

# **Restraint**

**by**

**scarlettfire**

**Kurt/Blaine || AU || NC-17**

*With nowhere to go for the winter holidays, Blaine accompanies his college roommate Finn home, where he meets the most beautiful boy. The attraction flares hot and fast. Whether it'll stay is the question.*

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**AN: This is a fill for the Glee Kink Meme:**

*"Finn was a senior during s1. Burt & Carole still got married, but Finn went off to OSU, where he met Blaine. Blaine's family aren't around for Thanksgiving, so Finn brings him along to the Hummel-Hudson house, where he meets Kurt & is enamoured with him. Kurt is vice versa.*

*During the first visit they don't go very far (maybe handjobs?) but Blaine visits for other holidays and they gradually go further.*

*I'd like for them not to be in a relationship at the start, just fooling around, but by the time they get to penetration they can be together.*

*Would also like it if Blaine has minor guilt about sleeping with his friends 'little' brother."*

## **Chapter One**

"You'll be gone for how long again?" Blaine asked his mom over Skype.

"I don't know, your Dad's always wanted to do on site research and with you at college well..." she trailed off. "We might be home for Easter. Oh, Blaine I'm sorry to leave you alone on the holidays baby."

"It's alright, Mom." Blaine gave his best showman smile for her. "When are you going? Before or after Thanksgiving?"

"Before, November 19th. Three days." She gave an excited little shake.

"Wow, that's quick." Blaine was shocked. His parents weren't usually this impulsive.

"Yeah, well..." She shrugged. "Between you and me it'll be like the honeymoon we never got to enjoy." She winked. "Your grandmother *had* to come with us that time." His parents honeymoon was always a point of contention for his mother.

"Oh, have fun." Blaine said, trying not to let a single image enter his brain.

"Will you be alright for Thanksgiving, Blaine? You have somewhere to go?"

"I'll figure it out, Mom." Blaine assured her.

"Okay," She wiggled excitedly again. "I can't wait. It's so exciting!"

Blaine laughed at her reaction fondly. "I'm happy for you, Mom. I love you, tell Dad I miss you guys."

"Will do, baby. Now get back to that homework I know I'm keeping you from." She winked at him, a smile on her face.

"Alright, bye, Mom."

"Bye, Blaine."

Blaine closed his Skype window and flopped back on his bed. "Great, the next... one, two, three... three major holidays alone. *Wonderful*." He rolled his eyes and sighed.

"Why?" Finn asked from the doorway to the bathroom that joined their rooms. He had a habit of coming over at random moments. He was a freshman, only one in their four person suite, and had latched most strongly onto Blaine for some reason.

"Parents are going on a *very* extended vacation." Blaine answered. "Not even staying for Thanksgiving, and Dad *loves* Thanksgiving." Blaine sighed and rolled over so he could see the lumbering boy. "On a happier note, you have any plans for the eating holiday of the country?"

Finn shrugged. "Mom always makes Turkey and Kurt'll prolly make some really fancy food I can't pronounce."

"Kurt's your step-brother right?" Blaine asked. He heard the boy's name sometimes, usually when Finn wanted to complain about something being too difficult.

"Yeah." Finn nodded. "He's cool."

"Great." Blaine smiled. He kind of liked Finn. Usually he liked his friends smarter, but there was something charming about Finn that Blaine couldn't put his finger on.

"Hey!" Finn said and Blaine could practically see the lightbulb light above his head. "How 'bout you come home with me? Mom always makes too much food and Kurt loves cooking, so there's definitely gonna be enough food."

Blaine sat up and stared at the boy for a minute. "Would that be okay with your family, Finn?"

"What?" Finn cocked his head. "Why wouldn't it be? I had friends over all the time in high school."

"I mean would it be alright if you brought somebody home to intrude on a holiday, Finn. It's different than any random day."

"Um, I'm sure they won't care, but you probably want me to, like, ask and stuff don't you, dude?"

"That'd be it." Blaine smiled. "If it's alright, I'd actually really like that." Wes' family didn't celebrate holidays of any sort and David lived in New York, he'd be flying home. Buying a plane ticket was out of the question. Finn, however, lived only a short car ride away.

"Cool, I'll ask." Finn pulled out his phone and texted someone.

The answer came about an hour later. Blaine was going to the Hudson's.

Kurt fully expected Finn to bring home somebody like Puck, somebody with their head full of sports and stuffing. It was their first holiday as a family and Finn had to go and bring some stupid jock boy home from college. Kurt pouted. Carole had agreed when Finn asked quickly, and without asking Kurt.

He sighed. He knew technically she didn't have to ask him to do anything, but he was used to being consulted at least. His dad usually asked him for input in things and Kurt wasn't used to the way Carole just *did* things yet, though with Finn for a son it really shouldn't surprise him that Carole was so self-sufficient.

So on Wednesday night, as he was preparing some bread to bake the next day (who knew what was *really* in those store bought things), and Finn pulled into the driveway Kurt didn't go out to meet him. Instead he just kept rolling the dough. He didn't usually go all out like this, suspending disbelief and actually purchasing mass processed things, but on special days he liked to expend the effort.

The door opened loudly, seemed Finn hadn't learned to be a ninja in college after all, no matter how much he'd seemed to think he would. Kurt, finally happy with the shape of the bread, laid it carefully on the pain it would be baked on and got out the cling wrap. The loaves would be spending the night in the fridge, ready to be brought to room temperature and baked tomorrow. His dad and Carole were greeting Finn and his guests so Kurt started cleaning up.

Okay, fine he was sulking. He just didn't want to go meet a potentially homophobic jock that would be in the house with them for the next three days. It wasn't high on his bucket list.

"Kurt?" Finn called and Kurt heard him pop in the kitchen. Kurt sighed and rinsed off his hands, grabbing a towel to dry them, and turned around. "Hey, bro." Finn smiled happily.

"Hi Finn." Kurt returned the smile.

"Hey, Kurt, this is my friend Blaine, Blaine, this is my brother." Finn announced and moved aside a little just as a boy popped out from behind him.

Kurt's heart skipped a beat. Jock was *gorgeous*. He also didn't look like a jock, he looked shorter than Kurt, and maybe even a little less broad in the shoulders. He'd had a nice growth spurt over the summer. The only downside had been that he outgrew *all* his clothes. He was accustomed to school shopping, but not to having to buy new *everything*.

But back to Blaine. He was so handsome. Kurt felt a blush rise in his cheeks. "Hi." He said, and his voice squeaked. Fuck, why did it have to do that?

Blaine locked eyes with him. "Hi." He said back and Kurt just about melted.

Finn's little brother was... Blaine couldn't even come up with a word he liked for what Kurt was. The way he had blushed... Blaine couldn't stop picturing it as he lay on the Hudmel's couch. He turned over and buried his head in the cushion. Kurt was just... Blaine sighed happily.

He had a crush. Oh such a crush. He smiled like an idiot. He'd only fallen so quickly once before, and he'd never had the guts to speak to that boy. But he was twenty now, a sophomore in college. Tomorrow he would talk to Kurt, figure that boy out and see if his crush could be anything else or if it would fizzle out.

For now though, he should probably go to sleep, and try not to have wet dreams about a boy who had only said one word to him. He had a sneaking suspicion he would fail at that.

## **Chapter Two**

Early the next morning Kurt got up to start the cooking. Thanksgiving dinner was at three and he had to start the turkey. He was already half-way downstairs when he remembered Finn's hot friend was crashing on the couch. Kurt almost ran back upstairs; he hadn't put an effort into his appearance yet, merely pulled a shirt on and washed his face. A quick check of his hair and Kurt grimaced, it was sticking up all over the place.

"Kurt, dear." Carole called from the kitchen. "Perfect, I have a job for you." She said and now he was trapped, he couldn't very well run away now... "Kurt?"

"Coming." He sighed and tried to flatten his hair as he went down the stairs. He gave the back of the couch a wary look as he passed by, not sure if Blaine was up or not.

Carole was in the kitchen, preparing the turkey. "Can you make breakfast, Kurt? Burt's up and Finn'll come down early today. All year he sleeps like the dead but the minute a holiday comes around he's up at almost the crack of dawn. I heard the shower start up a minute ago actually."

"Oh." Kurt usually did the turkey. He kept the pout from his face and turned towards the fridge. He just had to get used to this. "Mamma and Pappy are coming at noon by the way." He said. His grandparents never missed a holiday.

"I know." Carole smiled.

"Okay." Kurt nodded. "So bagels for breakfast?"

"Just what I was thinking."

He pulled out four bagels from the freezer, he and his dad usually shared one on holidays so they'd still be hungry later. The first one was just popping out of the toaster when Finn rolled in. His eyes lit up and Kurt handed it over without any hesitation.

"I'll go wake Blaine up; he's grumpy if he doesn't eat breakfast." Finn said as he took a giant bite of bagel. He then walked out of the kitchen to do just that.

Kurt gulped and tried to flatten his hair again, picking uncomfortably at the shirt he'd thrown on. "Hey, kid." Burt came in from the garage. He had milk in his hands. "I hope you didn't need anything else, Carole. They didn't have that cilantro stuff you wanted."

"Cilantro." Kurt corrected automatically and handed over Burt's half of their bagel.

"Thanks, kid. Is that Blaine kid up yet?"

"Finn went to go get him." Carole answered. One of Kurt's hands flew up to his hair subconsciously.

"Cool, I'll go see if I can put the game on." Burt grabbed a paper towel to catch his bagel crumbs and exited. He passed by Finn and Blaine in the doorway.

"Good morning." Blaine said politely. Carole returned it somewhat distractedly.

"There's bagels." She said and gestured at Kurt.

Blaine smiled at him softly. "I'd like one, thanks." Then he was walking over and subtly crowding Kurt into the counter, reaching around him to get a bagel. "Thank you." He said and pulled away, one of his hands catching on Kurt's side. Heat flooded him and he held in a gasp.

Blaine wasn't the best at waking up in the morning, but Finn was hard to ignore. He was still groggy when he followed Finn into the kitchen. He woke right up however when he saw how cute Kurt looked in his pajamas with his hair sticking up in odd directions. Before he realized it he was standing in front of Kurt, gently touching his hand as he took a bagel.

