Dirty Little Secret

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Summary

When 15 year old Yuri Katsuki begins a secret relationship with 19 year old Viktor Nikiforov, they must keep it from Yuuri's friends and family... unless Viktor wants a criminal record.

Notes

I had to do so much research on Japanese laws regarding consent for this fic, but even then, it seemed pretty unclear.

This whole fic is written in English, because I know 0 Japanese, and 0 Russian, and I'm too lazy to use google translate :3
Chapter 1

**BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!**

The loud, obnoxious sound coming from Yuuri’s phone roused him from his slumber. The fifteen-year-old groaned sleepily and groped around under his covers looking for the offending item.

Once it was found, warm from his body heat, he switched it off and lay glaring at the ceiling. Yuuri had never been a morning person; he deliberately set his alarm to the loudest, most annoying tone he could find just so he would force himself to get up.

It was 6:30am, it was January, and it was dark and freezing cold outside. He was not looking forward to the forty-five minute-long walk to Hasetsu Junior High School.

Yuuri was in the 9th grade, his final year of junior high before he moved up to the upper-secondary school, which would require two buses to get to and from. He was not looking forward to that, considering it would be pitch-black by the time he got home, and he doubted he would have the time or energy to go to the local ice rink afterwards, like he does now.

It was a thought that filled him with dread, even though there was still three months before he had to cross that bridge, the fact that he might not get to see **him** once he graduated to upper-secondary put a knot in Yuuri’s stomach.

Yuuri didn’t know **his** name, in fact the two had never uttered a single word to each other. He just referred to the guy as **him**. The silver-haired college student that frequented the ice rink on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. All Yuuri knew about **him** was he was from Russia, and was on a scholarship to study Japanese language. Oh, and that Yuuri had the world’s biggest crush on **him**.

After changing into his school uniform, and stuffing whatever he could pass-off as breakfast into his mouth, Yuuri begrudgingly left the warmth of the family home and out into the dark January morning.

It was Tuesday. All of Yuuri’s least favourite lessons were today: Maths, Science, double History, and Japanese. As he walked through the frosty streets, he casually wondered how serious an injury he could fake if he were to “accidently” slip at the school gates.

The day was long and arduous. Yuuri felt like his brain was going to melt from boredom after just ten minutes of the first period, and he was almost certain that time came to a complete stop a quarter of the way through double History.

When the bell rang, signalling the end of the school day, Yuuri couldn’t leave the school fast enough. He made it home in record time. Dumping his school stuff in his room, and collecting his skating gear. He said a quick hello and goodbye to his family before racing to the rink.

Once his skates were fastened and the blades hit the ice, Yuuri felt all the stress of today just melt away. It was just his thoughts, and the ice.

The cool air rushed through his dark hair as he sped around the rink. It was peak-time at the rink, so he decided not to try anything too complex as there were small children about, and he didn’t want them to get hurt by trying to copy him. He mostly slowly skated around doing the odd simple jump, but once the younger children left, he attempted a salchow. He almost did it, but lost his nerve as he landed, and touched the ice with his hand.
He skated around the rink once more, getting his speed up, but just as he took off for another attempt, a glimmer of silver hair over by the edge of the rink caught his eye.

Yuuri was so surprised to see him, he didn’t land the jump, and slid straight on his ass.

The Russian looked over, and made eye-contact with Yuuri. An amused smile played on his heart-shaped lips, and Yuuri felt his face heat up with embarrassment.

Why did the cute college boy have to see that?
Chapter 2

What was he doing here? He never usually came on a Tuesday! Not that Yuuri wasn’t happy to see him, of course, but the few times the two made eye-contact usually ended or started with the Japanese teen flubbing his moves.

“You move well,” said a voice in heavy accented English. “But you seem to have trouble landing jumps. I can teach you.”

Yuuri’s mouth had gone dry. He was still sitting on the ice, but the Russian had skated over and was standing over him.

“I… uh,” Yuuri started weakly.

The Russian looked mildly taken aback. “Oh, I’m sorry,” he said, switching to Japanese. “I should have asked if you spoke English.”

“I can speak English,” Yuri replied, in Japanese. “I was just… I don’t know… surprised? I guess.”

“Good.” The Russian said, reverting back to English and smiling gently. “Because I’m Russian and my English is much better than my Japanese.”

“Yeah, well, my English is better than my Russian,” Yuuri said, shakily getting to his feet. “So, let’s agree to speak English to avoid confusion.”

“Good idea,” he said. “My name is Viktor Nikiforov.”

“Yuri Katsuki,” Yuuri replied, pointing to himself.

“I’ve been watching you for a while, Yuri Katsuki.” Viktor stated. “The way you move on the ice is so tantalising. I never seen anyone move that way.”

Again, Yuuri felt his face heat up. “You’ve been watching me?” he repeated.

“Not in a creepy way!” Viktor exclaimed, his eyes wide looking panicked. “You… you just seem to really know what you’re doing. But when you attempt jumps, you seem to lose confidence and end up messing up. And I just thought, because I can do them, I might give you a little help… if… if you wanted, of course.” He finished lamely.

“You want to coach me?” Yuuri asked, not quite believing this to be real.

“Not officially,” Viktor explained. “Just to help you through whatever’s stopping you landing perfectly. Because I think once you get the jumps down, you have all the makings of a professional.”

Yuuri was sure his face was the colour of a strawberry by this point. “I don’t know about that,” he laughed nervously. “I’m OK, but nothing special.”

“No, you really are!” Viktor said a little too forcefully. “You know what? I think I see the problem. It’s a confidence thing, no? You need to start believing in yourself more. I really do think you can do it, Yuuri.”

The two spent the next few hours practicing jumps. Viktor complimented Yuuri’s stamina, saying that he’s never seen anyone skate for as long without tiring, not even professionals. It was nearly
eight o’clock when Yuuri managed to land the first jump he’d ever done.

“Brilliant!” Viktor shouted enthusiastically. “Now that I’ve proved you can do it, I think we can retire for today. I’ve seen you here on Wednesdays, so why don’t we meet back here tomorrow around… 4:30?”

“Yeah, sounds great,” Yuuri smiled, his cheeks pink with a mix of the cold and exertion. Feeling bold he added, “There’s a café a few streets away, if you felt like getting a coffee or something… with… with me. They’re open ‘til, I think, ten?”

“OK, why not?” Viktor replied, looking mildly surprised at Yuuri’s request.

The pair changed into their outdoor shoes and handed their skates back to the woman behind the desk, then set off down the road.

“So, how long have you been skating?” Yuuri asked.

“Since I was very young,” Viktor replied. “I was quite a hyperactive child, so my parents thought that getting me into a sport would help calm me down. And because skating requires a lot of focus and balance, they thought that was the perfect sport to keep my mind and body occupied. I don’t think they ever considered I would fall in love with it.” He added with a small laugh. “How about you? How’d you get into it?”

“My friend, Yuko.” Yuuri said simply. “Her parents own the ice rink, and we would spend time there after school and on weekends. I really enjoy it. I’ve never had a proper trainer, so everything I know, I learned from mimicking athletes on TV and the internet. I go to the ice rink every day after school getting some practice in. It helps clear my head.”

“What about your friend?” Viktor asked. “Every time I see you, you’re always on your own.”

“She still skates on the weekend, but her parents are teaching her how to run the business right now, because they’re going to give it to her once she finishes high school so they can take early retirement.”

“Lucky her, knowing that she’ll have a job once she finishes school.” Viktor stated. “What about you? Any plans for after you leave school? Are you going to college, or university, or get a job… anything like that?”

Yuuri laughed. “Hang on! I’m only in junior high! I’ve still got three years to think about it.”

Viktor stopped in his tracks. “Junior high?” he repeated. “So you’re how old?”

“I turned fifteen a month and a half ago,” Yuuri said, raising an eyebrow. “Why?”

Viktor said something under his breath, that Yuuri was sure was a Russian swear word. “No, I just thought you were a little older, that’s all. Because… well, I’m nineteen, I just assumed you were maybe seventeen or eighteen. You seem quite mature for your…”

“Here we are,” Yuuri said, abruptly, cutting Viktor off. They had reached the outside of a small café, it was partially empty, with only three other tables occupied. “You should see this place during the day,” Yuuri said with a smile. “You’re lucky to have room to breathe, it’s so busy.”

The two sat in the corner at a small table, the waitress came over a few moments later, Yuuri ordered his favourite flavoured tea, while Viktor just ordered a cup of black coffee.

“I’ll never get used to having to sit on my knees,” Viktor grumbled moving his legs from
underneath him and crossing them. “Hasn’t your country ever heard of a little thing called a chair?”

“I don’t know,” Yuuri said coolly. “Hasn’t your country ever heard of something called summer?”

Yuuri’s heart-rate immediately picked up, not meaning to say that out loud. He looked up at Viktor horrified, but although Viktor had his eyes narrowed, it was obvious, even to Yuuri, he was fighting back a smile.

“For that, you can pay the bill,” the Russian said, his eyes twinkling mischievously.

The rest of the night went by in a blur of laughter and personal stories. Yuuri learned that Viktor was, indeed, studying Japanese at Hasetsu University. He apparently had a gift for languages. He was top of his class last year at his university in St. Petersburg, earning him a place on their two year student-exchange program. In addition to English, and his native Russian, Viktor was able to speak French and Italian, plus a little bit of German.

“You have a talented tongue,” Yuuri said, causing Viktor to choke on his drink; eventually reducing the Russian into a fit of silent giggles when he tried to backtrack and explain that’s not how he meant it to come out.

At the end of the night, Viktor walked Yuuri home, and handed him a piece of paper with numbers scribbled on it.

“It’s my mobile phone number,” Viktor explained. “Call me, or text me – which ever you’re comfortable with. I really enjoyed this evening, and I’d like to see more of you, Yuri Katsuki.”

“I will,” Yuuri said, with a shy smile. “Viktor Nikiforov.”
Chapter 3

Over the next several weeks, Yuuri and Viktor kept in contact every day. They would text each other when in class, spend most of the evening at the ice rink, and would talk on the phone until the early hours of the morning, before repeating it all the next day.

Yuuri couldn’t help but talk about Viktor constantly to his friends and family. Yuko had told him to shut up on many occasions, but it didn’t deter him from gushing about the Russian’s seemingly natural skating talent.

His twenty-two-year-old sister, Mari, however, seemed more patient about it. She smiled fondly as Yuuri rambled on about how attractive Viktor was. She asked him questions about the Russian that he’d excitedly answer, his eyes wide, and his smile bright.

“You’ve got it bad for him, Yuri,” she said one night, while sitting on his bed. “It’s kinda cute, actually.”

Yuuri swivelled back and forth on his computer chair, looking dreamily up at the ceiling.

“Just be careful, though.” Mari continued. “I don’t want to have to kick some Russian ass. Maybe I should talk to him, and warn him to keep his grubby college hands off my sweet, baby brother.”

“Mari, don’t you dare!” Yuuri said, sounding appalled. “I don’t think he thinks of me that way anyway. I think he just sees me as his student, and friend. I don’t even know if he’s gay in the first place.”

Mari gave a little sigh. “Listen, Yuri. I promised I wouldn’t say anything, but… Mama’s worried that he might take advantage of you.”

“What?!” Yuuri exclaimed, scandalised. This had come out of nowhere. “Viktor wouldn’t do that!”

“Maybe not,” the older Katsuki said quickly. “But… I mean… she does have a point. What kind of college-aged man would coach an inexperienced fifteen-year-old, without wanting anything in return? You said yourself, he said he didn’t want paid for training you. Maybe he wants… something else from you.”

“No.” Yuuri said, trying not to sound angry. “Viktor’s just a kind person. He saw I was struggling with landing jumps and wanted to help. That’s all. He’s never once even hinted at such a thing!”

“I hope you’re right,” Mari sighed, getting up from Yuuri’s bed. “I’m going to bed. Goodnight, Yuuri.”

Yuuri woke up the next morning, a Saturday, still slightly grumpy. He was meeting Viktor at ten o’clock at the ice rink. As he left the family home, he noticed his mother had her lips pursed
together, as though stopping herself from saying something.

On his way to the rink, Yuuri decided that during the skating lesson, he would test Mari and Hiroko’s theory. He would blatantly flirt with Viktor, and judge by his reactions, whether or not he was trying to sleep with him.

The first couple of hours, Yuuri lost his nerve, and couldn’t bring himself to be so openly flirtatious. His personality wouldn’t allow him to. But during their lunch break, the younger teen managed to pluck up the courage when Viktor brought up some news.

“My cousin is coming for a visit on Monday,” Viktor said, offhandedly. “He’ll be staying with me for a few days, so, if you don’t mind him crashing our sessions, I’d like to bring him along. He enjoys skating also.”

“Well, if he’s as beautiful as you, I don’t think there’ll be too much trouble,” Yuuri said, looking up over his glasses.

Viktor choked on the food he was in the middle of swallowing. Yuuri gently sucked on the straw of his drink as Viktor regained his composure. Yuuri tried his best to look nonchalant, despite his heart hammering in his chest. He wasn’t sure if this was such a good idea after all.

“He’s twelve,” Viktor said with a small laugh. “He’s also called Yuri, so I think we’ll have to think up a nickname for one of you.”

“Call him Yurio,” Yuuri smirked.

“He would hate that!” the Russian grinned. “It’s perfect.”

“So, what’s your cousin like?” Yuuri asked.

“To put it bluntly? A fucking nightmare.” Viktor replied with a calm voice. “He’s a spoiled brat, and will scream and shout and swear until he gets his way. His parents let him get away with murder. If I ever spoke to my parents the way he does, I would be six feet under by now.”

“Sounds charming,” Yuuri replied, his eyebrows raised. “Any good qualities?”

Viktor let out a breath, looking around the restaurant. “Very few,” he admitted. “He can be loyal, I suppose. Put a cat in front of him, and he turns into a pile of goo. He loves cats. He’s competitive, but fair. He won’t throw a fit if you beat him in a legit contest. It just spurs him on to work harder to beat you next time… Oh, are you finished?”

Yuuri looked down at his empty plate, and nodded. Viktor paid for their food, and they headed back out into the chilly February afternoon.

Again, acting braver than he felt, Yuuri entwined his fingers with Viktor’s, who looked down in surprise.

“Is this OK?” Yuuri asked, giving the Russian’s hand a gentle squeeze.

“It’s fine,” Viktor replied, a small smile forming at the corners of his mouth.

The rest of their practice day went very well. Yuuri was able to land majority of his jumps, he still had difficulty with quads though. But Viktor explained that he wasn’t getting up enough speed to jump high enough for the rotations.

Every time the pair touched, it felt like a small bolt of electricity ran through Yuuri’s body. Flirting
with Viktor soon became second nature, and by the end of the day, Yuuri was making suggestive comments without being fully aware he was doing so.

They were the last two in the changing rooms as the ice rink closed for the night.

“Hurry up guys,” Yuko shouted impatiently from the doorway. “I want to get home tonight, if that’s at all possible?”

“Give us ten minutes,” Yuuri replied.

He heard Yuko give a loud sigh, “Alright, I’ll be in the office. Text me when you’ve left the building, alright?”

“Will do,” Yuuri called.

“Ten minutes?” Viktor asked, looking confused. “We’re practically ready now.”

“I know.” Yuuri said stalking towards Viktor. “But I want to try something.” Yuuri’s heart felt like it was literally going to beat out of his chest. Was he really going to do this?

His question was answered when he felt his own hands wrap around Viktor’s biceps, and pin him to the metal lockers. Yuuri felt as though he were on autopilot as he leaned in to Viktor. He couldn’t stop, even if he wanted to.

Viktor’s lips were soft against his own. Yuuri’s right hand gently moved from the silver-haired man’s arm to cup his face as he deepened the kiss.

It took a few moments, but eventually Viktor started kissing back; slowly, as though he wasn’t sure if he should be doing it.

This was Yuuri’s first kiss, and it felt amazing. His whole body felt tingly, his mouth felt as though he had just eaten a huge bowl of pork cutlets. He never wanted it to end. It just got better when Viktor rested his hands on the teenager’s waist. It felt like warm electricity was running through his veins, or as though he had just dipped into a hot spring after a rigorous training day.

The kiss ended just as Yuuri was really getting into it. Viktor pulled away, and gently pushed Yuuri off him. “I shouldn’t have done that.” He said, looking extremely guilty. “You’re only fifteen. This isn’t right.”

“Don’t say you haven’t thought about it,” Yuuri said with a smirk. “I’ve seen the way you look at me.”

“I know. But, Yuri, you’re fifteen! I could go to prison.”

“No, you won’t.” Yuuri said honestly. “In Japan, if you’re older that eighteen, and you get caught having sex with someone between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, it’s classed as a misdemeanour, not a felony. So, I doubt you’ll go to prison.”

Viktor looked deep in contemplation, as though a million thoughts were racing through his mind.

“So, you know what we should do?” Yuuri pressed on. When Viktor shook his head, Yuuri continued; “Let’s not get caught,” before crashing their lips together in another heated kiss.

Viktor, seemed more receptive this time. He returned the kiss with much enthusiasm, his arm wrapped around the smaller man’s lower back, and pulled him closer to his body.
“It’s our secret,” Yuuri whispered, pulling away from the kiss. “Our dirty little secret.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh, yeah. It's just getting started >:(
“What are you so happy about?” Hiroko asked her son the next morning, when he arrived in the kitchen, whistling.

“Is it a crime to be happy on a Sunday morning?” Yuuri asked, throwing two slices of bread in the toaster.

“No, but for you to be happy on any morning is unusual.”

“Well, that’s just insulting,” Yuuri laughed as he scrambled up some eggs. “I’m just in a good mood, that’s all.”

There was silence for a couple of minutes as Yuuri moved around the kitchen preparing his breakfast before Hiroko asked; “Are you meeting Viktor today?” Yuuri didn’t miss the disapproving tone in his mother’s voice.

“And if I am?” said Yuuri casually as he removed the now-toast from the toaster and started buttering it.

“I don’t trust him.” She said stiffly.

Yuuri rolled his eyes. “You’ve never met him, Mama. He’s a friend. I know how it must look to you, but I promise, you’ve got nothing to worry about.”

“I never get to see you anymore,” Hiroko lamented as she watched her son scoff his breakfast. “And don’t eat so quickly, you’ll give yourself heartburn!”

Yuuri downed his glass of orange juice, before giving his mother a kiss on the cheek and heading out the door.

Oddly, Viktor was waiting for him outside the ice rink, and he seemed to be dressed in jeans. Not the most appropriate attire for skating.

“Hello,” Viktor greeted him, giving him a quick peck on the cheek.

“You shouldn’t do that in public!” Yuuri hissed looking around. “What if someone sees us?”

“Then I’ll just remind them that I’m European,” shrugged Viktor. “Let’s blow off skating today. Yurio’s arriving tomorrow, I want you all to myself before he arrives.”

Yuuri’s heart skipped a beat. “Are we going to… y’know…?” he asked nervously, chewing his bottom lip.

Viktor let out a soft laugh. “Hey, just because I let you kiss me last night, doesn’t mean I’m that easy.” Viktor said, teasingly. “I just want to spend time with you… alone…”

Yuuri couldn’t help the grin that spread over his face, and allowed Viktor to put his arm around his shoulders, and guide him back down the street.

They wandered around aimlessly for nearly an hour, Yuuri explaining several local landmarks as they passed them, and recounted local legends about them. Such as the graveyard on the hill that supposedly has the ghost of an unnamed little girl haunting it. Or the statue next to a McDonald’s; a piece reportedly broke off and fell on its sculptor’s head, causing brain damage, and he went on
a rampage, killing his entire family.

“So… a lot of creepy stuff involving death,” Viktor said in amusement. “Remind me to never die here.”

“OK, if you’re ever on your deathbed in Hasetsu, I’ll keep that in mind. But what if you don’t leave in time? What if you do die here?”

“Then, I guess I’ll haunt this place forever.” Viktor said, wistfully. “I’ll be known as the cranky Russian ghost, who pelts the locals with potatoes. You’ll know I’m near, because there’ll be an overpowering stench of vodka and pelmeni.”

“What the hell is pelmeni?” Yuuri laughed.

“It’s a Russian dish. Kind of like ravioli, but no sauce, thinner pasta, and the meat filling is more like dumplings… actually, scratch that. I’d say it’s more like a simplified version of wontons.”

“So basically, if wontons is Coke, then pelmeni is store-brand cola?” Yuuri smirked.

“How dare you insult my culture!” Viktor exclaimed in mock-outrage. “I’ll have you know, pelmeni came first!”

“Really?” Yuuri asked in surprise.

“No idea,” Viktor laughed shaking his head. “I doubt it, to be honest. The Chinese pretty much invented everything, didn’t they? I – Where are we anyway? I’ve never been to this part of town.”

Yuuri looked around, he wasn’t really paying much attention to where they were walking. He was just enjoying Viktor’s company, and the comforting way Viktor held his hand. But he did recognise where they were.

“My school’s just around that corner,” Yuuri explained, pointing to a quiet intersection about a hundred yards a head of them.

Hasetsu Junior High was sat opposite a large wooded area, which the school used for extracurricular activities such as hiking, and orienteering, and occasionally used for P.E. activities.

“You didn’t tell me there was a forest right next to your school!” Viktor said, as he pushed open the wooden gate.

“Does it matter?” Yuuri asked, following him amongst the trees.

“Of course! Now that I know it’s here, we can meet during your lunch break. And I can do this –” Viktor grabbed Yuuri’s hand, pulled him off the stone path and pushed him against a tree, his hands resting on the Japanese teen’s hips.

The younger boy looked around nervously. From where they were, they were hidden from the school. To his left was a mossy rock-face, and on his right was a six-foot tall, unkempt hedge. They were pretty much hidden from anyone who would pass them.

Yuuri bit his lip and looked up at Viktor with a shy smile. Wrapping his arms around the Russian’s neck, Yuuri pulled Viktor’s face down and kissed him slowly.

Their kiss, this time, was far more relaxed. Viktor wasn’t holding back like he did in the changing room last night.
The older teen’s nose was cold against Yuuri’s cheekbone, and his glasses were slightly squashed against his face. But he didn’t care, it just proved to him that this was really happening. Months of fantasising about it, and it was finally actually happening!

The forest was pretty quiet. The only sounds Yuuri was even vaguely aware of, was the wet smacking of their lips, the white noise of birds twittering away, and the occasional car going past on the main road.

If Yuuri’s mother knew what her son was currently doing, she would probably explode from rage and disappointment. But not before taking Viktor out with her.

Breathing was becoming an issue for Yuuri, he could tell he was beginning to get dizzy from the lack of oxygen. But that wasn’t the feeling that was bothering him. He felt warm and tingly between his legs.

It’s not like Yuuri’s never had an erection before, but it was the first time it was brought on by something other than his hand and imagination.

“Viktor… stop… please…” Yuuri said, pulling away from the kiss.

“What’s wrong?” Viktor asked, stepping back and looking worried. “Did I hurt you?”

Yuuri let out a shaky laugh. “No. Quite the opposite in fact.”

Viktor continued to look confused as he scanned the younger teen’s body with his eyes, finally resting on his crotch. “Oh!” Viktor gasped with wide eyes. “OK… um… maybe we should stop for a bit?”

Yuuri nodded, bending forward and placing his hands on his knees in an attempt to catch his breath, and will away his boner.

“Damn, I’m good!” Viktor said smugly.

“Woah, cool your jets, Hugh Hefner. I’m fifteen, remember? This would’ve happened no matter who I was kissing.”

“Wow. You really know how to make a guy feel special, don’t you?” Viktor replied sarcastically.

“Well, I don’t want your head getting too big, now, do I? I won’t be able to reach your mouth to kiss you if it does.”

