next to Victor on the narrow bed. It wouldn’t be as comfortable, but it had his alpha scent, and he wanted his omega surrounded by that smell.

Their limbs tangled together and they kissed softly.

An idea came to him.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm… Yes Yuri?”

God his voice is still so blissed out. I love it.

“I was thinking… The Grand Prix Final is why you came, it’s what brought us together. Let’s do something special.”

“Hmm?”

Yuri kissed Victor again. “Let’s turn the Stay Close to Me program into a pair skate for the exhibition.”

“Mmmm, nice idea,” Victor murmured softly. “But I don’t think it’ll work.”

Disappointment filled him. “Why not?”

“I may be strong,” Yuri could hear amusement in Victor’s voice, “but you’re still a man. I don’t think I have the strength to lift or throw you properly, and even if you do, it would just look weird the other way as I’m the taller of us. Besides those both take years of training and we’ve got weeks.”

“You’re right…” Yuri said softly.

“We can turn it into an ice dance though,” Victor suggested. “With a few side-by-side jumps. Is that good?”

Yuri smiled and kissed the side of Victor’s mouth. “Perfect.”
“Good. We don’t have much time, so I’ll start adjusting the choreography tomorrow.”

Yuri nodded and laid his head on Victor’s chest.

They’d show the world the power of their love at the Grand Prix Final.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

So here are the rules for the mobs for anybody wanting to eviscerate Petrov, Anton or both. People with pitchforks and blunt whacking objects in front. Make sure to get everything soft so the people with knife shoes don't trip and hurt themselves.

Yes, you read that right. Petrov and Anton aren't the SOURCE of Victor's trauma, but definitely added to it in asshole-ish ways.

Re: heats, ruts and birth control in this particular version of the omegaverse...
Since a couple people were worried about an accidental pregnancy after last chapter.

Birth control is a standard part of suppressants for both alphas and omegas, that is part of the reason why it was ok for them to be sans condom last chapter. Yuri is fully aware of this, and was still on his suppressants. (there is a joke that if men got pregnant there would be better birth control options, including male birth control... since men get pregnant in this world... well they have it.)

Also, while females of all secondary genders are fertile and ovulate monthly, omegas are hyper-fertile during their heats. Yuko's triplets are heat babies. Male omegas are only fertile during their heats, and ovulate starting only a couple days out. An alpha would easily be able to smell the change, so there wasn't concern yet there either.

Alphas have two types of knots. A standard knot is shorter, meant to fill the biological need when they encounter an omega in heat but aren't in rut themselves. A breeding knot is significantly longer, and only occurs during a rut. An alpha in rut will ONLY seek out an omega in heat, or will go through it alone. The breeding knot is to much for anybody other than an omega in heat and they have evolved with that instinct.

Hope that explains a few things in my head that are too much exposition for the story

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Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Alterations

Chapter Summary

There's not much time between Victor's upcoming heat and competitions to make changes to the Stay Close to Me program, so both men spend most of the day altering and practicing the new choreography.

Chapter Notes

Just an overall soft day before things get going as they approach Victor's heat.

No new chapter tomorrow. Time to update Dreams again. Look for the next chapter here on Monday the 20th, around 7 MDT.

If you've been enjoying this work please use the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuri watched as Victor glided across the ice. The Russian had left for the rink by the time he woke up, and when he arrived he saw that changes to the Stay Close to Me program were already well underway. The core of the program was the same, but most of the spins and jumps had been removed and he could see where the platinum-haired man was expecting a partner in the dance.

Yuri leaned on the barrier and sighed happily as he watched his lover. A part of him felt a pang of guilt for taking Victor’s talent from the world. Even after seven months as a coach, his skating was as powerful as ever. Of course he was on the ice with Yuri daily, and kept up with the various training regimens, but it was still an achievement.

As the choreography changed before his eyes, Yuri knew that Victor could easily return to competitive skating at any time once the Grand Prix Final was over.

The Grand Prix Final...

It was everything they had been working toward, and it was so close that Yuri could practically feel the medal. It was also possibly the end. Victor had never officially announced his retirement, and they’d never discussed what came next.

The realization hit him like a rock. Was he planning to go back to skating afterward?

Yuri looked at his lover in a new way. He still practiced regularly, even if it wasn’t a routine. He loved choreography and frequently was off dancing on the other side of the rink, working through ideas in his head while Yuri warmed up or practiced relatively clean elements.

He never left the sport, not really…
He watched Victor, saw the joy on his face as he ran through the program.

_I… I can’t keep him from the ice. He loves it too much. It’s wrong. I’ve got to let him go back after the final._

_We’ll still be together though. I’m not going to give up on us, I’ll find a way to both be with him and keep skating._

Victor held a pose, and Yuri knew that the music in his mind had stopped. He could see just in the Russian’s posture where he would fit into his lover’s arms.

Victor stood and turned to start over when he saw Yuri watching. “Yuri!” he called cheerily. “Ohayo! Do you want to see your choreography?”

Yuri smiled. “Hai!”

Victor grinned, eyes sparkling with excitement. He started, and Yuri saw that the program began the same as it always had, but changed partway through as his surprise partner joined him.

He smiled. It was perfect.

They were laying on the ice, laughing. They’d fallen again during a simple lift, Yuri squirming as Victor’s fingers hit a ticklish spot and knocking them both off balance.

Victor shifted and pressed his lips to Yuri’s. “Thank you Yuri. This is fun, much more fun than I’ve had skating in a while. I can’t wait to see what the audience thinks.”

Yuri leaned up and returned the kiss. “Well they’ll be groaning a lot if you can’t keep from tickling me.”

The Russian stared in mock hurt. “Hey, it’s not my fault you are utterly captivating when you laugh.”

Yuri pulled his lover in for another heated kiss and kept him there until he started to feel the chill through his practice clothes.

They tried again, and Yuri managed to get most of the way through the lift before he started laughing. They were able to continue through the choreography, but as they ended he knew it felt off.

“It needs more energy after the lift,” he said as they stood again.

Victor was contemplative. “Agreed. That was originally the final combination jump, but the new placement is off to get back to center ice in time unless we’re moving.”

They were silent for a few seconds.

“Twizzles!” Yuri shouted.

Victor looked at him, realization dawning in his eyes.

“They’re perfect, right?” Yuri urged. “They have the energy and will keep us moving. Besides, you said yourself, it’s an ice dance. Twizzles are essential to ice dance!”

Yuri loved the look of excitement that came over Victor’s face at the suggestion. “Let’s do it!”
They discussed, and quickly decided how they wanted the sequence to look, starting with clockwise on the outside edge, then counterclockwise on the inside while holding the free blade, finishing with an outside clockwise again.

When they finished the rough runthrough of the routine again Yuri knew it was the perfect choreography. Now they just had to clean it up and drill it into muscle memory.

“Good news Yuri!” Victor called from across the rink during their afternoon practice. “Grigory says that he can make another costume for me in time.”

Yuri skated to the barrier, breathing heavily from working on the quad flip. “I still don’t see why you felt the need to have a new costume made. The one from last year still fits doesn’t it?”

Victor grinned. “Of course it does, but you’ve added color to my heart, so it’s only natural that it reflects on the ice.”

“Oh?”

“The new one will be a lavender color, a blend of the pink one and your blue. I think the audience will get the symbolism.”

Yuri laughed and turned to press a kiss to his boyfriend’s lips. “I still don’t think it’s necessary, but whatever you want.”

Victor smiled. “Ready to show me your flip?”

“My flip, or my fall? They’re kind of the same thing right now.”

“You’re making more progress than you think. I see you in the air for a little bit longer each time, and you’re a little bit steadier on your blades. You’ll be ready. I know it.”

“I’m glad you believe in me, cause I’m doubting myself right now.”

“Don’t do that Yuri. You’re an amazing skater and competitor.”

Yuri smiled. *Do you want to compete against me?*

“Rehydrate, then show me your progress,” Victor ordered.

Yuri smiled and nodded. He was going to make Victor proud.

Yuri had managed to push the thought of what would happen after the Grand Prix Final out of his mind while they practiced, but once they returned home the insecurities flooded back into him.

Victor had been jubilant all day with the thought of performing again, even just for an exhibition, and Yuri knew it was wrong to keep him from the ice after their original goal was met.

However, Yuri didn’t know what to do, and it was a problem. He wanted to skate, and he wanted to be with Victor. He knew Celestino would take him back, but that would mean being separated from the man he loved, and that was unacceptable. Yakov scared him, and after having pulled Victor
away for half a season he didn’t dare ask the Russian coach to consider him as a student.

He couldn’t ask Victor to both coach and skate, it was madness.

Yuri retreated to his room under the guise of rummaging and finding things that smelled like him for Victor’s nest.

Sweaters. Sweaters are soft and hold plenty of scent.

He briefly considered one of the other St. Petersburg coaches. As a major city in Russia, and with the country’s strong history of figure skating, he knew Yakov wasn’t the only option. But of them he was the best and likely the only one able to keep Yuri’s competitive career on a forward track.

Yuri tossed several of the sweaters that smelled the most like him onto the bed.

Then there was the fact that Yuri couldn’t imagine being under anybody else’s guidance than Victor’s. But asking Victor to both coach and skate was an impossibility…

Practice clothes. Those always smell like me, even when freshly laundered.

Yuri drove himself in circles until he started to realize that he couldn’t both stay with the man he loved, and continue to skate. He’d have to give up one of them for the sake of the other.

He wanted to hold onto both. He loved skating, and wasn’t ready to give it up. But he knew that, rationally, it made more sense to end his competitive career than leave the man he loved for something he’d only really be able to do for a handful of remaining years anyway.

Anxiety nipped around his edges, and all he wanted was to be with Victor. He stared at the pile of clothes on his bed, and decided that with a blanket it would be a good amount of stuff for the omega to pick from.

I don’t want to stop skating, but I can’t lose Victor now. There must be something I can do, something I haven’t thought of.

His vision started tunneling. He needed Victor. He needed his omega.

Yuri wandered through the inn until he found the Russian sitting and chatting with Minako in the dining room. He knelt behind his lover and draped himself over the other man, burying his face in his neck.

Victor… Victor… He was exhausted, physically and mentally drained from just searching for his mate. He didn’t think he could stand again if he tried.

He heard Minako gasp slightly at the rather uncharacteristic public display of affection, but didn’t care. He needed his omega.

“Yuri?” Victor asked softly.

Yuri responded by merely nuzzling into Victor’s neck more.

I don’t know what to do. Help me Victor.

He squeezed tighter.

“I should let you two have some privacy,” Minako said as she stood. “I was about to leave anyway.”
Victor bowed as much as he could with Yuri clinging to him. “It was nice chatting with you. I’ll text Yurio that message for Lilia.”

“Arigato. Oyasumi.”

“Oyasuminasai.”

Yuri heard Minako’s retreating footsteps, then felt Victor’s fingers brush across his arm. “Are you ok Yuri?”

Yuri shook his head. I don’t know what to do.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Yuri shook his head again. I have to decide this for myself.

“Do you want to stay here, or go up to bed?”

Yuri squeezed tighter. I don’t know.

“Do you want me to hold you until it passes?”

Yes… He nodded.

The Russian managed to turn just enough to pull the smaller man into his lap. Some part of Yuri knew that the customers must have been staring, but he didn’t care. He closed his eyes and focused on Victor, his scent and the small soothing circles that his hands were rubbing on his arms and back.

Victor…

He knew it was an anxiety attack, not the kind that threatened to rip him in two, but the quiet type that shredded around the edges until there was nothing left. He squeezed his eyes tighter, trying to stop the fraying, but instead found himself swallowed faster.

Vitya…

Victor was kissing and murmuring into his hair. He clung to it, his omega’s feel, scent, voice, they were his lifeline in the abyss of his mind.

Maybe… just maybe… it’ll be ok…

Yuri allowed himself to be swept up in the current of his thoughts. He didn’t, couldn’t, voice them, but he didn’t shove them back into the dark recesses. Crying it out had felt good at the Cup of China, and with Victor as an anchor maybe it was ok to let darkness run its course for once.

He was vaguely aware of things going on around him, his mother’s voice, worry filling the few words of English she knew. Victor, beautiful, wonderful, Victor replying that he was ok holding Yuri for as long as it took for the attack to pass. Footsteps of customers leaving the dining room.

When he finally came back to himself the first thing he noticed was the stillness all around. The inn had closed long before, and they were the only ones left in the room.

The second thing he noticed was Victor’s voice.

Victor was singing. His voice was clear and soft, though there was obvious worry threaded in. Yuri didn’t understand the words, but knew it was probably a Russian lullaby from the tone and tempo.
Yuri opened his eyes and looked up. Worry was painted across Victor’s face, the Russian’s eyes closed as he focused on the man in his arms. Yuri shifted and lifted his hand to his lover’s cheek.

Victor’s eyes fluttered open and he gazed down at Yuri. “Are you ok?” he asked gently.

“I’m… better now.” Yuri replied. He knew the cause of the attack was still there. He still didn’t know what he was going to do, but he did feel better.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Yuri thought for a moment, he really did, but it scared him too much. “Not right now,” he finally replied.

Victor studied him for a moment, then nodded. “Ok. Let me know when you’re ready.”

Yuri smiled softly, glad that his boyfriend knew when not to push. He then nuzzled back into the warm embrace.

“Shall we go to bed?” Victor suggested after a few minutes. “It’s late and we should sleep.”

Yuri nodded. Bed sounded like an excellent idea. He unwound himself from the circle of Victor’s arms, muscles protesting at having been in a strange position for too long.

They moved softly through the quiet halls and were soon wrapped in each other’s embrace under the warm covers.

“Vitya? What was that song you were singing? It sounded like a lullaby.”

Victor kissed Yuri’s forehead. “It is. My mom used to sing it to me when I had panic attacks as a teen, before they had to move to Moscow for work. I thought that maybe it would help you too.”

“So that panic attack the other day wasn’t your first one?”

Victor shook his head against Yuri’s arm in the darkness. “No, far from it, but I rarely get them anymore. They used to be quite bad though.”

“I… I’m sorry.”

Victor nuzzled Yuri’s face. “It’s in the past Yuri. Now… let’s get some sleep. We’ve got a lot of work to do on the revised exhibition skate, and your quad flip is nowhere near where it needs to be. With my heat coming up you better believe I’ll be pushing you hard the next couple of days.”

Yuri smiled. Somehow the words focused his thoughts. “Stop trying to tickle me during the lifts and we might actually be able to practice properly.”

“It’s not my fault you’re so ticklish, or that you’re adorable when you laugh.”

Yuri pulled Victor in for a kiss. He was right, the omega was his anchor.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.
If you've been following my Dreams fic you've probably figured out I have a thing for Twizzles, and I'm sooooooooo glad we didn't see the full exhibition skate, because it allowed me to add them in. Because Twizzles!

Seriously, have you ever seen them? They're so much fun! They're my ice dance crack. If you haven't seen them, just enjoy: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oeCM2fQGj5k

You can pry Twizzles from my cold, dead, author fingers.

On a less happy note, poor Yuri. But I imagine that the decision of ending his career would have caused its share of anxiety.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

The remaining practice time is quickly dwindling as Victor's heat approaches, but progress leaves the men ready to celebrate. However, a dinner date turns bad with potentially disastrous consequences.

Chapter Notes

Another long chapter ya'll! Woo!!!

I'm going to try to keep up with the ambitious posting schedule, but the next several chapters should also be on the longer side. When RL work is factored in I might not be able to post daily. Since I won't know myself if I'll make it or not until I start writing, the best way to get information is by stalking my tumblr at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

If you've been enjoying this work please whack the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri blinked away the light. He turned to see Victor staring at him, concern in his eyes. As soon as the Russian saw that he was awake he reached out and brushed his fingers over Yuri’s face.

“Good morning.” He paused, eyes searching for the first emotions of the morning to register. “How are you feeling today?”

Yuri sighed softly and buried himself in his omega’s chest. He was comfortable, for the moment that was all that mattered.

Victor kissed the top of his head. “I let you sleep in, but we should probably get going soon. We’re already almost an hour behind schedule.”

Yuri grumbled again and nuzzled into Victor’s warmth.

“Five minutes,” Victor warned softly.

Yuri nodded and breathed deep his lover’s scent. He was starting to remember his anxiety attack of the night before, and wanted to center himself before it could gnaw at him again.

Victor rubbed soothing circles on his back, and he was just so comfortable. He was almost asleep again when Victor told him that his five minutes were up and that it was time to get out of bed.

He grumbled but got up and padded to his room to get dressed. However, as soon as he saw the pile of sweaters and practice clothes on his bed he started to feel the anxiety claw at him again.
How can I give up skating after all we’ve worked for? But I can’t lose him either.

Yuri’s breathing was short and shallow. Things were happening too fast and he was running out of time.

Strong hands on his shoulders, turning him around. Victor’s scent.

“Shhh Yuri. Don’t let it get you. You’re ok.”

Yuri looked up, and Victor immediately kissed him. “I’m right here, ok?”

Yuri nodded.

Victor smiled softly, then turned his own eyes towards the bed. “Is my heat what’s causing these?” he asked cautiously, eyeing the pile of clothes.

No! Never think that!

Yuri shook his head, then grabbed Victor’s face so that he could look him in the eye. He had to make it clear that it wasn’t the heat. “No Vitya. Your heat has nothing to do with last night’s anxiety attack. My only concern about your heat is making sure that it’s good for you.”

Victor smiled softly and nodded. “Want to tell me what’s eating at you then?”

Yuri bit his lip. “I… I can’t. Not yet. I have to sort through it more first.”

Victor studied him and sighed before kissing his forehead. “Talk to me if you need to. I’m here.”

Yuri smiled. “I know, and once it all settles I promise you’ll be the first to know. Ok?”

Victor nodded, then turned his eyes to the bed again. They widened in expectation, taking in the large pile. “Is that… is all that for my nest?”

Yuri nodded. “I don’t think we can take all of it, but you can pick through and take as many things as you can fit into a suitcase.”

“Oh Yuri!” Victor kissed him again, passionately before easing off to sweet.

Yuri smiled as the kiss ended. Being with Victor felt too good, like he was drowning in his own dreams, and he didn’t want to be dragged from it.

They held each other for a minute before Victor finally sighed. “We should finish getting ready. I rushed out when I heard your breathing.”

Yuri looked down and laughed. Somehow Victor was only wearing one sock.

Victor chuckled. “Do you want me to stay, or do you think you’re ok now?”

“I’ll be ok.”

“Good, cause the one foot is getting cold.”

Yuri laughed and rose on his toes to kiss Victor again. “Thank you.”

“I’ll always be there when you need me.”

I hope so.
Yuri watched Victor return to his room, then picked through the practice clothes that hadn’t been thrown onto the pile. He pulled on a shirt and sweats and a few minutes later they were jogging side-by-side toward Ice Castle.

Yuri took a deep breath and circled the rink, gaining speed. His last attempt had been the best yet, only putting a hand on the ice. He passed Victor, leaning against the barrier, gold blades catching the morning light. The Russian shouted several words of encouragement.

*Speed is good…*

Yuri glanced and checked his path, crouched, and plunged his toe pick into the ice, simultaneously launching with the other leg.

He counted the rotations, and prepared for landing. His blade touched down on the ice, and he glided out of the jump.

His breath caught in his throat. He’d landed it.

“Yuri!” Victor called, already skating over. “That was perfect!”

Yuri barely had time to brace himself before he was wrapped in Victor’s arms.

“You did it Yuri!” Victor grabbed his face and tilted his head up for a deep kiss. “You’re amazing, you know that?”

Yuri smiled and wrapped his arms around Victor’s waist, pulling the taller man close. “I couldn’t have done it without you.”

Victor smiled down at him. “Yes you could have. All I did was speed up the process.”

Yuri felt himself melt a little inside as their lips came together.

“Can you show it to me again?” Victor asked softly as they separated.

Yuri nodded.

Another kiss, chaste and soft, then Victor returned to watch from the barrier.

Yuri let the glow suffuse through him as he circled the rink. He launched it again. The landing was a bit shaky, but he managed to keep from putting down his hand.

He turned to look toward Victor, then skated over.

“It was shaky that time,” his coach chided. “But you’ll have it nailed before Moscow. I know it.”

Yuri smiled, grabbed his towel and wiped the sweat from the back of his neck.

“Let’s go out to dinner tonight to celebrate,” Victor suggested.

“It was just a jump,” Yuri replied with a laugh.

Victor skated around and pinned Yuri between himself and the barrier. “It was the jump that’s going to get you gold at the Grand Prix Final. I think that’s something to celebrate.
“Besides, I think I want to go out to dinner with my boyfriend.”

Yuri smiled. “Well, when you put it that way.”

Victor smiled and they kissed again.

“Ok you two,” Takeshi called from the door. “Off the ice with that. I need to start up the zamboni and prep for the afternoon.”

They smiled at each other for a moment, then Victor burst into laughter.

“What’s so funny?” Yuri asked, confused.

“I was just thinking what would happen if we didn’t leave… then the thought of Takeshi chasing us around the ice on the zamboni popped into my mind.”

Yuri laughed, “Even better… It’s chasing you and I’m trying to hold it back, but it’s dragging me along.”

Victor’s eyes widened and he laughed even harder before skating over to where Takeshi was walking toward where the large machine was stored. “Please Takeshi, can we do that? Yuko can take a photo for social media.”

Takeshi stared for a second, then chuckled. “Ok. Let me get Yuko.”

After a few false starts they were finally able to get a couple photos and a short video, thanks to Yuko.

Yuri was laughing almost uncontrollably as he watched Victor fill in a string of hashtags, including: #gonnadie #savemeYuri and #attackofthezomboni.

“You’re too much sometimes. You know that right?”

Victor turned to him and smiled. “You love it.”

Yuri draped himself over the Russian. “Yeah, I do.”

Yuri and Victor were shown to a followup room as soon as they entered the clinic. The staff had been told to expect a quick visit and were asked to just fit them in between other patients. The nurse swabbed each of their cheeks, then took the swabs for testing.

They faced each other and leaned in in the quiet room.

“Nervous?” Yuri asked softly.

Victor smiled. “A bit. But I know it’ll be ok with you there.”

Yuri returned the smile and rose up to kiss the omega. “However you need,” he replied.

There was a knock at the door, and Dr. Ito strode in. She pulled up the test results on the in-room computer and smiled.

“The cheek swabs look good boys. Both of your birth control shots are at full effect, no booster
doses needed. Are there any questions you have for me while you’re here?”

Both men shook their heads.

She smiled. “Ok then. You’re all set. Have a good heat.”

At first Yuri protested about going to dinner at the new French restaurant, as he’d heard it was pricy. But with Victor making puppy eyes at him all afternoon he’d finally relented.

He had to admit that the ambiance was perfect for a date, with white cloths and candles on every table.

They had just ordered dessert when Victor leaned in. “Mmm, that was always one nice thing about competitions in France, the food is just divine.”

Yuri smiled. “I think I was only in France once. I usually ended up in the Americas or Asia for competitions. This will be my first time in Moscow.”

“Really?” Victor blinked, obviously in thought. “I guess I never did see you assigned there.”

Yuri smiled.

“Do you want me to show you around? I know we won’t have Chris or Phichit there, but it’s a beautiful city. Plus, I know all the best places.”

Yuri thought for a minute, then shook his head. “I usually don’t like sightseeing. Somehow Phichit talks me into it, but it’s not my thing.”

Victor looked disappointed for a moment then smiled. “Do you want to meet my family?”

Yuri looked up and blinked. “Your family?” He felt a blush rise across his cheeks and he flailed his hands in front of him. “No, no, it’s far too early for that!”

“Why?” Victor tilted his head and smiled. “They started seriously asking about you after the Cup of China. They live in Moscow, so it’s not as if it’s a special trip or anything.”

Yuri smiled softly and smiled shyly. “Only if you’re comfortable taking me to meet them. I’m honestly a little underwhelming.”

“Nonsense Yuri. You’re perfect.”

“Not until after the free skate though. I don’t want to worry about what they think of me until I’m able to show them the medal you helped me win.”

Victor nodded. “I think we can do that.” He reached across the table and dragged his fingertips across Yuri’s face.

Yuri closed his eyes and hummed softly at the touch.

They were interrupted by the delivery of their clafoutis, and Victor started making noises of joy as soon as he tasted it.

They were playfully feeding each other bites of the decadent dessert when a commotion started on
the other side of the room. Both glanced up for a moment, then decided to ignore it.

Unfortunately they quickly found themselves interrupted by a large drunken man who reeked of alpha. “I finally found you…” he growled lustfully in Japanese. “I’ve been unable to get that scent out of my head since I came in.”

Victor and Yuri exchanged a confused glance as the younger man translated for the Russian’s sake. They’d both made sure to use masking soaps after practice so as not to disturb people during dinner with their increased scent as they approached heat and rut. Even across the table Yuri could barely smell the omega.

“I do believe you have the wrong table sir,” Yuri replied politely.

The man’s eyes darkened dangerously. “I’m not talking to you,” he growled, switching to English. “I’m talking to this pretty omega.”

Victor’s eyes narrowed in anger. “It is horribly rude to interrupt another man’s meal. So if you’ll leave, we would appreciate it.”

The man leaned over, trying to assert dominance over their table. “Why would I do that? You’re the best smelling thing in this place. Why don’t you come home with me?”

Yuri could smell even more of the alpha’s sour scent, but he could tell by the look in Victor’s eyes that the Russian wanted him to stay out of it. He knew his coach was right. The last thing they needed was a fight with only a week and a half until the next competition.

“You’re drunk,” Victor replied icily. “Besides, if you hadn’t already noticed, I have an alpha.”

“Could have fooled me,” the drunken man sneered. “I can’t smell him on you. Or is he so weak that he can’t even scent you properly.”

Yuri clenched and unclenched his hands. He was itching to protect his mate, but another glance between him and Victor told him that his coach was trying to keep him out of it.

The man thrust his arm across the table, wrist toward Victor. “Come on, a pretty thing like you surely must want a nice strong scent like this on you during heat.”

Victor recoiled from the sour smell. “Leave. I’m not interested.”

The man’s eyes narrowed. “You and I both know a puny alpha like this one won’t be able to satisfy a beautiful creature such as you. I bet he barely even has a proper knot. I’ll make sure you’re well taken care of.”

“I said leave.”

“Don’t you want an alpha who will stand up for you? Look at him, so terrified of a real alpha that he’s let an omega do all the talking.”

Yuri clenched his teeth, unable to remain quiet any longer. He pushed his chair back from the table and stood.

“Baby alpha gonna run away and cry?” the drunkard laughed.

Yuri growled, low and threatening in his throat. “He asked nicely, several times, for you to leave. Now I’m telling you. Leave us alone.”
The man stood straight and glared down his nose at Yuri. “You’re not alpha enough for a pretty omega like him.”

Yuri’s growl intensified, and his angered scent spread through the air around him. The sounds of chatter and clinking silverware stopped as the standoff continued, people unnerved by the smell of angry alpha.

“Whether or not I’m enough of an alpha is not your decision to make. It’s his. You had your chance, and he refused. Now go back to whatever rock you crawled out from under.”

Yuri scrunched his nose at the putrid odor seeping from the drunken alpha.

The entire room was deathly quiet as the two alphas stared at each other. Yuri felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

The drunken alpha yelped in surprise as hands grabbed him from behind. He kicked and struggled, and Yuri could see that the host had enlisted the aid of the bartender and what appeared to be one of the cooks to subdue the larger man.

He was yelling and fighting as they pulled him away and out of sight of diners.

The waitress came over and bowed deeply. “So sorry sirs. It was not our intent to allow another customer to disturb your dinner.”

Yuri took a deep breath, let it out slowly and forced his anger down. He bowed in return. “It wasn’t your fault. Thank you for your assistance in dealing with him.”

The young woman smiled and moved back several paces.

Yuri turned to the room and bowed deeply. “I apologize for interrupting your meals.”

As Yuri turned to sit again he could hear the faint spritzes of a masking spray, and the gentle sounds of diners eating again.

“Are you ok?” Yuri asked Victor, seeing that his omega had paled slightly.

Victor nodded. “Yeah. For a minute I was worried it might come to blows.”

Yuri smiled and reached across the table to touch Victor’s face. The omega instantly sniffed at his wrist and closed his eyes in contentment. “It would have been worth it,” Yuri said. “Guys like him don’t deserve wonderful people like you.”

Victor smiled, then developed a stern expression. “While I agree with the sentiment, as your coach I must remind you that judges do not look favorably on bruises healing from fistfights.”

Yuri laughed. “The JSF doesn’t take kindly to its skaters brawling either. Don’t worry. I kept my head about me.”

Victor smiled again.

Despite the interruption being over, they both quickly decided that the mood had been ruined. They left their dessert half uneaten as they paid and made their way out into the street.

Yuri was still angry over the incident, and had the unshakable need to kiss his mate. He pulled Victor into a nearby park and away from the hustle and bustle of the street. They walked silently, hand in hand, until the noise of the crowds was distant din.
Yuri stopped and tugged at Victor’s hand, silently urging the omega to stop too.

Victor looked at Yuri with an undecipherable expression as the younger man moved to stand in front of him, rose up on the balls of his feet and pulled his boyfriend in for a passionate kiss.

Mine.

Hands wrapped around his middle and the Russian moaned softly into the kiss, which only made Yuri hold it longer. Yuri growled possessively.

They stayed that way for far longer than Yuri would normally be comfortable with outside of the privacy of their room, but he couldn’t get enough. Victor was his and he needed this.

It was only when they heard the squealing of a couple of teenage girls, and the sound of a camera app that they broke apart.

“I needed that,” Yuri said softly as he gazed up into Victor’s eyes.

“So did I,” the Russian murmured in response. Yuri was glad to see that the slight pallor he had worn into the park had left his face.

They kissed again, a gentle touch of the lips, then their arms entwined as they strolled along the path toward the inn. Yuri could hear the girls a short distance behind them, murmuring about which was going to ask for autographs.

Then there was an angry bellow from behind them.

Not this again.

Yuri turned to see the girls running off into some trees, and the same drunken alpha from the restaurant stomping toward them. Yuri instinctively put his arm in front of Victor, moving between the omega and the other alpha.

The vile stench, the obvious challenge, and his own upcoming rut had all combined. Yuri was pissed, every alpha instinct ready to fight for and defend his mate.

“Where were we?” the belligerent man snarled as he pushed into Yuri’s personal space.

“We were going home,” Yuri growled. “You were going to crawl back under a rock and leave us alone.”

Victor tugged on Yuri’s sleeve, and Yuri agreed. He’d had enough. He turned, put his arm around Victor’s waist and started walking away.

“Come back here and fight like a man,” the drunkard yelled. “Fight like an alpha.”

Yuri made a point to ignore the man and kept walking. He couldn’t help but notice a tiny tremble in Victor’s muscles and just wanted to get home and soothe his mate.

Victor picked me. I’m the only one who can satisfy him.

Footsteps, then strong hands on his shoulders, turning him. Before Yuri had a chance to react he took a punch to the gut.

The larger alpha sneered. “Think that pretty omega will still be interested when you’re bleeding and begging for me to stop? Better run now baby alpha, before you get hurt. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure
this omega screams in pleasure.”

The taunting had given Yuri just enough time to catch his breath and find his balance. He glared up. He hadn’t started the fight, but he was damn well going to end it, and on his terms.

Yuri growled deep and possessive in his throat, a cloud of pheromones forming around him. Victor was his, and there was no way he’d allow anybody as sleazy as the man in front of him to so much as lay a finger on the Russian.

He was angry, and the other man would be the one begging. He wasn’t going to just beat him, he was going to humiliate him.

Almost twenty years of ballet had given Yuri flexibility, and partner dances he had learned while in the states had added the reflexes to read and respond to the movements of another person. Combined with the lumbering movement of alcohol, he could almost see where the drunkard would swing before he started. He ducked and weaved, easily avoiding or blocking the punches, waiting for an opening.

Feint left, real punch is coming from the right. There it is.

Yuri leaned back just before a blow would have landed on his face, allowing the arm to pass him. He reached up, grabbed it and held on as he ducked underneath, twisting it painfully behind the other man’s back. He wrapped his free leg around the front so that the man couldn’t twist back, then pressed up on the man’s elbow until he howled in pain.

The drunkard’s free arm swung erratically, but couldn’t find purchase on the smaller man behind him.

“Knees,” Yuri growled, pressing up just a bit more on the arm to make sure that the man got the point.

The man fell to his knees, and Yuri used an elbow in the middle of his back to force him face down onto the path. He positioned himself over the other alpha, one knee pinning the free arm and the other on the thighs so that the drunk couldn’t move.

The man was howling in pain. “You broke my arm, you broke my arm!”

Yuri pushed up on the elbow again. “Shut up,” he sneered. “I haven’t broken anything. But I could if I wanted to.” Another push. “Who was supposed to beg? What do you think?”

“No!” the man gasped. “Please! I’ll leave you alone. Please! Just let me go. I’m sorry!”

Yuri growled. “Don’t go picking fights.” He then looked up at Victor, a satisfied smirk on his face. “Honey, could you call the police for me please?”

Victor blinked, then nodded mutely. He reached for his phone, but had barely unlocked it when they heard shouting.

Yuri looked up to see two police officers heading toward them, obviously coming in response to the man’s pained howls.

Yuri eased his pressure on the man’s elbow, but kept him pinned until the police had reached them. As soon as they were close enough that the man wouldn’t be able to run he stood and moved to the side. One of the officers knelt by the man on the ground and the other led Yuri several paces away.
Yuri glanced at Victor and saw that the pallor had returned to the Russian’s face. He wanted to kiss him again, to reassure him, but it would have to wait.

*Vitya... I’m sorry Vitya. Please don’t be mad. I had to protect you.*

Yuri balked slightly at the officer’s demands that he be restrained, but he quickly understood that they needed to sort through the information, and that two alphas in a fight was a dangerous situation. He grudgingly agreed and let the man bind his wrists behind his back.

He could hear the drunkard yelling that his arm had been broken, and Yuri couldn’t contain another smirk of satisfaction when the officer dealing with him pointed out that it looked fine. The belligerent man then demanded that Yuri be arrested.

Yuri felt his heart stop for a second. An arrest so close to competition would be bad. He could be suspended from competing. It could destroy all the work of the past seven months.

An arrest with Victor’s heat only two days away could be worse. He looked up at the Russian, who was pale and obviously worried.

He looked back at the other alpha, who was resisting restraint and insisting that he was the victim. With the entire scene unfolding in Japanese, Yuri knew that it didn’t look good.

“Officer?” he asked.

“Yes?”

“My coach... he doesn’t speak Japanese. Do you speak English well enough to tell him I’m not being arrested?”

“We don’t know that yet,” the officer replied coolly.


The officer sighed, but left Yuri alone long enough to take Victor away a few paces and speak to him. He watched as the officer took out a voice recorder, and faintly heard the Russian detailing what happened from his perspective.

Yuri winced, it was far from a reassurance, but at least had distracted the omega for a minute.

Victor didn’t look much better when the officer returned, but Yuri could tell that it had helped. He smiled as best he could at his mate.

As the officer asked about the incident he recounted how they had been interrupted at dinner, then followed into the park. He tried not to let his instincts get the better of him as the faint scent of an agitated Victor was carried to him on the wind.

The officer walked over to join his partner and Yuri watched in annoyance as the other alpha gestured wildly.

Yuri took several deep breaths. He had to keep calm, but the longer the restraints stayed around his wrists the more worried he got. He knew it hadn’t looked good, with him as the victor, and the looks he received from the police only increased in suspicion as the drunken alpha gave his statement.

After several minutes the officer that had restrained him earlier came back from listening to the
statements from the drunk.

“Your statements and his don’t match, and until we can talk to somebody from the restaurant to verify that part of the story we’re going to take you both in.”

Yuri grit his teeth. “Didn’t my coach tell you what happened?”

“Yes, but I don’t speak enough English to understand it all. We’re waiting on a translator, but it might not be until tomorrow since this is a non-emergency case.”

Yuri clenched his jaw. He knew that the officer had no choice given the information on hand, but it angered him nonetheless.

“Officer?” a female voice asked timidly from a little ways up the path.

Yuri and the officer both turned to see one of the teenage girls that had been there earlier. She was holding out her cell phone.

“It’s a bit late for you to be out,” the officer chastised. “Head home, we don’t need onlookers.”

She shook her head. “Before… before you arrest him… can you watch this?”

Yuri blinked in confusion, an expression mimicked by the officer before he took several paces and accepted the phone. He touched the screen, and Yuri could hear the sounds of a video playing.

The officer played it until the end, then watched it a second time. He asked for permission to save the video for evidence, and when the girl agreed he shared it to his own email address. He then switched with his partner, and allowed the other officer to view the video before they conferred quietly.

Discussion over, he called into the department and asked a series of questions over his radio.

The officer walked back over to Yuri and cut the tie from his wrists. Yuri rubbed at the skin where the restraints had cut in.

“That girl caught everything I needed to verify at least this part of your story. There was also no call from the restaurant backing up his claims that you assaulted him first there, though we’ll still need to conduct interviews. Right now, based on that video, we’re arresting him for assault caused by rut rage, but depending on what the restaurant manager says you might face charges as well.”

Yuri nodded solemnly. He knew he was innocent, but there was still that tinge of fear in his gut.

“We still need you to come down to the station for a statement though.”

Yuri glanced to Victor and saw that the Russian was highly agitated. He needed to get him home.

“Is it possible for us to come tomorrow afternoon, once you have a translator present?”

The officer narrowed his eyes. “Any particular reason?”

“I’d like to get him home. Also, I need to inform my contact in the Japanese Skating Federation about the incident. They may wish to have somebody present with their own questions, and it will be easier on all involved if we can get everything over with at once.”

The officer studied him for a moment, then nodded. He pulled a business card out of his pocket and wrote down something on the back. “My shift starts at four. Be there by four-fifteen or we’ll send an officer to pick you up.”
Yuri nodded and glanced at the business card. He saw that the email address for the officer was listed on it. “Just in case the JSF doesn’t need to send somebody, is it ok if I provide your email address if they have any questions?”

The officer nodded.

Yuri bowed and thanked the man for his service to the community. He then walked over to Victor, savoring the angry yells of the other alpha as he was restrained and arrested.

“Are you ok?” Yuri asked softly, reaching up to brush the fringe from in front of Victor’s eyes.

Yuri winced when he saw shaking in the ocean-blue depths.

“Yuri…?”

“They’re releasing me. We need to go in tomorrow afternoon to give a statement. There will be a translator present, and they’ll want to talk to you too.”

Victor swallowed and nodded.

Yuri reached up and held the omega’s face in his hands. “Vitya…”

“I’m… I’m ok Yuri. Just shaken. I thought they were going to arrest you.”

“They almost did. Those girls saved us. One of them caught the whole thing on her phone.”

“Yuri I… I’m so sorry. It’s all my fault. If I wasn’t an…”

“Stop right there,” Yuri ordered. “It’s not your fault. I’m sure there were plenty of other alphas around. None of them acted out. The only one at fault is him. Ok?”

Victor nodded slowly.

Yuri wanted to kiss him, to scent him and make him feel better. But he also wanted to get away from the police before they changed their mind about taking statements the next day. More than anything he wanted to get Victor away from the vile stench of the other alpha.

“Vitya… Let’s go home.”

Victor smiled weakly and nodded again.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Why yes, I was thinking of that video of Johnny Weir being fabulous behind the zamboni, and thought about how our dorks would play.

So I'm pretty sure any sport federation would look down on athletes fighting, so that wasn't a stretch at all. I'm not as sure about how such an incident would be handled with police in Japan, and with Yuri the obvious winner it wouldn't have looked good. I do think though that any reasonable police officer would look at evidence like a video, demonstrating one person trying to walk away before being attacked, and make an on-
the-spot determination as to who was the victim and who the instigator. So hopefully I'm not too far off since police culture and protocol can vary widely. If I'm out in left field, please just chalk it up to this being an AU and rut rages something that they're familiar enough with to have a protocol.

I'm also not 100% on the characterization of Yuri during the fight. I know we never saw him canon mad, and alpha hormones (especially days out from a rut), crank it way up. I envision it slightly like an alcohol effect, all his anxiety-ridden emotions stripped and instinct shining through. And he's still cranked to about a million after, though he's chill AF.

Also, how's that for humiliation? He won the fight, and made the other alpha beg, without throwing a single punch and without a drop of blood. (side note, I was an evil big sister and used to use that move against my brother when we got in fights as kids. Hurts like bloody hell and kinda strips the will to fight, without leaving any marks or lasting damage if you stop at the right point.)

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

---------------------------------------------------------------------

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Scent

Chapter Summary

Yuri is concerned as he and Victor return home after the fight. The omega is still pale and obviously distressed, but what will soothe him?

Chapter Notes

Did somebody order smut with a side of world building? Yes? I'll leave it right here then.

If you've been enjoying this work please massage the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Between dinner and its aftermath the night had gotten far later than Yuri realized. It was well past midnight by the time they slipped through the family entrance.

They had been silent on the walk back from the park. Yuri attempted to console his mate, but when words hadn’t worked he fell quiet, instead trying to quench his own rage. However, he’d noticed a tremble in Victor’s hand the entire way, and was loathe to release it so they could remove their shoes and coats.

“Vitya… Are you ok?” Yuri murmured as they stepped up from the genkan. He reached out and brushed the hair from in front of the Russian’s eyes. The pallor was still noticeable, and he wondered how badly the incident had traumatized the man.

Victor looked at him, and even before he spoke Yuri could see that the answer was a lie. “Yeah.”

Yuri cringed. He couldn’t wait to get upstairs and cuddle his omega, to soothe him.

He clenched his hands. “Vitya… I’m sorry.”

Victor froze, a look of panic on his face.

Yuri stared at the floor. “I know I should have turned away. We should have kept walking. You tried to stop me before he punched me. I put everything we’ve worked for at risk. It was wrong to fight, but…”

The words died on his lips. Fight.

His mind flashed back to the kiss after the first encounter in the restaurant, how Victor had said that he’d needed it.
“It’s ok Yuri,” he heard, Victor’s voice strained. “Let’s go to bed.”

*How young was he when he presented? Thirteen? Isn’t there the saying that the younger one presents the stronger the instincts?*

*This close to heat…*

*Fuck…*

*I fucked up, big time.*

*I fought for him, then didn’t claim him.*

Victor had taken a couple steps.

*Fix it. Now!*  

*“Vitya?”*

Victor turned, and Yuri could finally see the emotion for what it was. His omega, his mate, was in mental agony. Every one of his instincts was screaming that he’d been abandoned, even though his rational mind knew better.

*I would never abandon you.*

Yuri growled possessively, and saw the tiniest widening of Victor’s eyes. He was still wound up from the fight, and if his omega needed him to channel that energy then he was more than willing. He’d make sure that every one of the Russian’s instincts knew that he would never be abandoned.

Yuri stalked toward his mate, like an animal trapping its prey, and Victor was caught between him and the wall, eyes widening with every step.

Yuri could smell the distress, but the closer he got the more the scent changed to hope.

*He does need this, and I was an idiot for missing it. I hurt him so badly without knowing.*

Yuri’s hands traced up the front of Victor’s sweater, one stopping mid chest to pin the taller man to the wall, the left continuing to grab a fistful of platinum hair.

Victor gasped at the tug on his head, but Yuri couldn’t miss the needy undertone. He rose on his toes and kissed the omega harshly.

*Never doubt how much I want you.*

Victor tensed, then relaxed, starting to become plaint. Yuri could see color starting to come back into his cheeks.

Yuri pulled Victor’s head to the side, lengthening his neck and exposing his scent gland. He kissed and nipped along the Russian’s jaw and toward the sensitive skin until his mouth covered the spot. He sucked at it, savoring the aroma of cinnamon that burst from it, tasting the flavor of the omega.

Victor shook in need, and Yuri was eager to give him what his instincts desired. He pulled the skin covering the scent gland between his teeth and growled possessively.

*“Mine,”* Yuri growled, skin still clenched between his teeth.
Victor gasped and wrapped his arms around Yuri, pulling him close, accepting the claim. “Yuri…”

Yuri growled again and bit down a tiny bit harder. *I'm not done!* His fingers left Victor’s hair and drifted to the bonding nerves on the back of the neck. He massaged the skin, making the omega whimper needily.

One day I’ll claim this too. One day you’ll wear my mark.

Yuri pushed close and pressed his thigh against Victor’s crotch, rubbing and making his mate groan. He could feel the Russian hardening against his leg, pressing back greedily.

“Yuri… please…”

Yuri released his bite on the scent gland and growled at his lover. “Tell me what you want Vitya.”

Victor scrambled to grab Yuri’s hand from his chest and moved it so that the back of the alpha’s fingers grazed against his crotch.

Yuri stared into Victor’s eyes, making sure there was no hesitation before he pulled the Russian’s sweater off.

He mouthed at heated skin, leaving a trail of wet kisses that made Victor shudder in the chill air. He pulled back when the omega released a deep moan, holding a finger to his lips, demanding that his boyfriend not wake the family.

Yuri’s tongue trailed down Victor’s stomach, tracing taut lines of muscle. He nipped lightly at the skin, careful not to mark it.

Not yet.

Yuri knelt in front of the Russian and teased at the waistband of his pants. He leaned forward and nuzzled the bulge, growling at the aroused scent of the omega. He felt his mate shudder at the tease and knew he couldn’t draw it out any longer. He undid the belt and lowered the fly before pulling the pants and underwear down just enough to release Victor’s cock. It bobbed slightly in front of Yuri and he licked his lips hungrily.

Yuri’s left hand dug into Victor’s thigh while the right wrapped around the Russian’s cock and stroked it slowly.

*I want to suck him off, but there is something else I want more. I didn’t ask because I didn’t know how he’d react, but I think it’s exactly the thing he needs right now.*

Yuri looked up and his eyes met Victor’s. “Don’t take your eyes off me Vitya,” he demanded.

Victor breathed in a sharp gasp at the order, and released it in a shuddering moan as Yuri licked at the head of his cock, never breaking eye contact. Yuri hummed as he dipped his tongue into the slit, then slid the flat of his tongue along the underside of the Russian’s length as he took the head between his lips and started sucking.

Yuri knew he didn’t have any experience to draw on, so he imagined their places reversed, and did to Victor what he thought would feel good on him. He hollowed his cheeks and bobbed, tongue pressing along the veins, seeking the places that drew an extra gasp or groan. Every few minutes he would pull off with a pop, kissing and licking the length lewdly, watching the Russian’s reactions.

Victor finally broke eye contact with a deep groan as Yuri took first one ball then the other between
his lips, sucking and rolling his tongue along them.

Yuri hummed happily as his mouth returned to the Russian’s cock and his head bobbed again. He was watching his mate come apart with pleasure, instincts satisfied as the alpha who fought for him claimed him.

But it wasn’t enough.

He’s mine. But I’m his too. He needs to know that, to the very core of his being. There needs to be no room for even the hint of a question.

Victor’s leg was shaking under Yuri’s hand, the omega close to release. Yuri pulled off the cock with a pop, and scrambled to remove his own sweater. Once the fabric was discarded he rose up on his knees and held the Russian’s length against his chest.

Victor gasped at the loss of intense stimulation and stared down at Yuri, hair a mess, eyes blown dark and mouth hanging open in pleasure

God he’s gorgeous.

Yuri stroked the cock against his chest, growling possessively.

“I’m sorry Vitya,” Yuri purred. “I missed the signs that you needed me to make you mine. But I think even more than that, you need to know that I’m yours.

“I know what your instincts must be saying. I’m the dominant alpha. At one time I could have laid claim to any omegas under the filth that attacked us. I could have used my power to build a harem, I could use my position as victor in a fight to choose only the best. When I failed to claim you immediately, you felt abandoned, like you weren’t worthy.”

Yuri paused, making sure that his words were cutting through the haze of instincts.

“You’re wrong Vitya. I didn’t fail to claim you because you weren’t worthy. I failed because it was never a question, because rather than you being mine, I’m yours. I’ve always been yours. It’s been you for so long that I forget you don’t know that.”

Victor was shaking. Yuri knew that the omega was starting to understand what was happening, he stroked the cock resting on his chest.

I want this, he needs it.

“I don’t need any other omegas, I don’t want any. The only one I need is you. You, Vitya, you are so incredible that there will never be another. For as long as you want me, I’m yours.

“Claim what’s yours Vitya. Scent me. Let the world know that you’re such an incredible omega that this alpha only has eyes for you. When your scent fades, do it again. I’ll never refuse.”

Yuri sped up the stroking, wanting to feel the omega’s release on his chest. “Will you do this for me Vitya?”

Victor shook and whimpered as Yuri’s hand moved over his cock. Their eyes were locked together as he worked, then a gasp and a deep groan ripped through the Russian. Yuri growled in praise as he felt the warmth hit his skin. He continued to stroke until Victor whimpered from sensitivity.

Yuri smiled and licked the tip of the Russian’s cock, collecting the droplets of cum that hadn’t fallen
onto his skin.

Yuri stood, still growling low in his throat, letting the omega side of Victor know just how good he felt about the cum on his chest.

“Yuri,” Victor breathed, voice dry but the younger man could hear that the haze of instinct was fading with the release.

Yuri reached up and slid his hand behind Victor’s head, bringing in the Russian for a kiss. He stared deep into ocean-blue eyes as they separated. “Only you can decide Vitya.”

Yuri turned so that his back was to the omega. He tilted his head to the side, exposing his own scent gland, offering it to his mate.

Long fingers tangled into his hair, moving and holding his head exactly where the Russian wanted it. He felt lips first, sucking, then teeth nipping at the back of his neck, right over the bonding nerves. He shook, partially with pleasure, and partially with vulnerability. Despite him wanting to be scented, it left him exposed and his alpha instincts wanted him to assert dominance.

Victor pulled his head to the side, exposing his scent gland again. The omega sucked hard and nipped at it, purposefully bruising the skin, readying it to accept a new smell.

Victor’s free hand pressed against Yuri’s stomach, holding the alpha close as he moaned softly in pleasure. Then the hand left his hair and moved to take the place of the one around his middle.

Trembling fingers of Victor’s left hand traced through the lines of cum on Yuri’s chest, collecting just enough to smear across the bruised skin of the alpha’s neck.

“Yuri…” Victor purred as he massaged the spot, working the thick substance into the bruise.

Yuri moaned. All he could smell was Victor, his mate. Oranges and snow, mixed with the faint pre-heat smell of cinnamon, surrounded him. He was Victor’s, and his omega had laid claim to him at last.

Victor continued to rub at the scent gland as he took the shell of Yuri’s ear between his teeth. “Mine,” he purred.

Yours. Always yours.

Yuri shook as Victor nuzzled the side of his face. His alpha instincts were quickly returning, driving him crazy with the need to pleasure his mate, to ensure that the omega who had just scented him would never want to leave. He grabbed the hand that had worked Victor’s cum into the bruise, and sucked the remaining bits off the fingers before stepping out of the Russian’s arms and turning to kiss him deeply, careful to move in such a way that the ribbons of white on his chest were only disturbed by gravity.

I want his scent strong on me.

His hands slid down into the back of Victor’s pants and grabbed at his ass, kneading the flesh, spreading the cheeks, and one of Yuri’s fingers drifted between them to tease at the Russian’s entrance. He growled lustfully, feeling the hint of pre-heat slick, and pressed the finger just inside.

Victor gasped. “Yuri!”

“Is this ok Vitya?”
Victor nodded. “Yes,” another gasp as Yuri’s finger started pumping. “But…”

Yuri stilled. “Vitya?”

“Scent me Yuri!” he cried softly.

Yuri looked deep into Victor’s eyes. “Are you sure? I don’t want to push you to do anything you’re not ready for.”

Victor ground against the finger still in his ass. “I’ve…” gasp. “I’ve wanted you to since you agreed to share my heat, but I didn’t know how to ask.”

Yuri growled. “Vitya…”

The image flashed in his mind, Victor splayed out beneath him, chest sporting Yuri’s cum. Then he realized he wanted a little more. Yuri pressed in with his thigh, grinding against the Russian again.

“Think you’re almost ready to go again?”

“Yuri?”

“Don’t just scent me,” Yuri purred. “Ruin me for any other omega. Let me ride while I scent you.”

Victor’s eyes grew dark with lust. “Fuck… Yuri…”

“Is that a yes?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri pulled his finger from Victor’s ass. He knelt and collected their sweaters, then followed the omega to their room. The Russian was already stripping off his pants by the time he walked in, and as soon as he was nude he turned to help the alpha from his, mindful to not touch his chest.

They each knew what they wanted, so further discussion was cast off in favor of sloppy kisses. Yuri pushed Victor to the bed, and the Russian moved to the center without being asked as Yuri dug in the nightstand for the lube. He drizzled some on Victor’s fingers, then knelt over his mate to kiss him while he was being opened up.

A few blissful minutes later he was straddling Victor’s hard cock and lowering himself onto it. For a moment he couldn’t decide what was better, the feel of his mate inside him, or the look of bliss spreading across the omega’s face. Then the head of Victor’s cock brushed his sweet spot, and the decision was made as he threw back his head in a throaty moan.

He bottomed out, and gave himself a moment to adjust before he started rocking his hips. The feel of Victor filling him was delicious. He watched Victor’s blissed-out expression for a few minutes, then braced himself against the Russian’s thighs, feeling the head of his lover’s cock against his prostate with each bounce. His head fell back again and he rode, losing himself in the bliss.

A hand on his needy cock, stroking. I’m not ready yet.

He growled down at his mate. “Are you close Vitya?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri smiled. “Think you got more than one in you?”
Victor’s eyes widened slightly, but it only took him a couple seconds to nod again. He was close enough to heat to have almost no refractory period.

“Good,” Yuri purred. “Fill me up Vitya. Mark me on the inside.”

He drove his hips down to emphasize his point, and a few hard thrusts later watched as an orgasm ripped through his omega. He kept riding, lengthening the pleasure, then stilled for a moment, allowing the man beneath him to recover.

Victor’s face was flushed, the pallor of earlier just a distant memory. Yuri smiled. The scene was almost as he had imagined it, the only thing missing was the ribbons of his cum decorating his mate’s chest.

He started riding again. It felt good, but he wanted just a bit more. He reached out for Victor’s hand and guided it toward his cock.

_You set the pace Vitya._

His body was confused for a moment, unsure whether to fuck itself on the Russian’s cock, or thrust into his hand. Victor made the decision easy, stroking him and setting a steady rhythm.

“You feel so good Vitya,” he moaned. “I love how you fill me.”

Victor thrust up, meeting Yuri’s downward stroke and driving the head of his cock right into Yuri’s sweet spot.

“Vitya!” he gasped, and was soon lost to the pleasure as the omega seemed as determined to take him apart as he was.

They both knew that neither would last long, and the Russian’s fingers moved faster over his cock, dragging him to the edge of bliss.

Yuri thrust down hard. He wanted to watch his mate come first, wanted to paint him while he was in the throes of ecstasy.

It didn’t take much, he could tell by the tremble in Victor’s fingers that he was close. He growled, a demand to see his mate in pleasure, to which the Russian promptly responded.

“Yuri!” he gasped, back arching as he came again.

Yuri smirked in satisfaction, stroking himself quickly to the scene before him. He could feel the pulse of Victor’s cock inside him as he finally came, cum landing in ribbons of white on the alabaster skin of his lover.

As he came down from the high he stared. It was beautiful and intoxicating to look at. Absolute bliss was painted across Victor’s face, and the cum on his chest made it clear that the sight was for Yuri alone.

Victor came back to himself and smiled softly. Yuri carefully climbed off his mate and leaned over to kiss him again. Once again, no words were needed as the Russian sat up and knelt on the bed, presenting his scent gland to his alpha.

Yuri knelt behind the omega. He wasn’t done yet, and as he bit down on the sensitive skin he pressed a finger back into Victor’s ass, making the Russian gasp and moan in need. He used his knees to guide Victor’s apart, and situated himself so that the older man was effectively in his lap.
He bruised the skin slowly, taking his time, listening to the needy whines as one finger became two and started scissoring. Nips on the sensitive spot as a third finger was added.

It was as he eased his cock into his mate that he finally collected enough cum on his fingers to massage into the skin. He rocked, searching for the spot that would make Victor fall apart, and found it after only a handful of thrusts.

Yuri could tell by the tone of Victor’s moans that he was lost to pleasure and instinct again. He purred happily, it was just the way he wanted it.

He continued to rub Victor’s scent gland long after he knew that his odor would have been absorbed. It was a sensitive area, and extremely pleasurable to have stimulated. He nipped at alabaster shoulders, and finally Victor’s back arched just the way Yuri wanted. He sucked on the skin over the bonding nerves, and bit down. It wasn’t enough to break the skin and bond the omega, but enough to let the Russian know that he wanted to.

“Mine,” he growled again.

I want you, and only you. Never doubt that.

Victor moaned deeply, shaking under the intense stimulation, and it was just what Yuri needed to come again. He thrust sharply into his lover, spilling inside.

The omega was still blissed out as Yuri slid from inside him, plaint with pleasure and instinct. Yuri laid him down on the bed then snuggled up to him, chests pressing together and scents mingling. They kissed, slowly and passionately, until both were breathless with swollen lips.

By the time Yuri reached over to turn off the light Victor had fallen asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

How was that? Did Yuri take away the hurt?

Next chapter probably won't be up until Friday evening, sometime between 6-7 MDT. It'll be worth the wait though... ready the pitchforks and knife shoes. Yes, you read that right. The next chapter finally, FINALLY, delves into Victor's trauma.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Trauma

Chapter Summary

Victor is overwhelmed with emotion after being scented by Yuri, and a middle of the night cry leads to him revealing his past.

Chapter Notes

Ok all, here it is... Victor's backstory

Please note: TAGS HAVECHANGED! I didn't change the warnings since it's a discussion of a past assault, and not in the timeline of the story, and it's not recounted in horribly explicit detail but this is the warning.

Also, even though the assault was not a rape, it was definitely in the realm of sexual assault. Because I don't want to trigger anybody, for this chapter there will be a TL;DR in the end notes. If at any point, including this one, you feel like you can't handle it skip down for a summary of key points to take away.

That said, here's the order for the lynch mob. Ranged weapons out front. Pitchforks and bludgeoning instruments next. Make sure to leave plenty of soft stuff for the people with knife shoes.

If you've been enjoying this work please use the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was pitch black in their room when Yuri was awakened by the sound of a choked sob and the feel of Victor trembling in his arms. Almost on instinct he bundled his mate closer and kissed the omega’s forehead.

He felt both good, and gross. They had fallen asleep without cleaning up, but he was comfortable in the thought that their scents were still mingling on his skin.

Another soft cry and Yuri remembered what had roused him from sleep. He pulled Victor closer and rubbed circles on his back. He could faintly smell distress coming from the omega.

“Shhh, Vitya,” he murmured, wanting to soothe but not wake his mate.


Yuri nuzzled the Russian’s cheek. “I thought you were having another nightmare. Are you ok?”

Victor tensed, and Yuri replied by peppering kisses over his face. He released some of his
pheromones, hoping that something would soothe the man in his arms.

“It’s ok.” Yuri cooed. “I’m here. You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to. Just tell me what you need. Ok?”

Victor nodded and buried his face in Yuri’s shoulder. “Just hold me.”

“As if I’d stop now…” Yuri joked as he kissed platinum hair.

There was a hiccup that sounded to be half-sob and half-laugh, and whatever dam had held back Victor’s emotions burst. He shook as he cried into Yuri’s shoulder.

Yuri didn’t know if it was a good or bad thing that it was so dark. He didn’t want to see his mate in obvious pain, but also wanted to be able to gaze into his eyes and reassure him that he was there and would never leave. He did the only thing he could, he held the omega tight.

Victor cried for a long time, long enough that Yuri started to worry. He wondered if there was something else he could do, then remembered how the Russian had sang to him during his anxiety attack.

Yuri started singing; a soft lullaby he remembered from childhood. He knew he was off key and kept screwing up the tempo, but the scent surrounding his mate changed subtly. The crying increased, but somehow he understood that it was helping. He kissed away tears between verses, and didn’t stop even when his throat got dry and his voice hoarse.

Eventually Victor quieted, though he still trembled. Yuri shifted slightly to get a greater range of motion on his free arm, slowly tracing his fingers across his omega’s skin.

Even if you come apart in my arms, I’ll help you find all the pieces so you can be whole again.

The trembling stopped. Yuri could still feel tension in Victor’s muscles, whatever had him in its clutches was reluctant to release him again.

He leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to the Russian’s lips. “Feeling better?” he prodded, hoping for anything to soothe his mate.

“Yes…” Victor lied. “… No.”

“What do you need?”

Silence filled the air, and Victor started shaking, obviously fighting something within himself.

“Listen…” he finally replied, so quietly that Yuri barely heard it, even in the silence of the hour.

“Listen?” Yuri repeated gently, kissing the Russian’s temple.

Victor nodded under Yuri’s lips. “I… I’m scared… and I’m happy… and right now my emotions are such a mess I can’t even name most of them. I think this might be the only time I’ll be able to talk about this, but a part of me is terrified that it’ll make you change your mind about me too. I’m so confused that though everything is threatening to spill out, I don’t have a clue where to begin.”

Yuri dragged his lips across the omega’s hairline. “I’ll never change my mind about you. I promise. So start wherever makes the most sense to you.”

Victor was silent, trembling in Yuri’s arms as he collected his thoughts. “Yuri, you don’t know how much it means that you scented me.” Silence, then a shuddering whisper, “You don’t know what it
means that you’re wearing my scent now. Part of the reason I was crying was sheer joy. But that happiness also dredged up pain.

“You see, a part of me was convinced that no alpha would ever really want me. I would be used for sex, then discarded when the next omega came along. I would never be claimed, never marked… not really. I was tainted, and what alpha would want a filthy omega like me?”

“Vitya…” Yuri started.

“No Yuri. Just listen. I… I don’t know if I’ll be able to get it all out otherwise.”

Yuri nodded against the omega’s face.

“Do you remember how surprised I was when you told me you liked my scent?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“It was the first time I’d ever heard it… and actually believed it. I… I’d heard it before, usually right before or right after sex, but never outside of the bedroom. Somehow, the context only reinforced the connection it had with a part of myself that felt filthy. Omegas are supposed to smell sweet and alluring to alphas, but I stank. My smell was only acceptable for sex. A part of me really believed that. Then you told me you liked my smell… I saw how it calmed you. For the first time, the lie started to shatter.”

Victor buried his face against Yuri’s shoulder and shook for a moment. Yuri rubbed his back and waited.

“Yakov is the only person outside of my family who knows my shame, and I don’t even know how much he knows. My mother finally told him what happened when it affected my skating to the point where he wondered if he needed to pull me from competition for the season.”

Yuri tightened his arms around his mate, silently reassuring him of his love.

“I told you that I have a large extended family, and that, except for a handful of betas, they’re all alpha… except me. We also present early… too early. Most people present close to adulthood. Sure there are teenage tendencies, but there is at least a couple extra years of maturity. In my family, everybody presents as practically children. If somebody reaches fifteen it’s assumed they’ll be beta. Thirteen, maybe fourteen is average. But children are cruel, especially when they don’t have those couple extra years of life to help give them perspective.

“Like all families, there will always be a few bad apples. In large families like mine sometimes it’s an entire branch, but since it’s still a living part of the tree the rest of the family is loathe to cut it off. In alpha families those bad branches tend to have very recognizable traits. Narcissism is common, and superiority complexes are so prevalent that you don’t even question it. But combine those tendencies with an anomaly, and bad things happen.”

Victor shuddered. Yuri couldn’t even imagine what pain his mate was in, and he’d barely gotten started.

“When I was young we used to go to a huge family reunion on every summer. The family on my mom’s side always had money, one of the side effects of being predominantly alpha, and there was an estate in the country we would all flock to. A couple hundred people was the norm, relatives from all the branches coming together to mingle and catch up. Business deals were made, extravagant trips planned, sometimes even marriages arranged as alphas who had married in set up relatives with alphas in the family.
“It was always a meeting by alphas and for alphas. I don’t even know how much of the Russian economy revolves around people in my extended family, but I am well aware that it’s not a miniscule amount.”

Victor took a deep breath, held it for several seconds then released it in a shaky exhale.

“I presented in September. I was thirteen, and had, thankfully, just completed my first competition of the season. I was terrified, horrified when I realized what I was. But my parents were so supportive. They didn’t care about my secondary. They lovingly made sure that I had what I needed for my heats and never once showed even the slightest hint that they were disappointed. For the first couple heats I actually thought that being an omega wouldn’t be so bad, even if the rest of the family was alpha.

“Then June came, and it was time for the annual family reunion. We thought we were safe to go. My heats weren’t horribly irregular, and we figured that it would be another two weeks after our scheduled return. Most of the closer parts of the family knew I was omega, and it was generally agreed that since there seemed to be plenty of margin that it wouldn’t be an issue. Even still, preparations were made. As the only omega, I was to be given a locking room to myself.

“Anybody in the family who knew, took great pains to make sure that I would be safe. They knew that some of the alpha purists in the family would not take kindly to an omega being blood related to them. They tried their best to give me a safe space to retreat to if I felt it was too much.

“Unfortunately, you can’t have hundreds of alphas in one place and not have several at least either in pre or full rut. Of course there were routines in place. Those not rutting would subdue those who were as needed, and there were always a handful of rooms in the house dedicated to just letting people go and wait it out. It was a system that worked.

“Among those nearing rut were a trio of kids about six months older than me. They came from one of those bad branches: Yefim, Ivan and Mikhail. They weren’t triplets, but you would be forgiven for thinking so. They spent so much time together, and they somehow looked so alike, that most assumed they were fraternal triplets. Even their birthdays were only a few weeks apart.

“They immediately made it their mission to taunt and tease me about being an omega. They hated the thought of even being related by blood to a… ‘breeder,’ as they called me. The more reasonable members of the family would tell them to stop and leave me alone, but they kept seeking me out. They’d been raised with the notion that alphas, especially male alphas were the superior gender… and that male omegas were lower than female omegas.

“To them I was nothing more than living garbage and they were intent on making sure I knew that.”

Victor took a deep breath.

“We thought there was time, but nobody knew that being around so many alphas before my heats had really settled down would cause it to come almost three weeks early. We’d been there a few days out of the planned week. It was only my fourth heat, and I didn’t know the signs well enough beforehand to warn my parents. It started in the middle of the night, and by the next morning it was already too late to move me.

“I know everybody scrambled. Alphas are naturally loathe to rut with omegas in the same family, but nobody knew how far out along the bloodline those instincts spread. With so many around, and the normal assortment close to or rutting, nobody was taking any chances. They cleared out anybody who was even close to rutting from the hallway I was down. They locked the room I was in. They tried their best to protect me.
“Nobody took into account the determination of the trio that had already been tormenting me for days.”

Victor shook, and Yuri felt fresh moisture on his skin as the Russian started crying again.

“Yuri… I don’t know how… but they managed to find a key to the room I was in. They somehow slipped past the family members who were checking to make sure that people stayed away. When they got into my room I was already gone, doing anything I could to pleasure myself… to take the edge off the pain of need.

“They were in pre-rut, and all I could smell was alpha. I wanted them so bad. They’d tormented me for days, but the only thing I could think about was how much I needed them to fuck me. They could smell it on me, and it just fueled their cruelty.

“I was begging before I’d even fallen out of bed. I was in full heat, and had just been given the bounty of three alphas. My instincts were in overdrive and didn’t care how awful they were. It was exactly what they wanted.

“It turns out that the instinct to not rut with blood relatives is a strong one. It’s probably the only thing that saved all of us, but it made them angry too. Their bodies knew I was omega, and in heat. I had to look like the find of the century, and their instincts screamed that I was off-limits.”

Victor hiccupped a sob.

“The taunting started immediately. They asked me if the ‘baby breeder’ needed the fuck of a good alpha. I was nodding, and my scent was hopeful, I know that. The rational part of my brain knew how horrible they were, but my instincts were in control. The omega part of me didn’t care about anything except for the fact that they were alpha.

“They started small, ordering me to do things just because they knew an unbonded omega in heat will do almost anything to prove that it’s worthy of an alpha. It was humiliating, and sometimes downright painful. Things like making me pleasure myself and then stop before release made them laugh, and when they’d order me to do something not directly related to my instincts I would often get confused and take too long. Every time that happened they joked about my breeder brain and how I was only suitable for fucking.

“They told me, over and over and over, that I was a bad omega. Until, deep down, I started believing it.

“Then the real torture started. Being in the same room with me was affecting them too, and it enraged them. Taunting and making me humiliate myself wasn’t enough.

“When they surrounded me my instincts hoped that I was about to finally get what I needed so badly. When two grabbed my arms and kicked my legs apart the omega part of me actually rejoiced. It thought I was being held open for the final alpha.

“The reason they were holding me was so that I couldn’t touch myself, so that I had no way of finding relief from the intense need.”

Victor cried against Yuri’s shoulder for several minutes.

“It hurt so bad Yuri. I was so hard, and needed to be fucked so badly, but I couldn’t touch myself. I couldn’t even squirm enough to get any friction to where I needed it. Then they started scenting the room, and my need only got worse.
“I was sobbing in pain and need, begging one of them, any of them. I can barely talk when in heat, but I knew the most important words, their names and ‘alpha.’ I called to them, mostly the one not holding me, their names and the word alpha, over and over.

“They would ask me if the ‘baby breeder whore’ needed fucked, if I wanted a knot, and when I’d nod and beg they’d pinch at my scent gland, bruising it and using the glands in their wrist to scent me. They would trade off, making me beg with each of them, asking which one I wanted. When my instincts said that it wanted all of them they would call me a whore.

“As they tortured and taunted me they kept using their wrist glands to scent me. On my neck gland, across my chest, down my arms. Every time they did it they would ask if the omega whore liked smelling like so many alphas. And I did Yuri, I did.

“They kept doing it, adding that cheap omega whores would never find a good alpha. They told me that I would never be wanted, and with their scent all over me I would forever stink. I would only be good as a breeder and not a cherished mate.

Over and over… only whore omegas smell like so many alphas, and since I already smelled like three I would forever stink to any discerning alpha.

“The worst part was… I was still begging. They were torturing me, and all my body wanted was for them to end their torment and just fuck me.”

Yuri tightened his grip on his mate, angry, livid that he’d been so badly treated.

“They were discussing what to do next, and seemed intent on jerking off on me when my mother came to check on me.

“Maternal alpha rage set in as soon as she spied them. She roared, a sound that even now is terrifying to think about. She knew that their presence could only mean bad things. The one not holding me at the time, Mikhail I think, was thrown across the room. I still remember the sickening crunch when he hit the wall. Then she went after the other two.

“Maternal rage in an alpha is a terrifying sight. A regular alpha fight is nothing in comparison. It took my father and two uncles to restrain my mother, and I know that she was close to killing the trio of cousins who had hurt me.

“My mom saved me, but the damage had already been done. I was in so much pain, so hot from needing release and not getting it. I couldn’t move from where I’d collapsed on the floor. She carried me to the bed, and had somebody bring cool towels to bring my body temperature back down. They considered calling a doctor when it took nearly an hour before I had the strength to touch myself again.

“And the worst part was, that scent of alpha nearing rut, that smell I wanted and needed was gone and I wanted it back. I wanted to be fucked by them still. All I could hear were their words, over and over. Omega whore. Bad omega, never wanted… stink.

“The rational part of my mind knew that my mom saved me. The omega part was convinced I’d been refused because I was a filthy omega with a foul smell, who wasn’t worthy of an alpha.”

Yuri’s hands clenched and unclenched with rage. He wanted to kiss his mate, soothe him, but Victor had asked him to listen, so he would.

“We left the next day, as soon as my heat had passed enough to make travel by car safe. My cousins spent the next two weeks in the hospital, one of them in critical condition for days. I remember police
coming and going once we returned home, but I was so traumatized that I barely left my room for several days.

“The omega part of me still insisted that I was a bad omega. I had three alphas in front of me, and couldn’t entice any of them. I knew better, but I had no control.

“My body isn’t mine Yuri, it’s the omega’s. I’m trapped, bound to instincts which forced me to submit rather than fight back against the pain. I know that, if it happened again, I would beg just the same, be willing to put up with torture, just for the slimmest chance to be fucked by an alpha while in heat.”

Victor clung to Yuri and sobbed for a long time, wracked with shudders as the pain flowed through him. Yuri released soothing pheromones and held his mate tightly.

“I think, ultimately, the members of the family tree that wanted to charge my mother with assault realized that she would take my cousins down if they pressed with it. I remember hearing a conversation that even the best prosecutor couldn’t take a case against her and win, not under the circumstances, and instead would only cause more problems for that branch of the family.

“The next year we didn’t go to the family reunion, though it had been made clear that the boys and their branch of the family hadn’t been invited. It wasn’t the same though, and the family reunions stopped after that. A part of me knew it was my fault. If I hadn’t been born an omega it would have never happened.”

Victor paused.

“I returned to training late that year. I suffered multiple panic attacks every day for weeks, wondering when my body would betray me like that again. I was medicated for them, and that let me go back to training at least. But I still would have to take breaks from the ice in Yakov’s office to wait them out, and my mother had to sing to me almost every night. Between the nightmares and my fears about my instincts I was terrified to even sleep.

“The ice became my refuge. It was the one place I had control. Sure I fell, and messed up, but I was still in control. I could all but smother the omega part of me with the cold.

“Another heat passed, and it was better. No torturing alphas, and the injured part of me latched onto that. My body wouldn’t betray me as long as I was left alone. Making sure that I was absolutely alone during my heats was how I coped. It was ok. My parents would protect me, and I just needed to get through it.

“Then my dad got a job offer in Moscow, one that was impossible to refuse. They moved two years after... it... happened. They wanted me to come with them... But Yakov is the best coach in Russia, and I’d just won the Junior Worlds under him. Me leaving would mean a step back in my career. It would mean leaving my refuge when training and competing were still how I held my demons at bay. Even under a new coach, with new ice, I knew it wouldn’t be the same.

“So I stayed, alone, in St. Petersburg.”

Victor paused and took a deep breath. Yuri took the opportunity to kiss along his forehead and hairline.

“My first heat after my parents left was in September. I was trying to get as much practice as I could before it started, my debut Grand Prix series as a senior was starting only a couple weeks later. I wanted to make a good impression.
“My heat was still more than twelve hours away, but I felt it clawing at me and decided I needed to go home early, rather than wait for Yakov to drive me as we’d originally planned. I showered, and used a strong masking soap, but the streets were crowded that day. Somebody was too close and was able to smell the pre-heat on me.

“He said he was in town for a few days, but would love to extend his stay for a pretty omega like me. I could smell that he was nearing rut, and my body wanted it so bad. I was losing the battle again. I tried to leave but he followed, persisting, filling the air around himself with pheromones. The longer I was around him the more I wanted it.

“Somebody finally noticed that I was being harassed and moved to step in, but it only made things worse. The second man was closer to rut than the first, and when he got close enough to smell distressed, pre-heat, omega, it sent him into prowl mode. An alpha fight broke out right in front of me, and I was paralyzed by the pheromones. I wanted to run, but the omega inside me knew that they were fighting for me, and it kept me there, ready to be claimed by the victor.

“The police managed to break it up, somehow, though the cops were bloodied in the process. I was still frozen, waiting for a winner, and it took another cop to scream at me that my scent was making it worse before I was able to move.

“My scent, the filthy smell of a whore omega wanting to be bred had caused an alpha fight. That’s not what they said, but it’s what I heard.

“I ran home and locked the door, shutting myself safely inside my apartment. But I never pushed it so close to heat again. Even twelve hours before it started I was vulnerable, at the whims of the omega. I wasn’t safe.

“The panic attacks came back after that heat. I hated the omega part of me. I even begged for surgery to remove anything that made me an omega. No doctor was willing to perform the procedure as it wasn’t absolutely medically necessary. Even if we had found one, I soon realized I would be unable to go through with it. The recovery period was too long for a major surgery like that. I would have to give up an entire season or risk still healing internal parts opening up on me.

“So, at sixteen, I begged for suppressants. Most people my age wouldn’t present for more than another year, and I was already so terrified of my secondary that I had to do anything I could to tame it. The only way to be safe, was to not be an omega as much as possible.

“I still wasn’t safe though. Locked in my apartment wasn’t enough. My scent leaked out into the hall six months later, the first heat after I started suppressing, when doctors were making sure that there were no negative side effects.

“My door was almost broken down by a prowling alpha. I replaced it with a sturdy steel door and frame, but the heavy dents left in it after the following heat made it clear that, as long as they could smell me, they would try to get at me. I didn’t have the protection of an alpha, nobody who could cover my scent with their own and keep me safe. Those flimsy physical barriers were the only things that kept them out, and I knew that if they ever got in I would readily submit.

“I started to get major sponsors after my first Olympics, and channeled that money into a penthouse apartment in a small building. At nineteen I was the only resident on my floor. It took a special key in the elevator, or the stairwell, to even reach my apartment and I renovated with another steel door.

“I still didn’t feel safe. I’d only replaced one flimsy barrier with another. All it took was me succumbing to instinct and it would all be for nothing anyway. That… that’s when I started pushing the limits of my suppressants.”
Victor was crying again, and Yuri could tell that he was somehow done. He kissed his omega’s face, his hair, anywhere that he could reach.

“I’m sorry Yuri. I’m sorry that I’m so weak. I want to control that part of me and I can’t.”

“Vitya,” Yuri cooed. “Vitya. You’re not weak. You didn’t give into it. You fought back. Believe me, I know how hard it is to fight against yourself. I know you’re not weak.”

“Yuri!” Victor clung to the smaller man, stifling sobs against his shoulder.

“I’m here Vitya, and I’ll always cherish you. You’re the best omega a man could ever ask for.”

Victor shook, and soon stilled. When he spoke again his voice was small and weak. “You’re not going to leave me are you?”

Yuri ran his fingers up to Victor’s jaw and lifted his face until he could lean in and kiss his mate. It was awkward in the dark, but he felt the omega relax under the gentle touch.

“I’ll never leave you Vitya. I love you too much.”

Silence, then a question, timid and tiny. “What did you say Yuri?”

Yuri thought and realized what he said, but he had no intention of taking it back. “I love you Vitya. I’ll always love you.”

He leaned in and claimed the omega’s mouth once more. Victor kissed back, hot and desperate.

They separated, and Yuri felt joy fill his heart when Victor replied.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

**TL;DR**

So for those who just want a summary without detail...

Victor was assaulted by 3 alpha cousins when he was 14 and in his fourth heat. Though they did not rape him, they humiliated him and used his omega instincts against him. Because of same instincts he was still begging for them, and they called him names like breeder and whore, using their wrist scent glands to scent him and then telling him that he stunk and would never be wanted.

Victor's mom is a badass who saved him before it got even worse. Seriously, props to this woman.

The assault caused Victor's panic attacks as a teen.

2 years after, Victor's parents moved to Moscow, but he stayed behind in St. Petersburg. Right before his first heat alone he was smelled on the street, and an alpha fight broke out right in front of him. His trauma was further exacerbated when one of the cops who broke it up told him it was his scent, which he already had issues with at that point.
Apartments were not necessarily safe alone, and he had to replace one door that was almost broken, and had a heavy steel door dented when a prowling alpha scented him from the hall and tried to get in. He eventually moved to a penthouse, but still didn't feel safe.

The chapter ends with the boys admitting their love. That part is probably safe to read. :-)

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Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

After the revelations of Victor's painful past, both he and Yuri take some time to start the healing and reconnect.

Chapter Notes

I think everybody needs this after the pain of the last chapter. It's so soft and domestic and FLOOFY, then a bit of fluffy smutty.

Next chapter might not be until Tuesday evening MDT. Dreams update is coming tomorrow, then I have stuff to do on Monday so might not have the time. We'll see how things play out though.

If you've been enjoying this work please use the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I love you.

It was out there. Yuri had finally voiced what he knew in his heart. It was far from the romantic moment he’d long thought such a confession would be, but he knew that it was the right time. His mate, his love, needed to know how he felt.

The way Victor returned his kisses made it clear that the words had helped. Then Yuri’s heart sang when Victor admitted that he loved him in return.

Their mouths came together as if it were the first time, and in a way it was. The pain that Victor had kept buried for so long was in the open. Though it didn’t change Yuri’s feelings, he was seeing a part of his mate that had been hidden for too long.

The kisses were soft and gentle. They explored the change in their relationship slowly, moving from chaste presses of the lips to tongues dancing between open mouths. They curled into each other, desiring the closeness.

Fingers ran over faces and down necks, up arms and across shoulders. But when Victor’s hand traced down Yuri’s chest he broke the kiss.

“Yuri?”

Yuri nuzzled into his mate’s neck. “Hmm?”

“I… I think we should go shower.”
Yuri chuckled and kissed the Russian’s jaw. “I was thinking that too, but didn’t want to say anything.”

They kissed for a few more minutes before climbing out of bed. Once they had donned yukata and slippers they kissed some more. They walked through the silent halls leaning against each other, hands tangled together.

At some point they passed a clock, and Yuri knew that morning practice was likely off the table. It was slightly after three in the morning.

The changing room was understandably empty as they stepped in. Victor was already tugging at the sash on his yukata when Yuri stilled his hand. The younger man rose up and kissed his him softly. “Let me take care of you Vitya.”

Victor stared for a moment, then smiled softly.

Yuri sank back down on his feet and loosened the sash on Victor’s yukata. He smiled at his mate then walked behind the taller man. His fingers brushed up the Russian’s back until they grasped the hem of the garment, which he slowly drew down over alabaster shoulders. He dropped kisses onto the bare skin as he exposed it, making the omega shiver.

Once Victor was nude, Yuri made quick work of his own yukata before snuggling against the other man’s back for a few seconds. He loved him, and there was warmth in his heart knowing that the emotion was returned.

They slipped into the washing room, and Yuri was glad that the late hour gave them privacy. The only sounds were the soft drips of water as steam condensed on the ceiling and cooled again until it fell. The soft night lighting gave the area an intimate feel.

Yuri silently led Victor to one of the washing stations and had him sit on the stool. He then filled a tub with hot water and draped a washcloth over the rim. He made sure that the soap and shampoo he grabbed were Victor’s favorites, then knelt in front of his mate.

Yuri knew it would be faster to simply spray Victor’s skin, but he wanted to take his time and truly let the man know how precious he was.

Yuri plunged the cloth into the hot water, wrung it slightly, then wet his mate’s face with it. He washed away trails of tears and smiled when Victor closed his eyes and relaxed into the gentle treatment. He moved down to the omega’s neck, and when the cloth started to cool he refreshed it in the hot water again.

He moved slowly, giving his full attention to every part of the beautiful omega. He wiped away the dirt of the day, and made sure that the cloth stayed warm. He massaged into the touch as he drew it down Victor’s back, and acted almost in reverence as he moved to the front again and wiped clean the mingled trails of cum from earlier. He rubbed circles in the man’s legs and smiled at the way Victor squirmed when Yuri accidentally tickled between his toes.

Yuri rose once the first rinse was done, tossed out the water and refilled the tub with fresh, hot, clean water. He then repeated the process, lathering soap onto the man he loved. It was only when it was time to rinse that he stopped using the washcloth, preferring instead to pour clean water over his omega.

Yuri felt it was symbolic in a way. He was washing his mate, but washing away the fears of abandonment as well. He tried to wash away as much pain as he could, but knew that it would be a
longer process.

Soap rinsed, he refilled the tub once more and poured some of the water over Victor’s hair. Once the fine strands were sufficiently wet he squeezed a small amount of shampoo into his hand and started working it through the sea of platinum. He massaged Victor’s head, and felt the Russian relax underneath him.

Yuri hummed softly as he worked, and as Victor joined in he realized that the song was *Stay Close To Me*.

After the shampoo had a minute to sit he poured the remaining water over Victor’s hair until it was rinsed.

With Victor taken care of, Yuri turned a sprayer on himself, lathered and shampooed as quickly as possible and rinsed. He didn’t want to keep his mate waiting for long. As soon as he felt that he was clean enough he offered his arm to his love and silently led him to the outside baths.

The lighting outside was low and soft, just enough to keep from falling as they stepped into the pool. It was a moonless night and stars dusted the sky as they moved to a secluded corner of the bath. The chill of the November air made them hurry to the refuge of heat.

They sat in the hot water and nestled together, silently relishing the other’s presence. Eventually their mouths found each other’s again, and they kissed, fingers brushing against faces and cradling heads.

“I love you,” Yuri murmured as they separated.

“I love you too,” the Russian whispered back.

The words still felt precious and new. Saying them, hearing them, it took Yuri’s breath away. For a moment he wondered if he was dreaming, but the nibble on his lower lip as another kiss deepened was enough to let him know it was real.

The gentle sound of falling water as Yuri moved from sitting beside the man he loved to straddling his lap. Victor gave him a look of shock, to which Yuri replied by taking the Russian’s face between his hands and kissing him passionately.

Yuri pulled back and stared into the omega’s eyes. The white’s were still reddened from crying, and it hurt that he couldn’t erase the pain that had built up over the years. He wanted his mate to feel only love and happiness.

He leaned back in and kissed Victor’s eyelids, forehead, cheeks; whispering words of love between them. He couldn’t make his mate’s painful past vanish, but he could accept it as part of the man he cherished.

To truly embrace the man in front of him meant accepting him as a whole; the star, the coach, the goof, and the traumatized omega. He would love every part, passionately, with all of himself. To disregard any one aspect of Victor’s life experiences would change him, and Yuri couldn’t imagine anything less than the Victor he knew.

Yuri didn’t have the words to properly convey everything that Victor meant to him, so he kissed him instead. Gentle longing with chaste presses of the lips, swirling to heated, passionate desire with deep, tongue-tangling, bouts that left them both breathless. Between them he whispered the only words that mattered: “I love you.”

Hands explored, Yuri’s across Victor’s shoulders and chest, while the Russian searched for
undiscovered nuances of the younger man’s back.

He was getting hard again as they kissed, the alpha within urging him to take his injured mate back to bed to make him feel good. But the rational side suppressed it. There was time for that later.

Then Victor’s hand drifted lower, cupping his ass. Fingertips brushed over his still-sensitive entrance. Yuri gasped and jolted, and felt the press of the omega’s erection against his thigh.

“Is this ok Yuri?” Victor asked softly, rubbing at his hole.

Yuri realized that it was the first time the omega had asked to be inside him, the other times he’d asked for himself. Yuri nodded and pressed back, encouraging his mate to lead. He buried his face in Victor’s shoulder and moaned as softly as he could as a long finger pressed inside.

He was still fairly loose and open from their earlier activities, but Victor took his time stretching him and massaging his sweet spot anyway. By the time the fingers were removed he was already in a state of deep pleasure.

Victor guided him to kneel at the edge of the pool, head resting on his arms as he laid against the stone perimeter. The contrast of chill air and heated water only made his nerves more sensitive to the moment. There was a dry burn at first as the Russian pushed in, but he still was lubed enough on the inside to quickly have the comfortable push and pull.

Victor moved slowly inside him, and it felt so good. He stifled his moans against his arms with each deep thrust, and the Russian hadn’t even sought out his prostate yet.

Victor leaned across his back, kissing at the skin between shoulder blades. “I used to dream about bringing you down here in the middle of the night and making love to you just like this,” he admitted softly. “When I realized you were an alpha I thought the fantasy had died with it. Then… you wanted me inside you and… Yuri… you’re too good for me. I love you so much and… is this moment even real?”

Yuri smiled and moaned from a deep thrust before he found words. “It has to be real, even my dreams never felt this good.”

Victor stilled for a moment and shook with emotion.

“Mmm, Vitya… don’t stop,” Yuri whimpered. “You feel so good.”

Victor wrapped his hands around Yuri’s middle and hugged him as he pressed as deep as he could. “I love you Yuri.”

Yuri smiled as Victor started moving again. “I love you too.”

They tried to be as quiet as possible. The lapping of water at the walls of the pool sounded the pace of deep and languid thrusts. Soft moans were swept away by a gentle breeze.

Victor found Yuri’s sweet spot and rubbed against it with each movement of his cock. Soon the alpha was shaking with pleasure. He pushed up from the side of the pool, arching his back.

“Kiss me,” Yuri demanded, knowing that the only way to contain his moans was with Victor’s mouth.

Victor leaned in and Yuri turned his torso enough so that they could kiss. Victor’s left hand braced Yuri’s stomach and his right wrapped around his cock. Yuri gasped and moaned deeply as the hand
started stroking in time with the thrusts.

“I’m not going to last long if you keep doing that,” Yuri warned softly between kisses.

Victor smiled against his lips. “Good. I’m not far off myself and I want to feel it.”

“Vitya…” Yuri moaned as his mouth opened for another round of kisses.

The pace increased slightly, but the tender nature stayed the same as Victor thrust into him. It wasn’t just sex, it was strengthening the new bonds between them, pulling them together a little bit more.

Yuri’s orgasm came up in a rolling wave, gentle, building on itself, until he was drowned in ecstasy. He moaned into Victor’s mouth, senses whited out as everything but pleasure was stripped away. His very essence was laid bare to the man inside him, and he trusted completely that it would be well cared for.

He heard his name as he came back from the plateau, Victor moaning it over and over. He felt the pulse deep inside and hummed appreciatively.

Victor leaned against him, trembling with aftershocks of bliss. They stayed that way for several minutes before separating and cuddling in the warmth of the water again.

There were no words between them as they sat, enjoying the solitude, the quiet and the presence of each other. No words were needed.

They kissed and cuddled, and after a while made their way back to their bedroom. It was with silent understanding that Victor laid back and Yuri moved to cover him.

Yuri hovered over the omega before leaning in and pressing a kiss to his lips. His mate was spread beneath him, waiting, wanting. He pushed into the warm heat, and savored the moan that left Victor’s lips, burned into memory the sight of his head thrown back in pleasure.

The night had exposed new cracks in the man he cherished, and he was going to fill them with a love that only he could express.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Fluff and fluffy smut. :-) I hope you all needed that as much as I (and they) did after the last chapter.

So it was pointed out that they wouldn't have sex in the onsen. But I took a bit of liberty here because of the moment. Don't flay me.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
They're less than 48 hours before the start of Victor's heat, and both men are starting to look forward to the bonding experience it will be.

Yuri leaned forward to kiss his sleeping and blissed out mate before slipping from their bed. He was tired and wanted to curl up next to Victor, but not dying by his sister’s hands was more critical.

He couldn’t keep his promise to never leave Victor if he was dead.

He wrapped his yukata around himself and made his way back to the outdoor pool. Luckily Thursday was one of the normal cleaning days, so at least he wouldn’t disturb the plans of guests. He turned on just enough of the outdoor lighting to see, and switched the diverter that controlled the flow of spring water to bypass the bath. He waited to see that it was draining properly from the low side, set out the ‘closed for cleaning’ sign, then went back to his room while the water level dropped.

Yuri flicked on the light and changed into some clothes that he didn’t mind cleaning the pool in, then sat at his computer. He thought for a moment about what he wanted to say, then composed an email to his representative in the JSF.

He decided on a summary of the prior night’s events leading to the fight in the park and provided the information about when he would be giving his statement to the police and included contact information for the responding officer.

He glanced at the clock. It was slightly before six in the morning.

He pulled a sheet of paper next to his laptop, wrote down his representative’s email address, and returned to the outdoor bath. The water had almost completely drained, and he knew that by the time he gathered the cleaning supplies it would be ready for him to work.

Yuri sighed as he looked out at the empty bath. He’d always hated the chore, and had managed to
avoid it since Victor’s arrival. He stepped into the basin and hissed at how cold it was under his feet. He strode to the far end, knelt on a small mat that allowed him to at least keep his knees drier, and dipped a stiff brush into a bucket filled with a mix of water and vinegar.

He worked from the far end, moving back and forth from one wall to the other, scrubbing the rocks, floor, and all surfaces.

As much as he hated the early morning chore, it also gave him time to think. More than ever he was determined to remain by Victor’s side. A long distance relationship was out of the question. His mate had been hurt too badly, and needed to know that his chosen alpha would always be there.

But he still wanted to skate, and he wanted to let Victor skate as well.

*I don’t have a choice. I’ll have to talk to Coach Feltsman. Maybe I can convince him to take me on for Victor’s sake. I need to win though. I won’t be able to make a good argument if I don’t.*

Yuri scrubbed between the rocks and down along the floor of the bath. He noticed that his bucket of water and vinegar was running low. He stood, carried the bucket back, refilled it with a new mix, then resumed where he had left off.

Decision made about what to do after the Grand Prix Final, Yuri turned his thoughts to more pressing matters. Victor’s revelation about his past brought up a new uncomfortable question, and Yuri knew that he would have to talk about it while he still had time. He didn’t want his own rutting behavior to hurt his mate.

“Yuri?”

Yuri cringed, he knew that voice, and he’d hoped to have more time. He turned, a sheepish look on his face. “Ohayo Mari-neesan.”

Her eyes narrowed immediately. “You hate cleaning the baths, and I know you’d never do it this close to a competition.”

Yuri made an uncomfortable noise before offering a weak, “I was restless and thought I’d help?”

She glared, then her eyes opened wide with realization. Yuri blushed.

“I’d kill you both if it wouldn’t cause an international incident. You know that, right?”

“It just… kinda happened.”

“Oh god!” She threw her hands in the air. “I don’t want to know.” She paused and stared daggers at him. “You better not be slacking on the cleaning. If even one guest has a complaint I’ll have your head.”

“I know.”

“And this had better never happen again.”

“I know.”

She studied him for another moment before storming back inside the warmth of the inn.

Yuri sighed with relief. It had gone far better than expected. The fact that he was well into cleaning had likely helped.
He continued working, mind wandering to what they’d have to do that afternoon. He wasn’t looking forward to giving a statement to police, and was nervous about what the JSF would say. He knew he had done everything right, but there was still the tinge of fear.

He had scrubbed nearly three quarters of the pool, and yellow morning sun was making the job slightly easier. He heard the door from the washroom slide open.

“So this is where you are.”

Yuri smiled and stood. He walked over to the edge where Victor stood and looked up with a smile. His mate leaned over and kissed him softly.

“I was wondering when I woke up and you were nowhere to be found.”

“I needed to clean the pool, but wanted to let you sleep.”

“Doesn’t Mari usually clean the pools?”

Yuri smiled softly, hoping that he wouldn’t have to explain it. Victor stared for a moment, then he started to understand.

“Oh my god Yuri. I wasn’t thinking.”

Yuri tilted his head in a way that begged for another kiss, which Victor granted. “Don’t worry about it Vitya. I had a choice to stop you and I didn’t. I knew what I was doing.”

Victor frowned softly, but nodded. “What can I do to help?”

Yuri smiled. “First, stay away from Mari. I’d rather the man I love stay alive.”

Victor beamed at the title.

“There’s an email address next to my computer. It’s my representative in the JSF. Since you were there last night and you’re also my coach, it would be a good idea for you to send in a statement for him to review before he decides if he will join us this afternoon or not.”

Yuri paused, worried about Victor having to remember the night before. “Is that ok, or do you want me there for that?”

Victor set his jaw. “I think I’ll be ok. I’m calmer now.”

Yuri nodded. “We’ll have to switch practice to this evening. I need to sleep at some point or I’ll just hurt myself. So could you text Nishigori and let him know he can run the maintenance on the chillers this morning? He was waiting for your heat, but this will give him an extra few hours to determine if anything needs ordered.”

Victor nodded. “Anything else?”

Yuri smiled. “Yes, something for both of us.”

“Oh?”

“Start packing for this weekend. I want to be there when you pick which of my things you want for your nest, but I’m sure you have your own favorite items.”

Yuri saw happiness in his mate’s eyes at the request, and granted another kiss before the Russian
walked off to do what he had asked.

Yuri smiled as he turned back to his chore. A part of him wished that Victor had slept longer, but him being awake meant that they could curl up for a nap together later.

Almost two hours after he started, Yuri finally finished scrubbing the pool. He took a deep breath, then carried the bucket to the cleaning storage and grabbed an almost identical one. He filled the new bucket with clean water, dropped a ladle into it and walked back to the bath. He splashed the water, rinsing the scrubbed dirt and cleaning solution in the reverse direction, from the entrance to the outlet, returning to refill the bucket several times.

Finally he turned to a sprayer hose and carried it to the side of the pool. He dropped it along the side, went into the washroom to thoroughly wash his feet, then back outside to the pool. Starting from the entrance again, he sprayed gently, making sure that the entire surface of the bath was well rinsed all the way to the outlet. The sprayer was generally an extra step, but he didn’t want to leave Mari any room for complaint.

He put the sprayer away and walked along the perimeter to the outflow of the bath, noted where the dam was at and lowered it to keep water from rushing out as the pool refilled. He returned to the diverter, and once more directed the spring water into the onsen. He took the temperature as it flowed in and determined that it was fine without addition of cool water.

He put the supplies away as the pool refilled, and noted that he would probably have enough time to check on Victor. He made his way up and found the Russian finishing up an email. He wrapped his arms around his mate and kissed the side of his head.

“You doing ok?”

Victor turned enough to smile softly. “Yeah. I’m ok.”

“Good. I’m waiting for the onsen to refill, then let’s have some breakfast. Ok?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri nuzzled into his mate’s neck and breathed deep the omega’s scent, masked slightly with his own.

“I like your scent on me,” Victor murmured.

“I like yours on me,” Yuri purred in return before kissing Victor’s hair and standing. “I’ll let mom know we’re ready for breakfast and meet you there in a few minutes.”

Victor smiled and Yuri walked back to the pool.

Steam was rising from the fresh water, and he saw that it was almost to full. He walked around to the dam again, waited a couple minutes then drew it up to where it had been when he started. He watched to make sure that the flow was equalized, quickly showered in the washroom, checked the level of the pool again, and once he was satisfied that everything was as it should be, made his way to the dining room and sat next to Victor.

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s neck while they waited. “You smell good.”

Yuri smiled. “I decided I had to shower before breakfast. Cleaning the onsen always makes me work up a sweat.”
Victor kissed his temple.

Yuri turned and beamed at his mate. “Did you start packing?”

Victor grinned and nodded.

“Can I see what you picked out?”

Victor’s grin widened and his eyes sparkled at his alpha’s interest in his nest.

They ate then made their way to their room. Yuri sat on the bed and smiled as Victor showed off the things that he had chosen for his nest: one of the omega’s favorite scarves, a sweater, several poodle plushes and a couple blankets.

Once Victor had finished showing off his selections he stood at the edge of the bed and Yuri wrapped his arms around his mate’s middle.

“You’re more excited than I expected,” Yuri said fondly. “I… I was worried that this would be hard for you.”

Victor leaned over and kissed Yuri’s forehead. “I’m still scared Yuri. But things feel different this time. Nesting used to be one of those things that instinct said I had to do, and the part of me that hated the fact I’m omega would push back. I’d put it off until I was almost distressed at the lack of a nest. But seeing it meant that I was so close to that vulnerability again.”

Victor ran his thumbs over Yuri’s cheekbones. “But this time you’ll be there, your scent will be in my nest.” He blushed. “The omega part of me is excited about that. I feel safe. You helped me find a place that I’ll be comfortable at, you’ll be there to protect me, and…” Victor’s blush deepened.

“And?” Yuri asked, confused.

“And I don’t need to worry about you taking advantage of me. I’ve asked you to be there, and you told me that you’ll leave if it’s too much. It’s so different that the part of me that was always scared is losing the battle against my instincts. I want to nest, I want to see your reaction to it. I want that safety in your arms, and it makes me excited that you’re pushing me to do what’s right for me.”

Yuri smiled, and had to stifle a yawn. His eyes drifted to the very soft blanket that lay on top of Victor’s pile.

Yuri reached for the blanket and snatched it, carrying it up the bed with him.

“Hey!” Victor protested. “What are you doing?”

“Testing it out and making it smell like me,” Yuri mumbled as he flopped sideways and stretched out on the bed.

Victor strode to the head of the bed and smiled down. “Is that so?”

Yuri reached out and snatched his mate’s wrist, tugging him down onto the bed. He pulled the blanket over them both. “Making it smell like us…” he murmured as he closed his eyes, sleep swiftly overtaking him.

Victor chuckled and nuzzled in. “You could have just asked.”

“Nope,” Yuri replied.
Victor kissed his forehead and pulled him close. “Sladkikh snov, moya lyubov.”

Victor was delighted, sitting on Yuri’s bed and sifting through the blankets, sweaters and clothes that the younger man had pulled out.

Yuri sat on his desk chair and smiled, watching his mate sniff at the offerings and put them into piles depending on how likely he was to choose them. Every few minutes the Russian would glance at the suitcase that they had chosen for nesting materials, deciding if they had enough room.

Once the omega had sorted the pile and was determining how to pack it, Yuri decided that it was time he spoke.

“Vitya?”

Victor looked up at him, a questioning look in his eyes.

Yuri licked his lips nervously. “Before I start, I don’t want you to freak out or worry. Just hear me out, and let me know what you want me to do. Ok?”

Victor scowled, but nodded.

Yuri took a deep breath. “I’m wondering if I should take an emergency suppressant…”


Yuri reached out and released some pheromones from his wrist near his mate’s face. “Shh Vitya. I’ll still be there, there’s just some rutting behavior of mine I’m worried about. I don’t want to dredge up old pain.”

“But everybody I know who has taken an emergency suppressant says that they’re incredibly uncomfortable,” Victor replied, concern in his eyes.

Yuri nodded. “I’ve heard it too, but I want this to be a good heat for you, and… I’m worried about the language I use when I’m rutting.”

Victor cocked his head to the side. “Language?” he asked confused.

Yuri blushed crimson. “I… when my rut is nearing and at peak I… I say things…”

Victor blinked, still confused.

Yuri squirmed under his mate’s gaze and stared at the floor. “I talk about breeding… and babies…” his voice dropped, “and stuff like that.

“Vitya, after last night, I just don’t want to say anything that would bring up bad memories, and it’s hard to control. I can try, but… I talked about that stuff even when rutting alone and the only omega was in my head. I’ll do whatever you want. If you want me to take a suppressant I will, if you want me to hold back without a suppressant all I can offer is a promise to try.”

Yuri lifted his gaze nervously, not knowing what to expect from his mate.

Victor was blushing and blinking rapidly.
Yuri stood and took the two paces to the Russian’s side. “Vitya, are you ok?”

Victor looked up at him. “I… I…”

Yuri stared, and slowly realized that his mate wasn’t stressed about the thought, but was blushing because he’d imagined it. “Vitya?” he asked cautiously. “Do you want me to say things like that?”

“I don’t know,” Victor admitted. “The omega part of me does, it almost scared me how excited it was about the thought, especially about you saying those things. The rational part of my mind isn’t so sure.”

Yuri nodded and kissed platinum hair. “The decision is yours Vitya. I might not be able to control it, so if you don’t want it to happen then I should take an emergency suppressant.”

Victor wrapped his arms around his middle and clung tightly. “Don’t suppress Yuri,” he whispered after several minutes.

“Are you sure?”

Victor looked up again and smiled, though Yuri saw a bit of strain about the decision. “I’m sure.”

“Promise you’ll tell me if you can’t handle it? Maybe I can force it down. If not, I’ll go to the alpha suite.”

“Yuri. I can barely speak when in heat. Your name, alpha, if I’m lucky one or two more words. That part of my brain is just… overwhelmed… with the hormones and heat haze.”

“You understand though, right?” Yuri asked.

Victor nodded.

Yuri thought back to his classes on omega care. “What about… sign language? Do you think we can come up with some signals so that you can communicate your needs?”

Victor grinned. “I think so!”

Yuri smiled. “We’ll come up with something that works then. Then you can tell me what you need, including if you need me to shut up.”

Victor’s eyes shone as he nodded.

Yuri squirmed on the uncomfortable plastic chair. The police translator had taken Victor and the JSF representative to another room for the Russian’s statement. However that left him sitting with the responding officer from the night before, and his anxiety was growing the longer the process took.

“You don’t need to worry about arrest,” the officer declared after several minutes of watching him fidget. “The restaurant manager corroborated your story about what happened there, and the video proves that you were assaulted in the park after attempting to leave peacefully. Considering that even your masking soap can’t fully conceal how close you are to rut, you showed amazing restraint at being challenged for your omega.”

Yuri smiled nervously, the officer was much calmer when not facing two alphas who had just been fighting.
“Thank you, but that was only half my worry.”

The officer raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

Yuri nodded. “My career is on the line. The Japanese Skating Federation highly disapproves of physical violence, and as a representative member... how they view this could mean suspension or even expulsion. I have a competition next week, and what they determine decides if I go... if I can even continue figure skating competitively.”

“Even though everything we’re seen points to you and your omega being the victims?”

Yuri shrugged. “It’s a judgement call for them. They’ll decide if I acted inappropriately, even given the circumstances.”

The officer shook his head and flipped through the paperwork. “You didn’t cause injury. When the other alpha woke up hungover this morning he said he was a bit sore, and our medics confirmed that there had been no damage. I don’t respond to many alpha fights, this was only my third in ten years, but both others, and the ones I’ve heard about, all tend to require ambulances, stitches and sometimes casts.

“If the lack of injury wasn’t unusual enough, usually the larger alpha is the clear victor.”

Yuri laughed. “Well I am an athlete. I may be small, but I train almost every day.”

The officer shook his head, and Yuri stood when he saw a familiar head of platinum hair heading his direction, accompanied by the female translator and the male JSF representative.

Victor looked slightly pale after recounting the events, and Yuri couldn’t help but take his hand.

“Are you ok?”

Victor nodded. “Yeah. I just didn’t like thinking about it was all.”

Yuri stared at his mate, then nodded. He turned to the translator and the representative and bowed before they took their seats.

The translator moved to the officer and recounted Victor’s statement, then sat on the other side of the Russian to translate the conversation. The JSF representative asked several questions about the incident and what the police had determined, and viewed the video that the girls had taken in the park.

Yuri couldn’t tell what the representative was thinking as he scowled throughout, taking notes. When the video was complete he asked for a copy, which the officer provided.

“Katsuki-san,” he began, and Yuri felt Victor tense beside him. “Given what I have seen and heard, I will be recommending a verbal caution to be issued, and it would be noted in your file. If the panel accepts my recommendation you will be reminded to avoid instances that could lead to violence, but it would not be a warning or reprimand.

“Unfortunately, even in cases where a member was clearly assaulted without provocation, it is the lightest punishment I can suggest for a physical altercation. It will be the determination of a final review panel as to whether it is accepted, a harsher judgment issued or if the matter is dismissed entirely.

“In my judgement you acted appropriately, and only resorted to violence when attacked. You managed to show enough restraint as to not injure your attacker. However, the panel will have the
“We are well aware of your tight competition schedule, and will have a determination for you by tomorrow afternoon. But I wouldn’t worry. I don’t see anything that would make them bar you from competing.”

Yuri breathed a sigh of relief, stood and bowed. The others made similar motions. Yuri and Victor were just turning to leave when the officer called out.

“Katsuki-san?”

Yuri turned back. “Yes?”

“Good luck on your upcoming competition.”

Yuri smiled and bowed again. “Thank you.”

Yuri grumbled as he skidded to a stop next to the barrier. He’d been putting his hand down on the quad flip all evening.

“Damnit, I thought I had it yesterday!”

Victor leaned on the barrier and smiled. “Yuuuuuu… how many hours of sleep did you get? Four? Five? It’s amazing you’re only putting your hand down.”

Yuri glared and Victor laughed. The Russian leaned across and kissed the alpha’s cheek. “Run your programs, mark the jumps. I’m not going to push too hard considering the day you’ve had. So let’s work on tightening up your step sequence. There are still a few places where your footwork could be cleaner.”

“I need to clean up this jump, Vitya,” Yuri argued.

Victor smiled and grabbed Yuri’s forearms so that they were facing each other. “Yuuuuuuuuu, trust your coach. You’re tired, and I don’t want to see you make any mistakes that could lead to you being injured.”

Yuri felt his will to argue start to shift as Victor’s thumbs worked small circles on his arms.

“Do it for me?” Victor pressed.

Yuri’s resolve crumbled and he nodded. “Ok Vitya, you win. I’ll run programs and mark jumps.”

Victor smiled fondly, and Yuri couldn’t help but smile at his mate.

Yuri moved to center ice and started. He’d just reached the beginning of his choreographic sequence when he heard the email alert on Victor’s phone.

Victor yelled out suggestions, and as he ended he quickly filtered through what he could remember hearing.

“Let me check this email, then we’ll run it again,” Victor called.

Yuri nodded and took a few deep breaths as he waited for the Russian to read and respond to the
“Yuri, it’s here!”

“What’s here?” Yuri responded, confused.

“The music for the exhibition skate.”

Yuri was even more confused. “What do you mean? I’m skating Stay Close to Me.”

“No, no. For our duet.”

“Then we’re skating Stay Close to Me.”

“Exactly! The duet version has arrived.”

Yuri skated to the barrier. “What duet version? I thought you were just getting it shortened.”

Victor grinned. “Didn’t I tell you? I asked my composer to turn the aria into a duet for our skate.”

Yuri blinked. “Vitya, it was fine before.”

Victor pouted. “No it wasn’t. A skating duet with you required a singing duet to go with it.”

Yuri laughed at his mate’s ridiculousness, then kissed him softly. “Ok Vitya. Let’s hear it then.”

Victor beamed and opened the sound file on his phone. The tiny speaker barely did the piece justice, but somehow it was even more beautiful than before. The plaintive pleading of the original was replaced with a fierce longing tone, each voice calling the other closer. He could see the symbolism in his mind, the way they entered the ice separate, but would leave it together.

The piece ended.

“Well?” Victor asked.

Yuri smiled, leaned in and kissed his mate. “It’s perfect Vitya.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Whew, long day for our boys. But they’re only a day out from the start of Victor's heat, so that’s coming up fast.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Nest

Chapter Summary

It's the last day before Victor's heat, and after a morning romp the men head in for a final practice before checking into the hotel that afternoon.

Chapter Notes

Just a short little morning/early afternoon chapter. Tiny bit of world building, then some nest building.
Enjoy!
If you've been enjoying this work please punch the share button up above and spread the love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri knew even before he fully awoke that the earliest stage of his rut had started. He wouldn’t be fully rutting until the next day, but every instinct he had was screaming at him to make sure that his omega stayed at his side.

He could tell by the gentle breathing that Victor was still asleep. He rolled over and cuddled him, nuzzling his shoulder as near the scent gland as he could.

He was hard as a rock, and could tell from the feeling in his cock that the last of the suppressants had worn off and he would be able to knot at any time. A part of him couldn’t wait to share that bond with Victor, and he groaned when he remembered that they still planned to skate that morning.

“Yuri?” Victor mumbled sleepily, turning into the alpha’s embrace. “Smell good.”

He ran his hands up Victor’s chest, mapping the lines of muscle with his fingertips, allowing himself the fantasy of tasting the same skin, and he growled deep in lust.

“Yuri?” Victor asked again, ocean-blue eyes cracking open in the dim morning light.

He hummed in satisfaction at seeing that his omega was awake. He kissed and nipped at his jaw until the Russian gasped and turned into the touch.

Yuri growled, pushed Victor onto his back and moved to straddle him in one smooth motion. He leaned in, a deep rumble in his chest as he claimed his mate’s lips. At the same time he pressed his hips down to let the man beneath him know exactly how much he was desired.

He pulled back from the kiss and saw both shock and need in Victor’s eyes.

“Fuck…” Victor whispered.
Yuri leaned in and nibbled his boyfriend’s ear. “That’s the plan, if you’ll let me.” He rolled his hips, letting his mate feel how hard he was.


Yuri claimed Victor’s mouth again, thrusting his tongue into the warm cavern at the same pace he rolled his hips against the other man’s rapidly hardening length. He broke the kiss to suck and nip along the Russian’s jaw and down his chest, careful not to leave marks.

Soon. Soon I’ll decorate all my favorite places on your skin.

He took Victor’s cock into his mouth at the same time he pushed a finger into his slick wettened hole. He could feel how close his partner was just by the movement of his hips, and he pressed a second finger in quickly, searching for the sweet spot as he opened him up.

Yuri sucked and bobbed his head while his fingers massaged and opened up his mate, and he growled in praise when he tasted the warm flood of Victor’s cum on his tongue.

Delicious.

He swallowed and knelt between spread thighs. He lined his cock up with the omega’s entrance and pushed in at the same time that he leaned across and claimed Victor’s mouth again.

He could feel his mate’s moan rumbling through his mouth and into his chest, and answered with an appreciative growl of his own. He sheathed himself fully in one smooth motion, Victor opening easily so close to heat. He only gave his partner a few seconds to get used to the feel before he started pistoning his hips.

Yuri shifted his angle until Victor threw his head back with a cry of pleasure. Having found what he was looking for, he continued to thrust hard against the sweet spot and watched the man below him fall to pieces in ecstasy.

All too soon he was overwhelmed with the instinct to fill his omega, and he came with a growl, thrusting in deep and holding there until his cock stopped pulsing. He kissed Victor throughout, hands tangled in platinum hair and holding him exactly how he wanted.

They stayed that way for several minutes, just kissing, before Yuri pulled out and laid next to the Russian. He folded him into his arms and resumed kissing for several more minutes before his instinct finally calmed down enough to let him relax.

They cuddled, Yuri growling low in satisfaction and Victor humming happily. Their mouths sought each other out every time they thought they were done.

“I could get used to that kind of wake up,” Victor finally murmured.

“Let’s skip practice today Vitya,” Yuri replied. “We can do that until we have to leave for the hotel.”

Victor smiled and kissed him again. “As good as that sounds, you have a competition next week.” He thought for a minute. “But show me three perfect quad flips, and we’ll leave early so that you can ravish me again before check-in.”

“Deal,” Yuri rumbled.
“Yuko?” Victor asked as they walked in to see her sitting at the counter instead of Takeshi. “What are you doing here? Don’t you usually help the girls get ready for school?”

“Hi Victor, hi Yuri,” she replied with a wave. “Takeshi suggested that we switch today. So he’s at home with the girls. He’ll be in this afternoon after the two of you leave.”

Yuri smiled in gratitude, but could sense the confusion from his mate.


Yuko laughed. “Because of Yuri.”

Victor looked over and blinked. “Yuri?”

Yuri sighed, rose to kiss his omega then tried to explain. “Vitya, did you notice how close I’ve been all morning? How I had my hand on you in the coffeeshop, and around your waist on the walk here?”

“Yes?”

Yuri blushed, and Yuko laughed in amusement.

“He’s going to be like that all day Victor. I bet you had a very nice wake-up call too.”

“Yuko!” Yuri protested, which only made her laugh harder.

“Takeshi does the same thing the day before his rut goes into high gear. He gets super protective and possessive, and makes sure I have no room for complaint.

On the flip side, he doesn’t want any other alphas around me, even those he trusts. Since this is your first heat together, Yuri will be even more on edge to make sure you’re happy and that there is nobody to rival for your attention. Takeshi decided it would be better for him to just give you two the space this morning.”

Victor stared mutely, glancing from Yuko to Yuri and back again.

Yuri sighed. “Thank him for me please. I was prepared to see him here, but my instincts are definitely more at ease now.”

Yuko smiled. “Of course, though I bet Victor would have loved how clingy you would have gotten. It’s obvious how much he likes that kind of attention from you.”

“Yuko!”

“So how many marks has he left?”

Victor blinked again. “None?”

Yuko’s eyes went wide. “He hasn’t marked you?”

“I was waiting!” Yuri argued.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, confused.

Yuri squirmed under his boyfriend’s scrutiny. “She’s asking about love bites and hickeys. It… it’s supposed to be the most pleasurable for you a few hours before your heat starts… so I… was
waiting.”

Victor stared a moment then smiled. “I thought you were holding back on something! Glad to know it wasn’t just my imagination.”

“I’m impressed Yuri,” Yuko said. “Normally I’d be covered in them by this point in his rut. Takeshi can’t hold back when he wants to mark me.”

“I don’t need to know that!” Yuri protested.

She laughed and turned back to something behind the counter. “The rink is ready for you two, go get your practice in.”

They put on their skates and made their way to the ice. “You’re... already rutting?” Victor asked cautiously once they were out of earshot.

Yuri smiled. “Technically. Remember, ruts are longer than heats. I’m in what most call the ‘prowling’ phase. I’m ok to be out and about, though previously I would have used a nasal spray to dull my senses to the smell of omegas nearing heat. I didn’t use it this time because I want to smell you.”

“But… you didn’t knot me this morning,” Victor asked, confused.

Yuri smiled, fisted his hands in his boyfriend’s jacket and pulled him close for a kiss. “Oh believe me Vitya, I wanted to. If you’d agreed to stay home in bed I would probably be knotting you right now.”

Victor blushed. “Wow. Where is this energy in your eros performance?”

Yuri blinked, then chuckled. “Maybe that’s what I should think about in Russia, all the things I want to do to you in the hotel room that night.”

Victor purred and laid his hands on Yuri’s waist. “I think that sounds like a perfect idea.”

Yuri kissed his omega. “Three perfect quad flips?”

“Three. If you can do that we’ll head back early.”

“Challenge accepted.”

Yuri had only managed two quad flips without putting his hand down, and was angry at himself as they sat in the udon restaurant. He was ravenous, and had ordered an extra-large plate of yaki-udon. But as he dug into the steaming pile of noodles he saw that Victor was barely touching his small bowl of miso soup, merely sipping the broth.

“Not hungry?” Yuri asked gently.

Victor smiled. “No. My body doesn’t want solid food right now.”

Yuri frowned. “I’m sorry. I should have remembered and suggested an early lunch so that we could get more into you.”

“I barely touched breakfast too.”
Yuri reached across the table and tangled his fingers with his boyfriend’s. “Do you think you might be up for a smoothie on the way to the hotel? I’d like to get as much into you as possible before tomorrow, since I remember you didn’t even eat the brothy soup last time until almost halfway through.”

“If you order one I’ll take a couple sips.”

Yuri smiled. “I’ll take what I can get.”

They ate in silence for several minutes before Yuri’s phone buzzed with a notification. He looked and saw that he’d received an email from his JSF representative.

“The determination…” he said as he unlocked it and waited for the message to load.

His eyes flew over the characters before he sighed in relief. He turned to Victor, smiled and read from his phone. “After review, the panel has decided to take no further action. The evidence clearly proves that Katsuki Yuri was attempting to de-escalate and remove himself and his coach from the area in a peaceful manner. Even after being assaulted, he showed restraint in his actions and caused no lasting injury to his attacker. The incident will be noted in the skater’s records as having occurred, but will be of no consequence except in the event of future altercations.”

Yuri looked to Victor and saw the joy on his boyfriend’s face. “No caution! Nothing! I can skate without worry!”

Victor’s eyes shone. “Yuri!”

They walked down the hall, rolling suitcases behind them. The bigger one, Victor’s, was stuffed with items for his nest. Yuri’s had the clothes they would leave in, and more nesting material. They had determined that they’d spend most of the time either in the inn’s yukatas or nude, so had devoted space to giving Victor the best nest possible.

Yuri slid aside the screen at their assigned room and they stepped into the narrow holding area as he opened the locking door on the other side.

“Yuri? What do these buttons say?”

Yuri looked at the row of buttons near the door. “The first reads ‘In heat,’ the second ‘remove cart,’ and the third is a call button to ask for supplies, see the speaker next to it.”

“This is a heat hotel though, isn’t it? Why do they need the button indicating heat?”

Yuri smiled. “Remember what Takeshi said about food? We’ll order a bunch of stuff in advance and they’ll keep delivering on a schedule, but once everything is over we can turn that off and stop it. Then we can order from the regular menu.”

“Oh.”

Yuri wrapped his fingers around Victor’s wrist and tugged him into the room. They allowed the inner door to close as Yuri wrapped his arms around his mate’s neck and pulled him in for a kiss. He could feel his omega trembling slightly.

“Vitya,” he cooed, looking into the Russian’s eyes. “Just remember, I love you, and I’ll do what you
want. This is your heat, and the only thing I want is for it to be a good one for you. You’re safe, and I’m here to protect you.”

“Yuri!” Victor cried as he wrapped the alpha in his arms. The change was immediate, and the smaller man smelled relief and even a tinge of excitement in his partner.

They took a few more steps, and Yuri saw Victor’s eyes flicking between the nesting bed and the outdoor bath, trying to decide which he wanted first. He moved to wrap his arms around the omega’s waist from behind.

“Let’s build your nest first Vitya,” he suggested. “That way it’s to your liking before the heat hormones make you want to rush.”

It was what the omega needed to hear. He broke into a huge, heart-shaped, smile and nodded excitedly.

Yuri kissed his shoulder. “You open the suitcases, and I’ll grab the pad and liners from the closet.”

Yuri walked over and grabbed an armful of soft materials, then carried them to where Victor was waiting. He knew better than to touch the nest area until invited, but offered to help his omega by fetching whatever he wanted.

Victor placed the absorbent pad on the round mattress, then several easily removable liners on top. With the base in place he moved to kneel in the middle and surveyed the space.

“Pillows?” he asked Yuri.

Yuri smiled and grabbed as many pillows as he could carry from the closet. He passed them to the omega and watched them become the first wall. The second step involved Victor weaving blankets in-between the pillows to stabilize them, then another layer of pillows.

The nest built in as Victor continued to add materials from the closet, and soon Yuri realized that the low rumble he heard was a growl of approval. His omega was building what looked to be an extremely comfortable nest.

There was a pause, and the Russian turned his ocean-blue eyes to the suitcases. “Sweaters?” he asked.

Yuri grabbed all the sweaters and carried them over, watching the colorful fabrics disappear and reappear as they were woven into the existing walls. Victor’s blankets were next, then Yuri’s practice clothes. Finally all that was left were the poodle plushes, and Yuri could see where the omega had left places for them as they were carefully wedged into the openings and completed the nest.

Yuri growled approvingly. His mate had built a beautiful nest, but the sound died as he realized that the omega was whining softly.

“Vitya? What’s wrong?”

Victor looked at him. “Yuri…”

Yuri blinked and stepped as close as he dared. He hadn’t been invited into the nest, and getting into it without permission would stress the omega.

“Vitya? Are you ok? It’s a fantastic nest.”
Blue eyes locked on him, and Victor smiled. He crawled to the edge of the nest, wrapped his arms around Yuri’s waist and tugged him down into fluffy construct of pillows, blankets and assorted soft things.

Yuri started growling again immediately. “You could have asked,” he joked.

Victor hovered above him and smiled. “Nope.”

The Russian leaned in and claimed Yuri’s mouth, kissing him deeply. One hand ran down Yuri’s front, over the front of his pants and massaged at his crotch.

“Needs your smell.”

Yuri smiled and released his pheromones, but stopped when the omega whined.

“Not that smell…” he said rubbing harder on Yuri’s growing erection. “This smell.”

He’s in deep. He wants the smell of his aroused alpha.


Victor made a happy noise and kissed Yuri while he continued to rub at the alpha’s cock. At some point his hand drifted inside his briefs and he continued to stroke.

The slow hand-job was amazing. Victor kissed him breathless while he worked, and he could practically feel his arousal seeping into the nest.

“Vitya!” he gasped when a particular motion brought him right to the edge.

Victor curled into him, burying his face near Yuri’s scent gland. He made the same motion with his hand again. “Alpha…” he purred.

The word did Yuri in and he spilled in Victor’s hand and his own pants, shaking with the intensity.

When he came back to himself Victor was purring happily against him, sucking softly on his scent gland.

“Is your nest done now?” Yuri asked softly.

Victor lifted his head and smiled. He nodded.

Yuri hooked an arm around his mate’s neck and pulled him in for a kiss. “Good,” he whispered against the omega’s lips. “It’s perfect.”

They curled into each other to kiss in the cocoon of warmth.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

One more chapter before the heat actually starts, a bit of nice fluffy smut next time, then we’ll plunge headfirst into instinct-fueled heat sex.
Next chapter probably won't be until Friday 6-7ish MDT due to work. If I can I'll get one out tomorrow, but plan for Friday.

A/N Addition: Somebody asked me on tumblr to kinda give a breakdown of the world I'm working in, but I'm going in circles trying to decide what to include. So if you have specific questions about this world, please ask in comments and that'll help give me some direction. Thanks!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Knot

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuri enjoy the last few hours before the omega's heat starts.

Chapter Notes

Fluff, and Smut! Oh happy weekend!

If you've been enjoying this work please massage the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri was comfortable. He was sitting propped in Victor’s nest, wrapped in a yukata, his arms around the omega’s waist, his boyfriend’s back against his chest. It had been awkward at first, with the taller man in front, until the Russian scooted down into the nest a bit then it was perfect.

They’d spent a couple hours developing a handful of simple signs that would allow Victor to communicate while in heat. They covered the basics first: yes, no, stop, food, water, bathroom, and one which Yuri insisted on, leave. After that they’d expanded the vocabulary with: more, faster, slower, knot, talk, shut-up, and need. They finished with a game of charades in which Victor would use one of the signs that required more information, and have Yuri guess what he meant.

Despite the serious nature of the activity, it had led to laughter and fun. It was a moment in which they’d just enjoyed themselves before settling down to cuddle.

The light was quickly fading in the room, but neither wanted to move to turn on a lamp. The quiet time before instinct took over was dwindling, and they just wanted to savor the other’s presence.

Yuri noticed a tremble through Victor. “Are you cold?” he asked, nuzzling his boyfriend’s hair. “There’s a blanket free up here.”

Victor shook his head and stared out the glass doors.

Yuri squeezed. “Are you scared?”


“Can I tell you something?”

“Hmm?”
“I am too.”

Victor sat up enough to twist and look at Yuri. “Why are you scared?”

Yuri made a motion in the dim light that he wanted his partner to face him. Victor turned and straddled his lap.

Yuri took his mate’s face between his hands, thumbs rubbing lines on strong cheekbones. “I’m scared that I’ll mess up.” He leaned in and pressed a chaste kiss to Victor’s lips. “I’m terrified that, despite all our planning, I’ll say or do something that will hurt you without realizing it. I love you Vitya, and the thought of hurting you is almost too much to bear.”

Victor’s breath caught in his throat.

“Do you know why I know it’ll be ok though?” Yuri continued.

“No…”

Yuri leaned in and pressed their foreheads together. “Because I trust you. I trust that you really want me here, and I trust that you’ll believe in me enough to stop me if things aren’t going exactly as you like.”

“But I don’t trust myself Yuri.” Victor choked. “I’m afraid that once instinct takes over I’ll ask for things we’re not ready for.”

Yuri kissed him gently. “Then set those limits now. I’m here, I’m listening. Tell me what’s not allowed, no matter how much you beg.”

“Yuri…” Victor shook and fell silent.

“Victor, do you remember my anxiety attack from earlier this week?”

“Yes?”

“I felt better after it, because I trusted you. Instead of shoving the dark thoughts back into the corners of my mind I let them run their course. I went to you because I knew you could help keep me grounded. It was selfish, but I trusted you would be there. I’ve never allowed anybody to be that anchor before. And I felt better for it, because I didn’t keep it all in.

“Do you understand what I’m saying Vitya?”

Victor shook his head.

“You’ve bottled up your instinct for years. But if you can trust me, trust that I’ll protect you, even from yourself, then maybe you can let go too.”

Victor leaned into Yuri’s embrace and nuzzled the alpha’s neck.

“No bonding,” Victor whispered after several minutes.

“No bonding,” Yuri repeated, rubbing his cheek over his omega’s hair.

“I’ll beg,” Victor warned. “Even now I want your bite, but I know we’re not ready for it.”

Yuri kissed platinum locks. “I want to bite you too, but I agree. We’re not ready.”
Victor shook, but Yuri could feel him relaxing in his arms.

“Don’t make me submit unless you absolutely have to. I already feel that I don’t have control.”

“I promise. I won’t make you submit unless it’s a matter of safety.”

“I can’t think of anything else right now.”

“There’s time. And I’ll say no to anything I think you’d object to outside of heat.”

Victor brought his face up from the alpha’s neck and kissed him deeply. “Yuri…”

“Is there anything you want?” Yuri prodded. “No need to be shy about it now. What do you want me to do to you, with you?”

Victor groaned with lust. “Anything… everything.”

Yuri grinned. “That narrows it down.”

Victor laughed. “Everything I think of right now is just making me hard. I think heat me likes it kinky.”

Yuri thought for a moment, noticing that Victor had started to grind against him. “What if… not an order to submit… but at the start of your heat I tell you that I like it when you let me know if you don’t like something. Would that work? Rather than you giving into my desire for whatever I’m doing, you have a stronger desire to make me happy by standing up for yourself.”

Victor nodded. “It’s worth a try.”

Yuri kissed his mate. “Do you trust me Vitya? I know you won’t truly be able to let go unless you trust me.”

Victor leaned in until their foreheads were touching. “I trust you.”

“Good,” Yuri said softly, pressing kisses to his boyfriend’s face. “Now, is there something else you want?” he asked, fingers drifting over the Russian’s grinding hips.

“You,” Victor breathed.

“I’m right here, and I’m all yours.”

That was all the omega needed. He immediately claimed his alpha’s mouth, fingers tugging at the sash on the yukata.

Yuri hummed happily and leaned against the wall of the nest, giving Victor access as the sash was loosened and the edges of the garment pushed open. The Russian quickly discarded his own clothing then pressed their chests together, body curving sensually as his flexibility allowed him to conform to the still mostly-sitting younger man.

Yuri’s hands drifted to his boyfriend’s ass, and he massaged the flesh, noting the toned muscle underneath. He lifted and spread the cheeks, and was surrounded in the smell of cinnamon as the omega’s slick was exposed to the air.

“God that smells delicious,” he groaned.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, taking a break from nibbling the alpha’s neck.
“Your heat scent. It’s amazing. It mingles with your normal scent perfectly, but with added sweetness.”

Victor returned to Yuri’s neck, nipping and moaning as the younger man continued to knead his ass. “What does it smell like?” he asked as he moved from the neck to the shoulder.

“Cinnamon,” Yuri moaned as he felt teeth on his skin. “It’s incredible with the normal oranges and snow.”

Victor stopped, sat up slightly and chuckled.

“What’s so funny that you had to stop?” Yuri complained.

Victor laughed. “You say I smell like cinnamon during heat, and your smell takes on that of cloves when you’re rutting.”

Yuri smiled. “Cinnamon and clove, sounds like a good mix.”

Victor leaned in again and kissed Yuri. “Mm-hmm.”

One of Yuri’s hands drifted between the cheeks, and fingers teased at the Russian’s entrance.

The older man gasped and pressed back, begging.

“What do I normally smell like?” Yuri asked as he pushed two fingers in immediately, noting how easy his mate stretched so close to heat.

Victor rolled his hips against the fingers, hands clenching against Yuri’s chest. “Sawdust, and summer rain on freshly turned earth.”

“And you like it?” He pushed a third finger in.

“Mm-hmm.”

Yuri was hard, and the omega writhing against his erection was a slow torture. After a few minutes he was finally granted relief as Victor pulled himself off Yuri’s hand and straddled the hard cock, lowering himself onto it.

Victor moaned as he sunk down, taking Yuri in one smooth motion. He purred in contentment when he bottomed out.

“Better?” Yuri asked softly.

“Almost,” was the soft reply as his boyfriend started riding.

Because of the way Yuri was sitting he didn’t have the leverage to thrust much in return, so he enjoyed the feel of Victor rising up and dropping down, the way his body shuddered as he ground against his sweet spot. The moans created a soundtrack for his ears only.

“You’re so sexy,” he praised, one hand on the Russian’s hip, the other caressing his face. “And you feel amazing.”

Yuri pulled his boyfriend close and kissed him deeply. They exchanged heated moans as Victor’s hips rolled in his lap, taking his cock deep with each thrust.

“Yuri…”
The alpha couldn’t help but growl at the needy and lustful moan of his name. He kept his fingers on the back of the omega’s neck and brought him in so that he could suck on his mate’s scent gland.

“Yuri!” A hard thrust accompanied the cry.

Yuri growled again and pulled the skin between his teeth. “Mine.”

Victor cried out as pleasure overwhelmed him, thrusting hard.

“That’s right Vitya,” Yuri praised as his hand drifted from Victor’s hip to stroke his leaking cock. “Let yourself feel good.”

Victor buried his face in the crook of Yuri’s neck, riding hard. A few moments later he came with a shout, biting Yuri’s shoulder as ecstasy flowed through him.

Yuri stroked his mate’s cock throughout the orgasm, and thrust as best he could. Then the clench around his own length proved too much and he pressed in deep to spill inside of his partner.

Victor collapsed bonelessly against Yuri’s chest, breathing heavily. The younger man took a few deep breaths to clear his head, then started running his fingers through the waves of platinum hair.

“You’re amazing Vitya,” he murmured.

Victor nuzzled into his chest, purring happily.

They stayed that way, Yuri softening inside, until his stomach rumbled.

“Ugh… I think that means it’s time for dinner,” he complained.

“At least you have an appetite,” Victor immediately countered. “Yuko said the food here is amazing, and I won’t want any until my heat is over.”

“She said the heat soups were good too though, didn’t she?”

Victor nodded. “Hopefully I’ll be able to handle it.”

Yuri kissed his forehead. “Take what you can. I know male omegas are supposed to have even less of an appetite than females right before heat.”

Victor moved to stand. “And all alphas are ravenous before rut. You’ve been eating constantly for days. I swear you grew an extra stomach.”

Yuri smiled and pulled his boyfriend in for another kiss before the Russian could climb off him. “I’ll go on a diet on Monday if necessary.”

Victor laughed against his lips. “Is my little piggy coming back?”

“I doubt it. I’m already preparing for a hefty workout this weekend.”

Yuri felt Victor smile against his lips before their tongues sought each other out again.

They kissed until Yuri’s stomach rumbled a second time. Victor climbed off and Yuri felt him leave the nest. A moment later a lamp flicked on and he was greeted by the sight of his sexed out boyfriend, a vision that made him growl appreciatively.

Victor was still flush, hair a mess, and when he turned just right Yuri could see a trickle of cum
down the inside of his thigh.

“Fuck, you look better than any food right now,” Yuri purred. “I’m tempted to pull you down here with me again.”

Victor smiled, a soft expression that Yuri knew was reserved just for him. He offered his hand to pull the alpha out of the nest. They kissed for a moment before Yuri finally looked at the room service menu. They placed their order, a brothy soup for Victor and chicken teriyaki for Yuri. As they waited they decided on what they wanted delivered over the following day and a half.

They ate slowly, savoring each other’s presence as much as the meal, and when the food was gone and the cart ready for removal Yuri knew he wanted to make his mate feel cherished again.

He led the omega to the suite’s washroom and once more took his time bathing him. By the time he rinsed the shampoo from Victor’s platinum hair the Russian was thoroughly relaxed, but when he turned to rinse himself he learned that his partner wanted to treat him in return.

Victor took as much care in his bathing of Yuri, and as he relaxed into the older man’s touch he realized just how intimate an experience it was from the receiving end. He made a note to never forget it for special occasions.

Once they were both clean they stepped outdoors and into their private bath. They cuddled in the hot water, enjoying the crisp air and sky full of stars. They kissed, and whispered words of love.

Eventually Victor’s scent changed, and Yuri knew that his heat was only hours away. It would overtake the omega before dawn.

Yuri stood from the pool and offered his hand to his mate. They didn’t need words, both wanting the same thing. Each could smell the desire for intimacy on the other.

They dried each other, and Victor took both of Yuri’s hands as he guided his alpha back to the nest. They kissed in the warmth of pillows, blankets and soft things that smelled like them.

When Victor moved to lay on his back, Yuri knelt in the space between his legs. He gazed down at the beautiful man beneath him. The one he had fantasized about during ruts was there, and he was an omega, waiting, wanting. His eyes traveled over the expanse of alabaster skin, a fresh canvas without a single blemish.

He couldn’t hold back any longer, he had to leave his mark.

He leaned across the Russian’s chest and kissed him before trailing his mouth down his mate’s jaw to his neck. His lips found the pulse point and he sucked on it.

“Yuri!” Victor gasped, back arching in pleasure.

Yuri nibbled, then pulled back long enough to admire his work before leaning in again. He tongued smooth skin, mouthing at it until he found his next target, a patch just on the front inside of the shoulder.

Long fingers wove into his hair as he nibbled on hardened nipples, keeping him there. They remained as he moved, tugging, letting him know how much Victor liked being marked.

Yuri kept moving down his omega’s torso, marking his mate and loving the way he squirmed in pleasure beneath him. With each blossoming declaration he grew a bit harder, and the length pressing back against him was proof that his boyfriend enjoyed it equally.
He decided to give the hard cock in front of him some relief as it bobbed, and took it into his mouth. He sucked and licked, his name and sounds of pleasure pouring from Victor’s lips.

Yuri pulled off and eyed the alabaster skin of Victor’s cock. He smirked and lifted it until he could suck and nibble a tiny mark on the underside of the base, making his mate cry out from intense pleasure.

“You’re amazing Vitya,” Yuri murmured as he moved down to mark the Russian’s thighs. “Everything about you is amazing. You’re strong and beautiful, masculine and feminine. You never fail to surprise me in the best of ways, and I know I’ll never have enough of you.”

Yuri moved back up and once more took his boyfriend’s cock into his mouth. He sucked and bobbed, listening to the volume of Victor’s moans increase as sensation flowed through him. He growled around the length, letting his mate feel the vibrations.

His name, called over and over, moans and cries of ecstasy. Quickened breaths and fingernails clawing into the soft material of the nest. Every one of his instincts was attuned to hearing the pleasure of his omega.

He pulled off again with a pop, he had to see how Victor reacted before the heat hormones kicked in fully. “You’re the best omega I could ever imagine,” he purred. “You deserve to know that every day.”

Victor’s eyes were wide and staring, and Yuri knew he had spoken to that scarred part of his mate. “You deserve only the best Vitya. Any alpha who doesn’t recognize how incredible you are is not worthy of you.”

“Yuri…”

“What do you want from me Vitya?”

Victor’s head fell back, his hips lifting as he gave into himself. “Knot me. Be the first.”

“You’ll tell me if it’s too much?”

Victor nodded, his chin bobbing just at Yuri’s field of vision. “Yes.”

“Ok.”

Yuri returned his attention to his mate’s cock, licking, sucking and bobbing. The fingers of one hand curled into Victor’s hip, holding him steady as the Russian started bucking back into the wet heat. The other hand drifted between alabaster cheeks and quickly stretched the omega.

“Mmmm,” Yuri moaned around the length. It was enough, and the salty-sweet flavor of Victor’s cum coated his tongue.

He drew a powerful and lengthy orgasm from his omega, swallowing each pulse in his mouth, and continued to work until Victor whimpered from overstimulation.

Yuri rose up and knelt between the Russian’s legs. He drew one thumb across the skin just under his lip, gathering the drool and cum that had escaped his mouth, and lewdly sucked it clean again, drawing a fresh moan from his boyfriend at the sight.

He gazed down. The perfect canvas of skin now bore an array of love bites and hickeys on all of Yuri’s favorite places. His mate was flush from his cheeks to his shoulders, hair strewn across the
base of the nest. He growled in satisfaction.

Yuri knew that the best position for him to knot in would be spooned against Victor, on their sides, so that he wouldn’t get uncomfortable while waiting for it to recede. But he wanted to look at the man beneath him; watch, and kiss him while they were so intimately joined for the first time.

He grabbed Victor’s hips, and tugged his perfect ass so that it was resting right where Yuri wanted it. He slid easily into the tight heat and groaned in satisfaction. He thrust several times, then shifted to lay across and kiss his mate.

“How’d I get so lucky?” Yuri asked between kisses. “A part of me still can’t believe that I’m here, in bed with the best man in the world.”

Victor smiled as Yuri moved slowly within him. “I think you’re confused. I’m the lucky one.”

Yuri blushed and thrust deep, eliciting a moan from the Russian. “Vitya…” he moaned in response, moving faster and harder.

He gave into instinct as he fucked his omega. Each sound of ecstasy drove him wild and he wanted more. His mate was in the throes of pleasure, and the alpha inside was screaming at him to make sure that his Victor, his Vitya, only knew bliss.

His cock started to swell, and he growled as the movement in and out squeezed him in new ways. He looked to Victor’s face and saw the man gasping at the increased stretch, but the noises weren’t pained. He knelt again then looked down. He watched the place where they were joined, his length disappearing and reappearing again.

The sight of Victor beneath him in ecstasy, his own cock buried in the Russian’s ass was enough to push him over the edge. He thrust in deep, and roared in pleasure. The same pulses that pushed his seed into the omega moved blood into his cock and formed the knot.

It was the strongest orgasm Yuri had ever had. The feeling of his knot in the tight heat was more pleasurable than he’d imagined, so vastly different than his hand on it that there was no comparison. He was lost as his entire body shook with the pulses.

When he came back to himself he saw that Victor was writhing and groaning beneath him, which stimulated his knot further. He had to struggle to collect himself.

“Viyta, are you ok?” he managed to ask, leaning across to look at his mate’s face.

The movement brought fresh gasps. Then he saw the way the omega’s hands were fisted into the lining of the nest.

Yuri leaned in and growled next to Victor’s ear. “You’re so beautiful when you’re lost in pleasure.”

Yuri started thrusting as much as the knot would allow. It was more a press and release, but it was enough friction to make his mate cry out as the knot rubbed incessantly at his sweet spot, stimulating it in different ways.

“You’re the most beautiful omega I’ve ever seen,” Yuri growled. “I love you and want only the best for you.”

Victor’s back arched and Yuri felt warmth across his middle as his boyfriend came again. The clench around his knot was incredible, and it drove him to another orgasm as well.
“Vitya,” he moaned as he came down again, still moving in shallow thrusts.

He stilled and rested on his partner’s chest, then moved to kissing as the Russian finally got used to the constant pressure of the knot against his prostate.

“You doing ok?” he asked as their mouths came apart.

Victor nodded, eyes revealing that he was too blissed out to trust his voice.

