

## Five Times Viktor and Yuuri Were Jealous of Makkachin (and the one time they weren't)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8843476) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8843476>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Yuri!!! on Ice (Anime)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Katsuki Yuuri &amp; Victor Nikiforov</a> , <a href="#">Katsuki Yuuri/Victor Nikiforov</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Katsuki Yuuri</a> , <a href="#">Victor Nikiforov</a> , <a href="#">Makkachin (Yuri!!! on Ice)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Yuuri and Viktor are hopelessly in love</a> , <a href="#">It's actually ridiculous</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Five Times (and one exception)</a>
Stats:	Published: 2016-12-14 Words: 6,451 Chapters: 1/1

# **Five Times Viktor and Yuuri Were Jealous of Makkachin (and the one time they weren't)**

by [braveten](#)

## Summary

"Viktor will do whatever is necessary in order to never see Yuuri cry again. He'd walk miles across broken glass. He'd relinquish all of his gold medals to JJ Leroy. He'd let Phichit hack his Instagram account."

Viktor and Yuuri are jealous of Makkachin on multiple occasions, but the adorable brown poodle might be the only way to get them to realize their love for one another.

## Notes

This is my very first YOI fic and I'm very excited to be posting it! (A little nervous too though) :D Please let me know what you think, I'd really appreciate it!!

1.

Yuuri Katsuki is going insane.

Viktor Nikiforov is currently laying on the floor in his kitchen, his chest rising and falling beneath the green hot spring robes. The cloth has ridden up his torso to reveal a tantalizing strip of his flat, muscular stomach and Yuuri is watching him with wide eyes, wondering when he'll disappear.

(Because this *has* to be a dream. That is how he has been rationalizing his idol showing up at his door and succinctly bathing naked in the hot springs, meeting Yuuri, and offering to coach him. There's no other reasonable explanation. Therefore, Viktor will disappear at any moment.)

One of his arms is resting on top of his stomach and the other is wrapped around his poodle, Makkachin. The dog is cuddled into Viktor's side and, after a moment, Viktor leans his head over to press his face into the poodle's soft fur. Yuuri manages to sedate the overwhelming nerve to pinch himself—for now.

Then, Viktor lets out a heavy sigh and rolls onto his side to further grasp Makkachin. Yuuri takes a step backwards, bumping into his kitchen counter and knocking his head on a cabinet. He yelps and grabs at the back of his head, rubbing the spot. In front of him, Viktor lets in a deep sigh, rolling in Yuuri's direction, now facing him.

Yuuri freezes, his posture stiffening. Viktor is about to wake up. Viktor is about to wake up and see Yuuri watching him sleep like some sort of perv, and he has to get out of here but is running worse or better? And what if Viktor sees him running away? What would he think then? This is his wildest dream combined with his worst nightmare and emotions run rampant in his brain, trampling logic like a pack of wild bulls would trample everything in their path.

Viktor rolls over again, tugs his dog closer to his chest, and then relaxes.

His silver bangs are falling in front of his eyes and the robe has tugged up even more since he'd rolled over, now showing more of his back, more tempting, smooth skin. His slender fingers are weaved through Makkachin's fur and Yuuri can practically *see* those long legs gliding across the ice, a medal in Viktor's hand.

Yuuri swallows and shakes his head, still rubbing at what will probably end up being a bruise on the back of his skull. Viktor mumbles something in his sleep—Russian, Yuuri recognizes—and there's a smile playing on his lips as he cuddles his dog.

Yuuri can proudly say he has never wanted to be a dog before.

Key word: "before."

2.

Viktor has been coaching Yuuri for a few weeks now, and yet it feels as though he's only just starting to get to know his pupil.

He had asked Yuuri earlier what he wanted Viktor to be for him—a friend, a boyfriend, simply a coach?—and Yuuri had simply responded with himself. Viktor was surprised he hadn't gotten the blatant hint about his intentions.

After all, Yuuri *surely* felt the same way about him if the banquet was anything to go by. The way the younger man had wrapped his arms around Viktor while dancing, the way his eyes had sparkled as he'd begged Viktor to be his coach if he won the dance off.

(It's dangerous territory for Viktor to even think about that dance off. Dancing wasn't even the right word for what that had been. Viktor is fairly certain that those images will stick with him to the grave.)