Viktor stared at the ground, trying to think of the least sexy images he could;


“Yuri, are you alright?” Viktor’s voice sounded far away.

“Yeah… uh… just give me a minute.” Yuuri mumbled, embarrassed. He would’ve blushed if all his blood wasn’t down south.

“So… how do you think you did on your High School entrance exams last week?” Viktor asked, casually.
“Uh, yeah… I think I did OK.” Yuuri replied, grateful for the distraction. “Enough to pass, anyway. My maths is a bit wobbly, but I think I managed to scrape a passing grade.”

“That’s good.” Viktor said, with a fond smile. “When will you get the results?”

“That’s end of next month. There’s a big ceremony type thing, it’s all a bit much in my opinion… OK, I’m good, it’s gone down now.”

Viktor’s eye flicked downwards. Noticing the lack of bulge in Yuuri’s trousers, he let out a disappointed sigh.

“One day, if you’re a good boy, I might let you touch it,” Yuuri said in a deadly whisper, winking at the Russian.
Monday afternoon came around pretty quickly for Yuuri. He entered the skating rink after school at around 4pm. For after school time, it was unusually quiet. There were only eight skaters on the ice, and a handful of people watching from the edge. Yuuri immediately noticed Viktor leaning on his elbows at the side of the rink, watching someone on the ice.

“Boo.” Yuuri said gently poking Viktor in the ribs.

“Ah, you’re here!” Viktor said happily, before glancing around them and giving Yuuri a peck on the forehead. “I know, we’re in public. But I had to.”

“No. You really don’t have to.” Yuuri whispered quickly. “Do you want to get caught? Because you’re going the right way about it.”

“Hey, woah. What’s with the sudden paranoia?” asked Viktor, brushing Yuuri’s hair out his eyes.

Yuuri was silent for a few moments, looking past Viktor with a thousand-yard stare. “I… uh… I think my mother suspects something.” Yuuri said eventually, biting his thumbnail.

“It’s probably just your imagination.” Viktor said, rubbing the younger man’s arm. “Listen, if you’re having second thoughts about this whole thing, I’ll understand.”

“No!” Yuuri said, horrified. “I like being with you, Viktor. I wouldn’t have started it if I didn’t want it. I just think we should be a little more careful in future. No more public stunts like yesterday.”

“Alright. If that’s what you want.” Viktor nodded. “It’s gonna be difficult keeping my hands off you, though.”

“I’m sure you’ll manage,” Yuuri huffed. “Hey, wasn’t your cousin supposed to be here?”

“He is. There he is on the ice.” Viktor pointed to a cute, young, blonde boy, clearly showing off for the crowd down at the opposite end of the rink.

He was incredible, considering he was only twelve. The kid flawlessly executed some of the most intricate combination of jumps Yuuri had ever seen. He couldn’t help but feel slightly jealous of the boy.

Yurio’s face was expressionless. As though were just stood on the ice breathing. He skated over to Viktor and gave Yuuri a condescending look.

“This is the boy you say can rival me?” Yurio scoffed in clear English. “He is nothing but a fat piggy.”

Yuuri’s mouth dropped open in shock. He’d heard Viktor say how rude his cousin could be, but he wasn’t expecting to be insulted in the very second sentence.
“Now, Yurio. That’s not very polite,” Viktor chided gently.

“I TOLD YOU I’M NOT GOING TO FUCKING ANSWER TO THAT NAME!!!” The small angry Russian bellowed. “Now that the piggy’s here can we go somewhere to eat? I’m starving!” And without waiting for a response from either Viktor or Yuuri, he stormed off to the changing rooms.

“Oh, my god!” Yuuri mumbled. “Is he always that aggressive?”

“Pretty much,” laughed Viktor. “But he’s harmless, really. Like an angry kitten. He won’t hurt you, except maybe your feelings… which I apologise for on Yurio’s behalf.”

“Don’t worry about it, I’ve been called worse.” Yuuri said, even though the comment did sting slightly. He hadn’t told Viktor yet about how he’s struggled with his weight in the past. But he got the feeling if Yurio were to find out about it, he’d mock Yuuri about it every time he saw him. “Did you really tell him that I could rival him in skating?”

“Yes, I did.”

“But, why?” Yuuri asked. “Your cousin’s amazing, and I’m… nothing special…”

“You really ought to have more confidence in yourself, Yuri.” Viktor said, watching the remaining skaters on the ice. “I’ve never said anything that isn’t true.”

“Hey, ladies! Let’s stop the gossiping and let’s go!” Yurio shouted from the exit. He had changed into black skinny jeans, high-tops, and a blue, red and white sweatshirt. The young blonde also had a sports bag casually slung over his shoulder.

Viktor shot Yuuri an apologetic look as they left the rink just behind Yurio.

“So, where is a good place to eat in this depressing town?” Yurio asked, scanning their surroundings with a distasteful expression.

“You’re home early,” Hiroko said when Yuuri approached the bar.

Yuuri took a deep breath and gestured to the two Russians. “Mama, this is Viktor and his cousin Yurio. I’ve told them about your amazing cooking and they’d like to try it for themselves.”

Hiroko’s mouth thinned into a smile that more resembled a grimace. She nodded and called for Mari to escort them to a table.

“So, you’re the famous Viktor Nikiforov?” Mari stated as Viktor sat down. “Yuri never shuts up about you. I feel like I know you already.”
“Really?” Viktor smirked, giving a side glance to Yuuri. “He talks about you too, Mari. He says you two are very close, but he didn’t mention how beautiful you are.”

Mari gave a soft chuckle, “That’s not going to work with me, Romeo. What can I get you to drink?”

Viktor ordered two glasses of water for himself and Yurio, then turned to study the menu as Mari went off to get their drinks.

“I don’t understand this damn menu!” Yurio complained loudly. “It’s all in Japanese. How do I know what I’m ordering? I don’t want to end up eating moose cock, or something!”

“Yuri, what do you recommend?” Viktor asked, ignoring his cousin’s ramblings.

“Well… I really like the Katsudon.” Yuuri said, pointing to it on the menu.

“What the fuck is that?” Yurio glared. “Fish guts? Octopus tentacles? I know how you Japanese like your weird sea food.”

“Uh… no.” Yuuri was starting to feel slightly intimidated by Yurio. He crossed his arms and held himself rigidly. “It… it’s a bowl of… uh… pork cutlets on a bed of of egg-fried rice and vegetables.”

“Great! I’ll have that,” Viktor smiled. “Yurio?”

“I guess. I mean it’s the only thing I know that didn’t crawl out of the ocean.” The young boy mumbled.

They placed their order with Mari, who returned twenty minutes later with three steaming bowls of Katsudon.

Viktor took a few bites, before turning to Yuuri and gushing how amazing it tasted, but Yuuri was more focused on Yurio; who was stuffing his face with the food he was given so quickly, it was a wonder how he wasn’t choking.

Once the three had finished their meal, Viktor turned to Yurio and smirked. “I’m assuming you enjoyed that, then?”

Yurio sat surly faced, and shrugged. “It was alright,” he said. “I’ve had better.”

“Excuse me, Mari?” Viktor called as Yuuri’s sister passed their table. “How much do I owe you for the meal?”

“Oh, Mama said it’s on the house, as you are guests of Yuri’s.” she explained.

“Nonsense!” Viktor said, removing his wallet from his jacket pocket. “I need to give you something. I’ve never seen Yuri shovel a meal away so quickly.” He handed her three-thousand yen, “I know it’s not much, but I’d feel too guilty to accept a free meal. Especially one so delicious, and the pretty waitress was just an added bonus.”

A slight blush appeared across Mari’s cheeks. Yuuri was taken aback. He’d never seen his sister blush before. She thanked him and returned to the cash register.

“We should get going,” Viktor said to Yuuri. “But first I need to use the restroom, Yuri, can you show me where it is?”
“Uh, yeah. Follow me.”

“Yurio, will you be alright waiting here by yourself?”

Yurio let out a frustrated sigh. “Yes, Viktor. I’m twelve, not four. I know not to enter a stranger’s van, no matter how tasty he says his candy is.”

Viktor nodded and followed Yuuri through a set of double doors and down a long corridor, covered in photographs of the Katsuki family.

Just outside the bathroom door, sat a picture that was taken quite recently. It was taken in a field, or possibly a park, surrounded by cherry blossoms, and showed a younger-looking Yuuri, his sister, mother, and a man Viktor didn’t recognise.

“Is that your father?” Viktor asked, pointing to the picture.

“Yes.” Yuuri said. “That was taken four years ago. Three weeks before his heart-attack. It was the last picture of the four of us together.”

“Oh. I’m sorry,” Viktor said, wrapping his arm around Yuuri’s waist in a gentle hug.

“It’s OK,” Yuuri said, leaning his head against Viktor’s shoulder. “I’m not sad about it anymore. Obviously I still miss him, but I’ve gotten over it.”

“So it wouldn’t be totally inappropriate if I kissed you right now?” Viktor smiled.

Yuuri looked around them, and said “Not here.” Before pulling Viktor into the small restroom.

The room was only seven feet long and three feet wide, with a single toilet and sink, and a small circular mirror attached to the wall above the sink, but there was enough room for the two teens to fit inside together.

Yuuri shook slightly as Viktor locked the door behind them, and proceeded to press their lips together.

The kiss started out slow, but as the moments passed, it got more heated until eventually the younger boy was pushed up against the wooden door, his fingers dragging through Viktor’s hair as the Russian slid his tongue against Yuuri’s.

Yuuri let out a small whimper as he tried to pull Viktor’s lips closer, almost as if he were trying to eat his face.

Viktor’s hands wandered down the smaller boy’s frame, coming to rest on his ass, and giving his buttocks a firm, yet gentle squeeze. Yuuri moaned in surprise, and felt his pants becoming a little too restricted as the heated making out continued.

“Viktor… It’s… happening… mmmhh… again…” Yuuri gasped between kisses.

“What is?” Viktor asked absently, kissing and licking his way to Yuuri’s neck.

“I’m enjoying this too much,” Yuuri groaned as Viktor sucked and bit at his pulse-point on his neck.

“Me too,” Viktor whispered, and pushed his groin against Yuuri’s, who could feel the Russian’s hardness against his own.

Yuuri let out a gasp of pleasure as a warm, tingly feeling shot up his spine, and he continued kiss
Yuuri let out a gasp of pleasure as a warm, tingly feeling shot up his spine, and he continued kissing Viktor.

"Maybe we should," Viktor breathed, although his groin was still rubbing against the Japanese teen’s.

"Maybe we should," Yuuri replied, but instead hooked his right leg over Viktor’s hips. "But, then again, we could keep going… this feels too good…"

Viktor gripped Yuuri’s right leg and hips hard, and increased the pressure against their bodies. Yuuri’s moans were becoming louder as he spread his legs a little further, giving Viktor more access.

The younger teen’s eyes rolled back as the tingly-warm feeling in his pants grew. He could feel pressure growing in his lower belly, and lost control of his muscle movements and his nails dug into his lover’s shoulders.

Suddenly, Yuuri stilled and went quiet as he felt the pressure inside him release, coating his underwear in a sticky fluid. But Viktor continued to rut against him for a few moments longer before he too went still, squeezing Yuuri’s leg in a vice-like grip.

The two untangled themselves from each other, panting and sweaty, Yuuri’s glasses were all fogged up, and he could hardly see.

Wiping them clean on a sheet of toilet paper, Yuuri looked at Viktor with a grin. "Did we really just do that?"

"We did," Viktor replied, running his thumb over Yuuri’s flushed cheeks. "And it was amazing. When Yurio leaves, I can’t wait to have you all to myself."

"Yurio!" Yuuri gasped, eyes wide. "He’ll be wondering where you are! How long have we been in here? My mother will go crazy if she finds out!"

Viktor silenced the hysterical boy with a gentle kiss on the lips. "Relax. She’s not going to find out, and we’ve only been in here for five minutes. You may have great stamina on the ice, but when it comes to sex… still a typical fifteen year-old."

Viktor exited the bathroom and went home with Yurio, leaving Yuuri to try and clean the mess out of his underwear before his mother got suspicious when laundry day came.
The rest of the week passed mostly without incident. Hiroko was warming to Viktor because she thought he had a crush on Mari (a thought that Yuuri gently encouraged), Yurio was becoming less hostile as his holiday came to a close, and had stopped referring to Yuuri as a little piggy.

The only thing was that Yuuri had to sneak into his sister’s room on Tuesday morning to steal some of her make-up since Viktor left a little token of affection on his neck during their adventure in the restroom.

“Looks good on you,” Viktor smirked when Yuuri showed it to him as they sat on the couch in Viktor’s apartment.

“It does look kind of hot,” Yuuri agreed, grinning before quickly shaking his head. “We need to be more careful. If my mother sees it, she’ll ask what happened, and I’m not a very good liar. And what if Mari wakes up while I’m hiding it? How am I going to explain why I’m using her concealer?”

“Buy some of your own and keep it in your room, so you don’t have to take your sister’s.” Viktor suggested. “Now hush, we’re losing valuable smooching time. Yurio could be finished in the shower at any minute!”

Yurio’s arrival had been a godsend. Although they weren’t particularly close, Yuuri had somehow managed to convince his mother that they had become best friends. Claiming that he was going to spend time in town with the tiny angry Russian, when in fact he was sneaking out to meet up with Viktor in the woods by his school and make-out.

Since their tryst in the bathroom, the pair had a difficult time keeping their hands off each other. Whenever they were left alone, their mouths would automatically attach together, even if it was only for a few seconds. However, they still hadn’t progressed beyond dry-humping, and over-the-clothes fondling; sometimes reaching climax, sometimes not. But either way, Viktor was like a drug, and Yuuri was well and truly addicted.

It was Friday night, and Yuuri was at Viktor’s apartment watching a movie with Viktor and Yurio. They had eaten dinner in front of the TV screen, and when the movie’s end credits rolled, the trio were left sat amongst dirty dishes, and empty cups.

“I’m not cleaning the dishes,” Yurio stated. His flight home to Russia left at 6am the next morning, so he was already grumpy at the mere prospect of having to wake up early.

“Fine, me and Viktor will do them,” Yuuri replied, rolling his eyes. “Coming to give me a hand, Viktor?”

“I guess so,” said Viktor, grinning knowingly.

The kitchen was one door down from the living room, it was relatively small; barely enough room for a dining table, but it had all the main amenities.

Yuuri filled the sink up, and rolled up his sweatshirt sleeves. “I’ll wash, you dry.” The younger boy instructed. He had barely plopped the first dish in the water, when he felt arms snake around his waist.

“Viktor…” Yuuri half-heartedly warned as he felt the silver haired Russian’s lips on his neck. “Yurio’s in the next room… we can’t…”
“We can,” Viktor whispered, rubbing the front of Yuuri’s pants. “If we’re quick.”

Yuuri attempted to stifle a breathy moan when Viktor sucked on his earlobe, feeling his will-power crumbling under his lover’s skilled hands.

It didn’t take long for Yuuri to give in completely. He turned to face Viktor wrapping his hands around the back of Viktor’s neck as their lips met.

Viktor moaned into the kiss as he pressed the Japanese teen against the counter, his hand resting on the marble surface, either side of Yuuri’s body. The Russian probed his tongue against Yuuri’s mouth, asking for permission. Yuuri granted it, by opening his mouth slightly more as they kissed, electricity humming through him as their tongues slid together.

“That is fucking disgusting!”

Both Viktor and Yuuri turned, horrified, to the kitchen door; where stood a nauseated-looking Yurio. Yuuri removed his hands from Viktor, and covered his mouth in shock.

“He’s fifteen!” the blonde Russian shouted at his cousin.

“You, I can explain,” Viktor began, but before he could say any more, Yurio turned on his heel and bolted into the living room. “Yurio, wait!” Viktor ran after him.

“Don’t fucking talk to me, you disgusting pervert!” Yuuri heard the youngest Russian scream. This wasn’t happening. Yuuri was shaking uncontrollably in the kitchen, his heart was beating so wildly in his chest, he was sure he was having an embolism. Yuuri felt tears prickle in his eyes when he heard the front door slam shut.

It was over. He was so sure now that someone had found out about them, Viktor would want to end their relationship. He tentatively walked through to the living room, his legs feeling like rubber, where he saw a tense Viktor staring out the window to the street below.

“V-Viktor?” Yuuri called quietly. “What are we going to do?”

The older boy turned from the window. He didn’t look worried, just… annoyed. “Damn stupid kid.” He mumbled.

“Me?” Yuuri asked, a little hurt.

“No, Yurio.” Viktor sighed. Upon seeing Yuuri’s worried face, Viktor’s expression softened. “Hey, no worries. Yurio won’t say anything to anyone, trust me.”

“How do you know?” Yuuri asked, biting his bottom lip.

“Because it’s what Yurio does. He sees something he’s not meant to, he goes stomping off on his own for a few hours thinking it over, then he’ll come back with a deal in his head.”

“What kind of deal?”

“A sort of, ‘I won’t say anything if you get me X, Y, and Z’ kind of thing,” Viktor explained. “He did it to his father’s sister last year when he found out she was sleeping with her boyfriend’s brother. He promised not to tell if he got a new pair of skates from her. Obviously it eventually got out, but he remained true to his word.”

“So, he’ll blackmail us?” asked Yuuri, nervously picking at a hangnail on his thumb.
“If you want to get technical, then yes.” Viktor said. “I think I’d rather get blackmailed by Yurio than getting murdered by your mother.”

“True,” Yuuri said, fighting back a smile.

“Now, while Yurio thinks about what he wants us to get him, why don’t we finish what we started in the kitchen?”

“Are you sure Yurio won’t be back for a few hours?” Yuuri asked, peering out the window to the empty street below.

“Positive.” Said Viktor firmly.

Yuuri nodded, and tackled the taller boy onto the couch, earning muffled laughter from Viktor as the younger teen straddled his hips, and crashed their mouths together.

The softness of Viktor’s lips seemed to melt away his anxiety about Yurio. Viktor placed his hands on Yuuri’s lower back as their kissing heated up, eventually eliciting a small moan from Yuuri, who subconsciously started rocking his hips together.

Yuuri’s hands travelled down Viktor’s chest and stomach, eventually finding their way under his t-shirt. The fifteen year-old pushed the bottom of Viktor’s shirt up past his nipples and stared in wonder.

It was the first time Yuuri glimpsed at Viktor’s bare torso. His abs were clearly defined, and the pink nipples sat upon perfectly rounded pecs. Yuuri rubbed up and down the abs.

Yuuri wasn’t exactly muscular, he wasn’t nearly as sculpted as Viktor, but he did have some muscle and a flat stomach from all his time at the ice rink.

“They’re rock hard,” Yuuri breathed.

“It’s not the only thing that’s hard,” Viktor grinned, bucking his hips up. Yuuri felt the hardness of Viktor’s length nudge against his own half-hard member, and let out a needy whine.

Yuuri pulled Viktor’s shirt off, tossed his own on the floor beside it and began licking all over Viktor’s body.

Viktor’s hand ran across Yuuri’s smooth chest, fondling his nipples, as the younger boy ground their denim-clad erections together, breathing hard as he did so.

“Viktor…” Yuuri gasped. “You feel so good…”

“Ahh… yes, Yuri! Like that! Oh! Oh! Keep doing that!”

The familiar feeling of pleasure was beginning to grow in Yuuri’s belly again. He could feel himself edging closer to his release, the stimulation from his nipples and dick pushing him faster along.

“Ooh, Viktor, I’m close!” Yuuri whispered, as the tingly feeling between his legs grew.

“Ahem!”

The loud throat clearing from the living room door stilled their movements. Yuuri looked to his left and standing in the doorway was Yurio, and behind him… Yuuri’s mother. And she did not look pleased.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Quick note: All your freaking out in the comments last chapter gave me life XD

I was so tempted to let y'all suffer and not post this chapter for a few days, but, in the end, I decided to be a merciful god :p You're welcome :3

Time seemed to freeze. Yuuri was sat straddling Viktor on the couch; both were shirtless, Yuuri was leaning forward, hands resting on Viktor’s ribs while Viktor fondled his chest.

The two remained unmoving, staring panicked at the people by the door. Yuuri felt numb, his mind was blank, and he felt like all air had disappeared from the room.

Nobody seemed to want to break the silence. Hiroko had her arms folded, her face was bright red, eyes wide, jaw tight. She basically looked like she was on the verge of exploding.

Yurio, meanwhile, was slouched against the doorframe, not looking at his cousin or Yuuri, instead was focussed on the bottom corner of a sideboard.

“Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Yurio.” Hiroko said, her voice low and hollow.

It was then the young Russian finally looked up, and said “I’m sorry, but I had to…”

“Mama…” Yuuri began, but she cut him off.

“I don’t want to hear it, Yuri.” She said, still in that eerily calm voice, walking to the pile of shirts on the floor, and threw her son’s top at him. “Put this on now. I want you down at the car in five minutes... I can’t even look at you right now.”

She turned and left the room. Yuuri heard the front door close as Viktor sat up and slid Yuuri off his groin.

“Why did you have to do that?” Viktor demanded, looking at his cousin with fury. “Why didn’t you ask me for something like you did with your Aunt Elena? Why do I get ratted out, but Elena just has to bribe you, and you say nothing?”

“Because Aunt Elena wasn’t doing something illegal.” Yurio explained, his voice quieter than Yuuri has ever heard it. “Immoral, yes, but not illegal. Despite what you think of me, Viktor, I do have a conscience. And Yuri’s mother had the right to know what you were doing to her son.”

Yuuri silently zipped up his sweatshirt and headed out the living room door, leaving the family members to argue amongst themselves, but Viktor caught him before he left the apartment, still bare-chested.

“Yuri,” he said softly. “I’m so sorry. Text me, or… or call me, when you get done talking to your mother. I want to know what she says. I need to know that you’ll be OK.”

Yuuri nodded, and gave Viktor a chaste kiss on the lips before heading down the three flights of stairs to his mother’s waiting car.
The ride back home was awkward, the silence was deafening. Several times Yuuri thought about saying something, but nothing he could think of sounded like a good enough reason as to why he was dry-humping a college student on his couch. He felt cold, despite the heater being on. Goosebumps raised on his arms, and he shivered most of the way home.

Once at home, Yuuri sat on the couch, looking at Hiroko and waited for her to start screaming. He wanted her to start screaming... but she didn’t. She just looked tired, even though it was only 7pm.

“Mama?” Yuuri prompted, hoping to get something from her.

“Why, Yuri?” She asked simply. “I thought you were smarter than this. I thought you were responsible. Didn’t I make myself clear on this boy?”

Yuuri said nothing. He felt his eyes sting with tears. He had disappointed his mother, and that was worse than making her angry. Yuuri looked up, trying to blink away the tears, but they stubbornly slid out. “Mama... I’m s-so sorry,” he wept. “I-I didn’t m-mean to –”

“To what?” Hiroko asked, her voice suddenly sharp. “Didn’t mean for me to find out? Yuri, what the hell was going on in your head when you though getting involved with him was a good idea? Hm?”

“I don’t know!” Yuuri pleaded, openly crying now. “It was a-a mistake, alright? I made a s-stupid decision in the heat of the moment.”

“I told you I didn’t trust him,” Hiroko said bitterly. “I knew he was going to make you do something you never would. To be honest, I thought it was going to be drugs. I don’t know if this is any better...” she took a deep breath. “Obviously, you can’t continue to see him. In fact, I forbid it. If I see him near you again, I will call the police, he’s lucky I decided against it this time.”

“No! Mama, please! I won’t... we won’t do anything like it again!” Yuuri begged. Never seeing Viktor was unimaginable, he had never been happier since they got together almost a fortnight ago.

“I’m sorry, Yuri, but you’ve proven to me that you can’t be trusted with him.” His mother said, flatly. “Now, I want you to unlock your phone and delete his number.”

