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Yuri seems overwhelmed as he walks out of the small hallway after the first therapy session. It's been several weeks since they last saw each other, and they only have a few days together, but Otabek wanted to be there. You know, you look like the princess of this game. Look at his eyes", says Otabek, watching Yuri approach him in the waiting room as if he needed a distraction. Turn the screen he played on so Yuri can see the green eyes watching him from a girl riding a white horse dressed in royal clothes. "In this version, you're also a kind of soldier. I've always had a crush on her. "Why can't you say something normal for once?" Yuri moans. "Once? Just once? "Otabek gives him a face while packing the game console. "How was it?" "Weird", Yuri says. "I don't want to go in. "Then let's get out of here. "I want to take you on a real date", says Otabek. "Gross", says Yuri. "Where?" "There's a good hamburger down the road. I spent most of my time looking for reviews", says Otabek, proud of himself. "That's cute", Yuri says mocking, malice in the eyes. "Until I have to sit next to you. "Oh, no, no. You're way too cool for me. They'll come out and head for the restaurant. Otabek takes from his pocket some edible items he slipped onto the plane, sealed three times under vacuum and wrapped in big socks. He laughs at Yuri when the tires kick in and puts ketchup on his nose. Yuri makes a big mess because, of course, he was a sub-par burger architecture, and if the burger bar employees were paid properly, maybe they'd care enough not to put giant ketchup stains in the middle of a fucking burger trapped between the damn lettuce and the tomato. But they're smashed right away when Viktor sees Yuri's eyes halfway up. "What's wrong with him?" he says, unsure whether to laugh or worry seriously. Katsuki joins him at his side. "Are you okay?" "It's not like that" Otabek rushes to say, and Yuri laughs. The realization rests on Viktor's tone is light, too worried about the spectacle of everything, but Otabek hears the charge with ten times more weight than he should carry. "No, Vitya. I'm Vitenka. Vityosha. Viktor, Yuri stumbles on his words like a little deer. I did it, I did PED and he said he's not competing, so... "We'll take care of him." "I promised I would stay", says Otabek, taking Yuri to sit on the couch. impulsive and rebellious, Katsuki shrugs. We know. It's not the worst thing he could do, I just want you to tell us. Viktor swells when he realizes that his husband is right, but he's too stubborn to let go of his dramas and continues with his acute cry: "Are you done? Did you get him on the bike, high? Otabek tears the taxi receipt from the leather jacket pocket and launches it to Viktor. "No. Beka" is sober, Vitushka, Yuri pulls a huge sigh to tell others to be sober. Viktor can just shake off that comment. He doesn't really have room to judge. "Bekaaaaaabek, "Yuri calls from where he passed out on the couch. "Are we at our house?" "Yes, we are at your house with Viktor and Yuuri. The silence is broken by Yuuri who hangs behind them, and Otabek turns to see Viktor trying to stifle his laughter behind a severe and paternal face. «Ready to go to sleep?» "There is a tree out there," Yuri points out to the window, "and in the middle there is, in fact, a prominent cluster of branches like Yuri had described) and rolls it, offering his hands. Yura, I need you to take my hands. "Yuri stares at me. "No." Otabek protects itself to touch Yuri's palm and he draws instantly. "I'm like jelly," he shouts. "Bouncy. "Come, Yura, let me go. Go to bed, Otabek Coos. Yuri doesn't want to. Viktor and Yuuri are laughing and completely forgotten about the discipline. "No, I don't want to deal with other species, it looks like jelly and it's weird and I don't like it," she complains. "You can't make me breathe" Otabek and look Viktor in the eyes while he dries tears, screams from laughter. "Viktor, I need you not to be strange," he says firmly. "Yuri. I need you to take my jelly so we can go to bed. "Is it forever?" "You're really done, but it's not forever. Come on. Yuri bursts into a laugh. "I think I'm really done." "Come on, get up." Ya ne mogu, u menya lapki. Meow. Otabek drags Yuri into his room, where he falls asleep watching the cat TikToks. It still doesn't seem quiet when she sleeps, as Otabek always thought she would. Otabek removes her hair from the face and puts the phone on the bedside table. When she lays down, Yuri smiles in her sleep. Otabek isn't used to being so strong. He thought he was in love with his last girlfriend. There is something different here, in the way that Yuri breaks his stoic facade and makes him nervous. You know it's new to Yuri, but this isIt's new for him too. Yuri