But now, as he sits at the park with Yuuri and Makkachin, Yuuri appears completely uninterested. No, uninterested isn't the right word—it's a lack of initiative. Viktor is always the one to touch him, to cautiously approach the boundaries of their relationship. Yuuri simply goes along with it and will occasionally let him know if something is too much, normally not in an outright manner, but with subtleties that Viktor manages to pick up on.

Yuuri never initiates anything. And Viktor cannot understand why.

It's frustrating to no end.

Yuuri is scratching Makkachin between the ears and the dog is tapping his foot happily, wagging his tail at him. A smile blossoms on Yuuri's face and Viktor is about to *melt into the ground* if he keeps doing that, if he keeps staring down at his dog with that adorable expression. Yuuri leans closer to the ground, mumbling quiet words to the poodle, laughing when Makkachin turns up his head to try and lick him. Small crinkles form on the sides of his eyes as he shuts them, pulling away from Makkachin, his cheeks flushed.

Viktor watches the scene in shock, the food that they had just bought completely forgotten on the picnic table in front of him. Yuuri lifts Makkachin up onto his lap and continues his adoration, rubbing and scratching and petting. Makkachin is his biggest fan, though to be fair he's usually the biggest fan of whoever is currently giving him attention, so it's not much of a surprise.

But it *is* unfair. Completely unfair.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri glances over at Viktor before returning his attention to the dog. “Hmm?”

Viktor worries his bottom lip with his teeth, but ceases the action before Yuuri can notice. “Do you want to talk about the music for your routine?”

He nods and removes his hands from Makkachin, letting the dog jump off of his lap and back onto the ground. Then, after a moment, the poodle is pawing at his leg and whining for more

attention. Yuuri blushes. “I think he likes me.”

Viktor loves his dog, of course he does, but in this particular moment... “Of course he likes you.”

“Yeah, we can talk about the routine.”

His eyes still haven’t left Makkachin, and Viktor isn’t petty, nor is he attention-seeking—well, perhaps a little bit from time to time—but he’s currently seething. He’s not quite sure why. Perhaps it’s because whenever he’s around, Yuuri’s focus is typically one-hundred percent on him, but right now he appears far, far more intrigued by the adorable poodle by his feet.

*Oh. Jealousy.*

So that’s the word.

When Yuuri laughs at the dog again, Viktor has never wanted to switch places with his furry companion more.

3.

The night after Yuuri wins Hot Springs on Ice, there’s a knock on his door in the middle of the night. He yawns and rolls over, assuming his mother wants something. Perhaps to congratulate him for the thousandth time. “Hello?”

The voice is most definitely *not* his mother’s. “Could I come in?”

He waddles to the door, his head aching and his vision blurry without his glasses and swings the door open. Viktor stands there, rocking back on his heels with Makkachin by his side. “Is something wrong, Viktor?” Yuuri asks, wondering if maybe he needs another blanket, or maybe he got hungry, or couldn’t find something, or—

“I thought we could sleep together, Yuuri,” Viktor suggests with a grin.

Yuuri gapes. “Um...”

Before he can say anything else, Viktor has entered his room and sat down on his bed. Luckily, Yuuri had torn down his Viktor Nikiforov poster collection long ago in anticipation of a night like this. “I like your room,” Viktor muses, looking around with no regard for personal space. Typical.

Yuuri is acutely aware of the posters stuffed underneath his bed. If Viktor so much as leans down towards the ground, Yuuri is ready to fly across the room to stop him. He’ll beg if he has to. Anything to prevent Viktor from seeing those. He’s not sure he’d ever live it down.

Makkachin has hopped on the bed beside Viktor, laying down with his head on his lap. Viktor’s fingers stroke the dog’s fur and Yuuri still stands there awkwardly, looking at the

two of them and wondering if this is his life now. The world's most decorated figure skater suggesting they sleep together and sneaking into his room in the middle of the night.

He's too tired to argue. In fact, he's too tired to think. He makes his way to the bed and lays down, leaving a few inches between him and Viktor.

Then, Viktor lays down, too, and he's facing Yuuri, and his face is far, *far* too close for comfort. Yuuri feels his heart thumping in his chest and wonders if Viktor knows what sort of effect he has on him. He figures that he probably does because all of a sudden their fingers are laced together and Viktor is bringing their joint hands up to examine with his eyes, as if he has just made some sort of scientific discovery.