“Mama, please!” Yuuri sobbed, unable to hide his desperation. “Don’t make me do that!”

“Yuri, this is not up for negotiation.”

He knew he wasn’t going to win this. So, with trembling fingers, Yuuri pulled his phone out of his jeans pocket and unlocked it. Hiroko moved so she was peering over his shoulder, making sure he actually did delete it. He selected Viktor’s name, pressed edit, scrolled to the bottom and tapped “delete contact”.

It felt like a bullet had pierced his heart as he confirmed the deletion. His contact list looked so empty without Viktor’s name listed. To make matters worse, Hiroko made Yuuri clear his recent incoming and outgoing calls, and texts so that there was no trace of Viktor Nikiforov within his phone’s memory.

“I know you’re mad at me now, but you’ll understand when you’re older,” Hiroko said, patting her son gently on the back. “You’ll see this was all for your own good.”

Yuuri stormed out the room and up to his bedroom, slamming the door shut with such force, a
picture fell off his wall. He collapsed onto his bed, face buried in the pillow and screamed as loud as he could, with the pillow muffling most of the sound. He screamed until his throat was raw, then he just cried silently, curled in a ball. His nose hurt where his glasses dug in. This was officially the worst day of his life.

The youngster was just about dozing off to sleep after his titanic cry wiped him, when his phone buzzed.

“Unknown Number: What did your mother say? xx”

Yuuri’s heart picked up hopefully.

“Viktor?” he typed.

A few moments later, the Unknown Number replied “Yeah. So what did she say? You didn’t text me and I’m beginning to get worried. xx”

Yuuri’s face cracked into a grin. He may have deleted Viktor’s number, but Viktor still had his. The younger teen saved the number once again, but this time he saved it to the name “Hisoka”.

The teen stifled a laugh at his own brilliance. Nothing will stand in between him and Viktor. And besides, what his mother doesn’t know…
Yuuri raised his hand during math class on Monday afternoon, clutching his stomach.

“What is it Katsuki-san?” Kato-sensei asked, looking up from her computer screen.

“I feel really sick, sensei.” Yuuri groaned. “I think I need to go see the nurse.”

“Really? Well, If you’re feeling that bad, then you’d better go,” she said, kindly.

Yuuri left the room trying to look like he on the verge of throwing up, but when he got to the end of the corridor, instead of turning left to the nurses office, he turned right and headed for his locker. After collecting his belongings, and changing his shoes, he left the building and headed into the woods.

He followed the co-ordinates “Hisoka” texted him on his phone’s GPS, and found himself in the middle of a small clearing, where Viktor was sat on a blanket with a basket of food.

“You made it,” Viktor grinned as Yuuri approached. “How did you manage to get out of class?”

“Said I wasn’t well, and had to go to the nurse.” Said Yuuri, sitting down and giving his lover a kiss on the cheek.

“You’re so bad,” Viktor laughed, handing Yuuri a bottle of Coke.

“Well, you are a terrible influence, according to my mother,” the younger boy smirked. “Seducing me, and all…”

“Hey, I was the seduced,” Viktor mock-protested. “You kissed me in the changing room, remember?”

“Not according to my mother. She thinks you manipulated me, and tricked me into ‘doing something I never would’… her words,” Yuuri teased.

“Well, your mother doesn’t know what she’s raised,” Viktor said, narrowing his eyes.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Yuuri laughed before leaning in and pressing their lips together. “I’m the picture of pure innocence.”

“No. You are. A sneaky. Lying. Temptress,” Viktor whispered, punctuating each word with a kiss.

“Only because of your bad influence,” replied Yuuri, flicking Viktor’s earlobe with his tongue.

Grabbing Yuuri around the waist, Viktor lay on the blanket, and pulling the younger boy on top of him; crashing their lips together once more in a passionate embrace.

Yuuri took the lead by probing his tongue in the wet heat of Viktor’s mouth, sliding the wet muscles together.

Every time Viktor touched him, it felt like sparks went off on his skin, Yuuri could never get tired of that feeling, it was so intoxicating and addictive. Yuuri had never been drunk, but he was sure
that if he ever did, it would pale in comparison to the way he felt when he was with Viktor.

The tips of Viktor’s fingers dragged along Yuuri’s spine, causing the Japanese teen to shiver as he nipped at his lover’s bottom lip.

“You look so damn hot in your uniform,” Viktor said in a low voice, pulling off the grey blazer. “Naughty schoolboy sneaking out to do naughty things...”

Yuuri sat back on his heels. “Can’t help it,” he smiled shyly rubbing the Russian’s chest up and down. “You do things to me.”

Viktor sat behind Yuuri and wrapped his arms around the smaller boy’s body, resting his chin on his shoulder. “Good things?”

“Wonderful things,” Yuuri sighed contentedly, leaning into Viktor’s solid form.

“Things like this?” Viktor whispered, his hand sliding down, rubbing at Yuuri’s crotch. “Already a little excited, are we?” he teased upon feeling that Yuuri was already half-hard.

Viktor increased the pressure as he continued to stroke Yuuri to full hardness. Yuuri whined desperately, gently thrusting his hips to meet Viktor’s movements.

“Harder...” Yuuri mumbled, rubbing his backside against the bulge now forming in Viktor’s pants.

The Russian shifted position so that Yuuri was practically sitting on his dick. Viktor untied the school tie, tossing it carelessly on the grass, then his left hand worked the first three top buttons of Yuuri’s white shirt, sliding under to pinch and rub those perky nipples, while the right massaged his young lover through his school trousers, all while Viktor rubbed himself against Yuuri’s ass.

It was a good thing the woods were deserted, because the two boys’ moans were getting louder with each passing moment. Yuuri’s head had fallen back against Viktor’s shoulder, letting out some of the most obscene noises he’d ever made. Viktor meanwhile, tried to muffle his own sounds by kissing, sucking, and biting at a spot between Yuuri’s neck and shoulder.

The pleasure was building in Yuuri’s gut, and with a final shout, he released himself within the confines of his trousers. He continued to move his ass until he felt Viktor’s member give a final, hard pulsation as he climaxed beneath him.

The two leaned together, both satisfied, and feeling slightly boneless, breathing heavily, and sweating despite the cool breeze wafting between the trees.

“That felt good,” Yuuri panted, before giving Viktor a kiss on the forehead. Viktor laced their fingers together, and lay them both down on the blanket facing each other.

They lay in comfortable silence for several minutes, basking in the afterglow of their orgasms, and giving each other the occasional peck on the lips or face.

“Viktor... I’ve been thinking,” Yuuri began.

“Uh, oh. That’s never good.” Viktor replied, raising an eyebrow.

“I was thinking... next time... maybe we could... do... it... properly...”

“You mean, you want to have sex?” Viktor quizzed, looking at the sweaty fifteen year-old seriously.
“Not, like, full penetration…” Yuuri clarified, blushing profusely, not looking directly at Viktor. “But we could… y’know… play with each other… when we’re naked… and maybe use our mouths.”

“So… moving on to hand and blow-jobs?”

“Uh… yeah.”

Viktor smiled and pressed a sweet kiss on Yuuri’s lips. “Finally,” he joked. “You did promise I could touch you, after all.”

Yuuri’s blush turned into a bright shade of scarlet. “I did.” He nodded. “I don’t know what possessed me to say that.”

“Because I turn you on so much,” Viktor grinned, running his fingers through Yuuri’s damp hair. “When will our next time be?”

“Tomorrow? After school?” Yuuri suggested. “I could tell my mother I’m going to the ice rink and meet you at your apartment?”

The older boy bit his lip excitedly, and enthusiastically agreed. The rest of the afternoon was spent eating the food Viktor brought, obviously with the occasional break for making-out.

Chapter End Notes

Feel like I should clarify;

Hisoka isn't a HxH reference (I've never seen it tbh), I just googled names that meant 'secret' and Hisoka was one of the names that came up, and it was Japanese origin so... ya.

Sorry to disappoint :3

And I also changed the rating from M to E for reasons that are about to become VERY obvious :p
Chapter 9

The next day, Yuuri returned home from school around 4pm. He was still pretending to be angry with his mother, so he didn’t say anything to her as he passed her at the bar.

He dumped his school stuff in his room and changed into some loose-fitting clothes. After all, he wanted to give Viktor easy access.

“Hey, little brother, where you going?” Mari asked him as he passed her in the corridor.

“Skating.”

“Still in a mood, huh?” she asked him with a sympathetic expression.

“No.”

“Well, do you want me to tell Mama that’s where you’ve gone?”

“Whatever.”

“Wait, hang on Yuri.” Mari suddenly said, grabbing her brother by the arm and pulling him towards her.

She gently pulled back his t-shirt collar and frowned.

“What is that? It looks like a hickey.” She said, running her fingers over a spot between Yuuri’s neck and shoulder.

Yuuri pulled out his phone and used his front camera as a mirror to see what she was talking about.

_Fucking Viktor!_

Yuuri cursed his lover in his mind as he noticed yet another love-bite the Russian had left on his skin.

“Uh… a teacher dropped something on me at school today.” Yuuri offered lamely. “It’s just a bruise. Nothing to worry about.”

“What did they drop on you?” Mari asked sceptically. “The world’s heaviest apple?”

“Haha… no,” Yuuri’s stomach twisted uncomfortably. “It was… uh… a box.”

Mari just looked confused. “How did a box fall on your neck? And leave that kind of mark?”

“Hey, what’s with the third degree?” Yuuri demanded, his voice cracking in panic. “It’s just a bruise, does it matter where it came from? I’m not dead, and that’s what we should truly be thankful for. So, uh, goodbye, Mari.”

Yuuri left the resort with his heart pounding fast. He’s a terrible liar and always has been. Hopefully Mari wouldn’t mention his odd behaviour to their mother. He didn’t need her to become suspicious.

He arrived at Viktor’s apartment half an hour later. Viktor seemed to have had a similar idea to Yuuri; he opened the door wearing nothing but a plain white t-shirt and grey tracksuit bottoms.
Kicking off his shoes, Yuuri didn’t say a word to Viktor before attaching his lips to the other boy’s.

“You haven’t changed your mind, then?” Viktor asked.

“No,” Yuuri said, shaking slightly with anticipation. “I’ve been looking forward to this all day.”

Viktor couldn’t help the grin that spread over his face. “Where do you want to do it?”

“Bedroom.” Yuuri said confidently.

Viktor grabbed Yuuri’s hand and led him down the short hallway to the bedroom. The room wasn’t very big. It was fairly cramped, only with enough room for a double bed underneath the window, and a single bookshelf where Viktor kept all of his University textbooks. There was a small built-in wardrobe at the far side of the room which held all of Viktor’s clothes.

Yuuri watched as Viktor stripped down to his underwear, and lay on his side on the bed.

“Come on, then.” Viktor coaxed gently, looking at Yuuri as though he were a starving man eyeing a buffet.

Yuuri took a deep breath and removed his sweatshirt and t-shirt with trembling hands, standing at the side of the bed slightly awkwardly.

“Now the pants,” whispered Viktor, licking his lips.

Yuuri grabbed the waistband of his tracksuit bottoms and slowly pulled them down. Partly out of nerves, partly because he wanted to drive Viktor insane. He stood there wearing nothing but his underpants, feeling slightly self-conscious. But a quick glance at Viktor’s crotch told him that there was no need to be nervous.

“You are so beautiful,” Viktor breathed, patting the empty side of the bed invitingly. “We’ll start off slowly,” he explained as Yuuri lay down beside him.

Viktor removed Yuuri’s glasses and lay over half of his body, as he brought his lips down to meet the younger boy’s, rubbing his side in a comforting way.

It felt weird. The skin-to-skin contact felt so… intimate. But it also felt amazing. There was nothing separating them, except their underwear. What previously felt like sparks, now felt like a small flame lapping at his skin, burning wherever Viktor touched it. Yuuri wanted more. He never wanted Viktor to stop.

“Ah! Viktor!” Yuuri gasped when the Russian rubbed their erections together. Although they had done that many times before, this time sent pleasure shooting up Yuuri’s spine and into his scalp. The lack of a thick, denim barrier between their groins made the experience that much more intense.

“Good?” Viktor grinned, before repeating the motion several times more, listening to Yuuri’s gasps and moans of arousal.

“Too much…” Yuuri breathed. “We have… too much clothes on. I want you to touch me…”

Viktor slowly rubbed Yuuri’s dick through his underwear. “If I do anything you don’t like, tell me, and I’ll stop,” the older boy whispered reassuringly. “I want this to be good for you.”
Once Yuuri nodded his head in acknowledgement, Viktor hooked his fingers around the elastic of his underpants and pulled them down. Yuuri’s hard, leaking member popping out from its confinement. The younger boy heard Viktor swallow loudly as his eyes rested on the uncut length for the first time.

“Oh, my god,” the Russian gasped. “I felt you were big, but I didn’t realise you were this big.”

Yuuri blushed, feeling weirdly proud at Viktor’s reaction. “Let’s see yours now.” The Japanese teen said, squeezing his lover’s cock.

Viktor quickly removed the last remaining piece of fabric, his own erection springing free. He was slightly bigger than Yuuri, and his pubic hair was thicker, and more pronounced, but just looking at it, made Yuuri’s dick twitch with interest.

Yuuri gazed into Viktor’s piercing blue eyes, but they weren’t blue anymore. Viktor’s pupils had dilated with lust. Their lips met once again, but this time, Yuuri felt a hand wrap around his dick and slowly pump it up and down.

Of course, Yuuri had masturbated before, and it wasn’t the first time Viktor had touched him there, but this was a completely new experience. For the first time, he could feel one hundred percent Viktor. The feeling was no longer dulled by trousers. Viktor was touching him there, and he touched him so well.

A mix of hard and soft touches, alternating between fast and slow strokes, and the way he twisted his wrist at the head, had Yuuri writhing on the bed with pleasure. He never knew something could feel this good, and it only got better when Viktor brought his free hand in to fondle his balls.

Yuuri had been reduced to an incoherent babbling mess under Viktor’s hands. Most of the noises he was making was just moans of pleasure, with the odd bit of garbled Japanese thrown in. At some point, Yuuri closed his eyes. He didn’t remember doing so, but he was just so lost in the feeling Viktor was providing. He was scared to open them again, because he knew he’d cum on the spot if the even glimpsed at Viktor, and he wanted the feeling to last forever.

“Hurry up Yuri, my arm’s getting tired,” Viktor said, speeding up his strokes.

Oh, right. Viktor wasn’t a machine, he couldn’t continually jerk Yuuri off, as much as the younger boy wished. Yuuri peeked an eye open and saw Viktor working away on him, face flushed and shining with sweat. He looked so hot.

Yuuri barely had time to register his climax when his cock erupted, coating Viktor’s fist and dribbling on to his stomach. The Russian continued to massage Yuuri’s dick, milking him dry of all he had.

Slowly, Viktor raised his hand to his mouth, and licked off the white fluid with a wicked grin. “You taste good,” he smirked.

Yuuri laughed breathlessly, carding his fingers through the soft, silver hair and pulling Viktor down for a heated kiss. His mouth had a slight tangy taste to it as Yuuri licked inside.

“So I do,” Yuuri agreed, pulling away from the kiss. “I want to taste you now. Just tell me what to do.”

Viktor’s breath hitched. He rolled onto his back, dick still standing proud between his legs. “Put it in your mouth,” he instructed. “And do whatever comes natural; suck, kiss, lick, but don’t bite cos that shit hurts. You can use your hands as well if it helps.”
Now feeling slightly nervous, Yuuri nodded, and positioned himself between Viktor’s legs. He wrapped his hand around the shaft and gently inserted the head passed his lips.

The precum hit his taste buds almost immediately, Yuuri felt like he just had saltwater splashed into his mouth. But he continued rolling his tongue over the slit, with Viktor letting out gentle moans of encouragement.

Yuuri sunk his mouth a little lower on Viktor’s cock, taking in a third of his overall length. It was solid and warm, and, weirdly, felt a little like a thick cylindrical eraser that had been left by a heater for a short time.

A sudden impulse to bite down really hard overcame Yuuri, but he knew that would ruin the mood, and spent the next several moments trying to ignore the urge and focus on the beautiful sounds Viktor was making.

Yuuri attempted to take Viktor all the way, but the moment the cock-head hit the back of his throat, he started gagging.

“Don’t try and deep-throat,” Viktor groaned, his breathing laboured. “You’re not ready for that, yet. Just keep on doing what you’re doing… It feels really good.”

So Yuuri just took as much of Viktor as he could without choking, bobbing his head up and down, using his fist to stroke what he couldn’t reach. Viktor, he could tell, was trying to keep from bucking his hips up. Yuuri was grateful for that, because nothing could ruin a blow-job more than projectile-vomiting over your partner.

“Yuri!” Viktor moaned. “I’m gonna…”

Yuuri removed his mouth from Viktor’s dick as quickly as he could, but he still ended up getting a face-full of spunk. The first jet hit his cheek, while the subsequent bursts covered his lips, jaw, and neck; with some even spraying up into his hair.

“Sorry…” Viktor blushed. “I tried to warn you…”

But Yuuri was already giggling. “You realise I’m now going to need a shower before I go home?”
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

These boys are idiots...

“You’re handwriting is terrible,” Yuuri said as he sat naked on his bed, looking through Viktor’s university work. “It’s like a six-year-old’s.”

“I’m not used to writing Japanese characters,” Viktor pouted. “I’d like to see you write Russian letters, and have it be legible.”

It was the middle of March, and Viktor and Yuuri had been secretly seeing each other for almost a month.

Yuuri skipped the occasional class on Mondays and Fridays (The days Viktor had off university), to spend it in the woods with the Russian, while they spent Tuesday through Thursday at Viktor’s apartment after their classes ended; Yuuri telling his family that he was going skating. They had the perfect system.

Their physical relationship was also developing, with Yuuri now comfortable enough to have penetrative sex with Viktor. They started with fingers and sex toys, before moving on to anal intercourse, and trying new positions.

Yuuri woke up to a surprise text on Wednesday morning from Viktor.

‘Hisoka: Don’t feel like going to my last lecture today. I want to see you. xx’

‘My mother’s got a meeting with the bank this afternoon, and then she’s making a supply run. The house will be empty from half twelve xx’

‘Hisoka: What about your sis? xx’

‘On holiday with friends. Resort is being looked after by non-family members of staff xx’

Viktor simply sent back two emojis: the eggplant, and the smiling devil.

Yuuri left the school just after their fifteen-minute break at half eleven, and headed home.

He stood hidden behind a blooming cherry tree for nearly ten minutes, until he watched his mother leave in the car on her way to the bank.

He used his key to open the backdoor, and texted Viktor to say it was all clear, who replied almost immediately saying he was five minutes away.

“Did anyone see you?” Yuuri whispered as they made their way up to his room.

“No, I came straight from campus,” Viktor whispered back. “Why are we whispering?”

Yuuri thought for a moment, “I don’t know,” he laughed, but still whispering. “It makes it a little more exciting, though don’t you think? Like we could be caught at any moment.”
"I hope not," Viktor said, closing the bedroom door and dropping his bag on the desk. “I have plans for us.”

It wasn’t long until they both had discarded their clothes on the floor and were rolling around on Yuuri’s bed on top of each other. Panting, moaning, and feeling so good.

As time passed, the room was getting warmer, and it started to smell of sweat and sex. At around two o’clock they took a break, due to them both being incredibly drained, and overly sensitive.

Yuuri, out of curiosity, had a peek at Vikțr’s coursework. And although his work was technically very good, the way he wrote the Japanese lettering made it look like a child had wrote it.

Yuuri’s teasing had somehow evolved into a twenty-minute make-out session, which in turn lead to Yuuri riding Viktor’s dick, and them both having their fifth orgasm of the day.

They were half-way through round six, when a sudden noise from downstairs stilled their movements.

“What the hell was that?” Yuuri asked with a frown, craning his neck up to look in the direction of his bedroom door.

“Burglars?” Viktor offered, removing his mouth from Yuuri’s nipple.

“In broad daylight?” the younger boy said sceptically. “I mean it’s…” he checked his phone. “THREE FIFTEEN?! Shit! Viktor, my mother’s home!!”

Yuuri hurriedly pushed his lover off of him, wincing as Viktor pulled out of his ass, and desperately put on his t-shirt and underwear from the floor. A creak from the bottom stair alerted the boys that Hiroko was on her way up.

“Quick! In the wardrobe!” Yuuri whisper-shouted, bundling both their clothes in Viktor’s arms and pushing him towards the closet at the end of his room.

“Wait, my backpack!” Viktor said, looking like he was on the verge of a panic-attack. He quickly slung the bag over his shoulder and squeezed himself into the wardrobe.

Yuuri flung himself onto his bed and pulled the covers up to his chin just as Hiroko walked through his door.

She blinked at him in surprise, holding a pile of freshly ironed clothes. “What are you doing home so early?”

“I don’t feel so good,” Yuuri lied. “My stomach hurts, I’ve got a headache. Just… everything hurts. I think I’m coming down with the flu.”

“Aww, my poor baby.” She said sympathetically. Hiroko placed her hand over her son’s forehead. “You do seem a bit warm, and you’re looking a little pinker than normal.”

Yuuri dramatically sighed and sat up. His heart missed a beat when he realised Viktor’s coursework was still lying on the floor by his bed. As Hiroko put away his clothes in the drawer, Yuuri tried to stealthily push the papers under his bed with his foot.

“You know, I wish you had more than two school blazers,” Hiroko said, sliding a blazer onto a coat hanger before turning to the closet. “They get so dirty so quickly.”

Oh, no! Yuuri couldn’t let his mother open that door! If he did, she’d come face-to-face with a
very naked Viktor. If that happened, Viktor would be arrested, and they’d never get to see each other again! There was only one thing for it…

Yuuri started coughing very loudly and obnoxiously, to the point it seemed like he could hardly breathe.

Hiroko looked very concerned “Yuri, are you alright?”

“Water…” he fake-choked

His mother nodded and dashed away to get Yuuri a glass of water.

When she returned, Yuuri thanked her, and asked her to leave the clothes on the desk. “I’ll put them away later,” he said. “I just want to get some rest right now.”

“Are you sure, honey?” Hiroko asked, the worry evident in her eyes.

“Yeah, I’m really tired.” He replied, giving a fake yawn.

“Well, if you need anything, I’m just downstairs.” She gave him a kiss on the forehead and left the room.

Yuuri listened for the unmistakable creak of the bottom stair before he rescued Viktor from the wardrobe.

“That was close,” Viktor sighed. “Now the big question is; how am I going to leave here without your mother spotting me?”

“I don’t know,” Yuuri said, biting his lip. “I think it would help if you put your clothes back on, though...”
“I could climb down the tree?” Viktor suggested looking out of the bedroom window.

“Yeah, but the kitchen’s directly below my room, we can’t risk my mother catching you.”

“Or, I could stay here until midnight, and sneak out while your mother’s asleep?”

Yuuri laughed. “I can barely keep my hands off you as it is!” he exclaimed. “If you’re here for another nine hours, what’s to stop us from having more sex, and my mother catching us… again.”

“Fair point,” Viktor conceded. “Well, what do you suggest?”

“Well, I could try to sneak you out the back door? I’ll walk in front of you and keep a look-out for my mother.”

“Fine,” Viktor sighed. “No matter what we try, we run the risk of getting caught anyway.”

The pair tip-toed out of Yuuri’s room to the stairs, Yuuri reminding Viktor that the bottom step creaked. The younger boy’s heart was beating so fast he could almost see his shirt move, all Hiroko had to do was glance up the stairs and Viktor would be discovered.

They reached the bottom of the stairs successfully. Now all they just had to do is head to the kitchen, and out the back door. Yuuri slid the kitchen door open, but to his dismay, his mother was loading the dishwasher.

