"Bictor"
When Yuuri is drunk and his accent comes through

Von Toreen

Bictor

The first thing that Victor realised was, that Yuri probably had one drink too much.
The second thing he realised was the way how Yuri pronounced his name.

After spending the past months in Russia, Yuri and Victor went back to Japan, to visit Yuri's parents an to prepare for the summer festival that was about to come up.
Yuri kept bragging and talking about it for hours, so of course Victor HAD to go there with him, just to see if it's really as good as his boyfriend claims and to see his smile.
Two weeks.
They've been spending two weeks in Japan and Victor swore those were the best two weeks of "vacation" that he's ever had. They didn't work. They didn't train.
Both of them mostly spent the time in the Onsen or at the beach. Yuri showed him around, making sure that Victor would catch up with his home properly. They went shopping for new Yukata's for the festival, hitch hiking, eating at different places and, of course that's a thing they couldn't leave out, they ate a lot of Katsudon.

And then, then it was time. Time for the festival.
The moment that Yuri stepped out, Victor was amazed of how good the other one looked in a Yukata. Blue, with fancy, silver roses embroidered on it, his hair brushed to the side and instead of his glasses, he decided to put in contacts.
Victor couldn't help but staring. He didn't WANT to help but staring.
At some point, Yuri just grabbed his hand and went ahead with him.

It was beautiful. Victor loved it, more than he would have imagined. So many people, so many games and attractions, so many things to see! The food, the music, the happiness.
And that spark in Yuri's eyes.
At first, Victor thought of the christmas market in Barcelona, but no. Soon enough he realised it's different. Way different. Cheerful, having fun and no time pressure at all. Wonderful.
The grip on his hand suddenly tightened a bit and he got pulled along, up onto a little hill, where Yuri just sat down, looking at his betrothed as if he was waiting for something.
Victor sat down next to him and was just about to ask why they were sitting here, but before he got to ask, fireworks started to go off.

Blue, green, red, yellow, so many different colors, exploding in the sky and making it look even more beautiful than it already was.
He put an arm around Yuri and pulled him closer, grabbing his chin lightly and kissing him.

After that, they went back home, drinking Sake, talking about the evening and what just happened.
One glass. Two glasses. Three, four, five.
It kept on going.
At some point, Yuri stood up, walking up to Victor and just sitting down on his lap, snuggling up to him.
He definitely had one too much at this point, with his reddened cheeks and dopy look on his face.

"Bictor~"
Yuri giggled, pushing his nose against Victors chest and taking in a deep breath.

What did he just say?
"Bictor"?
The last time he heard that was, when both of them met for the first few times.
His accent, it must have been his accent.

For a moment, there was silence. Yuri felt Victor staring at him and must've realised his mistake.

"'m sorry- I didn-", he was stumbling over his words, pronouncing everything sloppily and seeming nervous.
He thought that Victor was mad.
He thought, that the other one was about to just put him to bed and leave him there, so that Yuri could get rest. Which was the last thing he would have wanted right now.

But instead of this, Victor cupped his cheeks, squishing them a bit together and smiling suddenly, a little spark in his eyes.
That spark that he had, when Yuri asked him to be his coach at the banquet.
He smiled and leaned in, breathing against Yuri's lips and saying:"It's cute when you pronounce my name like that. Keep going, Котик."

Then, they kissed.