The window is open and moonlight is pouring in, the soft glow bouncing off of Viktor's skin and practically illuminating him, making him look far more attractive than usual, a feat which Yuuri hadn't even known was possible. Viktor is still looking at their hands and Yuuri wants to look away from his blue eyes but he feels like he's *drowning* and he could die happy right now, Viktor Nikiforov laying with him in his bedroom.

"Tell me something about yourself, Yuuri," Viktor mumbles, and his voice is low and his Russian accent is thicker than usual and this really, *really* just isn't fair.

Yuuri can hardly form words in his mind right now, much less with his mouth. "Like what?" Luckily, the syllables come out coherent, and for that he is thankful.

Viktor's thumb is running small circles around his knuckles. A shiver runs down Yuuri's spine and the older man laughs—genuinely laughs. Yuuri is fairly certain he's bright red and tries to hide his face, subtly ducking it into the covers. "Anything," Viktor informs him.

"Like a story?" Viktor has asked to learn about him before, so despite the peculiarity of their situation, the question isn't all that odd.

"Sure."

Yuuri thinks for a moment. "Um, I twisted my ankle when I first started skating," he offers, and what sort of a story is that? If his idol wasn't a couple of inches away from him, he's fairly certain he'd face-palm.

For whatever reason, Viktor looks interested. "How'd you do that?"

"My first quad," he explained. "I was skating with Yuuko and I wanted to try a competitive move. I could already do some other ones, some basic ones."

Viktor hums, his fingers moving from Yuuri's hand up to his arm, gently brushing across his skin, causing Yuuri to shiver again. This time, though, he sees it coming and covers it as best as he can, stilling his body by pressing it as far as possible into the bed. "What type of quad?"

"A quad toe loop."

His fingertips are impossibly cold, but his breath is hot as it ghosts against Yuuri's skin when Viktor leans closer, as if trying to keep his words secret. "That must've hurt."

Yuuri swallows, his next words coming out an octave higher than he intends. “It did. My parents were angry with me.”

“How old were you?”

“Ten.”

He leaves out the fact that he’d been inspired to do the quad after hearing that Viktor had miraculously landed his first one at only nine. He’d told his mother that fact, to which she had replied with the timeless, motherly phrase: “If Viktor Nikiforov jumped off a bridge, would you jump, too?”

There were times when Yuuri doubted his answer to that question. Looking at Viktor now, he was pretty sure he’d jump without a second thought. After all, whatever Viktor did seemed to be a good idea.

“And when did you try again?” Viktor asks, and his tongue darts out to lick his lips and Yuuri is far, far too young to have a heart attack and yet here he is, his entire chest palpitating. He knows that Viktor can see him shaking but he doesn’t know how to stop it, doesn’t know what to do with the attention that’s currently being poured onto him like cement, trapping him where he lays.

Yuuri’s eyes drift down to Viktor’s hand, which is now trailing up Yuuri’s bicep on its relentless mission of exploration. “As soon as the doctor cleared me.”

Viktor laughs at that.

Suddenly there’s only an inch or so left between them.

Yuuri takes in a breath and Viktor’s eyes fall shut, the moonlight still beating down on him as his hand on Yuuri’s arm stills and he makes his way closer, the pace agonizingly slow.

Yuuri closes his eyes, too, and suddenly, his lips press against something.

Something furry.

Something definitely *not* Viktor. Unless Viktor had suddenly grown very, very prominent facial hair.

“Makkachin!” Viktor giggles, rolling onto his back and taking the dog with him, smiling and peppering kisses across the poodle’s fur.

Yuuri feels heat rising in his cheeks as he rolls onto his own back, wishing for the second time since he’d met Viktor that he was a dog. He glances over at the older man again and sees that he’s now wrapping Makkachin in his arms, still kissing and praising him despite the fact that the dog had just interrupted something of the utmost importance.

(He’s fairly certain that Makkachin looks at him apologetically, but for once in his life, Yuuri Katsuki doesn’t forgive immediately.)

(He does, however, forgive about five minutes later, when Makkachin makes his way over to Yuuri's side of the small bed and places a sloppy kiss to his forehead.)

4.

During the Cup of China, they'd shared a hotel room.