Yuri kissed him again, and pressed in as he deepened the kiss.

“You feel so good Vitya,” he moaned, on the verge of tears from the intense pleasure.

Victor reached up and touched Yuri’s lips, then held up two fingers.

“Me too?” Yuri guessed.

Victor nodded.

Yuri smiled and kissed his mate again. “I love you,” he murmured.

He curled into Victor’s chest, and the omega wrapped his arms around him. Yuri was glad that his first knot with his boyfriend wasn’t a breeding knot. It gave them a chance to make sure that everything felt good for both of them before dealing with the significantly longer duration.

They cuddled, locked together, until Yuri felt the need to move again, to fill his mate one more time before the knot receded. He thrust, still cuddled in his partner’s arms, kissing gently and savoring the sounds of pleasure.

His hand drifted between them and wrapped around Victor’s hardened length. He stroked it to the same gentle pace as his thrusts, and the added stimulation quickly proved too much.

“Yuri…”

It was a beautiful sound, his name moaned in pleasure as his partner clenched around him.

“Vitya…” he replied, allowing bliss to overwhelm him, coming inside his mate again.

He collapsed against Victor, exhausted as his knot receded. When he thought it was safe he pulled out, and growled in approval at the thick trickle of cum that immediately followed.

He laid next to his boyfriend and pulled him close so that they could resume kissing.

“That… felt amazing,” Victor said after a few minutes.

Yuri smiled. “You liked it?”

Victor nodded and licked his lips. “It was so intense… and incredible.”

Yuri kissed him gently. “I thought so too. And being with you like that…”

Victor nodded again, words not needed to describe the connection.

Their kisses slowed, exhaustion settling in, instinct demanding that they sleep while they could.

Yuri led Victor to the washroom again, and they cleaned each other. Not the intimate slow cleansing of earlier, but a loving caress all the same.
He brushed his teeth and returned to the main room, waiting for the omega to invite him to the nest again.

Victor appeared a few minutes later.

“You ok?” Yuri asked gently.

Victor nodded and blushed. “Extra cleaning,” he explained simply as he tugged Yuri toward the nest.

Yuri wondered for a moment, then recalled the small box in his boyfriend’s toiletry bag, and the reason male omegas in particular ate next to nothing before heat. Even with birth control, his instincts insisted that he do everything he could to insure no complications to pregnancy.

Victor pushed his alpha toward the nest, then moved to turn off the lights. Yuri let him turn off two of the three lamps in the room, but stopped his mate when the third was merely dimmed.

“Leave it Vitya,” he said softly, opening his arms and asking his omega to join him in the nest.

“Yuri?”

“We both know it’ll start before dawn, and I want to be able to see you.”

Victor smiled, and nodded. He climbed into the nest and curled up against his alpha.

Yuri tugged a thin blanket over them, only enough to trap the warmth already radiating from the omega.

They kissed until they fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Mmmmm fluffy smut. Perfect way to start the weekend. Hope you liked it.

Next time, the heat is on and pure smut for several chapters.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another’s eyes.
Hands roaming his chest, a whine in his ears, and the scent of heat surrounded him. Yuri growled as he opened his eyes and was greeted by the sight of wide, ocean-blue eyes gazing back at him, intense need reflected in them.

“Yuri…” Victor whined, grinding against the younger man’s leg. “Alpha…”

Yuri’s inner alpha awakened as if summoned by the omega’s voice. The heat pheromones were almost suffocating in the warmth of the nest, and he immediately felt the overwhelming urge to breed. He growled low and possessive, eyeing his mate.

Yuri’s alpha side was extremely impressed. He flipped the omega onto his back and studied the man whose nest he was in, seeing him anew as rut hormones coursed through him.

Platinum hair shone in the low light, the omega’s features were delicate yet masculine and perfectly balanced. Strong muscles led to slender hips, not the best for bearing, but not bad either. His marks decorated the soft skin, and he could detect his own scent on the man.

He leaned in and kissed his mate roughly. He had been chosen prior to the heat, enough so that the omega had laid claim in return, making sure that no other could steal away his chosen alpha. It was high praise from a creature as beautiful as this.

He was hard, and ground against his omega, letting him know that he would soon be taken care of.

Something caught at the back of his mind, a promise made before the hormones flooded him. He looked into his mate’s eyes.
“Do you remember your words Vitya?” he rumbled.

Victor took his hand and made the symbol for ‘yes’ in his palm, even as his hips rose to beg the alpha.

“Do you want me to stay?”

Another ‘yes’.

Yuri kissed him fiercely, tongue claiming the warm cavern of the omega’s mouth. His fingers tangled into platinum hair and tugged, setting the man’s nerves on fire with pleasure.

He broke the kiss, making Victor whine in need.

“You’re such a good omega Vitya,” he said between nips to the Russian’s neck. “And I know you want to make me a happy alpha, right?”

He pulled back enough to see Victor nodding, hand flashing the ‘yes’ sign.

Yuri growled in approval. “I’ll be a very happy alpha if you stop me if I do something you don’t like. Good omegas are happy omegas, and if you’re an unhappy omega then I’m an unhappy alpha.”

Victor whined and squirmed.

“Will you be a good omega and stop me if you don’t like what I’m doing? Will you make me happy and tell me what you want?”

Another nod and ‘yes’.

“Good,” Yuri purred as he leaned in and took one of Victor’s nipples into his mouth. He sucked and nibbled at it until his mate was gasping in pleasure. He then turned his attention to the other one. He moved down, licking at pale skin, tasting it.

Yuri let his alpha side take over, giving into his own instincts. He wanted to flip over the man beneath him and fuck him hard, but a part of him knew that the more he pleasured the omega now, the more receptive he would be to the breeding knot later. Simply fucking him wouldn’t be enough. He needed to make the beautiful man come over and over, wear him down with ecstasy.

It would take several waves of heat to exhaust the omega to the point where he would be able to rest long enough for a breeding knot. The earlier he started the better.

Victor was still grinding as best he could as Yuri slid one leg between alabaster thighs laid partially on him, kissing him passionately.

Victor gasped and moaned, so close to release already just from the slight friction and abundance of hormones coursing through his body. Yuri ground down in return, letting his mate feel his hardened length.

“You’re already close aren’t you Vitya?” he purred. “It’s ok, don’t hold back. I want it all, your scent, your voice and your pleasure. Come for me, come as many times as you need.” He nipped at the Russian’s ear between words.

Victor’s hips rose and shuddered as he came hard, crying out, warmth spilling between their bodies. Yuri growled in approval.

“Mmm Vitya, you’re such a good omega.”
Victor whined and reached for Yuri’s cock. “Alpha…”

Yuri kissed him again, pressed close and took both their lengths in hand. He started stroking them together and resumed kissing his mate. “Soon love, soon,” he promised. “I’ll take good care of you, but I want to see you come a few more times for me first. Ok?”

Victor exhaled shakily with a barely perceptible nod.

“Good,” Yuri growled before kissing his omega again, nipping at his lips as he did.

He set a fast pace on both their cocks, careful to keep his own release at bay. He soon added a twist of the wrist near the end of each stroke, a motion that caused his boyfriend to cry out and thrust into the touch.

“You’re so gorgeous when you come Vitya,” he murmured from somewhere along the Russian’s jaw. “Can you do it again for me?”

Almost immediately he felt the warmth of cum over his hand. He pumped, and nipped at skin, prolonging the omega’s orgasm as long as he could.

Yuri’s rational mind was quickly losing grip as he stayed in the nest. The two orgasms had flooded the fabric with more heat pheromones. He needed more, more of his mate, more of the sounds of pleasure. More of everything.

He released their hard cocks and brought his hand to his mouth. Victor’s eyes widened as he lewdly licked the cum from his fingers, sucking each one clean and growling appreciatively at the flavor.

He needed more.

He kissed down skin and lapped at the cum decorating the omega’s stomach. The rumble from his chest was almost constant, two things on his mind, devouring everything about his mate and drowning him in pleasure, then fucking him senseless; filling him with his seed.

His mouth reached the hardened alabaster cock. He licked the tip and sucked the skin along the sides. His omega was moaning and crying at the stimulation, begging for more. He sucked on balls, still heavy with seed.

He wrapped one hand around Victor’s length, the other went to his hip and encouraged him to start thrusting.

“Fuck my mouth Vitya,” he urged, flicking his tongue out to tease at the slit. “I want to taste you baby.”

He wrapped his lips around the head and the omega wasted no time doing as asked, thrusting into the wet heat. Yuri growled in approval, letting the vibrations further stimulate the sensitive skin. He bobbed and tongued in response to his mate’s movements, and when long fingers wound into his hair so that his mouth could be used exactly as Victor needed he rewarded the Russian by sliding a finger into his hole and massaging the sweet spot.

Victor came with a shout, thrusting hard enough to hit the back of Yuri’s throat and filling his mouth with each shuddering wave of his orgasm.

Yuri swallowed greedily, wanting even more. He sucked and bobbed, and his finger worked inside, trying to extend the omega’s pleasure as long as possible. When the flow finally stopped he noticed that the cock in his mouth had finally started to soften slightly. He pulled off with a pop and looked
at the beautiful man spread before him.

He wanted more. There was a smell, and he had to find it, had to taste it. It was close, but it wasn’t the flavor that coated his tongue. He sniffed, and found a trace on the omega’s inner thigh. He licked it, the taste was what he was craving.

He hooked the leg over his shoulder and licked until the skin was clean.

He wanted more.

He turned and tasted the other leg, and was delighted to find it similarly coated. He draped it over the other shoulder and cleaned it with his tongue. The more he licked away the more he could smell the source. He worked his way up until he was tonguing the flesh of Victor’s ass, devouring the slick. The omega bent at the middle as he pushed up, trying to find the best angle. He spread the cheeks with his thumbs and licked them clean, until there was only one place that hadn’t been touched.

Yuri’s eyes flicked up and met Victor’s startled ones. There was only the tiniest hint of blue around the blown out pupils, the Russian’s jaw quivering at the action and how it felt. Yuri smirked and drew the flat of his tongue across his mate’s entrance.

“Vkusno,” he growled, licking his lips as he brought his face up.

Victor’s eyes rolled back and his head fell onto a soft pillow at the sensation.

Yuri delved back in. He wanted more. He licked and sucked at the ring of muscle, lapping up every trace of slick that his tongue could find, and when it was clean he poked the tip into the hole, seeking the source.

The omega’s entrance opened easily under his probing tongue, and he thrust in, devouring as much slick as he could. The sounds that echoed in the nest were beautiful. His mate was almost screaming his name and ‘alpha’ over and over as his body was wracked with pleasure.

He needed more.

He braced one of the omega’s thighs, and reached around to wrap his fingers around the dripping cock in front of him. He stroked to the same pace that his tongue explored, and the volume of his mate’s cries increased.

The clench around his tongue was perfect, and he imagined it around his aching cock. It was accompanied with a fresh burst of slick, and the warmth of cum on his hand again. He devoured the slick, savoring the shuddering of the omega, then sucked his fingers clean. He lapped up the cum from his mate’s chest, then claimed his mouth, hips thrusting against the man beneath him, barely holding back from filling him.

He knelt and growled approvingly. Four orgasms had wrecked the omega. His hair was disheveled, his chest rose and fell with rapid breaths, and a flush spread from his face to his chest. Even better, the beautiful alabaster cock was only half-hard.

Yuri moved just enough to flip Victor onto his stomach, then pulled him to his knees. A needy whine immediately filled the nest, and a perfect ass was thrust at him, begging to be filled. He growled, grabbed one hip and thrust two fingers inside, stretching immediately and loving the way the omega ground against them.

It didn’t take long before the ring of muscle was loose enough to take his hard cock. He pulled his fingers out of the way and stared at the way the hole clenched and fluttered, wanting to be filled.
Victor howled in pleasure as he was finally claimed.

Yuri kept pushing until he was fully sheathed in the tight heat. He kept a tight hold on Victor’s hip, and reached around to jerk his mate to orgasm again.

It was only as he felt the squeeze of Victor’s release that he started moving. He drew nearly completely out, then snapped his hips forward, thrusting back in hard and fast.

The sounds of slapping flesh mingled with his growling and the mewling cries of the omega. He pounded into his mate, punching the sweet spot with every thrust. He was relentless, not letting up and determined to pull as many orgasms from his partner as possible.

Another howl of bliss, and another tightening as Victor came again.

It felt so good, and he was getting close.

Victor’s front collapsed into the nest, giving Yuri a view of the way his back curved, and an even more delicious position in his beautiful ass. He was so entranced that he almost missed seeing hand movements in the dim light.

‘Knot.’ Victor was making the sign over and over.

Yuri growled lustfully. “You want my knot Vitya? You like being filled like that?”

‘Yes.’

“Mmm, I’ll give it to you then. I love the way you feel around my knot.”

He saw the omega’s eyes close, jaw slack as he gave into the pleasure.

Yuri fucked him hard, letting the sensations build. He stopped holding back on a knot. It wasn’t a breeding knot, but he couldn’t refuse when asked for one, the alpha part of him wanting to keep as much seed in the omega for as long as possible.

His growl filled the room as he spilled into his mate, his knot growing with each pulse, preventing any cum from leaking back out.

He was locked in. He leaned across the omega’s back and kissed between shoulderblades. He wrapped his arms around his mate, and maneuvered them so that they were spooning on their sides.

He could feel the exhaustion in Victor’s muscles as the first wave finally started to pass. His free hand drifted to the Russian’s cock. It was almost spent for the time being. He knew once more near the end of his knot would probably be enough.

“Yuri…” Victor croaked, throat dry from the intense first wave.

Yuri nuzzled his back and growled low in this throat. “You did so good Vitya. Such a good omega.”

Victor purred, trembling as waves of pleasure coursed through him from the pressure of the knot.

They stayed that way until Yuri had to come again. He moved carefully with shallow thrusts and let his free hand empty his mate’s cock.

The omega was already dozing as he pulled out, recharging before the next wave. A part of him wanted to wake the beautiful man and clean him off, but he was also feeling the pull of sleep.
He’d managed to draw seven orgasms out of his mate in the first wave. He curled up against the warm skin, nestled against the larger man. He needed his own rest, they could clean up later. The next few rounds would have to be almost as intense if he wanted his partner ready for his first breeding knot.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I know there wasn't really any dirty/breeding talk yet, but it's coming. Yuri's not quite to that point in his rut yet.

No new chapter tomorrow, Sunday is Dreams day. I'll try for Monday, but it's up in the air as I have errands to run.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

-----------------------------------------------

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
The second wave of Victor’s heat started only about twenty minutes after the first ended, and the omega made it clear through gesturing that the only thing that would satisfy him that time was fast and hard. Yuri managed to pull another four orgasms from him before they both collapsed in a sweaty heap in the nest.

They were into the third wave when the sun came up. Some of the initial desperation had passed by the end, and Yuri could smell the faintest bit of exhaustion on his mate. It wasn’t near enough yet, but if he could wear down his partner a bit more with each wave he’d likely be able to have a long enough period of rest between waves for a breeding knot.

The fourth wave was more subdued. They kissed lazily while Yuri gently stroked the Russian through three orgasms, then entered facing his omega so that they could continue to kiss and touch each other as he fucked another two out of him.

They were dozing in the soft morning light when Yuri heard the soft chime that signalled a cart in the holding area. He brushed the hair from Victor’s face and saw ocean-blue eyes staring back at him. He leaned in and kissed his mate’s forehead.

“Food and water have arrived Vitya. Is it ok if I get out of the nest for a bit?”

Victor whined, and Yuri saw that he was still slightly hard. He leaned in and kissed his partner through another hand job, and when the Russian was finally spent for a few minutes he allowed his alpha to retrieve the cart.

Though nowhere near Victor’s number, repeated orgasms had allowed Yuri’s head to clear. The
intense desire to fuck the omega had receded enough for him to focus on other needs. But he knew that the pheromones would likely overwhelm him again once the next wave hit.

Yuri was famished and was glad to see food. He wanted to dig in immediately, but seeing to Victor was a higher priority. He snatched the large bottle of orange juice and carried it to the edge of the nest. It had been watered down to not be as acidic, electrolytes and proteins added to help omegas through heat.

“Can I come back in Vitya?” Yuri asked carefully.

Victor opened his eyes and nodded.

Yuri climbed into the nest and helped the omega to a sitting position against his chest. He opened the bottle and handed it to his mate. “Drink as much as you can. You need the water, and it’ll help you from getting too worn out.”

Victor managed to drink nearly half of the large bottle before handing it back. Yuri put the cap on it and set it on the frame of the nesting bed. “It’s right there when you need it. Just ask if you need me to give it to you.”

Victor nodded his understanding.

“I have food. I know it’s probably too soon, but do you want anything to eat?”

Victor shook his head, closed his eyes and leaned into the embrace.

Yuri held Victor for a few minutes, until he was almost asleep. “I’m going to go eat now Vitya, while you rest. Can I come back into the nest without asking?”

Victor smiled softly and nodded. Yuri could see that though the hormones made it hard to speak, he was otherwise lucid enough to recognize how careful the alpha was being of his needs and emotions.

Yuri kissed his forehead. “I love you. Rest until the next wave hits.” He then helped his boyfriend to lay down. By the time he sat at the small table he could hear soft snoring from the nest.

Yuri downed an entire bottle of water and half a bottle of a sports drink before he even took the cover off his food. Luckily it was well insulated and his breakfast was still warm. He’d chosen a traditional breakfast, with extra protein, and was pleased with what was presented. The miso soup would give him extra hydration, the rice would give the carbohydrates for fast energy and the two pieces of grilled fish would sustain him for several hours. Combined with the side dishes it was a sizable meal. As he ate he was as impressed with the flavor as with the quantity.

He devoured it as if he hadn’t eaten in days, and chased it with several cups of strong coffee to add a caffeine boost. Finally he placed the empty dishes back on the cart, set additional bottles of water and sports drinks along the edge of the nesting bed and wheeled the cart back into the holding area. He hit the button that would alert room service that the cart was ready and slipped back into the room.

He sniffed the air. Victor was still dozing, and he could tell by the smell that there was just enough time before the next wave hit for him to shower off some of the mess from the morning’s activities.

The hot water felt divine on his skin, and he couldn’t remember a time when soap felt so heavenly. He’d enjoyed every second of what they’d done so far, but had never felt so sticky from sweat and cum before.

As he towelled dry he let a small basin fill with warm water. He then carried it and a washcloth to the
main room.

Tired blue eyes gazed at him from the nest. He smiled in return, set the basin on a part of the bed frame wide enough for it, then climbed into the nest again. He wet the cloth, wrung it out and crawled to where Victor lay.

Yuri leaned in to kiss his mate, then moved him just enough so that he could start wiping the alabaster skin clean. As his eyes drifted to Victor’s face he saw the heat haze clouding his mind again.

“You’re such a good omega Vitya,” he murmured as he drew the cloth over the man, pausing every few strokes to rinse it. “You deserve to feel comfortable and clean too.”

Victor hummed and relaxed into the careful treatment. Yuri cleansed as much as he could without disturbing the Russian’s rest too much, then returned the basin to the washroom.

The pheromones hit him as soon as he stepped back into the bedroom. He groaned, hardening immediately. His omega was already squirming with need in the nest. Some part of his mind estimated that somewhere in the realm of forty minutes had elapsed since the end of the previous wave.

“Alpha…” Victor whined, holding out his hands and beckoning him closer. Begging him to return.

Yuri growled, climbed into the nest and crawled forward until his lips were pressed against Victor’s. He wanted to continue moving against his mate until he was firmly inside him, but the last gasp of his rational mind insisted that there was one thing left to do before they got going again.

“Move to the side for a minute Vitya,” he rumbled. “I want to take off the top liner so the nest stays nice and dry.”

Victor whined, already hard and obviously under the influence of the next wave.

“It’ll just be a moment, I promise. Then I’ll give you whatever you need.”

Victor looked dubious, but moved to the side of the nest. Yuri took the edge of the topmost liner in hand, and was glad that the nest had been built while they could still plan far enough ahead. He tugged it off and tossed it aside. Though it had done its job well, he could tell as soon as he felt the fresh liner under his knees that it had absorbed about as much as it could.

He felt almost predatory as he turned back to his omega. His own cock was hard, and the food had given him a boost of energy. With the basics taken care of, there was nothing to argue against giving in again.

He crawled across to where his mate was waiting and claimed his mouth at the same time his hand wrapped around the alabaster cock. “What do you need baby?” he purred between nips to the lips.

Victor’s hand wrapped around his cock and squeezed, making him growl with lust. “Already?”

The whine was all the response he needed. He flipped Victor onto his knees and was fully inside in a matter of seconds, the omega still open enough from repeated rounds to not need stretching. He reached forward and tangled his fingers in platinum hair, pulling the omega’s head back.

“I love it when you ask for my cock Vitya,” he purred. “You feel so good, and I love making you feel good too.”
Victor whimpered and ground back.

“**You want it don’t you baby?**”

A hand sign flashing ‘yes.’

“God I love it when you’re a horny cockslut,” Yuri growled, pulling almost all the way out and slamming in again.

Victor cried out, and signed ‘**more**.’

“**More what? You want more of my cock, or more dirty talk?**”

‘Yes.’

Yuri chuckled. “**Both?**”

‘Yes.’

“Mmmm, you got it. I’ll fuck this sweet hole of yours so good it’ll never be the same. You’ll feel like it’s perfectly shaped for my cock for weeks, and when you leave here you’ll have trouble walking.”

Victor groaned, and cried out as Yuri fucked him hard.

“**That’s right Vitya, let the neighbors hear how much you like it. Prove that no amount of soundproofing is enough for you.**”

Victor came quickly with the fast and hard approach, hands clenching in the nest as he did so.

“**Does my cock feel that good Vitya?**”

‘Yes.’

“**Good, cause it feels absolutely amazing when your ass clenches around it and tries to milk it dry.**”

Another groan. ‘**Knot.**’

“**Such a needy omega,**” Yuri purred. “**You really want my knot baby?**”

‘Yes.”

Yuri leaned over and wrapped his hand around Victor’s still hard cock. “**You’re gonna have to earn it Vitya. I want you to keep coming for me until it feels so good I can’t hold back. Milk my cock with your sweet ass.”**

Yuri ran his thumb across the slit of Victor’s cock and smiled at the full-body shudder that ran through his mate. “**Let’s see how many times you can come for me before this beautiful cock of yours is empty.”**

Yuri released his grip on Victor’s hair and pressed between his shoulderblades until the Russian’s head was down in the nest and his back arched beautifully to his raised ass. He grabbed the omega’s hips in both hands and held almost tight enough to leave bruises. He pulled out and slammed in again, over and over, setting a punishing pace into his mate. Each thrust was accompanied by the chorus of slapping skin and pleasured cries.

He saw Victor move one hand to his own cock, and start stroking to Yuri’s thrusts.
“Mmm, that’s right baby. Make yourself feel even better while I use this hole. The harder you come the more I like it.”

Yuri could feel Victor tiring after the fourth orgasm, and he decided it was the perfect time to try and push the omega to continue going between waves.

“It would feel amazing if you were sitting on my lap, riding right now,” he growled suggestively. “Do you wanna take over and see if you can coax the knot that way?”

Victor shuddered, and nodded. Yuri leaned over, pressed a kiss to the middle of his back then wrapped his arms around the omega and pulled him up until he straddled his lap, keeping his cock buried the entire time.

“Go ahead Vitya,” he purred. “Ride me until I can’t help but knot and fill you up.”

Victor groaned and started bouncing on his cock while Yuri leaned back and enjoyed the view. Platinum hair flying, and strong muscles rippling, seeking another orgasm.

“Fuck this is a beautiful sight.”

Yuri could smell the exhaustion, but the omega kept riding hard, needing more. However, two orgasms later, he slowed again.

Victor started gyrating his hips, the omega side of him needing to feel filled by the alpha. And that felt new and wonderful on Yuri’s cock.

“Mmmm, just like that Vitya,” Yuri growled as he sat close again and started stroking the Russian's cock. “That feels so good.”

Victor whimpered and ground. Yuri knew he wasn’t going to last long with the way his mate was moving. He stroked faster, eager to feel the clench around him again.

“Alpha…” Victor begged.

Yuri kissed his back. “Is that all I am baby? You know my name. What’s more important?”

Yuri started kissing, sucking and biting marks on the omega’s back.

“Yuri!” Victor cried when a particularly sensitive place received a mark.

“That’s right Vitya. I love hearing you call my name. I’m more than your alpha.”

Victor bounced slightly as he ground his hips, and it was too much. Yuri groaned, which only encouraged him.

The slide over the thicker girth of pre-knot, the way the stimulation changed with the angle of the Russian’s hips.

Yuri growled and held Victor’s hips tight as he thrust in deep and gave into their needs. His knot grew, and he felt the omega on the precipice of release. As soon as he came back down from his own orgasm he stroked his mate, the clench as he came drawing another orgasm from Yuri as well.

They sat, Victor straddling Yuri’s lap for several minutes. Yuri continued to leave marks on the skin of his mate, which made him grind and writhe in pleasure.

Fuck that feels good. I think I’ll have to have him ride a knot later.
About halfway through the duration of the knot Yuri braced the omega and maneuvered them onto their sides to spoon. He'd pushed his mate to keep going long after the wave passed, and the exhaustion was strong.

*If I can push one more wave like this he should be ready for the breeding knot. Once this knot goes down I’ll get started early on the next wave and make it go long again. He should be tired enough to rest on the following wave.*

“Yuri…”

“What is it baby?” he asked, moving his hand to where Victor could sign into it.

Instead of a word, the Russian tangled their fingers together and sighed contentedly. “Yuri…”

“Mmm, that’s right.” He kissed his mate's back and they dozed lightly while locked together.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Next time: that breeding knot!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Round

Chapter Summary

It's time for the breeding knot ya'll.

Chapter Notes

I know, fantastic chapter summary, right. LOL. Anyway, yeah, breeding knot time.

No new chapter tomorrow. Next one should be on Friday 4/7 between 7-8 MDT.

I *might* try and get a chapter of Dreams out tomorrow. No promises though. I don't have my normal client meeting, but I do have things I should be doing. I'm feeling the pull of that story again though so might try. Check my tumblr tomorrow evening and I'll try to update there with info.

If you've been enjoying this work please punch the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri roused from the brief rest knowing that it was time. The next wave was approaching, but Victor’s exhaustion tinged the air. His alpha side took over fully, pheromones flooding the nest.

He growled deep in his chest and moved to straddle his mate. He’d cleansed them both again after the last wave, and he loved the feel of the omega’s clean chest against his own. He hovered over Victor, and licked his lips as the Russian stared up at him with wide eyes.

He claimed Victor’s lips at the same time he ground his hips down. His boyfriend moaned into the kiss, and his body responded immediately, submitting to the alpha.

Yuri pulled back, looked at the omega, and paused. The ocean-blue eyes were unsettled, and he could smell confusion. His rational mind leapt to the front again.

He took shallow breaths, fighting the urge to continue. He wanted to give in, but he had to ensure that the man he loved was ok.

“Vitya…” he gasped. “What’s wrong?”

Victor put two fingers to his lips and tapped twice. ‘Talk.’

“What?”

Victor whined, his body responding but mind fighting. He tapped Yuri’s chest, and touched his scent gland.
Yuri struggled to comprehend the meaning, every part of his instinct demanding he fuck the omega senseless then lock into him with the breeding knot. “I don’t understand Vitya.”

Victor’s whine increased in pitch, and a stressed scent started to creep into the air. It cut through Yuri’s haze and let him focus a tiny bit. Victor had touched him, then his scent gland.

“You want me to talk about my scent?” he groaned, instincts at war as part still wanted to fuck the omega and another part needing to ensure that his partner was relaxed and ready.

Victor whined, and tapped his lips again. ‘Talk.’

“I don’t understand.”

‘Talk.’ Victor then held up two fingers, then tapped his own chest.

“Talk to you?”

Victor nodded.

“About what?”

Victor tapped Yuri’s chest, seemed to think a second, then tapped his wrist where a watch might be.

“About me and time?” Yuri was thoroughly confused.

Victor scrunched his face in frustration, then patted Yuri’s cheek with one hand while running his other hand along the younger man’s side, tracing the curve of his body.

“About me… right now?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri blinked, and suddenly understood. Alpha pheromones filled the nest, and Yuri was the aggressor rather than responding. Victor had submitted instantly, and it scared him. He’d never had an alpha during heat, and wouldn’t know how aggressive they were about the breeding knot.

Combined with his history it only made sense that he was unsettled.

Yuri forced himself to close his eyes, take a deep breath, count to ten then release it again. When he opened his eyes he’d managed to fight back his instincts a bit more. He leaned in and kissed Victor’s lips softly.

“It’s the breeding knot Vitya,” he explained, his cock aching and protesting the pause. “My body wants to knot you now, since I can smell that you’re about to need a longer nap.”

He took another breath and held it, fighting to keep the haze at bay. His instincts screamed at him to breed the omega.

“You have to decide. Now,” he gasped, hands clenching in the liner. “I won’t be able to hold back long. Do you want it or not? If I have to go to the alpha suite you’ll have to lock me in there.”

Victor’s eyes were as wide as saucers, and Yuri felt guilty about forcing him to make a decision like that without warning.

He took a breath, and the combination of the omega’s heat pheromones and scent of exhaustion almost proved too much.
“Vitya…” he groaned, cock aching, forcing himself to wait for a reply. He squeezed his eyes closed to keep from giving in.

Hands on his face. He opened his eyes. Victor stared up at him, fear still around the edges of his expression, but he seemed to have made a decision.

‘Knot.’

Yuri gave in immediately, grinding against the omega and kissing him fiercely. Victor responded, becoming pliant with the understanding of what was happening, and moaning his alpha’s name.

He was so hard it hurt, but the length pressing back against him was a reminder that male omegas needed extra care before a breeding knot.

He pushed back again and looked at his mate. He growled in approval, imagining what the man would look like heavy with child, wondering what their babies would look like. He groaned with the thought, and dropped kisses along alabaster skin. Starting with the lips, then sucking on the neck and scent gland, down to the chest.

He paused to suck and nibble on Victor’s nipples, envisioning them nurturing his children. Meanwhile the omega writhed in pleasure beneath him, the smell of slick mingling with the oppressive alpha pheromones and making Yuri even harder.

He licked and sucked on the clean skin of Victor’s stomach, tracing the lines of muscles with his tongue. His hands ran over the taut skin almost reverently.

“Mmm, I wonder what you’ll look like here, round with our babies…” he murmured between kisses. “I bet our children will be beautiful.”

An uncomfortable silence filled the room, the omega stilling and his gasps of pleasure stopping.

Yuri realized immediately what he said. He looked up to see Victor staring at him again. He reached out and took his mate’s hand in his own.

“I’m sorry Vitya, I wasn’t thinking. Are you ok?”

Silence, then ‘yes’ against his palm.

“Do you want me to stop?” He didn’t want to, but had to ask.

He waited, but after several funny faces from the omega he realized that Victor didn’t know what he wanted.

Yuri decided that he would just have to force the thought of breeding from his mind, despite his alpha side demanding it.

He started kissing again, murmuring about how good an omega Victor was, and how beautiful. The change in subject managed to turn the mood around again.

Victor cried out as Yuri took him into his mouth and started sucking. He needed to distract the omega from the language that had made him uncomfortable, and he needed to pull as many orgasms from him as possible before knotting so that he would be more inclined to rest and not have the intense need of another wave.

Victor came quickly, sensitive from so many rounds. Yuri was pleased that there was very little cum,
knowing that the closer his mate was to spent the better. He continued to suck and bob until he came again, barely managing a trickle. When he pulled off with a pop his mate’s cock flopped back lazily.

Yuri slid his leg between the Russian’s as he moved back up to kiss his boyfriend. He ground against the man until the omega was gasping with need.

“Yuri…” Victor begged.

Yuri nipped at his partner’s strong jaw, then turned him onto his side and pressed so that he was curled up half on his side and half on his stomach. He slid in and started thrusting.

He pressed against Victor so that he could nip and suck on the bonding spot. There was a moment of tension, but as soon as the Russian realized that he was only stimulating it and not biting he relaxed and the moans increased in volume.

It was good. His cock was so hard, and the sounds of pleasure from the omega fantastic. The friction alone would normally be enough. But something was missing.

Yuri growled and shifted, hoping a different position would be enough to make him lose control and knot. It worked for Victor, who cried his name over and over as his sweet spot was pounded into.

It wasn’t enough, and Yuri was getting frustrated. He needed to knot so badly it was painful, and it wasn’t working.

“Yuri…”

A change in Victor’s tone. He slowed and reached across so that his mate could take his hand.

Victor curled Yuri’s fingers so that two were stretched and the rest tucked against his palm. He brought the hand up and used the fingers to tap his lips twice. ‘Talk.’ He then moved Yuri’s hand to rub on his stomach and finished by pulling it back and making rounding motions.

Yuri released a shuddering breath, almost afraid to hope. “You want me to talk about babies?”

Victor nodded and brought his hand up again. ‘Talk.’

A wave of relief passed through Yuri. It was what his alpha side craved. He curled against his mate, pushing in deep.

“Do you want my babies Vitya?” he asked carefully, thrusting again.

Victor moaned and ground back.

Yuri growled and thrust in slow, deep, motions. “Mmm, you’re so beautiful.” His hand ran down the omega’s side and across his stomach. “I know you’ll be radiant when you’re round here.”

It was what Yuri needed. His voice dropped in pitch and he moved so that he nailed Victor’s sweet spot with every deep thrust. The lustful cries of his mate spurred him on. He could imagine it again; his omega heavy in pregnancy, the pale skin and delicate features in their children.

“You’ll make such beautiful babies Vitya,” he purred. His hand drifted up to his mate’s chest, thumb teasing over the nipple. “Healthy and strong, just like you.”

Victor moaned, and a new scent filled the nest. Yuri’s alpha side immediately recognized it as the smell of an omega ready for the breeding knot.
“You want my babies, don’t you?” He pushed in deep, and nipped at the bonding spot.

Victor cried out and ground against the cock inside him.

“Let me hear you Vitya.”

“Yuri!” he gasped as the alpha drove in again.

Yuri growled deep in his chest, pinned the omega, and fucked into him fast and hard.

“You want them, don’t you? Let me know how much you want my babies.”

Victor cried out and pushed his ass back as best he could for better penetration.

“You’ll be so pretty and round, then we’ll have our own family. And our babies will be beautiful, because they’ll be yours.”

Victor’s hands clenched in the sheets, and Yuri could feel and smell how close he was to a powerful orgasm.

“Think of it Vitya. Your babies, and not just any alpha, but my babies too. Let me know how much you want them.”

Victor screamed as he came, clenching down hard on Yuri’s cock and body curling into the nest. A burst of pheromones accompanied his orgasm, and it tossed Yuri over the edge as well.

He came hard, roaring and shooting deep into his omega, the knot filling even more than normal. He gasped with pleasure as his cock continued to pulse, his mate shaking against him as his own orgasm continued with the additional pressure of the knot.

He leaned in against Victor’s back, licking, sucking and kissing the bonding spot. The omega purred as the gentle stimulation kept him in a place of bliss.

Yuri’s hand drifted over the taut lines of his mate’s stomach, continuing to imagine what his mate would look like when carrying. The gentle rumble that echoed through his chest was a sign that he approved of the thought.

After a few minutes he carefully maneuvered them both onto their sides so that he could spoon his partner. The increased size of the knot made it difficult, but Victor didn’t seem to mind as the changes in pressure brought out fresh gasps of pleasure.

Victor’s hand sought his, and their fingers tangled together against the omega’s stomach.

Yuri’s eyes drifted shut, and he felt his mate relax as well. The constant pressure inside would make Victor orgasm again every fifteen to twenty minutes, and the clench would be enough against his knot to make him come again as well.

He kissed between Victor’s shoulder blades as the need to rest overtook him. “So pretty…” he mumbled. “Vitya’s such a good omega.”

Except for the orgasms that would overtake them, they would finally rest for a full hour.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I know, the dirty talk wasn’t as graphic as last chapter, but he did lose his train of thought partway through. Also, harder to be as explicit when talking about babies, LOL.

See ya back here on Friday!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

---------------------------------------------

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another’s eyes.
Chapter Summary

The nature of heat and rut changes after the first breeding knot as the intense waves give way to smaller and more frequent bouts, but as the afternoon turns to night Yuri makes a request that both men love.

Chapter Notes

So a number of people expressed concern after the last chapter. Don’t worry, mpreg is not going to be a major plot point in this story. That’s why it’s not in the tags. It will get a brief visit in the very last chapter, which will be more an epilogue anyway and easily skipped.

Yuri just really is into breeding during his breeding knot... it's kinda in the name, and the whole point of heat/rut. It's not even a kink he has at other times.

Anyway, yeah, just wanted to clear that up for people who really actively avoid stories that focus on mpreg.

If you've been enjoying this work please massage the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri roused, his knot was receding, and Victor was signing into his hand.

‘More knot.’

He could smell that the omega was between waves, but the hormones that made him receptive to the breeding knot were still flowing through him.

Yuri kissed his mate’s shoulder. “I’m sorry Vitya. I know it wasn’t long enough, but the doctor told me no more than an hour.” He pushed in deep, drawing a moan from the Russian. “I’ll probably have two more breeding knots though, one this evening and one tomorrow morning.”

Victor whined and ground back, wanting that connection. Yuri nuzzled against his back. “I’m sorry baby. You know I would have held it longer if I wasn’t worried about hurting you.”

Victor whimpered, but seemed to accept the explanation and that the knot was almost completely gone.

Yuri rolled them so that Victor was partially on his stomach again and slid out. A stream of cum accompanied his cock, and his alpha side immediately wanted to shove back in and knot again to keep it in. Then he envisioned using a plug after the knot and a growl formed in his throat. His cock
hardened again at the idea of seeing something in his mate’s hole.

Victor whimpered again at the loss.

*She said no longer than an hour on a knot, but nothing about fucking him again right after.*

Yuri slid back in and started thrusting, eliciting gasps and pleasured cries from the omega. “I know the knot wasn’t enough. Does this help?”

‘Yes. More.’

Yuri leaned in and growled in Victor’s ear. “As you wish.” He thrust hard, angling to hit his mate’s sweet spot.

The Russian cried out with increasing volume, his hands curling into the liner of the nest. He came quickly, and Yuri fucked him through the first and into a second orgasm before coming himself.

Yuri collapsed against his boyfriend’s back, still buried inside. “Mmm Vitya. You’re so good.”

They stayed that way for a couple minutes, and Yuri realized that he was getting hungry again. A glance toward the door indicated that a second cart with food and water had been delivered.

“Food and water are here Vitya,” he said between kissed to the omega’s shoulders. “Is it ok if I go?”

‘More.’

Yuri chuckled, already hard again after their short rest. He pushed up on his arms and set a fast pace, slamming into his mate. Victor’s cries of pleasure mingled with Yuri’s growls and the sounds of skin slapping.

When Victor came, he came hard. Yuri didn’t know if it was due to oversensitivity or because the hormones that helped him accept the breeding knot were almost out of his system. The omega screamed, and almost immediately passed out in the nest.

At first Yuri was worried, but when he saw the look of blissful peace on the Russian’s face he knew it was ok. He pulled out and helped his mate to lay on his side before getting out of the nest. He could tell by the smell that Victor would be sleeping for a bit.

Yuri’s cock was still half hard and bobbing as he walked to the holding area and retrieved the cart, an annoying side effect of being between his first and second breeding knots. The intense waves of heat from his omega would mellow to smaller, but frequent urges and he needed to be consistently ready as the desperation would be worse and he wouldn’t be able to work up to it.

At least it wasn’t the final stage of rut yet. Between the second and third breeding knots he’d be almost constantly hard and buried in is beautiful mate, ready to be used as erratic bursts of need overtook one or both of them.

Yuri ate and showered, letting Victor sleep as long as possible. When he emerged from the shower and could still hear soft snoring he decided that letting the Russian rest was more important than rousing him for cleaning or food.

He removed the empty bottles of water and sports drinks from the perimeter of the bed, replacing them with full ones from the cart. He set the chilled soup that he hoped Victor would be able to eat on the table, then returned the cart to the holding area.
Finally he walked back over to the large window that overlooked their private bath and courtyard, and drew the sheer curtain across most of it, muting the light somewhat.

Yuri climbed back into the nest and curled into his mate, kissing his back gently. His own urges were starting to become stronger, rather than just a response to Victor’s needs.

He leaned in and breathed deep the smell of his omega. It soothed him and he managed to fall asleep for a few minutes.

He was awakened a short time later by Victor whining and calling his name. He shifted just enough in how he was spooning the Russian to slide his cock inside and his partner immediately started thrusting against him.

Much of the afternoon passed in a similar manner. A few smaller waves of heat had them going for longer bouts, but for the most part it was filled with naps and frequent fucking.

Yuri managed to convince Victor to eat the mostly broth soup as the sun was going down. The effect was both good and bad. It gave the omega a burst of energy, but also caused several intense waves.

They were between waves, both alert for once, when the chime announced dinner. Victor took his soup in the nest while Yuri ate, and afterward the alpha was able to coax the omega to the bathroom for a shower and to relieve himself.

Yuri wanted to rest and digest. The sun had gone down some time earlier, and he could feel that the hormones for the second breeding knot were building. However, his mate had other ideas. Victor whined needily beside him.

Yuri turned and faced his love. “What part of you needs attention Vitya?”

Victor took Yuri’s hand and curled it around his cock.

Yuri kissed the Russian as he stroked. It would give him a head start on wearing out the urge for Victor to fuck into something.

 Fuck… into.

Yuri licked his lips.

“Does this feel good Vitya?” he purred.

Victor nodded.

“Don’t you want it to feel better?”

The omega gave him a puzzled look.

“Wouldn’t it feel good to thrust into me? To feel me all around you and to spill into me?”

Victor’s eyes widened.

Yuri leaned in and kissed his mate. “There’s lube on the edge of the bed somewhere,” he growled. “Open me up Vitya, and give into that urge.”

“Yuri…”

Yuri kissed him again. “It’s ok baby, I want it. Your alpha wants this, so don’t hold back. Use me
until you’re exhausted, then I’ll give you my second breeding knot.”

Victor took shallow breaths, licking his lips at the thought. Yuri’s eyes followed the pink tongue before he leaned in and nibbled on the lower lip.

“Do you want to?”

‘Yes.’

Yuri released his hold on Victor’s cock, rolled onto his stomach, grabbed one of the free pillows littering the nest and put it under his hips so that his ass was on display.

He felt the omega scramble to find the lube, and shivered as long fingers first massaged then started opening his hole.

Yuri’s nerves were on fire as he was stretched. The rut made sex feel better, and the sensation of Victor’s fingers inside him was incredible. He was quickly a moaning mess.

“Yuri?” Victor asked as he pulled his fingers out and lined up, his instincts still unsure about plunging into his alpha.

“Mmmm Vitya,” he growled. “I want it. Fuck me hard baby. Don’t stop until that beautiful cock of yours is empty.”

“Yuri…” Victor moaned as he pushed inside.

Yuri’s hands clenched into the liner as he was breached. The stretch was immensely pleasureable, and the brush of the omega’s cockhead against his prostate was like liquid bliss through his veins.

“Vitya!” he cried out, legs falling open even more and making it easier to take his mate.

He shook with pleasure as Victor bottomed out and held himself long enough for the alpha to adjust.

Victor pulled almost all the way out, and, unable to hold back any longer, snapped his hips forward again.

Yuri cried out, and pressed his ass back for more. Victor fucked him hard, gasps, and moans of ‘Yuri’ falling from his lips.

The drag, and the pressure inside was incredible, and when Victor stilled with an orgasm he wanted more. He cried out when the omega started again.

Yuri gave himself over to the pleasure. His mate was inside him and it was better than he even imagined, the motion creating friction on his cock as he was fucked hard into the nest. The feel of his omega’s seed inside as he kept coming a huge turn-on.

Yuri growled and clenched hard when he came, cock almost painful with the strength of his orgasm.

Victor became even more forceful after Yuri came, encouraged by his alpha’s response. Yuri lost count of the number of times the omega spilled inside, but his own orgasms only got stronger as the pummeling to his sweet spot continued, and he came three more times before the Russian collapsed against him.

Yuri reached for a bottle of water while his mate was still inside. He drank almost half, then passed it back. He was glad to hear the sound of Victor finishing the bottle.
“That… was incredible…” he croaked, voice strained from moaning and crying in pleasure.

“Yuri…” Victor whimpered, kissing the alpha’s shoulders and neck.

“How’d I get so lucky?” Yuri murmured as he curled his arms under his head and closed his eyes to relax for a few minutes. “I somehow got the best omega in the world.”

Victor nuzzled along his back, purring at the compliment.

“Such a wonderful omega, such a wonderful man. You’re incredible Vitya.”

Victor made happy noises, then started squirming. The movement made Yuri gasp as the omega’s softened cock was still inside.

Victor reached around, found Yuri’s hand and curled his own fingers into it. ‘Knot.’

“Mmmm, I did promise that, didn’t I?”

‘Yes.’

“It’ll be a breeding knot. Do you think you’re ready?”

‘Yes.’

Yuri growled low, the permission all he needed. His pheromones flooded the nest, and a moment later he’d flipped the omega onto his back and was kissing him passionately. The smell of readiness soon filled his nostrils, and he fucked into his mate again, murmuring words of love and dreaming of a future family with the man beneath him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

We're kinda running down the heat. I expect one more in-heat chapter, then a post-heat chapter. Then it'll be the Monday of the week that precedes Rostelecom.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Both Victor and Yuri give into the pure drive of instinct between the second and third breeding knots.

Yuri started thrusting as soon as the breeding knot had receded enough for him to move, making Victor cry out and writhe in pleasure. He was hard, so hard, and fucking his beautiful mate was the only thing that promised relief.

He growled and shuddered as he came, but didn’t stop moving. The first orgasm had only taken the edge off.

"Yuri!" Victor cried as he came hard, clenching around his alpha.

"Mmm, that’s right Vitya. It feels so good when you come for me."

The tables had turned in terms of need. The intense waves of the omega had mostly subsided, but with the platinum-haired man close to exhaustion the alpha roared to life. Yuri wanted to keep buried in his partner, to keep coming in him. His instincts screamed at him to breed his mate.

He was still hard after the third orgasm, but felt that he could rest. He curled his arm around Victor’s waist and dropped kisses along his back. His hips thrust every few minutes, seemingly on their own, keeping the omega from getting uncomfortable and squirming away.

Yuri’s alpha side was in full control, and it continued to be impressed by the person whose nest he shared. There was an almost constant rumble of appreciation low in his throat, and he nipped often at the skin of his mate’s shoulders.
Victor was soon purring under positive attention of his alpha, leaning back into the nips, and whining to let Yuri know when he needed to be fucked again.

Consumed by his own hormones, Yuri wasn’t talking much. However, he showered his omega with praise in other ways between the frequent bouts of activity. Gentle touches to the fair skin, tracing fingers over the lines he loved so much. He gave Victor his fill of water before he drank any himself. He made sure that the only times his mate wasn’t purring in contentment were when he was sleeping.

The chill air of the room nipped at his back, but his chest was warm, pressed against the man he loved.

“Yuri…”

Yuri nuzzled between shoulder blades and slid his fingers down Victor’s arm until his hand was wrapped around the Russian’s.

‘Food.’

Yuri curled his hand into Victor’s, more content to sign at that point than talk. ‘Need food?’

He hoped that the question was implied.

‘Yes.’

Yuri looked up and saw the light for the cart, meaning that at some point the midnight delivery had arrived. A blurry look at the clock seemed to indicate that the time was in the single digits.

He slid out for the first time in hours, and Victor immediately whined with the loss. His omega side wanted to be filled through the end of heat, but the rational part of him had started to get hungry.

Yuri kissed his shoulder and climbed out of the nest. He wanted nothing more than to rejoin his mate, but had promised to take care of him. If Victor needed food he’d get it.

Yuri returned a couple minutes later with a full bottle of water, as well as a mug of chilled soup and a couple pieces of fruit. He was pleased when Victor drank all of the soup, he was thrilled when the Russian actually ate a few slices of apple and a handful of grapes.

He showered his omega in kisses. Eating solid food within the first twenty-four hours was an extremely good sign. It showed trust and a belief that the heat was going well enough to need the energy.

After he ate his own mid-night meal he returned to the nest and showed his appreciation by making slow love to his beautiful mate through several orgasms. They fell asleep with Yuri’s head resting on Victor’s chest.

Yuri woke up to Victor writhing beneath him, which felt wonderful. The omega purred as his alpha nuzzled his chest and started thrusting.

Victor rotated his hips, wanting a better angle, and asked for a knot. Yuri smiled, knowing exactly how he wanted to knot his partner. He wrapped his arms around the Russian, and using the strength from training flipped them so that Victor was straddling his lap.

Yuri grabbed his boyfriend’s hips, and moved them in a way that indicated he wanted the man to ride.
Victor knelt and started riding, even as he signed, ‘knot? ’ the whine in his throat making it clear it was a question.

Yuri nodded and thrust up into the blissful heat. Victor rode hard, and it felt so good that Yuri knot on the first orgasm.

At first Victor whined and started to still, but Yuri quickly pressed on his hips, telling him to keep going.

Both men gasped and moaned as the omega gyrated over the knot, changing the angle and pressure. The feeling was intense, and Yuri quickly came again. Victor soon followed, but didn’t stop riding the knot until it had almost receded.

“Yuri...” Victor moaned as he laid on the alpha’s chest, purring as Yuri stroked his back.

They kissed lazily, then shifted so that Yuri was sitting propped against the edge of the nest with Victor in his lap. They went again like that, the movement causing fresh need, before Victor curled against Yuri and laid his head on the alpha’s shoulder.

They found that the position was comfortable for both of them, allowing Victor to set the pace and for them to kiss and touch each other. Between bursts of need they curled together and savored the closeness.

The softest blue light of pre-dawn was just starting to seep into the room as Yuri softened inside of Victor. He knew that it meant his body was preparing for the final breeding knot. He wished he could put it off a little longer, until closer to the end of Victor’s heat, but his body had its own opinion on the matter.

Victor whined as he pulled out. “Yuri...”

Yuri kissed him softly, and maneuvered the larger man so that his side was against his chest, back braced against a raised knee and long legs draped over the other leg. He dropped kisses onto platinum hair.

They cuddled like that until an intense burst of need overtook the omega. He squirmed and clawed at the alpha’s chest, desperate for release. Yuri reached between his mate’s legs and slid fingers inside, massaging the sweet spot. Victor gasped and moaned, rubbing his cock as Yuri worked. He came quickly, ribbons of cum falling over both of them.

Yuri nuzzled into his neck and kept massaging inside, he needed to tire his partner one more time. Victor gasped and moaned, and seemed to understand as he continued stroking himself.

By the time Yuri could smell the exhaustion on his mate he was starting to get hard again. He laid Victor back in the nest, making love to him. After an orgasm that had the omega dragging fingernails down his back, he turned the Russian onto his side like he had for the other breeding knots.

He slammed in, growling and nipping, need too great for language. Victor writhed and screamed, calling Yuri’s name over and over as oversensitivity led to repeated orgasms.

Then they were tied together for the final breeding knot of Yuri’s rut. Victor moaned and shook, wracked by aftershocks of pleasure.

Yuri knew that when they separated there would still be several hours of lingering heat left, but he could smell that the worst of it had passed. In his rut addled mind he estimated that it would be over that afternoon.
He curled his arm around Victor’s waist and rested against the omega’s back. He’d have to sleep while he could. Once the knot was over he’d need the energy to keep up with the intense bouts of need that would overwhelm his mate.

He hoped he’d have enough time after the knot for breakfast. He could use the fuel for his stamina during the final hours.

“I love you Vitya,” he murmured as he closed his eyes and breathed in his mate’s scent.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Whew. I think our boys are exhausted by now. Too bad that they don't have much time to rest before they have to leave for Russia.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Exhaustion

Chapter Summary

The last hours of the heat and rut pass in a state of near exhaustion for both Yuri and Victor. Afterward the alpha is focused on making sure his omega feels secure both in himself and in their relationship.

Chapter Notes

Here it is, the last of the chapters for this heat. They will still have an abundance of hormones for several days, but the main show has passed.

If you've been enjoying this work please hit the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The connection felt too good, and the naps between orgasms too necessary, so Yuri let his final breeding knot go a few minutes over the hour limit. Victor purred when he woke up enough to realize that he still had it.

Yuri knew that as soon as it was over the sex would develop a frantic edge, the last gasps of hormones driving them to breed. Exhaustion would urge them to sleep almost immediately after each round, bodies trying to get just enough energy for one more go. So he took the time before the frenzy set in to shower his mate in affection.

He kissed Victor’s back, arms, anywhere he could reach, until the omega was purring and sighing with contentment.

“You’re so beautiful Vitya. You’re wonderful and I love you so much. I’m the luckiest man alive to be with you, I want you to know that. Not just the luckiest alpha, the luckiest man.”

Victor cried out as he came again from the pressure of the knot, the clench making Yuri come as well as the knot started to recede.

They stayed nuzzled like that for a moment before Yuri slid his hand over Victor’s.

“You need anything before the urges hit again?”

‘Water. Food.’

Yuri kissed between pale shoulder blades. “Of course. Anything else?”

‘More talk.’
Yuri felt a pleased rumble in his chest. “Do you like knowing how much your alpha cherishes you?”

Victor pressed his back against Yuri’s chest, so that the younger man could feel the purring as well as hear it.

Yuri nuzzled his back. “You know that’s high praise, you purring. Nothing makes me happier than to know that you’re a contented omega. Somebody as wonderful as you deserves to feel so good.” He nipped at the skin. “You’re the best omega. I’m lucky to have you, and I love you more than I can properly put into words.”

Victor continued to purr and Yuri kept praising his mate for several minutes, until the Russian asked for food and water again.

They had both ordered chilled soup for the morning, knowing that urges could easily interrupt a solid meal. Yuri carried the mugs and a plate of fruit back to the nest and they drank their soups together, only having to set things aside once as an intense wave overtook Victor.

The food gave them a bit of energy, and they decided to use it for just connecting between bouts. They curled up, facing each other, fingers exploring faces. They kissed, and for a while when need overtook one or both of them they used their hands on the other, not wanting to break the soft moment between them more than necessary.

Even when the need got so great that hands were no longer sufficient, they were focused on one another. Yuri propped along the edge of the nest, Victor riding in his lap so that they could continue to touch and kiss. Between bouts the omega world curl into the alpha, face pressed into the crook of Yuri’s neck.

They napped, and fucked, then napped some more. Taking care of the other during the waning hours became their priority.

Lunch arrived, and Yuri just managed to drag himself from the nest. He was exhausted, the only thing keeping him awake the increasingly infrequent but overwhelming need to spill into his mate. The smell of stale hormones filled the room.

They were almost too tired to drink their soup, and Yuri hoped that they would have a few minutes to rest after. His hopes were dashed though when he returned from moving the cart, half hard and needing to chase another orgasm. He turned Victor onto his side, spooning and thrusting into him until they both came, then fell asleep.

The bright light of afternoon poured through the sheer curtain into the room, and both men knew that it was all but over. Even the frantic lovemaking had been reduced to little more than exhausted grinding.

Victor was riding, sweat clinging to his skin as his body warred with itself. He desperately needed another orgasm, and Yuri could feel it in the movements.

As soon as Yuri let his knot grow one more time the omega screamed in ecstasy, needing that little push. After an orgasm that wracked his body with shudders, Victor collapsed on his alpha’s chest, contentedly connected.

They kissed, mouths coming together sloppily as they tried to stay awake long enough for the knot to go down. Victor failed, and was asleep on Yuri within a couple minutes.

Yuri laid the sleeping omega on his side as he slid out. He climbed from the nest, turned off the light that indicated a heat was in progress, and drew the thicker curtain over the window, thrusting the
room into near total darkness.

All he could think about was sleep as he climbed back into the nest, found a blanket, and covered both himself and Victor before curling up against his mate and finally allowing himself to rest.

***

Yuri guessed he had managed a couple hours of sleep when he awoke. The light seeping in around the curtain had turned from the bright yellow of afternoon to the burnt orange of sunset.

Victor was crying.

Yuri scooted closer and bundled his mate against his chest. He released as much of his scent as he could, and rubbed small circles on the omega’s back.

“It’s ok Vitya,” he murmured into sweet-smelling hair. “I’m here. You’re safe. It’s over.”

“Yuri…” Victor hiccuped.

“Shh. Not now Vitya,” Yuri cooed, kissing his love’s hair. “Just rest. There will be plenty of time to talk later, I promise.”

Victor nodded and nuzzled into Yuri’s chest. The alpha waited until his omega was asleep before resting again.

***

The sun had set when they woke, but Yuri’s body told him that it was still early in the night. He moved just enough to squint at the clock and saw that it was a few minutes before eight.

He was ravenous, and was confident that Victor would be too. He carefully climbed out of the nest, managing to not disturb the Russian and clicked on the lamp on the far side of the room. He squinted at the room service menu, trying to find the marks they had made prior to heat, finally deciding that he’d need his glasses.

He padded back to the nest, smiled when he saw that Victor was still asleep, and removed his glasses from the nightstand.

Sliding the bridge over his nose, he was finally able to read the menu. He picked up the in-room phone and placed the order, a moment later he was informed that it would take about half an hour.

Once their dinner was ordered, Yuri set his post-heat plan into motion. He reached into a slender, zippered, pocket in his suitcase and pulled free a small package of tea-light candles and a lighter. He set them aside, and went into the washroom to refill the basin that he’d carried water in over the past day and a half. He rinsed himself as it filled.

He let the steaming water chill a bit, and allowed Victor a few more precious moments of sleep as he spread the candles around the room and lit them. Once done he turned off the lamp, thrusting the room into the soft, flickering, glow of the tiny flames.

Yuri was careful as he wiped the sweat and cum from his mate, rousing him as little as possible. At some point he saw a change in Victor’s breathing, and knew the omega was awake and accepting the care.

He glanced at the clock when he finished, and saw that the food would arrive any minute. He kissed
his boyfriend’s forehead and carried the basin back to the washroom. When he returned he helped Victor into a yukata and out of the nest to sit at the small table.

“Candles?” Victor croaked, voice with a touch of amusement.

Yuri smiled, walked over and cradled the Russian’s face in his hand. “Our romantic night last week went to pieces. I know this doesn’t make up for it, but I wanted to give you a good evening.”

Victor smiled and kissed the inside of Yuri’s wrist. “Yuri.” He reached out and wrapped his arms around the alpha’s waist, drawing him close and pressing his face to the younger man’s stomach.

Yuri carded his fingers through Victor’s hair until the chime announced the cart. “You hungry?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri lifted Victor’s face and kissed him gently. He retrieved their food and placed it on the small table.

Even in the dim, flickering, light Yuri could see how exhausted Victor was. He wished they could take an extra day for recovery, but they had to leave for Moscow in only a few days. Practice time was critical.

Fingers flirted and played across the table, and they played footsie underneath. Neither wanted to push strained voices, so they let small gestures talk for them.

The meal was as excellent as Yuko and Nishigori had said, and Yuri decided that the hotel was a place he’d definitely want to bring Victor to again.

Once dinner was finished and the cart marked for removal Yuri led Victor to the washroom just as he had before the heat started. After cleaning them both they retreated to the outdoor bath and allowed themselves to relax.

Victor was dozing in the hot water, and Yuri decided it was time for them to really sleep. He pulled the second to last liner from the nest and they climbed into the comfortable space, curling into each other and falling asleep almost immediately.

***

Victor was awake. Yuri could feel it even in his sleep, his alpha side attuned to the omega. He roused, fumbled in the dark until his hands found his mate then moved to cover him in kisses.

“Yuri…”

“You should sleep Vitya. As much as we both want to connect tomorrow we don’t have that luxury. We’ve got practice in the afternoon.”

Victor nodded into Yuri’s hand, then moved close. They kissed for several minutes.

Victor started crying again, burying his face against Yuri’s chest in the dark while the younger man held him close.

“I’m here Vitya,” Yuri murmured. “I’ll always be here.”

Victor cried for a long time, relief mixed with longstanding pain in a way that left his emotions raw.

“Yuri…” Long fingers curled against the alpha’s chest.
“Shh. When you’re ready. I’ll wait as long as you need.”

Fresh sobs of relief wracked the Russian.

Tears eventually gave way to frantic kisses, and Yuri replied by deepening and lengthening them. His omega was scared that he would leave, his past making him question his worth, and the biological need of rut no longer a guarantor of the alpha’s presence.

“I love you Vitya. I’m here, and I’m not going anywhere.”

They kissed until they gasped for breath and lips were swollen.

“Am I a good omega?” Victor asked, voice tiny with fear.

Yuri kissed the side of his face and forehead. “You are the best omega.”

“Really?”

Yuri kissed his mate again, long and deep. “I couldn’t ask for better.”

Yuri could smell need and slick. His alpha side understood immediately. His omega needed to know he would be wanted outside of heat.

Yuri shifted and straddled Victor. He started by kissing the Russian’s face, then down his neck to his chest. He whispered words of praise as he moved.

He took his time preparing and opening Victor, turning his mate into a moaning mess and drawing out an orgasm with his hands before sliding into the wet heat. He moved slowly, purposefully. His thrusts were long and deep, each hitting the omega’s sweet spot.

After two days of nearly non-stop sex, this was the time that mattered. Each orgasm stripped away a bit more of Victor’s insecurity, pushed him a little closer to that place of pure, raw, feeling; each word of praise and love from Yuri hitting closer to the mark. By the time the alpha spilled inside his mate the raw insecurities of the omega had been exposed and soothed to the best of his ability.

The healing was far from over, and Yuri knew that his mate might never fully recover from the emotional injury of the past. But if he could repair the damage a little more each time, then he would do so without hesitation.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Exhausted? So are they.

I know a lot of people were hoping for an immediate discussion post-heat, but they're not ready yet. They're still too tired to have full worked through emotions, still have hormones coursing through them, and though they made sure to drink water, are still raspy and hoarse from exertion and dehydration. So it’s better to wait a bit.

And we're just going to toss in a side note for poor Yuri... aren't we all glad that slick helps to prevent chafing? Cause I'm sure he is at this point.
Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Soft blue light filtered through the sheer curtain, filling the room. Yuri woke because his body was used to getting up at the early hour.

He glanced at his sleeping mate and smiled. Victor was backlit by the light shining into the room, giving his platinum hair a soft silver glow. His face was peaceful, lips parted, and a weight seemed to have been lifted from him.

Yuri ran his fingers along the Russian’s arm, and could feel how, even in sleep, the heat had exhausted the omega. He wished that they didn’t have to return to training that afternoon. He wondered if he could convince the coach to work from the barrier and not join him on the ice that afternoon.

Sleep tugged at Yuri, and he tried curling back up against Victor, but after a moment realized that half the reason he woke was to pee. He slipped from the nest, careful not to wake his boyfriend. However when he snuck under the blanket again he saw tired blue eyes staring at him.

Yuri leaned in and nuzzled Victor’s face. “Go back to sleep Vitya, check-out isn’t until noon. Let’s get another hour or two of rest.”

Victor nodded and pulled Yuri close, tucking his face against the alpha’s neck. Yuri giggled as a deep breath against his skin tickled. But he knew what Victor was after and allowed some of his scent into the nest, making the omega purr contentedly as he fell back asleep.

When he woke again the light was brighter, though still early morning. Yuri squinted at the clock and saw that it was just past eight. He noticed that Victor wasn’t beside him and sat up quickly, looking for his mate.
He breathed a sigh of relief when the Russian quietly stepped from the bathroom. Blue eyes held a fond look when Victor saw Yuri.

Yuri crawled to the edge of the nest and Victor leaned over to kiss him. The younger man reached up and cupped his boyfriend’s cheek. “How are you feeling?”

Victor smiled softly. “Tired, a bit sore.”

Yuri made a concerned face. “Was I too rough?”

Victor chuckled, “No more than I wanted. Don’t worry, it’s a good sore.”

Yuri relaxed and moved aside as Victor climbed back into the nest. They both moved to the opposite edge and sat against the firmer base of the bed frame, legs twined together as they slowly kissed.

“I ordered breakfast while you were still asleep,” Victor said between kisses. “I hope you don’t mind. I’m starving.”

Yuri chuckled against the warm lips of his mate. “Why would I mind? It means I don’t have to wait as long.”

Victor smiled and they resumed kissing, fingers roaming along necks and chests as they did.

A few minutes later their breakfast arrived, and Yuri was treated to the sight of his mate’s exuberant side returning. Frequent smiles and declarations of ‘vkusno!’ accompanied each new flavor, and Yuri only realized that he had abandoned his own meal to stare fondly when Victor started eyeing his favorites on the alpha’s side of the table.

Yuri smiled, accepted Victor’s empty plate, and shared the items the omega seemed the most interested in.

Yuri poked at his own food, and managed to eat a few more bites. He was hungry, but seeing Victor happy was far more satisfying than the meal. He reflected on the past several days, from the stress leading to Victor’s heat, to the ruined dinner, through the sobbing in the nest the night prior, and he realized that it had been far too long since he had last seen the truly happy man in front of him.

Victor noticed him staring again and had a bite halfway to his mouth when he paused. “Yuri?”

Yuri reached across the table and brushed the fringe away from Victor’s eyes. “Just thinking it had been too long since I’ve seen you happy like this. I’ve missed it.”

Victor blushed, a look that Yuri loved.

Yuri smiled, and finally managed to finish his own food.

Once they had finished eating they joined their hands over the table, and simply stared at each other.

“Should we take apart the nest first, or relax in the bath?” Yuri finally asked.

Victor tilted his head to the side and brought one finger to his lips in the way Yuri adored, trying to decide. “I say bath, teardown, then another bath.”

Yuri laughed. “I don’t know if we can fit all that in, but sure.”

A few minutes later they were sitting in the hot water, listening to the gentle breeze through the trees and the chatter of birds. The November air nipped at their faces, but they kept warm by kissing.
It was quiet, peaceful, and Yuri was determined to enjoy the time with his mate before they returned to their hectic schedule that afternoon.

When they went back inside Victor headed straight for the nest and climbed in, trying to decide where to start taking it apart. Yuri was provided with a stunning view of the Russian’s ass, and his cock stirred at the sight.

A low growl was in his throat as he climbed into the nest and wrapped his arms around his omega’s waist.

“Yuri?” Victor asked.

Yuri nipped at pale shoulders and ground his erection against his partner.

Victor gasped in surprise, then moaned as he ground back, the scent of slick filling the air. Yuri sucked marks on his mate’s back, trailing the fingers of his right hand to prep his lover, while his left hand went to Victor’s mouth so the Russian could suck on his fingers.

The omega opened quickly, still loose from heat, and only a couple minutes later he was moaning as Yuri slid inside and wrapped the spit covered fingers around Victor’s cock.

“Fuck Yuri,” Victor managed between gasps and cries as the younger man thrust hard and fast. “You’re insatiable. How can you still get hard after the past two days?”

“Do you want me to stop?” Yuri teased.

“God no,” Victor groaned, shifting slightly to take his alpha even deeper.

“Good, cause you feel so incredible I don’t want to.”

Yuri pounded hard and fast into his mate while stroking the omega to a quick orgasm.

“Yuri!” Victor shouted, and the younger man continued his deep thrusts until the Russian’s pleasured shudders stopped before coming himself, growling in satisfaction.

They collapsed into the nest, panting and sweaty. Victor pulled off, and turned to face his alpha. They kissed for a moment.

“What was that about?” Victor teased.

Yuri smirked. “I saw your ass, and noticed it wasn’t wrecked.”

Victor laughed. “So you’re saying I should get dressed?”

“Who suggested that? I’m saying you have a fine ass and I feel the need to wreck it.”

“I think I underestimated the drive of an alpha around rut.”

“Is that a problem?”

“No.”

“Good, because I need more.”

Yuri flipped Victor onto his back and pressed in again, kissing the Russian passionately as he fucked him to another fast orgasm. They cuddled after the Japanese man collapsed onto his mate’s chest.
“Mmm, Yuri, you’re going to ruin me you know.”

Yuri pushed up and smirked at his partner. “You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“You’re just setting a high bar for yourself,” Victor teased.

Yuri claimed his lips in a kiss. “Guess we’ll have to see how high my off-ice stamina is at some point then.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly, and Yuri started thrusting again.

“I love the way you feel around me Vitya,” Yuri praised. He dipped his head to suck and lick at the omega’s chest. “And the sounds when I hit just right inside you, I could listen to those all day.”

Victor’s fingernails dug into Yuri’s back, and the painful pleasure made him thrust harder. Soon the sounds of skin slapping and Victor calling Yuri’s name filled the room.

Yuri finally felt sated after the third round. He collapsed next to Victor, but, after a few minutes kissing, the Russian started laughing.

“What’s so funny?” Yuri asked.

“You’re nowhere near done, are you?”

Yuri smirked again. “Never, as long as it’s you. But how did you know?”

Victor laughed harder. “You were grinding on my leg!”

Yuri felt a blush creep across his face, and kissed Victor hard again. “I’ll give you a few minutes to rest.”

Victor grinned, and his eyes developed a devilish cast. “Oh Yuri, you’re not getting off that easy.”

“Oh?”

The Russian easily flipped the smaller man onto his stomach and soon had a lubed finger pressing against the puckered opening of the alpha. Yuri pressed back. “I like your idea of revenge,” he teased.

Victor nipped at Yuri’s ear as he slid a finger inside. “Good.”

Yuri was moaning long before his mate determined him open, and barely had the patience to allow his body to adjust as Victor slid in. Yuri reached to stroke himself to Victor’s thrusts, but the Russian had other plans and pinned his hands against the mattress.

“Oh no, Yuri,” he purred, purposefully dragging his cock over the younger man’s sweet spot. “I’m not the only one with an ass that needs wrecked.” He thrust in again in a way that kept constant pressure on Yuri’s prostate. “And I think it’s my turn to wreck you.”

Yuri squirmed, but Victor’s hold meant that he could only take what his mate was willing to give, and what he was giving was good. So good. Every deep thrust dragged just right, and the pleasure built until that was all he was aware of.

Victor, his mate, felt so good. Victor was so good. Victor… Victor. Victor.

Victor.
Everything was gone except pleasure and thoughts of the man giving it to him.

“You’re in a good place, aren’t you Yuri?” a voice asked from the edge of awareness.

Vitya.

Yuri tried to answer, but was pretty sure the groan that escaped his lips wasn’t a word. Maybe he was wrong, since his mate seemed to understand anyway.

“Mmmm, good.”

The touch to his strained cock was like a spark igniting the fuel in his veins. He screamed as the added stimulation finally tossed him over the edge. He was falling, and it felt so good. There was no bottom, the pleasure endless as the omega kept thrusting and stroking.

When he finally managed to come back to himself the slightest bit he felt the pulse of Victor inside, and heard the omega’s trembling voice calling his name.

They collapsed into the nest again, and Yuri was happily spent. He turned to face Victor as soon as his mate pulled out. He saw bliss written on the delicate features, but there was a touch of insecurity in the ocean-blue eyes.

“You win,” Yuri proclaimed with a smile. “That was incredible and I feel truly wrecked.”

Victor smiled, the unease vanishing. Yuri blinked. “Were you worried about taking control?”

“You’re an alpha.” Victor blushed, and Yuri had to resist the temptation to kiss his omega senseless. “I thought you’d be ok with it after asking for it during my heat, but I wasn’t sure. Omega’s are naturally submissive, moreso with their alphas.”

Yuri couldn’t hold back any longer, taking Victor’s face into his hands and kissing him deeply. “I like that you think of me as your alpha.”

Victor’s blush deepened, and Yuri showered him in kisses.

Finally spent, they were able to focus on dismantling the nest, and even found the time for one more soak in the private bath.

They were dressed and making sure that everything had made it’s way back into their luggage when they finally decided to turn on their phones.

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuri for a kiss while they waited for the splash screens and startup sequences.

“Ready for the world?” Yuri asked softly.

“Hmm, I’d much rather stay here in bed with you.”

Yuri sighed. “Same. Maybe when we don’t have a competition within a few days.”

Victor smiled and they kissed again.

Yuri’s phone was the first to detect a signal, and he immediately heard the sound of a text message. He chuckled. “Guess our retreat is over.”

Then there was the sound of another text message, and a few seconds later another. Yuri made a face
and glanced at his overactive phone. The startup continued, then the social media notifications added to the chorus.

“What the…?” Yuri started, heading to his phone.

Then Victor’s started.

They shared a glance as the notification sounds continued from both their phones. Then Yuri’s phone rang.

“Moshi moshi,” he said, noticing Yuko’s name on the caller ID.

“Oh Yuri, thank god,” she replied, a strained tone to her voice. “You finally turned on your phone. You’re still at the hotel I hope?”

Yuri glanced to Victor, who was staring. “Yes, we’re still here.”

“I know check-out should be soon. Catch up as much as you can before you come back. I’ll call your family and let them know I got ahold of you. We’ve been telling the media that you’re on a private training retreat and are purposefully not online so you can focus before Rostelecom. But there are rumors swirling, you two need to decide what you’re going to say before you come back into town. There are press hanging around both the Ice Castle and Yutopia.”

Yuri blinked, a stone settling in his stomach. “Yu-chan? What’s going on?”

There were muffled sounds, and he could faintly hear Yuko talking to somebody. Something about somebody not being there.

He realized that Yuko was talking about him and Victor.

“Sorry Yuri, I’ve gotta go,” she hissed as Yuri heard Nishigori in the background. “I texted you a link yesterday. That should answer your questions.”

The call ended and Yuri stared at his phone, the cacophony of notifications from Victor’s still echoing.

When his own notifications started to annoy him he muted the sounds, and a second later Victor did the same.

“Yuri?” Victor probed.

“Yuko said we need to check out a link before going back, and that the press is gathered both around the rink and the inn. She texted it to me, but had to hang up before she could say anything else.”

Yuri winced when he saw the number of missed texts. He scrolled past messages from Nishigori, Phichit, Yurio, Mari, Chris, Minami, and several friends from college before he found the one from Yuko. He noticed that there were more unread texts underneath. He opened it and glanced to where Victor was scrolling through his own phone.

“How bad is it on your end?” Yuri asked before clicking the link.

“My parents, Mila, Chris, Yuko, Takeshi, your sister, Yurio, Mila, Georgi, Minako.” There was a pause. “Yakov… who was still mad at me in China. He rarely texts too. Plus it looks like at least a hundred missed calls.”

Wide blue eyes focused on Yuri. “Yuri, what happened?”
Yuri shook his head. “I haven’t clicked the link yet. It appears to go to trashy paparazzi site.”

Yuri sat at the table, and Victor pulled the other chair around to sit and look over his shoulder.

The link loaded, and immediately Yuri’s stomach dropped.

“Katsuki Yuri and Nikiforov Victor attacked in park…” Yuri read the headline. “Oh, the subheading is even worse ‘Is Katsuki in heat?’”

Victor’s arms snaked around his waist, and Yuri felt a tiny tremble from the omega.

“Following an altercation that apparently began over dinner, the figure skaters were assaulted in a public park. Katsuki received a punch to the stomach before subduing the attacker, and no injuries were reported.

“While the audio isn’t clear, the words alpha and omega are heard at the start of the video. Additionally the attacker appears to have been in a rut rage.

“There are questions as to why Katsuki was attacked instead of Nikiforov, but many theorize that it was intended to outrage the presumed-alpha. While uncommon, there are instances in which omegas are targeted in order to antagonize an alpha into fighting.

“Though unconfirmed, it has long been assumed that Katsuki is an omega.”

Yuri sighed before continuing.

“The tables were turned when Nikiforov allowed Katsuki to fend off his own suitor, standing confidently to the side and observing as the Japanese figure skater avoided continued attempts from the enraged alpha. The fight ended when Katsuki subdued the attacker without landing a single blow in return, instead choosing to restrain the unnamed alpha.”

An embedded video appeared directly beneath the paragraph, but Yuri scrolled past it to keep reading.

“Both Katsuki and Nikiforov were unavailable for comment, those close to them indicating that they had planned to train at an undisclosed location in preparation for next weekend’s Rostelecom Cup. However, given the nature of the video it is possible that the young omega is in heat…”

Yuri skimmed, growing angry, until he found something worth reading again. “I skipped over a lot of instances where people I don’t know point to my physical or mental traits as proof that I’m an omega.”

Victor nodded into his shoulder.

“We reached out to the JSF for comment as to whether this incident will affect Katsuki’s status as a competitor, and representatives indicated that the matter had already been reviewed and settled with no negative consequences to the skater.

“Katsuki Yuri will be competing this coming weekend in Moscow at the Rostelecom Cup, where he hopes to clench his ticket to the Grand Prix Final.”

Yuri growled and scrolled back up to the video. “You ready?”

Victor nodded and Yuri pressed play. He immediately recognized that the video was a slightly different angle and farther away than the one the girls had taken.
The only clear words were ‘alpha’ and ‘omega.’ Combined with the dim lighting and distance it was nearly impossible to determine who was being addressed by the drunk alpha, and what Yuri knew to be Victor’s instinct to stay and submit to the winner looked like quiet confidence in the smaller man Victor trembled against him as the video ended.

Yuri turned and kissed his mate. “It’s ok Vitya. We’ll be ok, you’ll be ok.”

Victor nodded into Yuri’s shoulder.

Yuri rubbed his cheek over platinum hair. “It’s small, but there’s a dining room for guests who don’t want to eat in their rooms. Let’s take the bags to the car, then have lunch here. We can decide what to do before we go back.”

Victor squeeze Yuri around the middle.

“Your secret seems safe, they still think I’m the omega. We’ll just decide what to say, and not say, and let them keep guessing. Ok?”

Victor nodded and they stood.

“Look at the bright side,” Yuri said as they both looked wistfully at the room. “We didn’t find out about this until after everything was over, and we’d reserved private time at the rink this afternoon and into the evening.”

“Yeah…” Victor replied in the way Yuri was starting to understand meant that something was on the Russian’s mind.

Yuri looked up, rose up on his toes and kissed his mate, holding on until strong arms wrapped around him.

“How about you let me be the anxious one Vitya? It’s what I do best.”

Victor stared, then smiled at the joke.

“Come on,” Yuri said. “Let’s fuel up and catch up before doing this.”

Victor nodded and they left the private sanctuary of the hotel room.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Dun, dun, DUNNNNNNNNNN!! Return of the video!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Plans

Chapter Summary

Faced with a video circulated to the media that showcases the assault in the park, Yuri and Victor focus on their next steps.

Chapter Notes

Stupid paparazzi.

Really though, as a new celebrity couple there were probably some people looking for a scoop to sell to the tabloids.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuri’s eyes flicked to Victor as they walked back in from the parking lot, hand in hand. The omega was doing better than he expected, but he knew that his mate was skilled at hiding his true emotions. He wondered what turmoil was beneath the surface. He squeezed his boyfriend’s hand, and smiled when the Russian turned to look at him.

Victor squeezed back, and Yuri saw gratitude in his eyes.

Yuri wished they could go back to the room to soothe his mate’s worries. But checkout was too close to give his partner the attention he deserved. He stroked his thumb over knuckles.

He stopped walking in the quiet parking lot, earning him a confused glance from Victor.

Yuri rose on his toes and kissed Victor softly. “I love you. I’m here.”

Victor smiled fondly and wrapped his arms around Yuri’s waist so that they could look into each other’s eyes. They kissed again, though not enough for either of them.

They returned to the lobby, and informed the employee at the desk that the room was vacated for cleaning, but they would settle the bill after lunch.

“Just a moment,” the young woman replied. “The manager wanted to talk to the two of you.”

Yuri and Victor exchanged a glance, but were relieved when a smiling middle-aged woman who reminded Yuri of his mother appeared a moment later. She led the men into a small office.

“Thank you Katsuki-san, Nikiforov-san. I won’t take much of your time,” she said in English.
The duo waited for her to continue.

“We received calls from a couple of people who knew you were here, asking us to have you call immediately on checkout.”

Yuri blushed. “We’ve already contacted one person who was likely on your list. We’re… aware… that there is currently media interest in the two of us.”

The woman smiled, relieved that she wasn’t the one who had to break the news. “That’s good to know. Well I’ll move onto the main reason I wanted to talk to you then. I just wanted to remind you of the hotel’s privacy policy. We do not reveal the identities of guests, and your visit this weekend will not be disclosed unless you choose to do so. We held a staff meeting Saturday morning, after everything started on Friday night, and all employees have been reminded of this. I doubt it was necessary, I have a strict hiring protocol that focuses on discretion, but this would have been the first test.”

“It started on Friday?” Yuri choked.

The woman gave them a glance. “Yes, I thought you said you knew.”

Yuri reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone, he looked at the date on the article and sighed. Sure enough, it was several days old.

“No wonder our phones blew up,” Victor murmured.

“Being as you reserved a short stay, we decided to wait until checkout to inform you so as not to weigh on the heat and following hours.”

The men exchanged a glance, but neither could fault the logic. It was good they didn’t know before Victor’s heat started, and they recognized it as the proper course of action.

“Thank you,” Victor said softly, bowing deep.

She smiled. “That’s all I wanted to discuss Katsuki-san, Nikiforov-san. We didn’t want you blindsided when you returned, and we’ll treat your visit with the utmost discretion.”

They all stood, bowed, and the men made their way to the dining room. A few minutes later they had ordered and had started to slush through the onslaught. Victor was searching to see how far the video and ensuing madness had spread, while Yuri tried to find them a safe place to hang out once they returned to town.

**Yuko said both the rink and inn were mobbed. I wonder if the dance studio is safe.**

Yuri called Minako’s cell, and thought it was about to go to voicemail when she finally answered.

“Hai, Okukawa speaking.”

Yuri blinked, it sounded like he woke her up. “Minako-sensei?”

A second, then. “Yuri! About time! What was that video about? Why didn’t you tell me?”

Yuri heard shuffling noises and what sounded like a man’s voice in the background.

“Minako-sensei, before all that. Is your studio safe? Victor and I are still at the hotel, but Yu-chan says the rink and inn are both mobbed. We want to fully figure out ourselves what’s going on before talking to the press, but I don’t think we’ll be able to sort through everything over lunch.”
Another moment of silence. “I’m currently… not in Japan. I came to France for the weekend, so I don’t know if the studio is safe or not. Give me a minute to call my neighbor and have her check for me?”

“Of course.”

Yuri hung up and stared at his phone.

“What did she say?” Victor asked, looking up from his own phone.

“She said she’s not in Japan. Apparently she went to France for the weekend.”

Victor blinked. “Another trip? Didn’t she go to Nagano last weekend?”

They stared at each other for a moment before it clicked. “Nagano… now France?” Yuri laughed.

“Care to share?” Victor teased.

“The ladies side of the finals, and Jazzy.”

“Jazzy?”

“Oh sorry, Jasmine. She was a rinkmate under Celestino. She did well last year and he had high hopes for her making the final this season. She was assigned to the NHK Trophy and the Trophee de France.”

It took Victor a few seconds, but when he made the connection he started laughing too.

“I know she’ll say she was checking out the competition, especially with us… occupied… this weekend. But, a part of me thinks she could have done that from the livestream,” Yuri laughed.

“Told you they were flirting,” Victor said triumphantly.

Yuri smiled, grateful for the distraction, when his phone rang again. He saw it was Minako. “Moshi moshi.”

“Yuri? Apparently there was a crowd Saturday and yesterday morning, but since I wasn’t around to answer questions they cleared out. It’s supposedly safe, though I’d drive by first to make sure.”

“Thanks Minako-sensei. This will give us some breathing room to figure out our next steps.”

“Of course. If you decide you need to refresh your scent masking soaps there is a spare key to my apartment in the studio office. Top drawer in the filing cabinet, curl your fingers around the upper edge of the surround toward the right side, it’s taped in there just for emergencies. I don’t have masking soaps, but maybe somebody can bring them to you.”

Yuri breathed in relief. “Thank you again. We had already showered when we found out, and I don’t think we used strong soaps since we intended to go to practice. It might be a good idea to cover up a bit more, though…”

“I know kiddo. You weren’t planning on scent being an issue for a few days.”

Yuri sighed. “Thanks again. I should let you get back to sleep.”

For a second he thought about telling her to say hi to Celestino, then thought better of it.)
“I’ll be back tomorrow afternoon. Hopefully you’ll be all sorted by then.”

“Agreed.”

They said their farewells, and hung up. “The studio is safe, and Minako told me where there is a spare key to her apartment so we can use scent-blocking soaps.”

“That’s a good idea,” Victor replied, staring at his phone, eyes flicking as he read.

“What’s the damage?” Yuri asked, bowing in thanks as their food was set on the table.

“Mainstream media seems pretty focused on the assault, and whether it will impact your performance this weekend. There are a few rumors on the fringes about it being similar to the Kerrigan and Harding thing.”

“Ugh… Like a punch to the gut is really going to disable me?”

“He did try to do a lot more you know. If you’d been badly injured you’d likely have had to withdraw.”

Yuri picked up his chopsticks and started eating while Victor talked.

“Luckily, most of those theories seem to be being knocked down almost as fast as they pop up.

“Now the tabloids… they’re having a field day,” Victor sighed.

Yuri swallowed. “Oh?”

“They’re all over the audio, as bad as it is. I’ve mostly skimmed, but they all seem to have latched onto the pseudo-psychologists to explain why an alpha would attack an omega. They don’t even seem to entertain the possibility you’re an alpha. A couple have gone so far as to float the theory that you’re pregnant, and that he punched you in the stomach to make you miscarry and send you into heat again.”

Yuri sighed. “How far has it spread? The… he waved his hand, “not trashy stuff.”

“Seems to be front page on some Russian and English-language Japanese news sites, or at least above the fold on sports sections. The figure skating sites are all pretty focused on it. Worldwide it’s not too bad. Below the fold on most of the American sites I’ve looked. Haven’t gotten to Europe yet.”

“It’ll probably trend the same.” Yuri sighed.

Yuri looked at Victor, and while the Russian seemed to be handling it well he still worried. Victor’s secret was at risk, and there wasn’t anything he could do about it. Anxiety wound in his gut.

_I failed to protect my omega. I’m a bad alpha._

Yuri focused on eating, tried to focus on his mate’s voice.

“Yuri?”

_I failed. His secret is at risk. I’m a bad alpha._

“Yuri!”
Yuri didn’t even know that he was whining as he looked up into Victor’s worried eyes.

Victor moved around the table and put his hands on either side of Yuri’s face. “I can smell your distress. It’s going to be ok.”

“I failed you…”

Victor finally showed emotion, snapping at the alpha. “You did no such thing! How were you supposed to know that the paparazzi were still following us?”

Yuri whined.

“Look at me Yuri,” Victor cooed, rubbing lines on Yuri’s cheeks. “You couldn’t have known. You didn’t fail me. We’ll get through this together. Ok?”

Yuri looked up, anxiety gnawing at him and combining with his alpha instincts to safeguard his mate. “I didn’t protect you.”

Victor seemed to catch the problem. “You’re a good alpha Yuri,” he murmured, leaning in and resting their foreheads together. “You protected me when it mattered. We’ll be ok after this. I’m not in danger, only my secret is. I don’t want it to come out, but if it does I know you’ll keep protecting me. You’ll always be my alpha.”

Yuri swallowed. “I didn’t fail?”

Victor kissed his forehead. “No Yuri, you didn’t fail. You’re a good alpha.”

Yuri leaned into his omega, feeling drained from the attack.

Victor kissed him, then smiled against his lips. “You weren’t kidding about letting you handle the anxiety, were you?”

Yuri chuckled, reminded of what he had told his mate less than an hour before. “Told you it was what I do best.”

“I think you might skate better,” Victor lowered his voice, “and this past weekend was pretty impressive.”

Yuri laughed.

Victor kissed him again. “Feeling better?”

“A little.”

“Good, cause I can use your help. We need to figure out who needs responded to before we leave, and who can wait until we reach Minako’s studio. Also, the people who texted both of us, let’s have one of us reply rather than waste time on saying the same thing to the same people.”

Yuri nodded, and Victor returned to face him across the table.

“Ok, looks like the Nishigoris, your sister and Minako seem to just want us to contact them immediately,” Victor said, scrolling and tapping at his phone.

Yuri looked at his own texts. “Same. Since Yuko was going to let my family know, and we talked to Minako we can put them off for now. Who else do you have again?”
Victor studied the screen. “Yakov, Mila, Yurio, Chris, my parents, Georgi, there are more, but those are the important ones.”

Yuri nodded. “I’ve got Phichit, Yurio, Chris, Minami, some friends from college,” he scrolled, and his eyes widened. “I’ve got Hishashi Morooka. That could be useful.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly. “A friend in the press is exactly what we need right now. What’s he asking?”

Yuri skimmed the text. “He wants to know if the video is real or fake, and whether it’ll impact my chances in Russia.”

“Nothing about why we were out of communication or our secondaries?”

“He said that he’s been informed that we’re out of communication for training, and to contact him when available.”

Victor was silent a minute. “Let’s promise him an exclusive next week in the leadup to the Grand Prix Final in exchange for some help.”

“Vitya?”

“We need to take control of this. If we’re being ambushed wherever we go it’ll only make training impossible. We’ll answer on our terms only.”

“What are you thinking?” Yuri could see his mate planning.

“Press conference tomorrow, at the rink during morning practice. We’ll pivot it from this, to focus on your upcoming competitions.”

“Are you sure about that?” Yuri felt anxiety at the extra attention.

“It’s the best way,” Victor replied, seeing the look on the alpha’s face. “Let’s work that mainstream angle: asking if this will affect your performance in Moscow. We’ll show off some training and assuage the conventional media. Fringe elements like tabloids can come, but let’s make it clear that we won’t answer any questions about secondary gender.”

Yuri nodded.

“How’s Morooka as a moderator?”

“He emceed the conference where we announced our themes, and I think he did ok.”

“Good. He’ll know who to call on. I don’t know the Japanese press, and it probably had some shakeups when you were in Detroit.”

“Morooka’s one of the newer ones,” Yuri said sheepishly. “He’s your age. I think he was reporting for his college when I left.”

Victor grinned. “Good. That means he’ll have the energy and drive to do this right. We want there to be as few questions from the tabloids and trash press as possible, and if he’s young he’ll want to keep a reputation of fair reporting.”

“Ok, so corral everybody and get it over with all at once. Then what?”

“Let them see a bit of practice, that way they know that you’re up to competing.”
“That should quash any pregnancy or miscarriage rumors at least. I wouldn’t be able to skate if that had happened. But let’s not do the quad flip in front of them. I’d like to practice that as much as possible but I’m still unsure.”

Victor nodded. “I understand.”

They looked at each other, made sure neither had questions, then set their plan into motion. Victor called the Nishigoris to discuss logistics, while Yuri called newscaster Morooka. They needed the mainstream press to have more visibility than the tabloids, and that meant getting the announcement out immediately.

Once the press conference had been arranged, with Morooka agreeing to send out the details, they looked to each other again.

“Now we need a cover story,” Victor said. “Everybody has been saying we’ve been out of town for training. Let’s stick with that. But… where?”

Yuri thought a moment. “I have an uncle who lives on Ogawashima. It’s an island to the northwest. Many residents have their own boats, so if he’s agreeable we can say that he picked us up and took us there so that I could spend a few days focusing. My anxiety isn’t news, so we can say you thought I’d benefit from the break. Since we practiced Friday, and will practice tonight I only missed one day of regular time on the ice. It’s a small island, with plenty of trails to run on, so we can say we were working on my endurance while we were there.”

Victor nodded. “That sounds plausible. But won’t the residents refute it if they didn’t see us?”

Yuri smiled, and pulled up a map of the island on his phone. “Here’s his house. See it’s off to one edge of town near the treeline. Unless we were running directly through town we’d be easily missed.”

Victor nodded, and Yuri placed a call to his uncle, who immediately laughed at being included in the plan and promised his support.

By that time they had finished their meals. They decided to relocate to the studio, and give the announcement of a press conference the chance to spread. They’d work out who would reply to which texts in the car.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I think Victor's pretty media savvy from being in the spotlight so much, so while he'll have had managers and a public relations firm behind him when he was competing (because seriously, he's not dumb, and Yakov's not dumb. They'd leave stuff like that to the pros) he'll understand some of what needs to happen.

Let the SS MinaStino sail!

Also, because some people were wondering... this story is totally going post-canon. It'll go through 4CC at least, and probably Worlds. So we're roughly at the halfway point here.
Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Victor and Yuri lay low and catch up with friends while waiting for word of the press conference to spread and for the inn and rink to be safe.

Yuri drove past the dance studio, both him and Victor on alert. The street was clear, but they rounded the block to be sure before pulling into the narrow alley and parking behind the building.

They got out carefully, but when nobody appeared they made their way inside and quickly discarded their shoes at the door.

Yuri headed toward the office, but Victor stopped him.

“Let’s sit on the floor instead.”

Yuri rose an eyebrow at the request, and Victor blushed.

“I would rather be able to cuddle against you right now,” the omega said.

Yuri smiled and nodded.

They made their way across the polished hardwood floor and Yuri sat under one of the windows with his back against the wall. Victor laid down and put his head on the alpha’s lap.

“Comfortable?” Yuri asked, brushing the fringe from his mate’s eyes.

Victor hummed happily. “The circumstances could be better, but considering… yeah.”

Yuri smiled and kissed his boyfriend’s forehead. “So who’s likely to be up?” He pulled his phone from his pocket and glanced at the screen. “It’s half past one.”

Victor was silent for a second. “That’s half past seven in St. Petersburg, and six-thirty in Switzerland. So I think everybody who texted us from Europe should be up by now. Yakov starts practice at
seven, and Chris would be up early too given the Final is in a little under two weeks.”

“You sure you want me to take Yurio?”

Victor nodded. “He’d just dance around things like he always does with me. He doesn’t know how to tell me he figured it out.”

“Wait… you knew he knew?”

“Yeah? Wait… you knew he knew?”

“He… umm let it slip a few months back.”

Victor stared a moment then chuckled. “No wonder he only snarled at me over text about costumes, rather than going full angry kitten. He must have figured out I was in heat when neither of us responded.”

“So how did you figure out that he knew?”

“He… accepted my more nurturing instincts after my first reactive heat. He was always a prickly child, so a sudden shift like that was a surprise. It didn’t take me long to realize that he’d be as grumpy as usual with everybody else, then soften when it was obvious I just needed to care for somebody other than Makkachin.”

Yuri smiled. “He really does care.”

“Don’t ever let him hear you say that. He’ll claw your eyes out.”

Yuri laughed. “Well… let’s do this.”

“Wait. I have an idea.”

“Oh?”

“When you’re talking to Yurio, find out if he’s at the rink.”

“Why?”

“Might as well get Georgi, Mila and Yakov all at once. I think the wi-fi in here is good enough for a video chat.”

“Good plan.”

Yuri decided to start with Phichit. His best friend had known that they were planning to be out of communication, so had been far more restrained in his texts than he’d otherwise have been.

Friday 10:53 pm - Yuri! Yuri! What’s that video about?

11:47 pm - Yuri!!!! Tell me!!!!

Saturday 2:08 am - Yuri! You know that article is full of crap right? Don’t let it bother you! Nice takedown by the way.

10:23 am - Oh, that’s right! You said you were going no-tech this weekend. :-P Call or text when you get this.
Yuri sighed, at least he’d had the foresight to let Phichit know they would be out of communication. He didn’t want to even *think* about how many hundreds of texts his friend would have sent otherwise.

Monday 1:55 pm - Hey Phichit. Just got back, and we’re catching up ourselves. This whole thing took us by surprise.

1:56 pm - YURI!!!!! Thank goodness! I was about to start calling all the onsen ryokans in Hasetsu until I found the one owned by your family.

1:57 pm - LOL wouldn’t have had to call many, I told you my family’s is the last one.

1:57 pm - :-/ not a time for jokes

1:58 pm - What do you mean that this took you by surprise? Is the video fake?

1:59 pm - No the video is real. It happened last Wednesday.

1:59 pm - Why didn’t you tell me?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!

1:59 pm - Are you hurt? Can you skate?

2:00 pm - Besties tell each other these things!

2:00 pm - Is that asshole the reason you were out of communication?

Yuri sighed, he already felt like his hand was going to cramp, and he knew Phichit was just getting started.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?” Victor replied as an incoming text notification came in on his phone.

“I think it’ll be easier if I just video chat Phichit. He’s going to wear me out with questions and there is still Yurio to face. Are you ok with it?”

Victor nodded. “Yeah, Chris is being far more subdued. He’s asking a bunch of questions at once and waiting for me to answer.”

Yuri looked down at his mate, and smiled when ocean-blue eyes met his own. He reached out and brushed the back of his fingers across the Russian’s cheeks. “How are you so calm?”

Victor smiled softly. “I’m scared Yuri. But I’m forcing myself to put some distance between the situation and my emotions. I know my secret is far safer if we approach this in a measured manner. And… you’re here.”

“Me? How am I of any help?”

“Just by being you. You’re my alpha. Knowing you’re here and that you’ll protect me is important.”
Yuri blushed, and Victor sat up just enough for a kiss. Yuri’s phone was going crazy with an ignored Phichit, but the omega was more important.

2:03 pm - Yuri!!!
2:03 pm - Yuri!!!
2:03 pm - Where are you Yuri?
2:04 pm - Answer me Yuri!!!!!
2:04 pm - Yuuuurrrriiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!!!!!

2:05 pm - Video chat?

The phone rang immediately with the incoming call.

“Yuri!” Phichit cried as soon as he answered. “Why didn’t you tell me that you and Victor were attacked?”

Yuri ran a hand through his hair nervously. “Honestly, we just wanted to forget about it. Nobody was hurt and there were more important things to focus on.”

“You swear you’re not hurt?”

“I’m fine. It winded me more than hurt. And if you saw the video you know he never got a second punch in.”

“Yeah, where’d you learn to move like that?”

Yuri felt Victor’s head shift at the question, obviously listening to the answer.

“Mostly all those ballroom dance classes I took. I didn’t get to follow often, but when I did I had to learn how to read and interpret the lead’s cues and translate them to movement immediately. And when I was the lead I had to pay attention to the signals from my partner of what they were and weren’t comfortable with.”

“Seriously? I thought you took them to get other dance styles!”

“I did, but partner dance is a lot of nonverbal communication. Eventually you learn to read tiny body movements.”

“Now I’m wishing I’d have taken some with you.”

“You should have, you’d have had a lot of fun!”

“Maybe when I get back to Detroit, though it won’t be the same without you.”

“When are you planning to go back?”

“Probably after I kick your butt at Worlds.”

Victor sat up enough to see the screen. “Hey, my Yuri is going to win!”

“Hi Victor!” Phichit said cheerily. “Nice try, but I’m winning.”

Yuri sighed and Victor laid his head back on the alpha’s thigh. “What else did you want to ask
Phichit? We’re trying to get everything under control, but there are more people to contact too.”

Phichit made an annoyed face. “No fair, best friends take priority!”

“And that’s why I contacted you first.”

“Oh! Well…” Phichit took a moment. “So what happened anyway. The article I read mentioned something about a restaurant being where it started, and other articles seem to back it up.”

Yuri took a deep breath and released it slowly. He knew that the media would have a lot of the same questions, so Phichit was a good test. “Yeah, Victor and I were at dinner when this drunk alpha comes over…”

“I guess some people have found his name now, though I don’t remember what it is.”

Yuri pinched the bridge of his nose. “Just what we need. I’m sure he’d like to forget it too.”

“So what was it about?”

“Apparently he smelled us while we were waiting. And he was close enough to rut to be prowling.”

One of Phichit’s eyebrows rose. “I thought you were on suppressants. How did he smell you?”

“My suppressants stopped working, so I stopped taking them.”

Phichit’s eyes widened slightly. “So this… training. You were in rut? Right before a competition?”

“Yeah.”

“I’m surprised Victor allowed it.”

Victor rose up again. “Better before than during.”

“Point,” Phichit conceded, and Victor settled down again.

“Anyway…” Yuri continued. “He smelled us. We’d used masking soaps after training, but you know how sometimes scents seep through that close to rut.”

“You always did have a rather delicious scent for an alpha,” Phichit said dreamily. “Most smell so pungent. You smell earthy. I’m still surprised he mistook you for an omega though.”

Yuri was mid-sigh before he realized the Phichit hadn’t clued in on the fact that Victor was an omega. He glanced down at his mate, and saw a similarly startled expression.

*I’m not going to say anything.*

“Do you wanna hear the story or not?”

“I wanna hear!”

“Well it got tense in the restaurant before the employees managed to kick him out. Afterward, Victor and I were walking home and he came up to us again in the park.”

“He’d figured out you were an alpha I take it and wanted to fight?”

“Something like that.”
“What an asshole.”

“He was drunk Phichit, and in the prowling stage of rut. Near the end too. He probably shouldn’t have been out, really shouldn’t have been drinking, but I can hardly fault him for wanting to take the edge off if he didn’t have someone to share it with. It was a series of bad decisions, not something malicious.”

“Still, it’s amazing you weren’t hurt. Every alpha fight I’ve seen has ended with one or both going to the hospital. I’m impressed and scared at the same time. How did you keep from leaving him a bloody pulp if you were going into rut yourself?”

“I have to skate this weekend Phichit! I can’t do that if the JSF bars me from competing. We’ve been working too hard. Besides…” Silence.

“Oh?” Phichit was definitely intrigued.

Yuri rubbed the back of his neck. “I was pissed off. I was so mad the only thing I could think about was humiliating him. He kept calling me a baby alpha and saying I wouldn’t be able to defend myself. In alpha fights, a pummeled loser at least looks like he put up a good resistance. The pain is a sign that you at least tried. He’s got no marks, and no injury. He doesn’t even have a bruise to show for his loss.

“In alpha terms, he got his ass handed to him in the worst way. He submitted to a smaller alpha, after being unable to even land more than the first, cowardly, blow. He tried to provoke a fight, failed spectacularly, then was probably in the worst rut of his life a few hours later. I think he’s got plenty of regrets over that.”

“Wow.” Phichit was silent a moment. “But you know, besides not being barred from competition, you did yourself no favors. The few people online who have floated the theory that it was an alpha fight and not an alpha attacking an omega have all been shot down by the lack of blood. A bloodless alpha fight is rarer than a unicorn, so it obviously wasn’t one.”

Yuri sighed.

“Why not just reveal you’re an alpha?” Phichit suggested. “Put all these stupid heat rumors to rest… even if you were in rut.”

Yuri shook his head. “No. It’s not a good time. I’m worried enough about competing without being on suppressants.”

“Oh yeah…”

Victor sat up. “Oh yeah?”

“Hi Victor! Forgot you were there. Yeah, I moved to Detroit not long before Yuri started suppressing. Anyway, Yuri had just qualified for Four Continents. Since I don’t have competition to speak of in Thailand I was going too as my country's sole representative.

“Yuri was using some pretty strong masking soaps, and sprays, I think he had a lotion too. He’d rutted something like a week and a half before, but his pheromones hadn’t evened out again yet. He had enough stuff masking the scent that nobody could pinpoint it was Yuri, but he’d walk into a room and competitors would be on edge. If he’s not on suppressants I’m sure you’ve sensed how powerful his pheromones are.

“Anyway, it was like a switch had been flipped wherever he went. An alpha with a capital ‘a’ had
just walked in. Meanwhile Yuri had his normal pre-performance jitters.”

“It wasn’t a good mix,” Yuri said.

“I dunno. You managed bronze, and were seeded into the Grand Prix series. Almost made the final too.”

Yuri smiled. “I was nowhere near the final.”

Phichit scowled. “You had two fourth place finishes in the series that year. Out of twelve skaters per event. You only needed to flip one of them to a first, or move up to a second and a third to qualify.”

“And yet I wasn’t even close enough to be an alternate. Stop making it sound like it was better than it was.”

Phichit huffed.

“What else do you want to ask?”

Phichit sighed. “I guess I’ll let you contact others now. But you better tell me everything, in person, in Barcelona.”

Yuri smiled. “You got it.”

Yuri ended the call.

“So that’s when you went on suppressants?” Victor asked.

Yuri nodded. “I had been thinking about it anyway, but seeing how much my pheromones impacted the other skaters. I felt bad. It was like the worst sort of psyche-out tactics. There were a lot of little mistakes from competitors who normally don’t make them.”

Victor sat up and ran his thumbs over Yuri’s cheeks. “You know it’s not your fault, right? You weren’t scenting on purpose, were you?”

“Of course not! But it doesn’t mean I don’t feel bad about it.”

Victor kissed him. “You’re such a considerate alpha.”

Yuri smiled. “Chris have all his questions answered?”

Victor nodded. “My parents too. I’ll have longer calls with them tonight.”

“I guess I should text Yurio then.”

Victor settled down with his head on Yuri’s shoulder. “Mmm-hmm.”

“I guess I don’t need to hide his his texts since you know he knows.”

“Why would you need to hide them?”

“He threatened me if I ever let it slip.”

Victor chuckled. “I thought I should tell him for a while, but it seemed a point of pride. So I left it alone.”

“Who else at the rink knows?”
“Yakov. Georgi doesn’t have a clue. Mila has her suspicions, but isn’t sure. I’m not close enough with the others to know who assumes what.”

Yuri nodded, it gave him a base of what would be safe to say. He opened the texts from Yurio.

Friday 11:47 pm - Oi! Katsudon! What the fuck is that video about?

Saturday 12:13 am - Hey, I lived with you for a week! I know you’re not asleep yet. I was amazed you could skate as late as you went to bed.

12:31 am - Katsudon! Do you want another fight? I’ll hop a plane just to make you regret ignoring me!

12:42 am - Fine asshole. Text me when you wake up.

1:15 pm - KATSUDON! I KNOW YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS BY NOW!

1:43 pm - Hey Pig! Some of the press is starting to think you won’t be able to skate. I’ll kill you myself if you don’t show in Moscow.

3:25 pm - Fuck. The press started calling Yakov, and he’s in a vile mood.

7:33 pm - Oh my fucking god the audio on that video is horrible. The breathing of whoever shot it is louder than hell. But I could hear ‘alpha’ and ‘omega’ pretty clearly. What the fuck Katsudon? Are you a fucking alpha? Why else would he attack you like that? He’s clearly in rut rage, and betas know to scramble.

7:35 pm - SHIT!!! Shit shit shit! Don’t tell me. It’s been three months! Is Victor off his fucking suppressants? Was he going into heat? Was that a fucking bloodless alpha fight?

8:41 pm - OMFG! You two are disgusting. You know that right?

Sunday 2:47 pm - Are you two done being gross yet? Yakov is losing his shit.

5:15 pm - I’m going to kill you. First I’m going to kick your ass this weekend, then I’m going to kill you. Yakov took his worry over Victor out on me and Mila. We thought it was going to be just a half day to prep for next weekend, but he drilled jumps. He saw wobbles in my landings I didn’t even feel. Apparently Yakov copes with worry by trying to kill his skaters.

11:23 pm - STOP BEING GROSS ALREADY!

Monday 11:17 am - SERIOUSLY ASSHOLES! YOU HAD THE WHOLE WEEKEND TO BE GROSS. NOW FUCKING ANSWER YOUR TEXTS!

“Awww, kitty cares,” Victor said with a chuckle.

“He’s mad you know.”

“That’s how you know he cares. If he didn’t he’d be indifferent. It’s the cat way you know.”

Yuri rolled his eyes. “You’re horrible.”

Victor kissed him. “You wouldn’t have me any other way though, would you?”

Yuri smiled and blushed. “No.”
“Let’s soothe the kitten.”

Yuri nodded and typed out a reply.

Monday 2:28 pm - Hi Yurio. Got your messages. Yes, I’m an alpha, but please don’t mention it. I’m sorta private about it. Don’t worry. I plan to take gold this weekend. Victor is here, and we were thinking that if you’re at the rink with Yakov, Georgi, and Mila we’d just do a video call and get everybody answered at once rather than disturb you all with texts.

Yuri waited only about thirty seconds before there was a reply.

2:29 pm - About fucking time. You two are disgusting you know. I’ll get everybody gathered. I’m sure Yakov would rather get it all over with at once too. I’ll call when we’re all together.

Victor sat up and squeezed close to Yuri so that the small phone camera could capture them both. It rang a moment later.

The first thing Yuri noticed as soon as they answered the call was the noise filling the rink behind the gathered skaters. It was a sharp contrast to the relative quiet of the Ice Castle. The second thing he noticed was how Victor’s face brightened at seeing his old rinkmates.

I really can’t keep him any longer.

“Vitya!” Yakov bellowed as soon as the call connected. “Pochemu ty pozvolil Katsuki vstupit’ v boy pryamo pered sornovaniyami?”

“Hi Yakov!” Victor said cheerily. “Yuri’s right here, so if we could speak in English that would be best. As to why I let him get in a fight, it’s not as if the guy who attacked us gave us much choice in the matter. We were just trying to have a nice dinner.”

Yakov scowled. “So it’s true that it started in the restaurant?”

Victor nodded. “Da. We were trying to have dessert when this nasty drunk alpha came up to us. The employees got rid of him for us, but he followed us into the park and… well... That happened.”

Yakov pinched the bridge of his nose. “Vitya, you should be more careful.”

“Hey, we were being careful.”

“And what if your skater had been injured? What if the JSF or ISU bars him from competing him for fighting?”

“You know we would have appealed any such decision. We were the victims, not the instigators. The JSF knew about it immediately though, Yuri contacted them, and we’d been notified that there would be no consequences before we left for our weekend away.”

“So you were really out of town and had no idea about this story?” Mila cut in. “You just weren’t laying low hoping for it to blow over?”

Yuri shook his head and decided to try out their cover. “No. Victor thought it might help my nerves if we went somewhere quiet for a few days, so we went to stay with my uncle on Ogawashima. It’s a tiny island with plenty of trees and trails to run on. It was only when we left and turned our phones on that we learned of this. It’s been… an interesting day to say the least.”
“What if the ISU says differently?” Yakov cut back in. “The JSF clearing him is fine, but it still doesn’t look good.”

“Yakov, have you even watched the video? My Yuri was punched in the gut, didn’t return a single blow, even though many were aimed at him, then took the guy down in one move. Nobody’s even hurt.”

“Could have fooled me. That other guy is screaming bloody murder in the video.”

“Trust me, I was there, and the JSF representative was there during questioning at the police station. There were no injuries. I’d fight tooth and nail as his coach if the ISU tried to suspend him for defending himself, and managing to do so without anybody getting hurt.”

Yakov grumbled.

“Oi Katsudon!” Yurio finally cut in. “Are you going to be able to skate this weekend?”

Yuri laughed. “I’m fine Yurio.”

“That’s not my name!”

“The punch winded me more than hurt. It didn’t even leave a bruise.”

Yurio nodded, then stared at the screen. “Where are you? That’s not your place, and it’s not the rink either.”

“Ah, Yuko told us that the media is camped out at both the inn and Ice Castle. We’re laying low in Minako’s studio for the time being.”

“You haven’t talked to the press yet, have you?” Yakov cut back in.

Victor laughed. “Of course not. We were blindsided, and need a chance to figure out what’s going around.”

“So what are you going to do?”

“One of Yuri’s contacts in the press should be sending the details of a press conference any time now. We’re going to take tonight to figure out what’s what, then address the press as a group tomorrow so that we can avoid the ambush interviews.”

Yakov nodded. “At least you know how to handle the press. This contact is somebody you can trust?”

“He seems to be a fan of Yuri’s, and he’s interviewed us both several times now. Seems to be an honest guy.”

“Good. I’ll send you the email addresses of some Russian reporters that have been bugging me. Once the word got around that you were out of communication for training a few took a chance and boarded flights to Japan. They would probably like that information too.”

“I’ll pass them along to newscaster Morooka,” Yuri replied.

Yakov grunted and nodded. Then, “Yura, can I borrow your phone?”

Yurio blinked and handed it over, and camera focusing on Yakov alone. He held it down a minute, giving Victor and Yuri a good view of the ceiling. “All of you back to practice. You can catch up
with Vitya in Moscow now that you know what’s going on.”

The sound of blades could be heard as Yakov carried the phone to what appeared to be an office.

“I heard the audio Katsuki.” He was quiet until Victor nodded. “Are you an alpha?”

“Yes, but I’m private about it.”

Yakov grunted again. “I’m a bit shocked. I’d always assumed you were an omega. So are you going
to tell the press that?”

Yuri and Victor exchanged a glance. “Ah, no… I think it’s better if the press goes on believing
whatever they want. Questions of secondary gender won’t be answered.”

Yakov visibly softened. “I think it’s for the best.”

Yuri nodded. “I know how private Vitya is about it. And honestly, it’s none of their business. If they
want to get us backwards, then I’m fine with it. I’ve been assumed to be an omega for so long that it
rarely bothers me. And now, I have a reason to not argue against it.”

Yuri tangled his fingers with Victor’s between them.

“Vitya… were you going into heat? Is that why that alpha was in a rut rage?”

Victor nodded.

“You should be more careful.”

“We used the strongest soaps available!” Victor protested.

Yakov huffed.

“It’s true,” Yuri scolded, defending his mate. “I was sitting less than a meter away, and could barely
smell him. I don’t know how that other alpha could unless he was right next to us in the waiting area.
That’s the only thing I can even think happened. It was crowded enough, but once we got to a table
he had to come in from another room.”

Yakov stared, then nodded. “I need to get back. I’m still angry with you Vitya, but… you seem
happier. We’ll talk in Moscow.”

Victor smiled. “Thanks Yakov.”

“Katsuki, thank you for protecting him.”

“Of course.”

The call ended, and they both breathed sighs of relief.

“Who’s next?” Yuri asked.

“Us,” Victor replied, leaning back into the alpha.

“Oh?”

“I just want to relax and it be us for a few minutes.”

“I like that plan.”
They sat in silence for several minutes, leaning against each other.

“Yuri? How many kinds of dance do you know?”

Yuri laughed. “Well ballet is what I know the best. But I added Jazz and some other solo styles while in Detroit.”

“How many partner dances?”

“Hmm… Waltz, tango, a bit of Argentine tango, it’s just different enough that I’m not as comfortable with it as regular tango. Cha-cha, merengue, couple more salsa styles. Foxtrot, lindy hop, jitterbug, and Charleston. Then bits and pieces of other stuff.”

“Wow.”

“Why?”

“Just thinking of the first time we met.”

“Oh? Did you want to dance with me?”

Victor leaned in and nodded against his shoulder.

“Do you want to dance now Vitya?”

Victor nodded again.

Yuri scrolled through a music app on his phone until he came to an old playlist he’d set up to practice to. He kissed Victor’s cheek. “Up.”

The music started, and Victor’s smile lit up the studio. Yuri settled his right hand at the omega’s waist and took his mate’s right in his left.

“Tango ok?”

Victor nodded, a look of nostalgia in his eyes. Yuri was confused, but didn’t ask.

Yuri smiled, counted to the start of the next phrase then led his mate around the studio, Victor smiling the whole time.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Pochemu ty pozvolil Katsuki vstupit' v boy pryamo pered sorenovaniyami? = Почему ты позволил Катсуки вступить в бой прямо перед соревнованиями? = Why did you let Katsuki get in a fight right before a competition? (according to google)

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage
Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Afterglow

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuri finally get some time on the ice, but more importantly they are able to connect as they want to that night.

Chapter Notes

Hey all! So before we get into the story, I'm expecting to have to cut back a bit come May. Not much, but enough where I think I'll have to reduce the number of updates per week. At the same time more I've had several people ask for more frequent updates to In Our Dreams. With that in mind I've put together a 2 question poll about what updates people want to see. I'd appreciate if you could answer, and I'll take responses for at least a week. https://goo.gl/forms/W3XikW44qUauJbla2

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They danced for nearly an hour in the empty studio, lights off and blinds drawn so that nobody outside could see. Tango gave way to waltz, to swing, to salsa, music pouring from the tiny speaker of Yuri’s cell phone. When their legs finally protested they curled into a corner and kissed until their lips were red and swollen.

At some point they sent texts to the remaining people, and decided to give the news of the press conference time to circulate.

Eventually they fell asleep, Victor curled against Yuri’s chest.

Yuri awoke some time later to the buzz of his phone on the hardwood floor. He picked it up to see a text message from Yuko.

He looked down to the man sleeping in his arms and smiled. Somehow the noise hadn’t woken the omega, and the peaceful smile on his face was beatific. He’d never get enough of the sight.

Yuri returned his attention to his phone and unlocked it with one hand, the other rubbing circles on his mate’s back. He read the message from Yuko.

Monday 5:11 pm - Hi Yuri, the news of the press conference worked. The reporters have mostly cleared out, except for a handful of questionable ones. I think you could easily ignore them. I called Mari and she said the inn is mostly clear now too.

Yuri smiled, and replied quickly.
5:15 pm - Great, thanks. We’ve not eaten since lunch so we’ll grab something and be there in a little while for practice.

5:17 pm - You have your keys with you?

5:18 pm - Yes.

5:18 pm - Good. I’ll be here for a while closing out the day, but it’ll be time for me to head home soon. Takeshi is on the zamboni now, so you’ll have fresh ice when you get here. Let yourselves in if we’re already gone.

5:19 pm - Thanks Yu-chan.

5:19 pm - Of course! See you tomorrow if not in a bit.

Yuri set his phone aside and stared at his mate for a few more moments. He was loathe to wake his omega, but if they wanted to practice then they needed to get going.

“Vitya,” Yuri murmured, drawing his thumb over the Russian’s pale cheek.

“Hnnn,” Victor replied, burrowing into the alpha’s chest.

Yuri chuckled. “Come on Vitya. Yuko texted. The rink is almost press free. Let’s go get something to eat then get a few hours of practice in.”

Victor curled his arms around Yuri’s waist and squeezed. “Comfy.”

Yuri laughed. “You might be now, but I bet your body will yell at you later for falling asleep in such a weird position on a hardwood floor.”

Ocean-blue eyes cracked open and Victor stared up at Yuri. “Are you calling me old?”

Yuri blinked, then smiled. “Who said anything about age? I’m just saying that the way you’re curled around me is probably not the best for sleeping, especially on the dance floor.”

Yuri leaned in just enough to kiss Victor’s forehead. “Let’s get a few hours of practice in so that tomorrow isn’t my first time back on the ice. Need to look good for the reporters.”

Victor grumbled, but pushed himself off the alpha’s chest. He stood and offered his hand to Yuri, then wrapped the smaller man in his arms. They kissed for a moment before Yuri reached up and placed his hands on either side of his mate’s face.

“I know,” Yuri said softly. He could see need in Victor’s eyes, and it was eating at him as well. “This is supposed to be a day when we just enjoy each other. I’m so sorry.”

Victor shook his head. “I knew it would be hard. We don’t have enough time before we have to leave for Russia. It’s just…”

Yuri kissed the side of the omega’s mouth. “I know. We weren’t expecting to have to hide from the media on top of it.”


Yuri nodded. “I think we’ll have to dance more often.”

Victor’s smile widened into his heart-shaped grin. “Really?”
“Until our legs fall off. Just… not right before a competition.”

“Deal!”

They kissed then made their way outside. The afternoon was quiet behind the studio, and Yuri led them to a secluded restaurant he knew nearby. After a brief meal they drove to the rink, using the mobility of the car to check out the handful of reporters milling about before determining that it was indeed reasonable to go inside.

As Yuri was parking he received a text from Yuko.

5:56 pm - Saw your family’s car drive by and park. Takeshi is waiting at the back door to let you in. There’s nobody back there. :-)

Victor had already taken a few steps toward the front of the building. Yuri jogged a few paces to catch up and steered him toward the back door where a frazzled-looking Takeshi was waiting.

“You just had to go show what a bad-ass you are when you want to be, didn’t you?” Takeshi teased as the men slipped inside. He hugged Yuri. “Yuko said you had to go to the police for some reason last week, but an alpha fight wasn’t what I was expecting.”

Yuri rubbed the back of his neck nervously. “Honestly I didn’t think it would blow up like this. We didn’t know that the paparazzi was still on us. Sorry for all the trouble I caused.” Yuri bowed deeply.

Takeshi laughed. “Don’t worry about it. Just next time, bloody the guy up a bit so people realize it’s an alpha fight. I’m tired of them asking if you’re in heat or pregnant.”

“Nishigori!”

The older alpha laughed and started walking toward the front. “Ice is ready for you guys. Yuko and I are headed home.”

Yuri smiled. “Thanks for your help.”

“Anything for you, you know that.”

“Thanks Nishigori.”

Yuri was enveloped in the circle of Victor’s arms and they nuzzled into each other in the quiet hallway for a moment before heading to the lobby and the locker that Yuri had stored their skates in.

Yuri put on his skates, and was happy to see that Victor didn’t do the same. The alpha part of him wanted his mate to rest and recover after the heat, and the dancing had been plenty of exertion.

Luckily his own muscles felt loose from dancing, so Yuri only stretched a bit.

Victor looked unsure as Yuri took to the ice. The younger man skated to the barrier, kissed the omega then put on a serious face.

“What are we starting with today coach?” he asked, barely holding back a bit of mirth at the end.

Victor smiled and leaned on the barrier. “Let’s see how several days off affected you. Warm up, then let’s run the programs.”

Yuri grinned and couldn’t help himself as he grabbed Victor’s shirt and pulled his boyfriend up for another kiss.
“Starting with seduction? I like what you’re thinking.”

Victor smiled against his lips. “Don’t you have it backwards? Aren’t I supposed to seduce you today, to keep you in my nest?”

Yuri chuckled and kissed his mate again. “You’ve done that you know. You’ll have to kick me out if you want to be rid of me.” He moved and nosed at the omega’s scent gland, nipping at it softly until the older man gasped and shivered.

He didn’t stop until Victor was purring and nuzzling back into Yuri’s scent gland.

When Yuri pulled back he ran his thumbs over the Russian’s cheekbones. He stared into ocean-blue eyes. “Stop me if you need to. I know this is far from ideal, that we should be curled together and reconnecting.”

Victor closed his eyes and nodded into Yuri’s hand.

“Think we can do three hours of practice Vitya?”

Victor nodded again.

Yuri kissed him again. “We’ll go home after, relax in the onsen for a bit, and spend some time connecting in bed. Does that sound nice?”

“Mmm.”

“Good.” Yuri took a breath, still unsure about how Victor’s thoughts on their dynamic might have changed. “Your alpha is here Vitya. I’m not leaving.”

Victor opened his eyes and looked at Yuri with a smile.

When Yuri started through his rundown of Eros a few minutes later he reflected on their weekend, and used the movement to tell his mate that he would never stop seducing him.

Yuri was at war with himself. The warm water of the onsen was soothing to his tired muscles. But it conflicted with the itch under his skin. Though Victor leaned against him, he felt he hadn’t been paying enough attention to his mate.

He knew it was nonsense, but his alpha side protested that too much time had passed since they’d been intimate. A small voice within insisted that since the omega hadn’t courted him all day that he had been wanted only for the heat.

It was hard to reconcile the reality of daily life with the pull of instinct.

The sound of cascading water as Victor stood. Yuri looked up and the Russian put his hand on Yuri’s shoulder, giving it a slight squeeze. *Join me.*

Yuri nodded and stood, silently following his mate. They rinsed, dried and dressed in silence before making their way back to their room.

As soon as the door slid closed they came together, kissing desperately as if afraid that the other would leave any minute. Arms wrapped around each other, hands clenched in fabric, holding the other close, fighting to keep the other from turning away.
As the kisses lengthened and deepened, hands worked at the sashes on their yukatas. Yuri loosened Victor’s first, drawing the fabric down and off the omega’s shoulders so that he could suck fresh marks into the skin.

Victor gasped and moaned, even as he pushed back against the alpha’s mouth.

Yuri’s chest rumbled in approval. His omega wanted his marks. He continued to move his lips, sucking and nibbling on pale skin until a fresh crop of blooms mixed with the slightly faded ones of days earlier.

“Yuri…” Victor whined.

Yuri pushed his mate until the back of his legs were against the bed. Victor sat and wrapped his arms around the younger man’s waist, nuzzling against the skin that showed through the loosened yukata.

He slid his fingers underneath the omega’s chin, and lifted until he could stare into the Russian’s eyes. They held that pose for several minutes, studying each other, the smell of slick slowly building in the air.

“Yuri…” Victor whimpered.

The sound was too much and the dam broke. Yuri kissed his mate passionately, and as Victor scooted back on the bed he followed, keeping their lips joined. It wasn’t until the Russian laid back on the pillows that they came apart.

Yuri quickly removed the rest of their clothes and bent down to savor his mate. He kissed and licked the smooth skin, touching it, smelling it, tasting it. Victor’s moans were music in his ears. He pulled back and watched the omega’s face contort in pleasure as he slid first one, then two fingers inside, opening him as quickly as he could without hurting him.

“Vitya,” Yuri rumbled, pulling his fingers free and pressing his aching cock into the welcoming heat, “you’re the only omega I want.”

Victor’s back arched as the alpha filled him and started moving, fingers digging into Yuri’s arms.

Yuri rocked in a deep, steady rhythm, drawing his cock over the omega’s sweet spot with every thrust. He was unrelenting, driving anything but pleasure from his mate’s mind, and he growled in approval when his partner came with a moan, cum spurting over his chest.

“You’re so beautiful Vitya,” he crooned as he continued to move. “Do you have more in there for me? Will you come again?”

Victor’s hips rose in reply, inviting the alpha even deeper inside. Yuri growled approvingly and snapped his hips forward, setting a faster stronger pace.

His knot was swelling. He leaned over, reaching with one hand to brush the scent glands on Victor’s neck.

The omega understood immediately. He rose up on his elbows and offered his neck, flexibility helping to make up for their height differences.

Yuri pressed in, fucking hard and fast. He leaned to kiss and suck on Victor’s scent gland, appreciating the increased volume of his mate’s sounds.

He pulled the skin into his mouth and bit, not hard enough to puncture but enough to provide intense
pleasure to his mate. He growled possessively.

Mine, he thought before instinct demanded he say it aloud.

“Mine,” he declared, releasing the skin. He nipped and sucked at it. “My omega. My mate.”

Victor came hard, cum spreading warm on the skin between them. The clench was enough to send Yuri over the edge and he spilled into his mate while his knot grew.

They both trembled with aftershocks for several minutes, Yuri’s jaw locked on Victor’s scent gland, until the omega was too weak to support himself and collapsed back against the bed. Yuri laid on his chest, content to listen to the heartbeat of the man he loved.

He felt, then heard a whine from Victor. Yuri smiled and pushed up. Victor propped himself on his elbows again, and Yuri exposed his scent gland to his omega.

Victor nuzzled into Yuri, nosing the spot. Yuri released his pheromones, making the Russian purr.

I’m yours Vitya.

Yuri gasped as the feel of kisses against the sensitive skin built fresh pleasure in his core. He closed his eyes, a pleased rumble in his chest as Victor nipped, then a satisfied growl as his omega bit softly into the skin.

His mate wanted him, and it was the most wonderful feeling imaginable. He lost himself in the sensation of being touched like that.

“Mine… my alpha… my mate.”

Yuri gasped and growled as the words pushed him over the edge. He came again, spilling inside his omega.

He shook, but as the aftershocks of pleasure dwindled he had the intense need to hold his partner. He urged Victor to lay back, then wrapped his arms around the larger man and used his strength to pull him so that the omega was sitting in his lap, knot still firmly in place.

They alternated between kissing and stimulating each other’s scent glands until the knot receded.

For several minutes they sat there, Yuri still inside Victor. They weren’t bonded, but there was a definite shift in their relationship. They had each declared the other as their mate.

Ocean-blue eyes met chocolate brown, and an entire conversation took place in the silence of the gaze. There was new awareness, their love had been declared in a different way.

Yuri reached up and ran his thumb over Victor’s cheekbone. “My mate…” he murmured.

Victor mirrored the motion and words before their lips came together softly, hands sliding from cheeks to rest at the nape of the other’s neck.

It was a quiet thing, deeply personal. A promise to the other. Bonding would come later, and they both knew it as fingers teased at the back of their necks.

Yuri was still hard as he laid Victor back down on the bed. He rocked into him slowly, drawing several orgasms from the omega before the Russian passed out from pleasure.

When Yuri laid down beside the platinum-haired man he drew his fingers over the delicate features.
“My mate…” he murmured.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Don't forget to vote in the update schedule poll at https://goo.gl/forms/W3XikW44qUauJbIa2

So a couple of AU things that you might be wondering about after this chapter.

The day after a heat is vitally important to the couple. If it was just about sex for either then the alpha can just leave, or the omega kick them out of the nest. The breeding part is over. However, if neither of those happen then things change a bit. It's the omega's job to prove to the alpha that they are worthy, that the alpha should stay rather than look for another omega to breed with. It's not grand gestures, but little intimate things throughout the day. The alpha will respond, or not, as the seduction goes on. If the alpha doesn't feel that there is enough interest from the omega then they'll leave. It's a very very delicate time, and to have it interrupted like this isn't all that healthy. Ideally they'd have stayed at the hotel one more day.

As to the mating, it's the first time they've said it aloud, even though Yuri's been thinking it for a while. Doing it on the day following a heat is a pretty big deal though. In a way that might make more sense, in mating terms, they're not married because they're not bonded, but they're more than engaged. However, mating is a very private thing, so larger symbols like marriages, which are public, are still very important.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri realized that he’d fallen asleep when his mind protested the lamp still being on. He scrunched his face and rolled to turn it off without opening his eyes. He was stopped by a hand on his shoulder.

“Not yet,” Victor said softly.

Yuri turned back and opened his eyes to see Victor staring at him.

“I like watching you sleep,” the Russian murmured.

Yuri smiled and settled back under the covers. They looked at each other, just taking the other in for several minutes before they came together with chaste kisses.

“Yuri…” Victor whispered between kisses. “How’d I get so lucky to have you?”

“Hey,” Yuri chuckled, “that’s my line.”

Victor smiled, and they resumed just staring at each other, fingers trailing over faces and chests. As they continued Yuri realized that there was something on his mate’s mind.

Yuri shifted just enough to kiss Victor’s forehead. “Are the post-heat emotions settled a bit?”

Victor nodded under the alpha’s lips.

“Good.”
“Yuri?”

“Yes Vitya?”

“Thank you.”

Yuri ran his cheek over platinum hair. “You’re welcome, but I don’t know what you’re thanking me for.”

Victor tugged on Yuri’s arms until he scooted back down enough for them to look into each other’s eyes.

“Thank you Yuri, for saving me from myself.”

Yuri leaned in and kissed his mate. Victor smiled in return.

“I don’t remember doing anything that big,” Yuri whispered.

“Because you didn’t do it in one big show, but in the tiny things that built up. I didn’t know what to expect when I arrived all those months ago. What I got though, exceeded what I would have ever imagined. I have a second family here, your parents and Mari, Minako, Takeshi, Yuko and the triplets. I showed up with no notice, and everybody accepted me.

“And somehow you gave me even more than that. You accepted me, but you trusted me too. You put your career in my hands, even though I’d never coached before. You had no way of knowing if I’d be a good coach or a bad one. I’ve made mistakes, some of them pretty big, but you’ve flourished despite my shortcomings. I’ve watched you grow from somebody almost broken with self-doubt, to a man who has the strength to shine every time he steps on the ice.”

“I’m not that strong…”

Victor kissed Yuri softly. “Yes you are Yuri. Stop underselling yourself. You’re incredible.”

Yuri made a noise, but hushed as Victor kept talking.

“I would have fallen in love with you anyway, I had already started to. You’re such an amazing person I don’t know if anything would have prevented me falling in love with you.

“Then I had that heat, and I was terrified. I didn’t want you to see me that way. I felt so weak, unable to even control my instincts. Because of my history I felt worthless as a person during my heats. I was scared you would hate me and abandon me. Who wants to be coached by an omega?

“You walked in, and I realized you were an alpha. For a moment I thought that all my worst fears would come true. Not only was it presumptuous for an alpha to be trained by an omega, but I would not be able to refuse your advances if you made them, my body would win. That part of myself I so hated, that I tried so hard to overcome, would win.

“I was unable to fight against my instinct, and you were so close I know that it was affecting you. But you were strong, and instead of giving in, you protected me. You made me submit, but for my own sake. When I realized, even in that hazy state, that you were close, keeping me safe from other alphas, it made me love you even more.

“You never treated me any different. You absorbed the information that I’m an omega into our interactions, but not to belittle or diminish me, but just as a fact of who I am. You were patient, giving me the space to find out how I felt about my own nature.”
“I’m still scared of my omega side, I don’t know if that will ever change. That fear is rooted too deep, but I can accept it when I’m with you. You manage to say without words that it doesn’t define me, but that you love it without question as a part of me. You don’t let it determine our relationship. I feel I have the room to be myself in your arms, whether it’s the skater, the coach, the man I am, or the omega. You accept them all.

“I was terrified when I asked you to share my heat. Even my love and trust for you couldn’t push those tiny voices from my mind. I’d been too hurt, too damaged. Once the hormones took over I’d have no control. My instinct would demand that I submit to you if necessary, anything to sate that overwhelming drive.

“But you gave me a way to communicate, to tell you what I needed. You insisted that my comfort was necessary, and that you would put my needs first. You held to it. After so many heats locking myself away in fear, pushing my body to the breaking point, not wanting to leave my nest for even the most basic things, you took care of me. I’d normally be severely dehydrated and shaking from lack of nutrients after a heat. I’ve not come out of a heat in as good as condition as these last two since I was a young teen and my mother would look after me.

“The entire time, you made me feel loved. When I wasn’t sure about the breeding talk you forced yourself into silence, and I could feel how much pain you were in. Your alpha side needed it so much, but you didn’t want to upset me. But even then, after you started talking it was full of love and praise. It wasn’t demeaning, it was hopeful, gentle expectation for our future. It wasn’t about just using me for children, it was about starting a family.

“You have hopes and dreams, and somewhere along the line I became a part of them, and you’re a part of mine.”

Victor paused for a minute to take a deep breath.

“You saved me from myself Yuri. Before you I was broken. Skating was all I had, but it was no longer enough. The medals, so hard fought for, weighed me down. Each one was a fulfillment of expectation, and each only made the fans clamor for more the next season, the next performance.

“I was on a path of self-destruction. I’d lost my inspiration, but all I knew, all I trusted was skating. The thought of retirement was terrifying, and a part of me thought that the slow decline of skating past my prime was preferable to the chasm of the unknown.

“I was desperately lonely, I wanted a connection so badly, but I refused to reach out because I couldn’t bear the thought of being hurt again. Who could love me? All my achievements were nothing in the face of my biology.

“Then you crashed into my life. You wear your emotions on your sleeve, and you skate them even clearer. You’re nothing like I expected, but everything I needed and more. You called to me, and I’m so very glad I answered.”

Victor paused and ran his thumb over Yuri’s face. “Yuri, I don’t know if I’ll ever be comfortable with myself, especially my omega side. But I’m comfortably with you. I trusted you with my deepest secrets and fears, and instead of turning away you embraced me and all my flaws.

“So thank you Yuri. You saved me from myself, and I can’t imagine life without you.”

Yuri realized that he was crying. “Vitya…” he choked out.

Victor leaned in and kissed him.
They kissed for several minutes, overwhelmed with emotion.

“'I'm none of those things you describe though,’” Yuri protested when they separated. “'I’m just me.”

Victor smiled softly. “You’re far more incredible than you give yourself credit for Yuri.”

“You’re given me a lot to live up to you know.”

Victor scooted down in the bed and laid his head on Yuri’s chest. “You can handle it, and exceed it. I wouldn’t give you more than you can bear, and when it weighs heavy I’ll help you carry it.”

Yuri laid his hand on Victor’s back and rubbed small circles on the warm skin. “I’m just afraid of disappointing you.”

“You could never disappoint me Yuri.” Victor looked up and their eyes met. A smile passed between them before their lips came together again.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I know it was rambling and sorta all over the place, but that's both the thing I loved and hated. It's got an innate TRUTH to it. So hopefully that all worked for you too.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Press

Chapter Summary

The press conference arrives, with Victor and Yuri eager to put the drama of the attack in the park behind them.

Chapter Notes

Just for reference in this chapter, italicized questions means that the question was asked in Russian and Yuri is hearing the translation. It just seemed the easiest way to handle it.

Now... sorry for anybody having to log in to answer the poll. There were some shenanigans, and I caught people refreshing and revoting in a blatant manner (seriously, I had flipped over to the tab and watched about 10 identical responses come in over a matter of seconds. Caught red-handed as it were). I had initially left the vote limiting off because it requires a sign-in to a google account, but after looking at the spreadsheet and seeing how blatant it was in terms of large chunks of identical votes in relatively short timespans I knew that there were obvious attempts at rigging the results. While I'm disinclined to start the poll over, I haven't ruled it out yet. I may just go through and toss what looks questionable, or figure since it was hovering around 50/50 to just go from now.

Disappointed author is disappointed. :-/

Anyway, onto the press conference chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuri woke a short while before his alarm was set to go off. He thought about watching Victor sleep until it sounded, but when he turned and opened his eyes he found that the Russian was already awake and watching him.

Yuri smiled and moved in for a kiss. “I guess we had the same idea.”

Victor smiled and pulled the smaller man into his arms. “Mine,” he murmured as he nuzzled Yuri’s hair. “My mate.”

“Mmmm, all yours,” Yuri agreed, closing his eyes and breathing deep the scent of his omega.

They kissed until both their cocks were hard and aching, and when they couldn’t stand it any longer Yuri pushed Victor onto his back and made love to him until their alarm went off. Even then he didn’t stop until the first few snoozes had elapsed, savoring the way his name rolled off his mate’s tongue in ecstasy; the way Victor’s hands curled into the sheets as pleasure overwhelmed him.

Their hands linked together as they strode to the rink, Yuri’s head on Victor’s shoulder. They knew the chances were high of being photographed, especially with the press attention. Somehow they
couldn’t bring themselves to care about such a simple thing as holding hands or leaning against each other being in the press. They’d kissed on international television so it wasn’t a surprise after all, and they had more important things on their minds.

They’d declared their love for each other in a new way by claiming one another as mates. It was a different dynamic and so much more meaningful than the label of boyfriends. There was a quiet reassurance in the act, and the entire walk to the rink there was a low rumble of satisfaction coming from Yuri, and an equally pleased purr from Victor.

Yuri turned his head up to look at his omega, and Victor returned the glance with a smile. They were stronger together, and they knew that no matter what the press threw at them, they would be able to weather it. They kissed softly, and finished their walk to the rink in the soft light of the morning.

There were a handful of paparazzi waiting when they arrived at the rink a few minutes after seven. They pushed past easily and informed the pushy tabloid writers that no questions would be addressed until the press conference, which was scheduled for ten that morning.

Yuri managed two hours of practice before he had to leave the ice and prepare. Takeshi had transformed the lobby into an impromptu conference area, placing a small platform with a lectern and chairs at one end, and turning the benches to roughly a ‘V’ shape in front of it.

Morooka arrived about the same time that Yuri was leaving the ice, around nine-thirty. The skater noticed that Victor was conferring with the journalist, and from the snippets of conversation he heard, the omega was agreeing to point out the reputable Russian journalists so that the Japanese one would know which of his foreign peers were more likely to ask questions that stayed away from the gender dynamic issue.

When Yuri returned from a short shower, during which he used some of the strongest scent-masking soaps he could, he paled to see that in addition to the normal crop of milling reporters and photographers, an assortment of videographers were setting up behind the back row of benches.

“This is really a big enough deal for television?” he squeaked, walking up to where Morooka and Victor were still discussing logistics. They were squeezed into a corner so that they could talk softly while others set up. Morooka’s eyebrows rose when Yuri came near, and the skater had the impression that the newscaster could faintly smell Victor, despite the strong soaps. So soon after rut he could likely smell them both and had figured out the true dynamics between them.

“It seems our absence this weekend only fueled speculation,” Victor explained with a sigh. “We missed the window in which a statement would have been sufficient.”

Other videographers were setting up additional cameras rinkside, coming and going from the ice.

Yuri scrunched his face. He didn’t mind Morooka knowing so much, he trusted the journalist’s ability to keep the knowledge secret. But he didn’t want to take the chance of others crowding in. He tugged on both their sleeves. “I know a place where we can talk out of the way of people coming in and setting up.”

The other men nodded, and Yuri lead them to the far side of the ice, to the storage area, half-empty with the platform and other meeting items in the lobby. The zamboni stood still and silent in the other half of the space.

Realizing that Morooka could smell his mate had unexpectedly put Yuri on edge. He knew that it
was due to their proximity earlier, but he wanted to keep that delicate scent to himself.

The scheduled start was quickly approaching, and there was just enough time for one last review of what they would and would not answer. Morooka looked at his notes and ran it over with them, making sure that they weren’t missing anything. Then the trio returned to the lobby and the mass of reporters waiting for them.

Victor squeezed Yuri’s hand as they watched Morooka take his place at the lectern and lay out the rules and what would happen.

“It’ll be fine,” the Russian whispered, noticing the slight shake in Yuri’s fingers. “He was extremely professional and I trust that he’ll handle this perfectly.”

Yuri’s eyes flicked to the crowded room and back to his mate’s face. “I’m just worried. My instincts are on edge, and I’m not the most comfortable person with the press anyway.”

Victor kissed his forehead, and Yuri was glad that they were in the shadowed hall. “I’m right here. We’ll get this over with as quickly as possible.”

Yuri nodded, and they turned to wait for Morooka to finish outlining procedures. They had agreed to hold as much of the event in English as possible, but they knew that there were a handful of reporters that only spoke Japanese or Russian. Luckily there appeared to be translators present for those who needed them.

“Ready?” Victor whispered.

“Yeah.”

Victor lead the way to the makeshift stage, taking the chair closer to Morooka and the lectern.

“Thank you for coming today,” Morooka said, officially starting the proceedings. “Let’s get started with a review of the facts before we move onto questions.”

