

## The Bet

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8683582) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8683582>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Yuri!!! on Ice (Anime)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Katsuki Yuuri/Victor Nikiforov</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Katsuki Yuuri</a> , <a href="#">Victor Nikiforov</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">Kissing</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Spice</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-11-28 Words: 2,503 Chapters: 1/1

# The Bet

by [shamarmon](#)

## Summary

After their kiss at the Cup of China, Yuuri and Victor compete to see how far they can push each other before giving in (Spoilers up until Episode 7)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Victor nodded in approval as Yuuri landed yet another triple axel. “Very good, but don’t you think you should call it a day?”

Yuuri frowned as he grabbed the wall of the rink next to his coach. “I can keep going! I have to get better before the Rostelecom cup.”

Victor laughed airily before making yet another comment about the younger skater’s endurance while not so subtly walking his eyes up and down Yuuri’s body. Yuuri blushed furiously and looked down. “Victor!” he protested.

Victor slowly glided towards him and rested a hand on his face. “Yuuri, why are you blushing?” Victor tilted his skater’s head up so that they finally met eyes. It was brief as Yuuri gulped and looked away again. Victor frowned and crossed his arms. “Yuuri, you are still far too meek around me. We’ve kissed in front of everyone, no?”

“But you’re always teasing me!” Yuuri finally looked at him. “You also wouldn’t be able to keep a straight face if I was doing this to you!”

Victor grinned. “Is that a bet?”

Yuuri blushed yet again, but at least this time he didn’t look away. “Fine. What do I get if I win?”

“Well, what do you want?”

“Take me to St. Petersburg to see the seagulls.”

Victor’s heart swelled a little bit at this intimate mention of his hometown. “Okay.”

Yuuri looked quizzically at him. “Wait what if you win? Is there anything you want... from me?” His face flushed even darker.

Victor touched his chin in mock contemplation. “Slumber party!” he exclaimed, raising his arms above his head.

“Haahh?” Yuuri’s face was the picture of surprise.

Victor smirked. “Is that too much for you?”

“No! It’s... fine.” Yuuri regained control of his face. “How will we know who’s won?”

“Whoever gives in first loses. Simple enough.”

Yuuri gave him a look that made it clear that he did not think it was that simple, but he nodded his approval. “Well, now that that’s settled, let’s get back to practice,” he said.

If Victor didn’t know better, he would have thought that he saw a glint of steely resolve in Yuuri’s eyes as he turned back to continue skating. Victor attempted to keep teasing Yuuri a

few more times throughout the practice, but Yuuri didn't attempt to retaliate in the slightest. It confused Victor a bit, but he still felt a rising sense of excitement about what this bet would bring them.

---

Later that night Victor and Yuuri walked to a local restaurant for dinner. They chatted animatedly for a bit about the upcoming competition until their food arrived. As they began to eat, Victor remembered their bet. Hiding a small smile, he held out a bite of his food along the side of the table. "Want a taste, Yuuri? Say ahhh."

The familiar blush spread across Yuuri's face, but he still leaned over and ate the bite. Now it was Victor's turn to blush. He hadn't expected Yuuri to take him up on his offer at all! Yuuri chewed quickly, swallowed, and looked up at Victor through his lashes. "It's good."

Victor looked away and felt his hot cheeks. When was Yuuri ever this bold? Usually skating his short program, not off the ice. He took a few deep breaths and looked back at Yuuri, flashing him what he hoped was a winning smile. "Only the best for my skater!" Yuuri cocked one eyebrow at him and resumed eating his own meal with a slight smirk.

Victor casually steered the conversation back towards the impending competition and the incident was all but forgotten. As their dinner was winding down, Yuuri began yawning and blinking more frequently. "If you're tired, we should leave," Victor stated, but Yuuri shook his head in protest. "I'm good, I just...." his head lightly fell on Victor's shoulder, "feel a little tired."

Well now what was he supposed to do? He glanced at Yuuri and saw his eyes were closed, chest lightly rising and falling. Honestly Victor felt like he could look at him forever, but after a while he really needed to go to the bathroom. He tried to gently lift Yuuri's head off his shoulder and sneak out of his seat when he felt a hand grab his own. "Victor," Yuuri softly called, eyes still closed. Suppressing a yelp of surprise, Victor sat back down and let him get comfortable again.

"I thought you were asleep."

"Gotcha," Yuuri said, while smiling and nuzzling his head into Victor's shoulder. Victor found himself blushing yet again. Maybe he wouldn't win this so easily after all.