Viktor had set up the arrangement, so Yuuri figured it had been his idea, but they never really talk about it. After all, there are two beds, and there's plenty of room for both of them, so there's not much to it.

The first night, everything is fine, albeit Yuuri's usual nervousness.

But the second night is awkward.

Yuuri doesn't talk to him.

He's not avoiding him outright, but he's quiet. He makes his way to his bed and sits with his phone in his lap, his head against the bedrest. He's dressed in a grey t-shirt and black, baggy sweatpants, his hair still wet from the shower and his eyes glued to his phone as though it holds all the secrets of the world.

Given that Phichit is probably on the other end of whatever conversation Yuuri is having, Viktor figures his phone probably *does* hold all the secrets of the world. Or at least all of the gossip.

That day had been an emotional one, no doubt. Yuuri had been unbelievably nervous during his warm up for the free skate, and Viktor hadn't known what to do. So he panicked and decided to try a new strategy.

Looking back on it, he wasn't sure how he'd thought it was a good idea at the time, threatening to resign as Yuuri's coach. Yuuri had started crying right there—right in front of him—and Viktor had instantly been horrified, wrapping his arms around the younger man in a futile attempt to get him to stop. Of course, he'd been bluffing with his threat to quit, but they hadn't exactly addressed that yet.

Nor had they addressed the kiss.

*Right.* So that was why Yuuri was quiet.

Viktor wasn't sure if it was a combination of those two things, or one or the other, but no matter the reason, he didn't know how to broach the subject. What he did know was that he didn't like seeing Yuuri this way, practically a walking embodiment of stress, the emotions of the day visible in the red rims around his eyes.

He searches for something to say, anything to say.

Before he can speak, Yuuri already has. "I think I'm going to go to bed early."



Oh.

Viktor tugs at the ends of his bangs, shifting on the bed. “At nine o’clock?”

“M tired,” Yuuri explains through a yawn, locking his phone and throwing it haphazardly on the covers beside him before leaning back on the bed, turning to face away from Viktor. His arms are tucked in front of his chest and he curls up into a ball.

Viktor has never wanted anything more in his life than to get up and move to Yuuri’s bed, to wrap his arms around him, to ask him what was running through his mind and to get some answers out of him... Anything to be beside him.

As if reading his thoughts, Makkachin jumps up onto Yuuri’s bed.

Without a word, Yuuri accepts the dog into his embrace, both of his arms moving around the poodle instead of around Viktor, where they should be. Viktor stares. Makkachin is angled so that he can see Viktor and the dog gives him a face that clearly, without-a-doubt, states “you took too long.”

Viktor gives the dog his best death stare, but he’s not sure Makkachin fully gets the message. Or, if he does, he’s simply sticking it in his owner’s face, because he wags his tail as Yuuri starts to scratch his stomach.

Then, he realizes—Makkachin’s face isn’t mocking, it’s daring.

“Yuuri?”

Yuuri doesn’t turn over, but Viktor can clearly hear his sleepy acknowledgement.

And then time seems to slow down as Yuuri waits for him to say something, as Makkachin’s glare seems to bore into Viktor’s soul, the look awfully meaningful given that it’s coming from an adorable poodle. And yet, here he is, considering the boundaries of their relationship and everything that Yuuri means to him just because of a dog’s big, black eyes.

Viktor clears his throat. What on earth is he supposed to say? I love you? I’m sorry for what happened today, but I’m not sorry that I kissed you? Great job?

All would be accurate, yet—at the same time—none are correct.

It feels as though there are no words that can accurately convey what he wants to say. There are no words that can define the feeling of looking at Yuuri when he’s focusing on something, the way his eyebrows furrow together and his fingers will drum against the nearest flat object. Nothing can define Yuuri’s smile, the way he looks when Viktor praises him or does something right, the way that Yuuri can make him feel as though he’s the only other person in the room, as though the world was just made for the two of them.

Viktor stares at Yuuri, wondering how he could possibly deserve to be in the same room as him. How he could possibly deserve to be Yuuri’s coach, to watch as he grows and learns and enthralls copious audiences with ease. How he gets to be the one that Yuuri looks at at the

start of his Eros routine, when he does that head tilt that always makes Viktor's heart race without fail.

He doesn't deserve him.

"Good night."

"Good night, Viktor."

Makkachin mocks him. *Coward.*

5.