Yuri tensed. He’d allowed Victor and Morooka to discuss most of the details so he didn’t know exactly what was coming.

Morooka glanced to his notes and started. “On Wednesday November eighteenth skater Katsuki and coach Nikiforov were out to dinner at Cafe Paris. At roughly twenty-one thirty an intoxicated alpha in obvious pre-rut approached their table. A few words were exchanged after a refused advance. Employees removed the alpha from the restaurant, and it was assumed that the incident had concluded.

“Following their departure from the restaurant Katsuki and Nikiforov took a path through a nearby park on their return path to Yutopia Katsuki. It was there that they were re-approached by the alpha. There were additional words exchanged, and both Katsuki and Nikiforov were attempting to leave peacefully when Katsuki was attacked. The ensuing fight has been widely viewed via the video posted online, and bears no recounting.

“The police were summoned. After evidence and witness testimony were evaluated on location Katsuki was released, and returned to the precinct office the following day to make statements. There were no injuries, a fact that is proven by the police reports. No charges are pending on any parties, as Katsuki declined to file them against the attacker.

“At that time the matter was considered concluded by both the local police as well as the Japanese Skating Federation, with no action taken against skater Katsuki for his involvement in the incident.
“Following their statements Thursday, Katsuki and Nikiforov prepared for a pre-planned weekend away for training and focusing on the upcoming Rostelecom Cup, and were unaware of the leaked video to the internet on Friday night. They were made aware on Monday morning, and at that time called for these proceedings in order to address questions about this matter.”

Morooka turned slightly. “Skater Katsuki, coach Nikiforov, we appreciate your time today, especially given your tight schedule in advance of this weekend’s competition. Is there anything you would like to add before I open the floor for questions?”

Yuri and Victor both stood and bowed to the assembled press. “Thank you for coming,” Yuri said for them both before they sat again.

Morooka nodded and chose a sports reporter Yuri recognized from a rival Tokyo station for the first question.

“Katsuki-san, there are no reported injuries, but do you think this incident will affect your upcoming competition?”

“Thank you,” Yuri replied. “No, I don’t expect this to affect my performance at the Rostelecom Cup. I am uninjured and feel in top form.”

The reporter sat, and Morooka called on one of the Russians for the next question. The man asked Victor a question that Yuri couldn’t understand, but he could see the blue eyes mulling it over as it was repeated in English for the benefit of the room.

“Mr. Nikiforov, as a coach how do you think this incident will affect your skater?”

Yuri was internally grateful that at least some of the Russian media were taking Victor’s switch to coaching in stride and treating him with respect for it.

“Thank you,” Victor replied. “I’ve seen no decline in Yuri’s ability as a skater since this took place, he was in prime condition during this weekend’s training and I expect that to hold through to the competition in Moscow.”

Yuri didn’t recognize the next reporter, and from the look on Victor’s face he didn’t was well, but Morooka seemed only mildly hesitant about calling on him. Yuri realized that he was an American as soon as he spoke, the southern accent giving it away.

“Mr. Katsuki,” he drawled, “could you please elaborate on any previous interaction with Mr. Takahashi?”

“Who?” Yuri asked, confused.

“Itsuki Takahashi,” the reporter drawled, drawing out the ‘u.’ “The man who attacked you. Was this someone who you were previously familiar with, perhaps a past suitor?”

Yuri saw Morooka flinch slightly.

“Ah,” Yuri responded quickly. “No, this was not a person previously known to me. Additionally, we would appreciate that his name not be used. We, and we assume he as well, would like this incident to be quickly forgotten.”

Yuri’s admission that they did not know the attacker seemed to cause a number of additional questions, and several pens were held in the air as reporters clamored to ask the obvious.
“Katsuki-san,” the next reporter asked. “If you were not previously acquainted with your attacker, how did he know to approach you in the restaurant? Employees indicate that neither you nor Nikiforov-san had a strong presence that evening.”

Yuri had to resist the urge to sigh with frustration. “We assume that he smelled one or both of us in the crowded waiting area prior to becoming intoxicated. We had been training intensely in advance of this weekend’s competition, and our scents may have been detectable despite strong masking soaps.”

“Are you not currently on suppressants?” another asked.

“I’m sorry,” Morooka cut in. “That question verges on the rule of no questions pertaining to secondary gender, and I will not ask either Katsuki-san or Nikiforov-san to answer it.”

The reporter sat back down with a huff.

Yuri was grateful for Morooka’s skill at moderating the discussion.

“Katsuki-san, will you comment on why you declined to press charges in the assault?”

Yuri nodded. “While I am disappointed that this incident occurred, I feel that there was no malice in the attack. I’m fully of the belief that the other man acted in response to hormones, and would not have been so violent at any other time. Because of this I felt it wrong to punish him further for something he is likely already regretting.”

There was a moment of silence before another pen was raised.

“Katsuki-san, Nikiforov-san, you indicated that you had already been scheduled to be away over the weekend for training, but there is no evidence of this. Can you direct us to a hotel that can confirm that reservations were made prior to the attack?”

Yuri shook his head. “Apologies, but we made arrangements with an uncle of mine who lives on Ogawashima, so there are no hotel reservations to confirm.”

“How can we be sure that this was a planned retreat and not a reaction to this video then?” the same reporter pressed. “Do you have anybody besides friends or family who can confirm that you were planning to be out of communication?”

Victor and Yuri looked at each other, trying to remember who they had told outside of the Nishigoris and the Katsukis.

“Umm,” Morooka said, interrupting their thoughts. “I may be able to help with that.”

Yuri and Victor both turned in surprise.

“I contacted Katsuki-san last week, prior to this incident, asking for a phone interview on Friday evening, ” the newscaster explained. “He informed me that he would be out of communication as of Friday afternoon, and offered a statement by email instead. With Katsuki-san’s permission I will make the exchange available, so that you may all verify the date stamps on the email.”

Morooka turned to Yuri, who nodded. “Of course.”

There was another murmur among the journalists.

“Mr. Nikiforov, is there a reason you allowed Mr. Katsuki to handle the attacker on his own?”
Victor smiled at the reporter, the same expression Yuri recognized as fake. “We all know that any
time an alpha is raging the more people involved the worse the situation becomes. I would have
stepped in had Yuri looked like he needed the assistance, but, as you can see from the video, he
handled the situation expertly.”

“Katsuki-san, would you have made this incident public knowledge had the video not been leaked to
the internet?”

Yuri blinked a few times while he tried to determine an answer. “While that is a hypothetical at this
point, I think the answer is probably ‘no.’ As there were no injuries, and no long-term repercussions
to either myself or my attacker I feel that this incident would have been of no consequence in any
other circumstances.”

“Do you believe that this attack was perhaps not an unplanned rage, but an attempt at sabotaging
your upcoming competition?” another American reporter asked.

Yuri laughed and waved the question away as if it were ridiculous. “No, I highly doubt that there is
anybody attempting to sabotage the competition.”

“What about Yuri Plisetsky? There are rumors that he views you as a rival after the Hot Springs on
Ice event, and you are both scheduled to compete in Moscow.”

Yuri scowled, and Victor wore a similar frown. Yuri’s voice took on a dangerous edge as he replied.
“I will not stand for such insinuations against a fifteen year old. Furthermore, he contacted me by text
himself to ensure that I was up to competition standards. Our rivalry is, and shall stay, where it
belongs, firmly on the ice. Outside of that I view him as an extended member of the family.”

Morooka was about to call on another reporter when Victor cut in. “I am also outraged that there
could be any question of Yura… Plisetsky’s integrity. I have known him since he came to train in St.
Petersburg at the age of ten, and while he is a fierce athlete, he sees strong competition as an
advantage rather than a hindrance. He works and trains hard to develop his own skills and would
never resort to such shameful tactics.”

The mood in the room had changed drastically, and though the masking soaps stripped the scent, the
effect of angry alpha pheromones lingered in the air. One of the men on the stage was clearly
incensed at the mere suggestion that the attack had been coordinated by the teen. Reporters coughed
nervously, trying to decide if it was worth it to continue with additional questions.

Morooka quickly called a close to the questioning, and invited interested parties to observe a bit of
practice.

Yuri was livid as he stormed to the locker room and pulled on his skates. The implication that he had
been attacked in an attempt to impact his skating was absurd, but to implicate Yurio was an outrage.
He struggled to keep his alpha side in check. The teen was not his child, but a part of his nature
wanted to protect him anyway.

Victor joined him in the locker room as the reporters made their way rinkside.

“How dare anybody question Yurio’s integrity?” Yuri seethed, trying not to punch a locker. The
edges of his vision were becoming blurry with rage. “He’s just a child. And he’s a damn fine skater.
He doesn’t need to resort to dirty tricks.”

Victor hovered a moment, then pulled Yuri into his arms, hand pushing the alpha’s nose against the
omega’s scent gland.
“Now’s not the time Yuri,” Victor cooed. “Let’s go out there. You show them some skating, and be over with this. Da?”

Yuri took a deep breath, the scent of his mate soothing the raw edges of his emotions. After a moment he nodded. “Yeah. Let’s get this over with.”

“Are you ok now?” Victor asked, running his thumbs over Yuri’s cheeks. Concern was plastered on his face.

“Yeah, I just… It made me so mad when they asked that question about Yurio. I don’t care what they say about me, but… he’s just a kid. He doesn’t need this crap looming over him.”

Victor nodded and kissed Yuri’s forehead. “I agree. I think you put them in their place for that though.”

Yuri chuckled. “That poor kid. First you mother-hen him, then I go all protective sire at a press conference.”

Victor returned the laugh. “And the angry kitten just wants to claw our eyes out.”

Yuri laughed, for real that time. “Let’s do this.”

Victor nodded.

A few minutes later Yuri was practicing the Eros routine in front of the reporters who had decided to stick around. After they left he and Victor thanked Morooka for his assistance, and helped Takeshi return the podium and lectern to the storage room.

When they left they ignored the shouted questions from the paparazzi, who had been ignored during the press conference. Questions of gender, and rumors of Yuri being pregnant assaulted their ears, but they didn’t stop.

They would have lunch, a bit of dance practice then another slice of time on the ice before they had to pack and leave for Moscow the following day. Absurd questions had no place in their tight schedule.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Next time, our boys are headed to Moscow!

If you haven't voted in the aforementioned poll, it's at: https://goo.gl/forms/W3XikW44qUauJbla2

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Arrival

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuri find themselves traveling on the day following the press conference.

Chapter Notes

So yeah, I skipped to the next day. Really, practice and packing just aren't all that interesting. This is kinda a filler chapter, but it's short, and everybody's favorite kitten makes an appearance, so hopefully I'll be forgiven.

Tomorrow is Dreams day, so next chapter of this will probably be on Tuesday evening MDT.

The poll thing is still going on at https://goo.gl/forms/W3XikW44qUauJbla2

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The thing Yuri loathed about travel wasn’t the time on airplanes and trains, at least then he felt like he was making progress. But nothing could be done about the hell that was the airport wait. Miserable people sat uncomfortably on the hard chairs, waiting for their flight to board.

It didn’t help that they’d had to leave Hasetsu at five that morning in order to make their eight AM flight.

Yuri yawned and leaned against Victor. He was exhausted from the early hour after the hectic day before. After the press conference they had scrambled for every scrap of training time before hastily packing and falling into bed.

Meanwhile, both of their hormones were still high so soon after heat and rut, and Yuri just wanted to take his mate home and make love to him. It seemed a much better use of time if he had to be awake anyway.

Victor put his arm around Yuri’s shoulder, and pulled him close. Yuri hummed softly when he felt lips against his hair. He felt no shame at the public display of affection, too tired and too much in love to care.

“Did you sleep at all?” Victor murmured.

“A little,” Yuri replied, closing his eyes and trying to get comfortable against his mate.

“Nerves?”
“Mmhmm, and just still frustrated about the video fallout.”

“It’ll blow over,” Victor replied softly.

“Mmm.”

Victor kissed Yuri’s hair again, and he felt more than heard the whispered words, “My mate.”

Yuri blushed and turned to look into Victor’s ocean-blue eyes. He placed one of his hands on the Russian’s cheek. “Mine,” he whispered in return.

They leaned their foreheads together, relaxing in each other’s presence for several minutes.

“I got a text from Yakov,” Victor murmured after a bit. “He’d like to talk to us tomorrow morning.”

“Should I be worried?” Yuri felt fear twist in his gut. The Russian coach intimidated him.

“The text wasn’t in all caps. I didn’t know his phone had a non-caps function. I think we’ll live.”

Yuri laughed. “Does he only have the volume settings of yell and loud yell?”

“Pretty much.”

“So which one is the volume I need to be concerned about?”

“Probably yell. Loud yell is his normal volume. Yell mean’s he’s quiet and mad.”

“What if he speaks in a normal voice?”

“Hell froze over and we’re all dead, so no need to worry.”

Yuri laughed loud enough to garner looks from those nearby. He leaned in again and Victor tangled their free hands together while they waited to be called for boarding.

“You’ve never been to Moscow, have you?”

Yuri shook his head. “No. Anything I should expect?”

Victor hummed in thought for a moment. “Not in particular as a visitor. It’s a gorgeous city. However…”

“Hmm?” Yuri turned his head slightly.

“Just thinking that this won’t be like my exhibition skate of a couple months ago. The public knows I’m coming. I expect there will be significant media attention.”

Yuri tensed, more media was the last thing he wanted.

“It’s ok Yuri. They’ll probably be focused on me until the competition starts.”

“I don’t know if that’s any better.”

Victor nuzzled Yuri’s hair again. “It’ll be fine. I know how to handle the Russian press, and I’ll keep the focus where it belongs.”

“Oh? And where is that?”
“On your beautiful skating.”

“I don’t know if that’s meant to make me feel better or worse.”

Victor chuckled. “I don’t know either.”

Yuri was about to ask what he meant when they heard the call for their boarding group over the loudspeaker. By the time they got in line and found their seats the question had slipped from his mind.

After eighteen hours spent between flying and airports a part of Yuri just wanted to collapse into bed. At the same time he’d slept on the plane so was in a half-zombie state, both exhausted and alert.

Victor, on the other hand, seemed energized. His eyes sparkled with excitement at being back in his home country. Yuri could hear the satisfaction in his mate’s voice at speaking Russian on a regular basis again, rather than English and the small amount of Japanese that he had picked up.

Yuri was reminded how much of a social creature his omega was, and felt guilty at the amount of solitude that he must have felt in a foreign country where only a handful of people surrounded him.

*Soon Vitya. I’ll win the Grand Prix Final, and I’ll ask Yakov to be my coach so that you can skate again. I really can’t keep you from it any longer, it’s wrong.*

The taxi dropped them off at the hotel, and one of the bellhops immediately recognized Victor, moving to help with the luggage. There was a short exchange in Russian, then the omega turned to Yuri.

“He says the press is camped out inside. Most of them probably won’t recognize you with your glasses and mask. I’ll go in, you wait here with him for a minute then he’ll go with you to check-in.”

Yuri nodded, and watched as Victor pulled out a pair of sunglasses, put them on and strode confidently through the glass doors.

The bellhop smiled and watched Victor, then turned his attention to Yuri. His expression was unreadable for a moment before he smiled politely.

Yuri had the distinct impression that he was being evaluated, that the man was trying to determine if he was a good enough reason for the Living Legend to have left his country to train a foreign skater. He shuffled nervously under the intense gaze until the other man waved for him to follow.

As soon as they walked in Yuri could see that Victor had indeed drawn the attention of the press. He had pointedly ignored them and was standing in line to get a coffee from the stand nestled into a corner of the lobby. All eyes were waiting for him to be ready to speak.

Yuri quickly followed the bellhop to the reception area, and he soon had key cards in hand. He glanced to where Victor was still in line and figured he’d get the bags taken care of before rescuing his mate from the press.

A few minutes later Yuri was standing in their room, trying to ignore the curious gaze of the Russian helping him as he noted that the room had only a single bed for the two men. Yuri quickly tipped the bellhop as soon as the bags were off his cart, and sank onto the bed in relief.
It was only a few minutes later, wondering when Victor would arrive that he realized that Victor didn’t know the room number. He could ask at reception, but Yuri decided to see if he could somehow slip him the information. He made his way back to the lobby and looked around.

When Yuri slunk to where he could see Victor still surrounded by press the omega had his arm slung around Yurio, a cup of coffee spilled on the floor beside him. Yuri sighed, Victor would probably want a fresh cup.

Somehow the press’s eyes were trained on Victor and Yurio, but Yuri was able to catch his mate’s attention. He held up nine fingers to indicate that they were on the ninth floor and saw Victor’s mouth tick up slightly.

It was only as he was making his way back to the elevators that he realized that he could have texted the information instead.

As he waited for the elevator to arrive Seung Gil Lee walked over and stood beside him. Yuri was reminded that there wasn’t anybody he was close with for the competition. Yurio was the exception, but he figured the teen would likely keep his distance.

The elevator doors slid open, and Yuri was first greeted by the site of the Crispino twins arguing about dinner with the Czech skater, then an excited Sara Crispino asking if Seung Gil wanted to join them. When the Korean skater bluntly declined another argument seemed on the verge of breaking out.

Luckily, the next elevator chimed it’s arrival and Yuri tried not to draw attention as he moved toward it.

He thought he’d made a clean escape when a leopard print shoe wedged between the doors, “Why are you sneaking around?” Yurio demanded as the elevator doors opened again to let him in.

Something about seeing the teen felt right, and Yuri’s face brightened. “Yurio, it’s good to see you again.”

“Tch!” the teen grumbled before allowing the doors to close behind him, shutting out the continuing argument between the Crispinos and Lee.

Silence filled the space as the elevator rose through the floors, and Yuri was eager to cut the tension. “Umm, good luck to both of us in the Rostelecom Cup.”

“Huh?” Yuri snarled. “You’ll suffer a miserable defeat here in Moscow. I’m going to have Victor stay here in Russia.”

Just like that, Yuri’s anxiety over his and Victor’s future roared up from the depths. He was reminded that they’d never really discussed what would happen after the Grand Prix Final, or what would happen if he didn’t make it.

If I can’t rank higher than fourth in this event, I won’t make it to the Grand Prix Final. And if I don’t, what will Victor do?

Yuri felt the nerves twist in his gut. He remembered that he wanted to approach Yakov about taking him on as a student, but the past week likely hadn’t helped, and if he didn’t place well in the Grand Prix Final then it was likely an impossibility.

But I can’t keep him from the ice any longer.
Yuri shrank in on himself as worry twisted through him. Yurio was right, if he didn’t do well over
the coming days his mate would be disappointed.

“Are you really an alpha?”

Yuri looked up from where he had been staring at his feet. Yurio’s fierce green eyes peered into him.

“What?”

Yurio pressed the stop button on the carriage. “Are you really an alpha?”

“Yes?” Yuri squeaked as the elevator ground to a halt.

“Are you really an alpha?”

Yuri sighed, and released a bit of his scent to assuage the teen. “Better?” he knew the scent itself
would be stripped, but the pheromones would still have an effect.

Yurio pulled back and studied him, body posture subconsciously submissive. “You really are an
alpha. Why do you hide it? Most alphas are proud to be at the top of the social ladder.”

Yuri sighed. “Do I look like an alpha? Do I act like one?”

“No.”

“Do you want to know what was said in that video?”

Yurio’s eyes widened slightly at the question.

“The drunk who attacked us, he called me a baby alpha. He made it clear that he didn’t think I was
worthy of Victor, and that he’d steal him away because he needed a real alpha.

“It wasn’t the first time I’ve been assumed weak because of my size or personality. The weak pick
on those they perceive as weaker in a foolish attempt to soothe their own egos. It’s a means of
asserting dominance if they win. That wasn’t my first alpha fight Yurio, it was my first over an
omega, but not the first time an alpha had decided to try and put a smaller alpha in their place. I got
sick of it, so I let people think what they want.”

“And if they call you an omega?”

Yuri shrugged. “I don’t care. At least now those rumors are helpful. The press still doesn’t have a
cue about Victor, do they?”

“No.” Silence fell for a moment before a flash of something passed over Yurio’s face. “He needs an
alpha who understands him.”

Yuri nodded without thinking about it.

Yurio’s eyes narrowed. “Don’t you dare hurt him. If you do, I’ll hunt you down myself.”

Yuri blinked, suddenly reminded of the conversation with Chris after the Cup of China. “Chris
would join you, you know.”

Yurio scowled. “I’m serious pig. I’m pissed off at him for leaving, but they’ll never find your body if
you hurt him.”
“Wow Yurio, I didn’t know you cared so much.”

Yurio snarled and slammed his fist against the button to make the carriage move. A moment later it stopped on the eighth floor and the teen stepped off. As the doors were closing he moved between them again.

“Listen,” the teen’s voice was surprisingly subdued. “Thank you.”

Yuri blinked.

“You didn’t have to defend me at that press conference, and definitely not in the way you did. I’m not a part of your family, but…”

Yurio paused and looked around.

“Some of the media were starting to hound me after that ridiculous idea got floated. I can’t imagine why any legitimate outfit would buy into such a stupid theory, but a few seemed about to. That outburst, and Victor’s too, set them straight in a hurry.”

Yuri let out a breath that he hadn’t realized he was holding.

“I’m still kicking your ass this weekend though,” Yurio concluded as he stepped from the elevator and allowed the doors to close, the smooth metal of the doors obstructing Yuri’s view of the teen.

When the elevator stopped a few seconds later at Yuri’s floor he was surprised to see Victor sitting on one of the chairs in the elevator alcove.

“Hi!” the Russian exclaimed. “I was wondering if I needed to call maintenance?”

“When did you get here?”

Victor grinned. “I saw you and Yurio get into an elevator together. I thought about joining you, but he looked like he wanted to talk. I was able to get into the elevator with the Korean skater after the Crispinos left. They’re good on the ice, but the brother has a serious sister complex.”

Yuri laughed. “You can see why I stay clear.”

“You’d think Nikola would have figured that out by now.”

Yuri laughed. “I think half of him just likes riling Mickey up. And Mickey is so focused on protecting Sara that he doesn’t even notice she’s not where Emil’s eyes are.”

Victor studied Yuri for a moment then burst into laughter. “I think you’re right. He was doing the same thing at Worlds this past year.”

Yuri flinched at the mention of the missed competition.

Victor’s face immediately softened. “Oh Yuri, I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking.”

Yuri shook his head and smiled at his mate. “No, it’s ok. It’s my own fault I missed them.”

Victor stood, placed his hands on either side of Yuri’s face and ran his thumbs over his cheeks. “You’ll be there next year though,” he said softly.

“Yeah,” Yuri agreed.
I just have to win. I have to prove to Yakov that I’m worthy as a student. Then I can skate beside you Vitya.

Victor seemed uneasy. “How about I make it up to you?”

Yuri blinked and looked into his mate’s eyes.

“I know a fantastic restaurant just down the street. Do you like mushrooms?”

“Uh, yeah?”

Victor grinned. “Great. They have an incredible stroganoff.”

Yuri smiled, thoughts of sleep pushed from his mind. A date with his mate seemed like the perfect conclusion to the day. He nodded, and rather than head for their room Victor grabbed his arm and pressed the call button for the elevator.

“One thing though…” Yuri said as they waited for the carriage.

“Hmm?”

“Well two. Just us, and nowhere near the Crispino twins if they’re at the same restaurant.”

Victor grinned again. “Of course.”

Victor’s here. We’ll figure it out. I’ll skate my best this weekend, earn my spot at the final, and soon we’ll be skating together.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Total filler... oh well. Next chapter we’ll get some Yakov, probably some more Yurio, and there’s a very high probability of smut before the short program. (not all elements included at the same time!!!)

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another’s eyes.
Yuri felt good, confident, during the morning practice on the day before the short program. The days off for the heat and rut seemed to not have significantly impacted his skating.

A few of the rumors surrounding the tabloids had followed him to the competition, and he had to dodge shouted questions about a possible pregnancy as he went inside, but he hoped that the practice would put the absurdities to rest.

Yurio seemed excited as he worked on part of his own program, something which both Yuri and Victor noticed.

“He’s fired up,” Yuri mentioned during a brief break at the barrier.

“His grandfather lives here,” Victor whispered. “I think the old man is supposed to come tomorrow.”

Yuri smiled and turned his attention to the teen again. He could see the joy in Yurio’s skating, it was freer than it had been during the Hot Springs on Ice, and lighter even than his performance at Skate Canada.

“You’re looking good out there Yuri,” Victor murmured. “Just keep skating like you are, ok?”

Yuri smiled at his mate.

The sound of blades scraping to a stop. Both Yuri and Victor turned to see Jean-Jeeques Leroy standing there, studying them intently. The Canadian’s eyes narrowed slightly.
Yuri opened his mouth to ask what the other skater wanted, but he pushed off again before he could speak.

“What was that about?” Victor asked.

“I don’t know,” Yuri replied. “Do you two have a history?”

Victor was silent for a moment. “No? I mean we shared the podium last year, but we never talked. Chris said he’s sort of a jerk, so we didn’t try to engage.”

Yuri blinked. “I don’t think I was even on his radar last year. He pretty much ignored me.”

Victor shrugged. “Maybe you taking down a raging alpha got his attention.”

Yuri gaped, then laughed. “That has nothing to do with my skating though. Isn’t that what he should be worried about?”

Victor smiled. “It has everything to do with your skating. You were calm and collected. If you can bring that focus to the ice you’ll be unstoppable.”

“The ice is a very different place Vitya.”

Victor leaned in, murmuring so that only they could hear. “You can do it Yuri. You’re my alpha, I know you have it in you.”

Yuri blushed and pushed away from the barrier. “I’m going to practice quads.”

Victor and Yakov had decided to hold their meeting over lunch so as not to cut into practice times. Yuri felt underdressed as they entered the restaurant a short ride away from the crowds and press jumble near the arena.

Luckily some of Yuri’s fears dissipated as he spied Yurio in jeans and a t-shirt on the far end of a white tablecloth draped table. The teen had his hood up, his eyes darting from one side to another in search of fangirls.

“Yakov!” Victor said cheerily as he sat in the seat opposing his old coach.

“Vitya,” Yakov replied dryly.

Victor pouted. “Are you still mad at me Yakov?”

Yakov sighed and leaned his face into his palm.

“What do you think dumbass?” Yurio replied. “Of course he’s mad.”

“Come on Yakov,” Victor prodded. “You have to admit that my Yuri’s a beautiful skater.”

“Who had a fully competent coach who would have probably taken him back on.”

Victor pouted again.

“Um…” Yuri ventured after a short silence, trying to break the tension. “Coach Feltsman… why… why did you want to see us?”
“Right,” Yakov started before he was interrupted by a waiter.

Yakov and Yurio rattled off their orders easily, followed by Victor, who hadn’t even opened the menu.

_He obviously knows the restaurant._

All eyes turned to Yuri, who quickly opened the menu and blinked at the Cyrillic. “Umm…”

Yuri turned to Victor for help. He didn’t want to hold everybody up by asking for an English menu.

Victor rattled off another string of Russian, the waiter smiled and walked away.

“What did you order for me?” Yuri asked.

Victor grinned. “You’ll love it I’m sure. I ordered you a cup of borscht, and a plate of assorted blini.”

“Blini?”

“They’re like crepes, except savory. The ones on the plate here are smaller so you can have several flavors. If I remember correctly you get a smoked salmon, a creamed mushroom and a caviar.”

Yuri smiled, it sounded tasty. “Thank you Vitya.”

Victor smiled, and they stared at each other until Yakov cleared his throat and snapped them out of it.

Yuri blushed as they turned back to the Russian coach.

“Tell me everything Vitya,” Yakov demanded.

Victor sighed. “There’s not much you don’t already know, or probably haven’t figured out.”

“Tell me anyway.”

“Well I had a reactive heat in September…”

“Oi!” Yurio interrupted.

“Shut it Yura,” Yakov ordered. “You’ve known for a while so don’t act surprised.”

Yuri had to keep from laughing as he saw Yurio’s face at realizing that he hadn’t been as discreet as he’d thought.

Victor nodded, and the teenager slunk in his chair.

“Anyway,” Victor continued, “I had a reactive heat in September. It came on so fast that I was in my room at Yuri’s parent’s inn.”

“You dumbass,” Yurio grumbled. “That’s probably one of the worst places to have a heat.”

Yuri nodded in agreement.

Yakov looked between the two, trying to put the pieces together.

“My family runs a traditional inn,” Yuri explained softly. “Sliding doors, no locks, paper walls…”

Yakov’s eyebrows rose in understanding.
“My Yuri was the one who found me,” Victor said, reaching over and tangling their hands together.

“So he claimed you…” Yakov accused.

Victor laughed. “No Yakov, he protected me. He blocked the hall so nobody could get to my room. He took care of me and brought me food and water. He was the perfect alpha, and I didn’t even know he was an alpha before then.”

Yuri blushed under the praise of his mate.

Yakov turned to look at Yuri. “You… were able to restrain your alpha… with his scent?”

Yuri fidgeted. “Yes?”

Yakov shook his head. “First you’re an alpha, then you’re a strong one too. Meanwhile the whole world seems insistent that you’re an omega.”

“It was the right thing to do,” Yuri protested, unsure if he was being praised or chided. “He couldn’t consent like that, and I don’t care if the world thinks I’m an omega if it protects Victor.”

“Yuri!” Victor cried, tossing his arms around the alpha’s shoulders. He nuzzled into Yuri’s neck until the smaller man was able to push him off.

“Vitya, we’re in public.” Yuri squirmed until the Russian let him go.

Yakov shook his head. “Victor’s scent in heat is strong. I’m a beta and even I find it alluring. I didn’t think any alpha would be able to resist.”

“It wasn’t easy…” Yuri said softly.

“I imagine not.”

“After the heat Yuri dragged me to the doctor…” Victor continued.

“At least somebody did,” Yakov interrupted. “I know you wouldn’t have gone on your own.”

“Hey…” Victor pouted.

“Get on with it,” Yurio demanded.

Victor sighed. “The doctor said my suppressants weren’t working anymore, and refused to give me a new prescription… for a whole year, Yakov! She wants me to have normal heats for a year before she’ll put me on suppressants again.”

“That’s what you get for over-suppressing dumbass,” Yurio accused.

“Shut it Yura!” Yakov ordered. He turned back to Victor. “He’s right though. If you’d have followed an approved schedule it wouldn’t have happened.”

Victor slumped in his chair, a frown on his face.

Yuri sighed. “Unless you want to know our day to day lives, that brings us to last week.”

Yakov waved in a ‘let’s get on with it’ way.

Yuri nodded. “We’d been at practice all day. But we knew that our scents would be… well…”
elevated. We used the strongest soaps I could buy, and a spray as well. I thought it would be ok to go
to dinner.” Yuri motioned at the depth of the table. “Even this close I could barely smell Victor. The
waiting area was crowded though. That’s really the only place I can imagine that guy smelling us.

“He was pretty drunk, and tried to convince Victor to go with him while we were having dessert.”

Victor hugged Yuri. “My Yuri protected me again!” He then scrunched his face. “That other alpha
reeked too.”

Yakov sighed.

Yuri mimicked the noise and concluded. “He came up to us in the park, said some words about a
‘baby alpha’ like me being unworthy, then when we tried to walk away… well… you’ve seen the
video.”

Yakov nodded, and was silent a moment before he spoke again. “The story about an uncle?”

Yuri smiled. “Fake. My uncle loved being in on it though. We were… umm…”

“Yuri took me to the most wonderful place!” Victor exclaimed. "They have these things called heat
hotels in Japan, they're designed just for alphas and omegas to be able to enjoy themselves in peace
and safety. It was wonderful Yakov. It was so quiet, and safe and we just had the best weekend.”

“Oi!” Yurio protested. “I don’t want to hear about shit like that!”

Yuri blushed crimson. “Vitya!”

“I assume you’d turned off your phones, and that’s why you didn’t know?” Yakov said.

Yuri nodded. “Not that either of us was in a condition to deal with it.”

Silence fell over the table, then Yuri jumped when Yakov bowed in his direction. “Thank you…
Umm…”

“Katsuki, sir, or Yuri,” Yuri replied blankly. “Either is fine.”

“Katsuki then,” Yakov said. “It’ll be less confusing with Yura here. Thank you Katsuki, for taking
care of Vitya, and for you and your family accepting and taking care of Yura when he went to
Japan.”

“Y… you’re welcome?”

Yurio gaped at Yakov, and Yuri turned to see a similar expression on Victor’s face. He blinked.

“You… know how to thank somebody?” Yurio gasped after a moment.

“What the hell do you think Yura?” Yakov bellowed in reply. “I just don’t get a chance to express it
with people who never listen to me.”

Yuri squirmed. “I only did what was right.”

Yakov turned to Yuri. “I may be mad at Vitya, but I’ve known him for a long time, and there’s no
reason for me to take out my anger with him on you. I assume he’s shared at least a bit of his past
with you?”

Yuri nodded.
Yakov smiled softly, which garnered more looks of shock from Victor and Yurio. “He trusts you then, and I haven’t seen him this happy in a long time.”

Yuri blushed and squirmed in his seat as the meal was placed in front of them.

“I have something else to thank you for,” Yakov said after a few minutes. “You as well Vitya.”

Victor blinked and looked up.

“Thank you both, for speaking in defense of Yura. While those allegations were complete nonsense, the media was looking for any way to spin the story into a scandal.”

“I know Yurio had nothing to do with it, and honestly… it angered me that anybody would even suggest something so dirty of him,” Yuri said.

“Yura is a fierce competitor,” Yakov said, “and some members of the press wanted to give you a larger rivalry than you have.”

Yuri smiled. “We can have as big a rivalry as he wants, but I know it’ll be only on the ice. Because that’s where it belongs.”

Yuri had to hold back a laugh when he saw a slight blush tint Yurio’s cheeks.

Yakov nodded. “Da. I’ve never seen him work as hard as he did after returning from Japan.”

“Oi! Yakov!” Yurio protested.

Yakov ignored the teen. “I know he wants to beat you fair and square, but it seems others might not see that angle.”

Yuri saw movement out of the corner of his eye and caught a fork stealing a bite from his plate.

“Vitya!”

“Less talk, more eat!” Victor grinned before popping the bite in his mouth. “Vknuso!”

Yuri released a sigh as the hotel door closed behind him. The day had somehow been packed between a morning practice, lunch with Yakov and Yurio, press interviews, and another practice in the afternoon.

It was finally evening and he was looking forward to an evening with his mate.

He took a few steps into the room, but was stopped by a hand on his sleeve. He turned back. “Vitya?”

Victor tugged Yuri back into his arms for a passionate kiss, which the alpha gladly reciprocated. As soon as they separated Yuri saw that the omega’s pupils were blown wide with lust.

“Yuri…” Victor whined.

Yuri smiled. “Yes Vitya?”

Victor pushed until Yuri’s back was against the wall, and slid his thigh between Yuri’s legs. “It’s
been three days Yuri,” the Russian whined. “My mate hasn’t made love to me in three days, and it’s the week following my heat.”

“It’s only been two days,” Yuri countered. “Remember? It was before the press conference. Besides, I’ve got to skate tomorrow.”

“Two and a half days, plus the time shift, means we’re close to seventy hours,” Victor whined. “That’s three days. Please Yuri.”

Yuri smiled, and he had to admit that the way Victor’s thigh was rubbing against him was quickly swaying his opinion. “Who knew my omega was so needy?” Yuri teased.

Victor dropped his head slightly and peered up at Yuri from under his lashes, quite a feat as he was several inches taller. “You did call me a cockslut.”

Yuri sputtered. “I did not!”

Victor whined again. “Yes, you did!”

“When?”

“During my heat.”

Yuri struggled to find words. He knew he had a mouth during rut but only remember his exact words about half the time. “Vitya… I… I’m s…”

Victor leaned in close and purred in Yuri’s ear. “I liked it.”

Yuri was confident that all the air had been sucked from the room. Suddenly he couldn’t breathe.

Victor nipped at his ear. “I think I am a cockslut, for you, my Yuri, my mate.”

Yuri was shaking, his own words turned against him so effortlessly.

“Please Yuri?” Victor nosed at his scent gland. “Alpha?”

Yuri wrapped his hands around Victor’s hips and pulled him so that their clothed and hardened lengths were pressed against each other. He growled low in his throat. “That’s not fair Vitya.”

Victor moved so that he could look Yuri in the eyes, and one of the younger man’s hands left his hips and tangled into platinum hair. He brought the omega in for a bruising kiss, while grinding against him.

Yuri didn’t let go until they were both panting with need and gasping for air.

“Hands and knees, on the bed. Now.” Yuri ordered.

Victor nodded and moved to take of his shirt.

“Now.”

Victor blinked, walked to the bed and crawled to the center, fully clothed in the position Yuri demanded.

Yuri ignored his mate’s stares for a minute and strode into the bathroom. He grabbed a towel, thought about it, then a second one just in case. His omega had demanded that the alpha wreck him,
but there was nothing preventing them from sleeping in a warm and dry bed afterward.

Victor’s eyes widened slightly when Yuri returned and spread the towels underneath him.

Yuri walked around the bed, evaluating the man before him. When he got to a delicious view of the Russian’s clothed ass he reached between the spread thighs and palmed at the obvious bulge in the trousers until Victor was moaning with need.

He walked around, started rubbing at the trapped erection again and purred in Victor’s ears.

“How many orgasms do you want baby?”

“Three,” Victor whimpered, struggling to find his voice.

“Hmph,” Yuri replied, slightly put out. He stopped rubbing at his mate. “Only three? And you call yourself a cockslut?”

Victor whined. “Yuri…”

Yuri smirked, and rubbed at the bulge again. “How many do you want Vitya?”

“Don’t stop.”

“Hmm?”

“Don’t stop Yuri. Even if I beg. I want as many as you can give me.”

Yuri growled in approval. “I like that answer.”

Yuri released the fly on Victor’s trousers, slid his hand into the omega’s briefs and took him in hand. He ran his thumb over the slit of the Russian’s cock, gathering the pre-cum there.

“Mmm Vitya,” he murmured, nipping at his mate’s ear. “I like that you’re already so excited. But remember... when you have trouble walking tomorrow, you asked for this.”

Victor shook, and Yuri was pleased to see his legs spread a bit wider unconsciously.

Yuri moved and got on his knees in front of the Russian, opened his fly and pushed his pants and boxers to his knees, his hardened cock springing free. Victor looked up at him, and licked his lips before Yuri slid his fingers into the soft hair of his love and pushed pale lips toward the head.

Victor understood immediately, opening his mouth and taking Yuri’s length into it.

Yuri moaned at the feel of the wet heat on his heated flesh. His grip tightened in his mate’s hair and he started rocking his hips, careful not to thrust too deep as Victor’s tongue worked the head, sides and veins.

“Your tongue is so talented Vitya,” Yuri growled. “I’m going to fill up that pretty mouth of yours, then I’m going to open you up. I’ll enjoy the feeling of your beautiful, tight ass as you keep coming around me, and I’ll fill you there too. And I’ll keep fucking you, and filling you, until you’re loose and sloppy, and even then I won’t be done.”

Victor moaned around Yuri’s cock.

“Does that sound good baby?” Yuri teased.
Victor hummed.

“I guess we’ll see how much of a cockslut you really are.”

Victor groaned, and the vibrations sent Yuri over the edge. He held Victor’s head firm, and came into his mate’s mouth.

When Yuri pulled his cock free he looked down and growled in approval. His mate already looked debauched, and he hadn’t even undressed him yet. Platinum hair was a mess, eyes were blown with lust, and a trickle of cum leaked out of one side of his mouth.

“You already look so good Vitya,” Yuri praised. “I can’t imagine how beautiful you’ll be by the time I’m done with you.”

Yuri reached out, swiped the line of cum with his thumb, and held out the digit for Victor to lick clean.

His own first orgasm taken care of, Yuri turned to the matter at hand… fucking his mate absolutely senseless. He tugged the shirt over Victor’s head, and helped him balance so that it could be discarded on the floor, then repeated the process with trousers and briefs.

Once Victor was on display Yuri stood back from the bed and took an appraising look at his omega. He was getting hard again just admiring the faint sheen of sweat on pale skin, and the proud angle of the Russian’s cock as it leaked pre-cum onto the towels below.

Yuri left him like that and returned to the bathroom. He rummaged in their toiletry bag until he found the lube, and spread some on his fingers, warming it and carrying the bottle in the other hand as he returned.

“Such a good omega,” Yuri purred as he eyed his mate again. He pressed a single finger to the cleft of Victor’s ass and trailed it down to circle his entrance.

Victor whined and pressed against Yuri. The alpha responded by pushing the teasing finger inside, pumping it slowly into the Russian. He growled appreciatively when he discovered a small amount of slick inside.

“I’m going to open you up nice and slow Vitya. I’m going to make you feel so good. Then I’ll give you what you want.”

Victor whimpered, and Yuri responded by curling the finger to press against the omega’s sweet spot. The Russian’s whole body shuddered with pleasure.

Yuri allowed himself to harden again as he opened up his partner. He started stroking himself when he added a second finger, making Victor pant and moan, and he was achingly hard by the time he slid a third finger into the well-stretched hole.

Victor whined with the loss as the fingers were removed and Yuri stood to remove the rest of his own clothes. Blue eyes flicked from Yuri’s face to his stiff cock and back again as he set his glasses on the nightstand.

Yuri crawled onto the bed and situated himself between Victor’s legs. He guided his cock to tease at the omega’s entrance with one hand, while the other reached out and tangled into platinum hair, yanking Victor’s head back.

“I want to hear you,” Yuri demanded as he pressed in.
Victor gasped and moaned as the head slid in, then cried “Yuri!” as the cock pressed into his sweet spot.

Yuri pushed in slowly, unrelentingly, until he bottomed out, buried inside his mate.

“Mmm, Vitya. You feel so good. So tight.”

Victor moaned.

Yuri waited, then there was the tiniest movement in Victor’s hips, an unconscious signal that the omega needed him to move. He dropped his hold on his mate’s hair, grabbed onto pale hips, pulled out and slammed back in, making Victor howl in ecstasy.

Yuri set a relentless pace, pounding into his mate, nailing the prostate with every thrust, and making Victor shake in pleasure. Words were quickly lost to the omega, reduced to noises of bliss as the sounds of slapping skin filled the room.

Yuri knew that Victor was already on the verge of his first orgasm, and the words that Victor had liked the dirty talk rushed to the fore of his mind. His alpha side liked it too, so it was time to indulge.

“Such a good mate, taking my cock like this. If feels so good inside you Vitya, but I bet it would feel even better if you came right now.”

Victor gasped and bucked back, hole clenching as he came.

Yuri leaned over his mate’s back slightly and reached around to take the pulsing cock in hand. “Such a good omega, coming without being touched.” He stroked, making fresh cries of pleasure fall from his mate’s lips. “I bet this makes it feel even better though.”

Victor shook, whole body tensing, muscles rippling as pleasure overtook him. The whole time Yuri kept his pace fast and furious, and when the orgasmic tremors stopped the visible tension in the taut form below him was enough to show him that the omega was already well on the way to a second.

Yuri pinched the base of his erection each time that the clench of his mate’s pleasure was enough to undo him. He’d push his stamina to the limit to completely undo his omega.

Yuri finally allowed himself to spill inside his mate somewhere after Victor’s fifth or sixth orgasm. He wasn’t nearly done, but could hear the raspy tone in the omega’s voice. They both needed water.

A rumble from Victor’s stomach as the alpha was draped over his back indicated that they needed more than just rehydration.

Yuri chuckled and pressed a kiss to the middle of Victor’s back. “Stay just like this Vitya.”

Yuri pulled out, and stumbled into the bathroom. He found that there were still a few unmelted cubes in their ice bucket, and filled a glass with water from the tap. He carried it to the bed, and helped Victor drink it.

“Do you need more?”

Victor shook his head.

Yuri nodded, returned to the restroom and refilled the glass. He drained it before refilling it again. He carried it and a coaster to the nightstand so that they would have it nearby if necessary.

Yuri rummaged in the nightstand, and finally found what appeared to be a room service menu.
“Do you think you can order dinner for us Vitya?”

Victor swallowed. “I… think so.” His voice was rough, fucked out sounding, and Yuri loved it.

Yuri grabbed the phone and handed the omega the handset. After a minute Victor nodded and told him the number to dial.

There was a brief exchange of Russian, but not long enough to order. Yuri looked at the clock and realized it was probably a busy time, and Victor’s bored face seemed to indicate that he was on hold too.

Yuri knelt on the bed and pressed a kiss to Victor’s shoulder before sneaking his hand around and sliding two fingers into his mate, making him gasp.

“Don’t mind me,” Yuri teased. “You looked bored.”

Victor groaned as the alpha rubbed his sweet spot.

Yuri heard the tinny sound of a voice on the line. He thought of removing his fingers, or at least stopping, but decided to just keep teasing his mate. He watched with amusement as Victor struggled to keep his voice under control as he placed the order.

He knew that the person on the other end had hung up when the omega let out a deep groan of pleasure.

“Yuri…” he whimpered, but there was a touch of something else to his voice. “That was mean.”

Yuri pulled his fingers free and put up the phone and menu.

“You did so well though Vitya. Besides…” he continued. “You liked it. Didn’t you?”

Victor blushed crimson.

Yuri smirked, and he moved to slide into the warmth of his mate again. “Something told me you had an exhibitionist streak. Glad to know I was right.” He started thrusting again, and Victor cried out. “How long do I have until food arrives.”

“Half an hour,” Victor gasped.

“Good. Just enough time.”

He watched Victor’s fingers curl into the sheets. “Time for what?”

“A preview of tomorrow.”

“Oh?” Yuri could hear genuine curiosity.

“I think tomorrow I’ll be thinking about tonight, what we’re doing right now.” He started gyrating his hips, the music building in his mind.

Victor groaned with the new sensation.

“I’ll be thinking about this, and what else I want to do to my lovely mate.”

Victor’s chest dropped toward the mattress as he moved from resting on his hands to his elbows, giving Yuri a new angle.
Yuri hummed the Eros music as he thrust, hips moving as if he were dancing. The new motion quickly lead to Victor coming undone again several times before they had to break for dinner.

They greeted room service in robes, and ate quietly. Victor had ordered Yuri something called pelmeni, and it was as delicious as the rest of the things that the omega had chosen.

Once they had finished their dinner Yuri declared that Victor’s cock was dessert, knelt in front of the Russian and sucked him off before they moved to the shower.

After a shower in which Yuri only fucked his mate through a single orgasm they moved back to the bed. Yuri grabbed a pillow and placed it underneath fresh towels before directing Victor to lie down, his hips elevated as Yuri slid inside again. They kissed, Yuri moving in and out, until they lost track of time and lost count of orgasms, too exhausted for either to continue.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

SMUT!!!!

Next Chapter, the short program!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Horror

Chapter Summary

The day of the Rostelecom Cup short program has arrived and Yuri heads into it with new inspiration.

Chapter Notes

I'm just gonna apologize in advance... cause this is gonna hurt.

There's a reason I bolstered everybody with smut last chapter.

Next chapter not until Friday evening MDT. It's time for RL work again.

If you haven't voted in my update schedule poll do so at https://goo.gl/forms/W3XikW44qUauJbla2 I'll leave it open until Friday the 28th.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri’s chest rumbled in contentment as they moved around the hotel room getting ready. Victor looked absolutely wrecked, with tired eyes and a careful step after being made love to until well into the night.

The alpha was extremely satisfied with his omega’s appearance, insisting that it was the proper look for his mate in the days following a heat. If he didn’t have to skate that afternoon he’d have pushed the Russian to the bed again and kept going.

“You’ll have to stop purring like a pleased alpha before we get to the arena, or it’ll only be more obvious what we did last night,” Victor said with a tired smile.

Yuri smiled, took several steps across the room and fisted his hands in his mate’s shirt, dragging him closer so that he could claim the man’s lips in a kiss.

“I can’t help it,” he breathed against Victor’s lips. “I am a pleased alpha.”

He turned his attention to Victor’s tie, something the omega seemed not to have the fine motor skills to deal with that morning.

“For once I’m glad that the men’s portion is in the afternoon,” Yuri purred. “It means I can bring you back here tonight and do it again.”

Victor groaned and a single shudder wracked him. “I’ve created a monster.”
Yuri’s eyes flicked up from where he was tightening the tie, and he smirked. “Second thoughts?”

Victor’s arms wrapped around his waist, and he smiled. “Not at all. But let’s grab a few bottles of water on the way back, da? That tap water leaves something to be desired.”

Yuri grinned.

“Are you feeling good for your skate?” Victor murmured as Yuri released his tie. He nuzzled into the alpha’s neck. “You didn’t wear yourself out did you?”

Yuri tugged the collar of Victor’s shirt aside just enough to nip at his mate’s scent gland. “I’m feeling good, and extremely inspired for the short program.”

“Is that so?”

Yuri growled. “Don’t take your eyes off me Vitya. From the moment I take the ice the performance is for you. Every movement will tell you exactly what I’ll be doing to you tonight.”

Victor groaned and pressed his hips forward just enough so that Yuri could feel the slightly hardened length concealed under layers of clothing.

Yuri smirked. “Now I’m even more inspired. I have a feeling today will be a personal best.”

Yuri was tired of running the press gauntlet. Paparazzi and those without credentials shouted questions as they approached the competitor entrance. Many were still focused on the incident of the prior week, and on his relationship with Victor.

However the bombardment didn’t stop once they stepped inside the building. The tone changed, questions on personal matters stopped, and the only references to the fight were about whether he felt it would impact his performance.

Unfortunately the target changed as well, with more questions shouted in hurried Russian, and obviously aimed at Victor.

The omega was looking more harried by the minute, despite his obvious attempt to ignore the onslaught. The only questions the coach answered were ones where Yuri knew that he was the focus of the question, a praising tone in the voice of his mate.

Eventually a smell of distress started to seep from the omega, and Yuri couldn’t take it any longer. He tugged his mate to the locker room under the pretense of inspecting his laces.

There were a few men showering and a handful more changing after their performances in the ice dance competition, but Yuri felt that it was vastly preferable to the mayhem of the holding area.

“Are you ok?” Yuri said softly, brushing his fingers over Victor’s cheek.

Victor nodded and took a deep breath. “I knew it would be bad, but this is worse than expected.”

“Do I wanna know?”

“You probably already have an idea.”

“The questions were in Russian, so I’m assuming that they want to know when you’re coming
Victor nodded.

Yuri felt the eyes of a couple ice dancers on them. He didn’t care. He wasn’t planning to take the conversation into gossip territory.

“They should be more respectful of what you’re doing right now. You’ve always been good with the press, they know you’ll announce future plans when you’re ready.”

“A couple also asked about us, and why I didn’t defend you last week.”

Yuri cringed internally a bit, he hoped he could shift things back to safer territory with other ears around. “They should already know the answer to that. You didn’t want to make things worse.”

Victor’s eyes widened the tiniest bit before flicking to see the other athletes in the room.

“I guess they expected more of me,” the omega replied, a note of understanding in his tone.

Yuri smiled. “I think what you did was exactly the right choice.”

The other men quickly lost interest in the conversation as Victor steered it to focus on Yuri’s performance. Eventually the room quieted, the mens competitors already mostly prepared for their skate, and the ice dancers finished with showering and changing.

Yuri knew that they’d be missed if they stayed out of sight for much longer, but he couldn’t resist taking advantage of the opportunity. He pulled Victor into a kiss.

“Make me forget Yuri,” Victor breathed as they separated. “Make me forget the expectation on me. Tell the world what they refuse to hear from my lips. Right now I’m Victor Nikiforov the coach, not the Russian figure skating legend.”

“Are you happy to have me as your student Vitya?”

“You know I am.”

“You show the world how happy you are with me, and I’ll give them a reason not to question it.”

Victor nodded and they kissed again before heading back out to the corridors of the arena.

Victor disappeared sometime between the end of JJ’s performance and the scores being announced. Yuri found him a moment later, tucked around the backside of a pillar and away from the eyes of the press.

“You ok?” he asked cautiously. The omega had a troubled look on his face.

Victor tried to smile at Yuri, failed, then nodded. “Yeah…”

Yuri glanced around, he wanted to kiss his mate but there were too many cameras, too many opportunities for fresh gossip from the tabloids.

“Wanna talk about it?”
Victor glanced around, took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. His voice was low when he started speaking. “It’s just… a bit much… to simultaneously be held up as the standard, then seemingly bested in the same breath.”

Yuri flinched, knowing that his unexpected quad flip had garnered the same reaction in China. “Oh Vitya, I’m so sorry. I should have thought…”

Victor shook his head. “Not you Yuri. I couldn’t be happier for your achievements. But the competitor in me wants to fight back, especially against somebody like that. The way he purposefully tried to get your attention, then ignored you before trying to intimidate me was uncalled for. He should be willing to stand on his own skills without the head games.”

“Vitya…”

Yuri was interrupted by his phone buzzing in his pocket. He reached for it, but then there was a roar from the crowd.

“Sounds like the scores are about to be posted,” Victor said softly. “Let’s go see what place you’re in.”

They walked around to where they could see a bank of monitors.

Yuri’s phone buzzed again, but before he could answer it the press clamored for a statement.

When it rang again less than a minute later Yuri felt something twist in his stomach.

“Excuse me,” he said to the gathered reporters, and managed to duck away as they turned their attention to some of the other competitors.

“Yuri?” Victor asked as they walked away.

“Somebody’s trying to call,” Yuri replied. “Everybody who has my number knows I’m competing right now, so it must be important.”

Yuri unlocked the phone and saw numerous missed calls from his sister. “Mari?” he asked, blinking at the phone.

The phone rang again as if on cue. “Hai,” he answered, concern tinting his voice.

“Oh Yuri…” Mari said, each word laced with worry. “Sorry to bother you during an event, but Makkachin stole some steamed buns and they got stuck in her throat. We’re at the vet right now, but we’re not sure she’ll make it.”

The world froze.

Some part of Yuri’s brain registered the fact that JJ’s scores had been announced.

“Sorry, what do you want us to do?” Mari asked in desperation.

His mind drifted to thoughts of Vicchan.

*I can’t let my mate go through that pain!*

Yuri turned to face the omega. “Victor! Go back to Japan right now. I’ll face the free skate tomorrow on my own!”
Victor looked at him, shock and confusion evident on his face. “Yuri? What’s going on?”

Yuri whined, there wasn’t time. His mate had to go, he had to go and take care of a member of their family. He had to go be with his companion of more than a decade.

Yuri could smell confusion and worry from his omega.

“Yuri, please. What’s wrong?”

Yuri took a deep breath. Victor doesn’t know. The conversation was in Japanese. I have to tell him.

“That was Mari. Makka got into the steamed buns and one got caught in her throat. They rushed her to the vet, but she might not make it.”

Yuri saw the moment when Victor’s heart split in two, torn between rushing to his dog’s side and staying with his student and alpha. He saw when the choice was made.

“I can’t go back Yuri,” Victor said, pain etched across his features. “You need me here. You need a coach.”

“But you have to go back!” There was a whine to his voice, he didn’t care. Makkachin was too important to his mate.

“Like I said, I can’t.”

“You have to. Makkachin needs you!”

“And you need a coach!”

They were starting to draw the eyes of a crowd.

Please Vitya. Please listen to me. I can’t have you go through that pain.

Victor held his face in his hand, torn between two impossible choices. When he looked up Yuri saw his eyes widen, and the omega rushed to where a confused Yakov was standing.

“Yakov! Thank God!” Victor declared as he strode toward the elder coach, Yuri’s eyes following the movement. “You’re the only coach for me.”

Yakov blinked, but immediately put on a confident air. “What? You want to come back?”

“Can you be Yuri’s coach tomorrow, for just one day?”

Yakov blinked. “Huh?”

Yuri realized that he hadn’t heard wrong. “Huh?”

Yurio echoed the expression.

Yuri watched the Russian coach quickly apprise the situation. He grabbed Victor’s sleeve and led him toward a quieter section of the arena.

“Katsuki!” the beta demanded.

Yuri startled, then jogged to catch up, falling in step with Yurio and a stern-looking lady whom he didn’t know.
Once they were out of immediate sight of the cameras Yakov turned back to Victor. “What the hell are you talking about Victor? Coach for a day?”

“It’s Makkachin,” Victor choked, trying to hold back his emotion. “She has a steamed bun stuck in her throat and might not make it.”

The stern look melted off Yakov’s face, and even Yurio and the woman’s expressions softened.

“Please Yakov,” Victor begged. “Yuri says he’ll do it alone. But I can’t leave him without a coach. He needs the support!”

“Victor, just go!” Yuri said. “I’ll do this on my own.”

“Shut up Katsuki,” Yakov commanded.

Something about the tone made Yuri not want to argue, and the elder coach nodded before switching to speak to Victor in Russian.

Yuri couldn’t follow the fast pace of the conversation, but quickly understood by the gazes shot at him that Victor was outlining the reasons why he couldn’t be left alone at a competition. Something changed in both Yurio’s and Yakov’s expressions, and it made him squirm uncomfortably.

After a few minutes some sort of agreement was reached, and Victor’s tone took on an informational slant. Yakov nodded as he listened.

Yuri realized that this was happening, and his best bet was to be useful. He quickly looked up flights on his phone. The earliest flights were a few minutes before seven, and it was just past six. There was no way Victor would be packed and to the airport by then. He narrowed the time, and saw that the last flights out were just before nine.

He cringed at the last-minute prices, but knew the omega would easily be able to cover it.

“Yuri,” Victor said.

Yuri looked up and into the distressed eyes of his mate.

“Yakov has agreed to be your coach tomorrow. He’ll give you the support you need.”

“I can do this Vitya.”

Victor shook his head. “Yuri, please. Accept Yakov’s help tomorrow. For me.”


Victor accepted the phone with a weary smile.

“Yura,” Yakov called.

“What is it?” Yurio demanded.

“Go back to the hotel with them. Stay with Katsuki for a few hours. Don’t let him get in the cab to the airport.”

“Huh? Why do I have to do it?”
“Because Mila will be skating soon. I have to stay here, so it’s your job to make sure Katsuki doesn’t do something stupid between now and when I get there tonight.”

Yurio grumbled, but there wasn’t the normal edge to it.

“Lilia…” Yakov said, a pleading tone to his voice.

She spat out a string of Russian, then turned back toward where the press was assembled.

“She’s going to go let the rest of our team know what’s going on,” Yurio whispered. “So they’re not surprised when you join us for training.”

Victor handed back Yuri’s phone. “I booked the thirteen hour flight. The eleven was already full,” he said, obviously not wanting even an extra minute in travel.

Yuri nodded, and Victor wrapped him in his arms.

“Go,” Yakov said. “Get to the hotel, pack and to the airport. There’s probably not much time.”

Victor nodded and took Yuri’s hand, leading them toward the exit.

“Katsuki,” Yakov blared before they were out of earshot. “I’ll speak with you tonight.”

Yuri could only nod mutely.

They pushed their way past the press, Yurio close behind, dodging cameras and questions. Behind them they could hear Yakov start to inform the reporters that Victor had been called to Japan for an emergency and that Yuri would be under his supervision the following day.

Yuri called Mari while they were in the taxi and informed her that Victor was on his way, and to let Makkachin know.

_________________________

Yurio grumbled, but turned his back when Victor and Yuri started kissing desperately in the hotel room, seeking any connection before the sudden separation. They moved around the room, collecting Victor’s things in a haze.

Then they were in the lobby, Yurio keeping a respectful distance as they tried to not cling to each other.

“Ask Yakov anything you don’t understand,” Victor said, a note of rushed desperation as he turned from where he had been looking outside for a cab. He took a couple steps and put his arms around Yuri. “If you’re in trouble, just hug him, and he’ll help you.”

I don’t want you to go!

Yuri wrapped his arms around his omega, and pulled him close. Suddenly he couldn’t let go, and felt tremors in the arms wrapped around him as well.

“I’m sorry Yuri…” Victor whispered, voice shaking. “Even if I’m not here, I’ll always be with you in spirit.”

Don’t go. Don’t leave me. My mate!
A valet cleared his throat, and said a few words in Russian.

Victor hugged Yuri harder, and the alpha understood that the cab had arrived.

*Don’t go!*

“Make sure Makkachin is ok,” Yuri whispered, squeezing his eyes shut. He had to be strong for his mate.

“I love you,” Victor whispered back. “I believe in you.”

“I love you too.”

The warmth in his arms was gone. His omega was walking out the door.

Yuri took a few steps to follow, and was stopped by a hand on his arm.

“Let me go Yurio,” he said without looking to see who was holding him back.

“You can’t go,” the teen hissed. “If you leave now you forfeit. Do you want that? Does he want that?”

Yuri whined. His mate was getting into the cab, he could see him through the glass doors. Blue eyes stared back at him, then were gone as the door closed and the car drove off.

“Let’s go get dinner in the restaurant,” Yurio said after a minute. “I’m hungry and I bet you are too.”

*My mate’s gone.*

“I’m not hungry…” he whispered.

“Well I am. If you’re not going to go to the restaurant with me then we’ll just have to get room service.”

“I don’t want to go back to my room.”

*Victor’s not there.*

Yurio snarled. “Then we’ll go to mine.”

The teen practically dragged Yuri back to the elevators. As soon as they were in his room he locked the chain on the door and pushed the alpha into a chair. He rummaged in his suitcase for a minute, eyes flicking to Yuri every couple seconds, pulled something out and thrust it at the Japanese man.

“What’s this?” Yuri asked.

“My Vita. Play.”

“But…”

“Play!” Yurio ordered. “I know it’s not the MMO’s you’re used to, but you need a distraction right now.”

Yuri accepted the device, flipped through the game selection and finally chose one that seemed interesting.

“Why’d you put the chain on the door Yurio?” Yuri asked as he waited for the title sequence.
“Because it gives me an extra two seconds to catch your sorry ass if you try to run after that idiot.”

Yuri quickly realized that the reasoning was sound.

“I’m going to order for you too, because you need to eat,” Yuri said. “What are your food allergies?”

“None.”

“Anything you don’t like?”

“I don’t care, I’m not hungry.”

“Bullshit.” Yurio turned, called in to room service and a few minutes later had placed an order.

Yuri was trying to understand the forced storyline of the fighting game he’d chosen, but quickly gave up and decided to skip it to get to the duels.

Soon the repetitive sounds of punches, screams and special effects filled the room.

“He loves that dog you know…” Yuri said after a while.

Yuri felt a tear slip down his cheek as thoughts of the evening flooded him and dredged up memories of Vicchan.

“Whoah Katsudon! She’ll be fine.”

“It’s not that… well not only.”

Yurio sat on the edge of the bed, eyes curious, and Yuri knew he had to tell the teen something.

“When you stayed with us, did you ever go into the room with the little altar?”

“Yeah? There was a photo there, looked like you and a dog from a long time ago.”

“Vicchan…” Yuri said softly.

“Isn’t that what your mom calls Victor?”

Yuri nodded. “Vicchan was named after Victor, when I was younger than you are now and wanted nothing more to be a figure skater on the same level as him.”

“That’s some creepy level of fan right there,” Yurio joked. “Not quite as bad as some of my angels, but getting up there.”

Yuri half-smiled for a moment before turning somber again. “When I left to train in the United States I always thought I’d have time to go home and visit. But there was always something to do. Class, exhibitions, training, competition. Even the couple times I found myself in Japan I couldn’t justify the trip home.

“On some level I felt I hadn’t earned the support they gave me, and for five years I stayed away.”

Yuri took a breath, and noticed a slightly shocked look on the teen’s face.

“I remember the way Vicchan whined the day I left. Mari had to hold him. He’d always whined before I left for competitions. But I always came back a few days later.

“That time I didn’t come back.”
Tears were streaming down Yuri’s face, but he didn’t care enough to wipe them away.

“I got the call the day between the short program and the free skate in Sochi…” he continued. “Vicchan had gotten out somehow and had been hit by a car. It didn’t look good.

“I had to skate the next day, there was no way I could get home, say goodbye, and get back, even if it wouldn’t have left me exhausted.”

“Oh god, Katsudon.” Yurio’s voice was shaking.

“Mari called me the morning of the free skate. Vicchan had held out as long as he could, whining in the tone he only ever used for me. He held on, far longer than most expected, because he wanted to see me one last time.”

“And you still skated?”

“I had to.”

Silence.

“So that’s why you made Victor go… isn’t it? You couldn’t stand to see him go through that?”

Yuri nodded.

“Does he know any of this?”

Yuri shook his head. “It hurts too much to talk about.”

“Fuck Katsudon, all that… No wonder you were crying in the bathroom. Then I barge in and start screaming at you.”

Yuri sniffled. “How could you have known?”

“Still.”

“It’s ok Yuri, I forgave you a long time ago.”

“I don’t need to hear that from you.”

“Too late.”

They were interrupted by a knock on the door. Yurio let in the person from room service, keeping an eye on the alpha the whole time.

Yuri didn’t feel like moving, didn’t feel like eating. His omega was gone.

A plate was shoved into his hands.

“Eat,” Yurio commanded.

Yuri didn’t feel like arguing. He took the plate and somehow managed to swallow the food, not tasting any of it.

He lost track of time, sitting in Yurio’s room. Eventually the teen realized that the alpha was withdrawing and stopped trying to engage him in conversation.

At some point Yakov arrived. Yuri answered questions almost on instinct, mechanical answers
devoid of emotion.

Yakov escorted him back to his room.

He could still smell Victor faintly in the air.

Yuri collapsed onto the bed and curled himself around the pillow that his mate had slept on the night before, breathing any trace of his omega’s scent.

He cried until he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

*Passes the tissue*

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Frozen

Chapter Summary

Yuri tries to manage the Rostelecom Cup Free Skate without Victor beside him.

Chapter Notes

So I debated back and forth on the conversations between Yakov and Yurio. They're kinda important, but it makes no sense for them to be in English. I also wasn't going to subject anybody to the endless scrolling that these long conversations would have had if I'd put translations in the A/N.

So the solution was to treat it like they're talking in Russian. The conversations between the Russians that are italicized are spoken in Russian, so Yuri does not understand them.

Yuri is hyper-aware of everything right now, so while a person might be able to tune out a conversation they don't understand, he can't do that. SO he hears everything being said, but doesn't understand it.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Banging on the door.

Victor wasn’t there. He’d left. His side of the bed was empty.

The rational side of Yuri’s mind tried to insist that they’d be together again soon. Victor had gone back to take care of Makkachin, and Yuri only had to finish out the Rostelecom Cup before they’d be reunited.

The rational thoughts were quickly overwhelmed by instinct. He’d been abandoned by his mate. The mating had failed, and he’d been rejected. He’d failed as an alpha.

Banging on the door.

He didn’t care, his mate wasn’t calling for him. The smell of abandoned alpha filled the room.

I’m a failed alpha.

Yuri whined as he remembered the past several days. His alpha insisted on trying to find the source of the failure, the reason his omega left. He remembered leaving the nest too early, finding places to hide rather than to be comfortable, people and microphones intruding on their privacy.
He remembered his mate complaining that three days had passed between the times they made love.

*I didn’t pay enough attention to him. I wasn’t attentive to the needs of my mate.*

The banging stopped. The sound of a key card, and the lock opening.

*Victor?*

Yuri poked his head up from where he was still curled around the pillow that smelled like his mate, but whined and dropped back down when Yakov strode into the room.

The Russian sighed.

Yuri expected yelling. Every time he’d seen the coach he was yelling. Instead the old man turned a chair and sat near the bed.

“I was afraid of this…” Yakov said. “You shouldn’t be separated yet, especially after the stress of the past few days. What the hell were you thinking by declaring each other as mates so close to a competition? And right after a heat too, you of all people should know that all the instincts are at their strongest right before and after.”

Yuri whined.

*He’s right. The timing was bad. That’s why my mate left.*

*I’m a bad alpha.*

“Look at me Katsuki.”

Yuri turned his eyes up but kept his nose buried in the pillow.

“Vitya hasn’t abandoned you.”

*Then why isn’t he here?*

“Do you remember why he left?”

Yuri thought about it, through the haze of instinct he remembered a phone call… and Makkachin.

He nodded.

“Do you remember that you told him to go?”

Yuri vaguely remembered that.

“He didn’t leave you,” the coach repeated. “You sent him away because you didn’t want him to get hurt. You protected him. You’re being a good alpha to your mate and shielding him from pain.”

Somehow that cut through the tiniest bit and Yuri whimpered.

Yakov relaxed slightly. “Listen to me Katsuki. I’m here because Victor asked me to be. He’s taking care of you too, even though he’s not here. He wants you to do your best today.”

*Victor’s taking care of me? Through Yakov?*

Yuri uncurled slightly. The beta was a man his mate trusted, he knew that.
Banging on the door. Yuri whimpered and curled back around the pillow.

No more. Only Victor.

Yakov stood and stomped to the door. There was a string of angry Russian words. A moment later Yuri heard another voice.

“Oi! Katsudon. Get up. It’s time to go to practice.”

Yuri whined, squeezed his eyes shut and curled further into the pillow.

Victor… Victor...

“Damnit Yura. I told you to wait with the others.”

Footsteps.

Somebody was tugging at the pillow. Yuri let out a strangled cry and clung tight.

Don’t take him away from me.

An angry snarl and the tug was gone.

“If you insist on being here then stop making things worse and help.” Yakov growled, Yuri listened to the words in Russian but couldn’t understand them. “Look for something, anything, a sock, underwear. I don’t care. Try to find anything you can in here that smells like Victor.”

Yuri perked up at the sound of his mate’s name, the only word he understood.

“Why do I have to do it?” Yurio spat.

“Because you came up here and barged in like an idiot. I’d managed to get him to listen, and was working on getting him moving when you decided that you couldn’t listen to me even this once. Now he’s retreated even farther. So you either start looking, or you’ll be stuck on triples only for practice.”

Yuri heard a faint scramble of movement. He wanted to cover his ears, to shut out the sounds of a language he didn’t know, to focus only on his mate.

A hand on his arm… gentle.

“Katsuki… Yuri… “ Yakov again. “Think of Vitya. What can you do to help him right now?”

Yuri whined. Victor was gone, how was he supposed to help him?

“Does your family know he’s coming?”

Yuri dredged up memories of the night before, the last time he’d seen his mate. He remembered a call with Mari in the taxi back to the hotel.

He nodded.

“Talk to me Katsuki. When he gets to Japan, what will he have to do before he can see Makkachin?”

Yuri took a breath. His beautiful mate was going to see Makkachin. Makkachin was hurt. What did Victor have to do?
Yuri’s mouth was dry, his voice rough from crying himself to sleep.

“Land at Fukuoka,” he croaked. “Catch train to Hasetsu.”

“That’s good Katsuki,” Yakov said gently. “What about after the train? Does he know where the vet is?”

Yuri whined. They’d never taken Makkachin to the vet, there hadn’t been a need as his shots were all up to date. Victor didn’t know where to go.

The sounds of Yurio rummaging around the room.

“He doesn’t know where the vet is…” Yakov concluded. “What can you do to help him Katsuki? How can you be a good alpha to your mate?”

Be a good alpha, help Victor.

“Is your home between the station and the vet, or will he need to take his bags with him?” Yakov prodded. “What public transportation is best? Or should he take a taxi?”

Yuri closed his eyes and forced himself to think. The vet wasn’t in the opposite direction from the inn, but they weren’t on the same path.

Yuri turned his attention the nightstand and saw his phone. It was out of reach from where he was curled around the pillow. Yurio saw him reaching and handed over the device.

Yuri unlocked it, and scrolled through his contact list.

Yuko answered on the third ring. “Yuri,” she said softly. “Makkachin made it through the procedure, but hasn’t woken up from the anesthetic yet. That’s the biggest worry right now. Her age makes it dangerous. Once she wakes up they’ll start looking for any signs of brain damage. Your parents had to go back to the inn to take care of guests, but Mari is with her and will stay until Victor arrives.”


“Oh god, Yuri!” she cried. “You mated, didn’t you? Is it bad? Are you ok?”

“Help me Yu-chan.”

“What do you need?”

Yuri squeezed his eyes shut, trying to remember the flights he had looked up the day before. He couldn’t recall anything except that it left just before nine in the evening and lasted almost thirteen hours. He struggled through some basic time conversions.

“Victor’s plane… should land around three-thirty in the afternoon. He’ll be on the train soon after. Can you meet him at the station and take him to the vet? He doesn’t know where it is.”

“Of course. Either me or Takeshi will make sure he gets to Makkachin right away.”

“Arigato.”

“Yuri-kun?”

“Hai?”
"You’re being a good alpha. I know it must hurt right now, but you’re being a protective alpha for your mate. I know he’ll see what a good alpha you’ve been."

"Thank you Yu-chan."

Yuri pressed the ‘end call’ button. He was exhausted, just that bit of conversation had worn him out.

"There’s nothing that smells like that idiot left," Yurio stated.

Yakov sighed at the teen’s words, and Yuri wondered what they were talking about.

"I’ll see what I can do. He needs the scent of his mate right now. You stay here and try to coax him out of bed. Focus on Victor, on what he would want him to do. Right now the only thing that matters to him is making Victor happy. Do you understand?"

"Da."

Yuri heard the sound of a phone being unlocked, then Yakov speaking. "Lilia? Take the others to the arena for practice please. Yura and I will be there as soon as possible, as soon as we can get Katsuki to be responsive."

Footsteps carried the elder man into the hall.

"Katsudon?" Yurio asked, kneeling near the bed. "Can you get out of bed?"

Yuri squeezed the pillow tight and curled around it. The teen had tried to take it away before and he didn’t trust him not to try again.

"Come on Katsudon. Victor would want you to skate."

Victor?

"Victor wants you to do your best today. Can you do that for him?"

Yuri looked up into concerned green eyes.

"Come to practice. It’ll help you skate good tonight. It’ll make Victor happy if you skate good."

I need to make my mate happy.

Yuri uncurled and shifted to the edge of the bed.

"That’s it Katsudon. Just remember, you’re skating for Victor. You’re going to make him happy with a good performance."

Yurio kept prodding until Yuri was up and getting dressed.

If I skate good I’ll make Victor happy.

Yakov came back into the room as Yuri was pulling on his shirt. He flinched, but he was focused.

"Where the hell did you go?" Yurio demanded.

"To make some phone calls. Is he going to be able to skate?"

"I hope so. He’s at least put on practice clothes..."
Yakov nodded. Then, “Katsuki. You can’t take the pillow, but do you have anything else that smells like Victor, or maybe a gift from him?”

Yuri looked around, then remembered the scarf in his bag, the silver one that Victor had chosen just for him. He walked over mutely and picked it up.

“That’s perfect,” Yakov said. “He picked that just for you didn’t he?”

Yuri nodded.

“It shows how much he cares.”

Yuri looked at the floor.

“Bring it to the arena for practice so that it’s close.”

Yuri nodded, having a gift from his mate, even if it didn’t smell like him, helped.

He allowed the Russians to guide him through the rest of getting ready and to the door.

Practice hadn’t gone well. He’d fallen on a quad and popped his triple axel. He couldn’t focus.

_I can’t skate. I’m a bad alpha._

Yuri ended up doing the only thing that he could manage to focus on, school figures. He traced patterns in the ice, switching feet and edges.

The other competitors stared at him as he glided in the repeating shapes.

An announcement over the loudspeaker that there was only ten minutes remaining before the men would have to vacate the ice for the pairs practice.

Yuri looked up, and saw Yurio watching Yakov. The man was standing near where the public was allowed to watch, talking with a couple in their late forties to early fifties.

“I wonder what they’re doing here.” Yurio mused as he slid to a stop near Yuri.

“Who are they?” Yuri asked, trying to keep his mind focused on anything other than feeling the absence of his mate.

“You don’t know?”

Yuri shook his head.

“They’re Victor’s parents.”

Yuri panicked.

_No. No no no. They can’t see me like this._

He skated to the barrier and grabbed his guards.

_I’m a bad alpha, I’m not worthy of their son. I can’t skate. He’s not here._
Yuri nearly tripped over his own feet but managed to stumble into one of the competitor tunnels and found a bench.

Yuri sat down and held his head in his hands, knees bouncing with anxious energy.

*My mate’s parents saw me. They know I’m weak, that I’m a failed alpha. They know I can’t protect my omega.*

*Nobody wants a bad alpha…*

The edges of Yuri’s vision started to go blank.

A low whine echoed in the hall.

“What the hell Katsudon?” Yurio asked, clacking from his blade guards filling the hall. “There’s still ten minutes of practice left. You should use it.”

Yuri whined more. He couldn’t go back out there.

“Katsu…”

“Shut it Yura!” Yakov bellowed.

“No, no no no. Nobody else. It’s too much.

*I’m a bad alpha.*

“Yakov…” the teen started to protest.

“*Do you listen to your tutors or do you just regurgitate whatever they try to stuff into that stubborn brain of yours?*”

The sound of more footsteps, women’s voices. The stern one… Lilia, and… a younger one.

*Mila,* part of his brain supplied.

“*What the hell Yakov, I’m just trying to help.*”

“*And you’re doing the exact opposite. What did you do to set him off?*”

“*Me? Nothing. He wanted to know who you were talking to, and I told him.*”

“*Do you have any clue how stupid that was? Do you not see him right now? Were your ears stuffed with cotton yesterday when Victor was talking? They’re newly mated, less than a week.*”

“*What does that have to do with you talking to that idiot’s parents?*”

Yakov’s voice went up in volume, echoing through the concrete tunnel. “*It has everything to do with it. His mate’s not here, and his alpha side is insisting that he did something to lose him. They shouldn’t be apart for more than a few hours right now. Most newly mated couples can’t stand even a half-day at work, and it’s already been almost twelve hours.*

“*He’s feeling abandoned, every one of his instincts is working against him, even if he’s the one who told Vitya to go.*”

Yuri looked up at the sound of his mate’s name. *Victor?* He looked around for his mate.
Mila sat down next to him and put her hand on his knee. “He’s not here Yuri.”

Yuri looked back to the floor as the conversation in Russian continued around him.

“... then like an idiot you tell him that those were his mate’s parents. Even if it’s not the truth, his alpha side is insisting that he’s failed to take care of their child. Now he thinks he’s failed both Victor and his parents.”

“But that’s bullshit and he knows it Yakov! He sent that idiot away to protect him!”

“Yes, but it’s still too close to when they mated. Instinct doesn’t respond well to reason, and it’s taking everything he has to not fall victim to it.”

“So we’ll just try to…”

There was a snarl, and a scuffle. Yuri looked up to see that Yakov had pushed Yurio against the far wall of the tunnel.

He didn’t care. He couldn’t protect his mate, how could he be expected to even defend the teen.

He was cold. The numbness pricked around the edges. It was soothing, promising the bliss of nothing.

“I’m tired of cleaning up after you Yura. You obviously weren’t listening yesterday, or just now. They mated, less than a week ago. Even under ideal circumstances they shouldn’t be separated yet, and this week has been far from ideal. He’s pining and feeling abandoned, and on the edge of falling into a standstill. That’s before you factor in that he has severe anxiety.”

Mila was kneeling in front of him, holding his hands and rubbing her thumbs over the back of them.

“Do I need to remind you what a standstill is?”

“Nyet.”

“Too bad. I will anyway, because you obviously need to be told everything twice. Alphas who feel abandoned by their mates are fragile. The only things that rouse them are thoughts of making their mates happy again, but push a little too far and they fall into apathy. Once that happens the only thing that can bring them back is their omega. Do you understand now? If he falls into a standstill he won’t skate, he won’t eat, he won’t even talk. If you’re lucky he’ll blindly take direction and be able to walk. Alphas die from standstills, do you get it? I’m not joking when I say you need to back off. I’ll tell you when and if you can help.”

The string of Russian words ended. There was a commotion in the tunnel, feet walking past, some in shoes, others in skates. Sounds quieted as they saw him, a failure, sitting on the bench, but picked up again once they had passed.

Once the people had passed there was a pair of shoes in Yuri’s field of vision.

“Look at me Katsuki.”

Yuri looked up at Yakov. “Yurio told you who I was talking to?”

Yuri blinked. Nodding was too hard.

“They’re not disappointed. They think you’re a strong alpha. Not many alphas would even be able to get out of bed like this. They like that Victor chose you.”
Yuri didn’t know if he believed the Russian coach.

“I called them this morning, and had them look around. He visited them after worlds but before leaving for Japan. They found one of Vitya’s suit handkerchiefs. It’s clean, but he’d worn the suit to a banquet and it must have fallen out of the suitcase at some point. It still smells like him. They wanted you to have it so that you have Victor’s scent with you today.”

Yakov held out a sealed plastic bag. Inside was a folded square of blue cloth. Yuri took the bag and opened it. It was faint, but he could smell Victor’s scent coming from it.

“Vitya…” he cried.

“Katsu…”

Yakov hissed at Yurio as Yuri folded the bag with the scent of his mate against his chest.

Yuri inhaled the sweet scent.

“They want you to do your best today. They know that Vitya would only choose the best alpha, and he’s talked so much about you to them. You’re a good alpha, they want you to know that.”

Tears were streaming down Yuri’s face.

Ringing. Yuri’s cell phone was ringing. He looked at the caller ID. Yuko’s face filled the screen.

It was about to go to voicemail when Yurio took a few steps over and snatched the phone from Yuri’s hand.

“Da.”

A look of surprise on Yurio’s face, then the phone was handed back.

Yuri stared.

“Take it.”

Yuri stared.

“Take it!”

Yuri took the phone and held it to his ear. “Hai?”

“Yuri!”

Victor! My mate!

“Yuri! I’m so sorry. I forgot to charge my phone, and then my charger was in my checked baggage. I meant to call you from Seoul.”

“Vitya!” Yuri choked out.

“Thank you Yuri. Yuko came to the airport and picked me up. She said it’s a few minutes faster than the train, and she’s taking me right to the vet. You’re so good to me, asking her to make sure I got there ok.”

There was a moment of conversation and Yuri could hear the sound of car noises.
“She says we’re about to hit an area where the reception isn’t good. I’ll call you again later. I love you. I wish I could be there with you. My beautiful alpha, I miss you...”

There was static, then the call was dropped.

*Victor hasn’t abandoned me.*

Yuri barely heard the sigh of relief from Yakov.

Between the handkerchief that smelled of the omega, and brief calls from his mate, Yuri started to feel better. A part of him still insisted that he’d been abandoned, but whenever that voice reared its head he called Mari’s phone. She’d left it with Victor and taken his to charge at the inn.

Yuri was able to stumble through a brief stint with the press, mostly asking about the morning’s practice. Then he retreated to a quiet area and called his mate.

“You’re taking the ice soon, da?”

“Mm-hmm. It starts at three thirty.”

“Do your best for me Yuri.”

“I will.” Yuri felt like just getting onto the ice would be an achievement. “How’s Makka?”

Victor released a sigh of relief. “They’re keeping her overnight for observation, but all signs are good. She came out of anesthesia a bit later than they would have liked, but they said that it wasn’t a problem. So far she’s alert and active, and they think that Mari found her in time.”

“That’s good.”

“Thank you. I… I don’t know what I would have done if I’d lost her like that.”

“I love you Vitya… I couldn’t let you go through that.”

“I love you too Yuri.”

An announcement over the loudspeaker, the sound of cheering from the audience.

“Sounds like things are getting started. I’ll be watching the stream.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ll talk to you a bit later.”

“Yeah.”

Yuri tried to focus, he needed to skate well, and earn his spot at the Grand Prix Final. That would make his mate happy.

Seeing Seung Gil Lee after his skate, and the look of disappointment on his face, reminded Yuri that it wasn’t that simple. He had to skate clean, and he had to place at least fourth.

His mate wanted a good skate. What would happen if he didn’t make the final?
He would disappoint his mate if he didn’t make the final… would Victor stay with an alpha who couldn’t skate?

The edges of his vision started to blur as he made his way to the ice, the music of Yurio’s performance echoing through the tunnel.

He’d made fourth. By some miracle he was going to the Grand Prix Final.

He’d made it, but his mate wasn’t beside him to celebrate. He wanted to feel the strong arms wrap around him, wanted the smell of snow and oranges to fill his nose.

“Congratulations Yuri, I knew you could do it.”

Yuri turned to the congratulatory voice, and hugged the person.

It’s not Victor.

He turned to the next person, hoping they’d be able to give him the contact he desperately craved. The smell of confusion was enough to tell him that it wasn’t what he needed.

He kept hugging, anybody he could get his arms around. He needed the contact, needed to find somebody who could give him the same feeling that being in Victor’s arms did.

He gave up after cornering Yurio in a hallway.

Nobody could satisfy him like Victor.

At some point Yakov, maybe Yurio, had tucked the handkerchief into the scarf that Victor had given him. They wound it around him after his hug rampage, the scent of his mate in his nose.

It let Yuri think again.

He packed up his costumes and skates. Then wandered outside.

He’d managed a place at the Grand Prix Final, but he knew he’d never be the skater that Victor was. His mate wanted to compete again, he’d said as much the day before. He couldn’t keep him from it any longer.

Yuri knew he couldn’t ask Yakov to coach him, not after the disaster of a day. The coach had said it himself, he’d expected lower scores. He knew winners, and obviously recognized that Yuri wasn’t one.

The Grand Prix Final was a week away. He’d skate, and announce his retirement. He’d let Victor go back to the ice in his place.

It was the only way they could be together. One of them had to give it up, and Victor had more potential.

A couple minutes later he was knocked to the ground by a kick.
Yuri looked up at the clock from a hard airport chair. His flight would be boarding soon. The same departing flight that Victor had taken the night before. He had a longer layover in Seoul, the earlier flights already booked, but he was headed home… to Victor.

Yakov had managed to convince the ISU officials that since he hadn’t made the podium it made no sense for him to stick around for the formalities.

Yuri knew that the Russian coach had been as discreet as possible, but had made it clear that he needed to return to his mate. For that Yuri would be eternally grateful.

You’ll have Vitya back soon enough Yakov. He’ll be my coach for one more week.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I know that was another rough chapter, but next time you get the airport scene, and plenty of floofies to make up for it.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Exhaustion overtook Yuri on the flight from Moscow to Seoul. The plane had only been in the air a few minutes when he curled up under a blanket and fell asleep.

Unfortunately not much could be done for his layover. He had almost seven hours to kill in the Korean airport. He talked to Victor until his phone’s battery was drained, but couldn’t find a good place to charge the device in the busy hub.

He ended up wandering the mass of shops, picking up omiyage for everybody back home. He knew that it wasn’t the same as gifts from Moscow, but was better than nothing.

Yuri was tired, and all he wanted was to see his mate. He felt empty without the omega beside him. Hearing his voice had helped, but now the only thing that would soothe his aching heart was to be folded into his arms.

He thought about the future of his skating career. He didn’t want to give it up. He’d been on the verge of doing so just a year before, but Victor had brought fresh inspiration. He’d found his love of the sport again and wanted to hold onto it.

However, there was no way to make it work. Even fewer than forty-eight hours apart had been unbearable. The rational part of his mind knew that once the post-mating hormones had settled it would be easier for them to be separated, but the mere thought of months at a time without touching
his mate was almost enough to induce fresh waves of anxiety.

He couldn’t do it. He had to stay with Victor.

A part of him wondered if maybe he should reconsider and ask Yakov anyway. The coach had to know that he hadn’t been at his best.

“...higher than I expected…”

The memory of Yakov’s words in the kiss and cry haunted him. The Russian had seen him fail before, in Sochi. He knew that Yuri had bombed nationals after that, and he’d watched him barely squeak out fourth place in Moscow.

Yuri had a history of spectacular losses, while the Russian coach only produced winners. He would only be a drag on the man’s reputation.

Besides that, the one day had been enough for Yuri to know that he never wanted another coach. He wanted Victor, and his guidance, to carry him through to retirement. But coaching and skating at the same time was madness, and he knew it was time to let his mate go back to the ice for the few years he had remaining before he was too old to compete.

He’d found his love if the ice again, but if the choice was the ice or Victor, he’d choose Victor.

The period between landing and when the flight crew finally opened the doors was torture. Weary travelers crowded into the aisle, glad to have finally arrived, more than an hour late after an unspecified delay.

The stress of travel and that of being separated from his mate finally made Yuri snap as he held back a crowd of people to allow an obviously pregnant woman into the aisle ahead of him. The large beta behind him pushed and grumbled at the delay as she struggled to free her bag from the overhead bin.

Yuri snarled behind his mask as the man behind him tried to push and complained loudly about the woman holding up the line. He looked back and released a cloud of angry alpha pheromones, the beta visibly shrinking into submission despite being significantly larger than Yuri.

If Yuri, who was desperate to get off the plane and head home to his mate, could wait an extra couple minutes for the sake of politeness, then the beta could wait as well.

The pushing stopped, and after a tired glance at the now worried woman she freed her bag and was able to move forward.

They made their way through customs, then Yuri was headed toward the glass corridor that led out of the secure area. His mind was on his mate, and their future.

I have a lot I want to tell you, Victor. What do I say first?

Yuri was roused from his thoughts by a bark. He turned on instinct to look. I wonder how Makkachin is doing.

His eyes widened when he realized that the poodle with its paws pressed to the glass was Makkachin.

He looked up, and his eyes met Victor’s. All he wanted in that moment was to reach his mate as
quickly as possible.

Victor started to run toward the sliding glass doors, and Yuri matched him. Two days apart had been too long, and the clear divider was too much. He needed to hold the other man, to be held in return.

His mate had been waiting so that they didn’t spend a second longer apart than necessary, and yet there was still glass in between them.

Yuri reached the sliding doors and jogged in place, waiting for them to open. He rushed through as soon as they had cleared. His mate was waiting, and being wrapped in his arms was the best birthday present he had ever received.

Time stood still, and moved too fast all at once. He wanted to just hold onto that feeling of being in Victor’s arms, but the omega soon spoke.

“Yuri, I’ve been thinking about what I can do as your coach from now on.”

Yuri didn’t want to talk about retiring, not there, not then. But he had to make sure that his mate knew he was irreplaceable. “Me, too.”

Yuri squeezed his eyes shut and pushed his mate away. He needed to look into the omega’s eyes.

Victor had a pained look on his face, almost as if he had been rejected, and Yuri had to put that fear to rest.

“Please be my coach until I retire.”

Victor’s face relaxed, and he smiled softly before taking Yuri’s hand and kissing it. “It’s almost like a marriage proposal.”

Yuri was stunned for a moment before thinking about what he’d said. He smiled. Victor would be his support, publicly, as a coach. Just as their mating would be public if they were married. Either way, it was just the two of them.

He blushed, and allowed himself the brief fantasy of marrying the man in front of him.

He stepped back into Victor’s arms, the separation too much again.

“I wish you’d never retire.”

Yuri’s eyes widened, and tears started to spill from them. *I have to. I want this too, but it won’t work. I have to retire to let you go back to the ice. We’ll put on one more great performance, together.*

“Let’s win gold together at the Grand Prix Final.”

They held each other, Makkachin jumping up and trying to be part of the reunion until an obviously flustered airport employee cleared their throat nearby.

Yuri looked up.

“I’m sorry gentlemen, but…”

Yuri’s heart tightened, he didn’t want to stop holding his mate yet.

“Could you please move out of the way of traffic?”
Yuri realized that a line of people had formed behind them, only one person being able to squeeze past at a time.

Yuri looked into Victor’s confused expression.

“They want us to move aside so people can get past.”

Victor smiled, and they relocated to stand in an empty corner away from the flow of people.

They held each other and kissed softly, Makkachin jumping up and trying to get her part of the reunion in too. Eventually Yuri relented, kneeling to accept excited kisses from the poodle and to bury his fingers in the warm fur.

“She made it because of you,” Victor said softly. "I told her that."

Yuri turned his head. “What do you mean?”

“The vet told me that when she woke up she was lethargic, barely able to move, and had seemed to have given up. They were worried that she wasn’t going to make it. So was I when I first saw her. But somehow me being there gave her the will to fight back against whatever was dragging her down.”

Victor knelt beside Yuri and scratched behind Makkachin’s ears.

“Mari told me about what happened last year, about Vicchan.”

Yuri’s eyes widened as he looked at his mate.

“Yakov called,” Victor continued. “He said that you were on the verge of a standstill. It caused you that much pain to be away from me, and I wondered why you’d put yourself through that.

“I was hurting too. The omega in me was at war with itself, half insisting that I’d been abandoned, but the other half insisting that I was taking care of our family like a good omega should. I couldn’t understand why you’d cause us both so much pain.”

Victor took a deep breath. “Last night, when the vet kept Makka for observation, but everything looked good, I saw Mari at the altar, I didn’t understand much, but she was saying thanks in relation to Makkachin.”

Victor smiled. “When I asked she told me that she was thanking Vicchan for looking after Makkachin. She was thanking him for herself, for me, for Makkachin and for you. She told me what happened last year, and how devastated you were that you couldn’t be there.

“Yuri, I realized that you were protecting me, you were protecting our family. You sent me away because you didn’t want me to know that pain. I thought it was impossible to love you any more than I did, but somehow my love for you only grew. You put yourself through unbearable agony just so I wouldn’t have to feel that loss.”

Victor kissed Yuri’s forehead. “Thank you Yuri. You’re a far better alpha than I deserve.”

Yuri blushed. “I think you’re confused. I don’t deserve an omega as good as you.”

Victor smiled and they kissed again before making their way to baggage claim.

There were only a few bags left on the carousel when they arrived, and Yuri grabbed his quickly. He headed toward the exit that lead to the bus stop. As soon as they stepped down from the bus Yuri
tried to go toward the interior of the train station, but Victor tugged him in an opposite direction.

“Vitya?”

“I… want you to myself,” the omega explained, blushing slightly. “No family, no friends. You, me and Makkachin.”

Yuri smiled.

“I got us a hotel room nearby,” Victor continued. “I need to be with my mate tonight.

“I hope that’s ok.”

Yuri’s smile widened. “That sounds perfect. I wasn’t ready to face anybody else yet either. All I want is you.”

Yuri followed his omega to one of the hotels near the station. Business travelers criss-crossed the ornate lobby, but the pair ignored them, making their way to the elevators.

They kissed, slow and sweet as the carriage climbed to the fifteenth floor. Then Victor was leading him down the hall, Makkachin happily bouncing behind.

The room was large and well furnished, but the thing that immediately caught Yuri’s eye was the bed, and the nest that had been built on it.

“Vitya…” Yuri felt tears spring to his eyes as he looked up at his mate.

“I couldn’t help myself Yuri,” Victor replied, blushing again. “My omega side insisted that I needed a nest for my mate. I know it’s not as good as the one from the other hotel, but…”

“It’s perfect.” Yuri interrupted, bringing the Russian in for a kiss. “It’s beautiful, just like you.”

They kissed as they undressed each other, and Makkachin quickly made her way to her chosen spot in the room and curled up for a nap.

Victor climbed into the nest first, and held out his hands to Yuri. As soon as the alpha took them he was tugged down into the nest, a growl of happiness escaping.

He was home, with his mate. Nothing else mattered.

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s neck, nipping and sucking at the alpha’s scent gland until he understood that the omega wanted his mate’s scent to fill their nest.

Victor hummed happily as they started kissing, fingertips exploring. They whispered words of love, and stared into each other’s eyes.

Yuri was so tired. All he wanted was to feel the presence of his mate, he wanted to bask in their shared trust.

Victor yawned.

Yuri smiled, kissed the omega, then turned over so that his back was pressed against the warm skin of his mate’s chest.

Victor tugged a blanket over them both and curled around him. He kissed the smaller man’s shoulder and hair, and spoke softly in Russian.
Yuri didn’t understand, he didn’t care. It was his mate talking to him.

He closed his eyes, and breathed deep the scent of his omega. He could finally relax.

He wanted more, and was sure Victor did too, but in that moment it was enough to sleep in the arms of the man he loved.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

We’re not quite done with this hotel scene yet, but it was getting late and this was a good stopping point. Next time some floofy smut.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Purr

Chapter Summary

Victor and Yuri continue to reconnect in the hotel after Yuri's return to Fukuoka.

Chapter Notes

FLUFFY SMUT AHEAD!!!

So the poll was close when I stopped taking responses, but there was just a slight edge to balancing the stories more. I haven't worked out my new schedule yet, so things are going to be up in the air for a while. I suggest either subscribing or stalking me on tumblr. Alternately, if people want me to post on Twitter or Plurk when I update until I get into a schedule again say so in the comments, I've not been posting on those services because my friends there generally aren't into YOI, but I can make an exception until my schedule settles out some.

That said, next chapter might go up on Saturday. I'm wary of promising anything on Saturdays this month as I've got a month full of Saturday expectations.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri felt the bed shift as Victor got out of the nest. Voices, then the presence of his mate again. Victor kissed his shoulders and neck.

“Yuri,” the Russian cooed. “Wake up Yuri.”

Yuri turned over and tugged his mate into a kiss. “Hmmm, what time is it? How long did I sleep?”

Victor smiled against his lips. “Just before ten. You slept for about an hour, but I figured you needed dinner. I know you tend to not each much when traveling. I bet you’re hungry. I ordered room service for us.”

Yuri’s heart felt light. His omega was nurturing him after a rough few days. “What did you get?”

“Something easy,” Victor replied, nuzzling against his cheek. “Gyudon.”

“Mmm, comfort food,” Yuri murmured.

“Come on Yuri, get up before it gets cold.”

Yuri smiled and allowed his omega to drag him from the nest for dinner. They ate quietly, playing
footsie and staring at each other.

Once the bowls were back in the hall for pickup Victor climbed into the nest and held his hands out to Yuri.

Yuri studied his mate for a second, then made his way into the bathroom instead. He heard a confused noise from the Russian, but he was on a mission. He wanted to make his omega know how appreciated he was.

After a minute Yuri found the small complimentary bottle of lotion. He grabbed it, then went to his suitcase and rummaged through the toiletry bag until he found the lube.

When Yuri turned to face Victor the omega was sitting patiently in the nest, silently watching.

Yuri approached, and Victor leaned back in an instinctive invitation, opening himself up for the alpha.

Yuri crawled into the nest, tossing the two bottles off to the side, and continued to move forward until his lips were pressed against Victor’s. The omega tangled his fingers in Yuri’s hair and held him close.

Yuri put a hand on Victor’s chest and pushed him back into the nest. Once the Russian was comfortable he straddled him and continued kissing.

He needed his mate, he’d had a tiny glimpse of what life would be like without the man beneath him, and it was unbearable. Victor’s arms circled his waist and held him close.

Yuri plunged his hands into platinum hair and held his boyfriend as he wanted him, licking kisses into his mouth and capturing the needy moans in return.

“My mate,” Yuri whispered as they parted for a moment to breathe. “Vitya. I love you so much.”

“I love you too.” Victor’s breath ghosted across his lips. “My mate, my alpha.”

Yuri growled low, a gentle rumble of contentment. His lips trailed over Victor’s cheek to his ear.

“My omega, my beautiful, perfect omega.”

Victor whined softly as the words called to his instincts.

Yuri nipped at the shell of Victor’s ear and allowed his scent to seep into the nest. “Just relax Vitya, your alpha wants to make you feel good.”

When Yuri pulled back to look into his mate’s eyes he saw the glassy look of an omega deferring to the desires of an alpha. He kissed his cheeks and his fingers started rubbing the Russian’s scalp.

“Such a good omega,” Yuri praised softly, watching Victor’s eyelids flutter shut as his fingers moved through platinum hair. “You deserve to feel good. Let your alpha take care of you.”

Yuri moved his hands slowly, feeling the tension melt from his mate as his fingers worked. He showered Victor in kisses and praise as the Russian relaxed under the gentle ministrations.

Yuri’s fingers fanned over Victor’s face, and down to his neck, pressing just enough to convince tense muscles to relax.

When Yuri’s hands reached Victor’s chest he reached over and grabbed the tiny bottle of lotion. He
knew it was nowhere near the standard of moisturizer the omega usually used, but would suffice for his purposes. He squeezed some into his hand and warmed it before spreading it over his boyfriend’s chest and shoulders, working it into the skin as his thumbs rubbed circles into the strong muscles.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned softly as the younger man worked along one arm. Yuri could tell that the omega’s instincts were telling him he should be taking care of his alpha instead.


Victor sighed contentedly as Yuri worked a particularly stubborn muscle, and moaned with relief as the tension melted away.

By the time Yuri finished working the other arm and started down the Russian’s torso, the omega was purring softly.

Yuri’s alpha side was thrilled. He loved the sound of his contented mate and nuzzled the pale skin as he worked. Every few minutes he warmed another dollop of lotion, every action meant to treat and care for his omega.

Victor’s purring increased as Yuri massaged his legs, so tense and toned from all the time spent on the ice.

Yuri couldn’t pinpoint the moment when he started answering the omega’s purrs with a rumble of appreciation, but by the time he had Victor’s foot cradled in his lap, using his thumbs to work it gently, they were communicating almost entirely by instinctive sounds.

Yuri hated breaking the moment, but Victor didn’t seem to immediately grasp the meaning of a couple gentle taps to the outside of his leg.

“Turn over Vitya,” Yuri murmured, trying to keep the intrusive noise of words to a minimum.

Victor hummed and turned onto his stomach, purring only interrupted as he tried to get comfortable again.

Yuri started in reverse, massaging Victor’s feet before moving to his legs.

Yuri growled appreciatively when he kneaded the omega’s ass and noticed the tiniest hint of slick. It wasn’t nearly enough to be comfortable without lube, but it showed how relaxed Victor was and open to whatever the alpha had in mind.

Yuri used the heel of his hand to ease the muscles of Victor’s broad back, eliciting the loudest mix of purrs and moans, and ended with his fingers once more tangled into the Russian’s hair.

Victor was completely relaxed and pliant beneath him, purring, and releasing the most intoxicating aroma. Yuri could smell trust and love in his mate.

Yuri moved back down and laid beside his omega before tugging the larger man onto his side. He cuddled close, his chest against his boyfriend’s back. One arm braced Victor’s head while the other moved constantly in gentle patterns, tracing along Victor’s arm or fingers gently touching his chest.

Victor continued to purr and Yuri’s rumble matched it until they lost track of time, fully absorbed in the comfort provided by the other. Yuri was hard, but not painfully so. He would wait, what they did from that point depended on his mate’s desires.

Yuri was so comfortable that he almost missed the slight change of tone in Victor’s voice. The
omega was still purring, but there was an undertone to it.

“What do you need Vitya?” Yuri whispered, kissing at the place he would one day bite to bond the omega to him.

Victor’s fingers laced with his own, and he pulled Yuri’s hand to his erection.

Yuri hummed and nipped the skin at the back of Victor’s neck as he wrapped his fingers around the omega’s hardened length and started stroking slowly. Victor writhed and the purring took on a note of intense pleasure.

Yuri’s thumb stroked the head of his mate’s cock, spearing pre-cum over the skin, while his fingers teased and pressed along the length. Soon the omega curled into himself in ecstasy, and warmth spread over Yuri’s hand as the omega came hard, the only word between them was Yuri’s name tumbling from Victor’s lips.

Yuri rumbled approvingly. He loved knowing that he could bring such intense pleasure to the man he loved.

Yuri continued to stroke Victor’s cock until the omega whined and took Yuri’s hand again. When the Russian let go the alpha’s fingers were teasing at the cleft of his ass.

Yuri’s rumble deepened as he pressed his fingers to his mate’s entrance. Between the tiny amount of slick and the cum coating his digits he would be able to open up the omega without having to search for the lube.

Needy whimpers mixed with the sound of purring as Yuri’s fingers massaged the tight ring of muscle, slowly convincing it to relax and open, and the alpha savored the gasp of pleasure as he pushed one finger inside.

Yuri was as meticulous and gentle opening his mate as he was earlier when massaging him. He wanted to take his time and leave the omega with nothing but a sense of overwhelming bliss, and the continued purring just proved to him that he was on the right track.

By the time Yuri pulled his fingers from Victor’s hole the Russian had fisted his hands in the nest and was whining with need around his purrs.

Yuri pushed the omega so that he was half on his stomach and half on his side, and freed his trapped arm. He knelt and felt around the nest until he found the lube. He drizzled a generous amount onto his cock and contemplated how he wanted to take his mate. He could continue to press Victor onto his stomach and make the Russian melt with sensation, or he could move him onto his back and kiss him throughout.

Victor made the decision for him, reaching back with his free hand and pulling one ass cheek aside, exposing his fluttering hole. “Yuri…” he begged, obviously wanting to be claimed just as he was.

It was the best of both worlds as Yuri slid in. Victor was completely relaxed, the upper knee pulled up toward his chest, giving the alpha access, and when Yuri leaned in he could capture his mate’s mouth in a kiss.

Yuri moved in long, slow strokes. Each thrust took the omega apart a bit more, apologizing for the past couple days of separation, reassuring the Russian that the alpha wanted him and only him.

Every time Yuri felt too close to spilling inside his mate he either paused or pinched the base of his erection. As an alpha he knew he had a short refractory period, they were built to sire, but he didn’t
want to fill Victor right then. This was about pleasuring the man he loved, his own release would wait.

In, out. Purr, and answering rumble.

Eventually Victor’s breath quickened, his body clenching around Yuri, on the edge. Yuri watched his hand drift down, unable to hold back and the Russian stroked himself as the alpha moved faster.

The cry and whole body shudder that overtook Victor as he came was enough to push Yuri over the edge as well, coming undone with a growl.

Victor purred as they kissed, slow and sweet. He turned over when Yuri pulled out, and they continued to kiss facing each other.

Yuri was starting to wonder if they should go to sleep when Victor smeared a handful of cum across his chest. Yuri startled, then growled approvingly as he looked into the ocean blue eyes of his boyfriend and bared his scent gland. His omega was taking control, his mate wanted to scent him, and it made him insanely happy.

Victor leaned in to suck and nibble on Yuri’s neck, purring the entire time; gently letting the alpha know that he wanted him all to himself.

The tone of Yuri’s rumble changed as pleasure coursed through him, the scent gland and surrounding skin becoming receptive to accepting the scent of his mate.

They kissed as Victor massaged the pheromone-laden fluid against the spot, and they continued kissing as the omega’s hand trailed down Yuri’s chest and rubbed small circles on the inside of Yuri’s thighs. Yuri’s legs parted, and, after a moment of Victor searching for the lube, long fingers teased and pressed at his entrance.

They kissed and Victor opened him up, the Russian’s height an advantage. Then he was kneeling between Yuri’s legs, pushing inside and it was wonderful. Yuri loved being filled by his mate, and enjoyed it even more on the rare occasions when the omega took control.

Victor stroked Yuri’s cock as he moved, and it was good, but the omega’s request a moment later, signed rather than break the moment with words, took Yuri by surprise.

‘Knot.’

Yuri looked at his mate in confusion, but the look on Victor’s face was enough to tell him that the omega had a reason for asking. He smiled and nodded, trusting himself fully, even if his instincts said that their positions should be reversed for a knot.

He loved the feel as Victor pushed into his sweet spot with every thrust, while the long fingers did amazing things to his cock. In only a handful of minutes he was on the edge.

Yuri watched as the thick cum of a knotting ejaculation spurted onto his mate’s chest, and it was gorgeous.

Then, overly sensitive, his knot responded to the stroking of Victor’s hands, and it was good. His mate’s cock brushed his sweet spot as the omega continued to thrust and move inside him and Yuri was lost. His world went blindingly white, simulated far more than his mind could process. His hips rose to take Victor deeper, and a part of him knew he was still coming.

Victor continued to thrust and his hands worked the knot until Yuri released a strangled cry. The
pleasure had become so overwhelming that he couldn’t take it anymore.

Victor stopped massaging the knot, even though he kept moving inside of the alpha, and Yuri slowly came back to some semblance of sense. He immediately tugged the omega down and started stimulating the scent gland.


Victor moved faster as Yuri scented him.

Then they were kissing, Victor thrusting inside, their chests gliding together. Yuri’s knotted erection was trapped between them, and the alpha was lost once more. He didn’t return from the precipice of pure bliss until he had come again, hot between them, and the omega had filled him in return.

They kissed and touched as they both came down from the heights of ecstasy. The act of reclaiming and resenting was more powerful than any words, so they allowed the purrs and rumbles to speak in their place.

It was nearly an hour of just kissing and soft touching before they mutually decided that a shower was in order. Each bathed the other, providing relaxation and comfort.

Then they were snuggled together in the nest.

Victor was still purring as he fell asleep in Yuri’s arms, and the alpha knew that there was nothing better than that moment.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Fluffy smut. :-D And much Purring. Hope ya'll liked it. Next time we'll get back to practice because Barcelona is only a few days away for these boys.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Victor and Yuri indulge themselves in the hotel before returning to Hasetsu to practice. Once on the ice Yuri proposes some changes to the Eros program.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for bearing with me as I'm dealing with schedule changes all. May was already going to be a rough month and I'm busier on top of it.

Hopefully my schedule will even out soon so I can at least predict what days I'll be able to update rather than blindly fumbling.

Anyway... Enjoy!

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Victor wasn’t in the nest when Yuri woke up. The soft blue light of just past dawn filtered into the room. For a moment the alpha panicked, then the sound of the key card in the lock, and the omega walked in yawning and with Makkachin trotting happily behind.

Even without his glasses, Yuri could see how big his mate’s smile was.

Victor shed his clothes while Makkachin returned to her chosen corner. A moment later Yuri was curled in the Russian’s arms.

“You smell like water,” Yuri murmured as he kissed along the omega’s jaw.

“I took Makka for a stroll along the river,” Victor replied. “You seemed to need the sleep, otherwise I would have woken you.”

Yuri hummed. He had needed the rest, but now there was an itch under his skin. He’d decided to retire in order to stay with his mate, and he was determined to go out on a high note. He’d win the Grand Prix Final, and prove to the world that Victor hadn’t wasted his talent for those months that he was gone.

“What time is checkout?” Yuri asked as he pushed the omega onto his back and nibbled his ear.

“Eleven,” Victor purred as Yuri moved to nip at the scent gland.

Yuri hovered over the Russian and smiled. “Good. Plenty of time to indulge.”
Victor chuckled. “Save a few minutes for a late breakfast. I plan to work you hard once we get back to Hasetsu.”

“Perfect,” Yuri murmured as he kissed down the Russian’s chest, licking and nipping at nipples until they were hard and the omega was writhing beneath him. “I have some ideas about my short program.”

“Oh?” Victor asked, intrigued.

Yuri lifted his head and smiled at his mate before taking the head of his hardened cock between his lips. He patted around the nest for the forgotten bottle of lube from the night before, and found it had made it’s way under a pillow.

He opened Victor up as he sucked him off, and loved the look of sated pleasure on his boyfriend’s face as he lined himself up to slip inside.

“You’re insatiable you know,” Victor hummed, smiling as Yuri leaned in to kiss him.

“Do you want me to stop?” Yuri teased.


Yuri chuckled and kissed the man beneath him. “That’s a good thing right?”

“You don’t hear me complaining do you?”

Yuri angled his hips in the way he knew was just right, and kissed Victor’s jaw as the Russian’s hands fisted in the nest. “No complaints that I’ve heard.”

A few minutes later Yuri was happily knotted inside of the omega. They kissed, pleasure coursing through them both at the intimate connection.

“About your short program,” Victor murmured after a few minutes.

“I’ll discuss the changes I’m thinking of at practice this afternoon,” Yuri replied.

Victor grinned. “I’m not talking about upcoming short programs, I’m talking about the one from Moscow. I thought you made me a promise. Your hips made a lot of promises actually.”

Yuru pushed up so that he could gaze down on his mate, who returned the look with a grin.

“Who’s the insatiable one now?” Yuri teased.

Victor put on the most ridiculous fake-innocent face, and Yuri had a hard time not laughing.

“I thought I was your little cock-slut.”

Yuri started laughing, he couldn’t hold it in. They kissed, both chuckling against each other’s lips.

“Raincheck?” Yuri asked after a minute.

Victor smiled. “Only if you plan to pay with interest when I collect.”

“Oh?”

“Make me buy a donut pillow to sit on Yuri. If I can walk when you’re done the debt is still
When they arrived to what they thought was supposed to be public skating, Yuri and Victor found the rink deserted, the ice fresh.

Victor seemed confused, but Yuri knew immediately what happened. He turned to Takeshi. “Nishigori, this is too much!”

“Nonsense Yuri,” the older alpha replied, clapping him on the back. “This was the least we could do to help you win.”

“But this was supposed to be open rink time, when a lot of the revenue comes in.”

“I looked over the books,” Yuko said, strolling in. “Mondays are slow enough that it’s not a big loss. We’ve shortened the public skate for the next two weeks, that’s all. I also found you extra time on Wednesday.”

“But…”

“No ‘buts’ Yuri,” Takeshi declared with a growl. “This is our way of supporting you. Now get out there and start practicing.”

“Yuri?” Victor asked. “What’s going on? Is there a problem with the ice?”

It was then that Yuri realized that the entire conversation had been in Japanese. He sighed. “No, they moved around some of the public practices to give us as much private rink time as possible before we leave next Tuesday.”

Out of the corner of his eye Yuri caught Yuko nodding as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

Victor’s grin was wide enough to light the room.

Yuko and Takeshi went back to the front.

Yuri smiled. “About that raincheck…”

Victor laughed. “As sexy as it sounds, I’m not cashing in on it here… at least not with Yuko and Takeshi around.”

Yuri smiled and kissed his mate. “No, I’m just thinking you’ll have to add onto it.”

“Oh? Why’s that?”

“Because I’m about to drill Eros. I have some changes I know I want to make, but I need to pinpoint some of the timing, and there are other places I think I could improve on the scores.”

Victor hummed and held him close. “You’re just racking up that debt with me aren’t you?”

Yuri smiled. “Don’t worry, I’ll repay, with interest.”
Victor winked and took off his blade guards before stepping onto the fresh ice.

“Yuri?” Victor asked as the alpha skated to the barrier and put on his guards. Golden afternoon light streamed through the windows.

Yuri turned back. “I’ll be back in a few minutes Vitya. The past few days is catching up to me and I need a boost. I’m just going to run and grab us some drinks.”

“Why don’t I come with you?”

Yuri smiled and sat on a bench to remove his skates. “You looked like you were working on something in your head. Skate it out, and I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

Victor was silent for a moment, but nodded with a soft smile.

Yuri was almost to the glass doors when he turned back. “What flavor of jam for your tea?”

Victor grinned. “Surprise me.”

Yuri jogged down the steps of the Ice Castle and headed off toward their favorite cafe to pick up their drinks.

He needed the boost, yes, but Yuri also needed a few minutes alone to think. He loved and trusted his mate, and he was extremely proud to be skating Victor’s choreography, but he was about to suggest several alterations.

Who was he to suggest changes to the choreography of the five time consecutive world champion?

The cafe was slow, and by the time Yuri reached the counter the girl working it had already fetched Yuri’s coffee and made an extra-strong cup of black tea for Victor. He picked out a jam, mixed in the amount the Russian usually added, and was soon walking back to the rink.

When Yuri stepped through the glass doors he saw his mate deep into a dance, wireless earbuds sending the music straight to him.

Yuri smiled for a minute, watching Victor skate. Then his heart started to break, bit by bit. The choreography was agonizing. Each step screamed loneliness and pain, as if the only thing keeping the omega alive was the fear of giving up.

Tears were streaming down his face by the end of the silent skate.

Victor turned and spotted him. He pulled his earbuds free.

“Yuri? What’s wrong?” Concern laced the Russian’s voice.

Yuri shook his head. “It’s just… that was so beautiful. But so sad. I… I don’t make you feel like that do I?”

Victor skated over, leaned across the barrier and wrapped his arms around the alpha. “No Yuri. That was how I felt before I met you.”

“Really?”
Victor smiled down at him. “Really. Do you want to know how you make me feel?”

Yuri nodded.

“Just watch.”

Victor put his earbuds back in and touched the right one several times, speaking softly to call up the song he wanted with voice commands.

From the first steps Yuri sensed hope, and love. It was tentative, but as the piece continued the feeling became stronger. There was excitement for the future, and so much love mixed in that the Russian could have been shouting from the rooftops and it would have had less impact than the quiet scratch of blades on the ice.

When Victor finished Yuri knew exactly how much he meant to the omega, and the tears in his eyes were from the overwhelming love he felt for his mate.

“Vitya…” he choked out as the omega skated near again.

“I love you Yuri Katsuki,” Victor said as he took the alpha’s face in his hands and kissed him.

“When did you make those programs?”

Victor smiled. “The first has been off and on for a while. I thought about using it, but never really felt brave enough. It bares my soul in a way few programs have. Yakov used to get mad when I’d skate it. He knew it would have likely broken records, but I refused to use it for anything except my own release.”

“And the second?”

“I only started working on that one recently, but the bulk really came to me while I was waiting for you to get back from Russia. All I could think about was you, and how much I love you and how excited I am for the future. I think the omega part of me thought I could woo you back with a skate.”

He chuckled softly before kissing Yuri. “Once the vet said that Makka was going to be fine, but they still had her for observation the only thing I wanted to do was skate my feelings for you. So I came here and practiced way later than I should have, but it helped me feel better.”

They kissed for several minutes before Victor let him go. “Now… you wanted to make changes to your short program, da?’

Yuri nodded and handed Victor his tea while he went to put on his skates.

Victor was in coach mode by the time Yuri skated to the middle of the rink. He was ready to listen and offer feedback.

Yuri took a deep breath. “Let’s start by changing my entry into the triple axel. We have time in the transition leading to it, so we should make the entry more difficult.”

Victor nodded. “Show me what you’re thinking.”

Yuri gave a nod in return then skated around the ice several times before gaining speed. He let the music build, hearing the phrases leading to the jump in his head. He put in the deviation that would make the entry harder, and landed the jump cleanly.

“Good call Yuri!” Victor yelled. “That was perfect. That’ll get you higher marks for sure. What else
do you have for me?”

Yuri ran through a couple more alterations. He switched out a few footwork patterns in the step sequence and adjusted the entry to his sit spin. He convinced the Russian that changing the quad salchow to a combination jump would garner more points. Then came the change he was most nervous about.

He skated over to where Victor waited and fixed his coach with a determined expression.

“I want to change the last quad to a flip.”

Victor leveled him with a stare. “You want to change the jump to a quad flip in your short program?” He sounded unsure. “You’ve barely even landed that jump cleanly in practice.”

Yuri was determined. He wanted to win, he needed the points to beat JJ.

He needed to prove to the world that he was a worthy mate to his omega. “Yeah, but I still have time to improve the execution. Finding out how far I can push my limits to win will motivate me to fight through to the Final!”

There was a beat of silence. “Don’t you want to see it, Vitya? To see me land a quadruple flip with a plus three GOE?”

A grin spread across the Russian’s face, he lunged at Yuri and smothered him in a hug. “I do!”

Yuri grinned and returned his mate’s affectionate embrace. “Right?”

They nuzzled each other’s cheeks for a moment before Victor kissed him. “I can’t wait to see it.”

Yuri smiled and kissed his omega. “We’re taking the gold Vitya. Together.”


They kissed again.

“Show me your new promises alpha,” Victor said when they came apart.

Yuri smiled. “Anything for my omega.”

Yuri skated to the middle of the rink and let the music flow through him. They were going to show the world the power of their love.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

And the push to Barcelona begins. Yuri will be working hard to prepare.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage
Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Strain

Chapter Summary

Yuri continues to try to seek out higher scores in his program and strains even his stamina.

Chapter Notes

Just a bit of a filler chapter. Really these days until they leave for Barcelona are kinda the calm before the storm.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was still mostly dark when Yuri awoke, his mind finally giving up on the prospect of decent sleep. It was Tuesday, and they headed to Barcelona in a week. Beside him he could feel the gentle rise and fall of Victor’s chest as he slept.

As much as Yuri wanted to curl back up against his mate he knew that he wouldn’t be able to sleep. They were too close to their goal, and he wasn’t ready.

His skating wasn’t ready. He still needed to bring up his scores.

He wasn’t ready. He didn’t want to retire.

Yuri moved just enough to press a kiss to Victor’s jaw before quietly climbing from their bed. Rather than risk waking his mate he padded into his old room and rummaged for some practice clothes.

It felt strange being in there, like it belonged to a part of himself that he’d left behind. He looked around once he was dressed, taking everything in.

Soon enough he’d move to St. Petersburg with his mate. But he knew they’d come back to visit. He could see in Victor’s eyes how much he loved Yuri’s family, and Hasetsu.

Yuri took stock of his belongings, and smiled. He’d ask his parents and Mari to keep the old banquet room as his and Victor’s for when they visited. He’d ask that they turn his old bedroom into a guest room for Yurio, as he had a feeling that the teen wouldn’t stay away either.

Yuri jogged to the rink by the glow of street lamps, only the faintest blue light outlining the horizon as he let himself into the building.

Yuri laced up in silence, and turned on just enough lights to see what he was doing.
He started with school figures, losing himself in the repetition, before drilling his step sequences.

He knew better than to practice jumps alone, but he could run everything else until Victor arrived in a couple hours.

Yuri lost track of how many times he’d launched the flip and came down on the ice. Midday light streamed into the Ice Castle, shadows crawling across the frozen surface as practice progressed.

It was a silent reminder that his time as a competitive figure skater was quickly dwindling.

He didn’t want to give it up, but he had to stay with Victor.

Yuri pushed. He had to exit on a high note. He would show the world that Victor hadn’t wasted his time.

He would show Victor that he was a worthy mate, even after he’d stopped skating. He had no idea how his retirement would change the relationship between them.

“Yuri,” Victor called from the barrier, having changed out of his skates almost an hour prior. “Take a break. You’re not going to land it when you’re exhausted.”

“One more time,” Yuri argued, already skating crossovers to make another attempt.

“You said that half an hour ago.”

Yuri pushed off, and came down hard again. His arms ached from bracing himself as he hit the ice.

Yuri got up and started another lap.

“Yuri…” Victor warned. It was his coach voice.

Yuri ignored it. He had to make the jump, he just had to.

“Alpha…” Victor whined.

Yuri slid to a stop. He sighed and skated over to the platinum-haired man.

“That’s not fair Vitya,” Yuri sighed.

“You didn’t leave me much choice,” Victor replied softly. “I’ve been trying to get you to leave for an hour. I don’t want you hurting yourself.”

Yuri frowned, but allowed the omega to pull him into a hug and bury his nose against the alpha’s scent gland. Victor sighed softly.

“As your mate, I want to have a nice lunch with my alpha before we go to the studio this afternoon,” Victor murmured. “As your coach, I want you at your best next week, not unable to skate because you worked yourself too hard.”

Yuri felt an argument welling in his throat.

Victor lifted his head from Yuri’s neck and looked at him with determination in his eyes.

Yuri sighed. “Ok Vitya. You win. Let’s go to lunch.”
Yuri’s mind raced as he ate. He needed to perfect the jump. He needed the points. He ran the programs over and over in his mind, searching for little places where he could squeeze out even an extra fraction of a point.

“Yuri…”

He could try for raised arms during jumps. He shook his head, he’d tried that before and failed miserably. He could try to be even more expressive with his upper body during his step sequence though. It was already at level four in terms of difficulty, but he could squeeze a higher grade of execution there.

His spins…

“Yuri…”

No room in the spins, he’d already made them as difficult as he could.

Were any transitions clunky? Was there any place where interpretation could hurt him?

“Yuri!”

Yuri blinked and realized that Victor had been trying to get his attention. He turned his eyes to his mate and smiled weakly.

Victor relaxed. “Talk to me Yuri. You’re in your head again. Tell me what you need. I’m your coach, but I’m not a mind-reader.”

Yuri sighed. “I’m just worried that it won’t be enough. I want to squeeze every point I can from these programs.”

Victor frowned. “Yuri, you’re already changing things to make them stronger. You made your entries harder wherever you could, and you added the quad flip to the short program. Your step sequences and spins are already at level four. There’s not a lot of wiggle room left without major changes.”

Yuri sighed. Victor was right. But he wasn’t sure it was going to be good enough.

Yuri’s legs started aching from the strain of pushing himself too hard about halfway through dance practice. He gritted his teeth and forced himself to continue. Victor had left the studio some time earlier to discuss the details of the promised exclusive interview with Morooka, and Yuri knew that the coach would make him stop practicing as soon as he returned.

A few minutes later Victor walked in, calling out details as he made his way down the short hall, but he stopped mid-sentence when he saw Yuri.

“You’re done for the day. Let’s pack up and head home.”

“Just a bit longer,” Yuri argued.

Victor padded across the hardwood floor in socks and pulled the alpha into his arms.
“Listen to your coach Yuri. Or if not your coach, then your mate.”

Yuri melted in Victor’s embrace. The omega was releasing his scent, and all Yuri wanted to do was curl up and let his mate take care of him.

“That’s not fair…” Yuri protested even as he breathed deep Victor’s smell.

“Maybe not, but sometimes I have to play dirty with a stubborn alpha like you.”

Victor pressed a kiss to the top of Yuri’s head. “If you’d listen to your coach I wouldn’t have to play dirty though.”

Yuri chuckled. “I just want to win.”

“I know, but you’ll hurt yourself before you even get the chance to try if you continue on like this.”

Yuri sighed. Wrapped in Victor’s arms the logic was sound.

Victor continued to hold Yuri close, overwhelming him with his scent. “I’ve worked out the details with Morooka. He’ll bring a camera crew from Tokyo on Thursday. They’re going to film some practice. Afterward there will be a longer interview. They plan to air it once we’ve already left for Barcelona as a reminder to watch the final.”

Yuri nodded, and suddenly he was exhausted. The early morning caught up to him in a rush and he sagged in Victor’s embrace.

“How long were you at the rink before I got there?” Victor murmured as he ran his lips across Yuri’s hairline.

“Dunno. It was still dark when I went in.”

“Yuri…” Victor sighed. “Sleep is important too.”

Yuri looked up and smiled weakly. “Tell that to my anxiety.”

Victor smiled and looked into Yuri’s eyes. “Now listen here Yuri’s anxiety. Sleep is important, so leave him alone at night.”

Yuri couldn’t help but laugh at Victor’s ridiculousness.

“Come on Yuri,” Victor said gently. “Let’s go soak in the onsen, then we’ll take a nap. Ok?”

Yuri nodded, then shook his head. “Nap first, otherwise I’ll fall asleep in the water.”

Victor smiled and kissed his forehead. “I think we can make that adjustment.”

Yuri’s legs felt like rubber as he stepped into the lightly steaming water of the onsen. Even after dinner and a nap he was still exhausted, and had to hold onto Victor’s arm for support lest his limbs give up entirely.

Victor led him to the far side of the pool, away from several clusters of men either relaxing or in quiet conversation.
Yuri felt immense relief at sinking into the hot water. Victor sat next to him, and he closed his eyes to lean against the omega.

“Yuri…” Victor said softly after several minutes.

“Hmm?”

“It’s more than just the program scores isn’t it?”

Yuri’s eyes fluttered open and he looked up to see Victor gazing down at him.

Victor sighed. “You’ve been worried about the scores before, and your performance. But there’s something different this time. I can feel it. There’s an underlying desperation that’s new.”

“I just want to win.”

“Are you sure?”

Yuri nodded and he turned slightly so that he could faintly smell Victor’s scent.

There was a bit of tension in Victor’s frame, like he wanted to push, but he sighed again after a moment and started rubbing circles on the alpha’s back.

“Feels good.” Yuri murmured after a while. He was so relaxed and didn’t want to move.

“Is that so?”

Yuri nodded.

Victor kissed Yuri’s hair. “Come on. You’re about to fall asleep. Let’s go to bed.”

Yuri nodded mutely. Bed sounded nice. He let Victor lead him from the onsen to their bedroom. The yukata fell from his shoulders and he collapsed onto the mattress, too exhausted to even think about pajamas.

Victor turned off most of the lights, leaving only one on his side of the bed on. Yuri thought the omega planned to read, but instead he rummaged through a drawer until he found a small jar. He settled himself near Yuri’s legs, opened the jar and scooped whatever was inside onto his hand, warming it before pressing it into Yuri’s skin.

Yuri sighed as a soothing warmth seeped to his muscles. It wasn’t as harsh as muscle relievers in the US but felt just as good.

“This is my favorite muscle balm,” Victor said softly as he worked the cream along Yuri’s legs, massaging as he went. “I know a lot of people prefer the ones that seem really hot, but they’re not comfortable to me. This one has a nice warmth without feeling like I’m being scalded.”

Yuri hummed, quickly losing the battle against encroaching sleep.

Victor started singing softly, the same lullaby from when Yuri had his anxiety attack a couple weeks prior. His hands continued to rub the balm into Yuri’s skin, leaving trails of relaxation in their wake.

The soothing smell of his mate saturated the air.

Yuri’s omega was taking care of him.
He felt the tension leave his body, and his mind drifted away to the soft voice of his mate and the relaxing nature of his touch.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Little bit of fluff there at the end. Hope you enjoyed.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri woke first. He was surrounded by Victor’s scent and could hear his mate’s heartbeat from where his head was against the omega’s chest. He stretched then curled back up against the Russian.

Yuri closed his eyes and ran his hand through the fine hair on Victor’s chest, almost imperceptible except up close. He savored the soothing smell of snow and oranges.

It was just over a week until he would retire from the sport he loved. However he would have this. No matter what, he would hold onto it. Being with Victor, his mate, meant everything.

Victor turned into Yuri’s touch and his blue eyes fluttered open. “Mmm, g’morning,” he mumbled before pressing a kiss to Yuri’s lips.

Yuri smiled and lifted his hand from Victor’s chest to tangle into platinum hair. He brought the omega in for another kiss. “Good morning,” he breathed between the quickly deepening, lazy kisses.

They turned to face each other better, the kisses became heated, and soon they were grinding their morning erections together. Yuri moaned into Victor’s mouth when the omega wrapped his hand around both their lengths and stroked.

“Yuri… Yuri…” Victor moaned softly, and while Yuri wasn’t sure, he thought he heard his own voice calling his mate’s name.

They came at almost the same time, kissing sloppily as warmth spread between them. Even as Victor’s hand stopped stroking, the kisses continued and a few minutes later they were grinding against each other again.

“Do you want more?” Victor breathed against Yuri’s lips as they broke away for a moment.
“Always,” Yuri replied with a kiss. “As long as it’s with you. But I’m ok for now. We should probably get to practice.”

“Mmmm,” Victor replied with a kiss, then used his larger size to flip the alpha onto his back. “Too bad, because I need more and I can’t wait.”

Victor’s lips were on his again, his legs straddling Yuri and pinning the smaller man to the bed. Yuri smiled against his mate’s lips. “I would be a bad alpha if I ignored a need like this wouldn’t I?”

“Definitely.”

“Mmm, can’t have that. Hand me the lube so I can open you up.”

They kissed while Victor fumbled blindly in the nightstand, and after a moment Yuri felt the lube pressed into his hand. Yuri drizzled some onto his fingers and reached around to tease at Victor’s entrance.

Victor moaned and sucked a mark on Yuri’s shoulder as one finger became two, scissoring and loosening the ring of muscle.

“Such a needy omega,” Yuri teased, adding a third finger and curling them around to massage Victor’s sweet spot.

Victor whimpered. “Only for my alpha.”

Yuri groaned, the words going straight to his cock. He pulled his fingers free, making Victor whimper with loss, then lined himself up and lifted his hips, pushing into the heat of his mate.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned.

“You feel so good Vitya,” Yuri praised. He wrapped his arms around Victor’s back, holding the omega so that he could kiss him as he pushed in.

They moved slowly, hips rolling together. The edge had been taken off with the earlier hand job, and they enjoyed each other. They kissed desperately, any separation too much. Victor came first, spilling between them. A moment later Yuri held the omega’s hips as he thrust deep and knotted inside his mate.

“What about getting to practice?” Victor gasped, pleasure from the pressure flowing through him.

“This is more important,” Yuri replied, pulling his head back for another kiss.

“Your coach will be mad at you for being late,” Victor teased.

“He wanted me to ease up yesterday,” Yuri retorted, nipping at Victor’s bottom lip. “I wish he’d make up his mind.”

“Coaches only want what’s best for their students,” Victor moaned.

“And what if what’s best for the student is to fuck the coach senseless before practice?”

Victor smiled. “I guess that might make a reasonable argument.”

“Good.”
They continued kissing until Yuri’s knot receded, then the smaller man flipped them so that Victor was on his back. Yuri pounded into his mate until Victor’s hands curled into the sheets and the only word he seemed to know was his alpha’s name.

They set some ground rules during their walk to the rink, fingers tangled together. Yuri was to spend no more than half an hour at a time working on the flip, and would take at least half an hour working on steps or spins before trying again.

If Yuri failed to follow the rules then Victor was free to abuse his effect on the alpha’s instincts to make him listen.

Yuri was at the barrier taking a water break after a particularly frustrating set of jumps when Victor wrapped his arms around him from behind.

“How do I make you feel Yuri?”

Yuri turned around and smiled as he looked into his mate’s eyes. “Vitya?”

“How do I make you feel?”

Yuri nuzzled into Victor’s neck, breathing his scent. “I feel like i could fly when I’m with you.”

Victor stepped back and kissed him. “Channel that thought Yuri. It’s what made you fly before, and I think it will again.”

Yuri blinked at his mate, then smiled. It was true. He’d been thinking of Victor, and his reaction, when he’d tried the flip in China.

“We can break the rules this once,” Victor whispered. “Your coach approves, as long as you think of me.”

Yuri kissed the omega. “I think I can do that.”

Yuri took off on a lap of the ice, gaining speed. He thought of Victor’s face at that first quad flip. He remembered the first tentative kisses, the first time they made love, and all the moments after.

He thought of his mate, and the joy that he brought into his life, and he felt like he could fly as he lifted into the air.

The landing wasn’t clean, there was a wobble in the edge and he could feel it. But he didn’t put his hand down.

“Yuri! That was amazing!” Victor yelled from across the rink.

Yuri turned and skated into his mate’s open arms, accepting the hugs and kisses lavished on him. He felt as if he was still floating with happiness.

Yuri’s attempts at the quad flip improved dramatically once they had learned the secret behind it. However, whenever Yuri tried to focus on the technicality of the jump it reverted to how it had been before, with him either falling or putting his hand on the ice.
Regardless, both Yuri and Victor were thrilled with the development. They spent more time kissing than lifting weights during their time in the rink’s weight room, and Minako had to threaten to banish Victor from the studio before she could get Yuri to focus on his dance lesson.

They went to dinner and a movie that night, making time for a traditional date. They ended up losing track of the plot when they became more interested in kissing than Yuri translating.

Somehow neither of them cared. They could see the movie again another time.

They snuggled close as they soaked in the onsen, and when Yuri sank into his mate in their bed that night he felt more confident than he had in a while.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Short and sweet. Next chapter will have that exclusive interview with Morooka.

I’ve posted a bunch of one-shot ficlets lately for no particular reason than they came to me, so if you haven’t read them yet hit my profile link above and check them out.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri was having very good dreams. He was skating, then, as dreams do, he was suddenly in bed with his mate.

Victor was making him feel so good.

Something caught in the back of his mind. He did feel good, and not just in his dreams.

Consciousness clawed its way to the surface, and the entire time his cock was extremely interested in something. When he opened his eyes he was greeted with the sight of Victor between his legs, head bobbing along Yuri’s hardened length.

“Fuck, Vitya,” Yuri moaned, bucking into the wet heat of his mate’s mouth.

Victor pulled off with a soft pop and crawled up to kiss Yuri, straddling the alpha.

“That’s the plan,” Victor said after several heated kisses.

“Hmm?” Yuri asked, mind still fuzzy from sleep.

Victor leaned in and kissed the shell of Yuri’s ear. “You said fuck Vitya,” Victor purred, and Yuri felt a hand on his cock. “That’s the plan.”

Yuri moaned as Victor sank down onto him. He wrapped his arms around the omega and held him close so that they could kiss.

“Mmmm,” Yuri groaned as they started rolling their hips together. “You can wake me up like this every day.”

Victor kissed and nibbled along Yuri’s jaw. “I thought you’d be ok with it.”
Yuri smiled. “More than. I like being wanted by my mate.”

“Always,” Victor said before gasping as Yuri thrust up and hit his sweet spot.

Yuri continued to nail Victor’s prostate until the omega was a moaning mess and warmth bloomed between them as he came.

Yuri followed a moment later, driving in deep to fill the man he loved.

Victor curled up against Yuri’s chest as they laid there, boneless and breathless.

“The only thing that would have made that more perfect would have been a knot,” Victor sighed.

Yuri laughed. “Don’t we have to get to the rink for an exclusive interview today?”

Victor tilted his head to look into Yuri’s eyes. “That’s why I woke you up early.”

Yuri stared, then started laughing. Victor quickly joined in and soon they were kissing, still giggling against each other’s lips.

“I love you Yuri.”

“I love you too Vitya.”

“Thank you for agreeing to this exclusive segment,” Morooka said with a bow.

Yuri returned the gesture. “Thank you for your assistance with the press conference. We would have had a difficult time addressing that incident without that level of organization.”

They stepped aside as a cameraman carried some equipment to the side of the rink.

“Let’s run through what we’ll be doing,” Morooka said.

“Vitya,” Yuri called, motioning the Russian over.

Victor stopped next to Yuri.

“First,” Morooka said, switching to English for Victor’s benefit. “I’d suggest avoiding casual names like that on camera.”

Yuri laughed nervously and ran his hand through his hair.

Victor smiled. “I think we can manage that, right Yuritchka?”

Yuri sputtered at the sudden nickname. “Victor!”

Morooka smiled, then the segment producer cleared his throat. “Right,” the reporter said. “We should outline what the proceedings will be.”

He looked over his notes. “We’ll start with filming some standard practice. Just do whatever is normal. After we get enough and you have a chance to clean up we’ll proceed to the interview portion. I think your friends are setting up the stage again in the lobby?”

Yuri nodded, Victor and Takeshi had set up the platform earlier that morning, and Yuko had been
hanging a backdrop when he’d last been out there.

“You’re sure you don’t want to do the interview first?” Victor asked. “That way you won’t need to worry about us cleaning up.”

Morooka shook his head. “It’ll give us time to relocate and light the area. Also it allows me to determine if I have any questions based on what I see during practice.”


The cameraman said something to the producer.

“He says they’re ready,” Yuri translated.

“Let’s get on the ice then,” Victor replied.

Yuri nodded and they removed their hard skate guards, stepping onto the frozen surface.

They warmed up together through several laps of the ice before Victor broke off to wait at the barrier while Yuri moved into his additional routine of school figures to center himself.

Yuri heard muted conversation from the news crew as he traced the circles. He forced his mind to be blank, focusing on the ice until he felt the connection to it.

Once he was ready Yuri headed to the barrier for a drink. They were about to start with a runthrough of his short program when Morooka asked them to hold back.

“The upstairs crew is trying to find the perfect angle for a clear shot of your figure.”

Yuri held back a second until they got the go ahead. Then he moved to center ice.

Yuri let the music fill his head as Victor described the changes to the program.

There was a wobble in Yuri’s blade when he landed the quad flip, and he had to set a hand down.


Yuri was about to glare at his mate before he softened into a sigh. He smiled, and started again.

They were freshly showered and sitting on chairs in the lobby of the rink, a basic cloth backdrop behind them.

Yuri wanted to put on his glasses, but he never wore them for interviews so he forced himself not to squint at everything around him. Victor guided him with subtle touches as necessary, something he was immensely grateful for.

Since the interview was meant for Japanese audiences they had decided that Morooka would ask questions first in Japanese, then again in English so they could be edited out. There would be an official studio voiceover for Victor’s answers when the segment aired, so nobody had to worry about translating on the spot.

Yuri got as comfortable as he could, then they were informed that they were rolling.
I’m sitting here with Katsuki Yuri and Nikiforov Victor. Skater Katsuki has just qualified for his second Grand Prix of Figure Skating Final, and we’re honored to be able interview him and his new coach to discuss this achievement.”

Morooka paused for a few seconds, giving editing crews a break in case they needed to separate out the intro, then proceeded onto his first question.

“Skater Katsuki, how does it feel to be headed toward your second Grand Prix Final?”

Yuri put on his press smile, not as practiced as Victor’s but he hoped it was adequate. “I’m excited to be able to again represent Japan on such a prestigious stage.”

“Coach Nikiforov, this is your first year as a coach. How does it feel to have your student make such an achievement so soon?”

Victor grinned. “I’m thrilled with Yuri and his accomplishments. There is an overwhelming sense of pride to see a student do so well. But I must also give credit where it’s due. Yuri has passion and drive, and I merely need to push him. He’s also had incredible guidance his entire career. I can see the positive influences of his previous coach, and even the basics that show his beginnings in ballet under Hasetsu’s Okukawa Minako.”

Yuri smiled to hear his mate speak so highly of the other people in his life.

“Skater Katsuki, your style is dramatically different this year than in seasons past. Is this something you decided or the influence of your new coach?”

Yuri felt a slightly blush creep across his cheeks. “Victor is the one who suggested that I try for a more mature feel in my skating.”

“And how did that feel?”

“I… was reluctant at first. But as we got closer to the start of the season I started to get more comfortable with it. My old style reflected who I was then, and what I’m skating now reflects the current me.”

“Coach Nikiforov, how did you decide to push skater Katsuki in this new direction?”

Victor smiled, and for a moment Yuri was sure he saw a hint of nostalgia in his mate’s eyes. “I saw that there was something hidden underneath his gentle nature, and decided to draw it out.”

They bantered back and forth like that through most of the interview, Morooka asking one then the other questions. Eventually Yuri started to relax and enjoyed talking about skating. Before he knew it the segment producer was signaling that it was time for the interview to wrap up.

“Coach Nikiforov, would you tell us more about how you decided to become skater Katsuki’s coach?”

“Yuri has always been a beautiful skater, a natural talent on the ice. But I knew that I needed to coach him when I saw the video of him skating my routine. The news of his split with coach Celestino had just made the rounds, and I decided that I couldn’t let a skill like his go to waste for lack of a coach.”

“Skater Katsuki, were you surprised with coach Nikiforov’s offer?”