Then he realized Finn could be watching him and he backed off. He thoroughly enjoyed Kurt's blush though, it made any potentially awkward questions Finn could pose him totally worth it.

Luckily Finn didn't ask him any questions. Instead they settled on the couch with Mr. Hummel and got sucked into the game. By two the smell of food was making all their mouths water and stomachs rumble.

Kurt's grandparents had arrived around noon and his grandmother had plopped down to watch TV with them while his grandpa had gone to the kitchen to help cook. "You're new. I thought I only got one more grandson." The elder Mrs. Hummel had said when she spotted Blaine.

"I'm Finn's friend from college. My family's overseas for the holidays." Blaine had explained. She'd simply nodded and patted his knee.

"You sure you can finish this up Carole?" Kurt said from the doorway and Blaine turned around. The boy's hair was still a mess and he still looked absolutely adorable. Somewhere along his sleeves had gotten pushed up past his elbows.

"You can go, kiddo." Kurt's grandpa called. "Pappy's got this."

"Thanks." Kurt smiled and turned around with a smile on his face. Oh, so cute. He didn't see Blaine watching him as he went up the stairs.

"Where's the bathroom again, Finn?" Blaine asked.

"Through the kitchen." Finn answered.

"Better go upstairs though, they're probably still busy." Burt added.

"Thanks Mr. Hummel." Blaine smiled and hopped up. He'd hoped he could follow Kurt up the stairs. A door was just closing as he got up. "Damn." Blaine sighed. He wasn't about to invade the boy's privacy too much. He just wanted to tell him he looked cute all disheveled like that.

He waited long enough to not be suspicious before he went back downstairs and rejoined the couch group. He'd just sat down when the doorbell rang. "Finn!" Mrs. Carole Hummel called. "Can you get that?"

Finn grumbled but got up anyway. "That's probably your brother, Burt." The elder Mrs. Hummel said. "He's about due."

"Aunt Kitty." Finn's voice carried to them from the door. "Cool, you made it."

"Or not." Burt laughed. "Barry said he'd be a little late this year actually Mom. Something about Ashley's parents I think he said."

The elder Mrs. Hummel nodded. Blaine felt a bit awkward, he kind of wished Finn would come back already.

Kurt didn't leave his outfit on holidays up to chance. He always set them out the night before at the very latest. It was the work of half an hour to be showered and moisturized enough to slip into his clothes. Then he had to attack his mop. He glared at his unruly hair as he styled it into submission. "You will listen hair." He threatened.

"Kurt! Dinner in five!" Mamma called up to him.

"Coming." Kurt answered and sprayed his hair one last time.

## **Chapter Three**

When Kurt came downstairs Blaine had to restrain his jaw to keep it from unhinging. The boy looked *hot!* He wore the tightest pants Blaine had ever seen outside of clubs and this amazing jacket with so many belts and buckles. It made Blaine's mouth water just looking at him.

Blaine hovered a little awkwardly when everybody was picking seats, and then one opened up next to Kurt and he jumped at it. True he still didn't know the boy, but at least he wouldn't be stuck between adults he didn't care to know.

"Hey." He said to him. "Mind if I sit here?"

"No." Kurt shook his head, his eyes getting bigger and a light blush gracing his cheeks. He looked so cute.

"So, you're in high school still?"

"Junior." Kurt answered.

"Oh, that's how old..." Blaine ventured. He was waiting to see if there would be grace, but he wasn't sure.

"Sixteen."

"Oh, sweet sixteen. I remember that."

"What about you?" Kurt asked gently and reached for the salad in front of him. Blaine looked around, seemed like nobody was going to say grace.

"I'm twenty. Sophomore." Blaine answered. "I'm a business major."

"Oh." Kurt said.

"I know, sounds really boring and stuffy." Blaine shrugged. "My dad convinced me it would be better to major in something easily marketable. I'm still taking a minor in music theory and another one in performance art. I'm a singer."

"Oh, me too." Kurt beamed. "I'm in my school's glee club, the New Directions."

"Cool. Range?"

"Really have to ask?"

"Hey, I know some guys who have singing voices a lot different from their speaking voices. It's a valid question." Blaine defended with a laugh.

Kurt joined his mirth. "I'm a countertenor. What about you?"

"Second tenor." He flashed his best smile. He liked this kid. "So, you win an competitions in your glee club?"

"We got to Regionals last year; hopefully we'll get to Nationals this year." Kurt lit up.

"Cool, what kind of songs do you guys sing?" Blaine asked. Somehow that question got him an entire speech about the club members that lasted almost the entire meal. Blaine didn't mind. The way this kid talked about his club, it made his whole face light up. He was beautiful.

They also had similar tastes in music which Blaine was pleased to find out. The second half of diner consisted of a debate over whether Katy Perry was worth listening to on a regular basis. Blaine was all for it, Kurt needed convincing. Then it moved to an agreement that Gaga was better.

When diner was winding down and Mrs. Carole Hummel got up to start cleaning, Kurt excused himself to help. "Sorry, but I always do it." He said.

"Alright." Blaine patted his arm. "I won't try and hold you from it."

Blaine was a dream, a literal dream. It had taken a bit, but Kurt had calmed down enough to actually talk to the boy and he was amazing. He sang, liked a lot of the same music; he was funny and charming. He touched him. No other boys really touched Kurt, and he wasn't really used to it. It made his skin burn pleasantly. He wondered if Blaine could be gay, 'cause wouldn't that be awesome?

"Why don't you go talk to the kid?" Mamma said, putting a warm hand on the small of his back. "You two seemed to hit it off, and don't want to leave him with Finn." She winked and turned him around.

"Mamma, I always clean up." Kurt protested.

"I want to play with my new daughter-in-law, kid. Go play with your new friend." She pushed him gently.  
"We have this."

"Mamma..." Kurt tried but he was already being pushed out of the kitchen.

"Kurt?" Pappy asked. "What're you doing out here kid?"

"Mamma kicked me out." Kurt said, trying to keep the hurt from his voice. Everything was so different this year, he wasn't used to that.

"Well, Barry and Kitty are in there." Aunt Ashley said. "They have more than enough people to help; you can relax for once Kurt."

"I know." He looked for a place to sit. Only by Finn's uncle Harry and Finn had a space free. He didn't know Harry...

"And Wes really said that?" Finn was asking when he sat down next to them.

"Yeah, and hey Kurt." Blaine said brightly.

"Hi." Kurt said quietly.

"So I was just telling Finn stories from my freshmen year, wanna join in?" Blaine asked nicely, locking eyes with Kurt.

"Yeah, he's got some awesome stories dude." Finn added.

"Sure. What can you wow me with?" Kurt asked. Maybe a good story would get his mind off how different holidays were now.

"Well... hmm... well there was that one time Nick and Jeff decided it would be an awesome idea to strip down to their boxers and walk outside at nine at night. A bunch of us followed them and took pictures of people's reactions. The hookah table out front had the funniest reaction. This one girl asked everybody's names and then promptly forgot them so she asked again. Then when we pointed out we'd already told

her, she made up this little rap to try and remember. It was mostly her just repeating our names 'Nick, Jeff, Blaine, Wes... Nick, Jeff, Blaine, Wes...' she got totally messed up when she tried adding David in." Blaine recounted.

"Whoa, people do that in college?" Kurt asked.

"Yeah," Finn said. "Hey, is that why Nick and Jeff never wear pants?"

"Exactly." Blaine laughed. "Nick got a girlfriend out of the whole ordeal."

"That's crazy." Kurt laughed.

## **Chapter Four**

Half-way through dessert Finn got a text from some guy named 'Puck'. "Damn, he's only here for today." Finn complained as he looked at his phone. He glanced up at Blaine, obviously trying to figure out the best way to ditch him without actually making it sound like that.

"Why don't you go visit him then?" Blaine offered. He wouldn't mind hanging out with Kurt for a little while, he was fun to talk too.

"You wouldn't mind, dude?" Finn asked, his eyes already lighting up with the possibility.

"Yeah, it'd be fine. I'll just hang out with Kurt." Blaine said and smiled at the boy in question.

"That be okay with you Kurt?" Finn asked.

"It'd be fine." Kurt nodded. "Blaine's cool."

"Ooo, hear that Finn, I'm cool." Blaine put an arm around Kurt's shoulders for a second and squeezed.

"Least somebody thinks so." Finn teased. "Thanks dude."

"No problem."

The rest of the dessert Kurt was practically bouncing next to him. If Blaine was reading this right, Kurt liked him. Blaine smiled at the thought.

Despite having somewhere to be, Finn ate the most dessert. Blaine was already sitting on the stairs talking to Kurt when he finally got up to go.

"I might be back late." Finn said as he got his coat on in the entryway.

"It's alright; your little brother is a good entertainer. Take all the time you want, I see you every day." Blaine said. He knew how it felt to see friends after a long time of not seeing them. It was hardest the first

semester. Being thrown in with all new people and not having any of the old ones? It could really be tough on a guy.

"Cool." Finn said, then he was out the door.

"You're really nice to him." Kurt remarked. "He basically just ditched you and you're encouraging him to stay out as long as he likes."

"Ah, the company is good." Blaine smiled and shoulder bumped Kurt. "Now, you were saying about your musical collection."

"Oh, I have the biggest of anybody I know except possibly Rachel Berry."

"Really, what kind of things?"

"The classics of course, Sound of Music, Mulan Rouge, Victor Victoria."

"What about newer stuff?"

"Like what? Rent?"

"Like Wicked or the new Hairspray. I'll admit I have a thing for Zach Effron..."

"How can you like him?" Kurt laughed. "He was in those terrible High School Musical movies."

"Eh, he's hot and he does have a nice voice. Besides, have you seen him in 17 Again?" Blaine loved that movie.

"Oh, so... um," Kurt cleared his throat. "You're gay?"

"Yeah," Blaine nodded. Kurt's cheeks coloured adorably. "You too huh? I'm assuming you don't meet a lot of out kids in high school. I know I didn't."

"You're the first one I've met who isn't one of Rachel's dads." Kurt whispered.

Blaine turned to him fully. "Really?"

"Yeah, McKinley isn't very into self-expression." Kurt said, and he was staring at him like Blaine was the fucking sun. Oh, that wasn't good.