The plane ride to Barcelona is difficult, to say the least.

Yuuri was exhausted—he had trained all of yesterday in a nervous frenzy to try and land every quad, to try to master every routine. It's his usual anxiety, something that Viktor is still trying to get used to and get a grasp on, and Viktor figures it's just best to let him get it out of his system.

So he had watched as Yuuri had messed up one jump. Then another. Then another. He knew, and Yuuri knew, probably, that he could easily land every one of those jumps. It was his mental state that had been holding him back, the thoughts clouding his brain preventing his legs from creating the right arch and his feet from landing perfectly on the ice below.

Nevertheless, Yuuri was exhausted.

The flight was about fifteen hours long and Viktor relaxes in his seat, figuring that he may as well get comfortable now if he's going to be stuck like this for so long. Yuuri is already yawning, trapped in a futile fight to stay awake. Viktor watches as he yawns, then leans back, then leans forward again, then twiddles his thumbs, then stares up at the ceiling.

"Yuuri, you should sleep," he tells him, pulling his earphones and phone out of his pocket, planning to listen to music.

Yuuri yawns again and leans back into the seat, stretching out his legs in front of him. "I don't know if I can get comfortable."

Viktor smiles and leans down, popping back their chairs so that they're reclining beside each other. Then, he wraps an arm around Yuuri's shoulder and pulls him closer. Yuuri looks shocked but concedes, pillowing his head on Viktor's shoulder and shifting against him, his elbows tucked in between them. It's not the most comfortable position for Viktor, but he's certainly not about to complain.

He notices that Yuuri's glasses are about to slip off of his nose and takes them off for him, placing them on the small, contractable table in front of them. Yuuri is definitely exhausted, Viktor thinks, because before long he has cuddled further into him, far, far closer than the awake-Yuuri would.

(Viktor almost feels guilty for liking it, almost feels as though he's taking advantage of him. But when Yuuri yawns again and wraps an arm around Viktor, all of those thoughts fly out the tiny plane window.)

After a few minutes, when Yuuri is definitely asleep, Viktor turns on his side as much as possible in the cramped seat in an attempt to get more comfortable. Yuuri responds to the new position by moving his hand from Viktor's side to his hair, which has been growing noticeably longer, and stroking it in an absent-minded, repetitive movement.

Viktor jumps at the touch, unsure if he should put Yuuri's hand back. He knows Yuuri would be horrified if he woke to find himself doing this, so instead he just closes his eyes, letting his mind succumb to the sensation. At least for a little while. He promises himself to stop Yuuri eventually. (Then again, he has never been one for remembering promises.) Yuuri's fingers are gentle and caressing as they weave through the stands of Viktor's hair, his nails occasionally grazing his scalp.

Then, Yuuri mumbles something.

Viktor freezes.

"Yuuri?"

Yuuri mumbles something else. Viktor cranes his head as much as possible to get a better look. Yuuri is still asleep, there's no doubt about it—his breathing is even and his chest rises and falls steadily, his black eyelashes contrasting against his smooth, pale skin. It's an exquisite sight, one that Viktor would take a photo of if it didn't mean possibly waking Yuuri up.

So he talks in his sleep. Viktor has slept in close approximation to Yuuri before, but he figures that's the problem—he has always been sleeping, too. He can't remember if he's ever held Yuuri like this, sleeping against him, his lovely features at peace while he rests. Viktor had been worried about how he'd keep himself occupied during the long plane trip, but now he's fairly certain he'll be alright.

Yuuri is still stroking his hair and Viktor lets out an accidental sigh, leaning into his touch. Then, Yuuri does something odd.

He ruffles his hair.

Like a...

"Makkachin," Yuuri mutters, a small, sleepy smile breaking out on his lips, the name barely audible.

That just isn't fair.

The day before the Grand Prix final, Yuuri is a mess.

Everything had been going perfectly until the banquet had been brought up at dinner that night, and Viktor had to admit that that little detail had thrown him off, as well.

Yuuri didn't remember the banquet. Any of it. Whatsoever.

That certainly explained a lot. As he goes back through his old memories, everything starts to click. The day after the banquet, the first day that he came to Haesetsu...

Although things clicked in a pleasant way for Viktor—it let him know that Yuuri hadn't purposefully been avoiding his obvious flirting, after all—it was the opposite for Yuuri, who was currently locked in the en suite bathroom of their hotel room.