is overwhelming, both the eye and the storm Otabek rebounds to his side. Hopefully something's left. Yuri is listening to Otabek talking about ringwraiths and watching him take blueberries out of the kitchen as they eat, preparing to meet Yakov for advice on some sponsorship for Minami. Put a notebook in your bag, then sneak in to find pens." Don't you know enough to train now?" Yuri is teasing. Viktor makes a face behind Yuri's back and mouths his next words, imitating him: "You were there when they invented ice skating, you should be fine, old man." Since Viktor had declared Yuri to feel better, he had only become more annoying, that no one thought it was possible until now. "Is he not older Yakov?" Otabek asks. Yuri throws a blueberry, bouncing from his forehead and rolling under the table where Raf will get it. "Yakov was there at the Big Bang?" "Don't ever say "Yakov" and "bang" in the same sentence never again, please," Yuri says and Mimes comes across his breakfast. "Yurochka, look at you using your manners! I knew we raised you right!" Viktor Squeals. "Faithless behavior," Yuri says under his breath. "Fuck, please, with your stupid blueberries." Yuraaaa, is not polite! You won't be very popular like this. "Do you mean you'd leave me alone?" Yuri says with a confident smile and beats his eyes. "I will never leave you alone!" Viktor says and embraces Yuri closely from behind, completely too happy to say something so gross. Yuri slaves as much as his crushed cheeks allow. "You are popular with us. And other people! And angry people! And the cats! And Otabek, is this Yuri popular with people? "Oh, my God, Viktor, you can't say anything like that," Yuri screches. "Why not? Your Autistic boy," Viktor responds, looking at each other. "It's not--"Yura, it's a joke from -" "Oh my God," Yuri rubs her eyes. "Well, I didn't know I was your boyfriend, but I'm definitely autistic," says Otabek, looking fun but happy. "Is it a problem?" No, no, actually, I think you said what? "Viktor looks at his watch, gets up and grabs his bag." I have to go now, be safe, have fun, not-set-the-house-on-fire!" Viktor calls him in a single breath as he comes out of the front door at maximum speed. They are left in a glittering silence with static. Yuri fixes the front door until Viktor pulls out of the driveway, then returns his attention to Otabek, who wears a focused and tense expression. Yuri has never seen this look only when he is trying to connect a cock of audio cables. The word is bouncing aroundOtabek as how DVD screensaver. It's not just a good enough word, and he feels stupid to say, and the 21 of Yuri and Yuri has never been in a relationship before, and he doesn't know if he will understand that it's not just a good enough word. "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out. "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out. "I don't like to say the word, it sounds really bad", says Otabek, still tense, and Yuri stops. "I wish you were. It's just the word, it sounds really bad", says Otabek blurts out." "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out." "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out. "I don't like to say the word, it sounds really bad", says Otabek, still tense, and Yuri stops. "I wish you were. It's just the word, it sounds really bad", says Otabek blurts out." "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out. "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out. "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out." I don't like to say the boy, "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out." "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out." "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out." I don't like to say the boy, "I don't like to say the boy," Otabek blurts out." "I don't like to say the stupid. It seems... childish." Yuri flashes and leans on his chair. "Do you call me childish?" I call you..." Otabek stops. "I call you..." Otabek stops. "I call you non-boyfriend. It doesn't fit. Because you're not childish. But it seems to understand; she relaxes and finally starts smiling again. "How, oooooh, oh my God, my boy," Yuri teases: "You will ask me to dance! I thought you would say that you don't want labels, that it's hard shit, because I do it." "Okay, yes, so," says Otabek. "I do it myself. It's just, in particular, it's a silly word. That's it. When I was 16, JJ was..." he watches. "Don't finish that sentence", Yuri shouts and shrinks. "It's disgusting!" I'm sorry for raising exes," Otabek says more sincerity than expected. "Oh, I don't give a shit about ex, I don't want him to know," Yuri says. It rises from the kitchen table and throws on the sofa. "Take my boyfriend to Canada." She sprinkles her nose and smiles to her