"Um, I'm sorry to hear that." Blaine cleared his own throat. "Want to watch Sweeny Todd?"

"Oh, that's one I don't have." Kurt went with the change of subject. "I have a lot of others if you wanna look?"

"Yeah, that'd be good. Show me the way." Blaine stood up.

Kurt led him upstairs.

Kurt's room was so very him. The little Blaine knew of the boy and he could already tell that Kurt lived in and loved this room. "Across the Universe!" Blaine held up the movie. "This one." Kurt's movies were all alphabetized on his book shelf, making it quite easy to find one of Blaine favorite movies.

"Good choice." Kurt said with a laugh. "I sang the TV Carpio version of 'I Want to Hold Your Hand' in my glee club once."

"Oh, that's awesome. Hey, you mind singing along? I'm a big movie talker."

"Not at all. Sing along as you want." Kurt encouraged. "Wanna watch in here or try to wrestle the TV away from my Dad and Pappy?"

"Your room." Blaine decided.

"I'll just get my laptop." Kurt said and stood up. He'd been squatting down next to Blaine, unconsciously giving the older boy a nice view of his crotch. Not that Blaine had been looking... much.

While Kurt did that Blaine flopped on his bed. The boy didn't really have much floor space; it was the only logical place to watch the movie. Kurt flushed but didn't say anything about relocating. Instead he put his laptop down and stretched out next to Blaine.

Tension was rolling off Kurt. It was probably the first time he'd been so close to another boy, Blaine remembered how that felt. He didn't particularly like 'Girl' but he sang along anyway, trying to diffuse the tension.

By the time they got to 'Hold Me Tight' Kurt had relaxed, singing and wriggling a cute little dance on the bed next to him.

"I know all the words to 'Being For the Benefit of Mr. Kite' without the music." Blaine announced when they were getting close. "I love that song."

"You weirdo." Kurt laughed. "My favorite is 'Something'."

"That one's good too." Blaine admitted. Kurt was so pretty... a hair had fallen out of place during the course of the evening. Blaine had noticed without really noticing, but now he was staring at it. Would Kurt freak out if he tried to fix it?

"Oh, here it comes. Impress me, Blaine." Kurt prompted.

"For the benefit of Mr. Kite there will be a show tonight on trampoline" Blaine recited, adding in the little splat noise too. "The Henderson's will all be there..."

"Shit, he really does know it." Kurt mumble laughed halfway through Blaine impromptu performance.

"It's me... in the thing... yeah." Blaine finished. "C'mon you know you love it."

"You're good." Kurt deflected, glancing at him out of the corner of his eye.

"You too." Blaine agreed and shoulder bumped him.

## **Chapter Five**

Eventually, as tends to happen after a long period of time, Kurt's arms got tired of holding him up in his cobra type position and he had to shift to get more comfortable. They'd finished 'Across the Universe' and moved onto 'Rent' after a Youtube break.

Normally he'd just be watching something with one of his girls so he wouldn't think anything of just rolling onto his side and listening to the movie, but... Blaine wasn't one of his girls.

Still, he had to move. As slowly as possible Kurt shifted down, ignoring how hot his cheeks got. He refused to let this bother him.

Until Blaine shifted too. "Arms got tired?" Blaine asked.

"Yeah." Kurt forced himself to say normally. Their knees were touching!

"Me too." Blaine said. "Wanna pause the movie?"

"Sure." Kurt said and reached up to do just that. The wedding reception gone bad on screen stopped abruptly.

"So, how stupid do you think Maureen and Joanne are?" Blaine asked. "They so stopped talking to each other."

"I know!" Kurt agreed. "If they just confided in each other instead of trying to bite each other's heads off it would be so much better."

"Eh, it's hard in a relationship sometimes. I barely talked to my first boyfriend. It's why I broke it off with him." Blaine shrugged. "All we did was make out."

"Oh." Kurt's entire body flushed, the idea of making out with Blaine running wild in his brain. He kind of wanted to lean forward and try it. He'd never kissed a boy before, just had Karofsky slobber on him that one time. He shuddered at the thought.

"You cold?" Blaine asked.

"No." Kurt answered. He didn't like to think about Karofsky. After that happened the jock had retreated completely, but the looks Kurt sometimes caught him giving... it creeped him out. It was almost like Karofsky was scared of him, but still plotting the best way to throw him out a window without anyone noticing.

"Okay." Blaine said, but he put an arm around Kurt anyway, pulling him in. Kurt's heart sped up like a racehorse on crack. "You were still shivering."

"I'm not cold." Kurt said, in fact he was getting too hot now. He kind of hoped Blaine wouldn't pull away.

"I think you are." Blaine said softly, his breath suddenly in Kurt's ear. A violent, turned-on, shiver went through Kurt. "See, still shaking."

"I'm..." Kurt trailed off, finally locking eyes with Blaine. He gasped.

"Shh... let me warm you up." Blaine said and then he was kissing him, gentle pressure on his mouth. Fire shot through Kurt. When he'd kissed Brittany all he'd been able to think about was how her chapstick tasted gross. When Karofsky kiss attacked him he'd been too shocked to take note of anything but how UNWANTED it was.

But this, Kurt melted into it. THIS was the kind of kiss he'd always wanted, soft and gentle and FROM A BOY. Blaine's lips caressed his, pulling away only to come back just as gently, moving against Kurt's mouth in ways he hadn't even dreamed of. He whined softly when Blaine finally pulled away. "Blaine." Kurt said breathlessly.

"Was that okay?" Blaine asked, his voice just as breathy. Kurt felt a surge of pride, it was because of HIM that Blaine sounded like that.

"Kiss me again." Kurt ordered, surprising himself, and Blaine if the way his triangular eyebrow rose meant anything.

"Okay." Blaine leaned in again, sealing their lips together. Somehow Kurt ended up rolling on his back, Blaine settling half on top of him. The weight felt good, it made him feel wanted. He'd never felt wanted like this before. The closest he'd had was Karofsky and THIS was so much different.

Then the loud obnoxious stomping of Finn up the stairs reached Kurt's ears and he practically launched Blaine off him.

Luckily Kurt, while surprisingly strong, didn't throw him too far. Blaine almost fell off the bed, but he managed to stop himself just in time to reconfigure himself and look at the movie Kurt had restarted. Finn came in just as the girls finished their song.

"Hey guys." Finn said brightly. "Sorry I was gone so long. Burt said you've been up here the whole time though."

"Yeah, watching movies. Kurt's got good taste in musicals." Blaine responded, ignoring the way Kurt flushed. He was 50% sure the boy wouldn't be able to talk much.

"I know. He just doesn't have Sweeny Todd." Finn pouted. "I love that movie. That Joanna girl is hot."

"Sure," Blaine nodded. "If you like blonds. I'm partial to Antony though, I like brunets better." Kurt was practically emitting heat beside him.

Finn shrugged. "I don't get gay dudes."

"We're not a species, Finn." Kurt snapped from his inferno of embarrassment.

"Every gay dude I've met likes singing and clothes, Kurt." Finn said.

"And how many gay men have you interacted with Finn?" Blaine asked nicely.

"Um... just you two really. I think the guy I sit next to in Art class is though, he dresses like Kurt." Finn answered.

"You're stereotyping. You've probably talked to a lot of gay guys on the football team or in class without even realizing it. We're not all the same." Blaine explained.

"Oh... huh, I never really thought about that." Finn said thoughtfully. "What'cha watching?"

"Rent." Kurt answered. Blaine snuck a glance, he finally looked like he was cooling down, his skin actually looked pale again instead of pink.

"That thing with the AIDS and the weird cow song?" Finn asked. "I don't wanna watch that again. It was bad enough when Rachel made me watch it last year."

"I'll admit the 'weird cow song' as you put it, isn't my favorite either, but there's some really good songs in this play." Blaine said.

"I'll still pass. You wanna come play videogames with me or finish up with Kurt?" Finn asked.

"I'll stay. It's almost my favorite part." Blaine answered. Kurt tensed beside him. "I'll be over later."

"Cool." Finn smiled dopily.

"How was your friend?"

"He was good. Puck says 'hi' by the way Kurt." Finn answered.

"Thanks." Kurt smiled thinly. Finn then turned and went to his room.

Blaine turned back to the boy. His lips looked a little bigger than before, slightly swollen from kissing. He looked hot; Blaine wanted to kiss him again. Kurt wasn't the best kisser, still new to it probably, but kissing him made Blaine feel hotter than anybody else had before. "Can I kiss you again?"

"Please." Kurt squeaked and Blaine leaned in again. He sighed when their lips met again; reveling in how nice it felt to be connected to the boy in this way.

"You're so hot." Blaine couldn't help but whisper between kisses.

Kurt moaned, hands snaking up to twine in Blaine's hair. He pulled Blaine in closer, one leg hooking over Blaine's calf and rolling so Blaine was on top of him again. "Blaine." he gasped.

Blaine melted into the kiss, letting his feelings take over him. The way Kurt's mouth moved under his, pressing up hesitantly at first but gaining confidence all the time, it made Blaine's blood boil. Kurt's mouth tasted so good. His curls were tugged and Blaine moaned into Kurt's mouth, grinding his hips down automatically. Having his hair pulled was one of the things that just DID it for Blaine.

Kurt squeaked and pulled back, pulling Blaine's head away at the same time. "You just..." Kurt started breathlessly, his eyes wide.

What was... oh! "Sorry." Blaine gasped. "I couldn't help it; I won't do it again if it bothers you."

"Um... I think we should go back to the movie now... Finn'll be suspicious if you're here too long." Kurt squirmed out from under him. Blaine didn't fight him, rolling onto his side to make it easier.

They both knew Finn didn't know where in the movie they were, and probably would get so engrossed in his video games he wouldn't notice anything for at least an hour. Still, Blaine wasn't about to push himself on Kurt further. He really liked Kurt; he didn't want to hurt him.

## **Chapter Six**

Kurt woke up at nine, but didn't make it downstairs until almost 10:30. His hair was disobeying him and he'd changed outfits at least four times (which didn't necessarily help his hair). Halfway down the stairs he almost turned back to change again, but he heard Blaine's voice from the kitchen and found himself standing in the doorway soon after. "Hi." He said, nerves creeping into his voice against his will. Blaine looked really good. Kurt held in a shudder, remembering what it felt like to be kissed.

