

## Influencer

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15358026) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15358026>.

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="#">Figure Skating RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Yuzuru Hanyu/Shoma Uno</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Yuzuru Hanyu</a> , <a href="#">Shoma Uno</a> , <a href="#">Cha Jun-Hwan</a> , <a href="#">Kanako Murakami</a> , <a href="#">Nobunari Oda</a> , <a href="#">Jin Boyang</a> , <a href="#">Nathan Chen</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Social Media</a> , <a href="#">Instagram</a> , <a href="#">Food Blogging</a> , <a href="#">Influencer</a> , <a href="#">YouTube</a> , <a href="#">vlogging</a> <a href="#">- Freeform</a> , <a href="#">korea - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Lotte World</a> , <a href="#">Mukbang</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-07-20 Words: 6,065 Chapters: 1/1

# Influencer

by [freedomphoenix](#)

## Summary

There's something to be said about returning to a city that holds some of your most precious memories...

Yuzuru is an Instagram influencer who also does YouTube. Shoma is a food blogger. They meet and fall in love in Korea.

## Notes

Fulfilling my promise of Instagrammer Yuzuru and food blogger Shoma. I also added in theme park plus sQuad shenanigans because I felt like it fit. I'll also be writing sick spicy times too as a gift for everyone, might fit in the third most popular prompt.

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

Shoma checked that he had everything he needed: camera, notebook, pen, and wallet. He had to make sure he actually brought everything he needed. He had forgotten his camera once and had to take pictures on his phone, the quality wasn't bad but it wasn't great either. He had forgotten his notebook which led him to take notes on his phone—it wasn't too awful—definitely not ideal. Both times had resulted in his blog posts being less than satisfactory, at least to his standards. He was happy that he was in Korea and not abroad elsewhere.

Shoma's English had improved greatly since high school as a result of him translating some of his most popular Japanese articles. He liked to translate his articles himself first to ensure the diction and tone were to his liking. After, the editor would comb through his drafts to make sure it made sense to English readers. It also helped he traveled to countries that required him to speak English.

In Korea, he was a little more familiar with the major cities and he didn't have to speak impeccable English. In some countries, his accent was hard to understand and it was necessary to be relatively fluent in at least English. In Korea, there was a little bit more knowledge of the Japanese language and his English didn't have to be as complex. One of the main reasons Shoma liked Korea was the barbeque, he loved meat and Korea had quality meat.

However, the real reason he was happy to be in Korea was that he was in the country he had fallen in love with his husband. Yuzuru seemed to have sensed Shoma's thoughts, stirring from his sleep. Yuzuru looked at him with bleary eyes, "What are you thinking so hard about?"

"How we fell in love," said Shoma sitting beside Yuzuru in bed. "I'm writing my newest blog post on us, to commemorate our anniversary."

"Cute, I'll post a throwback photo and a long caption," said Yuzuru curling up to Shoma. "We should do a commemorative live video too."

"People would think we don't actually like each other," said Shoma reaching over to stroke Yuzuru's hair.

"Why? Because we talk so bluntly about what we're going to post and it can sometimes sound like a PR thing?" asked Yuzuru.

"Exactly," said Shoma.

"Well they aren't living our relationship and we need to make money somehow," said Yuzuru, "besides when they read your beautiful writing they'll actually realize that we're actually in love."

"I think when they see that video you're going to edit together they'll realize it," said Shoma teasingly.

"I'm editing a video now?" asked Yuzuru.

“You mean you aren’t doing an IGTV exclusive on our relationship to commemorate our anniversary?” asked Shoma, teasing.

“Stop it,” said Yuzuru laughing.

“I love you,” said Shoma leaning down to kiss Yuzuru. “Ew morning breath.”

Yuzuru giggles, “You brought that on yourself. I love you too.”

“I have to go in about an hour,” said Shoma.

“You still have time then,” said Yuzuru. “Read me the article you’re writing.”

“The one for our anniversary?” asked Shoma.

“Mhm,” said Yuzuru, “I want you to wax poetics about my eyebrows or something.”

“First of all I don’t wax poetics about eyebrows,” said Shoma, “second of all do I need to inflate your ego anymore?”

“Of course you do, I’m an influencer for a reason,” said Yuzuru. Shoma laughed and moved to grab his laptop.

“I’ll read it to you,” said Shoma settling himself beside Yuzuru again.