He coughed quite loudly, the signal for Viktor to hide, and waited for Hiroko to look up.

“What’s wrong, sweetie?” she asked, placing a large pot on the dishwasher rack.

“Uhh… Can you check if my laptop’s in the restaurant?” he asked, nervously.

“Why would it be in the restaurant?” Hiroko asked.

“I don’t know…” Yuuri mumbled. “It’s not in my room, and I can’t find it,” he lied.

“Can’t you get it yourself? I’m a little busy at the moment.”

“Um… well… uhh… I’m sick, Mama.” Yuuri groaned clutching his stomach. “And I… I don’t want to infect the customers.”

“I really don’t think it’s there, but I’ll have a quick look,” she said gently.

Once she passed Yuuri and headed into the restaurant, the young Japanese boy gave Viktor the all clear.

Viktor emerged from the small closet where they kept the vacuum and water heater, peering around as he quietly edged towards Yuuri.

Opening the back door, Yuuri whispered “I’ll text you later,” before giving Viktor a quick kiss and closing the door behind him, breathing a sigh of relief as he did so.

“It’s not in the restaurant, Yuri.” Hiroko said, returning to the kitchen.

“Is it not? Hm… Maybe it is in my room, and I just didn’t see it.”
“That’s why you should be wearing your glasses,” Hiroko teased.

She returned to loading the dishwasher.

“Is that that Nikiforov boy?” She asked darkly.

Yuuri’s heart stopped. “Wha… What are you talking about?” he stuttered.

“Outside,” she said bitterly. “I’m sure that’s that boy who molested you.”

Yuuri looked out of the window, where his mother was glaring. He saw Viktor walking casually down the street, passing the resort.

“He’s just walking, Mama.” Yuuri said, trying to keep his voice neutral. “It’s a public street, he’s probably just on his way home from university. And anyway, he didn’t molest me…”

“Oh, honey.” Hiroko sighed, giving her son a warm, gentle hug. “One day you’ll see just how wrong what he did was, how you were manipulated. And on that day, I want you to remember, it wasn’t your fault. I love you, and I don’t want to see you blame yourself for something that was done to you.”

A flare of anger exploded in the pit of Yuuri’s stomach. “Stop talking about him like that!” He shouted pushing her away. “Stop twisting it about and making him sound like some kind of pervert! Because he isn’t!”

“Yuri, we’ve been over this a hundred times,” Hiroko said wearily. “We’re not going to discuss it any further when he’s obviously still got a hold on you, even after all this time. But it’s alright, I’ve done my research on these kinds of things, and it could take up to a year or two for you to accept what happened. And I’ll be here to help you through it when you finally do.”

Yuuri let out a frustrated groan and stormed back up to his room. How could she say those things about Viktor? She wouldn’t, if she knew that Yuuri was the one who initiated their relationship. If she found out what depraved things her precious little boy was doing barely an hour ago, she would probably go insane.

Yuuri faceplanted into his pillow, inhaling deeply. It still smelled like Viktor. The recent memories of the two of them making love immediately sprang into the fifteen-year-old’s mind.

He felt himself harden between his body and the mattress. He knew he needed to relieve himself of the pressure, but first he had a filthy idea.

Pulling down his underwear to mid-thigh, Yuuri retrieved his phone and took a picture of his erection. He captioned it ‘miss you xx’ and sent it to Viktor with a smirk.

It took Viktor nearly half an hour to reply, and when he did, it was a single emoji; the flushed face.

“T ook you long enough to reply :3 xx” Yuuri typed, grinning.

“Hisoka: Sorry, that picture got me a little… worked up :) xxx”
Chapter 12

“I really don’t want to go to English class,” Yuuri sighed as Viktor sucked at a spot just behind his earlobe. “Let’s just stay here…”

“I wish,” Viktor replied, kissing his way along Yuuri’s jaw. “But education is important…”

The Russian had his lover pinned against their tree in the woods; the one that kept them hidden from any passers-by, as they spent Yuuri’s lunch break kissing and playing with each other. Their forty-minutes together was nearly up, and Viktor had already blown Yuuri twice times, jerked him off twice, and had anal once. That was the upside of Yuuri being fifteen; he didn’t last long, but recovered quickly, so they were able to pack in many rounds in a short space of time.

“Not as important as being fucked by a hot Russian,” Yuuri laughed, bringing their lips together.

In the distance, the school bell rang out signalling the time to return to class. “I’m not going.” Yuuri said childishly.

“Yes, you are.” Viktor said. “If you don’t… Then, no more sex for a month.”

Yuuri narrowed his eyes. “You’re pure evil, Viktor Nikiforov!”

Viktor chuckled and gave the younger boy a peck on the cheek. “Run along now,” he winked, slapping Yuuri’s ass. “I’ll see you after school.”

However, little did the couple know, that that morning, Hiroko received a letter from the school, informing her that Yuuri had missed several classes over the past few weeks. And the school was beginning to worry about him as this was highly unlike him.

The letter read;

‘Dear Ms Katsuki,

I am writing to inform you that your son, Katsuki Yuri, has been marked as absent in several classes. This is very unlike Yuri as he has had perfect attendance until now, and it is more unusual due to the fact that it is not the same classes he is missing.

He has also been excused from lessons to see the nurse on no less than twelve occasions over the past four weeks, however no record of him in fact visiting the nurse has been noted.

This has been brought to my attention only recently, but Yuri continues to be absent from lessons, and is consistently late after lunch.

Perhaps you could shed some light on this unusual behaviour? Please do not hesitate to call us to discuss this matter further.

Yours,

Yamamoto-sensei

Principle of Hasetsu Junior-High School’
Hiroko was confused. She knew Yuuri was sent home from school on Wednesday, and he stayed off yesterday, but he seemed to be fine this morning and returned to school as normal.

She resolved to call the ice rink at 4pm, when she knew he would be there. This matter was very serious, and she couldn’t wait for him to come home at 9pm to talk to him about it, so she would demand he get home then and there.

Four o’clock rolled around very slowly for Hiroko. She had called the school to discuss Yuuri’s absence. Thankfully he had been in class when she phoned, but both her and the principle were at a loss to explain why Yuuri was missing so many lessons.

After hanging up, the only thing that Hiroko could hazard a guess, was that her son was acting out due to his frustration at Hiroko from banning him from seeing that paedophilic college boy.

Or it could’ve been a cry for help. Her son might, on some level, realise that he was taken advantage of by an older boy he looked up to, and was trying to get his mother’s attention, without actually asking. Hiroko read that that was quite common for abuse victims.

Yuko answered the phone when the Katsuki matriarch called the local ice rink.

“Um, Yuri’s not here.” Yuko said, sounding very confused. “He hasn’t been here for weeks. I don’t know if he’s found a new hobby or what, but Yuri hasn’t set foot in here for over a month.”

Hiroko put the phone down without saying another word. Her mind was buzzing. What was Yuuri up to? Why did he say he was going skating all those times when he clearly wasn’t? She sat on the couch staring blankly at the wall, thinking back.

Yuuri’s behaviour, now that she thought about it, has been slightly off for a while now. Ever since she made him delete Viktor’s number.

He’d been quiet, going out constantly, not coming back until late. But once he did come back, he seemed more relaxed… calmer, but he also walked differently. Almost like he was attempting to walk while the floor gently rocked, or he had a limp…

Hiroko mentally slapped herself. How could she be so stupid? It was obvious what was going on! She was simultaneously disappointed in Yuuri and blamed herself for what was happening.

There was no other choice, she would have to confront Yuuri when he got back from… that place... she had to make her son see reason, or risk losing him forever…

Yuuri felt so good walking home from Viktor’s apartment. His hair was a mess, the top two buttons of his school shirt were undone, tie loosened, his head was pleasantly buzzing, and he had the nice warm, tingly feeling between his legs that only happens after having nineteen orgasms in five hours. Yuuri was ready to jump into bed and catch some beauty sleep.

He walked through the front door to be greeted by his mother looking stony faced.

“Hey, Mama.” Yuuri greeted, trying not to give away that he could tell there was something wrong.

“I got a letter from the school today,” Hiroko said, her voice that eerily calm way when she was upset. “Do you know what it said?”

“That I got the highest marks in Japan for the high school entrance exams and I’m getting a medal?” Yuuri joked.
“Actually, it said you’ve been absent from a lot of classes.” Hiroko said. “Care to tell me why?”

Oh, god!

“Computer error?” Yuuri shrugged.

“You’ve also been let out to see the nurse, but apparently the nurse says you never arrived at her office. How do you explain that?”

Oh, shit!

“I think the nurse needs to lay off that medicinal alcohol,” Yuuri said, his tone was light, but his stomach was twisting itself into a pretzel.

“Yuri, I’m not an idiot. I know what’s going on,” Hiroko sighed.

Oh, fuck!
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Just when you thought Yuuri couldn't get any dumber...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You did a good job of hiding it, I’ll give you that. But all the signs are there.” She continued, Yuuri feeling as though his entire chest was going to explode. “The late nights, the so-called flu, skipping lessons, mood-swings, lying about where you are. I phoned the ice rink, Yuko says you haven’t been there in weeks.”

“I… I don’t know what – what you’re talking about…” Yuuri stumbled, he could feel his body trembling, and his mouth felt like it was filled with cotton wool.

“Come on, Yuri! I’m your mother I know you better than anyone!” Hiroko shouted. “I know you’re using drugs!”

Yuuri had to bite his bottom lip as hard as he could in order to stop the burst of laughter that was threatening to explode from his throat. Drugs?! Yuuri? Was she serious?

“I’m not taking drugs,” Yuuri said, his voice shaking as he tried not to laugh. He couldn’t look at Hiroko for fear of going into hysterics.

“Yuri, look at me,” Hiroko demanded.

But he couldn’t. He had to take several deep breaths to will away his giggly feeling, before he lifted his head.

“If you’re not on drugs, why are your pupils so dilated?” she asked, sternly.

‘Because I came so many times in the past five hours, I’m sure I ejaculated my spine out my dick.’ Yuuri thought smugly. But he couldn’t say that out loud, so he just continued to stare at his mother silently.

However, Hiroko seemed to take his silence as an admission of guilt. Which got Yuuri thinking; if she thought he was an addict, maybe he could use this to his advantage…

“You’re right,” Yuuri said finally. “I’ve been feeling like crap lately, and these boys at school offered me something that they said would make me feel amazing. So I took it, and… and I couldn’t stop!” He buried his face in his hands and pretended to sob. “I need help, Mama!”

“Yuri…” Hiroko wrapped her arms around her son tightly. “Of course, I’ll help you. I love you, and I just want to see you happy.” Yuuri could tell by her voice that she had started crying. He felt a little guilty for it, but if it meant he was able to see more of Viktor, then it was worth it.

“What was it?” his mother asked releasing him.

“What was what?” Yuuri asked, pretending to dry his eyes on his school blazer.

“What was the drug?”
“Oh… um… crack..?” He said the first narcotic that came to his mind, hoping that whatever
symptoms Hiroko thought he was displaying coincided with crack use.

“OK. It’s alright, honey.” She said, stroking his cheek. “I’ll call the drug helpline tomorrow, and
we’ll get you into a rehab program. Just… stay home tomorrow. I don’t want you sneaking off to
a crack den or anything.”

“OK, if you think it’ll help. Goodnight, Mama.” Yuuri said, kissing his mother on the cheek and
heading up to his room. Burying his face in his pillow, he finally let out the laughter that had been
building up inside him.

Wait ‘til Viktor hears this!

Chapter End Notes

btw, the updates won’t be as frequent from here on. I've got a 5k word essay to do for
uni due on wednesday, and I've barely done 500 words over the xmas hols.

I'll update as frequently as I can, but it won't be anywhere near as much as I have
been. Hope y'all will understand ^_^
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Guess who's already half way through their 5k word essay?
Guess who's regretting choosing a career that needs a university degree?
Guess who's ready to kill themselves?

If you guessed me, you win this fic update!! YAY!!

“A crack addict?”

“Yup.”

“You?”

“I’m afraid so.”

Mari returned home from her vacation to Tokyo to this news about Yuuri. She looked both shocked and confused.

“No. I’m sorry, I don’t see it.” She said looking closely at her brother. “Shouldn’t you be missing teeth and have your skin be all greasy and spotty?”

“That’s only after long-term use,” Hiroko explained. “Yuri’s only been using for a couple of months, thankfully. So it shouldn’t be too difficult to get him clean.”

It was Tuesday, and Hiroko decided to keep Yuuri off school for the week as he was to attend a counselling meeting at the local psychiatric hospital that afternoon, and she wanted to keep an eye on him.

“Wow, little brother.” Mari gasped. “And here was me thinking you were the good kid. Next to you, my smoking habit makes me practically saint-like.”

“Thanks Mari,” Yuuri replied bitterly. “Great to know I have your support.”

This faking addiction thing was so exhausting. Yuuri had to act like he was constantly on-edge and agitated whenever he saw his mother. He had to pretend to get angry over the stupidest things. It was mentally draining. It was obvious that Yuuri shouldn’t try a career in acting.

Viktor had found the whole thing hilarious. He laughed so much that he started coughing when Yuuri told him over the phone.

“I’m sorry,” Viktor wheezed as he tried to get his laughter under control. “But the image of you smoking crack in a dirty drug den is just…” the Russian began laughing again.

“It’s not that funny!” Yuuri protested, but he too was fighting back a grin. “Do you really think I’m so strait-laced that I couldn’t rebel and have a drug habit?”

“Honey, nothing about you is straight,” Viktor teased. “The most rebellious thing you’ve ever done is seduce me. And even then, you were probably about to have a heart-attack.”
“Yeah, well, my mother’s booked me an appointment to see a drug counsellor,” Yuuri sighed. “On Tuesday.”

“Tuesday?” Viktor repeated. “That’s pretty quick.”

“I know. It’s this whole new government scheme they’re trying. They’re fast-tracking teenage addicts to rehab, hoping that early intervention will reduce the numbers of druggies in Japan… or something.”

“You sound like you read that from a pamphlet,” Viktor snorted.

“I did…”

It was eventually time to head to the therapist. The office was situated in an outlying building for day-patients; away from the schizophrenics and psychopaths.

“I’ll just be waiting here, sweetie,” Hiroko said, hugging Yuuri when his name was called.

The therapist’s office was spacious, sterile, and bright. The walls were painted an off-white colour, and there was potted plants dotted about the room. The windows were shut, and the blinds were drawn. Yuuri was surprised to see a woman, possibly in her late-thirties or early-forties, sitting on what looked like a school chair. Six feet opposite her was an identical empty chair, with a jug of water sat on a table against the wall between the two. He was surprised that there wasn’t a couch for him to lie on.

The woman, Dr. Kubo, smiled kindly and gestured to the empty seat.

“So, Yuri,” she began. “You have been referred to me through a charity which deals with teenage drug issues. According to my notes, you have been habitually using a class A drug that has been putting a strain on your relationship with your mother, is that correct?”

“Uh… yeah.”

“And it’s crack-cocaine that you’ve been using?” she clarified.

“Uh-huh,” Yuuri nodded.

“So tell me, when did you start taking it? And what was your reasoning behind it?”

Yuuri sat there in silence. Lying to his family was one thing, but he couldn’t lie to this woman who was only trying to do a job. Someone else should be sat here, someone who genuinely needed help.

“It’s alright,” she coaxed. “This is a safe-space. Everything said within these walls is one hundred percent confidential. I’m bound by a strict code of practice not to repeat anything you tell me to anyone without your written consent.”

“So… If I told you I murdered twelve people, you couldn’t say anything to my mother, or the police?” Yuuri asked slowly

“Only if I had reason to believe you’d be putting other people or yourself in serious danger in the near future. But if you came into this office and admitted you killed a friend and they were buried in your back yard, I couldn’t go to the authorities, even if I wanted to.” She explained.

“OK, in that case; I’m not a drug addict.” Yuuri admitted.
To his immense frustration, Dr. Kubo gave him a warm smile, “Yuri, I’ve heard this so many times before. People telling me they’re not an addict and they can quit any time –”

“No, I mean I’ve never taken drugs in my life.” Yuuri said, looking into the therapist’s eyes with determination. “I’ve never even seen crack, much less taken it!”

Seeing the uncertainty on Kubo’s face, the teenager clarified: “I only said I was taking drugs because my mother assumed I was. And because I didn’t want her to know the truth.”

“Which is?”

Yuuri took a deep breath. “I’ve been dating college student. He’s nineteen, and my mother has forbidden me from going anywhere near him, but we’ve been together in secret for the past month and a half. We’ve kissed, we’ve had sex… If I was a girl, I’d probably be pregnant by now…”

“And somehow you thought being a drug addict would be more favourable to your mother than you sleeping with an older man?” Dr. Kubo said with a frown. “That doesn’t say much for your relationship.”

“I know. But at least this way, he doesn’t get arrested,” Yuuri laughed.

“So, tell me about the college boy,” Dr. Kubo said, scribbling down some notes.

And Yuuri told her about Viktor. He didn’t mention his name, or the fact he was Russian, or even what he was studying. Just how they met and how their relationship developed.

What Yuuri was grateful for was the fact that she didn’t seem to judge either himself or Viktor. She didn’t tell him that Viktor was a pervert, or that being with him was wrong. She just sat and listened and made notes.

When their time was up, Dr. Kubo suggested that their meeting becomes a regular thing. They set up a regular meeting at 11am every Saturday, because Yuuri was at school during the week.

Of course Yuuri lied to his mother and said that the doctor wanted to meet three times a week. He’d use the fictional Thursday and Friday at 3pm time to get out of school early and see Viktor.
The end of March was finally upon Hasetsu. The students of the local Junior-High School were all stood nervously around the school gates, waiting for them to open so they could see their high school entrance exam results.

Yuuri nervously fiddled with a bit of thread that came unraveled from his school blazer. This was the earliest he’d ever been to the school, and he knew the same could be said for the majority of his grade.

His phone buzzed

‘Hisoka: You’ll do fine xx’

On some level, Yuuri knew Viktor was right. He was sure he passed all the exams, but there was still that tiny voice of doubt that echoed in his mind. What if he read the questions wrong? What if he didn’t put enough information in his answers? What if he was too busy fantasising about Viktor and missed an entire page of questions? What if he hadn’t done enough studying? What if he actually missed all of the tests and he just dreamt he did them?

He knew his mother would understand if he failed; he could just say he was high when he took the exams, and all will be forgiven. That was his go-to excuse for doing anything shitty these past couple of weeks, after all.

Yuuri had managed to sneak away to Viktor’s apartment during the weekends, telling his mother he was going for a run around Hasetsu. Jogging to the apartment, and jogging back, to make it more believable.

The clanking of metal brought Yuuri back to the present, the janitor opened the school gates, and the dozens of teenagers raced in to the corkboard located in the courtyard.

There were various sounds of happiness and disappointment coming from his classmates as Yuuri edged closer to the board. His heart thrumming in his chest when he got close enough to see the names. He scanned the list, looking for his own, when he finally spotted it.

He passed.

Yuuri let out a sigh of relief as he saw that he managed to get pretty good grades in all of his classes. He texted all of his family and friends the good news. But Viktor was the only one he called.

“I passed!” he shouted when the Russian answered. “I passed them all!”

“That’s great!” Viktor exclaimed excitedly. “I knew you would! I’m so proud of you, Yuri!”

“I’m proud of me, too.” He grinned.

“Hurry up and get back here so we can celebrate!”

“Give me half an hour, and I’ll be there,” Yuuri said, walking as quickly as he could to Viktor’s apartment.

During the time walking between the school and the apartment, Yuuri was inundated with calls and texts from his family and friends congratulating him on his academic success. His mother was
especially proud of him, and added how sad she was that his father wasn’t there to see it.

“You’ve been through so much, honey,” She gushed. “It’s nice to hear some good news for a change.”

Yuuri arrived at Viktor’s apartment, who answered the door in nothing but his underwear.

“Bit presumptuous.” Yuuri smirked, leaning in to kiss the Russian.

“You love it,” Viktor replied, pushing the younger boy up against the closed front door and ravishing his mouth.

Viktor’s tongue slid in between Yuuri’s lips and glided smoothly across the wet muscle.

Yuuri’s hands came down and rested on Viktor’s thinly covered ass, giving it a cheeky squeeze as he deepened the kiss. He heard Viktor gasp in surprise, grinding his crotch against the Japanese teen’s. Yuuri could feel Viktor was already hard, breathing heavily against his lover’s lips.

“Bedroom…” Viktor moaned, pulling Yuuri along the hallway in desperation.

Once in the room, Yuuri couldn’t strip fast enough, Viktor sat on the edge of the bed in front of him, eyeing the younger boy hungrily.

Yuuri was at already hard when his underwear at last pooled around his ankles. He carded his fingers through Viktor’s silvery hair, and grabbed his shaft.

“Open that pretty mouth for me,” Yuuri whispered, painting the Russian’s lips with precum.

Viktor obeyed instantly, his lips wrapping round his lover’s cock-head as he started gently sucking, while tonguing the slit.

“Mmm… That’s it, baby…” Yuuri sighed, with his eyes half closed as he fed Viktor a little more of his length.

Yuuri could cum just by the way the older boy looked up at him as his mouth was stretched over Yuuri’s dick. It took all of his self-control not to slam his hips forward and force himself down Viktor’s throat.

But Viktor seemed to be on the same page as Yuuri, and he gently eased his mouth forward, taking him inch by inch. Unlike Yuuri, Viktor was skilled at deep-throating, and slowly bobbed his head along the shaft, giving the head a flick with his tongue when he reached it. A mix of spit and precum began drooling from Viktor’s lips and down his chin as he sped up his movements, and Yuuri’s grip on Viktor’s hair was getting tighter as he approached his climax.

“Ahh… Viktor…” Yuuri moaned, his eyes shutting all the way. “Yes! Viktor, keep going! Ahh… yes!! Fuck!!!”

Yuuri’s release flooded into Viktor’s waiting mouth. The Russian swallowed all the milky white substance without spilling a drop. Even after Yuuri’s cock was spent, Viktor kept sucking for a few more moments, like it was an obscene, meaty straw.

Once Yuuri had regained his breath, he turned to his lover and said, “Now, let’s take care of you.”

“That’s…uh… that’s not necessary,” Viktor said, a blush appearing across his cheeks.

“Of course it is,” Yuri said incredulously as his hand travelled under Viktor’s waistband.
However, Yuuri was surprised to find that Viktor was soft, and there was a sticky mess in his underwear. “Did you…?”

“No!” Viktor said quickly, pulling Yuuri’s hand out his underpants and his face reddening rather fast.

“Viiiikkotooooor…” Yuuri grinned teasingly. “Did you jizz yourself giving me a blow-job? What are you, twelve? Haha, that’s adorable.”

“Shut up,” Viktor mumbled, not looking at his lover.

Yuuri bent down and kissed Viktor, pushing him backwards onto the bed. “You’re too cute,” Yuuri sighed against the Russian’s lips.

“I love how wrong this is,” Viktor said, before sucking a hickey onto the younger boy’s neck.

“I know,” Yuuri replied, his voice barely more than a whisper. “But that’s what makes it so hot…”

They somehow managed to find their way to the head of the bed with their bodies still intertwined. Yuuri reached out his hand to the nightstand, pulling a bottle of lube from the drawer.

“Hmm… strawberry flavour?” Yuuri read, raising an eyebrow and passing it to Viktor. “This is new…”

“Thought we’d try something a bit different.” Viktor said, his cheeks tinged pink. “Turn around, on your knees.”

Yuuri’s stomach clenched with excitement. Whenever they tried something new, Viktor always made it feel good, even when it probably should’ve been uncomfortable, so he gladly turned around, facing Viktor’s newly awoken erection.