Definitely something wrong.

At first, he had been fine. The topic of the banquet had been avoided swiftly as soon as Phichit had accused them of getting married and the entire table had been alerted to the matching rings on their fingers. Viktor had commented that they'd get married after Yuuri won gold, and Yuuri had blushed, flustered and adorable.

It was only when they had made their way back to the hotel room that things seemed to go wrong. Yuuri had muttered some incomprehensible excuse and then made his way into the bathroom, never to be seen again.

"Yuuri, let me in," Viktor begs, and he can hear Yuuri on the other side, sniffing and typing at his phone, texting god-knows-who about god-knows-what. "You've got to sleep, it's a big day tomorrow."

Yuuri sounded broken. Shattered like glass. "I'll be out in a minute."

Viktor sighed and leaned against the bathroom door, placing his head on the wood and staring at Makkachin who was pawing at his feet. "Not now, Makkachin."

Evidently offended, the poodle pawed at the door instead. Viktor heard the lock click and he jumped to his feet, but the door was shut again the moment the dog had made it inside. Viktor heard another snuffle and then heard the familiar tapping of Makkachin's foot against the floor. The image of a crying Yuuri scratching the dog between the ears was almost too much to handle.

"Yuuri, please talk to me."

"I'm fine," Yuuri protests. "I'll be out in a minute."

"As your coach," Viktor begins, and he knows it's a low blow but he's *desperate*, "I'd very much like you to unlock the door."

There's some hesitancy in Yuuri's voice, now, and Viktor can tell his words had some sort of effect. "Why?"

“So that we can talk.”

“About?”

“About whatever it is that’s bothering you.”

Yuuri sounds even worse, now, and Viktor curses his inability to find the right words to say. “Viktor, I’m sorry, please don’t be mad. I just need a minute.”

Viktor stands and makes his way to the bed, laying down but propping himself up on his elbows so that he can still hear Yuuri in the room beside him. He wishes Yuuri would open the door and come into his arms so that Viktor could tug him down onto the bed and give him a proper, comforting embrace, nuzzling his face into his neck...

“Makkachin, you’re a good boy, you’re a good, good boy,” Yuuri is saying, his voice almost too quiet for Viktor to hear.

Viktor wants to bang his head against the wall. Why is Yuuri talking to Makkachin instead of him?

Oh, right, because only one of them is an idiot. And it’s not the dog.

~

Eventually, the lock clicks. Viktor is still attempting to dampen the urge to get up and sprint to the door when Yuuri finally walks out, Makkachin in his arms and covering his face as he makes his way to his bed. He lays the dog down on the covers and then lowers himself down beside him.

“I’m sorry, Yuuri.”

Yuuri glances over at him, concerned. “Why are you... You don’t have anything to be sorry for.”

“I have a list, actually,” Viktor protests, sitting up and swinging his legs over the side of the bed to face Yuuri. He’s not normally one to admit his own faults, but then again, he’s never had a reason like Yuuri Katsuki before.

Although still concerned, the other man now looks interested. Makkachin still in his arms, he turns to face Viktor fully.

The first thing that stands out to Viktor are Yuuri’s eyes. They’re puffy and red around the rims, and his glasses are askew on his nose, as if they’d been haphazardly tossed back on before he’d made his way out of the bathroom. His entire face is flushed and his nose is especially bright.

The sight breaks Viktor’s heart.

He stands up, his body betraying his mind, and makes his way to Yuuri’s bed, laying down beside him and taking him into his arms. It’s exactly what he has wanted to do ever since

they'd gone back to the hotel room.

It only takes a second for Yuuri's resolve to break. He cries into Viktor's shoulder silently. Viktor rubs his back comfortingly—or at least in a manner that he hopes is comforting—and shushes him through his sobs. Yuuri pulls away after a while to meet his eyes. “I don't even know why I'm crying,” he admits.

“Doesn't matter,” Viktor mumbles, pressing his student back against his chest, shutting his eyes and resting his chin on top of Yuuri's head.

When Yuuri pulls away the second time, Viktor places a kiss to his hairline.

Viktor laces their fingers and smiles when Yuuri squeezes his hand tight. “Do you want to talk?”