"Good morning." Blaine smiled at him and Kurt had to bite his lip to hold himself in place. Sure Blaine had accidentally gone a little farther than Kurt was ready for him, but he'd backed off right away and his kisses had felt SO good... Before Blaine had left for Finn's room he'd kissed Kurt one more time, gently nipping at his bottom lip. Kurt's whole body felt alive with the memory.

"Morning, Kurt." Carole said. "I'm surprised you're not out shopping. It is Black Friday."

"It's mostly electronics right now." Kurt answered. "I don't want to be trampled for a TV I don't care about. Mercedes, Rachel and I are going at noon. There's this sale at Macy's we want to check out. Name brands more than sixty percent off."

"You like shopping?" Blaine asked, sipping on a cup of coffee.

"Love it." Kurt smirked. "Notice the clothes." He gestured at his outfit, hoping Blaine's eyes would rake over him appreciatively. He flushed when Blaine did just that.

"I see." Blaine smiled.

"You want to come?" Kurt kind of hoped he would. He kind of wanted to show him off to his girls. Blaine LIKED him; he'd never had somebody who LIKED him before. It made his heart sing.

"Nah, I don't really like shopping when it's crowded." Blaine took another sip of coffee. "Thank you though."

"Okay." Kurt kept the disappointment from his voice.

"So what'll you boys be doing today, Blaine?" Carole asked, sitting at the table with an exhausted sigh.

"I don't know. I'm waiting for Finn to wake up." Blaine shrugged. The way he leaned against the counter made such a beautiful line, Kurt wished he had a picture of it. He drank more coffee and Kurt finally remembered that he wanted some himself.

"He'll be down for a while." Carole admitted. "The day after a holiday is always the worst for him. He wakes up early and then eats all day, it makes him more tired than usual."

"That's alright." Blaine said. "I don't mind. I'm just grateful I have a place to be to begin with."

"You're a good kid, Blaine. You're welcome whenever." Kurt's phone buzzed.

"Thank you, Mrs. Hummel." A text from Rachel.

Her dads woke her up at 6 and now she was halfway to her grandparent's house. "Damn..." Kurt mumbled.

"What is it?" Blaine asked.

"Rachel's almost to her grandparent's. Her dads woke her up at kidnapped her." Kurt answered and made a displeased face. "She's the one with a car. Damn it, she was gonna pick me up."

"You don't have one?" Blaine asked.

"Well..." Kurt made another face. "Technically I have access to a car, but I'm still on probation with it. I'm only allowed to drive to school. Dad has the keys too probably."

"What happened to put you on probation?" Blaine asked.

"I still think you should have the car already, dear." Carole commented.

"Thanks, me too." Kurt sighed. "My friend was mad at me and threw a brick through the window." Kurt explained. "To be fair, I had just told her that we WEREN'T dating and I liked someone else. I still don't know how she thought we were... I'm gayer than Willy Wonka." Kurt trailed off. Mercedes hadn't ended up telling him, it was a detail that had gotten lost in his coming out.

Blaine laughed. "So you can't even use it for this? And what about your other friend, can't they pick you up?"

"Burt is still making him pay for the repairs." Carole said.

"The insurance did it for free almost." Kurt shot back.

"It's the principle of it. And between you and me, he's giving it back to you for Christmas." Carole winked.

"Really?" Kurt almost hopped out of the chair he'd found himself in at some point.

"You didn't hear it from me." And this was why Kurt loved her. "As for today, I'd let you drive my car, but I have to be to work in an hour."

"What about your other friend?" Blaine asked again.

"She's already at the mall, went with her mom this morning. Not that she has a car either." Kurt answered dejectedly. Black Friday and he was stranded at home.

"So when do you think Finn'll be up?" Blaine asked, completely changing the topic.

"I don't know, maybe one or two." Carole shrugged. "That's his usual."

"I'll drive you." Blaine turned to Kurt. "Just tell me where to go."

"Really? I thought you didn't like crowd shopping." Kurt cursed himself for mentioning it.

"I don't." Blaine said. "I was thinking of just dropping you off and coming to get you later when you're done."

Kurt's heart fell just a little.

"The door'll be locked dear." Carole informed him.

"Oh... well I guess I can stay until Finn wakes up and can let me back in." Blaine shrugged.

"You wouldn't mind?" Kurt asked, because it was polite and he was too enamored with the guy to be RUDE and just ACCEPT something from him apparently.

"No. I'll just let you buy me lunch for payment." Blaine winked.

"Okay." Kurt said eagerly. This was almost like a date... OH! Blaine had sneakily set up a date! A DATE! His first date... and it was with Blaine! The AMAZING kisser! And Kurt knew that because they KISSED! "That's fine." Kurt said, his voice a little more breathy than usual but no other sign of his joyous internal freak out discernable from his mannerisms.

Kurt was excited. No two words about it. The kid was just barely holding back from bouncing at Blaine's side. He'd been practically vibrating since Blaine had saved his shopping trip. He must really LOVE shopping.

They'd decided on the car to meet Kurt's friend Mercedes after lunch, which worked perfectly for Blaine. He wanted to talk about the kissing from the night before.

"Um... is the food court okay? I usually don't like it, who knows what's actually in that food? But the sit down places are probably bursting right now." Kurt asked somewhat shyly. He had this strange habit of fluctuating between shy and comfortable, it was kind of cute honestly.

"Sure." Blaine agreed easily. He had nothing against the food court.

Kurt, it seemed, really wasn't kidding. He didn't like the food court. After a solid three minutes of deliberation he picked his 'backup' Subway and got this vegetable concoction on wheat bread that honestly looked a little too healthy to taste good. Blaine just got an Italian hero, why fight for a different place when he wasn't crazing anything?

As Blaine tore into his sub he noticed Kurt doing some weird wrapping thing to his. "I don't spill this way." Kurt said when he caught Blaine staring.

"So..." Blaine started halfway through his sub, putting it down and staring at Kurt to get his attention.

"Yes?" Kurt asked, that excitement from before back in his voice.

"Why are you so happy?" Blaine blurted out, that was rude.

"Oh..." Kurt blushed. "Um... just 'cause I'm here... with you..." The corner of Kurt's mouth turned up in the cutest shy smile.

Blaine blinked... why would he be happy about that? Blaine's eyes widened. Unless...? "Kurt..." Blaine started delicately. "Do you think we're... on a date?"

Kurt's face fell in an instant. "We're not?" He asked dejectedly.

"...no." Blaine shook his head.

"Did you plan to ask me on a date later?" Kurt asked, a flicker of hope lighting up his face.

Now Blaine felt like a jackass. He shook his head.

Kurt bit his lip and looked to the side. "So... I made it all up in my head." He turned back to Blaine, locking eyes. "Then the kissing... and the flirting and being here with me right now, asking for lunch instead of gas money, that's not supposed to mean anything? Is that what you're telling me?"

Blaine opened his mouth to speak but nothing came out. "I..."

"You just came into my life and make out with me on my bed in my room and that's not supposed to mean anything? You just go home and make out with all your friend's little brothers." Kurt accused him angrily.

"No... I don't." Blaine protested. "I haven't done something like this before, Kurt."

"Then why? If you never planned on even asking me on one date why did you kiss me to begin with?" Kurt demanded. "Why?"

"I'm sorry, Kurt..." Blaine floundered. "It's just..."

"Do you even like me or am I convenient?"

"I do like you!" Blaine blurted. "Stop... talking... for a minute, Kurt. Stop just... jumping to conclusions and putting words in my mouth." Blaine implored, daring Kurt to interrupt. The boy just stared back with glossy eyes. "Let me get one thing straight, I DO like you. You're... you're a really cool guy and I wish I would be around more to get to know you. But the truth is, I'm in college and you're in high school. I won't

see you much. Pursuing anything with you would be stupid and unfair to the both of us. So... I lost my head last night; I shouldn't have kissed you and put the idea in your head. I'm sorry I did that."

Kurt looked away. "Will I ever get a fucking kiss that counts?" Kurt mumbled quietly.

"What?" Blaine asked.

"Maybe I should just stop kissing people; it obviously doesn't work for me." Kurt continued to mumble to himself, shrugging his shoulders. "That's it, I should just stop."

"Kurt what are you mumbling about?" Blaine asked.

Kurt looked up with this fake calm expression on his face, his eyes still watery. "Nothing." Kurt said. "Nothing for you to worry about."

"No, really, what are you mumbling about?" Seriously, what was the kid on about? How could he NOT worry?

"None of my kisses end up counting." Kurt glared as he spoke. "I thought you'd break the mold, but no. My first make out session was a MISTAKE."

"Kurt..."

"And my first 'date', sham." He crossed his arms and legs, turning in his seat away from Blaine.

"Kurt..." Blaine bit his lip. "You thought this was going to be your FIRST date?" Well shit.

"I'm going to find Mercedes." Kurt said suddenly, standing up. "You can just go home and yell at Finn to wake up and let your sorry ass in." Then he was stalking off and Blaine fought back to urge to follow.

## **Chapter Seven**

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

***(1:38 pm)***

**this is Blaine, PLEASE KEEP READING!**

**now b4 u ask, i got ur # from Finn's phone. i just wanted to say 'im sriry' and that id like to talk to u later. im still picking u up right? can we go somewhere to talk again?**

**To Blaine:**

**From Kurt:**

***(8:02 pm)***

**Come pick me up now, outside Macy's. We can go to the Lima Bean, I'll direct you there. You have half an hour.**

Blaine was at the mall in twenty minutes, flipping his phone open to text Kurt that he was there. Before he could send it, the boy himself appeared at his passenger's side window and opened the door. "It's not far." He said icily.

"Okay." Blaine nodded and took the car out of park. For the next five minutes Kurt's only words were directions. When he parked Blaine turned the engine off and turned to face Kurt, but the boy was already half-way out of the car.

"You're buying me coffee." Kurt said and then closed Blaine's car door.

"Okay." Blaine said to the empty car and then got out himself. He sighed as the door closed. This was going to be a hard conversation.

Kurt was waiting in line when Blaine got in and he just got in line behind him without a word. They said nothing as they ordered coffees, on Blaine's dime, and sat down in the corner at a low table. Kurt stared at the wall just behind him.