Yuri nodded. “Hai. I knew I wanted to continue skating, but didn’t know what I was going to do.
When Victor arrived I thought I was dreaming.”

Morooka smiled. “Coach Nikiforov, before you turned to coach skater Katsuki you had just achieved a fifth consecutive gold medal win in the World Figure Skating Championships…”

Both Yuri and Victor tensed slightly.

“... How did it feel to transition from competitor to coach in such a short span of time?”

The tension seemed to melt from both their bodies.

“I was excited to undertake the challenge of guiding Yuri to reach his highest potential, and I’ve found a great deal of inspiration in this new phase of my life.”

“Final question is for skater Katsuki. You’ve been doing exceptionally well under coach Nikiforov, how are you planning to capitalize on that for the rest of the season and in years to come?”

“Right now I’m focused on the Grand Prix Final, and will approach future competitions as I come to them. I do hope that everybody will cheer for me while I compete in Barcelona.”

Yuri hoped the lie was believable. He was focused on the final, but there would be no more competitions.

“Well you have had quite an impressive season so far, and I, along with many of our viewers I’m sure, are looking forward to your future performances. We’re excited to see you continue representing Japan.”

Yuri felt as if a hole opened up beneath him and swallowed him whole. He wasn’t sure if all the blood left his face, and hoped that his voice didn’t shake as he spoke. “Thank you.”

Morooka gave Yuri a look, but didn’t press.

“That’s all the time we have. I’d like to thank skater Katsuki and coach Nikiforov for their time. Please support skater Katsuki during our exclusive coverage of the Grand Prix of Figure Skating Final.”

The filming ended, and the men stood

Vitor and Yuri spent several minutes chatting with Morooka and the producer while the film crews packed their equipment. Then they were alone in the lobby.

“Yuri? Are you ok?” Victor asked softly as the doors closed behind the departing news team.

Yuri turned and tried to smile at his mate. “I’m ok.”

“You look pale. I don’t recall you falling that bad today. Are you hurt?”

“No. I think the interview just took more out of me than I expected.”

Victor leaned in and kissed his forehead. “I always forget you’re not one for the press. You did well.”

“Thank you.”

“I don’t want to push when you’re like this though. Let’s go get lunch and relax this afternoon.”
Yuri nodded and folded himself against Victor’s chest. After a moment of silent confusion the Russian wrapped his arms around the alpha.

“Are you sure you’re ok?”

Yuri nodded.

“Yuri?” Victor asked sleepily.

Yuri leaned over and kissed Victor’s cheek. “Go back to sleep Vitya.”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m just going for a walk.”

Victor squinted at the bedside clock in the darkness. “It’s after midnight. Can’t you sleep?”

Yuri knelt so that Victor could faintly see him in the tiny bit of moonlight that filtered into the room. He ran his fingers over his mate’s face.

“Just some anxiety, that’s all. I’m going to take a walk to clear my head. I’ll be back in a bit.”

“Do you want me to come with you?”

Yuri kissed Victor’s cheek. “I want you to sleep and get a good night’s rest. There’s no reason for both of us to be sleep deprived tomorrow.”

Victor nodded under Yuri’s fingers. “Don’t stay out too long,” he replied, the pull of sleep slurring his words.

“I won’t my love. I’ll be back in your arms soon.”

Yuri stayed that way until he heard Victor’s breathing even out and he knew that the omega was asleep.

Yuri slipped from the inn and headed toward the beach.

He didn’t want to retire, he loved skating.

But he loved Victor more.

The interview had reminded him that he didn’t just skate for himself though. He skated for the man he loved, he skated to represent his country.

Did he have a right to retire when his performances, his career, were bigger than him?

But what would it mean if he continued. He couldn’t ask Yakov to take him on, and he knew that no other coach in St. Petersburg would be good enough.

He couldn’t ask his mate to stay away any longer.

Either decision was selfish. He hated it. He wanted to make everybody happy, but to do that would likely hurt both him and Victor the most.
He’d given so much of himself over the years, to the sport, to the fans. Now the thing he wanted most was to stay with his mate.

He had to be selfish, it was the only way Yuri would get what he wanted.

He could either continue skating under Victor, and let his mate’s skills stagnate until he was no longer competitive. Or he could give up the sport himself, and disappoint his own fans, for the sake of staying with his omega.

The sound of lapping waves on the shoreline, out in the darkness beyond the glow of the streetlamps.

Would Victor hate him if the waning days of his own career were spent coaching somebody as unreliable as Yuri? Would he one day look back and realize how much time he’d wasted, how many more medals he could have won?

Yuri’s stomach turned at the thought. The mere thought of his mate coming to hate him for that was too much.

He had to let go.

Yuri carefully stepped onto the sand, moving closer to the water in the darkness. He wanted to scream into the night that it wasn’t fair.

He wanted everything, he wanted everybody to be happy.

There was no way to make that happen.

He sat on the sand and pulled his knees to his chest. Even the path he’d chosen was a gamble. What would he do in St. Petersburg? Victor would train, but Yuri didn’t speak Russian. He’d be a drag on his mate until he could learn the language and start working.

Somehow it still seemed a better alternative than being separated.

Tears spilled down Yuri’s cheeks, and he sobbed into his knees. He wanted to keep skating, with Victor.

The truly selfish answer was the one that would leave everybody happy, and it was the only one that was impossible.

Yuri felt broken inside as he made his way back to the inn. He didn’t like the choice, but it was the only one he saw.

He forced his emotions down as he removed his shoes. He wiped away the dried tear tracks as he slid open their bedroom door.

He reminded himself that he was doing this for Victor as he nuzzled into his mate’s embrace.

He slept, fitfully.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.
So in the timeline this chapter was a Thursday, they leave for Barcelona the following Tuesday. Now you know approximately where we are. 0/

Cause I thought that was at least a helpful end note, LOL.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri blinked away the bright, mid-morning light. He sat up sharply as soon as he realized that it was far later than his normal start time. He should have been at the rink hours earlier.

Yuri rushed, pulling on practice clothes. He was tugging the shirt over his head when he heard the screen slide aside.

Strong arms wrapped around his middle and Yuri was bathed in Victor’s scent as the omega pressed his nose against his scent gland.

“Just breathe Yuri,” Victor murmured.

Yuri tensed for a moment before melting into the embrace. He closed his eyes and took his mate’s scent deep into his lungs. It had the desired effect, calming his frayed nerves and helping him to find his center again. He turned in Victor’s embrace and nuzzled the omega’s neck.

After several deep breaths Victor tugged Yuri back toward the bed and sat, his arms still wrapped around the standing alpha’s waist.

“Talk to me Yuri,” Victor said, a worried look in his eyes. “You were out so late last night. What can I do to help?”

Yuri looked at his mate and cupped his face in his hand. “Just keep being you.”

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s palm. “I can do that. But Yuri, I’m worried. Your anxiety wasn’t like this before. It seems worse. Is it because it’s the final?”
Yuri nodded. It was so much more than that, but he couldn’t burden his mate with the weight on his shoulders.

“Please Yuri. You know you can talk to me about whatever is bothering you, right? I’ve been there, I know the pressure. Maybe I know of ways to help... if you let me in.”

Yuri smiled down at his mate before tipping his chin up and kissing him softly. “I’ve just got to work through this Vitya.”

Victor’s eyebrows drew together in concern. “Yuri…”

Yuri kissed him again. “I know my anxiety, I’ve been living with it my whole life. I just need to push through.”

Victor’s arms tightened around Yuri’s middle. “I hate seeing you like that,” Victor murmured. “I don’t know what to do to help. Promise me you’ll talk to me, tell me what you need. You’re not fighting alone.”

Yuri embraced his boyfriend, holding him close. I need to not let him see me like that. He shouldn’t be burdened by my internal fights.

“Yuri…” Victor begged.

Yuri kissed platinum hair. His lips dragged over Victor’s head as he spoke softly, “I’ll let you know when I think you can help.”

“Please, make it more than that,” Victor whispered.

Yuri nuzzled the top of his mate’s head. “I’ll try.”

The sound of Yuri’s blade on the ice, a beat of silence, then the crack of impact as he landed his triple axel.

“That’s good,” Victor called. “Let’s take it easy for a bit and work on your exhibition piece.”

“Our exhibition piece,” Yuri corrected.

Victor skated over and pressed his lips to Yuri’s “Our exhibition piece.”

Victor was about to return to the barrier to await his entrance when Yuri snaked an arm around his middle. “One more? For luck?”

Victor smiled as he closed the distance again, pressing his lips against Yuri’s and parting them to accept Yuri’s tongue.

Yuri tangled his fingers in Victor’s fringe before sliding his hand to the back of his mate’s head and holding him close.

“Are you more interested in skating, or me?” Victor teased as they broke apart, breath ghosting over Yuri’s lips.

“Definitely you,” Yuri replied without hesitation.
Victor smiled. “I don’t know if I should chide you as your coach, or kiss you as your mate.”

“How about both?” Yuri replied, tugging Victor in for another kiss. Victor chuckled, but quickly relented and returned the heated kisses.

“Now, I must insist that we get to work,” Victor murmured when they broke apart again.

Yuri made a show of sighing. “Such a strict coach.”

“Only with students who I know are about to win.”

Yuri smiled. He believes in me.

Victor skated to the barrier and pressed play on the CD player. The music of the duet filled the rink.

Yuri let his emotions fill him. The threads of the solo work had brought them together, and now they were inexorably entwined. Their paths forward would be joined as one.

Victor joined him, and the solo plea became a dance for two.

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“Yuri, let’s go for a walk.” Victor draped himself over the alpha, who was lounging in the common room. “Come on. We’ll take a nice walk, then soak in the onsen?”

Yuri turned to look at his mate. “How about we skip straight to soaking?”

Victor pouted, and Yuri knew that he was up to something. “Please Yuri.”

Yuri mock sighed, but quickly relented. He really didn’t have a reason to refuse. A few minutes later they were bundled up with Makkachin jumping excitedly at the door.

They laced their fingers together as they walked, the soft light of the streetlamps casting strange shadows.

“Last year at this time everything seemed so clear,” Victor said after a bit. Yuri turned his head to look at him.

“I knew exactly what would happen,” Victor continued. “I’d go, I’d skate, I’d win. There was never a question about whether or not I’d talk gold, rather it was the margin of victory.”

Victor squeezed Yuri’s hand.

“Some days it felt more like I was a machine than a person. People spoke about me, but not to me. Reporters would couch questions in phrasing of my form, or my technical scores. Sure, the artistry was there, but at some point they had stopped asking about my inspiration.

“I was supposed to win. That was what mattered. Win, because audiences expected it. Win, because Russia expected it. Win, because I didn’t know what else to do.

“I had a sort of tunnel vision. I had a month or so every year when I’d get a break. The season would be over, and I’d spend a week or two in Switzerland with Chris, or visit my parents in Moscow. I’d listen to music, and decide what my story would be for the next year. I’d commission new music, I’d sketch out costume ideas. I’d skate my emotions until they solidified into a program.
“Then it was back to work. Those emotions that had been so critical weeks before were stripped away. I’d drill the technical aspects of my new programs until my muscles remembered every nuance. It was only once the movements were solidified within me that I’d allow the emotion back in, it would infuse the performance only after my body had been trained.”

Victor paused, stopping in a cone of light, Yellow shone through his platinum hair and gave him a halo effect. He moved to face Yuri and took his other hand, holding both between them.

“I did it over and over, because it was what I knew. Because it was what was expected. People loved me when I won, so I kept skating, and I kept winning.”

Yuri swallowed and looked up into the eyes of the man he loved. “Do you miss it?”

Victor smiled softly. “A bit. There’s a rush to it. The chill of the air, the feel of flying, gliding. Nailing the difficult elements and hearing a roar from the audience.”

Victor’s smile widened. “But I wouldn’t change anything from these past eight months.” He leaned in and kissed Yuri. “I’d lost my inspiration. I couldn’t pretend anymore. The well of emotion had run dry. You changed that. I’m full of life in a way I hadn’t been in years. I see new inspiration every day reflected in your eyes.”

Victor kissed him again. “You reminded me that I’m so much more than the expectations placed on me.”

“Vitya…”

Victor ran his thumbs over Yuri’s knuckles. “A year ago I saw the world in monochrome. There was skating, and the stuff that filled in the gaps. Performing was brilliant white. Eating reheated, leftover takeout because I couldn’t be bothered to cook or even call for fresh food was black, and everything else was shades of gray.”

Victor kissed Yuri’s forehead. “Now the world is filled with color,” he murmured from somewhere near Yuri’s hairline. “It started with the honey flecks in your eyes. A flash of blue from your horrible tie…”

Yuri sputtered at the strange reference to his tie, but Victor continued on.

“Clear blue and olive green, water and robes from the onsen. Every day brought fresh hues, and I look back now and wonder how I ever navigated a world without all the colors you’ve shown me.”

“Vitya?”

Victor kissed his hair. “Thank you Yuri. You gave me so much, and I can’t imagine my life without you. My alpha…”

Yuri tilted his head up and his lips were claimed.

“My mate…” Victor whispered.

“My mate,” Yuri replied as he returned the gentle kisses.

“Happy Birthday Yuri!”
Yuri sputtered and his eyes widened as Victor led him back into the common room. It had been decorated while they were on their walk, and was filled with family and friends. Nishigori and Yuko were trying to keep the triplets from sneaking frosting from a birthday cake. Minako smiled and held aloft a sake cup.

“Is this why you wanted to go on a walk?” Yuri asked softly, looking up into Victor’s dancing eyes.

Victor grinned. “Partly. But I did want to take a few minutes to remind you how much you mean to me.”

Victor’s grin widened, and he pulled on Yuri’s ears.

“Vitya!” Yuri protested, squirming.

Victor laughed as he held Yuri close and pulled on his ear again. “Be glad I’m the only Russian here. It’s tradition to pull the ears of the birthday person.”

“By my birthday was last weekend!”

“And we were out of town last weekend, so we’re celebrating tonight. Just be glad your mom wanted to cook, or I’d have had you in the kitchen all afternoon preparing your own birthday feast.”

Yuri turned just enough to smile at Victor, then Victor tugged on his ear again with a laugh.

Yuri managed to squirm free, but was almost immediately grabbed by Mari. “It’s been a while since we’ve been able to properly celebrate your birthday Yuri,” she said softly. “Just enjoy yourself.”

Yuri smiled, and looked around. Nishigori, Yuko and the triplets, Minako, Mari, his parents, and Victor.

The sound of an internet call from a laptop set up somewhere in the room. Victor laughed and strode over to accept it.

“You’re late Chulanont.”

“Happy birthday Yuri!” Phichit sing-songed from his room in Thailand. “Victor invited me, but you know Ciao Ciao… he said that I couldn’t go to Japan to celebrate your birthday with only a few days until the final.”

Yuri laughed, and had to brush a tear from his eye.

All that time he thought he’d been fighting alone, and was surrounded by people who loved and supported him.

Victor noticed the tear. “Yuri?” he asked softly, momentarily blocking him from view of the others. “Are you alright?”

Yuri nodded. “I just was thinking about how loved I am. Thank you Vitya.”

They kissed lightly. “You have love all around you Yuri.”

“Stop hogging the birthday boy,” Phichit cried from the laptop.

Victor laughed and turned Yuri back to the room. Yuri smiled at the people gathered.

Victor tugged on his ears again.
“Vitya!”

“Four down,” Victor laughed. “Twenty to go!”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

So the ear pulling thing was gleaned from Google. So hopefully I didn't use it wrongly.

We're getting closer to Barcelona!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

-----------------------------------------------

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Chapter Summary

Yuri and Victor train and relax in preparation for Barcelona, but as night falls Yuri finally decides it’s time to fulfill his promise.

Chapter Notes

Did somebody order some smut?

I've got an order of smut, with a large side of instinct-hazed alpha and a small side of edging.

Well I guess I'll just leave it here.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nailed it.

Yuri’s blade made contact with the ice with a satisfying crack that echoed through the Ice Castle. The triple axel was good, next was the combination jump.

Quad salchow, triple toe.

Yuri mentally celebrated as he landed the combination. He felt good as he transitioned to the entry for the quad flip.

The rotations were good, but he had a hand on the ice right at the end. Yuri growled at himself as he held the final pose.

“That’s enough for today Yuri!” Victor called from the barrier as he set down a video recorder. “Public time is about to start and Takeshi wants to resurface the ice.”

Yuri nodded and skated to where his mate waited. They shared a brief kiss before Victor handed over Yuri’s hard guards and supported him as he stepped off the ice.

Victor smiled softly, and Yuri blushed. He still sometimes couldn’t believe that he wasn’t dreaming.

“What are you thinking about?” Victor asked softly, leaning in to nuzzle the alpha’s scent gland.

Yuri smiled. “Just thinking how lucky I am.”
Victor turned and wrapped his arms around the smaller man. “I think I’m the lucky one.”

Yuri’s blush deepened as Victor leaned in and kissed him again.

“Enough of that you two,” Takeshi joked as he walked past toward the zamboni. “Yuri just got off the ice, your lips might freeze like that.”

Yuri and Victor both chuckled as they separated.

“Oh, before I forget,” Takeshi said, stopping and turning to face them. “You’ll need to let yourselves in tomorrow morning. We’re taking the girls to Fukuoka for the day. Ami will come in sometime after noon to open up for the public sessions.”

Yuri nodded. He’d only met Ami a handful of times as he was usually at the studio or in off-ice training during her working hours, but she’d become a valued employee at the rink.

“Don’t worry about resurfacing the ice,” Takeshi continued. “She needs the practice on the zamboni, so leave it nice and marked up for her.”

“I think we can handle that,” Victor grinned.

“We’ll see you both on Monday morning then.”

“Have fun tomorrow,” Yuri replied.

Takeshi grinned. “The girls are excited. Which means Yuko and I will be exhausted by the time we get back.”

Yuri laughed.

“Ok you two, get on out of here, unless you’re planning on more zamboni antics.”

Yuri and Victor looked at each other again and grinned.

After showering and changing they strolled arm in arm down to a nearby cafe for lunch. Following that they spent some time in Minako’s studio.

They took Makkachin for a walk along the beach as the sun was setting, and as early dinner customers started arriving in the dining room they relocated to their bedroom to watch the footage from practice.

Yuri sat against the headboard, while Victor reclined in the V between his legs, laptop propped on his knees. Yuri wrapped his arms around his mate’s middle and rubbed his thumb along Victor’s forearm as the coach started the video.

They watched the recording several times for both the short program and free skate. Yuri had skated each a couple times so Victor was paying particular attention for repetitive mistakes. Once both were satisfied with the review, Victor set aside the laptop and relaxed in Yuri’s embrace.

“You’re ready you know,” Victor said softly after several minutes. “You just need to believe in yourself.”

“You think so?” Yuri nuzzled Victor’s hair.

Victor turned and moved up enough to kiss the alpha. “I know so. I believe in you Yuri.”
Yuri cupped his mate’s face and smiled. He leaned in for another kiss. “Don’t stop, please.”

“I’ll believe in you more than you believe in yourself,” Victor murmured, his eyes sincere. “Just like you asked. I’ll believe in you more than anybody in the world, because I know what you’re capable of.”

Yuri hummed as they kissed for several minutes. It was only a growl from his stomach that caused them to stop.

Yuri ran a towel over his hair as he slid aside the screen. His eyes fell on Victor, who had finished bathing first and was reclining on their bed in only a pair of lounge pants. The man was stunning, skin glowing after whatever exfoliating treatment he had used. A few drops of water had fallen from his hair and landed on his bare chest. His eyes were glued to his phone, but he looked up when Yuri came in and smiled.


A low growl formed in Yuri’s throat. He wanted. Something about the scene before him made him crave the other things that were for him alone: the way Victor writhed beneath him, the cries of ecstasy, the smell of his mate when he was drowned in pleasure.

Yuri dropped the towel into a hamper and strode to the bed, pulling off his shirt as he went. He crawled across the plush surface until Victor had to set the phone aside.

“Yuri?” Victor asked before he was silenced as the alpha claimed his mouth in a kiss.

Yuri tangled one of his hands in platinum hair, keeping his mate’s mouth where he wanted it. He licked at the seam of Victor’s lips, and the omega parted them with a soft moan. His tongue pressed into the warm cavern, exploring and dancing with Victor’s tongue. He nibbled Victor’s lips until they were both breathless.

Yuri pulled back and saw that Victor’s eyes were darkened with lust. He leaned in again and nipped at the shell of his ear.

“I believe I made some promises that you have yet to collect on. Is now a good time?”

Victor moaned, and one of his knees came up to rub along Yuri’s hardening length. The smell of aroused omega filled Yuri’s nose and he growled.

“Is that a yes?”

Victor scooted down the bed and laid back on the pillows, lengthening his body and giving Yuri easy access.

“That wasn’t an answer,” Yuri teased as he licked stray drops of water from Victor’s chest.

“Oh god yes,” Victor groaned.

Yuri hummed and he dropped open mouth kisses along Victor’s torso, licking and tasting clean skin as he moved down. He felt Victor’s erection growing, pressing into his chest as he tongued the lines of muscle on his abdomen. The omega’s hips rose and ground the length against the alpha when Yuri nipped at the skin near Victor’s navel.
An appreciative rumble built in Yuri’s chest as he pulled Victor’s lounge pants off and his hardened cock sprang free. He licked his lips before dragging his tongue along the side of the shaft.

Victor groaned while Yuri kissed, licked and nibbled the sensitive skin.

“I love those noises you make Vitya,” Yuri hummed as he dipped his tongue into the slit, tasting the pre-cum there. “I want more.”

His eyes darted up to Victor’s face, flushed and already looking incredible.

*More. More of everything. I want to see him wrecked, want to smell him claimed. I want to taste his pleasure, hear his cries, and feel him, over and over until every part of him recognizes me as his alpha.*

Yuri took the flushed head of Victor’s cock between his lips and sucked, tonguing at the skin until Victor gasped and couldn’t help but buck into the wet heat.

*That’s right Vitya, lose control.*

Yuri growled appreciatively as he started bobbing along Victor’s length. He hollowed his cheeks, and let his tongue dance along the veins.

“Yuri… Yuri…”

Yuri pulled off just long enough to lift his head and suck on his fingers. He licked them lewdly while Victor watched, then pressed the wet digits to the omega’s entrance as he once more took the cock into his mouth.

He knew he’d have to get lube soon, but wanted to drive his mate crazy with lust.

Victor opened easily, and soon Yuri had two fingers massaging his prostate.

“Ngh… Ah… Yuri…”

Yuri pulled off Victor’s cock again with a soft *pop.* “Let me know if it’s too much Vitya, or if you don’t like something.”

A dark expression passed over Victor’s face, even despite him groaning with need. Yuri’s fingers stilled.

“Vitya?

Victor took a deep breath, and Yuri was suddenly worried. “Come up here Yuri.”

Yuri blinked, then crawled up the bed, grabbing a tissue on the way and cleaning his fingers.

“What’s wrong?” Yuri asked, cock going limp as he worried.

Victor pulled Yuri into his arms and kissed him heatedly. Victor reached between them and quickly stroked Yuri back to full hardness before using his strength to flip them over with the omega on top, looking down into Yuri’s eyes.

“I’m not that fragile Yuri, I won’t break.”

Yuri blinked. “I… but…’
Victor leaned in, his breath ghosting over the shell of Yuri’s ear. “Your hips made promises, and they weren’t innocent. They didn’t say that you’d make gentle love to me until I had a sated smile on my face. Your hips promised raw, unbridled passion, lust. They said that you’d pound into me until I begged for you to stop, and you’d keep going because you weren’t done yet.”

Victor kissed Yuri again, grinding his hips down.

“That’s the promise I want to collect on,” Victor rotated his hips, pressing his spit-coated cock against Yuri’s trapped one. “I told you that I wanted to need a donut pillow when you were done. But it seems that you still aren’t sure, so let me make it clear to you.”

Victor pulled back and their eyes met for a moment, and Yuri saw promises within them. He saw demands in the blue depths. If either of them could walk, then they weren’t done.

Victor leaned over and reached into a nightstand. Yuri saw a bottle of lube in his fingers when he returned to kneeling over him.

Victor leaned in again and nibbled Yuri’s ear. “No touching.”

Yuri’s breath hitched in his throat as Victor nipped at his scent gland, stimulating it until the smell of alpha started to saturate the air.

Victor dragged his lips down Yuri’s torso, a recreation of the actions Yuri had made just moments before. By the time Victor nipped at the skin around his navel he was achingly hard. He sighed with relief when Victor pulled down his pants, discarding them on the floor. He moaned with need as the omega took him into his mouth and bobbed.

“Vitya…” Yuri moaned, reaching to tangle his fingers in his mate’s hair.

Victor pulled off. “No touching.”

Yuri whined at the order, and the noise deepened with need when Victor sucked on his own fingers, wetting them just as Yuri had done.

Yuri’s hands fisted in the sheets as Victor worked, mouth and tongue doing incredible things to his cock while fingers teased and opened his ass.

Yuri was close, so close. “Ah… Vitya…”

Victor pulled off his cock, and added a third finger, drizzling lube as he worked to replace the drying spit. Yuri groaned, thrashing his head. He needed to come but it wasn’t enough with just the fingers.

“Vitya, please…” Yuri was begging and he felt no shame. He needed to be filled by his mate.

Victor chuckled and pulled his fingers free. Yuri gasped, desperate to feel something again.

Yuri moaned, it was taking too long. He looked up and saw Victor slowly working lube along his length. “Vitya…”

Victor smiled, and crawled forward to kiss Yuri, his cock settling next to the alpha’s. “Patience Yuri.”

Victor wrapped his fingers around both their cocks, stroking them together as he kissed the alpha.

Soon Yuri was moaning again, his relative inexperience apparent as Victor easily drove him to the brink.
Yuri gasped as Victor stopped stroking them. He’d been on the edge again, so close that his cock ached and throbbed. He groaned as Victor settled himself between his spread thighs and slowly pushed inside, stretching and filling him.

“Hng… Ah…”

“You feel so good Yuri,” Victor purred. “So hot, so tight.”

Yuri’s hips rose, taking his lover deeper, and he soon felt Victor’s balls pressing against him as the omega bottomed out.

Victor leaned in and kissed him while they adjusted.

“My alpha,” Victor whispered as he started thrusting. “You feel so good.”

Yuri moaned. Victor nailed his sweet spot with almost every thrust, and he was quickly reduced to incoherent babbling. Even that quickly devolved into nothing more than gasps, moans and calling the omega’s name.

He was so close, he just needed a little bit more. He reached for his cock, and whined when Victor knocked his hand away.

“No touching,” Victor repeated.

Victor’s pace increased, hips pistoning, and his moans joined Yuri’s, a chorus of pleasure echoing in their room.

Yuri was impossibly close, and he knew that he was on the verge of coming untouched. Just a few more hits to his prostate would send him tumbling.

Victor pulled out, and Yuri cried in frustration, the loss of stimulation immediately pulling him back from the edge.

“Vitya…” he begged.

Victor smiled down at him, then turned enough that Yuri got a clear view of the Russian’s ass as he plunged his lube covered fingers into his entrance and started scissoring himself open.

“Alpha… alpha..” Victor moaned as he added a third finger, giving Yuri an outstanding view of his mate’s hole.

It dawned on Yuri what was coming next.

*God I can’t wait to knot that.*

Victor straddled Yuri, and sunk down onto the alpha’s aching cock. He moaned, and let out a sigh of relief once Yuri was fully sheathed in the wet heat.

“Fuck Vitya,” Yuri breathed. “You’re driving me crazy.”

Victor smiled down at him and leaned in for a kiss. “That’s the idea.”

Victor knelt, drew up and dropped down again, making Yuri growl. He loved the sight of his omega bouncing on his cock.

Victor quickly set an unrelenting pace, moans of “alpha… alpha…” falling from his lips. His eyes
fluttered shut, and his bared his neck as pleasure built within him.

Tears sprang to Yuri’s eyes when Victor lifted himself off the alpha’s cock only a handful of thrusts before he would have come. “Vitya…” he begged.

Victor moved between Yuri’s legs again and lifted one to drape over his shoulder as he pushed inside the alpha again.

Yuri decided that his mate was torturing him, slow delicious torture. Every thrust clouded his mind a bit more. He could smell the omega’s arousal, the intense need of his mate.

He wanted to take everything Victor would give him, and wanted to flip him over and fuck him senseless at the same time.

The pleasure was too much and not enough. Victor was inside him, then around him. Bringing him to the edge again and again before switching positions. It was so good, and so agonizing at the same time. He desperately needed to come, but was terrified that he’d never return from the abyss when he did.

The longer it continued the more Yuri felt the overwhelming need to end the torture. He needed to grab the teasing omega and pound into him, reminding him who was the alpha.

He forced his alpha to stay still, even as Victor rode his cock, calling him out with every breath.

He lost count of the number of denied orgasms, of time itself. Victor pounded into him, then Victor rode, over and over. It was both too much and not enough.

Victor was in his ass when he heard the first words besides his name or ‘alpha’ that he’d heard in a while. Victor leaned in and moaned near his ear.

“I’ve never met your full alpha, have I Yuri?”

Yuri could only moan and shake his head.

“You’re so careful. You’re afraid of hurting me, aren’t you? You keep your alpha in check for me, don’t you?”

Yuri gasped and nodded. He was too far gone to do anything except answer truthfully.

Victor thrust slowly, his cock at the perfect angle to tease Yuri’s sweet spot along its entire length. The alpha moaned with the mix of pleasure and pain.

Victor nipped at the shell of his ear. “Your alpha isn’t going to be able to take much more. I can feel how close you are to breaking. You’re so strong, you’re keeping that side of you restrained even after all of this.”

Victor pulled out and pushed in slowly again.

“Don’t hold back.”

It was a demand, and order from his omega and Yuri couldn’t ignore it.

“When your alpha breaks through, don’t restrain it. I want to know your full alpha.”

“Vitya…” Yuri moaned. He didn’t know if the omega knew what he was asking.
“I trust you Yuri, and I know you’d never hurt me.”

Out… in…

“You have my permission Yuri. Don’t stop until your alpha is satisfied. Do whatever you want to me. Fuck me, dominate me, make me feel like I belong to you.”

Yuri shook his head, he didn’t want to go too far.

Victor kissed the side of his mouth. “Claim me Yuri, in a way you haven’t before.”

Yuri shook his head, tears streaming down his face. Every instinct within him cried out to do as his mate asked, but he didn’t want to hurt his omega by dredging up painful memories.

“Alpha…” Victor whined, right in his ear, and Yuri’s resolve started to crumble.

Yuri was shaking, so close again.

Victor moved to straddle him, and sunk down on his cock, starting the torture anew.

“Alpha… alpha…”

Victor bounced, and it took every bit of willpower Yuri had to not grab his hips and hold him there for a knot.

*Please Vitya, let me come. I can’t hold back anymore.*

Victor bounced, driving Yuri to the edge again.

Victor moved, Yuri was no longer inside him.

His alpha snapped, unable to be restrained any longer.


Yuri sat up and grabbed Victor’s shoulders, twisting and pushing him face-first into the bed. One forearm held the omega against the mattress while Yuri kneed his mate’s thighs apart.

Alpha pheromones poured off him as he guided his cock into his omega’s hole and started thrusting. As soon as he’d established a pounding rhythm he grabbed Victor’s head with the hand that had been holding him down, leaned across his mate’s back and held his free wrist in front of the omega’s nose, using the glands in the wrist to force Victor to breath in Yuri’s scent.

They both came fast, having been denied too long and Yuri’s pace unrelenting. Yuri pressed his wrist right to Victor’s mouth and nose as the omega pulsed with pleasure, releasing a cloud of pheromones.

*This is the alpha fucking you, this is your mate. You belong to me.*

Yuri had come, but he was far from done. His cock ached, demanding another release. His alpha demanded that he breed his mate, it didn’t matter that the omega wasn’t in heat, or that they were both on birth control.

Some part of Yuri realized that Victor had driven him into faux-rut.

He growled appreciatively into his omega’s ear as he fucked him hard and fast.
“Alpha!” Victor cried as he came hard a second time.

Yuri’s second orgasm only took off enough of the edge to give him what he really wanted, enough of a lessened need that he’d be able to knot his omega on the third.

He kept pounding into Victor, wet sounds combining with their pants and moans. His alpha pheromones continued to saturate the air, and he held his wrist close to his mate’s face.

Victor grabbed a pillow and screamed into it when he came a third time.

Yuri growled in displeasure, he wanted to hear it, and he didn’t care if the sound woke his family and every guest in the inn. He wanted them to hear it, to know that an omega was being claimed.

Yuri pounded Victor to a fourth orgasm before he allowed himself his third, and as he knotted his mate he released another cloud of pheromones.

*You’re my mate.*

Yuri finally stilled as he locked in, Victor trembling in pleasure beneath him. He rested, leaning his head against the omega’s shoulders.

Purring, and a strange sensation. Yuri looked and saw that Victor was sucking on his wrist. He released more pheromones, and the purring intensified.

Yuri’s alpha was pleased. His mate needed to smell the alpha around him, to know his scent and flavor.

Even if they weren’t bonded, the omega side of Victor was establishing who it belonged to.

*Bonded.*

Yuri shifted just enough to nibble and suck on Victor’s bonding point, and the omega shook in renewed pleasure.

Yuri wanted to bite down, to pierce the skin and forever mark Victor as his mate.

*Not tonight.*

Yuri was too far gone for a proper bonding, and even his demanding alpha side knew it. He didn’t have the control to not be reckless. Bonding then would be even more painful for the omega, and that was the opposite of what he wanted.

*Your alpha is the one who brings you pleasure, so much that you drown in it.*

Yuri’s knot receded, and he immediately began pounding into Victor again, not giving either of them a break. Squelching sounds filled the room as Yuri thrust, and it only drove him deeper.

His alpha wanted; wanted to breed his mate, wanted to ruin the man beneath his so thoroughly that there was never a question of who he belonged to.

The more Yuri fucked into Victor, the more his mind was lost to pure instinct. Breed his mate, bring him to screaming pleasure, repeat.

A haze overtook him as he dragged one orgasm after another from the omega, shuddering with every thrust. Words tumbled from his mouth, but he didn’t know if they were in English or Japanese. He told his mate how many babies he would fill him with, how pretty he would be round with them, and...
how it would drive Yuri so insane he’d be unable to keep his hands off him.

At some point a pillow found its way beneath Victor’s hips, and Yuri couldn’t remember which of
them had put it there. But it kept the exhausted omega’s ass at just the right height and angle, so Yuri
was thankful for it as he thrust relentlessly.

His alpha wasn’t satisfied.

Somehow Yuri had the foresight to put on a yukata when he made his way to the kitchen for bottles
of water. Both he and his omega were hoarse and dehydrated. It wouldn’t do.

He held the bottle to Victor’s lips, helping the omega to drink. Once he was satisfied that his mate
had enough he finished the bottle and set the others nearby. He wouldn’t be making a second trip.

His alpha wasn’t satisfied.

Yuri’s legs shook, and the numbers on the digital clock near the bed swam into a hazy sort of focus.
He didn’t know what the numbers meant other than that his beautiful, perfect omega had been on the
receiving end of his cock for hours.

His alpha wasn’t satisfied.

Victor had just come again, but something was different. The omega’s smell had flickered to
something new for a fraction of a second.

Yuri pounded harder, it was what he wanted. He chased that smell. His mate was sobbing from the
painful pleasure he was being subjected to, but Yuri wanted. A part of his mind understood. He was
soon to take his unbonded omega to a crowded place, sure to be filled with alphas. He wanted,
needed, for his mate to smell claimed. Not just smell like him, but his smell to tell every interested
suitor that he had a mate who fucked him into the mattress just as he wanted.

Yuri knotted, and got another whiff of the enticing aroma. But once the knot receded it faded again.

Just a bit more. He needs a little more.

Yuri tried to thrust again, but his legs refused to cooperate. He looked down at the tearstained face of
his mate, he wore a blissed out expression, but was obviously exhausted almost to the point of
passing out.

Yuri pulled out and flopped onto the bed beside Victor. He growled at the omega to stay put, but
doubted that he had the energy to move anyway.

They were both too exhausted to continue, but they weren’t done either.

Yuri closed his eyes, trusting his body to wake him when he had enough energy to start again.

His alpha wasn’t satisfied.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.
Oh no, this smut is NOT done yet. But passing out makes for a good chapter break. Luckily Victor knew exactly what he was doing when he called out Yuri's alpha like that.

Love the sex drive of these two. >:-D

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri awakens a few hours after having his alpha side drawn out by Victor. But his alpha still isn't satisfied as he once more focuses on getting a claimed scent from his mate.

All hail Yuri's stamina! Seriously though, at some point his alpha side is just showing off.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

It was light when Yuri’s eyes cracked open, but he quickly realized that it was because they’d forgotten to turn off the bedside lamp. He looked outside and saw that the sky was brightening, but the sun wasn’t up yet.

He felt almost hungover, and was definitely dehydrated. His eyes drifted to look at his sleeping mate. Victor was still in the same position as he was when Yuri fell asleep, with a pillow under his hips and ass in the air. His face was against the mattress, a thin line of drool falling from his parted lips. Even in sleep his expression was one of bliss.

The scene was lewd, and Yuri felt himself getting hard again.

He sat up, and his head ached from dehydration. He patted near where he vaguely remembered setting bottles of water and unscrewed the top of one. He drank almost the entire thing before the pain started to recede.

Yuri moved to try and assess the damage. Victor had to have known what he was doing, it wasn’t taught in sex education classes, but even a shy man like him knew of the more useful tidbits of information that didn’t make the approved curriculum.

One of those quiet gems passed from person to person was: never edge an alpha, unless you want to be used as a living fuck-toy.

Yuri chuckled dryly, Victor had asked to be so thoroughly fucked so as to need a donut pillow.

Yuri crawled down to make sure that Victor wasn’t injured.

He immediately realized that he should have trusted the blissed look on his mate’s sleeping face. When he saw his mate’s hole, red and puffy from their activities, his cock sprung to life. A line of
cum had dried on the inside of Victor’s thigh.

Give him more…

His alpha was not satisfied.

He reached out to touch the reddened pucker, and at the last second he turned his hand so that the back of his finger traveled across it, with the tiniest scratch from his fingernail.

“She… alpha…” Victor murmured in his sleep.

Yuri touched it again, and the omega moaned softly.

Yuri was so hard.

“You have my permission Yuri. Don’t stop until your alpha is satisfied. Do whatever you want to me.” Victor’s words drifted back to him.

You have permission, his alpha insisted, forcing itself to the fore.

His alpha wasn’t satisfied, and it refused to be restrained. He wondered if he could ever fully restrain it around Victor again.

Yuri pushed his finger against his mate’s hole, and the digit was immediately swallowed, the man still mostly loose. Yuri pushed in a second finger and started scissoring him open.

Victor moaned in his sleep, and Yuri could tell that the actions were giving the omega some very pleasant dreams.

He wouldn’t be asleep for long. Yuri was too hard, his alpha too demanding. A part of him remembered the tease of a claimed scent from his omega, and he wanted. He wouldn’t be satisfied until that smell clung to his mate.

Victor’s hands had started to clench the sheets as Yuri lined himself up and pushed inside again, using only a bit of lube to make the entry smoother.

Yuri groaned, bottoming out quickly in his still mostly open mate. He took a moment to relish the feel, then started thrusting.

His alpha was in almost complete control as he pounded into the omega.

“You… alpha…” Victor moaned as his eyes fluttered open.

Yuri responded by thrusting harder.

“Such a good omega,” Yuri growled, slightly more capable of speech. “Taking your alpha’s cock over and over like this.”

Victor moaned.

“Does it feel good Vitya? Is this what you wanted?”

Victor nodded.

“So wanton, so needy,” Yuri thrust hard, making Victor cry out. “I love it. I love how you look right now. You’re absolutely wrecked, and I’m nowhere near done with you.”
Victor groaned, then whimpered as an orgasm tore through him.

“That’s right Vitya,” Yuri rumbled.

Yuri gave his already exhausted mate a couple minutes before starting again.

It was good, but after a few orgasms Yuri knew that something was missing. He wouldn’t be able to get the smell that he craved by senselessly pounding into his omega, no matter how much he wanted to.

Victor whimpered when Yuri pulled out.

Yuri laid down next to his mate and pulled him into his arms.

“Yuri…” Victor begged.

Yuri nuzzled into his neck. “Don’t worry Vitya, I’m not done with you.”

Victor shuddered and whimpered at the same time. They kissed for several minutes until their alarm went off.

Yuri didn’t want to go, but at the same time he knew that something was missing.

“Let’s go to practice,” he rumbled in Victor’s ear. “I’ll skate for you while you recover a bit before round two.”

Victor moaned as Yuri kissed him again.

“My hips will make all new promises,” Yuri teased as he slipped from the bed.

Yuri wasn’t quite sure how they managed to make it to Ice Castle, but they did. Victor had trouble walking and at first Yuri suggested the bike, before realizing that was an even worse idea. Eventually they settled on a combination of Victor walking and Yuri carrying him on his back.

The only thing that made him not worry was the blissful smile on Victor’s face. He could see that the omega was sore, but was pretty pleased about it.

Yuri wasn’t surprised in the least when Victor walked straight to the ice, rather than put on his skates. He was honestly glad for it and would have insisted the omega not skate in that shape anyway.

Yuri was on his way to the ice when he thought of something. He grinned as he reached behind the counter and turned off all the security cameras, except those that focused on the lobby. Yuko normally turned them off for them anyway since they were keeping their ice dance a secret and weren’t taking any chances, so he figured it wouldn’t raise any questions.

Of course practicing the ice dance was the farthest thing from Yuri’s mind.

Victor stood at the barrier, and for the first time since leaving their bed Yuri felt a twinge of guilt. Victor would normally sit on the bench to wait for him. He figured that sitting wasn’t comfortable.

We need to stop at a pharmacy today to get that pillow.
Yuri wrapped his arms around his mate until the omega turned to face him. He kissed him deeply.

“Don’t take your eyes off me Vitya.”

“Never,” Victor replied with a smile.

Yuri felt good as he took the ice, even though he knew that his alpha side had given him a boost. He swivelled his hips and winked at Victor as he warmed up.

He communicated with his mate through skating, he knew that. So he’d use skating to drive his omega crazy with lust. Once he felt ready he took center ice and prepared to skate Eros.

He let the music build in him, and allowed his thoughts to drift to the night before. His gaze was smoldering when he looked to where his mate stood. He took an extra second to give an extra long lick of his lips before he started skating.

Yuri put extra emphasis in his hips as he moved. His jumps had just a bit more height. He was nowhere near done, and he had to make sure that his omega knew that.

He held his finishing pose for a few seconds before starting again.

If the first runthrough was an indication that Yuri planned to bed Victor, the second said that he planned to not stop with a single go. But by the fifth consecutive run-through the message was bordering on obscene. He would keep going, pounding his mate into the mattress until neither could move.

Yuri skated to the barrier for some water, but he couldn’t contain a smirk as he got close enough to see Victor clearly. The omega’s face was lightly flushed, his lips parted. Even from as far as he was, Yuri could see the ocean-blue eyes were dark with desire, and the smell of arousal was heavy in the air.

Yuri took a swallow of water, purposefully allowing a few drops to drip down his chin. He felt Victor’s eyes on him, and as soon as he set down the water bottle he turned and fisted his hand in his mate’s shirt, holding him close for a kiss.

“How’s it look?” Yuri teased as they parted.

“It’s… wow…”

Yuri smiled and dragged his free hand down the front of Victor’s shirt to massage at the bulge in his pants. “It feels like you got the message.”

Victor’s eyes widened and he nodded mutely.

Yuri smirked, grabbed his hard guards and skated a few feet over to the exit. He snapped the guards on his skates and strode confidently over to where Victor waited.

“Yuri?”

Yuri smiled, slid one hand behind Victor’s neck, then kissed him possessively. “Mine,” he growled.

Victor shuddered, and allowed himself to be pinned between Yuri and the barrier.

Yuri kissed along Victor’s jaw, then down his neck. His lips dragged down the omega’s shirt as he knelt and took the hem of the track pants in his hands and tugged down.
Victor’s cock sprang free in the chill air, and Yuri gave his mate only a couple seconds to protest before he started licking it and sucking the head.

“Oh… fuck… Yuri…” Victor moaned, legs trembling.

Yuri pulled off, but continued stroking his omega’s length with his hand. “How many times have you fantasized about taking me, or me taking you here Vitya?”

Victor gasped and tossed his head back. “Yuri…”

“Hmm?”

Victor looked down at him, eyes glossing over as Yuri continued to pleasure him. “You’ve skated Eros here for months. I lost count a long time ago.”

Yuri grinned. “Good, because I’m going to make that fantasy a reality for you today.”

“Oh fuck!” Victor cried as Yuri’s mouth slid over his length again and the alpha started bobbing his head.

Yuri bobbed, and wished that he could take Victor even deeper every time the omega’s cock hit the back of his throat and made him gag. He was merciless, tonguing the most sensitive parts of his mate and sucking hard. He was rewarded with an endless stream of moans, pants, and calls of his name.

“Yuri… I’m…”

Yuri growled in the back of his throat, and Victor gasped as the reverberations teased his length.

*Give it to me Vitya.*

Victor’s hands went the barrier to brace himself, and Yuri saw his knuckles go white as warmth spurted into his mouth.

Yuri didn’t stop working his mate’s length until Victor whined from overstimulation. He released him with a pop and stood to kiss him.

“Vkusno,” Yuri growled, lips touching Victor’s. “Turn around baby. I’m not done.”

Victor visibly shuddered as he turned and placed his hands on the barrier. Yuri traced one finger down the omega’s spine until it drifted into the cleft between Victor’s ass cheeks. He massaged at the abused entrance and growled approvingly when he felt it not only open easily, but enough slick to avoid lube.

“You’re slick baby,” Yuri rumbled in Victor’s ear as he opened him up.

Victor gasped as Yuri pushed a second finger inside and started scissoring.

“Your alpha likes knowing that you want him so much as to be slick outside of heat.”

Victor groaned as Yuri pushed in a third finger.

“So beautiful,” Yuri praised as Victor shook with need. He removed his fingers, pushed his practice pants down and lined himself up, grateful for the extra height in his skates. He pushed in slowly, relishing the way Victor’s moans echoed in the cavernous space.

Yuri rocked his hips with languid motions, enjoying taking his mate in the place that had brought
them together.

“You feel so good Vitya,” Yuri murmured, relishing the way the other man trembled when praised.

As much as Yuri wanted to savor the moment as long as possible, his alpha demanded more. His pace increased and soon he was slamming into Victor, slapping skin and wet sounds combining with the omega’s moans.

“Alpha!” Victor cried as he came hard.

Yuri pushed in deep and spilled inside his mate. He laid his head on Victor’s back as they both came down.

“Do we need to worry about erasing security footage?” Victor asked after a few minutes.

Yuri laughed. “I tuned off the cameras.”

Victor laughed, a sound that Yuri couldn’t help but love.

They stayed that way for several more minutes before Yuri pulled out. “Stay just like that Vitya,” he ordered. “If you get cold let me know and I’ll come warm you up again.”

Victor shuddered and groaned at the implication.

Yuri kissed the side of his mate’s mouth, cleaned off his fingers and cock with a tissue from the cart, pulled up his pants, then took his place on the ice again.

He knew that at this point his alpha side was just showing off for his omega, but he didn’t mind.

Look at me, omega. Alpha can fuck you senseless, come out here and do this, then fuck you some more.

Yuri was anything but gentle when he stepped off the ice again after another three runs of Eros. Pants still falling down his legs as he slammed into his mate.

Victor didn’t seem to mind at all, begging for more, faster, and calling for his alpha.

Yuri returned to the ice, and ran Eros twice more before he started to feel the burn from overexertion.

He fucked Victor hard and fast again, knotting at the end. They trembled, locked together, standing at the barrier.

Yuri’s hand drifted to the back of Victor’s neck as they waited for his knot to recede. His fingers brushed over the bonding spot and Victor shook, moaning at the touch to the sensitive skin.

“God, if we weren’t days from a competition I’d mark you now,” Yuri rumbled, eyes never leaving the spot as his thumb rubbed circles over it. “I’d bite, and bond us together.”

“Yuri…” Victor moaned, arching his back so that the smaller man could easily reach to bite.

“I want your bite too, but I think fresh marks would clash with my costumes,” Yuri growled.

Victor whimpered, obviously in a mindset to accept a bonding.

Yuri removed his hand and nuzzled Victor’s back. He pushed up the shirt to suck and nibble several marks onto his mate’s skin.
“Soon, I promise.”

“When?”

The question took Yuri by surprise, but it was something he’d thought about too. “How about just before your next heat? When it’ll feel the best. I want you to know nothing but ecstasy when the pain of the bite turns to pleasure.”

“But that’s not until February,” the omega pouted.

“If you really want we can do it sooner.”

Victor was quiet for several minutes, then shook his head. “No, that makes the most sense. The bonds are supposed to take better, and the bites can be held longer too.”

Yuri growled in pleasure. “In the meantime, I’ll make sure you’ll feel claimed.”

Victor hummed. “Your alpha still isn’t satisfied, is it?”

Yuri chuckled. “I don’t know if it’ll ever be with you. You’re just too damn perfect.”

Victor moaned softly. “Luckily my omega side feels the same.”

“Good,” Yuri murmured as he sucked a fresh mark on one of Victor’s shoulder blades. “I’m going to take a break after my knot goes down, and run to the pharmacy to get you a pillow to sit on, if that’s ok.”

“That… sounds nice,” Victor said.

“Good. When I get back I’ll run the free several times before we call it a day.”

It was still a quiet mid-morning as Yuri jogged to the pharmacy closest to the rink. Luckily he knew the elderly man behind the counter was an omega, and would likely understand the pillow and a soothing balm that had been on a nearby shelf.

As expected the man chuckled as he rang Yuri up, and offered a discount on a masking spray, which Yuri refused.

“That… sounds nice,” the proprietor called as Yuri left.

Yuri would have been flush with embarrassment had he not known that his alpha still demanded more. Instead his chest rumbled in contentment as he jogged back to the rink, knowing that he was doing things to care for his omega.

He blew up the inflatable pillow and offered it to Victor as he strode back into the rink, then sat next to his mate and pulled his skates back on.

Victor sighed with relief as he sank onto the bench.

“Are you ok?” Yuri asked carefully, running his fingers through Victor’s fringe.


Yuri leaned in and kissed his omega. “Rest for a bit. You can see me from here, right?”

Victor nodded. “Mostly, except your feet.”
“Well I’m just running the programs to not lose a day. We’ll just trust your declaration yesterday that I’m ready.”

Victor hummed and leaned in, nuzzling at Yuri’s neck. The alpha exposed his scent gland and growled happily as the omega breathed deep his scent.

“You want more, don’t you?” Yuri murmured.

Victor blushed. “I told you to go until your alpha was satisfied, and you don’t smell satisfied yet.”

“I don’t want to hurt you though.” He let one of his hands drift below the hem of Victor’s shirt at the back, and lightly scratched his mate’s skin.

Victor gasped and trembled. “Yuri…”

“Keep that tone for when I’m pounding into you later.”

Victor moaned softly into Yuri’s neck before Yuri stood and returned to the ice.

It was late morning by the time that Yuri stepped off the ice again. He knew that his alpha side had given him a boost even beyond his normal stamina, but he didn’t mind. He felt good, thoughts of bedding his mate again floating through his mind.

Victor looked better as well, sitting and resting had given him more energy, and Yuri could smell arousal as he took off his skates.

Yuri moved to straddle the omega, and buried his nose against his scent gland. “Let’s go get lunch, then round two?”

Victor wrapped his arms around him and hummed in agreement.

After a few minutes of kissing they made their way to the locker rooms to shower and change. At first Yuri made a point to keep his eyes diverted from his mate, but as they talked he turned his head and saw water cascading over the omega’s body.

It was erotic in a way he wasn’t expecting, and he moved over to pin Victor against the tiled wall of the showers, shoving in as they moved.

“Yuri!” Victor gasped, grinding his ass back for more.

It was rougher than Yuri would usually be, but he couldn’t help himself, and Victor moaned needily as he gave them both a moment to adjust.

When he couldn’t take it any longer he pulled mostly out and thrust back in hard, setting a brutal pace. The water still flowing made a wet sound as Yuri pounded into Victor.

“God I can’t get enough of you,” Yuri moaned as he kissed along Victor’s back, water cascading past his lips.

Victor stifled a moan, and it annoyed Yuri. He wanted to hear his mate’s voice, wanted him to truly let go as much as the omega had wanted the alpha to let go.

There was nobody there, and he wanted to hear his mate scream.
Yuri thrust harder, aiming for his omega’s sweet spot with each one. But he only got a cry when Victor came, and even it was stifled against his arm.

Yuri knew what he needed to do to be satisfied. He briefly considered skipping lunch, but they’d only had a light breakfast and skipping a meal might leave them without enough energy.

He kissed Victor passionately as the water continued to cascade around them.

Yuri took Victor’s sleeve as they left the cafe, steering him away from the route that would take them back to the inn.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, still walking carefully.

Yuri grinned at his mate, mind already on what he wanted to do.

He needed to give Victor a place to truly let go, and the inn wasn’t it. It was too public. He tugged his omega until they reached a quiet area with several discreet buildings. His eyes took in the signs until he found something that looked good.

“Yuri? Where are we?” Victor asked as he gazed around the clean but empty lobby.

Yuri just gazed at the available selections before selecting one from the panel. The photo of the room dimmed and a key card dropped into a slot. Yuri guided Victor into an elevator and attacked his mouth as soon as the doors closed, nibbling his lips and kissing him fiercely. His leg slipped between Victor’s thigh, and he ground against his mate.

Victor moaned when Yuri broke the kiss as the elevator doors opened again. The alpha led them down the hall to their room and opened it. As soon as they were inside he attacked the omega’s lips again.

He wanted and he planned to stay there until they were both satisfied.

As they separated again he pushed on Victor, walking the taller man backwards until his legs hit the bed and he sat on it. Yuri continued forward, straddling his mate’s legs and minimizing the space between them.

“What’s all this?” Victor gasped when they came up for air between heated kisses.

Yuri pulled Victor’s shirt off, wanting to run his hands over his mate’s skin. “It’s a place where you can let go,” he purred as his fingertips traced down Victor’s arms. “I picked a room with extra soundproofing, so don’t hold back. I want to hear you since you won’t have to worry about my family or guests.”

Victor’s eyes widened even as Yuri pushed him to lay back.

Yuri kissed down Victor’s neck, giving into the temptation to fully experience his mate. He nipped and licked at Victor’s nipples, and left open-mouth kisses along his abdomen. He continued down, and sucked at the omega’s clothed erection, leaving a wet spot on the training pants.

He wasn’t worried, it would be dry long before they left.

“Fuck, Yuri…” Victor breathed, tangling his fingers in Yuri’s hair and arching his hips against his mouth.
Yuri sat up and pulled off his own shirt before shimmying out of his practice pants and boxers. He tugged the rest of Victor’s clothes off and laid beside him, kissing his mate as he took the Russian’s erection in hand.

“Do you trust me Vitya?” he rumbled as he twisted his wrist in a way he knew made his mate come undone.

“You know I do,” Victor gasped.

“Let go for me.” Yuri nibbled Victor’s ear. “I want to meet my omega without him being held back.” Yuri stroked Victor slowly, but in a way that he knew would drive the man wild.

Victor groaned.

“Let’s meet each other there,” Yuri purred, his voice heavy with lust. “I’ll let go the tiny control I have over my alpha, you give in to your omega, and let’s experience each other fully.”

The smell of arousal saturated the room.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned, his hips thrusting into Yuri’s touch. Even without his glasses Yuri saw that Victor’s eyes were becoming glossy as he lost the battle to contain his omega.

“That’s it baby,” Yuri urged as he dipped his head to nip at his mate’s scent glands. “Alpha’s going to make you feel good.”

Victor gasped as he came, thick ropes of cum splashing over his stomach.

Yuri growled approvingly, but when his eyes met Victor’s he knew that his mate hadn’t let go completely. He couldn’t blame him, the fear of his omega side ran deep.

Yuri realized that he’d have to ease him in, prove that there was no reason to fear his secondary nature.

“You’re so beautiful,” Yuri nuzzled Victor’s neck. He sat up to kneel and gaze down at the omega before smiling. “Let’s go clean you up.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly before he nodded. He was already under the impulses of instinct enough to not want to speak, but he was very much aware.

Yuri needed to strip him of everything except the instinctual urge to mate and breed. But to do that he’d need to reassure the broken parts of his mate. He leaned in again and kissed Victor passionately.

“I love you. I trust you,” Yuri murmured, gazing into Victor’s ocean-blue eyes. “I want you to be happy.”

Victor nodded softly, and ran his fingers over Yuri’s face. “Alpha…”

Yuri kissed him again. “Come on. Let’s soak in the tub for a bit.”

Yuri stood and offered a hand to Victor, who took it. He led them to the bathing room, but one of the toiletries that he could purchase caught his eye. He pressed a button on a panel in the room and soon had it in hand. He handed it to Victor, whose eyes widened when he accepted the douche for male omegas.

For a moment Yuri’s confidence wavered, wondering if what he wanted was ok. “I… well…” you
liked it so much when you were in heat…”

Victor gave him a confused look.

Yuri swallowed and steeled himself. “I want to eat your ass Vitya,” he growled as he pulled the omega’s face close for a kiss. “And all I want to taste is you and your slick.”

Victor shook.

“Is… is that ok?”

Victor’s eyes were wide as he nodded.

Yuri had a realization. “Was that something you wanted me to do again?”

Victor nodded again.

Yuri smiled. “I think we’ll have to have a serious discussion about likes and dislikes…. and fantasies.”

Victor kissed Yuri, then moved to the smaller room that held a toilet.

Yuri sat on the edge of the tub and filled it. A part of him insisted that it was a waste of water to drain it again once they were done, but he needed to relax his omega into letting go.

Victor had a strangely contented look when he walked back in.

They showered together before moving to relax in the tub.

Yuri smiled and settled into the water. He opened his arms, inviting the omega to cuddle in the warmth.

Victor settled between his legs, back against Yuri’s chest, and scooted down so that Yuri’s head rested on his shoulder.

Yuri traced lines and circles on Victor’s skin as he wrapped his arms around him.

“I’m the luckiest alpha in the world,” Yuri murmured, kissing the sensitive skin behind Victor’s ear. “You’re such a good omega, absolutely perfect. I love everything about you.”

Victor closed his eyes and fully relaxed in Yuri’s embrace.

Yuri continued to whisper words of praise and love, feeling the omega relax and the smell of arousal slowly saturate the air. He gradually started telling Victor how sexy he was, and worked in what he wanted to do to pleasure his mate.

When Victor groaned and shifted in Yuri’s arms he knew that the gentle approach was right.

“Open your eyes Vitya,” Yuri urged.

The ocean-blue had been almost completely swallowed to pupils blown in lust. Yuri could see the tiniest bit of Victor’s control hanging on, but it was only by a thread.

Yuri was so hard, and he ground his hips up to let Victor feel his desire.

The thread broke, and Victor groaned with a needy tone that Yuri had never heard before. It caught
right on his alpha instincts and his drive to breed his mate ramped into overdrive.

“Let’s take you to bed Vitya,” Yuri purred, grinding up again. “Alpha wants to make you feel good.”

They got out of the tub, and dried each other before Yuri led Victor back to the bed.

The omega reclined on the plush surface, legs spread wantonly, and the smell of cinnamon filled the air.

Yuri knew that his mate was in faux-heat, not fertile but needing to feel bred regardless.

He was more than willing to sate his omega’s need. If he had his way the smell of cinnamon would never disappear from his mate fully again.

Yuri straddled Victor and kissed him. “Do you remember your words baby?”

Victor looked confused for a moment before his everyday personality flickered for an instant. His hand found Yuri’s and curled into it. “Yes,” he signed.

Yuri nuzzled and nipped at Victor’s scent gland until he felt the omega take over fully again. “Don’t be afraid to use your words if you need them Vitya. That’s why you have them, so that you can tell alpha what you need.”

Victor’s eyes were wide when Yuri looked into them again. For a moment his heart was on the verge of breaking. The most vulnerable part of Victor was bared to him, and he saw the trepidation in it. The omega had been so suppressed that even when fully revealed it was hesitant and unsure. Fear and need battled in his eyes.

“It’s ok baby,” Yuri cooed. “Alpha is here.”

Victor swallowed thickly.

“Can I touch you?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri kissed him as he started stroking him again, growling with a mix of possessiveness and approval. “Such a good omega. Alpha’s going to make you feel so good.”

Victor whined into Yuri’s kiss.

There was a moment when they broke apart, and Yuri knew the time was right. “I’m going to let my alpha go Vitya. Is that ok? Are you ready?”

Victor nodded, and Yuri couldn’t hold back. Need had supplanted want, and everything in him screamed at him to pleasure and breed his beautiful mate.

Yuri nipped at Victor’s jaw, and sucked on his scent gland. He wanted more, wanted his mate to drown in pleasure. He scented the air until it was heavy with alpha pheromones, and was rewarded with the smell of slick as Victor’s body responded.

He sucked marks on his omega, barely remembering to avoid spots that wouldn’t be covered by their exhibition costume. He moved down, and soon had Victor’s length in his mouth, bobbing and sucking.
He wanted, he needed.

Victor’s release filled his mouth and he swallowed greedily before draping his omega’s legs over his shoulders and moving down to lap at the slick leaking from his entrance.

“Alpha…” Victor moaned, and Yuri’s eyes flicked up to gaze at his mate’s face. The omega was completely blissed out and lost to the pleasure. He gasped and cried out as Yuri pushed the tip of his tongue against the pucker.

Yuri’s tongue laved over the sensitive skin, dipping in to taste the slick, and quickly bringing the omega to another orgasm from the intense sensation alone.

Yuri wiped his mouth with the back of his hand as he knelt between Victor’s legs. Cum pooled on the omega’s stomach, his head was thrown back with his neck bared, a deep flush over his face and upper torso.

Yuri’s cock was so hard, and he needed to fuck his mate into the mattress. He patted Victor’s thigh. “Turn over baby.”

Victor turned over, and pushed his ass into the air.

Yuri growled approvingly before grabbing a nearby pillow and shoving it under Victor’s hips. He looked at the sight before him. Victor was face down, completely open to him. Slick shone around the edge of his omega’s hole.

Yuri leaned in and licked at the slick until Victor trembled, then knelt and pushed back in.

Yuri knew immediately, from the lustful cry of the omega, from the mix of smells saturating the air, and from insistence of his alpha side, that it was different this time. He would get what he craved, the smell he needed would be his.

“You ok baby?” he purred as he bottomed out.

Victor nodded.

“Good.” Yuri pulled out and thrust back in, setting a firm and steady pace immediately.

He was relentless, driving Victor to a fast orgasm. The moans of his pleasured omega were delicious, the way he clenched in ecstasy divine. Yuri was an addict and the orgams of his mate was the fix. He gave them each only a few moments after each release to recover before going again.

He needed more. Needed to fill his omega with more of his seed. Needed more of his mate’s moans. Needed more of the scent of pleasured omega to fill his head.

With each orgasm he felt the omega take over a bit more. The scent of cinnamon got stronger, and each time that enticing aroma of something else lingered an extra few seconds.

Yuri was close to needing to knot. His alpha side demanded it, and he pounded in hard, wanting to exhaust his mate as he knew it would be longer than a regular knot.

Victor’s omega had come out enough that he was babbling in Russian, having moved beyond the almost mute acceptance of any alpha to encouraging the one he was with. The tone sounded pleading, his ass thrusting back with each thrust. His hands signed more and faster.

Something was about to change, Yuri could feel it.
“Tell me what you need,” Yuri encouraged the babbling omega, encouraged by hearing him talk even a bit.

“Alpha… alpha…” Victor cried with each thrust.

Victor turned his head toward the mattress, and Yuri could tell that he was on the edge by the tension in his body. The alpha reached out and tangled his fingers in platinum hair. He yanked Victor’s head back. “I want to hear it,” he growled. “Alpha wants to hear your voice.”

Yuri pounded into his omega, pushing him over the edge into ecstasy.

“Breed me alpha!” Victor screamed as his entire body tensed in orgasm.

A new smell filled the air and Yuri pounded hard, keeping Victor coming as long as possible before his knot filled and they stilled.

Victor purred as Yuri draped himself over his mate’s back, sucking marks onto the alabaster skin.

“Mine…” Yuri growled. “My omega.”

The smell he’d been chasing was there and strong. It didn’t fade after several minutes.

“Alpha…” Victor whined, and Yuri knew immediately what he needed. He reached up so Victor could suck on the scent gland in his wrist while he scented the air heavily.

Both their scents had changed subtly. Victor’s had taken on what Yuri finally identified as what had been described as his own clove scent, and he detected a hint of cinnamon to his own smell.

Yuri’s chest rumbled, and Victor purred. It was a much stronger message than just scenting each other. The smells would fade to their normal scents over time if not maintained by regular ‘breeding’ sessions, at least until they bonded and made it permanent, but it was something few alphas would ignore. An omega whose scent had adopted that of a chosen mate would be unreceptive to other advances, no matter how strong the pheromones used to lure away.

Victor’s new scent said that he was ready to be bred by an alpha, and had one already thank you very much. And Yuri’s said that he’d chosen the omega he wanted to breed.

He breathed Victor’s scent deep, the smell almost tingling within him as his body identified his mate.

Yuri’s knot receded, and he started again, but at a slower pace. The desperation was gone, and now he wanted to make love to his omega. He moved carefully, drawing out the pleasure and praising over and over.

He wanted Victor to feel loved at every level.

Eventually they ended up facing each other again, kissing as they continued their lovemaking.

“Mine,” Yuri repeated as he knotted again, leaning in to suck on Victor’s scent gland. “My omega, my mate.

“My Vitya.”
They ended up taking a taxi to return to the inn, Victor barely able to stand long enough to walk out of the love hotel.

Once home Yuri bundled him into bed and a short while later brought trays laden with dinner into the room. They ate in contented silence. Something had changed, their relationship was stronger, and just being in each other’s presence was enough.

After dinner they cuddled, and once it got late enough that most of the guests would have gone to bed Yuri helped Victor down to the baths to relax.

Back in bed he applied some of the balm to the omega’s reddened and swollen entrance, and asked for what had to be the hundredth time if he was ok.

They fell asleep tangled in each other’s arms, kissing until neither could keep their eyes open for a second longer.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Cold showers are that way --->

And I know it was intense, but they're in a world where ever few months they have a drive to just go at it for days. Sooo, that drive can present outside of heat/rut too.

Yep, that's it.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? In Our Dreams starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Ride

Chapter Summary

It's the last day before Yuri and Victor are set to leave for Barcelona, and Yuri starts the
day with a final practice.

Chapter Notes

Hello all, sorry this chapter took longer than usual.

I lost my mojo, and am having a hard time getting back into the groove of that high-level
of output. Updates might be a bit sporadic as I get back into it properly, but I'm still
hoping for at least one a week until I get my mojo put back together.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the
love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soft blue light had started to filter into their room when Yuri’s alarm went sounded. He turned it off
as quickly as possible and was relieved that Victor had managed to sleep through it.

He knew that the previous day had been hard on his mate, and wanted to let him sleep in a bit. He
quietly turned off Victor’s alarm, then padded down to the washroom and showered, skipping a soak
in the onsen. Somehow he managed not to wake Victor as he dressed.

A beam of blue light landed perfectly across the omega’s bare shoulder, and Yuri couldn’t help but
press a kiss to the skin there before patting his leg to have Makkachin follow. He walked the poodle
in the pre-dawn light before returning him to the inn, where his family and the staff were preparing
for the day.

The kitchen bustled with prep-work as Yuri grabbed something to eat. He was glad that Victor was
seemingly still asleep. He left a note for his mate, then jogged to the Ice Castle, where Yuko was
opening the doors.

“Morning Yuri-kun!” she called cheerfully. “Where’s Victor today?”

Yuri smiled as he stopped to chat. “I thought he’d appreciate sleeping in a bit, so I got up before he
did and turned off his alarm.”

“Oh, any particular reason?” she teased.

Yuri blushed. “No?” he squeaked.

Yuko laughed. “Oh Yuri, you’re still adorable when you’re embarrassed. Thanks for at least turning
off the cameras by the way.”

Yuri blinked.

“You weren’t practicing your exhibition, I know that for sure.”

Yuri stared.

“Victor never put on his skates, and the way he was walking was kinda a dead giveaway.”

Yuri hid his face in his hands, cheeks heating from embarrassment.

Yuko laughed again. “I’ll tell you a secret, you’re not the first to christen the rinkside, and probably won’t be the last. I’m just going to assume nothing happened on the ice itself as he didn’t have skates on… and I don’t think either of you are that foolish anyway.”

“I’m going to go put on my skates now,” Yuri said, praying Yuko wouldn’t push.

Yuko stopped him with a hand on his arm. “I’m happy for you, you know.”

Yuri blinked, and smiled before sitting on a bench and pulling on his skates.

“I mean it. You’re happier than I’ve ever seen you. Your skating is at a whole new level, and it’s not just because he’s your coach. You’re more confident in yourself as a person. He’s helped you open up in ways that I never thought possible. And somehow I see how different he is now compared to how he was when he arrived. You’re really good for each other, and I’m glad that you found your mate in him.”

Yuri smiled softly. “Thanks Yu-chan. I am happy with him, happier than I ever thought possible.”

Yuko stepped into Yuri’s space and brushed a bit of hair to the side of his forehead. “It’s getting long.”

Yuri’s smile widened. “I guess I hadn’t noticed. It’s been a couple months since I had it trimmed.”

“It matches you now. You’re more carefree, and the longer hair works with that.”

Yuri hummed in thought.

“Maybe you should try growing it out. I bet you could have fun with longer hair and costume choices.”

“I couldn’t skate with long hair!”

Yuko rolled her eyes and gave him an exasperated sigh. “You’re mated to a man who skated for years with long hair, and Yuri manages just fine with his hair too.”

Yuri was confused for a second before it sunk in. “Yurio?”

“He claims to hate that name you know.”

“I know, but I don’t think he minds it as much as he used to.”

Yuko smiled. “He asked me not to use it, so I don’t.”

“I bet he appreciates that.”
Yuko nodded as Yuri finished lacing his skates.

“I’m going to warm up now.”

“Okay! I’ll be there in a bit to observe, once Takeshi arrives.”

“Thanks Yu-chan.”

Yuri was in the middle of a sit spin when he heard the glass door to the rink open, and almost immediately the sounds of Yuko and Victor chatting floated across the ice. He smiled as he came out of the spin and transitioned to the next element.

He felt good, the program flowing nicely. He was ready for Barcelona.

“You did what?” Yuko shrieked.

Yuri slid to a stop and gazed at where the omegas were in conversation. He skated over, and once Victor came into focus he noticed that his mate was flush with embarrassment.

“Vitya?” Yuri hummed as he reached over the barrier to pull him close.

“Morning Yuri,” Victor murmured.

“Yuri!” Yuko said excitedly. “I could tell from the lobby footage that you two were in a mood yesterday, but I’m surprised you came in to skate at all. If I edged Takeshi I’d probably be bedridden for days. I’m amazed you held back enough that Victor can still walk!”

Yuri felt himself turn crimson. “Vitya!”

Victor laughed. “Sorry Yuri. Yuko knows how to aim the conversation just the right way to get answers.”

Yuri rolled his eyes before turning his mate and kissing him over the barrier. “What did she say?”

“She said I smelled like you,” Victor paused. “Then she asked how you got my scent to change so fast.”

“That was all it took? Really?”

“To his credit, I told him he smells good claimed. Your scents mingle nice,” Yuko chimed in.

“Thanks Yuko, you can relieve Nishigori at the front,” Yuri said, trying not to further embarrass himself.

“Ok,” Yuko chirped, “but since Victor’s not wearing skates I’m leaving the cameras on!”

“Yuko!”

She laughed as she strode through the glass doors.

Yuri glared at the door until he felt Victor’s fingers tighten around his wrist. “You’re not mad are you?”

Yuri sighed and kissed him. “No, but now you know where the triplets get it.”
“She’s helped me so much,” Victor said softly.

“I noticed you started talking more after that first heat.”

Victor nodded. “Being able to talk with another omega has helped. I’m not as afraid of that side of me. I know that some things are normal, and not… well…”

Yuri ran his thumb over Victor’s cheek. “You’re perfect Vitya.”

They kissed for several minutes.

“Ready to skate for me?” Victor asked as they broke apart.

Yuri nodded and moved to center ice.

Yuri knelt on the bed behind Victor and wrapped his arms around his middle as the Russian stared at his luggage.

“There’s a bit of time in the morning to add anything you may have forgotten,” Yuri murmured as he nuzzled into Victor’s neck.

Victor’s hands covered his own and thumbs rubbed over his knuckles. “I know,” Victor said softly. “But I’d rather be sure now.”

“So you can spend less time staring at it in the morning?” Yuri teased.

“Mm-hmm.”

Yuri chuckled and kissed his mate’s shoulders and neck. “You know, all those months ago when you showed up a part of me wasn’t sure we’d be here, but… tomorrow we’re leaving for the Grand Prix Final. We’ve almost achieved the goal you laid out.”

Victor hummed in agreement.

“I couldn’t have done it without you.”

Victor turned to stare at Yuri. “You’re wrong.”

Yuri blinked, and Victor turned the rest of the way to pin him to the mattress, brushing his fingertips along Yuri’s cheeks.

“You’re so wrong. I didn’t give you anything that wasn’t already within you. You had the skills, you had the courage. They were always there, all I did was help you draw them out. After that it was more guidance than coaching. You’re a winner Katsuki Yuri, and it was there all along. You just needed to realize it.”

Yuri blushed. “Vitya…”

Victor silenced him with a kiss, and Yuri melted, wrapping his arms around his mate.

Yuri held Victor close as they kissed, and it quickly deepened. Victor ground his clothed erection down at almost the same time that Yuri’s hands started wandering.
“Yuri…” Victor moaned needily.

“You’re still recovering Vitya.”

Victor pulled back and pouted down at Yuri, who laughed and flipped them so that the omega was on his back.

“That wasn’t a no,” Yuri teased. “But you’re not bottoming for a couple days.”

Yuri leaned in and nipped at Victor’s scent gland. “Yuko’s right,” he murmured in the omega’s ear. “Your claimed smell is absolutely divine.”

Victor pressed his hips up, searching for friction. “Yuri…”

Yuri ground down, and returned to kissing his mate. His hand drifted and he palmed Victor through the fabric of his lounge pants.

“This is gonna feel good,” Yuri rumbled in Victor’s ear, fingers dancing along the length. He slid his hand under the hem of the Russian’s pants and slowly stroked.

Victor gasped and moaned until Yuri released him.

Yuri knelt and swiftly pulled off Victor’s lounge pants before tugging his own shirt over his head and wriggling out of his pants to lie naked beside his mate. He took both their erections in hand as they kissed, stroking slowly until they were gasping for breath between heated kisses and thrusting against each other.

“Will you open me up while I suck you off?” Yuri asked, nipping Victor’s ear.

Victor groaned, and nodded into Yuri’s neck.

Yuri reached and fumbled for the drawer pull on the nightstand, and searched blindly, kissing Victor until his fingers found the lube. He pressed the bottle into Victor’s hand before kissing down the omega’s torso and wrapping his lips around his mate’s erection.

“God, Yuri…” Victor moaned, pushing up into his mouth.

Yuri pulled off and stroked. “You’ll be ready to go again quick, right?”

“Mm-hmm…”

“Good. Because I’m looking forward to feeling you inside me.”

Victor groaned, and Yuri took him into his mouth again. He hummed as Victor’s lubed fingers circled his entrance, and growled in appreciation when one long digit pressed inside.

The feelings were delicious, and Yuri had to focus on Victor’s cock in his mouth. He hollowed his cheeks and bobbed his head. He used a hand along the base, twisting his wrist in the way Victor loved.

There were only two fingers in his ass when Victor’s back arched and came in Yuri’s mouth. He swallowed it greedily, gave the omega a moment to recover, then started again.

Yuri wanted his mate hard when he sunk down onto his length.

Yuri was so hard, and aching for his own release as he pulled off Victor’s fingers and straddled
Victor’s hips. He relished the already debauched look that deepened as Yuri lined up and slowly took the length inside.

“Fuck, Yuri…” Victor moaned as Yuri paused, adjusting to the fullness.

Yuri leaned in and kissed his mate. “Can I ride for a bit first?” he joked.

Victor smiled, and they kissed again.

“Is this a good substitute to me pounding you into the mattress?” Yuri asked.

“More than,” Victor moaned. “You feel so good.”

“So do you,” Yuri said, nipping Victor’s jawline.

Yuri sat up again and braced himself against Victor’s thighs as he started to ride, relishing the drag of Victor’s cock over his sweet spot with each thrust. As the pleasure built within him he tossed his head back, moaning loudly.

“God Vitya…” he rumbled, and when Victor thrust up, nailing him just right, he couldn’t hold back. He came, his cum painting ribbons on the omega’s chest.

Yuri stilled a moment, recovering from the intensity of sensation coursing through him. But Victor quickly grew impatient, and strong hands grabbed his hips so that his hole could be pounded into from below.

“Vitya… Vitya…” Yuri moaned, grinding back and needing another release. He heard his own name echoing back into his ears as Victor pushed in deep, then the pulse as the omega spilled inside.

The feeling was delicious, and all that Yuri needed to be pushed over the edge. He came again, adding to the cum already decorating Victor’s stomach and chest. His alpha side was extremely pleased with the sight, and he growled possessively.

They both stilled, coming down from the high.

Yuri leaned in and claimed Victor’s mouth in a kiss. “You’re amazing Vitya.”

Victor purred in contentment.

“Got any more?” Yuri teased.

Blue eyes met brown and Victor smirked. He wrapped his arms around Yuri and flipped them. They kissed for a moment as Victor started thrusting again.

“I might not be able to keep up with your stamina,” the omega murmured. “But I’m nowhere near done yet.”

“Good,” Yuri moaned, throwing back his head and exposing his neck. Victor quickly moved to suck and nibble at his scent gland, thrusting and already chasing the next release.

Yuri gave himself over to the pleasure, to the sensation of being with the man he loved. They kissed, moaned each other’s names, and made love until blissful exhaustion overtook them.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

They're just soooooo insatiable, LOL.

Next chapter - they're on their way to Barcelona!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Yuri and Victor are on their way to Barcelona.

Short chapter today, just getting this travel day out of the way.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri groaned at the sound of his alarm. He didn’t know exactly when they had fallen asleep, but even if they’d gone to bed early he probably would have felt that he hadn’t gotten enough rest. It was still pitch dark outside, the earliest tendrils of dawn more than an hour away. He reached over and clicked on a lamp.

He turned and saw that though Victor was stirring, he hadn’t yet woken. Pink lips were slightly parted, and the most peaceful expression imaginable was on his face. Yuri smiled as he brushed the fringe from the omega’s cheek and kissed him softly.

*I’ll always love this sight.*

Victor made a noise and scrunched his eyes before opening them. “What time is it?”

“Time to get up. We need to leave for the station in an hour.”

Victor sat up. “So soon?”

Yuri sat up as well and blinked. “Yes?”

Victor pouted.

“Vitya?”

Victor blushed. “I wanted to suck you off this morning before we left, to have that in me while we traveled halfway across the world.”

Yuri flopped back onto the pillows, suddenly hard. “Vitya! You can’t just say things like that!”

Victor laughed then spied Yuri’s prominent erection. His hand ghosted across it.

“We don’t have the time Vitya.”
“I’ll be quick,” Victor proclaimed as he shuffled down and took Yuri into his mouth.

They almost missed their train, Minako and Mari agitated as Yuri forced Victor to cut short his second contemplation of their luggage.

“If we forgot anything we’ll just have mom overnight it,” Yuri finally proclaimed as he tugged on his mate. “If we don’t go now we’ll miss our flight.”

“But Yuri!” Victor protested, mind still on the luggage. “What if she misses a cutoff, or something happens and it gets lost, or…”

Yuri cut him off with a kiss, then whispered. “Somebody had the mind to do something else this morning, and you knew there wasn’t time for both. Now you went over everything last night, so unless mischievous spirits took out things overnight we should be good.”

“They can do that?”

Yuri rolled his eyes, Victor sighed, and Mari huffed. “You’re going to miss your own competition!”

Yuri was ready to fall asleep again as they waited to board the plane. He was grateful that the lines for check-in and security hadn’t been overly long, but anxiety at the prospect of missing a flight because of a line still gnawed at him until they were at the gate.

By the time they made it to their seats he didn’t even have the energy to protest that Victor had upgraded them to first class. He fell into the plush seating, accepted a blanket from a flight attendant and was passed out on Victor’s shoulder almost immediately after takeoff.

They had breakfast during their layover in Seoul. Mari and Victor declared the food delicious, while Minako and Yuri claimed it wasn’t as good as what they’d had in the city almost two years prior during Four Continents.

“I can’t wait to try real Korean food when we come back for the Olympics in a couple years then,” Victor declared. “I’ve only had it in the airport.”

“You’ve never competed here?” Yuri asked.

Victor shook his head. “Of course not. It’s not been a venue for Worlds since I started skating, none of the Grand Prix qualifiers are here, none of the ISU Challenger events either.”

Yuri blinked several times, and sighed. “But to make up for not being here, you’ve competed almost everywhere in Europe, while I’ve only been a handful of places.”

“Don’t worry Yuri, you’ll make up for that, and we’ll explore during the off-season.”

Yuri smiled, looking forward to relaxation and being with his mate outside the pressures of a competitive season.
Yuri rolled his eyes as they waited for their baggage in Barcelona, his phone blowing up with missed call notifications. Phichit had landed hours earlier and was eager to explore.

Yuri wanted to sleep. He knew he couldn’t take more than a nap, otherwise he’d not sleep through the night, but traveling always left him exhausted. He collapsed onto the bed nearest the window as soon as they staggered into the room.

“Yuri…” Victor murmured, sliding up behind him and kissing behind his ear.

“Let me sleep, at least for a little while Vitya.”

Victor chuckled in his ear, but climbed off the bed. “I’ll wake you in a bit.”

Yuri mumbled an assent before remembering that his best friend wanted to explore, and silencing his phone so that he could actually sleep.

“Get off of me, both of you!”

Yuri squirmed to extricate himself from under the freezing bodies of his mate and Christophe Giacometti.

“But Yuri, you’re so warm,” Victor protested, wrapping himself around the alpha.

Yuri had been content to wake slowly and catch up on social media, now he was wide awake and on the verge of shivering.

“Yuri, how can you possibly not want to warm up your mate?” Chris purred with a wink at the end.

“Not helping Chris!” Yuri complained, squirming again. “And even if I did want to warm him up, that doesn’t apply to you too.”

“Yuri, I’m hurt!” Chris clutched at his chest dramatically.

Yuri sighed, and accepted the fact that even if he could convince Chris to leave, Victor had effectively wrapped himself around him and was sapping all his heat.

Knocking at the door.

“Oh no…” Yuri said, catching a whiff of the beta on the other side.

“I’ll get it,” Chris sing-songed, climbing off the pile and striding to the door.

“Yuri!” Phichit yelled as soon as the door was open. “Why didn’t you come sightseeing?”

“Hi Phichit,” Yuri said rolling his eyes.

“Hi Chris, hi Victor!” Phichit said as he strode in and sat on the other bed. He looked between Chris and Victor as the Swiss skater curled up against Yuri again. “What are we doing?”

Chris grinned. “Using Yuri as a space heater. Who knew that the pool would be so cold in December?” he joked.
“Oh I need in on this!” Phichit declared. “I wasn’t in the pool, but I just got back from the Sagrada Familia, and it was a bit chilly out.” The Thai skater promptly took an unoccupied spot on the pile.

“Phichit!” Yuri protested.

“But Yuri, you’re so warm!”

Yuri rolled his eyes, but smiled. Somehow the attention was getting his mind off the looming competition. For a moment they weren’t competitors, but friends goofing off.

“You smell relaxed,” Victor murmured against Yuri’s neck as he finally resigned himself to being the unofficial heater for several minutes.

“Just thinking how nice this is.”

“I thought we were freezing.”

“Oh you are, and I’ll get you back for it later. But this is nice. I could get used to this.”

“Good,” Victor replied, nuzzling into Yuri’s neck and tickling him with the cold tip of his nose.

Eventually the four ordered room service, Victor and Chris protesting that they’d have to shower and change to go down to the restaurant.

They spent a couple hours catching up, until it was past midnight and Victor declared that, as a coach, it was his responsibility to see that everybody got enough sleep. Which promptly caused a fit of laughter from Chris and Phichit.

The other skaters did take the hint though, and a few minutes later Yuri and Victor were alone in their room.

They cuddled on the bed for several minutes before Yuri realized that something was wrong.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“Take a shower.”

“Huh?”

“You reek of chlorine. I can’t smell you at all.”

Victor chuckled against Yuri’s skin. “You like my smell that much?”

“You know I do.”

“Join me?” Victor asked as he stood, holding out a hand.

Yuri smiled and allowed himself to be led to the bathroom. They kissed under the spray, and bathed each other. Victor insisted on an extra moisturizing treatment, claiming that chlorine dried out his skin.

That was when Yuri set his retribution plan into motion. They kissed a few more times in the steam, then Yuri moved to get out so that the omega could rinse off. On the way Yuri turned off the hot water.
Yuri was drying his legs when he heard the yelp as the heat finally cleared from the pipes. He laughed and strode from the bathroom.

“I told you I’d get you back!”

“How’d that payback work out for you?” Victor teased as he clung to the alpha, once again sapping his heat.

Yuri nodded. “Practice tomorrow, then short program the next day.”

“I’m going to be brilliant out there.”

Yuri blushed. “Thank you.”

“Believing in me.”

Victor smiled and kissed him. “I’ll never stop believing in you.”

The kisses turned long and deep as they approached sleep.

“I love you Vitya.”

“I love you too Yuri.”

Yuri didn’t think he could ever be more content than in that moment as he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I was originally planning for more smut after the freezing attack of Victor and Chris, but then this happened instead. I don't regret the catching up and playful nature of it one bit.

But if you need more smut... well I just started another multi-chap that will be almost nothing BUT smut. Check out Private Photos

Next chapter... Sightseeing!
Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

----------------------------------------

Have you read my other multi-chap YOI fic? *In Our Dreams* starts with a teenage Victor and follows their story and their interactions through a skill called dreamwalking, in which a sleeping person can view the world through another's eyes.
Rings

Chapter Summary

Yuri and Victor spend the day sightseeing in Barcelona before an unintentional proposal.

Chapter Notes

This chapter's a beast, 7000 words. I normally try to keep them shorter but really there just wasn't a good point to break it up.

Anyway, not much to say in advance here, I'll let you get to the good stuff.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuri woke up first, a combination of nerves and body clock still not adjusted to being halfway around the world. He watched Victor sleep in the soft light of the hotel room.

Victor: his idol, his coach, his mate.

His love.

Yuri brushed the fringe from Victor’s forehead and placed a soft kiss there.

“I’ll never leave your side,” Yuri murmured. “I love you Vitya.”

Yuri turned and looked at the clock. There were still more than two hours before Victor’s alarm would sound. For a moment he thought about trying to go back to sleep, but he was awake and knew it would just leave him groggy.

Yuri slipped from the bed and changed into some workout clothes. He left a note, put his keycard into his pocket, and made his way to the hotel’s gym.

The gym was empty at the early hour, and Yuri had his choice of machines. He chose a treadmill near the door and set the pace to an easy jog. He let his mind wander as he moved.

He still didn’t want to retire, but he didn’t see any other way. It was the only choice if Victor was going to return to the ice.

“You’re in your head again.”

Yuri looked up, and saw Phichit standing in front of him, grinning. “Phichit!”
Phichit moved to the machine next to him and set his own pace. “Figured I’d find you here. You always try to run off the jet lag. Where’s your better half?”

Yuri smiled. “He’s still asleep.”

Phichit chuckled.

“What’s so funny?”

“The fact that you didn’t want to argue about him being your better half. You’ve got it bad.”

Yuri smiled. “No argument there. I love him Phichit. I can’t imagine my life without him.”

“You’ll always have your poster collection.”

Yuri laughed. “I took it down, somehow it didn’t compare to him actually being there.”

Phichit mock gasped. “And here I thought your bedroom with him would be so plastered with his face that you’d have a hard time finding the real one.”

“Not happening.”

“There’s still time.”

A comfortable silence fell between them as they jogged before Phichit spoke again. “So what are you going to do this time to show the world that Victor is yours now?”

“Hmm?”

“Well you two kissed in China… then he kissed your skate in Moscow.”

Yuri laughed. “We don’t have anything planned.”

“Well I can’t wait to see what you two cook up this time.”

Yuri smiled. Then a thought occurred to him. “Change of subject: how’d you know our room number last night? Did the front desk give it to you?”

Phichit squeaked, and for a moment Yuri was reminded of his beloved hamsters. “Chris texted me. He said he was hanging out with Victor and thought I might want to join.”

Yuri laughed. “I’m glad he told you. I enjoyed catching up last night.”

Phichit smiled. “I miss having you around.”

“Same, but it was time.”

“I can’t say things turned out bad for you. You’re dating your idol.”

“I think we’re more than dating,” Yuri sighed happily. “My alpha side has seen him as my mate for some time now.”

“I’m surprised you haven’t marked him. I thought that was a thing with alphas.”

“Oh I’ve marked him plenty,” Yuri chuckled. “Just not where you can see it. Luckily the robe he wore last night covered most of them. But as to a bonding bite… The time’s not right, though I want to.”
Phichit chuckled. “You’ll just have to find something else until you can then.”

Yuri smiled. “You’re right.”

Victor was still asleep when Yuri returned to the room. Yuri unlocked the omega’s phone and turned off the alarm, then grabbed the in-room phone and the room service menu. He took both to the bathroom and shut the door so that he could order without waking his mate. Once he hung up he popped into the shower and rinsed the sweat from his body.

Victor hummed when Yuri slipped under the covers and cuddled him. Yuri kissed his mate’s shoulders and neck until the omega started to stir.

Victor turned in Yuri’s embrace and they kissed for several minutes.

“Good morning,” Victor murmured, finally opening his eyes. He leaned in and buried his nose in Yuri’s neck. “You smell nice.”

“I just got out of the shower. I went down to the gym this morning for a jog.”

Victor held Yuri close and hummed happily as he took several deep breaths from against Yuri’s scent gland.

“You should get up and at least put on a robe,” Yuri said as he snuck a look at the clock.

“Oh?”

“Breakfast should be here any minute.”

“What did you order?”

“I asked what was traditional for the region, and they said pan tomaquet.”

“Hmm, sounds good.”

Yuri kissed along Victor’s jaw until the omega turned his head to bear his scent gland, which Yuri promptly nipped to release more of his mate’s scent.

“I thought so too,” Yuri replied. “Once they told me what it was.”

They kissed for another minute until Yuri convinced Victor to put on a robe. The Russian was just emerging from the bathroom when a knock at the door signalled the arrival of breakfast.

They ate the bread with a tomato spread, olive oil and spices, and Yuri smiled when Victor’s enthusiasm over the meal shined.

His skating career would be a small price to pay in order to be with his mate every day.

“Yuri, what do you want to do now?” Victor asked as Yuri stepped off the ice and put on his hard guards. “I recommend a good night’s rest to prepare for tomorrow’s short program.”
You need to get out of the mindset of a coach Vitya, you’ll be skating again soon.

“Don’t be such a model coach now. This is my first time in Barcelona, so take me sightseeing,” Yuri said, a bit sharper than he intended.

Victor gave Yuri a look between hurt and confused, and Yuri realized how sharp his tone had been.

He smiled at his mate in apology.

Victor returned the smile. “Leave it to me.”

They made their way to the locker room, Victor’s hand at the small of Yuri’s back, and he loved the touch of his beloved.

Phichit and Chris were just stepping out of the shower when they walked in, chatting amiably.

“Yuri! Victor!” Phichit sing-songed. “Chris and I were just discussing sightseeing. Do you two want to join us?”

“That sounds…” Victor started.

“Sorry Phichit,” Yuri interrupted.

Victor looked to Yuri and blinked. Yuri smiled in reply.

“I want to spend the day alone with Victor today. I’m sure you understand.”

Phichit smiled, and Chris chuckled.

Yuri turned to Victor. “Is that ok?”

Victor smiled and rubbed slightly on Yuri’s back before turning to Chris and Phichit. “Let’s plan on dinner together as a compromise, and we’ll do something bigger as a group another day.”

“Ok,” Phichit chirped before turning his attention to another target. “Otabek? Want to explore?”

“I’ll pass, thank you,” the Kazakh skater replied. “I’ve rented a motorcycle and already have plans for specific places I want to go.”

The locker room door flung open as Yurio stomped in, Yakov lecturing right behind.

“Mini-Yuri!” Phichit said. “Chris and I…”

“Leave me alone!” Yurio shouted.

Phichit blinked. “I guess that’s a no. Come on Chris, looks like it’s just the two of us.”

Yuri blinked as he caught a whiff of Chris’s pleased alpha scent. Then his nose was assailed with something absolutely revolting as JJ stepped out of the shower.

Yuri looked to Chris and saw that the other alpha had much the same reaction. Victor also looked repulsed, though none of the others seemed to realize how vile the smell was.

All eyes turned to him and Chris, and they realized at almost the same time that they were growling.

“Let’s get dressed and head out Phichit,” Chris said, trying to be light, but an obvious threatening tone to his voice.
“Ok…” Phichit replied, confused.

“I think I’d like to shower at the hotel instead.” Yuri said, turning to Victor.

Victor nodded, and Yuri quickly changed out of his skates.

Otabek and Yurio gave the four funny looks as they left.

“What was that about?” Phichit asked once they were a safe distance from the locker room.

“Personal beef?”

“Fake alpha…” Chris said, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Yuri slumped against the wall and took several deep breaths and Victor moved close enough to smell Yuri.

“How?” Phichit asked.

“He’s using one of those alpha-smell soaps.”

“You mean he’s not a real alpha?” Phichit asked.

Yuri shook his head. “No, but those soap are horrible. They almost always smell like a challenge.”

“I think it’s on purpose,” Chris said. “It’s sheer stupidity at least, and dirty psychological games at worst.”

“It’s rather off-putting…” Victor replied. “I can’t stand them.”

“He just smelled like alpha to me,” Phichit said.

“That makes it even worse,” Chris said. “Betas can’t tell how fake they are, so some fall for it, thinking they have an alpha.”

“But you three could tell?”

Victor, Chris and Yuri nodded as a group.

“I avoided him last year for the same reason,” Yuri said. “With everything else going on, feeling like I was being challenged to a fight every time we were in the same room was too much. I thought he’d given it up in Moscow, but he must have just been out of his preferred soap.”

Victor rubbed Yuri’s back, and Yuri smiled up at his mate.

Chris nodded. “I’m surprised nobody’s pummeled him over it yet. The brand he uses is particularly vile.”

Yuri nodded in agreement, then got a good whiff of himself. “Ugh, I really need to shower.”

Chris laughed. “At least we finished before he did. I feel sorry for any alphas who need to shower in there anytime in the next several hours.”

“Rub it in,” Yuri retorted. “Shall we Vitya?”

Victor nodded. “Yeah, I really need some fresh air after that.”

Phichit shook his head. “I guess I should be glad I’m a beta.”
Chris draped himself over the Thai man. “Probably for the best. Should we go since the lovebirds won’t be joining us?”

Phichit grinned. “Yep. See you later Yuri, Victor!”

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s neck as the other two walked away, breathing deep from Yuri’s scent gland. “I’m kinda glad you hadn’t showered yet,” he murmured. “I need your scent to get rid of that horrible smell, and it’s so much stronger right now.”

“Vitya,” Yuri protested.

Victor snaked his arms around Yuri’s waist and held him close as he took several more deep breaths.

“My mate…” Victor murmured against his neck. “My alpha.”

Victor had a look of absolute bliss on his face as he sampled the selection of roasted and seasoned nuts. Yuri watched as he popped another one into his mouth. “Vkusno!”

Yuri smiled as his mate made his selections. He wasn’t a fan of shopping, but couldn’t fault Victor for wanting to indulge.

“Can I help you find anything sir?”

Yuri blinked and turned. “No thank you, we’re already being helped,” he replied, motioning at the employee assisting Victor as best he could while laden with bags.

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t realize you were together,” she apologized before smiling at him and walking away to help another customer.

Somehow the exchange reminded him of his conversation with Phichit that morning. Without bonding marks, and no other visual indicators, it was easy for people to overlook the cues like proximity.

His alpha side didn’t like people not knowing that Victor was his mate.

Why would somebody as beautiful as Victor be in the same company as a nobody like Yuri Katsuki?

A moment later Victor turned with the bag in his hand, heart-shaped grin on his face. “What’s next?”

Yuri smiled and took the bag, adding it to the collection already hanging from his arms. “I think we’re almost to the Casa Batlló. Shall we rest for a moment there?”

Victor nodded. “Da.”

They made their way toward the building with unique architecture, and Yuri was relieved to see a bench in front of it. He sunk onto the wood slats, grateful to take a break.

How does Victor have the stamina for shopping like this?

Yuri listened to his mate ramble about shopping and the Euro for a moment before turning his attention to the building. Phichit’s words, and those of the employee of the nut shop echoed in his mind, and he started looking around. How could he show the world that Victor was his, even without a bonding bite?
He looked around for inspiration, glancing at couples and the shops as Victor seemed to look at the building.

“Come on Yuri!” Victor declared, pulling him up from the bench.

Yuri grabbed at bag handles as Victor lead them away from the bench. “Yuri! I’ll buy you a suit for your birthday! I think you should burn the suit and tie you wore at the press conference.”

Victor had seemed to come to the decision out of nowhere. “Huh?” Yuri asked, “Wait, you don’t have to! I kind of like that suit!”

Victor continued pulling Yuri along. “Hey, Vitya!”

“Finally…” Yuri breathed, wanting to sink into a chair as they exited yet another suit shop.

It was the third menswear shop they had visited. But they had only taken a few steps when Yuri realized the bag of nuts was missing.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked, looking over to see if he spied it hanging on his mate’s arm. “Do you have the nuts?”

Victor looked at the bags on his arm. “No? I thought you had them.”

Yuri immediately turned to go back into the store.

“Yuri?”

“I dropped them somewhere. We haven’t been many places since that shop though so they shouldn’t be too hard to find.”

Victor blinked a couple times before replying. “Ok.”

*I can’t even keep track of a bag of nuts. No wonder people don’t think we’re together. I’m a mess.*

“Our tailors are fast, but alterations take a bit longer than that,” the store employee joked as they walked back in.

“Sorry, did we leave a bag of nuts?” Yuri asked.

“Not that I know of, but feel free to look around. You didn’t take them into the changing room, did you?”

Yuri shook his head, he’d left all the bags with Victor. “No, we’ll take a look. Thank you.”

They looked around the store, but came up empty handed. Yuri immediately headed to the store they had been in before that, and had to apologize to an employee hoping to make a large sale.

Yuri could see that Victor was growing exasperated, but the longer they went without finding the nuts the more stressed he became.

*Victor had said how good they were. I can’t even keep track of a bag of nuts. How am I supposed to win? What if it’s like last year?*
They had arrived back in front of the Casa Batlló, and the bag was nowhere to be found. “It’s not here either.”

Victor sighed. “Yuri, calm down and remember. It’s the bag of nuts we just bought. It’s a brown bag with green print.”

Yuri looked around again before finally giving up. “Sorry… I have no idea where I dropped it.”

He’d disappointed his mate and lost something that the omega was looking forward to enjoying. He was a bad alpha.

Inspiration struck. “I’ll go back to the shop and get another bag!”

Victor put a hand out. “It’s ok, Yuri. The nut shop would be closed by now.”

Victor’s expression was strained, and Yuri knew that his mate was just trying to be nice at that point and hiding his disappointment. “Let’s head back. You’re tired right?”

It was too much, he’d disappointed his mate and now the omega was trying to make excuses for his failure.

“You don’t have to say it like that!” Yuri countered, suddenly angry.

_Just say what you mean Vitya. Tell me how disappointed you are in me as an alpha._

“Well I’m tired,” Victor replied, an obvious mask to his expression.

They stared at each other for several tense moments before Victor sighed and a measure of understanding crossed his face. He stepped forward and tugged Yuri into his embrace, hand at the back of Yuri’s head and guiding Yuri to breathe near the scent gland.

“Yuri…” Victor sighed. “It’s ok. They’re just nuts. We can get more another day, ok?”

Yuri nodded.

“Do you want to go back to the hotel?”

Yuri shook his head. _No, I don’t know how to show the world you’re mine without a bonding bite yet._

Yuri lifted his head and looked into Victor’s eyes. The omega stared at him, obvious concern in his expression.

“Do you want to walk through the Christmas market we passed?” Victor offered.

Yuri thought about it a moment and nodded.

Victor smiled and kissed his forehead. He ran a soothing hand up and down Yuri’s back. “Talk to me Yuri. There’s no need to bottle it up like this. Tell me when the anxiety is getting to you. You’re not fighting alone.”

Yuri wrapped his arms around his mate and held him close until he started to feel calmer.

Victor kissed his hair several times before Yuri finally pulled away. He felt better, calmer. He hadn’t even realized how much he was obsessing in order to distract from the anxiety.
“Shall we?” Victor asked, and Yuri nodded.

They set off toward the market, and Yuri’s thoughts turned to something to show the world that Victor was his. They stopped so Victor could get a mulled wine, then walked through the crowded area.

Yuri decided to try and push Victor, perhaps his mate wanted something suitable for his birthday and Christmas. But his hopes were quickly dashed when he informed him that it was tradition to not celebrate birthdays early, and that Russians really didn’t celebrate Christmas.

Yuri was about to give up when he spied the jewelry store. His mind sorted through the possibilities. He thought of matching pendants or charms, and quickly discarded the ideas.

**Rings.**

Yuri gulped and blushed as soon as the thought crossed his mind. He knew what it would look like, but it was the perfect solution. Rings were subtle, but would be a symbol.

It would also let him fulfill the desire for a good luck charm. He found that he was luckiest with Victor, and the bands would link them together even when Yuri was on the ice.

He ran to the window and looked inside, did they have a nice selection of rings?

“Victor!” Yuri called as he spied a variety of styles, “Let’s go in this store!”

*It’s a lucky charm so I can do my best in the final. It’s also a thank you gift for all his help.*

He asked to see a set, simple but with an understated elegance.

*It’s a symbol of our love.*

“This one please, I’ll pay in installments.”

A few minutes later they left the store, a set of rings in Yuri’s hands.

*Victor, you’re my luck. You’re my love. Thank you for coming into my life.*

They were near La Catedral de Barcelona, and Yuri tugged Victor to stand on the steps of the church. A choir sang nearby, and everything seemed perfect.

Yuri looked at his mate, started, faltered, started again and finally took Victor’s gloved hand.

*I don’t even have the words to properly tell you how much you mean to me, how much joy you’ve brought into my life.*

Yuri peeled the leather from Victor’s hand and slid the simple gold band onto his finger. He knew he was blushing, and focused on the slender fingers against his own.

*I love you Vitya. With all of my being, I love you. I hope that every time you look at this ring you’ll know even a fraction of the love I hold for you in my heart.*

“Vitya… I… um…”

Yuri took a breath. “Thank you for everything up until now,” he blurted out. “I… I couldn’t think of something better.”
Yuri glanced up and then back to their joined hands. “But, um… I’ll try my best from tomorrow on, so… Tell me something for good luck.”

*I’ll try my best to be the best alpha for you, I’ll try my best to make you proud. I don’t want you to regret your time with me. I’m already the luckiest man in the world just by having you here, but maybe you can give me a bit more.*

*Help me be good enough for you Vitya.*

Yuri clenched and unclenched his hands at his side, second ring tucked into his right. He’d put it on later, once he knew that Victor had accepted the gift.

Victor reached out and took his right hand, freeing the ring in a smooth motion. “Sure,” he said, bringing the hand up, emotion filling his voice. “I’ll tell you something you won’t even have to think about.”

Victor paused as he slid the ring onto Yuri’s finger. “Tomorrow, show me the skating you can honestly say you liked best.”

Yuri stared at the ring before looking to Victor’s face. His mate was smiling at him, and he knew that the unspoken words had been understood.

“Okay,” Yuri said.

Victor’s smile grew, and he reached out, the cool of the ring against Yuri’s cheek cementing the moment.

Victor’s lips crashed against his, and the only thing Yuri could think to do was hold his mate tight. Tears were flowing down his cheek, and for a moment he didn’t know if they were from the release of the anxiety he’d held in all day, or from sheer joy.

“I love you so much,” Yuri babbled. “I can never thank you enough for coming into my life, for becoming my coach. I know it’s not much but…”

Victor silenced him with another kiss. “Yuri, my Yuri. My mate.”

Victor’s eyes glittered with emotion, and Yuri couldn’t help himself. He pulled the omega in for another kiss. “I love you Vitya,” he said between kisses until they were both breathless.

The moment was broken by Victor’s phone.

“You should get it,” Yuri said after his mate ignored two rings.

Victor chuckled and pulled the phone from his pocket just in time to accept the call. “Chris! Yes, we’re still planning to join you for dinner… aren’t we Yuri?”

Yuri nodded.

“Yes… you found a little outdoor cafe with a covered patio? That sounds fantastic. We’re at La Catedral de Barcelona so we shouldn’t be too long.”

Silence for a moment as Chris spoke.

“Great see you soon.”

Victor hung up and slid his phone back into his pocket. “Chris and Phichit found a place not far from
here and have put their names on the waiting list. Apparently they also ran into Minako and Mari earlier and invited them to join us.”

“Phichit’s probably looking for gossip,” Yuri said fondly.

Victor laughed. “Or Chris. Little do they know that they’ll be interrogated right back.”

Yuri laughed. “You’re probably right.”

“Shall we then?”

Yuri nodded and picked up several bags. Victor picked up the rest and they headed toward the restaurant with arms slung around each other.

Once Minako and Mari finished their fangirl sobbing at being at the same table as most of the men’s singles competitors they were able to order dinner. Soon they were chatting easily, most of the men regaling the ladies with tales from prior years.

Victor told the story of how he’d met Chris, and how innocent the teen had looked at the time. Chris teased back that until Victor hit his final growth spurt men would hit on him thinking he was a girl until he turned around, a fact which caused Yurio to cackle with glee.

Otabek talked about all the different places he had trained, and both Yuri and Phichit were surprised to learn that he’d spent a year under Celestino when he was in the novice division, even before they started with the coach. He told them what it had been like to train with JJ, who was so fiercely determined to win but was almost completely inept in social situations.

Phichit regaled them with all the attention he had received since returning to Thailand with a bronze from Four Continents, coming in right behind Otabek and JJ. And soon Otabek was nodding with agreement in the way some of the countries without a strong figure skating background honored their star athletes.

Then everybody was looking at Yuri, and the only thing he could think of was the difference from the previous year. He remembered that even before he’d received the news of Vicchan’s death he hadn’t truly felt like a real competitor there, and his isolation had only increased after he’d learned of his beloved dog’s passing.

“Still, it’s kind of weird for us all to be here like this before the final starts,” Yuri said. “At least year’s final I was always by myself, even at the banquet. I couldn’t even talk to Victor.”

Victor spit out the beer he was drinking, which immediately garnered a protest from Yurio. “Yuri, you don’t remember?”

“What?”

“Yuri, you got drunk on champagne and started dancing,” Chris purred. “Everyone saw it.”

“Huh?” Yuri shook, and thought back to the hangover from the year before and how he couldn’t remember anything except drowning his sorrows.

“That was disgusting as hell,” Yurio added. “I was dragged into a dance-off, and got humiliated too.”
“A dance-off?” It was getting worse. *No, no no*, Yuri thought. “A dance-off, with Yurio?”

“I did mine with a pole-dance, half naked,” Chris added.

*No, no no no. This can’t be. I didn’t do that did I?*

“I go off the rails when I drink,” Yuri muttered to himself in Japanese, “just like my Kyushu born-and-bred dad, so I was trying to lay off, but…”

“I still have videos of what happened,” Victor offered cheerily.

*Oh no!*

“I do too,” Chris said, already showing off his photos to Phichit.

“Wait, what?” Phichit said, looking at Chris’s phone. “Yuri, that’s so dirty!”

Then Mari and Minako were hovering over Chris’s shoulder to look with a unison, “I want to see,” and Yuri knew that the situation was about to be out of hand. His mother would surely hear about it now.

“Don’t look!” he cried, waving his hands to try and distract from the phone. “Wait… cut it out already!”

“What’s with the rings you two?” Chris asked, an amused smile on his face.

Yuri froze.

“Huh?” Mari asked. “Rings?”

“I don’t remember you wearing that,” Minako added.

Yuri grabbed his hand to hide the ring and retreated to his seat. Victor sat up from where he had been showing photos to Otabek, suddenly aware of the conversation around him.

“Um… this is…”

“They’re a pair!” Victor cheerily announced.

There was a beat of silence while the statement sunk in, then Phichit started clapping.

“Congratulations on your marriage!”

“Wait… no…” Yuri started. “Um…”

“Everyone!” Phichit called. “My good friend here got married!”

The restaurant broke into applause.

“No… This is, um…” Yuri said, flailing. “It’s to thank him for all his help. And lots of other things… Yes, other things!”

“Yeah, don’t get the wrong idea,” Victor said calmly.

*Thank you Vitya. I know you can diffuse this.*

“This is an engagement ring,” the omega continued. “We’ll get married once he wins a gold medal. Right Yuri?”
“What?” Yuri panicked. They were out of the fire, but back in the frying pan. “Victor!”

Absolute silence. Yuri turned to see how high the heat had turned as four of the five competitors against him were reminded of why they were there.

“A gold…” Otabek started.

“…medal…” Phichit continued.

“…huh?” Chris teased.

Yurio made an annoyed noise, and Yuri froze again. “Uh… well… um…”

“Wait a second!” A brash voice demanded, which Yuri quickly recognized as JJ. “I’ll be the one who wins and gets married, of course!”

Everybody froze and turned to look at the newcomer.

“That’s right,” JJ’s fiancee added. “It’ll definitely be JJ.”

“Sorry we can’t congratulate you on that future marriage,” JJ concluded.

It was decided with unspoken unanimity that the mood had been soured, because while everyone’s competitive streak had been ignited, they all had the good sense to not imply that they’d never marry.

“Well, tomorrow’s an early start,” Victor declared, rising from the table. “Better call it a night.”

Everybody else stood and gathered their things, while JJ looked on in silence. It was as they were walking out that the Canadian started protesting.

“That guy absolutely cannot read a room,” Victor said once they were out of earshot.

“Like you’re much better?” Yuri teased.

“Hey,” Victor protested, “Incentive!”

“Well I’m going to blame it on his soap,” Chris said. “Even just walking past him was too much. I couldn’t imagine being any closer than that without it being absolutely necessary.”

“You got close enough to that asshole to smell his soap?” Yurio demanded.

“You don’t have to be close to smell something as vile as that,” Chris retorted off-handedly.

“It’s still that strong?” Phichit asked.

“He’s probably got a lotion or cologne with it too,” Victor added.

“Could you please elaborate?” Otabek asked. “What’s wrong with his soap? Or cologne?”

The group stopped walking, and everybody stared at Chris and Victor.

Yuri sighed. The only one who didn’t already know he was an alpha was Otabek and the kid seemed ok. “He’s using a fake-alpha soap,” he explained for the benefit of the betas, “and a particularly nasty one at that. It makes us want to fight him.”

Chris nodded.

Otabek had a troubled look on his face.

“You ok Otabek?” Phichit asked.

Otabek sighed. “Just seems a low thing to do. He’s talented, and really doesn’t need to resort to such tactics.”

“He’s an asshole anyway. Forget about it,” Yurio said.

“Yuri,” Otabek countered. “I trained with him for a while. We may not have stayed in touch, but I respected his determination. Like I respect yours.”

Yurio’s eyes widened, and Yuri couldn’t help but notice the chastised blush.

“But…” Otabek continued. “Something like an alpha-scent soap? I don’t see the point. One doesn’t have to be alpha to win, and to fake it only falls into those outdated ideals. Betas and omegas are just as capable.”

Yuri smiled and nodded. “Alphas can lose too. Look at me, I came in dead last in last year’s final.”

Otabek blinked. “I’d hardly consider coming in last at a grand prix final a loss. In the single competition perhaps, but it means that you were the sixth best skater in the world. Out of the thousands of skaters worldwide and hundreds skating at a competitive level I would count it as fairly good.”

Yuri blinked several times.

“That said,” Otabek continued, deadpan. “Congratulations on your engagement, but you’re going down.”

There was a moment of silence before laughter erupted through the group.

“Just as long as I’m on top and that asshole JJ is last I don’t care,” Yurio quipped. “The rest of you can argue among yourselves who places where.”

“My Yuri has to win so we can get married,” Victor whined.

“I’m skating for Thailand!” Phichit cheered. “I’m going to show what a great country it is by bringing home gold.”

Chris chuckled and all eyes turned on him. “I think I’ve got the best motivation of all.”

“Oh?” Victor asked.

Chris winked. “It’s my turn.”

The group laughed, knowing that Chris had taken silver for years, and started walking toward the hotel again, the tension between them eased.

Otabek and Yurio had started discussing their favorite games on the return, while Mari and Minako had switched to Japanese to talk about everything they were looking forward to while in Barcelona.
Once they walked into the lobby Phichit grabbed Chris and demanded they go look at the rest of the prior year’s banquet photos.

Then Victor and Yuri were alone.

“Do you want to go with Phichit and Chris to the bar?” Victor asked.

Yuri shook his head. “No, I’d rather not be subject to Phichit questioning me about something I don’t even remember.”

“Ok…” Victor said as they walked toward the elevator, but once they were alone in the confined space he pressed Yuri again. “You really don’t remember?”

Yuri shook his head and looked at the floor.

They walked in silence from the elevator to their room. Yuri heard Victor start several times, but not actually get anything out.

Victor carried the bags to the center of the room as soon as they entered, but Yuri stood by the door, wallowing in shame.

“Yuri?”

“I’m sorry,” Yuri blurted out, bowing on instinct.

Victor laughed. “For what?”

“For being such a pathetic alpha that I lost last year, then drowned my sorrows to the point of being blackout drunk. I can’t imagine how embarrassing it must be to be with me, with so many people witnessing something like that.”

“Yuri!” Victor scolded. “Stop, right now!” He strode over, grabbed Yuri’s chin and angled his face so that their eyes met.

Yuri quickly diverted his gaze. “But I had a drunken dance-off with Yurio, and a… pole-dance with Chris?”

“And it was amazing,” Victor countered. “You won both by a landslide.”

“But…”

“Yurio and Chris weren’t the only ones you danced with…” Victor offered, nostalgic tone to his voice.

“Eh?” Yuri panicked.

Victor leaned in and kissed him. “You challenged me too, except with me you made a bet.”

Yuri felt the blood drain from his face.

“You demanded that if you won I needed to become your coach.”

Yuri’s eyes widened.

“And you won Yuri, it was undeniable.”
“So… that’s why you came? Because you lost a bet to a drunken me?” Yuri’s heart sank.

Victor kissed him softly. “No Yuri, even I recognize a drunken bet when I see one, though I thought you remembered it.

“No, I came because that dance-off with you was one of the most enjoyable things that had happened in years, maybe decades. You reminded me of emotions I’d suppressed for so long I’d forgotten of their existence. In just a few songs I smiled like I never had before.

“Then you skated my program, and the news had broke that you’d parted from Celestino. And you looked so depressed. I remembered how you asked, and how you made me feel, and I knew I couldn’t stay away.

“Yuri, you may not remember it, but that banquet turned into one of the best events of my life, because I started to fall in love with you that night. If not for our dance-off I may not have realized how much I was missing. I wish you could remember it, but I’ll never forget, and I’ll never be embarrassed at being seen with you around those who were there, because I’m with you now. We’re mated, and now we’re engaged too. Soon we’ll be bonded and married.”

Married.

Yuri’s eyes widened even as Victor’s closed and he kissed him again.

Married.

Victor pulled away and looked at Yuri with concern in his eyes. “Yuri?”

“You… you really want to marry me?”

Victor blinked. “Of course I do. I mean… We’re already mated. I accepted your ring, and we announced it at the restaurant. Wasn’t that the intention?”

“But I put the ring on your right hand!”

“Yes, that’s the hand we wear wedding bands on in Russia. I thought you did that on purpose for me.”

Yuri groaned, and had to suddenly explain when Victor’s face developed a worried tone.

“I… I’d been looking all day for something small and visual to show that we’re together since we don’t have bonding bites… and I saw the rings… and you mean so much… and I wanted to thank you too… and…”

Victor laughed. “And you decided on rings to show that we’re a couple?”

Yuri blushed and nodded, and Victor smiled softly while all the thoughts settled in Yuri’s mind.

He… thought we were engaged…

He’s wearing the ring I gave him…

We’re mated.

Yuri’s eyes widened slightly, and Victor’s smile did as well.

Yuri sank to one knee on impulse, and took the hand already wearing a ring into his hands. He
kissed Victor’s knuckles then looked up into his mate’s ocean-blue eyes.

“Victor Nikiforov, for so long he was just an ideal, an idol to strive for. He was a person who enchanted me and unknowingly guided me down the path of figure skating. My dream in life was for him to see me as a competitor at his level. Last year I thought I’d made it, then I made a fool of myself.”

“Yuri…” Victor started, but was silenced when Yuri shook his head.

“Then he showed up at my family’s onsen, naked, and declared himself my coach. I was overwhelmed. Here was my idol, suddenly appearing. He worked me hard, and my skills improved.

“As we spent time together the shell that was Victor Nikiforov started to crack. I got to see glimpses of the man behind the dazzling smile and glittering costumes. I got to see the man who’ll drop everything, sometimes literally…” Yuri said, remembering a shattered plate, “because his beloved poodle wants to wrestle. I saw the man who dives head first into anything and everything because he wants to experience all that life has to offer.”

Victor had moved his free hand to cover his mouth, and his eyes glittered.

“The image of Victor Nikiforov the skater fell away, piece by piece, until there was Victor Nikiforov the man. I fell in love with that man, but I had no idea how much stronger my love would grow. I tried to keep it in check, thinking that you could never want me in return.

“Then August happened, and things changed between us again. It brought us closer, and looking back now I see how much you’d been hinting at wanting more. But it took you kissing me at an internationally televised event for me to realize it.

“You let me in, and Victor Nikiforov isn’t who I see anymore. I see you, my Vitya, a man who makes me smile just by being there, who is strong and graceful. I see all those little things that made me love you, and I realize that I can’t imagine a day without them. I want you in my life, for the rest of my years and into eternity.

“Will you make me the happiest man in the world? Will you marry me Vitya?”

Victor nodded. “Of course Yuri. I mean I already said yes, but of course I will.”

Yuri smiled as Victor pulled him up into a passionate kiss.

“Sorry for doing things a bit backward,” Yuri murmured as they broke apart.

Victor shook his head and leaned their foreheads together. “It was perfect Yuri, I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

They kissed again, deeply, passionately. Victor held Yuri tight, and Yuri’s right hand drifted up to rub at the bonding point at the back of Victor’s neck.

Victor moaned at the touch to the sensitive spot, and ground his hardening erection against Yuri.

“Don’t tease Yuri…” Victor whimpered when they broke apart for air.

Yuri realized what he was doing and stopped.

“Don’t stop either,” Victor whined, a sound that turned pleasured when Yuri once again pressed at the cluster of nerves.
“What do you want Vitya?” Yuri asked, kissing along Victor’s jaw.

“You…” Victor breathed. “My mate, my alpha… my fiance.”

“Are you recovered enough?”

Victor leaned in and pressed his nose against Yuri’s scent gland. He nodded. “Yes. Please. I need you.”

“Should I get the lube, do you want to switch?”

Victor shook his head. “Take me Yuri. Just take me. Knot me, let me know I’m yours and always will be.”

Yuri nipped at Victor’s scent gland until the smell of pleased and aroused omega filled the air. “I think I can do that.”

Yuri guided them, kissing, until Victor’s legs hit the bed and he sat down. Yuri straddled him and broke the kiss long enough to tug both their shirts off. He kept the skin-to-skin contact even as Victor scooted back fully on the bed and laid down.

They kissed, grinding against each other until they couldn’t take it any longer. Yuri kissed down Victor’s torso as he unbuttoned the omega’s trousers and pulled them off before quickly discarding his own jeans and boxers.

Victor was beautiful, splayed on the bed, alabaster cock hardened and ready. The only thing he wore was the ring Yuri had placed on his finger, and everything was perfect.

Yuri sucked and bit marks into Victor’s legs as he kissed his way back up his body. He bobbed his head and tongued at Victor’s cock as he opened him up, and he nipped at the column of Victor’s neck, arched beautifully as Yuri slid into him.

“I love you Vitya…” Yuri moaned, over and over as he thrust into his fiance.

He growled in pleasure as Victor clawed at his back, and his heels dug into Yuri’s ass.

Yuri brought them both to orgasm quickly in order to take the edge off. He wanted to properly enjoy his mate, and could tell by the sounds Victor was making that he felt much the same.

They kissed as they came down from the initial high before Yuri started thrusting again.

Victor wanted what Yuri wanted. They were mates, would soon be bonded… then married.

They’d be together.

Yuri made a promise with every thrust, and every kiss. He swore to be Victor’s forever.

As they laid there after, the twinkling lights of the city at night casting soft illumination into their room, he looked at Victor’s sleeping face from where the omega had curled up against his chest. He ran his fingers over the features of the man he loved, and for the first time allowed himself to really feel confident that what they had would last forever.

“Goodnight Vitya,” Yuri murmured, kissing his mate’s forehead before falling asleep himself.
Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

THEY'RE ENGAGED!!! FINALLY!!! AND YURI KNOWS ABOUT THE BANQUET!!!

(celebrate now, cause we all know what's coming)

On a different note... have you checked out Private Photos yet? I mean if you need more smut in your life...

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Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com
Yuri awoke to the feel of Victor’s arms wrapped around him, and the smell of the ocean clinging to his skin. He nuzzled into his mate’s embrace.

“G’morning,” he mumbled against Victor’s chest. “You smell good, like the ocean.”

“I went for a walk this morning near the beach,” Victor replied, pressing kisses into Yuri’s hair.

“You didn’t want me to go with you?”

“I thought you’d rather sleep before tonight.”

“Hmm, good call.”

Yuri tilted his head up and his lips were immediately captured by Victor’s. He hummed happily, reaching up to thread his fingers through the omega’s platinum hair.

“I love you,” Yuri whispered when they broke apart.

“I love you too,” Victor returned, ducking his head to nuzzle against Yuri’s scent gland. “Are you ready for today?”

Yuri grumbled. “I wish the men’s part of the competition was earlier. There’s too much time to think. I mean I prefer it at night rather than afternoon, but this is almost too late.”

Victor lifted his head and smiled. “I think we can find things to fill the time with.”

“Oh?”

Victor winked. “Well… we’re engaged now. I think it’s almost expected for us to spend as much time in bed together as possible.”

Yuri laughed, then smiled as he pulled Victor in for another kiss. “Engaged… we are… aren’t
we…”

Victor hummed in response.

“We’re going to be married…”

Victor smiled and nodded.

“Wow…” Yuri grinned and pulled Victor in for another kiss. However, he broke apart soon after. “As nice as spending the day in bed with you sounds…” he sighed. “I… I’ve never had sex before a competition, and I don’t know how it’ll affect me. I mean I know we did the night before in Moscow… but we didn’t that day…”

Victor echoed Yuri’s sigh before nuzzling into his neck. “I understand. But… can I at least blow you?”

Yuri laughed and pulled Victor in for another kiss. “After I shower.”

“Or in the shower,” Victor offered.

Yuri hummed as he thought before nodding.

They kissed for several minutes before Victor managed to pull Yuri from the bed and toward the bathroom.

They were both giddy kissing under the spray, hands roaming each other. Soon they were grinding against each other, hard cocks sliding together.

They moaned into each other’s mouths. Then Victor attacked Yuri’s neck and kissed down his torso before kneeling on the shower floor, taking Yuri’s cock in his hand and kissing along the length.

“Vitya…” Yuri moaned, hands splaying against the tiled wall for purchase.

Victor’s eyes flicked up, and he smiled at Yuri before sucking the head of Yuri’s cock into his mouth.

Yuri’s head fell back against the wall, and he gasped as Victor licked and sucked him to a fast and hard orgasm.

Victor hummed as he swallowed, then Yuri pulled him up and into a kiss. He could taste himself on his mate’s lips, which made him groan in appreciation.

They traded sloppy kisses as Yuri wrapped his hand around Victor’s length and started slowly stroking. Victor whimpered as Yuri teased the most sensitive spots with his thumb.

“Do you want my mouth?” Yuri murmured as they broke apart for air.

Victor shook his head, wet hair bouncing. “No, just like this.”

Yuri claimed his mate’s mouth again as he continued to stroke him, capturing the whimpers of pleasure and savoring them.

Victor broke the kiss and buried his face in Yuri’s neck as he came, shaking and breathing near Yuri’s scent gland. “Yuri…” he whined.

Yuri supported Victor as the omega slumped against him while he recovered, murmuring words of
love and praise against platinum hair.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned again as his strength returned.

“You ok?”

Victor nodded into his shoulder. “Yeah.”

“Really?”

Victor chuckled. “Just overwhelmed. I realized right when I came that we get this for the rest of our lives, and the thought made it so much more intense.”

Yuri startled then softened. He brought Victor’s face up and kissed him deeply. “Even that long won’t be enough with you.”

Victor blushed before smiling. “I know the feeling.”

They bathed each other before finally stepping out and preparing for the day ahead. Yuri hated the scent suppressing soaps they were using, but didn’t want to take any chances with his mate in such a crowded space.

“What do you want to do now?” Victor asked as Yuri stepped off the ice from the final practice. “I don’t recommend sightseeing.”

Yuri was silent as he thought for a minute.

“Do you want to get lunch then come back and watch the Juniors?”

Yuri made an uncertain noise.

“Something else?”

Yuri smiled up at his mate. “Cheesy movies in the hotel?”

Victor grinned.

“I call The King and the Skater!” Phichit cut in as he slipped on his hard guards.

“No Phichit,” Yuri said immediately.

“But Yuuuuuuuri,” the Thai skater protested. “I need to get psyched for tonight.”

“You’ll already be humming it all day, I don’t need it stuck in my head too.”

“Fine, but it at least needs to be a skating movie.”

Victor laughed, then turned a mop of two-toned hair. “I guess it’s a party, you coming Chris?”

Chris grinned. “Sure, but I second. Not The King and the Skater.”

“Chris!” Phichit protested.

Chris laughed and waggled his eyebrows. “How about Blades of Glory.”
Yuri and Phichit both groaned.

“I want to get psyched up, not hate myself,” Phichit said.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked, turning to his fiance.

Victor smiled. “Is it even a question? The Cutting Edge.”

The other three groaned, but all nodded at the same time. It was the most logical choice. They struck off toward the locker room.

“Toepick!” Phichit sing-singed.

They had a light lunch before settling down for the movie. Afterwards they made their way back to the stadium. The Junior men were on the ice as Yuri, Phichit and Chris joined their fellow competitors in the locker room.

Competitive spirit hung heavy in the air as Victor combed back Yuri’s hair. “You’ve got this,” the omega whispered, leaning down to plant a kiss just behind Yuri’s ear. “I believe in you.”

Yuri smiled up at his mate.

Chris and Yuri had sat as far from JJ as they could as they got ready, and breathed a sigh of relief when the Canadian declared his appearance perfect and boasted about prepping in the hotel.

“Good, get out of here then,” Yurio jabbed. “You’re stinking up the place.”

“Nervous kitten?” JJ asked, leaning in to intimidate the small blond.

Victor made a noise, so soft nobody but Yuri could have possibly heard it. But it’s meaning was clear: An alpha I don’t trust is harassing my child.

Yuri knew it was ridiculous, JJ’s soap giving the edge to Victor’s instinct. But the sound kicked his own alpha side into motion.

“Lay off JJ,” Yuri growled, low and threatening.

JJ turned. “Aw does the kitten need somebody to come to his rescue?”

Yuri stepped into JJ’s space, and released a cloud of alpha pheromones. “I said lay off.”

JJ puffed up in challenge. “Alpha versus alpha, huh?”

Yuri sneered. “Do you really believe that soap is that effective? True alphas can spot it in an instant. You’re a fake, who walks around smelling like he wants a fight. The only one you’re fooling is yourself.”

“Ha,” Yurio scoffed. “He called you on it asshole!”

Yuri thrust out an arm to silence the teen, but Yurio persisted. “Does your fiancee know you’re a fake alpha?”

JJ sputtered. “I… uh…”
“Enough Yuri!” Yuri barked, silencing the teen. “And I can answer that for him. Yes, she knows.”

“How do you know that?” JJ demanded, clinging to anything to stabilize his mind.

“Because she’s an alpha,” Yuri said, deflating slightly, realizing he’d gone too far. “Last night… at the restaurant… after you interrupted she was prepared for a challenge. I could smell it when we left.”

JJ gaped… then bolted from the room.

Yurio burst into cackling laughter. The rest of the men shared a glance with each other.

“Yuri…” Victor chided softly.

Yuri turned back toward his mate, and leaned against his chest. “Sorry Vitya. I guess I got carried away.”

“It’s ok.” Then Victor kissed his hair and spoke softly so that only he could hear. “Thank you for standing up for Yurio.”

They finished prepping in silence, an uncomfortable tension in the room.

Costume on and hair done except for last minute touch ups, Yuri and Victor made their way to the stands to attend the opening ceremony. Yuri was thoroughly confused for most of the performance, but he distracted himself by going over his program in his head.

The men’s competitors stretched and did warmup exercises while the pairs teams skated. JJ had seemingly recovered from the shock, boasting in front of his parents and the cameras that he was going to win gold.

Then it was time. As a group they made their way to the ice, coaches at their side. They had a six minute warmup, then Yuri’s final competition would begin.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, standing at the barrier as the rest of the men exited the ice.

“Yes?” Yuri replied, handing back a water bottle.

Victor reached out and grabbed his hand, bringing his knuckles to his lips, kissing them and the ring at the same time. “I love you,” Victor whispered against his hand. “You’ve got this.”

Victor’s head rose and they shared a determined look. “I’m off.” Yuri said as he moved to take his starting position.

Yuri kissed the ring as he waited for the music to start.

*I’m engaged to my mate. I’ll win here, we’ll be married.*

*He’ll be able to return to the ice.*

The music started, it was time. Yuri had to win. He focused on his steps, on the way he moved across the ice. Everything needed to be perfect if he was going to beat JJ.

The triple axel was perfect, and the quad salchow-triple toe combination was clean.
Everything needs to be flawless.

One jump left. Yuri launched the quad flip, but put one hand on the ice.

The spin was good… but he knew the hand down had cost him valuable points. Points he couldn’t afford to lose. Yuri collapsed on the frozen surface, holding back tears.

Everything else was good though, maybe the damage wasn’t as bad as he felt.

He exited the ice, and Victor offered an arm as he put on his hard guards.

Yuri pursed his lips, still angry at himself as they made their way to the kiss and cry.

The scores were announced, and Yuri’s heart sank. He was even farther behind than if he hadn’t done the quad flip.

This is proof. I’m too inconsistent. I want to skate, but Victor is more important and there is no way Yakov will take on a hit-or-miss skater like me. It really is the end.

Then it was Phichit’s turn on the ice. Yuri felt a swell of pride for his friend as he watched him skate to the song that he had dreamed of for so long.

Despite his joy at seeing Phichit, doubt coursed through him.

Did Victor give up half a season in vain? Did he waste his time with me?

Then the crowd was cheering for Phichit, and Yurio kicked them off the bench.

“Let’s go find some seats Yuri,” Victor said as the crowd waited for Phichit’s scores.

Yuri nodded and followed Victor back into a tunnel. He took his skates off and slipped into street shoes. Then he was mobbed by reporters. He answered their questions, waiting for the cheers to tell him when Yurio had started.

He managed to keep moving enough to at least answer questions near a monitor, and was left alone for a moment as he watched Yurio on the screen, but near the end of the teen’s performance he realized that his mate was not with him.

Where did Victor go?

“Excuse me,” Yuri said to the reporters as Yurio’s performance ended.

He wandered toward the stairs that lead to the seats, and saw Victor at the top of the staircase, staring out onto the ice. “Victor!”

Something was wrong, Victor looked sad.

I knew it. He misses the ice. He wants to be out there.

Yurio set a new world record, and Yuri saw Victor’s fists clench before the omega turned and saw him.

“Yuri?”

“I wanted to see how things are going.”
Victor smiled at him. “Chris is about to take the ice. Let’s find a seat.”

“Ok.” Yuri followed him to the stands and to the area marked for competitors.

They took a seat next to the Crispinos, Sara dressed comfortably as her short program wasn’t until the following day.

The music started and Yuri caught Victor studying Chris, a smile on his face and his hand on his chin. *He’s thinking about what it would take to beat Chris. He wants to be out there, I can see it. It was the same with Yurio.*

Yuri returned his attention to Chris’s performance. There was a minor flaw, but nothing the Swiss skater couldn’t overcome.

*He may outscore me.*

Chris’s scored were announced, putting him in second and bumping Yuri to third. Victor called and waved to his friend as a show of support.

Yuri startled when a thump announced the arrival of Yurio as his foot came to rest on the back of Yuri’s seat. The teen was still puffed up with pride over his new world record, and Yuri knew he would be on the receiving end of gloating for the rest of the evening.

Yuri was a bit shocked when the teen called out to wish Otabek luck, but the Kazakh skater didn’t seem to think it unusual.

Otabek put on a powerful performance, full of determination and a steadfast resolution to prove that he could forge his own path.

“Another score higher than the pig’s,” Yurio taunted.

“He’s great,” Victor said excitedly. “That was very exotic. It felt so fresh!”

Yuri shivered. *Another one he’s already thinking about how to win against.*

Then the scores were announced. Otabek placed above him, and Yuri knew that he’d wasted Victor’s time.

JJ took his place, and looked as confident as ever. Then he started to fall apart on the ice.

*Did I really go too far in the locker room?* Yuri wondered as he brought his hands to his face.

JJ seemed to spiral, then the atmosphere changed and the Canadian fought back. However, flow broken, he popped his final jump.

*It’s like seeing myself from last year…*

*No, this is different.*

*JJ just can’t stay stuck in one place.*

*No one has the right to mock the challenge he’s taken on.*

*I have no regrets for taking on my own challenge this time either! After all, I’ve managed to become one of the final six.*
Silence filled the stadium, and the applause was muted as JJ left the ice. Then the scores were announced, and one could have heard a pin drop in the cavernous space.

“JJ… JJ…JJ…JJ…”

Yuri looked around and immediately saw that it was JJ’s fiancee cheering for him.

_I don’t know how she manages to stand to be around him with that soap. But she really does love him._

The audience joined in, and soon Yurio was screaming behind him.

A few minutes later they left, Yuri tucked under Victor’s arm.

“You can make it up in the free,” Victor murmured.

“Yeah…” Yuri agreed halfheartedly.

They were cornered by a couple reporters, and Yuri echoed Victor’s declaration that he could come back in the free skate. Then they were on the way to the hotel.

Yuri was scrolling through social media when Victor stepped out of the shower, towel draped around his neck and clad in one of the hotel’s plush robes.

Victor smiled at Yuri as he walked over. He kissed Yuri softly on the lips before taking a seat in the window. Yuri smiled, glad to have his mate smelling like himself again and not a scent suppressing soap.

Victor resumed drying his hair and Yuri picked up his phone to continue scrolling through Instagram. “Apparently Minako-sensei is drinking with Celestino.”

“Wow, best to keep our distance,” Victor said thoughtfully.

Yuri murmured an agreement.

“By the way Yuri… What did you want to talk to me about?”

Yuri looked up and into the inquisitive eyes of his mate.

_I can do this, I have to do this. For him._

“Right,” Yuri clenched his phone. “After the final, let’s end this.”

“What?” Shock was painted across Victor’s face.

“You’ve done more than enough for me, more than I could have dreamed of. Thanks to you, I was able to give everything I had to my last season.” Yuri bowed. “Thank you for everything, so much. Thank you… for being my coach.”

A drop fell and hit Victor’s ankle. Yuri looked up in surprise.

Victor… his love, his mate… was crying. “Vitya?”

“Damn, I didn’t expect Yuri Katsuki to be such a selfish human being.”
“Right. I made this selfish decision on my own,” Yuri paused. “I’m retiring.”

Victor’s tears increased at the declaration, and he sighed.

Yuri reached out and brushed the fringe from his mate’s face. He needed to make sure his beloved was ok.

“Yuri?” Victor spoke in a dark tone. “What are you doing?”

“Oh, I’m just surprised to see you cry.”

“I’m mad, ok!” Victor swatted his hand away and glared.

“You’re the one who said it was only until the Grand Prix Final!” Yuri was immediately on the defensive.

“I thought you’d decided you needed my help some more,” Victor’s voice rose a notch.

“Aren’t you going to make your comeback?” Yuri looked to the floor. “You don’t need to worry about…”

“How can you tell me to return to the ice while telling me you’re retiring!” Victor lunged forward and gripped Yuri’s shoulders.

“Vitya!” Yuri was shocked, this was far from the reaction that he’d expected. “I have to do this so that you can come back! I’ve kept you from the ice long enough!”

“And did you ever think to ask my position on this?” Victor yelled.

“I didn’t need to,” Yuri’s own voice was rising. “I could see it plainly tonight. You miss it!”

“Of course I do! But that doesn’t mean you get to make decisions for me. The ice has been my home since I was a child, but I know it doesn’t last forever. I was prepared to give it up to see you shine out there!”

“I’m not worth it!” Yuri yelled. “I’m inconsistent. You’re a Living Legend. I can’t let you throw away the last of your competitive years on a dime-a-dozen skater like me!”

“You can’t let me? Since when is it your decision?”

“I’m holding you back. If I step down now then you’re free to return!”

“Then get another coach!” Victor sobbed. “Just don’t leave me alone out there.”

“I’ve thought of that!” Yuri cried, sinking to his knees. “Vitya, I’ve gone over this in my head so many times I’m dizzy from it. I love you, you’re my mate, my fiance, and I can’t bear to be parted for training. And I know no coach would be as good as you. But I can’t keep you from the ice any longer. It’s not right! I’m doing this so we can stay together.”

“We can stay together though, with me as your coach and you skating.”

“I can’t do it Vitya. I can’t bear the thought of you looking back, five… ten years from now and regretting the time you lost to helping me. You’ve done enough, and now if I want to stay with you I have to give up my competitive career so you can finish yours.”

“And what if you’re the one with the regret!”
“I won’t be!”

“How do you know that?”

“Because I’ll be with you!”

Victor clenched his jaw and his eyes narrowed. Tears continued to stream down his face, but the anger had returned. “So that’s the way it is, is it?”

Yuri blinked, the mood in the room had taken an unexpected turn. “Vitya?”

“I thought you were different,” Victor snarled. “But you’re just like the others…”

Yuri stood and took a cautious step toward his mate. “Vitya?” He reached out.

“Don’t touch me,” Victor swatted his hand away again. “I should have known better… you’re the worst of both worlds combined into one and I should have seen it coming.”

“Worst…?” Yuri was confused.

Victor laughed. “Oh I was a fool of the worst kind!” He spun once before steely eyes landed on Yuri again. “Alphas, all they care about is the obedient omega. You thought you’d make this decision and I’d go along willingly because you said so…”


“But it’s worse, because you were a fan too. You’re not the first fan I dated, eager to be on the arm of the great Victor Nikiforov! It’s a badge of honor, my notoriety is a prize to be paraded.”

Victor huffed. “You’re the worst of both, the alpha who wants to show off his famous omega!”

Yuri saw red. He’d never felt so insulted. He growled through clenched teeth. “How dare you?”

“How dare I?” Victor demanded. “How dare you! I thought you were above all that!”

Yuri seethed. “If you really believe that… That I’m so low as to think something so demeaning of you… Then you’re not the man I fell in love with.” He pulled the ring off and flung it on the bed.

Victor paled, and Yuri stomped to the door. He started pulling on his shoes.

“Where are you going?” Victor asked, a nervous tone to his voice.

“Out.”

Victor’s breath caught in his throat. “Yuri… I…” his tone faltered.

Yuri’s eyes snapped up and he caught the omega’s gaze. “What?”

Victor looked at where the ring glittered on the bed, then back to Yuri’s face. “Yuri… don’t go.”

Silence.

“Please…” Victor begged.

Yuri straightened, but didn’t remove his shoes. He strode to the bed and retrieved his ring. He slid it back on his finger as he returned to the door.
“Yuri?” Victor whimpered as he twisted the handle.

“I’ll be back,” Yuri replied curtly. “I can’t be here right now.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Oh... did you think I was done? Oh no, this angst has gotta stew a bit. These boys are in for a long night.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Looking for something new and ORIGINAL from me? I've posted the first chapter of my novel, The Tower at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512. It's centered around Sheryl Callaghan, the newest contestant on the deadly reality game show of the same name.
Yuri storms out after their fight in the hotel room, but he doesn’t make it far before his instincts stop him. However, he knows that he can’t return to the room in his current mood either.

Then Chris and Phichit arrive.

Didn’t want to leave last chapter’s angst hanging for too long. This chapter doesn’t wrap it up, but is a bridge of sorts so will hopefully give ya’ll a breather before we jump back into the feels next chapter.

If you’ve been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri reached the hotel lobby before he stopped. He knew that if he walked through the doors there was a possibility he wouldn’t return. He still loved Victor, despite the rage tinting the edges of his vision. He couldn’t abandon his mate.