Yuuri is staring at him, surprised. “Do *you* want to?”

“I want to make you feel better,” Viktor tells him. “And I can't do that if I don't know what's wrong in the first place.”

“I met you at the banquet and I don't even remember it,” Yuuri tells him, and he's avoiding his eyes and that's an old trick that Viktor has seen before. It's easier for Yuuri to talk when it's not with full, intense eye contact. It's easier if he can pretend the other person isn't watching or listening. “And I completely embarrassed myself.”

Viktor takes a moment to process his words. “*That's* what's bothering you? The banquet?”

Yuuri is biting his lower lip—Viktor takes a moment to wave away the thoughts that fill his mind as he views that particular lip—and nodding.

“You have nothing to be embarrassed about,” Viktor informs him firmly, stroking his hair. Yuuri leans closer into his touch, burying his face into the crook of his neck and taking in a deep breath.

“You smell good.”

Viktor stares at the wall in front of him, wondering if he truly heard that correctly.

“Um, sorry, I don't know why I said that,” Yuuri blurts, his words messily strung together. “I'm just sort of tired and my head feels weird and I'm a bit, um...”

Viktor kisses him.

Because he can.

Because he wants to.

It takes him a second to realize Yuuri is kissing him back. With little force, but still moving towards him, his hands flying up to Viktor's shoulders to steady himself because he's

currently at an awkward forty-five degree angle, leaning down to meet Viktor but also trying desperately to keep himself upright.

Viktor places his hands on Yuuri's hips, feeling the wiry bones beneath his fingers, and turns them so that he's on top of the other man, looking down at his flushed, tear-stained cheeks and his soft black hair, his glasses threatening to be squished between their faces.

He removes Yuuri's glasses and folds them carefully, placing them on the beside table. Yuuri is staring at him, amazement plainly painted on his features. "Viktor..."

"Is this alright?" Viktor asks, and he's not sure if he just spoke in Russian or Japanese or English but the words came out of his mouth anyways and he figures Yuuri must've understood somehow because this time *Yuuri Katsuki is kissing him* and the feeling is so, so surreal.

He pulls Yuuri's lower lip in between his teeth and Yuuri moans—actually, genuinely *moans*—into his mouth, leaning back against the pillow, his grip on Viktor loose and wavering. Viktor takes one of his hands in his own and pins it by his head, moving his lips from Yuuri's face to his neck, kissing and biting and sucking at whatever free skin hasn't been explored yet, hasn't been touched yet.

Viktor decides then and there he wants to quit figure skating and be a cartographer for the rest of his life, mapping every inch of Yuuri's body, paying careful attention to every spot that makes him breathe just a little bit quicker, that makes him arch forward or moan.

"Viktor," Yuuri breathes, and Viktor feels a shiver go down his spine at the sound of Yuuri saying his name in that way. He wants to hear that sound again, wants it to be the noise his alarm clock makes, wants it to be his ringtone, wants it to flood his eardrums until it's all he can hear.

He has never been more attracted to Yuuri in his life. Which is saying something.

"Yuuri," he mumbles in response, worshipping his skin, tugging down the collar of his t-shirt to get more, to taste his collarbone. One of his hand starts on the other end of Yuuri's shirt, sneaking its way underneath the fabric to splay across his abdomen. Yuuri gasps slightly and Viktor swallows the sound with his mouth, his tongue pleading for entrance between his lips.

Yuuri complies after a moment, starting to put more pressure into the kiss as he arches upwards into Viktor's mouth with a breathy sigh. A moment later, though, the younger man is pulling away, the taste of him—mint toothpaste and warmth and everything good in the world—still prominent on Viktor's lips, intoxicating.

Viktor's mind is foggy as Yuuri starts speaking to him, his words jumbled and quick.

"What?" he asks, shaking his head.

Yuuri smiles at him and *that* he can understand, that he can comprehend, because Yuuri Katsuki's smile is the most basic form of communication, the most primitive. It sends warmth

up and down Viktor's body, from his head to his toes and he finds himself smiling back even though, for the second time, he still has no idea what the man underneath him said.

"Viktor," Yuuri is saying, trying to get him to snap out of it.

And he does. "Yes?"

"I was just saying thank you," Yuuri explains. "I was feeling really self-conscious about the banquet and I'm sorry for freaking out on you. I know it's not fair when I get all emotional on you, and I know it happens a lot, but I just want you to know that I'm, um, really grateful to have you stick with me."