“I like hearing you talk about us,” said Yuzuru, “you seem to bring everything to life.”

“There’s something to be said about returning to a city that holds some of your most precious memories…”

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Shoma liked that he could sit alone, drink and grill meat, and blend in with the rest of the late night crowd. He had traveled to numerous places across Asia for his job as a food blogger and for some reason liked Korea quite a lot. He also had a desire to travel to Europe more to expand his blog but he had to save money first. He always stayed at the cheapest lodging and only spent money on the important things like a good camera and of course food. He was lucky that he was beginning to pick up a following and offers from sponsors were beginning to roll in.

“Kanpai,” cheered the group of people next to him. Shoma looked over, confused as to why he heard the Japanese cheer. Next to him are a group of Japanese people, all beautiful and dressed with impeccable fashion. There’s a camera stationed on a tripod that Shoma could easily recognize anywhere for its stability and video quality.

“We’re celebrating another successful convention,” said the woman nearest to the camera. Shoma returned his focus to grilling his meat, they must have been YouTubers and influencers from the convention hosted in Korea. Their voices were oddly familiar. Shoma had visited the convention, curious to see what other food-oriented media people were doing. He wanted to start a YouTube channel to try a different medium for showcasing the restaurants he visited. He also wanted to be a little more serious about his Instagram. It was

increasingly important to be able to utilize multiple platforms. He was recognized very little at the convention because his face only appeared on a long-buried post from the beginning of his blogging. The only other exposure his face received was from the one interview he had done for a magazine that featured a small portrait of his face. Shoma was surprised he was even recognized, to begin with.

“So why are we eating here today?” asked the female voice.

“Yeah Yuzuru, what made you choose this place?” asked a deeper voice.

“Because Uno-san blogged about it,” said Yuzuru. Shoma choked on his drink. He awkwardly swallowed his drink and patted dry whatever had dribbled out of his mouth.

“You always go on about Shoma Uno and his blog,” said the male voice.

“Nobu-kun, you admitted yourself you found his writing hilarious,” said Yuzuru. Shoma was oddly pleased but also embarrassed to be eavesdropping on a conversation about himself.

“He writes really well,” said the woman, “it’s charming.”

“See Kana-chan agrees with me,” said Yuzuru. Shoma risked a glance over at the table next to him to see who exactly was talking about him. To his utter embarrassment, he met the eyes of Hanyu Yuzuru. He quickly shifted his eyes back to his meat. He had just made eye contact with one of Japan’s top influencers. The voices were all familiar to him for a reason. Kana-chan must have been Murakami Kanako, one of the top beauty YouTubers from Japan and Nobu-kun was probably Oda Nobunari, famous for his comedy sketches. Shoma had watched a couple of their YouTube videos.

“What do you guys think? Have you ever read Uno-san’s writing?” asked Yuzuru to what Shoma assumed was the camera.

“I don’t think anyone knows who he is except for you,” said Nobunari. Shoma felt a little offended at that, but he didn’t take it to heart. It was true that his audience was a little more specific.

“I don’t think so,” said Kana, “I think he’s more famous than you think.”

“Leave a comment down below,” said Nobunari bringing the camera up for a selfie angle of Kanako and himself.

Shoma decided that he was full, finishing the last of his meat. He rung the bell for his check. He payed and left, flattered that famous people actually read his blog.

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“Thank you for showing up so early,” said Jun-hwan. Shoma had made friends with the Korean YouTuber on accident. They happened to be at the same restaurant in Japan, Jun-hwan was struggling with ordering in Japanese and Shoma had stepped in to help him. The two of them were able to strike up a conversation in English and became friends after that.

“No, thank you for agreeing to help me translate,” said Shoma. “It’s difficult to communicate with these older ladies. They have so much to share, but the language barrier makes it difficult,” said Shoma.

“I benefit too, I get YouTube content. You sure you’re okay with having your face in my vlog?”

“Of course, I told you I’m trying to start my own account, it’ll be good publicity,” said Shoma. “But to be completely honest I’m a little camera shy.”

“Don’t worry, just act like you normally do when you’re with me,” said Jun-hwan. “The fans will love it. Your shy self is cute,” said Jun-hwan.

“I don’t know if people will like who I am in person, the way I write is kind of different from the way I am in person,” said Shoma.