eyes so Otabek will know she's joking. Otabek rolls his eyes and joins Yuri on the couch, where he is greeted by a sock in his face. "Hi," Yuri says with a genuine smile, throws both legs in the tour of Otabek and sinks into the sofa. "Hey," Otabek responds, looking Yuri to relax and close your eyes. "Boyfriend." I thought you didn't like it," Yuri whispers and grabs Otabek's hand. "Is it okay if I call you that? "You can call me whatever you want, as long as it starts with "my", says Otabek. It's not that bad when Yuri is what he says. She's starting to feel good. "My partner", Yuri test. "My friend, sir," Otabek retired. Put your fingers on. "My suitor." "My other significant." But blonde ."Ew, is that what she called you?" Yuri gems. "That is actually 'boyfriend,' but, you know," says Otabek and puts a lock of Yuri's golden hair. "I'm not a fucking girl!" Yuri squawks and tries to get Otabek with the foot again, but Otabek pins it down. "Person I'd like to fuck next time we go out. I think this is allowed now." I don't think this is really called hanging out," Otabek sounds strangled as Yuri dragsAnother foot along his thigh with his fingers pointing as he is doing the ballet. $\hat{a} \in \hat{\alpha}$ That maybe we could organize it, if you are really secure. "Shut up, shut up on the words, I'm trying to feel you standing. $\hat{a} \notin \hat{\alpha}$ furi look up, smiling like a devil. Almost three hours, two orgasms and a pair of ruined sheets later, they stand side by side in bed, and Otabek contemplates the way things are. He likes to have a way to classify things with words that make sense. He is 24, he is of Almaty, he does not like blueberries or the smell of meat cooking, and it's too lazy to get up even if they have tickets for movies in half now. Yuri is the best friend of him, and someone with which he is involved romantically, and someone who means more for him than he thought another person could. Yuri is also really annoying at the moment. $\hat{a} \notin \infty$ Thank you, boy. Stop putting the blanket, boy. How can you do the blanket and not use it, boy? "Okay, I can't say if you're still taking fun of me or you want to stay together, \hat{A} Otabek finally says. Yuri suddenly sees star." Of course I want him, "says Yuri, flashing until he's vision. It's clear. $\hat{a} \in \hat{\varpi}$ I would not be joking if I didn't do it. I'm not so much asshole. $\hat{A} \in \hat{a} \in \hat{\varpi}$ Spetta, right? $\hat{a} \in \hat{\varpi}$ Spetta, right? $\hat{a} \in \hat{\varpi}$ Nuclear is still trying to ignore the sirens screaming into the head â € œIt! â € otabek almost screams. â € œYs. Yes, I know. Excuse me. I put myself on my head. He leans on kissing Yuri with enthusiasm. EW, "says Yuri. Â It was something a boy would do. "Laughter in him's voice is unmistakable. â € œMagina this, â € otabek snorts. â € œDob we go early, I like watching the trailers of the movie. "Everyone does it, â € say Yuri, and roll out of bed. Â € œWhat first. I think you have the sperm in my hair .â € â € œGhe Christ, Katsudon, â € Yuri screams while he rolls up the corner, wiping his hair. â € œWhen fucking ... â € œWhen fucking ... â € œWhen fucking his hair. â € œWhen fucking ... â € œWhen fucking ... â € œWhen fucking his hair. â € œWhen fucking ... a door. $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ I was just taking a shower ... $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ Yuri says, having no fun. $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ What happened? $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ I was just taking it extremely evident yuri had not been only in the shower. $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ What happened? $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ I was just taking a shower ... $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ What happened? $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ I was just taking it extremely evident yuri had not been only in the shower. $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ What happened? $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ I was just taking a shower ... $\hat{a} \in \hat{\omega}$ I was just taking a sho ease Thinking that Japanese horror does not use jump scars, and Katsudon is intent to show me wrong. We were going to leave. Viktor looks Yuri, then Otabek, then back to Yuri, who is blushing. His eyes are narrow and his s Horriso widens. Â I'm so happy that you made it official! He cries, squeezing his hands. â € œYuuuuuuuri, our son is in a courtyard! â Katsuki Latches on Viktorâ E 🎽 s with a grip from the white knuckles, but it keeps walking. "Yurioooooooo, will you buy flowers? Are you dating? Otabek, take him home by 9:00! Yuri seems to be fading. Otabek