Viktor shuts his eyes, placing a lingering kiss to Yuuri's cheek. "Don't ever apologize to me."

"But I am," Yuuri argues. "I am sorry."

"Don't care," Viktor mumbles, because yes, he cares about Yuuri's feelings more than anybody else's in the world (including his own), but the last thing he wants to hear right now is Yuuri's apologies for things that don't matter to him in the slightest. "I should be apologizing to you. I'm not good with emotions, but I'm going to work on it."

And he means it. Viktor will do whatever is necessary in order to never see Yuuri cry again. He'd walk miles across broken glass. He'd relinquish all of his gold medals to JJ Leroy. He'd let Phichit hack his Instagram account.

Yuuri looks teary-eyed again, but Viktor places a kiss to his nose and wraps his arms around him again. "You need to sleep," Viktor informs him. "It's already far, far too late for you to be awake."

"How am I supposed to sleep now?" Yuuri asks, and he has a point because it's evident from Viktor's er, *body language*, that he won't be able to sleep, either.

"Count sheep?" Viktor suggests.

Yuuri rolls his eyes, playfully bumping his shoulder. "I guess I'll just have to try."

Makkachin makes his way beside Yuuri, laying down pressed against his back. Yuuri turns to greet the dog, rubbing his back and scratching his ears, muttering praise. "Yuuri," Viktor says.

Yuuri turns back around.

Viktor captures his lips suddenly, taking Yuuri's hand in his own once again, his grip possessive. His teeth scrape Yuuri's lower lip and then he moves his lips to his neck, sucking a spot that had seemed particularly sensitive earlier. After a moment, Yuuri pulls away, wide-eyed. "What was that... Oh my god, Viktor."

"What?" Viktor asks, unsure of whether or not to be concerned by the mischievous glint in Yuuri's eyes.



“Are you jealous of your own dog?”

“What?” he repeats, sounding more outraged than he had intended to the point where it sounds fake, probably because it is fake, because yes—Viktor is jealous of his own dog. Not that he’s about to admit that.

Yuuri rolls around, wrapping his arms around Makkachin and making obnoxiously loud kissing noises. “Makkachin, you’re my favorite Russian *ever*; I love you so much.”

Viktor growls and takes the other man by his shoulders, lifting him up and onto himself. He immediately tickles his sides, feeling a great sense of satisfaction as Yuuri yelps and squirms to get away. “Viktor!” Yuuri begs, in between pants. “Viktor, please—ha—please stop!”

Eventually, Viktor takes mercy on him and Yuuri lands by his side again, trying to catch his breath. “Now, who’s your favorite Russian?” Viktor interrogates, and strategically places his hands by Yuuri’s sides again, the threat looming over him, blatant and horrifying.

Yuuri stares at him, wide-eyed. “I can’t help but feel like this would be a false confession under duress.”

Viktor rolls his eyes and kisses Yuuri on his hairline again, unable to help himself. “I can’t wait for you to skate tomorrow. Win or lose, I. Can’t. Wait.” He punctuates his last three words with kisses, making his way closer and closer to Yuuri’s own lips.

Yuuri is blushing again, and Viktor is certain he’ll never get tired of that image. “Win or lose?” he repeats, and there’s a trace of genuine fear in his voice, genuine fear that Viktor desperately wants to put out like a flame.

“Win or lose,” he assures him, cupping Yuuri’s cheek with his hand and rubbing his thumb along the soft skin of his temple.

Yuuri smiles against his lips. His eyes have shifted upwards, away from Viktor’s own. “Viktor, can I tell you something?”

“Mm?”

“I love you.”

The words send Viktor’s heart fluttering. His response comes easily, automatically, naturally. “I love you, too.”

Yuuri blushes even harder and ducks his head into Viktor’s shoulder, giving him another hug. They fit perfectly together, as though they’re meant to be.

“*Now* who’s your favorite Russian?” Viktor prompts, raising an eyebrow.

Yuuri sighs. “I guess... If you’re forcing me to give my true answer...”

There’s a pause.

“Yurio.”

Viktor tickles him again, showing no mercy.

(And for once, neither of them is jealous of Makkachin, who sits at the end of the bed, happy for his two owners.)

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