“That’s kind of true,” said Jun-hwan. “When you showed me your articles, I was surprised how different you were in person. But I like both sides of you.”

“Thank you,” said Shoma smiling.

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“That was so nice of her to give us all these mandoo,” said Shoma. Jun-hwan and Shoma sat side by side. Jun-hwan had brought him to the nearby Han River to enjoy the view and the dumplings.

“She really liked you,” said Jun-hwan.

“She loved squeezing my cheeks,” said Shoma.

Jun-hwan laughed, “I’ll have a counter on the side of the screen of Shoma cheek squeezes.”

“She said that I reminded her of mandoo right?” asked Shoma.

Jun-hwan nodded his head, “She said that you were like a handsome mandoo.”

“I don’t know how to feel about that,” said Shoma.

“I would take it as a compliment,” said Jun-hwan. “It’s so cool to see you take pictures and even film stuff now.”

“What do you mean?”

“You really know your angles and have a sharp eye for beautiful shots,” said Jun-hwan. “The shot you caught of her laughing was so genuine.”

“Taking pictures of food gives you a good eye I guess,” said Shoma.

“Is that you Jun-hwan?” asked a familiar voice.

“Is that Yuzuru hyung I see?” asked Jun-hwan. Shoma didn’t know how to react. It was odd to see that man twice in a row. Was he supposed to pretend he didn’t see him a couple of days ago and what language was he supposed to greet him in? Would it be weird to speak Japanese? Would it make Shoma seem like a stalker? But Yuzuru was pretty obviously Japanese.

“What are you doing out here?” asked Yuzuru.

“I should ask you the same. I just came from a mandoo place. I went with Shoma,” said Jun-hwan gesturing to Shoma.

“Nice to meet you,” greeted Shoma in Japanese, figuring that was the best route to go.

“Oh my god,” said Yuzuru, eyes widening almost comically in surprise. “My fans were telling me you were in the background of my video, but I didn’t believe them. We even made eye contact that night, I’m such an idiot.”

“Oh, uh it’s okay,” said Shoma, “my face isn’t really that well known.”

“I’m a huge fan,” said Yuzuru with a bright smile.

“Thank you very much,” said Shoma bowing, “my blog isn’t really that impressive. Your YouTube and Instagram are much more impressive.”

“You’re flattering me,” said Yuzuru, “I mean I work hard for good content but the effort and attention to detail you put into your blog posts and even the pictures are amazing.”

“Thank you,” said Shoma, his face turning red.

“Please at least speak in English so I can kind of understand what is going on,” said Jun-hwan.

“He’s very handsome in person,” said Yuzuru, “I totally imagined Shoma-kun to be a middle-aged man. I don’t know why I thought that though.”

“I know right, he’s quite good-looking,” said Jun-hwan. Shoma looked between the two of them, flustered.

“Can I get a picture with you?” asked Yuzuru. “I won’t post it unless you’re okay with it.” Shoma nodded and smiled for the selfie Yuzuru snapped.

“Shoma let him tag you, you can totally build your following,” said Jun-hwan.

“You’re trying to build your following?” asked Yuzuru, curious.

“I want to gain a broader audience for my blog,” said Shoma shyly.

“I’ll totally post a picture with you,” said Yuzuru, “although it’s because I’m a little selfish, I kind of want to show off the fact I met you.”

“You two should do a video together too,” said Jun-hwan winking at Yuzuru who was clearly interested in Shoma.

“Uh, if you’re okay with that,” said Shoma, “but I don’t want to intrude.”

“It’s totally fine, come over to my hotel. You must’ve seen Kana-chan and Nobu-kun, they’ll be there too. I can prove to Nobu-kun that people do know you. When our video gets past two million views I’m going to rub it in his face,” said Yuzuru. Shoma’s eyes widened at the idea of two million views. That made him very nervous.

“You’re already inviting him over to your room?” asked Jun-hwan.

“To film a video silly,” said Yuzuru, “if you’re okay with that.”

Shoma was overwhelmed but flattered that someone like Yuzuru would want to collaborate with someone like him. There was something nice about knowing someone as attractive as Yuzuru with a toned six pack found Shoma attractive. He kind of figured that someone like Yuzuru would be extremely egotistical and want nothing to do with someone like Shoma who had such a small blog. But it was nice to know that Yuzuru was as genuinely nice as he was in his the few videos Shoma had crashed watched the night he had accidentally made eye contact. He hadn’t seen the upload with himself in it because it must have went up a couple days after. He also quickly scrolled through Yuzuru’s Instagram to make sure Yuzuru was the one he had seen.