seems undisturbed. "We'll be home by nine o'clock and in bed by nine o'clock and a quarter," says Yuri. "Yurio! Don't say things like that in front of your parents! Keep the door open when you come back!" Viktor, this is rich told by you" Yuri spits. "You have never heard of closing that damn door. "Wait, I want a lot of photos of your date!" I still don't have shoes, and no fucking photos, "Yuri brontola. "Go get them, then, I want a lot of photos of your date!" says Viktor and pushes Yuri to go. Pull Otabek in a tight hug to whisper to his ear. "You'd better be as serious as you seem, because you know what it means to him right now. You're a good boy, but he needs the best. Releases Otabek, who became as rigid as a board. "Remember, no bouquet with lilies! I'm not safe for little Potya! "Sorry for that, Yuri says as they leave. "I still think I'm "fragile." It's so annoying. "It's sweet," says Otabek. Yeah, but I'm fine, Yuri complains. "I'm not dying. Shit still sucks, but, I don't know, it's better now? I'm not engaging in self-destructive behavior anymore. Not so much. "This is good," says Otabek, and stretches Yuri's hand. "I'm glad you're a little better." What if I wasn't? Yuri stops so suddenly Otabek almost lets inertia have the best on him. but shake Yuri's hand instead of letting him go. "So I'd be sad that you were sad, but I'd still be here," he simply says, with a sincere smile. "What if I went crazy and freaked out? You wouldn't like it, Yuri challenge. It is on the edge of its facade as it rises, riding it like a mobile staircase. Otabek looks at him from the bottom, trying to keep him on the right side. "No, I'm still here," says Otabek and shakes his hand. "I don't know how to make you believe, but you can't get rid of me so easily. "It was something like a laugh. Yuri lowers his defenses. "I'm afraid you're tired. "Staff of what? "To take care of me," says Yuri. "Well, I won't," Otabek reassures. I worry about you. Taking care of you is the way I prove it. "Promise? If you ever feel tired of yourself, you have my explicit permission to skate on my dick," says Otabek severely and his eyes are full of mischief. "I just want you to think about your dick," says Yuri and seems satisfied. "Let us not see this film." Yuri spends the rest of the night pressed against his new boyfriend, distracting from Otabek's departure the next morning.the Yuri race will not participate. They come home after the film and Otabek makes him listen to some tracks that he has recently finished, and Yuri listens with his headphones anti-noise with the left side lit. He's sitting in his legs while Otabek plays with his hair. "I finished this while I was on the plane", Otabek interrumpe to explain and Yuri's eyes open as he jumps up. "I was too excited to stand still, I had to do something. "Oh my God, you scared me, "Dice Yuri. "How come this scared you? I've touched you all this time, Otabek laughs. "I was really focused, the noise surprised me!" Yuri tries to defend himself. To be honest, he didn't focus on the song, but on the feeling of Otabek's hands. "You're so nervous," says Otabek. "Like a kitten. Kotyenok. "Hey, please don't, Viktor calls me that, says Yuri and slaps Otabek's hand. "But you are my kitten," says Otabek. "Your little teenager" says Otabek. "It's 15 centimeters taller than you," "Yuri brags and turns his head towards Otabek. «Little cat», «Otabek sings». "I am a fierce tiger," "Yuri protests." "You are a gay kitten, Yuri whining and sticking in the bed, where Otabek soon reaches it. Yuri can't stop thinking about how similar it is to all the other times that they slept in the same bed, and how strange it is that the passion for them is already so familiar. He knows that it was not always romantic, the way they slept in the same bed or the way they would have had a comfortable physical contact with each other. He can't indicate when he crossed the platonic border to something more. Stop, but imperceptible unless you compare the beginning with the end. Now that it is so familiar and feels even better, you kick for not doing anything before. Yuri is wrapped behind Otabek, hugged at the neck, with an arm on life, and makes a small laugh. "What's funny?", Otabek asks. "Nothing I was just thinking. Speaking of which? "This was almost inevitable, wasn't it? "Otabek takes Yuri's hand, he woven his fingers and says, "Yes, it was also for me." "When Otabek returns to Almaty, Yuri calls him to another country at midnight almost once. One week, and eventually he stops trying to get his words out and he's crying over the phone because he doesn't know what he should do and everything seems wrong. Otabek listens to him crying and offers him reassuring words and never lies to him. He can say he's fighting, but he knows that