“Lube it up,” Viktor ordered, handing the Japanese teen back the bottle. Yuuri took the bottle, pumping a generous amount into his hand, and slathering it along Viktor’s length. “Bon appétit,” the Russian said smugly, retrieving the red bottle from Yuuri’s grasp.

Yuuri wrapped his lips around the cock-head like he had so many times before. But this time, his tongue was hit by a very sweet chemically taste, with a hint of generic fake-strawberry. It was by no means a bad taste, in fact it was very pleasant, but it had Yuuri’s saliva glands tingling, and after several minutes, he was drooling all down his lover’s shaft.

Viktor, who was previously whispering words of encouragement, began massaging the flesh around Yuuri’s hole with his thumbs, occasionally pushing in about half an inch, and returning to his gentle rubbing.

Eventually, Yuuri felt a cold, viscous fluid make contact with his behind. He pulled off Viktor with a startled pop.

“It’s alright, baby,” the Russian soothed. “I’m just getting you ready. Go back to what you were doing.” He canted his hips up, bringing Yuuri’s attention back to his dick.

Yuuri moaned around Viktor’s cock as he felt the wet muscle of his tongue breach his entrance. “You like that?” Viktor asked, his voice strained as the younger boy continued to suck him off. Yuuri just moaned again, pushing his ass back to Viktor’s mouth for him to continue, his own cock leaking on to the silver-haired boy’s chest.
Viktor held Yuuri’s cheeks apart as he licked around his hole, every so often nipping at the puckered flesh with his teeth. Viktor continued to probe his tongue into the strawberry-scented entrance, opening up the Japanese boy a little more each time.

Because Yuuri’s head was still bobbing between his legs, Viktor was unable to perform with as much finesse as he would otherwise, but he was still able to elicit pleasured groans from his lover as he pressed his fingers against his perineum.

Yuuri couldn’t help himself, he had to stroke his cock or his balls would explode. He kept one hand on the base of Viktor’s dick, while his other hand slipped between his legs as he jerked himself. The pleasure was building too much, and his orgasm hit him like a freighter, coating his hand and Viktor’s chest in semen. The Russian wasn’t far behind, as he released into Yuuri’s mouth.

Due to the lack of warning Viktor gave, Yuuri choked slightly, but managed to swallow most of it, with a few dribbles of Viktor’s seed escaping from his lips and down his chin.

He rolled off of his lover, and onto his back – lying head-to-toe with the panting Russian.

“That was… intense.” Yuuri managed to gasp out.

Viktor hummed in agreement, before flipping himself around so that he was lying face-to-face with Yuuri.

“I love you,” Viktor whispered tenderly, looking into Yuuri’s eyes.

Yuuri gasped and choked on the residue of cum still inside his mouth, taken aback by Viktor’s out-of-the-blue declaration. But despite that, Yuuri could see the softness in those baby blues, he could see the vulnerability there. How long had Viktor been planning on saying that? Did he mean to? Or was he just so caught up in the orgasmic haze that he wasn’t even sure what he was saying?

“Well… say something…” Viktor said slowly with a nervous laugh.

What could Yuuri say? Was he supposed to say he loved Viktor back? Did he love Viktor back? Or was this just a fling with a hot college boy? Was this just a way of rebelling, like his therapist said during their latest session? Was this relationship just a way with dealing with confusing pubescent emotions?

“I love you too,” Yuuri smiled, kissing Viktor on the tip of the nose.

No. This wasn’t some random affair, or a coping mechanism. Yuuri had definitely developed feelings for Viktor. But was it a love that would last? Could Yuuri see himself settling down with Viktor in the future? What would happen to them both when this inevitably all came crashing down around them?

These were questions for another day, Yuuri decided as he let his post-orgasmic sleep take him. Right now, he was just happy to doze off in Viktor’s arms…

Yuuri arrived home later that night. He couldn’t keep the smile off his face as he sauntered back to the resort.

“Where have you been?” Hiroko asked her son when he stepped into the living room.

“ Took a walk,” Yuuri said casually. “I got a craving for that crack again…”
“Yuri, please.” Hiroko interrupted. “I’ve had enough.” She looked tired, like she hadn’t gotten any sleep in about a week. “I’m not an idiot. I’m not as naïve as you must think I am. I know you’re still seeing that Nikiforov boy.”
Yuuri felt as though his stomach crashed through the Earth’s core. So she knew. How long had she known?

“Yeah…” Yuuri admitted. “He… he’s my drug dealer… Um… I’ve relapsed. I’m sorry.”

“Yuri, enough with the lies!” Hiroko shouted, her face completely livid. “I know you aren’t really a drug addict. How stupid do you think I am? I knew you were still seeing him since the school told me about your absences. I just wanted to see how far you’d take this little charade!”

Yuuri stared at her in disbelief. ‘And the Oscar goes to…’ he thought, half impressed, half terrified. And all this time he thought his acting was just getting more believable.

“Yuri, I’m so disappointed in you.” she sighed wearily. “Where did I go so wrong? Why are you doing this to me?”

“Mama… I… I’m in love with him,” Yuuri said quietly, his voice shaking with unshed tears. “I didn’t mean for it to go this far. I just… I just wanted to be with him. Why can’t you accept that?”

“Because you’re not in love with him.” Hiroko said flatly. “He’s twisted your mind to make you think that you are. You need to realise, that Nikiforov is just one of those people who takes advantage of innocent, young boys. He’s a paedophile.”

“No he's not! He loves me too!” Yuuri glared, his eyes brimming angrily.

“He said that, did he? Oh, then it must be true!” Hiroko said sarcastically. “Trust me, the moment he gets bored, he’ll throw you away, and I’ll be left to pick up the pieces. It’s a mistake, Yuri.”

“You don't even know him!” Yuuri shouted, his tears streaking down his cheeks. “And anyway, even if it is a mistake, it’s my mistake to make! Just let me have this, Mama! I don’t need you to be so over-protective!”

“I’m sorry, Yuri.” She said walking over to Yuuri’s blazer (which was slung over the back of the couch) and removing his phone from the inside pocket. “But I can’t trust you anymore. You’ve proven yourself to be a liar and you’ve betrayed our family values, and it’s this boy that has brought out the worst in you. You’re better off without him.”

She shut the phone is the family’s safe… a safe to which Yuuri didn’t know the combination.

“One day you’ll find someone who brings out the best in you. Unfortunately it is not Viktor Nikiforov.”

“Are you going to call the police?” Yuuri sniffed.

“Count yourself lucky that I’m not. But if you ever go near him again, I won’t hesitate. And this time I mean it.” She said stiffly. “And, I think it goes without saying, you’re grounded while school is out, and it’ll continue until I believe you can be trusted again. If your father were still alive, this would break his heart.”
How could it be that barely half an hour ago, Yuuri was on cloud nine, and now he felt like he had found the tenth circle of hell? He felt like shit. How could his mother do this to him?

He couldn’t even call to tell Viktor what had happened, what with his phone locked away in the safe. Yuuri was even banned from going to his own graduation ceremony. His mother called to tell the school that he had a very contagious virus and couldn’t attend.

He was also furious at his sister. He found out the next day that Mari had been following him on Hiroko’s orders and took pictures on her phone to show their mother proof that he had been going into Viktor’s apartment. So she was partly to blame for all of this. He felt completely betrayed by his entire family.

Yuuri had cried almost non-stop for three days. He refused to drink anything so that he could intentionally dehydrate himself and avoid crying. He wanted so badly to see Viktor, to explain to him what had happened, to kiss him one more time. He just hoped that the Russian didn’t think he was purposefully avoiding him.

Yuuri barely left his room except to go to the bathroom and get food. He didn’t even bother washing his clothes as he could still smell Viktor’s cologne on his shirt. He hadn’t said two words to anyone since his phone was confiscated, and Hiroko had changed the Wi-Fi password, so Yuuri couldn’t even get on to the internet.

There was an empty feeling inside his chest that refused to go away no matter what he did. He tried watching DVDs on his laptop, but all the stupid romantic sub-plots made him think of Viktor. He tried listening to music, but the sappy lyrics reminded him of Viktor.

On the fourth day of his isolation, Yuuri heard a gentle tap on his bedroom window. Thinking it was just some random bird pecking at the glass, the young Japanese boy pulled back the curtains to shoo it away and…

“Viktor!” he breathed in shock.

Viktor Nikiforov was hanging off the cherry blossom tree outside Yuuri’s window.

“What are you doing here?” Yuuri whispered, careful to not alert his family as he opened the window.

“You haven’t been responding to me and I was getting worried,” Viktor said in a low voice. “But… I now realise how creepy and stalker-y this comes off as… and… now I feel like a weirdo.”

Yuuri gave a gentle chuckle before kissing the Russian. Considering that he never thought he’d get to kiss those lips again, it was the best feeling Yuuri had ever experienced.

It was only after the kiss that Yuuri pulled Viktor through the window, and launched into the story of how his mother knew he was lying about being a drug addict, and figured out that they were still seeing each other.

“But she says if she catches us anywhere near each other again, she won’t hesitate to call the
“Well, you know what we should do?” Viktor said with a sly grin. “Not get caught.”

Their lips met again in a desperate kiss, Yuuri brought his hand up to cup Viktor’s face.

“Viktor, what are we going to do?” Yuuri asked, his eyes threatening to brim over with tears.

Viktor, kneeling on Yuuri’s bed, looked deep in thought. “Run away with me,” Viktor said quietly.

“What?” Yuuri gasped in shock, his mouth opening and closing like an insane haddock.

“You heard me,” Viktor said. “We’ll go somewhere where no-one knows us. Just us, leave everyone else behind… I hear Norway is nice.”

“Are you… serious?”

“As a a heart-attack,” Viktor confirmed.

Yuuri thought about it for several long, agonising moments before he said; “OK.” A smile creeping its way across his face. “Norway… yeah! Let’s do this!”

They spent the next half hour packing as much of Yuuri’s belongings as they could into a small suitcase. They pulled Yuuri’s passport from the desk drawer, but decided against trying to retrieve Yuuri’s phone because they’ll both get new ones in Norway anyway.

Yuuri left a hastily scribbled note on his bed explaining that he was leaving to be with Viktor. He didn’t say where they were going, or even they were leaving the country, but he assured her that he’d contact her in some way once they had settled in their new life.

Viktor climbed down the tree and caught the case as Yuuri threw it to him. Then, with a last look around his bedroom, Yuuri climbed out and joined his boyfriend as they walked quickly to his apartment.

Chapter End Notes

These boys are so dumb ¬¬
“So, what are you taking with you?” Yuuri asked when they entered the small living area, slightly out of breath from walking so fast.

“Same as you,” Viktor replied, moving quickly. “I’ll take my phone though, in case one of us gets hit by a bus or something.”

The Russian pulled a large suitcase out from his wardrobe and began piling clothes and random items of sentimental value into it at lightning speed, as well as grabbing his own passport from his bedside table and stuffing it in his jacket pocket. He also grabbed a smaller bag for their carry-on items.

“Here,” Viktor said, throwing his credit card at Yuuri. “Book our tickets while I pack… get the next flight out of Japan. It doesn’t matter where at the moment.”

Yuuri nodded and checked the outgoing flights from Fukuoka Airport. “There’s a flight in five hours going to Vienna,” Yuuri called.

“How?” Viktor shouted from the bathroom.

The flight was booked in a matter of minutes. Yuuri also took the liberty of reserving seats on the train from Hasetsu to Fukuoka.

Everything went by in a blur. Yuuri didn’t even have time to realise what they had done until they were hurtling by the Japanese coastline on their way to the airport.

Yuuri’s head was spinning, his chest felt tight. What had he done? Panic overcame the Japanese boy as he began to hyperventilate.

“Just breathe, Yuri.” Viktor said in a calm voice. “It’s a shock, I know, but we’ll be starting a whole new life together very soon.”

“I can’t. Believe. I’m going. To Austria.” Yuuri said in between deep breaths. “I can’t speak German, Viktor! I CAN’T SPEAK GERMAN!!”

“Yuri, calm down, baby. I’ve got you. I can speak enough German to get us through most situations,” Viktor rationalised, rubbing Yuuri’s back gently.

Yuuri began to feel calmer as he continued to take slow, deep breaths. The thought of starting a brand new life in another country was scary, but he had Viktor. That was all that mattered, he and Viktor would be together. Now his mother will be sorry she ever tried to split them up.

The couple arrived at check-in within two hours of leaving Hasetsu. Their luggage went through with no problems, and they were now a lot closer to their new life.

They wandered around the airport, browsing the shops and grabbing a bite to eat in the airport’s café, and every so often they snuck off to the disabled toilets for a quickie.

“What’s the weather like in Vienna at this time of year?” Yuuri asked casually as he zipped up his pants after their latest round.
“Quite cold as far as I’m lead to believe, the temperature barely hits double figures.” Viktor said, storing the lube back in his carry-on bag.

“The flight’s almost a whole day isn’t it?” Yuuri thought aloud. “Maybe we could join the mile-high club.” He added with a wink.

“It’s like you read my mind,” Viktor smirked, snaking his hands around Yuuri’s waist and kissing his lips.

Exiting the bathroom, they noticed the screens stating that the passengers for their flight were allowed to go through security to the departure lounge.

Yuuri’s nervousness began to quell as his excitement took over. He and Viktor were actually going to be together! They were moving to a new country! They would probably get a dog… or five, and Yuuri would get a job teaching kids to skate at the local ice rink, and Viktor would finish his degree and become… whatever someone with a foreign languages degree can do … It was perfect. And it was only a few hours away!!

“I love you,” Yuuri murmured as they walked through the long corridor towards the security check, Viktor’s arm around his shoulders.

Viktor planted a chaste kiss on Yuuri’s cheek, “I love you too.” He whispered grinning excitedly. “Can’t wait to get there.”

The couple handed over their boarding passes to the security agent before the metal detector, trying not to look too couple-y in front of him, as they were highly aware that Yuuri was still underage and didn’t want to draw attention to themselves.

“One moment, please.” The agent said before leaving the two standing by the x-ray machine feeling quite perplexed.

Yuuri followed the man with his eyes, who seemed to be chatting to another security agent, showing her their passes. They were too far away to make out anything they were saying, but the female agent spoke into a walkie-talkie. Something was wrong, and Yuuri was beginning to feel uneasy.

Mere moments later, a couple of burly-looking men approached the pair.

“Viktor Nikiforov?” One of them asked, to which Viktor confusedly asked; “Yeah?” The man who didn’t speak then placed the Russian student in handcuffs and carted him away.

“Katsuki Yuri?” the first man said, staring Yuuri down as though the teenager was about to make a run for it. Yuuri nodded, his entire body shaking. “Follow me.”

Chapter End Notes

*Walks away while whistling nonchalantly*
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!
Thanks for all your comments and Kudos! As much as I'd like to reply to all y'all, it's just not possible, but they are all very much appreciated ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yuuri had no clue what was going on. Why had they arrested Viktor? Where had they taken him? Did they know they had sex in the bathroom… five times?

Yuuri was led to a windowless room, with white walls, a table and a couple of plastic chairs.

“Sit,” ordered the man. Yuuri sat. “Wait here,” the man said before swiftly exiting the room.

Yuuri’s head was spinning, his heart was pounding, he was shaking and sweating like crazy, and he felt dizzy and nauseous. He just wanted to know what was going on.

Five minutes later, a female police officer entered the room and took a seat opposite the young teen.

“We had a phone call down at the station a few hours ago, Yuri.” She said; not so much as a hello. Although, she didn’t sound angry, she was just talking as though they were having a pleasant chat about the weather. “It was from the police in Hasetsu. Your mother has filed a report. Apparently you ran away from home with Mr Nikiforov? You should know, your mother is worried sick, Yuri.”

Of course his mother contacted the police. He knew she would. But he rather hoped that she wouldn’t have found his letter for another few hours… at least until they were on their way to Vienna.

“Where’s Viktor?” is all that Yuuri managed to say.

“He’s being interviewed by a colleague of mine.” She said flippantly. “Your mother is on her way to Fukuoka, Yuri. I don’t know the full story, but I have been made aware that it involves underage sex. Now, I believe that you are also –”

“What’s going to happen to Viktor?” Yuuri interrupted. “I don’t want him charged with anything.”

“I’m afraid your mother fully intends to press charges,” the police officer stated. “Mr Nikiforov has been arrested for kidnapping and having sexual contact with a minor, and, pending a trial, could find himself in any situation from deportation, to several years in prison.”

Prison?!

“It was consensual!” Yuuri exclaimed desperately, wringing his fingers. “I don’t know what my mother has been saying, but believe me, it was one hundred per cent consensual!”

“Yuri, I’m not here to question you about your relationship with Mr. Nikiforov.” The police
officer stated. “I’m here to make sure you stay in one place while your mother comes to collect you. You are not the one that’s in trouble with the law.”

Yuuri tried to speak again, to defend Viktor, but instead when he opened his mouth, he vomited on the floor. He couldn’t believe he and Viktor were now officially over.

Chapter End Notes

*Author hides under a table as update is posted*
This wasn’t happening. This couldn’t be happening. Viktor had been arrested, and Yuuri’s mother was hell-bent in seeing her son’s lover in prison.

Yuuri hadn’t seen Viktor in weeks. Not since the airport security guards bundled him away from the Japanese teen.

Apparently, after Yuuri and Viktor left the hot springs resort, Hiroko found Yuuri’s letter when she went to check if he needed something to eat. She immediately called the police who went to question Viktor. But by that time, the couple had already left for the airport. Within the hour, the cops were able to obtain a warrant to search the apartment.

Yuuri, stupidly enough, forgot to wipe the browser history when he purchased the plane tickets, and the police quickly found out that they were headed to Austria. The cops called the police in Fukuoka, who in turn, alerted the airport staff to contact the police officers they stationed at the airport when the boys reached the security check-point.

Hiroko visited her son’s lover in the holding facility two days before his trial, in an attempt to understand what had happened.


“Why not? He’s sexy as fuck.” Viktor smirked. “I mean, how could I resist, with a body like that?”

The Russian knew this was definitely not the way into Hiroko's good books, and was only antagonising her further. But he was so furious at her for making Yuuri miserable, he wanted to torture her like she tortured Yuuri.

“You’re disgusting,” she said, looking at him with contempt. “He was an innocent child!”

“You really don’t know your son do you, Hiroko?” Viktor scoffed. “Your ‘innocent child’ was the one who started this whole thing. He was the one who made the first move. He kissed me after skating practice. I was initially against doing anything, but Yuri seduced me.”

“Do you really expect me to believe that?” Hiroko asked, narrowing her eyes.

“Believe what you want,” Viktor shrugged. “But those are the facts.”

The silent tension between the two was so thick, it was almost visible in the air, and Viktor felt like he was slowly suffocating in it.

“You should be proud,” Viktor said, a dangerous smirk playing on his lips. “Yuri rides cock like he was born to do it… practically begging me to fuck him on a daily basis… the filthy things that come out of his mouth… makes me blush just thinking about it –”

There was a sudden sharp pain on the side of Viktor’s face where Hiroko launched over the table and slapped him.

“You vile, perverted son of a bitch!” she spat, tears sparkling in her eyes. “Does it feel good? Messing around with little boys who trust you?”

“Not my fault you can’t accept how much of a slut your son is.” Viktor mumbled, rubbing his sore
Anyway, Yuri isn’t a little boy, Hiroko! You need to realise your son is almost an adult! He’s smart enough to make his own decisions. I’d understand your feelings if he was ten, but he’s fifteen! I really don’t know how someone like you managed to raise someone as amazing as Yuri. You don’t seem to realise how conflicted I’ve been about this whole situation! But even though I knew it was wrong, even though I really tried hard not to, I fell completely in love with him! And if you can’t see that, then you’re even more stupid than I am!”

“You’re sick.” Hiroko said as she stood up, her voice was shaking with rage. “You need help. And soon, before any other young boys suffer.”

As Yuuri’s mother walked away, Viktor groaned and banged his head against the visitor’s table. She was so blind, and the Russian didn’t know how to make her see that he was telling the truth. He had never felt this way about anyone before, Yuuri made him so happy that Viktor felt like he was going to explode. He wasn’t a paedophile, despite what he had done with Yuuri. He never found anyone so young this attractive before. But Yuuri was different. Yuuri Katsuki was special, and Viktor cursed their four-year age gap. He wished they had met three years later, why did he have to fall for someone so young? It wasn’t fair!

As Viktor was led back to his cell, his mind stayed on the Japanese teenager. His heart ached for his lost love, how was Yuuri coping? Viktor now lamented not asking Hiroko about him while she was here. All he wanted to do at that moment was hold Yuuri in his arms and tell him that everything was going to be alright.

But back at the resort, Yuuri was not OK. There was not a single word that could be used to describe how Yuuri was feeling. A mixture of angry, sad, scared, worried, dreading, and frustrated all at once. He couldn’t even bare to be in the same room as his mother without feeling like he wanted to smash something.

Viktor’s trial was coming up in a few days, and Yuuri was not ready for it. He was to speak in Viktor’s defence, and had been doing research on the laws of consent in Japan. He was sure Viktor wouldn’t be in serious trouble for their relationship, given the woolly laws of his homeland, but one of the charges Viktor was facing, was a lot trickier. He had been charged with the possession of child pornography, due to the explicit pictures Yuuri sent of himself.

The Hasetsu police department were allowed to search through Viktor’s laptop, and had found an entire folder filled with Yuuri in various compromising situations.

Both Viktor and Yuuri knew that there was no way around it, which is why the Russian decided to plead guilty to this charge, with the hopes of a more lenient sentence.

In the end, the trial lasted only one day and after much deliberation from the jury, Viktor was eventually found guilty of possession of child pornography, and sexual contact with a minor under eighteen. But was found not guilty of attempted kidnapping, or sexual coercion.

Viktor was sentenced to eighteen months in Hasetsu Prison, after which his student Visa will be revoked, and he’d be deported back to Russia upon release.

Meanwhile, Yuuri’s mother managed to obtain a court-order for him to visit a child psychologist for a mandatory 40 hours, over a period of two one-hour sessions per week.

However, the worst part of all of this, was that the judge also ruled that Viktor was to have no contact with Yuuri until the younger boy reached twenty-one years of age… almost six years away.

Yuuri sat totally numb as Viktor was escorted out of the courtroom in handcuffs by the bailiffs. He
stared directly ahead at the wall, feeling as though he were being held underwater by an invisible force. As the Japanese teen tried to gasp for breath, his eyes welled up, and he broke down completely. Yuuri vowed in that moment that he would never ever speak to his mother again.
**FIVE YEARS LATER**

**BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!**

Yuuri groaned at the familiar sound of his phone alarm. He groped around, still with his eyes closed searching for the damned thing.

His hand squeezed something warm and squishy to his right, which gave a high-pitched squeal, followed by a giggle.

“Sorry,” Yuuri mumbled sleepily, finally finding the phone on the nightstand on the opposite side of the bed.

“You know, I don’t mind being groped first thing in the morning,” the dark-skinned boy lying beside Yuuri said suggestively. “If it leads to something else…”

“I already proposed to you last night, what more do you want, Phichit?” Yuuri laughed, kissing his fiancé’s forehead.

Phichit pouted, “What do you think?,” he said.

“As much as I would love to, you’ve got class in an hour, and I have to go do some research for my project.”

The young Thai boy sighed resignedly, knowing Yuuri was right. They were both twenty, and in their second year at the University of Vienna studying Psychology. Although in different class groups, they met as roommates on campus, and started dating around four months later.

Last night was their one year anniversary, and Yuuri decided to pop the question. Of course, Phichit immediately said yes, and they could barely contain themselves the rest of the night. Of course Yuuri was nervous when he asked, since he spent a bit of money on their silver engagement rings, but he knew that Phichit was the person he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

Yuuri loved Phichit so much. He made him happy, much more than Viktor ever did, and they both enjoyed the same activities, like skating at the local ice rink, and had a similar taste in movies and music. What he loved most of all, was how uncomplicated it was. There was no need to hide their relationship, and they could be openly affectionate without having to look over their shoulders.