However, he couldn’t return to the room either. He was too angry, and he knew that unless he calmed his alpha side the situation would only get worse.

Painful words echoed in his mind. *You’re the worst of both, the alpha who wants to show off his famous omega!*

Yuri paced the lobby, clenching and unclenching his fists. He didn’t know what to do or where to go.

He heard the laughter of familiar voices and looked up to see Chris and Phichit walk in, Chris’s hand at the small of Phichit’s back.

Their eyes met and Phichit started to smile before Chris’s eyes narrowed. The alpha sniffed the air, then stormed over to Yuri, hand fisting in his shirt as he smelled the mix of emotions pouring from the smaller man.

“What… did… you… do?” Chris growled.

“Let go.”

The alphas glared at each other.
“Yuri?” Phichit said uncertainly. “Chris?”

“Let go,” Yuri repeated.

“I can smell his distress all over you. So you either tell me what you did, or competition be damned and I pummel you right here and now.”

“Chris?” Phichit tried again, laying his hand on the alpha’s arm.

“We had a fight,” Yuri said.

Chris glared. “Key.”

Yuri’s eyes narrowed and he growled low in his throat.

“Don’t tempt me little alpha,” Chris snarled. “I warned you what would happen if you hurt him. The only reason you’re not already bloodied is because I know it would only hurt him worse. So hand over the damn room key.”

Yuri kept growling, but reached into his pocket and removed the key. He handed it over.

Chris released Yuri and thrust the card key at Phichit. “Go.”

Phichit blinked several times. “Chris?”

Chris held out the key. “Go up there and check on Victor.”

Phichit took the card carefully. “Shouldn’t you go? You’re his friend and you’ve known him longer.”

Chris whined, and Yuri knew immediately that it was taking everything he had to not take out his frustrations on the beta. “I can’t go up there right now! If I did things would only get worse.”

“What do you mean?”

Chris growled. “I can smell his distress all over Yuri. If I went up there, if his instincts didn’t go off, mine would. No alpha except Yuri should go in there right now.”

Phichit’s eyes widened. “You mean he’s…?”

Chris nodded, and he turned to Phichit. “Please, mon petit monstre. Please do this for me. You’re the only one I can trust.”

Phichit nodded.

“Stay with him for a while if he’ll let you. I’d rather him not be alone right now,” Chris begged.

Phichit nodded again. “Ok, but what about you and Yuri? Where will you be?”

“We’ll be in the hotel gym.”

Phichit nodded.

“Hey!” Yuri interrupted. “Don’t I get a say in this?”

“No,” Chris snarled, turning his attention to the other alpha again. “You’re going to work off whatever emotions have you riled up so that you can go back up there and make things right.”
Yuri glared, and Chris stepped into his space again. “And if you don’t fix this, you’ll regret it. Your free skate will be the least of your worries.”

“Go Phichit,” Yuri said, never taking his eyes off Chris. “We’ll be in the gym.”

Chris’s nostrils flared in anger as the Thai skater took off toward the elevator.

Both alphas were still primed for a fight, and wary guests were giving them as much leeway as possible with the overbearing pheromones hanging in the air. Hotel security had arrived at some point, but Yuri could smell hesitation on the betas.

They traded growls in low, menacing tones. Chris’s said, in a way that words couldn’t, that he thought Yuri was a fool. There was an underlying threat that he might just go claim the distressed omega since Yuri had hurt him.

Yuri’s was a challenge that he would still fight for his mate.

Whispers flitted around them, Yuri hearing everything with all his senses turned up.

“Should we call the police?”

“Come on darling, it’s not safe here…”

“Won’t this elevator come any faster? I’m scared…”

Both their cell phones chirped at once, breaking the spell. Chris retrieved his and his eyes glanced to the screen.

“Phichit is there. He’s going to stay with Victor for a bit.” Chris’s eyes narrowed as he read the last of the text. “He says you need to get back ASAP. Victor smells abandoned.”

Yuri moved, and Chris grabbed his arm. “Where are you going?”

“To my mate.”

“No, we’re going to the gym.”

Yuri growled again, and Chris slapped him across the cheek, barely missing his glasses “Get your head on straight! You know what will happen if you go back up there. Is that what either of you want? You have far more control over your alpha than most I’ve seen, but that side’s in almost complete control right now. If you go up there like this, with him smelling distressed and abandoned… I don’t think you’ll be able to hold back. You’d have a bonding bite on him within the hour, and consent is questionable at best.”

Yuri deflated. Chris was right. “Ok…” he nodded. “I’ll go with you to the gym.”

Chris studied him for a minute before nodding. “Good.”

“Gentlemen?” One of the security guards had finally developed the courage to approach. “Is everything ok?”

Chris took a deep breath, then put on his media smile. “We’re fine, thank you.”

The man turned to Yuri, who merely nodded in reply.

“Let’s go,” Chris said as the guard backed away.
Yuri followed Chris to the elevator, and watched the Swiss alpha punch the floor button for the gym.

Both their phones started with alert notifications as the car climbed.

Yuri pulled out his phone and glanced at it. “We’re trending on Twitter. Have our own hashtag. ChrisYuStaredown.”

Chris sighed. “It’s to be expected with fans and the media all over. You really couldn’t have picked a better place to cool off than the lobby?”

“You go into a blind rage and make good decisions,” Yuri challenged.

Chris sighed. “I’ve known you for a long time Yuri, and I’ve never seen you like you were down there. You hid your alpha so well that I didn’t even know you were one until China. What happened to set you off like that?”

“I told you, we had a fight.”

“It must have been some fight.”

Yuri sighed. “You have no idea.”

They reached the gym and Chris steered Yuri to a treadmill. “Run.”

Yuri’s shoulders sagged, but he knew the older alpha was right. He had to get the rage out of his system before he could go back to his mate. The fastest way was with physical exertion.

Chris’s phone rang, and he glared at the screen. “Phichit?”

Chris listened, and Yuri watched for a moment, then the call ended.

“I need more than ‘we had a fight.’”

“Why?” Yuri demanded, anger boiling again at being ordered around.

Chris walked over and grabbed Yuri’s shirt again. “Listen to me. Victor’s running on pure instinct right now. The only words Phichit can get out of him are that you aren’t there, and don’t want him any more.”

Yuri stared, eyes narrowed.

Chris yanked him closer. “He’s building a fucking nest! What the fuck did you do to make it so bad that he’s nesting?”

For the first time the fight left Yuri. If Victor was nesting it meant that some part of his mate thought he might never return, and instinct was driving him to attract a new mate.

“I… might have thrown my ring.”

“You did what?”

Yuri seethed, even as he gently removed Chris’s fist from his shirt. He turned up the speed on the treadmill and set to running in earnest.

“He said something… something so… “ Yuri paused and took a breath. “I’ve never felt so insulted in my life.”
“Something bad enough to make you throw your ring?”

Yuri nodded.

Chris sighed but backed off a step. “What did he say Yuri?”

“Does it matter?”

“Yes. It does. I love Victor as a friend, but he can be naive at times and can make situations worse. Once this settles down I’ll need to talk to him.”

“Don’t trust me to?”

Chris huffed. “Look, you’re not off the hook here. I’m still on the verge of breaking every bone in your body, so don’t push it.”

Yuri stared at the wall as he ran, a low growl in his throat. He really didn’t want to repeat Victor’s words.

“Yuri…” Chris growled in warning.

Yuri turned off the machine and slammed his hands on the bars. “He told me that I was like the worst of both alphas and fans. He said that all I wanted was to be a dominant alpha parading his obedient and famous omega around.”

Yuri punched the control button and the machine started again.

“What the fuck were you fighting about to get that out of him?”

“I told him I want him to skate again.”

“Why?”

Yuri turned off the machine and slumped toward a bench. He sat down and held his head in his hands. “Because he misses it Chris. He misses it and he gave it up for me, and… I can’t be the cause of his regret years down the line when he thinks of the competitions he could have won.”

Yuri started crying, and part of him wanted to hide his shame, and part didn’t care. Chris might actually be one of the few who would understand.

“But Yuri, he’s your coach now,” Chris said.

Yuri spread his arms in a way that said. You see the problem.

“Oh.”

Yuri nodded.

“Was this something you two had talked about?”

Yuri shook his head. “No, but when he arrived… this… the Grand Prix Final… this was the goal. There was no mention of anything beyond it.”

“So you just sprung this on him?”

Yuri thought about it, then nodded.
Chris sighed. “You’re both idiots.” He took a breath. “Yuri, what he said is inexcusable, but you are equally at fault.”

Yuri looked up into Chris’s green eyes. They still had the edge of alpha anger, but had softened considerably. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that, as much as Victor loves surprises, this wasn’t a good one. He’s your mate now, right? Your partner?”

Yuri nodded.

“Then this is something you talk about. You don’t arbitrarily make decisions and expect another person to just agree. I know it can be hard as an alpha, but we’re not always in charge and deciding things on our own isn’t the best course of action.”

Yuri chuckled.

“You’re going to forgive him right? For those words?”

Yuri held out his hand. “I put the ring back on, didn’t I?”

Chris nodded. “Good. I can’t speak for Victor, but his reaction says a lot. You’re going back?”

Yuri nodded then held his head in his hands again, turbulent emotion still swirling through him.

Chris sighed. “I’ll stay until it’s out of your system. You’re not leaving the gym until your alpha is fully under control again. Got it.”

Yuri nodded.

“Good, get back to running. I’ll let Phichit know, and have him tell Victor that you’re coming back. Maybe we can get a handle on this before it gets any worse.”

Yuri nodded again and made his way back to the machine.

Chris stepped just outside the glass door. Yuri could see him holding up the phone and talking. His demeanor had darkened again when he walked back in.

“You better be able to fix this Yuri,” he growled. “Right now it’s looking questionable, and I’d rather not beat you black and blue.”

Yuri turned up the speed on the treadmill. The faster he could get himself under control the sooner he could return to his mate.

Vitya…

At some point Phichit appeared. He handed Chris Yuri’s room key and they exchanged a few words on the other side of the glass barrier. Chris kissed Phichit’s forehead, then the Thai skater tossed Yuri a concerned look before heading off.

“Phichit says he’ll catch up later. I told him it best to let you keep running for now,” Chris said, coming back into the room.

Yuri nodded an acknowledgement.

Sweat poured off Yuri’s face. His legs felt like jelly. His emotions were still coiled tighter than a
spring, ready to lash out at the slightest provocation.

Yuri heard a yawn. He’d lost track of time, mind focused on the monotony of running. He saw Chris dozing on a bench. He looked up at a clock and realized it was past two in the morning.

He took a break for water, then got back on the treadmill. The steady growling had been reduced to huffs of annoyance, but it wasn’t enough.

Chris woke up with a groan. “Yuri, you better be glad the free skate isn’t today, or I’d kill you for sure. My back is killing me from sitting here.”

“You’re the one who said you were going to stay,” Yuri snapped in return.

Chris rolled his eyes and grabbed some complimentary towels to line the bench with. “Still not worked it out I see. You must be a friggin beast in bed though, and here I thought you only had stamina on the ice.”

“No helping Chris.”

Chris waved his hand, then fashioned several towels into a makeshift pillow so he could lay down. “Wake me when you think you’re under control.”

“And what if I just walk out?”

“You think my senses are so weak that I wouldn’t notice things around me changing, even when I’m asleep?”

Yuri snorted. “Didn’t know I was worth it.”

“You’re not. Victor is. Now run.”

The next time Yuri was aware of the time was when he felt he could barely move. His emotions had started to unravel, and he was exhausted. He turned off the treadmill, and too tired to move sat on the edge once it came to a stop.

Chris stirred and looked at him, then the clock and him again. “You’re not making practice today, I can tell you that much. You’ll probably be recovered by tomorrow’s free skate though.”

Yuri leaned back against the control column of the machine and took several deep breaths. He closed his eyes. The feeling of rage was gone. He was tired. All he wanted was to go curl into his mate’s arms and sleep for days.

Except that… what if he doesn’t want me?

Yuri felt tears stinging his eyes. He had so much to fix still, and Victor… Victor might realize what a bad alpha he was and leave.

He felt Chris’s presence. “Look at me Yuri.”

Yuri opened his eyes and looked into those of the Swiss skater.

Chris studied him, before nodding. “I’m going to bed. You go fix things with Victor.” He tossed Yuri’s key card, and it hit Yuri’s chest.

Chris took several steps before turning back. “You look wrecked. Do you need help getting to your room?”
Yuri thought about it, then shook his head. “No. I need to do this on my own from here.”

Chris nodded. “I hope you can fix this. Goodnight.”

The glass door closed behind the other alpha.

Yuri took several minutes to recover before climbing to his feet. He ached, but he had control of his alpha side again.

His mind raced as he trudged along the hall toward the elevator. Phichit had said that Victor smelled abandoned…and that he was nesting.

Yuri leaned against the wall in the elevator.

Yuri bit his lower lip as he moved from the elevator to their room, terrified of what he would find.

He stood outside their door, the scent of abandoned omega unmistakable, even with the hotel-grade scent blockers. He was glad that most people would have either been out or already in bed before their fight, or other alphas might have tried to get in.

He slipped the key card into the lock, and waited for the light to change. He opened the door to a darkened room, and stood just inside as he waited for his eyes to adjust.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I'd waited sooooooo long to write this chapter, cause yeah... It's in the middle of angst hell, but it's got so many little things in it. Chris's determination to protect Victor, Phichimetti, changes and deepening in Yuri's and Chris's friendship. It's a bridge between angst chapters, but was soooo necessary.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Looking for something new and ORIGINAL from me? I've posted the first chapter of my novel, The Tower at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512. It's centered around Sheryl Callaghan, the newest contestant on the deadly reality game show of the same name.
Chapter Summary

Yuri returns to a darkened room that smells of abandoned omega. How will Victor react?

Chapter Notes

Few notes: Timing. The short program in the 2015 GPF was on a Thursday, and the Free on Saturday. So there's a whole day for reconciliation and Yuri doesn't have skating that night to worry about on top of everything else.

Also... NGL... one more cliffhanger ahead in this arc.

Finally, I know I've been horrible about responding to comments, but I have been reading them. I think Chris's actions will make a bit more sense after this chapter, but if not let me know in comments if you want me to write a meta about everybody's headspace. It won't happen until I'm done with the arc though, which is at least one more chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri gave his eyes a moment to adjust. Gradually he could see by the light filtering in from outside the window.

The room reeked of abandoned omega, and his heart broke. What he’d wanted all along was to give Victor back his passion, and yet be able to stay together. Instead his mate smelled as if Yuri had ended their romantic relationship, not just their professional one.

There was a silhouette slumped in the window, leaned against the glass.

“Vitya…” Yuri breathed. He kicked off his shoes and padded across the carpet in his socks, eager to reach his mate.

He saw more detail as he got closer and more accustomed to the dim light. Victor was sitting sideways on the bench, still wrapped in the hotel robe. One shoulder and a knee were against the window, the other foot on the floor. His breaths made puffs of condensation on the glass. Though he was asleep, his face was troubled and he let out little whimpers every few seconds.

It was the tear-tracks that broke Yuri’s heart again. His mate’s eyes were puffy from crying, and he had cared so little that he hadn’t even wiped away the tears. Streaks of minerals covered his face from where they had dried.

“Oh, Vitya…” Yuri murmured.

He turned and saw the nest occupying the bed closest to the door.
So I would see it immediately...

So any alpha sees it immediately. His anxiety whispered.

Yuri wavered for a moment, then sighed and walked over to the nest. His stomach dropped when he could barely detect his own scent. It smelled like Victor had been uncertain if Yuri wanted him so had added a few pieces to temporarily ward off any other potential suitors, but it wasn’t nearly enough to comfort him.

It wouldn’t do.

Yuri padded around the room, finding the things that smelled the most like them. His suitcase had been moved to the under the bedside table near the window, which was odd, but he figured he’d learn why later.

For the first time that he could remember he was glad for his sweaty practice clothes. Things that smelled of Victor were harder to find, but the sweater he’d worn the day they were engaged had a pleasant, happy smell to it. He managed a few other things, and carried his finds over to the nest.

Yuri set to tucking the things that smelled like them into the space between pillows and woven blankets.

Victor needed to feel safe in his nest, and the smell of his alpha would be one of the best things he could have.

If he still wants me… he said I was the worst...

Once he was satisfied that the nest smelled right he returned to his sleeping mate. He brushed his fingers over Victor’s cheek, wiping away the tear-tracks with his thumb. He released a small burst of his scent from his wrist, just enough to soothe his trembling mate.

He leaned in and kissed Victor’s forehead. “I’m sorry Vitya.” He slid his arms under the omega and picked him up bridal style.

He feels so fragile right now.

Yuri was sore and aching from running for so long, but he couldn’t imagine the mental anguish Victor was in. He carried Victor over to the nest and carefully set the omega into the arrangement of blankets and pillows. Noticing that his mate was shivering from the chill in the room he tugged one of the blankets over the strong and slender frame.

Yuri made sure that Victor looked as comfortable as possible, then sat on the second bed, stripped of its coverings. The only part of himself he allowed into the nest was a hand to brush the hair from Victor’s face and give small touches.

He sat there, gently stroking Victor’s head for close to an hour, periodically releasing small bursts of his scent to soothe his mate. Eventually the omega’s trembling stopped.

Yuri had dozed off, still sitting but slumped, hand in the nest when he was jolted awake by sudden pressure on his arm.

Victor was squeezing and pulling. “Yuri… Yuri… Yuri…” he begged softly.

Yuri could just make out Victor’s troubled blue eyes in the darkness, staring at him. “Vitya…”
He bit his lower lip in concern as a mix of smells rose from the omega: hope, abandonment, hurt, relief… and arousal.

The blend of emotions was overwhelming, and Yuri groaned. He was exhausted, and teasing apart Victor’s emotions before they could entangle his own again seemed a daunting task.

*I thought Phichit told him I was coming back…*

Yuri’s eyes widened slightly. *Does Phichit even know what to do for a distressed omega?*

Yuri thought back and remembered that all his sweaty clothes were still in the laundry bag in his luggage. The only pieces in the nest had been those that he’d hastily discarded on top of the suitcase as they prepared to leave for the stadium.

Chris had known exactly what Yuri needed as an alpha to get him back to a stable mindset, it was a dirty trick but it had worked faster than anything else would have. He’d redirected Yuri’s anger at Victor onto himself then challenged him to run it all off. Yuri was still angry at Chris, but he wasn’t angry at Victor, and he couldn’t thank the other alpha enough for that.

While Yuri still ached inside from Victor’s outburst, he was able to approach it from a safer mindset. But Phichit had been sent off with only the instructions to stay with Victor. He didn’t have instinct to guide him, and ‘What to do for a distressed omega’ wasn’t exactly a school topic outside of psychology courses.

While Yuri had returned fairly level headed, Victor’s mental condition had only spiraled further.

Yuri remembered something. *Wait, both of Phichit’s parents are omegas. Of course he knows what to do. What happened?*

A whimper brought Yuri out of his thoughts. “Yuri…” Victor pleaded, pulling on his arm.

Yuri stood, leaned over the nest and kissed Victor’s forehead. “I’m here Vitya.”

Victor whimpered and pulled again. He cried out when Yuri tried to retrieve his arm and clung tight.

“Shh,” Yuri murmured. “I’m here. But can I turn on a lamp? I want to see you better.”

Victor whined.

“I’ll hold on as long as I can, promise. You’ll see me the whole time. The lamp’s just behind me on the other side of this bed. I won’t be out of your sight for an instant, and I’ll be right back.”

Victor’s eyes flicked to the lamp near the window, then back to Yuri. He relaxed his grip slightly.

Yuri smiled and started walking around the bed toward the lamp. He let Victor hold onto him until the omega was about to fall out of the nest, and cringed at the soft whimper that sounded when they broke contact. He hurried to the lamp, turned it on, and had his arm stretched out to his mate so that they could touch again as quickly as possible as he made his way back.

“Yuri…” Victor pulled, trying to get him into the nest.

Yuri shook his head and sat back down on the stripped bed. He reached out with the hand Victor wasn’t currently clinging to and turned the omega’s face so that he could look into his eyes.

It was as Yuri thought, they had the glazed look of Victor’s omega side being almost completely in
control as he’d retreated to protect himself.

_He might not want me… I can’t do anything until I can bring his normal self back out. He said I was a bad alpha._

“I’m not getting in the nest yet Vitya.”

Victor whined.

Yuri leaned in and kissed Victor’s cheek, letting out some of his scent at the same time. “I’m not going anywhere either. But I need to know what you really want, not what your omega side says you want.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly before he squeezed them shut again, tears streaming down his face.

“I’m here Vitya. But I’m staying out until you, the man I know and love every day, tells me to get in the nest or leave.”

Victor held Yuri’s hand to his face and nodded into the palm. Yuri responded by rubbing soft circles with his thumb.

Small tremors ran through Victor, and it hurt Yuri to watch. He knew that every one of his mate’s instincts were telling him to submit to what the alpha wanted, but the instincts expected Yuri to want to mate and breed him; to bond him. Asking for Victor’s normal personality without the omega side getting in the way was a monumental task.

“It’s ok Vitya,” Yuri cooed. “It’s safe.”

Victor trembled and shook, trying to rein in his own insecurities. He whimpered, and Yuri couldn’t help but release small puffs of his scent to soothe his mate.

“Yuri…” Victor begged in a more normal tone, nuzzling into his palm again.

“Feeling better?”

“Yes… no? Why do you smell like angry Chris? Did you have a fight?”

“Sort of. I wasn’t in a good place when I left. I ended up in the lobby, pacing and like a ticking time bomb with a faulty timer. Luckily he and Phichit found me. He was a complete ass, but I feel better for it.”

“Phichit… he came up... “ Victor turned to look at Yuri.

Yuri saw that his mate’s eyes were still a bit glassy, but he was much more coherent. “Chris didn’t want you to be alone, and I’m glad he was able to keep his head enough to think about it, because I was fairly gone. Didn’t Phichit tell you I was coming back though?”

Victor nodded slowly. “I… I thought you’d sent him to end it, that you didn’t want to tell me yourself.”

“Vitya…” Yuri sighed. “Even though he said I was coming back?”

Victor closed his eyes and scrunched his face. “I kept expecting you to call him and tell him you weren’t coming back. Then I was building the nest… and didn’t have enough of your things… he went to your suitcase…” Victor sobbed. “I thought he was going to take it out of the room for you, so that you wouldn’t have to see me again. I took your suitcase away so you would have to come
back. I made him go away, but you didn’t come back.

“He said he wanted to give me things that smelled like you… but he’s your best friend… why would he help me?”

Phichit did try to help properly, he just wasn’t allowed to.

Yuri tugged on Victor’s right hand until the omega shifted enough to let him kiss the ring and the knuckles. “Because he’s your friend too. It’s the same reason Chris helped me, because it was the right thing to do.”

Yuri chuckled dryly.

Victor made a questioning noise.

Yuri laughed a bit. “Besides, Phichit would never help me break up with you. He’d sooner break his phone and delete his Instagram account than be a part of that. He knows what you mean to me, even when things aren’t the greatest.”

Victor’s eyes watered with unshed tears. “Yuri?”

“I love you Vitya, and I’m so sorry for hurting you.”

“I’m sorry too,” Victor wailed. “I thought you were leaving me… I don’t want to be alone again! Then when you said you wouldn’t regret it because you’d be with me… somehow it connected like a condition, like we’d only be together if I was skating.”

Yuri cringed. “Oh Vitya…”

Victor sobbed, and Yuri held his hand until the wails faded to irregular hiccups.

Yuri took a deep breath, and swallowed. He didn’t want to ask, but he knew he had to. “Vitya… do you still want me? I… I know you said those things in anger… but… I… I never want you feeling like that. Like… like all I care about is your secondary or your fame.”

Victor’s eyes widened, and fresh tears spilled from them. He clung to Yuri’s arm once more. “Yuri… don’t leave me Yuri.”

Yuri used his free hand to stroke Victor’s hair. “I’m not leaving you unless you want me to.”

Victor’s eyes were red, but held a hopeful look when he turned his gaze to Yuri. “Really?”

Yuri nodded. “Really.”

Exhaustion and instinct were both catching up to Yuri, and he wanted nothing more than to curl up in the nest with his mate. “Can I join you in your nest?”

Victor hiccupped back a sob of relief and he nodded, scooting over to make sure there was plenty of room. He seemed hesitant for a moment though, and Yuri paused.

“No clothes,” the omega demanded.

Yuri blinked. “Are you sure? I was all sweaty in these. They should make your nest smell better.”

Victor scrunched his nose. “They smell like angry Chris.”
Yuri sniffed his shirt, and agreed. He tugged it over his head and threw it as far across the room as possible. His sweats followed immediately after.

“Do you want me to shower before getting into your clean nest?”

Victor shook his head and reached for Yuri.

Yuri climbed gingerly over the wall of cushions, but as soon as he was more in the nest than out Victor pulled him down and clung to him. The omega immediately started rubbing his face against Yuri’s chest and along his neck, getting the alpha’s scent all over him.

Victor’s desperate attempts to reassure himself that Yuri was really there pushed Yuri’s own fragile emotions over the edge, and he burst into tears. He turned so that he could hold Victor tight against his chest.

“Vitya… Vitya… I’m sorry I’m such a bad alpha.” Tears rolled down his cheeks.

Victor clung to him. “Not a bad alpha.”

“I am though… I hurt you and made you feel abandoned.”

“Not your fault,” Victor argued, holding him tighter. A stressed scent filled the air as Victor mumbled ‘Yuri not a bad alpha’ over and over.

The stressed scent coming from Victor prickled at Yuri’s instincts, and in his exhaustion he couldn’t restrain his alpha side. He needed to soothe his mate. His own scent started to fill the nest.

Victor rubbed against him, and Yuri groaned.

“Yuri… alpha…” Victor whined as their combined scents started to overwhelm both of them. He ground against Yuri’s hips and the alpha growled in need.

Yuri quickly realized that his self-control was almost gone. He needed to be sure that it was what Victor really wanted. He lifted Victor’s face off his chest and looked into his eyes. They had a slightly glassy appearance, but it didn’t look like the omega side hadn’t take back over.

“Vitya… what’s the base value of a quad flip?”

Victor blinked but answered immediately. “Twelve point three.”

“Under-rotated quad lutz?”

“Nine five.”

Yuri nodded. “You’re level headed enough…” Yuri wriggled out of his grasp.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, trying to move closer.

“Instinct nearly overwhelmed us, and I really would be a bad alpha if I let it. I’d never forgive myself if we’d gone on and I later learned that your omega was in charge and you weren’t ready.”

Yuri was achingly hard, and he could tell from how the robe fell across Victor’s middle that the omega was as well.

“What do you want to do Vitya? Should I move back to the other bed for the night?”
“No!” Victor cried.

“What do you want?”

Victor threw himself across the nest and against Yuri’s chest. “You! I want you Yuri. Make me feel claimed again.” He sobbed into Yuri’s embrace.

Yuri’s resolve broke and he brought Victor’s face up to kiss him needily. He wanted to steal the breath from Victor as he kissed, pulling him close and kneading his ass through the fabric.

He was growling, and he could smell the slick as Victor responded. He flipped their positions, him hovering over the omega as he pulled apart the robe and dropped kisses against his mate’s alabaster skin.

He nipped and sucked marks across Victor’s chest, barely resisting the urge to mark places that his exhibition costume wouldn’t cover.

“Mine… my omega… my Vitya,” he said between marks, kissing back up to claim Victor’s mouth again.

Victor arched against him, and wriggled out of the robe as Yuri’s lips trailed over his skin.

Yuri opened Victor quickly, neither in the mindset for teasing or slow. They needed each other in a desperate way.

Victor dug his nails painfully into Yuri’s shoulders as the alpha pushed inside, arching, every sound and motion begging for more.

Yuri was more than willing to give every last ounce of his waning strength to making sure that his mate knew he wasn’t being abandoned. His scent poured off him as he pounded into Victor, and drove the omega to a quick orgasm.

Yuri pulled out and wrestled Victor onto his stomach before plunging back in.

“I want to knot you,” Yuri growled between nips to Victor’s shoulders. “Can I knot you?”

“Yes, please,” Victor sobbed in relief. “Knot me Yuri!”

Yuri fucked into Victor hard and fast, pinning the omega’s arms to the nest so that his omega side knew that the alpha was in control.

“More,” Victor sobbed, “more.”

Yuri shifted for greater depth and admired the way Victor’s back arched to receive him as he pounded into him.

Victor came again, with a desperate cry of “Bond me Yuri!”

Yuri growled in appreciation and moved one of his hands to rest at Victor’s throat, holding him steady for the bonding bite. He sucked and nipped at the area, making Victor cry out with need as he continued to thrust.

He was so close to his knot.

He admired the skin, the blossoming purple that would soon sport the imprint of his teeth for the world to see.
A few more thrusts.

Yuri sucked the skin between his teeth and bit just enough to hold it in place.

He came hard, pushing deep into Victor as he knotted, the omega crying as he came again from the combined pleasure of the knot and the teeth at his bonding point.

Yuri waited a few seconds for his cock to stop pulsing then increased the pressure of the bite, and Victor cried out in pleasure.

Soon love.

More pressure, and Victor shook.

All the world will know you’re mine. You’ll never feel abandoned again.

More pressure, and Victor whimpered in pain.

The sound caught on the rational part of Yuri’s mind. He gasped and released the bite. The skin was bruised, but hadn’t been broken yet.

“Yuri…” Victor begged, sobbing at the sudden loss of Yuri’s teeth.

“No Vitya,” Yuri said, fighting himself and burying his face against the omega’s back.

“Please!”

Yuri shook his head and sobbed. “I can’t! Not like this! It isn’t right!”

Victor broke down into fresh tears.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

I know that sex was kinda ill-advised, but Yuri did make a point to get consent first. Since Victor’s omega side would have been focused on sex, even though he knew the answers it would have taken a bit of thought. An immediate answer meant his head was clear enough to be rational... or as rational as they could be in that situation.

Anyhow... if you want some non-ill-advised sex... Private Photos updated today, and chapter 4 features a devious spicy katsudon.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com
Reconciliation

Chapter Summary

A halted bonding and a lingering knot make for an awkward situation, but it also leads to progress.

Chapter Notes

We're out of cliffhanger hell! And we're dialing back the angst! There will still be some lingering tension until after the free skate, but we're finally moving in a positive direction by the end of this chapter.

That said, the next chapter likely won't be for a few days. I focused on this story to get us out of the heavy angst, but need to get out the next chapters of both In Our Dreams and The Tower. Since we're in a much healthier (and less cliffhanger-y) spot after this chapter I'm going to try and get some work done on these other stories.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor sobbed, a hurt scent coming from him.

Yuri wanted to give him a bit of space so that they could each settle their emotions, except he was still knotted inside his mate. They were stuck together until his knot receded.

Instead he wrapped his arms around Victor and moved them so that they were on their sides. Unfortunately the plan to make them more comfortable backfired when Victor tried to move away. Yuri yelped at the uncomfortable tug on his cock, but grit his teeth to give Victor as much space as he needed.

Yuri changed his mind when Victor started whimpering in pain, but didn’t seem to be relaxing. He reached out and grabbed Victor’s bonding point, squeezing until the omega stilled and became pliant.

“Vitya…” Yuri murmured. “I’ll go as far away as you want as soon as my knot goes down. Please don’t hurt yourself trying to get away now.”

“Why won’t you bond me?” Victor cried as Yuri released his hold on the omega’s bonding spot. “You said you wanted to wait when I asked before, and you’re not bonding me now either? Do you not want me?”

Yuri wrapped his arms around Victor’s chest and tugged him into his embrace. He nuzzled Victor's back. Tears spilled down his cheeks. “Of course I want you. I love you so much. I wouldn’t have
proposed if I didn’t want you.”

“Then bond me!”

Yuri peppered kisses across Victor’s shoulders. “I will Vitya, but not now, not like this.”


“Because this isn’t us! We’re better than this, and I don’t want this to become who we are!”

Yuri clenched his fists against Victor’s chest and curled in to breath in his mate’s scent. “I can’t do it Vitya. I just can’t. You mean too much to me. I’ve caused you enough pain tonight, and a bite would only cause more. I don’t want these emotions carrying over into what should be a joyous thing between us.”

Victor shook as he cried, and Yuri held him close.

“There’s an old saying in Japan…” Yuri said softly after several minutes. “It roughly translates to ‘The mood of the bond becomes that of the bonded.’ And it means that whatever emotions you come into bonding with are what set the tone of the partnership. I don’t want this to be who we are as a couple, fighting and causing so much hurt then turning to instinct and sex to fix things. It’s not healthy and it’s not sustainable. I won’t do that to you. You mean too much to me.”

Victor sniffled.

Yuri groaned as his cock pulsed. The conversation, mood and that they were still locked together was incredibly awkward.

“I…” Victor started, voice small and timid. “I don’t want to fight either.”

Yuri nodded into Victor’s back. “I… I don’t know how long I can stay awake. I’m so tired Vitya. But once my knot goes down let’s talk, and I mean really talk. I hurt you without realizing it, and didn’t know until it was too late. I don’t want to do that again.”

“I hurt you too,” Victor said, voice rough as he began to cry again.

Yuri nodded into Victor’s back. “Yes, but we’ll work it out. You mean to much to me and I can’t bear the thought of losing you like this.”

“You’re really not leaving?”

“Not unless you want me to.” Yuri paused to take a deep breath. “You don’t need a bonding bite to keep me Vitya. We could never bond, and I would always be by your side. Being with you is so important to me, I love you so much and I can’t imagine a life without you in it.”

“Really?”

“Are you still wearing your ring?”

“Yes.”

“Look at it for me?”

He felt Victor shift slightly. “Ok.”

“Do you remember how nervous I was when I put it on you?”
“Yes?”

“I was terrified… even after all the love and trust you’ve shown me, that you wouldn’t want something so obvious of our relationship. But I wanted the world to know that you’re my partner, I wanted you to have something you could look at even when I’m not around and feel that connection between us. You’re my love, you’re my good luck. Wherever I am in the world is home as long as I can be with you.”

“Yuri…”

Yuri cringed as his cock pulsed again. “God I’m sorry Vitya, this is so awkward, being locked together like this, trying to apologize when I can’t even look into your eyes properly. My knot should go down in a few more minutes.”

Victor chuckled, then started laughing. Yuri blinked a few times then started as well.

“It is pretty ridiculous, isn’t it?” Victor asked.

Yuri nodded against his back. “Yeah, it is.”

“Yuri?”

“Yeah?”

“We’re going to be ok aren’t we?”

“Yeah, but I think… I think we need to work through some things so that this doesn’t happen again.”

“Yeah.”

They fell silent waiting for Yuri’s knot to shrink enough for him to pull out.

“Do you want me out of the nest?” Yuri asked as soon as he moved away a bit.

Victor turned over and scooted closer. “No. I want you right here.”

“Is it ok if I put on some pajamas? I’m so tired I don’t know if I can keep my alpha in check, and sex is the last thing we need right now.”

Victor nodded. “Toss me some too?” He paused. “I… I want to help and not be a temptation.”

“Should we clean up?”

Victor ran his fingers over Yuri’s cheek. “I’ll be ok, and you look like you’d pass out in the shower.”

“I probably would.” Yuri smiled.

Victor smiled in return. “Just come right back, we’ll deal with cleaning up in the morning.”

“Should I hang the door tag?”

Victor was silent for a moment, then shook his head. “We should let housekeeping come in and make the beds.”

“You’ll be ok without a nest? So soon?”

Victor was silent a minute. “I want it… but… you have to skate. A nest is ok for now, but trust me,
you don’t want to be in a nest the night before a performance.”

An uncomfortable silence fell between them.

“Please?” Victor asked. “For me?”

Yuri nodded. “We’ll let housekeeping make the beds. But how about we leave a note for extra bedding in case you need a nest. That way we have options.”

Victor nodded. “I’ll agree to that.”

Yuri smiled at his mate, then leaned in. “Is it ok if I kiss you?”

Fresh tears spilled from Victor’s eyes as he nodded. “Yuri… Of course.”

Yuri smiled and tilted Victor’s face up. He pressed their lips together gently, but didn’t deepen the kiss.

“I love you Vitya. I’ll always love you.”

Tears glittered from the corners of Victor’s eyes. “I love you too.”

Yuri cupped Victor’s face and nuzzled his cheek. Victor responded by wrapping his arms around Yuri’s middle and holding him close. Yuri kissed Victor’s ear and along his jaw until Victor was purring under the attention.

“Yuri?” Victor asked timidly.

“Hmm?”

“Pajamas?”

Yuri stilled and chuckled. He pulled back to look into Victor’s eyes. “Thanks.”

Victor smiled. “You’re welcome.”

Yuri crawled out of the nest, and stumbled as his legs protested. He made his way to Victor’s bag first and rummaged for something for the omega to sleep in. He ended up tossing one of Victor’s v-neck shirts and a pair of sweatpants. He stared as his mate used his flexibility to get dressed without leaving the nest.

“You’re staring,” Victor said with a chuckle when Yuri didn’t move.

Yuri blinked and smiled softly. “You’re too beautiful to take my eyes off of.”

Victor blushed and ducked his head. “Yuuuuuuuri.”

Yuri stumbled over to his luggage and retrieved his pajamas. Somehow he managed to not fall on his face as he pulled on the pants, but got momentarily tangled in the shirt before remembering how his arms worked.

Victor held out his arms as Yuri crawled back into the nest, and immediately tugged the alpha into his embrace. “Yuri… My Yuri,” he murmured into Yuri’s hair.

Yuri relaxed and breathed deep Victor’s scent. “I’m so sorry I hurt you Vitya.” He closed his eyes. “I never wanted to hurt you.”
“I’m sorry too. I was so scared, and I lashed out and hurt you too.”

There were a few minutes of silence.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“I promised we’d talk, but can we talk when we wake up?”

“Sleep as long as you need Yuri.”

Yuri nodded into Victor’s chest. “Don’t let me go?”

“Ok.”

Yuri felt Victor’s lips on his forehead as he finally fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Better? No more tears? They do need to talk still, but they recognize that now, and it’s a critical shift in their relationship. For the better, I promise.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Need more of my writing? Check out my other YoI multi-chaps: In Our Dreams and Private Photos, or check out my original story The Tower
Chapter Summary

The morning after the fight Yuri and Victor start to finally talk, and listen.

Chapter Notes

The boys are finally going to learn how to talk to each other, using their words instead of their skates. About time... amirite?

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri slept fitfully, and woke several times, not comfortable until he recognized that he was still curled in Victor’s embrace. The faint tendrils of dawn were filtering into the room before his mind finally recognized that his mate wasn’t leaving.

He woke up several hours later, groggy and momentarily confused.

He curled into the nest, but only found pillows and blankets.

Victor wasn’t there.

Yuri sat up, panicked and looked around the room, trying to blink away the blurriness as he looked for his mate.

Soft murmuring from his left. He turned and finally saw that Victor was in the bathroom, talking on the room’s phone.

Victor noticed Yuri, and waved from behind the glass divider, knowing that Yuri wouldn’t see his expression clearly without his glasses.

Yuri relaxed a bit as Victor finished the phone call and made his way back into the room proper. The omega crawled into the nest and kissed Yuri’s forehead.

“Good morning,” Victor murmured.

Yuri wrapped his arms around Victor’s middle and tugged them both down. He curled against Victor’s chest and held the older man tight. “Mine.”

Victor sighed against Yuri and held him in return. “That’s exactly what I needed to hear.”

Yuri turned his head up. “Vitya… I...”
“Can I kiss you?” Victor interrupted.

Yuri startled, then nodded. His lips were quickly claimed. He sighed softly into the touch, and ran his hand through Victor’s hair to keep him there even a few seconds longer.

“I love you Yuri.”

Yuri blushed. “I love you too Vitya.”

They cuddled for several quiet moments, Victor rubbing soothing circles on Yuri’s back.

“I ordered breakfast… well brunch,” Victor said after a few minutes. “I hope that’s ok.”

Yuri nodded against Victor’s chest.

Victor kissed his hair. “I guess that might be a good place to start.”

“Hmm?”

“We know each other Yuri, but we don’t. We threw ourselves into this thing, but skipped some of the early steps.”

“Ok?”

“Well…” Victor started. “For instance, I don’t even know if you have any food allergies. What if I ordered something that made you sick?”

Yuri blinked, then remembered that it had been Yurio who had asked about them in Russia. And they’d never had cause to discuss it in Japan.

Yuri shook his head and ran his fingers over Victor’s chest. “No food allergies. But I dislike the flavor of dill weed. Also, balsamic vinegar, a little is fine but I had it at one too many places in the States that seemed to think it was a sauce and not a flavoring.”

Victor laughed. “I hate coriander, but no allergies here either.”

Yuri chuckled. “I used to hate coriander, but got more used to it when I found good Mexican food places that didn’t use too much cilantro in their salsa. Now small amounts are fine.”

“My turn,” Yuri said after a moment. “What’s your favorite color… besides gold of course?”

Victor smiled. “The honey color that I only see when I get close enough to really look into your eyes.”

Yuri blushed. “Vitya!”

Victor chuckled. “Fine… Slate blue. I even painted my apartment that color. It’s got a subtle feel without seeming void of emotion.”

Yuri hummed.

“You?” Victor asked.

“Blue…” Yuri replied, his blush deepening.

“Oh that blush begs an explanation,” Victor teased. “Why blue?”
Yuri buried his face against Victor’s chest. “Your eyes…” he mumbled, hoping that the omega couldn't understand him.

“Yuuuuuuuri,” Victor scolded.

Yuri turned his face up. “Your eyes. I’ve loved the blue in your eyes since I saw it the first time on television.”

“Yuuuuuuri!” Victor hugged him, then pouted. “But that’s not fair. If my eyes are your favorite color, then your eyes should be able to be mine.”

Yuri closed his eyes and leaned into Victor’s embrace. “It’s true though. How many times have I used blue in my costumes?”

Victor was silent for a moment before chuckling. “I’ll concede that you liked blue before meeting me in person.”

They cuddled, Yuri savoring Victor’s scent as he tucked into the omega’s chest once more.

“I’m sorry Vitya. I’m so sorry.”

“So am I,” Victor murmured. He ran his thumb over Yuri’s cheek. “I was horrible to you instead of listening.”

Yuri clung to his mate. “Don’t leave me Vitya.”

“Of course not. I love you.”

Tears pricked at the corner of Yuri’s eyes as he turned his face up again. “We’re still getting married, right?”

Victor smiled and nodded. “Of course we are, and you don’t even have to win a gold medal. Though I still want you to.”

Yuri nodded before burying his face against Victor’s chest again. He started crying, sobbing as relief and suppressed anxieties burst forth.

“Yuri, oh Yuri…” Victor murmured, voice worried as he held the alpha tight.

“I was so scared Vitya…” Yuri hiccuped. “I love you so much, and I know you love me too, but a part of me always worried you’d leave after I announced my retirement, like you would only stay as long as I was skating. I’m such a lousy alpha, and I don’t have anything else to offer…”


Victor tilted his face up so that their eyes met. “You’re not a bad alpha, do you hear me? And you have so much beyond your skating that I don’t even know where to begin. You’re beautiful…”

Yuri scoffed, but didn’t protest when Victor’s eyes narrowed.

“.. and you’re so kind. I’ve never met a gentler soul, one who is so compassionate that it makes me ache inside. You’re a hard worker, I see it every day. You see the talent and the dedication in others. You go out of your way to make other people happy, sometimes at the expense of your own happiness. You’re amazing in every possible way.”

Yuri sniffled.
“Yuri… skating is what brought us together, but it’s not going to be what keeps us together. It’ll be our love that keeps us together.”

“Really?”

Victor nodded and kissed Yuri’s forehead. “You’re stuck with me.”

Yuri started crying again, fisting his hands in Victor’s shirt.

“You were really worried, weren’t you?”

Yuri nodded.

“And last night only made it worse, didn’t it?”

“I kept wondering what I was going to do, how much of a drag I’d be on you,” Yuri choked out. “I was scared you’d get tired of a worthless alpha being around.”

“Yuri, you’re not worthless. Please don’t ever say that about yourself.”

Yuri sniffled and was about to protest when there was a knock at the door.

“That’s probably room service,” Victor murmured. He kissed Yuri’s forehead then crawled from the nest and went to answer the door.

An employee gave him a sympathetic look as she walked in with the food cart, and he suddenly was very aware of what it looked like: the smaller man, obviously had been crying, in a nest.

He looked like an emotional omega.

Yuri sighed as the woman left and crawled from the nest. He took a spot across from Victor at the small table. Set in front of them were an assortment of fruit and pastries.

Yuri had just picked out several slices of melon and a sweet pastry when Victor’s phone rang.

Victor blinked then strode across to answer it. “Chris?” he asked as the call connected.

Yuri tensed slightly.

“Yes, Yuri’s here…”

Yuri turned to watch his mate.

“Really? We didn’t hear it.”

Victor nodded. “Ok, I’ll tell him.”

Victor hung up and returned to the table. “Chris said that his PR team took care of last night’s photos?”

Yuri blinked, then blushed. “We… kinda had a alpha staredown in the lobby. Somebody took a photo and tweeted it out. We even had our own hashtag.”

Victor chuckled. “No wonder Chris was on it so fast.”

“Hmm?”
Victor leaned on one elbow and popped a grape into his mouth before clarifying. “Chris doesn’t suppress, but did you ever know that he’s an alpha before the locker room in China?”

Yuri thought about it and shook his head.

Victor nodded. “He would rather it not be widely known, though there are plenty of rumors. He does his best to keep anything that backs up those rumors under wraps though.”

“But why? He has no reason to keep it secret.”

“Chris used to be proud of being an alpha, back when he first presented. But he’s always been a hard worker too. The two clashed when he started winning.”

“How so?”

“It wasn’t long after he presented that he made a splash on the international stage. He’d been in Lambiel’s shadow for a while, but started consistently taking silver at home and placing well elsewhere. Some of the people who knew him started to talk, especially older beta rinkmates who were struggling.”

“They thought that…?”

Victor nodded. “That there was potential bias, that he had a genetic advantage, that it was proof that they were lesser… they threw it all at him and didn’t acknowledge that he worked harder than anybody else there.”

“Wow…”

“He started religiously using scent blocking soaps at competitions after he learned that I wasn’t an alpha. He didn’t know I was omega yet, but he saw that I was breaking stereotypes that people were thrusting on him. He decided that he didn’t want to further those ideas, so he took great pains to ensure that his secondary isn’t widely known.”

Yuri blinked. “Ok?”

Victor smiled, reached across the table and brushed some hair from Yuri’s forehead. “He doesn’t win because he’s an alpha. He wins because he works hard at his sport and pushes himself that little bit extra. Anybody can work hard, and there are talented skaters who win without being alpha. He didn’t want those people who still argue that sports are for alphas only to point to him. He wants anybody who is willing to work hard and push themselves to feel like they have a chance, no matter their secondary.”

“Really? He didn’t take care of the press just to protect you?”

“He probably rushed it to protect me, but he would have had his team on it fast anyway. He wants to skate without having to worry if there is an alpha elitist judge, or conversely worrying about whether he’ll be accused of being propped up because of it.”

“Wow…” Yuri paused for a moment. “So… why did he call you to tell me?”

Victor laughed. “He said he tried your phone, but it kept going to voicemail.”

Yuri blinked, then stood and walked to where he’d set his phone the night before. He quickly discovered that the battery was dead. He sighed and plugged it in.
“That answers that mystery,” Victor chuckled as Yuri returned to the table and poked at the food.

“Not hungry?” Victor asked after several minutes.

“Starving actually.”

“What is it then?”

“I… I just don’t know what to talk about. Conversation seemed so natural, but now when I’m trying to really dig deep, I don’t know where to start.”

Victor smiled. “Don’t force it. We’re both still emotionally raw.”

Yuri made a face.

“How about this?” Victor offered. “You went to college, but I don’t know what you studied. What do you want to do with your degree?”

Yuri smiled. “I studied teaching with a focus on English language. I always thought I’d go back to Japan at some point and teach.”

“Really?”

Yuri nodded. “It made a lot of sense. It wasn’t a location dependent skill, so I could live in Hasetsu and be close to home. I could help out at the onsen when I wasn’t working. And I like kids, and teaching kids… I mean you’ve seen me with the triplets… so it made sense.”

Yuri paused. “What… what about you?”

Victor smiled. “I studied sports management, with an emphasis on the public relations and management of athletes.”

“Really? Were you planning to go into marketing or something?”

Victor laughed. “Well part of it was I wanted to take charge of my image a bit better. I have a whole team, but knowing some of their likely steps let me get out ahead of their efforts. A lot of things ran more smoothly after that.”

“What else do you do with a degree like that?”

“Event management was part of it. I didn’t specialize, but I learned enough to run small shows.”

“Onsen on Ice…”

“Mm-hmm. And others, though that was the first I’d run solo.”

“So what were you going to do if you’d initially studied it to manage your own career better?”

“Well I’d always planned to use my knowledge and experience…” Victor paused, “coaching…”

An uncomfortable silence fell over the table.

“I’m sorry,” Victor said quickly, too quickly.

“No,” Yuri demanded. “No apologies.”

“But…”
“No. We need to talk about it Vitya. We’re dancing around each other because we don’t want to address it. But we won’t really be able to talk until we do.”

Victor sighed. “You’re right.”

Yuri reached across the table and took Victor’s hand in his own. “Vitya… everything else aside… Do you still want to skate?”

Victor stared at him before diverting his eyes to the floor. “Yes. This time last year I might have said ‘no,’ but you’ve given me new inspiration.” He looked at Yuri again. “But that doesn’t mean that I want you to stop. I love coaching you Yuri. There’s an excitement in watching your success that I stopped feeling for myself years ago.”

Yuri rubbed his thumb over Victor’s knuckles.

“Yuri, why do you want to stop?”

Yuri sighed. “It’s not that I want to stop. I love figure skating, and you brought back the joy in it in ways I can’t even fully explain. But… I’m just me… a dime-a-dozen skater with no notable success, while you’re a… a living legend of skating. If audiences had to pick one of us to watch, they’d pick you.”

“Yuri,” Victor scolded. “Stop that. You’re better than that, and you know it.”

Yuri turned his head to stare at his food, which he moved around with a fork. “It’s just… You’ve only got a couple years left.”

“Exactly! You’ve got far more time than I do. I’ve peaked Yuri. I may have managed to stay up there, but I know that there’s nowhere else for me to go. But you… you’ve got so much potential. You can be better than me, I know it.”

“But you just said that you have new inspiration!” Yuri looked up at his mate.

Victor smiled softly. “That’s right, you’re my new inspiration. But that doesn’t miraculously make new skills appear. My emotions are back, but I still know where I am technically. And as a coach I see where you are. You’ve got so much room to grow, and the ability to do so.”

“I don’t want to be the end of your career…” Yuri muttered.

“And I don’t want to be the end of yours,” Victor replied, squeezing Yuri’s hand. Silence fell between them for several minutes.

“Yuri?”

“Yes?”

“I… I’ll consider coming back, but only if you promise to consider staying.”

“I don’t know how to make it work Vitya. I don’t want anybody else but you as a coach. It’s too much to ask.”

“Isn’t that up to me?”

Yuri grumbled.
“Please…”

Yuri sighed. “Ok… I won’t make my final decision until after the free skate.”

Victor nodded. “Ok… I’ll make mine after as well.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

It's going to be several chapters before things are really all good between them, but they're making those first tentative steps and that's sooooo important.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Find my other YoI fanfics on my AO3 profile at http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile

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Looking for something new and ORIGINAL from me? I've posted the second chapter of my novel, The Tower at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512. It's centered around Sheryl Callaghan, the newest contestant on the deadly reality game show of the same name.
After brunch Yuri lead Victor to the shower and sat him on the bench. For a moment Victor looked confused, then Yuri started bathing him, just as he had the last time Victor had been so emotionally raw.

Yuri knew it was an instinctual thing, to care for and groom his mate at a time like that, but also knew that it would be good for both of them. It was a moment of calm and quiet trust. He slowly and carefully scrubbed his omega, rinsing quickly so that his delicate skin didn’t dry from the soap.

Yuri halted when he saw the ugly purple bruise on the back of Victor’s neck from the aborted bond bite.

“Does it hurt?”

Victor nodded. “A little.”

“I’m so sorry Vitya. Do you want me to skip it?”

Victor thought a moment, then shook his head. “No.”

Victor whimpered a bit as Yuri cleansed the tender area, and Yuri tried to stop until Victor held his
“No Yuri. It’s my fault too. My instincts were in control, and I didn’t fight them.”

“That doesn’t mean you need to be in pain.”

“I’ll ice it late if it’ll make you feel better.”

Yuri made a noise, but relented and very carefully cleaned the skin. “You didn’t happen to bring a concealer in your skin tone did you? I don’t think the collar of your shirt will hide it all.”

Victor shook his head. “Chris knows my brand and color though. If we ask I’m sure he’ll buy some for me.”

Yuri stilled. “Do I even want to know how he knows that?”

Victor laughed. “We’ve had a series of misadventures over the years. Usually I’d be too excited about something and not watch where I was going and end up with bruises. He got used to putting concealer on me.”

Yuri rinsed the last of the soap from Victor. He stood in front of the omega and tipped his chin up for a kiss.

“I love you Vitya.”

Emotion welled in Victor’s eyes as he stared back. “I love you too Yuri.”

“Let’s not fight like that again.”

Victor wrapped his arms around the smaller man and held him close. He nodded against Yuri’s chest. “No more fights.” He shook and trembled, crying against the alpha for several minutes.

Yuri quickly cleaned himself then dried them both off. He wrapped Victor in a fluffy robe and led him back to the room. Once Victor was seated on the edge of the stripped bed he called down to housekeeping and requested a nesting kit and got an idea of about when staff would arrive at their room.

“We’ve got about half an hour,” Yuri said when he hung up. “We should get dressed then start dismantling the nest.”

Victor’s face developed a sad cast at mention of the nest, but he nodded. Yuri handed him the clothes that he wanted, and they dressed in silence. Once done they started to pull their things from the arrangement of pillows and blankets.

Yuri couldn’t miss the low whine coming from Victor as they dismantled his sanctuary. He hated it, his omega obviously still needed the comfort it provided. At the same time, the smells coming from it - abandonment, sadness, anger - would only bother them if they tried to use it. They needed to start with a fresh nest in order to heal.

Yuri wrapped his arms around Victor’s middle and leaned his head on his mate’s back. “We’ll let housekeeping come in. They said they would send up a nesting package. They’ll clean up and we’ll rebuild it together.”

Victor sniffled. “Yeah.”

Yuri moved around to Victor’s front and looked up at the face of the man he loved. Victor’s eyes
were still red around the edges from crying, and his scent was off.

Yuri reached up and absentmindedly pressed his fingers to the bruised skin at the back of Victor’s neck. He winced in pain and moaned at the intimate contact at the same time. Yuri jerked his fingers away.

“No…” Victor whined.

“But it hurt you.”

“Please…”

Yuri laid his fingers against the bonding point again.

Victor’s eyes fluttered shut, and tears trailed down his cheeks.

Yuri rose up on his toes and kissed the side of Victor’s mouth. “I promise Vitya. I’ll put my mark there. But we need to be in a better place. What happened last night just proves that we’re not there yet.”

Victor nodded, but the tears didn’t stop.

“Look at me?”

Victor sniffed again and wiped the tears away with the heels of his palms before focusing on Yuri.

Yuri pulled him down into a long kiss, one which had the omega moaning softly by the end.

“I’m here Vitya. I’m staying. Ok?”

Victor nodded and pulled Yuri into a tight embrace. “My alpha…”

Yuri nodded against Victor’s chest. “And you’re my omega. But you’re so much more too.”

“Yuri…”

They held each other for several minutes, until they heard a knock and a call at the room next door that housekeeping had arrived.

“Let’s finish,” Yuri suggested. “Then let’s go down to the beach.”

Victor buried his nose in Yuri’s hair and took a deep breath before nodding.

“We’ll talk, then come back and make a new nest. We’ll cuddle in it as long as you need. It’ll smell like both of us, and it won’t smell sad or abandoned. Ok?”

Victor nodded again, but didn’t make any attempt to move for several more moments.

“Come on,” Yuri finally said.

Victor sighed, released Yuri, and crawled into the nest. He passed over clothing and a few tokens that had found their way in. By the time housekeeping knocked at their door all the personal items had been moved back to their laundry bags, and the nest resembled more a pile of pillows than an actual construct.

The maid asked what bed they wanted to use as the nest, and said she’d leave the linens except for
the fitted sheet loose so that they were ready.

Yuri’s coat was draped over his arm as they made their way to the elevator, and as they passed a window he noticed a streak of foot-shaped dirt on the back. “Vitya… why is there a shoeprint on the back of my coat?”

Victor blushed as they waited for the elevator. “I wore it to the beach yesterday morning. Yurio saw me and decided to say hello.”

Yuri smiled. “I guess we should be glad he at least wears shoes for his hellos, rather than his skates.”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuri and buried his nose in his neck. “He’s under a lot of pressure, and the most from himself. He was never challenged at the junior level, and he wanted to be. It left him jaded, and his social skills suffered. Eventually this violent demeanor was the only way he really got attention.”

Yuri nodded. “Plus he’s a teenager.”

Victor chuckled as the elevator dinged. “That too.”

They exited the hotel from a side door closer to the beach rather than cross the lobby where there was sure to be media. They strolled down the street, arm in arm and leaning against each other. They made their way down to a bench overlooking the sand, nearly empty in the chill of winter, and cuddled close as the breeze nipped at exposed skin.

“I’ve always suppressed my omega side…” Victor began after several minutes. “You know my family is all alpha, and I think it started even before…” he paused.

Yuri understood that he needed to just listen, so he squeezed Victor’s hand to indicate he understood what the omega was trying to say.

Victor smiled softly at him before continuing. “It got worse after that of course, and as my fear built, I did more to keep it locked deep inside. I’m scared of how vulnerable I am when it shows itself.”

Victor paused as a large vehicle rumbled across the street above them.

“That started to change with you. For the first time I felt safe enough to be vulnerable. I knew you wouldn’t take advantage of my weakness. Even before you were my alpha, you were an alpha I trusted. I could trust that you would protect me when I couldn’t protect myself.

“Aside from my parents, the closest anybody had ever come to that level of trust was Chris. Even he was held at arm’s length when my omega showed though. He’s strong, but I didn’t know if he was strong enough. I didn’t want our friendship complicated by instinct… though I know to some level it is.

“As scared as I am, it felt good. Oh Yuri, you have no idea how good it felt to finally give in, to allow that side of me to just be. But all that suppressing has made my omega almost a different person, I feel different. It’s almost like I’m a child again, terrified of the world, but with urges that have to be satisfied. But you were there, so gentle, even when you let your full alpha side out. You were always aware of my needs. I felt, and I still feel that I don’t have to hide anymore. Not from you at least. You’ve seen my flawed and broken omega, and loved me anyway. You accepted all of me, even the parts that I can’t accept myself.”

Victor turned and nuzzled into Yuri’s neck, breathing deep his scent. Yuri turned just enough to run a soothing hand up and down his mate’s back.
“When you said ‘let’s end this,’ I panicked. I remembered calling out for alphas who had turned their backs on me before, but with you it would have been so much worse. They never knew me like you do. I was terrified that I was being abandoned again…”

Victor took a deep breath.

“Worse, I was terrified that I would have to hide again. That part of me that was so broken has finally started to heal with you, because you’ve given me a safe place to allow it to heal. You don’t judge, you don’t push. You let me be me and allowed me to rediscover that part of myself at my own pace.

“Yuri, I don’t know if I can ever unravel all the damage. I might never be fully comfortable with my omega side, but I know that I’ll never be more comfortable with it than I am with you. I never doubted for a moment that you would take me as I am, wherever I am. And I was so scared of losing that.

“I’m so sorry Yuri. I never meant to lash out at you, to drive you away. I said horrible horrible things to you in my fear, and I want nothing more than to take them back so that they never happened. But I can’t, so I’ll spend as long as it takes to prove that I don’t think that of you.”

Victor clung to Yuri and silently sobbed into his neck while Yuri kissed his hair and rubbed his back. They stayed that way until Victor stilled, and sat in silence for several minutes after as Victor wrapped his arms around Yuri’s waist.

“I’ve always been a horrible alpha,” Yuri said softly.

Victor winced and jolted up to protest, but settled again when Yuri rubbed his back.

“We, I mean alphas, have that drive to breed, but we also have this innate urge to protect. Family, friends, but females and omegas especially. Something in that primal part of us says we’re expendable, as long as we’re protecting those we love or those who can ensure that the species survives.

“When I was younger, before I presented, I didn’t really understand it. Why would alphas fight over omegas? Why would omegas choose the victor?”

Yuri chuckled dryly. “Then suddenly, I was an alpha, and a lot of things made a lot more sense. Breeding is definitely a part of it, but being stronger, being the one that can protect and survive… somehow I became more aware of all the subtle layers of the world. I understood exactly how strong the alpha drive can be…”

Yuri shuddered, and Victor nuzzled into him. Yuri rubbed his face back over Victor’s hair.

“I presented pretty much right when it was expected, I’d turned seventeen several months before. The only real surprise was that I presented as an alpha. But like I said, that opened me up to things that I’d only read about in books. Living them was a different thing.”

Yuri tightened his arm around his mate.

“I was a quiet kid, and in school the quiet kids stick together for safety. I was lucky, I presented during a break.

“I had a friend who wasn’t so lucky. He was part of the group of quiet kids, but somewhere along the way one of the school bullies had taken a particular interest in him. He presented… as an
omega... in the middle of class. It just happened to be one of the few days the bully actually attended.

“Most people were respectful of secondary genders. It’s not like we have a choice in what biology sticks us with. I knew one girl, and once she presented as an alpha she really pushed her family to let her transition to male. He was a lot happier after, feeling that being alpha just proved the feelings he’d had for a while. Last I heard he had a lovely omega spouse and loving family.”

Victor made a questioning noise.

“Sorry… I guess I still have a hard time thinking about it and wanted to remember something happier…

“So my friend presented in the middle of class. Most people left him alone about it, but not the bullies. Their treatment only got worse, calling him a breeder and asking loudly whenever they saw him when was the last time he was a good fuck for an alpha and whether he liked having a dick in his ass, or whether he loved it.

“It tore him apart. He had absolutely no interest in men, but it was so relentless that rumors spread even beyond the bullies. He was further ostracized every day. We had a couple male omegas at the school, but he was the only one treated like that.

“He used to come to me crying. He was in no way a weak person, but everyone reaches a breaking point when under constant assault like that.

“Eventually I broke too, and they started their shit again in a public place for once instead of the alleys they preferred. I was near a rut, and I went full alpha. I got several good blows in, but I was still smaller than I am now, and they were all bigger. Even though they were all beta, it was five on one.”

Yuri shuddered.

“I took a good beating. Luckily it was after the end of the season so it didn’t impact my skating. They did manage to stop me, but three of them had broken arms. When officials looked into it they decided that I was close enough to rut, and saw an omega in distress. I really couldn’t be held accountable for what I did in reaction to my friend’s distressed smell. Authorities filed charges against them instead of me since I wouldn’t have gone into a rage had they not been harassing my friend. I received a warning from the JSF…”

“Yuri…”

Yuri shook his head. “That wasn’t the end of it though. Of course not. Life isn’t tidy like that. I had to go the US during summer break to meet with Celestino and tour college campuses around Detroit to decide where I would attend since I needed to start submitting applications in the fall.

“When I got back to Japan it was just in time for the next semester. My omega friend wasn’t there, but the homeroom teacher said that he was home sick. I didn’t think much of the snickering from the bullies.

“On the third day I was asked to take homework to his house.”

Yuri paused again and took a deep breath.

“I’ll never forget the look his mother gave me when she opened the door, it was so angry. But it was nothing compared to the raw hatred that I saw from him a few minutes later… at least from the eye that could open.
“I wasn’t there, and he’d been beaten so severely that he’d spent several days in the hospital. He’d been home since classes had started, but was still black and blue and swollen in several places.”

“Oh Yuri… it wasn’t…”

“But it was my fault, and they told him as much. They knew they couldn’t win against me, not when I wasn’t holding back, but he was fair game. They used him to hurt me. They gave him the beating, the whole time asking if his incompetent alpha would still find him fuckable when he was covered in bruises and scars.

“I let instinct take control. I fought back to protect a friend, and he was beaten for it. It had never escalated to physical violence until I let my instincts take over. It was headed that way, anybody could see that, but it hadn’t got there yet. There was a slim possibility that he could have graduated before they decided to go that far.

“Even worse, I couldn’t protect him when it counted. I’d protected him once, then wasn’t there to make sure he stayed safe.”

Victor squeezed Yuri tight.

“I’m a horrible alpha. I should have comforted him, not resorted to violence. I should have been there to protect him.”

Tears were streaming down Yuri’s face, he wiped them on his sleeve. “He never told me all that they did, he refused to talk to me after that. I think they were run off before it escalated to sexual assault, but I got the impression from the whispers that floated around that it had been headed that way.”


“But I am a horrible alpha. I only made things worse for him. Instead of protecting him, I made him an even greater target, then wasn’t there when he needed me.”

Victor pulled Yuri tight. “You couldn’t have known that they’d do that.”

“But I should have seen it coming.”

“He’s probably forgiven you by now you know.”

“I… I wouldn’t know… I went off to Detroit without him talking to me. But… there were rumors…”

Victor paled slightly. “Oh Yuri…”

Yuri fisted his hands in Victor’s sweater. “I’m a horrible alpha. I caused my friend so much pain when all I wanted was to protect him. And I hurt you…. And…”

Victor silenced Yuri with a kiss. “You protected me too. From that awful drunk alpha. But even more important you protected my secret. I feel safe because of you Yuri, for the first time since I presented I feel safe. You gave me that security, nobody else.”

Yuri looked into his mate’s eyes, and Victor smiled.

“We’re both going to be dehydrated from crying before we get back to the hotel,” Victor joked.

Yuri hiccupped and buried his face against Victor’s chest. “Vitya… I’m so sorry Vitya. I didn’t mean to hurt you, I didn’t mean to scare you into thinking I was leaving. I’m sorry I threw my ring. I’m
Victor rubbed his face against Yuri’s hair. “I love you Yuri, and you’re not a horrible alpha. You’re a wonderful one.”

Yuri shook his head. “No, I’m not. That was the worst, but there were so many times I failed as an alpha…”

Victor kissed Yuri’s head. “Yuri…”

“Are you sure you want me Vitya? I’m not big or strong. I’m not dominant. I’m just me, and I’m nothing special.”

“Enough Yuri,” Victor murmured. “You’re my alpha, and I don’t want you to talk about yourself like that. You’re incredibly strong. And you should see yourself on the ice when you’re in the right mindset, you dominate the rink in ways nobody has seen. You’re you, and everything about you surpasses special. You’re spectacular.”

Victor held him tight as he cried, but for the first time there was relief in the memory. His mate had accepted his failure.

“Shall we go back?” Victor asked a few minutes after Yuri’s sobbing had dwindled to choked hiccups. “I think we could both stand to cuddle in a fresh nest.”

Yuri nodded.

“Yuri?”

Yuri looked up at Victor’s face.

Victor leaned in and kissed him. “Thank you. Thank you for being my alpha, thank you for being my mate. Thank you for opening up to me and telling me why you underestimate yourself as an alpha. Let’s heal together, ok?”

Yuri started crying again as he nodded into Victor’s shirt.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

**Summary of Yuri’s past:** Pretty much he tried to help an omega friend who was being bullied, but went alpha on the bullies and they retaliated by beating up his friend while he was in the US. He blamed himself for his friend being injured, and the friend blamed him too.

After that Victor tells Yuri how much he’s been a good alpha and given him a place to heal and protected him. They agree to heal together.

**Next Chapter:** much healthier make-up sex than that mess that happened a couple chapters back.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com
Check out my other YoI multi-chap fics *In Our Dreams* and *Private Photos*.

Don't forget to check out *The Tower*. 
Yuri and Victor return from the beach to build their nest and continue to heal after their fight.

So the title isn't meaning confessions in a bad way, but confessing all those little things a person notices about another that they hold dear.

Also, thanks everybody who has read and commented on *The Tower* at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512). If you haven't checked it out yet I'd appreciate if you do.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri cast a dubious glance at the nesting kit sitting on the bed. It looked far too small to be useful. However, Victor was eager to get started and opened it immediately.

Yuri’s concerns about it being insufficient were quickly quashed as pillows and blankets expanded from the vacuum seal.

Victor knelt in the center of the bed, planning, before he noticed that Yuri still stood close to the door.

“Yuri?”

“You’re sure… It’s ok if I’m your alpha, even when I can’t protect you?”

Victor strode over and wrapped his arms around Yuri, pulling Yuri’s head against his chest. “You protect me every day. You’re the only alpha for me Yuri.”

“But I…”

“Shh. I love everything about you Yuri.” Victor tilted Yuri’s chin up so that their eyes met. “You’re wonderful.”

Yuri looked away. “I’m an anxiety-ridden mess.”

“That doesn’t make me love you any less.”
“Who could love my anxiety though?”

Victor turned Yuri’s face toward his again and kissed him. “I do, because it’s a part of you. Just like you accept and love all of me, I accept and love all of you… even the anxiety.”

“Vitya… I…”

Victor kissed him again. “I love you.”

Yuri collapsed against his chest and started crying. “I love you too.”

“Let’s go build our nest. Da?”

Yuri nodded. “Ok…” he sniffled. “What do you need me to do?”

Victor kissed his hair. “How about you call room service for lunch while I see what’s in the kit. Then we can pick out clothes and a few of the tokens you received while we wait. We’ll build the nest properly, together, after that. Ok?”

Yuri nodded against Victor’s chest, but neither bothered to move for several minutes. It was only when Yuri’s stomach let out a rumble that they parted with a sigh.

Yuri sat at the table and reviewed the English language version of the menu while Victor resumed his inspection of the kit pieces.

“Get me something greasy,” Victor called. “And get whatever you want, even katsudon if it’s on the menu. I think you earned it.”

Yuri nodded, and after a few minutes ordered duck served with cooked pears for Victor and a plate of sauteed spinach with raisins and pine nuts for himself.

“I ordered duck for you,” Yuri said as he walked over and wrapped his arms around Victor’s waist. “I hope that’s greasy enough.”

Victor laughed and turned so that he could hold Yuri in return. “Sounds perfect. What did you get?”

“Some sauteed spinach thing that looked good.”

Victor had taken stock of the stuff that had expanded from a small bag to fill the bed and had started to organize the pillows, but he paused to sort through the clothing and tokens. Eventually they settled on several pieces and had just moved them to the bed when room service arrived.

Mid-afternoon sunlight streamed into the room as they ate, and they played footsie under the table. It was only when Yuri’s stomach let out a rumble that they parted with a sigh.

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Victor laughed and turned so that he could hold Yuri in return. “Sounds perfect. What did you get?”

“Some sauteed spinach thing that looked good.”
“Yuri…” Victor breathed when they separated again. “Don’t stop.”

“Ok.”

They turned into each other as their kisses deepened, tongues dancing between them. Yuri moaned as Victor pulled him tight, and he chased Victor’s pleased whimpers as his fingers plunged into platinum hair.

They were both breathless when they parted again, and gazed into each other’s eyes as they tried to get air back into their lungs.

“You’re so beautiful,” Yuri murmured, fingers tracing Victor’s features. “I’ve always thought that you’re the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen.”

Victor’s cheeks developed a pink tint. “Yuuuuuri,” he said, embarrassed.

“I mean it,” Yuri said softly, brushing the fringe from in front of his mate’s blue eyes. “From the first time I saw you I was captivated. I was twelve, and you’d just won Junior Worlds. You wore the costume I’m using now for Eros, and your hair streamed behind you. At that moment I knew… Skating against you, making you see as an equal me became my goal, my dream. I wanted to face you on the ice, and I didn’t want you to look away.”

“Yuuuuuri…” Victor whispered.

Yuri chuckled. “I cried for three days when you cut your hair, but then I started to see how good you looked with it short. It wasn’t your hair, it’s your presence, the way you carry yourself. You leave no room for doubt. I started to realize just how high a goal I’d set for myself. You, as both a person and as a skater, were impossibly out of my league. But I kept trying, because like a moth to a flame, I couldn’t ignore your radiance.”

Yuri leaned in and kissed Victor again.

“I was terrified when you appeared, standing naked in the onsen. There you were, my idol, offering to be my coach. I had no idea what you’d seen in me, I didn’t even know at the time that you’d known who I was before that video.”

“Of course I knew…”

Yuri blushed. “I know that now, but I was so far below you…”

“Yuuuuuuri… stop underestimating yourself.”

Yuri leaned into Victor’s hand as it caressed his face. “My room was practically a shrine to you when you arrived. I had posters of you going back to your junior days plastered to the walls.”

Victor chuckled. “Is that why you didn’t let me in?”

Yuri blushed and nodded. “I was scared it would creep you out.”

Victor chuckled. “Speaking of the video, who took it? I didn’t look at the account, and for a while assumed it was you who posted it, but it wasn’t… was it?”

Yuri shook his head. “I could have sworn we’d talked about it before. The triplets recorded it… and posted it. I only found out after the fact myself.”

“Wow.”
Yuri nodded.

“We really must do something special for them.”

Yuri blinked as Victor nuzzled the side of his face.

“That video inspired me to come to Hasetsu, to be your coach and to make good on the bet from last year. Those girls brought us together… at least sooner than we might have gotten together otherwise.”

Yuri smiled. “I guess I never thought of it that way.”

“So what should we do for them?”

Yuri chuckled. “They’re figure skating otaku… I’m sure we’ll think of something.”

Victor smiled and kissed him, and Yuri settled comfortably against his mate as they separated. They touched each other, hands on arms and necks as they cherished the moment.

“I wasn’t in a good place before I met you,” Victor said after several minutes. He kissed Yuri’s hair. “Depression had sunk so deep into me that I was convinced it had taken up permanent residence. I was missing something off the ice, and I wasn’t finding things any better on it.”

Yuri turned his head to look up at Victor, who just smiled back.

“I was desperately lonely, but so scared that isolation seemed the better option. I threw myself into skating. The love of the audience had no strings in the moment. But it was so short lived. It never lasted and was quickly forgotten.

“What relationships I had seemed a long string of failures. I’d been abandoned by alphas, and whether or not they were fans, the betas knew I was a celebrity. Being seen with me was more important than being with me. Expensive restaurants… public displays of affection… but nothing real. Always out, never cozy nights in just being with each other.”

“Vitya…”

“Shh, Yuri. Just listen.”

Yuri nodded and settled back against Victor’s chest.

“I was lonely on the ice too. There seemed to be no one at my level. Chris kept me on my toes, but except in those rare cases I took a tumble my scores were always so far ahead of his that he was never any real threat. He never stopped trying, but eventually I realized that I was utterly alone. Chris plateaued a couple years ago. He’s good, and he’ll stay at the top for several more years, but we both knew that the chances of him beating me before I started sliding down the other side were slim.”

Victor took a deep breath. “It made the ice as lonely as the rest of the world. It turned my passion into a job. Monotony at its worst. Show up, do the thing, wave for the cameras and go home. We’re artists, but we’re competitive athletes. Except I wasn’t competing, not anymore. I was doing what was expected. There was no thrill left.

“I kept hoping though. I kept waiting for somebody to shoot to the top and pose a real challenge.

“Yuri, you have the talent to be that person. When you skate to your full potential you bring something to the ice that even I can’t. I saw that when I watched videos of you skating before the
Grand Prix Series last year, and I hoped that you’d be the one to inject some excitement into my life.”

Yuri huffed out a dry laugh.

“I’d heard you were shy…” Victor continued. “Chris had been in enough competitions with you, and I asked before the final last year…

“I thought you were just focused on the competition. You wouldn’t be the first who would prefer to keep their head down until after the scores were in.

“Then the banquet happened, and you still seemed down. But once you started drinking you opened up…”

“Vitya…” Yuri protested, face growing warm.

Victor chuckled. “And I couldn’t imagine what Chris was on about. You were the life of the party. Competitive, and demanding, and fun. I smiled so much. I hadn’t smiled like that in years. When you asked me to be your coach it was like a bolt of lightning. I knew at once both that I was incredibly attracted to you, and that you had given me the way forward.

“Then there was news that you’d come in so far down during your nationals, then split from Celestino to return to Japan without a new coach lined up.

“Everybody said you were retiring, and… Yuri the thought of you leaving the ice with so much potential just sitting there untapped broke my heart. I questioned whether you could be the same person who had made me so happy. Then that video came out, and I knew that I couldn’t let you leave like that. I’d make good on our bet and I’d be your coach.

“I thought you remembered… me, dancing, you asking me to coach you. I was so confused when you kept rejecting me. I cried the first night I was there because I thought I’d made a mistake.”

“Oh Vitya…” Yuri said, brushing his fingertips over Victor’s face.

“But I remembered that you’d been drinking, and just thought that you were more reserved around your family. Then Yurio arrived, and for a moment I saw a flash of that man who wanted me in the way you fought to keep me there.”

Victor leaned in and pressed a kiss to Yuri’s forehead.

“Then you seemed to retreat again, and I was so confused. You wanted me there, but you didn’t.

“Everything changed that day on the beach. I’d been trying to be so many things to you that I’d forgotten to be me. I was still acting, still using my media smiles and forced personality.

“Nobody had ever wanted me before. They wanted the superstar, the celebrity, the living legend. So naturally I thought you did too. But you just wanted me, and I think that’s when things really started to change. I realized that you were just being you, and I started falling in love with the you I saw every day and not the man who’d drunkenly seduced me on the dance floor.

“I saw you for who you are, and you asked for me to be who I am. For the first time in years… I wasn’t lonely. You freed me from that Yuri, you.”

Yuri lifted his head and pulled Victor down into a lingering kiss.
“Every day I’m with you I find something else to love,” Victor said, breathless. “I think the first thing I adored was the easy way you blush. If I could, I’d keep that pink on your cheeks all the time.”

“Vitya…” Yuri protested, feeling himself redden.

Victor grinned. “Just like that.”

“Two can play that game,” Yuri smirked. “I love your smile, not the one you show the cameras, but your real smile. I know you’re truly excited about something because it makes a heart shape that says you love something more than words.”

“Yuuuuuuri!”

Yuri smiled at seeing pink creep across his fiance’s cheeks.

“I love your determination,” Victor countered. “Dedication, perseverance, those are necessary as athletes, but when you really want something you get this look in your eyes like nothing can stop you. I don’t see it near enough, but when I do it blows me away.”

“I love your zest for life,” Yuri said, nuzzling against Victor’s chest. “You get so excited about things I take for granted. There is such joy that I find myself looking for things to keep surprising you with.”

“I love the way your eyes glitter when you’re searching for that perfect thing,” Victor murmured, kissing Yuri’s hair. “You’re so aware, trying to hone in on just the right thing and I can’t take my eyes off you.”

Yuri sniffled, and Victor tensed in surprise. “Vitya… I love how you just seem to know when I need you, and how you have the answers. Whether it’s a hug, or breathing in your scent, or you holding me while I cry.”

Victor held Yuri tight. “I could say the same about you Yuri…”

They went silent for several minutes, holding each other while Yuri sniffled.

“I love the way you kiss me,” Victor said softly, rubbing Yuri’s back. “How you always chase after one more, that you can never get enough.”

“That’s because I can’t get enough. I’m still not entirely convinced this isn’t some dream.”

Victor chuckled and kissed Yuri’s hair.

“I love waking up next to you each morning, seeing the sunlight reflect off your platinum hair,” Yuri murmured. “The way you smile at me makes my heart sing.”

“I love you being the last thing I see before I fall asleep, and the first in the morning.”

Yuri smiled, then blushed.

“Yuri?”

“I… I love those moments just after we’ve made love, and we’re both still a bit high from it. It always amazes me that I’m able to make you feel like that.”

Victor blushed. “I…,” he chuckled. “I love how it feels when you come inside me. That was never a huge thing for me before, but now I crave it. I try to keep it inside as long as possible.”
Yuri choked on air before muttering, “I… may have fantasized… about making love to you… and using a plug on you after… to keep it in.” He rubbed his head nervously.

Victor went very still and for a moment Yuri was terrified that he’s scared off his mate.

“Vitya?” he asked cautiously.

Victor shuddered, then breathed, “We have got to try that!”

“Vitya?”

“Oh Yuri… when you said that everything in me just kinda went ‘Yes!’ all at once. I thought about you filling me in the morning, then just having it inside. Doing errands, chores, whatever.”

Yuri groaned, hardening slightly at the thought.

“What else have you fantasized about with me?”

Yuri bit his lip and made a nervous noise before burying his face against Victor’s shirt. “Toys…”

“Hmm?”

Yuri looked up. “Toys, ever since you mentioned you used them so long ago I’ve had a recurring fantasy of taking you apart with toys before making love to you. Seeing you stretched around a vibrator… just the thought turns me on.”

Victor slotted a leg between Yuri’s thighs and pressed, making Yuri yelp in embarrassment. “It really does turn you on, doesn’t it? What else?”

Yuri shook his head. “Your turn.”

Victor blushed. “The dirty talk… really does it for me. It was another thing I didn’t know I needed until you. The first time you called me a cockslut… I thought you could call me anything you wanted as long as you kept fucking me… then I realized that actually made me your cockslut…” Victor’s blushed deepened. “Something about it just… works.”

Yuri smirked. “Shouldn’t we upgrade that to cumslut now?”

Victor shuddered. “Oh god yes, but both… please.”

Yuri smiled and pulled Victor down into a series of heated kisses.

“Bondage…” Yuri admitted.

“Hmm?”

“Nothing too extreme… just tying you up, spread out so that I can just take what I want and you’re at my mercy… sometimes the reverse where I give myself completely over to you.”

Victor nuzzled against Yuri as his thigh teased. “I wonder how common that is for alphas and omegas.”

“Hmm?”

“Just… there were… tiedown points… in the frame of the nesting bed at that inn we went to during my heat. I wanted it so bad, but we were still too new for me to feel comfortable asking.”
“Really?”
Victor nodded. “I’d like to try that with you.”

Yuri nodded against Victor. “Ok…”

“One request?”

“Hmm… the first time… can it be… during my next heat?”

“Are you sure?”
Victor nodded.

“Then of course.”

“Can… can you talk about breeding me, and filling me with babies… while I’m tied up?”

“Vitya?” Yuri looked at his mate’s bright red face.

“My… omega side… really, and I mean really likes the breeding talk. It’s actually a bit scary how much that side of me just relishes the thought of being bred by you. Even outside of heat my omega likes hearing it.”

Something about the phrasing struck Yuri. “Your omega likes it, but you’re unsure, aren’t you?”

Victor nodded. “I’ve suppressed that part of me so much that it makes me uncomfortable. But I… I trust you.”

“Ok. We’re both on birth control, so you know that it’s just talk. I’ll let my alpha indulge with your omega side when I see that it’s in control during sex, but I’ll try to make sure it doesn’t slip otherwise.”

“Yuri!” Victor hugged him tight.

“What other fantasies do you have?”

Victor smiled. “I’m sure I have them, but they’re not coming to me right now.”

Yuri kissed him. “We’ll figure things out as they come then. I trust that you’ll tell me when something makes you uncomfortable. And I promise I’ll always respect it. I’ll tell you when I’m uncomfortable too. Also… I know that your omega is almost mute… Vitya, I promise to do my best when you’re that vulnerable, and I’ll try to err on the side of caution until you can tell me if it was ok yourself.”

Victor blushed. “You can push, especially with my omega.”

“Vitya… are you sure? I…”

Victor placed a finger against Yuri’s lips. “It’s because I trust you that I say that. Yuri, the days of omegas being the property of their alphas are long past, but that doesn’t mean that it doesn’t sometimes express itself as a need. That part of me wants to belong to you, that part of me wants an assertive alpha who takes what he wants even if it’s sometimes too much. I’ve,” Victor swallowed nervously. “One fantasy I’ve had is it being too much, and asking you to stop but you keep going.”

Yuri bit his lip, he had to admit he liked the sound of it, but he was worried because of how non-
verbal Victor’s omega was.

“Vitya... if we want to do that... we have to find a stop word for you, or motion, but preferably word. If I’m pushing too far, then you’ll probably sign ‘no’ or ‘stop’ for me to push past. But we need an absolute stop, something that puts an immediate end to whatever we’re doing without me questioning whether it’s a stop that I can push or whether it’s something that has to happen right then. I won’t push a ‘no’ or ‘stop’ without a failsafe or established limits beforehand.”

Victor’s eyes watered, and for a moment Yuri thought he’d upset his mate, but instead Victor pulled him into a kiss. “That’s why I trust you so much Yuri. Even when I tell you to push too far you insist on a way for me to still make it clear that we need to stop.”

“Vitya, it would tear me up inside if I ever added to your trauma. I’d rather always be cautious and never indulge those desires of ours than go farther than you can handle and you not be able to tell me.”

Victor chuckled. “I should have known you’d say something like that. It took me edging you to a faux-rut to get you to pound me full alpha, and even then you held back.”

Yuri smiled and kissed his mate. “We’ll figure out a way to indulge those desires, but for now ‘stop’ or ‘no,’ means ‘stop’ or ‘no.’ No questions.”

Victor nodded. “Ok. But can I give you blanket permission for something?”

Yuri blinked. “Umm... ok?”

Victor blushed slightly. “You... can wake me up sexually any time you want, no need to ask. When you did that the other day, before we left Hasetsu, I loved it.”

“Are you sure?” Yuri asked, harder at the thought of waking up his mate like that.

“Yes, but I’ll let you know if that ever changes.”

“Ok...” Yuri murmured before kissing Victor again. Their tongues danced until they were breathless, and when they parted Victor’s eyes were dark with lust.

The sun had set while they were talking, and the soft blue of twilight filled the room.

“Yuri?” Victor purred.

“Hmm?”

“Make me feel claimed again?”

Yuri sat up slightly and gazed down at his mate. Victor’s eyes were dark. He sniffed the air, and smelled arousal, but it didn’t seem that his instincts were in control.

“Please?” Victor asked. “I promise, no asking for bond bites. I just want that connection. My scent changed after the fight, and I want to be yours again.”

“Are we... are we ok?” Yuri asked softly. “Yesterday, right after we fought... it was a mistake and made things worse for a bit. We’re better, but...”

Victor pulled Yuri down and nuzzled into his neck. “We’re not back to where we were, I’ll admit that. But we’re far better than we were last night. We don’t have to though.”
Yuri leaned in and kissed his mate. “Let’s start with some cuddling, then see where things go.”

Victor nodded. “Ok.”

Yuri let his hands drift beneath Victor’s sweater, mapping the muscles and valleys of his mate’s toned abdomen. Victor arched into the touch.

Victor let Yuri remove the sweater, which he tucked into the nest. Yuri quickly removed his own shirt and laid down again, pressing their chests together.

“We’re keeping the pants?” Victor asked.

“Too much temptation. They can go if necessary.”

Victor chuckled and allowed his hands to roam Yuri’s back. They kissed slowly, relishing soft touches and the nearness.

Yuri worried about the following day. Though their personal relationship was getting better after the fight, they’d done nothing to address their professional one other than put it off.

The kisses deepened, and the worry was pushed from his mind. He needed his mate. His omega’s scent was wrong to go to an arena full of people. They started grinding against each other.

“Scent me Vitya,” Yuri said as they separated for air.

“Yuri?”

“I don’t want you to worry about me leaving. I’ll claim you, but I’d like it if you scented me too.”

Victor’s eyes welled, and his mouth formed a heart-shaped smile. “Of course!”

Victor took Yuri’s shoulders and flipped them so that Yuri was on his back in the nest. He ground down and kissed Yuri breathless.

“My alpha.”

Yuri looked into his mate’s blue eyes. “My Vitya.”

Victor reached down and opened the fly on Yuri’s jeans. His hand slipped inside and wrapped around Yuri’s hardening cock. He stroked slowly until Yuri was moaning.

Victor pulled off both their pants, then laid over and covered Yuri. They ground against each other and kissed as the scent of arousal filled the air.

Yuri snuck his hand between them and stroked Victor until the omega sat up and straddled his torso, rocking into Yuri’s hand.

“Yuri… Yuri… Yuri…” Victor moaned, then whimpered as he came. He slumped, breathing deep as his cum cooled on Yuri’s chest.

“You’re so beautiful Vitya.”

Victor’s eyes fluttered open and he smiled before leaning in to suck and nip at Yuri’s scent glands. Yuri moaned happily as his mate drew the scent of his sex across the gland, marking him in a subtle way. The smell filled him, and his instincts roared to life.
“My alpha…” Victor breathed against Yuri’s neck.

“My omega,” Yuri replied, flipping them and moving to open his mate. Slick coated Victor’s hole, and he opened easily, moaning and begging as Yuri worked.

Yuri lined himself up, then leaned over. He grabbed Victor’s bruised bonding point with his free hand and allowed his scent to saturate the nest. “My omega,” he growled as he pushed the head of his cock into Victor’s warmth. “Mine.”

Victor cried out in pleasure. “Alpha!”

Yuri took Victor in a single smooth motion, allowed them both a moment to adjust, then started thrusting. He kept the pressure on Victor’s bonding point and leaned over so that with every breath his omega took more of his scent in. He rocked his hips, in and out, each motion reminding his mate that he was loved and wanted.

Victor came, cock pulsing between them, and Yuri pushed in deep, kissing his mate and spilling in response. “Mine,” he growled as they both started to come down.

Yuri took a minute, then started moving again. He needed to knot, to physically tie them together again.

Victor pulled Yuri down into another series of kisses as they moved together, and soon they were both on the edge again.

“Can I knot you Vitya?”

Victor nodded. “Yes, please!”

Yuri kissed him again as he pushed in deep and allowed his knot to swell. Victor came almost as soon as he did, the pressure on the knot making Yuri moan.

They still and Yuri rested his head against Victor’s chest. “My omega…” he said softly.

“Yours…” Victor agreed, running his fingers through Yuri’s hair.

They were quiet, relishing the connection and emotion of the moment while they waited for Yuri’s knot to go down.

There was a knock at the door. Yuri growled under his breath at the interruption of their quiet as he raised his head. He was prepared to yell ‘wrong room’ when he sniffed the air. He chuckled, he’d always known that senses were heightened during breeding and claiming, but didn’t realize how much.

“It’s for you,” he said smiling down at his mate.

Victor looked confused then raised his own head and sniffed. “Not now Chris,” he managed to groan as the movement sent fresh waves of pleasure through him.

Yuri heard a chuckle from the other side of the door, then caught a whiff of somebody else. “Go away Phichit,” he called out.

Laughter filtered into the room but faded as the duo walked away.

“Phichit?” Victor asked as Yuri laid his head on his chest again.
Yuri nodded. “I think they’re an item. They came into the hotel together last night, and it appeared that they’d been on a date.”

“Wow…”

“I wonder when they got together. I’d say China, but they seemed pretty comfortable.”

Victor laughed. “My bet is worlds.”

Yuri tilted his head up and made a questioning noise.

“I… might have looked for you on social media after the banquet, but your accounts are all mostly silent. I found Phichit though, and figured out you were roommates. I… might have hounded him for information during worlds. Chris kept telling me to stop harassing the cute Thai skater. I thought it was just talk, but…”

Yuri started laughing. “I hope Chris knows what he’s up against.”

“Hmm?”

“Chris may be an alpha, but Phichit is a bundle of energy.”

Victor laughed. “How could you smell him though? Betas don’t normally have a strong scent.”

Yuri shifted to get more comfortable. “Both of Phichit’s parents are omega, so he inherited a lot of strong omega traits. He’s… how did he put it?… A bondable beta. He has a lot of omega characteristics, like a stronger smell, and a bonding point. His physique is more traditionally omega too. Everybody thought he was omega, until the time passed for even late presenting. Eventually he went in for some exam. No womb. That’s the only reason he’s classified as beta. He can’t bear offspring. He’s still insanely attracted to alphas though, so it doesn’t surprise me that he went for it if Chris showed interest.”

“Wow…”

Yuri nodded. “He’s not Yuko, who knows firsthand, but if you need to, you can talk to him about omega things. He’s seen and dealt with a lot with his family.”

They rested for a couple more minutes until Yuri’s knot had receded enough for him to pull out.

“Turn over Vitya,” he said, kneeling between his omega’s spread legs before crawling up and claiming his lips. “When I’m done you won’t even remember your name, just that I’m your alpha and that only I can bring you that much pleasure.”

Victor visibly shuddered in need before scrambling to turn over. He shoved a pillow under his hips as he moved, and a few seconds later his ass was on display.

“You’re mine,” Yuri said as he pushed in, draping himself over the omega’s back and pressing one of his wrists in front of his nose. “And I don’t ever want you to worry about me abandoning you.”

Yuri set a relentless pace as he fucked his mate. His alpha slowly took over as he moved, reasserting his claim over the omega.

By the second knot Victor was purring. By the third his smell had taken on a claimed scent again.

At some point they stopped long enough for Yuri to pull on pants and bring back some snacks and water bottles from a vending machine, but it wasn’t until they were almost passed out from
exhaustion that they finally started to come back to themselves.

They were cuddled in the nest, Victor smelling claimed again and both humming in pleasure. They passed soft kisses between them, but Yuri was quickly losing the battle to sleep.

“You should go to the bed Yuri,” Victor murmured even as he breathed from Yuri’s neck. “You shouldn’t sleep in a nest the night before a performance.”

“Comfy…” Yuri argued, wrapping his arms around Victor.

“No Yuri,” Victor said in a stern tone that had the alpha open his eyes to stare at his mate.

Victor looked sad, but resolute.

“I’ve slept in nests before a skate, and no matter how comfortable you are now, your back won’t like it in the morning. It’s not like practice where you can take it easy.”

“But…”

Victor’s expression turned pained. “This…. It might be the last time I get to say this… but this is an order from your coach.”

Yuri took a sharp breath, but nodded. A bit of the pain had started to creep back in. He kissed Victor and moved to the bed.

It felt wrong after having been curled with his mate all day.

“I’m sorry Yuri,” Victor’s voice floated from the nest.

“Are you going to join me?”

“Maybe… I want to, but…” he whined softly.

“I understand. The invitation is open if your instincts would rather me than the nest.”

“Ok.” A pause. “Yuri?”

“Hmm?”

“I love you.”

Yuri turned to look at the nest. “I love you too.”

There was movement, then an arm popped through between several pillows. Yuri smiled and laced his fingers with his mate’s.

“Goodnight Vitya.”

“Goodnight Yuri.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.
Next chapter - the day of the Barcelona free skate arrives.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Check out my other YoI multi-chap fics *In Our Dreams* and *Private Photos*.

And check out my original work, *The Tower* at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512. It's centered around Sheryl Callaghan, selected to be a contestant on humanities favorite deadly game show.
Chapter Summary

The morning of the free skate arrives, but lingering tension threatens to spill over until Phichit and Chris intervene.

Chapter Notes

Hey all! Another chapter. Emotions ahead!

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri awoke with the heat of his mate against his back, and his smell in his nose. Victor had octopused himself around Yuri sometime during the night, and the thought that he was more comforting than a nest made him growl softly in approval.

Victor buried his face further into Yuri’s neck at the rumble.

Yuri needed to hear his omega purring, and he’d been given permission to go right to the fastest way. He wriggled out from Victor’s grasp, careful to keep contact so as to not wake him, and moved so that his chest was against Victor’s back instead of the other way around.

He kissed and nipped at Victor’s shoulders until he started moaning and pressing back into the touches. Yuri then allowed his fingers to dance down Victor’s back to tease at his slick coated entrance.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned, and for a second Yuri worried that the older man had awoken, but he settled back down and he realized that he’d been talking in his sleep.

Yuri took his time opening his mate, savoring the noises of pleasure as the omega whimpered and moaned in need. Victor finally began grinding back against Yuri’s hand, and that’s when he positioned himself and pushed inside.

He gave them both a moment as Victor’s body relaxed around him, then started thrusting, rolling his hips and nipping at Victor’s back.

He felt Victor awaken in the small reverse thrusts and deepening moans, chasing the pleasure coursing through him. His omega started to purr just before he really woke up.

“Good morning,” Yuri said between kisses to Victor’s shoulders when he saw the blue of his mate’s eyes.
“This is the best kind of wake-up,” Victor hummed, shifting slightly to take Yuri deeper.

“That’s good, because I agree.”

Yuri kept a languid pace to his movements, slowly reducing them both to noises of pleasure and chants of the other’s name. He knotted as he came, tying them together, then settled down to cuddle his mate while they were joined.

Victor purred contentedly as his fingers danced along Yuri’s arms where they were wrapped around his middle. They were silent, except for the occasional gasp from the continued stimulation, just enjoying each other, until Yuri’s knot receded and he pulled out.

Victor immediately turned in Yuri’s arms and claimed his mouth. They kissed until they were breathless, then cuddled some more.

“I could wake up like that every day…” Victor mused.

“Is there anything stopping us?”

Victor smiled at Yuri. “Good point.” He leaned in for more kisses and they were content with those and gentle touches until Yuri’s alarm sounded.

Reality hit Yuri full force as he turned to silence his phone. He immediately tensed.

“Yuri?”

“We should get ready for morning practice,” he said in a monotone.

Yuri felt Victor tense as well, then slump with a sigh.

They both knew that they were potentially in the waning hours of Yuri’s competitive skating career.

“You’re looking good Yuri!” Victor called from the barrier, an edge to his voice that tugged at Yuri’s emotions. “Run through your step sequence once more then we’ll call it good.”

Yuri nodded and set off to the far end of the rink to start his step sequence.

“You ok?” Phichit asked, coming near.

“Fine,” Yuri replied, knowing that he had to focus.

“You’re not fine,” Phichit replied, cutting through his thoughts. “I know you Yuri. Are you still fighting?”

“Not really.”

“Then what is it?”

“We’re not fighting, but it’s not resolved yet either.”

Phichit skated around and cut Yuri off before he could start the sequence. He narrowed his eyes and studied him.

“You’re thinking of retiring!” Phichit hissed in an accusing tone. “You’re thinking that your mate
would rather skate than coach you so you’ll just get out of the way!”

Yuri turned his head to stare at the ice and chewed on his bottom lip.

“You’re not going to argue?”

“I need to run my step sequence Phichit.”

“I know you Yuri, and I saw that same look in your eyes last year before you dropped Ciao Ciao.”

Yuri tried to skate around his friend, but Phichit blocked him again. “That’s what the fight was about, wasn’t it?”

Yuri chewed on his lip.

“How did you think he would take that? Have you ever looked at him on the sidelines, and I mean really looked? I’ve seen every interview, every magazine article about him, for years thanks to you. I’ve never seen him smile like he does when you do well. He shows so much emotion every time you skate that I feel I’ll be overwhelmed with it. He loves coaching you Yuri!”

“He loves skating too,” Yuri argued with a note of finality and pushed past his friend to run his step sequence.

An uneasy tension had settled between Victor and Yuri since leaving the ice, and their only communication was either immediate needs or topical matters.

Yuri was pulling on his shoes in the locker room when he heard Phichit proclaim, “I’m stealing your fiance for a few hours!”

Yuri looked up and was greeted by confusion from Victor and a beaming Phichit as the beta tugged on the omega’s arm.

“I think you’re confused,” Victor protested lamely. “Aren’t you trying to take Yuri?”

“Nope!” Phichit grinned. “I’m taking you so I can fill you in on all the dirty little gossip about him you won’t get anywhere else.”

Strong arms draped over Yuri from behind. “Oh, are we swapping friends for the day, mon petit monstre?”

Phichit laughed. “Well I was trying to steal Victor for myself…”

Chris made a dramatic pained noise.

“... but a friend swap works too.”

Victor looked less confused and more intrigued.

Yuri knew that if they didn’t do something the lingering tension would overwhelm them. He sighed. “Vitya?”

Victor smiled softly, it was obvious that he saw their friends were trying to help too. “Sure Phichit, but we better be talking cross-dressing to get into clubs level of gossip.”
“Vitya!”

Victor laughed as Phichit dragged him toward the locker room door. “Free skate doesn’t start until nine, so I’ll have him back at the hotel by five so you two can get ready!” the Thai skater declared.

“Don’t be late,” Yuri called. “His suits take longer than your makeup.”

“Yuuuuri,” Victor whined as the door closed and cut him off.

Chris relaxed against Yuri. “I guess it’s you and me for a while.”

Yuri nodded, the alpha part of him already missing his mate.

“Come on,” Chris said, standing then giving Yuri’s shoulder a light squeeze. “I’m starving. Let’s start with lunch. My treat.”

Yuri looked up at the other alpha and blinked in confusion, but there was something in the raw and honest look in Chris’s eyes that he couldn't object to. “Ok. let me finish getting ready to leave.”

Chris nodded and returned to his own stuff.

“Oi, Katsudon!”

Yuri turned to see Yurio. “What up?”

“What’s the deal with you and the old man?”

“Huh?”

“He wasn’t hanging off you like you were the source of life itself.”

“Just an argument, that’s all.”

“That’s not what it looked like,” Yurio scoffed. “I’ve been around him long enough to know his moods. He’s back to depressed Victor. I didn’t even know he was depressed until he left to chase after your sorry ass. I used to think that was his normal.”

The statement was like a punch to the gut.

“Well…” Yurio continued. “... at least it seemed that way. I’d rather have the new Victor though, so kiss and make up or whatever gross thing works for you two.”

Yurio then stomped away to join Otabek at the door. JJ had left some time earlier, leaving only Yuri and Chris in the locker room.

“Is that true Chris?” Yuri could tell by smell that the other alpha had overheard the conversation. “Victor told me he’d been depressed, but was it that obvious to everybody else too?”

“To those of us who knew him outside of the media portrayal… yes. He’d been depressed for a while, Mini-Yuri probably didn’t know him any other way.”

Chris sat behind Yuri again and draped his arms over his shoulders. “Your mate is a man who doesn’t know how to do anything except give all of himself to the world. But somewhere along the way the world didn’t give enough back in return. Until you... I wonder now if fate wasn’t saving all that sorrow, just to be able to counterbalance the joy you bring him.”
Chris stood and patted Yuri’s shoulder. “Come on. Let’s go get lunch.”

Yuri nodded and finished pulling on his shoes. It wasn’t until they were seated in a nearby restaurant that Chris picked back up the dangling thread of the conversation, instead filling the air with observations and topical discussion.

“Did Victor ever tell you how we met?” Chris asked after a waiter took their order.

“Something about the European Championships ten years ago?”

Chris leaned his head in his palm and nodded. “He’d just turned eighteen, still had long hair, and wore a shimmering blue feathery thing for his free skate. I was a month from my sixteenth birthday, still firmly in Lambiel’s shadow and was awestruck by the way Victor skated. I couldn’t help myself, I had to congratulate him on his performance. Do you know what he did?”

Yuri shook his head.

“He tossed a rose at me,” Chris chuckled. “He immediately looked at me as an equal. Nothing like the older skaters at the time. There was none of the ‘work hard and one day this could be you’ air that some had. Instead he said, as if I could seriously challenge him, ‘See you at Worlds Chris.’

“He never doubted that I’d be there. He didn’t treat me like someday I would be a great skater, he took it as truth that I was already great, that potential was as important as skill. A month later he won gold in Turin, and for the first time was really exposed to life on top of the world.

“Maybe if I’d have known him better I would have seen those first cracks. But I was still a kid, barely older than mini-Yuri. We both lived for the ice, but I had a buffer that he didn’t.”

Chris paused to sip some water.

“You had the same buffer, Yuri, but you probably didn’t see it. You had three actually… Oda, Takahashi, and Kozuka. You had reigning national champions during your formative senior years. I had Lambiel. Victor had nobody. Everybody had expected Plushenko to reign for a long time, but his sudden withdrawal from the two-thousand five Worlds and subsequent retirement due to his injury left a gaping hole at the top of Russian figure skating, and Victor skated right into it.

“We got something that Victor never did, a slow introduction to the demands of being the best. I was forgiven bad performances… bad seasons… because Lambiel was the one expected to win. It was the same for you. But Victor had the weight of expectation dumped on his shoulders. He was Russia’s new champion, and Russia has a proud history in figure skating.

“Victor had an almost meteoric rise, and because he landed on the senior circuit with such a splash all eyes were on him. He never got the benefit of the country expecting a bit more of him each year. He was the champion, and was expected to stay there.”

Chris paused again. “I honestly think that’s what caused the injury that made him miss the two-thousand nine to ten season. Russia expected another Olympic gold, and he pushed himself too hard. He’d been secretly working the quad flip, with the intention of debuting it at the games, and pushed himself right into an injury. Then Lysacek comes in and takes the top spot with no quads at all. I know that had to have stung.”

A waiter arrived with their meal.

“The next season Victor was back, and stronger than ever. He had fully developed the quad flip, and was well on his way to a lutz. I was only able to ratify the lutz instead of him because I was the first
of us to land it during the eleven to twelve season.

“All anybody from the outside looking in would have thought that the year away, despite it being an Olympic year, was the best thing for Victor’s career… but those of us who were there know better.

“Even in Canada, as Georgi and another Russian prepared to skate, there were whispers. Russia had no chance of a medal without Victor. They needed him back before Sochi for the pride of the country. They could afford to give up the hardware in Canada, but national pride would be at stake in twenty-fourteen.

“If I heard whispers in Canada, it was probably a cacophony around him in St. Petersburg.

“He wasn’t competing with anybody else when he came back Yuri, only himself. He needed to set records, then beat them, because Russia expected him to be the best. He’d failed his country once by allowing himself to be injured during an Olympic year, and he couldn’t fail again.”

Chris paused to run a hand through his hair.

“Victor never learned how to balance his needs with those expectations because he’d moved from ‘record-setting junior skater’ to ‘national champion’ with almost no buffer. The ice became both his prison and his refuge. He lived for those moments just after a performance, when the audience loves you, because off the ice all he felt was the crushing weight of the next competition, of the next medal he was expected to bring home. And it was a horrible spiral, because the more he won the more he was expected to win.”

They ate in silence for several minutes.

“Victor used to smile all the time,” Chris eventually continued. “His real smile, not that thing he gives the press. But as time went on I saw it less and less. Eventually it became like a precious gem, brilliant and brief and priceless. By then I’d long realized that something was wrong, but I didn’t know how to help my best friend. Did you know I studied psychology and counseling in college?”

Yuri shook his head.

“I was desperate. I felt like I was losing him, slowly, a bit more with every performance. In the end though, I learned that he has to be willing to open up first. No matter what I learned, what time-honored technique existed, none of it mattered if he couldn’t see the truth for himself. And he was wrapped in so many layers of emotion, with more piling on each day, that there was no way for him to untangle himself long enough for anything to even start to work.

“I realized that I wasn’t the one capable of helping him. He’d made it clear he preferred me as a friend, rather than a potential mate. So I did what alphas do… I protected him. I tried to get him to smile every chance we got, and those days when all he could do was cry I provided a shoulder. I did my best to help him fend off his demons.

“Then there was last year’s final. He’d won again, another empty victory. But the banquet changed everything. He smiled more that night than I’d seen him smile in years. That excitable, joyous man whom I thought had been long dead had been dormant, just waiting to be released. I had a brief glimpse of my friend again.

“Then your nationals performance, and empty Victor had returned by worlds. I kept staring at him during the press conference. He always tried to surprise people, but the only surprise left would have been a retirement announcement. I think the only reason he didn’t announce a surprise retirement on the spot, was because about half the audience was expecting it.”
At some point they’d finished their food. The waiter took the plates, and Chris rested his head in his palm again as they waited for coffee.

“So many people seemed to doubt Victor when he up and left for Japan to be your coach, but nobody asked me. I cheered Yuri, because if even for a moment it would give him a chance to break free. He cast off those expectations and did something for him.

“I wasn’t lying in China, I’m not motivated without him. I’ve been reaching for him so long, and all of a sudden he’s not there. But I’ll gladly trade my motivation to see him smile like that.”

Chris took a sip of his coffee. “I’m sorry Yuri. I was overly harsh the other night. My alpha lashed out, because the one person I’d been protecting for years was hurt. But the one who hurt him, was also the one who gave him his smile back. The only solution was to become the enemy. If you had to fight somebody, then you had to fight me. If you were mad at me, then maybe you wouldn’t have the energy to be mad at him. If you weren’t fighting, then he could keep his smile.”

Yuri realized that tears were streaming down his face. He dabbed at his eyes with the cloth napkin. “It’s ok Chris, my alpha knew what you were doing. I’ll admit I’m still a bit angry, but I’ve already forgiven you.”

Chris smiled softly. “Victor’s a complex person, and I’d protected him for a long time. But I’m glad he found somebody more worthy of that role. You both deserve all that happiness you bring each other.”

Yuri smiled softly even as his mind searched for a new topic. Finally he decided on one. “So… you and Phichit?”

Chris laughed. “I first noticed him last year when we both were at Skate America. But it was worlds. Victor kept hounding him, and I finally went to find him and apologize. We got to talking… which lead to kissing. By the time we left Japan we were low-key dating. He even took a trip to Switzerland while waiting for Celestino to arrive in Thailand. We spent my summer rut together.”

“Why didn’t either of you mention it?”

Chris smiled again. “Phichit talked about you, a lot. About how you idolized Victor, and your anxieties. After that exhibition with mini-Yuri we realized where things were going, but didn’t want to create any sort of pressure. So we agreed to keep quiet until you two knew where you were at.”

“Sorry you had to keep it secret for our sakes.”

Chris waved it off. “It’s fine. It’s better anyway. I’ve settled down a lot the past few years, but I’ve still got a playboy reputation. I’d rather Phichit not get the label of being my latest fling. It’ll come out eventually I’m sure, but the longer we’re together before it’s public the more seriously the press is likely to take it.”

Yuri smiled. “So… do I need to talk to you about hurting him?”

Chris laughed at the teasing tone. “If you want, but I get the sense from him that he is more than willing to fight those battles himself.”

Yuri laughed. “You’re probably right. But just in case… don’t hurt him.”

“Wasn’t planning to. It’s hard with the long-distance thing, but my alpha is already starting to see him as my mate.”
Yuri smiled.

The check arrived and Chris paid it without allowing Yuri to even glance at the bill.

“Where to?” Chris asked as they left the restaurant.

Yuri looked at the time on his phone. “We’ve got four hours until they’re due back at the hotel. I guess I could go nap.”

Chris laughed and tugged Yuri’s sleeve. “I have a better idea. Phichit says you’re a gamer.”

“Yeah?”

“Let’s put those skills to the test, and get rid of any lingering alpha anger. I saw an arcade nearby. I challenge you to whatever crappy fighting games they have until we get it well and truly out of our systems.”

“You’re on!”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

So no skating, but important developments and some relief from the tension. We should get to the free programs next chapter.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Check out my other YoI multi-chap fics In Our Dreams and Private Photos.

Don't miss my original work, The Tower at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512. Contestants have 8 hours to escape 24 story building. If they fail they die when the building collapses. Sheryl Callaghan is the newest contestant on the deadly game show.
Yuri woke to the sound of the hotel room door opening. He sat up and rubbed the sleep from his eyes as Victor walked over.

Victor crawled onto the bed behind him, wrapping his arms around Yuri’s middle and burying his nose against Yuri’s scent gland. “You didn’t sleep all afternoon did you?” he murmured into Yuri’s neck.

Yuri reached back and ran his fingers through his mate’s hair. “No. Chris and I ended up at an arcade until about an hour and a half ago.”

“Oh? Who won?”

Yuri laughed. “Draw. Chris is surprisingly good at fighting games.”

“He should be, that’s his specialty. For future reference, he’s horrible at first person shooters.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Yuri turned and pressed his palm to Victor’s cheek before kissing him deeply. “How much dirt did you get from Phichit?”

Victor smiled and ran his fingers through Yuri’s hair. “I learned that the pole dancing was the result of a drunken bet.”

Yuri grew red. “Phichit had to go and record it to pressure me into holding up my end. Luckily it was the last dance-off I lost.”

Victor chuckled and kissed Yuri again. “He actually talked to me a lot about what it was like
growing up in an omega led house. You’re right, he’s no Yuko, but he’s so understanding of things. He told me stories of little quirks, that I recognized in myself, and it made me realize how much I’ve lost by suppressing that side of myself for so long.”

“He’s proud of his omega parents.”

Victor nodded. “I saw that. All his stories were about how strong they were and how they worked to fight the stereotypes and clear a path for omega-omega households to be widely accepted in Thailand. I think I’ll be able to talk to him, maybe not as much as Yuko, but I have the feeling he’ll understand in ways many wouldn’t.”

“Did he tell you about the time they were both pregnant at once with a couple of his younger siblings?”

Victor’s eyes grew wide. “No! They were both pregnant at the same time?”

“Only once. They both forgot to take birth control before a shared heat, and ended up switching the entire time. Let’s just say they learned that even when they wanted to have another kid, they realized that both being pregnant at the same time was a bad idea because when they got big they really had a hard time helping each other.”

“How big is his family?”

“Phichit is the oldest of six. Last I heard his parents had been thinking of possibly adding one more, but were arguing over who would carry as they both wanted to.”

Victor smiled softly. “They really like it, don’t they?”

Yuri nodded. “That’s the impression I get.”

Victor hummed and breathed along Yuri’s neck again. “We should probably get ready…” he sighed after a moment.

Yuri kissed Victor’s scent gland. “Yeah.”

“Let me fix your hair?”

“Of course.”

Yuri moved to a chair while Victor fetched the comb and gel from the toiletries bag. They were silent for several minutes as Victor combed back the locks.

“Did you pick up some makeup to cover that bruise?” Yuri asked after a moment. “I don’t recall you asking Chris to get any.”

“I did. Phichet actually talked me into a new brand, and he’s even put it on already. The results were incredible, I could barely tell there was a bruise at all.”

Yuri smiled. “His make-up game is strong.”

“Never doubt a man who can apply eyeliner like that, is that right?”

Yuri laughed. “I think he gets a bonus on his PCS for eyeliner alone.”

Victor chuckled before his hand stalled.
“I’m sorry…” Yuri said, realizing that he’d broached the subject of skating.

Victor leaned in and kissed just behind Yuri’s ear. “I love you Yuri, and I’ll respect whatever decision you make.”

Yuri turned his head. There were tears in the corners of his eyes as they kissed. “You too Vitya.”

They stayed that way for several minutes before Victor went to put on his suit and Yuri did the last of his prep before they needed to head to Yuri’s final skate.

They were accosted by reporters as soon as they entered the arena. Yuri’s absence the previous day had been noticed, and, though he’d practiced that morning, all had questions about why they hadn’t seen the skater and his coach.

Most of the questions were polite, asking if it was wise to take a day off in the middle of competition, a few of the sketchier reporters asked if they’d eloped.

They brushed past everybody until Stephane Lambiel’s voice carried a question aimed at Victor over a monitor. Yuri paused just out of range of the cameras while his fiance chatted with the former competitor.

“Stephane says ‘good luck,’” Victor said as they continued along the path to the competitor areas.

“I’ve never much talked to him before,” Yuri mused.

Victor chuckled. “Before Chris became Switzerland’s top skater, he and I traded places at the podium a lot. Him and Brian from France.”

Yuri smiled at the soft air of nostalgia surrounding his mate.

Just as they were about to be out of earshot Yuri heard Lambiel say something about their their energy.

He had to force himself to breathe and keep moving.

Yuri laced up as JJ finished his performance. He listened to the crowds cheer, and thought of the years that his competitors had in front of them.

Phichit was up. A part of Yuri wished he was rinkside to cheer for his friend, but he had to focus.

Yuri stretched in silence while Victor looked on. He could see the sadness in his mate’s eyes. His mind drifted to the months they’d spent together, to the laughter as they learned to connect, the joy as Yuri’s skills improved. The pain of pushing his limits a bit more each day.

He remembered the first time Victor had massaged his sore feet, how he’d insisted he’d be fine and the Russian laughed and pushed him back onto the tatami mat.

He remembered trips to the beach, splashing each other and laughter at Makkachin’s unrestrained joy as she played in the ocean.
He remembered learning that Victor was an omega, and the months that followed as they grew even closer. Naps in the sun, and kisses stolen at every opportunity once they finally came together.

He remembered Victor’s words from the Fukuoka airport… *I wish you’d never retire…*

Yuri chewed on the inside of his lip. *I’m sorry Vitya, but my retirement is the only way. I don’t want to leave the ice, but I can’t take you away from it either.*

It was time. They made their way to the ice. Victor’s face developed more of the finely honed media mask with each step, but the sorrow never left his eyes.

Yuri braced himself against the barrier, anxiety clawing at his insides.

“Don’t worry. You can win gold, Yuri.” Victor placed his hand over Yuri’s “Believe in yourself.”

Empty platitudes from a man who was hiding his true self again.

That wasn’t his mate, it wasn’t the man he loved. “Hey Victor… I told you before that I wanted you to stay who you were, right? Don’t suddenly start trying to sound like a coach now.”

*I don’t want a coach, I want you. You are the one who inspires me.*

Victor gasped.

He turned his hands to grasp Victor’s. “I want to smile for my last time on the ice.”

Victor leaned in, his voice low. Yuri could feel his breath against his ear. “Yuri, listen to me. I debated whether I should tell you this now, but… I took a break after becoming the five-time world champion to coach you, so how is it possible that you still haven’t won a single gold medal?”

Yuri’s eyes widened at the chiding tone, and suddenly everything slotted into place. Victor had taken a break for *him*. The best skater in the world had seen something so compelling in Yuri that bringing it out was more important than another medal. He’d believed that Yuri had the potential to surpass him. In the months of mixed messages, the most important one between coach and student had gotten lost.

Victor inspired Yuri, but Yuri inspired Victor in turn.

“How much longer are you going to stay in warm-up mode? I really want to kiss the gold medal.”

Victor’s arms were around him. They hugged across the barrier, but it was the look in Victor’s eyes as they prepared to separate that said everything.

Victor wanted to see Yuri win as a coach, but more than that he wanted Yuri to win for himself. He wanted Yuri to demonstrate the potential that had brought him to Hasetsu.

There was so much love in Victor’s gaze that it hurt, and Yuri started crying. He knew that his mate loved and supported him unconditionally.

They held each other, both crying, finally connecting fully. The announcer called Yuri’s name again.

They clasped hands at the last warning, and Yuri skated to center ice with seconds to spare.

*I know what my goal is.*

This skate was his story, so who was Yuri Katsuki?
My name is Yuri Katsuki. I’m a dime-a-dozen Japanese skater. I’m twenty-four years old. This is my story…

He was a child, taking the first tentative steps on the ice.

He was a young teen, awestruck by Victor’s beautiful skating.

He landed his quad combo, a combo Victor had helped him develop.

He took the first tentative steps of a career in figure skating. His family cheered, Minako pushed him to live his dream. He flourished in the junior division with the unconditional support of those he loved.

He landed his quad salchow, a jump learned from the unconditional support of Yuri Plisetsky.

He was newly in the senior division. Alone in Detroit. He strived for Victor, but it was never enough. His scores weren’t high enough.

He changed his jump composition.

Phichit came into his life. He started medaling at more and more second tier international competitions. He was growing, blossoming. He pushed himself toward his dream.

He added a quad.

He was still striving to meet Victor on the ice. He struggled, but never gave up. Victor inspired him, gave him a goal to strive for. He reached out with his skating, wanting the man to see him in return.

You’ve inspired me for so long. It’s more than you as a coach, it’s the entirety of you that fuels my passion.

I’m not the only one Vitya. Every jump, every spin, they touched my soul. Your skating isn’t just sport, and not just artistry. It’s a message, and one that speaks to so many.

Victor came into his life, bringing new joy. He pushed harder.

I want to be with you in figure skating forever. But I’m stealing you from the ice, from all those who your art would touch as it did me.

You’re here Victor, you’re inside me. Look at it, do you see yourself? I’m the only one who can prove how much your skating has meant to the world. You gave yourself to the world, and the world noticed. You live on in me, and inside of everybody who received your message.

I’m spreading your message here, and my own. You taught me to communicate on the ice. It wasn’t a waste of time.

Yuri blossomed a second time. Victor was there, the one man he’d strived for all his life had seen him. He grew by leaps and bounds, flourishing as if nurtured by the sun itself.

This is you Vitya! Do you see it? I’m here because of you!

He landed the quad flip.

We’ll stay together my love. We’ll always have this, but we’re so much more now.

Applause rang around him, and he realized he’d finished the program. He knew it was the best
performance he’d ever delivered, and it felt good. He screamed in triumph.

But the kiss and cry waited... and that meant it was over.

He didn’t want it to be over.

Victor shook as they embraced when Yuri stepped off the ice, and Yuri collapsed into his embrace.

Anxiety, sorrow, loss... They all swirled inside of Yuri as he sat in the kiss and cry. His knees bounced with nervous energy.

*It’s over. What am I going to do now? I don’t want to leave the ice.*

*I don’t want it to be over.*

Vitya... help me.

“It’s ok Yuri,” Victor murmured, placing his hand on Yuri’s back. “Your performance was so perfect I’m sure you’ll get a great score.”

That was only part of Yuri’s anxiety, but he couldn’t fault his mate for not seeing all the nuance of his internal struggles.

*It’s over... it’s over...*

Yuri jolted when the announcer called for the scores.

The audience roared.

Yuri stared at the scoreboard. The number had to be a mistake.

They didn’t fix the number.

It was real...

Yuri turned to meet Victor’s gaze. He’d broken his mate’s record.

Victor smiled and held out his hand in congratulations.

Yuri took it and was immediately pulled into a hug. “Congratulations Yuri.”

Victor’s breath against his ear.

“Having both Yuris beat my records is the ultimate bliss as your choreographer and coach, but it’s the ultimate diss as a competitor.”

Yuri pulled back. “Huh?” Joy flowed through him. “Does that mean you’ll come back?”

Victor smiled softly, love in his eyes. His expression said more than words ever could. *I got your message Yuri. I’ll come back, not for them though, but because it’ll make you happy. Because my skating touches you like that.*

Reporters clamored around them, taking photos and asking questions as Chris started his program.

Chris seemed to be struggling, and they both cheered loudly for him, hoping their voices would reach their friend.
Yuri watched Chris fight back, and he thought of how Chris would have both his motivation back, and Victor’s smile.

Chris’s scores suffered from the performance, and Yuri saw something of himself in the guarded gaze. The alpha pride forced them to fight, and ate at them when they knew they could have done better.

Chris was strong though, and Yuri knew he’d recover.

Yuri walked back to the holding area, but Victor had disappeared during the interviews.

The poodle tissue box and a bottle of water sat alone on a chair.

*Just don’t leave me alone out there!*  

Yuri cringed at the memory of the pained cry. The anguish Victor had displayed during their fight. He remembered Victor saying that he hadn’t been challenged in years, and how lonely it was.

He remembered Chris saying that Victor had only been competing against himself for years.

Vitya… *I’ll make sure you don’t feel alone. I don’t know how yet, but this time it’ll be different.*

Yurio was about to start. Yuri ran to the nearest landing and shouted his well-wishes to the teen.

He watched Yurio fight, the determination to prove himself. Yurio fell, but got back up. His message was clear. *I’m the best skater here.*

The alpha in Yuri wanted to fight back.

Yuri had just set a record, and he could feel Yurio’s determination to beat it. Could he, an alpha, really walk away from such a blatant challenge?

Yurio added a quad, and Yuri knew the teen was aiming for *him*. Not Victor, him.

The realization was a punch to the gut.

He saw Yurio’s pain, and joy. He’d fought so hard, and didn’t know if it would be enough. It resonated within him, and he recalled years of performances in which he’d felt the same overwhelming rush.

*This is who we are. We give all of ourselves in a combined seven minutes, and hope that the world will hear our stories.*

Yurio edged Yuri out but just over a tenth of a point. Yuri had earned a silver.

All that, and he still didn’t have a gold. He was truly awake for the first time in his career, and he’d only managed a silver.

A year ago he would have felt on top of the world at the achievement. Now he wanted nothing more than to fight back.

The medal ceremony ended, and Yuri skated to the barrier. He held out his medal for Victor. “It’s not a gold medal, but…”

Victor smiled and chuckled. His eyes closed as his head tilted to the side. “I don’t feel like kissing it unless it’s gold.”
Yuri jumped back in surprise. Victor had been so thrilled about the silver in China.

“Man, I really wanted to kiss your gold medal.” Victor leaned in over Yuri. “I’m such a failure as a coach. Yuri, do you have any suggestions? Something that would excite me?”

Another memory from after their fight. There’s an excitement in watching your success that I stopped feeling for myself years ago.

Yuri squeezed his eyes. Is Vitya really suggesting that?

“What did you think just now?”

Can I really ask this of him?

Yuri squeezed his eyes shut a second time. His mate was dangling everything he wanted. He just had to believe in them enough to take it.

“Oh, um… well…”

Yuri gave in. It was what he’d wanted the entire time.

“Victor!” He glomped his mate with enough force that they landed on the floor, Yuri in Victor’s lap. The silver medal went flying.

“Please stay with me in competitive figure skating for one more year!”

Be my coach, Victor!

“This time I’ll win gold for sure!”

Victor eyes held shock, then widened in unabashed joy.

“Great! But keep going!”

Yuri cringed slightly. “Huh?”

Victor reached over and picked up the fallen medal. “Even I’m worried about making a full comeback, if I’m also staying on as your coach.” He draped the medal over Yuri’s neck. “In exchange, I’ll need you to become a five-time world champion, at least.” He smiled, pride in his eyes.

Yuri started crying. His mate believed in him. Victor, the man he’d strived for all those years saw him, and his dream was really going to come true. He was going to compete against him, and be seen as an equal on the ice.

Victor trusted to his core that Yuri could surpass him. He believed in him more than Yuri believed in himself.

“Okay.”

Victor smiled and pulled him in. They embraced and traded soft kisses as crews around them worked.

“I won’t leave you alone out there,” Yuri said after several minutes. “I’ll always be with you.”

Victor smiled, unshed tears glittering at the corners of his eyes. “I know you will.”
“My mate,” Yuri whispered, leaning their foreheads together.

Victor’s arms wrapped around his middle. “My mate.”

Soft laughter from off to the side. Yuri looked up to see Chris standing there, arm around Phichit’s waist. Both had already changed to casual clothes.

“Are you two coming?” Chris drawled. “We’re all waiting to go to dinner.”

Yuri looked at Victor, who nodded.

Yuri smiled at their friends. “Let me shower and change.”

Yuri stood and helped Victor to his feet.

Victor’s arms wrapped around him. “I love you.”

Yuri looked into the eyes of his mate. “I love you too.”

He couldn’t help himself. He plunged his hands into Victor’s hair and pulled him in for another kiss.

“You’ll never be alone again.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Wow... what a rush. They've grown so much.

Next chapter we'll go to dinner then we'll be heading into post-canon territory. I expect the story will go through Worlds, so plenty left to come.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Check out my other YoI multi-chap fics In Our Dreams and Private Photos.

Don't miss my original work, The Tower at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512. Contestants have 8 hours to escape 24 story building. If they fail they die when the building collapses. Sheryl Callaghan is the newest contestant on the deadly game show.
New Beginnings

Chapter Summary

Knowing Victor will be both competitor and coach, they head to dinner but are immediately faced with the new reality of their arrangement.

Chapter Notes

Announcement

Shared Gravity will be on a short hiatus until sometime in early September so that I can focus on The Tower, and another long YoI fic that will be released in a bang event later this year. In the meantime please check out my other works!

Just a little chapter to close out the free skate day, then we get to the exhibition and banquet then we're off to post-canon!

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri tangled his and Victor’s fingers together as they made their way to the locker room. Everything felt like a fresh start: their relationship had endured a major test, and Yuri had found renewed purpose with the continuation of his career.

They found Yakov waiting near the door, leaning against painted cinderblock.

“Yakov!” Victor exclaimed.

“Are you serious Vitya?” the coach grumbled. “You intend to return for nationals?”

“Of course I’m serious!”

“You know that means you have only two weeks to develop two programs and an exhibition.”

“It’ll be fine Yakov,” Victor laughed.

Yakov grumbled before turning on Yuri. “And you? What are you going to do? Are the rumors true or are you looking for another coach?”

“Well… ummm…” Yuri rubbed the back of his neck.

“Why would Yuri need another coach?” Victor pouted. “I'm his coach.”
“Are you insane?” Yakov bellowed. “You can’t coach and skate at the same time!”

Victor tilted his head with a smile. “Why not? There’s nothing in the rules against it.”

“You’re getting in over your head Vitya. You do know Russian and Japanese nationals are at the same time, don’t you?”

“We’ll figure it out Yakov, don’t worry.”

Yakov grumbled. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you…”

Victor laughed.

“I pulled some strings,” the elder coach said after a few seconds. “We’ve got the rink the hour before exhibition practice starts. I want you there so we can evaluate where you’re at.”

“Ok!”

Yakov strode off grumbling about needing a stiff drink as Yuri and Victor made their way into the locker room.

They were the only ones in the room, and Yuri plunged his fingers into Victor’s platinum hair, pulling him into a deep kiss. By the time they separated they were both breathless.

“Yuri,” Victor breathed, hands resting lightly at the small of Yuri’s back.

Yuri turned his eyes up to meet his mate’s. “I love you Vitya.”

Victor smiled and kissed Yuri again softly. “I love you too Yuri.”

“Is this a dream?” Yuri asked, tears forming at the corners of his eyes. “Am I really going to get to keep you as my mate and coach, and compete against you too?”

Victor hiccuped a laugh, and Yuri saw tears in his eyes as well. “You are! Oh Yuri, I don’t know whether to be excited or scared. But I’m happy because I know whatever happens it’ll be with you.”

Yuri laughed and leaned into his omega’s embrace.

“You should get changed so we can meet the others for dinner,” Victor said after a minute.

Yuri nodded and sat on a bench to remove his skates. He showered and changed, then they walked to the lobby where Chris waited for them.

“Where’s Phichit?” Yuri asked.

Chris smiled. “He went on ahead with the others to text me the address.”

Yuri nodded.

“Now Victor,” Chris said with a smile as they started walking. “Mini-Yuri was ranting and raving about you coming back. Did the cold get to him, or is there something to his angry outbursts?”

Victor smiled. “It’s true. I’m planning to make my return at nationals.”

“What about coaching? Or is the other rumor true?” He shot a glance at Yuri.

“Vitya is staying as my coach,” Yuri mumbled.
Chris grinned. “Good! It feels better trying to break records against somebody who can fight back!”

Yuri smiled.

“Better win that gold at Four Continents though,” Chris said with a sparkle in his eyes. “I want to see you two married, but I’m not going to let you beat me at worlds.”

“My Yuri will win for sure,” Victor declared, wrapping his arms around Yuri.

“Oh?” Chris teased. “Don’t you want another gold for your collection?”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly. He kissed Yuri’s cheek. “I love you Yuri, but I’m winning gold at worlds.”

Yuri turned, looped his arms around Victor’s neck and pulled him in for another kiss. “You think it’ll be that easy to beat me Vitya?”

Victor smiled and kissed Yuri’s forehead. “No, and that’s why I’m so excited to try.”

Chris put a hand on each of their shoulders. “Ok you two. Let’s get to the restaurant before everybody else finishes eating.”

Yuri and Victor both laughed as the other man steered them toward a nearby eatery. They were enveloped in warmth and the smell of spices as they entered. The clanking of silverware assaulted their ears, and Yuri immediately spied Phichit waving from the back corner. Around the table were skaters from several disciplines: the pairs winners, the bronze medalists from ice dance, Mila, Sara, all the men except JJ, and others who hadn’t competed including Mickey and Emil.

Yuri tightened his grip on Victor’s hand and led his mate to where their friends and fellow competitors waited. Phichit glomped Yuri before he could sit. “Congratulations Yuri!”

Yuri smiled at the exuberance of his friend. “You too Phichit. You made Thailand proud. It was a great performance.”

Phichit squeezed him tighter. “Thank you.”

There was an odd sort of tension, and Yuri realized that Phichit still thought he was retiring.

“I’m not going easy on you at Four Continents,” Yuri said.

Phichit’s lip trembled as he hugged Yuri even tighter. “Thank you Yuri,” he whispered.

“You too Yurio,” Yuri said, tuning his attention to the teen. “I’m taking gold at worlds.”

“Not if I beat your record!” the teen shot right back, but Yuri could hear the relief in his voice.

“So…” Chris asked as the waiter moved from him to somebody else. “Where will you train? I assume you’re moving to Russia since Victor trains under Yakov.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly as he turned to look at Yuri.

Yuri nodded and rubbed the back of his neck. “Yeah, I’d mentally prepared for the move as I expected Vitya would want to return to St. Petersburg.”

“Yuri!” Victor hugged him.

Victor nodded. “Da! I’ll be returning for nationals.”

“Good luck,” Yurio sneered. “You’ll barely know your programs.”

Victor smiled and hummed. “Oh, I’ve got a few things up my sleeve.”

“I won’t go easy on you old man,” Yurio retorted.

“Of course not, and I won’t go easy on you either.”

Mila laughed and leaned her head in her hands. “It’s been far too quiet without your bantering.” She paused, thought a second, then turned to Yuri. “So… you’ll be training with us?”

Yuri nodded. “Assuming I can get rink time.”

“You make this idiot smile,” Yurio said, thumb pointing at Victor. “Yakov knows that when he gets pouty he can’t skate for shit.”

“Hey!” Victor protested.

“Oh he gets over it eventually,” Mila continued. “But better to prevent the pout.”

“Mila!” Victor whined.

“Yakov will let you on the ice with us,” she concluded.

Yui smiled and the waiter returned with their meals.

They conversed lightly, Phichit picking Victor’s brain over jumps and Chris telling stories about when they were younger. Yuri couldn’t help but notice the fond hand Chris kept at the small of Phichit’s back the entire time.

“So who’s up for clubbing after dinner?” Sara asked while Mickey glared from across the table.

“I’m in!” Mila declared.

“Otabek?” Sara asked.

Otabek shook his head. “Sorry, I’ve got plans. I’m spinning tonight.”

“Oooh, where?” Mila asked.

“Yuri?” Victor asked leaning in.

Yuri turned to his mate, tuning out the conversation. “Hmm?”

“You want to go clubbing with the others?”

Yuri smiled and shook his head. “I’m a bit too tired. But don’t let me keep you if you want to go. I’m sure Phichit plans to be there.”

“Actually…” Phichit cut in, eyes darting to Chris then back. “I… um… well…”

Chris laughed, and Yuri smiled. “Ah I understand, not much in the mood for celebrating are you.”
Phichit smiled and nodded as he and Chris shared a heated glance.

“What do you mean I can’t go!” Yurio demanded, getting the attention of everybody at the table.

“How old are you Yuri?” Otabek asked.

“Fifteen.”

“That’s why you can’t go.”

“So sneak me in! I thought we were friends! Besides, you’re only eighteen.”

“We are friends, and that’s why you can’t go with me.” Otabek pulled out his phone and looked at the time. “Actually I should be going. I have just enough time to get there.”

He stood, dropped some money on the table and headed out while Yurio continued to yell.

The party quickly dissipated under Yurio’s angry barrage, and soon Yuri, Victor, Phichit and Chris were headed back to the hotel.

“A few drinks at the bar?” Chris asked, fingers dancing around the outside of Phichit’s waist.

Phichit smiled up at him and nodded.

“Yuri?” Victor asked.

Yuri nodded. “Sure, a few drinks with friends sounds much nicer than a noisy club where we couldn’t hear each other.”

Victor leaned over and kissed Yuri’s forehead.

A few minutes later they were seated around a small table in the back corner of the hotel’s bar.

“So what are your plans Victor?” Chris asked. “You mentioned nationals, but that’s in two weeks, and at the same time as Yuri’s if I recall.”

Victor sighed. “The programs aren’t a problem. I’ve had a short in the wings for years, but it was never the right time. I’d also started a long in Hasetsu just because I was skating my feelings. They’re not perfect but should get me through nationals and be refined by Europeans. But nationals…” Victor turned to look at Yuri.

“It’s ok Vitya,” Yuri murmured, taking his mate’s hand. “I’ll be ok.”

Victor shook his head, and ran his thumbs over Yuri’s knuckles. “No Yuri. I’d be negligent as a coach if I sent you there alone.”

“But you can’t be in two places at once.”

Victor chewed his bottom lip for a moment. “We’ll need a stand-in.”

“I’ll be fine,” Yuri argued.

Victor leaned in and kissed Yuri’s forehead. “Yuri. I believe in you, you know I do. But you need somebody there to remind you of that. I don’t want you to get stuck in your head. If it makes you feel better, it’s for my peace of mind more than anything. I don’t want you left alone.”
“What about Ciao Ciao?” Phichit asked.

Yuri was silent then shook his head. “No. He’s a great coach, but I think it’s better if we not complicate my split from him.”

Victor nodded in agreement.

“Is there anybody close to you?” Chris asked. “Family or friends who could work?”

Victor put his finger to his lip and hummed. “What about Minako?”

Yuri blinked several times. “Minako?”

Victor smiled and nodded. “She’s perfect Yuri. She knows your programs from being in the rink so often. She’s supported you your whole life and knows your anxiety.”

Yuri thought about it then nodded. “She does make the most sense.”

“It’s settled then,” Victor grinned. “We’ll ask Minako!”

“And if she says ‘no?’”

Victor laughed. “Do you really think somebody as supportive as she is would refuse?”

Yuri smiled. “No.”

“Besides,” Victor continued. “I have a carrot to go with the request.”

“Oh?”

“Well if I make her an assistant coach it’s a perfect excuse for her to come and be backstage at competitions…”

“Ok…?”

“Who else is around competitions, besides you?”

“Um…”

Phichit started laughing. “Do I need to give you a hint?”

Victor looked over to where Phichit sat. The Thai man grinned. “Ciao Ciao hasn’t been the same since China.”

Yuri’s eyes widened before he slapped his forehead.

“Besides,” Victor continued. “It takes a bit of the strain off, especially at worlds, or other times when we’re at the same competition in the future. We’ll probably be skating in the same group for the free programs you know. This way even if Yakov has me in pre-skate prep you’ll have another person you trust right there.”

Yuri smiled softly at his mate. “Ok, Vitya. Let’s ask Minako to be your assistant coach.”

Victor leaned in and kissed him softly.

“Ciao Ciao will be happy too!” Phichit sing-songed.
Yuri and Victor both laughed before turning to their friends.

“How are you two handling the long-distance thing?” Victor asked after a moment.

Chris shrugged. “It’s hard,” he pulled Phichit tight, “but we see each other as much as possible.”

Phichit nodded. “I’ve already talked to Ciao Ciao about going with him to Europeans, since he’s got others from the rink expected to compete there.”

Chris nodded in reply. “And I’ve told Josef I’d like to take a few days for Four Continents to scope out the competition. He knows it’s an excuse, but it provides the appearance of being serious.”

“Josef and Celestino know?” Victor asked.

Chris nodded. “They’ve even low-key worked out ice time for when we’re visiting each other so that we both get enough practice.”

“I’m glad to see you so happy with each other,” Yuri said.

“Likewise,” Chris replied.

“We don’t even have to fight over who gets to be best man,” Phichit laughed. “Two grooms means two best men!”

Chris laughed and nuzzled into Phichit’s neck. “Just promise you’ll catch the bouquet for me.”

Phichit’s eyes went wide and he blushed.

Victor and Yuri both laughed as their friends finally were comfortable sharing their own relationship.

They chatted for close to an hour before Yuri started nodding off against Victor’s shoulder. He realized how bad it had gotten when he felt lips against his hair. “Let’s go to bed Yuri,” Victor murmured.

Yuri nodded. They hugged their friends then went to respective rooms.

“Can we sleep in the nest tonight?” Yuri asked as they walked into the room. “Or is it still off-limits because of the exhibition?”

Victor kissed Yuri. “You want to sleep in the nest with me?”

Yuri nodded. “It smells like us.”

Victor smiled and ran his thumb across Yuri’s cheekbone. “I guess since you’re not skating for points tomorrow, but let me know if you think we need to downgrade any of the quads.”

Yuri smiled and peeled off his clothes as he strode across the room toward the nest. He only stopped when he remembered to brush his teeth.

A few minutes later he crawled into the nest and held out his hands for his omega. He wanted nothing more than to curl up in the embrace of his mate and sleep. As soon as Victor’s hands were in his he pulled the other man down into the nest.

Victor laughed as Yuri slotted himself against Victor’s side. They kissed for several quiet minutes until Yuri could barely even do that.
Yuri fell asleep in the warmth of Victor’s arms and with the smell of the man he loved all around.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Yay for Minako, and MinaStino! And for loving rivals. So much fun stuff and I'm excited to see where these boys go.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Check out my other YoI multi-chap fics *In Our Dreams* and *Private Photos*.

Don't miss my original work, *The Tower* at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11371512. Contestants have 8 hours to escape 24 story building. If they fail they die when the building collapses. Sheryl Callaghan is the newest contestant on the deadly game show.
Yuri nuzzled into the warm embrace of his mate. Victor’s scent filled him, and lips against his hair told him that Victor savored the moment as much as he did.

Victor started purring after several minutes of quiet cuddling, and Yuri scooted up to kiss him.

“Good morning Vitya,” Yuri finally murmured to break the silence of early morning.

“Good morning Yuri,” Victor replied softly before leaning in to kiss along Yuri’s neck.

The first rays of sunshine filtered into the room and reflected off Yuri’s silver medal.

“It’s not a dream, is it?” Yuri asked, almost afraid of the answer. “Yesterday really happened?”

Victor chuckled quietly. “It’s real Yuri.”

Yuri’s breath caught in his throat before tears started sliding down his face.

Victor sat up slightly, concern etched on his face. “Yuri?”

Yuri hiccupped a sob, wrapped his arms around Victor’s neck and pulled him back down for a kiss. After a second of shock Victor relaxed against him, returning the kiss.