"Okay, you're being really rude to me right now, and while I understand why, it's still not the right thing to do. You're acting like a child and that's not very attractive in any situation.

"That being said, I'd like to tell you that I'm sorry about our conversation this afternoon, I'm almost 100% sure you got the wrong impression from it and I'd like to rectify that." Kurt finally looked at him, his eyes wide. "When I pointed out that I'm in college and your still in high school I was just stating a fact. We'd be far away from each other, that's not ideal for starting any type of romantic relationship, serious or not. We wouldn't be able to see each other or go out on dates or anything like that.

"Now, I DO like you. Obviously. I wouldn't have kissed you if I didn't like you like that. I'm not sorry for kissing you; I'm just sorry I didn't talk to you first about anything first."

"Blaine, what are you saying?" Kurt asked. "What are you looking for out of me?"

"I want to be your friend." Blaine answered. "You're a cool guy and I'd like to know you better."

"Then why did you kiss me to begin with if you just want to be my friend?" Kurt demanded, turning an impressive glare on Blaine.

"Moment of weakness?" Blaine shrugged. "Kurt, if I was younger, or you were older, if we were actually able to see each other with some regularity, I'd like to take you out on dates. But that's not an option for us, so I'll settle for being your friend. Kissing you last night... well... that was just something I think both of us enjoyed."

Kurt's expression softened. "You liked it? I wasn't bad at it or something?"

"No. Maybe technically not the best kisser I've come across, but definitely not terrible. Kissing you felt really good Kurt." Blaine answered more shamelessly than he would have. Kurt was obviously still young and insecure about these things. The least Blaine could do was boost his confidence. "Like I said, if it was more practical, I'd want to date you."

"Really?" Now Kurt seemed to have warmed up, angling his body towards Blaine, and even leaning in a little.

"Yes really." Blaine smiled warmly.

"I'm dateable?" He was still unsure, biting his bottom lip adorably.

"Very much so, you're cute." Blaine winked. He slid a hand across the table to grab Kurt's. The boy lit up and it tug at Blaine's heart strings. "Hey, listen..." Blaine was speaking before he could tell himself not too. "How about we go on a date tomorrow? Just the one, but... but I kind of ruined what you thought was your first date, let me give you a real one."

Kurt's eyes went wide again. Was it wrong to find that kind of endearing? That wide-eyed look of surprise.

Kurt couldn't breathe. This whole day was just... "What?"

"I..." Blaine opened his mouth and then looked down; his hand squeezed gently where he held Kurt's. "I want to give you this."

Blaine turned his whole world upside down. In two days he'd spun Kurt's entire life on its axis. And now he was rotating it even more... "Okay." Kurt heard himself say.

Blaine's smile was radiant.

Kurt had never seen something more beautiful.

## **Chapter Eight**

Kurt lay in bed that night and forced himself to close his eyes. Images of potential outfits chased each other across the back of his eyelids. Now he OFFICIALLY had his first date, and it was with Blaine. He'd spent most of the day mad at the boy but... now that he'd had time to think about it... Blaine was sorta right. Starting something when they couldn't see each other WAS stupid.

However, Blaine LIKED him. He'd admitted that, if it was more practical, Blaine would want to DATE Kurt. That was a total win. Maybe if Kurt got Blaine to like him enough, they could go on more than one date.

Kurt rolled over and smushed his face in his pillow. Bad. Don't think about that. Blaine clearly didn't want to do that to them, so he should be thinking about it either. Blaine was the one with experience in this area; he obviously knew what he was talking about.

Still, he couldn't help but dream about it.

"So, dude, where are you going with Kurt today?" Finn asked after breakfast.

"Oh..." Blaine's heart seized. He hadn't thought about Finn at all. What would Finn think about Blaine doing anything with his little brother? "He's showing me this cool coffee shop." Blaine lied. Finn hated coffee, he wouldn't question this.

"Oh, cool." Finn smiled dopily. "Have fun."

"I will." Blaine smiled. "Call of Duty?"

"Of course!" Finn rolled his eyes and hopped up to get the game. Videogames were Blaine's guilty pleasure, and kind of the reason he bonded with Finn to begin with. The kid had a PS3, X-box Live, Wii, and a DSi. He also had no problem bringing it all to college and letting his new suitemates play with him. Blaine loved Finn sometimes.

"I have a date." Kurt whispered into his phone, almost afraid somebody in the house would hear him. He'd contemplated telling his dad and Carole, but this was close to his heart, special. The only reason he'd even called Mercedes and Rachel on three-way to begin with was that they'd kill him otherwise.

Rachel squealed and Mercedes laughed. "With who?" The black girl asked.

"You know how Finn brought his roommate from college home?" Kurt asked. "Well he's gay and sexy and sweet as hell and he asked me out." Kurt said before they could answer. "His name is Blaine and he's really nice."

"Your brother brings home a boy and you get a boyfriend?" Rachel questioned. "That's like a musical, I wonder if there's one like that. I'd be perfect for the star role of course; it's exactly the type of role I would be perfect for."

"Rachel, step off the Berry-Train for a second and let's get back to our boy." Mercedes said and Kurt could picture her rolling her eyes. "Kurt, tell us everything. How did he ask you?"

"Well... he's not my boyfriend, it's just one date." Kurt explained. "And he made it clear that's it's only GOING to be one date. But that's okay, because he's amazing and such a good kisser and he's so nice to me. Practical too; which is good I guess, if annoying."

"What are you talking about?" Mercedes asked.

"Why only one date?" Rachel added.

"Because he's going back to college tomorrow." Kurt answered. "It sounds... I don't know it sounds bad out of context, but he does like me and well... one date is better than nothing."

"If you can convince him to like you enough you can make it more than one date." Rachel said. "Then you can be star crossed lovers in a tragic long distance relationship."

"Rachel, sometimes you're too dramatic, even for me." Kurt deadpanned. "But he'd right about the long distance thing, it would be bad. I wouldn't see enough of him to REALLY start something. However, getting some practice dating and kissing would be awesome. It's not really something I thought I'd get in this cow town."

"I'm happy for you, baby." Mercedes said. "Now, how do you know he's a good kisser already? What have you been holding out on us about?"

"Oh, good catch I didn't even think about that." Rachel commented. "Kurt, spill."

Kurt blushed.

Never having been to Lima before the weekend, Blaine let Kurt pick the restaurant for their date. They ended up in Breadstix, a little Italian restaurant in the mall that apparently was famous among the kids in town. Blaine made sure to hold Kurt's hand into the place, giving him the full date experience. It didn't hurt that Blaine really liked holding Kurt's hand, his skin was really soft.

"What do people usually talk about on dates?" Kurt asked after they ordered drinks.

Blaine laughed. "Whatever they want, though you usually save the heavy stuff for a later date. I've found it's better not to try and lay all your baggage down on the first date." He winked, enjoying Kurt's blush.

"Oh... um... how's college?" Kurt tried.

"It's good. I'd tell you about classes but... well, you don't have them, I'm afraid I'd bore you. How about we talk about music and stuff. Oh, I saw that you had The Big Gay Musical..." Blaine smiled.

Kurt laughed. "I had too. I saw it in the store and I just..." he trailed off, smiling.

"Combination of everything awesome. Have you seen The Lonely Hearts Club?"

"No..." Kurt cocked his head. "That sounds depressing."

"It's not." Blaine shook his head. "You like romance I've gathered; I think you'd like that one. The side characters are so cute."

"Really?" Kurt's lip poked out in thought. "I'll have to check it out. Got any other suggestions for me, sensei?"

"Sensei?" Blaine quirked an eyebrow. "Into oriental stuff at all?"

"Depends. I am rather fond of swords. I have said." Kurt shrugged. "I cut myself so many times trying to figure those out."

"Wait, you're Raphael? Oh, I have to see that!" Blaine jumped in his seat excitedly. Kurt gave him a weird look. "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles." Blaine said because it was OBVIOUS.

"I wasn't really into those. I was more a Power Rangers guy." Kurt shrugged. "Giant talking rats wasn't the biggest appeal for me."

"But giant robots were?"

"Hey, I was six and it was the craziest fashion choices I could find on TV. And, despite how effeminate I am, I do rather like violence in my TV shows sometimes. I just don't like it happening to me." Kurt defended himself. "Besides, they had much better dolls. I made Kimberly get married so many times."

Blaine just laughed. The waitress was going to come in a minute for their orders, but he kind of hoped she would take her time with it. Sitting here with Kurt... it was the most fun he'd had in a long time.

## **Chapter Nine**

"I had a really good time." Kurt said as they were pulling up to his house. He twisted in his seat to see Blaine better. He'd been so nice the whole time.

"Me too." Blaine gave him that bright smile he'd been giving him all night, the one that made his insides squirm pleasantly. He parked the car and turned the ignition off, then turned to face Kurt fully. "You're a good date."

"You too." Kurt smiled shyly. He didn't exactly have anything to compare it too, but he'd had the best time he'd ever had with someone that night. "I really liked it."

"Good." Blaine said. He bit his lip... his lip... Kurt wanted to kiss him again. All night he'd been looking at those lips, wanting to taste them again. The memory of it had been haunting him... "You want me to kiss you..." Blaine said, his face suddenly much closer. "Don't you?"

"Yes." Kurt admitted, his voice coming out in a breathless whisper.

"I can do that." Blaine said and then his lips were on Kurt's. Kurt's heart just about stopped. He'd been remembering, but his memory had nothing on actuality. Somehow he'd forgotten just how WARM Blaine's lips could be... just how much it could make Kurt's heart flutter when Blaine moved JUST so.

Kurt pulled back just enough to suck in a big breath, Blaine following almost too quickly. Then they were together again, hands on hair and pulling each other closer. "Kurt..." Blaine moaned and then sucked Kurt's tongue into his mouth. "So hot."

"Blaine..." Kurt moaned, welcoming the intrusion in his mouth gladly. His blood was boiling in the best way. Fingers gripped his hair, pulling him in closer and closer. His lungs were burning, he couldn't breathe, but he didn't even want to right now. Right now he just wanted to keep kissing Blaine.

"You taste so good." Blaine mumbled and moved down to Kurt's neck, sucking harshly where Kurt's jaw met the column of his neck. Kurt groaned and stretched his head as far to the right as he could get it, giving Blaine as much room as he could.