“I’m okay with that,” said Shoma softly.

“Great!” said Yuzuru smiling brightly. “Jun-hwan help take photos of me for Instagram. I need to post some more quality content from Korea. I was going to use my tripod but while you’re here, help me instead.”

“Do I get paid for this?” asked Jun-hwan already accepting the camera from Yuzuru.

“You get my love and picture credits,” said Yuzuru.

Jun-hwan just laughed and shooed Yuzuru away to pose. Shoma watched, fascinated as Yuzuru posed effortlessly. Shoma wanted to take a picture himself, he normally took pictures of food and people cooking but there was something different about a person posing. Yuzuru looked effortlessly stunning. Shoma turned on his own camera and snapped some shots of his own. Yuzuru caught sight of Shoma taking pictures and looked straight at Shoma’s camera with a studied intensity. Yuzuru knew he was attractive concluded Shoma, it was interesting to see someone so confident in themselves in a way that wasn’t obnoxious. Shoma snapped the photo and grinned when he saw the result. So he could take photos of people.

“Can I see your photos?” asked Yuzuru walking up to Shoma.

“Sure, I hope it was okay that I took some photos,” said Shoma.

“Of course,” said Yuzuru as he looked through the photos with a serious expression.

“They aren’t much but—” said Shoma, worried Yuzuru didn’t like them.



"I don't need your pictures Jun-hwan," called out Yuzuru. "Can I have these?" asked Yuzuru, leaning closer to Shoma.

"If you really want them, I'll upload them to Dropbox," said Shoma, surprised Yuzuru wanted his photos.

"Would you do that?" asked Yuzuru. "Can I enter my information?" asked Yuzuru.

"Information?" asked Shoma, confused.

"Contact information for the possible video and for Dropbox," said Yuzuru.

"Oh, sure," said Shoma scrambling for his phone. He unlocked it and handed it to Yuzuru who also gave him his phone.

"Enter your information for me too Shoma-kun," said Yuzuru.

"Are you just going to ignore my efforts? Why did you have me take pictures if you weren't even going to use them?" asked Jun-hwan.

"Shoma's are better," said Yuzuru.

"Is that why you're getting his number?" asked Jun-hwan. "Or is it because you think he's hot?"

"Both," said Yuzuru shamelessly. He grinned at Shoma who gave him a small, flustered smile.

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"You're okay with the mukbang concept right?" asked Yuzuru. "Is it rude to assume you can eat a lot because you're a food blogger?"

"I can eat a lot," said Shoma.

"Good, because I ordered a lot of different take-out dishes for us to try," said Yuzuru.

"Thank you for having me over," said Shoma.

"Of course," said Yuzuru, "I actually always wanted to meet you. Even if you were a middle-aged man I would've asked to collaborate. I don't know if that's reassuring. I mean I still really want to collaborate with you when you are the way you are. I also just really love your writing, it just evokes so many emotions. I can eat a lot even though I look skinny."

Shoma giggled as Yuzuru's train of thought jumped all over the place, so famous people got nervous for collaborations too. It made him feel much better, "Thank you Hanyu-san," said Shoma.

"Please don't call me like that Shoma-kun," said Yuzuru. "Yuzuru-kun is fine."

“He just wants to manipulate you for your popularity so you two can sound friendly on camera,” said Kanako entering the room with food.

“This is Kana-chan, she likes to make fun of me because she’s jealous,” said Yuzuru.

Kanako rolled her eyes, “It’s nice to meet you Shoma-kun, Yuzu-kun couldn’t stop fanboying over the fact he met you.”

“I asked you to help me get the food, not expose my secrets.”

“When you’re too lazy to walk down the street to buy some fried chicken I’m allowed to insult you,” said Kanako.

“You said you wanted Starbucks and it was on the way,” said Yuzuru.

“Anyway, he seems kind of stupid sometimes I promise he isn’t,” said Kanako with a grin.

“Go away, let us film our video,” said Yuzuru taking the food from her and pushing her away.

“It’s so nice that you have a close group of friends that do the same thing you do,” said Shoma giggling.

“You don’t?” asked Yuzuru.