“I’m just so happy,” Yuri said as they parted.

Victor smiled at him. “So am I.”

Yuri carded his fingers through Victor’s hair, relishing the softness. “My Vitya, my mate…”
“My Yuri…” Victor replied as he leaned in for another kiss.

Victor settled back against Yuri as they kissed and cuddled. They ran their hands over each other’s chests and necks, scenting each other gently with the scent glands in their wrists. Soon Victor was purring again and there was a constant low rumble from Yuri’s chest.

The sun climbed higher, and they cuddled in the nest, content to just be together.

They were next interrupted by the blaring of Yuri’s alarm. He groaned. “I don’t wanna…”

Victor chuckled and kissed his cheek. “Medalists get room service for breakfast after a win. I’m pretty sure it’s a law.

Yuri chuckled against Victor’s lips. “Ok, let’s start now.” He kissed his mate deeply.

Victor smiled as he pulled back again. “I almost wish we didn’t have practice, the exhibition and the gala banquet today. I’d be content to just stay in the nest with you all day.”

Yuri smiled. “Me too.”

“Do you want to shower first, or eat first?”

“I think shower.”

Victor nodded. “Let’s place our room service order, then take a quick shower while we wait.”

“Ok, but first…”

Victor laughed as Yuri pulled him into another deep kiss.

“I don’t ever want to let you go,” Yuri breathed against Victor’s lips.

“You don’t have to.”

“Yakov might disagree.”

Victor chuckled before kissing Yuri lightly again. He then kneeled and pulled Yuri up. “Let’s go shower.”

Yuri nodded and climbed out of the nest after his mate. However he scowled at the bright purple bruise on the back of Victor’s neck.

“We… should probably call Phichit,” Yuri said softly.

“Hmm?” Victor asked, tilting his head. “Why?”

“The… bruise.”

Victor reached back absentmindedly to touch it. “I can wear a scarf, since we’re keeping our dance a secret nobody will question me standing at rinkside.”

“What about practice with Yakov? You can’t wear a scarf then.”

“Oh…”

“I… I can try to put the makeup on. Do you have what you used to cover it?”
Victor blushed. “Phichit kept it in his room.”

“I’ll text him. But if he’s sleeping late we might just have to put a bandage on it.”

Victor nodded.

Yuri started the water in the shower to heat it as Victor called in their breakfast order. A moment later the omega joined him under the spray.

“There!” Phichit proclaimed, standing from where he’d been working to cover the bruise on the back of Victor’s neck. “It should be invisible to the press, but we’ll want to touch it up before the banquet.”

“Thanks Phichit,” Yuri said. “Sorry to drag you from bed so early.”

“You owe Chris and I dinner,” Phichit replied with a grin.

Yuri laughed. “Deal.”

Phichit made a face. “I know you’re covering it for the press, but you should probably let Yakov know.”

“Why?”

Phichit blinked at Yuri. “Are you planning to go to Saint Petersburg immediately, or return to Japan?”

“I… hadn’t thought about it?”

Phichit sighed. “This bruise is gonna take several days to heal at least. Unless you’re planning to be there to cover it up, you should let Yakov know.”

“I’ll let him know,” Victor said. “Yuri. I think you should return to Japan tomorrow as planned. I’ll switch my flight to Saint Petersburg.”

“Vitya!”

Victor turned and took Yuri’s hands in his own. “I want you rested for nationals. Besides, with only two weeks until nationals there is no way Yakov will let me coach you right now, not when I haven’t practiced my programs. But my assistant coach will be in Japan.”

Yuri bit his lip, then nodded. “We still need to ask her you know.”

“Can you talk to her while I practice with Yakov?”

Yuri nodded. “I can do that.”

Victor smiled and stood, pulling Yuri into his arms. “Will you be ok? Yakov told me how close to a standstill you were in Moscow.”

Yuri looked up into Victor’s eyes. He nodded. “It’ll be hard, but I think so. We’d only been mated a few days at that point.”
“And if we can survive the past couple days, then you know I’m not abandoning you.”

Yuri smiled, then rose on his toes to kiss Victor. “My mate.”

“Mine,” Victor replied, holding him close.

Phichit cleared his throat. “Shouldn’t you two get to the rink?”

Yuri chuckled, then nodded. “You’re right.”

“Chris and I will see you two after practice for lunch.” He waved as he headed out the door.

“Shall we?” Yuri asked.

Victor nodded. “It’s time.”

“You’re late!” Yakov blared as Victor and Yuri strolled into the empty arena.

Yuri looked at his phone, it showed a couple minutes before he thought they were due to arrive.

“We’re right on time Yakov,” Victor grinned.

“On the ice, now,” the coach demanded. “I want you warmed up as soon as possible so I can see where you’re at.”

“Ok!” Victor laughed as he laced up at the rinkside.

Yakov grumbled as Victor kissed Yuri before stepping onto the ice, but quickly turned his attention to his returning student.

Yuri watched with rapt attention as his mate warmed up. After a couple minutes he saw Victor setting up for a jump, and grinned when he landed a perfect quad flip.

Somebody settled into a seat next to him. Yuri turned to see Minako sitting there. “I see,” she said. “So this is why you wanted me to come. This complicates things, doesn’t it?”

Yuri nodded. “It does, but it’s what we decided.”

“’So what did you want to talk about?”

“Be Vitya’s assistant coach?”

“Me?”

Yuri nodded again. “He doesn’t want me left alone for nationals, and thinks that for events like worlds it’ll be good to have somebody else there too.”

“Are you sure you want me? I’m not a coach.”

Yuri laughed. “You might as well be. You’ve been my teacher since I was a child Minako-sensei. If I’m going to be comfortable with anybody it’ll be you.”

Minako patted Yuri’s knee. “Ok. I’ll gladly be his assistant coach.”
Yuri hugged Minako. “Thank you Minako-sensei.”

“Of course.”

They sat in silence for several minutes, watching as Victor started to run through his short program. Yakov barked orders, and Victor laughed as he did whatever he wanted anyway.

“Reminds me of you,” Minako said. “You always knew what you needed to do to win. It was always whether you’d follow through or not.”

Yuri smiled.

Other people: skaters, coaches and press, filtered into the arena. Murmurs echoed as people who hadn’t yet heard the news realized that Victor Nikiforov was practicing under Yakov Feltsman.

“Yuri Katsuki!” one reporter called. “What does this mean for your own student coach relationship? Are you planning to retire, or are you returning to Celestino Cialdini?”

Yuri smiled softly. “Victor and I will release a joint statement before the exhibition this evening. Please no questions until then.”

A few more reporters tried for a statement, but Yuri dodged their questions until it was time for his own practice.

Victor kissed him as they switched places on the ice, and Yurio immediately expressed his disgust with ‘old people PDA.’

Yuri couldn’t miss the tiny hint of a smile on Yurio’s face.

Yuri practiced the program that everybody thought he’d be skating that night. He noticed Victor talking to Minako whenever he took a water break.

Yurio seemed tired, and mostly bored with the flowing nature of his own exhibition piece. JJ spent almost as much time boasting about himself to the media as practicing.

Mila laughed through some sassy footwork as Yakov yelled. Sara’s movements seemed introspective and powerful. The female gold medalist mainly practiced her signature spins.

The buzzer sounded, and Yuri noticed that Chris and Phichit had joined Victor at the side of the rink. Celestino was guiding Minako away by the elbow, and they were already absorbed in their own conversation.

“Phichit, did you bring my makeup?” Victor asked.

Phichit nodded. “Once you’re out of the shower I’ll reapply it.”

“Thanks.”

Phichit grinned. “You’re watching this time Yuri. For when you need to cover up other love bites in the future.”

“Phichit!”

Victor laughed, and Chris smiled.

“Better make sure he pays good attention,” the Swiss man drawled. “Alphas leave marks.”
Yuri blushed and Phichit laughed again.

“Don’t I know it.” Phichit responded, winking at Chris. “I’ll be sporting your latest crop for days.”

“Ok, too much information!” Yuri declared, pushing through toward the locker rooms.

Laughter sounded behind him, and Yuri smiled as he turned back to look at his mate and their best friends.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Next time, more fun with friends, and the exhibition skate. Unsure if I'll get through the banquet next chapter or not.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Check out my other YoI multi-chap fics In Our Dreams and Private Photos.
Friends Day

Chapter Summary

Phichit steals Yuri for a bit of fun before the exhibition, and Yuri makes an unexpected purchase while shopping. Then it's time for the exhibition.

Chapter Notes

Hi! I'm back! Kinda. I never really left, but I got pretty well sidetracked when I had to really hunker down to finish another work.

Anyway, if you haven't yet, check out Empty Ice. It's an AU in which Victor is injured in an accident only days after the grand prix final from ep 1, and is left in a coma. It features heavy angst, and ghost sex, before wrapping up in a happy ending.

Ok, on to this story.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I’m stealing your fiance for the day Victor,” Phichit declared, latching onto Yuri’s arm.

Victor grinned. “Oh, are you?”

“It’s my price for fixing the makeup on your bruise again.”

Victor laughed, and Yuri smiled at the way it bounced off the cinder block walls. “Ok, but as a coach I have to insist that you bring him back in good condition to skate the exhibition.”

Phichit laughed. “Don’t worry coach Victor. I’ll make sure he can take his victory lap on the ice.”

Yuri rolled his eyes. “Will you be ok if I go with Phichit, Vitya?”

Victor smiled and Chris immediately draped his arm over Victor’s shoulder. “Don’t worry Yuri. Your mate won’t be alone. We have our own catching up to do.”

Victor smiled. “Have fun with Phichit. Chris is right, we have our own catching up to do.”

Yuri pulled Victor in for a kiss. “I’ll see you later.”

Victor smiled and Yuri ignored the teasing from Chris and Phichit.

“We’ll call when it’s time for dinner to meet up somewhere,” Chris said as Phichit tugged on Yuri’s
sleeve.
Phichit waved in response and tugged Yuri down the corridor and out into the bustling street.

“Phichit! What are you in such a hurry for?” Yuri laughed.

“Getting you far enough away you can’t change your mind,” Phichit replied. “He might be your mate, but that’s still Victor Nikiforov back there and I know how you are.”

Yuri smiled and slowed.
Phichit stopped and turned. “It’s good to see you smiling like this again Yuri. After last year I was afraid your smile had gone. But you’re so happy with him.”

Yuri laughed, then looked out over the ocean. He pulled Phichit toward the beach.
They found a place to sit and watch as the waves crested on the sand. “I’m sorry Phichit,” Yuri said softly.

“For what?” Phichit laughed.

“For all I put you through last year. You never stopped believing in me, even when I didn’t believe in myself. After I failed I thought I was done, but you never stopped expecting my return, did you?”

Phichit responded by glomping Yuri. “I knew you’d come back, and more beautiful than ever before. I just didn’t expect to see you coached by your friggin idol, and I really didn’t expect for him to become your mate.”

Yuri laughed. “That took me by surprise too.”

“Your very own fairy tale,” Phichit laughed.

“Except better,” Yuri joked. “As far as I know I don’t have to cut off bits of my foot to fit into my skates, and I don’t expect to turn into seafoam either.”

“How many times do I have to tell you? The animated versions are way better than the originals.”

“There’s something to be said about the moral arguments in the originals though,” Yuri countered.
Phichit rolled his eyes. “So what now? He’s returning to the ice. You said that he’s staying on as your coach, but isn’t that a lot to ask?”

Yuri nodded. “Yes, but it’s what we both want. I want to see him finish out his competitive career, and I can’t imagine any coach but him. He wants to see me skate too, so this is the only way to make everything work.”

“Are you worried?”

Yuri nodded. “Of course, but I’m excited too.”

“I’m going to have to get used to you living in Saint Petersburg now.”

Yuri laughed. “I’m going to have to get used to living there. Needless to say it’s not going to be easy.”

“How’s your Russian?”
Yuri laughed, then the chuckles turned nervous. “Vitya will be there, and I’m comfortable enough with Yurio. But I really don’t know how accepted I’ll be. Mila says it’ll be ok. But I’ve only talked to her a handful of times, same with Georgi. There are plenty of skaters there I won’t know at all. And it’s a busy rink, but unlike Detroit the common language will be completely foreign to me.”

“How much English did you speak before going to the US?”

Yuri gazed out over the water. “It’s a standard class, and I knew it was important as an athlete. I wasn’t fluent by any means when I arrived, but I could hold my own. On the other hand, I only practiced a handful of Russian words and phrases when my dreams got away from me.”

Phichit laughed. “Maybe I should have talked you into that conversational Russian class in college.”

Yuri looked at his friend, and burst out laughing. “Oh I thought about it. I nearly signed up.”

Phichit echoed Yuri’s laughter. “Who’d have realized then how useful it would have been now?”

Yuri sighed. “I would have taken it, but it was at a bad time. It would have severely cut into practice that semester.”

Phichit nodded. “I remember. But it was offered more than once.”

“Always at the same time though.”

“Point. Now…” Phichit grinned, “I’m starving. I vote paella for lunch.”

Yuri’s stomach rumbled. “Our last day in Barcelona?” He hummed. “Sure. Normally I’d try to have something different each meal, but that sounds good to have again. Vitya and I went to a great place the other day when we were sightseeing.”

“Lead the way!” Phichit exclaimed.

Yuri stared at the shop, unable to turn his eyes away even as a blush crept over his cheeks. Phichit had taken several steps ahead and he vaguely heard the other man stop walking.

“Yuri?”

Yuri bit his lip.

Phichit walked back over, looked in the same direction as Yuri, and started laughing.

“You’re an adult you know. Nobody is going to question it if you go in.”

“Phichit!”

Phichit grinned. “Poor Yuri, thinking of all the things he could do with his mate if he had a few toys, but too nervous an alpha to go into a sex store.”

Yuri bristled slightly at being called out, but at the same time knew that his friend had a point. He grabbed Phichit’s wrist and strode toward the store, Phichit laughing the entire time.

It was only as he stepped inside that Yuri wondered if he’d made a mistake. The store was bright and clean inside, and the employee at the register greeted them politely, but once faced with row upon
row of sex toys he realized that he had no idea what he actually wanted.

He took a deep breath, and thought about the discussion of fantasies he’d had with Victor.

“I’m going to go find something to surprise Chris with,” Phichit giggled. “I’ll find you if I think I need any alpha specific input.”

Yuri rolled his eyes as Phichit skipped off.

Yuri made his way over to a wall of plugs, remembering that he and Victor had agreed that it was something they both wanted. He was almost immediately overwhelmed by the variety. Plugs came in all sizes and colors, from tiny vibrating ones meant to merely stimulate the rim, to large ones that left Yuri wondering if there was even space in the body for them.

He paced the aisle, examining all the different options before finally deciding on a set with three different sizes and a glass one that he liked the weight of in his hand.

Feeling that he was about to burn up inside from the anxiety of being in an adult toy store he found Phichit, rummaging through lacy and sexy lingerie.

“You think Chris would like this?” Phichit asked, holding a lacy one-piece up.

Yuri’s mouth dropped open, and he took a half-breath before pausing. Finally he managed to get the thought of his best friend parading around in the outfit out of his head.

“Make that the end-game Phichit. Pair it with a flowing robe.”

“Ooh! Good idea! Chris loves it when I draw out the foreplay.”

“I… really didn’t need to know that.”

Phichit laughed. “Of course not, but it’s too late now.”

Yuri sighed and watched his friend pick out a few more pieces.

They were on their way to the register when Phichit peeked into Yuri’s selections. “A few plugs? Is that all?”

“I… what?”

Phichit sighed and grabbed Yuri’s sleeve. “He’s an omega, and you’re about to be separated for two weeks. Omegas like knowing their mates are taking care of them, even when away. You should have seen my parents before one would leave on a business trip. They’d each hide little things for the other around the house and in the suitcase, just to make sure the other knew their mate wanted them happy.”

“He barely acknowledges his omega side, Phichit.”

Phichit stopped and rolled his eyes. “Trust me Yuri. Besides, if not for now then later. Being with Chris has taught me one thing. Alphas love seeing their partners stuffed.”

Yuri blushed crimson, the fantasies of seeing Victor stretched around a dildo choosing that moment to invade.

“That’s what I thought,” Phichit declared triumphantly, pulling Yuri toward the dildos and vibrators. “Pick out one or two you want to use on him. You don’t have to tonight, but when you’re ready
you’ll be glad you got them.”

Yuri sighed. Phichit had a point.

Yuri contemplated the wall, looking at strange shapes that didn’t make much sense, until Phichit pulled on him again.

“Those ones are more suited to women,” Phichit laughed.

“It’s not like visiting sex shops is a regular occurrence for me,” Yuri grumbled.

“Let’s stick to things that look like dicks then,” Phichit chuckled, rolling his eyes. “I’ll let you and your mate discuss prostate stimulators on your own.”

Yuri turned red again as Phichit dragged him down the aisle until they found things that looked more reasonable to Yuri. He mulled over the options, but once more decided that he liked the heft of glass, and picked one he liked.

Yuri was waiting for Phichit to pay when he spied the display behind the register, the big mockup of a smartphone next to a couple catching his eye.

“How much for the app enabled remote toys?” Yuri asked before even realizing he’d made up his mind.

Phichit promptly choked on air next to him.

The salesman smiled and grabbed the demos. He proceeded to show Yuri how the devices could be tethered at short range, and explained how the apps and toys worked via the internet for long distance situations.

Yuri knew it would blow his already nonexistent budget, but the alpha in him wanted them. It demanded the best way possible to take care of his mate while they were apart.

Yuri quickly added a set to his purchase, a sleeve for him and a plug with a thrusting motor that would sync via the app so that his motions would match. He grimaced as he handed over his card, only slightly consoled that his winnings from the final gave him some added income.

“Holy crap Yuri,” Phichit hissed as they stepped outside the store. “What happened to the man who doesn’t regularly visit places like that?”

Yuri chuckled and looked around. “I saw it, and my alpha side wanted it.”

Phichit grinned, then started laughing. “Just remember to be on a video call when you put them to use, or you won’t get to see it in him.”

“Phichit!”

Yuri and Phichit went back to the hotel to hide their more sensitive purchases, then headed to meet Chris and Victor for an early dinner. As soon as they entered the restaurant they were greeted by both men’s laughter.

Chris waved as soon as he spied them, and the duo made their way over to join their mates.
“What was so funny?” Phichit asked as Chris dipped his head in to sniff at his neck.

Victor smiled and leaned forward onto his elbows. “Chris and I were just remembering Vancouver in twenty-ten, and how both Yakov and Josef had nearly flipped their shit when we got lost and were almost late the day of the exhibition.”

“We weren’t that late,” Yuri protested.

Victor turned and smiled before leaning against Yuri’s side. “No, but it brought up memories all the same.”

Yuri grumbled and opened his menu, but his disgruntled mood vanished as Victor nuzzled into his side. “I was just teasing.”

Yuri turned to Victor and kissed his cheek. “I know.”

“So what did you two do?” Phichit asked.

Chris smiled. “We caught an old art film that Victor and I both like, since it’s in French and not subtitled we decided to introduce the two of you to it another time when we can properly translate. After that we did a bit of shopping. How about you?”

Victor leaned in and kissed Yuri’s hair. “You don’t mind that I went to a movie with Chris do you?”

Yuri smiled and kissed Victor’s cheek. “Why would I mind? He’s your friend, why should I dictate what you two do?”

Chris leaned forward on his elbows and smiled softly. “We’ve had issues in the past.”

Yuri tensed, and Victor wrapped his arm around him. “Not them,” he said softly. “A beta who was afraid I’d fall for my alpha friend, even if we’d known each other for years.”


Victor smiled as plates were placed in front of them. “So I interrupted. What did you and Phichit do?”

“The best!” Phichit exclaimed. “Shopping and sightseeing.”

“Did you get anything good?” Chris drawled.

Phichit grinned. “I got a couple surprises for you, but mostly we went shopping for souvenirs for family and friends.”

“That’s right,” Victor sighed. “If I’m going straight to Saint Petersburg I won’t be able to give omiyage.”

“I can take them if you want,” Yuri offered. “Or you could bring them when we go back.”

Victor grinned. “I think I’ll take them after four continents. We’ll be close enough for a visit.”

Yuri blinked. “You know where four continents is?”

Victor smiled. “Of course. I’m your coach aren’t I?”
Yuri smiled. “I guess it is something you would need to know.”

Victor laughed.

Soon they finished eating, then it was time for the group to prepare for the exhibition.

“How are you feeling?” Victor asked as he smoothed Yuri’s costume.

Yuri smiled. “Good. Ready.”

“Do we need to downgrade any of the jumps?”

Yuri shook his head. “I’m ok. You?”

Victor smiled. “I’m ready.”

Yuri looked at Victor’s coat. It hid the matching costume so that they could address the press without giving away their dance.

“Skater Katsuki,” Morooka asked as they walked into the press area to answer questions. “What does it mean that your coach was seen practicing under Yakov Feltsman this morning?”

Yuri turned and smiled at Victor, whom they’d agreed would field most of the questions.

“Thank you Mr. Morooka,” Victor replied. “It means that I’m returning to the ice. I plan to compete at Russian Nationals in two weeks.”

“Does this mean that you’re retiring Skater Katsuki?” Morooka added.

Yuri shook his head. “No. I’m not retiring at this time, and to answer your next question, Victor is staying on as my coach.”

All eyes turned to Victor, and Yuri stepped back, knowing he would bear the brunt of the questioning.

“Mr. Nikiforov,” a woman near the back called. “You said you intend to return for Nationals. Do you think you’ll be ready after taking the season off until now?”

Victor turned his media smile onto the woman, and Yuri remembered how cold it felt compared to the genuine smiles he saw every day. “I admit I am facing quite the challenge, especially with such a young and talented skater as Yuri Plisetsky as a competitor. However I am confident that I’ll be able to make the podium as well as the teams for Europeans and Worlds.”

“So you’re not aiming for a gold medal on your return?” another reporter shouted.

Victor laughed. “As your colleague stated, I’ve taken most of this season off. I’m aiming to make the podium for now. While it would be preferable to win gold, I do not underestimate the challenge ahead of me.”

“Do you regret taking the season so far to coach Mr. Katsuki?” a reporter with a Russian-sounding accent asked.

Victor’s grin faded slightly, and Yuri could see him suppressing a scowl. “No. Yuri has provided me
with endless inspiration over these past eight months. If anything my only regret is that I didn’t meet him sooner.”

“But you’ve already lost two world records, and your winning streak has been broken,” the man persisted.

Victor glared. “Streaks are made to be broken, and it’s only a matter of time before any record is challenged. Rather than envy or regret I am filled with pride to see my records surpassed by these two wonderful skaters.”

Yuri smiled up at his mate.

“Was it your plan to return all along?” somebody else shouted as Victor continued to glare daggers at the Russian reporter.

Victor smiled again as he turned to the new voice. “No. In fact it was Yuri’s prompting that finally convinced me to return. He made it clear that he wanted me to finish out my competitive career.”

“What challenges do you foresee from being both a coach and a competitor?” another voice asked.

“The hardest will be those times when we’ll be forced to separate, such as over the next couple weeks as we each prepare for our respective Nationals. We also expect it to be a challenge when we’re against each other in the same competition. As to the day-to-day training, we’ve each reached a point in our careers where many of those aspects are routine. While I’m in no way diminishing the challenge, I know that we’ll find ways to make this arrangement work.”

Victor looked around at the assembled press. “We only have time for a few more questions before Yuri needs to get ready for the exhibition.”

“Does this mean that Mr. Katsuki will be moving to Saint Petersburg, or will you travel to Japan to coach in person periodically and keep updated via video?”

“Yuri plans to move to Saint Petersburg,” Victor replied with a grin.

“Would you care to comment on your matching rings?” Yuri looked and recognized the face as a reporter from one of the more tabloid-esque publications.

Yuri and Victor shared a glance, before holding out their right hands.

“I’d like to put to rest the rumors that we eloped,” Victor began, to a handful of disappointed sighs. “However,” he continued, “now that we’ve had a chance to properly inform our respective families we are thrilled to announce our engagement.”

Several cameras flashed at once, and Yuri felt a blush creep over his face.

“We don’t have concrete plans on a date, so please don’t ask,” Victor added. “Now if you’ll please excuse us...” Victor started to lead Yuri toward the locker room.

“Skater Katsuki!” Morooka shouted.

Yuri paused and acknowledged the reporter.

“Do you have anything to say to your fans in Japan?”

Yuri smiled. “Thank you for believing in me. It’s been a great honor to represent our country and people, and I look forward to showing the strength of Japan for years to come.”
Yuri stood at center ice, and the music started. He thought of how lonely he’d been before, and he he’d felt that he was fighting alone. He skated the highs and lows.

The tone of the music changed, and he smiled as his mate joined him on the ice. He wasn’t alone anymore; they faced the challenges together.

Yuri changed the hand position at one point, unable to keep himself from caressing Victor’s face. Victor leaned into the touch, and for that moment they were alone. They skated their love song, lifting each other, and offering mutual support. Neither was alone, and where they’d entered separately, they would leave together.

They smiled at each other as the music came to a close, wrapped in one another’s arms.

“I love you,” Yuri said softly.

Victor’s smile widened. “I love you too.”

Yuri couldn’t help himself as he placed a hand on the back of Victor’s neck and brought him in for a kiss. The applause intensified again all around them, and it was then that he remembered where they were. He blushed crimson while Victor chuckled.

They skated to the barrier, where Yurio stood with a scowl.

“Bout time you idiots finished that display,” he snarled.

“Is that a different costume?” Victor asked. “It doesn’t look like the one from Canada.”

“What’s it to you?” Yurio griped.

Victor laughed. “It’s a good look on you is all.”

Yurio’s eyes narrowed. “Yeah, whatever. Now out of my way. I’m going to show you losers real skating.”

Victor laughed even as he and Yuri moved aside.

“Is it just me, or is he angrier than normal today?” Yuri asked.

Victor grinned. “Just wait. You’ll learn the many faces of Yuri Plisetsky when you’re in Saint Petersburg. That one there is: I admire you and what you do, but I can’t admit it so I now hate you instead.”

“I heard that asshole!” Yurio replied from the barrier, where he was waiting to be announced.

“Oh, and that one is: they called me on my shit but hell no am I owning up to it.”

Yurio’s eyes narrowed and Otabek Altin stepped onto the ice next to him. “Come on Yura. Let’s show them what the next generation can do.”

Yurio nodded, while Yuri and Victor shared a glance.

“Guess we’re not the only ones teaming up tonight,” Victor laughed. “Come on, let’s find a seat.”
Yuri nodded and they made their way to the nearby seats that had just been vacated by Yurio and Otabek.

Victor started laughing in delight as soon as the music started, and Yuri wondered if he’d ever heard a more beautiful sound.

“Yurio finally found himself!” Victor exclaimed with glee. “Oh next year is going to be such fun!”

“Vitya?”

Victor turned to Yuri, a grin on his face. “This is his true potential, it’s been hiding and he finally found it. This won’t be the last time he sets records.”

Yuri smiled as he watched the teen skate. “I guess I had better get ready for a fight then.”

Victor hugged Yuri close. “I can’t wait to see you both unleashed. Skating is never going to be the same.”

The lights dimmed as Yurio finished his skate, and the audience started to leave.

“I guess we should prepare for the banquet now,” Victor said as they headed toward the locker room. “Don’t worry, I already talked to Chris. No stripper poles this year.”

“Vitya!” Yuri protested.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Next chapter, the Banquet. Then we'll have to split the boys up for a bit for Nationals. Then back together in Saint Petersburg!

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Find my other YoI fanfics on my AO3 profile at http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile
**Banquet Time**

**Chapter Summary**

With their impending separation only hours away Yuri and Victor want to spend as much time together as possible, but they still have yet to attend the banquet.

**Chapter Notes**

Just another short chapter today.

Also, since somebody asked in comments. I expect the story to go through Worlds, then there will be an epilogue chapter after that. How many chapters are left to get there though... ??? Dunno. We will be able to time skip more though once everybody is reunited in Saint Petersburg.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m glad you remembered the suit, because I’d forgotten all about it,” Yuri said as Victor straightened his tie.

Victor smiled. “I couldn’t let you go to the banquet in your JSF suit you know.”

Yuri made a face. “I still like that suit.”

Victor laughed. “You’ll have to wear it for official functions I’m sure. But that doesn’t mean you can’t look better when given the opportunity.”

Yuri sighed and wrapped his arms around Victor’s waist. “Let’s ditch the banquet. I’d much rather spend the evening with you before we have to be separated for two weeks.”

Victor smiled softly at him. “As lovely as that sounds, it’s kind of expected for the medalists to make the rounds. Besides, you’ll probably pick up some new sponsors tonight.”

Yuri chewed his bottom lip. “I doubt it. Yurio will do well I’m sure, but I came in second.”

Victor slid his fingers under Yuri’s chin and lifted his face. He kissed him softly. “Beautiful Yuri. You set a new world record, and Yurio barely managed to beat you.”

Yuri sighed, and leaned in to sniff at Victor’s scent gland. He hummed softly as Victor released a soothing burst of pheromones.

“Are you really that nervous about the banquet?” Victor asked, running a hand up and down Yuri’s
“Can you blame me?” Yuri murmured, eyes closed as he let the scent of his omega fill him. “I don’t remember last year’s, but apparently I put on quite the display. How many of those same people will be there tonight?”

“Does it matter?” Victor hummed. “None of them seduced me on a stripper pole.”

“Vitya!” Yuri protested before being silenced with a kiss.

“We need to make an appearance,” Victor said as they parted. “But we’ll turn down invitations to after-parties, and leave as early as we can without it being a problem. I want to spend tonight with you too, you know. Is that ok solnyshko?”

Yuri blinked, then smiled softly. “What… what did you just call me?”

A blush crept over Victor’s cheeks. “Um… solnyshko. It means little sun, it’s a term of endearment in Russian.”

“It seems a strong name to live up to,” Yuri mused.

“On the contrary,” Victor replied, leaning in and burying his nose against Yuri’s scent gland. “You’re already the light of my life, you brighten my world far more than the sun in the sky. It might not be strong enough.”

Yuri flushed crimson and embraced his mate. “I love you Vitya.” He paused. “I hope I can always give you that light.”

Victor pulled back and smiled. “I know you will. Shall we go? The sooner we get down there the sooner we can come back and enjoy some alone time before tomorrow.”

Yuri nodded. “Ok.”

Yuri stood near the appetizer table, taking a break from the deluge of sponsors and officials. He could hear Victor’s laughter as the omega deftly handled questions about Yuri’s skating, coaching and his own imminent return.

He was about to return to his mate’s side when the smell of another alpha caught his attention. He turned to see Isabella Yang standing next to him.

“Oh.. um… hi…” Yuri said, taking a step back to give her access to the table.

Isabella smiled and stepped close. “Hi Yuri. I know we’ve not talked before, but can I have a moment?”

“Um… sure.”

They walked over to a quieter section of the room.

“I’m not sure if I should hit you, or hug you,” Isabella stated once they were out of earshot of anybody else.

Yuri gaped. “The… the uh second one please? But why?”
She smiled. “A part of me is still upset about being outed to my mate, especially when I wasn’t even there, but I’m relieved too. I didn’t know how to tell him.”

“So he really didn’t know?”

She shook her head. “No. Then again, neither did I until recently. I presented extremely late. We all thought I was beta. I only had my second rut a few weeks ago, when JJ was in Moscow.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “Believe me, nobody was more surprised than I was. Luckily JJ was out of town on a sponsor trip when I presented. I have no idea how bad that would have been otherwise.”

“Why is that? You’ve been together for a while, a year at least. I would think a dedicated partner would be the best thing.”

She shook her head. “We’re both devout, and have planned to remain abstinent until we marry. But I don’t know if I could have held back under those circumstances.”

Yuri nodded. “I see. It is a difficult time. I remember how rough my first few ruts were.”

She laughed. “I’ll admit it’s not quite what I expected. Also, I won’t tell, but I always thought you were omega, that’s what the rumors say anyway.”

Yuri smiled. “You do have to admit, I don’t fit the alpha profile.”

Isabella mirrored the smile. “Neither do I.”

Yuri shook his head. “No, you’re strong. You had the strength to lift up your mate when he was down. You also have the classic beauty associated with female alphas.”

Isabella blushed. “You can’t just say things like that!”

Yuri laughed, then grew quiet again. “The first few ruts are the hardest. Once they even out though you should have much better control.”

Isabella looked to where JJ was entertaining some officials. “I hope so. I don’t want to force us to question our decision.”

“When will you be allowed suppressants?”

“After my fourth rut. Since I presented so late the doctors want to eliminate any concerns.”

“Have you talked to an alpha counselor?”

“No. Why?”

“They can help, a lot more than most people realize. It’s more than just the alpha temperament. They can help you develop your control over your own scent, and how to deal with the sudden and overwhelming amount of sensory information that comes with presenting.”

“It is a lot to deal with.”

Yuri chuckled. “I’m sure JJ’s soap didn’t help.”

“Oh you have no idea!” Isabella clasped her hands as she leaned toward Yuri. “It was horrid, but I
knew that telling him would mean revealing that I’m an alpha. I never noticed it before I presented, but once I did I’d have to scrub myself after every date just to get it all off.”

“Will you two be ok? I didn’t mean to stress your relationship. I only revealed your secondary in a burst of anger.”

She nodded. “He had to find out sooner or later. It’s not as if I could have hid the ruts forever. We’ll have some changes, but I think we’ll come out stronger for it.”

“He’s not intimidated?”

She sighed. “For now he is, but we’ll get past it. We agreed that he stops using the alpha scent soaps though. When I explained just how hard they are to deal with he went to the gift shop in the hotel immediately and picked out something new for himself.”

“Sounds like he’s willing to make the adjustments necessary.”

She nodded. “We love each other. It’s just one more challenge on the path, but we’ll get through it.”

“Can I ask why you didn’t want to tell him?”

Isabella laughed. “It’s JJ! He’s got a lot of pride. I didn’t want him to feel any lesser, and I know he liked thinking he was my protector.”

Yuri smiled. “He can still be those things. One doesn’t have to be an alpha to protect, and even we need to feel safe and comforted. It’s just a matter of finding the balance that works for the two of you.”

She nodded. “We’ll get there. We agreed that we need to discuss everything once we get back to Canada.”

JJ looked over and Yuri saw a frown pass over his face.

“One tip. Just in case he gets it in his head to help you with your ruts… When you marry I mean…” Yuri said. “The fake omega scent soaps are just as vile as the fake alphas. Let him know the only thing he needs to smell like for you… is himself.”

She smiled. “That’s all I ever want from him, is to be himself.”

“That’s the best kind of relationship to have.”

She nodded, then hugged Yuri. “Thank you Yuri. It’s nice to not have to hide anymore, and to have another alpha to talk to, even for a few minutes.”

Yuri nodded. “I’m sorry for outing you to your mate like that.”

She shook her head. “My alpha side is mad, but the rest of me knows it’s for the best.”

Isabella jogged off to join JJ.

Yuri looked around until he saw Victor across the room, taking a break and obviously keeping a respectful distance.

“What was that about?” Victor asked as Yuri drew close.

“Making amends for a mistake,” Yuri said softly. “I apologized for what happened the other day.”
“Was she upset?”

“Somewhat, but relieved too. Seems it had been something she’d had trouble bringing up on her own.”

Victor pulled Yuri in close and kissed his hair. “Glad it turned out ok.”

“She too.”

“So I have some sponsors for you to meet with. Then a bit of mingling before we can head back to the room.”

Yuri looked up and smiled at his mate. “Ok. Let’s get it over with then. I want you all to myself as long as possible.”

Victor smiled. “You’re not the only one.”

Yuri pushed Victor against the wall as soon as they got back into their room. He pressed their lips together, silencing Victor’s surprised gasp.

It had been several hours since they’d kissed, several hours too long with their impending separation. He needed his mate, craved every second together as the night wore on.

Victor melted under Yuri’s advance, moaning softly into the kisses and scenting the room with a pleased omega smell.

Yuri wound his fingers into the hair at the back of Victor’s head and kept him there, just as he wanted. He plunged his tongue into Victor’s mouth, seeking the sweetness of his mate’s kisses. He released his own scent, dominant and demanding, reminding Victor that he was wanted and protected.

“Ah, Yuri,” Victor gasped as Yuri pulled on his hair, angling his head so he could kiss and bite along his jaw.


Victor whined and pressed his hips against Yuri’s. Yuri immediately palmed at his bulge with his free hand, which made Victor whimper in need.

“Alpha… Yuri…”

Yuri kept kissing and nipping at Victor’s scent gland while using his free hand to loosen Victor’s belt and fly. He knew he was running on almost pure instinct, but he didn’t care. He was about to be apart from his mate for two weeks, and he needed his omega to know how much he was loved and cherished.

Yuri freed Victor’s cock, and immediately dropped to his knees. Victor was still dressed in his suit except for where Yuri had pushed open the front of his pants, and seeing his mate so resplendent made him want to pleasure him even more.

Yuri kissed and mouthed at the length of Victor’s cock before taking it into his mouth. He hummed as he tasted his mate’s arousal, and bobbed, wanting more.
Victor moaned above him, pants of ‘alpha’ and ‘Yuri’ falling from his lips.

Yuri pressed his tongue against the shaft as he worked, seeking out Victor’s most sensitive spots. He was lost, completely focused on pleasuring his mate, a low growl from his throat as he sought to provide as much stimulation as possible.

Victor shook and whined as he came, pulsing hot into Yuri’s mouth. Yuri swallowed greedily, growl deepening in displeasure when Victor’s first orgasm of the night ended. He stood again, free hand replacing his mouth. He stroked Victor’s sensitive cock, making the omega whimper from overstimulation even as he reclaimed his mouth.

“Alpha…” Victor gasped when they separated. “Need you…”

Yuri growled in response, released Victor’s cock and turned him to face the wall. He immediately pushed Victor’s pants down to mid-thigh and brought his fingers to tease at the slick-coated entrance.

The first finger slid in easily, Victor crying out in pleasure at the touch.

Yuri wound the fingers of his free hand through Victor’s hair again and pulled back on his head until he could nibble on his ear. “Gonna make you feel so good Vitya. You’re going to know you’re the most loved loved omega in the world.”

Yuri opened Victor quickly, savoring each begging plea to be filled, relishing in the sounds of bliss coming from his mate.

Slick coated his hand, Victor trying to fuck himself back onto Yuri’s fingers. Yuri released his grasp on Victor’s hair and used his free hand to fumble with his own belt and fly until he freed his cock. He pulled his slick-soaked hand from his mate and rubbed the lubrication onto himself before lining them both up, angling Victor to deal with the height difference, and pushing in.

“Alpha!” Victor cried as Yuri sunk into him.

“Just enjoy yourself Vitya,” Yuri growled. He moved in small motions while they adjusted. “Tonight is about you.”

Yuri started thrusting, long languid movements intended to bring as much pleasure to Victor as possible. He held onto his omega’s hips until he’d established a steady pace, then allowed his hands to drift up under his jacket, vest and shirts. His fingertips danced along Victor’s sides, and his thumbs brushed his nipples, each touch eliciting increasing moans from Victor.

Yuri needed more. He kept thrusting even as he moved to unbutton the layers of fabric separating him from his mate. Soon he was helping Victor remove the garments, and as soon as the smooth skin of Victor’s back was revealed he leaned in to start sucking and biting small marks across it.

“Alpha… Yuri…” Victor gasped. “I’m… I’m gonna…”

Yuri stopped marking Victor’s back and growled near his ear as he wrapped his hand around the omega’s cock again. “As many times as you need love.”

Victor shuddered and moaned as he came a second time, spilling into Yuri’s hand.

Yuri continued to thrust, holding back on his own orgasm as Victor’s body pulsed around him, then pushed in deep and held himself there as he allowed himself to come.

Yuri kissed Victor’s back as they came down from the high. They stayed that way for several
minutes, until Yuri pulled out and went in search of tissues.

Victor stood against the wall and allowed Yuri to help him out of his pants, legs shaking from holding him through repeated orgasms. Yuri then pulled his mate into his arms and led him to the nest.

Victor’s eyes were wide, his omega side mostly in control as he climbed in and laid down. Yuri smiled and leaned in to kiss him gently. “Thank you Vitya.” He ran his thumb over Victor’s cheek. “It’s always such a reminder of how much you trust me when I see your omega side.”

Victor smiled. “Alpha…”

Yuri kissed him again. “I love you.”

Yuri stood again and finished removing his own suit, then climbed into the nest next to his mate. They tangled their legs together and cuddled, trading soft kisses and scenting each other. Slowly Victor started coming back to himself.

“How are you feeling?” Yuri asked when he saw the clarity return to Victor’s eyes.

Victor smiled, closed his eyes and leaned against Yuri’s chest. “Good. I wasn’t expecting my omega side to come out like that.”

Yuri kissed Victor’s hair. “I’m honored it did. You were so scared to show it before, and every time I see it I know how much you trust me.”

Victor’s eyes opened and he smiled up at Yuri. He reached up and ran his fingers over Yuri’s cheek. “I lived my entire life without you, now the thought of being apart for two weeks seems an eternity alone.”

“I know what you mean,” Yuri replied, nuzzling Victor’s hair. “But we’ll talk. We’ll video chat as often as possible, and between that and training I’m sure the two weeks will fly by.”

“It’s going to be lonely all by myself in my apartment,” Victor sighed.

“Do you want me to put Makkachin on a plane when I ship some of your stuff?”

Victor shook his head. “No. I’d like to give her a bit more time to recover. Bring her when you come.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded.

“Ok.”

Victor turned his head up. “Yuri?”

“Hmm?”

“I’ll let you know what to pack and ship. Don’t go crazy for now.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded. “I’ve been thinking…”
“Hmm?”

Victor took a deep breath and laid his head on Yuri’s chest again. “My next heat…”

Yuri kissed Victor’s hair, silently waiting for his mate to continue.

“It… it should be right after Four Continents.”

“Ok…”

Victor ran his cheek against Yuri’s chest. “We’ll be so close. Let’s go back to that same heat hotel. I felt safe there, with you. It was such a wonderful experience for me, and that’s where I want to be when you bond me. Then let’s take a few days at home in Hasetsu. We can pack the non-essentials then.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded. “Mm-hmm.”

“Then that’s what we’ll do,” Yuri murmured, pressing another kiss to Victor’s head.

“Really?” Victor’s voice was hopeful, almost disbelieving.

“Of course. It’s not that surprising, is it?”

Victor shook his head. “No, but don’t you want anything in particular?”

Yuri smiled. “What i want, is for my mate to feel safe and loved. Wherever will give you that, is where I want to be.”

“Yuri…” Victor buried his face against Yuri’s chest.

Yuri startled when Victor sniffled against him. “Vitya?”

“I’m just happy.” Victor hiccupped. “The part of me that fears and loathes my heats, and my omega side, breaks a bit more every day with you as my alpha.”

Yuri smiled and held his mate tight. “I hope that one day, the pain will be nothing but a memory.”

“Me too.”

Yuri kissed Victor’s hair. “Until then, I’m here. I’m not going anywhere and I promise to always make you feel loved and protected.”

“Yuri…” Victor started crying against Yuri’s chest.

“Hey now,” Yuri teased. “I thought the waterworks was my thing.”

Laughter mingled with Victor’s crying, even as Yuri tugged him up and into a series of deepening kisses.

Soon Yuri flipped them so that Victor was on his back, hard cock between them as Yuri pushed in again.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned, clawing at Yuri’s back as he was filled.

“I love you,” Yuri growled as he started thrusting again. “My Vitya, my mate, my beautiful omega.
I’ll always love you.”

“I love you too,” Victor cried as he arched his back in pleasure.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Little bit of smut. Don't worry, I haven't forgotten about those toys Yuri bought last chapter. ;-)

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

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Yuri didn’t want to open his eyes; didn’t want to admit that morning had come. Morning meant that there were only a few hours left until he’d have to part from his mate.

Victor was warm against him, nestled into his arms and right where Yuri’s alpha insisted he should be. The sweet scent of his omega filled his nose and he savored it, leaning in for more and nuzzling into the crook of Victor’s neck.

Memories of the night before filled his head, the closeness as they alternated cuddling and making love until they were both too tired to move. A low pleased growl started deep in Yuri’s throat.

Yuri’s hand traced up and down Victor’s side and he kissed his shoulders until the omega was purring in his sleep. It was a sound Yuri wanted more of, and soon his fingers were teasing at Victor’s entrance again.

“Yuri…” Victor mumbled, obviously still asleep as he turned to give better access.

Yuri kissed Victor’s back and pressed a finger inside the sleeping omega. “I love you,” he murmured, lips brushing against the numerous love bites and hickeys. “Going to make sure you feel good before getting on a plane.”

Victor opened quickly, still loose from the night before, and soon Yuri was lining himself up behind him. He pushed in slowly, careful not to wake his mate too soon, and waited a moment before he started thrusting.
Victor’s purring intensified as Yuri moved. Yuri felt his mate wake up around him, thrusting back and whimpering as his body sought out more.

Victor’s hands fisted in the sheets and he came as he finally woke up, Yuri’s name on his lips.

“Good morning,” Yuri said, kissing Victor’s shoulder even as he kept moving.

Instead of answering Victor shifted to take Yuri deeper, a soft plea of ‘more’ escaping his lips.

Yuri growled in approval as he continued thrusting. He let the head of his cock drag over Victor’s sweet spot in a way that quickly had the omega shuddering and crying out again. He felt Victor’s second orgasm begin and pushed in deep, knot forming.

Victor gasped and moaned at the extra pressure of the knot, then whimpered as it became overstimulation with the sensation of Yuri filling him at the same time.

Yuri wrapped his arms around Victor and pulled him close. He dropped kisses on Victor’s back and shoulders while his hands explored his omega’s body. A sated purr rumbled from Victor.

“Yuri?” Victor asked after several minutes of intimate silence.

“Hmm?” Yuri replied between kisses.

“I know I told you that you could wake me up like that whenever you want…” Victor started.

Yuri stiffened, wondering if the morning tryst hadn’t been wanted.

“But I want you to know I really mean it,” Victor continued. “There’s something so wonderfully intimate about that level of trust, and my omega side can’t get enough. I feel so wanted and needed, waking up with my alpha already inside me.”

Yuri smiled and nipped at Victor’s spine. “You are wanted and needed Vitya. I want you, and I need you. I can’t get enough of you. I drown a bit more every day in the depths of my feelings for you, and I never want to come up for air.”

A flush spread across Victor’s face and shoulders. “Yuri!” he protested.

Yuri ground his knot into Victor until the omega was gasping and panting. “I need you to know how loved you are, how much joy you bring to my life every day, and how I can’t imagine life without you.”

Victor sniffled, and Yuri stilled. “Vitya, are you ok?”

Victor turned to Yuri, tears glittering on his eyelids. “Oh Yuri. I love you too, so much. I wish we didn’t have to be apart for the next two weeks.”

Yuri leaned in and nodded against Victor’s shoulder. “I know Vitya. But we’ll be together again before we know it, each of us sporting new medals.”

Victor smiled even as fresh tears escaped his eyes. “I believe in you solnyshko. Just remember that. Even if I’m not there, I believe in you, more than you believe in yourself.”

“I know…” Yuri replied, tears forming in his own eyes at the impending separation from his mate. “I know, and I’ll make you proud, I promise.”

“Oh Yuri, you already do.”
Yuri started thrusting again as his knot receded, until he and Victor both came hard, murmurs of “I love you” repeated like a chant as he filled his mate.

After a few more minutes of quiet cuddling Yuri pulled out of his purring omega.

“Yuri…” Victor protested.

“I’m going to get a warm cloth to clean you so we can order room service. Then we’ll take a shower,” Yuri replied softly. “Just stay here and relax.”

Victor hummed and turned his head into the pillows.

Yuri had just climbed from the nest when he caught a glimpse of Victor’s hole, twitching in Yuri’s absence, a thin line of cum starting to leak out.

Yuri walked over to his suitcase and rummaged in it.

“Yuri?” Victor asked from the nest. “I thought you were getting a washcloth.”

“I am, but there was something else I wanted too, and I think I packed it already.”

“Oh, ok.”

Yuri found the glass plug and tucked it into his hand. He carried it to the bathroom and turned on the hot water. He cleaned the plug, then set it under the stream to start warming as he grabbed a washcloth.

Once the plug was warm Yuri gave it a coat of lube, and carried both it and the washcloth back to the nest.

More cum had leaked out of Victor, but Yuri was confident there was still plenty inside his mate as he pressed the plug to Victor’s hole.

“Ah, Yuri…” Victor moaned, turning and angling to take it. “Alpha…”

“I got this for you yesterday,” Yuri growled as he watched Victor stretch around the glass plug. “It already looks so good in you, and it’s not even all the way yet. It should keep you nice and full, and keep my cum right where we both want it.”

Victor pushed his ass back, soft moans of ‘alpha’ mingling with renewed purring.

“Is it ok?” Yuri asked as the bulb slid inside and Victor’s hole closed around the stem.

Victor nodded, hands fisting into the sheets as he acclimated to the different stimulation.

Yuri kissed up Victor’s spine until he reached his neck. “Still ok?”

Victor’s eyes opened and he turned to Yuri. “Yeah. Unexpected, but… Yuri…”

“Hmm?”

“I needed this today.”

Yuri smiled. “Good.”

Yuri turned Victor onto his back and drew the moist cloth along his chest and stomach, cleaning up
the mess of Victor’s orgasms. As soon as he was clean Yuri laid down next to him and pulled him into his arms for kissing and cuddling. Soon Victor was purring in contentment, eyes slightly glassy as his omega side relished the attention from his alpha.

“Do you want to do anything special today before we have to head to the airport?” Yuri murmured after several minutes of silence.

Victor turned his head up, thought about it for a minute and smiled. “Can we go back to the church where you proposed? I’d like to get a photo of us there.”

Yuri smiled and kissed Victor’s forehead. “Is that all?”

Victor leaned his head back on Yuri’s chest. “Besides that, I just want to be with you as long as possible today.”

Yuri nodded against Victor’s hair. “I know how you feel.” He was silent for a minute. “Rather than room service, let’s go out for breakfast. We can stop at the church and not have to worry about fitting it in later.”

“Mmmm… Ok.” Victor hummed in agreement. “But after a few more minutes of cuddling.”

Yuri was content to spend every possible minute in bed with his mate, but all too soon he knew that he had to get up. They had to shower and have breakfast before dismantling the nest and making sure that everything was packed.

Once they were showered and dressed they headed down to the lobby. They asked the concierge desk for a restaurant recommendation near the church, then walked out into the cool December morning.

Yuri reached out and grabbed Victor’s hand as soon as they started in the direction of the church. He tangled their fingers together and leaned into his mate. People bustled all around them, busy in the holiday season, but for a moment it felt like he and Victor were alone.

The reached the church first, and climbed the steps to stand at the same place where they’d exchanged rings. Victor reached out and with a bare hand ran his thumbs over Yuri’s cheeks.

“My alpha picked such a beautiful spot to propose,” Victor murmured.

Yuri smiled, then laughed. “Where’s Phichit with his phone when you need him? Or at least his selfie stick.”

Victor echoed Yuri’s laugh. “I guess my longer arms will have to do.”

Victor pulled Yuri close with his right arm while holding out his phone with his left.

“Should we show off the rings?” Victor teased as he got them both into frame.

Yuri smiled and nodded. “Might as well.”

They held their right hands together to show off their rings as Victor took the photo. A couple shots later and a passerby offered to take a few photos, then they were done.

Yuri watched as Victor immediately captioned his favorite with the words “I said yes!” then posted to social media. Their rings reflected the light and practically glowed on their fingers.

Victor’s phone chimed with so many notifications as they sat down to breakfast that they ended up
“Vitya? Are you ok?” Yuri asked softly as they walked back into the room. The smell of sadness was starting to creep from his mate. He wrapped his arms around Victor’s middle.

Victor turned and pressed his nose to Yuri’s hair, inhaling deep. “My mate…”

Yuri understood what Victor meant even without him saying it. The insecure side of his omega was worried. He lifted his chin and pulled Victor in for a kiss. “Always yours, only yours.”

“Really?” Victor whispered against his lips. His voice was cautious, laced with the overtones of an omega just starting to really recover.

Yuri met Victor’s gaze. “This next two weeks without you, without my mate, will be the hardest of my life. I love you Vitya, and I can’t wait to really start our lives together in Saint Petersburg.”

Victor leaned his forehead against Yuri’s and nodded. “Together…”

“Together,” Yuri reaffirmed with a note of finality. “We’ll bond your next heat, and we’ll start planning a wedding after I win a gold medal. You’re going to have to work hard if you want to get rid of me.”

Victor laughed, a wet sound that betrayed how close to tears he’d been. “Yuri…”

Yuri dragged his lips across Victor’s cheek. “My beautiful omega. Nothing and nobody could keep me from coming home to you. We’ll both be so busy I’m sure the time will fly by.”

Victor nodded against Yuri’s forehead.

“Why don’t you pick out a couple of my sweaters when we take apart the nest and take them with you so you have something that smells like me?”

“Really?”

“Of course. I plan to take a couple of your things too.”

“Ok.” Victor’s voice was steadier, and Yuri knew that he’d managed to calm the omega side of him that was terrified of being abandoned.

Yuri pulled Victor into another kiss. “Two weeks. We can do this.”

Victor nodded against Yuri’s forehead again. “We can do this.”

“Let’s take apart the nest, or my instincts will demand I make love to you again and we’ll end up running late.”

“I wouldn’t mind.”

Yuri smiled. “Neither would I, but we need to head to the airport in a few hours. If we finish packing early though,” Yuri suggested. “There’s another bed, without a nest on it.”

Victor smiled. “I guess we should work quickly then.
Yuri smiled as Victor grabbed a sweater from the nest and pressed his nose to it. It was the sweater Yuri had been wearing the night he proposed.

“Take that one with you Vitya.”

Victor’s head shot up, eyes hopeful. “Really?”

Yuri nodded, walked over and embraced his mate. “That one has a happy smell, and good memories.”

“But it’s one of your favorites.”

Yuri laughed. “I’ll survive without it for two weeks. I think you need it more than me right now.”

Victor smiled and squirreled the sweater into his luggage before Yuri could change his mind. A minute later a different sweater was tossed at Yuri. He grinned, recognizing the geometric pattern, and took a deep breath from the fibers.

“It’s only fair,” Victor said, winking.

“I’m not complaining,” Yuri laughed. He carefully folded the sweater and put it in his suitcase.

Soon the nest was reduced to a pile of pillows and blankets, and the scented clothes distributed between them.

Yuri could smell sadness in the air again as Victor looked at the nest. “I thought you weren’t much for nesting,” he murmured softly as he stood on his toes to kiss Victor’s cheek.

“Just… a lot happened around this one.”

“Do you have a place to nest in Saint Petersburg?”

“Just the bed.”

“Maybe once I get there we’ll find a way to let you nest more if you need now.”

Victor wrapped his arms around Yuri’s middle. “You’re too good to me.”

“No more than you deserve.”

Victor smiled.

“We have a few minutes. It’ll be tight, especially once we add in a shower, but do you want to… one more time?” Yuri asked, blushing slightly.

Victor leaned in and nodded. “Please.”

“We won’t have time for foreplay.”

“I don’t care. I need you. I need my alpha.”

Yuri slid his hand to rest at the back of Victor’s neck and pulled him into a kiss. “My omega.”

Victor tugged on Yuri’s shirt, and Yuri allowed him to take it off, then removed Victor’s shirt in turn. They wriggled out of their pants as they made their way to the bed.
Yuri groaned with lust as he pulled the plug from Victor, watching his mate stretch around it again. He saw a trickle of earlier cum from the hole, and felt an immediate urge to replace it.

Victor angled his hips as Yuri put the plug to the side. “Yuri…” he begged.

Yuri leaned in and claimed Victor’s lips as he pushed inside. “I love you,” he murmured as he started thrusting.

Victor clawed at Yuri’s back, moaning and begging as Yuri moved inside him. “Knot me, please.”

Yuri glanced at the in-room clock. “It can’t be for more than a few minutes. We’ll barely make checkout as it is.”

“Please,” Victor begged.

Yuri leaned in to suck a mark high on Victor’s chest as he thrust harder, driving them both to the brink and allowing himself to knot as he came. Victor shuddered beneath him, whimpering from the stimulation.

They kissed as they waited for Yuri’s knot to go down, but Yuri couldn’t miss the sad sigh from Victor as he pulled out. He immediately reached for the plug and slid it back in.

“I wish you could have knotted me longer,” Victor said softly as Yuri crawled from the bed.

Yuri turned back to look at his mate. “Me too, but we have to go. I promise, I’ll knot you as much as you want when we’re together again.”

Victor smiled.

“I’m going to get the shower started. Join me?”

Victor nodded. “I’ll be there in a minute, I’m not sure my legs will cooperate yet.”

Yuri chuckled. “Don’t wait too long.”

Victor smiled at him. “What’ll happen if I do?”

“A scolding from Yakov probably.”

“Oh,” Victor pouted. “I was hoping for something more fun.”

Yuri walked back over, leaned in and kissed Victor. “Me too, but it’ll have to wait.”

A few minutes later Yuri was standing under the warm spray and arms wrapped around his middle as Victor stepped into the shower with him.

“Two weeks…” Victor murmured into Yuri’s neck.

“Two weeks,” Yuri echoed.

Victor and Yuri were leaned into each other as they waited for Victor’s plane to board. Yakov, Lilia, Yurio and Mila milled nearby but didn’t intrude.

Yuri was glad that both airlines left from the same terminal, and that there were a couple hours
between when Victor left and he did. It gave them even that few extra minutes together.

“Stop being gross,” Yurio finally demanded, glaring at Yuri and Victor.

“Yura!” Yakov scolded.

“They’re acting like they’re going to be separated for years, not a couple weeks,” Yurio shot back defensively.

“Yuri Plisetsky!” Lilia added. “When you have a bond as deep as that shared by mates, then you can speak as to whether they’re being excessive. Until then, let them be.”

Yuri turned his attention back to Victor and ran his hand along his arm, thumb tracing light circles.

“Are you ok?”

Victor nodded. “Yeah.”

There was a moment of quiet between them, surrounded by the din of the airport. “Yuri?”

“Hmm?”

“No almost going into a standstill this time, ok?”

Yuri hummed. “I think I’m safe. We’re a bit farther out from mating, and I have things that smell like you too.”

Victor nodded against his head. “Good.”

More people were milling about, and Yuri realized that the plane would begin boarding soon.

“The plane will board soon,” Yuri murmured. “Do you need anything before then?”

“Kiss me?”

“With all these people around?”

“It’s fewer than saw us kissing in China,” Victor countered.

Yuri chuckled and pressed his lips to Victor’s. “Touche.”

An announcement sounded, both Victor and Yuri ignored it until a shadow fell across them.

“It’s time Vitya,” Yakov said.

Victor nodded against Yuri, then stood. Yuri followed him up and pulled him into another kiss.

“I believe in you Yuri,” Victor murmured. “I know you can win.”

“Make a spot for my gold next to yours.”

Victor laughed. “I will.”

They kissed one more time, then Victor followed Yakov to the line that was forming. A few minutes later, and they shared a glance just before Victor stepped into the jet bridge.

The area thinned out as passengers boarded, then an employee asked Yuri if he was boarding. He thanked her, and returned his attention to the plane outside the windows. He watched as it backed
away from the gate, and even managed to keep track of it until it had lifted off and veered out of sight.

Yuri bit his lip, sighed and turned away from the windows. He trudged toward his gate, feeling the emptiness beside him. He took his time walking, even stopping for a coffee on the way. His departure was still far enough off he could afford the time.

Only a couple people milled about at his gate when he arrived. Part of Yuri wondered if they were there as early as he was, or if there was another plane departing from there in the interim. He sighed, pulled out his phone and tried to distract himself with a mobile game.

“Is this seat taken?”

“No… go ahea…” Something about the voice caught on Yuri and he looked up. “Phichit!”

Phichit grinned and flopped into the seat next to Yuri. “I was wondering how long it would take you to notice.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Waiting for my flight, same as you,” Phichit replied with an easy smile.

Yuri narrowed his eyes. “This flight has a layover in Seoul. I remember looking at flights with Vitya, and I do believe that you had a faster option back to Bangkok.”

Phichit laughed. “What’s a few extra hours at the end? This way we get to hang out for most of the trip, neither of us has to be alone. Ciao CIao is headed back to Detroit to prepare others for US nationals, since I don’t have competition to speak of I don’t need him in Thailand”

Yuri’s lip trembled. “How did you know?”

“That an alpha would have a hard time without his mate? It’s hardly a secret. I feel bad for Chris though, at least your mate has friends he’s going home with.”

Yuri tossed his arms around his friend. “I meant… how did you know which flight?”

Phichit laughed. “I could lie and say I guessed, but Chris asked, and passed on the information. Remember all those text messages I got while we were out yesterday?”

Yuri nodded.

“That was Chris and Victor setting this up. I’m seated next to you, in first class.”

Yuri blinked. “He didn’t…”

“He did. You deserve it though. You took silver.”

Yuri groaned.

“You really didn’t know he’d upgraded your seat?”

“No, and he checked us in last night before the banquet so I hadn’t even looked at the boarding pass.”

Phichit laughed. “Look at the bright side, now we get to spend the flight to Seoul together in first class. Not a bad way to end the Grand Prix Final.”
Yuri turned to Phichit and smiled softly. “I’m glad you’re here Phichit.”

“You didn’t really think I’d leave you alone when such an easy opportunity to hang out was presented, did you?”

Yuri smiled fondly. “You never do.”

Phichit hugged Yuri. “I have to introduce you to my new hamsters, don’t worry I’ve got photos of them all, and we have to compare notes on the worst movies we’ve seen this year. This flight will be over before we know it, especially if you take your traditional epic in-flight naps.”

Yuri felt his heart was about to explode as he sent a text message to Victor. *Thank you for arranging for Phichit to be on the flight with me.*

He knew Victor likely wouldn’t see the text until his plane landed in Moscow, but wanted his mate to know how much it was appreciated.

He immediately followed the first text with a second. *I love you. Two weeks.*

“Yuuuuuri…” Phichit teased. “I don’t know if you’re better or worse now that he’s your mate.”

Yuri laughed. “Worse, definitely worse. But the posters are down now, so that’s progress.”

Phichit laughed and hugged Yuri. “You’ll have to fill me in on everything we didn’t get to talk about yesterday.”

Yuri nodded. “Thanks for being here Phichit.”

Phichit laughed. “Always Yuri! Always.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Yay for Phichit being a good friend.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at [phoenixwaller.tumblr.com](http://phoenixwaller.tumblr.com)

Find my other YoI fanfics on my AO3 profile at [http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile](http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile)
Yuri hugged Phichit as they separated for their respective connecting flights. A part of him wished that they would continue to Japan together, but he knew that his friend already had a full schedule of press and government events.

Yuri’s own schedule was quickly filling. Between leaving Barcelona and arriving for his layover in Seoul he’d received several requests for appearances. He replied to most of them while waiting at his gate, agreeing to fly to Tokyo two days later.

He was about to prepare for boarding when he received the text he really wanted. Good morning my love.

Yuri smiled and typed out his own reply. Good afternoon Vitya. How’s it feel to be home?

It’s not home without you. The message was followed by a frowning emoji.

Yuri smiled softly as he typed his own reply. I know the feeling, and I’m not even back in Japan yet. We’ll be together soon though. Two weeks.

Two weeks. Did you enjoy your time with Phichit?

Yuri’s smile widened. I did. Thank you so much for arranging it. It made the flight a lot easier to handle.

You’re welcome love.

Your flights were ok?

Yurio kept glaring, and Yakov demanded to know my plans. Mila seemed excited though.
Yuri laughed. *Yurio’s probably mad that your return will overshadow his win.*

Another smiley face, then *You’re probably right. But he’s likely to beat me at nationals too. He’s been preparing for months.*

*You’ll do great regardless. I believe in you.*

*I believe in you too.*

Yuri smiled. *Thanks Vitya. I have to go. I’ll be boarding soon.*

*Have a good flight. I’ll call later.*

*I’m looking forward to it.*

Yuri stood as his boarding group was called, and turned his phone to airplane mode while he waited in line.

*“Two weeks…”* he muttered as his eyes tracked to the airplane outside the windows.

“Tadaima,” Yuri said as he slid aside the door at the onsen.

“Yuri, okaeri,” Hiroko said, beaming from the entrance to the dining room. *“Congratulations.”*

Yuri smiled. *“Thanks mom.”*

She took a few steps toward him, features easing slightly in concern. *“Are you ok?”*

Yuri stared at her a moment before nodding. *“I’m fine mom, why?”*

“I meant, with Vicchan away. You’ve not been separated from him for more than a few days for months.”

Yuri chewed on his bottom lip before taking a deep breath. *“It was the only way for both of us to compete. I’ll… I’ll be ok.”*

Hiroko spread her arms in welcome, and Yuri felt drawn to his mother’s embrace. He hugged her back.

“I’m so proud of you Yuri.”

Yuri smiled, taking comfort in the nostalgic smell of his mother’s hair. *“Thanks mom.”* He stepped back, feeling better than he had since separating from Victor.

Hiroko’s smile returned. *“Get settled in. I’ll get a bowl of katsudon started.”*

Yuri smiled. *“That sounds wonderful.”*

Yuri dragged his suitcase toward his room, but was almost immediately knocked over by an excited ball of fur.

“It’s good to see you too Makka,” Yuri said, scratching behind her ears.

Makkachin’s eyes flicked toward the door, back to Yuri’s face, then to the door again. A few
seconds later she let out a soft, questioning whine.

Yuri sat up better to accommodate the poodle and continued to scratch behind her ears. “He’s back in Saint Petersburg girl.”

Another whine, followed by the bark that Yuri recognized was her tone for Victor.

“You’ll see him in a couple weeks, when we go to Russia.”

Makkachin whined again, settling her head in Yuri’s lap until Mari walked past and cast him a questioning look.

“Come on girl,” Yuri said, standing up. He grabbed the handle of his suitcase and continued to his room. However he stopped just outside Victor’s room.

Yuri left his suitcase in the hall and slid the screen open. He stepped inside and was immediately greeted by the sweet smell of his mate. He closed his eyes and breathed it deep.

A knock at the frame surprised him, when he opened his eyes he realized that he’d been standing there for several minutes.

“I thought I’d find you here,” Mari said, leaning against the doorframe. She reached into her pocket for a cigarette, then seemed to think better of it and put it back. “Mom said the katsudon is almost ready.”

Yuri nodded, and took his suitcase to his room. He met Mari in the hall. “I thought you’d be taking it easy today,” he said. “You only beat me back by about eighteen hours.”

“I slept well when I got back, and I’m just doing light work.”

“When will Minako-sensei be back?”

“Day-after tomorrow. She said she wanted to get pointers from your old coach.”

Yuri chuckled.

“What’s so funny?”

“I don’t think it’s pointers she’s after.”

“What do you mean?”

Yuri laughed harder. “You were with them, you must have seen how close they are.”

Mari paused, and Yuri looked back to see her eyes widen. “No wonder she wanted separate rooms rather than sharing one with two beds.”

Yuri smiled.

“How long?”

“Since China.”

Mari shook her head. “I should have seen it sooner.”

Yuri laughed again. “It’s not like you’d seen them together before Barcelona.”
“Still, the way he was touching her hand and smiling.”

Yuri grinned. “You got too used to seeing Vitya draped all over me.”

Mari smiled. “That must be it.”

Chatter drifted from the dining room as Yuri walked in, but he stopped when he saw the people assembled. His parents stood next to Yuko and Nishigori. The triplets held a hand-painted banner, and even Minami stood nearby, camera in hand.

“Congratulations Yuri!” the group said in unison.

Yuri smiled. “Thanks everybody.”

“Hey!” a familiar voice cried. “I can’t see!”

“Vitya?”

Yuko and Nishigori moved aside to reveal a laptop, Victor’s smiling face filling the screen.

“Congratulations Yuri,” Victor said, sunlight brightening his smile.

Yuri knew it was the middle of the day in Saint Petersburg. He walked over and sunk to his knees in front of the screen. “I thought I wouldn’t get a chance to talk to you until later.”

Victor’s grin widened. “I snuck away from the ice for a late lunch. I couldn’t miss your party you know.”

“Vitya…” Yuri smiled at his mate, then was nearly knocked over as an excited Makkachin made her presence known. She barked, then started sniffing around the computer for Victor.

“Hi Makka!” Victor exclaimed. “You’re being a good girl, right?”

Makkachin barked, tail wagging, and Victor laughed.

“Consider today’s katsudon a bonus. I’ll have to find a place here that serves it so we can celebrate together when you get here.”

Yuri laughed and smiled at the same time that tears pricked at the corners of his eyes. “Ok.”

There was a commotion behind Victor, then Yurio yelling something in Russian.

“Yurio!” squealed the triplets.

Victor laughed and scooted aside so that Yurio fit into the frame with him. “Say hi Yurio!”

“That’s not my name old man!”

“Yurio, Yurio, Yurio!” the triplets repeated.

Yurio’s face softened. “Hi everybody.”

“Yura skate good,” Hiroko said carefully.

A blush crept over Yurio’s face. “Arigato.”

Hiroko smiled as the twins started clamoring for the teen’s attention, each trying to tell him their
favorite parts of his skate.

The triplets had just finished when there was another voice from the busy Russian rink. “Victor? Yuri?”

The men turned and in the space between them Yuri could just spot Mila.

“Mila Babicheva!” the triplets cried, bouncing in excitement.

Mila paused and walked over, draping an arm each over Victor and Yurio. “Well hello there.” She turned to Victor. “What’s this?”

“Yuri’s celebration party,” Victor replied with a grin.

“Oh!” She grinned. “Congratulations Yuri!” Her eyes then lit up and she looked at Yurio. “What’s that name Victor calls you now?”

“Yurio!” Victor replied happily.

“Yurio it is!” Mila said. “Otherwise it’ll be confusing with two Yuris.”

“That’s not my name!” Yurio snarled, and everybody laughed. He scowled, squirmed out from underneath Mila’s arm and stormed out.

Mila took the seat vacated by Yurio and smiled. Her eyes searched the screen until she found what she was looking for. “I take it you’re the Nishigori triplets?”

The girls bounced in excitement. “Hai!”

Mila laughed. “You’re as energetic as Yurio says. He says your skating is already good though. I’d better watch out.”

The girls squealed again.

“I have to get back to the ice now,” Mila said. “But it was nice meeting you.”

The girls waved in unison as Mila stood, then it was only Victor on the screen again.

“Sorry about that. Busy rink,” he said with a smile.

“I’ll have to get used to it,” Yuri replied.

“I have to get back,” Victor sighed. “That’s what Yurio was yelling about when he came in. Enjoy your party, and give Makkachin extra treats for me.”

“Ok.”

“Bye everybody!” Victor called with a wave. “Thanks for inviting me!”

“Bye Victor,” the group called back in response.

“I’ll talk to you later,” Victor said softly to Yuri.

“Later,” Yuri replied, barely restraining his urge to reach out and touch the screen.

The call ended, and Yuri sighed.
There was a warm hand on Yuri’s shoulder. He looked up to the comforting eyes of his mother.

He smiled and patted her hand before standing again.

He turned, and saw all the people around him, supporting him, and he felt tears prick at his eyes again.

“Thank you everybody.”

The group smiled, then Yuko jumped. “Let’s get this party started!”

***

Yuri was exhausted, but he figured Victor would be getting home from the rink soon. He dragged his feet as he headed from the dining room to his bedroom upstairs.

He stopped in the hallway between his and Victor’s rooms. The comfort of his childhood bed called to him, but the lure of his mate’s smell was stronger. He got ready for bed in his room, then took the few steps down the hall and slid open the door again. He sighed softly as he breathed in Victor’s scent, preserved in the linens and the wood from time spent in the room. He knew it would dissipate soon enough, but until he was in his mate’s arms again he would seek out his scent wherever he could.

He’d just settled against the headboard, Makkachin next to him, when his phone rang. He smiled as he accepted the call, Victor’s face filling the screen.

“Hi love,” Victor said, smiling at the phone.

“Hi Vitya,” Yuri replied softly.

“How are you holding up?”

“Glad there’s a whole room that smells like you.”

Victor held one of Yuri’s sweaters up. “Thanks for lending this to me.”

Yuri smiled. “Guess I’m not the only one looking for that connection.”

Victor laughed. “I wish I had a Yuri scented room.”

“Soon enough.”

“So what’s on your agenda?” Victor asked. “Minako isn’t back yet, is she?”

“She’ll be back day after tomorrow. I’m resting most of tomorrow, but I’ll try to get some practice in during the afternoon. Then I’m off to Tokyo for interviews the day Minako-sensei gets back. I should be back to regular practice the day after that.”

Victor grinned. “I wanted to tell you not to worry too much about packing. We’ll make some time after Four Continents, then again after worlds. I’ll let you know what the essentials are in a day or so.”

“Ok.”

“One thing I do need you to send as soon as possible is my collection of costumes. My costumer is good, but two weeks is not enough time for two new costumes.”
Yuri smiled. “I’ll try to get them out tomorrow. Otherwise as soon as I get back from Tokyo.”

“Thanks solnyshko.”

Yuri smiled again, then yawned as exhaustion overtook him.

“Go to sleep love,” Victor said.

Yuri shook his head. “Miss you.”

Victor laughed. “Every sleep is that much closer to us being together again. Besides, I need to do some things here.”

Yuri yawned again. “Ok. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

The screen went dark, and Yuri sighed. He reached over and grabbed a charging cable, plugged his phone in and tried to sleep. It wasn’t until he grabbed Victor’s pillow though, hugging it to his chest that he was finally able to.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

Short and sweet, but sets the direction as I need.

Head over to tumblr and yell at me about Yuri On Ice at phoenixwaller.tumblr.com

Find my other YoI fanfics on my AO3 profile at http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile
The sky was overcast as Yuri slipped into the onsen. He made his way to the far end, where he and Victor would often sit, and was glad that the early hour meant he had the pool to himself.

He leaned his head back and allowed his mind to wander, but his thoughts inevitably turned to Victor… his mate… and how they’d come together.

He remembered how he’d first discovered that Victor was an omega, with the other man suffering from a reactive heat. How he’d protected him. He thought about everything that happened after as they danced around one another. He recalled the stumbles as he navigated the complexities of the omega’s past, then them finally coming together after the Cup of China.

He thought of their first shared heat and rut, and Victor’s return from Russia for Makkachin.
Yuri sighed as his thoughts turned to Barcelona; the highs… and the lows. He’d asked his beautiful mate to marry him, then almost lost him the following night. He smiled as he thought about the decision for them to train together in Saint Petersburg. Coach and student, competitors and mates.

He sunk into the water and allowed the warmth to seep into him.

The sound of movement. Yuri looked up to see Toshiya making his way over.

Yuri nodded as his father took a seat across from him.

“It’s nice to soak in the morning, isn’t it?” Toshiya asked.

Yuri hummed in agreement. “Yeah.”

“Gonna miss it?”

Yuri closed his eyes and rested against the rocks. “Yes, but…”

Toshiya chuckled as the silence dragged on. “I’m proud of you Yuri.”

“Tousan?”

“You’ve grown so much, since you left for the US yes, but just in the past few months. You’re so dedicated to Vicchan, and it reminds me of when I was courting your mother.”

Yuri smiled. “I love him.”

“In a way, you always have.”

Yuri felt the blush creep over his cheeks. “Yeah…”

“It’s been nice having you home again.”

Yuri looked at his father, and noticed the smile lines around his eyes, the wrinkles creasing his forehead. “I won’t stay away so long again. Vitya and I will come visit as often as possible.”

Toyisha smiled. “That’s all your mother and I ask, is that we get to see the both of you.”

Yuri nodded. “Don’t worry, you will.”

Toshiya’s smile turned wider and he grabbed his towel. “Ah, I think I had better start the day.”

Yuri chuckled as his father stood again and made his way back out of the pool. He leaned his head back once he was alone again.

“We won’t stay away. I promise.”

Yuri buried his nose in the costume, inhaling the rich scent of his mate. He sighed as he folded it again and pushed it into the box.

Victor had texted him to only focus on the costumes from the previous five years, so that they were likely to fit. It gave Yuri the chance to delve into the collection again, and remember the first time he’d been allowed to touch them in the days before the skate-off against Yurio.
Sequins glittered, and each costume reminded Yuri of the season Victor had skated in it.

He smiled, remembering all the years he’d aimed to just skate on the same ice as Victor.

Now they were engaged, and mated. They would be bonded in the next few months.

All too soon the packing was complete. Yuri filled much of the extra space with clothes and other things he thought Victor would need, but as the box filled he kept a small space up top. Finally he decided there was just enough room left.

He stood and made his way to his bedroom. He grabbed one of the onigiri pluses he’d kept and scented it, dragging it over his scent glands until he was sure it smelled like him. He wrapped it in a plastic bag and placed it on top. He then took the dildo half of the remote toys set and installed the app on his phone. He made sure that the app could find both it and the sleeve, and hoped that it wouldn’t take Victor too long to sync everything on his end.

Once that was done Yuri wrapped the box for the dildo and set it next to the onigiri plush, with a note that the present was for his birthday. He then placed a few other things in the box: Victor’s favorite green tea, a green jinbei, and a selection of kit-kats that he knew Victor liked.

Finally Yuri sealed the box and made sure the shipping label was clear.

He carried the box down to the entrance and set it near the door, ready to be picked up, before heading back to his bedroom.

Yuri sighed as he started packing a few things into a day bag for his trip to Tokyo.

Yuri forced himself not to pick at the sleeves of his suit. Morooka sat across from him in the studio while makeup and camera people finished prep during the commercial break.

Then a producer was signaling that the segment was about to start. Yuri closed his eyes and took a deep breath, opening them again just in time for the cameras to roll.

“Welcome back,” Morooka said. “I’m sitting here with Japan’s own Katsuki Yuri, who’s just returned from Barcelona with a silver medal in the Grand Prix of Figure Skating Final, as well as a new world record in the free skate score.” Morooka turned to him. “Katsuki-san. First off, congratulations. That was an incredible performance, and so tight between yourself and Mr. Plisetsky of Russia.”

Yuri bowed. “Thank you Morooka-san.”

“Now,” Morooka continued. “There were rumors around the day of the free skate that you’d decided to retire. But instead you and your coach, Nikiforov Victor, are moving to Saint Petersburg, where he’ll return as a competitor and continue to coach you.”

Yuri nodded. “That’s correct. Victor will be making his comeback during Russian Nationals, and I’ll be moving to train with him after Japanese Nationals.”

“Do you foresee any problems with your coach also being a competitor? Won’t he know your strengths and weaknesses and be able to compensate for them in his own programs?”

Yuri shook his head. “I don’t. Many figure skaters train in busy rinks, often alongside their
competitors. And after a while one does get to know how their rinkmates will perform. However, in
the end it’s always how one skates in front of the judges that matters.”

Morooka laughed. “Well you’ve definitely taken after your coach in that aspect this year, and have
surprised the judges and the audience several times.”

Yuri smiled. “I wanted everybody to see how much an impact he’s had on me.”

“Well it’s quite the impact, and we can’t see what else comes from working with him.”

Yuri bowed. “Thank you Morooka-san.”

Morooka laughed. “Now onto more serious questions. With your coach training in Russia, do you
foresee any problems during nationals? You’ve struggled a bit without him this season.”

Yuri forced himself not to frown. “I admit it will be difficult. But I’ll have my dance instructor,
Minako Okukawa with me, and she’s agreed to be Victor’s assistant coach for these situations. I also
know that my fans will show me the support I need.”

Morooka smiled. “I can certainly say that your fans are ready to cheer for you.”

Yuri bowed toward the camera. “Thank you everybody for your support.”

“We’re almost out of time,” Morooka said. “But there is one question that has been flooding the
station since you announced your engagement after the Grand Prix Final. Who proposed?”

Yuri blushed. “I did.”

Morooka beamed. “Well congratulations. We’ve all watched you two grow closer these past eight
months and it’s clear you’re a lovely couple.”

“Thank you,” Yuri said, bowing again.

Yuri watched the lines etch into the ice as he skated figures.

The whisper of the door and a dark-haired figure standing at the barrier. He skated over and soon
Minako came into focus.

“Welcome back Minako-sensei,” Yuri said, grabbing a rag and wiping his brow.

“Thank you.” She looked over the ice. “I’m glad to see it’s just figures tonight.”

Yuri smiled. “I didn’t want to push myself after the interview.”

She leaned against the railing. “A sound plan, but you know I’ll work you hard tomorrow.”

Yuri nodded. “I expect nothing less.”

Minako nodded and stood. “I’m headed home. I’ll see you bright and early.”

“Here or your studio?” Yuri asked.

Minako looked out over the ice. “Here, since you have the ice time. We’ll work in the studio in the
afternoon.”
Yuri nodded.

“Get some sleep,” Minako said. “We’re going to work hard tomorrow. I want Victor to see how strong you can be without him.”

“Yes Minako-sensei.”

“Besides,” she said with a smile. “You’ve got to win some international gold in order to marry him. So we’ve got to make sure you make those teams.”

Yuri smiled in return. “I’ll be on them.”

Minako studied him for a minute and smiled. “Good to see this confidence in you. Keep it up.”

Yuri nodded again. “Hai.”

Minako left and Yuri turned to look at the ice. Lines crossed it.

Yuri took a deep breath and remembered the months skating there with his mate.

He smiled to himself. “We’re going to win… together.”

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of next chapter**

“Yuri!”

Yuri smiled at the computer screen, at his beaming mate. “Hi Vitya. How was practice?”

Victor hummed. “I missed my Yuri. It’s not the same without you.”

Yuri chuckled. “I could say the same.”

“Is Minako working out as a coach?”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah. She’s not you, but she’s keeping me on track.”

Victor smiled. “She’s sent videos every day this week. You’re looking good.”

Yuri made an annoyed sound. “You’re supposed to be focused on your own practice, not mine.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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Chapter Summary

Yuri both readies himself for Nationals, and a move to Russia.

Chapter Notes

Thanks everybody for the warm welcome back! And I'm touched that there is still so much love for this fic. Thanks again!

Just another bridge chapter today, but next chapter things get moving again.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Victor smiled. “She’s sent videos every day this week. You’re looking good.”

Yuri made an annoyed sound. “You’re supposed to be focused on your own practice, not mine.”

Victor laughed. “Don’t worry love. Minako selects what she wants my input on, and sends that. It’s less than an hour each day so far.”

Yuri frowned. “I guess as long as you can handle it. I don’t want you stretched too thin.”

Victor chuckled. “I’m good. Yakov’s even looked over my shoulder a couple times when I was watching during lunch, and you know he’d say something if I was spending too much time on you right now.”

Yuri nodded. “Ok.” He paused a minute. “Did the costumes arrive?”

Victor nodded. “Yep, and I’ve selected a few pieces that should work with my music.”
Yuri leaned forward slightly. “Wanna tell me what you’re skating to?”

Victor laughed. “It’s a surprise!”

Yuri pouted. “Even to me?”

Victor’s laughter deepened. “Especially to you. But just because I know you’ll watch, and I think once you hear the music you’ll know why.”

Yuri sighed. “Ooook.”

Victor laughed again. He reached off to the side and pulled the onigiri plush into the frame. “Thank you love.”

Yuri blushed. “You’re welcome. I thought you might want that right now.”

Victor nodded. “It’s nice having something to hold onto that has my alpha’s scent.”

Yuri smiled. “I hug your pillow every night. But I can’t wait to hold you instead.”

Victor beamed at him. “Yuri!”

Yuri yawned.

“Sleep love,” Victor said.

Yuri nodded. “I love you Vitya.”

“I love you too Yuri.”

“Goodnight.”

“Stop!”

The command echoed through Ice Castle. Yuri slid to a stop and looked over at where Minako stood. He took a breath and skated to her.

“Minako-sensei?”

Minako’s arms were crossed, a scowl on her face. “You keep skating it like that, and your score will be just as low as it was at the final.”

Yuri winced, remembering that moment in the kiss and cry as his short program scores were announced. He took another breath. “Ok. What do you suggest?”

Minako uncrossed her arms and leaned on the barrier. “Don’t worry about winning.”

Yuri balked. “But if I don’t win…”

Minako held a hand up. “Stop. That’s your problem right there. You’re thinking of everything after, and you of all people should know you absolutely can’t do that with this program.”

“Ok…” Yuri started, wondering where she was going.
“You know this program Yuri,” she said softly. “And you know there’s only one thought that will make it beautiful.”

Yuri closed his eyes. He blushed as he remembered all the times his beautiful mate had told him to seduce him.

“And there’s the thought right there,” Minako said, smirk in her voice. “When you think of winning, you’re not thinking of eros. But when you think of Victor, you dance for your mate.”

Yuri opened his eyes. “Thank you Minako-sensei.”

Minako nodded. “You have the skill to win Yuri. You have the programs too.” She paused and smiled. “And now… now you have the one thing you wanted all your life. And when you focus on that your programs become more beautiful every time you step on the ice.”

Yuri blinked at her. “Minako-sensei?”

She smiled. “What… or should I say who, were you thinking about when you changed your free skate at the final? You weren’t thinking of winning, I could see that much.”

Yuri blushed again. “I was thinking of Vitya, and how I wanted to skate a program as difficult as his.”

“And you think of him for Eros too, right?”

Yuri nodded.

Minako laughed. “Your whole life you’ve wanted to skate on the same ice as him. You’ve wanted him to see you skate. And now he does. When you skate for Victor… when you skate for your mate, nothing can hold you back. So skate for him. Skate to show your love. Skate to show the audience the impact he’s had on you. But don’t skate for the judges. They’re there, but that’s about as much thought as you should give them, if even that much. They’re not who you’re really skating for anyway, are they?”

Yuri was silent as the words rolled through his mind.

“Ok…” MInako said. “From the top.”

_____________________

Makkachin whined from the bed, eyes flicking back and forth as Yuri folded back the flaps of another empty box and started to put clothes into it.

Yuri moved over and ruffled her fur. “We’ll go to bed soon girl. I just want to make sure everything I’m going to need is packed and ready to go.”

Makkachin eyed him and huffed.

Yuri laughed. “We’ll see him soon.”

Makkachin yawned and rested her head on her paws again.

Yuri stood and walked to his closet. He rummaged through. “Guess I can leave the summer clothes for now. They won’t be useful in Saint Petersburg in the middle of winter.”
He knelt and pulled out a box that he’d stowed after his return from Detroit. “This looks more promising.”

Yuri carried the box over to the stack, moving the empty one aside so he could set it on top. He cut the existing tape and opened it.

“Bingo! Winter gear!”

Yuri pushed things around in the box to look deeper, but tried not to pull anything out. “Coat, gloves, scarves, long johns. This should do. The internet says average temperatures are only a few degrees different.”

He pulled his hand from the box and laughed. “And that’s assuming Vitya doesn’t take me shopping as soon as I arrive.” He turned to Makkachin again. “Right girl?”

Makkachin barked in response, tail thumping on the bed.

Yuri smiled and walked over. He sat with his back against the wall and smiled as Makkachin shifted to lay her head in his lap. He scratched behind her ear.

“Are you looking forward to going home?” Yuri asked. “I bet not the plane ride. But what will you think about being back in Russia? Will you miss your family here? Do you miss people and dogs you knew there?”

Makkachin’s tongue lolled as she tilted her head so Yuri could scratch a different spot.

He laughed. “Or is it your most important people that you care about?”

Makkachin rolled to her back, basking in the attention, and Yuri rubbed her belly.

“I guess all you know right now is that there are boxes, and boxes means something’s happening. And since you don’t speak our languages, you don’t know what that something is.”

Makkachin yawned.

Yuri smiled. “You’re right.”

Yuri stood and patted his leg. “Come on Makka. Bed time!”

Makkachin boofed and hopped from the bed.

Yuri paused at the door and looked back before turning off the light.

A crack echoed through the Ice Castle as Yuri landed the jump.

_I can just imagine Victor’s face at that._ Yuri smiled. _That was perfect._

He thought of Victor’s smile, at the cheer that would have normally followed as he transitioned into a spin.

_Victor always loves my spins._

A few more seconds and Yuri made it to his finishing pose. He held it, breathing deep.
Applause. Yuri dropped his arms and looked over to where MInako stood.

“That was perfect Yuri,” she said. “And I think once Victor sees the video he’ll agree. You skate like that the rest of the season and you’ll be breaking more records.

Yuri smiled. He skated to the barrier and took a long drink of water.

“I think let’s call today on a high note,” Minako said. “Get some lunch, and I’ll see you in the studio this afternoon.”

“Hai.”

Minako smiled at him. “You’re ready Yuri. You leave for nationals day after tomorrow. So let’s just keep you warmed up and not push.”

Yuri nodded.

She smiled. “I’m sending you to your mate with a gold medal you know.”

Yuri laughed. “I think he’d approve.”

Minako nodded. “Keep loose until this afternoon. I think I want to work on some of your Eros movements, draw a bit more out of you.”

Yuri nodded. “I think I’ll double check my packing, since the movers will be picking it up tomorrow morning.”

Minako smiled. “I’m proud of you Yuri. I’ll see you in a few hours.”

Yuri blushed. “Thanks Minako-sensei.”

Yuri watched as Minako walked out, then skated to the exit. “A few days love, and I’ll give you our first gold together.”

He smiled. “The first of many. I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter

“Ditch the mask Yuri,” Minako said as they headed toward baggage claim.

“Minako-sensei?”

“You heard me. Ditch the mask. You’re coming off a silver medal at the Grand Prix Final. You have fans waiting to see you. Follow your mate’s lead and spend a few minutes with them.”

Yuri was about to protest when a voice caught his attention.

“Katsuki-san! Okukawa-san!”

Yuri turned and laughed as Minami ran toward them.
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Yuri was about to protest when a voice caught his attention.

“Katsuki-san! Okukawa-san!”

Yuri turned and laughed as Minami ran toward them.

Minami slid to a stop in front of them and bowed politely.

“Hello Minami-kun,” Yuri said. “Did you just arrive too?”

Minami nodded. “I didn’t see you on the plane though…”

Yuri scratched his head nervously. “Victor… kinda put Minako-sensei and I in first class. I didn’t realize until we checked in.”

Minami stared, then started laughing. “That would explain it.”

“Hello Minami-kun,” Minako said. “Are you ready for competition?”

Minami grinned and nodded. “Hai! My scores are even better now this year, especially after your pointers Okukawa-san.”

Minako smiled. “That’s good to hear.”
They started walking toward baggage claim again.

“So Victor-san is competing again?” Minami asked.


“Isn’t the first time for that at Worlds?”

Yuri chuckled. “It is. So I have to make the team.”

“I’m determined to go to Four Continents and Worlds too!”

Yuri smiled. “I’m not going easy on you.”

“Good! I only want to see you at your best.”

Yuri stopped, and his eyes met Minami’s. How bowed. “I promise Minami-kun. I’ll skate my best.”

Minami laughed and bowed in return. “So will I!”

Yuri took a deep drink of water and cast his eyes back out over the practice session. Minami was practicing his step sequence, while another competitor was working on spins. He winced as yet a third young man came down hard after an attempt at a triple axel.

“Wanna give it a few more minutes?” Minako asked, stepping up to the other side of the barrier.

Yuri hummed. “No. I’m feeling good.”

Minako chuckled. “I’m going to translate that to ‘I’m headed back to the hotel to nap so I can stay up all night to watch my mate skate and not be completely drained for practice tomorrow.’”

Yuri felt his cheeks heat and Minako laughed.

“Nailed it,” she said. “Go on. I know you’re not going to be able to focus with his return skate tonight.”

Yuri smiled. “Thanks Minako-sensei.”

She smirked as she leaned in. “Just don’t get so tired you can’t focus. If you’re not good at practice tomorrow I won’t let you watch his free skate.”

Yuri laughed. “Don’t worry. I’ll be ready.”

“Good.” She smiled. “I’ll see you tomorrow morning then.”

Yuri nodded and slipped on his skate guards. He removed his skates and headed to the locker room to change. Then he caught the transport back to the hotel.

He collapsed onto the bed, ready to nap. Then his phone rang.

He beamed as Victor’s face appeared on the screen. “Hi Vitya.”

“Yuri!”
“Good morning. Are you ready for tonight?”

Victor smiled. “Da. The press has been crazy, but practice has gone well. I have one more practice this morning, then the opening ceremonies.”

Yuri turned on his side and smiled at his mate. “Do you have your skate order yet?”

Victor nodded. “Middle of the pack, a couple places behind Yurio. So you won’t need to stay up too late.”

“How’d you know?”

Victor laughed. “Because I know you love. I figured you’d talk Minako into it.”

Yuri smiled. “Yeah. But we both know I wouldn’t be satisfied with a video later.”

Victor smiled at him. “I’d offer to call after, but Yakov’s already told me to let you sleep. So I guess we’ll talk tomorrow.”

Yuri nodded. “Are you headed to practice soon?”

Victor returned the nod. “We are. Then Yakov has set aside some time for press early this afternoon, so I’ll be busy pretty much until it’s time to skate. Except for a couple hours late in the afternoon when I plan to get a bit of sleep.”

Yuri smiled.

“What are you going to do?”

Yuri hummed. “I don’t know yet. But… middle of the pack… that should have you and Yurio on between midnight and one in the morning here?”

Victor frowned. “About that…”

Yuri smiled. “I’ll nap now then. Go to dinner later, and probably nap again until midnight or so. Then I’ll watch the stream. Don’t worry, I plan to get enough sleep.”

Victor nodded and smiled softly. “That’s good.”

Yuri yawned at the same time that somebody knocked on Victor’s hotel room door.

“Get some sleep solnyshko,” Victor said softly. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow, and skate for you tonight.”

Yuri nodded. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Yuri sat in the dim light of a hotel lamp, his laptop on the tiny desk. He could just make out Yakov’s signature glower as Yurio prepared to take the ice.

He laughed as Victor hugged the teen, who made a show about pushing off the omega.

He wished he knew Russian as the announcers seemed excited about the interaction, but sighed as he
couldn’t begin to understand what they were saying.

The rink cleared and Yurio took the ice. Yuri leaned forward to study his performance as the music started.

Yuri smiled. Yurio skated with determination, but somehow managed the same emotion that he’d conveyed during the final. When he stepped from the ice Yakov had a smug expression, and Yurio was smiling.

Yuri smiled too, the teen had done well.

The camera cut to Victor for a few seconds before they started on the replay, and he was cheering from just outside the kiss and cry.

Yuri laughed at the exuberance of his mate. Then Yakov was yelling at him and Victor laughed as he headed back to the locker rooms.

Yuri chewed his lip as Yurio’s score was displayed. While the score wasn’t as high as it had been at the final, it was still high enough to be a concern for the returning Victor.

The next skater took the ice and Yuri sighed. Victor was supposedly in the next group if he’d understood some of the chyrons.

His phone chimed with an incoming text.

12:15 am - Take that Katsudon!

Yuri laughed.


12:16 am - Good job? No way can your mate top that!

12:17 am - We’ll see.

Yuri laughed again and glanced at the screen as the next skater waited in the kiss and cry. While his scores were respectable he doubted the young man would make the podium. Especially with Yurio and Georgi sitting at first and second with Victor yet to skate.

The zamboni came out and Yuri stood to stretch. He considered for a moment, then sent a text to Victor.

12:20 am - Good luck love. I can’t wait.

12:22 am - (^_^) Yuuuuu! Thank you love!

Yuri smiled and turned to the screen again. He saw Victor waiting with the others in his group, waiting to warm up, as Yakov tried to pry his phone away.
The Victor on the screen laughed and handed his phone to Yakov. He then found the camera and made heart hands at it.

Yuri melted at the obvious display. Then the gate opened and the group streamed onto the ice for warmup.

Cameras followed the skaters around while a graphic at the side of the screen listed the skate order. Yuri saw that Victor was second and he nodded to himself. Then the warmup ended and Yuri watched his mate leave the ice.

He bounced with excitement as the skater before Victor took the ice, and almost felt sorry for the young man who appeared nervous about performing between the rising star and the living legend.

Then Victor was on the ice, and Yuri gasped at the beauty of his mate. He recognized the pants from a previous season, black with a ruby stripe up the side, but the top appeared to be new. It was primarily silver with an ombre effect from the upper chest onto one arm that ended in the same ruby color. A smattering of crystals gave a hint of shimmer, but the majority of the effect was the simple color gradation.

The arena thundered as Victor skated to center ice and took his starting position, then the music started.

*Vitya said I’d understand why this was a surprise as soon as I heard the music.*

The music started softly, and Victor used the first few seconds to gain speed for his step sequence, set to a plucked string. Then the lyrics cut in, building into a triple axel.

Yuri listened, the lyrics catching in him. He wiped away a tear as the singer described how much more beautiful the world was with their partner.

*Is this how you feel about me Vitya?*

All too soon Victor’s two and a half minutes were up, with a few more seconds to get to the end of a phrase. The audience was on their feet, and tears coursed down Yuri’s cheeks.

Victor beamed from the kiss and cry, and Yuri couldn’t help himself as he sent off a text to his mate telling him how beautiful the performance was, and how touched he was by the music.

Yakov made a face, obviously still holding Victor’s phone as it buzzed with the text.

Yuri laughed and leaned forward, eagerly awaiting his mate’s scores.

He had a hard time containing his joy as Victor edged out Yurio for the top spot, knowing his shouts would awaken half the hotel if he allowed himself the celebration.

Yuri went to bed confident that his beautiful mate would be in first going into his free skate.

Now Yuri just had to prove that he could skate without his mate and coach by his side.
Yuri wrung his hands and paced as he waited for his group to warm up. It was early afternoon in Russia, and Victor would be preparing for his own skate that night.

He took a deep breath and squeezed his eyes closed.

*Focus… Victor is counting on you. Focus.*

Lohengrin sounded from the backstage speakers and Yuri opened his eyes. He watched as Minami started.

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Nationals Begin

Chapter Summary

Yuri takes the ice for his short program at Nationals.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!

Bit later than I planned, but I still got the chapter up tonight! Thanks again to everybody for coming back to this fic.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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He took a deep breath and squeezed his eyes closed.

*Focus… Victor is counting on you. Focus.*

Lohengrin sounded from the backstage speakers and Yuri opened his eyes. He watched as Minami started.

Minami poured himself onto the ice, and Yuri could see the influence of his own Lohengrin performance in the step and spiral sequences.

He understood why the teen had wanted him to watch so badly, and remembered some of his own programs that had been inspired by Victor's.

Minami’s foot wobbled a bit on his triple axel, but his program was otherwise clean.

Yuri smiled, and made a note to congratulate the teen once he’d had a chance to do press.

*Focus…*

Yuri took a deep breath and wandered from one of the viewing areas into a warmup room. He rolled out a mat to start stretching, but the applause filtered from the arena, and even his headphones couldn’t seem to cancel it.

*Focus…*
It was Victor’s birthday, and he couldn’t be there to celebrate with his mate.

*Focus…*

More applause, thundering. Yuri looked to the sound. He squeezed his eyes shut again.

*Focus…*

A hand on his shoulder. Yuri jumped and spun to see Minako standing behind him, phone in hand.

“Take it,” she said.

Yuri blinked and accepted the phone. “Hello?”

“Yuri!”

Tears sprung to Yuri’s eyes. “Vitya? Ho… how? Aren’t you supposed to be preparing for tonight?”

Victor laughed. “I ditched Yakov a few minutes ago and told him I had to do coach stuff. He’s got his hands full with Yurio anyway. He’s determined to beat me tonight. He actually demanded an extra few minutes of practice alone so Yakov could give him pointers.”

Yuri smiled. “And you’re not worried?”

Victor laughed again. “No. As long as I’m on the team for Worlds I’ll be happy.”

“Really?”

“Mm-hmm. I need to compete against you, don’t I? Besides, that’s where the real battle between Yurio and I will be. I can tell that the back to back to back competitions left him a bit stretched, and I’m still new on these programs. So neither of us is at our best. But we’ll both be peaking again at Worlds.”

Yuri breathed a sigh of relief. He wiped away a tear that had formed in the corner of one eye. “It’s so good to hear your voice Vitya.”

“Same. But you know I wouldn’t send you out without me, didn’t you?”

“I… I just thought…”

Victor chuckled. “I’m always with you solnyshko. Even if I’m not there.”

Yuri turned and slid down the wall to sit on the floor, cradling Minako’s phone to his ear. “You have your own competition though.”

“I wouldn’t be a good coach if I couldn’t manage my time. I make a space for my own training, and a space for yours. Nothing’s being neglected.”

Yuri smiled. “Ok.”

“So, what do you need from me?”

“It’s just… it’s just good to hear your voice.”

“Yuri!”

“Will you watch the video when you get a chance?”
Victor laughed. “Mila’s on it, since her free skate is tomorrow. If I’m not busy she’ll get me as soon as your group warms up. Otherwise she’ll give me an overview and I’ll watch the video as soon as I can.”

“Really?”

“Of course love. When we talk later I can even give you a belated kiss and cry lecture.”

Yuri laughed. “What if I said I had something better in mind?”

“Does this have something to do with that present you had me bring?”

Yuri smiled. “We’ll open it on camera after your skate. It’ll be after your birthday here, but should be very late there.”

“I’m excited to find out what my Yuri got me!”

Yuri laughed again. “Just don’t peek.”

“No time anyway. It’s at the hotel and I’m at the arena already. So it’ll stay wrapped until later.”

“Good.”

“Yuri?”

“Hmm?”

“I need to go now and do some press. But I want you to know I believe in you. I know how beautiful this program is, and I can’t wait to see it.”

Yuri nodded, then remembered Victor couldn’t see him. “I’ll skate it for you.”

“I can’t wait.”

Yuri smiled. “Thanks Vitya. I needed this.”

“Always solnyshko. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Later…”

A few seconds of silence, then the ‘call ended’ sound chimed.

Yuri took a deep breath. He closed his eyes and centered himself.

*Victor’s watching. I can skate for my mate.*

Yuri nodded to himself and stood. He handed the phone back to Minako.

“Are you ready?” Minako asked.

Yuri nodded. “I’m good now.”

Minako returned the nod. “That’s what I like to hear. Now keep loose. One more group before yours.”

“Hai!”
Yuri took a deep breath as the skater before him came off the ice, followed by children laden with plush koi. The young man was scowling after a fall, and Yuri had to push aside his own memories of falling the year before.

He waited a moment then stepped onto the ice and moved to wait for his name to be called.

“Just got a text from Victor,” Minako said from the other side of the barrier. “He’s watching, and he says he knows you’ll skate beautifully.”

Yuri smiled.

Her phone sounded with another text. “He’s kissing his ring for good luck.”

Yuri laughed, and brought his own ring to his lips. He closed his eyes as he kissed it

_This… this connects us. He’s right, he’s here beside me always._

He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, lips still on his ring.

_I’ll skate for my mate._

“You’re ready,” Minako said.

Yuri opened his eyes and nodded.

“Next on the ice,” the announcement boomed through the arena, “Katsuki Yuri!”

Applause thundered and Yuri took off of a lap of the ice. He waved, wondering which camera was streaming; which view his mate saw.

He settled into his starting pose at center ice and took another breath.

_Seduce me, Yuri…_

He smiled, remembering how Victor always told him to dance the Eros program.

The music started, and Yuri danced. He thought of the present in Victor’s hotel room, waiting to connect them again.

His hips swiveled, a promise of pleasure.

He danced, imagining the tease and the chase, drawing his mate in. Making Victor so blind with lust that the transition between seduction and pleasure was eliminated.

_Pleasure upon pleasure, until you drown in it._

Yuri wasn’t the swimmer, he was the water.

He thought of the cries of his mate. Yuri was the only alpha in the world who knew the true Victor.

_Victor…_

The music ended, and Yuri held his finishing pose.

The audience thundered with their appreciation as sushi, onigiri and poodle plushes rained onto the ice.
Yuri eyed the backdrop, surrounded by reporters as they interviewed the person in fourth after the short program. He twisted his ring on his finger.

“Katsuki-san!”

Yuri turned to see Minami running toward him. He bowed in greeting. “Hello Minaki-kun. That was a fantastic performance tonight.”

Minami’s eyes widened. “You watched it?”

Yuri nodded. “Every second. I could see how inspired you were, and your spirals rivaled my own from that performance.”

Minami squealed. “Thank you! Thank you Katsuki-san.”

Yuri laughed. “You ready to keep that drive through the free skate?”

Minami nodded. “I won’t go easy on you!”

Yuri smiled. “And I’ll give it my all too.”

“We’ll both be on the teams for Four Continents and Worlds!” Minami declared.

Yuri laughed again. “That’s the plan, and you’re looking good for it.”

Minami laughed. “Third place. I know I can bring that up.”

“Just watch your landing on that axel. I know you can land it cleanly.”

Minami nodded. “Hai!”

Minami’s coach came over. “Minami-kun. There you are. Are you ready for press?”

“Hai!”

“Good! Let’s make it clear you intend to medal in the free.”

“I’ll be standing on the podium next to Katsuki-san!” Minami declared.

“I’m looking forward to it Minami-kun,” Yuri said, and received a smile from the teen’s coach.

Then she steered him toward the backdrop and the mass of reporters.

“Good job,” Minako said. “It’s nice to see you encouraging him like that.”

Yuri nodded. “He’s a good kid, and will do Japan proud.”

Minako nodded in return. “Just like his idol.”

Yuri blushed.

“Victor texted to say that things were getting started there, and that Yakov was taking away his phone. There was a frowning face, and something about how it was still a few hours before he had to skate.”

Yuri laughed. “Yakov’s keeping him focused I think. Yurio’s determined to get gold.”
MInako laughed. “I guess that might explain it.”

Yuri glanced back over to where the person in second was being interviewed. “Looks like we’re next.”

“Short and sweet. Thank everybody for their enthusiasm, and even though you’re well ahead, congratulate your competitors on their skates as well.”

Yuri nodded.

“After that we’ll get some dinner, then you’ll be free to watch Victor’s free skate.”

“Arigato Minako-sensei.”

Minako smiled. “Let’s do this.”

Yuri followed MInako toward the reporters.

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of next chapter**

Yuri yawned and took another drink from a steaming cup of tea. It was just after midnight, and Victor’s group had just come off their warm-up.

He noticed the particularly strained look on Yakov’s face. Yurio was growling at Victor, who was laughing, while he had to keep a hand on Georgi’s jacket as he kept trying to find somebody in the stands.

Yuri chuckled, then remembered that he was about to join the Russian rink. He bit his lip as he wondered what the antics were when they were away from the cameras.

______________________________________________________________

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Yuri chuckled, then remembered that he was about to join the Russian rink. He bit his lip as he wondered what the antics were when they were away from the cameras.

He stood and stretched as the first skater started. He wondered how long the press conference would take, plus dinner for Victor.

Yuri’s alpha side was tingling with anticipation. If all went well he’d be pleasuring his mate, even if they were physically separated. His mind drifted to thoughts of Victor, moaning in pleasure, as he checked his phone and the sleeve side of the set, for probably the hundredth time that night.

By the time he was satisfied that both the toy and his phone had enough battery the first skater had finished and was awaiting his scores.

Yuri looked at his watch, and decided he could afford a quick trip to the shared microwave in the lobby for a new cup of hot water. He made his way down, and managed to return with a steaming cup for fresh tea just as Georgi was taking the ice.

He immediately noticed that though Georgi wasn’t crying, his performance lacked the raw emotion of his skate from China, and his scores reflected that, though he still managed to secure no less than bronze.

Yuri chewed his lip as Yurio skated. The teen showed as much determination as he had in Barcelona, but by the second half his energy was starting to wane, and he put a hand down on a
jump. Despite the error though, his scores were high enough that Victor had no room for mistakes.

A roar through the crowd as Victor stepped onto the ice, resplendent in a costume from a previous season. Gold stones glittered and spilled over the shoulders of a black shirt, and were just picked up again at the bottom of the black slacks, like sand collecting at the bottom of an hourglass.

Yuri’s heart melted as his mate settled into his starting pose and kissed his ring.

His breath caught at the immediately recognizable starting notes of the song. Followed immediately by the moves he recognized from the month prior when he’d caught Victor skating alone.

Victor was skating the piece he’d not felt right about for years. But the routine had matured, and Yuri knew that Victor was skating his pain, the weight of expectation for so long, and the release he’d found with Yuri.

He understood why Yurio seemed so angry. Victor was skating a farewell song. Even if he stayed on another season, it was a subtle reminder to the audience that he couldn’t skate forever.

Tears coursed down Yuri’s cheeks as he watched. Guilt warred with awe inside him. Victor was reborn on the ice, yet he knew he’d fallen into the same trap of wanting to see Victor keep skating.

There was a moment of silence as the final chords faded, then the audience erupted. Plush poodles rained onto the ice. More than one audience closeup showed people crying.

Victor’s message had been delivered. He was still skating, but his fans would have to accept that he was close to the end of his career.

“Yuri!” Victor beamed at him from his hotel in Russia.

“Congratulations love,” Yuri said. “That was a beautiful performance.”

Victor smiled. “Yakov was just glad I finally skated it.”

Yuri had to hold himself back from reaching out to touch the screen. “When I saw you… I had no idea that was the song that you’d picked. How long have you wanted to skate it?”

Victor’s brow furrowed. “A couple years. But the time was never right.”

Yuri chewed his lip. “Vitya?”

“Hmm…”

“I… I’m sorry.”

Victor blinked. “For what?”

“I… I pushed you back, and…”

Victor smiled and reached off camera.

“Vitya?”

Victor laughed and held up his present. “Yuuuuri! Can I open this now?”
Yuri blinked, then smiled as his mate changed the subject. “Go ahead love.”

Victor squealed in a way that thrilled Yuri’s alpha, and pulled off the paper. He eyed the box as it was revealed.

Yuri chuckled as Victor pulled free the dildo and looked at it.

Victor grinned at the camera. “Yuri… this is… kinky?”

Yuri laughed and held up his end of the set. “They’re a pair.”

Victor cocked his head to the side. “Ummm…”

Yuri laughed again. “There’s an app, they’re really a pair. I’ve already synced them to my phone. You just need to install the app on yours.”

Victor’s eyes widened. “You mean…”

Yuri smiled. “I’m sorry I can’t be there love, but hopefully I can still make you feel good for your birthday.”

Victor blushed. “Yuri…”

Yuri smiled and walked Victor through the app installation. A few minutes later he received a notification that his phone had been paired with Victor’s.

“So um…” Yuri started. “How do you want to start?”

Victor smiled and leaned back against his hotel bed. He closed his eyes. “How about my alpha tells me what he wants to do to me.”

Yuri smiled. “Let me kiss you love.”

Victor hummed and ran his fingers over his lips, pressing them in slightly. Yuri mimicked the motion, feeling the press to match his fantasy.

“Beautiful, perfect Vitya,” Yuri purred. “Your lips taste so good.” He closed his eyes and allowed his imagination to take over. “Mmmm, I love kissing your scent gland. You smell incredible.”

A soft sigh from Victor. “Yuri…”

“Let’s deal with this shirt love. It’s in the way.”

Yuri opened his eyes to see Victor removing his shirt, and he took his off as well. “Mmmm, much better. So beautiful. Lovely, stunning Vitya.”

“Yuri…”

“Can you feel them love? My hands, on your skin?”

Victor moaned softly and Yuri watched as he ran his hands down his torso. A bulge tented his pants.

Yuri groaned at the sight and ran his hand over his own bulge. “Can I touch love?”

Victor nodded and shimmied enough to remove his pants. Yuri growled softly at the hint of pink dusting Victor’s face and shoulders, at the way his cock stood proud and ready.
“Mmmm. so ready already. I love seeing how much an effect I have on you. Does it feel good like this?”

Victor took himself in hand and stroked slowly. “Yuri… alpha…”

Yuri hummed. “I need a taste love.”

Victor gasped and arched. “Yuri…”

“Mmmm.”

Yuri realized he’d closed his eyes again as he imagined sucking off his mate. He cracked his eyes open and saw Victor working himself and obviously close.

“Let me taste you Vitya.”

Victor gasped as pearls decorated his stomach.

“Mmmmm, so good.”

“Alpha…” Victor moaned, hips rising in invitation. “Need you.”

Yuri chuckled. “Let’s get you ready.”

Victor turned and moved his fingers to his entrance.

Yuri growled in appreciation at the sheen of slick coating the inside of his mate’s thighs.

“So beautiful. You’re ready, aren’t you love?” Yuri asked, watching Victor’s fingers disappear inside himself easily.

Victor nodded. “Need you alpha.”

“Ok love, let’s make you feel good.”

Victor pulled his fingers free and managed to find the dildo. He used the slick on his hand to lube it and Yuri growled as he watched the shaft disappear into the omega.

He found the sleeve side and slid his cock into it, savoring the way Victor gasped as the synced toys transmitted the motion to him.

“Alpha…”

“You ready love?”

“Yes…” Victor whined.

Yuri started thrusting into the sleeve, and after a minute he felt the feedback on his end as it mimicked the way Victor’s body responded.

“Yuri… Yuri…”

“You feel so good Vitya,” Yuri growled, unable to tear his eyes from the image of Victor, working himself with the dildo. He decided to test the synced toys and gave a particularly hard thrust.

Victor cried out as the dildo translated the motion. “Yuri!”
Yuri could feel the tightening along his cock, and the moans coming from the computer told him that his mate was close.

“It’s gonna feel so good to knot you,” Yuri growled, and received a whimper of need in return.

He thrust harder into the sleeve, growling Victor’s name as he watched his beautiful mate come undone.

Victor cried out as he came again, and Yuri gasped as he felt the pulsing of his mate through the toy. He continued thrusting until the pulses slowed, then allowed his own pleasure as he locked into the sleeve.

Victor whimpered, and Yuri could see the bulge of the toy’s knot resting just inside his mate’s rim.

Victor was purring, the sound making Yuri’s alpha preen.

“You’re so beautiful Vitya.”

Victor’s eyes cracked open and he smiled to the camera. “I love you Yuri.”

“I love you too.”

“You?”

“Hmm?”

“Thank you. This was perfect.”

Yuri smiled. “Happy birthday love.”

Victor hummed happily as he settled against the cushions to wait for the knot to go down. “This was incredible.”

Yuri growled softly. “I’m glad.”

Victor sighed. “Now you just need to win, and we can be together again.”

“A few more days.”

Victor smiled. “I can’t wait.”

Yuri hummed. “Me neither.”

Victor yawned.

Yuri smiled and settled in. “Rest love.”

Victor hummed and closed his eyes, and Yuri followed suit, for the moment relishing the feeling of being connected to his mate even with the distance between them.

“A few more days,” Yuri said softly.

Chapter End Notes
“Moshi moshi?”

“You!”

Yuri couldn’t help the smile that spread over his face. “Vitya! Shouldn’t you be getting ready for your exhibition?”

Victor laughed. “I just came from rehearsal. We’re taking a break until the audience filters in.”

“Any hint what you’re skating to tonight?”

Victor hummed. “No, but it’s dedicated to us.”

“Oh?”

Victor laughed. “It’s my anthem for the future.”

Yuri smiled again. “I can’t wait.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

A hint on that song Victor’s teasing. It’s by the same band that I used for his short program. :) In case you're inclined to guess. (not that I'll give it away, LOL) [{ Note, several people have guessed songs by Queen... notice I said short program. Queen was used in the free. The band for the short was Pet Shop Boys.}]

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Yuri skates his free program, and watches Victor's exhibition.

Chapter Notes

Little late today, but whatever, lol.

Last week I challenged people to guess the song for Victor's exhibition skate, and gave the clue that it was by the same band that he used in his short program.

Instead of songs by the Pet Shop Boys, who he'd used in his short... everybody guessed Queen songs, which he'd used in his free. Anyway... in case anybody was confused about that, lol.

Anyway... If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri wandered the shops in Sapporo collecting omiyage for his parents and everybody at home: a bottle of Nikka whiskey for his father, and a box of shiroi koibito for his mother. He’d managed to get autographs from some of the ladies competitors for the triplets, and a wall hanging for Yuko and Takeshi.

He was still looking for something for Mari and Victor when he realized that he had nothing for the skaters at the Russian rink.

He chewed his lip, and laughed as he recalled Yakov’s harried expression the night before. The coach would definitely appreciate a bottle of sake. He smiled as he backtracked to the shop with the sake, keeping an eye out for other gifts along the way.

He managed to find some tiger-striped athletic gloves for Yurio, a small lavender bath set for Mila, potato chip chocos for Mari, a selection of kit-kats for Georgi, a tea sampler for Lilia, on advice of Minako, and several presents for Victor which he’d split between his birthday and Christmas.

By the time he stumbled back into his hotel room, laden with bags, he was wondering if he’d left enough room in his suitcase for gifts.

Yuri took a deep breath as Minako handed him his phone. He’d just come off the warmup and had to wait for five more skaters.
“Moshi moshi?”

“Yuri!”

Yuri couldn’t help the smile that spread over his face. “Vitya! Shouldn’t you be getting ready for your exhibition?”

Victor laughed. “I just came from rehearsal. We’re taking a break until the audience filters in.”

“Any hint what you’re skating to tonight?”

Victor hummed. “No, but it’s dedicated to us.”

“Oh?”

Victor laughed. “It’s my anthem for the future.”

Yuri smiled again. “I can’t wait.”

Victor cleared his throat. “Now,” he said in his coach voice, “about your free skate.”

Somehow the tone had Yuri standing straighter, listening to his mate’s instructions.

“You don’t need all those quads you used in Barcelona. So while I won’t prohibit you from using them, maybe skate the program composition that you’ve practiced more. I’m going to leave it to your discretion.”

Yuri nodded. “I was already thinking about that.”

“Save your legs,” Victor chuckled.

Yuri laughed. “You said that almost as if you have ulterior motives.”

“Maybe I do,” Victor purred.

“Vitya!”

Victor laughed. “My alpha made me feel so goooooood last night.”

Yuri felt the blush creep over his cheeks, even as his alpha side preened. “Vitya!”

More laughter from Victor’s end. “Don’t worry love, I’m alone, and I can tell by the sound that you’re not on speaker.”

Yuri glanced to see an exasperation expression on Minako’s face. “No, but Minako-sensei is right here, and she doesn’t need to hear what you’re saying to know what you’re saying.”

Victor laughed again. “Ok… ok… You know what you have to do Yuri. So get out there and do it.”

Yuri nodded. “Hai.”

“And Yuri?”

“Hmm?”

“I believe in you. I’ll be kissing my ring as you take the ice.”
Yuri softened. “I’ll bring you a gold medal to kiss.”

“I can’t wait.”

“I love you. I’ll talk to you later.”

“I love you too. I’ll call if I can after your press is done. Otherwise we can talk after my exhibition.”

“Ok.”

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

Yuri ended the call with a sigh.

“I can guess, but I don’t want to know,” Minako scolded.

Yuri laughed. “Hai Minako-sensei.”

She nodded. “Keep loose. I’ll let you know when Minami-kun is about to go on.”

“Arigato.”

Yuri slid his earbuds into place and allowed the music to fill him as he stretched. He could imagine Victor’s face, watching him before a skate. He couldn’t wait to be warming up next to him at worlds, as mates and competitors.

He leaned against the wall to stretch the muscles in his thighs just the way he liked, and for a second his thoughts flashed to an image of Victor in a similar pose, but with Yuri’s cock hilted inside him.

Yuri bit his lip to keep from groaning at the thought, and somehow managed to keep the errant fantasy from going right to his groin.

Yuri jumped as a hand landed on his back.

“Minami’s up,” Minako said. “Let’s get rinkside.”

Yuri nodded and they made their way out to stand near the barrier.

Minami seemed almost giddy as he stood at center ice.

“He couldn’t stop squealing when I told him you were going to watch,” Minako said with a chuckle. “I guess he never did calm down from it.”

Yuri laughed as the music started.

Minami was off, and Yuri could feel pure elation in every movement. The teen’s feet practically hovered over the ice as he moved, and soon the entire arena was clapping along to the music.

There was no doubt that Minami would make the podium as he came off the ice.

Yuri stretched for a couple more minutes after Minami’s scores were posted, then it was his turn.

Yuri handed Minako his jacket and hard guards, then stepped onto the frozen surface. He circled around to wait at the barrier and brought his ring to his lips.
“Thank you Vitya,” he whispered into the metal band. “For everything.”

Yuri ran his fingers along the edge of his gold medal as he waited for Victor to take the ice for his exhibition skate.

His mate had told him that the exhibition was his anthem for their future, and Yuri couldn’t wait to see what he’d chosen to skate to.

The ladies’ gold medalist finished, and Victor was announced.

Yuri leaned in and smiled as he took the ice. Victor wore simple black slacks with a white shirt and sequin blue vest.

Victor waved as the audience chanted his name, then the nights dimmed and the music started.

Yuri’s breath caught in his throat. From the first words Victor made his intention clear. They would do everything together. They were stronger as a pair than they were apart, and every movement on the ice only reinforced the message.

Victor beamed at Yuri from the computer screen. “I’m so proud of you love.”

Yuri smiled. “It’s all thanks to you.”

Victor shook his head. “No love. You skated that winning program tonight.”

“With your help. We came up with it, together.”

Victor laughed. “Ok… together.”

Yuri leaned back against the pillows on the bed. “I loved your exhibition.”

Victor laughed. “It just seemed right, even if I did use another of their songs for the short program.”

Yuri shook his head. “It was perfect.”

Victor smiled. “It’s how I feel. We can do anything together.”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah.”

“So how long until we’re together again?” Victor whined.

Yuri laughed. “I have my exhibition tomorrow. Then back to Hasetsu for another day to finish packing and get Makka. I think most of a third day in flight.”

“So I get to have my Yuri back in three days?”

Yuri nodded. “Three days.”

Victor grinned. “It feels like forever. I can’t wait.”

Yuri smiled. “Me neither.”
Yuri kissed his ring as he settled into the pose at center ice.

The opening chords of *Stay Close to Me* sounded through the arena, and he danced.

It was the song that had brought them together, and it was the song that had evolved along with them.

He danced for the months with his mate, he danced for everything that Victor had meant to him. He danced for their future together.

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of next chapter**

Yuri stood in the doorway to his room, allowing the memories to flow through him. He remembered the years of yearning, of striving to maat Victor on the ice. He thought of the decision to leave Japan to train. He recalled the failure in Sochi.

He smiled as he thought of his beautiful mate, radiant as the steam of the onsen curled around his slender waist. How he’d declared himself Yuri’s coach. Yurio’s arrival… the summer training… how it all blurred together as if it were a dream.

Then the revelation. Victor, assumed the dominant alpha of figure skating, was actually an omega. He remembered how broken that secondary side of his mate was, and how it had grown stronger with Yuri. The beautiful man was comfortable enough with Yuri to allow that most delicate part of himself out into the open.

Yuri smiled. The chapter of his life that belonged in his childhood room had ended, and a new one was about to begin...

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Yuri smiled. The chapter of his life that belonged in his childhood room had ended, and a new one was about to begin. He rolled his suitcase a few feet down the hall and stopped at the entrance to Victor’s… no, to their room.

“Come on Makka,” he said, patting his leg for emphasis. “We’re going to go to Victor now.”

Makkachin yawned and stretched before hopping down from the bed, allowing Yuri one last look at the room in which everything changed. Victor’s heat, their first time together, all the stolen kisses, had happened in that room. It was where so much had changed between them.

Makkachin whined from where she sat at Yuri’s side.

Yuri laughed. “You’re right girl. It’s time.”

He lugged his suitcase down and paused in the genkan to put on his shoes and clip Makachin’s leash.
to her collar, then he turned to face his parents.

“Okaasan…” Yuri started, suddenly unable to speak.

Hiroko smiled and took a step forward to hug him. “I’m so proud of you Yuri. You’ve become such a strong man. You’re kind, and generous, and such a good alpha for your mate.”

Yuri smiled. “Arigato.”

“Don’t stay away so long this time. Ok? I want to see you both again soon.”

Yuri nodded. “We’ll be back after Four Continents, and probably again this summer for a bit.”

“Good.” She patted his cheek as she released him. “Go to your mate.”

Yuri laughed even as tears collected at the corners of his eyes. “Hai!”

He turned to Toshiya. “Tousan…”

Toshiya smiled at him. “I remember when I held you for the very first time. I always knew you would be a wonderful man, but you exceeded even my highest expectations. Back then you wailed at the newness of the world, and how overwhelming it was. I knew... I knew that one day you’d conquer it. But I had no idea that it would be such an exhilarating thing to see.”

Yuri felt the blush creep over his cheeks.

Toshiya bowed. “I’m proud of you Yuri, as proud as any father can be.”

Yuri smiled. “Thank you Tousan. But it was you and Kaasan that made me who I am.”

Toshiya smiled. “Then.. I think we did good.”

Yuri rushed forward and hugged his father. “Thank you Tousan. For everything.”

Toshiya chuckled. “Go to your mate son. He’s waiting.”

Yuri stepped back and nodded. “Hai.”

He turned to see that Mari had already loaded his suitcase in the car and was waiting in the door. “You ready?” she asked as she snuffed out her cigarette.

Yuri nodded.

“Good,” she said, turning. “Much longer and you’d miss your flight.”

Yuri released a sigh as Makkachin flicked her eyes to him, then disappeared along the conveyor belt and out to baggage handlers. He turned to Mari. “Thanks for helping me bring the crate in.”

Mari nodded, then held out her hand. Yuri could see something wrapped in it.

“What’s this?”

Mari opened her hand to reveal a small, bright package.

“An omamori?” Yuri asked, taking it.
“It’s from that shrine we always visited as kids,” Mari said.

Yuri smiled at his sister. “Making sure I come back in a year?”

Mari grinned. “You’ll have to get a new one you know… and return this one.”

“Thanks Neesan.”

Mari reached out, hesitated a second, then ruffled his hair like she had when they were kids. “Don’t be a stranger, ok?”

Yuri smiled. “Don’t worry.”

Mari nodded. “I’ll see you at Four Continents then.”

Yuri laughed. “Hai!”

“You should go, or you’ll miss your flight.”

Yuri nodded and walked to security. He turned just as he got in line and waved at his sister, watched her walk away.

He fished his phone from his pocket as he headed toward his gate. *Headed to the plane now. See you soon.*

He grinned at the happy string of emojis he received in return.

Yuri could feel the stares, hear the whispers, as he transferred planes in Moscow. He smiled politely when he heard his name, even though he had no idea what the people were saying. He was the man who’d taken Victor from figure skating, and was now moving to Russia to train with the returning champion.

“Purpose of visit?” the customs official asked in accented English as he glanced at Yuri’s visa.

“Um… work.”

The man nodded. “Welcome to Russia.”

Yuri retrieved his documents with a sigh of relief, temporarily scared that now that they had Victor back Russia wouldn’t want Yuri coming into the country.

He followed the English prompts on the signs and soon found the gate for his connecting flight. Once he’d taken a seat on the hard chairs he pulled out his phone.

“Yuri!” Victor said, glee in his voice.

“Hi Vitya,” Yuri said, smiling as he heard his mate.

“Where are you?”

“I’m in Moscow, waiting for my next flight.”

Victor whined. “So close, but still so far.”

Yuri laughed. “Only a few more hours love.”
“I can’t wait.”

“You’ve got the flight tracker app on your phone this time?”

Victor laughed. “Two of them. Both set to alert me as soon as your plane touches down.”

Yuri chuckled. “What are you doing now?”

“Just making sure everything is ready for you.”

“I’m sure it’s all fine,” Yuri replied, biting his lip. “You don’t need to do anything special.”

“Don’t worry Yuri, I won’t go overboard.”

Yuri smiled. “Ok.” He glanced up and saw that people were starting to line up. “Looks like we’re about to board. I’ll see you soon.”

“Soon.”

Yuri followed the crowd of people as they headed toward baggage claim, only stopping long enough to look outside and shiver at the silver clouds.

A few more meters… Victor had texted that he was waiting past security.

The level of chatter increased, and Yuri realized that he’d walked right through the secure doors and into the public area of the airport. He stopped, receiving an annoyed sound from somebody behind him, before moving to the side to look for his mate’s hair.

“Yuri!”

Yuri’s head snapped to the sound, and he couldn’t help the smile across his face as he spied Victor waving from a nearby seating area.

Yuri jogged through the people still streaming through the security gate and into his mate’s open arms.

“How was your flight?” Victor asked, lips against his hair.

“Too long,” Yuri replied.

Victor laughed. “I feel the same.”

Yuri hummed into Victor’s chest as they took the moment to reconnect.

“Shall we go collect our dog and your luggage?” Victor asked after a moment.

Yuri stepped back with a sigh. “I guess Makka will want out of the crate.”

Victor grinned. “Besides, the sooner we get everything, the sooner we can go home.”

“Home…” Yuri mused, soft smile on his face.

“Yuri?” Victor asked.

“Just, I’ve seen photos of your apartment from magazines, but I never thought I’d be so lucky as to call it home.”
Victor smiled and brushed his thumb over Yuri’s cheek. “There was always something empty about it when it was just Makka and me, but knowing you were coming, it already started to feel full of life.”

Yuri blushed, and Victor lifted his hand to his face to kiss his knuckles. “Come on.”

Yuri nodded and allowed Victor to lead him to baggage claim.

Victor draped himself over Yuri while they waited, and Yuri hummed at the nearness. He could just make out his mate’s scent, carefully hidden under scent-reducing soap and shampoo.

The belt finally started moving and Victor stood again. “I’ll go wait by the large item area for Makka.”

Yuri nodded. “Ok.” He then remembered something. “Vitya?”

Victor turned. “Hmm?”

Yuri put his backpack down and rummaged in it. He tossed Makkachin’s leash. “So you have it in case you want to take her right out.”

Victor beamed at him.

Yuri watched for his bags as luggage started tumbling down onto the conveyor. He’d just grabbed the one with his skate gear when he heard an excited bark.

“Makkachin!” Victor’s delighted voice filled the room.

Yuri turned, and saw several others staring at the reunion, smiles on their faces as Makkachin continued with her happy barks.

Yuri grabbed his second bag and waited for Victor to return with the trolley, Makkachin trotting at his side.

“Is that all?” Victor asked, glancing at the two bags.

Yuri nodded. “I figured since we’re going back after Four Continents to pack, I didn’t need to bring any summer clothes.”

“Isn’t there anything else?”

Yuri shrugged. “Not really. If I didn’t already send it. The most important thing is you.”

Victor blushed. “Can you handle the trolley so I can take Makka out?”

Yuri nodded.

Victor pointed. “I’ll be right out that door then.”

“Ok!”

Yuri lifted his luggage and set it next to Makkachin’s crate. A minute later he shivered as the winter air hit him. He looked around and saw Victor standing next to a black car, urging Makkachin inside.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked as he walked over and noticed the driver get out to load the luggage. “You ordered a car?”
Victor beamed at him. “I thought about driving myself. But…”

Yuri cocked his head to the side. “But?”

Victor grinned with his heart-shaped smile. “But I realized that if I was driving, I wouldn’t be able to kiss you!”

Yuri laughed. “Really?”

Victor turned and narrowed his blue eyes, serious look on his face. “I’d much rather be making out with my mate in the back seat than driving.”

Yuri laughed again. “You know what? That’s a good point!”

Victor grinned. “Good!”

They stowed Yuri’s luggage and the crate. Then the car was off, Yuri and Victor kissing before they’d even cleared the airport property.

Yuri looked up at the apartment building, eyes wide at the opulence of the exterior. “This… this is home?”

Victor chuckled and nuzzled into Yuri’s neck. “Mm-hmm. Only a few blocks from the rink.”

Yuri swallowed.

Victor stepped away to tip the driver, then his hand was on Yuri’s arm. “Shall we?”

Yuri nodded mutely as Victor wrestled the crate against one hip, and Makachin’s leash in the other hand. He grabbed the handles of his suitcase and followed the omega inside.

Victor said something to the lobby attendant, who laughed and smiled at Yuri. He then waved him off after an obvious question.

“What was that about?” Yuri asked as they piled into the elevator.

Victor laughed. “Just telling him you live here now. He asked if we needed help, but I think we’ve got it.”

Yuri smiled and watched Victor put a key into the panel and press the button for the top floor. A moment later the doors opened to a short hall that led to a heavy door.

Victor stopped just outside the door.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked.

Victor reached into his coat pocket and emerged with a small gift box. He handed it over.

Yuri blinked at the bright paper and curled ribbon. “Um…?”

“Go ahead. Open it.”

Yuri stared at the box for another few seconds before carefully pulling the wrapping back. He opened the lid of the box inside, and nestled on a small cushion were two keys.

His eyes flicked to Victor, who was smiling. He pointed at the smaller key. “This is the one for the
elevator and mailbox.”

Yuri lifted the keyring out of the box, holding the larger key. “So this is…?”

Victor nodded. “I… I thought… you might want…”

Yuri smiled at his mate and rose on his toes to kiss him. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Yuri turned and slid the key into the lock. He held his breath, then heard the tumblers fall into place.

“Welcome home,” Victor murmured in his ear.

Yuri took a few steps into the apartment, and felt the rush of Makkachin at his side as the dog trotted in to sniff around. He set the keys on a console table just inside the doors as Victor grabbed the luggage from outside.

“Well?” Victor asked as the door clicked shut behind them. He wrapped his arms around Yuri’s middle. “Should I show you around?”

Yuri took a deep breath, and was immediately overwhelmed by the scent of his mate coming from everywhere.

Two weeks of separation hit Yuri like a truck, and before he knew it a low growl was coming from his throat and he’d turned to press Victor against the wall, nipping at the smooth column of his neck.

Yuri blinked and pulled back as he regained control over his instincts. “Vitya…” he started. “I’m…”

“Alpha…” Victor moaned.

Yuri blinked again and saw Victor’s eyes blown out with lust, and a needy scent suffused the air.

Yuri smiled, understanding the Victor was as aroused as he was. He pressed close again, feeling Victor’s erection against his thigh, and nipped at the omega’s jaw. “Is this ok love?”

Victor nodded. “Please… need you.”

Yuri growled again and pressed his own need against Victor’s leg. He eased Victor's coat off, and removed his sweater, then fumbled with his own clothing.

Yuri ran his cheek along Victor’s chest, his alpha insisting that he’d need to properly scent his mate before they left the safety of home again. But that was for later. Right then he needed to hear his mate’s cries of pleasure, to reforge that bond between them.

He kissed and sucked marks into the delicate skin, Victor whimpering and moaning above him, until he was kneeling and only had the barrier of Victor’s pants and underwear between them.

Yuri’s eyes flicked up to Victor’s flushed face, checking that it was still ok.

“Alpha… Yuri…” Victor whimpered. “Please.”

Yuri carefully removed Victor’s pants, groaning as the omega’s cock bobbed in front of him. He licked it, swirling his tongue around the head before sucking it between his lips.

“Yuri!”
Yuri hummed and reached around to his mate’s entrance, but he growled when his fingers touched smooth glass.

Yuri’s growl deepened as he wrapped his fingers around the base of the plug and started moving it in time with his sucking. Soon Victor’s fingers wound into his hair, pulling on the strands as his hips bucked under the dual sensations.

“Yuri… Yuri…Alpha!” Victor cried as he came, pulsing into Yuri’s mouth.

Yuri swallowed greedily, keeping up the stimulation until the stream of cum stopped. He pulled off Victor’s cock with a soft pop.

Victor was panting above him, face and shoulders dusted in pink. “Yuri…”

Yuri’s fingers teased around the edge of the plug. “Vitya?”

Victor’s blush deepened. “When I thought about you coming home today… I… I needed to… I didn’t know if I could wait for you to open me.”

“So you’re prepped?” Yuri asked with a chuckle.

Victor nodded. “I opened myself for the plug right before leaving for the airport.”

Yuri growled again and turned Victor around. His cock throbbed between his legs as he saw the glass from the plug nestled between Victor’s ass cheeks.

Yuri leaned in and mouthed at the skin of one of the cheeks. “You smell so good.”

“I…” Victor started above him, before groaning as Yuri tugged on the plug. “I… cleaned….”

Yuri blinked, then growled again as the meaning sunk in. “Do you want that?”

A pause, and Yuri looked up to see Victor’s blush had darkened another shade. “It… felt so good during my heat. And… that other time.”

Yuri was growling again, desire coursing through him. He grasped the flared base of the plug and started to pull it out.

Victor whimpered as his rim stretched around it, legs quivering from the sensation. Then it was out and Yuri set it on the nearby console.

The smell of slick was heavy in the air, and Yuri’s alpha side craved it.

“I thought you didn’t make much slick outside of heat?” he asked, barely restraining himself from burying his face in Victor’s ass.

“Thinking about you,” Victor panted above him. “My body wants you so bad.”

Yuri smiled, and leaned in again. He took Victor’s ass cheeks in each hand separating them, and flicked his tongue across Victor’s already open entrance.

“Alpha!” Victor cried again, legs shaking as Yuri’s alpha side demanded more.

Yuri growled as he started licking in earnest, tongue seeking out the ambrosia of his mate’s slick. He lapped it from the crease, and pressed his tongue inside to devour it from the source.
Yuri licked, tongue working as Victor moaned and cried out above him. Then the omega came again, releasing a fresh burst of slick even while his cock pulsed again.

Yuri’s cock ached as he ate his mate through his second orgasm. As soon as Victor’s legs had stopped shaking he stood, and noticed the way Victor was leaned and braced against the wall.

Yuri’s alpha decided that the bedroom was too far since he had no idea where it was. He pushed down his pants enough to free his straining cock, ran it through the slick in Victor’s crease, then slid it inside his mate.

“Yuri…” Victor whimpered, body already thrusting back for more.

Yuri made a few tentative thrusts, but as soon as he confirmed that Victor was indeed prepped he set a steady pace of deep, powerful thrusts.

“So beautiful, so perfect,” Yuri growled as he fucked into his mate.

“More, alpha, more,” Victor begged.

Yuri increased the pace, slamming into Victor over and over, and was rewarded with pleasured cries.

“I’m not going to last long,” Yuri warned.

“Yuri… alpha… please…”

The sound of slapping skin echoed from the narrow walls of the entrance, combined with Yuri’s growls and Victor’s begging for more.

Then Yuri couldn’t hold back any longer, he thrust deep, and only realized that he’d knotted when Victor’s cry of pleasure was even more intense than the earlier ones.

He was breathing heavily as he leaned forward to rest his forehead against Victor’s back. “That… wow…”

Victor chuckled, somehow still standing beneath him. “Yeah.”

Yuri pressed kisses along Victor’s spine. “I love you.”

Victor was purring softly. “I love you too.”

They were quiet for a few minutes as pleasure coursed through them.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“I… I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“I didn’t mean to fuck you against the wall as soon as we walked in.”

Victor laughed. “It’s ok Yuri.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor seemed about to answer when there was a ping from a phone. Somehow Victor managed to
retrieve the device from his coat pocket on the floor. “Takeout will be here in about half an hour.”

Yuri blinked. “You ordered takeout?”

Victor laughed. “Yep.”

“Why?”

Victor laughed again. “Because given the options of cooking, going out, or ordering in, ordering in sounded the best.”

“Ok…” Yuri said, unsure.

Victor turned back to him, blush on his face. “I didn’t want to be any farther from the bed than necessary, and I didn’t want to cook.”

Yuri stared, then smiled as what Victor was saying sunk in. He ground his knot into his mate. “Too bad it won’t go down in time for round two.”

Victor laughed. “Well, if these needs are more urgent than that to eat, there’s always the microwave.”

Yuri laughed. “When do we go to the rink?”

“We have two more days off.”

Yuri grinned. “Will you be able to skate?”

Victor turned back to him, and smiled. “I hope not.”

Yuri laughed as he started grinding his knot into his mate again. “I guess we’ll just have to see won’t we?”

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of next chapter**

Victor… Victor was everywhere. His scent coming from the bed linens, from where it had seeped into the walls over the years, and from the very same omega who was pressed against Yuri’s back and nuzzling into his neck.

Yuri smiled and opened his eyes, only to shut them again. “Vitya, go back to sleep. It’s still dark out.”

Victor chuckled and pressed a kiss just behind Yuri’s ear. “Come on Yuri. I let you sleep in since you only arrived yesterday. We should get ready soon though.”

Yuri turned and ran his fingers up Victor’s bare chest to skim his cheeks. He nuzzled into the warmth of his collar. “What do you mean sleep in? It’s still dark,”

Victor laughed. “It’s Saint Petersburg love. It’s like this in winter.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.
Find my other YoI fanfics on my AO3 profile at http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile
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Victor laughed. “It’s Saint Petersburg love. It’s like this in winter.”

“What time is it then?” Yuri mumbled.

“Nearly nine. We’re meeting Yurio at ten to show you around.”

Yuri blinked a couple times, wondering how his mate was so chipper while it was still dark out. “I thought we had today off…”

Victor laughed and kissed Yuri’s forehead. “We do. But I need to show you around while I have the chance. We’re off today for New Year’s eve, and tomorrow for New Year’s day. Then it’s back to training. We leave for Europeans in three weeks, and Yakov’s already made it clear that he’ll be working me hard.”

Yuri bit his lip. “You… you’ll let me know if it’s too much, right?”

“Hmm?”
“Training… and… coaching me…”

He could feel Victor’s smile against his forehead. “You might have to practice more on your own as we get closer to Europeans, but Yuri, you’re an experienced skater. You know what you need to do.”

Yuri was ready to protest when he thought of the time between his split from Celestino and Victor’s arrival, when he wanted to skate but didn’t have a coach. “I’ll do my best.”

Victor chuckled. “I know you will.” He kissed Yuri’s forehead again, then the warmth was gone.

“Come on,” Victor said, pulling back the cover. “We’ll need to be at the rink by now on normal days.”

Yuri groaned and tried to pull the cover over himself again, but instead the back and forth only attracted Makkachin’s attention, who hopped up on the bed in an attempt to play. He sighed as any possibility of getting back to sleep slipped away.