"That's..." Kurt's eyes fluttered.

The most horrid noise Kurt had ever had the displeasure of hearing happened just then, Blaine's phone rang. Suddenly lips left Kurt's neck and Blaine was looking at his phone screen. That wasn't what he wanted AT ALL! He slid closer in the seat and touched Blaine's face, trying to pull their faces together again. Kurt CRAVED those lips...

"It's your brother. He's wondering where we are." Blaine said and it was like a bucket of cold water was thrown on Kurt.

He cocked his head. "He doesn't know we're on a date?" He asked carefully, staring at Blaine's face. The other boy bit his lip and sucked in a sheepish breath. "BLAINE!"

"I didn't want him saying anything weird." Blaine explained. Kurt narrowed his eyes and turned away from Blaine in the car seat. "He's very protective of you and he's not all that practical. You understand why this is only one date, he wouldn't."

"Blaine, I don't want to talk to you right now." Kurt growled out and opened the car door. "Once again you've managed to ruin my first date. You should feel accomplished." Then he slammed the door and sped walked to the house. He didn't look back at the stupid man sitting in his driveway as he resisted slamming his door. Just what he needed right now was questions from his dad.

"What took you guys so long?" Finn asked when Blaine had settled down in his room. "And why was Kurt all pissy?"

"Oh, I don't know." Blaine shrugged. "There was a lot of people at the coffee shop, and then we got talking about glee club. Remember how I said I was in one?"

"Yeah." Finn nodded and smiled, accepting that answer.

"Kurt knows a lot about music, I was impressed." Blaine sighed. "So, what've you been doing? Call of Duty?"

"No, Skyrim." Finn answered.

"Oh..." Blaine's eyes widened. "Show me." Finn grinned and turned back to his TV. The game unpaused and he was absorbed in.

Blaine's interest, which normally would have been totally captured, waned instantly. He felt terrible. The look on Kurt's face when he'd slammed the door, the way his shoulders had been held so tense as he stormed into his house, it ate at Blaine's heart. He really sucked when it came to this boy. Blaine bit his lip and sat back against Finn's bed.

Finn made a whooping noise and Blaine's eyes roamed over to the tall boy. He was so happy most of the time, and even when he did stupid things people still liked him. Something about Finn was endearing, and he'd been growing up so much. Last week when Blaine had been fanboying about a video game and calling for Finn to come over he had, without his shirt and toothbrush still in motion. At the beginning of the year he'd been too squeamish to even wear a T-shirt around Blaine.

But now Blaine was just distracting himself from the issue with Kurt. Fuck.

Kurt locked his bedroom door and put his earbuds in immediately. He wasn't one to blast music, he liked his hearing functioning perfectly thank you, but for once he was tempted. He shared a wall with Finn, and he didn't want to hear anything from Fucktard.

Still, his future career as a singer required good hearing so he resisted and simply put on something with a lot of percussion. Maybe all the clanging would drown out or blend in with anything happening next door.

Blaine lay awake on the couch, staring at the white popcorn ceiling. He'd tried counting the ridges but it had bored him, then he'd tried to make pictures out of them, but that hadn't held his interest either. All he could think about was Kurt and the way the happy smile had completely disappeared, to be replaced by anger and hurt. Blaine had been responsible for both expressions, and he wished he couldn't lay claim to the second. Kurt was so cute and little, he didn't want him to be unhappy. But that seemed to be Blaine's main talent. He could make Kurt happy, but he couldn't keep him that way.

It shouldn't bother him this much, he only knew the boy for a few days... But in those few days he'd met somebody really cool, who he wanted to get to know better. Who tasted so good and felt like heaven under his fingertips. Blaine closed his eyes and rolled over to face the back of the couch. Tomorrow he'd leave and he probably wouldn't see Kurt again for a long time. The family didn't visit Finn at college, he went home to them. In a way, it was possible Blaine would never see Kurt again.

Except that sounded like a terrible thing. Even just a few days and Blaine didn't want that to happen. He wasn't so enamored to think they should be in each other's lives forever. But a friendship wasn't all that much to ask.

Blaine bolted straight up.

But Blaine hadn't asked for friendship from Kurt.

He'd jumped from nothing to kissing to friends to a date to secrets. No wonder Kurt was freaking out. Blaine was being the king of mixed signals! And Kurt had never had anyone's signals to get crossed, he'd said so himself, if not in so many words.

Blaine grabbed his phone.

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(1:49 am)**

**kurt, please keep reading this.**

**im sriry. SO SRRY! i no i messed up a lot already, but can u please just give me one more chance?**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(1:53 am)**

**I was asleep you know. And now I'm not, so you better have a really good apology for me. You suck.**

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(1:56 am)**

**i no, and i accept that. truly i do. im terrible and u dont, in anyway, have to forgive me for tonight.**

**all i can say for myself is that im afraid of finn. hes a big guy, and protective of his family. my friend sebastian asked him if he had a gay brother once, long story y, nd he just bout freaked out. sebastians a bit of a ho btw.**

**i didnt to explain to him, so i panicked when he asked. im srly, kurt. i rlly am. i didnt mean to hurt u w. this**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(2:02 am)**

**Okay, so that's your reason for not telling him. I get that. Finn's harmless though.**

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(2:04 am)**

**m i forgiven?**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(2:05 am)**

**No.**

**Blaine sighed and flopped back on the couch. Still not forgiven.**

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(2:07 am)**

**k, so how do i get forgiven?**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(2:10 am)**

**Come up here and apologize to my face. Make me believe you.**

Blaine's eyes widened. Wasn't Kurt supposed to have been asleep half an hour ago? Whatever, Blaine got up and sighed, looked at the stairs. Was he really going to do this?

His foot hit the first step. Yup, looked like it. As quietly as he could, Blaine crept up to Kurt's room. He knocked lightly on the door. "Oh!" He heard Kurt's surprised gasp from behind the barrier. Then the door was opening and Blaine was pulled in. "I can't believe you actually came up here."

"I don't like being in the dog house, no matter who's it is." Blaine shrugged. "I'm sorry I messed up Kurt." He said and looked at the boy. Aw, his pajamas were so cute, sweatpants and a tight shirt. Oh... he had a nice chest... BAD BLAINE!

"I don't believe you yet." Kurt said. "You've rationalized why you did it, and I can agree with that. My head agrees but I can't get my feelings to yet."

"I don't know what to say." Blaine sighed.

"You hurt me."

"I know."

"I don't like being hurt."

Blaine locked eyes with Kurt. "What can I do to make it better?"

Kurt bit his lip.

## **Chapter Ten**

Blaine was in his room, just standing there in his low rise sweatpants and an old baggy shirt that just left so much to the imagination Kurt's head went wild. And the way he stood, weight all on one leg so the other hip jutted out just slightly, pulling at the front of his sweats in a way Kurt just couldn't stop looking at.

"Anything." Blaine continued, promising so much with that one word. When he'd showed up Kurt had hardly believed it. And now... well... even if he was still angry at him and he could never get that memory back...

"Kiss me." Kurt's hormones said. Blaine's eyes widened and his whole posture froze. "You heard me right." Kurt's voice didn't shake, and that surprised him. If he had ever pictured a scene like this for himself, he would have thought he'd be nervous. But he wasn't... well... not REALLY. The flutter that went through him wasn't a BAD flutter.

"Kurt... If I kiss you... We're not dating Kurt. I can't just kiss you again." Blaine managed to say in his frozen state.

Kurt sucked in a big breath and his hormones took him over again. "I know. I don't expect us to be dating." He said. "I just want you to kiss me."

Blaine opened his mouth and then closed it. "Oh." He nodded gently to himself. "Okay."

Kurt took a few steps forward and put his hands on Blaine's shoulders. "I'm still mad at you." Kurt said and then he kissed him.

Blaine surged forward, his entire body jumping into motion and it made Kurt want to literally swoon. But if he did then he wouldn't be kissing Blaine anymore and that just wasn't allowed. Blaine's lips were fucking addicting.

Speaking of which, they moved just right against Kurt's lips and he moaned quietly, arms sliding around Blaine's neck and pulling him closer. Blaine didn't fight him. He actually stepped into Kurt, bringing their bodies flush together so every part of Kurt was almost uncomfortably hot.

Somehow they found the bed, Kurt stretching out as Blaine crawled on top, lips kissing every part of Kurt's body they could reach. "Kurt..." Blaine sighed when he reached Kurt's face. A dopey smile animated his handsome face as he leaned down to capture Kurt's lips once more.

How making out on his bed absolved Blaine from the pain he'd caused Kurt, he didn't know. But it felt right. He felt special and wanted in a way he'd never felt before as Blaine sucked a line of kisses down his throat. His self-esteem spiked and fluttered with happiness at every murmur Blaine kissed into his skin. Kissing Blaine made Kurt forget to be mad at him.

He hauled Blaine up to his mouth and claimed it, thrust his tongue into Blaine's mouth and keened softly when Blaine sucked on it. Involuntarily his hips thrust up, his entire body wanting to be closer. Blaine rocked him back down into the sheets.

Kurt moaned almost too loudly. The friction on his crotch felt AMAZING. Blaine, who had frozen above him after he rocked down, did it again, a questioning look on his face. Kurt's fingers dug into Blaine's back and his head sought Blaine's shoulder as he moaned again, quieter this time. "This is okay?" Blaine asked without moving again. "You freaked out last time."

"Blaine..." Kurt whined and wrapped his legs around Blaine's knees. "Please." He hoisted himself up, thrusting once more and watched the pleasure ripple over Blaine's face. "Please." He repeated.

Blaine gave in; thrusting down hard and Kurt had to bite his lip to contain the noise he wanted to make. Last time they'd been in this situation it hadn't felt so good. Kurt hadn't felt the need racing through his body like he did now. Before it had been scary and too fast, and despite only being a few days later, this was so much better, more right. This made him feel perfect.

His head was so dizzy, buzzing with the scent and feel and taste of Kurt. This boy, this enthralling boy... he slotted their hips together and it made Blaine's head spin. This felt better than any sex he'd ever had, and they weren't even naked. Frotting had never been so electric.