“You were kind of right that a lot of food bloggers are older. The younger ones tend to be more from the West,” said Shoma. “I don’t really have any younger food blogger friends. I’m friends with younger influencers but they aren’t from Japan.”

“Like who?” asked Yuzuru, curious as to who Shoma hangs out with.

“Boyang from China and Nathan from America, they’re both vloggers like Jun-hwan.”

“Oh, I’ve met them at conventions before,” said Yuzuru.

“We all met on accident doing food-related content,” said Shoma.

“It makes sense you guys hang out,” said Yuzuru, setting up the camera. “Go ahead and get comfortable, I’ll take care of the rest.”

Shoma settled down on one of the chairs, “So we’re asking each other questions while we eat?”

“Yup, the fans will ask questions too,” said Yuzuru placing food in front of them, “we’re doing a live video.”

“I’ve never done a live video,” said Shoma.

“Don’t worry, just be yourself,” said Yuzuru. “You don’t have to worry about monetization either, you can basically say whatever you want. Just don’t say something extremely offensive, but I assume you already knew that.”

“Are you sure this is okay?” asked Shoma.

“Of course,” said Yuzuru, “they’ll love it. If you ever feel uncomfortable just let me know and I can end it.”

“Oh, you don’t have to do that,” said Shoma, flustered.

“Of course I do, you’re willingly getting in front of the camera with me; I should respect your boundaries. It’s the ethical thing to do, I mean, I want to be able to collaborate with you again,” said Yuzuru.

“Thank you,” said Shoma.

“I’m going to start,” said Yuzuru sitting beside him, “do you need anything before I start?”

“Alright,” said Shoma blinking nervously. Yuzuru smiled comfortingly at Shoma before starting the video on his phone.

“Hi everyone,” said Yuzuru waving at the camera. “I have a guest here with me today,” said Yuzuru. “I’ll wait for some more people to join before we begin.” Shoma’s eyes widened at the amount of hearts and comments appearing on the screen. There were a lot of Japanese comments but a good amount of comments in other languages as well. “I’m doing a mukbang today,” said Yuzuru turning the camera to show all the food in front of them. I also brought a super special guest along, Uno Shoma!” Yuzuru turned the camera around towards Shoma who’s eyes widened in surprise.

“Hello everyone, I’m Uno Shoma. I’m a food blogger,” said Shoma waving with two hands. Yuzuru placed the tripod back down.

“We’re going to eat all these different popular take-out dishes,” said Yuzuru. “We’re going to ask each other questions and you can ask us some in the comments as well!”

Shoma opened the jajangmyeon and offered it to Yuzuru, “Jajangmyeon?”

Yuzuru accepted it with a smile, “He is really cute, isn’t he? How did we meet? Do you want to answer that Shoma-kun?”

“We accidentally met at that restaurant,” said Shoma, “but we formally met at the Han River.”

“I love you too,” said Yuzuru responding to one of the comments. Shoma started on the tteokbokki, showing it to the camera. “One of your fans wants to know why you never show your face,” said Yuzuru.

“I wanted people to pay attention to my writing and food I was featuring. I think it’s more important to see all the people behind the food rather than my own face.”

“Such a humble answer Shoma-kun,” said Yuzuru.

Shoma's eyebrows raised at some of the comments, there were some interesting ones, "Did someone just call you daddy?" asked Shoma in English. About ten seconds after he said that Yuzuru burst out laughing and the comments blew up.

"They did," said Yuzuru in Japanese. "And someone just called you a snack," said Yuzuru in English. Shoma's eyes widened and he smiled shyly. "They want us to speak in English," said Yuzuru.

"Oh, uh hello everyone," said Shoma, tilting his head cutely.

"How did your English get so good?" asked Yuzuru.

"I translate all of my English articles myself and when I travel to other countries I have to practice," said Shoma. "But I still have my accent."

"Your English is better than mine and that's super cool you translate all your articles on your own," said Yuzuru, admiration glimmering in his eyes. "Okay, let's switch back to Japanese," said Yuzuru.

Shoma nodded, thankful, Shoma read the comments and was surprised to see how nice everyone was, "Thank you for saying my English is so good."

"What do you think of the food Shoma?" asked Yuzuru. They had both been picking at each other's dishes and easily finished both.