---

The next morning they both woke up early and walked to a coffee shop before practice. Victor was pretty useless before his morning coffee, a fact that Yuuri knew all too well. They had been to this coffee shop every morning in China, so by now Victor was growing friendly with the cashier.

Sure enough, her face brightened when they reached the front. "Hi again! What can I get you today, Victor?" She leaned forward over the counter and smiled sweetly.

Victor was about to answer when he heard Yuuri snort behind him. He rose up on his toes and squinted over Victor's shoulders. "Vic-tor. I forgot my glasses. Can you read me the menu?"

Not that Yuuri didn't know exactly what the shop served, but Victor began rattling off the various coffees when Yuuri rested his chin on his shoulder. Victor only stopped for a second before resuming his reading, a slight flush spreading across his face. "Americano, Espresso, and Cappa-AH," he yelped as he felt Yuuri's hand in his back pocket. "Cap-cappuccino."

Yuuri smirked at him. "Hm, I don't know. Why don't you order for me? You know what I like."

"Ah, t-two americanos, please." This time the cashier flashed him a very different, more strained smile. "Right away, sir." Yuuri steered them away after Victor paid and he didn't move his hand until their coffees were ready.

"Come on, Victor. Let's get going." Yuuri motioned towards the door and strode away, leaving Victor a few steps behind. He quickly caught up and thoughtfully sipped on his coffee as they walked back towards the hotel. They brushed shoulders a few times, but other than that traveled in silence.

What in the world had gotten into Yuuri? He was sure taking this bet seriously, but Victor didn't mind. He knew he wouldn't be the one losing.

---

The bet was ignored during practice, both of them focusing on preparing for the next competition. Truth be told, Victor didn't even think about it until Yuuri was cooling down for the day. The younger skater was sitting down and stretching out over one leg, the other tucked in. Victor walked over and tsked loudly. "That won't do, Yuuri. You need to get deeper in the stretch."

Yuuri looked up in confusion. "I don't know, I think I'm fine."

Victor shook his head. "No, no. Let your coach help you." He knelt down and pushed Yuuri further, maintaining more than a little contact between his chest and Yuuri's back.

"O-oh, I think I'm okay, r-really," Yuuri stammered.

Victor let his hand trace down Yuuri's arm. "It's no problem at all, Yuuri." He grasped Yuuri's hand in his own and pushed him a little further. "See how tense you are? Look here," he said, moving his hand to Yuuri's thigh. "Let me help you relax your muscles." He began to lightly massage just above Yuuri's knee.

Yuuri practically bolted upright and waved his hands in front of his face. "I-I think I'm all stretched out now! T-Thanks Victor, see you later!" He stumbled away, his face bright red.

Victor was now sure in his approach. He had the upper hand when they were alone. As long as he held his ground in public, he could still win this.

---

"I miss the hot springs! Please take me to one?" Victor pleaded at Yuuri's door.

Yuuri sighed heavily. "Can't you go yourself? I'm tired from practice."

Victor pouted at him. “You would make me go alone? And won’t it help your muscles, too?”

Yuuri rolled his eyes. “Fine. Let’s go.”

Victor spun around in a little circle. Good to know Yuuri wasn’t upset about the stretching incident. Regardless of their bet, he didn’t want to push Yuuri too hard. But he still remembered the completely different Yuuri from the coffee shop and the thought sent chills down his spine.

They arrived at the hot springs without incident. Both of them relaxed in the water and made idle small talk. Victor glanced around and realized that they had managed to find the one hot springs even more private than Yuuri’s back in Japan. This gave him a wicked idea.

Victor inched closer to Yuuri and placed a hand on his thigh. “You were beautiful on the ice today, you know that right?”

Yuuri seemed to just now process that they were the only two in the bath. “Ah, I, I…” he sputtered while slowly backing away.

“Why are you running away from me, moj miliy?” Victor smiled and moved closer to Yuuri.

With a furious blush, Yuuri backed away as Victor kept up. Suddenly, he was in the corner with nowhere to go. The look on Yuuri’s face was so endearing that Victor would have kissed him right there if it didn’t mean losing the bet. Victor licked his lips anyway and watched as Yuuri gulped in anticipation. Smiling slightly, he moved closer and closer to Yuuri’s face until their lips were a breath away. Yuuri’s eyes fluttered closed and Victor quickly dipped to bite his neck. Yuuri gasped as Victor sucked hard on his skin.

When Victor pulled away, he looked at Yuuri inquisitively. He still looked shocked, and Victor suddenly wondered if he had crossed a line. He was about to ask when Yuuri shook his head and flushed deeply. “Uh, wow. That happened.” Yuuri said.