Blaine sucked in a breath full of Kurt's intoxicating scent until his lungs were positively bursting with it. Kurt groaned hotly into his ear and dug his fingers in harder. "Blaine." He panted.

Something about the tone of his voice made Blaine so hard. It also made him need to look Kurt in the eye. He found them glazed over and half shut. "Are you close?" Blaine asked and the boy only whimpered,

rubbing his straining erection harder against Blaine's and making him momentarily forget what he'd asked. "Yes?"

"Yes." Kurt managed and his voice was absolutely wrecked. "Yes." His head found Blaine's shoulder again and he clung tighter to Blaine's body. "Yes." He repeated and suddenly his entire body was shuddering violently, hands clamping harshly onto Blaine's back. He'd had bruises.

The burst of hotness between them as Kurt came pushed Blaine to a new level of pleasure. He was close himself, faster than he'd been in a long time. Kurt whined against his neck and started sucking on it like his life depended on it. Blaine moved his head just a little, stretching so Kurt would hit the spot that he loved the most. When Kurt's lips and teeth and tongue descended on Blaine's sweet spot he lost it, coming in his pants hotly.

"You're so beautiful." Kurt was whispering in his ear when Blaine came back to himself. "So pretty."

"Thanks." Blaine laughed and nuzzled Kurt's neck. It took him a few seconds to realize he was crushing Kurt beneath him, but he kind of didn't want to detangle their limbs quite yet, and Kurt hadn't complained. "You're beautiful too." He kissed whatever part of Kurt was in his face gently. "So mindblowingly beautiful."

"You really think so?" Kurt asked and his arms tightened around Blaine's torso. No, he definitely wasn't complaining about Blaine on top of him.

"I know so." Blaine responded. "I noticed it immediately, and I never notice things." He shifted a little, just to get some weight off Kurt and winced internally at the mess in his pants.

"Nobody tells me that." Kurt admitted softly.

"Well then they're stupid and blind." Blaine responded and sucked on Kurt's skin gently. He wondered if he could leave a hickey without the boy freaking out. Probably not the best idea, he wouldn't be able to easily explain how he got it. Blaine continued to suck the skin, nipping at it.

"Thank you." Kurt sighed and relaxed entirely. Blaine hadn't even really noticed he was tense; he'd been that way the whole time. Kurt nuzzled the top of Blaine's head, placed a gentle kiss to his hairline.

"Anytime." He laughed, detaching his lips just long enough to speak. Kurt's skin was so soft; it was wonderful to suck on.

"I'll hold you to that." Kurt sighed again. "That feels really good." He moved his head and gave Blaine a little more room to work. Blaine didn't look gift horses in the mouth, he used his newfound space. This was going to be one epic hickey. "When do you leave tomorrow?"

"Noonish." Blaine answered and then bit gently, laving his tongue over the bite mark.

"Want anything special for breakfast?" Kurt asked. Blaine made a negative noise. "Okay." Kurt hummed, sounding so satisfied. They were quiet for a while, the only noise the occasional purr as Blaine did something particularly nice. "Is it okay that I feel a little gross now?" Kurt asked. "Isn't that what's supposed to happen?"

"Hmm." Blaine hummed. "It depends. If you mean the drying come, then a little bit. If you mean emotionally, definitely not."

"Oh... okay," Kurt nodded softly. "'Cause the first option is setting in now."

"That's okay." Blaine sighed. Now he'd have to get up. "Cleaning up makes you feel better. Are you okay emotionally?" He asked just to be sure. Kurt seemed okay, but it never hurt to ask.

"I'm perfect emotionally." Kurt answered. "Never been better." He turned his head, pulling the bit of neck Blaine had been leaving his mark on away from Blaine's mouth and locking eyes. "Kiss me?"

Blaine smiled and wiggled up to the appropriate angle, ignoring the ickiness in his pants. "Okay." He pressed his lips chastely to Kurt's. "We should clean up now."

"Okay." Kurt agreed and kissed him again. He squeezed Blaine too him one more time and then unwrapped his arms, letting Blaine free to roll off him. "There's a bathroom downstairs if you remember, through the kitchen."

"I do remember." Blaine smiled fondly as he got up. Kurt sat up and watched him. "I'll see you tomorrow?" He was tempted to ask if he could sleep in Kurt's bed, it was much more comfortable than the couch, but that would be crossing a line he didn't want to even touch.

"Definitely." Kurt nodded. Blaine smiled one more time and then went to the door. "Wait." Kurt called as his hand fell on the knob. Suddenly arms were wrapped around Blaine's torso and turning him around. Kurt's mouth slid over Blaine's again, lips caressing gently. "Good night." Kurt breathed as he pulled away.

"Good night." Blaine agreed and didn't resist the urge to kiss him one more time.

## **Chapter Eleven**

When Blaine got back to college he only had two more weeks before winter break. As he sat on his bed and did the homework he'd neglected that thought invaded his brain. He'd been so worried about Thanksgiving break because it was right in front of him that he'd forgotten his parents wouldn't be around for winter break either. His fingers left the keys and the timer on his accounting quiz continued undisturbed.

Fuck, what was he supposed to do now? Blaine cursed aloud.

"Well that's just what I want to hear." Wes said from the now open door. "What'd you do? Get a vagina on that random webcam chat thing?"

Blaine's internal squickometer went off just thinking about it. "I don't do Omegle." Blaine protested. "And no, I just realized I'm homeless for winter break too."

Wes gave him a look. "You're telling me you have no way to get to your house?"

"Okay, so I'm not ACTUALLY homeless. I just don't have anybody to be with." Blaine sighed.

"I'm sorry dude. I can ask my folks if you can come? But I think Dad's taking us on vacation or something, he was hinting at it like crazy this weekend." Wes offered. "Are you freaking out in the middle of a test, Blaine?" He asked looking at the screen. "You only have two minutes to finish this, Blaine!"

"What?" He looked back at the computer. "Oh, fuck."

Kurt was on fucking cloud nine. Nothing that happened could bring him down. He wasn't a virgin anymore! He'd done sexual things with another person! Another boy! Cloud. Fucking. Nine.

"What's up with Kurt?" Tina whispered behind him in glee.

"I don't know, but he's been like this since Monday." Mercedes answered. Which was a total lie, she DEFINITELY knew. After Blaine and Finn left on Sunday, which didn't happen until two after all, he'd called her and made her come over for a girl chat.

On Sunday Finn was, as always, slow in waking up. Kurt and Blaine used that time wisely, attached at the lips on Kurt's bed for a good half hour. Then they'd started getting heated and Blaine made him come again, rubbing their groins together in the most sinfully delicious way.

Then Blaine had needed to leave and he'd kissed the mark he'd left on Kurt's neck one last time. "I'll text you." He promised and then they'd left Kurt's room and had to pretend they weren't as into each other as they actually were. Still, the high from his orgasm and the pride at having made Blaine get there too carried through the façade and Kurt had found himself not caring.

When Mercedes had arrived at his house he'd already cleaned up his bed and sprayed some air-freshener so she wouldn't know immediately. He led her into the room and just about had a cow when she went to sit on his bed. He'd made her sit at his desk instead. "I had sex." He said simply. Her eyes went huge.

"What?" She'd almost screamed it.

"Not like... naked or anything, but we did... finish." Kurt had blushed so hard he was almost positive he'd never get his blood to leave his face again. "It was with Blaine."

"Kurt..." She gaped. "That was kinda fast..."

"I know." Kurt looked away. "I know it's fast, and I won't really be seeing him again... but Mercedes... I'm really happy."

She'd bit her lip then... "You're happy?"

"Really happy." Kurt had agreed, nodding almost violently.

"Okay. I won't say anything bad then." She promised. "Now tell me details boy." Her eyes had lit up at the prospect of gossip and Kurt hadn't planned to disappoint.

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(3:42 pm)**

**hey, hows u?**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(3:49 pm)**

**We really need to work on your text-talk, it's abominable.**

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(3:54 pm)**

**whoa now, breaking out the big words. haha. but rlly, howre u?**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(4:01 pm)**

**I'm perfectly fine, thank you. How're you? Finn said you guys have finals this week.**

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(4:05 pm)**

**we do, im avoiding my accting right now. wanna entertain me?**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(4:09 pm)**

**Do you have FaceTime?**

Blaine responded by starting a chat. "Hey, gorgeous." He smiled at Kurt's delighted face.

"Hi." The boy blushed. "What's A-C-C-T-I-N-G stand for?"

"Accouting." Blaine answered. "I'm taking Financial right now, not fun."

"That sounds really boring." Kurt admitted, pulling a face. "Better than my history class though, that man puts me to sleep."

"Happens in college too. My Management teacher is the dullest person I've ever had the misfortune to be taught by. I need to bring an espresso to that class just to stay awake. Luckily, I'll never have to take him again!" Blaine smiled at the thought of it.

"How many finals are you taking?" Kurt asked.

"Three, the other ones have, blessedly, already happened this week. Some teachers just don't like using Finals Week." Blaine shrugged. It worked better for him that way; he didn't have any finals on the same day. "What about you? Any tests coming up in school?"

"I have a French test tomorrow." Kurt shrugged. "I'll do fine. I'm the best in that class. J'adore francais."

"That's cute." Blaine smiled. "You should speak French more often."

"Do you know any?" he asked, eyes lighting up.

"Not really, but I took Spanish in high school, I might be able to get some of it."

"Maybe later then." Kurt smiled and Blaine wanted to touch him. He was so pretty...

"Okay." Blaine agreed easily. This was the second time they'd talked to each other since Blaine had come back to school, and he was so happy about that. Kurt was such a good guy. "Can I see your outfit today?"

"Oh." Kurt blushed. "Okay." He set his phone down and fiddled with the angle for a few seconds, forgetting how close that made it get to his face, and then backed up so he was fully on the screen. "I'm still wearing scarves because of you."

"It didn't go away?" Blaine felt a surge of pride. Four days and his hickey still hadn't gone away.

"No." Kurt shook his head and came back to the phone, bringing it closer. "But I think I might be able to try putting some consealer on it tomorrow." Blaine felt his face fall. "Or not..." Kurt cocked his head. "You like the idea of it on me don't you?"

Blaine bit his lip. Was he really that predictable? "Yes." He admitted. "Can I see it?"