"It's good, not the same as the one I did the article on," said Shoma, "but still delicious. The gochujang in the tteokbokki is clearly store-bought, but it still tastes good."

"You've tasted homemade gochujang?" asked Yuzuru.

"Mhm, I did an article on the whole process," said Shoma.

"What's your favorite thing you've eaten here?" asked Yuzuru opening the chicken.

"Samgyupsal and galbi," said Shoma, "I also actually really like yukhoe."

"You really like your meat," said Yuzuru, "I didn't know you could eat raw meat."

"I like anything with meat," said Shoma seriously. Yuzuru laughed and ruffled his hair. Shoma gave him a shy smile, Shoma usually didn't like physical affection but for some reason, it was okay from Yuzuru.

"He's adorable isn't he?"

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"Are you sure that we can be here?" asked Boyang as they stood in the middle of Lotte World.

"Yeah, it's fine," said Shoma. "I wanted both of you to formally hang out with Yuzuru anyway."

“Boyang, he wants us to approve of him,” said Nathan. They were both in Korea for the convention and finally had time to meet up.

“His friends are coming too,” said Shoma.

“You’ve already been intimidated by his friends right?” asked Boyang.

“We just hung out a couple of times together,” said Shoma. “I wouldn’t say intimidated.”

“We need to intimidate Yuzuru and tell him he can’t mess with our baby Shoma,” said Boyang.

“Even if I’m younger than him?” asked Nathan.

“Of course, we’re going to be super intimidating,” said Boyang.

“Don’t do that,” said Shoma, slightly nervous.

“He’s nervous,” said Nathan, noticing Shoma’s body language. “He just wants our approval.”

“Thank you, Nathan,” said Shoma.

“But if he messes with you we will start a diss battle and Boyang will go viral for beating him up,” said Nathan. Shoma laughed a little, feeling a little better after Nathan cracked a joke.

“Hey Shoma!” waved Jun-hwan, Yuzuru and his friends were following behind. All of them had cameras in hand. Nathan and Boyang naturally took out their own cameras and began to film.

“It’s almost like a joining of influencers,” said Nobunari.

“We’re all going to have very similar content,” said Kanako.

“I think people will like it,” said Yuzuru moving to stand next to Shoma. “Has everyone met each other?”

“I think so,” said Nathan. “I’m Nathan from America, and this is Boyang from China.”

“I’m Jun-hwan, a YouTuber.”

“I’m Nobu, Yuzuru’s old man friend.”

“I’m Kana and I do beauty videos!”

“I’ve seen your videos before,” said Boyang, excited, “I’ve even followed one.”

“I saw that video, it was hilarious,” said Kana, “you did pretty well too!” The rest of the people naturally paired up and began to walk, leaving Yuzuru and Shoma in the back of the group.

“I’m glad they get along,” said Yuzuru.

“So am I,” said Shoma.

“Want to go on Atlantis since we have the Magic Pass?” asked Yuzuru.

“Sure,” said Shoma. “We’re going to go on Atlantis,” said Shoma to the group.

“Ohhh, let’s all go,” said Boyang.

“I don’t know about that,” said Nathan, tugging Boyang’s hand. Shoma was touched, Nathan wanted to give them time alone.

“It’s fine if you come,” said Shoma. “But you have to do your own thing after this.” Yuzuru laughed, it was cute to see Shoma being so assertive with his friends. Shoma looked at him, confused as to why he was laughing.

“Nothing, I like seeing you with your friends,” said Yuzuru. They made their way over to Atlantis, Shoma had been stolen away by Nathan and Boyang, bracketed between the two of them.

“He’s really sweet,” said Nobunari.

“I like him a lot,” said Yuzuru.

“I can tell,” said Nobunari, “you don’t film a lot of your time together.”

“I like being in the moment with him,” said Yuzuru. “I like filming things with him, but without the camera, it feels more intimate?”

“Boyang I’m ticklish,” squealed out Shoma, laughing. Yuzuru glanced over and found Boyang tickling Shoma and making fun of him. Nathan’s camera was trained on the two of them, laughing. Yuzuru strolled over bring Shoma closer to himself.

“Are we bothering Shoma?” asked Yuzuru.

“Prince Hanyu has arrived,” said Boyang laughing.

“We’re going to go now, Boyang and I actually want to ride the Flume Ride.”

“Oh, are you sure?” asked Yuzuru.