sticking his nose will make things worse. He really needs a break, a step back for a minute, because the pressure was ruining him.bad. Even his balls go deep into a depressive episode and he really wants him to have competitions to distract him. You're about to start training again, and you're kept standing with all your work off ice, but it's not enough. He knows he gets too busy, so he doesn't have time to think it's not enough. He knows he gets too busy, so he doesn't have time to think it's not enough. He tries to teach him to create Katsudon, and Viktor laughs at him for having grinded while she plunges the pork into the beaten egg and takes all her fingers. Raf delights in eating the panko that ends up all over the floor. Yuri feels a little lighter and more solid than he has for months. Yuri sends Otabek's pictures of the whole process in backup moments when his hands are clean, including photos of the takeout ordering after the oil catches fire. I learned, I can't cook for shit, I'm sorry I'm not a better housewife than ether who don't know. Maybe they only eat so because you can't cook personally make sure you don't finish eating powder. My mom would also kill me sorry about last night that won't happen again I don't want you to be alone when you feel this way just because she convinced you too much. You don't have to apologize. But it's okay you do. After cleaning up the mess, Viktor serves himself seriously for a second and pulls Yuri aside. A" "A" I know you have Sospiri Viktor. "Look at me". Yuri meets Viktor's eyes and sees the same expression Otabek has when he thinks he's being lied to. Â"Thank you, â"¬" says Yuri. Yuri is spared from having to talk about his otabek, â ¬ " starts. I just want to remind you that if there's anything you need, we're here too, okay? Yes, anything is â feelings longer when Viktor lifts him up in a hug (although Yuri was tall, Viktor still had strength) and twirls him around the kitchen. Learn to ask for what you need, but that doesn't mean it's easy. You still blow trying to be honest rather than throw another way in which the way the teasing has to be too. He still calculates the doors open and closed when Katsuki looks at him too pitifully. But there are even nights like these, when he feels so broken the only thing he can do right is stop pretending to be fine. He's struggling to breathe when he calls Otabek past midnight and hopes he's still awake. Â' â Ĩè¨` "Otabek asks by way of a greeting. He looks sleepy. "I'm okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I woke you up? It's "Nobody, I was awake, it's * Otabek yawns. Ok, no, I put you on emergency bypass so I don't miss calls from you. But I did it on purpose. Is this happening? It is a I don't feel well. And you said I could call. But I woke you up, and now I feel stupid, and I'm really fine, fine, You can go to bed, I just wanted to hear. «YURIA" says Otabek. "I meant it, you can call. Do not hang up. "Are you sure? » Â «For favoreÂ," he whispers. Â "I like to talk to you. Even if you are sad. You do not always know what to do, most of the time, but I like to talk to you. Even if you are sad. You do not always know what to do, most of the time, but I like to talk to you. Even if you are sad. You do not always know what to do, most of the time, but I like to hear. Yuri has a sheet for the way he talks Otabek, and Otabek has one for him. He means: tell me what câ and 'wrong. I can not fix it, but I'll try to keep it with you. Â «Oka," says Yuri, even though he has a hard time believing it. Â "Tonight is really ugly. I do not know why'. It means that it 's so bad that I have no words. Thank you for listening when you're lâ only thing that I understand at this time. Â "I can stay awake with Tea" offers Otabek. Â "I liberoÂ tomorrow." Â "I wish you were quia." Â «Yuri sobs. Â «I do not know, I feel like I'm fading. It looks stupid. I just want someone to touch me. Â «Potya curls up on the chest when you lie, right? Â," says Otabek. Â "Try it. I'll call for you, keep off the phone. Psspsspss, Potya, come and fix it! Â «Yuri let out a laugh as Potya raises testaÂ." Â "She's working fucking stronzoÂ," he says. Â «Potya. Small. Princess. Come here. Â "He picks it up with one hand and leaves it on her chest where she starts purring and kneading the sweatshirt. It 'a bit' better. Yuri feels stupid not thought of it before. If 'enough, he really needed to call and wake him Otabek? Â "I want vederlaÂ" says Otabek. Â "And you." An incoming video call resonates nellâ Yuri's ear, and he lights a lamp before accepting and turn the camera to show the cat instead of his face. Â "turn on the light, Â" Yuri complains to the black screen where it should be OtabekÂ. " Â "Okay, give me a minutoÂ," he says and câ and 'a loud crash from the