Victor cocked his eyebrow and studied Yuuri’s face. “Had enough of the bath?” he asked, questioning both if he had gone too far or not far enough.

“I, uh, yeah, let’s head back.” Yuuri grabbed his towel and walked to go change. Victor stayed behind only a minute longer as he pondered their bet. How much more could either of them take of this torture?

---

After a particularly rough practice that morning, Victor had done everything in his power to convince Yuuri that he needed a single night off to recover, as they were flying to Russia tomorrow. They ended up just walking around the city, Victor letting Yuuri steer them wherever he wanted.

As he trailed slightly behind, Victor couldn’t help but glance down at Yuuri’s neck again to eye his mark from last night. He knew for a fact that Yuuri had packed a scarf. Why wasn’t he wearing it? A thrill coursed through his body as he considered that Yuuri wanted people to see it when they were together. In public. He guessed that Yuuri was always like this but

needed a little nudging in the right direction. Victor didn't mind being the one to do the nudging.

Victor's imagination ran a little wild and by the time he was back in reality Yuuri was handing him an ice cream cone. "Isn't it a little cold for ice cream?" he asked with a smile, taking it anyway.

Yuuri blushed as he held his own. "I'm sorry, I didn't..."

Victor quickly grabbed the younger man's arm. "No, I'm sorry, this is definitely great! Thank you, Yuuri."

After a few tastes, Yuuri took a deep breath and looked up at Victor. "Hey, let me try yours, too."

"Sure thing." Victor held out his cone.

Yuuri quickly looked away but stuck his tongue out and licked all the way up Victor's cone. Victor would have stumbled backwards if he wasn't too shocked to move. He couldn't look away as Yuuri hesitated for only a second before taking a bite off the top.

In one fluid motion Victor dropped his cone, grabbed Yuuri's hand, and yanked him bodily around the nearest corner. He immediately pushed Yuuri against the wall and crashed their mouths together, cradling Yuuri's head with one hand and softly holding his waist with the other. Yuuri's initial shock melted away as he kissed him back and ran one hand up and down Victor's back and the other through his hair.

Eventually Victor had to break away to take a deep breath and search Yuuri's eyes. The younger skater smiled softly and squeezed his back. "You dropped your ice cream."

Victor smiled back. "So did you."

Yuuri took a second to process this before his face flushed. "W-Well, you lost the bet."

Victor chuckled softly. "I guess I did. But you had teased me enough." He approached Yuuri's lips again, stopping just short. "Moj--"

"Miliy," Yuuri finished. Victor felt a low growl escape from his throat as he kissed Yuuri again. The hand on his hip traveled down and squeezed his thigh, which made Yuuri yelp and open his mouth even more. Victor slipped his tongue into his mouth for only a second before he stepped back and smiled.

Yuuri panted slightly as he looked at Victor. "What? That's it?"

Victor winked back at him. "That's what being teased feels like. That's what you've done to me."

Pouting, Yuuri crossed his arms over his chest. Victor laughed again and gave Yuuri a quick peck on the lips. He held out his hand and said, "Let's go back." Yuuri smiled at him and took his hand.

---

They had said their goodbyes in the hallway and both went back to their separate rooms. Victor lay in bed, holding his flaming cheeks in his hands. Oh wow. The bet didn't matter nearly as much as what just happened. Even though they had kissed once before, this time had felt so much more powerful. Victor couldn't stop thinking about the kiss, replaying every detail in his mind. He snapped out of it when he heard a soft knock at his door. Automatically he rose and answered the door, his heart pounding.

Yes. It was Yuuri. He was staring at his feet and mumbled, "Hey, do you think I could stay the night?"

Victor pulled him close and whispered, "Of course." He crawled back under his covers and patted the bed next to him. Perpetually blushing, Yuuri joined him but facing away. Victor nuzzled his nose against the back of his neck, softly blowing on the sensitive skin. Yuuri shivered and turned to face him, pressing their foreheads together. They slowly kissed as they tenderly ran their hands over each other.

They both woke up with their arms and legs entangled. Yuuri lay his head on Victor's chest and listened to his heartbeat while the older man stroked his hair.

"Ha. We had a sleepover. You got what you wanted, after all."

Victor sat up and stroked Yuuri's cheek before kissing him deeply. "I've always had what I wanted."



## End Notes

Thank you for reading :)

Thank you to my sister Nicole for helping with the ideas and outline, I hope you enjoyed it!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!