“Yup, everyone else kind of spread out too,” said Nathan gesturing to the group that had magically disappeared.

“Oh,” said Yuzuru. They must’ve planned this.

“Let’s go on Atlantis,” said Shoma tugging his wrist.

“Okay, we’ll meet up in two hours?”

“Sure!”

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“Can we go to the ice rink?” asked Shoma quietly.

“You like ice skating?” asked Yuzuru, excited.

“Yeah,” said Shoma.

“Can I film, please?” asked Yuzuru.

“Of course, you haven’t filmed a lot today,” said Shoma.

“I wanted to spend time with you without a camera,” said Yuzuru.

“Thank you,” said Shoma, “you really didn’t have to do that.”

“I wanted to,” said Yuzuru. They both secured skates and easily skated on to the ice.

“Did you skate when you were younger?” asked Shoma skating backward.

“Mhm, I actually competed a lot too, but it became too expensive,” said Yuzuru.

“Oh, I competed too when I was younger,” said Shoma.

“Can you spin for the camera?” asked Yuzuru.

“Sure,” said Shoma skating to the middle. He began to spin and Yuzuru was filming intently. He skated back over, cheeks red.

“I want to see if I can still jump,” said Yuzuru handing Shoma the camera. There was a competitive fire in his eyes. Yuzuru skated away and made sure the ice was clear, launching into a beautiful jump. Shoma clapped, excited.

“You were so cool,” said Shoma, eyes shining.

“Can you jump?” asked Yuzuru.

“Mhm, but my technique isn’t very good,” said Shoma.

“I want to see,” said Yuzuru. Shoma skated to the middle and jumped for Yuzuru, apparently, he still had it.

“I can jump better,” said a voice that sounded oddly like Boyang. The next thing he knew Nathan appeared in the middle of the ice like he had been shoved; he skated for a little bit and jumped. He looked at Shoma, smiling apologetically and attempted to skate away. Boyang appeared and prevented Nathan from moving.

“Nathan is going to prove he is better,” said Boyang.

“Why don’t you do it yourself?” asked Nathan.

“I will, I challenge you Yuzuru,” said Boyang. “Shoma will decide and film it. You have to prove that you deserve Shoma’s heart.”

“Boyang!” exclaimed Shoma, embarrassed.

“I’ll do it,” said Yuzuru, he looked even more determined than before.

“There will be none of that,” said Kanako skating up to them. “This is a public place and as much as I’d like to see you, idiots, jumping it out, you might hit a child.”

“I’d have to agree with Kana-chan,” said Nobunari.

“I don’t really want to explain to a bunch of security people why foreigners are jumping in the middle of a public rink,” said Jun-hwan.

“I challenge you off the ice then,” said Boyang.

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“Do your friends like me?” asked Yuzuru. They sat side by side on the carousel.

“Of course they do,” said Shoma. “Boyang was being stupid.”

“I think he’s hilarious,” said Yuzuru. “But the one I’m really worried about is Nathan.”

“Nathan likes you but he’s the most protective, even if he doesn’t verbalize it like Boyang,” said Shoma. “He’s very mature for such a young boy.”

“I’m glad you have such good friends,” said Yuzuru.

“So am I,” said Shoma, “and I’m glad you have such kind friends too.” Yuzuru looked down at his phone, confused as to why it was vibrating. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I’m getting notifications from my friends at home,” said Yuzuru. Shoma checked his phone, notifications popping up on his phone too.

“What happened?”

“Oh, Boyang and Nathan just posted this,” said Yuzuru showing a picture of the two of them staring at each other on the carousel. They look behind them and Boyang is waving at them.

“It’s a nice picture,” said Shoma.

“We look adorable,” said Yuzuru.

Shoma giggles, “We do.”

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Shoma stood shivering in front of the Han River; Yuzuru had insisted that they meet there. They had hung out with each other more and more. They were both in Korea for a similar period of time and naturally gravitated towards hanging out. Shoma had taken Yuzuru to



some of his favorite restaurants and Yuzuru had taken him to explore Korea with him. Shoma had become a staple on Yuzuru's videos after Boyang and Nathan's post, whether it be for two seconds or the whole vlog. He often appeared in Yuzuru's stories as well. Shoma's Instagram and YouTube blew up. He posted one video with Yuzuru teaching him how to cook; it went viral with the Japanese audience. The fame on his blog was overwhelming, he had been contacted by more sponsors than ever. There was also an increase of hate comments saying he was using Yuzuru for fame. Shoma ignored those.