Victor laughed and wrapped himself around Yuri as they headed toward the bathroom.

“Do you have enough time to shower?” Yuri asked, thinking of his mate’s grooming habits.

Victor smiled. “I already showered while you slept.”

“Oh…”

Victor nuzzled into his neck. “I’ll make breakfast for us while you bathe though.”

Yuri smiled at his mate. “Ok.”

Victor kissed him then walked toward the kitchen. Yuri stepped into the bathroom to fill the tub, but saw that his mate had already filled it with steaming water.

Yuri chuckled and stripped before stepping into the tub. He sighed as the warmth seeped into him, and let his eyes close.

He was completely relaxed when there was a knock at the door. “Yuri?”

“Yeah?”

“Breakfast is almost done.”

Yuri blinked, then realized he’d lost track of time. He looked out the window to see the creeping blue of approaching dawn. “I’ll be out in a minute.”

“Ok.”

He scrubbed and rinsed. He pulled on sweats and a robe after toweling off, then stepped into the kitchen where Victor was setting out plates of omelettes.

Victor beamed at him, and Yuri couldn’t help but melt a bit at the warmth in his mate’s eyes. “Enjoy your bath?”

Yuri nodded. He sat and took a sip of the tea Victor had set at his place, humming as it warmed him.

Victor grinned and sat across from him. “Egg white and spinach omelettes,” he said. “Not fancy, but
Yuri smiled and dug in. “It’s good!” he said after swallowing the first bite.

Victor smiled. “I should hope so. I do know how to cook you know!”

Yuri felt the blush across his cheek. “I guess… since you never…”

Victor laughed. “It’s ok Yuri. Your mom cooked the entire time we were in Japan. Of course you didn’t know I can cook.”

Yuri smiled. “It’s really good.”

Victor returned the smile. “I’m glad.”

“Vitya, have you seen my other coat?”

Victor looked up from where he was pulling on his shoes. “You’re not wearing this one?” he asked, pointing to the one hanging by the door.

Yuri shook his head. “That one’s good for planes, but I think the other one will be more appropriate for being outside.”

“Oh… um… I think I might have hung it in the bedroom closet.”

Yuri nodded and headed toward the bedroom. He flicked on the light in the closet and sighed as Victor’s wardrobe greeted him.

He turned and rummaged through his side, but didn’t see the coat he was looking for. “Vitya?” he called. “Are there boxes still?”

“Yeah, I think! Check the top shelf.”

Yuri looked up and saw a box. He sighed and pulled it down.

“Did you find it?”

“I think so,” Yuri called back. He sighed as he opened the box, and realized he’d packed it on the bottom. “You should go ahead.”

“I can wait.”

“Yurio’s waiting though, right? Won’t he be pissed if we’re late?”

“But you don’t know the way!”

“You’re walking right?”

“Da?”

“So which way do I go?”

The sound of footsteps, then Victor looked into the closet. “Are you sure?”
Yuri nodded. “Best to not anger him any more than necessary.”

Victor leaned over to kiss Yuri’s cheek. “Ok.” He gave Yuri directions, and then Yuri was alone, digging through the box.

Yuri pulled several sweaters from the top of the box, setting them aside. Finally he spied the coat he wanted.

Yuri pulled the coat free and shook the wrinkles from it. He tugged it on as he walked toward the door, and slid on a backpack with some water.

He was pulling on his shoes when Makkachin rounded the corner, whine in her throat.

Yuri smiled, remembering Vitya saying they were going to walk around for a bit to introduce him to the area.

“Come on Makka,” he patted his leg.

The poodle perked up and boofed in excitement as Yuri grabbed his new keys and added them to his keyring. He locked up and then they were on the elevator.

Yuri looked up and down the street as he stepped out of the lobby, golden light painting every surface as the sun broke the horizon. He spied the river and remembered Victor saying that they were meeting Yurio on the other side of the bridge.

Yuri set off in a jog, Makkachin running at his side. He turned the corner and saw his mate waiting about halfway across, Yurio chatting with him.

The rumble of a bus behind him, and Yuri ran faster, wanting to see if he could get to Victor faster.

Makkachin barked in excitement, easily keeping pace, even as the bus pulled ahead.

Yurio motioned, and Victor turned, eyes lighting up. He raised one hand.

“Yuri!”

Yuri grinned and sprinted the last few meters to his mate’s side. Victor caught him around the middle and pressed a kiss to his lips.

“Oi!” Yurio protested. “It’s too early for you two to be fucking gross.”

Yuri laughed. “Hi Yurio. Congrats on making the teams for Europeans and Worlds.”

“Tch. Would have been better if I could have kicked the old man’s ass.”

Victor laughed. “We both know that neither of us was at our peak. We’ll have a proper test at worlds.”

“Yeah, and I’ll kick both your asses,” Yurio grumbled.

Victor released Yuri to drape himself over Yurio. “You better bring your best.”

Yurio struggled to get out from underneath him. “Get off old man! And you damn well know I’ll bring my best. I’m the best figure skater in Russia now, now you!”

Victor grinned. “We’ll let the judges decide that, now won’t we.”
Yurio scowled and pointed to Yuri. “You’re not off the hook either. You better not bring that lame short program you did in Barcelona. I want you at your best or you’ll wake up with skate marks up and down your back.”

Yuri smirked. “You better be up to it.”

“Damn straight. I expect a challenge from you this time.”

Victor laughed and wrapped his arms over both their shoulders. “That’s what I like to see. Now, let’s get going before the sun sets again!”

Yurio grunted an agreement and started walking.

“Where first?” Yuri asked.

Victor pointed. “It’s hard to see, but the rink is just behind those buildings there. So we’re going to start out by showing you what’s nearby.”

“In other words,” Yurio spat. “The old man is going to show you his favorite cafes near the rink, and probably take you to the grocers.”

Yuri laughed. “Well that’s good information to have.”

Yurio grumbled and stalked ahead of them.

“He seems in a good mood,” Yuri said, linking arms with Victor.

Victor smiled down at him. “He won’t say so, but he’s excited to have you here.”

“I can keep an eye on you assholes and make sure you’re not being stupid,” Yurio shouted back.

Victor laughed. “See? Excited.”

“You owe me piroshki for dragging me along today!”

Victor’s laugh grew louder. “We just ate, so you’ll have to wait for lunch.”

Yurio flipped them off and put a few more feet between them.

Victor smiled down at Yuri. “The kitten is feisty today.”

Yuri returned the smile.

Yuri set the bags of groceries on the counter while Makkachin padded to her bed and laid down.

“Are you staying for dinner Yurio?” he asked.

Yurio poked his head from over the couch. “You cooking?”

“Yeah?”

“Then I’m staying.”

Yuri laughed. “Don’t like Vitya’s cooking?”
Yurio waved his hand dismissively. “I just don’t want his cooking to taint the piroshki. But you don’t
know any Russian recipes, so I’m safe.”

“What if I learned some?”

Yurio glared. “Don’t you dare…”

Yuri laughed. “How’s Thai sound? Phichit taught me some of his favorites, and we have the
ingredients now.”

Yurio nodded. “That’s more like it.”

Yuri smiled and set to preparing the food while Yurio poked around in the living room.

“Did you come over often when it was just Vitya?” Yuri asked.

“Hell no.”

“Why not?”

“No reason.”

“And you have one now?”

“You have game systems. And good food, at least as long as your cooking is half as good as your
mom’s.”

Yuri smiled. “I still don’t have katsudon quite down to match hers, but five years in the US on a
college budget taught me how to fend for myself.”

“Good.”

Victor’s scent as he wrapped his arms around Yuri’s waist and draped himself over his shoulder.

“Yuuuuuri, how can I help?”

Yuri smiled and turned enough to kiss Victor’s cheek. “Get the box with my game systems and help
Yurio set them up?”

“How’s that helping?”

Yuri could hear the pout in Victor’s voice.

“Because we agreed Yurio could stay and game for a bit. But nothing is set up, so setting up now
makes more time later.”

“Ooooook,” Victor sighed, his warmth slipping from Yuri’s shoulders.

Yuri chuckled and turned just long enough to pull his mate back into his arms. “Don’t pout love.
Remember, after he leaves we’ll celebrate the new year in our own way.”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly.

“Disgusting!” Yurio yelled. “More cooking and less gross stuff!”

Victor smiled. “You sure we want to keep him?” he asked softly.

Yuri nodded. “Strays deserve forever homes too… or at least forever places of acceptance.”
Victor kissed him softly. “I’ll help him set up the game systems.”

Yuri smiled. “Thanks love.”

“You’re going down next time Katsudon.”

Yuri smiled. “Just get better if you want to beat me.”

“I’m coming over again tomorrow!”

Yuri laughed. “You sure you want to go again so soon?”

Yurio scowled and glared at the ground. “I… don’t have that game.”

Yuri smiled. “Just call first ok?”

“Like I’d want to walk in on the two of you being gross.”

A car pulled up to the curb and Victor stuck his head inside.

“This is your ride Yurio,” he said. “It’s already paid for since I don’t want you walking alone tonight.”

Yurio rounded on the omega. “Why the fuck should you care if I’m walking? It’s not far.”

Victor smiled. “Because it’s New Year’s eve. There are more people out and not paying attention. Besides… I feel like it.”

Yurio grumbled and slunk toward the car. “Fine.”

Yuri smiled as the teen got into the car and the driver sped off. He wrapped his arm around Victor’s waist. “Thanks for calling a car for him Vitya.”

Victor turned, fond look in his eyes. “I can’t let him get hurt now can I?”

Yuri shook his head.

“Now,” Victor said, eyes sparkling. “Didn’t you mention something about ringing in the New Year properly.”

Yuri laughed. “As a couple.”

Victor shook his head. “As a mated pair.”

Yuri smiled and nodded. “Just… no champagne. Ok?”

“But Yuuuuuuuuuri!” Victor protested as they headed back inside.

Chapter End Notes
Victor nuzzling against Yuri’s hair. “Sometimes I have to remind myself that this isn’t a dream.”

Yuri smiled and turned his head up, searching with his lips until he found Victor’s mouth. They kissed slowly.

Victor let out a soft hum of pleasure as they parted, and Yuri’s alpha side demanded that he chase it. He growled as his lips traveled to Victor’s jaw, along his neck and to his collar.

“Yuri,” Victor moaned softly, shifting under his attention.

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New Year

Chapter Summary

The New Year has arrived, and after ringing in the morning together Yuri and Victor prepare for Yakov's annual New Year's dinner with the skaters.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday lovelies! Hope you're ready for the next chapter of Shared Gravity. Just a bit of New Year's fun before Yuri officially joins the Saint Petersburg Rink next chapter.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Fingers through his hair, and the warmth of his mate beside him. Yuri hummed and scooted closer to his omega.

“Good morning,” Victor said softly. “Happy new year.”

Yuri smiled and blinked his eyes open. He grumbled. “Still dark.”

Victor chuckled against his temple. “You complained about that yesterday too. You’ll get used to it soon enough.”

Yuri grumbled again and allowed his nose to trace up Victor’s collar and into his neck to rest near his scent gland.

Victor hummed softly.

“Hmm?” Yuri asked, taking a deep breath.

“Just… thinking…” Victor replied.

Yuri made a confused noise and nuzzled deeper into his mate’s neck, seeking out the smell he loved.

“How nice it is… to have my alpha seeking out my scent,” Victor explained. “It’s a good way to start the new year.”

“You smell so good Vitya,” Yuri murmured. “Why wouldn’t I seek it out?”

Victor shifted to hold Yuri closer, but as he did his scent gland moved away from Yuri’s nose.
“Hey,” Yuri protested. “Bring that back.”

A sniffle.

Yuri blinked and moved to run his fingers along Victor’s cheek, finding wetness there. “Vitya? Are you ok?”

Victor sniffled again in the dark. “Yeah. I’m just happy.”

“Because I like your scent?”

Victor laughed again and pulled Yuri into his arms. “Because of you, because of everything that’s happened in the past year. Last year, the new year started alone. I craved an alpha, but they scared me too. I was terrified of myself, and I was so… so alone. Now, I have you, and…”

Victor paused.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked after a few seconds.

Victor nuzzling against Yuri’s hair. “Sometimes I have to remind myself that this isn’t a dream.”

Yuri smiled and turned his head up, searching with his lips until he found Victor’s mouth. They kissed slowly.

Victor let out a soft hum of pleasure as they parted, and Yuri’s alpha side demanded that he chase it. He growled as his lips traveled to Victor’s jaw, along his neck and to his collar.

“Yuri,” Victor moaned softly, shifting under his attention.

“Is this ok Vitya?” Yuri asked, lips moving across the omega’s chest.

“Yes,” Victor breathed, and Yuri’s growl deepened as he licked the hardened bud of a nipple and scooted under the covers.

His alpha side preened as Victor moaned and begged above him. He nipped at the soft skin of his omega, and relished the whimpers of pleasure.

Yuri kissed and nipped down Victor’s torso before settling between his legs. He bit at the insides of his thighs before moving back up to suck gently on his balls.

“Yuri…” Victor moaned.

Yuri smiled and licked his mate’s length, earning a sharp gasp.

He chuckled as he took the plush head of Victor’s cock between his lips, sucking and licking at it. He smiled at how the omega’s thighs trembled as he forced himself not to buck into the sensation.

Yuri growled around the length in his mouth, and the noise deepened as it forced Victor to lose his resolve, thrusting in search of more.

Yuri swallowed Victor down until his nose brushed the base of silver hair at the base of his cock.

Victor moaned again, and Yuri started bobbing, intent on milking every pleasured sound from his mate.

The flavor, the sounds of Victor’s gasps and moans, the scratch of his fingernails against the sheets.
The deepening smell of slick beneath the covers, they all fueled Yuri’s desire. His cock ached, demanding to be sheathed inside his omega.

But the alpha’s demand to completely sate his mate was stronger. He kept growling, knowing Victor would feel the vibrations and be that much more stimulated.

“Yuri… Yuri…” Victor moaned.

His cock twitched. I can take care of it later, he thought. Right now is about Vitya.

Victor’s shallow thrusting into his mouth started to become erratic, and the trembling in his thighs intensified. Yuri knew that the omega was close and he focused on all the things he knew would tip his mate over the edge into bliss.

Hands in his hair, sharp stinging with the pull, then Victor managed to pull his head off his cock.

“Vitya?” Yuri gasped, breathing heavily and intent on tasting his mate’s release.


Yuri’s cock twitched again, and another growl escaped the back of his throat. He shifted from under the covers and kissed him deeply.

“I was trying to make it about you, you know.”

Victor smiling against his lips. “We should start the year right… together.”


Yuri allowed his fingers to trail through the slick near his mate’s entrance as he kissed Victor’s shoulders and spine. “You’re so beautiful Vitya.”

A soft hum of appreciation.

Yuri pressed a finger inside, earning him a pleased whimper. He found Victor’s body loosened quickly and soon a second joined the first.

“Need you Yuri,” Victor said quickly.

Yuri growled again and shifted enough to take his mate as they were. He eased his cock into the delicious heat, and drowned in Victor’s blissful sighs.

He rocked slowly, each of Victor’s noises the sweetest of temptations that made him want to prolong their pleasure. Soon his hand drifted over to wrap around the omega’s cock, and he started stroking it to the same pace as the languid thrusts.

He could feel Victor relaxing into the pleasure, open and vulnerable, and he growled low in satisfaction. Soon the only words leaving Victor’s mouth were ‘Yuri’ and ‘Alpha.’

Yuri kissed and nipped his mate’s shoulder and back as he thrust, allowing his alpha side see to his omega.

Faint blue light was coming through the windows as Yuri felt his knot start to grow, bumping through Victor’s hole and earning him louder gasps and more calls of his name.
Yuri’s hips sped up as he rocked, chasing that moment of bliss.

“Yuri!” Victor cried, spilling over his fingers.

Yuri thrust hard into his mate, keeping the pleasure flowing until he couldn’t hold back. He pushed in deep and allowed his knot to tie them together.

They stilled, the only sounds between them deep purring and growling.

Golden light filled the room as the sun cleared the horizon.

“Yuri?” Victor asked softly.

“Hmm?” Yuri replied with a kiss to his shoulder.

“Happy New Year.”

Yuri chuckled and kissed Victor’s shoulder again. “Happy New Year Vitya.”

Yuri leaned back from the table with a satisfied sigh. “That was delicious.”

Victor beamed across the table at him. “Thank you.”

“So what are the plans for today?”

Victor smiled. “I figured early today we’d just either explore some more, or get you settled in here. But this evening Yakov is hosting his annual New Year’s feast for the skaters. So I’ll need to start cooking this afternoon.”

Yuri bit his lip. “Maybe… I should…”

“Stop,” Victor cut him off. “You’re expected. You’re joining the rink as of tomorrow, and now’s the time to get to know everybody.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded. “Yakov said so himself.” He paused and smiled. “I know you’ve been worried Yuri, but as gruff and harsh as Yakov is when coaching, he cares about us as skaters. He’ll grumble about you being on the ice, and not under him. Or about any other number of things, but he knows you make me happy. We’ve already talked about how I can coach you and be under him at the same time. He wants to make this work too, and more for me as a person than as Russia’s top skater. So please, don’t be afraid to do things like this when the whole rink is invited. Ok?”

Yuri was silent a moment before smiling softly. “Ok. But limit me to one glass of champagne.”

Victor burst into laughter. “Deal.”

Yuri fidgeted as Victor parked the car, pulling at the sleeves of his sweater.

Victor looked over and chuckled. “You look fine love.”
Yuri smiled weakly. “It’s just… I mean… I’m not exactly sure where I stand with Yakov and…”

Victor reached across the center console and took Yuri’s hand. “It’s fine solnyshko. Yakov was never mad at you for my leaving. He has a hard time showing it, but after he and I had a good chat he saw how happy you make me. And he knows how good we are together.”

Yuri smiled.

“Come on,” Victor said. “Let’s go on in.”

Yuri nodded and stepped from the car. He walked around to the trunk, where Victor handed him a large bowl of potato salad and a basket of rolls. They then headed toward the house.

“Yakov lives here?” Yuri gaped, noticing that the building was even more opulent than their apartment building.

Victor laughed. “Technically, this is Lilía’s house. But as they’re back together… yeah.”

Yuri swallowed.

Victor looked over, smile on his face. “Just don’t break any of the antiques and you’ll be fine.”

“Not helping Vitya!” Yuri hissed.

Victor burst into laughter and knocked on the ornate door.

It opened a moment later to a scowling Yurio. “Bout time you got here.”

Victor laughed and ruffled Yurio’s hair, earning him a snarl from the teen. “Miss us that much already Yurio?”

“Fuck off!” Yurio retorted before stomping back inside.

Victor laughed again and guided Yuri inside.

Yuri felt his eyes grow large at the table, laden with dishes. But Victor only laughed again beside him. “Oh good, there’s still room!”

Yuri looked at the table again, wondering where Victor had spied a place for the bowl and basket, but the omega simply plucked the dishes from him and plunked them on a nearby sideboard.

“Vitya! Katsuki!”

Yuri shrunk in at the boom of Yakov’s gruff voice. But Victor grinned. “Happy New Year Yakov!”

Yakov nodded, rare smile on his face as he approached.

Yuri stood straighter to face the coach. He bowed politely. “Thank you for having me sir.”

Yakov nodded. “Congratulations on nationals, and for making the teams for Four Continents and Worlds.”

Yuri smiled. “Thank you sir. And thank you for allowing me to skate at your rink. I… um… what will my fees be?”

Yakov glared. “Tonight is a party Katsuki. We can discuss business tomorrow.”
“Oh um…” Yuri said, biting his lip. “Sorry.”

Yakov huffed an acceptance. “Yura made piroshki. Make sure you try them.”

“Ok Yakov!” Victor laughed.

Yakov nodded and walked off.

“What was that about?” Yuri asked.

Victor grinned down at him. “Yurio is far too proud to ask us to try his food himself. But this is the first time he’s brought a dish. Yakov was letting us know which one was his, so that we could try it.” Victor leaned in. “But don’t say anything directly, or be too obvious, or he’ll just get mad. Just let him see you enjoying them, or chime in your opinion if somebody else is talking about them.”

Yuri smiled. “Ok.”

“Yuri! Vitya!” a cheerful voice called out. Yuri looked around to see Mila waving at them. “You made it!”

Victor smiled as the redhead made her way over to embrace them both.

“Welcome to Russia Yuri!” she said as she released him.

“Spasibo,” Yuri replied, trying not to stumble over the way the word rolled off his tongue.

She laughed. “Oh you’re going to have the most adorable accent when you learn to speak Russian.”

Yuri felt the blush over his cheeks.

Mila grabbed his arm and dragged him to the table. “Come on. You have to try the stroganoff. It’s my babushka’s recipe.”

Yuri smiled as Mila helped him pile a plate with foods that each looked more indulgent than the other. He knew he’d be running off the extra calories for days, but in the moment he allowed himself the cheat.

Soon Yuri was surrounded with unfamiliar faces, Victor, Mila, and Yurio taking turns introducing him to the less famous skaters from the rink. He worried about remembering all their names, but Victor said they all had that problem at first.

The clinking of a spoon against a glass, and the assembled skaters hushed.

Yakov cleared his throat and started speaking in Russian.

“Thank you all for coming. Tonight we welcome the new year, not as rivals, but as friends,” Victor said softly, translating for Yuri.

Polite applause. Then Yakov was speaking again.

“This is the time for us to remind ourselves why we are here. And I know each of you has the drive and spirit to be the best you can,” Victor said.

Another string of Russian.

“I expect great things from every one you of. Because I know you have the skill and conviction to be
great. I look forward to working with you all this year.”

More applause.

“And, if you haven’t yet,” Yakov said in English. “Please welcome Vitya’s fiance to the rink. Skater Yuri Katsuki from Japan.”

Yuri blushed and bowed politely as all eyes turned to him. “Spasibo Coach Yakov.”

Yakov chuckled. “We’ll have to work on your Russian.”

Yuri’s cheeks heated further.

“Enjoy the rest of the night,” Yakov said. “But don’t forget. Practice starts at the normal time tomorrow.”

Laughter through the assembled skaters as they returned to mingling.

“Now was that so bad?” Victor asked, pressing a kiss to Yuri’s hair.

Yuri shook his head. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For easing my nerves early. I enjoyed myself tonight.”

Victor beamed at him, and pulled him toward another table groaning under the weight of food laden on it. “Come on! Time for dessert!”

“Vitya!” Yuri protested. “My diet!”

Victor laughed, turned and winked. “We’ll just have to work those extra calories off. Besides. I say it’s ok.”

Yuri smiled and nodded. “Ok. But only a little.”

Victor grinned. “Ok!”

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of Next Chapter**

Yuri unzipped his skate bag and looked inside, making a mental checklist of the contents:

Skates, gloves, light jacket, soft guards, hard guards, water, extra socks, bandages, sport tape…

He dug around.

“Yuuuuuuri,” Victor said, peering over his shoulder. “You checked your bag last night, and again as soon as we got up. I know you’re in Russia now, but you don’t have to adopt our vigilance about luggage when we’re within jogging distance of home.”
Yuri sat on his haunches and smiled up at his mate. He ran his hand through his hair. “I just… I don’t want today to go badly.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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Find my other YoI fanfics on my AO3 profile at http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile
As Yuri and Victor head to the rink for Yuri's first day, Yuri is surprised by an offer from Yakov.

Yuri unzipped his skate bag and looked inside, making a mental checklist of the contents:

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"Yuuuuuri," Victor said, peering over his shoulder. "You checked your bag last night, and again as soon as we got up. I know you’re in Russia now, but you don’t have to adopt our vigilance about luggage when we’re within jogging distance of home."

Yuri sat on his haunches and smiled up at his mate. He ran his hand through his hair. "I just… I don’t want today to go badly."

Victor brushed his fingers over Yuri’s cheek. "It’s going to be fine solnyshko."

"But it’s Yakov’s rink, and…"

Victor smiled. “And nothing. He’s not your coach. I am.”

Yuri chewed his lip. “But…”

Victor looped his hands under Yuri’s arms and pulled him up into a kiss. “Yuri… trust me. Everything will be fine.”

Yuri took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He squeezed his eyes shut and nodded. “Ok.”

Victor smiled and kissed him again. “I love you.”

Yuri returned the smile, staring into his mate’s blue eyes. “I love you too.”

“Let’s go before we’re late, ok? Because then we will be in trouble.”
Yuri bit his lip and nodded. “Ok.”

“Bye Makka,” Victor called over to where the poodle was curled up in one of her beds. “We’ll be home later.”

Makkachin huffed a sound like she knew the routine as Victor led Yuri out the door.

Yuri shivered under his heavy coat, staring at the alternating pools of light and dark lining the street.

“Yuri?”

“We really jog there every morning?”

Victor blinked at him. “Well I take the bus when it’s snowing, but otherwise, yeah?”

Yuri sighed and wound his scarf a bit tighter.

“You ok?” Victor asked.

Yuri looked at his mate and nodded. “Yeah, I guess you’re just used to it is all. My anxiety is unsure if it’s safe, and my alpha side is protesting that I can’t see any dangers to you soon enough.”

Victor laughed and wrapped his arms around him. “Oh Yuri… If you hadn’t spent so much time triple-checking your bag we could have caught the bus. But the one that would have got us there in time has already passed.”

“Gee, thanks…” Yuri muttered.

Victor laughed again. “Come on.”

Yuri followed his mate as they retraced the route they had taken only a couple days before when they went to meet Yurio. His eyes darted back and forth through the shadows, watching the people bustling along the busy street in the dark.

They’d only just made it to the bridge when Victor paused and pulled Yuri close.

“Yuri,” Victor cooed. “I can smell how on alert you are. It’s fine solnyshko. These are normal hours here. People are going to work, and starting their day.”

Yuri sighed and forced a smile behind his scarf. “I just…”

Victor tipped his forehead against Yuri’s. “I know… it’s your internal clock telling you darkness is the time when danger is higher. But if you go into the rink on that kind of alert you’ll just have the ones who can smell it thinking something is wrong.”

Yuri took several deep breaths of Victor’s scent, which he realized his omega was releasing more of to soothe him.

“Sorry Vitya,” he said after a moment.

Victor shook his head. “It’s ok. We’ll take the bus for a few days so you can get used to the hour and the darkness.”

Yuri nodded.

“We still have to jog the rest of the way today though,” Victor chuckled. “Luckily we’re almost
there.”

“Ok.”

Victor took Yuri’s hand, lacing their gloved fingers together. He pulled Yuri into a jog, and soon
they were running side-by-side on the bridge.

A few minutes later Victor led Yuri to the door of the practice rink. He led Yuri into the lobby,
stopping only long enough to say something to the woman manning the counter.

“Locker room,” Victor said, stopping in front of a door.

Yuri nodded as they walked in.

“I’ve already reserved two lockers for us,” Victor said, leading him over to where two side-by-side
lockers sported gleaming new locks. He fished in his pocket and pulled out his keyring. He took one
off and handed it over. “Yours is the one on the right.”

Yuri smiled and opened his locker. He blinked when he saw brand new bottles of soap and shampoo
already inside.

“I hope I got the right brand,” Victor said when Yuri pulled one out.

Yuri smiled. “You did great Vitya.”

Victor smiled. “Come on. We’re not late… yet, but Yakov will be watching the clock by now. We
should get out there.”

“Ok.”

They stowed their coats in their lockers, and made their way rinkside. They were just lacing their
skates when Yurio slid to a stop at the barrier.

“You’re late!”

Victor looked up, and Yuri followed his gaze to a large clock on the wall.

“Not yet!” Victor laughed. “We’ve still got three minutes.”

Yurio snorted.

“Vitya!” Yakov’s voice boomed. “Katsuki! You’re late!”

“We’ve still got three minutes,” Victor laughed.

“On the ice by nine!” Yakov roared. “Not walking into the building, not lacing up. You should
already be warming up!”

Victor laughed again. “Well stop yelling so I can finish lacing and be on the ice on time then.”

Yakov grumbled and Yuri scrambled for his skates.

“Not you Katsuki,” Yakov yelled. “I need to talk to you first.”

Yuri felt the blood drain from his face. “Um… yes sir.”

He turned to look at Victor, who merely smiled at him and motioned that he should go talk to Yakov.
Yakov clapped his hands and yelled over the ice. “Finish warming up. Juniors, you’ll start with footwork drills. Seniors, choreography elements, and not your strong ones. Maxim will oversee while I talk to Katsuki, so I’ll know if you’re goofing off.”

Shouts of confirmation echoed back as Yuri approached the senior coach.

Yakov turned to him and nodded. “This way Katsuki.”

Yuri followed Yakov into a different corridor than the one leading to the locker rooms, and soon found himself seated across from the coach, aging desk between them.

“I may not be your coach, but I expect you to be on time from now on,” Yakov started.

“Sorry sir,” Yuri replied. “It’s my fault Vitya was late.”

Yakov waved it away dismissively. “Him I’m not surprised about. But I expect better of you.”

Yuri swallowed. “Yes sir.”

“Now, as I’m sure you’re aware, even though Vitya’s your official coach, you’re still joining my skate club.”

Yuri nodded. “I thought that would be the case. What will my fees be?”

“Vitya has already covered your rink fees.”

Yuri sighed. “I… meant to at least pay for those myself.”

Yakov chuckled. “You’re engaged. You better get used to sharing finances.”

Yuri blinked, then ran his fingers through his hair. “I guess you’re right.”

“Damn right I’m right.” Yakov replied. “So rink fees are covered, along with your club fee. But I can’t have you not paying any coaching fees. It wouldn’t look good to the other skaters, plus there are assistants and other coaching staff that need paid.”

Yuri gulped. “So… I need to pay you… or?”

Yakov shook his head. “No. I’m not your coach, and it doesn’t make sense to pay your own fiance.”

“So…”

“Vitya and I came to an agreement that we both thought you’d be open to. You just need to confirm. If you don’t like it we can come up with something else.”

“Vitya didn’t mention anything about an agreement.”

“That’s because I asked him not to. I wanted you to hear this directly from me.”

“Ok…?”

“We’d like your coaching fees to be covered by services in-trade.”

Yuri blinked several times. “Services?”

Yakov nodded. “Aside from maybe Vitya, you’re the undisputed best at step sequences and spins among the men’s senior competitors. Since those are generally more PCS elements they don’t get the
attention that jumps do, but are required for well-rounded skaters. However, many of my younger skaters come to me from coaches that only pushed jumps for points in novice levels, and many are lacking.”

“Ok…”

“We’d like to bring you on as a part-time assistant coach. Your duties would be to help mostly the junior skaters with steps and spins. Though you’d also probably be working with Yura and Mila. You’d be making more than what’s required to pay for the assistant coaching staff fee, and for time with Lilia, so it would also be a source of income for you. You would coach while I work with Vitya, so that your training isn’t disrupted.”

Yuri bit his lip. “I… that’s incredibly generous… Are you sure?”

Yakov chuckled. “This isn’t a favor Katsuki. In case you were thinking that. Your skills are something my younger skaters need. It won’t be easy. But Vitya seems to think you can handle it.”

Yuri swallowed again. “I… uh…”

“If you don’t think you can do it, say so now. We don’t want to have to back off from this in a month or so.”

Yuri thought of Victor, who would also be splitting his time between coaching and competing. He squared his jaw. “I can do it sir.”

Yakov gave a curt nod. “Good. I’ll have the paperwork finalized and ready for you to sign by the end of the day.”

“Yes sir.”

“Get your skates on. We’ll make the announcement tomorrow, once the paperwork is finalized. In the meantime, watch the juniors and start evaluating where they’re at. We’ll hold a coaching staff meeting in a couple days, and can decide where you need to focus first.”

Yuri nodded. “Ok.”

He stood and made his way to the ice. The sound of skates carving the ice greeted him as he headed to where he’d left his skates on the bleachers. He pulled them on, and after evaluating where everybody was on the ice found a quiet corner to practice his figures to warm up.

The sound of blades. Yuri slid to a stop to see Victor standing nearby, soft smile on his face.

“Well?” Victor asked, closing the distance to rest his hand on Yuri’s arm.

“Yakov really asked you not to tell me?”

Victor nodded. “It was actually his idea. I thought you would be ok with it. But I think that he thought that if I said something first, that you would assume that I pushed him into it.”

“You really think I can do this Vitya?”

Victor nodded. “Of course I do. How many times did I watch you during public hours, taking time from your own practice to work with the local kids? I know you can do it, because you already have.”

“It’s not the same…”
“Yes it is. You’re patient, but not afraid to point out what a person can do to improve. The only difference is you’ll be paid for it now.”

Yuri sighed. “I still wish you’d have given me a bit of warning.”

Victor smiled at him. “Would you have accepted if I did?”

Yuri thought about it a moment. He shook his head. “Probably not. My anxiety would have had a chance to get in the way.”

“Is it a good thing, or a bad thing you accepted?”

Yuri was silent again. “Good… I think… you’re right. If you’d talked to me I’d have thought Yakov didn’t want it.”

“When’s the announcement?”

“Tomorrow, after I sign the paperwork.”

Victor smiled. “He’s giving you time to think about it then.”

Yuri nodded.

Victor returned the nod, and Yuri saw his eyes harden into coach mode. “Ok then. Finish warming up, then I want to see your short program step sequence. Let’s give those juniors a preview of what their new assistant coach can do.”

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of Next Chapter**
Somehow the rink was both more and less imposing as they stepped from the bus. Yuri chewed his lip and clutched the signed paperwork in his hand.

*Can I really do this?*

Victor draped himself over Yuri and kissed the shell of his ear. “You can do this solnyshko.”

Yuri huffed a laugh. “Since when are you a mind-reader?”

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Coach Katsuki

Chapter Summary

Yuri gets his first taste of coaching, and finds a student who reminds him of himself.

Chapter Notes

I'm glad everybody seemed to like the idea of assistant coach Yuri. But really, we all know he'd be good at it. Anyway, here's today's chapter.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Somehow the rink was both more and less imposing as they stepped from the bus. Yuri chewed his lip and clutched the signed paperwork in his hand.

*Can I really do this?*

Victor draped himself over Yuri and kissed the shell of his ear. “You can do this solnyshko.”

Yuri huffed a laugh. “Since when are you a mind-reader?”

Victor hummed against his head. “I just know you, and the nasty tricks your anxiety plays on you. Remember love, this was Yakov’s idea, and I agreed with it. Yakov doesn’t do things like this on a whim. We both believe that you can do this.”

Yuri took a deep breath and released it slowly.

“Besides,” Victor murmured. “If you back out now and Yurio hears about it, he’ll never forgive you.”

“Yurio?”

Victor nodded against Yuri’s head. “He’ll never say anything, but he’s jealous of your steps.”

“Yurio’s jealous… of me?”

“When you two went behind my back before onsen on ice, and he was teaching you the quad sal… what did he want in return? Hmm?” Victor chuckled.

Yuri felt his face heat. “My step sequences…”

“Mm-hmmm,” Victor declared. “Still worried?”
“Always.”

“Gonna back out?”

“No.”

“Good! Let’s go in.”

Yuri dropped the paperwork by Yakov’s office before heading to the ice to warm up. Soon he was lost in the repetition of his figures.

“What are you doing?”

Yuri stopped and looked to one of the junior skaters, who’d stopped his own warm-up to watch.

“Figures,” Yuri replied simply. “The original figure skating.”

“Oh, I’ve heard of those!”

Yuri smiled. “Mikhail, right?” he asked, finally placing the mop of unruly brown hair and brown eyes.

The teen nodded.

“You just moved up to juniors this year, right?”

Another nod.

“Wanna learn?”

“Yeah!”

“Most skaters hate them, because they’re repetitive and precise.”

“Show me?”

Yuri smiled. “Ok.” He started skating in a large circle, finishing with a 3-turn to switch edges, then traced over the shape.

He looked to Mikhail when he came to a stop, and saw the teen kneeling beside the etching. “So you trace over the same shape after switching edges?”

“Edges, feet, direction. It used to be a required element in competition.”

“But not anymore, right?”

Yuri nodded.

“Then why do you do them?”

Yuri smiled. “Sometimes I just need to think, and skate. I can do both with figures. Because they’re precision footwork I can allow my mind to wander while I let my body move.”

Mikhail nodded, set a look on his face and started on his own circle. Yuri noted a clean 3-turn at the close, but the line deviated quite a bit as the teen attempted to trace his first circle.

Mikhail noticed too. He sighed. “I wasn’t even close.”
Yuri smiled. “It just takes practice. If you do them enough you’ll get there.”

“It’s ok if I do them?”

Yuri cocked his head to the side. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

“They’re not part of our regular footwork practice…”

Yuri knelt slightly to look the teen in the eye. “Do you have free time where you can work on what you want?”

Mikhail nodded.

“Do you want to do them?”

Mikhail was silent a moment before nodding again. “It’s… calming.”

“Then you can do them in your free time.”

The teen smiled. “Will you keep showing me how?”

Yuri smiled. “Of course.”

The grin that Mikhail gave him could have lit up the room. “Spasibo!”

They both turned as Yakov clapped to get everybody’s attention.

“Katsuki!” the coach called.

Yuri turned to Mikhail. “I’ll show you more later.”

“Oh!”

Yuri skated over to where Yakov was waiting. “Sir?”

Yakov studied him for a minute, lips quirking into the barest smile before his usual scowl returned.

“Mikhail wanted to learn figures?”

Yuri nodded. “At least for now.”

“How did he seem?”

“Huh?”

Yakov was silent for a moment, brow furrowed. “He’s… like you. He gets in his head. He’s an excellent skater when he can focus, but sometimes it’s just too much for him.”

“Oh… well… he said they were calming.”

Yakov nodded. “I’d thought about moving him to dance, where he wouldn’t have to stress about jumps, but he’s a good enough jumper it would be a waste of talent. If he can find something to center him though, it might be just what he needs.”

Yuri looked over to where the teen was trying his figure again.

“I going to put him more under your wing Katsuki. You might be able to reach him, since you’ve overcome similar problems.”
Yuri squeaked.

Yakov chuckled. “Don’t worry. I’m still his coach. And you’ll have time to get used to working with him as he didn’t place high enough to be in major events the next couple months.”

Yuri took a deep breath, watching Mikhail move. He wondered how the teen managed in the busy rink, knowing at that age he’d needed the relative calm of the Ice Castle. He nodded. “Ok.”

Yakov clapped him on the back. “Good. Now, let’s make the announcement.”

A hand taking his, he looked up to see that Victor had made his way over. “You’ve got this solnyshko,” he said softly.

Yuri smiled. “Thanks love.”

“Attention everyone,” Yakov bellowed over the ice.

A moment as the scraping of blades came to a stop, then the assembled skaters approached the barrier.

“By now you’ve all had a chance to meet Mr. Katsuki. Now I can announce that he’s agreed to take on a similar challenge as Victor, and will be a part time coaching assistant. He’ll be working with junior and select senior skaters, focusing on improving step sequences and spins.”

Murmurs through the skaters.

“Tch!”

Yuri’s head snapped over to find Yurio glaring at him. “Yurio?”

Yurio cast him a smirk. “You teaching steps and spins, just means I’ll kick your ass in PCS too. You better not slack on me.”

Yuri smiled.

Yakov cleared his throat. “Ok everyone. Announcement over. Get to work.”

Yuri flopped onto the couch and draped his arm over his eyes. “I don’t know who’s worse: you… or Yurio.”

Victor laughed and took a seat at the far end before tugging Yuri’s feet onto his lap. “Is he really that demanding?”

Yuri lifted his arm to glare at his mate. “He made me run though his free skate step sequence five times, demanding I show him how to get a higher GOE. Then complained when I didn’t know the footwork properly.”

Victor laughed, picking up one of Yuri’s feet and pressing his thumbs into the flesh.

Yuri moaned softly as Victor eased the soreness, massaging the tension from his foot. “I should really start dinner.”

“We can wait a few minutes longer.”
Yuri sighed. “The later we start, the later it’ll be before we can eat.”

“It’s an acceptable trade,” Victor chirped, switching to Yuri’s other foot.

Yuri moaned again as the tension melted away. “Enabler.”

Victor laughed. “It’s not that much a delay.”

Yuri smiled, then bit his lip. “Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“Can you tell me about Mikhail? Yakov said he’s like me, that he gets stuck in his head. I just want to know what you know about him.”

Victor hummed. “I’m afraid I’m not going to be much help love. He’s one of Yakov’s new students. He came on only a week or so before I left for Japan, and I’ve been focused on my own skating since getting back.”

Yuri sighed. “I just… I can see the talent in him. But I don’t know how to draw it out.”

Victor set his foot aside and ran his hand up and down Yuri’s calf. “He already came to you solnyshko. I think, just be yourself, and you’ll find a way.”

Yuri looked at his mate and smiled. “Thanks.”

He held his arms open, and immediately had Victor in his embrace. They kissed, slowly at first, but quickly the kisses deepened and heated.

Yuri was considering a further delay in dinner, in exchange for making love to his mate, when there was pounding at the door.

Yuri jumped, and Victor laughed.

“I thought you had to have an elevator key,” Yuri said.

Victor smiled. “For all hours access, yes. But when there’s an attendant in the lobby I have an approved guest list. They can come up, but not get in unless I’m home.”

Yuri released a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding.

“Geezer! Katsudon! Open Up!”

Victor laughed and moved from Yuri’s arms. “Shall we let him in?”

“Oi! I can hear you!”

Victor laughed again. “Coming Yurio.”

“That’s not my name!” he shouted through the door.

The door opened, and the sound of Yurio stomping into the apartment. Yuri looked up from the couch. “Hi Yurio.” He saw the teen was carrying a couple pizza boxes.

“You two better not have been doing anything gross in here.”

Yuri thought of how close he’d been to taking Victor to the bedroom and felt the blush cross his
“Gross!” He turned to Victor and shoved the pizza boxes in his hands. “I brought dinner.”

Yuri sighed. “Pizza isn’t on our approved diet you know.”

“Then I’ll eat it and you can have steamed broccoli or some shit.”

Victor smiled. “I’ll get plates, for all of us.”

Yurio scoffed and plopped down next to Yuri on the couch. “Power on loser.”

Yuri kicked Yurio’s thigh. “You’re closer.”

Yurio sighed with all the angst of a teenager as he stood to turn on the console. He dropped a controller on Yuri’s lap. “You’re going down today Katsudon.”

Yuri laughed. “If you can beat me you’ll get me to yourself for a full hour tomorrow.”

“Oh you’re on!”

“But if you don’t…”

Yurio glared at him.

Yuri smirked. “If you don’t beat me, then you’re joining Mikhail and I on figures.”

Yurio growled.

“You don’t have to make it a bet,” Yuri teased.

“Oh fuck you!” Yurio cried as he selected his character. “You’re going down Katsudon and your legs will be falling off from running my free program step sequence.”

“We’ll see,” Yuri retorted as he selected his character.

Victor set plates of pizza down with a laugh. “You sure you’re ready to put yourself on the line like that Yuri?”

“Shut it geezer. I’m gonna destroy your mate.”

Victor laughed again. “I’m going to enjoy watching you try.”

Yurio flipped Victor off before leaning forward to focus on the game.

Yuri flicked his eyes to smile at Victor during the loading screen.

Then the game was on.

“You’re really going to make Yurio do figures?” Victor asked as they settled in, Yuri spooning his mate. “He’s going to gripe about them being boring.”

Yuri nodded into Victor’s shoulder. “He’s going to complain about it, but I think it’ll be good for him.”
“Oh?”

Yuri hummed. “He’s still thinking about his steps, and it’s frustrating him. The muscle memory he needs is there, but he doesn’t trust himself on it… not like his jumps. I think… it he reaches a place where he’s just moving, following a pattern without thinking because he knows it and he’s bored with it, he’ll recognize that his body knows what it needs to do without him forcing it. Just like with his jumps.”

Victor hummed and Yuri kissed his bare shoulder.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“Believing in me, and not shooting down Yakov’s idea at the outset.”

“I knew you could do it love.”

“I know… but… It’s not a common arrangement, and…”

Victor turned until he was facing Yuri and silenced him with a kiss. “This is going to be good for you too Yuri.”

“Hmm?”

“Remember the jump workshop?”

“Yeah?”

“I saw it then. When you’re showing somebody else how to do something you don’t get in your head. It’s not about your performance, it’s about making them better. But it makes you better too, because even that lying little voice telling you you can’t, isn’t as loud when you show other people how. In the end, it makes you more confident, and I love seeing that.”

Yuri smiled.

Victor returned the smile before kissing Yuri again. “Goodnight.”

Yuri sighed happily, the taste of Victor’s kiss still on his lips. “Goodnight Vitya.”

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter

Yakov sighed and looked between a stack of papers on his desk and a computer screen.

“You all know why you’re here?”

Everybody nodded except Yuri, who paused a moment before offering a half-hearted nod of his own.
“Good.” He pulled up a calendar on the screen. “We leave for Europeans in two and a half weeks.” He passed out sheets of paper. “These are flight and hotel details. Vitya, I assumed you wanted Yuri to be there, so I reserved a room for both of you. Yura your room will be adjacent to mine, and Mila’s will be across the hall. Georgi, I’ve instructed the hotel to put you on a different floor than Anya.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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Schedule Prep

Chapter Summary

As the second half of the season gets underway Yakov pulls all the top skaters aside to discuss competition and media schedules.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! Time for another chapter of Shared Gravity. Just a bit of setup for what’s to come in this chapter, but necessary.

If you’ve been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuri stretched as he carried his skates rinkside. Victor rubbed his stomach beside him, making a satisfied noise.

“That was a good lunch,” Yuri said as he took a seat to pull his skates on.

“Mmm,” Victor agreed. “That’s a new restaurant. I’m glad we went.”

Yuri smiled.

“Vitya, Katsuki,” Yakov called.

Yuri looked up. “Sir?”

“Hold on a few minutes before putting on your skates. I need to see you both in my office.”

Yuri blinked, wondering what he’d done wrong already. However Victor started laughing.

“It’s that time already?”

Yakov huffed. “Georgi’s already back there, and I spoke to Mila before she left for lunch. Grab Yura when he gets back.”

“Ok!” Victor said.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked once the coach was gone.

Victor turned to him, smile on his face. “It’s nothing bad love.” He jumped up and held out his hand. “Yakov’s making travel and room arrangements for Europeans and Worlds, probably for press too. He just needs to confirm everything with us.”
“Oh.”

Victor smiled. “Come on. Let’s surprise Yurio.”

Yuri bit his lip. “Vitya… What do you have in mind?”

Victor laughed. “We’re just going to do what Yakov said… we’re going to grab him. One of us on each side. Just be careful cause he squirms and kicks.”

“Vitya… I don’t think…” Yuri started as the exuberant omega tugged him toward the doors.

“Come on, Yuri,” Victor laughed. “It’ll be fine.”

Yuri was about to argue when blond hair and a leopard print hoodie walked past them.

“Grab him!” Victor laughed, and Yuri found himself following his mate’s lead just so Yurio wasn’t knocked over and injured.

Yurio screeched as he was lifted. “Put me down you assholes!”

“Nope!” Victor laughed. “Yakov told us to grab you.”

Yuri steadied his grip as the teen struggled, hoping he didn’t drop him as Victor started walking toward the office.

Yurio kept struggling and screeching until they reached Yakov’s office and they set him down next to Georgi.

Yakov glared at Victor, and shot Yuri a look that conveyed more disappointment than words ever could.

Yuri swallowed thickly under the glare.

He could see Yakov was about to say something when Mila breezed in. “Sorry I’m late!”

Yakov sighed and looked between a stack of papers on his desk and a computer screen.

“You all know why you’re here?”

Everybody nodded except Yuri, who paused a moment before offering a half-hearted nod of his own.

“Good.” He pulled up a calendar on the screen. “We leave for Europeans in two and a half weeks.” He passed out sheets of paper. “These are flight and hotel details. Vitya, I assumed you wanted Yuri to be there, so I reserved a room for both of you. Yura your room will be adjacent to mine, and Mila’s will be across the hall. Georgi, I’ve instructed the hotel to put you on a different floor than Anya.”

Victor accepted the paper and looked it over. He nodded before passing it to Yuri.

Yuri skimmed it, noting the afternoon flight to Slovakia, and the hotel address.

“Now,” Yakov continued. “Since we’re just over two weeks out from leaving, that means all press needs to be done no later than the middle of next week. Several programs have already been in touch with the PR team, and they’ve noted what they thought would be the best appearances for each of you. I need you to each review the requests, and the suggestions, then get either me or the PR team
your selections. We’re going to try for tapings in the morning, and evening show appearances in the afternoon.”

More nods.

“Katsuki,” Yakov said, eyes on him. “This includes you. While the focus is on Russian skaters, a couple outlets have asked to interview Vitya, Yura and you as a group. Decide between you which ones you want to do.”

Yuri nodded, even as he felt the blood drain from his face.

“Good,” Yakov said. “Now, press will require a trip to Moscow, and I need to confirm accommodations. Yura, I’m assuming you want to stay with your grandpa?”

“Da.”

“Georgi, Mila, hotels?”

They both confirmed.

“Vitya?” Yakov asked.

Yuri looked up at his mate.

Victor hummed. “I guess we’ll stay with my parents.”

Nobody else seemed to notice as all the air was sucked from the room.

Yakov nodded, making a note even as Yuri struggled to breathe.

Yakov turned back, and Yuri wondered if he’d noticed the lack of air yet.

“I assume you’ll get me the dates you’ll be gone for Four Continents to me soon?”

“Of course!”

“Ok,” Yakov said, shifting aside a pile of paperwork. “Worlds…”

Victor squeezed Yuri’s hand, and Yuri looked up to see a frown on his mate’s face. “You ok?”

Yuri could only gape.

Victor’s frown deepened. “Breathe love. We’ll talk in a minute.”

Yuri managed a nod, and noticed all eyes were on him. He swallowed and nodded for Yakov to continue.

Yakov studied him for a minute before turning to his computer again. “Accommodations for Worlds will be similar to Europeans.” He passed around another itinerary. “Most of the teams and alternates have been reported now, so I expect you all to keep an eye on what the competition will bring.”

Nods from around the cramped office.

Yakov looked around at the group. “Ok. Let me know if you have any questions about your itineraries, and let me or the PR team know by tomorrow morning which press you want to do. Now get back to work.”
The group started to shuffle out.


Yuri turned, stone in the pit of his stomach.

“Do you think it was the best idea to carry Yura in here kicking and screaming?” Victor pouted. “It was just a bit of fun Yakov.”

Yakov sighed. “You’re both coaching staff now, and you need to set an example.”

“Sorry sir,” Yuri said with a bow.

Yakov released a huff. “I do need to talk about something else.”

“Yakov?” Victor asked.

“I’m assuming… you’re still being denied suppressants?” Yakov asked pointedly, turning to Victor.

Yuri felt Victor stiffen next to him. “Da,” he finally said.

Yakov nodded. “Will your next heat impact the competition schedule?”

Yuri noticed the slight pallor to Victor’s skin. He reached out and took his mate’s hand.

Victor took a deep breath and gave Yuri a slight smile before turning back to Yakov. “No. I’m expecting it a few days after Four Continents. Yuri and I were planning to return to Japan after for my heat, and to pack up more of our belongings.”

Yakov nodded with a grimace. “If you’re being denied suppressants they might say no, but try to get prescription scent blockers if it’s under a week. That way there’s less chance of your secondary being discovered and leaked.”

Victor nodded.

“Vitya…” Yakov sighed, leaning back. “I also want you to consider at least telling your rinkmates. I know Katsuki has done well in controlling his scent, but commercial blocker soaps only do so much to cover what comes out in sweat, and there are musings that somebody’s on the verge of presenting as an alpha, not to mention that your scent is more noticeable too.”

Yuri bit his lip. “Maybe I should look for a stronger soap.”

Yakov shook his head. “Nyet. This is something Vitya’s needed to face for a while.”

Victor’s fingers were trembling in Yuri’s hand. He turned to his mate. “Vitya?”

Victor tried to smile at him, but it was so forced and fake that it twisted in Yuri’s middle.

Yuri scowled and turned back to Yakov. “I’m taking Vitya home. He can’t skate like this.”

“Yuri…” Victor protested, seeming to come back to himself slightly.

Yuri shook his head, and glared at Yakov. “No. The timing was bad and we all know it. There’s no way you’ll be able to focus this afternoon.”

Yakov grumbled. “Katsuki’s right. Go home Vitya. Besides, given his earlier reaction to where
you’ll be staying in Moscow, you two probably have some things to talk about.”

Victor squeezed Yuri’s hand and nodded. “O… ok.”

Yakov nodded and stood. “Go home, both of you. Don’t forget to get me your media appearance list tomorrow.”

Yuri glared, and realized his alpha scent was filling the office. He took a deep breath and forced his protective side down.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, color returning as he automatically reacted to Yuri’s scent.

Yuri smiled up at his mate. “Sorry, just my alpha side reacting to your distress.”

Victor managed a truer smile. “Thank you.”

“I’m serious though Vitya,” Yakov added. “We don’t need to make a public announcement, but it’s getting harder to keep your secret from those close to you. Yura already knows, and so does Mila since she helped Katsuki through his almost-standstill in Moscow. It’s better to quash any potential rumors before they start, and to stress the importance of secrecy for you.”

The tremble returned to Victor’s hand.

Yakov sighed. “I’m not going to force you. But I do want you to think about it.”

Yuri growled as the scent of distress came from his mate.

Yakov held his hands up in surrender. “Ok. I’m done. Take him home Katsuki.”

Yuri gave a curt nod and forced his growl to stop. He led Victor from the coach’s office and toward where they’d left their skates rinkside.

He’d just slid the soft guards on when he heard the scratch of blades.

“Hey assholes,” Yurio grumbled. “Where do you think you’re going? You’re both going to regret…”

Yuri rounded on the teen, snarl ripping from his throat.

Yurio’s eyes widened, and he held his hands up while skating back a few feet. “Whoah! What the hell Katsudon?”

Yuri glared at him, alpha side on alert and looking for anything that would further stress his omega.

A hand on his arm, the scent of oranges and snow.

Yuri took a deep breath and turned just enough to see his mate beside him.

“It’s ok solnyshko,” Victor said softly. “It’s only Yurio.”

Yuri took another deep breath and let it out slowly. “We’re headed home,” he managed to say with only the barest growl to his voice.

“Ok,” Yurio nodded, still in shock from the earlier reaction.

Yuri tugged Victor from the rink and out into the daylight. He took a deep breath, allowing the chill
of the air to cool the rage inside him.

Arms around his middle and Victor’s nose pressed to his neck. “It’s ok Yuri,” he said softly. “I’m ok.”

Yuri took another deep breath and released it slowly. “Sorry Vitya… I just…”

Victor shook his head into Yuri’s neck, and took a breath from near Yuri’s scent gland. “Thank you Yuri,” he said. “That’s not the first time Yakov’s suggested I at least tell the rink, but it’s never gone that good before.”

Yuri turned enough to wrap his arms around his mate. “Shall we go home?”

Victor smiled softly and nodded. He tangled their fingers together and led Yuri in the direction of their apartment.

Yuri toed off his shoes as soon as they were home and made a beeline for the couch. He opened his arms as he reclined against the cushions, and immediately had his mate curled into his embrace.

Yuri kissed Victor’s hair. “You really ok?”

“Yes…” Victor said. “No…” He sighed. “I don’t know. It’s better than I would have expected, but…”

Yuri ran one hand up and down Victor’s back. “He shouldn’t have pushed.”

Victor shook his head. “He’s right though. The longer I say nothing the more likely it’ll blow up when it does get out.”

“You have legitimate reasons for wanting to keep it secret though.”

“But it’s not fair to you either. You have to hide who you are to protect my secret.”

Yuri sniffed at Victor’s hair. “You know i’m ok with that. People always assumed I was omega anyway, so it’s nothing new.”

“But you were on suppressants then. I mean… you just growled at Yurio. Omegas don’t usually do that and somebody else could have easily noticed.”

Yuri sighed. “I’m gonna have to apologize to him…”

Victor sighed and fell silent.

Yuri was starting to wonder if his beautiful mate had fallen asleep in his arms when he spoke again.

“I don’t want to say anything,” Victor said softly. “The part of me that’s scared wants to keep my omega hidden from the world…”

Yuri ran his hand along Victor’s back.

“But…” Victor sighed. “Maybe it’s different now… I’m one of the oldest at the rink. I think only one of the ice dancers is older. And we’ll be bonded soon…”

“Vitya?” Yuri asked carefully.

Victor took a deep breath. “I…” Another breath. “Not now… but… maybe… maybe after we bond.
Then I’ll… I’ll be marked.”

“We don’t have to announce it,” Yuri said, kissing Victor’s hair.

Victor shook his head. “No… we do.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor let out a strained laugh. “No. But we should give Yakov some sort of answer.”

Yuri sighed. “Then let’s tell him that you’re considering it, but we won’t have a decision until after your heat.”

Victor nodded against Yuri’s chest. “Ok.”

Yuri released scent until he felt Victor relax.

“I’m sorry Yuri…”

“For what?”

“For putting all this one you.”

Yuri shook his head. “You know I’ll always love and support you.”

Victor sighed. “I’m sorry for something else too…”

“Hmm?”

A moment of silence. “I’m sorry for declaring that we’d stay with my parents without asking you first.”

Yuri took a deep breath. “I’m just… They saw me at Rostelecom, and I can’t have made a good impression.”

Victor’s head came up until Yuri was staring into his blue eyes. He shook his head. “Yuri… Do you know what they saw?”

Yuri shook his head.

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Yuri shook his head.

“They saw an alpha days out from mating, alone and without his mate. They know that every instinct you had was insisting that I’d left and that the mating failed. Yakov told them you were on the verge of a standstill, and yet you came back and took fourth. That alone showed incredible strength.”

Yuri sighed.

Victor smiled at him. “Besides, they’ve wanted to meet you properly. They know how happy you make me, and this seemed like a good opportunity.”

Yuri took a deep breath. “I guess… it would be proper for me to meet them before we bond.”

Victor smiled again. “Are you sure? We can get a hotel if not.”

Yuri shook his head. “No, but it’s time.”

Victor nodded. “I’ll call them later then, after we look at the media schedule.”
“Ok.”

They fell into a comfortable silence, and Yuri lost track of time simply scenting and soothing his mate.

Yuri started at a knock on the door.

Victor blinked at him, and shifted.

Yuri scowled and rested his hand on Victor’s shoulder. He stood and moved to the door, casting an uneasy glance at his mate before answering.

He opened the door to see Yurio standing on the other side, shuffling his feet and keeping his eyes averted.

“Hey Katsudon,” Yurio said. “Can I come in?”

Yuri looked to Victor, who nodded. He moved aside to let the teen in.

“We... “ Yurio started. “We need to look at the media list.”

Yuri nodded and took a deep breath. “I’m sorry for growling Yurio.”

Yurio finally turned to face Yuri properly. “What happened? Yakov said you weren’t feeling good, but…”

Yuri looked to Victor, who’d sat up and made room on the couch.

“Come on in,” Yuri said, guiding Yurio to sit next to Victor.

“Yakov wants me to at least let the rink know,” Victor said softly, looking to the floor in a way that immediately told Yuri that he was still uncomfortable with the thought.

“Tch. That idiot,” Yurio snapped. “No wonder you were both set off.”

Yuri nodded.

Yurio shuffled again. “Look. Let’s just go over the list and I’ll leave again.”

“It’s... ok,” Victor said slowly.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked.

Victor smiled at him. “Yurio’s ok.”

Yuri nodded. “Ok.” He pulled over a chair and looked at the list Yakov had given them. “We’ll order something for dinner later.”

He couldn’t miss the brief smile from Victor as they started debating the pros and cons of each program.

Chapter End Notes
Yuri transitioned out of the spin and sighed. He set off for the barrier and cast a glance over to where Yakov was making Victor run his step sequence… again.

Yurio’s fingers dug into his arms as soon as he was within reach and tugged. “Come on Katsudon. We’ll both be in trouble if you’re late.”

If he was being honest, Yuri was a bit terrified of meeting Lilia. He recalled months of Yuko reading off texts about how the prima ballerina had trained Yurio and wondered if he would be able to meet the stern woman’s approval.
Yuri was in the middle of a layback spin when Yurio’s voice cut across the ice.

“Oi, Katsudon! Hurry up or we’ll be late!”

Yuri transitioned out of the spin and sighed. He set off for the barrier and cast a glance over to where Yakov was making Victor run his step sequence... again.

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If he was being honest, Yuri was a bit terrified of meeting Lilia. He recalled months of Yuko reading off texts about how the prima ballerina had trained Yurio and wondered if he would be able to meet the stern woman’s approval.

He pulled off his skates and grabbed his dance bag, Yurio yelling at him to hurry the entire time, then followed the teen to the bus stop. They waited only a couple minutes before the bus arrived.

“You almost made us both late pig,” Yurio spat as he slumped into a seat.

“But we caught the bus,” Yuri replied, blinking.

“Tch,” the teen scoffed. “Only cause it was late, again. One day it’ll be on time though, and if you pull that crap again we’ll both be screwed.”

Yuri smiled and looked out the window, watching the route to Lilia’s studio.

“Why doesn’t she use the training studio at the rink?” Yuri asked after a few minutes.

Yuri turned to him, aghast. “What the hell Katsudon? Is the old man’s stupidity contagious or something? You do not ask the former principal of the Bolshoi Ballet to come to you, or to teach on average floors.”
“Oh…”

Yurio rolled his eyes. “Slaboumnyy”

“What was that?” Yuri asked, blinking.

“I said you’re a moron.”

“Oh…”

“Look Katsudon,” Yurio said, poking him in the chest. “Don’t you dare screw this up or I’ll kick your ass. I remember how much time you spent with Minako, and Lilia is the best you’re going to get here. If she kicks you out and your performance scores suffer I’ll never forgive you.”

Yuri smiled. “Sure you don’t want to keep her to yourself then?”

Yurio rolled his eyes and kicked Yuri’s shin. “I only want to beat you at your best. Otherwise it doesn’t count.”

“Oh?”

Yuri glared at him.

Yuri smiled. “Glad to know you care.”

“Oh fuck off!”

Yuri laughed and turned back to the window. He heard a sigh.

“Yurio?”

“I hope she likes you,” Yurio said softly. “It sucks training alone.”

Yuri reached out and placed his hand on Yurio’s shoulder. “You have her to thank for that free program though. She’s really done amazing things for you.”

Yurio nodded. “Da, but…”

Yuri squeezed. “I understand. Don’t worry Yurio. I’ll try to meet with her approval.”

Yurio smiled. “You better.”

The bus turned a corner, and Yurio pushed a button.

Yuri looked out and recognized the neighborhood from the New Year’s party.

The bus stopped with a screech of brakes, and Yurio stood. “Come on. This is our stop.”

Yuri followed Yurio off the bus and down the street. The teen stopped at a gate and pushed it open. He led Yuri through a manicured garden, and Yuri recognized the house, just the back instead of the front.

“She teaches from her home?”

Yurio nodded. “She teaches by referral only, so there’s no need for a public studio for classes.”

“I see.”
Yurio opened a door to a small entry hall. Shoe cupboards lined one wall, with a coat rack near the door.

“You know the drill,” Yurio said as he plopped down on a bench. “No street shoes from here.”

Yuri nodded and took a seat on the bench. He changed into his favorite split-sole shoes and waited for Yurio to show him to the studio.

Yurio immediately took a seat on the polished wood floor and started stretching.

“Hurry up,” he said, noticing Yuri still standing by the door. “She’ll want us warmed up when she comes in.”

Yuri nodded and took a seat facing Yurio. Soon they’d moved so that they could use the resistance of each other to stretch.

A few minutes later they moved to the barre to finish their warmup.

Yuri jumped when two claps rang through the studio. He turned to see the stern stare of Lilia Baranovskaya. He bowed on instinct. “Thank you for having me Baranovskaya-sensei.”

The edges of Lilia’s lips quirked up for half a second. “Polite at least.”

Yuri blushed. “Thank you.”

“Yura says you are Minako Okukawa’s student?”


“Then I expect great things from you.”

Yuri nodded again. “I hope to do her name justice.”

Lilia studied him for a minute, then returned the nod.

“Yura, barre exercises to start while I evaluate Mr. Katsuki.”

“Yes Madam,” Yurio replied in as polite a voice as Yuri had ever heard. He watched Yurio take a place at the barre then turned back to Lilia.

“What shall I do?” Yuri asked.

“Let’s start with some floor exercises.”

“Yes... “ Yuri bit his lip. “Shall I call you Madam like Yurio, or do you prefer something else?”

Lilia was silent for several seconds. “What do you call miss Okukawa?”

“Minako-sensei.”

She nodded. “When you are here as a student then, you may call me Lilia-sensei.”

Yuri bowed. “Arigato Lilia-sensei.”

“Now,” she said, eyes sharp. “Floor exercises.”

“Hai!”
The scent of something delicious greeted Yuri as soon as he stepped off the elevator. He smiled and slid his key into the lock. He could hear Victor singing off-key in the kitchen as the door swung open.

He removed his shoes and set his bag down by the door before padding into the kitchen. Victor was engrossed with whatever was cooking on the stove, and Yuri couldn’t help the smile that spread across his face. He walked over and slid his arms around his mate’s middle, on his toes just enough to take a breath from the omega’s neck.

Victor stopped long enough to run his hand over Yuri’s arm. “Welcome home solnyshko.”

Yuri hummed and nuzzled Victor’s back. “Whatcha making?”

“Baked chicken with mango salsa and steamed green beans.”

“Mmmm, sounds good.”

Victor looked over his shoulder and beamed at Yuri. “Spasibo.”

“Do i need to do anything?”

Victor shook his head. “It’s almost done.”

“I’m gonna go change then.”

“Oh!”

Yuri padded to the bedroom and changed from his training clothes to house clothes, then returned to see Victor plating their dinner.

“How was training with Lilia?” Victor asked as they took their seats.

Yuri hummed. “Better than I expected, until she told me that it was obvious I’d been trained as a danseur noble, and that she would continue to train me as such.”

“What was wrong with that?” Victor asked, tilting his head to the side.

“Yurio overheard.” Yuri paused. “Apparently she told him that she would train him to be a prima ballerina.”

Victor blinked a few times before he started laughing. “Oh poor Yura.”

“I don’t need to know Russian to know that he was cursing wildly as we headed back to the bus stop.”

Victor smiled. “For as much as he’s able to use his stature to his advantage, he hates being feminized like that.”

Yuri nodded. “I get that, but he’ll grow out of it soon enough.”

Victor made a sound of agreement. “Besides, we all know the prima ballerina is almost always the star of the show.”

Yuri sighed. “Yeah, but I don’t think he quite understands that yet.”
Victor rested his chin in his palm. “I guess… we’ll just have to show him.”

Yuri blinked at his mate. “Vitya?”

“This is Russia,” Victor laughed. “And I don’t think Yurio has ever been to a ballet. This needs to be remedied.”

“Vitya?”

Victor smiled and stood. A moment later he returned, phone to his ear.

Yuri watched Victor’s face light up in delight. “Spasibo,” he said as he ended the call.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked again.

Victor smiled. “Just a minute love, I need to make another call.”

Yuri listened, but the only word that seemed to make sense was ‘Mama.’ He wondered if Victor had called his parents again.

A third phone call just left Yuri confused.

“It’s done,” Victor declared as he hung up again.

“What did you do?” Yuri asked, worry curling through his middle.

“Nothing much,” Victor grinned. “A treat for you mostly, and we’ll take Yurio along for fun.”

“Vitya?”

Victor’s smiled softened. “I called Yurio’s grandpa first, I knew having his number would be useful someday. He said he doesn’t think Yurio’s ever been to a ballet either.”

“Ok?”

“So I called my parents, and asked if they’d purchased box seats again this year.”

“Vitya, you didn’t…”

Victor laughed. “They’ve got a box next week, and hadn’t decided who to invite. So now us, Yurio, and his grandfather, will be joining them at the Bolshoi theater. It means leaving a day earlier, but I’ll talk Yakov into it.”

For a moment Yuri couldn’t decide whether to groan at how extra his mate was, or be giddy at the thought of box seats at the Bolshoi.

Finally he decided on, “You invited Yurio’s grandfather too?”

Victor nodded. “Of course! I wouldn’t take a second away of Yurio spending time with him while in Moscow, and it’s only polite.”

Yuri sighed, but smiled. “This is over the top Vitya. You know that, right?”

Victor smiled. “Do you want me to call them all back and cancel?”

Yuri shook his head. “No. But I wish you’d talked to me about it first.”
Victor reached across the table and rested his hand atop Yuri’s. “And miss my alpha’s shocked expression of delight?”

Yuri felt the blush across his cheeks. “Vitya…”

Victor laughed and squeezed Yuri’s hand. “It was a safe bet, given the importance of dance in your life.”

“But box seats? I mean… how does much does that even cost?”

Victor smiled. “My parents already had the box reserved solnyshko. It’s not as if they went out of their way for this. They only thing they did was allow us to come along instead of inviting somebody else who could have equally afforded it.”

Yuri sighed, relenting to the argument before a smile spread across his face. “This is really happening then?”

Victor nodded. “Da.”

“You know this is too much. I mean, the Bolshoi alone would have been amazing, but box seats…”


“Thank you Vitya,” Yuri said.

Victor smiled in return. “Now, don’t tell Yurio. We’re going to make it a surprise with his grandpa’s help.”

“You’re sure about that?”

Victor nodded.

“Ok.”

“Great!” Victor beamed at him. “I can’t wait to take you to the ballet, my beautiful danseur”

Chapter End Notes

So I tried to find if the Bolshoi actually has box seats, but they weren’t on any of the seating charts. BUT when I did a google arts walkthrough of one of the stages there appeared to be a very few, very ornate, boxes. So I’m just running with the assumption that yes, they’re there, and you have to be either super rich or super important to get your hands on one.

Preview of next chapter

Yuri balanced the laptop on his knees and looked at the time. He smiled as the call icon appeared, and clicked it.

“Hi Yuri!”

“Hi Phichit-kun! Has the press settled down for you?”
Phichit laughed. “A bit, but I’m already getting interview bookings for the lead-up for Four Continents.”

“I bet they can’t wait to see you bring home another medal.”

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Night In

Chapter Summary

Yuri and Victor enjoy a night in together.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! Just a soft and fluffy chapter with a side of smut today.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Yuri balanced the laptop on his knees and looked at the time. He smiled as the call icon appeared, and clicked it.

“Hi Yuri!”

“Hi Phichit-kun! Has the press settled down for you?”

Phichit laughed. “A bit, but I’m already getting interview bookings for the lead-up for Four Continents.”

“I bet they can’t wait to see you bring home another medal.”

“It’s going to be harder this year, with JJ pulling out a quad loop, and you back in the mix.”

“I know you can do it, besides… you’re under orders.”

“Oh?”

“Yurio demanded I tell you that you’re to make the podium. He wants you, me, and Otabek. He says if JJ gets any hardware he’ll leave skate marks up and down our backs at Worlds.”

Phichit burst into laughter. “The kitten will have to catch me first.”

Yuri chuckled. “Don’t let him hear you call him that.”

“What are we calling who?” Victor asked, stepping out of the kitchen.

“I called mini-Yuri a kitten,” Phichit proclaimed.

Victor laughed. “I don’t know which he’d hate more: kitten or mini.”

Yuri groaned. “Don’t encourage him Vitya.”
Victor snorted. “Somehow I doubt Phichit needs any encouragement.”

“He’s right there,” Phichit added.

Yuri sighed.

“So,” Phichit started, “how was your first week as an assistant coach?”

Yuri hummed. “Not as I’d expected.”

“How so?”

“I guess… I expected more pushback, especially from Yurio. But they listen to me. Yurio’s step sequence is already looking better, which is impressive as it was already quite good before. And the junior Yakov put me in charge of…”

“Mikhail, right?”

Yuri nodded. “Hai.” He paused. “I see so much of myself in him. He’s nervous, but so determined. He skates really well too, but Yakov says he chokes in competition.”

“It’s not your job to help with that though, is it?”

Yuri shook his head. “No, but Yakov knows what he’s doing. I think he thinks that if Mikhail gets to see how I struggle, and that I can overcome it, that he can learn to face his nerves too.”

Phichit hummed. “Makes sense.”

Victor draped himself over Yuri’s shoulders. “How did you like Geneva?”

Phichit laughed. “Chris told you?”

Victor hummed. “Mm-hmm.”

Phichit smiled. “A bit chilly, but it was nice to be able to spend time with him outside of a competition.”

“You probably won’t get another chance until after Worlds, will you?”

Phichit grinned.

“Phichit-kun?” Yuri asked, knowing the look.

“We may have plans to spend a few days together after Four Continents.” Phichit laughed. “Chris talked Josef into a few days off to come watch, as long as he found a place to practice. And… we were thinking since we’ll all be together…”

Yuri sighed.

“Uh-oh,” Phichit frowned. “What’s up?”

Yuri scratched the back of his head. “After four cc isn’t good for us.”

Phichit looked confused for a minute, then realization dawned. “Oh.”

Yuri sighed. “Yeah… we’re heading from Taiwan to Japan, then after we’re going to spend a couple days in Hasetsu.”
Phichit grinned again. “I know!”

“Know what Phichit?”

“Chris and I can spend a couple days in Bangkok, then we can come out and finish our time in Japan with you. As long as we’re practicing a bit it should be ok.”

Yuri bit his lip. He turned to Victor, who’d been quiet since the unspoken topic of his heat had come up. “Vitya?”

Victor nuzzled into his neck.

“I dunno…” Yuri started.

“Yes,” Victor interrupted.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked again.

Victor lifted his head. “Yes. I’d like to spend a couple days showing Chris and Phichit Hasetsu. Besides, Yuko and the girls will be absolutely floored to have us all there.”

Yuri bit his lip and turned to Victor. “Are you sure?”

Victor nodded. “Phichit and Chris both know. I don’t have to hide from them, so I shouldn’t worry about being around them even a couple days after.”

“How about…” Phichit said. “How about I give you a day to think about it. Chris and I haven’t made any firm hotel extensions or anything.”

Victor shook his head. “No. Go ahead and ask Chris. That way if he agrees we can give Yuri’s family a head’s up.”

Phichit was silent for a moment, then grinned. “Hasetsu here we come!”

Yuri smiled, despite his reservations.

Victor laughed. “You’re going to love it.”

A noise filtered through the speakers and Phichit startled. Yuri watched as he snatched up his phone.

“Chris!” the Thai man declared. “You’re early!”

A grin spread over Phichit’s face.

“Just a minute Chris. Let me say bye to Yuri and Victor.”

Phichit held his phone away. “Chris got off practice early today, so I’m gonna cut our call short Yuri.”

Yuri smiled. “Go. Enjoy phone time with Chris.”

Phichit winked. “Oh I will.”

“Phichit!” Yuri protested. “I don’t wanna know!”

Phichit laughed. “Don’t you play innocent now. I know what you bought in Barcelona.”
Yuri felt the blush creep over his cheeks, and wondered how many questions Victor would have the next time he and Chris talked.

“Ok Phichit. Go away now.”

Phichit laughed. “Love ya Yuri! We’ll talk in a few days.”

“Bye Phichit,” Yuri replied with a smile just before the call ended.

Victor turned his face into Yuri’s neck and spent a moment just breathing deep from his scent gland before kissing the skin.

“Dinner will be in a few minutes solnyshko,” Victor said, standing.

Yuri leaned back and smiled up at his mate. “Arigato.”

Victor leaned over him to press a kiss to his lips.

“Did you plan for three?” Yuri asked.

Victor smiled. “I told Yurio I wanted some alone time with you tonight. He declared us gross.”

Yuri laughed. “In other words, he’ll be extra demanding tomorrow.”

Victor nodded. “Da. But it’s our free day at least.”

Yuri smiled and watched Victor return to the kitchen.

He set his laptop aside and stretched. He was preparing to follow when he heard his mate humming.

Yuri smiled again. He turned to his laptop and opened his music player. A moment of searching later and he found his slow dance playlist.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?” Victor asked, poking his head back around from the kitchen.

“Come here?”

Victor blinked and walked over to where Yuri stood.

“Yes solnyshko?”

Yuri smiled and reached over to hit the play button. He wrapped one arm around Victor’s waist and took his hand with the other.

Victor’s eyes widened slightly before a delighted smile settled on his face.

Music filled the living room, and Yuri led his mate as they danced on the wooden floor.

Victor was purring softly as the first song ended and they transitioned into the second. “What’s this for?”

Yuri looked up and smiled at him. “I wanted to dance with you.”

Victor returned the smile, fondness in his eyes. “I’m glad.”
Yuri stopped and rose on his toes to press a kiss to Victor’s lips. “I love you.”

Victor brushed his thumb over Yuri’s cheek. “I love you too.”

Yuri brushed the fringe from in front of Victor’s eyes. He smiled at him before shifting to kiss him.

“What’s that look for?” Victor asked as they parted.

“Just thinking how lucky I am.”

Victor’s cheeks dusted a soft pink.

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“Are you sure? About Hasetsu I mean. You seemed so reluctant before agreeing.”

Victor nodded. “Da. You’ve made me so much stronger, but I have to learn to confront these fears. I think the best first step is showing trust in people who know my secret.”

Yuri smiled. “Ok. If this is what you want then I’m here for you.”

Victor returned the smile and kissed him. “I know you are love.”

Yuri kissed him again, and soon the scent of slick filled the air.

“You weren’t kidding when you said you wanted some alone time with me, were you?” Yuri asked, teasing tone in his voice.

Victor smiled. “It’s been a busy week, and I just want to reconnect with you.”

Yuri growled softly, and allowed his hand to trail down Victor’s bare back.

Victor sighed into the touch, and whimpered when Yuri’s fingers brushed his entrance.

“Don’t tease Yuri,” Victor whined as he pushed back into the touch.

Yuri smiled and allowed one finger to slip inside.

Victor sighed and started to rock against the intrusion.

“Needy?” Yuri teased.

“Only for you,” Victor said with a playful scowl.

Yuri growled softly, and realizing how loose his mate already was, pushed a second finger inside.

Victor moaned, and pushed Yuri onto his back. He rocked against Yuri’s hand while burying his face in Yuri’s neck.

Yuri quickly added a third finger, about the only thing he could really do with the way Victor had him pinned to the bed. He savored the whimpers and pleasured sighs that spilled from his mate as he felt him open.
Yuri groaned as Victor shifted just enough to wrap a hand around his cock, and realized how neglected it had been. Victor stroked several times, until it was almost achingly hard.

Victor moved to straddle Yuri, and as soon as his fingers slipped out the omega was lining himself up. He sank onto Yuri’s cock with a sigh of relief, tossing his head back and bracing his hands on Yuri’s thighs.

Yuri growled in appreciation.

Victor turned enough to focus on eye on him. “Like something?”

Yuri smirked. “Just enjoying the view.”

Victor blushed, and Yuri reached out to wrap his hand around his cock.

“So beautiful Vitya,” Yuri rumbled as his mate began to rock.

Victor moaned and shifted until a whimper sounded and Yuri knew he’d found the perfect angle.

Yuri watched as Victor’s eyes fluttered shut, and his pink lips parted. A sheen of sweat glistened on his skin as he first rocked, then started bouncing on Yuri’s cock.

Yuri didn’t know which was more pleasurable: the slide of his cock inside his mate, or the knowledge that he was bringing so much pleasure to the man he loved.

“Yuri… Yuri…” Victor whimpered, and Yuri started thrusting up harder.

He needed to push his mate over the edge until his omega was purring in contentment.

A twist of his wrist and Victor came, cum splashing onto Yuri’s stomach even as his own cock started to pulse to fill his mate.

Victor stilled, panting as he struggled to come back down from the high.

Yuri watched a bead of sweat slide down his mate’s jaw to his neck. He wanted.

“Come here,” he rumbled, taking Victor’s hand to pull the omega down against him.

He kissed Victor’s jaw, tracing the line of moisture before flicking his tongue to catch the drop.

“Alpha…” Victor whimpered, and that was all it took for Yuri to start thrusting into his mate again.

Victor whimpered and buried his face in Yuri’s neck.

“Alpha…” he whimpered again as Yuri rocked into him.

“So beautiful, so perfect,” Yuri murmured, kissing Victor’s hair.

“Yuri…”

“Can I knot you Vitya?”

Victor nodded into his neck.

Yuri fucked into his mate hard, plunging his fingers into Victor’s hair to pull him up into a kiss.

Soon Victor was moaning and whimpering into the kiss, which only spurred Yuri to move faster, to
give his mate all the pleasure he could.

Victor’s back arched as he came again, cum pulsing between them, and it was all Yuri needed to push him over the edge again as well. He thrust until Victor’s body started to come down, then held himself deep and allowed his knot to form.

Victor collapsed against his chest, purring softly.

Yuri smiled and carded his fingers through the silver of his mate’s hair. He kissed Victor’s head and listened to the content rumble filling the room.

“I love you,” Victor murmured after several minutes.

Yuri kissed his head again. “I love you too Vitya, so much.”

Victor turned his head up, and Yuri melted at the soft smile on his face. “My alpha…” Victor said softly before turning to nuzzle against Yuri’s chest. “My alpha…”

Yuri wrapped his arms around his mate. “Always yours.”

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter
Yuri awoke to the sound of banging. He blinked his eyes open just in time to see Victor’s silhouette slip out of bed.

“Vitya?” he mumbled.

Victor leaned over the bed to kiss him. “Pull on something solnyshko. Apparently we have angry company.”

Yuri blinked a couple more times before he realized who his mate meant. He flopped his arm over his eyes. “Ugh…”

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Yuri blinked a couple more times before he realized who his mate meant. He flopped his arm over his eyes. “Ugh…”

Victor chuckled. “Come on. We both know he’ll only get angrier the longer he waits.”

Yuri groaned and rolled over, noticing Victor pulling on a pair of sweats and a shirt before walking out of the room.

“Good morning Yurio!” filtered from the other room.

“Where’s breakfast?” Yuri heard Yurio ask, wondering what he was saying.

“You woke us up, so we haven’t made any yet.”

Pounding on the bedroom door. “Oi Katsudon! Get your ass out of bed.”

Yuri groaned again before climbing out of bed. He rummaged for a pair of sweats and a long-sleeved tee.

He was rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he walked into the living room.
“About time,” Yurio snapped from the couch.

“It’s still dark,” Yuri replied.

“Tch, so what?”

Victor laughed and draped himself over Yuri. “Yuri still hasn’t adjusted to winter mornings in Saint Petersburg.”

“Suck it up, you’re going down.”

Yuri pushed up his glasses to rub at his eyes again. “It’s a bit early to game Yurio…”

“Like I fucking care? You two are gonna pay for scheduling an extra interview without telling me.”

“Aw, we thought you wouldn’t mind,” Victor pouted. “It means an extra night with your grandpa.”

“I’d still have liked to be asked,” the teen growled.

Yuri blinked before realizing that it was the excuse they’d used to make the ballet, though Victor said Yakov knew the truth.

“I’m sorry Yura,” Victor said. “My personal PR team called, and said they needed an answer before it could filter through the team Yakov uses.”

“Why the fuck do you have your own PR team anyway?” Yurio demanded from where he’d sprawled on the couch.

Victor laughed. “Why not?”

“Ugh, you suck.” He turned to face the television. “Power on loser.”

Yuri sighed, walked over to turn on the tv and game console, then took the tiny bit of space left on the couch.

Yuri was still choosing his character when Yurio turned to Victor. “I’m hungry.”

Victor laughed. “I’ll get us something when I take Makka out.”

“Better be good,” the teen replied as he turned back to the tv. “Are you done yet?”

Yuri sighed and made his choice.

“Game on loser,” Yurio declared as the match began.

Victor leaned over the back of the couch and kissed Yuri’s neck. “I’m going to take out Makka. I’ll be back in a bit.”

“Ok.” Yuri replied, forcing down his instinct to escort his mate during the dangerous dark hours.

“I’ll call when I decide where to go for breakfast to ask what you two want.”

“I want syrniki,” Yurio said.

“We’ll see Yurio. I don’t think Yakov would approve,” Victor said.

“Like I care, and you’re not going to tell him.”
Victor laughed and strode toward the door. “Makka!”

Claws against the floor, the jingle of the leash, then the sound of the door closing.

“What’s up Yurio?” Yuri asked after winning their first round. “Are you really that upset about being scheduled for another interview?”

Yurio sighed and selected a different character. “I just hate stuff being decided for me. Yakov used to decide all my interviews, and I hated it. I was happy that I got a say this year, then the Old Man goes and pulls this shit.”

Yuri bit his lip. “Sorry Yurio. Everything just kinda came together really fast. I guess Victor didn’t think you’d mind.”

“You guys didn’t even call to ask,” Yurio grumbled.

“It’s not the interview, is it?”

Yurio shook his head. “I just… I don’t want to be treated like a little kid anymore.”

Yuri took a chance and reached out. He hesitated a moment, then rested his hand on Yurio’s ankle.

Yurio’s eyes flicked toward him, then back to the screen.

“I’m sorry Yurio. If it makes you feel any better, it all came together so fast I was surprised too. But I’ll talk to Vitya and let him know why you’re upset.”

“Thanks Katsudon.”

For a moment Yuri thought about telling Yurio the truth, but he knew Victor would be devastated if the surprise got out. He just had to hope Yurio enjoyed it.

“So is there anybody in Moscow you’re looking forward to seeing, besides your grandpa that is?” Yuri asked, attempting to change the subject.

Yurio sighed. “The old man hasn’t told you huh?”

“Told me what?”

“Grandpa’s the only real family I have.”

Yuri felt a stone form in the pit of his stomach. “Did… something happen?”

“Tch,” Yurio hissed. “Just my mother’s more interested in trying to revive her failed stardom, and my dad died when I was little.”

Yurio sighed. “I… don’t even know where Mama is these days. I think I saw her in a commercial last year, but I didn’t pay enough attention to be sure. She’s probably still in Moscow, but I don’t ask.”

“Why not?”

“When things got tough, she just dumped me with Grandpa. He barely had any money of his own, but she decided she’d be better off trying to be a star without me. It took me a while before I realized she wasn’t coming back. Once in a while she’ll send me a present for my birthday… when she remembers. I don’t even think she knows how old I am though. Last year, when I was visiting
Grandpa after Junior Worlds a package arrived, with a stuffed animal inside and a birthday card aimed at kids half my age.”

“Oh Yurio…”

“Not like I care anyway,” Yurio said. “I added it to the pile of plushies I donated to the children’s hospital.”

“I’m sorry Yurio.”

Yurio paused the game and scowled at him. “Don’t you go soft on me too Katsudon. I already get enough of that from Victor.”

“There’s a difference between going soft, and genuinely caring.”

“Tch.” Yurio unpauised.

A moment of silence fell between them as Yuri was once again declared the winner of a match, and Yurio tried to decide who else he wanted to play as.

“I send as much as I can home to Grandpa,” Yurio said as they waited on the loading screen.

“Hmm?”

“Grandpa took me in, even when he couldn’t afford it. He doesn’t have much, and I just want to see him live as good as possible. So I send as much as I can home. It’s getting better now with sponsors, but for a while we were worried Grandpa might lose the house.”

“No wonder you chose him for Agape,” Yuri said after a few minutes.

Yurio nodded. “Da. When I thought about him... he’s only ever shown me unconditional love. He showed me what agape was without me ever knowing it.”

Yuri shifted enough to ruffle Yurio’s blond hair, earning a snarl.

“I know we’ll never replace your Grandpa, but Vitya and I are your family too. And Kasaan and Yuko would probably fight over who would get to adopt you.”

Yurio smiled. “Didn’t I just tell you not to go soft on me Katsudon?”

Yuri laughed. “Did you?”

Yurio kicked his thigh. “Pick somebody else. I wanna play them.”

Yuri smiled and dutifully selected another character.

Yuri won another three matches before Yurio managed to hit a combo and win his first round of the day.

“Hah!” Yurio declared, just as Yuri heard the keys in the lock.

Victor strode back in, surrounded by the smell of hot food.

“I thought you were going to call?” Yuri asked, turning to see his mate.

Victor smiled. “I decided that syrniki sounded good too, and I don’t think you’ve had it yet. Since
it’s a free day…” He shrugged. “I put in an order to go at the cafe a few doors down, walked Makka, and it was ready when I got back.”

Yuri smiled and angled for a kiss. “Thanks love.”

Victor beamed at him and reached into the bag. He handed a container to Yurio. “Extra large for you Yura.”

“Damn straight,” Yurio replied as he opened the carton and eyed the contents. “Oh this place. Yeah, they make good syrniki. You’ll like it Katsudon.”

Yuri smiled. “I’ll take your word for it.”

Yurio smiled briefly before turning to Victor. “Oi, Old Man. I need a fork!”

Victor laughed as he headed into the kitchen. “Ok… ok.”

Yuri smiled, both wondering when it was that they’d adopted an angry kitten, and knowing it to be true.

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of next chapter**

Yuri’s hands trembled as he closed his suitcase. They had the morning at the rink before they’d need to head to the airport for their flight to Moscow.

He was about to meet his mate’s parents, people who’d seen him on the edge of a standstill and at his worst.

He forced himself to take a deep breath, resting his palms against his suitcase. “It’s ok. Vitya says it’s going to be ok.”

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New Family

Chapter Summary

Yuri, Victor and Yurio head to Moscow.

Chapter Notes

I know many of you have been waiting for this chapter since Rostelecom.

Yuri FINALLY meets Victor's parents.

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Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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He squeezed his eyes shut and focused on his breathing for several minutes.

“Yuri?” Victor sing-songed, striding into the bedroom. “Are you ready to…”

A sigh as Victor’s voice trailed off, then strong arms around Yuri’s middle.

“It’s going to be ok solnyshko. They’re going to love you, I promise.”

Yuri slowly blew out a breath. “I trust you Vitya, I’m just… what if they don’t?”

Victor’s hands on his shoulders, turning him around, then thumbs making circles on his arms until Yuri chanced to look up and into his mate’s eyes.

Victor smiled softly at him. “My parents know what you mean to me Yusha. They’d never try to separate us.”

Yuri blinked. “What did you just call me?”

Victor’s eyes widened slightly as a blush crossed his face. “Um… Yusha.”

Yuri felt his own blush spread over his face. “That feels… intimate… somehow.”
Victor smiled again. “A part of me has wanted something more for us. I know you’re not used to Russian diminutives, so everybody calls you Yuri everyday. Normally it would turn to Yura, but that’s what people already call Yurio and I think he’d get angry if that got taken away from him too. Yuratchka seemed wrong for you too. But Yusha… that felt right. I guess… I just let it slip.”

Yuri chuckled and slid his arms around his mate’s neck. “I like it, for quiet moments like this.”

Victor beamed. “Really?”

Yuri nodded and rested his cheek against his mate’s shoulder.

Victor’s lips against his forehead. “We should go, or Yakov will yell at us.”

Yuri sighed. “Ok.”

They left their suitcases by the door, ready to grab when they left for the airport.

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Yuri took a long drink of water, watching Victor practice a perfect layback spin.

His mind drifted to the unexpected nickname from that morning and he felt the blush creep over his cheeks again.

Slender but absurdly strong arms draped over his shoulder.

“You’ve only been here a week and a half, and yet I already know that look. What did Victor do this time to make you blush like that?”

Yuri sighed, already knowing Mila well enough to know she’d get the info somehow anyway.

“He called me something new this morning.”

“Oh? What?”

Yuri turned enough to look into Mila’s eyes. “This isn’t rink gossip, got it?”

One of her eyebrows arched. “Ok?”

Yuri’s blush deepened. “He called me Yusha.”

Her face lit up. “Oh!” She laughed. “Guess it’s serious then if he’s given you a bedroom name.”

“Bedroom name?”

She laughed again. “Try calling him Vitenka when you’re alone.”

“Vitenka?”

She nodded. “Trust me. He’ll love it.”

Yuri looked to his mate again. “Vitenka…”
Yuri grabbed his bag from the carousel and dragged it over to where Victor and Yurio were waiting.

“Ready?” Victor asked.

Yuri nodded and they moved away from the throng of people. He followed but soon realized they weren’t heading straight for the nearest doors.

“Vitya? Where are we going?”

Victor stopped, confused look on his face for a second before he laughed. “Oh. I got a text from Ruslan, my parents’ driver. He told me which exit he’s waiting at.”

Yuri stopped, attempting to process the fact that not only did Victor’s parents have their own driver, but that he’d been dispatched to pick them up.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, noticing that he’d stopped.

“Your parents have their own driver?” was all Yuri could think to ask.

“Yes?” Victor replied, confused. “I told you before didn’t I? That my family is extremely wealthy?”

Yuri took a deep breath. He let it out slowly before nodding. “Ok… I just wasn’t expecting that was all.”

Yurio snorted. “You managed to tell me that you had a ride arranged, but didn’t tell your mate?”

Victor smiled at Yuri. “I’m sorry solnyshko. It just seemed easier to have Ruslan pick us up.”

Yuri nodded again. “Ok. It’s ok.”

They started walking again, and soon Victor pushed open a door on the side of the building. Several black cars with suited drivers lined the sidewalk.

Yuri swallowed as eyes tracked to them, wondering how he was being judged in his jeans, sweater and bulky coat.

Victor seemed to ignore the drivers, scanning until he found the one he was looking for. “Ruslan!” he yelled with a wave.

The driver nodded in acknowledgement and walked around the car to open the trunk.

Victor grabbed Yuri’s hand, pulling him toward the car, Yurio following close behind.

They reached the car and there was a brief exchange in Russian before Victor turned to Yuri. “Yuri, this is Ruslan. He doesn’t speak much English, so if you need something ask me or Yurio to translate.”

Yuri bowed slightly to the driver. “Thank you.”

Victor laughed. “Yurio. I think I got your grandfather’s address right, but confirm with Ruslan please, especially since we’ll need to pick you up again later.”

“Da,” Yurio replied, watching as Ruslan loaded the baggage into the back. He stepped over and talked with the driver as the trunk was closed.

Yuri fidgeted, unsure what to do as Victor seemed content to wait. Then Ruslan opened the rear
passenger door of the luxury sedan.

Yurio immediately climbed into the car, claiming a seat for himself.

“Go ahead love,” Victor said, hand low on Yuri’s back.

Yuri climbed into the car, and noticing that Yurio had already claimed one of the independent seats moved to the back row. A moment later Victor was on the bench beside him, tangling their fingers together

“Don’t you need to be up front?”

Victor laughed. “Why would I? He knows where we’re going.”

“Oh…”

Victor leaned forward. “We’ve got your grandpa a seat in the audience tonight, so we’ll be picking you both up at six. The studio asked that we already be dressed so they can get us right into makeup then out.”

“Da,” Yurio replied, scowling.

Victor sat back and smiled softly at Yuri.

Yuri smiled back, then turned to watch the traffic outside as Ruslan guided the car into the busy Moscow traffic.

The car moved from the freeway to a residential section before stopping in front of an older house.

Yurio shifted, but waited politely for Ruslan to open the door for him.

“Don’t forget Yurio,” Victor repeated. “We’ll be back at six to get you.”

“I heard you the first time old man.”

Victor laughed. “Ok. We’ll see you then.”

“Yeah, whatever.” Yurio snapped as Ruslan set his luggage beside him.

Then the door was closed. They waited just long enough to make sure Yurio made it inside, then the car was off again.

Yuri felt the tremble in his fingertips as the houses grew newer and larger.

Victor’s fingers on his own.

Yuri looked up into the blue eyes of his mate.

“It’s ok solnyshko,” Victor said again.

Yuri forced a smile. He nodded and decided to lean against his mate.

Soon the soft smell of oranges and snow surrounded him. He closed his eyes and let his mate’s scent seep into him.

He opened his eyes again when he felt the car slow, and felt the panic creep over him again. The houses were huge, hiding behind large gates and immaculate gardens.
“Your family lives here?” Yuri squeaked as the car turned into a driveway.


“Not as big?”

Victor laughed as the car slowed to a stop in front of the door.

Yuri clenched and unclenched his hands several times, forcing himself to breathe.

Ruslan rounded the car and opened the door.

Victor got out and held his open hand out to Yuri.

Yuri took another deep breath and allowed his mate to help him from the car. Then they were climbing the stairs to the opulent front door.

The door opened before Victor could knock, a silver-haired woman standing just inside.

“Vitya!” she cried, beaming with the same heart-shaped smile that Yuri loved in his mate.

Victor laughed and ran to her open arms. “Mama!”

Yuri stayed a couple paces back and watched the reunion, even as a man with brown hair and striking silver eyes joined them.

Once Victor’s parents had released him from their embrace he turned and held his hand out. “Mama, Papa? I’d like you to meet my mate, Yuri Katsuki. Yuri, these are my parents: Konstantin Nikiforov and Ekaterina Nikiforova.”

Yuri closed the distance, bowing as he stopped beside Victor. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

The scent of alpha, heavy in the air. It caught on Yuri’s instincts. He stood and saw Victor’s father studying him, subtly challenging him to prove that he was worthy of his omega son.

Yuri’s alpha side immediately rose to the challenge, and he released his own scent, filled with the determination to protect his claim to his mate.

The scents deepened as the alphas stared at each other, neither backing down.

Yuri blinked as the other man let out his breath in an undignified ‘oof.’

“Behave Kostya,” Ekaterina scolded, smile on her face. “Vitya already told us his Yuri was nervous about meeting us. No need to play these games.”

She used her shoulder to move her mate out of the way. “I’m sorry Yuri, seems Kostya wanted to play with you. He didn’t mean it.”

Yuri blinked a couple times as his scent settled. He noticed the sincere smile on her face, even though she also exuded alpha. He bowed on impulse. “Sorry for causing a scene.”

Ekaterina burst into laughter. “No need to apologize! In fact Kostya should be the one apologizing to you.”

Yuri smiled as the tension melted away.
“Now,” she said, gesturing inside. “Let’s go in before all the heat escapes. Dinner will be ready shortly, then we’ll need to get ready for tonight.” She turned to Victor. “Vitya, I wasn’t sure if you wanted your room, or one of the guest rooms, so we’ve made the guest bed in the room across the hall from yours.”

“Spasibo Mama,” Victor said.

Strong arms draped themselves across Yuri’s shoulders and he looked into the eyes of Konstatin Nikiforov. “Now Yuri, Vitya says that your family runs an onsen?”

Yuri nodded.

“I’m in the hospitality business myself, on the board for a major Russian hotel chain. Maybe we can talk while you’re here about something new we can offer.”

“Um…”

Another ‘oof’ from Konstantin as Ekaterina turned and lightly punched his arm. “They’re here for interviews Kostya, not for you to pick Yuri’s brain for new ideas.”

Konstantin rolled his eyes and made a show of rubbing where she’d punched him. “Yes zolotse.”

She nodded, then paused, finger to her lip. “I could swear I’m forgetting something.”

They stood there for a few seconds.

“I got it!” she declared, throwing her arms around Yuri. “Welcome to the family Yuri!”

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter

“You look stunning Mama,” Victor said.

“Spasibo Vitya.”

“Shall we?” Konstantin asked. “Ruslan has already pulled the limo around.”

“Limo?” Yuri squeaked.

“Oh course dear,” Ekaterina replied as Konstantin draped a coat over her shoulders. “The sedan doesn’t seat six.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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Bolshoi Ballet

Chapter Summary

The podium trio head to the Ballet.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! Who's ready to see Yurio's reaction to the ballet?

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Victor smoothed Yuri’s tie and smiled at him. “You look beautiful.”

Yuri returned the smile, running his hands over the soft gray of Victor’s suit. “So do you.”

Victor leaned in to kiss him softly. “Did you enjoy dinner?”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah, though I still don’t know which fork is which.”

Victor laughed. “Should I ask Mama to buy some chopsticks for you?”

Yuri scrunched his nose. “Be nice.”

Victor pouted.

Yuri relented with a sigh. “How about you show me which fork goes with which course sometime?”

Victor smiled at him. “Of course love.”

Yuri rose on his toes to kiss his mate.

“Hmm,” Victor sighed as they parted. “I could do that all night, but we should probably head down. You ready?”

Yuri nodded.

Victor took his hand and led him back to the stairs, then down to the main floor of the house. They immediately saw Victor’s parents waiting, his mother resplendent in a sparkling silver cocktail dress with royal blue shawl and his father in a matching royal blue suit.

“You look stunning Mama,” Victor said.

“Spasibo Vitya.”
“Shall we?” Konstantin asked. “Ruslan has already pulled the limo around.”

“Limo?” Yuri squeaked.

“Of course dear,” Ekaterina replied as Konstantin draped a coat over her shoulders. “The sedan doesn’t seat six.”

Yuri thought back, and imagined that if somebody took the front passenger seat and three on the bench they could squeeze in six, but by the time his brain filtered through that Victor was already tugging him toward the door.

“Is this your first time in a limo?” Victor asked, smile on his face.

Yuri nodded mutely.

Victor’s smile widened. “I hope you like it. I always thought it was such a treat growing up, when we had enough people to ride in the limo.”

Yuri’s mind immediately went to thoughts of Victor growing up with a limo and… well… a mansion, and he groaned when he thought about the banquet room they’d given him in Hasestu.

“Yuri?” Victor asked, concerned note to his voice as they stood outside the limo. He turned, hands on Yuri’s forearms.

“I’m sorry Vitya,” Yuri said.

“Hmm? For what?”

“You grew up used to this, then all we could offer was a banquet room, and it wasn’t even that private since I was next door, and…”

Victor silenced him with a kiss. “I love our room in Hasetsu. You don’t need to worry about you or anything else measuring up to this. Ok?”

Yuri took a deep breath and nodded. “Ok.”

“Good,” Victor said. “Now let’s get in the car.”

Yuri climbed into the limo to see bemused expressions on Victor’s parents.

“Everything ok?” Ekaterina asked as the limo started moving.

Victor smiled at his mother. “Yuri’s just comparing his home to this is all.”

She laughed. “Oh Yuri, don’t worry. Vitya gushed about how much he loved living in Japan every time he called. We even considered visiting just to try out the onsen for ourselves.”

Yuri felt the blush across his cheeks. “It’s just home. It’s nothing special.”

Konstantin reached out and placed a hand on Yuri’s shoulder. “That’s the way we feel about what we have. It might be more than most, but that’s because we can afford it. And Vitya’s never let it get to him. He even insisted that he pay for his own apartments and necessities once he started getting sponsors.”

“Really?”
The other alpha nodded. “Da. He’s earned what he has, though we could have easily given it to him. So he appreciates it more than you think.”

Victor reached out and squeezed Yuri’s hand.

Yuri looked over to see his mate smiling softly at him.

“I think our Vitya felt he had something to prove,” Ekaterina continued. “Being the only omega in a family of alphas, he had to show that he’s more than worthy.”

“Mama!”

She laughed. “He’s put any doubters to shame though. Two gold and one silver in the Olympics, five consecutive World and Grand Prix golds, and consistently on the podium except when he was recovering from that muscle strain.”

“Better than anything his alpha cousins have done,” Konstantin added, pride filling his voice. “Most of them have been handed businesses to run, while our Vitya had to work for his position.”

Victor groaned and buried his face in his hands, red of a blush peeking around his fingers. Yuri smiled and pulled his embarrassed mate against him. “Payback,” he murmured into Victor’s hair. “Cause I know Kasaan showed you my baby pictures.”

“No fair,” Victor whined.

Both Ekaterina and Konstantin started laughing.

“We can show you our Vitya’s baby photos and videos too,” Ekaterina offered.

“Mama!”

“Don’t you want your mate to know how adorable you were as a baby?”

“Nyet!”

“Shame,” she teased. “I guess I got out your baby books for nothing.”

Victor turned and buried his face against Yuri’s shoulder. “You were right solnyshko, this was a horrible idea.”

Everybody except Victor started laughing.

The limo turned, and Yuri looked out the windows to see people gaping at the lavish vehicle in the middle of a run-down neighborhood. A few minutes later they pulled to a stop in front of Yurio’s grandfather’s house.

Yuri watched as Ruslan walked up to the front of the house. A moment later Yurio and his grandfather appeared, dressed in suits.

Ruslan opened the door and Yurio climbed in. “Oi, Victor! Did you have to bring a fucking limo? The car earlier was…” he trailed off as he saw Victor’s parents. “Oh. Hello.”

Ekaterina smiled. “Good evening Mr. Plisetsky.” She leaned around to acknowledge Yurio’s grandfather. “And Mr. Plisetsky.”
“I don’t think we’ve been properly introduced,” Konstantin said in Russian to Nikolai Plisetsky. “Konstantin Nikiforov, and my stunning wife is Ekaterina Nikiforova.”


Ekaterina nodded. “We’ve met him once or twice when business took us to Saint Petersburg and we stopped by the rink.”

“So which show are we going to be on?” Yurio demanded as he settled into his seat. “Or are you still not telling me?”

“It’s a surprise!” Victor replied with a grin.

“Ugh, you suck.”

Yurio continued to glare daggers at them while Victor’s parents and Yurio’s grandfather conversed in Russian. Soon the elder Plisetsky was laughing.

“What are they talking about?” Yuri asked.

Victor smiled. “Yurio, of course.”

“Oh.”

Traffic increased again as they headed toward central Moscow. People continued to gape at the limo until the houses turned to businesses and the hustle and bustle of city life was more interesting than just another car.

The limo turned and slowed to a stop in a line of chauffeured vehicles.

Yurio’s eyes widened. “This isn’t a studio…”

“Surprise,” Victor said, hugging the teen. “We’re attending the ballet tonight.”

“What the hell Victor?” Yurio blared.

“Yuratchka…” Nikolai said, even tone to his voice.

Yurio immediately settled, but crossed his arms and glared.

Victor sighed. “Yuri told me you were upset that Lilia declared him a danseur noble, and you as a prima ballerina. I thought you might want to see who is generally the real star of the show.”

Yurio scowled. “So you lied to me?”

Nikolai reached out and placed his hand on Yurio’s shoulder, speaking softly enough that Yuri couldn’t hear him.

“Fine,” Yurio declared, deflating under whatever his grandfather had told him.

“Good!” Victor laughed just as Ruslan opened the door.

Soon they were all standing inside the grand entrance hall of the historic building. Yuri took a moment to take it all in before Victor pulled him toward the coat check.

They’d no sooner than checked their coats when an usher appeared.
Yurio alternated confused stares and glaring at Victor as they were led away from the crowd.

A door was held open in a quiet hallway, then up a set of stairs to another hall, and Yurio finally couldn’t hold back.

“Oi, Victor? Where are we going?”

“Our seats of course,” Ekaterina answered as the usher stopped in front of another door, holding it open for them.

“Then why isn’t there…” Yurio trailed off as he stepped past the usher.

Yuri blinked, wondering what had caused Yurio to stop. Then he saw the view for himself. Laid out almost directly before them was the stage of the historic theater. He took a few trembling steps forward and braced his hands on the edge of the box to look down onto the orchestra pit.

“Wow…”

“Why don’t you four sit up front?” Konstantin offered. “We’ve seen this production before so we’ll sit in the back row.”

“Spasibo Papa,” Victor said, grabbing Yuri’s hand and pulling him over to where four red-velvet chairs waited. They left the ones closest to the stage open for Yurio and his grandfather.

Yuri took a deep breath. We’re in box seats… at the Bolshoi.

“Excited?” Victor asked.

“In shock still,” Yuri replied.

“I hate you both,” Yurio replied, sitting between Yuri and his grandfather.

“Spasibo,” Nikolai said, first to Victor, then turned to Victor’s parents to thank them as well.

Yuri turned to look away from the stage and toward the quickly filling audience. Muted chatter filled the air as people took their seats.

A few minutes later the house lights dimmed, and applause sounded through the space as the orchestra filed in. There was a moment of tuning, then the house lights darkened completely and the curtain rose.

Victor’s hand in his as the dancers started weaving the story.

It was about halfway through the second act when Yuri noticed Yurio leaning forward, intensity in his eyes as he watched the performance.

It was the same look he’d had when he’d watched Otabek skate in Barcelona.

“Seems our kitten gets it now,” Victor murmured softly in Yuri’s ear.

Yuri nodded, wondering how the simple experience would further elevate the teen’s skating.

All too soon the dancers were taking a final bow, and the audience applauded the success of another performance.

“That was lovely,” Ekaterina said as Konstantin helped her to her feet.
“Mm-hmm,” Victor agreed.

“Spasibo,” Nikolai said again, before continuing what sounded like more thanks as he conversed with Victor’s parents.

“Yurio?” Yuri asked, wondering if he was still mad at them.

“Spasibo,” Yurio said, hugging Yuri.

Victor laughed and wrapped his arms around them both.

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter
He stood there for a second, unsure what to do, before finally taking another step into the dining room. “G’morning.”

Ekaterina looked up, soft smile on her face. “Good morning Yuri. Did you sleep well?”

Yuri nodded. “Has Vitya’s segment aired yet?”

She shook her head. “Not yet, but you almost missed it.” She used the kickstand on the tablet’s case to prop it where they could both see it. “I think they’re getting to him as soon as the commercial break is over.”

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A morning interview for Victor leaves Yuri alone with Victor’s mother.

Yuri rolled over, seeking his mate’s warmth, but instead only found cool bed linens. He blinked his eyes open, for a moment wondering where Victor had gone before remembering that he’d been asked to do a live segment on one of the morning programs and had left several hours prior.

He groaned and huddled under the blankets a couple more minutes before his body demanded that he get out of bed. After a quick trip to the en suite bathroom he pulled on some house clothes and padded down in what he thought was the direction of the dining room.

Victor had mentioned something about the chef and just asking for what he wanted, or at least his sleep-addled brain seemed to recall something like that.

He paused outside the dining room to remove his glasses. He walked in, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, only to be greeted by the sight of Victor’s mother sitting at the table, plate of food in front of her and a tablet propped in one hand.

He stood there for a second, unsure what to do, before finally taking another step into the dining room. “G’morning.”

Ekaterina looked up, soft smile on her face. “Good morning Yuri. Did you sleep well?”

Yuri nodded. “Has Vitya’s segment aired yet?”

She shook her head. “Not yet, but you almost missed it.” She used the kickstand on the tablet’s case to prop it where they could both see it. “I think they’re getting to him as soon as the commercial break is over.”

Yuri nodded and took a seat. Almost immediately a young woman in a crisp white apron appeared and asked him a question.

“Ummm…” Yuri replied, having no idea what she’d asked.

Ekaterina laughed. “She wants to know what you would like for breakfast.”

“Oh…” Yuri blinked and thought for a moment. “Egg white omelette with spinach and mushrooms and a side of fresh fruit?”
Ekaterina gave the woman Yuri’s order, and the chef immediately disappeared into the kitchen.

“You’re welcome,” she replied, before her attention snapped to the tablet. She bumped up the volume on the live stream. “They just announced that Vitya is up.”

Yuri leaned in to watch the small screen. There was another moment of banter between hosts before they cut to a shot of Victor on a couch with another host in a chair next to him.

The host leaned across to shake Victor’s hand, and Yuri took a moment to appreciate how good his mate looked, dressed in a nice sweater and slacks.

Ekaterina hummed and nodded. “That silver-blue sweater is a good choice on him.”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah.”

Then the interview started, and Yuri deflated with a sigh.

“Need me to translate?” Ekaterina offered after a moment.

“It’s ok,” Yuri said.

“It’s no trouble,” she replied. “So far they’ve just been rattling off his history, and he made sure to add coach when it was left off.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “Da. When they asked if they forgot anything he added it.”

“Oh…” Yuri said, blush crossing his cheeks.

He felt her eyes on him for a moment, then Victor was speaking again.

“Oh, that’s a good question,” she said. “They asked about the music for his short program, and if he’s saying something with it.”

Yuri leaned in as Victor started to answer.

“It’s my love letter to the fans,” she said a few seconds after Victor started talking. “They’ve meant so much to me throughout my career, but it’s also an undeniable fact that I’m approaching the age when most skaters lose their competitive edge. This is a program that means a lot to me, and I wanted to skate it at my height.”

A pause for the next question. “Does that mean that you anticipate that you expect to not be as competitive in the future?”

Victor laughed. “Not at all. I’m still a competitor, and will bring my best to every performance. But there is some amazing talent coming up, and I am aware that the career of a competitive athlete is limited.”

“Speaking of upcoming talent, Yuri Plisetsky has made it clear that he intends to challenge you for your status as Russia’s top male skater. Does this worry you, especially as he broke your world record for the short program?”

Victor laughed again. “Honestly I’m thrilled with Yurio’s development so far this season. He’s
exceeded even my highest expectations for him, and I can’t wait to see what else he brings.”

“Even if he threatens your ability to bring home gold medals?”

Victor nodded. “Da. It is my sincere belief that Yurio is the next great male skater in Russia. I will compete to the utmost of my ability against him now, but I see great things in him and support him unconditionally.”

“Do you feel that your time off to coach Yuri Katsuki has impacted your ability?”

Victor hummed, finger to his lip. “Yes… but for the better.”

“Care to elaborate?”

“While I’m still working my muscles back to regular training, I feel reinvigorated. When I stepped back and focused on my Yuri, I saw so much that I had forgotten. I reconnected to the soul of the sport, and coming back to reclaim my records has only fueled my drive.”

The interviewer laughed. “Speaking of Mr. Katsuki, what’s it like to compete against your student?”

“Student and fiance,” Victor corrected. “And while we haven’t directly skated against each other since Sochi, I can’t wait to skate against him at Worlds.”

“Do you worry about taking it easy on your… student?” Ekaterina laughed at the annoyed expression on Victor’s face. “Oh he’s not liking you being referred to as his student.”

Yuri smiled as Victor started speaking again.

“My Yuri would be extremely disappointed in me if I brought anything less than my best to competition, as I would be with him. As his fiance I plan to fight for every point and to make him do the same, it’s one of the ways we show our respect for each other.”

The host made a noise then leaned forward to shake Victor’s hand again. “Thank you for coming in this morning Mr. Nikiforov. I’m sure all of Russia will be cheering for you in the upcoming European championships.”

Victor smiled. “Thanks for having me!”

The stream cut back to the main host desk, and Ekaterina exited the app. “That was a good interview,” she said.

“Do you always watch his interviews?”

She smiled. “As much as I can. Sometimes I miss one, or it’s in a language I don’t speak, but even if I can’t see them live I try to watch them later.”

“Wow…”

“Don’t your parents watch yours?”

Yuri blinked. “I’m sure they do, but…”

“But you don’t know about it?”

Yuri blushed and nodded.
She smiled. “It’s an honor to be able to support the dreams of your children. Sometimes that means being there in person, but sometimes it just means calling them a few hours later to say you’d liked seeing them on television.”

Yuri thought back to all the times he’d talked to his mother after a skate, and how proud she’d sounded no matter how he did. He smiled.

“See?”

Yuri nodded.

A plate appeared in front of him, and Yuri realized he was starving. He quickly started in on the omelette and fruit.

Ekaterina smiled at him from across the table before turning to a person Yuri thought was a maid. There was a brief exchange before the woman strode from the room.

Yuri bit his lip, wondering if they’d been disappointed when Victor had left skating to coach him, even if only temporarily.

“When…” Yuri started. “When Vitya went to Japan…”

There was a moment of silence. It stretched on until he couldn’t help but glance up from his plate to see Victor’s mother smiling softly at him.

“Vitya hadn’t said anything,” she started. “But Kostya and I could see something was troubling him. It seemed to get better after Sochi, but was worse than before by Worlds. We didn’t know exactly why he left at first, but we knew that if he could find something that made him happy again, then that was all that mattered.”

Her smile widened. “Then we saw him in the video for Onsen on Ice, and we hadn’t seen him smile like that in so long. After that, even when things weren’t going the best out there, the tone in his voice said it all. He loved it. He loves watching you grow and improve. He loves seeing how much stronger you are.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “You make him happy Yuri. I can see it in his smile, and hear it in his voice. My baby boy has found a mate who sees him for who he is, and, even when that mate makes mistakes, has made it clear he always thinks about Vitya first.”

Yuri blushed, realizing that Victor had spoken about their fight to his mother.

“Ah,” she said, head snapping to where the maid was coming back in, laden with books. “Vitya’s baby books.”

Yuri’s eyes widened. “Really?”

She grinned at him, mischievous glint in her eyes. “You said it yourself, you mother had shown him yours, it’s only fair.”

Yuri quickly finished his breakfast, then relocated to the other side of the table to look at the books with her.

Yuri’s heart melted at the first photo of Victor as a baby, tufts of silver hair above huge blue eyes.
And he couldn’t hold back an ‘aaawww’ at the heart shaped smile on the tiny face.

“Wasn’t he adorable?” Ekaterina gushed.

Yuri nodded. “Yeah.”

Yuri watched Victor grow up in the photos, from a wide-eyed baby to crawling then walking.

“His first time in skates,” Ekaterina gushed over a four year old Victor. “He took to the ice like a natural. We got him into classes only a few months later when it was clear how much he loved it.”

Victor smiled in so many of the photos, whether on the ice or off. The heart-shaped smile burned itself into Yuri’s mind.

“His first Junior Worlds,” Ekaterina said as they neared the end of an album. “He took silver at only fourteen.”

Victor, with long hair, kissing his silver medal.

Ekaterina closed the photo album and pulled over the next one.

Yuri blinked as she opened it. “Did… is one missing?” he asked at an obviously older Victor.

Ekaterina sighed. “No… after… after it happened Vitya didn’t want his photo taken for close to a year. He managed for official events, but…”

“Oh…”

She sat back from the table, frown on her face.

“Are you ok?” Yuri asked.

She looked at him and smiled softly. “When Vitya told me that he’d told you… I almost couldn’t believe it. He’d buried it over and over, and it was then that I knew what you mean to him. He shared his deepest pain.”

“You saved him…”

Ekaterina frowned again and shook her head. “I failed him. If I’d checked in more often, or if we hadn’t gone… he wouldn’t have been hurt like that.”

“No,” Yuri replied. “You saved him, and Vitya thinks so too, I know it. It wasn’t as if you knew he’d go into heat then, and you had taken what you thought were appropriate precautions. You can’t blame yourself for the evil intent of others.”

She smiled at him again. “That’s good to hear, coming from his mate.”

She sighed and the smile faded. “But I can’t help it. My baby boy was hurt so bad, and no matter what I did, I couldn’t erase the pain.”

“That’s not what Vitya says. He told me you sang to him every night, and made sure he could still skate even when Yakov nearly banned him from the ice for panic attacks. He says you even didn’t go to the family reunion the next year, even though he blames himself for them ending entirely after that.”

Ekaterina blushed. “That may have been my fault…”
“Huh?”

She put her finger to her lip. “Well, I had to do everything I could to protect Vitya after that, and well…”

She paused, and Yuri wondered what exactly his mate’s mother had done.

“You see, some branches of the family are either mad at me, or scared of me.”

“Why?”

“You see, Kostya’s family is powerful, but he married in. My branch of my family is very powerful. There are some branches that have more money, but my parents especially are rich in influence.

“We knew that the parents of those boys were looking for retribution, especially when they realized that they could do nothing directly against me or Vitya. The only weapon they had left was knowledge.”

Yuri’s eyes widened when he realized what she meant.

“You see, Vitya was already gaining notoriety for his skating after his Junior World silver. And you know how gossip rags are. Even though it’s none of their business, they love to speculate on secondaries of teen celebrities.”

“No…”

She nodded. “I had to prevent them from hurting my baby boy again. I realized that if I pushed my case to have charges against them, Vitya’s secret would get out, and idiotic knotheads like them wouldn’t leave him alone when just being omega gave him so much pain. So I made a deal. I would drop the charges, but in exchange they had to sign a contract…”

“Ok…?”

“If those boys, their parents, or anybody connected to them leaked Vitya’s secret… Or if an investigation of a leak could be traced back to them in any way, all three families would forfeit their entire fortunes to Vitya.”

Yuri’s eyes widened. “You mean?”

She nodded. “One word, and three branches of the family come down. It’s airtight too. Vitya doesn’t know, but the other branches of the family do. I made it clear I would do anything to protect my baby from further pain, and people got nervous.”

“Wow…”

“It’s better than they deserve, but it was the only way to protect Vitya. If I’d taken everything away like I wanted to, then there would have been no incentive for them to stay silent. But the other branches were obviously intimidated by it all.”

Yuri blinked several times. He smiled. “Thank you for protecting him.”

She smiled. “Of course. Any mother would in that situation.”

She pushed the photo album in front of Yuri again. “Here he is the next Junior Worlds, holding his bronze. It was such an achievement considering everything.”
“And the next year he wore the costume I’m using for my short program,” Yuri said. “He won gold.”

Mm-hmm!” she agreed as they turned their attention back to Victor’s photos.

They were to the final album when they heard Victor’s voice from the foyer. “Mama! Yuri! I’m back!”

“In the dining room Vitya,” Ekaterina called.

A moment later Victor strode in. “Good morning.”

“Good morning Vitya,” Ekaterina said.

“Morning love,” Yuri said at the same time.

Victor beamed at both of them before his eyes fell on the open photo albums. His eyes widened. “Mama!”

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter

Makkachin bounded into the apartment, freshly washed and groomed during her stay at the doggy hotel. She sniffed around to make sure that everything was to her satisfaction before flopping onto her bed.

Yuri smiled at the simpleness of it before Victor wrapped his arms around his shoulders. “Glad to be home?”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah. Your parents are great, but it was all a bit much for me.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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The following two days passed in a blur, with Victor in and out to tapings, and Yuri joining him and Yurio on a couple, with the two acting as impromptu translators even when the programs had their own translators on staff. In between tapings and in the evenings Ekaterina and Konstantin seemed to relish giving Yuri a taste of the wealthy lifestyle with impromptu shopping trips and extravagant meals.

By the time they returned to Saint Petersburg Yuri could have sworn his luggage had doubled, though he didn’t even remember doing enough shopping for that, and he could see exactly where his mate’s personality had come from.

Makkachin bounded into the apartment, freshly washed and groomed during her stay at the doggy hotel. She sniffed around to make sure that everything was to her satisfaction before flopping onto her bed.

Yuri smiled at the simpleness of it before Victor wrapped his arms around his shoulders. “Glad to be home?”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah. Your parents are great, but it was all a bit much for me.”

Victor laughed and nuzzled the side of Yuri’s face. “You’re so cute.”

Yuri grumbled and slid from his mate’s embrace. “Stop teasing, you know you joined in on their whims to shop and drag me all over Moscow in a chauffeured car.”

Victor laughed again. “My parents wanted to spoil my mate, how could I think of impeding that?”

Yuri rolled his eyes and made his way to the couch. He collapsed onto it and flopped his arm over his eyes. Almost immediately he felt Victor’s weight on top of him.

Yuri opened his eyes and smiled softly at the way his mate had quickly settled in.
“You’re bigger than I am, goof.”

Victor hummed. “But you’re comfy.”

Yuri chuckled and rested his hand on the small of Victor’s back, which soon left the omega softly purring against him.

“I love that sound.”

“Hmm?” Victor asked.

“Your purring. It’s so comforting.”

“I… was purring?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Wow.”

“Is that so surprising?”

“I guess… Maybe not.”

“Hmm?”

“Comfy,” Victor repeated as his answer.

Yuri smiled and ran his hand along Victor’s back until he was lightly snoring against him.

“I love you, my beautiful mate,” Yuri murmured. “My Vitya.”

“Again!” Yakov demanded, voice echoing across the ice.

Yuri looked up from where he was working with Mikhail to see Victor setting up to run his step sequence.

“Let’s give him some space,” Yuri said to the teen.

Mikhail nodded and they moved closer to the edge.

“Did you work more on your steps or your spins while I was away?”

“Spins mostly.”

“Ok, show me what you got.”

Mikhail nodded and moved away to gain speed.

Yuri grabbed his glasses from the barrier and watched with a critical eye as Mikhail first showed him a camelback spin, then a sit spin.

Yuri nodded as Mikhail slowed and transitioned out.

“You’re losing speed pretty fast, which limits the number of rotations. Try tightening up your frame a bit more on the sit spin, and mind your posture on the camelback.”
Mikhail nodded. “That’s what Yakov says too, but…”

“You’re already trying?” Yuri prompted.

Mikhail nodded.

Yuri hummed, thumb on his chin. “Do you do ballet?”

Mikhail shook his head. “Only the minimum. I don’t really care for it.”

Yuri hummed again. “Not much point in forcing you to do something you don’t like…”

“Coach Katuski?”

Yuri smiled. “Just thinking. I need to find a way for you to feel it, but if you don’t like ballet, then that’s not the right path.”

“Feel it? Can’t I just go faster into it?”

Yuri shook his head. “Speed is important, but so is control. The faster you go, the more control you need. You need to feel it in order to learn how to control it.”

Yuri was still contemplating the best way to get Mikhail to feel what he was talking about when Yurio skated over.

“I hate you.”

Yuri blinked. “Good morning to you too Yurio.”

Yurio kicked the ice. “Goddamnit, that’s not my name! You two idiots used it in all those interviews, and now all my angels are saying how cute it is.”

“But didn’t they always call you cute?”

Yurio growled in rage. “That’s not the point! You two made it worse.”

_We’re going to go round and round unless Victor and I just apologize… wait… round and round…_

“Yurio, is there is park with a playground around here?”

Yurio blinked. “Huh?”

“Is there a park with a playground?”

“What the fuck Katusdon? And yes, that park on the back side of the arena has a playground.”

“Oh! Thanks! I haven’t walked through it yet.”

“Whatever. Stop changing the subject.”

Yuri sighed. “I’m sorry Yurio, but why not embrace it instead?”

“Huh?”

“Most of your angels still call you Yuratchka, right? Isn’t that more for kids unless you’re close?”

Yurio blinked a couple times. “I guess.”
“You’re not a kid anymore. So carve out a new identity. There’s probably nobody else in Russia with the nickname Yurio.”

Yurio glared.

Yuri laughed. “Think about it Yurio. I think you could use it to your advantage.”

Yurio sighed. “Whatever… I still hate you.”

“Not coming over for Thai tonight then?”

“Fuck no! You’re still feeding me dammit.”

Yuri laughed. “Ok, see you at six thirty then. In the meantime, we have a park to visit.”

“Huh?”

Yuri laughed. “Mikhail. I have an idea. Put on a coat. We’re going to the park.”

“Coach Katsuki?”

“I think I figured out a way to help you feel it.”

Mikhail looked to Yurio, who shrugged in confusion.

“Just trust me,” Yuri laughed.

Yuri skated to the barrier, both teens right behind him.

“You don’t need to come Yurio.”

“Tch,” Yurio replied. “I gotta make sure you don’t get lost. Besides, I want to see what you think you can train on a playground.”

Yuri laughed. “Come on then. You’re going to help though.”

“Huh?”

“You’ll see.”

Yuri felt Yakov’s eyes on them as they all removed their skates and pulled jackets over their training gear, but the elder coach said nothing and Yuri was grateful for his confidence as he led the teens outside.

Yurio led them in toward the side of the rink away from their apartment and to the park. They walked along one of the paths and soon were standing in a snow-covered playground.

“Ok, we’re here.” Yurio said.

Yuri looked around a moment before spying his target. “Perfect!” he said as he headed toward the merry-go-round. “Yurio, help me spin. Mikhail, get in the middle.”

“Huh?” Yuri asked.

“Mikhail needs to work on his control. What better way than keeping him spinning so he can feel how the air resistance impacts him as he moves?”
“Coach Katsuki?” Mikhail asked. “Why not just use the training harness at the rink then?”

“Those are for jumps. I want you to feel it in your spins. This won’t be as fast, but it should still be enough for you to feel when your body’s in the best position.”

“He’ll get it if he just keeps practicing,” Yurio griped in an uncharacteristic show of faith.

Yuri smiled. “Yes he will, but I think this might help him get there faster.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

Yuri laughed. “Just trust me. Mikhail, get on up.”

“Ok,” the younger teen said as he climbed onto the merry-go-round.

“Ok Yurio, let’s get this thing going.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Yurio replied as he took a position across from Yuri.

They fought the frozen bearings for a minute, trying to get the merry-go-round moving before it finally loosened up and started to turn.

“Whenever you’re ready, pick a spin and get into position,” Yuri said.

“Yes coach,” Mikhail replied, uncertainty in his voice. A few turns later and he got into position for his camelback spin.

“Good,” Yuri said. “Now since you don’t need to worry about losing speed, go ahead and try playing with your posture. Find where it feels best, where the air doesn’t feel like it’s dragging you as much. And commit that feeling to memory.”

Yuri looked across to Yurio, who was studying Mikhail intently, even as he helped to spin. Then he called out something in Russian.

Yuri blinked as Mikhail replied and adjusted subtly.

“I feel it!” Mikhail declared. “Coach Katsuki! I feel it!”

“Great! Yurio, let’s see if we can give him a bit more speed so he can try to control his position.”

“Da.”

Yuri nodded as he watched Mikhail, concentration etched on his face as he fought the air resistance to keep a good form. But with each revolution he could see the teen relaxing into the pose, comfortable with how it felt and trusting his body to find the easiest path.

“Now the sit,” Yuri said.

“Yes coach,” Mikhail replied as he transitioned and they repeated the process for the second spin.

“Good!” Yuri declared as he saw Mikhail’s expression relax. “You’re feeling it!”

He gave Mikhail a moment longer to commit the feeling to memory then stood back to allow the merry-go-round to slow.

“Ready to go back?” he asked.
“Nuh-uh,” Yurio declared. “It’s my turn now!”
“But your spins are already level four.”
“I need the GOE to beat you and the old man.”
Yuri laughed. “Ok then. Mikhail, your turn to help spin.”
“Oh!” the younger teen replied, laughing.
Yurio scrambled onto the toy and got into the center. “Ok. Do it.”
Yuri smiled as he started spinning the merry-go-round again.
“Faster!”
Yuri started laughing again. “You heard him Mikhail. Let’s see how much control Yurio’s got.”
Yurio set up, and Yuri noted how easily he maintained himself, then he noticed a subtle shift. He realized that Yurio had set up for his change-foot combination spin.
“Yurio! I wouldn’t…” he started just as Yurio pushed off to change.
For a moment it looked like Yurio would land it, then his foot slipped out from under him on the frozen metal surface and he fell.
“Yurio!” Yuri cried as he timed it and leapt onto the still spinning toy.
Yurio started laughing as Yuri knelt beside him. “I’m ok Katsudon.”
“Are you sure? Yakov will kill me if I get you injured less than a week before we leave for Europeans.”
Yurio started laughing harder. “I’m fine. I fell harder than this on a jump this morning.”
The merry-go-round slowed to a stop.
“What do you say?” Yuri asked. “Shall we go back?”
Yurio nodded. “Da.”

The sound of the apartment door opening. A moment later strong arms wrapped around Yuri’s middle.
Yuri set aside the spoon and leaned back into Victor’s embrace. “Welcome home Vitya.”
Victor buried his nose in Yuri’s neck. “Mmmm.”
“Yakov finally decided you’d had enough?”
“Mm-hmm.”
“I already took Makka for a walk, so you can relax until Yurio gets here.”
Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s neck until he realized that the sweet omega was seeking his scent. He released some.
“Better?”

“Mm-hmm?”

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“Are you ok?”


“Those were the first words you said since you got home.”

“Really?”

Yuri turned in Victor’s arms. He cupped the side of his mate’s face. “Are you really ok Vitya?”

Victor nodded. “Just tired. Yakov pushed me hard today. He said Yurio’s nipping at my heels, you too.”

Yuri smiled. “And here Yurio was worried about his GOE.”

“Yurio?” Victor paused. “Oh yeah... Where’d you all go today?”

Yuri smiled. “Just a trip to the park was all.”

Victor studied him for a moment, then smiled.

Yuri rose on his toes and pressed his lips to Victor’s. “Dinner will be done soon. How about you relax.”

Victor nodded and kissed Yuri again before heading toward the couch.

Yuri stirred the food again then went to check on his mate. He found Victor fast asleep on the couch.

He smiled and pulled a blanket over him. “Rest well love.”

Victor smiled softly in his sleep.

Chapter End Notes

 Preview of next chapter

“Vitya, Yura, Georgi, Mila and Katsuki, in my office.”

Yuri looked at his mate, who shrugged as they skated toward the exit. Victor handed him his hard guards.

“Should I remove my skates?”

Victor shrugged again. “Might be more comfortable. His office doesn’t have enough chairs for all of us.”
Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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The echo of clapping sounded over the ice. Yuri came to a stop and looked over to see Yakov standing at the barrier.

“Vitya, Yura, Georgi, Mila and Katsuki, in my office.”

Yuri looked at his mate, who shrugged as they skated toward the exit. Victor handed him his hard guards.

“Should I remove my skates?”

Victor shrugged again. “Might be more comfortable. His office doesn’t have enough chairs for all of us.”

Yuri looked around to see the others removing their skates and followed suit.

Soon they were all crowded into Yakov’s tiny office.

“I’m sure you all know why you’re here.”

Everybody nodded.

“Good,” Yakov said. “We leave in two days. As usual, we’ll meet here and take a van to the airport.” He paused and pulled out a folder. “Here are printouts of your boarding passes, and instructions for checking in early. You don’t have to check in early, but I recommend it.”

Yuri took his paper and looked at it briefly, noting that the pass read first class. He assumed Victor had something to do with it.

Yakov paused to look at him. “Katsuki, I’m assuming all your visa paperwork is in order?”
Yuri nodded. “I’m still on a tourist visa here, but my work visa is pending and when we talked to the visa office they said there would be no problem leaving and returning as long as my visa is kept current. I had no problems getting a visa for Europeans.”

“Good.” He looked around the room. “I’ve handled visas for the rest of you, so all you need to do is show up with your stuff.”

“How come he gets to take care of his own visas?” Yurio griped, pointing his thumb at Yuri.

“Because he asked,” Yakov growled. “If you’d have thought to ask then I’d have let you handle your own too.”

Yurio blanched. “Oh.” He paused, then shouted, “I want to handle my own visa for Worlds then!”

“Fine. I expect you to show me the paperwork at least a week ahead of time for me to check since it’s your first time.”

“I got my own visa when I went to Japan!”

“And that was a tourist visa. You’re competing, make sure you get the right one for this.”

“Tch,” Yurio grumbled. “Fine. I’ll have it a week early.”

Yakov studied him for a minute, then nodded. “Fine.” He turned to the rest of them. “Anybody else want to handle their own paperwork?”

Yuri scowled when nobody else answered. He elbowed Victor in the ribs. “Vitya!”

Victor laughed. “Fine, fine. I will too.”

“Hmph,” Yakov replied. “I want to see yours two weeks early.”

“Hey!” Victor protested.

Yurio snickered.

“The last time you wanted to do your own visa paperwork you forgot, and we had to pay for wi-fi to apply on the plane… or did you forget?”

“Umm…”

“Two weeks early,” Yakov repeated.

Victor sighed. “Fine.”

“Good. Now that that’s settled. Here are your practice schedules. Make sure you’re warmed up and on the ice as soon as they start.”

Yakov turned to Yuri again. “Obviously I don’t have a practice schedule for you, but I made some calls and I did get you some ice time at a different rink near the hotel so you can practice a few times while we’re there.”

“Oh… thank you.”

Yakov grunted an acknowledgement. “Make sure to leave assignments for your skaters again.”
“Yes sir.”

“Ok, that’s all for now,” Yakov said. “We’re going to be drilling full programs tomorrow, so I want all of you to be well rested. Mark jumps for the rest of the day and take off early if you think you need in order to be ready.”

Nods around the office before everybody started filing out.

“Come on Yuri!” Victor said, latching onto him. “Let’s go home early.”

Yuri rolled his eyes. “I’m still working with Yurio and the juniors in a bit. Also maybe we should take a few minutes to run my programs.”

He could feel Victor’s pout, even if he didn’t turn to see it. He pointed at where he could see Yurio lacing back up. “See, Yurio’s not going home.”

Victor sighed.

Yuri stopped and turned, wrapping his arms around his mate’s neck and rising on his toes for a kiss. “We’ll leave early love, just not quite this early. Ok?”

Victor smiled softly at him. “Ok.”

“Oi!” Yurio shouted. “Stop being gross!”

Yuri smiled. “Wanna practice our duet for a few minutes?”

Victor grinned. “Perfect!”

“Again Yurio,” Yuri called. “We both know your step sequence is better than that.”

Yurio stood and wiped the sweat from his brow. “I’ve run it a dozen times already.”

“And none have been up to your best,” Yuri countered. “If you want to really compete against Vitya you’ll need to try for positive GOE on your sequences, right now you’d get just the base value at best. A couple of these might have even received negative GOE had I been a judge.”

“Oh fuck you!”

“He’s right,” a gruff voice chimed in.

Yuri looked to see that Yakov had wandered over.

“What the hell Yakov?”

“Katsuki’s right. Your steps were much better at the final. Though I disagree that another run today is the remedy.”

“But…” Yuri started.

Yakov held up a hand. “He doesn’t have your stamina Katsuki, and I want him rested for tomorrow. Work with the juniors early so you and Vitya can go home.”

Yuri sighed and nodded. “Yes sir.”

“And you Yura,” Yakov said. “Think about what made you bring your best to the final, and find it
again. Right now you’re nowhere near your scores. I want you and Vitya at silver and gold, but Giacometti could knock you to bronze if you’re not careful.”

Yurio kicked the ice in frustration. “I’m trying Yakov!”

“Sometimes it’s not all about the technicality. Don’t leave your emotions behind.”

Yurio growled and skated off.

Yuri sighed. “He’s frustrated.”

“Da,” Yakov said. “But he needs to work through it, and skating more isn’t the answer right now.”

“It’s funny to hear you say that.”

“Emotion can’t make a performance, but it can break one. It’s something Yura still struggles with understanding.”

Yuri nodded. “I guess you’re right.”

“Damn right I’m right. Now see to your other students before Vitya’s pout gets any bigger.”

Yuri chuckled. “Yes sir.”

“Vitya?” Yuri called.

Victor poked his head around to look into the bedroom. “Yes love?”

“Have you seen my other sneakers? The nicer pair.”

“Aren’t they in the closet?”

Yuri stood and walked back over to the closet to look again. “I don’t see them.”

“Hmm… When was the last time you wore them?”

“Barcelona.”

“That long ago?”

Yuri stepped back out of the closet and eyed his mate. “Yeah? I only wear them when I need sneakers, but have to be wary of cameras around.”

Victor put his finger to his lip and hummed. “Oh! Maybe I put them under the bed.”

Yuri blinked. “Under the bed?”

Victor nodded and strode across the room. He knelt and pulled a canvas container from under the bed.

Yuri blinked at the number of shoes. It easily doubled what Victor had in the closet.

“Vitya! Why do you need so many pairs of shoes?”

Victor looked at him and blinked in confusion. “To match my clothes?”
Yuri sighed and knelt beside his mate. He looked through the clear top and spied a familiar pattern near one corner of the container. “There they are. But why did you put them in here?”

Victor shrugged. “I must have just assumed that since I didn’t recognize them you didn’t wear them often.”

Yuri burst into laughter. “I guess you have a point. I usually keep them in my skate bag during competitions, so I have nice looking shoes for cameras. But I change out for outside the arena.”

“So why are you packing them?”

Yuri smiled. “Because I can’t have my grimy everyday shoes making my mate look bad if we’re caught on camera together.”

“Oh.” A light blush sprinkled over Victor’s nose, then he launched himself at Yuri. “Yuri! My mate is so thoughtful.”

Yuri laughed and pecked Victor on the cheek.

Victor moved and studied Yuri’s luggage. “Oh, I thought these were the better sneakers you were talking about,” he said, pointing to a pair already in the suitcase.

Yuri chuckled. “Those are the intermediate pair. I have the good ones I wear only in the arena. Then once they get a bit more worn looking than I’d like they get moved to good for general non-training days purposes. Then once they’re too worn to look good I move them to training duty until it’s time to replace them.”

“Sounds complicated.”

“Says the man who has a closet full of shoes, and another container of them hidden under the bed.”

“But my shoes are all different colors and styles to go with…”

Yuri pulled Victor around and silenced him with a kiss.

“What was that for?” Victor asked, breathless, as they parted.

Yuri smiled. “I wanted to kiss you, so I did.”

Victor blushed again. “Yusha…”

It was Yuri’s turn to blush, then he remembered the nickname Mila had told him to try. “Yes Vitenka?”

Victor’s cheeks turned a bright red. “Yuri! When? Who?”

Yuri wondered if he’d made a mistake. “Was that wrong? Mila said…”

Victor’s mouth was on his, hand cradling the back of his head as the larger man knocked him to the floor with the intensity of the kiss.

“Wow…” Yuri said when they parted.

“Say it again.”

“Vitenka?”
The blush reappeared on Victor’s cheek. “Again.”

Yuri smiled and ran a hand through Victor’s silver hair. He tugged him down. “Vitenka.”

“Yusha…”

They were kissing again, slow and deep. Yuri’s free hand roamed Victor’s side and back, while Victor’s hands wove into Yuri’s hair, knocking his glasses askew.

Yuri groaned when Victor ground a prominent erection against his hip, his own cock filling instantly in interest. His free hand moved to grab at his mate’s ass.

“Alpha… please,” Victor moaned, eyes already blown dark with lust.

Yuri growled at how easily his mate let his guard down around him. He managed to flip them, pinning Victor to the floor and grinding down against him. He kissed him again, hot and demanding.

“I love you,” Yuri said, voice low as they parted.

Victor pressed his hips up. “Alpha… Yuri.”

Yuri smiled. “As much as I’d like to ravish you right here, I think the bed might be more comfortable. We can get undressed on the way.”

Victor nodded.

Yuri stood and helped Victor to his feet. They alternated kissing and pulling off each other’s clothes before falling naked onto the mattress.

The mattress hadn’t completely settled before Victor’s legs were parted in invitation. Yuri slid his hand along his inner thigh until his fingers brushed through the slick starting to coat his entrance.

“Yuri,” Victor moaned softly, body shifting, begging for his touch.

