Be my coach, Viktor!

by scintillations

Summary

It was never just Yuuri chasing after Viktor.

Notes

someone help me. i wanted to write a fic in viktor's perspective so badly you dont even know
i know like 40 other people have done it before me, but... ;-;

edit: i’ve fixed this up a bit, it's now considerably less painful to read

See the end of the work for more notes

He’s not supposed to fall in love.

Actually, none of this is supposed to happen. The boy who rejected any offers to speak to Viktor the day before is not supposed to be pole dancing for him like a professional. And yet, here he is.

It’s strange, really. On the ice, Yuuri’s skating has always been calculated, deliberate, saddened. Adulterated by emotions that seem to hinder his potential. But when he dances at the banquet,
Yuuri moves with confidence and strength and boldness, and there’s no question about it: he shines.

And Viktor… well, Viktor’s not sure he knows what to think. But no matter which way he looks at it, when he watches Yuuri, he’s completely entranced. He’s mesmerized, because - well, who the hell wouldn’t be? A few pictures of drunk, pole-dancing Yuuri make their way onto his phone, but the memories that get left in his mind are far more permanent and far more damaging.

It’s not a crush.

It’s not a crush, he tells himself, but Yuuri drags him onto the banquet floor to dance flamenco, and suddenly the world is a blur of colors and he’s dancing in the arms of someone he doesn’t know. It’s different. It’s different from all the times women have asked him out on dates - that was always more contained, elegant, superficial. This, though... this is unpredictable and brilliant and spontaneous.

No one in their right mind would ask the great Viktor Nikiforov to dance like this in public.

Not that Yuuri’s in his right state of mind, anyways. Viktor counts sixteen empty glasses of champagne that Yuuri’s left on the table, and that’s probably not all.

He decides he doesn’t care.

It's been awhile since he's actually felt like this - adrenaline burns white-hot in his veins, and his heart is thrumming in time with Yuuri's, and his body moves on its own, unbound by the rules of skating routines. And he knows this isn't love. They've only just met. This can't be love.

But it's got to be pretty damn close.

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When a slower song comes on, Yuuri takes the chance to throw his arms around Viktor, his breath uneven and his brown eyes glittering. “My family runs a hot springs place in Japan,” he stammers, seemingly oblivious to the full implication of his words. “If I win this dance-off, will you be my coach?”
The question catches its recipient off guard. “I...” Viktor begins, but he’s not exactly sure how to turn down a request as audacious as this. What is the proper response, anyways, to an invitation made with such crushing sincerity?

“Be my coach, Viiiktor!” Yuuri chirps, and his head dips downwards a little so his gaze is no longer visible, and it’s just his face buried into Viktor’s shirt. There’s something so precious about the boy in his arms, something so pure and admirable, but Viktor can’t describe it because feelings like this aren’t supposed to fit into words.

He’s aimed all his life to surprise the audiences he performs for. Up until recently, he’s succeeded. But it’s been faltering; that spark that inspired him to skate, that caused his career to blossom. It's as if nothing he does can surprise people anymore - he’s pushed himself to the limits, and he’s done it enough times that now, everyone else takes it for granted.

Viktor realizes, now, that the fault lies in his hands. How can he surprise them if he can’t even manage to surprise himself?

For once, Katsuki Yuuri - the shaky, insecure boy who got last place in the Grand Prix final - does it for him.

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When the night ends, there’s champagne on the boy’s breath, and his eyes are starting to turn glassy. Viktor can’t find his coach anywhere. Someone has to take responsibility, though, so he drags Yuuri to a taxi and asks the driver to take them to the nearest hotel.

In the back seat, Yuuri shifts so he’s leaning onto the taller man’s side. “You know, Viktor,” he slurs, “I never thought I’d get to be this close to you.”

Despite himself, Viktor lets his face shift into a contented smile. “Is that so?”

“Yeah,” Yuuri insists. “Good thing this isn't real life, so I can tell you.”

"Tell me what?"
"That I've had a crush on you for the longest time."

If Viktor wasn’t blushing before, he’s definitely blushing now. Thankfully, that isn’t evident in the darkness of the car, and he has enough time to compose himself. “But we've only just met,” he points out.

“Before that… back in Japan… I’ve liked you for awhile.” Yuuri laughs, but the sound comes out strangely choked up, almost like a muffled sob. "It's hard to believe, right? That I'd try so hard just to be on the same field as you, only to realize that it could never happen...”

Viktor opens his mouth to ask him what he means, but Yuuri’s eyes are tightly shut, and his head has dropped onto Viktor’s shoulder like a dead weight. Sighing, the taller skater reaches out and runs a tentative hand through the boy’s choppy hair.

With his eyes still closed, Yuuri smiles.

Even though no one can see him, Viktor does, too.

The Japanese skater is still pretty out of it by the time they reach the hotel, and Viktor practically has to carry him into an empty room. “Vik...to...r,” he mumbles indistinctly as Viktor lays him down on the freshly made bed. “Did I win the dance-off?”

“Yeah,” Viktor says, doing his best to tuck in the sheets, “you did.”

Yuuri takes the opportunity to grab his hand. He brings it up to rest upon his chest, ignoring Viktor’s incoherent protests, and holds it tight enough so that Viktor can’t slip it away. “Please don't leave.”

An affectionate sigh. "Yuuri. You have to understand that I can't just–"

"Nooo," Yuuri says, burying his face into the pillow. "You promised me you’d be my coach if I won."

Something within Viktor snaps, and he squeezes Yuuri’s hands lightly, unsure of how else to
respond. “Yeah,” he says, feeling his heart sink. “I did.”

"So you'll come and find me in Japan?"

"...I will. I promise."

It’s the most painful lie he’s ever uttered.

Yuuri falls asleep smiling. Viktor leaves a nameless note by his bedside - *You got drunk, so I brought you here. Don’t worry, nothing weird happened tonight* - and takes a taxi back to the place where he’s staying.

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Viktor quits skating after that.

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He tries to find Katsuki Yuuri again.

But without a warning, the boy is gone. He’s a mysterious playboy, an elusive figure, disappearing without a trace - Viktor tries to contact him, but he can’t find Yuuri anywhere. It’s like he completely ceases to exist. He doesn’t enter any more competitions, and the news puts out rumors that he’s actually going to resign.

And then, one day, five months later, the video gets uploaded online. It’s Yuuri skating his routine. And if Viktor was ever looking for an indication that Yuuri wants to see him again, *this* is it.

*Stay close to me.*

It’s enough to make Viktor drop everything and take the first flight he finds to a country he’s never been to. He doesn’t stop to think about the consequences of leaving everything behind, he doesn’t care that doing this will alienate himself from his fans and his former coach. Everything changes from now, and maybe he’s ruining the future he was supposed to have, but that’s okay.
He’s found a new future. He’s found a new dream.

When he arrives in Hasetsu, Viktor asks if he can stay in a spare room, because he knows he won’t be leaving Yuuri’s side anytime soon. This time, he’s going to do everything it takes to stay.

He’s made a promise, after all.

End Notes

so uh it’s 6am and i have a final exam in 2 hours and uh
i kind of regret this now?? sorry if it was super cheesy... i didn't mean to make it all sad,
but i can't write happy stuff to save my life ;;

kudos / comments would make me happy to compensate for the regret i feel when i fail
these exams :')

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