Shoma was grateful for the increase in fame but he didn't really want it. He liked being able to showcase the excellent food he tasted, that was still his number one passion. He didn't want to become famous for collaborating with other famous people. He wanted the articles he had written to become famous, the people who spent the time to show their art to him to earn all of the credit. However, Shoma was grateful he was able to meet Yuzuru. They spent increasingly more time without a camera, just getting to know each other.

"Shoma! I'm so sorry, I'm late, I was bombarded by fans," said Yuzuru. He was holding something behind his back.

"It's okay, I was enjoying the scenery," said Shoma. "Why'd you call me out so late?"

"I wanted to tell you something," said Yuzuru. Yuzuru was sweating and looked extremely nervous. Shoma decided that he still looked absolutely beautiful even if he was all sweaty and flustered.

"Go ahead," said Shoma. Shoma, curiously, wasn't nervous at all, some part of him expected a confession at this point.

"I love you," said Yuzuru offering Shoma the flowers he had hidden behind his back. Shoma accepted the flowers.

"I love you too," said Shoma. Yuzuru's eyes widened and he immediately brought Shoma in for a bone-crushing hug. Shoma's back felt wet and he realized Yuzuru was crying. Shoma wrapped his arms around Yuzuru, patting his back.

"I thought for sure you'd reject me," said Yuzuru. "I wasn't even sure if you liked me back so I was expecting the worse."

"You're so silly," said Shoma affectionately. "Of course I return your feelings."

"Thank you for dealing with me," said Yuzuru, "and for letting me film you on camera."

"It's fine, I don't mind doing it for you," said Shoma, "besides we don't always hang out with a camera."

"Can you tell me you love me again?" asked Yuzuru. Shoma giggled withdrawing from the hug.

"I love you Yuzuru Hanyu," said Shoma, leaning in to place a kiss on Yuzuru's lips.

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“Why were we so cheesy?” asked Yuzuru his head had found its way to Shoma’s shoulder.

“Because we’re cheesy people,” said Shoma. “You know I can’t believe you didn’t film your confession. I mean I’m glad you didn’t, but I was very surprised there was no camera. Didn’t you also forget to bring your phone?”

“I did,” said Yuzuru laughing, “I actually had written out what I was going to say to you on my phone and left it at the hotel.”

“I remember because we had to Uber home together because you had no way to get home,” said Shoma.

“We totally broke every cultural custom that night too,” said Yuzuru winking.

“At least you confessed first,” said Shoma.

“I don’t think we would’ve cared either way,” said Yuzuru. “I mean I really wanted the confession to be perfect but the sexual tension was high too.”

Shoma laughed, “I’m pretty sure all the fans had made edits and even a betting pool for when we’d get together.”

“We gave our fans a hard time after though,” said Yuzuru.

“When we both agreed to not post anything because we wanted to cement our relationship before we made it social media official,” said Shoma.

“I think the fans had built up more tension than we had,” said Yuzuru. Shoma placed his computer on the bedside table.

“I’m glad I met you,” said Shoma. Yuzuru smiled lifting his head to look at Shoma, he pressed a kiss to his lips.

“If you weren’t such a big fan would we even be married?” asked Shoma.

“Hm, I don’t know and I don’t want to think about what I’d do without you,” said Yuzuru.

“You’d have no one to get lost in Germany with,” said Shoma. “And you have nobody to take all your photos.”

“I’d also lack cute close-up photos of you sleeping everywhere,” said Yuzuru. “And I wouldn’t have curly hair to play with every morning. You wouldn’t have anyone to tell you how to pose or do the majority of the talking to the police.”

Shoma’s nose scrunches up, laughing, “Sometimes I think we’d be safer if we weren’t together,” said Shoma.

“But then life wouldn’t be as fun,” said Yuzuru.

“Happy early anniversary love,” said Shoma lifting his left hand, simple gold band shining in the sunlight.

Yuzuru followed suit, “To our future,” said Yuzuru. He linked his right hand with Shoma, squeezing it.

## End Notes

Hope you liked it!

I did an obnoxious amount of research on kokuhaku and dating culture in general in Japan, so I based the building of their relationship and the confession off of it.

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