

Thematically Cohesive

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Thematically Cohesive

by [Marks](#)

Summary

“Being friends with you means I’m automatically good at makeup?”

“Of course it does. I’m not friends with idiots, and this is easy.”

Notes

Oh, who knows why I do anything anymore? Anyway, like everyone else on earth, I lost my damned mind today when that YouTube clip came out.

“What makes you think I’ll be any good at this?”

Yuri rolls his eyes and leans back in his chair. “You’ll be good at this because we’re friends.”

Otabek pulls out little shelves from Yuri’s makeup case and spreads them out over the dressing table. “Being friends with you means I’m automatically good at makeup?”

“Of course it does. I’m not friends with idiots, and this is easy.”

“Easy peasy?” Otabek asks in English.

“Easy peasy,” Yuri agrees.

Yuri watches as Otabek’s hands hover over eye pencils, before plucking one up between his thumb and index finger. Otabek’s hands are objectively nice. His feet are probably as much of a mess as Yuri’s, but the hands — those are good. Yep. No friend of Yuri would ever have ugly hands. It all makes sense.

“C’mon,” Yuri urges. He closes his eyes. “I don’t have all day.”

“Yes, your Majesty,” Otabek says. He doesn’t sound pissed off when he says it, just faintly amused. He never sounds pissed off when talking to Yuri, never even gets that patient *I-know-so-much-more-because-I’m-a-million-years-old* tone that Victor gets sometimes, but that makes sense, too. Yuri’s a goddamn delight.

Yuri feels a hand — one of those nice hands — underneath his chin, tilting his head up. “I’m not the king,” he says. “That’s JJ. I’m just the fucking Grand Prix gold medalist.”

“Stop,” Otabek says, squeezing Yuri’s chin, just a little. Yuri bites the inside of his cheek and his stomach flips, but he doesn’t really get why. “You’ll make me laugh, and I’ll mess it up.”

“Okay,” Yuri agrees. His voice is softer, breathier than he intended, and he works hard to keep still.

“Stop,” Otabek says again. “No talking.” His voice is different, too. Deeper, maybe rougher.

When he was eight, Yuri’s grandfather drove them to the seaside in his little beat up car, and Yuri waded out in the water by himself. He remembers the feeling of wanting to keep going, way further out than he could handle, till the waves surrounded him from all sides and made it hard to keep his head above water. He doesn’t know why he suddenly remembers this.

The first touch of the eye pencil against his eyelid is too hard and Yuri has to concentrate on not flinching. Otabek huffs softly to himself as he draws the pencil back and forth — then back and forth again, and then again and again. Yuri knows from experience that that’s not right, but he doesn’t stop him.

“Fuck,” Otabek says in English, with emphasis. Yuri doesn’t think he’s ever heard Otabek swear before, and a shiver zips its way down Yuri’s spine at the sound. “Yuri, I don’t think

—“

“It’s fine,” Yuri interrupts. He never opens his eyes. “Do the other one.”

Otabek wordlessly obeys, the drag of the pencil against Yuri’s other eyelid his only answer. Yuri can tell that Otabek is concentrating hard, really hard, and the gesture touches him. He can feel Otabek’s fingers brush over his cheek and Otabek’s breath fluttering against his skin. Their faces must be so close together. The pencil moves back and forth methodically, that same over and over back and forth as before.

Yuri hears the clatter of the pencil against the dressing table. “Can I open my eyes?”

“Not yet,” Otabek says. His voice sounds close. Then Yuri feels Otabek’s thumb swipe across one eye, then the other, a firm touch but not a painful one. “Yuri, do you need anything on your mouth?”

Yuri sucks in a little breath. “What?”

“Lipstick or gloss or whatever.”

“Oh.” He shakes his head. “No, just the eyes.”

“Okay, good,” Otabek says, and there’s a long pause where neither of them says anything. Yuri’s just about to open his eyes again when he feels Otabek’s lips against his, and then he does open his eyes, he can’t help it. Otabek’s so close that he’s blurry and a little doubled, but Yuri can still see his long, dark eyelashes. Yuri’s heartbeat quickens as Otabek’s teeth scrape against his bottom lip, and he tries to remember breathe. How could he have thought he just wanted to be friends with Otabek? Yes, he *does* want them to be friends, but he also wants more.

One of Otabek’s hands comes up to tangle in Yuri’s hair, changing their angle and the press of fingers against Yuri’s scalp makes him open his mouth, just enough that Otabek’s tongue meets his. That sets off a spark of something and when Otabek pulls back a moment later, Yuri realizes his hands are bunching up the front of Otabek’s t-shirt.

“Oh,” Yuri says, letting go. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Otabek says, and laughs. “I should be the one apologizing to you.”

Yuri frowns. “For what?” Was the kiss really that bad? It’s not like Yuri has anything to compare it to.

“Look in the mirror,” Otabek says, gesturing.

Yuri stands and turns around to look, leaning over the dressing table to check himself out in the mirror. He takes in the dark smudges circling both eyes, intense and dark, spread all the way up to his eyebrows, thanks to Otabek’s handiwork. He looks like he hasn’t slept in weeks, but also he looks cool. Really cool. “Awesome,” he breathes.

“Really?” Otabek says, sounding equal parts pleased and surprised.

Yuri will be the last one to skate his exhibition. He thinks of the pig and Victor, of their choreographed pairs skate, of their intricate matching costumes that are so perfect that Yuri almost leaned over the railing of the rink and barfed the first time he saw them. But *he's* the one who won the GPF, and no one better fucking forget that.

"Skate with me," Yuri says suddenly, looking over his shoulder at Otabek. "For my exhibition."

Otabek laughs. "Yuri, I can't do that. I don't even know the routine, I don't have a costume."

Yuri shakes his head. That isn't the right answer. "You trust me, right?"

"Yes," Otabek says, sounding startled.

"Then follow my lead," Yuri says, grabbing Otabek's hands, those nice hands that match those nice lips and all of his nice parts are getting onto the ice with Yuri, so help him. "You can wear your motorcycle jacket and fingerless gloves, and we'll dig up a shirt that matches my costume." Out of the corner of his eye, he can still see himself in the mirror and his eyes are gleaming. He can already see in his mind how his exhibition improves with the addition of Otabek, how no one's going to remember anything but him at the end of the night.

Most importantly: it'll be *thematically cohesive*, which is better than matchy-matchy any fucking day of the week.

"Will you do it?" Yuri asks. He pulls Otabek in close to him, their proximity sending a giddy thrill through him. He's going to kiss Otabek again as soon as he says yes. "Say you'll do it."

"This is crazy," Otabek says, which isn't a no. "You're kind of mad, you know that?"

Yuri smirks. "Damn right I am."

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