Yuuri’s mother was completely supportive of his relationship with Phichit. She gushed over him when she met the boy for the first time, and within a couple of weeks started referring him to her son-in-law.

Yuuri only told Phichit of his three-month affair with a certain silver-haired Russian a couple of months ago. And the Thai student, being the literal ball of sunshine that he is, didn’t judge Yuuri and all the stupid decisions he made while in that very intense relationship.

“We were stupid,” Yuuri had said. “We were going to run away to Norway together. I mean, could you imagine? How the hell did we think that was going to work out OK? He’s been out of prison for almost four years now. But I’ve never heard a peep from him, I don’t have a clue what he’s up to these days.”

“You were young, dumb, and thought you were in love.” Phichit laughed fondly. “It happens. It’s
actually quite adorable. But, you should know, if I ever meet him, I’m going to have to kick his ass.”

The thought of Phichit kicking anyone’s ass was enough to make Yuuri smile like an idiot as he made his way to the museum. Phichit was too nice to even give anyone a telling-off. He actually got sick after eating undercooked chicken at a restaurant once because he “didn’t want to make a fuss.”

Yuuri had his hands stuffed in his hoodie pocket and twirled the silver engagement ring on his left ring-finger fondly as he studied a sculpture of a headless man’s body, which was upside-down and had an enormous dong inside the Freud exhibition.

What was Freud’s obsession with penises? Was he a closet-case? Maybe he had an Oedipus Complex? Yuuri laughed slightly at his own silly brain as he began to read the little plaque to the side of it.

“Yuri? Katsuki Yuri?” said a surprised deep voice in a strong eastern European accent from behind the Japanese student.

Yuuri turned and came face-to-face with a tall, muscular, silver-haired man wearing a red and white track top with the letters “R” and “U” written across the chest.

“I can’t believe this! I thought it was you, but I wasn’t sure.” He smiled.

“Viktor?!” Yuuri gasped.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

No. No no no no no no no no no no no no. NO! This wasn’t allowed. Yuuri had finally let go of his feelings for this man, so what gave him the right to be standing in front of him looking like sex on legs? It wasn’t fair.

“Your hair’s shorter,” Yuuri said, dumbfounded “Isn’t it? It used to be down to your shoulders.”

“Yeah,” Viktor laughed running his hand through the silver locks. “You’ve grown. There was a time you were barely up to my chin, now look at you. Nearly the same height as me.”

“Yeah. Y’know… puberty and stuff.” Yuuri shrugged.

“You look… um… good?” Viktor said nervously. “What… uh… what are you doing in Vienna?”

“I’m at the university here,” Yuuri replied, rubbing his thumb against the silver band inside his pocket. ‘I’m also engaged.’ He reminded himself in his head. ‘I’ve moved on. I’m in love with someone else now.’

“Wow. That’s great! What are you studying?”

“Psychology. It’s why I’m here, actually. I’ve got a paper due at the end of the month, and I came here to do a bit of background research on a psychological theory. I chose Freud’s Psyche theory… but I got distracted by the giant penis… What are you doing here?”

“I was bored,” Viktor shrugged. “I’ve got the day off work, and really didn’t want to sit about my apartment all day, and this place is near where I live... You got distracted by a giant penis? Nothing new there, then.” He said with a slight laugh.

There was an awkward pause. Yuuri felt weird. He genuinely never thought he'd see Viktor again. Like he told Phichit, he was made aware of when his ex-lover was released from prison, but he was never able to find out what had happened after Viktor returned to Russia. There wasn’t so much as a whisper through the grapevine.

“Do you want to grab a-a coffee… or something? Maybe we could catch up?” Yuuri asked weakly.

“I was just about to suggest the same thing.” Viktor said, flashing a dazzling smile at the younger man.

“Are you and your mother still at each other’s throats?” Viktor asked as they walked down the street.

“We were for a while,” Yuuri admitted. “For a long time I despised the woman, but my court-ordered therapy made me realise that what she did, she did out of love. And that she really did believe she was doing what was best for me. We had a long, over-due talk. She eventually went to therapy herself, and it turns out she was scared of losing me. After my father died, she became so… different. Like, she was scared of losing me and my sister like she lost my father, she only acted the way she did because she just wanted to keep the family together.”

“But by denying you seeing me, she was just pushing you away,” Viktor reasoned. “The whole
drama only started because she didn’t want us to be together.”

“Exactly,” Yuuri agreed. “I was eleven when he passed away, and I think she still saw me as that age, despite how much I grew, so she genuinely saw you as a pervert, and me a child.”

“Does she still hate me?” Viktor asked, biting his lip nervously.

“Oh, yeah. You violated her baby, she throws darts at a picture of your face every day,” Yuuri said sarcastically. “To be honest, Viktor, she hasn’t mentioned you in years, so I don’t know how she feels about you now.”

“I said some things to her before my trial, and I really wish I could take them back. It was bang out of order.” Viktor said with a sigh. “Do you think she’ll ever forgive me?”

“I don’t know.” Yuuri replied, honestly.

As they walked and talked on their way to the café, Yuuri couldn’t help but feel he was fifteen again. Sure, he and Viktor weren’t together for very long, but being in a relationship that intense, no matter how short, always makes an impact.

“So what happened after you went back to Russia?” Yuuri asked when they were finally seated beside each other and had their hot drinks steaming in front of them.

“Well, as you know just before my trial, I was expelled from university,” Viktor explained. “So, when I went back home, I had no job, no money, and no-where to live. Thankfully my Aunt Lilia and Uncle Yakov let me stay with them until I got a job. Yurio wasn’t happy at first. He still called me a pervert.”

“You still call him Yurio?” Yuuri laughed.

“Yeah, He’s always – Ohh, I forgot,” Viktor said grinning. “I forgot we started calling him Yurio in Hasetsu! It’s just kind of stuck now, even his parents call him Yurio.”

Yuuri let out a small laugh. God, he forgot how this man could make him feel.

“So, anyway.” Viktor continued, getting the conversation back on track. “I couldn’t find a job for the longest time. No-one wants to hire someone whose got child porn on their criminal record.”

Yuuri felt a stab of guilt in his stomach. “I’m sorry,” he said. “If I hadn’t sent you those pictures…”

“Don’t worry about it, Yuri.” Viktor said, placing his left hand over Yuuri’s right, causing a bolt of electricity to shoot up the younger man’s arm. “I was the one who kept the pictures on my laptop. I shouldn’t have done that. But they were just so… arousing.”

Something stirred low in Yuuri’s belly. He had to bite back a moan as Viktor started tracing patterns on the back of the Japanese student’s hand with his finger.

“But eventually I found a job working for a company who employs people just out of jail.” Viktor continued, with his voice an octave lower. “I travel around Europe having meetings with businessmen and talking about why it’s important to hire ex-convicts, and try to get them to sign up for this EU-funded program. It’s all very boring. But it keeps me out of trouble.”

“Speaking of trouble,” Yuuri said, clearing his throat. “You realise I’m not twenty-one yet. You shouldn’t be near me for another ten months.”
“Where’s the fun in that?” Viktor whispered, dangerously close to Yuuri’s ear, causing the younger man to shiver.

“S-so, after you got home, did you, uh, start seeing anyone?” Yuuri asked, trying to keep his voice calm.

“I tried,” Viktor admitted, placing a hand on Yuuri’s thigh. “But I kept thinking about you, and how no-one could ever come close to what we had... What about you? Are you seeing anyone?”

Phichit’s face flashed in Yuuri’s mind. He had literally got engaged fourteen hours ago. Phichit was the best thing that happened to him. He was kind, funny, and smart; Yuuri didn’t deserve him, truth be told, but he made Yuuri unbelievably happy, and the thought of losing him was unthinkable. He twirled the engagement ring around on his finger inside his hoodie pocket, reminding himself of what he had waiting for him when he got home.

“No.” Yuuri said eventually, gently easing the ring off. “I’m not seeing anyone.”

Katsuki Yuri was a terrible person.

Chapter End Notes

In case anyone's wondering; I'm 4 chapters ahead of what I post. So while you're reading chapter 22, I've just started working on chapter 26... idk how long this fic will be (hazzard a guess at close to 30 chapters), so while you freak out about this latest update, I've already written what will be up on Friday.

Side note: I update between 9pm-midnight UK time, if you wanna keep track :3
“So this is my apartment,” Yuuri said walking in the door, with Viktor behind him.

“It’s nice,” Viktor said looking around the spacious living room. “It’s much bigger than I was expecting.”

“Yeah, I got an upgrade from the shitty student halls last month,” Yuuri explained. “Mainly because I’m on the figure skating team, and they couldn’t allow their star athlete living in squalor.”

“So, you took my advice and went pro?” Viktor teased.

“I wouldn’t say ‘pro’ and it wasn’t exactly on your advice,” Yuuri laughed. “But I compete for the university, and we won gold at the Championships last year. So… y’know.”

Yuuri continued the tour of his apartment, pointing out the kitchen-slash-dining room, bathroom, and laundry room (well, they call it the laundry room, when in fact it’s just a storage closet in the hallway with a washer/dryer).

“That’s my… uh… roommate’s bedroom,” Yuuri said pointing to the spare room door. Which wasn’t technically a lie. It’s where all Phichit’s stuff was kept, even if he didn’t actually sleep there. “And this is my room.”

Yuuri opened the door to his room. A large queen-sized bed took up half the room, with a shelf on the wall that held all of his skating awards, underneath sat a desktop computer and printer. The floor was mostly tidy, with the exception of the odd piece of clothing and sheets of paper littering the beige carpet.

“Nice.” Viktor nodded looking about the room. “How much does this place cost?”

“Surprisingly, not that much.” Yuuri smiled. “Adding all the bills and rent together, it barely comes to €550 a month, and because I have… uh… a roommate, I only have to pay half, while he pays the other. Well, I say I pay, it’s actually my mother who pays for it, because I don’t have a job.”

Viktor looked mildly impressed as walked over to the awards shelf, with the Japanese student not far behind.

“You’ve done really well, Yuri.” The Russian said, his eyes scanning the framed photograph of Yuuri and the rest of the skating team.

Viktor looked at Yuuri with a completely besotted expression as he sat on the edge of the bed, and his expression quickly turned into one of surprise. “Memory foam?” he asked, quirking an eyebrow at his ex, and pressing against it with his hand.

“Only the best for the star athlete,” Yuuri grinned. “Wanna try it?”
“You joining me?” Viktor smirked.

“Just lie on the damn bed, Nikiforov,” Yuuri laughed, pushing Viktor’s shoulders down onto the mattress.

So Viktor did what he was told. And his face quickly morphed from amusement to pure bliss. “This must be what it’s like to lie on a cloud.” He sighed.

Yuuri joined the Russian as he lay on his side, happily looking down at Viktor, head propped up on his fist, with his upper body supported by his pillows, and his legs curled slightly beneath him.

It was slightly chilly in the room, what with it being the middle of January, so the younger man scooted closer to the Russian and, in a moment of impulse, placed his cold hands under Viktor’s shirt, warming them up on his toned stomach. As he did so, he felt the older man’s muscles tense a little at the contact.

“What are you doing?” Viktor asked, his eyes were soft, and his tone low and teasing as Yuuri’s thumbs began stroking his abs.

“My hands are cold,” Yuuri replied, his own voice barely more than a whisper as he edged even closer to the Russian. “And so is my nose. Feel…” Yuuri pressed his nose to Viktor’s soft cheek, and the older man to let out a soft chuckle.

Yuuri pulled away from Viktor, looking deep into his electric blue eyes. The eyes, for some reason, seemed to be moving towards Yuuri, just before the room seemed to dim. With his eyes fluttering shut, Yuuri felt his glasses gently push into his face, as something soft and warm pressed against his lips…
Yuuri’s mouth was tingly. It felt the way static looked as Viktor kissed his lips gently, but repeatedly.

The Japanese student was laying on top of his ex-lover with his knee between the Russian’s sculpted thighs, one hand resting on Viktor’s chest, while the other cupped his jaw, as the room filled with the sound of their lips smacking together loudly.

Viktor had snaked one hand around to rest on Yuuri’s lower back and the other tangled in his hair as he deepened the kiss, and sucked gently on the younger man’s bottom lip.

“Viktor… I want you…” Yuuri whined, rubbing his hardening cock against Viktor’s hip. “Need you… in me.”

“Patience, baby,” Viktor whispered as he kissed along Yuuri’s jaw. “I want this to last…”

“Yeah, but Phichit will be back at three…” the younger man breathed.

“Who?” Viktor asked distractedly as his hands wandered under Yuuri’s shirt and up his back.

“My… uh… roommate.” Yuuri said as he cupped the Russian’s hard-on and rubbed slowly.

Viktor glanced at the clock on the bedroom wall. “We’ve still got two hours…” he whispered, flicking his tongue against the younger man’s earlobe. “I’ve missed this…”

“Please, Viktor!” Yuuri begged, unbuckling the Russian’s belt.

“Desperate for my cock, huh?” Viktor grinned. “Another thing that hasn’t changed… Alright, get on your knees…”

With a sigh of relief, Yuuri turned around and dropped his jeans and underwear down to his knees and leaned on his elbows facing the foot of the bed, his backside pointing at his ex.

“So beautiful,” Viktor murmured, running his hands over the pale globes of Yuuri’s ass. “Where do you keep your lube?”

“Drawer.” Yuuri said, pointing to the nightstand.

Viktor pulled open the wooden compartment and pulled out a bottle of bright red lubricant.

“Still using the strawberry flavoured stuff, I see?” Viktor smirked. “And it’s half empty? You little slut.”

“Viktor,” Yuuri whined, his tone verging on petulant. “We haven’t had sex in five years, so shut up and put your dick in my ass!”

“Naughty, Yuri,” Viktor gently scolded as brought his hand down to give his lover a firm slap on the rear. “Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?”

“No, but I’ll suck you off with it.”

Viktor’s breath hitched, signalling to Yuuri that he was turning him on even more.

“You like the dirty talk don’t you, Viktor?” Yuuri said slyly. “Come on… fuck me with you
“Yuri!” Viktor groaned. “If you keep talking like that, this’ll be over before it’s even begun.”

The younger man bit his lip with a sneaky grin; satisfied at how easy Viktor was to rile up.

Yuuri heard the sound of Viktor’s fly unzipping, and the rustling of denim and cotton as Viktor pulled down his own pants and underwear. The sound of the Russian squeezing the lube onto his fingers, and then slather some around the Japanese student’s hole reached his ears. Then Viktor gently eased his index finger inside, followed almost immediately by a second finger.

“You’re so loose Yuri,” Viktor gasped.

“I know,” Yuuri breathed. “I’m no longer the bashful virgin you fucked five years ago, you know.”

“You really are a slut,” Viktor’s tone was half teasing, half aroused as he pumped his two fingers inside Yuuri’s ass. “Should I wear a condom?”

“Nah,” said the younger man. “I’m clean… are you?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Good,” Yuuri smirked. “Now, hurry up and fuck me!”

Viktor’s fingers sped up as he added a third, hitting Yuuri’s prostate with almost every inward thrust, causing the Japanese man to moan loudly as his fists curled in the sheets beneath him.

“Please, Viktor…” Yuuri’s voice was wrecked with all the noise he was making. “I need it…”

At last, Viktor removed his fingers from inside Yuuri and grabbed the lube again, an obscene squelching sound filled the room as Viktor slicked up his rock-hard member.

He placed the head of his cock at the younger man’s entrance. “Ready?” Viktor asked. Once Yuuri nodded, the Russian slowly inserted himself inside the tight hole.

Yuuri screwed his eyes shut as a mix of pain and pleasure overcame his entire body. Phichit was by no means small, but he was nowhere near as well-endowed as Viktor.

The young Japanese student tried not to dwell on the guilt he felt as Phichit entered his mind. His fiancé didn’t need to know that Yuuri was having sex with his ex while he was in class. It’s not like this was going to become a regular thing anyway, Yuuri tried to convinced himself as Viktor slammed into him. It’s just closure. After fucking Viktor this one last time, he can finally move on with his life.

“Ahh… Viktor! So good…” Yuuri moaned as Viktor hit his sweet-spot with every thrust. Eventually Yuuri was reduced to gibbering mess of wordless groans, and garbled Japanese as his prostate was stimulated over and over.

Viktor wasn’t fairing much better, either. He seemed to have forgotten what language he was supposed to be speaking, and regressed to random words of Russian, English, Japanese, French, and what Yuuri could only assume was Italian, but he never once lost the rhythm of his thrusts.

Yuuri’s hand moved from the duvet to between his legs. He needed some friction. But before he could even get one stroke in, Viktor shouted “No!” and grabbed his wrist and pinned it to his back, meaning the younger man only had one arm free to keep himself from faceplanting into the
“Viktor!!” Yuuri shouted. “I need to…”

“No you don’t!” Viktor interrupted. “You’re gonna cum on my cock alone.”

The position Yuuri was currently in meant that he couldn’t do anything but kneel on the bed and allow Viktor to fuck him hard. Yuuri’s member was drooling onto the sheets below him, and he really needed to touch himself. But Viktor was ploughing into him at such a fast speed that it was verging on torture. Yuuri needed to cum, but Viktor was dragging it out by not letting him jerk-off… and it was heaven.

“Viktor… I’m close…” Yuuri groaned loudly, as his cock began to throb almost painfully.

“Good.” Viktor grunted, as his hips eventually started losing their rhythm “Because I don’t think I’m going to last much longer…”

Yuuri’s vision went black and he couldn’t hear anything except white noise coming from inside his head; but he was vaguely aware he was screaming loudly with the pleasure of his release.

When his senses returned, Yuuri found his dick was soft, his throat hurt, and his sheets were soaked with semen. It also eventually dawned on him that Viktor was no longer inside him and there was something leaking from his hole and down the inside his left leg.

Opening his eyes, and looking through the gap in his spread legs, Yuuri saw Viktor breathing heavily, splayed horizontally across the bed, and the Russian’s cum dripping down his inner-thigh.

“That… was the best sex… I’ve had in a long time,” Viktor gasped, his white t-shirt was almost see-through with the copious amount of sweat dripping off him.

Yuuri wished he could say the same, but instead of basking in the afterglow of his orgasm, the Japanese student felt shame and regret crawl over his body. He had just cheated on Phichit. How could he do that?

Obviously, when his fiancé came home, Yuuri was going to come clean and beg his sweet Thai prince for forgiveness and promise he’d never do anything like that again. He would make it up to him, maybe by going on holiday, or make up a special skating performance just for him. But the most important thing in all of this was that Yuuri promised himself that he was going to be honest for the first time in his life.

Yuuri had every intention of kicking Viktor out of his apartment, and jumping in the shower to scrub himself clean of his infidelity, until…

“You up for round two?” said a Russian voice, bringing Yuuri out of his thoughts.

Yuuri turned and faced Viktor, “And round three, and four…” he grinned, straddling the older man’s hips. “And five, and six…”

Katsuki Yuri was officially the world’s worst fiancé.
Chapter 25

‘I am not going to have sex with Viktor Nikiforov at all this week.’

That was Yuuri’s resolution every Monday morning when he awoke beside his loving fiancé, and had been since Viktor returned to his life eight weeks ago. Unfortunately, it was always broken Tuesday afternoon.

Once the resolution was broken, Yuuri’s thoughts comprised of ‘Well, I’ve already slept with him, I’ll just have to try harder next week’ and continued to meet up with the Russian.

Viktor had apparently quit his job with the company he was with, and gotten a new job at a betting shop in the middle of the city. This made it all the more difficult for Yuuri to stay away from the silver-haired man.

Yuuri really hated himself. He loved Phichit dearly, but he couldn’t control himself around Viktor or when Viktor texted him. It was like Yuuri had a mosquito bite, but his fingernails were cut too short. No matter how hard he tried, the itch wouldn’t go away until he slept with the Russian Adonis.

As much as he hated to admit it, Yuuri’s mother was right about Viktor; he really did bring out the worst in him.

In February, Phichit had to return to Thailand for a week, for his great-aunt’s funeral. Yuuri should have gone with him (Being engaged to Phichit meant that he was expected to show support, after all), but he used university as an excuse to stay in Vienna. And within an hour of his fiancé’s flight leaving, Yuuri was on his knees behind the dumpster at the back of Viktor’s work, giving him a blow-job.

‘Why am I like this?’ Yuuri thought as he left Viktor’s apartment late one night. ‘I can’t do this anymore. I need to decide; Phichit or Viktor?’

It was the hardest decision Yuuri had ever had to make. Because Phichit was like pancakes; warm, sweet, comforting, and a wonderful thing to wake-up to in the morning. But Viktor was like a rollercoaster; exciting, fun, a source of adrenaline, and borderline overwhelming. Neither of them were like the other, but both were amazing in their own way.

What made it even worse, was that Viktor had recently admitted that he was still in love with Yuuri; and Yuuri couldn’t deny that he also still had feelings for his ex. As much as he tried to deny it for the past five years, a piece of him still yearned for the man he lost his virginity to.

There was only one thing Yuuri could do, and that was turn to the person who knew him best; his mother.

He called her up at 1pm the next morning, while Phichit was in class.

“Mama, I’ve done something terrible,” Yuuri said once they had exchanged greetings. “But before I tell you what it is, please don’t get mad, or start screaming at me, I just need you to listen and help me.”

“Who did you kill?” Hiroko laughed down the phone.

“No-one…” her son said nervously. “I cheated on Phichit… a lot.”
There was silence on the other end of the phone for several long, agonising moments, before Hiroko sighed and said “Not again… Yuri, why do you keep cheating on your boyfriends? Can’t you keep it in your pants for two minutes? I really thought you were happy with Phichit? I thought he was the one you wouldn’t cheat on. I assumed you had finally calmed down with this ridiculous behaviour of yours.”

“I know, so did I. I’m a terrible person!” Yuuri pleaded, trying not to sound too desperate.

“Who did you sleep with? Because I swear, if it was another stripper…”

“NO!” Yuuri interrupted quickly. “It was just someone… I met at the museum…”

“And why didn’t you tell him you were engaged?” Hiroko said, sounding very irked.

“He was hot..?” the younger Katsuki offered lamely. “OK, yes. I should’ve told him when I realised he was putting the moves on me. But… I don’t know… my brain kind of fizzled. Did I mention he was hot??”

Hiroko made a strange noise that sounded like she was physically restraining herself from getting on a flight to Austria and smacking her son.

“But… that’s not all,” Yuuri said slowly. “I think I might be in love with this other guy too, and I really can’t decide between them.”

“Choose Phichit, he was there first.” His mother said without missing a beat.

“Actually… I knew the other guy first…”

“Who is he, Yuri?” Hiroko’s voice was that eerily calm way again. The way it went when she was one piece of information away from exploding. If she found out it was Viktor, she’d probably bury Yuuri alive. So he did what he does best; and lied.

“Remember when I was eighteen, and went on that trip to Ibiza with my friends from high school? And you remember those pictures of me doing bodyshots in a nightclub that appeared on Facebook? Well, it was the guy I was licking the salt off of that cheated with.”

There was another painful silence, and Yuuri would have believed that the call had been disconnected if it wasn’t for the slow, deep breathing he could hear from the other end. “Yuri,” Hiroko said, choosing her words very carefully. “I love you, and I’m not judging or anything, but HAVE YOU GONE COMPLETELY INSANE?!?”

“Probably,” Yuuri muttered. “I’m serious, Mama. I think I’m in love with him, he admitted he was in love with me a few days ago, but I don’t want to hurt him or Phichit. I can’t decide who I want to be with!”

“Honey, this is a very messy situation. And no matter what happens, someone is going to get hurt. It’s inevitable.”