other side. Â "FUCK! No, no, zhanym, no ... It's all right. OK. "The screen lights as unâ solar flare when Otabek turns on the light. "What the fuck 'success? » and Yuri' panicked, convinced that he had caused a disaster. Â "Oh, nienteÂ" says Otabek entering into the display bezel. Â "I thought I had toppled a water dâ cup on the Casio, but it was empty. Everything is fine. And 'shirtless and smiling, and one of his eyes and' stuck in his sleep, making Yuri unâ exhausted but flirtatious wink. «The ... dickhead, call your nicknames piano and not me? » Yuri and 'so' overwhelmed by how nice that he can not say anything nice. Â "And that 'my most' long relationship. I do not see often Do not be jealous, câ was before her. "I should have known that before câ was a girl, you're too good at ... "Botam "? Â "A new voice comes out of the speaker. Â "You are at home your genitoriÂ"? Oh my God. Di 'your mother to buy a new keyboard. This is' too old and has too much money. in English, then drops his phone so Yuri is fixing the ceiling on the screen. He is ecstatic by conversation heâ s Overhearing, strong accent Otabekâ s natural sound in his native language and his motherâ s reassuring voice. Yuri cuddle Potya and tries to ignore the pain in the chest where he can feel the hole his family left us. But maybe Viktor was right, so many months ago: Maybe he's found a family for himself. Viktor and Yuuri call it family, but they're not the only ones. Lilia still helps with choreography, and Shea has always been to tell him to clean his room or finish his homework in time. Yakov, too, hey d taught him how to shave. Mila, who gets drunk and takes him out to dance and breakfast at midnight. Minami has also been around a lot lately. He wonders if Yuri Otabek will ever want to call him family. Maybe when he starts skating again. But what happens if he never skates again? Â Otabek returns after a few minutes. Â I'm sorry for that, one says. a she doesn't want me to corrupt you too much before visiting.â Did you tell her Shea s got back? Â Yuri jokes, is not ready to face the second half of this statement. Observe Otabek sit on a spinny office chair, presumably in front of his beloved keyboard. A a I tried, a sigh. No one believes, Yuri says. a he just likes giving a hard file. A A A That a relief, an Otabek says dryly. A The second best skater of all time doesn't want to kill me. IA ll put on my bench with all my other accomplishments.â You turn in the chair so Yuri can see the wall behind him headline from above the shoulder. Tapes and certificates from his childhood adorn a cork board.a a better third. Katsudon is second. What are those? Â Yuri asks.â equestrian shit, Â Otabek says. Â didn t last long in this, I liked to skate much more. Serogriv, that's my horse, he's big, but it's much easier to rely on my body. â Â Makes sense, Yuri says. The more you donate t have to consort with demons. â is p s not a demon, â Otabek answers. It was too wild to be tamed by its first owners, but he's very delicate moment. complete opposite of you. A â What a s than one? At Yurt points to a giant ribbon. Blue One Honestly gives so, a Otabek says, taking the tape down from the edge for a more careful look and moving the camera to focus on his hand. A couple of things fall down when you remove the pin that holds up and Yuri sees something he thought was long gone. A A My mom likes to keep everything myA a A Not that, it clarifies Yuri. a The pictures. A What do you imagine? A from the banquet. There. The photo strip from the first banquet of the season is poking out fromsome cheap plastic trophy on your desk. In hot light, Otabek can still make the little freckle on Yuria s hand, the fancy braid heâ D spent too much time Otabek feels like a creepy fucking guy. "I think you forgot. You said you fainted a little after dinner. âl â well, I know I wasn't lying, â Yuri says. âl didn't remember until you left. "Why didn't you say anything?" Otabek makes his eyes open like his heart. "I was scared", Yuri confesses. "I was really scared that I had done everything up that night and it was much easier to keep pretending I had just passed out. "I think I have the same reasons", says O. "I thought I was taking advantage of you, I didn't know if you wanted it to mean anything". "I'm sorry", Yuri says honestly. "It's very sweet that you kept it, though". "I kept it here, so you wouldn't have seen it." In my apartment and you think I was creepy, Otabek hangs his head. "I think this secret is out now". "Since we're sharing secrets, is it a bad time to say I took the bathroom as soon as you left in the morning?" Was it good?Potya digs her claws into Yuri's chest, then pops out her sweatshirt to her hoarse laugh. Laughter.

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