

Partiamo insieme

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Partiamo insieme

by [Teuthida](#)

Summary

Yuuri's hands were shaking as he lit the incense and put it in the special containers by the rink door. It was his twentieth birthday, and everyone knew which of the thousands of gods he'd choose to devote himself to tonight.

Notes

Written for the prompt "Victor is the literal god of figure skating".

Title taken from the lyrics to Stammi Vicino, so if the Italian is terrible, I blame them.

Yuuri's hands were shaking as he lit the incense and put it in the special containers by the rink door. He had it completely to himself - even the support staff had left, and Celestino had quietly pressed a key into his hands yesterday afternoon. It was his twentieth birthday, and everyone knew which of the thousands of gods he'd chose to devote himself to tonight.

He knew nothing was going to happen and he was nervous for no reason. Everyone chose a god, after all, and most said they just felt a sense of welcome, rightness, or acceptance during their devotion. But sometimes... other things happened. Yuuri clearly wasn't important enough for that, but the possibility was still there. He'd spent the day Skyping with his family, just in case.

He breathed and stepped out onto the ice, gliding to the center. The rink was silent and dark, lit only by the moonlight coming in through the windows. He closed his eyes. His skates and clothes had been purified, and his routine privately perfected. It was time.

Yuuri spoke the ritual words of devotion, and began to skate.

His routine was based on one he'd seen once as a child and had never been able to forget, a recording from years before he was born. The skater had reportedly vanished immediately after winning World's with it, though finding any information about the skater at all was surprisingly difficult. Yuuri wasn't even sure of his name. But it was beautiful, lonely, and full of longing.

Yuuri had modified it, changed it to make it into an ice dance routine, structured around his invisible partner. He didn't just want to worship the God of Figure Skating. Yuuri wanted to be their partner, to lean on their strength and lend what strength he had to them. Yuuri wanted to live his life surrounded by them, and never let them go.

He kept his eyes closed, trusting in his muscle memory to know the bounds of the rink and the God of Figure Skating to keep him safe, and heard the music in his head. He put everything he felt about skating into it, but also his own loneliness and longing. As his imaginary partner joined him, Yuuri felt like he could actually feel their hand in his and hear their skates join him on the ice. The hand was soft and warm, and he smiled.

Then, in the spot where he always pictured his imaginary partner lifting him, his skates actually left the ice and he felt secure arms around him. He gasped, but didn't open his eyes, sure his partner would disappear the second he did.

He kept skating, putting everything he had into making this beautiful for his partner. They skated together, and every time they touched, Yuuri felt a rush of joy. The routine slowly came to an end, and Yuuri breathed hard in his final pose. He didn't want this to end. He didn't want to lose his partner.

He felt a hand on his cheek.

"Open your eyes, my love," a voice said, both strange and intimately familiar all at once.

Yuuri did, reluctantly. Victor Nikiforov stood standing before him, smiling fondly. He was glowing, though whether it was from the moon or something else entirely, Yuuri didn't know.

"Victor," Yuuri said, softly.

Victor beamed and threw his arms around him. "I've been waiting for you for so long!"

Yuuri clung to him, breathing in his completely unfamiliar but oddly comforting smell. "Why do I know your name? Why do I know you at all?"

Everyone knew the gods used to be human, but when a human joined the gods, they were forgotten by everyone but their closest family and friends, and the memories faded even from them, in time. They were lost, scrubbed from history by some mysterious force. Their names vanished from books, recordings, and digital data. Their faces became blurry and indistinguishable in photographs, until they disappeared all together. It was as if they had never been. All that was left were books with no author, inventions with no inventor, music with no composer, discoveries with no discoverer, records broken by "unknown", and vague notes in histories: and then their daughter became a god, so their son became the rightful heir; she will be forgotten.

Victor stood back a little and picked up his hand, kissing it. "You've always known me, Yuuri. You could always see me. You saw me once and never forgot."

Yuuri laced their fingers together as his mind whirled. "Stammi Vicino. That was you." He was sure of it.

Victor smiled softly. "You've always known that, in your heart. Why else would you make this your devotion? You've never been an ice dancer, Yuuri."

"You're right," Yuuri said, rubbing his thumb over Victor's. "You're right. 'Stay close to me,' but you've always been close to me, haven't you?"

"Since the beginning." Victor leaned forward and kissed him. It felt like both the very first and the thousandth time. "Never let me go, Yuuri."

The air felt thick and heavy with magic, and it sounded almost like a distant bell rang when Yuuri said, "I will never let you go. You're mine."

Victor gasped and kissed him again, harder, and pushed him down onto his back on the ice. But the ice wasn't too cold or too hard, it was just inviting, like it was welcoming him home. "Yuuri," he said. "My Yuuri."

Yuuri didn't even notice that his clothes had vanished until Victor took his cock into his mouth, and he gasped. "Oh, oh by the blessed thousands."

Victor lifted his head and smiled wickedly, moving to straddle him. He leaned down and kissed Yuuri again. Yuuri could taste himself on his lips, and it tingled with magic. "I am one of the blessed thousands, my Yuuri," he said, "and so are you."

Before Yuuri had time to process that, Victor lifted himself up and gripped Yuuri's cock, lowering himself down onto it. Yuuri threw his head back and cried out, not just from the heat of Victor's body, but the magic using them as a conduit and thrumming through him. This wasn't just sex, he knew that. He could hear it in the sudden wind, see it in the unnatural brightness of the room, feel it in the odd dreamlike movements. This was a marriage bed, a blessed vow, a sacred covenant.

Victor picked up Yuuri's hand as he rode him, and kissed his finger as he came. On Yuuri's finger appeared a ring, golden and glowing, and he gasped, clutching Victor's hips. The ring seemed to be humming in resonance with some unheard music.

Yuuri flipped them over and fucked him, long and hard, while Victor shook and babbled and clutched his back. The magic seemed to be passing between them, building with every thrust. Then, with an instinct he didn't know he had, Yuuri picked up Victor's hand and kissed his finger as he came, shuddering in a release that was simultaneously magical and sexual.

Yuuri collapsed on top of him, and felt Victor's hand stroke across his head. His ring caught in Yuuri's hair.

"Oh, Yuuri." Victor kissed his forehead. "Yuuri."

"Shh, Vitya," Yuuri muttered, and he felt Victor smile's against his skin.

Yuuri heard a dog bark in the distance, and Victor sighed. "I have to go."

Yuuri clung to him and shook his head. "No." But Yuuri could feel the magic beginning to dissipate, and see the unnatural clarity beginning to fade.

Victor lifted his head and kissed him, long and hard and deep. "You have five years, my husband. Five years before you come with me. You're not going to remember tonight very clearly right now, but remember, I will always be with you on the ice." He paused, pulled back, and smiled wickedly. "And in your bed."

"I love you," Yuuri said, stroking his face.

"I love you too." Victor kissed him one last time. "Five years, love. Now sleep."

Yuuri woke to see Phichit staring down at him.

"Yuuri, are you okay? You didn't come home last night." Phichit paused. "Wait, did you sleep on the ice? How are you not freezing? Do I need to check you for frostbite?"

"I'm fine, I." Yuuri frowned, trying to remember the night before. He skated his devotion, he.... He raised his hand and looked at it, and saw the ring glowing with the ethereal light of the gods and faintly humming along with the music of the universe. "I think I married a god last night."

Phichit gaped at him and Yuuri laughed. He stood up, and did a perfect quadruple flip.

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