“I know! So what should I do?”

“First of all, you need to be honest with both of them. Tell Mr Tequila Abs that you are no longer the wild party-boy you were two years ago, and you’re now engaged to someone who has made you a better person. Then, admit to Phichit what you’ve done. If Phichit somehow forgives you, and still wants to marry you, stay with him, and break it off with the other man, and work it out with Phichit; maybe go to couples therapy or something. You made a commitment to him and you need to honour it. When you’re married, there should be no secrets between you and your spouse,
especially ones this big.”

“Oh, hi! Have we met? I’m Katsuki Yuri. I’m a compulsive liar.” Yuuri replied bitterly. “But I
can’t bear to see either of them hurt… Can’t you do it for me?” Yuuri asked, his stomach feeling
like it was full of angry wasps.

“No. It’ll be worse for both of them hearing it from someone else. These are the choices you made
Yuri, now you need to live with the consequences. Hopefully this time you’ll learn to think before
you act. But knowing you, I doubt it…”
Chapter 26

Yuuri knew his mother was right. If Phichit found out before they got engaged that the only person Yuuri was ever faithful to was Viktor, he doubted the Thai student would’ve agreed to marry him.

And if he found out from anyone other than Yuuri that Yuuri was having an affair, it would break his heart, and Yuuri didn’t think there was any way he could forgive himself for that.

Viktor was another matter though. Yuuri had a feeling that even if he did tell the Russian that he was engaged from the beginning, it wouldn’t have made much of a difference. If Viktor was happy to sleep with Yuuri while he was underage, there was no reason to believe that the Japanese student being in a relationship would have deterred him.

The weeks progressed, and Yuuri still hadn’t found the courage to tell either men about what he was doing. He continued to let Phichit believe they were in stable, monogamous relationship, and his Thai prince even started to excitedly go over wedding plans. It made Yuuri feel unbelievably guilty; but not guilty enough to stop him having sex with Viktor every other day.

“I love you, Yuri.” Phichit smiled, kissing Yuuri on the tip of the nose as he placed his coffee mug in the kitchen sink.

It was Saturday and Yuuri had made them both a large cooked breakfast consisting of sausages, bacon, eggs, black pudding, baked beans, potato scones, and toast. It was something Phichit had when he was on holiday in Scotland a few years back, and he had fallen in love with the food.

Phichit had his driving test later that day, and when he was nervous, he had the appetite of a Blue Whale, so Yuuri decided that he would cook the high-calorie breakfast to help quell the nerves.

“I love you too,” Yuuri replied, wrapping his arms around the smaller man. “Hey, since your test isn’t until eleven, we still have time to help you relax…”

“How?” Phichit asked, narrowing his eyes in mock-scepticism.

“I think you know how..” the Japanese student winked, biting his lower lip seductively.

“You’re always thinking with your lower brain,” Phichit laughed. “Even though I’m disgustingly greasy and bloated right now.”

“No, you’re sexy.”

Before the Thai boy could say any more, Yuuri picked him up bridal-style and carried him to the bedroom, both of them kissing and giggling like lusty teenagers on their way there.

Yuuri crawled up Phichit’s body, once the smaller man had lain on the bed.

“I haven’t even started yet, and you’re already excited,” Yuuri grinned, rubbing at the tenting slowly forming in the Thai student’s pyjama pants.

“I can’t help it,” Phichit said bashfully. “It’s because I love you so much. And you’re so amazing, and beautiful and…”
“You’re rambling,” Yuuri whispered as he pressed his lips to his Thai prince’s.

The Japanese man hooked his fingers around Phichit’s waistband and yanked them down, exposing his hardening member.

Without saying a word, Yuuri bent down and licked Phichit from base to tip, before sucking gently on the cock-head. “So hot…” Yuuri groaned, watching the pleasure appear on the smaller man’s face as he swiped his thumb along his slit.

Yuuri stripped himself quickly and leaned over his fiancé to pull out a near-empty bottle of lube from their bedside drawer.

“How are we getting through so much lube so fast?” Phichit said, eyeing the bottle sceptically.

‘Because I’m screwing someone else in this bed.’ Yuuri thought shamefully. But instead said “Because we keep having sex. If you wanna save money on lube, we can become abstinent until the wedding…”

“Hell no!” Phichit interrupted, with a horrified expression.

Yuuri huffed a small laugh as he squeezed out a liberal amount of lube onto his hand and began stretching himself.

It didn’t take long before Phichit’s dick and Yuuri’s hole was sufficiently lubed-up, and the Japanese student lowered himself onto his fiancé’s waiting cock.

Yuuri could never get over the fact that for someone so innocent-looking, it was surprising how loud Phichit was during sex. It was even more of a juxtaposition whenever Yuuri looked down when his fiancé was on his knees, with his cock in his mouth… it was practically sinful.

Phichit’s nails dug into the flesh at the back of Yuuri’s thighs as he thrust up into the tight, slick heat, hitting the wonderful bundle of nerves deep inside him which caused the Japanese man to arch his back and moan like a cheap whore.

Yuuri had one hand perched on his fiancé’s chest for leverage, while the other worked furiously between his legs as he continued to fuck himself on the hardness inside him, his breath becoming more erratic as he was edging towards his release.

Yuuri staved off his own orgasm (which was difficult due to the obscene noises that filled the room) until he heard Phichit make a strangled noise, and shoot his load inside him. And soon afterwards, Yuuri was quick in spilling himself over his own hand and onto his fiancé’s stomach. Especially enjoying the guilt-free calm as he came down from his high.

“So good…” Phichit sighed contentedly as Yuuri pulled himself off of his fiancé, and lay down beside him. “How did I end up with such a perfect guy?”

“You didn’t, I’m an asshole.” Yuuri smirked before pecking at Phichit’s lips. “I’m actually having an affair with a hot Russian who lives near the Freud Museum.”

Phichit snorted out a laugh. “Then I’m gonna have to find this Russian and kick his ass.” He joked. “Nobody takes my man from me without a fight.”

Yuuri smiled at him as he carded his fingers through Phichit’s hair. The guilty knot in his stomach returned with a vengeance. Technically, he did tell Phichit the truth. It’s not his fault the Thai student thought he was kidding.
Phichit chuckled lightly as he got up from the bed.

“And where are you going?” Yuuri asked wrapping his arms around the Thai boy and pulling him back down.

“I need to get dressed!” Phichit laughed, but made no attempt to remove himself from Yuuri’s arms.

“No, you don’t,” Yuuri said, pepperling kisses all over his fiancé’s cute face. “You’re staying here with me, and we’re gonna make love all day.”

“I wish!” Phichit laughed. “But I need to shower! I’m covered in your… stuff... Remember, I have to leave for my test in an hour.”

“Oh! That reminds me!” Yuuri said suddenly, jumping up from the bed. He wandered over to his backpack and pulled out a small hamster plushie. It was white and orange, the size of Yuuri’s palm, and held a small four-leaf clover in its little paws. He sat down on the edge of the bed beside Phichit and presented it to him. “I got this for you. It’s sort of a good luck charm for today.”

Phichit clapped his hand to his mouth and looked at the small toy with what could only be described as ‘heart-eyes’. “It’s so cute!” the smaller man squealed, taking it from his fiancé and stroking it gently with his index finger. “Oh, my god. I love it, Yuri! Thank you!” Phichit launched forward and enveloped Yuuri in an enormous hug, knocking him onto his back.

The Japanese student giggled like a schoolgirl as his heart swelled with affection for his adorable fiancé. Phichit was too good for him, just too pure. He deserved the world, but all Yuuri could afford was this silly little plushie.

Sitting up from the hug, Phichit gazed down at Yuuri completely smitten, and took the hamster and booped Yuuri on the nose with it.

“I love you,” Yuuri said fondly.

Chapter End Notes

I felt like i needed to showcase Yuuri & Phichit's relationship, cos I don't think I've done enough with it to show why Yuuri's as conflicted as he is :3
“You’ll never guess who Mama got a letter from this morning!”

“Good morning to you too, Mari.” Yuuri sighed when he answered his phone on Monday morning.

“Viktor Nikiforov!” his sister continued, apparently oblivious to his tired voice. “That guy you were sleeping with when you were fifteen!”


Viktor never mentioned anything about contacting Hiroko when they met up yesterday. Did he tell her that they were seeing each other again? Oh, god!

“To apologise!” Mari enthused. “He pretty much wanted to say he was sorry for how he spoke to her before his trial, and that he understood her reasons for wanting to keep the two of you apart. I read the letter, and he seemed to have really matured over the past five years.”

Yuuri’s mind was buzzing. This was too much information to handle first thing in the morning. Why hadn’t Viktor said anything to him about all this? More importantly, what was his Hiroko’s reaction?

“What did Mama say about it?” Yuuri asked, trying to sound less interested than he was.

“Well, she’s really conflicted.” Mari explained. “On one hand she can’t seem to get over the fact that you two were about an hour away from leaving the country together, but on the other, she thinks he really means what he says in his letter. I think it’ll take a bit of time, but I reckon she’ll forgive him eventually. You know Mama, she doesn’t like to hold grudges. I’ve been waiting to tell you all day. Damn time differences!”

“That’s…” Yuuri began, but he didn’t know how to finish the sentence. “So… hypothetically, if I wasn’t with Phichit, and somehow ran into Viktor again, do you think Mama would be ok with me dating him?”

“Not until the restraining order ends,” she said. “But I don’t know. Wait… Yuri… please don’t do what I think you’re thinking about doing.”

“Which is?”

“Waiting until you’re twenty-one and tracking Viktor down, and leaving Phichit for him.”

“No! I wouldn’t do that to Phichit. I’m completely over Viktor! To be honest, I’ve kind of forgotten what he looks like, so even if I did meet him again, I don’t think I’d recognise him.” Yuuri said, trying to sound nonchalant. “Anyway, I just had a thought; you never really said how you felt about me and Viktor. You always kept your opinion to yourself.”

“Because that was between you, Mama and Viktor. It had nothing to do with me. I only followed you because Mama asked me to, because she was worried something might happen to you.”

“Yeah, but it’s been five years, you can tell me now,” the younger sibling grinned.

“Fine,” Mari sighed defeatedly. “Honestly? I thought you were an idiot for trying to run away
with a man you barely knew, but at the same time, I understood your reasoning… you were in love. It’s a well-known fact that people do stupid things when they’re in love. But the age gap kind of grossed me out a bit. I mean, why would a nineteen year old want to date a fifteen year old? Didn’t make much sense…”

The rest of Mari’s words faded into white noise as Yuuri fell into his own thoughts.

So Hiroko was on the verge of forgiving Viktor? Does this mean that in eight months, when Yuuri turns twenty-one, she can’t really object to them being together?

This has put a new spin on things. Prior to this new piece of information, Yuuri was 70% sure he was going to choose to be with Phichit. Reasoning that he and Viktor could never be truly happy together if Yuuri’s family disapproved. But if all it took was a waiting game for he and Viktor to be together…

But Phichit!! Yuuri’s sweet Thai prince! The thought of shattering the boy’s heart was unbearable. Just thinking about poor little Phichit’s face when he realised the man he loved had been unfaithful for over two months made Yuuri’s stomach ache. The Japanese student knew he didn’t deserve Phichit. Phichit deserved someone better, someone who didn’t sleep around.

Having said that, it took a full year before Yuuri strayed from Phichit. His previous relationships only lasted a month at most before he banged a stripper, or a bar tender, or his then-boyfriend’s best friend, or a random dude he met on the bus. So what he and Phichit had must be pretty special.

Every scenario ran though his head whenever he pictured telling Phichit about Viktor. Phichit bursting into tears, Phichit smacking him then crying, Phichit killing Yuuri then committing suicide. Even the image of Phichit walking in on Yuuri and Viktor in bed together and joining them entered his mind.

But how would Viktor take finding out Yuuri was engaged? Would he be angry? Heartbroken? Or would he find the whole situation amusing, and put it all down to ‘classic Yuuri’?

“…Yuri? Yuri!!” Mari’s voice snapped the student out of his thoughts immediately.

“Sorry, what were you saying?” he asked, shaking his head to clear his mind.

“I said, Mama’s wondering why you’re not answering her when she calls or texts you.”

‘Because I know she’s going to ask why I haven’t told Phichit I’m having an affair, and broken up with the guy I’m sleeping with. And I really don’t want to deal with that shit.’ He thought bitterly. But of course, Yuuri told yet another lie instead. “Mari, it’s March. My exams are coming up soon, and I’m trying to pass this course. Even Phichit’s stopped harping on about the wedding so we can focus on learning all these theories and dates. I’m not deliberately avoiding her, honestly, she just calls the moments when I’m really busy.”

“Ooh! Speaking of Phichit and weddings, have you two picked a date yet?” Mari asked excitedly.

“When did you become such a girly-girl?” Yuuri laughed. “We were thinking December. A nice winter-y wedding, so obviously there’ll be an ice rink. It’s one of the few things we’ve actually agreed on.”

“Ahh! My baby brother’s getting married!” Mari gushed. “Did you ever wonder what your wedding would be like when you were younger?”

“Mari, I realised I was gay when I was twelve. Back then, same-sex marriage wasn’t really a
thing. I’m just glad I can get married at all. Why? Did you wonder what yours would be like??”

“Hey! I might not have been the most girly person in the world, but I did think about it from time to time.” She said defensively.

“As much as I’d love to stay and chat about boys, Mari, I’ve got a six thousand word essay due for Friday, and I’m barely half way through.” This was another lie. Viktor was actually coming over while Phichit was in class. “I’ll talk to you later. Bye.”
The apartment bell rang about twenty minutes after Yuuri got off the phone with his sister.

“Hi,” Viktor smiled before kissing his lover. “I’ve missed you.”

“You saw me yesterday,” Yuuri laughed as the Russian took off his shoes and jacket. Yuuri took him by the hand and lead him into the living room, where they sat on the couch.


“I know… just… take your pants off.” Yuuri said in a low voice, cupping Viktor’s face.

“Already?” the Russian laughed incredulously. “I’m barely in the door and you’re already trying to get me naked!”

“Come on, Viktor. We both know it’s why you’re here.” Yuuri said, bringing his other hand up to caress the Russian’s firm chest. “Let’s not bother with the charade.”

“True,” Viktor smirked, before leaning over and pressing his lips against Yuuri’s jaw, sucking and licking his way along to his lips.

They sat back against the back of the couch, mouths starting off slow and tender, before eventually increasing in passion.

Yuuri lay down on the couch, pulling Viktor with him as he deepened their kiss even further, and hooked one leg over the Russian’s waist.

In the back of his mind, Yuuri knew he had to talk to Viktor about the letter to Hiroko, but he was just too damn horny at that moment to think clearly.

The two continued kissing as they slowly removed one piece of clothing every so often, including Yuuri’s glasses, until they were both buck-naked and writhing on the couch. Viktor leaned down and pressed open-mouthed kisses along Yuuri’s hardened shaft, eliciting small groans from the younger man.

“Viktor…” Yuuri breathed. “I love you…”

“I love you too, Yuri.” Viktor replied, reaching under the couch for the travel-sized tube of KY jelly.

“Not much foreplay…” Yuuri huffed petulantly, noticing the tube in Viktor’s hand.

“You want more?” Viktor asked, arching an eyebrow. “I’ll give you more if that’s what you want…”

The Russian tossed the jelly on the coffee table as he began his assault on Yuuri’s neck. Kissing,
licking and biting to make his mark, while his right hand pinched and rubbed the younger man’s left nipple, and his left hand snaked around the nape of Yuuri’s neck.

Viktor brought his hips down and ground against Yuuri, causing their dicks to press together, their precum mixing together and making them slide that more smoothly. Yuuri let out a loud, desperate moan and scratched his nails along Viktor’s back at the friction.

“Ahh… harder…” Yuuri moaned.

Viktor willingly complied with Yuuri’s request and pushed down harder, eventually bringing his hand from Yuuri’s nipple down to stroke both of them together.

“Yuri…” Viktor breathed after a few blissful minutes of stroking. “I need to be inside you… now!”

“Yes…” Yuuri whined. “Fuck me! I need it, Viktor!!”

Viktor pushed himself off the warm body beneath him and retrieved the lube. Slicking his fingers up, he pushed two fingers inside Yuuri’s ass; swallowing the younger man’s moans as their lips met once again.

Viktor bent his fingers in that special way that sent bolts of pleasure up Yuuri’s spine and down his cock. The younger man instinctively grabbed the Russian’s shoulder as a third finger was added, pumping in and out the slicked up entrance, whilst Yuuri left half-moon impressions on his lover’s milky white skin.

“You look so beautiful like this, Yuri,” Viktor whispered before kissing the younger man’s stomach. Yuuri just moaned Viktor’s name in response. “You ready for my cock, baby?”

Yuuri nodded furiously. Of course he was ready for his cock. Yuuri was always ready for Viktor Nikiforov’s cock.

A filthy wet noise filled the living room as Viktor applied the lube to his leaking erection and wiped his hand on Yuuri’s stomach.

“I’m not a towel!” Yuuri laughed, swatting the older man’s hand away.

Viktor let out a small huff of laughter before pushing Yuuri’s legs up to his chest (the Japanese man was very flexible) and easing himself inside Yuuri.

Viktor began with slow, shallow thrusts, only increasing when Yuuri’s moans became louder and more desperate. The Russian was, at this point in their sex life, able to stimulate his lover’s prostate with every thrust, and knew exactly the speed and power to have the boy practically screaming his name.

Yuuri’s cock slapped obscenely against his belly as he moved his hips to meet Viktor’s movements. Yuuri’s hand, once again, automatically gripped onto his dick, desperate for more friction. But of course, Viktor was having none of it (as usual). He slung Yuuri’s legs over his shoulders and and grabbed Yuuri’s wrists and pinned them above his head.

“Naughty… you know I like it when you cum on my cock alone…” Viktor said, his voice wrecked as he pounded hard into the Japanese student, causing him to make desperate and needy whines.

With this new position, Yuuri was practically bent in half, and Viktor was able to get in deeper.
The pleasure in Yuuri’s belly was building. He could feel his muscles contracting as he was carried closer to the edge. “Ohh… Viktor! I’m gonna..!” he warned. But he came all over his stomach and chest before he could finish his sentence.

“Ahh… fuck, yes!” Viktor moaned as his thrusts became more erratic before he suddenly stilled as he shot his load inside Yuuri.

The couple lay on the couch, sated and warm as Viktor’s dick softened, and he pulled out of Yuuri’s hole, with some of his cum dribbling out and onto the leather sofa.

“That’s going to be a bitch to clean,” Yuuri muttered glaring at the mess between his legs. “It’ll have to wait though. I’m starving!”

“Same. I haven’t had anything to eat today,” Viktor agreed. “Get dressed and I’ll make us some lunch.”

The two dressed in comfortable silence. Until Yuuri blurted out; “So, I heard you sent a letter to my mother?” he cringed at the suddenness of his statement, he meant to build up to this instead of spurting it out randomly.

Viktor’s expression was almost unreadable, but he seemed quite surprised at Yuuri’s forwardness. “Uh… yeah.” He said. “How did you know?”

“I was talking to my sister before you got here,” Yuuri explained, placing his glasses back on his face. “She said you apologised to my mother.”

“I did,” the older man confirmed as he slipped his t-shirt over his head. “I just thought that if we were eventually going to go public with our relationship, I should at least be in your family’s good books. Or at least try to make amends, even if they still hate me.”

Yuuri’s stomach twisted guiltily. Viktor still thought he was single, and that they were only keeping their relationship secret because of the restraining order. Even though they were not only in a different country, but a different continent too, and Yuuri wasn’t sure if the order was still in effect due to them being outwith the Japanese court’s jurisdiction.

“Viktor, I have to tell you something…”

“Oh, no. I don’t like that tone.” Viktor said, his eyes wide and panicked. “Please don’t say you’re breaking up with me.”

“No, I’m not. But you might want to break up with me after you hear this.” Yuuri took a deep breath. It was now or never. “I’m having an affair.”

“What? You’re kidding… with who?” Viktor’s eyes were sceptical, as he bit his bottom lip nervously, clearly unsure if Yuuri was pranking him or not.

“What? You’re kidding… with who?” Viktor’s eyes were sceptical, as he bit his bottom lip nervously, clearly unsure if Yuuri was pranking him or not.

“With you.” the younger man confessed. “When we bumped into each other, I said I was single. I’m not. I’m actually engaged… to Phichit. Phichit’s my fiancé, not my roommate.”

The Russian wasn’t looking at Yuuri, instead he was squinting at the laminated flooring as though he were watching a frog ride a tiny unicycle while playing a medley of the Backstreet Boys greatest hits on the kazoo.

“Wow…” Viktor said slowly. “I think you stabbing me would have hurt less…”

“I’m so sorry!” Yuuri pleaded. “I should’ve told you sooner. But… um…” he wasn’t sure how to...
“Are you happy with him?” Viktor finally looked up at Yuuri. His eyes were shining with unshed tears, and his forehead was wrinkled.

“I… I don’t know.” Yuuri admitted. “I thought I was. But then you came back, and… well, no-one who’s happy in a relationship cheats, so clearly I wasn’t as happy as I thought I was.”

“So… am I just sex to you?” Viktor said in a low voice. “Because that’s all it seems to be about. Sex, sex and more sex.”

“No! I do genuinely love you.” the Japanese student pleaded, grasping Viktor’s hands in his own. “What we have is just really complicated. We can’t go out in case we get caught, you know this!”


Yuuri could only stare at Viktor, open-mouthed and speechless. That wasn’t true… was it? He didn’t really get a thrill from explosive situations, did he? Is that why he constantly lied to people? To make the situation worse so that there’d be a bigger fallout? Surely not. Yuuri just had trouble with decision making, and he constantly fell for men who were unsuitable for him. He only lied because… well, the truth would be too difficult for others to accept. By lying, he was protecting their feelings.

“Your mother once said that I needed help. But I think you’re the one that needs it.” Viktor said as he stood up. “See a therapist, tell your fiancé you’re a lying hoe-bag, and once you’ve done that, you know where to find me if you’ve decided what you want. I’m not going to be a pawn in your relationship drama addiction. I might be insane, or just have incredibly low standards, but despite this, I’m still in love with you. But I’m not going to be with you if I have to share you with someone else. I’m willing to take you back, but only after you dump Phichit.”

And before Yuuri could say any more, Viktor retrieved his coat, shoved his shoes back on, and left the apartment. Leaving Yuuri all on his own on the couch with his thoughts.

He really needed to tell Phichit what had been going on. It really wasn’t fair, and the longer this went on, the worse it would hurt for both of them.
Yuuri called Viktor at around 8 o’clock the next Monday morning. It had been a week since the Russian stormed out of his apartment.

“I’ve told Phichit everything. He was devastated,” He said. “We’ve broken up and I’m on a waiting list to see a therapist for my compulsive lying problem.”

“Good.” Viktor replied coolly. “And why are you calling me?”

“Because I’ve done a lot of thinking and I realised we’ve never really been on a proper date. And was wondering… y’know... If you wanted to…”

“Are you asking me out, Yuri Katsuki?” Yuuri didn’t miss the teasing tone in Viktor’s voice.

“If I was, would you say yes, Viktor Nikiforov?” Yuuri smirked down the phone.

“Depends where you were taking me.”

“I was gonna suggest Wurstelprater…”

“DONE!” Viktor immediately shouted.

“OK, I’ll meet you there in about half an hour?” Yuuri grinned. He knew Viktor would say yes to that.

Wurstelprater was an amusement park about a ten minute bus ride from Viktor’s apartment. It was about a third the size of Disneyland, and had rollercoasters, Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, drop towers and bumper cars. As well as prize stalls, arcade games, and even a Madame Tussauds. Viktor loved amusement parks and funfairs, so Yuuri knew there was little chance that Viktor would turn him down.