Yuri pressed a finger inside, growling softly at how easily it went in.

He kissed and nipped Victor’s skin, smiling at the little marks that bloomed in his wake.

Victor writhed beneath him as he pressed in a second finger, fucking himself open on Yuri’s hand.

The smells of slick and arousal filled the room.

Yuri shifted to kiss Victor again. “I love you, my beautiful mate.”

“Love… you too,” Victor gasped as Yuri curled his fingers and found that spot inside him.

Yuri’s cock ached with the need to be inside his mate. He pulled his fingers free and shifted to lay in the V between Victor’s legs. He used the slick on his hand to coat his cock and pressed the tip to his entrance.

Victor’s hips rose, giving Yuri easier access as the tip slid inside.

Yuri paused, taking a deep breath and focusing on the pleasure. He leaned in while Victor propped himself on his elbows so they could kiss.

He started rocking into the delicious heat, a bit deeper with each thrust until he was fully seated
within the warmth of the man he loved. They kissed while they adjusted, then Victor started moving beneath him, silently begging for more.

Yuri pulled almost completely out before pushing in again.

Victor trembled beneath him, moaning softly. He wrapped his arms and legs around Yuri, holding him close as he set a slow, deliberate, pace.

Yuri loved all of it: the breathy moans, the way Victor’s lips parted in an ‘O’ every time his cock brushed his sweet spot, the feeling of fingernails on his back. But most of all it was just the pure connection with his mate he treasured.

They kissed to the same languid pace as Yuri’s thrusts, moaning into each other’s mouths.

Victor’s head tipped back, and Yuri moved to nip along his jaw and neck.

“Yuri… alpha…”

Yuri pushed up slightly, using his free hand to cradle the side of Victor’s face. “You’re so beautiful Vitenka.”

Victor smiled at him, blush on his face. “Yusha…”

Yuri smiled and slowed again. “I love you so much.”

He leaned in to reclaim his mate’s lips even as his free hand moved to his cock. He wrapped his fingers around it and started stroking it to the same deliberate pace.

He spread the pre-cum along the tip and down the shaft, helping his hand glide along his mate.

Victor’s fingernails dug into his shoulders, heels pressed into his ass. “Yuri…”

“Don’t hold back love,” Yuri growled as he changed his angle and started thrusting harder. “Show me how gorgeous you are when you’re in bliss.”

Victor shuddered, body arching into Yuri’s touch.

Yuri could feel how close his mate was as he thrust harder, hitting deeper and stroking his mate.

“Beautiful, stunning Vitya.”

“Yuri…”

“I love you. I’m the luckiest alpha in the world.”

“Hngh.”

Yuri was so close, but he needed to see his mate come first. He twisted his wrist at the same time he leaned in to kiss at Victor’s scent gland.

“Alpha!” Victor cried, spilling over Yuri’s fingers, body tightening in pulses around him.

Yuri kept rolling, prolonging Victor’s pleasure until the pulses started to slow. Then he held himself deep and allowed himself to come.

“Alpha…” Victor whimpered as he was filled.
“I love you,” Yuri said again as his cock pulsed. He kissed Victor softly. They stayed connected until Yuri’s cock began to soften. He pulled out and grabbed a handful of tissues from the nightstand. He cleaned them both, tossing the tissues toward the wastebin.

Victor purred softly as Yuri pulled him into his arms. They kissed slowly for several minutes before settling in to cuddle.

“My alpha…” Victor murmured, obviously half-asleep.

Yuri smiled. “My Vitya.”

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of Next Chapter**

It took one look for Yuri to understand that Yakov knew his fate, and that he didn’t plan to fight it.

Not that Yuri had the energy to fight it either. Victor had spent almost an entire extra hour on his beauty routine that morning, insisting that there would be press at the airport.

Yuri wasn’t sure if that was true or not, but he decided it wasn’t worth putting a damper on his mate’s enthusiasm.

It turned out Victor wasn’t the only one though. Mila seemed to be wearing a new shade of lip gloss. Yurio had donned his team Russia jacket, and even Georgi appeared to have a light base of makeup to reduce glare.

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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It took one look for Yuri to understand that Yakov knew his fate, and that he didn’t plan to fight it. Not that Yuri had the energy to fight it either. Victor had spent almost an entire extra hour on his beauty routine that morning, insisting that there would be press at the airport. Yuri wasn’t sure if that was true or not, but he decided it wasn’t worth putting a damper on his mate’s enthusiasm.

It turned out Victor wasn’t the only one though. Mila seemed to be wearing a new shade of lip gloss. Yurio had donned his team Russia jacket, and even Georgi appeared to have a light base of makeup to reduce glare.

Victor strode to his teammates almost immediately as they walked into the rink, pulling a snarling Yurio into a group hug as he pulled out his cell phone for the selfie.

“Is it always like this?” Yuri asked as he approached Yakov, eyes on the group.

Yakov huffed. “Da.”

“Wow…”

He felt Yakov studying him. He turned to meet the coach’s eyes.

“Wasn’t it like this under Celestino?”

Yuri shook his head. “I… don’t know. I usually wear a mask and try to lay low. Phichit’s usually too busy taking selfies to worry about press at airports.”

Yakov groaned. “So it’s only me who gets punished…”

“You could compare notes with coach Karpisek,” Yuri offered.
Yakov sighed. “Chris is a whole other matter with his press, besides Josef generally only has him to worry about. But I…” He waved his hand in the general direction of Victor and the others, this time posed for Mila’s selfie.

“Sorry?”

Yakov shook his head. “As long as they bring their best to the ice I shouldn’t complain. I guess.”

They waited long enough for Mila to grab Yurio’s phone and insist that he needed a photo too for his angels, then Yakov clapped twice to get their attention.

“If you’re all quite finished, our van is waiting for us.”

Victor grinned and walked over. He draped himself over Yuri. “Yuri! You’ll cheer for me right?”

Yuri rolled his eyes. “No Vitya. I’m going to cheer for Yurio.”

“Yuri!” Victor pouted.

Yuri turned and took his mate’s face between his hands. He pushed up on his toes to kiss him. “You’re being ridiculous Vitya. I’ve cheered for you every competition since I first saw you. Why would I stop now?”

Victor blushed and launched himself at Yuri. “Yuri!”

“Stop goofing off you idiots!” Yurio yelled. “Let’s go!”

Yuri pecked Victor’s lips again. “Come on love.”

They piled into the van, Yakov driving and Lilia in the passenger seat. Yurio snagged a window seat in the front row, while Georgi headed to the back. Mila laughed and grabbed the other front row seat, leaving the middle row for Yuri and Victor.

Victor immediately draped himself over Yuri and nuzzled into his neck. Yuri had to force himself not to release scent for his mate, as Georgi still didn’t know.

Soon everybody was immersed in their phones, Mila squealing over some cute outfits from a fashion blogger she followed, and Yurio sneakily trying to hide the fact that he was using his second account to browse angel chatter. Yuri could hear Georgi sighing and could only assume he was texting a new girlfriend.

They were held up in traffic when something caught Yuri’s attention. He wrinkled his nose and sniffed again.

Alpha…

*Must have been a hockey team in the van last time.*

“Yuri?” Victor asked, perking up at Yuri’s change in tension.

Yuri smiled and tucked his mate into his side again. “It’s nothing Vitya.”

Yuri collapsed onto the hotel bed. “How is that a twelve hour flight?”

Victor sat next to him and ran his hand over Yuri’s back. “Yakov got the shortest ones he could.
Usually the layovers make it closer to twenty hours.”

Yuri looked at his mate. “You’re kidding. How?”

Victor shrugged. “Just the way things are.”

Yuri groaned and got out of bed again. He pulled on his pajamas and brushed his teeth. “When I saw our tickets were first class I thought about scolding you…” he sighed. “But even first class the seats weren’t all that great. No wonder Yurio was complaining.”

Victor slid into bed and opened his arms for Yuri. “I offered to pay for first class for everybody, but Yakov said no. Something about not getting them used to it.”

Yuri yawned and took the space in Victor’s arms. “He’s probably right.”

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s neck. “Can I have your scent now Yusha? I wanted it so bad in the van.”

Yuri smiled and released some scent for his mate. “I didn’t want to fill the van with it and alert Georgi… Or make Yurio gripe.”

“I know, but there was alpha smell in there and I wanted your scent so badly.”

“You smelled it too?”

“Da.”

“I figured it must have been leftover from a hockey team or something.”

Victor yawned and nuzzled Yuri’s hair. “You’re probably right.”

Yuri reached out and clicked off the light. “Let’s get some sleep. You have afternoon practice in less than ten hours.”

“Mm-hmm,” Victor replied, obviously already mostly there.

“Chris!”

Yuri smiled as Victor waved to his friend and jogged over. He stood back as they embraced.

“It’s good to have you back Victor,” Chris said with a smile. “I don’t know how I could have managed the rest of the season without you.”

Victor laughed. “You’d have found a way I’m sure.”

Chris strode over and palmed Yuri’s ass. “Hello to you too mon cher.”

Yuri lightly shoved the taller man away. “Most people shake hands you know, or hug.”

“Ah, but how else could I get my hands on your glorious ass?” Chris replied with a wink.

Yuri smirked. “Do I need to text Phichit and let him know you’re grabbing asses that aren’t his?”

One of Chris’s eyebrows went up. “Do you think he wouldn’t tell me to grab the other cheek for him?”

Yuri sighed, knowing that if it were him or Victor Chris was feeling up, that would be Phichit’s
Chris laughed. “I’d love to stay and chat some more, but I had better get out on the ice.”

Yurio stomped past them all, slamming his hard guards onto the barrier and stepping onto the ice. “Move it, losers.”

Victor laughed. “I guess that means I need to go too.” He leaned in and kissed Yuri before handing him his guards and skating off.

Yuri moved back to take a seat and watch, but soon noticed Yakov gesturing at him.

“Yes sir?” he asked, taking a spot next to the coach.

“You have a coach icon on your badge for a reason. Yura is still your student here Katsuki,” Yakov said. “Watch his steps and spins just as you would back home.”

“Yes sir.”

Yuri heard the clack of heels, then a hand on his shoulder. He turned and bowed. “Konnichiwa Lilia-sensei.”

She nodded at him. “How is Yura doing?”

“He’s just finished warmup ma’am.”

“Good. I’ll keep an eye on his steps and overall choreography, you watch his spins.”

Yuri nodded. “Hai.”

Yuri focused on Yurio, trying to not let his beautiful mate distract him. But he slowly became aware of more people in the arena and couldn’t help but look to see an audience forming, along with a sizable crowd of reporters.

The scrape of blades.

Yuri turned to see that Yurio had skated over and was taking a deep gulp of water. He nodded every couple seconds and Yakov and Lilia drilled instructions into him.

“What about you?” Yurio demanded, slamming down his water bottle.

Yuri blinked. “Huh?”

“Don’t you have anything to add?”

“Oh… um… I think if you tighten up on your sit spin a bit more you might be able to pull one more revolution out of it.”

Yurio nodded. “Got it.”

Yurio skated off and Victor made his way over. He draped himself over the barrier in front of him. “Yuuuuuuuri, do you have any tips for me?”

Yuri smiled and leaned in. “Get back to practicing before Yakov starts yelling?”

Victor stood and pouted at him. “But you gave Yurio tips!”
Yuri smiled. “I’m his assistant coach, and you’re my coach. Silly.”

“Vitya!” Yakov scolded. “Skate now, flirt later.”

Víctor sighed. “Yes Yakov.”

Yuri reached out for Víctor’s hand and held it for just a moment, catching his mate’s eyes as he brought it to his lips.

A bright blush spread over Víctor’s cheeks.

“Better?” Yuri teased.

Víctor grinned. “Much!”

When Yuri glanced up he knew the way the reporters were furiously scribbling meant they’d obviously enjoyed the display as well.

Oh well… we are engaged after all.

“Oh my!” Mila gushed as she looked at her phone. “You two are ridiculously cute!”

“Disgusting is more like it,” Yurio griped, putting his feet up on the seats as they waited for Georgi to finish his practice. “I can’t believe you actually kissed his hand in front of all those cameras.”

Yuri blushed. “It was kinda a spur of the moment thing.”

Víctor draped himself over him. “My Yuri just had to show the world that he loves me.”

Yuri smiled and leaned against his mate. “It wasn’t the world that needed it right then Vitya. You were pouting at me, so you’re the one who needed it.”

“Yuri!” Víctor gushed.

“If you’re all quite done being obnoxious up there,” Yakov called from the edge of the rink. “Georgi’s practice is over. Head back to the van.”

“Yes Yakov!” Víctor said.

They gathered their things and made their way back to the front of the building where Yakov was pulling a van around. A minute later Georgi walked up behind them.

“Ok,” Yakov said as he got out. “I want you all to get a good night’s sleep tonight. Your practices are spread out tomorrow, so you’ll be on your own getting here and back, but that gives you free time too. That said, the competition is your priority. Your time is yours as long as you remember that, but if you’re reckless then you lose that privilege. Got it?”

Nods all around.

“Good!”

They piled into the van, much in the same way they had the day before.

“Yay!” Mila said as Yakov eased the van into traffic. “Shopping with Sara tomorrow!”

Víctor pulled out his phone. “That reminds me, I need to find out Chris’s practice schedule.”
Yuri smiled and kissed his mate. “He texted it to me earlier, and he’ll stop by after dinner this evening to make plans.”

Victor beamed at him.

“What are your plans Yurio?” Victor asked, leaning forward.

“Avoid my Angels, what else?”

“You should come with us.”

“Hell no…”

Yuri smiled as Victor and Yurio bantered. He had the feeling the teen would end up with up with them at least part of the time.

He blinked.

There it is again… Alpha…

Yuri frowned. It had just been a whiff.

Two vans in a row?

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Chapter End Notes

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Preview of Next Chapter

Yuri smiled. “We’re watching a cheesy movie tonight with Chris. You two wanna come?”

Mila’s eyes sparkled. “Whatcha watching?”

“Chris said he brought Blades of Glory,” Victor said.

Everybody groaned in unison.

“I’m in though,” Mila said.

“Yurio?” Yuri asked.

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Yuri and Victor walked hand in hand toward the hotel restaurant.

“Oi!” a familiar voice griped. “Get off me hag!”

“Yurio!” Victor called, waving. “Mila! Join us for breakfast?”

“Sure!” Mila chirped, dragging Yurio behind her.

“Let me go Baba!”

Victor laughed. “Come on, before they get busy.”

A few minutes later they were all seated around a table.

“So what are you doing up so early Yurio?” Yuri asked. “I’d have expected you to sleep in since your practice isn’t until early afternoon.”

“Baba here decided she needed company for a jog this morning and started banging on my door.”

“You already went for a run?” Yuri asked, noting the golden light of dawn was still fading.

“I couldn’t sleep,” Mila said. “I think it was being cooped up in a plane all day two days ago, then the late practice yesterday.”

“Why’d you have to drag me into it?” Yurio griped.

“Because it’s best to stay loose,” Mila laughed, grabbing a pastry and spreading jam on it. “You’ll thank me later.”

“Not likely.”
Yuri glanced at Victor and they exchanged a smile.

Mila’s eyes roamed the menu as soon as she finished her pastry. “I hope the portions are American-sized, I’m starving.”

Yuri laughed. “I don’t know where you’d put an American-sized meal.”

Mila grinned at him. “I’ll find room, just you wait.”

They all expressed mild shock when Mila ordered two plates, but were even more surprised when she finished both.

“As you even going to be able to skate?” Yurio remarked. “You’ll probably feel like a lead brick.”

Mila draped herself over Yurio. “Nope! I feel great. I needed that.”

“Get off!” Yurio squawked.

“Nope!” Mila laughed. “I’m going to show you how good I feel and carry you in a lift all the way to the rink.”

Yuri squirmed out from under her. “Like hell! Go lift Sara if you need to practice lifts.”

“Ooh,” Mila said, eyes sparkling. “I bet she’d love it!”

She frowned. “But if I did that in front of Mickey he’d probably refuse to carry our shopping bags.”

“Why the hell do you have him carry them anyway?”

“Because if he’s going to tag along to girls’ shopping, then he should make himself useful. Everybody except him knows that Emil would much rather they hang out together, but Mickey can’t leave poor Sara alone.”

Yurio groaned. “Why’d I even bother asking?”

“Do you wanna come shopping too?”

“Hell no!”

Yuri smiled. “We’re watching a cheesy movie tonight with Chris. You two wanna come?”

Mila’s eyes sparkled. “Whatcha watching?”

“Chris said he brought Blades of Glory ,” Victor said.

Everybody else groaned in unison.

“I’m in though,” Mila said.

“Yurio?” Yuri asked.

“Hell no,” Yurio said.

“Awww, come on Yuratchka,” Mila said. “It’ll be fun, and you know Yakov will let you stay out later if you’re with us.”

“Fine,” Yurio grumbled, crossing his arms. “But you better have some damn good snacks.”
“I’m on snack duty!” Mila said.

“Ok,” Victor said. “Nine ok?”

Both Mila and Yurio nodded.

Victor pulled out his phone. “Ok. I’ll let Chris know we’re going to be a bigger group. I think we should watch in our room as it’s likely to be the biggest.”

“Nine in your room,” Mila said. “Got it.”

She grabbed Yurio by the collar of his jacket. “Come on Yura, let’s get to the rink”

“Let me go Baba! My practice isn’t until this afternoon.”

“But who’ll cheer for me from the sides?”

“Your fans!”

Yurio squirmed out from under her and ran off.

Mila huffed. “So fickle.”

Yuri smiled.

“We’ll probably be by toward the end of your practice,” Victor said. “Mine is in the next block.”

“Yay!” Mila said. “See you then!”

She flounced off toward the host station to pay her portion of the bill, then was out of sight toward her room.

“Shall we love?” Victor asked.

Yuri nodded and they stood to go pay.

While they were waiting for their receipt Yuri could just smell it.

*Alpha…*

Yuri leaned on the barrier, watching as Yurio practiced his step sequence.

It was still missing whatever had fueled him in Barcelona, but was better than it had been in Saint Petersburg.

Yuri looked over to where Victor was taking selfies with a few fans, and Mila was speaking animatedly with some reporters.

“Should have just brought the van if you were all going to be here anyway,” Yakov grumbled from beside him.

Yuri laughed. “Mila is waiting for Sara, who’s on the other rink right now for her practice. Vitya and I are meeting up with Chris once I’m done with Yurio’s practice.”
Yakov noded. “I see.’
“You’ve still got Georgi later, right?”
“Da.”
“Seems like a long day.”
Yakov huffed. “No more than normal.”
Yuri thought to the busy rink in Saint Petersburg. “I guess so.”
Yurio scratched to a stop. “How much longer?”
“Ten minutes,” Yakov said.
Yuri wiped the sweat from his brow and nodded. “Got it.” He skated off again.
“Go ahead Katsuki. I’ve got it from here,” Yakov said.
“Are you sure?”
Yakov nodded.
Yuri bowed. “Thank you sir.”
He turned and made his way back and around to climb to the seating area.
“Ready?” Victor asked with a grin.
Yuri nodded.
“I just need to get my bag from the locker room,” Victor said.
“Ok.”
They walked hand in hand toward the locker room area.
“Excited to spend time with Chris?” Yuri asked.
Victor beamed at him. “Of course!”
Yuri smiled. “You’re so beautiful when you’re happy.”
A blush dusted across Victor’s nose. “Yusha!”
It was Yuri’s turn to blush. “Sorry… maybe that was the wrong time.”
Victor stopped and pulled him into his arms for a kiss. “Never the wrong time love.”
Yuri reached up and ran his fingers through Victor’s fringe. “It’s true though. Seeing that honest smile, and the light in your eyes is the most wonderful thing.”
Victor smiled softly. “I love you.”
“I love you too.”
“Stop being gross in the damn corridor!”

Yuri turned to see Yurio headed toward them, Mila right beside him.

“Aw, come on Yuratchka,” Mila said. “They’re adorable.”

“They’re disgusting.”

She laughed and draped herself over him. “You say that now, but just wait.”

“Get off hag!”

She laughed and released him, then her eyes flicked past Yuri. “Sara!”

Mila skipped ahead.

Yuri turned to see her embrace Sara, Mickey hanging back a few paces.

Yurio stomped past. “Out of my way.”

Mila waved from the end of the corridor. “Bye Yura, Victor, Yuri. See you back at the hotel tonight!”

“Bye Mila!” Victor waved. “Good to see you Sara and Mickey.”

Mickey scowled, turned and walked away.

Yuri waved at the laughing women as they turned to follow.

Victor leaned in and kissed Yuri again. “Let me get my things. I’ll be right back.”

Yuri nodded. “Ok.”

Victor disappeared into the locker room and Yuri leaned against the wall to wait. He’d just pulled his cell phone free to check messages when he smelled it.

*Alpha…*

*Wait… Isn’t that the same one from earlier?*

Victor walked back out. “Ok! Let’s go. Chris is waiting at the hotel.”

Yuri paused and looked along the corridor.

“Yuri?”

Yuri smiled slightly. “It’s nothing. Let’s go.”

---

“This movie sucks,” Yurio complained, dropping onto the couch in Victor and Yuri’s hotel room.

“You don’t have to stay kitten,” Chris drawled.

“Tch. Like there’s anything else to do.”
Chris laughed. “You’re free to bring your own movies next time.”
“I’m not hanging with you losers next time. Beka will be at Worlds.”
“And what if Otabek wants to watch movies with us?” Chris retorted.

Yurio frowned and crossed his arms to sulk.

Chris chuckled and ruffled his hair, which made Yurio snarl.

“Easy kitten,” Chris said. “No need to claw.”

Yurio smacked Chris’s hand away.

Chris sighed and walked over to perch on the end of the bed. “Is he always like this?” he asked Victor.

Victor shrugged. “Only around people he likes.”

“Fuck you!” Yurio shouted.

“See,” Victor said.

Yurio flipped them off, but added nothing.

There was a knock on the door. Yuri stood and answered it to see Mila on the other side.

“Snacks are here!” she said holding up two large plastic bags.

“Good timing,” Chris replied. “What did you get?”

“Bagged popcorn, chips, a few candies.”

“Awesome,” Victor said, walking over to peek into the bags. “Quite the selection.”

Mila laughed. “It all looked so good, and I was starving so I just got it all.”

“You’re hungry again?” Yurio demanded. “You had a huge breakfast and a bigger lunch, and I don’t even want to think about dinner and now you want more?”

Mila shrugged. “Probably just bulking up for competition.”

Chris laughed and snatched a bag of chips from the selection. “I hear ya there.”

He wrapped an arm around her shoulders. “Come on little lady. Let’s start this movie.”

“Ok!” Mila laughed, flopping into the chair.

Laughter filled the room at the opening sequence.

“God this is horrible,” Yuri said, wiping away tears.

“Then why are you watching?” Yurio griped.

“Same reason as you. Besides, it’s better than yet another viewing of The King and he Skater.”

“Should I tell Phichit you said that?” Chris teased.
Yuri laughed. “Oh he knows. I had to limit him to so many viewings per week.”

Chris laughed.

“How the fuck did they get so many famous skaters to play in this shit?” Yurio demanded.

“That’s part of the fun kitten,” Chris purred. “They know how absurd it is, but they played anyway.”

“Tch.”

“Toss me some popcorn Christophe?” Mila asked.

Chris rummaged in the bag and tossed it over. “Just call me Chris.”

“Oh, ok.”

“You didn’t call him Chris already?” Yuri asked.

Chris laughed. “We didn’t interact much before. In fact I think this is the first time I’ve hung out with Miss Babicheva.”

“Just Mila!” she said, laughing.

“As you wish,” Chris winked.

Mila laughed again and curled so her feet were on the chair with her.

Soon they settled down, with only the occasional outburst of Yurio throwing popcorn at the screen.

“That was crap,” Yurio complained as the movie ended.

Chris laughed. “Then bring your own next time.”

“Maybe I will.”

Everybody laughed, and Mila stood to stretch. “That was fun.”

“You’re welcome to join us again,” Chris said.

“Thanks!” Mila said. “I might do that.”

She stretched again. “I guess it’s time to head back to my room.”

Chris nodded. “I have an early practice too.”

Mila was halfway to the door when she stopped. “Victor, are you wearing a new cologne?”

Victor blinked. “No. It’s the same one I always wear.”

Mila leaned in and sniffed at Victor. “Are you sure? You smell so good.”

Yuri was on her before he even realized that he’d moved. He had Mila pinned to the floor, growling.

“Yuri!” Victor and Chris shouted.

“What the hell Katsudon?” Yurio added.
Yuri glared down into Mila’s wide eyes and continued to growl.

“Yuri?” she asked.

Her eyes widened at the same time Yuri started to come back to himself. They both gasped as a new smell started to fill the room.

_The alpha I’ve been smelling for days…_

“Shit,” Chris said. He crossed the room and put his hands on Victor’s shoulders.

“Yurio,” Yuri said, unable to keep the growl from his voice.

“D… da?”

“Your room is next to Yakov’s right?”

“Da.”

“Go get him, now. Tell him to bring an ISU medic.”

“What the…?”

“Now!” Yuri shouted.

“Katsudon?” Yurio asked. “What’s going on?”

“Mila’s presenting,” Chris said. “As an alpha, and she just got far too close to Yuri’s unbonded mate for his liking.”

“Go!” Yuri said.

Yurio’s footsteps as he ran off.


“Yuri?” Victor asked, taking a step closer.

“Nope,” Chris said, guiding Victor away. “Other way.”

“But…”

“He’s barely holding on,” Chris said. “He won’t let her up until his alpha side is sure you’re safe.”


“She’s a presenting alpha.” Chris said. “Right now, she’s an unknown. Believe me, I’d have the same reaction if a presenting alpha was sniffing around Phichit.”

“Vitya,” Yuri said, trying to soften his voice. “I’m sorry. Please love. Listen to Chris.”

Yuri’s nostrils flared. Mila’s scent was deepening by the second.

“You’re going to be in full rut by midday,” he growled. “Maybe earlier.”

“But… the competition,” Mila said.
“That’s why I told Yurio to have Yakov bring a medic. You might be through it in time, but they’ll have to do a check.”

He sniffed. Victor seemed far enough. He chanced a glance to see Chris standing protectively in front of his mate.

“Mila,” Yuri said. “I’m going to let you up. Stay here. I’ll get a chair. Sit in it, and don’t move until Yakov gets here. Ok?”

She nodded.

Yuri stood slowly, not taking his eyes off Mila until he had to turn to retrieve the chair. He dragged it over, close to the door, then backed himself to stand beside Victor.

He nodded at Mila, who stood and walked to the chair.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked, holding a hand out to his mate as he sat on the couch.

Victor walked over and sat next to Yuri, trembling slightly.

Chris took a position between them, sitting on the floor.

Yuri ran his hand up and down Victor’s back. “I’m sorry love. I’m so sorry.”

Victor curled against him.

“I should have figured it out sooner,” Yuri said. “I’ve been smelling alpha for days.”

Mila shook her head. “I… I wasn’t even aware. My family is all beta.”

“Your scent wasn’t consistent,” Yuri said. He rubbed a hand up one side of his face. “I just thought I was smelling residual alpha.”

“Look,” Chris said. “That’s all in the past. Right now we need to focus. Mila, are you rooming alone?”

“Da.”

“Good.”

“How much do you trust Lilia?” Yuri asked.


Yuri could see a faint sheen of sweat on her face.

“Because you’re about to spend the next two days in rut. You’ll probably be nude, and you’ll need somebody to check on you. Lilia is a better choice than Chris or I, or even Yakov.”

“What about Sara?”

Yuri shook his head. “She’s got practice. Plus I doubt Mickey will allow her near an alpha in rut, even if it is you.”

“Oh… I guess Lilia it is then.”

“Once Yakov gets here I’ll help escort you back to your room,” Chris said. “It’s important you stay
“Not even for ice?”

“Absolutely not,” Chris stated. “Not even for ice. That’s what Lilia is for. Right now you’re prowling. That’s what set Yuri off. You’re looking for an omega to bed. You know him, so it was a surprise, but if you encounter an omega with an alpha you don’t know, it could get violent. It’s only going to get worse before you hit full rut and you don’t know how to control it yet. Keeping isolated is your best strategy right now. Your alpha side will try to make excuses to go out, and it’ll be hard but you have to fight it and stay in your room until your rut properly starts.”

Mila curled up, shaking.

“Mila,” Yuri said, voice almost under control again. “It’s going to hurt. This is your first rut, and female alphas… well…”

“What he saying,” Chris continued, “is that your body isn’t used to some things. Not like a man’s. You’re going to get a knot, and while not a penis in the traditional sense of the word, the female alpha equivalent.”

“I don’t want this…” Mila said, wrapping her arms around herself.

“It’s not like we get much choice,” Chris said. “You’ll be ok. The first rut is the scariest. But if your scent hasn’t been consistent then it shouldn’t be a long one.”

Knocking at the door.

“That was faster than I expected,” Chris said.

“Can you get it Chris?” Yuri asked, tightening his arm around Victor.

Chris nodded and stood. He put a hand on Mila’s shoulder as he walked past.

Chris opened the door to reveal Yurio, Yakov and a person Yuri assumed was the medic.

“What’s going on?” Yakov demanded.

“Mila’s presenting,” Chris said. “Alpha.”

The medic rushed past Yakov and only glanced at Yuri and Victor as he knelt in front of her. “I need to draw blood, ok?”

Mila nodded and held out her arm, wincing as he cleaned and prepped the skin then drew the blood. He immediately turned and mixed some into a test kit.

“You ok?” Yakov asked, looking between her and where Yuri still had his arm around Victor protectively.

Yuri nodded. “Just startled. She was sniffing around, but no violence.”

The medic looked at the test. “They’re right. Elevated hormones. She’s going into rut.”

“Shit,” Yakov swore. “I guess I should let the RSU know to send the alternate.”

“Hold on,” the medic said. He turned to Mila. “This is your first rut?”
She nodded.

“This is going to depend on how you feel after, but I think you should clear it in time to compete. We require at least forty-eight hours from when the symptoms break. Assuming you don’t go long, you should be ok.”

Mila looked to Yakov. “I… I wanna compete.”

Yakov nodded. “Ok. I’ll still let them know to have the alternate on standby, just in case.”

Mila frowned but nodded.

“Yakov, sir,” Chris said. “We need to get her to her room. She’s already in the prowling stage. We also discussed it, and… Lilia?... is the best person to check on her.”

Yakov nodded. “Yura, you know where Lilia’s room is?”

Yurio nodded.

“Go. Inform her of the situation. She may want to switch rooms with one of us. If so, help her move her things.”

Yurio nodded again and ran off.

Mila stood and allowed Chris and the medic to lead her out.

Yakov looked over to where Yuri sat with Victor.

“Katsuki. If Vitya still has that look on his face in the morning, don’t bring him to practice. It’s easier to say that something’s going around than for him to possibly get panic attacks in public. Just let me know if you plan to stay here.”

Yuri nodded. “Yes sir.”

Yakov ran a hand over his head. “Of all the times… and I still have to keep Georgi and Yura practicing.”

“Sorry I wasn’t more help,” Yuri said.

Yakov shook his head. “Right now, I just need you to tend to your mate. It’ll be best for both of you.”

Yuri looked at Victor, and saw the emotion in his eyes. “Hai.”

Yakov followed the others out, closing the door behind him.

Yuri turned and properly pulled Victor into his arms. “I’m so sorry love. Are you ok?”

Victor shook his head.

Yuri kissed the top of Victor’s head. “What do you need from me?”

Victor nuzzled into Yuri’s chest. “What happened?”

Yuri blinked. “What do you mean?”

“It all happened so fast. Everything was fine, then you were growling and Mila was on the floor.”
Yuri ran his hand up and down Victor’s back. “You know that alpha we’ve been smelling off and on since Saint Petersburg?”

Victor nodded.

“It was Mila, and when she leaned in to sniff at you it set off my instincts. You’re my mate, but another alpha was sniffing at you during their prowl phase. A presenting alpha at that.”

“So you…?”

“I’m sorry Vitya. My instincts are to protect my mate from threats, and a presenting alpha is a threat. They don’t know how to control their urges. That’s why Chris went with her and Yakov. If she lost control even between here and her room somebody could be injured. In a few extreme cases unbonded omegas have been claimed by presenting alphas who just didn’t know better.”

“It’s because I’m an omega…”

“No,” Yuri stated. “You caught her attention was all. Remember what Chris said? He said he’d act the same way if a presenting alpha was sniffing around Phichit, and Phichit’s a beta. New alphas have difficulty with the increased scent sensitivity. Sometimes they even go sniffing around other alphas. She’s used to your scent being much more muted. It didn’t help that she knows, but it could have been anybody.”

“Yuri…”

Yuri tipped Victor’s chin up and kissed him softly. “I’m sorry Vitya. I really am. I should have controlled myself better.”

Victor’s eyes watered as he shook his head. He shifted and rested against Yuri again. “Hold me?”

Yuri smiled. “I’d be doing that regardless. I may seem calm, but every one of my instincts is focused on you right now. My alpha is insisting I remind you just how loved you are.”

“Really?”

Yuri nodded and kissed Victor’s hair. “Another alpha tried to take you away from me, even if she wasn’t aware she was doing it. I need to make sure my mate isn’t tempted, don’t I?”

Victor nodded against his chest.

Yuri sighed and held Victor tighter. “I’m so sorry love.”

Victor shook his head. “I’m… I’m still not great, but somehow knowing you were protecting me helps.”

“I’ll always protect you.”

A happy sigh from Victor as he nuzzled into Yuri’s chest.

Chapter End Notes
Yuri slipped from the room, careful to close the door as quietly as possible. A few minutes later he’d found a concierge that spoke enough English to give him directions and was on his way to the closest drugstore.

He thought back to his own presentation, and the things that helped the most in those early days. Lilia and Yakov were both betas, and, while surely experienced with presenting skaters, probably didn’t think of the little things that would provide relief from the onslaught of changes.

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile
Yuri rocked into Victor, earning a gasp and moan from his mate.

“Alpha…” Victor whimpered.

Yuri nipped at Victor’s shoulders and wrapped his hand around his cock.

Victor came, crying Yuri’s name, and Yuri followed seconds later.

Yuri growled softly, possessively. He kissed Victor’s back, only giving them both a few minutes rest before starting to thrust again.

Victor immediately cried out from overstimulation, but rolled his hips in return.


Victor whimpered. “Alpha…”

Yuri thrust harder, knowing they were both so overstimulated they didn’t need much.

“Yuri!” Victor cried out again as he came and drove Yuri over the edge.

Yuri held himself deep, cock pulsing into the heat of the man he loved.

“I love you Vitya.”

“Love you too.”

Yuri pulled out and cleaned them up before settling Victor into his arms to sleep. Soon his sweet omega was snoring softly.

Despite Victor’s apparent ease at falling asleep, Yuri’s mind raced. They’d tried to go to bed not long after Yakov had left. However they’d no more than climbed into bed before Victor was rubbing
against Yuri, cheek to his chest and hardened cock to his leg.

It was pure instinct and they both knew it, but Yuri had been too on edge to fight it and had flipped his mate on his stomach almost immediately, making him come over and over until they were both exhausted.

Victor smelled wonderfully claimed, which meant stronger scent-blocking soaps for the duration of the competition. It was something they’d tried to avoid.

Maybe things would have been different if Victor had smelled claimed before Mila leaned in.

Maybe not.

He needed to apologize: to Mila for pinning her to the floor, and to Victor, for dredging up the pain of his past.

“Alpha…” Victor murmured in his sleep.

Yuri sighed and smiled. He pressed a kiss to Victor’s hair. “I love you so much Vitya. I’m sorry for hurting you.”

Victor nuzzled against his chest.

Yuri sighed. “I guess I’ll find out how bad it really is in the morning.”

He turned and wrapped his arms around his mate.

Victor was still asleep when Yuri woke.

He knew he needed to fix things, and the sooner the better. He looked over at the clock and saw that it was just past eight in the morning.

Yuri slipped from the bed and headed to the shower. The first thing he had to do was neutralize his and Victor’s scents as much as possible. He used an extra strength scent blocking soap and sniffed carefully after toweling off.

Satisfied, he made his way back into the room proper. Victor had shifted to press his nose to Yuri’s pillow, but was still asleep.

Yuri smiled softly and quickly wrote a note for his sleeping mate.

He had something to do.

Yuri slipped from the room, careful to close the door as quietly as possible. A few minutes later he’d found a concierge that spoke enough English to give him directions and was on his way to the closest drugstore.

He thought back to his own presentation, and the things that helped the most in those early days. Lilia and Yakov were both betas, and, while surely experienced with presenting skaters, probably didn’t think of the little things that would provide relief from the onslaught of changes.

Yuri reached the drugstore and was glad to find they were open. A moment later he was browsing the scent blocking products.

He picked out a nice-smelling soap and shampoo, and threw in a conditioner for good measure. A set
of under-nose strips and a scent neutralizing spray also made their way in. To that he added several sports drinks and energy bars. He topped off the selection with some pain relievers.

He was glad that Yakov had insisted everybody know where his room was as he made his way back to the hotel. He pressed the button for their floor, and knew as soon as he approached which room was Mila’s.

He took a deep breath and knocked softly. “Mila? Are you awake?”

Footsteps from inside the room. “Who is it?”

“It’s Yuri. May I come in?”

A moment of hesitation, then the door swung inward. “Hi,” she said cautiously.

Yuri noticed that her pre-rut symptoms had increased. She was covered in a light sheen of sweat, and her nostrils flared with each breath.

“Let’s go back in,” Yuri said.

Mila nodded and walked into the room. Yuri followed, making sure the door was secure behind him.

“What?... Why are you here?” Mila asked as she took a seat on the edge of the bed.

Yuri held out the bag. “I wanted to apologize for last night. My instincts were in control, and I should have handled it better.”

Mila took the bag and peeked inside. “Um…”

Yuri scratched the back of his neck. “I thought… those would make it more comfortable. Scent blocking soaps to minimize your scent until you decide how public to be about it. A spray and some under-nose strips to help block other scents. They can be really overwhelming at first. Then the sports drinks and energy bars will help you through your rut.”

Mila blinked, then smiled softly. “You really got all this for me?”

Yuri nodded. “I never expected to be an alpha either. It was scary at first, but my friend who was an alpha helped me get used to things. It made it a lot easier.”

“My whole family is beta,” she said softly.

“Most of mine is as well. It’s just one of those things.”

“I guess so.”

“You have me though. I can help you get used to being an alpha.”

“Really?”

Yuri nodded. “I mean, we have to be careful around people who don’t know Victor’s secret, but you can always talk to me about it.”

She smiled. “I’m glad.”

“I’m going to recommend an alpha counselor as well.”
“Really?”

Yuri nodded. “Especially as I’m not used to any Russian customs. But it was one of the best things for me when I presented. My counselor helped so much. They helped me understand my instincts, and even the little things like controlling my scent.”

“I always thought it was a gimmick.”

“Many do, but they helped me get used to being an alpha. Between that and my friend, I think I had a much easier transition than those who don’t use them.”

Mila hummed, then doubled over and groaned.

Yuri bit his lip, then made his way over and rested his hand on her back. “The first rut is the worst. Your body forces all these changes at once. Next time it won’t be so bad.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Your urges to breed will be stronger, but it won’t hurt.”

“That’s…” she gasped, “good to know.”

“There are some painkillers in the bag too. I made sure to get some that won’t cause any problems with the competition.”

“You’re a lifesaver,” she said, rummaging in the bag to pull free the painkillers and a sports drink.

Yuri stood. “You’ve got a few hours left before you hit full rut I think. Try to get some rest. Once it starts it’ll be hard to sleep.”

“Ok.”

Yuri took a few steps towards the door.

“Yuri?”

Yuri turned. “Hmm?”

“Thank you… for bringing some supplies, and for talking me through it a bit. I’m not quite as scared now.”

He smiled. “You’re strong. You’ll be fine, and you’ll be a fantastic alpha.”

Mila blushed.

Yuri chuckled. “You probably won’t be coherent for much of the next two days, but feel free to call if you need to talk. Ok?”

Mila nodded. “Thanks.”

Yuri smiled again slipped out of the room.

“Katsuki?”

Yuri turned and bowed. “Good morning Lilia-sensei.”

“What are you doing here?”
Yuri scratched the back of his neck again. “I wanted to apologize for last night. My instincts were in control when I realized Mila was presenting. I brought over some essentials for her.”

Lilia studied him for a minute then nodded. “Ok. Anything to report?”

Yuri shook his head. “I told her to get some rest. It’ll probably start in a few hours.”

“I’ll go in and see if she needs anything before she goes to sleep then.”

“Ok.” Yuri turned to head to the elevator.

“Lilia-sensei?” he asked, pausing.

“Yes? What is it?”

“Thank you for taking care of her.”

A moment of silence. “I didn’t appreciate being effectively volunteered, but it’s understandable given the circumstances.”

“Neither Chris nor I thought it was appropriate for us to do it, given our primary genders. And Yakov has to keep to the practices.”

“Agreed.”

Yuri turned and bowed. “So once again. Thank you.”

She gave him the slightest smile before it disappeared again. “Go back to your mate. Yura said he appeared quite troubled last night.”

Yuri nodded. “I’ll do that.”

He heard the door to Mila’s room open as he started toward the elevator again.

Victor was awake when Yuri returned, frown on his face.

“Yuri!” Victor said. “Your note said you went to see Mila?”

Yuri held up a hand. “Just a minute love. Let me use the scent spray.”

Yuri stepped into the bathroom and used the scent spray to cover any lingering traces of Mila’s scent, then stepped into the bedroom.

“Is everything ok?” Victor asked, walking over cautiously.

Yuri nodded. “I figured she’d need some things that Lilia and Yakov wouldn’t know to think about. So I stopped by the drugstore and got her some scent-control things, sports drinks and energy bars.”

“Really?”

Yuri nodded as Victor wrapped his arms around him. He reached up and brushed the fringe from in front of Victor’s eyes. “How are you love?”

Victor’s eyes developed a troubled cast. “Is ‘I don’t know’ an acceptable answer?”

Yuri nodded. “Of course it is.”
Victor smiled softly. “I want to say I’m ok, but I’m not. I don’t feel like I did back then though. Back then… I wasn’t safe. But… I’m safe with you.”

Yuri rose on his toes to kiss Victor’s lightly on the lips. “Do you want me to call Yakov and tell him we’re staying?”

Victor stared at Yuri for a moment. “My practice isn’t until this afternoon. Let’s go to breakfast and see how I do in public.”

Yuri nodded. “I think that’s a good idea for now.”

Victor smiled. “Ok then. I’ll shower then we can go.”

Yuri nodded and kissed him again. “Ok.”

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of next chapter**

“I’m surprised he made it.”

Yuri looked up into Chris’s green eyes. He smiled. “It was his decision. Yakov wasn’t sure, but I think Vitya will be ok.”

“Who’d have thought Mila would be an alpha.”

Yuri bit his lips. “You know… It’s not all that surprising once I think about it.”

“Hmm?”

Yuri cocked his head to the side. “Well, she’s always lifting Yurio, and she’s got a few of those alpha quirks. Probably why she kept dumping hockey players too: two dominant personalities clashing.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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Find my other YoI fanfics on my AO3 profile at [http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile](http://archiveofourown.org/users/phoenixwaller/profile)
Yuri took a deep breath and watched Victor on the ice.

Victor wasn’t at a hundred percent, and they both knew it. The incident with Mila had left him rattled. At the same time they were cautiously optimistic that the omega wouldn’t suffer from panic attacks.

“I’m surprised he made it.”

Yuri looked up into Chris’s green eyes. He smiled. “It was his decision. Yakov wasn’t sure, but I think Vitya will be ok.”

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“Hmm?”

Yuri cocked his head to the side. “Well, she’s always lifting Yurio, and she’s got a few of those alpha quirks. Probably why she kept dumping hockey players too: two dominant personalities clashing.”

“I see. Sucks to happen in the practice week before a competition though.”

“At least it didn’t happen in the middle of it.”

“True.”

Victor launched a double flip to polite applause.

“A double?” Chris asked.

“Yakov said no quads today. If Yakov’s happy then Vitya will be back to full practice tomorrow.”
“I see.”

“Hmph,” Yuri heard as somebody dropped into the seat on his other side.

He turned. “Hi Yurio.”

“He’s looking better.”

Yuri tilted his head to the side. “So are you. You looked pretty rattled last night.”

“What the fuck did you expect? First we watch a crappy movie, then you attack Mila.”

Yuri sighed.

“Don’t you dare pull that crap with me when I present as an alpha.”

Yuri bit his lip. “Yurio, don’t take this the wrong way. But I hope you never present.”

“What the hell?” Yurio screeched.

“He’s right,” Chris said, leaning across. “It’s best for you if you’re a beta.”

“Says two alphas,” Yurio snarled, though Yuri noted he’d dropped his voice enough so that only they could hear.

Chris moved around and perched on the back of the row in front of them. “Look kitten, people like to say that alphas are at the top of the proverbial food chain, but the reality is much messier. You’re stigmatized as violent, no matter how hard you try to control your instincts. Non-alphas would look at what happened last night and think Yuri lashed out aggressively for no reason. But to an alpha, he was incredibly restrained. His instincts honestly demanded much more.”

“People expect aggressiveness too,” Yuri added. “Right now you’d probably fit the mold Yurio, but you’re still young. You could stay feisty, or you could calm some. Nobody knows. What they expect might not match who you are. Remember, most people think I’m omega because of my personality.”

“Then you have the other things,” Chris said. “Ruts are… they’re better when shared with somebody. If you don’t have a partner they can be miserable. And scent sensitivity is annoying at best.”

Yuri nodded. “There’s a romanticism about being an alpha, but the reality is vastly different.” He smiled. “But you have a while before you have to worry about it. You’re turning sixteen in just over a month. That leaves at least another year or two before you should present, if you do.”

Yurio scowled, then looked out over the ice. “Hard to believe they think that idiot is the alpha between you.”

Yuri smiled. “He’s strong, and has many traditionally alpha traits. It’s honestly not surprising.”

“Hmph.”

Chris stood. “I’d better head to the other rink. My practice starts soon.”

“Sorry for bailing on you this afternoon,” Yuri said.

Chris laughed. “It’s understandable. Just make sure he’s up to the challenge of competition. I don’t want to win because of something like this.”
“Tch,” Yurio snorted. “Like you’ll win. He won’t either. I’m taking gold.”

Chris laughed. “Confident much? Just remember, every competition is different. I won’t be caught off guard a second time.”

“Tch.”

Chris laughed again. “See ya Yuri. Later kitten.”

Chris stood and made his way in the direction of the second rink.

“Your practice is this after this one, right Yurio?”

“Don’t bother being here,” Yurio replied. “I want Victor at his best too. Otherwise what’s the point of winning?”

Yuri smiled. “That’s the best attitude to have.”

Yurio glared for a moment before softening to a smile. “Don’t worry, I’ll beat you too, at worlds.”

Yuri laughed. “I look forward to seeing you try.”

---

Yuri tangled his fingers with Victor’s as they walked back to the hotel. “How are you feeling love?”

Victor looked at him, smile on his face but uncertainty in his eyes. “Better?”

Yuri paused and reached up to cup Victor’s face. “Still fighting it?”

Victor nodded into Yuri’s palm

“Do you want to stay in this afternoon?”

Victor hummed. “I don’t know.”

“Want to have dinner with Chris? Since we called off sightseeing today.”

Victor nodded. “That would be nice.”

“I’ll call after his practice is over then.”

“Ok.”

They turned to start walking again, but had only taken a couple steps when footsteps pounded behind them.

“Victor! Yuri!”

They stopped and turned. Sara Crispino was running to catch up.


Emil grinned at them while Mickey scowled.

“Is Mila ok?” Sara asked, coming to a stop.
“Hmm?” Yuri replied.

“Yakov said she’s sick today, and probably tomorrow too. But she was fine yesterday!”

“Oh!” Yuri replied, rubbing the back of his neck. “Well… umm… she’s just under the weather. She should be fine in a couple days.”

“But what’s wrong?”

“I think… I think she should tell you herself when she’s better.”

Sara glared at him. “What kind of answer is that?”

“I just think she’d rather tell you herself,” Yuri replied.

Sara leaned in, boring into him with her violet eyes. “Fine. I’ll just go see her myself!”

She stomped past him in the direction of the hotel.

“Stop!” Yuri cried, reaching out and grabbing her sleeve.

“Hey!” Mickey shouted.

Sara turned, daggers in her eyes. “What?”

“What about Sara?”

Yuri remembered Mila asking who could check in on her. He sighed and loosened his grip on Sara’s sleeve.

Yuri turned and met Mickey’s glare. “Mickey. You know me. I love Victor, so I’m not going to make a move on your sister. I just need a few minutes of privacy with her.”

“I’m not…” MIckey started.

Yuri pointed down the street. “We’ll be right there, where you can see us. But what I have to say is for her ears alone. It’s for her own safety.”

Mickey’s eyes narrowed, and he seemed on the edge of a reply when Sara pulled on Yuri’s arm.

“Let’s go.”

Yuri tripped over his own feet for a few steps as Sara pulled him along. He finally found his footing and allowed her to lead. They stopped once she seemed confident they were out of earshot.

“Ok Yuri? What is it? And why did you say it’s for my safety? Is it contagious or something?”

Yuri rubbed the back of his neck again. “Not contagious, but… it could have side effects.”

“What does that mean?”

Yuri sighed. “Mila would probably have preferred to tell you herself. That said, she’s not had a chance to think things through.”

“What are you getting at?” Sara demanded, arms crossed and foot tapping in annoyance.

“You can’t go see her… because… she’s…”
Yuri swallowed, wondering how mad Mila would be at him.

“Spit it out Yuri.”

Yuri sighed again. “Mila’s presenting, as an alpha. She’s in rut.”

Sara’s eyes widened, hand flying to her face. “What… did you say?”

Yuri bit his lip. “We realized it last night. She should be in full rut by now. If you go to see her, well… Um…”

Yuri looked at the ground. “Right now she’s probably only got one thing on her mind, and… since she’s an alpha… well, even if you’re not an omega, you’re a compatible partner.”

Sara stared for a minute, then a blush crossed her face. “Wait… you mean?”

Yuri nodded. “She even suggested you check in on her when we were trying to figure out who to do it. That she suggested you during her prowling phase… well…”

“I see,” Sara said.

“Look,” Yuri said, pointing his toes inward. “I’m sure she’d have preferred to tell you herself. The only reason I said anything is because we can’t have you going in there.”

“I get it now,” she said, smile in her voice.

“Don’t tell anybody? Not even Mickey or Emil? She wasn’t expecting it, so I don’t think she knows how public she wants to be.”

Sara laughed and patted Yuri’s shoulder. “Her secret’s safe with me.”

Yuri looked up and met her eyes. “Arigato.”

“Sara!” Mickey whined from where he and Emil stood near Victor.

Sara turned, smile on her face, and skipped back toward them. “Come on. We should get lunch before my practice this afternoon,” she called.

“So what’s wrong with Mila?” Yuri heard Mickey ask.

Sara grinned at him. “She’s just a little under the weather. Right now she needs rest so we’ll go see her once she’s better.”

“Ok?” Mickey replied, confused tone to his voice. “Didn’t Yuri already say that though?”

Sara nodded. “He did.”

“So why did he have to speak to you in private?”

“Because he respects Mila’s wishes for discretion, that’s why. Maybe you could learn something from him.”

Emil started laughing.

Mickey shot a glare at him, then deflated. “Where do you want to go for lunch?”

Sara laughed. “We passed a cute looking cafe a few blocks back. Let’s go there!”
Mickey nodded and turned.


Yuri waved in return and watched them round a corner and disappear from sight.

“What did you tell her?” Victor asked.

“The truth.”

“Was that the best course of action?”

Yuri shrugged. “I don’t know… But…”

“Hmm?”

“I think, Sara’s one of the people Mila would have told anyway. I think she trusts her, and right now people she trusts is what she needs.”

“Yuri?”

Yuri smiled up at his mate. “True friends, those you trust… those people don’t judge. They understand that what you are doesn’t change who you are. At a time like this, it’s something she needs.”

“I see.”

Yuri rose on his toes to kiss his mate. “Lunch sound good to you too?”

Victor returned the smile with a nod. “Da.”

Yuri tangled their fingers together again. “Let’s find a place then.”

“Ok.”

Chapter End Notes

Preview of Next Chapter
Yakov was distracted, not that Yuri could blame him. They were approaching the forty-eight hour mark, and were waiting on word of Mila’s rut.

Every second counted. The alternate had arrived from Russia and had been practicing in the event that Mila wouldn’t be able to compete. Her coach was eager to have Mila declared as unable to compete, and had been keeping an eye on the time.

They were waiting for Yurio to come out for practice when Yakov pulled his phone from his pocket.

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They were waiting for Yurio to come out for practice when Yakov pulled his phone from his pocket.

“Allô?”

The elder coach listened for a minute then ended the call with a relieved sigh.

“Good news?” Yuri asked.

“Mila’s symptoms have broken.” Yakov breathed a sigh of relief. “I need to let medical know, and we’ll probably head to her room right after Yura’s practice.”

“Go now.” Victor said from behind them.

Yuri turned, noting that Victor had changed from his practice gear. “Vitya?”

“Yuri and I can stand in for Yurio, at least until you’ve had a chance to have Mila cleared to compete.”

Yakov scowled. “Are you sure you want to coach your competitor?”

Victor laughed, the first time Yuri had heard a true laugh since Mila had started presenting. “Yakov! I’m Yuri’s coach, remember, and we’ll be competing against each other at Worlds. I think I can
handle it.”

Yakov studied him for a minute, then nodded. “Call me if you need.”

Yakov had grabbed his coat and was pulling it on when Yurio walked out from the locker room.

“What’s going on?” Yurio demanded.

“Mila’s starting to feel better,” Yuri said. “Vitya and I are going to stand in while Yakov goes to determine if Mila can compete.”

Yurio scowled for a minute, then nodded. “Get out of here Yakov. These idiots can handle it for today.”

Yakov returned the nod, seemingly satisfied. “Ok. I’ll try to be back before the end of your hour.”

“Don’t bother,” Yurio replied. “Mila needs you more than I do right now.”

Yakov huffed. “Don’t get cocky.”

Victor laughed and turned Yakov toward the door. “We’ve got him Yakov. Go check on Mila.”

Yakov muttered what sounded to Yuri like Russian curses as he stomped toward the door.

“Ok Yurio,” Yuri said. “I’ll watch your PCS components, Vitya will watch your technical elements.”

“Ok,” Yurio replied. “But what do you want me to work on until it’s my turn to run my full program?”

Yuri hummed. “Where do you think you need work?”

“Huh?” Yurio gaped. “You’re the coach right now! You tell me!”

Victor laughed again. “Sorry Yurio, I think Yuri’s right.”

“Huh?”

Yuri smiled. “Yurio, everybody has something they wish could be a bit better, or want to work on more. That will ultimately be your weakness. So what is it? We’ll work on that.”

Yurio scowled and stomped to the entry. He pulled off his hard guards and slapped them against the barrier. He took the ice and pushed off to warm up.

“Apparently he doesn’t want to tell us his weakness…” Yuri sighed.

“No,” Victor replied. “I think we just made him think about it. Yakov usually tells him where his weak spots are, and even in Hasetsu I pushed him where I saw him faltering. He’s never had to take the lead and identify his own problem areas. To somebody who wants to believe they’re perfect, it’s a difficult task.”

Yuri turned to watch Yurio warm up. “Maybe, but it’ll make him stronger.”

“Agreed.”

Yurio circled the ice a few times, getting the feel of it under him, then stopped in front of them at the
barrier. He pointed to Victor. “Old man. You keep an eye on my arm position during my jumps. Mila usually watches that, but she’s not here and I need the GOE against you.”

He turned to Yuri. “Katsudon, you’re on transitions.”

Yuri blinked. “Transitions?”

Yurio frowned. “You heard me. My transitions are ok, but I think a few could be changed for more difficult entries. Find me those spots.”

“You might not have enough time to change them.”

“Then I change them for worlds. But I want to know where I can get those extra points.”

Yuri smiled. “Ok Yurio. I’ll watch your transitions.”

Yurio nodded. “Good.”

“That was fun,” Victor said happily as they watched Yurio storm off toward the locker room.

Yuri looked up at his mate. “Yurio might disagree.”

Victor laughed. “For now, but he didn’t argue. I could see him working through our suggestions too.”

Yuri smiled. “Yeah. He looked good out there.”

“He’ll probably even give me a challenge,” Victor said, note of pride in his voice.

Yuri laughed. “You say that like it’s a good thing.”

Victor blinked and looked at him. “But it is.”

“Don’t you want the gold?”

Victor smiled. “Of course I do. But I can’t skate forever. He’s aiming to surpass me one day. As long as he has that attitude, then when I do retire… I’ll know the future of Russian figure skating will be in good hands.”

Yuri turned to look down the corridor after Yurio. “He’ll be a fine successor.”

“Only after I retire,” Victor quipped.

Yuri laughed. “Of course.”

Yuri rose on his toes and kissed his beautiful mate.

“Mmmm,” Victor replied, wrapping his arms around Yuri’s waist. “What was that for?”

Yuri smiled. “We’re meeting Chris and Yurio soon, and Yurio will gripe at us if we kiss in front of him.”

“So you’re giving me some early?” Victor asked, eyes sparkling.

Yuri nodded.
“But what if I start feeling deprived during dinner?” Victor asked with a mock pout.

Yuri laughed and kissed him again. “Then I’ll just have to make it up with interest when we get back.”

“I like your thinking,” Victor purred as he leaned in for another.

There was a knock at the door and Victor sighed. “Guess that means it’s time to stop.”

Yuri frowned and pecked his mate’s lips anyway. He then made his way to the door. He expected Chris or Yurio on the other side, but found Mila in the hall instead, smelling of fresh scent-blocking soap.

“Mila?” Yuri asked.

“Ummmm, hi,” she replied, looking at the floor and turning her toes inward.

There was an awkward moment of silence.

“I heard you were cleared for competition,” Yuri said.

Mila nodded. “Da. The alternate wasn’t happy about that.”

“I can imagine, but you never did withdraw so they knew it was a possibility.”

Mila nodded.

Yuri heard Victor walk up behind him.

“Do… do you want to come in?” Yuri asked.

Mila looked up at him before her eyes flicked to Victor and back. “Is it ok?”

Yuri looked back and saw Victor nod. He stood aside and held the door. “Come on. It’s fine.”

Mila smiled briefly as she walked in. A moment later she was seated in the chair while Yuri had his arm around Victor’s waist on the couch.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “For being discreet. Sara came by this afternoon, and she said you only told her when she threatened to go to my room.”

“She was so worried about you,” Yuri said.

Mila smiled. “I promised to go sightseeing with her tomorrow. With Mickey and Emil tagging along of course.”

“Going to tell them?” Yuri asked.

Mila chuckled. “I don’t know yet. Mickey is so worried about men, but maybe I should sweep Sara off her feet when he’s not looking.”

Everybody laughed.

“I’m sorry,” Mila said after another awkward silence.

Yuri shook his head. “You did nothing wrong. I’m sorry for letting my instinct take over.”
Mila shook her head. “No… now that… that’s… over…” She sighed. “Now that it’s over I see how much my own new instincts were influencing me.”

She turned to Victor, bright blush on her cheeks. “I’m sorry Victor. You smelled so good, and I think it was the part of me that knows your secondary that pushed me to lean in like that.”

She paused. “You smell different now though. Some of it is the soap, but… you smell more… taken.”

Yuri and Victor both blushed at the same time.

“Oh!” Mila said, realizing. “I’m so sorry.”

Yuri smiled. “You’ll get used to it. Smells can be overwhelming for a while. Eventually you won’t notice them so much though.”

She nodded. “I hope so.”

Mila turned to Victor again. “Victor. I’m so sorry. I don’t know what, but given how everybody was reacting, I get the feeling that something bad happened in your past. I think I may have triggered those memories. Yakov was really worried about you. I just want you to know… I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

Victor stood, and Yuri watched him cross the few paces between them and Mila.

Victor knelt and took Mila’s hands in his own. “Mila. I know you’d never hurt me.”

She smiled. “But…”

Victor returned the smile. “I know that little girl who was so excited to train under Yakov would never hurt anyone.”

Mila huffed a laugh. “I’m not that little girl anymore.”

Victor smiled and shook his head. “But you are. She grew up, but you’re still that wide-eyed girl who was starstruck when she walked into the rink. And she would be just as awestruck to see the young woman you’ve become.”

“Victor…”

Victor reached up and brushed a few strands of hair from in front of her face. “Mila, I know what you’re feeling right now. It’s been a long time, but I remember being scared when I presented, especially when it wasn’t what was expected. It doesn’t change who you are though, ok? You’re still you.”

“He’s right,” Yuri said. He stood and walked over to kneel beside his mate. “I never expected to be an alpha. But who you are doesn’t change. You’re still the same Mila.”

Mila sniffled.

Victor glanced over at Yuri, and Yuri could read the question in his mate’s eyes. *Do you trust me?*

Yuri nodded slightly.

“Mila,” Victor said. “We’re about to go to dinner with Chris and Yurio. Do you want to join us?”
“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded.

Yuri followed his lead. “Both Chris and I know what it’s like to be just off rut.” He chuckled. “You’re probably starving.”

Mila smiled. “Absolutely famished.”

“Come on then. It’ll give you a chance to ask us questions, and Yurio was worried about you too, even though he’ll never admit it.”

She nodded. “Ok. I’ll come.”

“Good.”

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter
Applause sounded across the practice rink as Victor landed his quad flip. Yakov grunted and nodded in approval. “He’s brushed it off.”

Yuri smiled. “Not quite, but he’s pushing through. I think spending time with Mila last night helped.”

Yakov nodded again. “Da. The part of him that hates it, finally saw that things can go back to normal.”

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Yakov nodded again. “Da. The part of him that hates it, finally saw that things can go back to normal.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Vitya!” Yakov called. “Watch your leg on that final spin!”

Yuri smiled. It was close to the end of the practice hour and he could see his mate’s stamina waning. But even with the slow creep of exhaustion, Victor was still the most beautiful thing on the ice.

A buzzer sounded, and the men on the ice collectively made their way toward the barrier. Yuri grabbed Victor’s hard guards and water, then followed Yakov.

Victor smiled as soon as he spied Yuri and leaned in for a kiss before accepting the guards and sliding them over his blades.

Yakov cleared his throat behind them. “If you’re quite done…”

Victor laughed. “Sorry Yakov!”

Yakov sighed and led them over to where some benches were set up. “How did you feel out there Vitya?”

Victor put his finger to his lip and hummed. “Pretty good, maybe a bit wobbly on my quad lutz, but I was getting tired by then.”

Yakov grunted in agreement. “Your free leg was low on your sit spin. Mind your position.”

Victor nodded. “I could feel it.”

“And yet you didn’t fix it.”
Victor laughed. “Don’t worry Yakov. It’ll be fine for competition.”

Yakov grunted again. “It better be.” He paused to consult a notebook. “Now it looks like you’re on the main rink for practice tomorrow. I’ve got Georgi on the practice rink just before yours, so I might be a couple minutes late. I expect you warmed up by the time I arrive.”

“Yes coach.”

Yakov nodded. “Good. Now, I want to hold a meeting with everybody tonight. Five in my room, that way you can keep dinner plans.”

“Ok!”

Yakov rolled his eyes at Victor’s enthusiasm, but put his notebook away. “Now, before I let you two leave, what did you work on with Yura yesterday?”

Victor and Yuri shared a glance.

“Well sir,” Yuri said. “I’ve noticed him focused a lot on GOE and strengthening elements in practice…”

One of Yakov’s eyebrows rose.

“So yesterday I challenged him to tell us where he needed work. We told him to identify his weak spots so we could work on those.”

Yakov stroked his chin. “I see. So what did he want to work on?”

“He wanted Victor to keep an eye on his arm position during his jumps.”

Yakov nodded. “It’s a fairly new addition to his repertoire. I can see him being a little less sure of himself with them.”

Yuri nodded. “He asked me to keep an eye on his transitions, and where they could be better.”

“Transitions?”

Yuri nodded again. “He said they were ok, but could be more difficult in places.”

Yakov hummed. “Perhaps it’s a good thing. He’s always been so direct in his skating that he was never fond of anything more than the most basic transitions.”

“I think,” Yuri ventured, “that Yurio sees that it can’t be just the technical elements anymore. If he can get a few fractions of a point more from his transitions, he’s going to go for it.”

Yakov nodded. “You may be right.”

Yuri smiled.

“But we’ll see how he does in practice.”

“Of course.”

Yakov stood. “Ok. I’m going to get something to eat before Yura’s practice. Katuski, you’ve got your own practice at the public rink, da?”
Yuri nodded. “Yes sir.”

“Ok. Don’t rush to make it back for Yura. Enjoy your afternoon and I’ll see you both for the meeting this evening.”

“Thanks Yakov!” Victor said.

Yakov groaned. “Get out of here.”

Victor laughed and looped his arm around Yuri’s. “Come on Yuri, let’s get ready for your practice.”

Yuri smiled and allowed Victor to lead him to the locker room. They exchanged a quick kiss before Victor disappeared inside. A few minutes later Victor was freshly showered and changed, and was leading them toward the bus stop.

“Beautiful!” Victor called from the barrier.

Yuri relaxed out of his final pose and smiled at his mate. He skated over and accepted his water bottle. A smattering of applause from the other people sharing the public rink followed him.

“How are you feeling out there?” Victor asked. “Ok after skipping a few days of practice?”

Yuri nodded. “I feel good. I think I still have a bit of wobble on the landing of the flip though.”

Victor nodded. “I didn’t see it, but I’ll pay extra attention next time.”

Yuri smiled. “How much longer do I have?”

“About twenty minutes.”

“Ok.”

Yuri was about to head back out when he noticed a large crowd sitting on the bleachers. “Umm Vitya? Since when do we have an audience?”

Victor turned, eyes roaming the crowd, and laughed. “I guess I didn’t notice.”

Yuri squinted, trying to make out faces. After a minute he plucked his glasses from beside Victor and put them on.

“They’re competitors…” Yuri noted. “All men’s singles skaters.”

Victor looked again and waved. He turned back to Yuri. “I guess they’re scoping the competition.”

Yuri blinked. “What?”

Victor smiled. “Did you compete against any of them during the Grand Prix series?”

Yuri looked again, then shook his head. “None of them look familiar.”

Victor nodded. “I think they’re taking advantage of the chance to see you live before they’re against you at worlds.”

“Wouldn’t watching Four Continents be better?”

Victor shrugged. “As good as any television performance I guess…”
Yuri sighed, thinking of how many times he’d missed things due to camera changes or bad angles. “I see your point.”

Victor grinned at him. “Still feeling good solnyshko?”

Yuri nodded.

“You just finished your short program. How about we show them your stamina by running your free.”

Yuri grinned. “Isn’t that psychological warfare Vitya?”

Victor shrugged. “It’s your practice. You can run your programs as you desire.”

Yuri chuckled and handed his glasses back to Victor. “I see your point. Watch the landing on the flip for me, ok?”

“Ok.”

Yuri noted the movement of the few other people on the ice as he made his way to the center, and took a deep breath as he settled into his starting position.

Even a few months before the presence of competitors watching his practice unexpectedly would have bothered him. But somehow he saw it more as a compliment that they would make the effort.

Yuri thought of the music and started moving. He allowed thoughts of Victor and their love to fill him.

Their love, that had made him so much stronger than he’d ever believed possible.

_I can reach higher, I can surprise my mate._

Yuri shifted his entry. He’d switch his opening and final combinations. Rather than starting with a quad toe double toe, he’d open with the triple lutz and follow it with a triple loop. He’d then have a quad toe triple toe just before his quad flip.

He knew he could do it, and he knew Victor would love it.

Yuri pushed off and nailed his lutz, he used the momentum to fuel his loop, but touched down on the unfamiliar combination.

Yuri scowled.

_Brush it off. Victor will enjoy the surprise, and it’s just practice anyway._

Yuri forced himself back into the zone and concentrated on the emotion of the piece. He landed his quad salchow cleanly and heard Victor’s cheer from the barrier.

_That’s right, Victor loves my skating. And he trusts me._

A smattering of applause at the triple flip, and Yuri let his emotions drive him. What he had planned wouldn’t be easy, but nothing ever was. It would make his mate happy, and seeing Victor’s heart-shaped smile would more than make it worth it.

_Triple axel, then the quad toe._
“Yes!” Victor shouted from the barrier as Yuri continued to land clean jumps.

*Here we go.*

Triple axel, single loop, triple salchow.

Yuri felt the burn in his legs, he was nearing the end of his practice and his stamina was waning. But he could do it.

Quad toe triple toe.

*Can’t celebrate yet. The quad flip is next.*

Yuri cleared his mind and focused. He smiled when he thought of Victor’s face every time he landed it.

Four rotations, and a crack as his blade hit the ice.

Yuri was drained, but was able to use the momentum to push him through his final spin, then to his ending pose.

There was a moment of silence in the rink.

“Yuri!” Victor called. “That was beautiful!”

Yuri smiled and managed to push off toward the barrier, where his mate was waiting for him with open arms.

Victor hugged Yuri for several seconds before handing him his hard guards. “Do you have anything left after that?”

Yuri laughed. “After nearly an hour of practice and after running my short program? I’m amazed I can walk.”

Victor chuckled. “Let’s get you changed then, da?”

Yuri nodded and allowed Victor to guide him out.

As they left he could hear the chattering of the skaters who’d come to watch.

They’d barely turned the corner to the locker room, just out of sight of the ice when Victor pinned Yuri to the wall, kissing him deeply.

Yuri moaned into the kiss, wrapping his arms around Victor’s neck and holding him close despite the protest from his legs.

“Yuri,” Victor murmured. “You’ve surprised me again solnyshko.”

Yuri smiled against his lips. “That was the plan.”

“Do you really want to make those changes to your program, or was it… how did you put it… psychological warfare?”

Yuri chuckled. “If *Yuri on Ice* is my story, but the story isn’t over yet, it only makes sense for the program to evolve.”
“Really?”

Yuri nodded.

Victor beamed at him. “I had better break your world record now then, so you can break mine again at Four Continents.”

“Vitya!” Yuri sputtered. “Who’s talking about breaking records?”

Victor grinned. “I am, of course. By switching the order of those combinations, and changing the triple toe to a triple loop in the first one, you’ve increased the difficulty and your scores should reflect that. You can probably break your own record with this.”

Yuri bit his lip. “I’m sorry love, I didn’t think about that. I just wanted to surprise you, not put pressure on you leading up to the competition.”

Victor silenced him with a kiss. “Nonsense Yusha. This is the best surprise you could have given me. Nothing drives me better than a challenge, and my beautiful mate just issued one.”

Yuri felt the blush across his cheeks. “Really?”

Victor nodded. “Don’t stop pushing yourself Yuri. Never stop. There’s a magic about your determination, and it makes me want to reach for you.”

Yuri smiled. “I’ve been reaching for you my whole life though.”

Victor kissed him again. “Then we’ll reach for each other, and push each other. That’s how we’ll show our love.”

Yuri ignored the protest from his legs to pull Victor into another series of kisses.

Everybody crammed into Yakov’s hotel room, which was much smaller than Victor and Yuri’s. Lilia stood near one wall, Yakov in the chair, Victor and Yuri perched on the edge of the bed while Georgi took the other chair and Mila and Yurio sat on the floor.

Yakov cleared his throat. “Alright then, you’re all on time for once.”

“Of course we are,” Yurio grumbled. “We want dinner and the sooner we’re done here the sooner we can get it.”

Yuri and Victor exchanged a smile.

Yakov glared at Yurio, but moved on.

“Tomorrow is your final day of practice. I want you all to think about what you need to work on. But once your practices are over I want you all to take it easy and rest.”

Yakov turned to look at Mila. “Mila, if you decide you want an extra practice I’ll make an exception, considering you lost two days.”

Mila shook her head. “I felt good today Yakov. I think I’ll be ok.”

Yakov nodded.

“That’s right,” Georgi said. “You were sick. You’re good to compete now?”
“Well…” Mila started, scratching the back of her neck. “Sick isn’t quite the right word, but yes, I’m good to compete.”

“Huh?”

Mila sighed. “I guess it makes more sense to tell you, but I haven’t decided how public to be yet so please don’t let it slip. I presented as an alpha.”

Georgi’s eyes widened before he looked around the room. He frowned. “I’m guessing they all knew already?”

Mila sighed. “Kinda yeah… Victor, Yuri and Yura were all there when we figured it out.”

“Oh…” Georgi paused. “How’d you figure it out?”

“By scaring the shit out of me,” Yurio griped.

“What?”

“Yura…” Yakov warned.

“Nevermind,” Yurio grumbled.

Victor tightened his fingers around Yuri’s hand.

Yuri looked up at his mate. “Vitya?”

Victor’s hand tightened a bit more, and Yuri could feel a tremble in it.

“Actually…” Victor started, voice cracking.

All eyes turned to him.

Victor licked his lips and hid behind the fall of his bangs. “It… it makes more sense if Georgi knows my secondary.”

Georgi sighed. “We all get it. You’re an alpha. You just never talk about it.”

Yuri thought Victor would crush his hand if it got much tighter.

“I’m… I’m not though,” Victor whispered. “I’m…”

Georgi was staring while everybody else was looking at them in various states of shock.

Yuri turned his hand in Victor’s and squeezed back. “I’m here love.”

Victor took a deep breath and nodded. “I’m an omega.”

The sound of a pin drop would have been deafening in the silence that followed.

“Say again,” Georgi said.

“I’m an omega,” Victor whispered, voice shaking.

Georgi’s eyes widened. “You’re serious?”

Victor nodded while Yuri scooted closer to his mate.
“But… you look like an alpha, and you have so many alpha mannerisms.”

Victor dared to make eye contact for just a moment. “I come from an alpha-dominant family. Physical traits pass on easily enough, and… I learned so many of those mannerisms as a child, before I ever connected them to secondary genders.”

Georgi looked around. “And… they all knew?”

Victor nodded. “The only one I ever told directly was Yakov. Lilia knew through him. Yuri, Yura and Mila all figured it out on their own though.”

Georgi turned to Yakov. “This is true?”

Yakov nodded. “Vitya is extremely sensitive about it, that he said anything at all displays a certain level of trust.”

Georgi nodded. “I won’t say anything.”

“Thank you,” Victor whispered.

Georgi turned to Yuri. “So you’re…?”

Yuri smiled softly. “I’m an alpha.”

Georgi shook his head. “Wow…”

Victor took a deep breath. “We figured out Mila was presenting because of the way she approached me after a movie in our room. Yuri moved to protect me... as his mate. That’s what scared Yura.”

“I see,” Georgi said.

Victor slowly loosened his death grip on Yuri’s hand.

Yuri squeezed back.

Victor turned to cast him a small smile.

“I can’t believe you actually said something,” Yurio said, cutting the tension.

Victor huffed a laugh. “It… wasn’t easy.”

“No,” Yakov agreed. “I’m honestly amazed it happened.”

Victor smiled a bit at the coach. “Me too.”

“Right,” Yakov said after several more seconds. “Now that that’s out of the way… You’re free tomorrow after your respective practices. Then I expect you all there for the opening ceremony the first day of competition.”

Everybody nodded.

“After that make what events you can and support Russia. But I expect all of you there for Mila, and Mila I expect you for the men’s events. Support each other at least.”

“Yes coach Yakov,” Mila said, while everybody else murmured their agreements.

“Does anybody have any questions for me?”
Heads shook around the room.

“Good,” Yakov said. “Get out of here then.”

Everybody stood and started filing toward the door.

“Victor?”

Yuri and Victor stopped to see Georgi standing behind them. He approached, hand out in offering.

“Thank you for telling me.”

Victor managed a small smile and shook Georgi’s hand. “Thanks for understanding that I didn’t say anything before.”

Georgi shook his head. “You have your reasons.”

Victor’s smile got a tiny bit bigger.

“I’m going to go get dinner,” Georgi said. “See you tomorrow, or during the opening ceremony.”

“Da.”

Georgi managed to walk around them, following Yurio and Mila out the door.

“Vitya,” Yakov said, voice softer than normal. “Are you ok?”

Yuri and Victor both turned to face the coach.

Victor was silent a moment, then nodded. “I’m… I’ll be ok.”

“I was ready to scold Yura for being careless…”

Victor shook his head. “No… It was an honest mistake. Plus… you’ve wanted me to open up a bit. Telling Georgi like this was probably a good thing.”

“That it was. But I know it can’t have been easy for you.”

Victor huffed a laugh. “That’s the first time I’ve uttered those words to somebody who didn’t already know in over a decade.”

“Forgive me for being bold, but I hope it’s not the last.”

Victor smiled, but didn’t respond.

“Go on,” Yakov said. “I bet you want to be alone now.”

Victor smiled. “Yeah.”

Yuri pressed against his mate, running his hand along his back.

Victor turned his smile toward him. “Let’s go back to our room until it’s time to meet Chris?”

Yuri nodded. “Ok.”

Yuri could feel the tremble in Victor’s arms as they left Yakov’s room, and he kept close, releasing just enough scent for his mate to know he was supporting him.
They’d no sooner than closed the door to their room when Victor collapsed against Yuri. “Yusha…”

Yuri held him close, running his hand along his back and releasing his scent. “I’m proud of you Vitya.”

Victor shook in his arms.

Yuri rose up enough to kiss Victor’s temple. “Do you want me to cancel dinner with Chris?”

“No.”

“Want to do room service or takeout instead and eat here?”

Victor nodded into Yuri’s shoulder.

“Ok. I’ll call Chris and let him know. We’ll let him decide if he wants to pick something up or if we want to do room service.”

“Thank you.”

“Vitya?”

“Hmm?”

“I love you.”

Some of the tension left Victor’s body. “I love you too.”

“I’m here love, right beside you.”

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

**Preview of next chapter**

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He felt it in the way Victor’s posture straightened, in the sure grasp on his hand. Victor was preparing himself for the competition ahead.

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“Will you let me kiss your gold medal love?” he murmured.

Victor turned to him, a momentary look of surprise in his eyes before the expression grew fond. “As many times as you wish.”
Yurio kicked the backs of their seats. “Shut up geezer. The only thing he’ll be kissing is silver.”

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any comments, kudos or shares.

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Chapter Summary

The European Figure Skating Championships finally begin! First up, the short programs!

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday! Time for another chapter!

But before that...

Some of you may have noticed that The Dichotomy of Love will be wrapping up soon, and might be wondering what that means for my writing. Well... Shared Gravity will continue on as it has been lately. Posting public chapters here on Saturday nights and preview chapters elsewhere usually either Saturday night or sometime Sunday.

But what to do with that time... Well... I've started posting back chapters of The Tower to Medium, and once I'm caught up there plan to get that going again both here and there. If you're a fan of sci-fi, dystopian, or game shows check it out.

I also have a couple mostly finished novels that I'll be finishing and cleaning, but will be posting elsewhere as I plan to submit one or both to literary agents, so can't have them in the open.

For those desperately wanting me to get back to In Our Dreams... I'm still not quite there yet. Right now I'm focused on this fic, and am currently planning to pick Dreams back up after Shared Gravity is over.

Anyway, that's just a general outline for now. But I tend to post more about upcoming writing etc on my Tumblr, so if you haven't checked in a while head on over to Tumblr.

Ok, on to the reading.

If you've been enjoying this work please click the share button up above and spread the love.

Happy Reading!

Yuri leaned against Victor as the opening ceremony started. After some standard speeches the performance aspect got underway, and he felt something in his mate change.

Victor would be skating his short program that evening, his first international competition since taking on Yuri as a student.
He felt it in the way Victor’s posture straightened, in the sure grasp on his hand. Victor was preparing himself for the competition ahead.

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Yurio kicked the backs of their seats. “Shut up geezer. The only thing he’ll be kissing is silver.”

Yuri turned to smile at Yurio. “It’s ok Yurio,” he smirked. “We’ll still love you when you take silver.”

Yurio’s eyes grew wide before he started sputtering and cursing at them under his breath.

Victor leaned in and nosed at Yuri’s neck. “I’m not sure if you hurt or helped.”

Yuri chuckled and turned enough to peck Victor’s lips. “Our son needs to know that we’ll always support him.”

Yuri laughed as Yurio retaliated by kicking the backs of both their seats.

Yuri stood near Victor as he stretched in the corridors. They were about halfway through the men’s portion of the night, with Victor and Yurio still to skate. Georgi was holding the top spot, but with several strong skaters still to take the ice, and Mila was in second after the ladies’ short.

One look was all Yuri needed to know that his beautiful mate was focused. As they got closer to his group even Victor’s movements changed. Walking turned to gliding steps, then mimics of footwork. His gaze turned introspective as he ran through his program in his head.

Yuri watched, knowing better than to distract Victor more than necessary. Instead he kept an eye on the standings, and how close it was before Yurio’s group.

Yuri walked over to a monitor to watch Emil skate. He’d changed a couple elements since the Grand Prix series, but Yuri was confident that his base values were still higher.

Strong arms draped around Yuri’s neck and Victor’s bangs tickled his cheek as he nuzzled into his neck.

“You ok love?” Yuri asked quietly.

Victor nodded, but Yuri could feel the tremble in his arms.

Yuri released as much of his scent as he dared in an attempt to soothe the still-rattled nerves of his mate.

Victor took a few deep breaths and the trembling stopped.

“Better?” Yuri asked.

Victor nodded again. “Spasibo.”

Yuri turned and ran his fingers along Victor’s cheek. “Want to try and find a quiet place for a few
Victor smiled at him and shook his head. “No, the cameras will notice if we do.”

Yuri smiled. “Do you want me to kiss you?”

Victor chuckled. “As if I’d ever refuse a kiss from you.”

Yuri rose on his toes and gently kissed him.

Victor hummed, a smile on his face as they parted.

“Oi! Losers!” Yurio called, stomping over. “Knock it off! You’ll make me sick before I skate.”

They turned to Yurio.

“You’re group is next, right?” Victor asked.

Yurio gave a curt nod. “Surprised you noticed.”

Victor smiled. “I asked Yuri to make sure we didn’t miss your skate.”

“Tch, not like I need you two idiots watching me.”

Yuri smiled and pulled Victor’s phone out of his pocket. “Your grandfather called…”

Yurio’s eyes widened.

“He says he’s watching and is so proud of you.”

“How…”

Yuri smiled. “Vitya figured Yakov would take your phone until after your skate. But I’m holding Vitya’s, so we told him if he can’t reach you directly we’d pass on a message.”

“Katsudon…”

Yuri walked over and tucked a stray blond hair behind Yurio’s ear. “Your grandpa’s your agape, right?”

Yurio nodded.

“Then there’s no doubt that you’ll skate beautifully, since he’s watching.”

Yurio softened slightly and nodded. “Da.”

“You got this Yura,” Victor added.

Yurio released a long breath, eyes closing. When he opened them there was a determined fire swirling within.

Yuri smiled. “That’s what we like to see. Go show the world how good Russia’s ice tiger is.”

“Tch.”

“Yura,” Yakov called from nearby. “It’s almost time. Get your skates on.”
Yurio glanced at Victor and Yuri again, then headed for Yakov.

“Yura’s in the middle of his group, right?” Victor asked.

“Mm-hmm.”

“Let’s go find seats once the warmup is over then.”

“Ok.”

Yuri took Victor’s hands, bumping his thumbs over his knuckles.

Victor smiled softly at him. “I’m ok Yusha.”

Yuri blinked, then realized how nervous he’d been for his mate. “Sorry… I…”

Victor shook his head. “It’s soothing in a way, to know how concerned you are for me.”

“I just feel like these past few days have been my fault.”

Victor shook his head again. “When I think of it… I wonder what state I’d be in now if you weren’t here.”

“Hmm?”

Victor looked around, then led Yuri to a secluded corner. “Yuri…” he murmured. “There was always a fear within me, that somebody at the rink would present as alpha. Yes, there had been a couple several years ago, but I’ve been safe there for a long time. I always make sure to be done before the hockey team gets their turn, so as long as nobody presented among the figure skaters I was safe. If you weren’t here… if you hadn’t shown me how it could be… I’d be terrified right now. I wouldn’t be able to focus on the competition, knowing one of my safe spaces was gone. But… you’re here, and I’m not scared of Mila. I’m as good as I am, because of you.”

“Vitya…”

Victor kissed him again. “My mate.”

The sound of movement from the arena, and they knew that people who’d gotten up for refreshments during the warmup were returning to their seats.

“Shall we?” Yuri asked.

Victor nodded.

Soon they were making their way to competitor seating, and found Mila and Georgi a couple rows up, Sara Crispino right behind them.

Yuri waved as they climbed the steps. “Sara,” he said with a bow as he stood in front of his seat.

Sara smiled at him. “How are you doing Yuri?”

Yuri smiled. “I’m ok. It feels strange in a way, being here.”

Sara laughed. “I can imagine. I bet I’d feel out of place at four continents.”

Yuri chuckled. “Probably.” He took a seat between Mila and Victor before turning slightly to Sara
again. “When’s Mickey skating?”

“Group after this one.”

“Gonna be there at the kiss and cry?”

Sara shook her head. “He doesn’t need me sharing his spotlight.”

Yuri chuckled. “Did he sty away after your skate?”

Sara laughed. “I told him I wouldn’t speak to him until we got back to Italy if he was there and not up here.”

Yuri gaped. “Wow.”

Sara smiled. “He’s learning that it’s time to stop protecting me.”

“That’s good.”

There was a rustle on Yuri’s right, and he looked to see Mila holding two bouquets of flower. “Are these the ones you two wanted?”

“Mila, those are perfect!” Victor said. “Thanks so much for picking them up.”

Sara leaned over. “Tiger lilies?”

“For Yurio,” Victor said. “He’s not the roses type. But I thought this was a good option. We’re hoping a few of his angels notice and start a trend.”

Sara laughed. “You should have told me sooner!”

Yuri shrugged. “It was kind of a last minute idea.”

“It does suit him though,” Mila said. “The implied cat theme, plus the bold colors. If I had to pick a flower for him I would have probably picked this one too.”

“Well I’ll pick some up for tomorrow so I can join in for the free,” Sara said.

“Thanks!” Victor said.

An announcement sounded through the arena, and they turned to see the first man of the group at center ice.

“Where’s he from?” Yuri asked, not immediately recognizing the man.

“Belarus,” Sara replied.

Yuri nodded and cringed as the man touched down on his opening jump.

The rest of the program went much the same, and Yuri wasn’t surprised at the frown on his face when his scores were posted.

The music for the second skater started, and Yuri was barely paying attention when he caught a whiff of satisfied alpha. He turned to see Mila smiling softly, Sara draped loosely over her shoulders.

“Umm…” Yuri said.
Sara blushed and hid her face in Mila's neck, but Mila just smiled and reached up to squeeze her hand.

“We’re seeing how it goes,” Mila said softly. “We talked… after. Mickey doesn’t quite know yet, so please don’t say anything?”

Yuri smiled. “Ok.”

Mila continued to smell pleased as the second skater finished his program, then everybody turned their attention to where Yurio was waiting at the barrier.

Yuri exchanged a glance with Victor, then they turned together. “Go Yurio!” they yelled as Yurio started on a lap of the ice.

“Davai Yura!” Mila called.

Yurio turned to them and gave them a thumbs up.

Then the music started, and both Victor and Yuri sat forward.

“He’s found it again,” Victor said softly.

Yuri nodded.

Yurio floated across the ice, cheers erupting at every jump, and by the end of the performance they knew that he’d knock Georgi from the top spot.

They threw the flowers, and Yuri smiled when Yurio scooped them up.

“He’s not going to break his record,” Victor said softly. “But it’ll be close. I have no room for error.”

Yuri glanced over, but smiled when he saw a smile on Victor’s face.

“You’re excited,” he stated.

Victor laughed. “Of course! Yurio’s thrown down the gauntlet. I’ve got to answer.”

Yuri smiled and squeezed his mate’s hand.

Yurio’s scores posted, and just as Victor had predicted, they were close to his record.

Victor stood and Yuri moved to follow.

Victor set his hand on Yuri’s shoulder. “Stay love.”

“Are you sure?”

Victor nodded. “Yurio will be up shortly, and Yakov will want to focus on me now.”

“Ok. Do you want me to come down for your scores?”

Victor smiled. “I’d like that.”

“Ok. I’ll see you at the kiss and cry then.”

Victor leaned in to kiss him softly. “Don’t take your eyes off me.”
Yuri smiled against his lips. “As if I ever could.”

Victor’s eyes were fond as he stood. “I love you.”

“I love you too. Go answer Yurio’s challenge.”

Victor laughed. “I’m looking forward to it.” He then strode back toward the competitor prep area.

“Only you two would give me such flashy flowers,” Yurio mumbled as he sat next to Yuri.

Yuri laughed. “Do you know what they are?”

“Flowers.”

Yuri smiled. “They’re called tiger lilies.”

“Tiger lilies?”

Yuri nodded. “And just like their name, one of their meanings is pride. We thought they were perfect for you.”

Yurio scowled, but the blush dusting his cheeks gave away his true emotion.

Yuri turned to the ice. Chris was next, the final in his group, then Victor was in the group after.

Chris was in top form again as he skated, but Yuri could see in the subtlety of his movements that his thoughts were of what left him intoxicated. Chris almost screamed his love for Phichit in his skating, and he knew that the other alpha missed the Thai skater.

Chris ended up in second place, several points behind Yurio, but still well ahead of Georgi.

Yuri stood.

“Katsudon?”

Yuri smiled down at Yurio. “I’m going to see Victor off at the barrier and watch from the sides.”

Yurio rolled his eyes. “Just don’t be gross down there.”

Yuri ruffled Yurio’s hair, making the teen snarl. “I’ll wish him good luck for you too.”

“Don’t bother.”

Yuri laughed and shuffled around the people crowding the seats until he was on the stairs. He quickly made his way back to the competitor prep area and saw Victor lacing up for his warmup.

“Katsuki,” Yakov greeted curtly.

Victor’s head shot up, smile on his face.

Yuri walked over and kissed him softly. “Yurio says good luck.”

Victor laughed. “I doubt that.”

Yuri chuckled. “He said for us not to be gross down here.”

“I’m in second, thanks for asking.” Chris said, walking up behind Yuri.

“Chris!”

“Ready for your comeback Victor?” Chris asked, smile on his face.

“Of course.”

“Good. It was boring without you.”

Victor laughed.

“I’m gonna finish my press while your group warms up,” Chris said. “I’ll be in the stands near the kitten for your skate.”

“Ok.”

“Dinner after?”

“Of course!”

“Ok, I’ll invite a few people while I’m up there.”

“Ok.”

Chris clapped Victor on the shoulder then stode off, a bit of extra sway in his step.

“He was thinking of Phichit while he skated,” Yuri said.

“I’m not surprised.”

Applause filtered down from the arena.

“It’s time Vitya,” Yakov said.

Yuri fell in beside them as they walked toward the rink. He held back though as they exited the corridor.

Victor handed Yakov his guards, and stood a few feet away from the entrance to receive last minute instructions.

Then Victor was off on a lap, getting a feel for the ice. He worked on a few jumps and elements, then almost in a flash, the six-minute warmup was over.

Yuri held back as Yakov spoke to him. Victor was the second in the group, so he didn’t even bother to remove his skates, choosing to keep loose off to one side.

The music for the first man ended, and Victor stood ready.

“Katsuki,” Yakov called.

Yuri blinked and walked over. “Yes sir?”

“Aren’t you going to see your mate off?”
Yuri smiled as Victor looked at him. He rose on his tows and pressed a kiss to the side of Victor’s mouth. “Show them our love?”

Victor smiled at him. “Always.”

Victor stepped onto the ice and Yuri backed up. Yakov gave Victor more directions as they waited for the other skater’s scores, then Victor was announced.

The stadium erupted into applause as Victor took a lap of the ice, then he settled into his opening position.

Yuri kissed his ring, and saw his mate doing the same.

Victor skated, he skated for the love of the sport, and for his fans. Every movement said, I’m still here, but I won’t be forever.

The applause when he finished was deafening.

Yakov pressed Victor’s skate guards into Yuri’s hands, and they made their way to the exit.

Victor beamed at them as he came off the ice, flush with exertion. He accepted his guards then kissed Yuri before allowing Yakov to shepherd them to the kiss and cry.

They sat, Victor waving to the still-cheering audience, and Yuri’s leg bouncing with anticipation.

“”The scores for Victor Nikiforov please…” sounded over the loudspeaker.

Everybody’s attention snapped to the monitor in front of them.

The audience roared their approval.

Victor had reclaimed his world record for the short program, with a mere two-tenths of a point, and only about a point between him and Yurio going into the free.

Victor turned to Yuri, devilish grin on his face. “Yurio’s going to be pissed.”

Yuri couldn’t help but to laugh at his mate’s antics as Victor leaned in to kiss him.

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter

Yuri and Victor were playing footsie under the table as they waited for breakfast. Yuri smiled as Victor’s foot slid along his calf, but quickly blushed as his foot traveled farther up and teased at the inside of his thigh.

“Vitya…” Yuri hissed.

Victor laughed and slid his foot back down to Yuri’s ankle. “Just thinking of tonight, after taking gold.”
Yuri smiled at his mate. “What do you want when you win?”

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Chapter Summary

Time for the free skate at the European Figure Skating Championships!

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday ya'll! Here's the next chapter.

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Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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“Vitya…” Yuri hissed.

Victor laughed and slid his foot back down to Yuri’s ankle. “Just thinking of tonight, after taking gold.”

Yuri smiled at his mate. “What do you want when you win?”

Victor held his finger to his lips. “Hmm… well we’ll probably go out to dinner with everybody right after… but how about a nice long shower when we get back to the room.”

“Is that all?” Yuri teased.

Victor’s smile widened. “Of course not, but I think the rest should be discussed in private.”

Yuri blushed as Victor’s foot started up his leg again.

A flash of blond caught Yuri’s attention. He waved. “Yurio!”

Victor turned to wave as well, but Yurio turned with a “Tch” and made a point of heading to a different table.

Yuri chuckled. “I guess he’s still sore about the world record.”

Victor sighed. “He had to know it would be broken sooner or later.”

Yuri nodded. “He probably hoped to have it longer though.”

“It may have been a bit fast, but…”
Yuri sighed. “You’re used to breaking your own records Vitya. It’s been a while since anybody else has had one.”

Victor frowned. “Are you going to be mad if I break yours tonight?”

Yuri reached across the table and laced his fingers with Victor’s. “Jealous maybe, but not mad. It’ll just drive me to take it back.”

Victor smiled again. “Then I’ll have to break it for sure, just to give you that push.”

Yuri laughed. “I think your inner coach is showing Vitya.”

Victor winked at him. “But of course.”

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Yuri stood in the competitor warmup area, bouquets for everybody cradled in his arms: tiger lilies for Yurio, Peruvian lilies for Georgi and Chris, and stunning red roses for Victor.

He watched Yakov run from one of his skaters to the next in a loop, and decided that out of the way was the best place to be. The coach looked increasingly harried as the evening wore on.

Not that Yuri could blame him. He had all three of his men’s skaters in the final group.

Besides Victor, Yurio, and Georgi were Chris, Emil and Mickey. All in all, a good night for figure skating fans.

Yuri was watching Yakov yell at Yurio, then head for Georgi when a hand slid down his back and squeezed his ass. He yelped and turned. “Chris!”

Chris winked at him. “Victor came back stronger than ever, and he’s probably got his hands all over this ass of yours, so it must be good luck. Can’t blame a guy for trying for a bit of his own.”

Yuri rolled his eyes. “I’ll tell Phichit you said that.”

Chris laughed. “No need, I told him I was going to grab your ass.”

“Oh?”

Chris reached around and squeezed it a second time. “He said to give you a squeeze for him too.”

Yuri smiled. “You two are perfect for each other.”

“Merci. I think so too.”

Victor walked over, smile on his face even as Yakov yelled behind him. He gave Chris a one-armed hug and stepped back. “Ready Chris?”

Chris smiled. “Of course. This is the year you’ll be looking up at me for a change.”

Victor laughed. “Half a season off hasn’t dulled me as much as you’d think.”

“As evidenced by your reclaiming a record from the kitten,” Chris jabbed. “But I’m not letting you off easy.”

Victor grinned. “Good!”

“Chris,” Joseph called. “Keep loose.”
“Oui,” Chris replied. “See you out there Victor.” He strode off, extra sway in his steps.

Victor leaned in and pressed a quick kiss to Yuri’s lips. “You sure you want to be back here, and not up in the stands?”

Yuri smiled. “I’ll go up to watch Georgi, Emil and Mickey. But I want to be there when you come off the ice.”

Victor smiled and cupped the side of Yuri’s face. “So good to me.”

Yuri turned enough to kiss Victor’s palm, and enjoyed the soft blush that came over his face. “No more than you deserve.”

“Yuri!” Victor cried, half launching into a hug.

Yuri laughed. “Vitya. It’s almost time to put on your skates.”

Victor stood again and nodded. “Da.”

Yuri rose on his toes and kissed Victor again. “I’ll head up as soon as they announce the warmup.”

Victor smiled. “Ok.”

Yuri smirked as Yakov tossed an annoyed glance their way. “Don’t make Yakov any balder than he already is, ok? I think having you, Yurio and Georgi all in the same group is testing his patience.”

Victor grinned. “For now, but when we’re headed back to Russia with two medals and all three of us in the top ten, he won’t be complaining.”

“Oh he’ll probably gripe that Russia didn’t get all three.”

Victor laughed. “Well there’s always a chance Georgi could surprise us.”

Yuri chuckled. “I think Chris feels he has too much to prove after the final for that.”

They both looked over to where Chris was warming up and listening to coach Karpisek.

“You’re probably right,” Victor said. “He’s much more focused than normal. Usually he’s relaxed for Europeans since he wants to peak again at worlds.”

“Why the change do you think?”

Victor hummed. “You, if I had to guess.”

“Me?” Yuri asked, turning to look up at Victor.

Victor nodded. “You, and Otabek, and Phichit. You made the greatest gains, but Otabek came out as a strong skater last year, and Chris isn’t discounting Phichit’s skills either. It’s going to be a lot more competitive for the podium at worlds. Here he only really has Yurio and I to worry about.”

“I see.”

“Vitya!” Yakov yelled. “It’s time. The final skater is taking the ice. Get your skates on.”

“Da,” Victor called, then leaned in to kiss Yuri again. “See you at the kiss and cry.”

Yuri smiled and nodded. “Yeah. Win me a gold medal to kiss.”
Victor beamed at him. “As if I’d bring you anything else.”

They leaned in, foreheads touching as they breathed in each other’s scent.

“Vitya!” Yakov called again, exasperated tone to his voice.

Yuri chuckled. “Go, before Yakov loses anymore hair.”

“Ok.”

Yuri watched Victor head toward Yakov, then turned and headed through the corridors toward the stands. He arrived just as the final skater in the second to last group received his scores, then the practice was announced and the crowd thinned slightly as people stood to go to the restroom or stop by the concession stand before the final six skaters of the night.

Yuri plunked down next to Mila, nodding at Sara as he did. “How’re the scores looking?”

Mila shrugged. “Victor and Yura will have no problems. Georgi… it’ll depend on how much his head is in the game tonight.”

Sara leaned forward, resting one arm on Yuri’s shoulder, and the other on Mila’s. “How’d Mickey look back there?”

Yuri smiled. “Focused.”

Sara nodded. “Good.”

Yuri bit his lip. “Why… why weren’t you back there? Every time I’ve competed against him, you’ve been by his side.”

Sara smiled. “I told him it’s time for us to stand on our own.”

Yuri smiled. “I bet he hated that.”

Sara laughed. “Yes, but he’s already stronger for it.”

Yuri looked out to where the final group was stepping onto the ice for their warmup. Mickey was making his first lap of the ice, purposefully keeping his eyes away from the stands.

Victor, on the other hand, turned as soon as Yakov waved him off. He waved at Yuri, kissing his ring as he skated past.

Yuri kissed his ring in return, earning him a bright smile before Victor turned back to focus on the ice.

“You two are stupidly adorable,” Sara teased.

Mila laughed. “You should see them in practice. This is nothing.”

“Hey,” Yuri protested.

Mila nudged him with her shoulder. “You know it’s true.”

Yuri sighed while Sara laughed.

Polite applause filled the arena, and Yuri looked to see Victor transitioning out of a jump. He smiled.
“You missed him flirting,” Mila teased.

Yuri smiled. “Shhh.”

Sara burst into laughter, then cheered as Mickey landed a clean triple axel. “Go Mickey!”

Mickey spared a smile up at her before glaring at Yuri.

Sara sighed. “He still hasn’t learned to trust though.”

“He’ll come around,” Yuri said. “Once he sees that he doesn’t need to protect you.”

“Yeah, it’ll just take time.”

“They all look good,” Mila said. “This is going to be a great group.”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah.”

They kept their attention on the warmup until the announcer declared it over, and Georgi was the only one left on the ice.

“Davai Georgi!” Mila yelled.

“Davai!” Yuri echoed.

Georgi started, and delivered a clean program. Both Yuri and Mila cheered, throwing flowers as he finished.

“Yakov’s satisfied,” Mila said as they sat in the kiss and cry. “Not thrilled, but not yelling either.”

Yuri nodded, already starting to become accustomed to Yakov’s moods.

“Good luck Emil!” Sara shouted as the Czech man took a circle of the ice.

Emil turned and waved before moving into his starting position.

Yuri leaned forward, eager to see Emil’s quad loop. But once again the other man’s energy started waning toward the back half of his program, and in the end he came in behind Georgi.

Then it was Mickey’s turn, and Yuri found he had to hold one hand to his ear when Sara screamed to her brother. But he had to hold back his surprise when she didn’t rush to the kiss and cry.

Chris flirted playfully with the audience as he circled the ice, but Yuri could see the determination in his expression as he started skating. It was his declaration that he wasn’t going to cede his position on the podium without a fight.

“Whatever was in his head at the final,” Mila started. “He’s shook it off.”

“Mm-hmm…”

By the end of his skate, Chris had easily secured his place on the podium. The only question was what color of medal he’d take.

Yuri excused himself as the arena waited for Chris’s scores, rushing back through the corridors to where Victor would be keeping warm during Yurio’s skate.

He paused just long enough to peck his mate on the lips.
“Go cheer for Yurio,” Victor said, smile on his face. “I’ll see you in a minute.”

Yuri nodded and rushed through until he was rinkside. Yurio was just stepping onto the ice as the girls laden with flowers and toys finished picking everything up for Chris.

Yuri approached just enough so that Yurio would be able to see him. He smiled as the teen looked in his direction.

Yurio smiled softly, then was off as the announcer called his name.

A hand at the small of his back. Yuri looked up into Victor’s eyes.

“Are you sure you don’t want to be stretching?” Yuri asked.

Victor smiled. “I’m good. I’ll keep loose out here.”

Yuri nodded, attention snapping back to the ice as the music started.

“He’s nervous,” Yuri noted as Yurio started.

“Da,” Victor agreed.

“Still no hesitation though,” Yuri said. “He’s not going to let Chris take silver.”

Victor chuckled. “No, he’s not.”

Yurio had managed to focus again by the second jump, and though he still hadn’t captured the raw power of his free skate from the final he’d answered Chris’s challenge and declared himself one of the skaters to beat.

Then it was Victor’s turn. Yuri kissed him softly, then watched him approach Yakov for final instructions.

Victor nodded, pushed back from the wall and circled the ice.

Yuri couldn’t help himself, kissing his ring as he waited for the music to start. He saw Victor kissing his as well.

The music started, and from his first steps Victor proclaimed that he was still the man to beat. The crowd cheered for each jump, and every element was flawless.

Yuri tried to stay a discreet distance away as Victor and Yakov headed to the kiss and cry, but Victor motioned him over and insisted that Yuri was beside him.

Yuri laced his fingers with Victor’s as they waited for the scores.

The crowd erupted into cheers as Victor’s scores were displayed, and Yuri hugged his mate, who’d easily taken gold.

“I didn’t break your record,” Victor said as they hugged. “But I did break one of my own: total combined score.”

“Congratulations Vitya,” Yuri said, smiling at his mate.

Victor returned the smile. “Thank you for giving me new motivation.”
Yuri blushed. “You were always mine, I’m glad I was able to give some back.”

Victor kissed him, cameras flashing all around them.

Chapter End Notes

**preview of next chapter**

Yuri trudged over to the bed and sank down onto it.

After the medal ceremony they’d gone to dinner as a group, celebrating Victor’s win, Yurio’s silver and Chris’s bronze. The dinner had only disbanded after a couple hours because the restaurant was closing for the evening.

Victor walked over and ran his fingers down the side of Yuri’s face, releasing just a hint of his scent.

Yuri closed his eyes and hummed appreciatively. He reached up and held Victor’s hand there, nuzzling into his palm and sniffing his wrist.

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Golden Ride

Chapter Summary

Smut... with a gold medal.

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday!

Smut smut smutty smut smut.

You're welcome.

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Happy Reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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“Congratulations Vitya,” he said when he opened his eyes, looking up at his mate.

Victor smiled at him. “Spasibo.”

Yuri stood again, and rose on his toes. He wrapped his arms around Victor’s neck and kissed him slowly. “You were beautiful out there.”

Victor blushed lightly. “I didn’t break your record though.”

Yuri chuckled. “There’s still worlds.”

Victor’s eyes sparkled. “You’re right.”

Yuri smiled fondly at him. “Shall we get ready for bed?”

Victor made a face. “I think I’d like to shower again. That fast one at the arena didn’t do it for me.”
“Ok.”

“Would you like to join me?”

“Make it a bath, and you’re on.”

Victor grinned. “Bath it is. I’m glad we got the better room so that the bath is big enough for both of us.”

Yuri chuckled. “I guess your tendency to splurge does have a few benefits.”

Victor laughed. “I’ll convince you eventually.”

Yuri rolled his eyes and released his mate. “Shall I go start the water?”

Victor set a hand on his shoulder and shook his head. “I’ve got it Yusha. You relax a moment.”

Yuri scowled. “Are you sure? You’re the one who was competing, not me.”

Victor nodded. “Positive.”

“Ok.”

Victor leaned in and pecked his lips before heading toward the bathroom.

Yuri sunk down onto the bed again, listening as the water came on.

Victor had been beautiful and radiant, and even without breaking Yuri’s record, had managed to set a new one on his own. Even taking off the first half of the season hadn’t dulled his skill, and Yuri was glad to see it.

Yuri stood and walked over to the dresser. He picked up the medal from where Victor had set it. He held it up so that it caught the light, spinning gently.

“European figure skating championships,” he read. “Gold.” Yuri smiled. “You did it Vitya. You came back as strong as ever.”

Yuri shifted the medal so that it was cradled in his palm. He traced his finger over the lettering. “I’ll give you my own gold, in just a couple weeks. I’ll give you my gold from four continents.”

Yuri set the medal on the dresser again, then peeled out of his clothes. He looked around and realized that Victor hadn’t come out of the bathroom. He walked over and softly rapped on the door. “Vitya? Can I come in?”

“Of course.”

Yuri opened the door to a steam-filled room. He saw Victor’s clothes in a pile by the door, and Victor already sitting in the tub.

Yuri smiled. “Been waiting long?”

Victor looked over and shook his head. “I just got in right before you knocked.”

Yuri looked at the tub. “Should I be the little spoon then?”

Victor smiled and spread his arms. “Please.”
Yuri closed the door softly and padded across to the tub. Victor scooted back enough to give him some room as he sat, then the omega’s arms were around his middle, the fall of Victor’s hair tickling his shoulder.

Yuri leaned back into his mate’s embrace, a soft hum of satisfaction falling from his lips. “This is nice.”

“Mmhmm.”

Yuri shifted just enough to turn slightly, and angled himself for a kiss.

Victor’s lips were warm and soft, and he cradled Yuri’s face as each sought to deepen the connection.

“You were beautiful out there,” Yuri murmured when they parted. “I couldn’t take my eyes off you.”

Victor smiled against his lips. “I was dancing for you.”

Yuri blushed. “Really?”

Victor hummed and kissed him again. “My beautiful alpha danced for me for months. I needed to dance back to show him I’m interested, didn’t I?”

Yuri chuckled. “You’ve already got me.”

Victor kissed him again. “Does that mean we have to stop courting?”

Yuri hummed. “No.”

Victor smiled. “Good, because I like courting my alpha.”

Yuri blushed and pulled Victor in for more kisses, and as the air between them heated the thoughts of sleep were replaced with those of taking his mate to bed and making love to him.

Yuri moaned as Victor’s fingers brushed against his hardened cock. The moan deepened and turned to a growl of appreciation as Victor’s hand curled around it and started stroking.

“Yusha…” Victor purred, thumb caressing the head of Yuri’s cock.

Yuri growled against his mate’s lips.

“I… cleaned… while I was waiting for the water,” Victor murmured.

Yuri turned, his cock slipping from Victor’s hand. He braced his hands on the wall to either side of Victor’s head, plunging his tongue into his mouth.

Victor moaned and shivered.

Yuri took the opportunity to grab a washcloth and pour soap on it. He lathered it and drew the cloth against Victor’s skin.

Victor whined, arching into the touch. “Alpha…”

Yuri bathed his mate, and by the end Victor was purring and hard.

Yuri quickly rinsed them both off, then climbed from the tub. He held a large, fluffy towel open for
his mate, and Victor practically melted in his arms as he dried him.

“Beautiful, perfect Vitya,” Yuri murmured, kissing the clean skin and smelling Victor’s arousal.

Once Victor was dry Yuri grabbed a clean towel and carried it with him to the bedroom. He spread it on the bed, and Victor scrambled on top, ass in the air and face against the sheets.

Yuri growled low in his throat at the presentation, and saw a shiver of need pass through his mate. He drew a single finger down Victor’s spine, earning him a needy whine.

Yuri didn’t need to check to know how slick his mate was, the scent of it was heavy in the air. He moved, kneeling between Victor’s spread legs and parted his cheeks with his hands.

Yuri growled again at the sight of wetness, and the deepening scents in the room. His omega had performed a mating dance for him, and he planned to reward him for it.

Yuri lowered his face, breathing in the scent of Victor’s slick. Then, unable to hold back any longer, his tongue flicked across his entrance.

Victor gasped, and his hips stuttered back, as if to say, *Yes Alpha... more.*

Yuri was more than willing to oblige. He dragged the flat of his tongue through the slick and across the sensitive entrance again.

Victor cried out in pleasure, and Yuri was gone, licking and sucking at the slick and his omega’s pucker.

Victor gasped, moaned and cried out for more as Yuri’s tongue chased the flavor,

Soon the tip of Yuri’s tongue was opening him, following the slick, and Victor started rocking back against him.

“Yuuuuri.”

Yuri growled, sliding his fingers beside his tongue to further open his mate. They slid in easily, and a moment later he curled them to press against Victor’s sweet spot.

Victor cried out, thighs trembling, and Yuri knew that he was close. He kept massaging the spot inside while his tongue sought out more slick. Soon the only things Victor could say were “ah” and “more.”

Yuri growled again, letting his mate feel the vibrations through his tongue, and it was enough to send Victor over the edge, entire body tensing from the force of his orgasm.

Yuri kept working his mate until he started to come down from the high, then slowly withdrew.

“Yusha...” Victor whimpered as Yuri moved up, sliding his cock through the spit and slick.

“So beautiful Vitya,” Yuri murmured, teasing, but not pushing in yet. “Your mating dance was stunning.”

Victor purred under the praise.

Yuri had an idea. He licked the shell of Victor’s ear. “I want to watch you more Vitya. Will you ride so I can watch my beautiful mate in bliss?”
Victor nodded into the sheets, and Yuri moved off him. He pushed the towel aside and took a spot beside his omega.

They kissed for several quiet minutes, then Yuri maneuvered them so that Victor was straddling him.

Victor rocked against Yuri’s cock, teasing but not sliding it inside.

Yuri moaned, thrusting up, needing to be inside his mate.

Victor sat up and reached down to line himself up with Yuri’s cock, the entrance was right at his tip when Victor smirked and moved off.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked, holding back on his alpha impulse to grab his mate and flip him onto the bed.

Victor leaned over the bed and kissed him. “I’ll be right back.”

Yuri watched and tried to ignore his straining cock as Victor walked over to the dresser and picked up his medal. He groaned as the omega draped it over his neck and returned.

“Fuck,” Yuri whispered as Victor straddled him again.

Victor smiled and sunk down onto Yuri’s cock, moaning as he took it in one smooth motion.

They kissed again, the cool of the medal between them as they adjusted. Then Yuri couldn’t take it anymore, and carefully rolled his hips.

Victor gasped, fingers tightening on Yuri’s shoulders. “Yuuuuri…”

“Good?”

“More…”

Yuri grabbed a handful of Victor’s hair and angled him for a kiss as he started thrusting up into the delicious heat.

Victor gasped and moaned against his lips.

“Show me how beautiful you are Vitya.”

Victor sat up, bracing his hands on Yuri’s thighs, raising up and dropping down.

Yuri growled in appreciation, relishing the sight of creamy skin, the fall of Victor’s silver hair, and the bounce of the gold medal as Victor moved. He reached out and grabbed Victor’s hips, steadying him as he started thrusting up to meet Victor’s movements.

“So beautiful, so perfect,” Yuri praised as he tried to angle himself.

“Alpha!” Victor cried as Yuri nailed his sweet spot.

Yuri’s fingers tightened, and he thrust again to hit the same spot.

Victor’s mouth was open, gasps and moans falling from it, eyes closed in pleasure as he bounced faster.

Yuri was getting close, and by the tremors under his fingers he could tell that Victor was too. He
moved one hand from a hip to wrap around Victor’s bobbing cock.
“Can I knot you Vitya?” Yuri asked, needing to keep the connection.
“Yes, alpha… please…” Victor begged.
Yuri growled again, thumb swiping across the head of Victor’s cock. “Let me feel you love. I’m right behind.”
Victor cried out as Yuri hit his sweet spot again, body tensing around Yuri’s cock, and cum splashing onto Yuri’s chest and stomach.
Yuri’s growl deepened, and he kept thrusting to prolong his mate’s pleasure before stilling. His knot swelled as his seed pulsed into his mate.
He took a moment to savor the expression of bliss on Victor’s face, and the soft purring that filled the room, then he grabbed the discarded towel and wiped the cum from his stomach. Once he was happy he tossed the towel aside again and tugged Victor down on top of him.
He carded his fingers through Victor’s hair, listening to his omega purr and sigh happily.
“I love you,” Yuri murmured, kissing Victor’s hair.
“Love you too.”
Yuri ran his fingers up and down Victor’s spine, and the purring got stronger.
“I’m the luckiest alpha in the world.”
Victor lifted his face, blush tinting his cheeks. “Yusha.”
Yuri kissed him softly. “It’s true though. My mate is a wonderful, sweet, funny, and caring man. That he’s an omega is just an added bonus.”
Victor smiled at him and rested his head on Yuri’s shoulder again. “I’m the lucky one.”
Yuri smiled and resumed petting his mate. “We’re both lucky then.”
Victor hummed in agreement as Yuri reached over to turn off the light.

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter
They were playing footsie under the table again when there was the scrape of a chair next to them. Chris dropped into the seat, soft smile on his face.

“Don’t you two look wonderfully blissed out this morning.”
Yuri tried and failed to not choke on his tea.

Chris laughed as he patted Yuri’s back, earning him a glare once Yuri could breathe again.
“Good morning to you too Chris,” he grumbled.

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Yuri was still curled around Victor from how they’d passed out after a second round and knot, his cock having slipped out at some point during the night.

He smiled, fingers trailing over the marks he’d sucked into Victor’s delicate skin, marking the gold medalist as his.

Victor stirred, soft purr in his throat. He shifted and turned in Yuri’s arms, blue eyes still filled with sleep as he smiled at him. “Dobroye utro.”

Yuri returned the smile. “Ohayo.”

Victor tilted his chin up and Yuri granted the unspoken request for kisses.

Victor nestled against Yuri’s chest when they parted, purring softly. And Yuri absentmindedly ran his fingers up and down his mate’s back.

“Where’s your medal?” Yuri finally asked, remembering that he didn’t recall Victor taking it off, but realizing he wasn’t wearing it.

“Lost in the sheets somewhere.”

“Yakov will kill us if you lose it.”

Victor chuckled. “We’ll find it before we leave, I’m sure.”
Comfortable silence returned for a few more minutes before Victor stretched and shifted to get out of bed.

Yuri tightened his grip around his omega. “Too soon.”

Victor smiled at him. “I know, but Mila’s skating today. We need to get ready so we can support her.”

Yuri sighed. He flipped them so that he was on top of Victor, pinning the omega to the mattress. Victor’s blue eyes were wide in shock as Yuri smiled down at him.

Yuri leaned in, kissing his mate. They kissed until Victor was rutting against Yuri’s hip, seeking friction against his erection.

Yuri pulled back and looked into the blown eyes of his mate. He smirked and climbed from the bed. “Yuuuuuuuuuri,” Victor whined in protest.

“I thought we had to get ready,” Yuri replied, grinning back over his shoulder.

“You can’t leave me like this though!”

Yuri swayed his hips as he walked toward the bathroom. “I guess I have no choice but to fuck you in the shower.”

A groan of lust, and the sound of Victor scrambling to catch up.

Yuri smiled to himself as he reached into the shower to heat the water.

They were playing footsie under the table again when there was the scrape of a chair next to them. Chris dropped into the seat, soft smile on his face.

“Don’t you two look wonderfully blissed out this morning.”

Yuri tried and failed to not choke on his tea.

Chris laughed as he patted Yuri’s back, earning him a glare once Yuri could breathe again.

“Good morning to you too Chris,” he grumbled.

Chris laughed again and held up his hand in the universal sign for a waiter’s attention. Soon he’d ordered coffee and a light breakfast.

“So what are you two doing up this early?” Chris asked as he stirred creamer into his coffee. “I’d have expected you to… celebrate… a bit longer.”

Yuri scrunched his nose, but Victor merely laughed.

“Mila’s skating today,” Victor explained. “Gotta be there for her, yanno?”

Chris smiled. “Ah, I see.” He leaned forward, fondness in his eyes and rested his chin in his palm, elbow propped on the table.

“Chris?” Victor asked, tilting his head. “What is it?”
“Happiness is a good look on you Victor.”

Victor blinked. “Thank you?”

Chris laughed and sat up. “You were always supportive of your rinkmates, but it’s been years since I’ve seen you so excited about it. I didn’t think so at the time, but I think your time away was the best thing for you.”

Victor blushed slightly and nodded. He looked to Yuri. “Da. It was.”

A scrape and a thunk. Yuri looked over to see that Yurio had dropped into the other seat while they were focused on Chris.

“You’re buying my breakfast,” Yurio demanded.

“Good morning to you too Yurio!” Victor said, laughing.

Yurio grumbled as a reply.

“Good job last night kitten,” Chris said. “Congratulations.”

Yurio scowled. “Spasibo,” he managed to grunt.

Chris laughed. “Don’t be that way. I didn’t beat him either.”

Yurio sighed. “It’s just not fair! He fucks off for half the year, and when he comes back it’s like he never left.”

Chris smiled. “How do you think I feel?”

Yurio crossed his arms, but at least averted his eyes.

Yuri reached over and patted Yurio’s shoulder. “Yurio?”

Yurio shrugged Yuri’s hand off, and Yuri had learned enough about the teen’s moods to know he didn’t want to talk about it.

Yuri looked at Victor, who was eyeing Yurio. They exchanged a smile. Yuri knew Victor could see it too, Yurio was already focusing on how he would come back stronger for Worlds.

The waiter arrived with plates, and the tension eased as everybody started eating.

Victor tangled his fingers with Yuri’s as they walked from the hotel to the arena.

Yuri could hear Yurio kicking rocks not far behind them, but the teen’s sulking had mostly turned introspective.

“He’s going to be a beast for worlds,” Yuri murmured.

“Mnhmm,” Victor agreed. “I can’t wait.”

“You ready for him to be extra demanding when we get back home?”

Victor laughed. “I’m looking forward to it.”

“I see what you’re doing you know.”
Victor turned to him, beaming. “And what would that be?”

“You’re not letting him slack. You watched him slack and get away with it for years, and now you want to make sure he doesn’t get overshadowed because of bad habits.”

Victor grinned. “How am I doing?”

Yuri laughed and tightened their hands. “I think you’re doing fine.”

“Good.”

They turned a corner and the arena doors came into sight.

“You ready Yuri?” Victor asked. “I might not be skating, but the press will want to talk anyway.”

“Yeah,” Yuri replied. “Though I’m hoping you get most of the questions.”

“They might want to talk to you too now, since four continents is next.”

“True. But I think I’ll try to defer to Mila’s program.”

Victor smiled at him. “Good plan. They’re here for this competition after all.”

“Mm-hmm.”

They managed to get close to the arena before the reporters noticed them.

They were immediately mobbed, microphones held out at them and at Yurio and reporters shouting over each other.

Victor laughed and managed to get the reporters to speak one at a time. He answered questions about his comeback, about Yurio’s silver, how it was both coaching and competing, and what he planned to do for worlds.

Yuri answered a few questions before deflecting to the upcoming ladies’ portion of the event. He heard Victor and Yurio wrapping up as well and made his way back to his mate.

Victor smiled at him and took his hand. He smiled for the cameras then they turned toward the door again.

“Victor!” a new voice called with a heavy Russian accent.

Victor’s fingers tightened in Yuri’s, a slight tremble to them.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked softly, turning to look at Victor.

A stone formed in the pit of his stomach. He’d never seen a look like that on his mate before.

“Oi, get the fuck out of here!” Yurio yelled. “Nobody wants to talk to you.”

Yuri turned to see Yurio glaring at a reporter.

“Hush boy, grown ups are talking now.”

“Fuck you!” Yurio shouted.

“Vitya?” Yuri asked again, noting the way his mate had frozen.
“Come on Yuri,” Victor whispered, voice barely controlled. He started walking toward the doors again.

“Victor!” the voice called again.

Victor’s hand tightened, and his pace quickened.

Running, then the man was standing in front of them, blocking the doors.

“Victor,” the man started, thrusting a microphone in his face. “Have you bred your omega yet?”

“Oi, get the fuck out of here!” Yurio shouted again.

“Hush pup,” the man sneered.

A breeze, and Yuri had to restrain a growl at the foul alpha scent that wafted from the man.

_**I must protect my mate, which means protecting his secret.**_

Yuri was thankful for the extra strong scent blocking soaps they’d used since MIla’s presenting.

Yurio rushed in, obviously ready to fight.

“Stop Yura,” Victor said, voice flat.

Yurio froze.

Victor turned his eyes to the man blocking their path. “I have nothing to say to you or your site. Move out of our way.”

“Have you bred your omega?” the man demanded.

“What the fuck do you think asshole?” Yurio screamed. “Katsudon’s competing in four continents and worlds!”

“So you’ll be announcing his retirement at the end of the season so he can be a stay-at-home omega?”

“I have no plans to retire,” Yuri said, wanting to pull the alpha’s attention off his mate.

“Omegas are to be seen, not heard,” the man sneered at Yuri. “Unless they’re begging for a knot that is.”

“Get the fuck out you alpha-rights scum!” Yurio screamed again.

Suddenly the entire conversation clicked, and Victor’s hidden terror made sense.

Yurio snarled and grabbed Victor’s free hand. He started tugging them around the man. “Come on. You’ve already been more polite than that asshole deserves.”

The man immediately moved to block their path again.

“Leave,” Victor ordered. “We’re here to support our rinkmate, and I have nothing to say to you.”

“How long do you plan to let your omega compete?” the alpha asked, completely ignoring Victor’s demand.
“Omegas aren’t property!” Yurio shouted, trying to pull them around again.

“You should breed him as soon as the season is over,” the alpha said. “Don’t want him to get hurt. Not that omegas should be competing anyway.”

Victor’s fingers were shaking in Yuri’s hand, and Yuri wondered how much more he could take. He wondered how long before his alpha side couldn’t be restrained when his mate was so distressed.

“Victor has told you he’s not talking to you,” Yuri said. “Let us through.”

“You should train your bitch,” the alpha said to Victor. “Omegas like him should know their place.”

“Leave,” Victor said, voice raised.

Yuri realized that there was silence around them. He swallowed, knowing that the various news crews were watching and recording the interaction.

“Get out of here before I call security,” a new voice said… Georgi.

Yuri turned to see Georgi and Mila had arrived, Yakov a few feet behind them.

The alpha turned to him. “Know your place, beta.”

Suddenly the area was filled with pissed off alpha scent, and Yuri realized that it wasn’t from him.

“He told you to leave,” Mila said, stomping over. “And you’ve ignored and berated him for not being alpha. Well you will listen to me. I’m alpha, and I’m pissed off.”

The alpha sputtered under Mila’s scent assault.

“I’m here to skate,” she continued, “and they’re here to support me. But we can’t even get inside without you spewing that vile alpha-rights crap. Well we don’t believe in that bullshit. Now stand aside and let us through. I’ve been alpha less than a week, and from what I’ve been told I don’t know how to control it yet, so don’t test me!”

Yuri squeezed his mate’s hand as Yurio and Georgi stood tall on the other side, presenting a united front as a team against the alpha.

The alpha glared at them, then ran off.

Mila turned back to them, and they all shared a glance.

“Are you ok?” Mila asked, turning in Victor and Yuri’s direction.

Yuri realized that she was being purposefully vague about whom she was addressing.

She was giving them a very visible way to keep Victor’s secret.

Yuri scooted close and looked up at his mate in concern.

Victor looked down at him, and Yuri nodded slightly.

“Thank you Mila,” Victor said, voice barely trembling. “I really didn’t want to talk to him, but I didn’t want a physical confrontation either.”
Mila smiled. “I’m here to skate, and I can’t have assholes like that bothering my friends.”

“Ok,” Yakov said, clapping his hands. “Everybody inside.”

“Yes Yakov,” they all said, filing into the arena.

“Are you ok Vitya?” Yakov asked once they were out of sight of the cameras.

“I’ve been better,” Victor replied.

“Do you want to go back to the hotel? I think Mila would understand.”

Victor shook his head. “Too many cameras saw that. If I left now….” He sighed and squeezed Yuri’s hand. “I’m going to go talk to Mila.”

Yakov growled as Victor walked away. “Damn bastard. I’ll be contacting the rink attorney when we get back.”

“Yakov?” Yuri asked.

“Sorry Katsuki,” Yakov said. “We’ve had him arrested for trespassing several times, and he’s under court order to stay away from my skaters, and the hockey team too. But apparently he decided to ignore that here.”

“Yurio said he was an alpha-rights activist.”

Yakov nodded. “Filth if you ask me. But you saw how he acted. If people like him knew the truth…”

Yuri nodded.

“I’m sorry I didn’t get there sooner,” Yakov said.

“It’s not your fault.”

Yakov sighed. “I should have expected it. He’d been quiet for too long. I’d hoped he’d given up, but apparently not.”

Yuri growled softly before catching himself.

He looked to where Mila and Victor were talking.

Yuri’s phone chimed with an alert. He pulled it out of his pocket, and his face fell.

“Katsuki?”

Yuri sighed and turned over his phone so Yakov could read the article headline.

“Russia’s Mila Babicheva comes out as alpha…” Yakov groaned. “Just what we fucking needed.”

Yakov handed back Yuri’s phone, and they both walked over to rejoin Victor and Mila.

“Mila,” Yakov said. “Prepare yourself. It’s already making the media rounds, and since you said it was so recent, somebody will probably demand a blood test to ensure your hormone levels are within competition guidelines.”

“That’s ridiculous!” Victor argued. “She was cleared before the short program.”
Yuri took his mate’s hand and squeezed.

Victor sighed and squeezed back.

“It’s the way of things Vitya,” Yakov said. “For all assholes like that want only alphas to compete, in ladies’ figure skating it can be seen as an unfair advantage. The judging will reflect that. She’s about to be judged a lot more harshly.”

“I’ll be ok Yakov,” Mila said. “I couldn’t stand by when that asshole was harassing them like that.”

Yakov sighed. “What’s done is done. Start warming up.”

“Yes coach.”

Mila headed toward the warmup area.

Yakov looked around. “Where are Yura and Georgi?”

Yuri looked around and didn’t see them.

“They’re out front,” Victor said, looking at his phone.

Yuri looked over his mate’s shoulder.

Victor smiled at him as Yuri realized he couldn’t read the text exchange.

“I texted Yurio,” Victor explained. “Apparently Georgi grabbed him to help run damage control. They’re giving interviews”

Yakov huffed. “It’s not ideal, but nothing in this situation is.”

Victor’s phone buzzed and he looked at it again. “Most of the press are asking about the incident, and why we all knew who he was. Georgi’s telling them about how he’d loiter near the rink, trying to find alphas to agree with his mindset.”

Yakov sighed. “I had better get out there then. They’ll want confirmation from me.”

“Should we come too?” Yuri asked.

Yakov shook his head. “Nyet. Stay here. It’ll look better if you and Vitya are out of sight for a bit anyway.” He paused. “I hate to say it, but it’ll give the appearance of him soothing you after that unpleasant encounter.”

Yuri’s alpha bristled, but he knew that Victor probably needed a few minutes of just them anyway. “Ok.”

Yakov nodded, grumbling as he headed back out to where the press had assembled.

Yuri looked up at Victor, and could see the unease swirling in his eyes.

“Vitya…”

Victor looked at him and smiled weakly. “It comes with being from an alpha dominant family. Trash like that think families like mine share those ideals, when if they’d look at what the family actually does they’d realize that it’s alphas mating with alphas. Power comes from influence, not from control.”
Yuri reached up and cupped Victor’s cheek.

Victor sighed into the touch.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you Vitya.”

Victor shook his head. “But you did. I felt it in your fingers. Your alpha side wanted to lash out at him for harassing me. If you hadn’t been so restrained…”

Yuri kissed Victor’s jaw. “I love you Vitya.”

“I love you too.”

They walked over and sat on a bench, Victor wrapping himself around Yuri so he could breath his scent as much as possible. To any outside observer it would look like an alpha protecting his mate.

Footsteps, then a shock of red. “Where’s coach Yakov?” Mila asked.

“Damage control,” Yuri replied. “That whole incident has the press riled up. Georgi and Yurio stayed out to grant some interviews, and Yakov went out a few minutes ago.”

Mila sighed.

“Mila?” Victor asked, lifting his face from Yuri’s hair.

“Hmm?”

“Spasibo. Your secret is out because of me.”

Mila smiled. “I’d rather use my special alpha-ness to protect my friends than hide it when it counts.” She turned to Yuri. “Now that we’re alone I can smell it on you. It took all you had to not lash out too, right?”

Yuri nodded.

Mila closed the few steps between them and rested her hand on Victor’s shoulder. “Your rinkmates have your back Victor. Yura was there, so was Georgi.”

“He’ll still write vile things about it,” Victor sighed. “Probably about you too now.”

Mila flopped onto the bench. “Like I care what assholes like that have to say anyway! They barely acknowledge female alphas unless confronted. They like to think being alpha is a boys club. I’ll be a feminist alpha bully to them no matter what.”

Yuri nodded.

“Besides,” Mila continued. “Did you smell him? Oh my god, I never noticed before, but he reeked! His scent was sour and stale. The frustration was so thick it was clear he hasn’t had any relief other than his hand in years!”

Yuri laughed while Victor gaped.

“Honestly, what omega in their right mind would want to be anywhere near that?” Mila asked. “They’d have had more respect clubbed over the head by a caveman.”

Victor chuckled.
Mila grinned. “There you are. That plastic smile is fading.”

Yuri noticed a floral scent, and realized that Mila was happy. Victor seemed affected too, his vice grip around Yuri easing.

“Guess I should call my parents,” Mila said. “I’d told them that I had news for when I got back, that I wanted to tell them in person… but… “ She shrugged. “Hell, by now they might have already seen a report about it.”

“Sorry,” Yuri said.

Mila shook her head. “It’s not your fault. Besides, they taught me it’s best to stand up for friends. I think they’ll be proud.”

“We all are.”

Mila grinned at him. “Let Yakov know where I went if he gets back before me?”

“Of course.”

“You two are the best,” she said, tossing a wave as she walked away.

Victor leaned over Yuri again, and Yuri ran his fingers over his omega’s arms. “We really do have the best friends and teammates.”

Victor nodded.

“You ok?”

“Yeah, I will be.”

Yuri turned enough to press a kiss to Victor’s jaw. “My beautiful mate.”

Victor smiled at him and they settled in to soothe each other’s rattled nerves as they waited for the rest of the team to get back.

Chapter End Notes

Preview of next chapter

“Newly presented female alpha shows alpha-rights activist the door,” Yurio read from his phone.

Yurio, Mila, Georgi, Victor and Yuri burst into laughter as they crowded around the phone screen to watch the alpha scamper off.

“Oh, here’s one,” Georgi said as they all went back to searching. “Russian figure skater shows that alphas are fine without alpha-rights.”

“Oi, I’ve got a real winner,” Yurio said. “Alpha-rights activist scared of other alphas.”
Yuri wiped a tear from his eye as they crowded around to watch the asshole tuck tail and run from yet another angle.

“I have to admit,” Victor said. “This is making me feel much better.”
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Yuri tightened his arm around Victor’s waist. “I’m glad.”

“He deserves every one of those headlines too,” Mila said, wiping tears from her own eyes.

“I like this one,” Georgi said, looking at his phone again. “Sassy Lass Shows Alpha Class.”

“Text me the link!” Mila said. “I’m going to print that one out to hang on the wall.”

“Done.”

Mila grinned as her phone chimed. “I have to admit, it’s not the best way to come out as alpha, but at least we’re able to have some fun with it.”

“Speaking of which,” Yuri said. “How’d your parents take the news.”

Mila laughed. “They’d guessed something was up before the news started breaking, I guess my age
 kinda was a giveaway. They said they expected omega though.”

“They’re not disappointed, are they?” Yuri asked.

Mila waved off the concern. “Not in the slightest. In fact my dad’s probably looking for as many articles as we are. He’ll be parading around my squaring off against that trash by the time he goes to work on Monday, probably right next to a photo of me on the podium.”

The sound of a throat clearing behind them. They all looked up to see Yakov standing there.

Mila stood, brushing the back of her pants. “Coach Yakov!”

“How’d it go?” Victor asked.

Yakov grunted. “As expected. Mila’s hormone levels are within competition guidelines. A couple coaches tried to argue that it’s too soon after her presentation, but the ICU shot them down.”

“That’s good,” Victor said.

“Da.” Yakov looked at Victor and Yuri. “How are you doing Vitya? Your color has returned.”

Victor leaned into Yuri’s touch slightly. “Mostly better. We’ve spent the last half hour or so watching the different angles of Mila scaring him off. He’s definitely not as intimidating when he’s easily a head taller than she is and twice as wide, and running away.”

Mila grinned and laughed.

Yakov nodded. “Good. The rink attorney is already in contact with the ICU to make sure he’s banned from future events, so hopefully that’s the last we see of him.”

“If not, I’ll just have to kick his ass for real next time,” Mila said.

“Don’t go getting yourself disqualified,” Yakov said, but with a hint of a smile.

“Yes coach.”

Yakov looked around. “We should get back to the warmup area.” He paused and looked at Yurio and Georgi.

“Yura, Georgi. Good thinking this morning. I wasn’t sure about you two talking to the press so quickly, but you defused the situation well. By the time they got to me their focus was on how long he’d been harrassing my team, and not on how Victor hadn’t escalated.”

“Yeah, no problem,” Yurio replied, feigning disinterest even though Yuri could see surprise in his eyes.

“We just did what was best for the team,” Georgi added.

Yakov grunted in approval. “Go find seats, or come back with us. But let’s get out of this waiting room.”

Everybody else stood and stretched.

“Come on Yura,” Georgi said.

“Where to?” Yurio asked.
“Where else? Where there are reporters,” Georgi replied. “Right now the cameras aren’t on Victor. It will serve us well to take advantage of that.”

“Oh,” Yurio replied, smirk spreading across his face. “I gotcha.”

“Watch your mouth Yuratchka,” Yakov warned.

“Yeah, yeah.”

Yuri watched as Yurio and Georgi left and headed in one direction, while Yakov and Mila headed the opposite way.

“Vitya?”

Victor smiled down at him. “I think... we let Yurio and Georgi have their turn in the spotlight. Let’s head back to the warmup area.”

“Ok.”

Yuri tangled their fingers together as they walked through the corridors. In the proximity he could smell that Victor’s scent was still off, but not nearly as much as expected given the circumstances. He knew his mate would be fine in a few hours, though he’d be sure to give him extra cuddles in bed that night.

They’d no sooner than entered the competitor area when Chris waved them over.

“Are you ok Victor?” Chris asked once they were close enough for lowered voices.

Victor nodded. “Yuri was there, and Mila too.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t walk with you,” Chris said.

Victor shook his head. “No, you couldn’t know that somebody like that would be waiting.”

Chris sighed. “You’re right. It’s just…”

Yuri smiled. “I know how you feel Chris. I was right there, and I wasn’t able to do anything.”

“You did plenty solnyshko,” Victor said, leaning in. ‘You were there, your hand in mine, when I needed it.”

Yuri smiled and kissed Victor’s cheek.

“And you kept your cool,” Chris added. “Not many alphas would be able to when their mate is being harassed. Had somebody been talking to Phichit like that…”

Yuri nodded. “Yeah…”

Chris turned to Victor again. “I’ve been reading through as many articles as I can find, but… are you getting any sense that reporters figured it out?”

Victor shook his head. “Mila took all the focus. Why revisit a decade-old speculation when breaking news is right there?”

Chris sighed. “Shame she had to do it though.”
“Yeah.”

They all turned to where Mila was next to Yakov, stretching and listening to instructions. Then the coach walked off.

Yakov had no more than stepped out of sight when Yuri noticed a troubled look on Mila’s face. He followed the line of her gaze and saw Sara, Mickey with a protective arm over her shoulders and obviously keeping an eye on Mila. Emil stood nearby, seemingly oblivious to the tension in the room.

Yuri frowned.

“Come on,” Yuri said, grabbing both Victor’s and Chris’s hands. “We’re taking Mickey and Emil to coffee.”

“Aren’t you forgetting someone?” Chris chuckled.

“Nope,” Yuri replied. “Mickey is keeping Sara from Mila, and I can see the strain on Mila’s face. She wants a few minutes with her.”

Chris chuckled. “Look at you, going from hiding from other skaters to standing up for them in under a year.”

Yuri paused and blushed. “That’s Vitya’s doing. He showed me how damaging it was.”

Chris smiled. “Well I’m glad to have you as part of the group now.”

“Me too.”

Yuri resumed his march over, and caught Sara’s eye before Mickey noticed him. He winked at her in a way he hoped conveyed that he meant the best for her.

“Mickey,” Yuri started. “Emil. Come on, let’s get some coffee before the ladies’ portion gets too close to the final groups.”

Mickey looked at him in shock, backing away slightly, while Emil beamed.

“Are we going to have another hugging contest?” Emil teased.

Yuri chuckled. “Not today.”

“I think I’d rather stay,” Mickey replied, eyes narrowing.

Sara ducked from under Mickey’s arm and pushed his back. “Go! I’ll be ok.”

“But Sara!”

Sara rolled her eyes. “It’s fine. Mila’s here, so I won’t be alone. I’ll need to get dressed soon too, and you can’t be in the dressing room for that anyway. Meanwhile, you have a chance to sit down and pick Victor’s brain. You’d be an idiot for passing that up.”

“I’m in!” Emil said.

Mickey turned toward Sara to argue again, and was met with crossed arms and narrowed eyes.

“Michele Crispino,” Sara said. “Three of your fellow competitors have invited you to coffee, and it
would be rude to decline the invitation for something as silly as watching me warm up.”

Mickey took a step back and deflated. “But Sara…”

“No buts! You can go with them, or go to the stands to watch the opening groups.”

Mickey sighed. “Fine.”

Sara gave him a curt nod.

Emil patted Mickey’s shoulder as they turned to leave the warmup area.

Yuri cast a look over his shoulder as they walked.

Mila mouthed a ‘Thank you,’ at him.

Yuri smiled and nodded before turning the corner.

They hadn’t been able to keep Mickey away for more than a single cup of coffee, but when they returned they saw Mila and Sara warming up side-by-side and laughing together.

“She’s no different,” Chris said, placing a hand on Mickey’s shoulder when the elder twin moved to intercede. “You trusted her before you knew, so let them be. Presenting as alpha, or omega, doesn’t change who a person is.”

“Look how cute they are,” Emil said with a smile. “I haven’t seen Sara smiling like that in a long time.”

Mickey studied his sister for a minute, then deflated. “Come on Emil, let’s go find our seats.”

“Ok!”

Mickey turned to Yuri. “Yuri, Victor, Chris. Thank you for coffee.”

“Yes, thank you!” Emil said, before surprise hugging Yuri.

Yuri chuckled. “You’re both welcome.”

Mickey slouched off, Emil chattering away behind him.

“Be ready to do that all over again at worlds,” Chris said.

Yuri chuckled. “I know… But…” he motioned toward Mila and Sara, who were still more engrossed with each other than the returning men. “They needed us.”

Victor draped himself over Yuri’s shoulders. “You’re right. Now come on, they’ll be up soon and we need to watch Mila earn herself another medal.”

Yuri nodded. “Right.”
“Makkachin!” Victor grinned as he knelt to embrace his poodle.

Makkachin loped over and nearly knocked Victor over in her exuberance. She licked his face, tail wagging and making happy barks and whines.

Victor laughed. “Say hello to your other papa too.”

Makkachin barreled over to Yuri as if she knew what Victor had said. She put her paws on his chest and licked his face, knocking his glasses askew.

Yuri laughed and scratched behind her ears until she was leaning and her tongue was lolling out.

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