As Yuuri got ready in his bedroom, the bathroom door opened from down the hall, and Phichit walked into the bedroom with wet hair and wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Where are you off to?” the Thai boy asked, removing the towel to dry his hair.

“A friend from high school just called. She’s on vacation here in Vienna, and she’s asked me to show her some of the sights.” Yuuri said. “So, I’m taking her to some of the museums, and art galleries. She’s from a fancy-ass family, and is into all that high-culture crap.”

“Sounds like fun,” Phichit smirked.

“Nope. It’ll probably be boring as hell,” Yuuri replied in a fake-cheery voice. “And I’ll most likely want to kill myself by the end of the day, but she’s my friend, so what can I do?”

“It’ll be alright. I’ll be home by six, so try and stay alive until then so I can help you through your very difficult day..” Phichit said, kissing his fiancé on the lips. “Have fun... I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Yuuri replied, before grabbing his wallet and leaving the bedroom to head out
of the apartment.

OK, yes. So Yuuri lied... again. He didn’t actually tell Phichit shit. He had every intention of doing so though. And that’s what counts, right? But he couldn’t bring himself to do it, especially after Phichit failed his driving test. But Yuuri was going to tell him though... eventually.

Yuuri saw Viktor waiting for him near the entrance to the park, and greeted him with a small wave.

“Hi,” Yuuri smiled as he got closer to the Russian, and giving Viktor a hug. “So... first date. Looking forward to it?”

“Yeah, but the park doesn’t open until ten.” Viktor said pointing to the sign displaying the opening times. “So, do you want to go get some breakfast?”

“I was actually about to suggest that,” Yuuri said, walking with Viktor down the street. “There’s a little sushi place around the corner, and it’s really nice.”

“Alright then. I’ve not had sushi for breakfast since before prison.” The Russian smirked.

“Ooh, check out the big man... been to prison.” Yuuri said sarcastically as they headed down the road.

They entered the restaurant, and the waiter took their orders. The couple had a pleasant chat about their week, and thankfully Viktor didn’t ask any questions about Phichit. Yuuri told him that his mother had forgiven him for their madness five years ago, which Viktor was visibly happy to hear.

The topic got back to Viktor’s time in prison. He said it was mostly uneventful for him; mainly due to the fact he was terrified to step out of line because it was run like a military bootcamp (“I was scared! And I grew up gay in Russia!” he emphasised). There was little to no inmate violence, as the punishment for such behaviour was literally torture. If they were caught doing something against the rules, they were forced to sit on their knees, with their hands tied behind their backs and facing a blank wall for hours.

According to Viktor, the worst part for him was that he was only visited once in the eighteen months he was behind bars. He had no parents or siblings, the only family he had was Yurio, Yakov, and Lilia. And it was them that was his only visitors, but they couldn’t afford to keep flying out to Japan to see him. He couldn’t even call them, because although he had phone privileges, prisoners weren’t allowed to make international calls.

“You know I would have visited you if I was allowed.” Yuuri said, gripping Viktor’s hand earnestly.

“Yeah, I know.” Viktor smiled sadly, stroking Yuuri’s hand with his thumb.

At around quarter to ten, the pair left the sushi restaurant and headed across the road to the amusement park entrance.

“That was good sushi,” Viktor said happily. “I can’t believe I’ve never been there before. Guess I know where to go when I can’t be bothered cooking.”

“Yeah, the food was good, but did you notice people kept staring at us? What was that about? It was quite creepy.”

Viktor laughed. “They weren’t staring at us, they were staring at you. An actual Japanese person
in a Japanese restaurant in Austria. They probably thought that since you were there, it must be a high-quality place if a native gave their stamp of approval.”

“Well, that’s just borderline racist,” Yuuri said in mock-outrage. “I came out to have a good time, and I’m honestly feeling so attacked right now!”

“I’ll make it up to you,” Viktor replied, slinging his arm over the student’s shoulders. “I’ll win you a teddy bear, or something.”

“IT better be a fucking huge teddy bear,” Yuuri pouted jokingly.

“Of course. Nothing but the best for my little Katsudon.”

Yuuri couldn’t help the little smile that grew on his lips, or the slight blush that appeared across his cheeks. It had been years since Viktor had called him that, but it still made him feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

The two had a really good time at the amusement park. And near the end of their visit, Viktor managed to keep his word, and won Yuuri a large stuffed giraffe at the high striker, as he managed to swing the mallet hard enough to ring the bell.

“My Hercules!” Yuuri fake-swooned as the stall-worker handed over the three-foot giraffe.

Yuuri was determined to show Viktor he viewed him more than a living sex toy, and managed to keep his hands to himself the whole day, with Viktor being the one to initiate any hand holding, hugs, or kisses.

But their day was almost a disaster when they ran into a friend of Yuuri and Phichit’s from university just after lunchtime. She stormed over to Yuuri and Viktor after she witnessed them share a tender kiss inside Madame Tussauds, and slapped Yuuri hard across the face.

“You bastardo! How dare you cheat on Phichit!” She shouted at the Japanese man, with pure fury in her eyes.

“Hello, Sara.” Yuuri mumbled, rubbing his stinging cheek.

Sara was an Italian woman in the same year as Yuuri and Phichit. She was studying history, but they met her through her twin brother Michele, who was in Yuuri’s psychology class.

“I thought you were a decent human being, Yuri!” she shouted. “I never thought you would cheat, but here you are messing around with another man while your fiancé is in class!”

“We’ve broken up.” Yuuri said, looking her in the eyes, thankful in that moment that she wasn’t doing a degree in psychology or she’d see the lie almost instantly.

“What?! When?!” Sara gasped, her expression immediately turning from anger to shock. “And why wasn’t I told about it?”

“We broke up three days ago. We haven’t told anyone yet, because it’s still quite raw.”

“Three days?” Sara now looked quite irritated. “Can’t be that raw, if you’re already screwing someone else. Let me guess, you left the wonderful Phichit for this… pretentious-looking coglione… My poor little fluffball… I should probably call him – ”

“NO!” Yuuri interrupted, startling both Sara and Viktor. “I-I mean he told me he wanted some space, and said that he didn’t want to talk to anyone for a while… s-so just leave him until he’s
It seemed to placate Sara for the time being, but Yuuri knew it was now only a matter of time before word got out about his supposed break-up with Phichit, and his sweet Thai prince heard about the rumour.

Yuuri had almost completely forgotten about the encounter with Sara by the time he got home with Viktor at 4pm. He invited the Russian up to his apartment for a cup of coffee before Phichit got home.

“Coffee means coffee!” Viktor reminded him with a teasing smile as they settled on the couch. “No funny business. We have coffee, and we talk. I don’t put out on the first date. You’re lucky I allowed myself to kiss you.”

“You mean, like this?” Yuuri smirked pressing a chaste kiss to Viktor’s lips.

“And this…” Viktor replied, repeating the motion, but holding it for a bit longer.

“So, I probably shouldn’t do this, then…” Yuuri said, sliding onto Viktor’s lap and licking up his neck.

“Mmmmh… no…” Viktor hummed. “Or this…” the older man pulled at Yuuri’s bottom lip with his teeth as he rested his hands on the Japanese man’s hips.

“What about this..?” Yuuri asked, moving his legs so he was straddling the Russian and brought their lips together in a less-than innocent kiss, slipping his tongue briefly into Viktor’s mouth.

“Definitely not…” Viktor grinned as his hands slid up and under Yuuri’s t-shirt, resting just below his ribcage.

Yuuri carded his fingers through Viktor’s silver hair, and leaned down to capture his lips once again, this time escalating into a full-blown make-out session.

“Viktor… maybe we shouldn’t…” Yuuri breathed, finally breaking the kiss and panting slightly.

“But then again, maybe we should…” Viktor said cupping the Japanese man’s face and nipping at his lips again, causing Yuuri to let out small whimpers.

“I know… but you said no sex…”

“We’re not having sex, we’re kissing…”

“I know… but I’m getting an erection… and you know where that’ll lead…”

“Fuck it.” Viktor resolved, and flipped them around so that Yuuri was on his back with his head on the couch’s armrest.

Viktor kept ravishing the younger man’s mouth as heat built between them. Yuuri’s skin was getting too warm, and needed to remove the layers of his clothing.

“What the fuck!?”

Both men turned to the living room door. It was eerie how a scene just like this played out five years previously.

Phichit was home early, and was standing in the doorway looking horrified.
Shit!

Chapter End Notes

ITALIAN TRANSLATION: coglione = asshole

Also: I have another essay due next week, so once again, updates won't be daily (but they WILL happen :p) Obviously because I won't have time to be at uni, do my essay and update this fic... priorities people :3
I know, I've left it on a cliffhanger, so I'll write the next chapter in my free time ^_^

[ btw, kudos gives me incentive to write more, and your comments give me life; so if you wanna rant about the characters and their dumb decisions, feel free ;) ] x
Yuuri’s mind was blank. He had no idea how to talk his way out of this. He didn’t think there was any way to talk his way out of it.

“Phichit…” Yuuri began. “This… this isn’t what it looks like…”

“Phichit?” Viktor repeated looking between the two other men with confusion. “I thought you two broke up?” then realization dawned on his face “Wait… Yuri, you lied to me… again?!”

Yuuri looked up at Viktor from his position on the couch, and all he could do was laugh nervously.

Viktor pulled himself off of the Japanese man and stood up. He strode towards Phichit with an apologetic look on his face.

“Listen, I’m sorry.” He said to the Thai boy kindly. “I’m sorry your fiancé is a lying slut. Since he won’t tell you the truth, I will.” Viktor glared at Yuuri, who proceeded to bashfully sit up from the couch. “Yuri’s been cheating on you since January… with me. But he lied to me too. He told me he was single when I met him. I wouldn’t have started seeing him if I knew he was in a relationship. He finally told me the truth last week, and I broke it off. But he called me this morning saying that you two had broken up… I should’ve realised it was another lie.”

Phichit was oddly quiet during Viktor’s explanation. All the colour had drained from his face, and he seemed on the verge of throwing up. He didn’t look at either Yuuri or Viktor for a long time, instead was staring at the leg of the coffee table without blinking with his arms crossed against his chest.

Eventually, the Thai student looked up at Yuuri slowly. “Why?” he asked. His voice was small and barely audible. He sounded completely broken. “I thought you loved me…?”

Again, Yuuri didn’t have an answer. He bit his bottom lip and shrugged his shoulders. He felt terrible. It felt as though everything was crashing down around him. He still cared about Phichit, and seeing him so upset was like a knife to the gut.

“Since January?” Phichit asked, looking at Yuuri as his eyes began to fill. “The month we got engaged? Is that why you proposed? To stop yourself feeling guilty?”

“It was actually after we got engaged…” Yuuri explained. His voice was croaky and his mouth felt extremely dry, as though he had just swallowed a mouthful of sand.

“So… what? You panicked?” Phichit asked. Yuuri could tell that the other boy was trying to make sense of the situation. That he didn’t want to believe that the man he was in love with was just a terrible person. “The thought of settling down terrified you? And you started sleeping with someone else instead of talking to me?”

“No, that wasn’t it,” Yuuri mumbled.

“Then why, Yuri?!” the tears started rolling down Phichit’s cheeks, as the Thai student’s voice rose. “Was I not good enough? Was I so bad in bed you had to find someone else to satisfy you?”
“No, Phichit. You were fine. Better than fine, actually.” Yuuri said.

“Then tell me! What did I do wrong?” Phichit begged.

“Nothing!” the Japanese student shouted, feeling his own eyes begin to water. “You did nothing wrong. I’m the problem! You’re perfect, and you deserve someone much better than me. I love you, but I’m just not in love with you. I didn’t realise it until Viktor reappeared.”

The silence was deafening. Phichit used his fingers to rub away the tears, while Viktor stared at Yuuri with an enraged expression.

“Wait… Viktor?” the Thai student frowned, glancing at the silver-haired man. “The guy you slept with when you were fifteen?”

Viktor nodded. “I’m so sorry, Phichit.” He repeated. “Yuri has an addiction to lying. I’m sure he told you all about the lies he told his family while we were together in Hasetsu? He has a problem, and he’s the only one who can’t seem to see that he needs professional help.”

“I don’t need help!” Yuuri said angrily.

“You’re a psychology student, Phichit. You can see he’s clearly in denial.” The Russian sighed.

“Anyway, even if I do have a problem, it’s your fault!” Yuuri exclaimed, pointing at Viktor. “It was because of our relationship that I started lying in the first place. It’s not my fault it became a habit!”

“Yuri, for once in your goddamned life, TAKE SOME RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR ACTIONS!!” the older man screamed. “I never once made you do something you didn’t want to do. You seduced me, remember? It was your decision to carry on our relationship in secret after your mother found out. It was your decision to cheat on your fiancé. It was your decision to lie to me and say that you’d split-up from said fiancé. And now you have the nerve to turn around and say it’s all my fault?”

“You were the one who suggested running away to Norway!” Yuuri argued.

“Because I was a dumb, horny teenager, and was only thinking with my dick!” Viktor glared. “If I could go back in time, I wouldn’t have made such a stupid suggestion. Could you honestly say the same?”

Yuuri thought for a moment. If Viktor proposed that they ran away to Norway just ten days ago, would Yuuri have said yes? Was he so immature that he’d still think that it was a good idea?

“You know, what?” Phichit said suddenly. “You’re welcome to him, Viktor. I don’t deserve this.” The smaller man removed his engagement ring and placed it on the sideboard. “I’ll be staying with Sara tonight. I’ll come by tomorrow when you’re in class to collect my things. Goodbye Yuri.”

And with that, he picked up his backpack and left the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Only one or two more chapters to go, and this fic is finished :3

Depending on how fast I get the rest of my essay done, the last few chapters should
be up by (next) Friday.

(As usual, Kudos gives me life, and I love reading your comments even if I don't actually reply to them - so go nuts :D )
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

I'm getting though my essay quicker than I thought... I'm suspicous... what am I forgetting to include??

Anyways; here's the penultimate chapter :3

Yuuri and Viktor stood in silence for several moments. Yuuri felt awkward, and Viktor was looking at him with a mix of anger and disappointment it was difficult to decide where to go from here.

“So… looks like I’m single now,” Yuuri said nervously.

“Looks like it,” replied Viktor, his voice cracking.

“Now that there’s nothing stopping us, how about you and I… y’know..?” Yuuri’s eyes flickered in the direction of the bedroom door.

“You are unbelievable!” the Russian gasped incredulously. “You’re fiancé literally just walked out on you, and you’re already trying to get laid.”

“Come on,” Yuuri smirked, walking over to Viktor and wrapping his arms around the older man’s waist. “You know you want me. I felt how hard you were before Phichit interrupted us…”

“No.” Viktor said shortly, pushing the younger man off of him. “I can’t trust you any more, Yuri.”

“But… you said we can be together if Phichit and I broke up!” Yuuri protested. “Well, we have now, so lets have sex!”

“I also said you need to see a therapist,” Viktor sighed. “How are you not getting this? You’ve just broken a man’s heart, and you act as if it was no big deal! What is wrong with you?! You really need to start thinking more with your brain, and less with you dick. All this shit went down because of your obsession with sex. Do you have any empathy for the people you’ve hurt? You say you’re in love with me, but are you even capable of such a thing, Yuri? Because all I see is someone who uses people as living sex toys. And the more forbidden it is, the more you seem to get off.”

“That’s not true!” Yuuri said. “I’m in love with you! I always have been! It might’ve been just sex with others, but with you it’s different… I don’t know how to explain it… it’s just… it feels better with you… like… it’s more than just two bodies smushing together for pleasure… It’s like… I don’t know… It’s complicated!”

Viktor ran his fingers through his hair and made a frustrated noise. “Yuri, you know how I feel about you. You know that I’m completely in love with you,” he said resignedly. “But sometimes that’s not enough. And this is one of those times. There needs to be trust and commitment to make a relationship work, and right now, I’m not getting either from you. It’s all well and good to say you love me, but you actions tell a different story. And until that changes, we can’t be together.”
Yuuri gazed at Viktor’s face, and it was at that moment he realised there were tears running down the Russian’s cheeks. When did he start crying? Had he been crying this whole time? Judging by the streak-marks and reddened eyes, Yuuri was going to guess Viktor had been crying for a while.

“You’re crying…” was all that Yuuri was able to say.

“Yeah, no shit!” Viktor exclaimed, wiping his face dry with his hand. “I’m mad, OK?! The person I love most in this whole world has his hand hovering over the self-destruct button, and there’s nothing I can do because he can’t even see it!”

It was hurting Yuuri so much to see Viktor in such a state. If Pichit’s pain felt like a knife to the gut, then Viktor’s felt like Yuuri’s insides were slowly being shredded with a rusty cheese grater. He knew was a total fuck-up.

“I want to be with you, Yuri,” Viktor continued. “God only knows why. I really must have the worst taste in men if you’re all I want. But I can’t see a future with you if you keep behaving like this. I wish I could just ignore what’s happened over the past week, but I know if I do, you’re going to end up treating me like you did Phichit. And no-one deserves that.”

“Viktor…I-I’ll get help! I will! Just don’t leave me!” Yuuri didn’t care if he sounded desperate, he’s messed up, he can finally see that. And now Viktor is about to leave him too. “I’ll make an appointment tomorrow to see a counsellor, I promise! I love you!”

“Please, Yuri. No more lies. I can’t deal with it any more.”

“No! Viktor, please!” The younger man made to grab Viktor’s arm to make him see how serious he was, but the Russian moved before he could do it.

Viktor retrieved his shoes and hoodie before leaving the apartment with a final teary look at the Japanese student.

Once the door shut behind Viktor, Yuuri crumpled to the floor and wept in a ball of pain and regret.

How could he fuck up this badly? Yuuri could blame no-one but himself, but that thought brought little comfort.

Over the next few hours, Yuuri’s phone blew up with calls and texts from his friends demanding an explanation about what had happened with Phichit. But he didn’t want to deal with any of it, so he switched his phone off and went out to get blind-drunk.

Everything sucked.
“Yuri, you have a visitor.”

Yuuri looked up from the piece of paper he was doodling on and saw a silver-haired man standing behind the nurse in the doorway of the recreation room.

“Your mother said you were here,” Viktor said, smiling as Yuuri walked towards him, dumbfounded. “I wasn’t sure whether or not to believe her, but here you are.”

“Told you I’d go to rehab,” Yuuri laughed nervously. “Let’s go through to the canteen, we’ll grab a coffee or something.”

It had been almost three months since Yuuri had watched both Phichit and Viktor walk out of his apartment door, and it took him another month after that of sleeping with strangers he met in bars before he finally went to the doctor for help with his addiction. Yuuri had been living at the sex addiction rehab centre in the Viennese countryside for five weeks, after his out-patient program failed to help him keep his dick in his trousers.

“Hang on, how did my mother tell you I was here?” Yuuri asked as they sat down at one of the small wooden tables in the visitor’s canteen.

“I wrote to her telling her everything that had happened, and left my phone number in case she wanted to talk.” Viktor explained. “Which, obviously she did. We actually get along quite well, now that I’m not screwing her underage child.”

“So, why aren’t you in prison for violating the restraining order?”

“Because it turns out, restraining orders only apply in the country they’re issued. I can be near you all I want as long as it’s not in Japan.”

Yuuri smiled at Viktor. It was weird seeing him since he entered the clinic. Weird; but good.

“So how’s rehab?” Viktor grinned teasingly. “This place seems nice. Less sterile than I was expecting. It looks more like a spa than a health centre.”

“It’s fine,” Yuuri said. “The first few weeks were hell though. Withdrawals, y’know? I’m not allowed to masturbate more than twice a day. I tried to seduce my therapist five times. He was having none of it, I don’t know if it’s because he’s not gay, or he just takes his job seriously… probably both, to be honest.”

“So you’re actually seeing a therapist?” Viktor said, impressed.

“I have to. It’s part of the program.” Yuuri shrugged. “I see him for an hour every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 2pm to get to the root of my problem.”
“And has he discovered what it is?” Viktor asked, genuine interest painted on his face.

“My parents, apparently.” The younger man said with raised eyebrows. “Quite the stereotype, aren’t I? Apparently I never properly dealt with my father’s death, and with my mother wrapping me in cotton wool most of my teenage life; the lying, and the sex, and the partying was my way of rebelling. Unfortunately, I got hooked on the first two, because it was my way of feeling in control of my life. Go figure.”

Viktor nodded understandingly. “So… was I mentioned in your sessions?”

“Calling Dr. Ego!” Yuuri teased, kicking the Russian gently under the table. “Well, obviously. The shrink wanted to know about my first sexual relationship, and I told him it was with a much older man who coached me in skating, then used his power to take advantage of my innocent young body.”

Viktor choked on his drink. “You never!” he gasped.

“No,” Yuuri laughed. “I said it was with a boy I had a crush on for a long time before I managed to talk to him.”

“I’m proud of you, Yuri.” Viktor said, placing his hand over the younger man’s. “It takes courage and strength to admit you need help. So do you think it’s working?”

“Definitely,” Yuuri nodded. “And that’s not a lie. I’ve still got three weeks to go here, and I’m pretty sure I’ve got it under control now…” Yuuri trailed off.

“But..?” Viktor prompted.

“But… I still can’t stop thinking about Phichit.” The younger man lamented. “I need to apologise to him. Something I’ve not done even after all this time. I feel awful about the way things ended with us, and even worse that he had barely been gone two minutes when I tried to jump your bones. How is he? Do you know?”

“Yeah, I actually bumped into him after I left your apartment that day. We had a long, bitter rant about you… we’re dating now, I wasn’t sure how to tell you.”

“Oh…” Yuuri said, looking down at his cup. “Good… good for you. I hope you’re both happy together.”

Then Viktor burst out laughing. “I’m kidding, Yuri!” he said squeezing the Japanese man’s fingers reassuringly. “I’m not dating Phichit, that’d be just weird. But we did have a nice therapeutic rant about you. He’s another person I’ve gotten to know quite well over the past few months.”

Yuuri breathed a sigh of relief. “Oh, thank god!” he laughed. “I don’t know what I would’ve done if you two really were dating.”

“Well, I have to say, you are an idiot for cheating on him. He’s one of the nicest people I’ve ever met, he is literal sunshine.” Viktor smiled. “If I wasn’t still in love with you, I’d probably bang him, just to complete the triangle.”

“I took his virginity,” Yuuri smirked. “He was so nervous the first time we did it, it was actually adora– Wait… you’re still in love with me?!”

Viktor nodded. “I’m crazy I know. Especially after all the shit you pulled.”
“Viktor… now that I’ve broken up with Phichit, and I’m seeing a therapist, do you think maybe we could try again? More than just meeting up for a quick fuck, I mean. Let me take you on a date. An *innocent* date. One that would be seen as acceptable on a 1950s TV show.”

“Are you gonna take me to a diner for some milkshakes, and afterwards we go to a dance hall and do the jitterbug?” Viktor teased.

“Something like that,” Yuuri said, his cheeks flushing. “But a 21st century version; a meal or a movie, followed by a couple of drinks in a quiet bar. And at the end of the day we… say goodnight and go home to our separate apartments.”

“I think we can work something out for when you leave here,” Viktor smiled, pressing a gentle kiss to the back of Yuuri’s hand. “But I’ll only agree to the date if you finish your program. Deal?”

“Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

I’ve deliberately left it open-ended so you can use your imagination as to whether or not it works out between these two crazy kids.

Leave a comment telling me if you managed to make it to the end of this fic without screaming/crying/facepalming (or not) :p

Also, feel free to link other YoI/Victuuri trash to this, or add this to a rec list, (if that’s something you do) ^_^

Works inspired by this one
Please [drop by the archive and comment](mailto:) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!