"Only if you're good." Kurt winked. Where did this boy come from? He was being SO flirty!

"Well what constitutes good in your eyes my good sir?" Blaine asked playfully.

"I want to see those nail marks I left on your shoulders." Kurt said and his voice dropped. Blaine raised an eyebrow at him. Kurt's eyes were dark, which might have been a trick of the camera, but then again... Blaine stripped off his shirt.

"Okay." He said and then brought the phone over his shoulder so Kurt could see his back and the marks he'd left.

"Oh..." Kurt gasped, one sharp intake of breath. "Oh, I..."

Blaine brought the phone back so he could look at Kurt. "Kurt?" He asked, but the boy didn't answer. Instead he was staring wide-eyed into the camera, a look of unmistakable arousal on his face. "You like it?" Blaine smirked.

"Yes." Kurt admitted and then finally blushed. "You want your turn now don't you?"

"I do." Blaine nodded. He contemplated putting his shirt back on, but it wasn't really necessary. He enjoyed the flushed look on Kurt's face.

Slowly Kurt peeled the scarf away from his neck. It was a green thing, pretty in its own right, but much prettier off his boy. As the camera closed in on Kurt's neck it shook a little, but Blaine barely noticed. There, on Kurt's neck, were the remains of his epic hickey. It looked wonderful, and Blaine wanted to sink his lips on it again. That patch of Kurt's neck had been so good...

Blaine gasped. "You like it?" Kurt asked, a tremble and nervousness to his voice.

"I love it." Blaine agreed easily. He wanted to be there in person to make the mark come back to life, to keep it on Kurt's skin forever. "It's a shame it's healing."

"Hey..." Kurt narrowed his eyes. "That's awfully. I've had to pretend to be getting a cold to stop my dad from asking questions! And now Carole wants to give me medicine because it's been a few days!"

Blaine laughed. "I'm sorry about that. I'll put it somewhere more easily hidden next time."

"Next time?" Kurt asked and his eyes got wide. Blaine realized what he'd said... next time... that meant he intended there to be a next time... did he intend there to be a next time?

"Yeah." Blaine heard himself agreeing. "Next time."

## **Chapter Twelve**

Blaine was acting a little weird, had been since they'd gotten to his house. Finn couldn't place what it was though. He was tempted to ask, but Blaine was a pretty private guy. He'd probably just shrug, smile, and start talking about something else.

"So my dad's taking us vacation to Canada, I have no idea why there, but that's where we're going." Finn overheard Wes say through the open doors separating their rooms. "He already booked everything and can't get another ticket for you. I'm sorry."

"It's alright." Blaine answered and Finn heard him sigh. "I'll just hang out at home. I like being alone." Except Finn knew enough about Blaine already to know he was lying. Blaine HATED being alone.

"I'm really sorry man. I hate leaving you alone for so long." Wes sighed and Finn heard his bed creak. "And you love Christmas."

"I can just go visit my grandma. It's only a three hour drive." Blaine said and there was forced cheer in his voice. He was going to be completely alone for Christmas? Nobody should be alone for Christmas.

Without thinking further Finn got off his bed and padded through the bathroom separating their rooms. "Hey."

"Hi, Finn." They said together.

"You're alone for Christmas?" Finn asked and Blaine nodded. "Wanna come to my house again? My mom said you could come over whenever, and I know Burt would be okay with it."

Blaine's jaw dropped slightly. "Um..."

"It would be totally cool." Finn smiled. Oh... maybe he'd be able to figure out what was up with Blaine and help him fix it. See? He was so smart sometimes! "So wanna come?"

"Finn... I..." Blaine sputtered. "Um... I'll think about it alright. Thank you so much for offering Finn." Blaine smiled his show smile, the one Finn had seen for about a month at the beginning of the year before his real one showed up. Finn opened his mouth to ask about it, but then decided it'd be a bad idea. Blaine was a really private guy after all. Instead he just smiled and went back to his room. He'd been on Facebook before their conversation distracted him.

Blaine stared at the ceiling. Normally he slept on his stomach, but tonight he couldn't get his brain to shut off and he thought better when he could stare at the ceiling and throw an arm over his forehead. Maybe it was weird, but Blaine kind of didn't care at the moment. He was busier thinking about what to do now.

Somehow, he honestly hadn't expected to go back to Finn and Kurt's house for a while, maybe never again. But now he was being given the opportunity to spend a month there. It was... an image of Kurt flashed through his brain, of the boy's flushed, smiling face on FaceTime. Blaine blushed and shifted in his bed.

He let his eyes close and the hickey he'd given Kurt swam across his eyelids. Blaine felt phantom hips pressing into his, lips trailing timidly down his neck and behind his ear. He sucked in a calming breath, Wes was just across the room... Phantom Kurt smoothed his hands down Blaine's shoulders and dug his fingers in. Blaine held in a gasp and shifted again.

Did he want to go to Kurt's house again?

Phantom Kurt kissed Blaine's mouth and Blaine had to roll over onto his stomach and stuff his face in his pillow to stifle the moan.

"Sure he can dear." Carole said into the phone while she tossed the salad. Kurt carefully put a chicken cutlet into the pan. He'd been experimenting with making comfort food healthier lately so his dad would stop grumbling. "It was nice to have him this weekend."

Kurt hissed as some oil got on his hand. It was only a few pinpricks and it didn't hurt, but it still wasn't good for his skin.

"Don't forget to tell him it's not any trouble. He seemed like the type to worry about that." Carole said. Kurt wondered who they were talking about. He'd ask when Carole got off the phone. "Good luck on your finals, honey. Study hard."

She hung up the phone and put it back on the hook, placing the salad on the table in the process. "How's it going, Kurt?"

"Almost done." Kurt answered and flipped the chicken. "What did Finn want?"

"Oh, he wants to invite Blaine over for winter break. Apparently the boy's parents are away for longer than we thought and he doesn't have anywhere to go for Christmas. Isn't that a shame, not having somewhere to go for the holidays? Poor boy. He's a nice kid, I hope he comes over."

Kurt's breath caught. Blaine was... Blaine was coming over for a MONTH? An ENTIRE month? Oh fuck... He turned back to the chicken and stared, blood rushing to his cheeks as his heart took off like a rocket. "That's cool." Kurt forced himself to say so Carole wouldn't think he was being weird. "Nice of Finn."

SO nice of Finn, Kurt wanted to hug his big lug of a brother right now, too bad he was in Columbus. Luckily he'd be home soon. Kurt smiled to himself dreamily. Blaine was coming too.

Finals thoroughly sucked. Blaine wanted to shout with relief that he was done, but he was too exhausted to do more than sigh. Stupid soul sucking tests. He trudged back to the dorm quietly, smiling faintly to himself.

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(12:57 pm)**

**How'd you do on your test?**

Blaine stared at his phone. How did Kurt know he had his test now? Did he tell him? And didn't Kurt have class?

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(1:00 pm)**

**r u txtin in class young man?**

**nd i think i did good. i only had to guess on two things**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(1: 03 pm)**

**I'm on my lunch right now so texting is okay. And that's awesome to hear! Finn told me he had a hard time on his English final. He hates writing essays.**

Oh, Finn had his final at the same time. Kurt was smart, he might have put that together.

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(1:06 pm)**

**wanna entertain me? im dead to the world right now from this test. sucked my soul clean out of my body**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(1:10 pm)**

**That doesn't sound pretty. Haha. So I heard you're visiting for all of Christmas break. You'll be at my house for a full month...**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(1:11 pm)**

**Does that mean we get 'next time' quicker than planned?**

Blaine had a vision of Kurt biting his lip and looking nervous, staring at his phone waiting for a response.

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(1:14 pm)**

**definitely.**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(1:16 pm)**

**:) Now I'm excited to see you, more excited anyway.**

**To Kurt:**

**From Blaine:**

**(1:19 pm)**

**lol! good to see im just here for ur libido!**

**srly tho, itll be good to see u too**

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(1:23 pm)**

**You are not here just for that! I like your personality too! :)**

**I can't wait. How are we going to get alone time anyway? Do you have any ideas?**

Blaine pouted and stared at his phone. He hadn't thought of that. They'd just sort of winged it when he was over for Thanksgiving, but being over for so long would make it a bit more difficult probably. Or easier, it really depended how they ended up working things out.

A lightbulb went off in Blaine's head. Did Kurt think this meant they could date? DID it mean they could date? A pleased flutter went through Blaine's chest at the thought.

**From Kurt:**

**To Blaine:**

**(1:25 pm)**

**I have to go to class now, the bell just rang. Talk to you later. Bye.**

The bell, Blaine remembered the bell. That thing had been so annoying, and he was so glad college didn't have one. Although maybe some more clocks in classrooms would be helpful. High school had a clock in every room.

High school. Kurt was in high school.

Suddenly Blaine remembered just how young Kurt was, just sixteen. They had a four year age gap. Maybe in ten years that wouldn't mean anything, but right now that was a fifth of Blaine's life, a fourth of Kurt's. Blaine stopped walking, still staring at his phone.

Was it right to date a high schooler while he was in college? A high schooler that wasn't even close by, but a good two hours drive away? Blaine didn't know, and it made his head spin just thinking about it.

Technically he'd be dating a minor. Fuck, they'd already had pseudo-sex. Yeah it was just grinding, but now that he was thinking about it, Kurt would probably be thinking of what happened that way. It was certainly more electrifying an experience than any full-out sex Blaine had participated in.

Would the law count that as sex? Or did he not even need to have sex with him to be a pedophile? Was he a pedophile? What was the age of consent in Ohio again? Was there an age gap they were allowed to have without getting in trouble? Damn it, now he needed to go look things up to make sure he could even TOUCH Kurt again without freaking out. He did NOT want to go to jail thank you.

Finn liked driving well enough. Going fast on highways was better than driving through residential areas. He didn't think of the mailman as often on the highway, or when he was going fast. But whenever he was going slow, well, let's just say he still cringes every time he sees a postal truck.

To help keep his mind off it he always had music playing. The drive back for winter break was no exception. And since Blaine was in the car with him he'd tried to make a play list they'd both like. He'd even put some Katy Perry and that Roxy Music guy on it for him.

Blaine was silent. It was kind of freaking Finn out. The guy hadn't been this quiet with him since Finn had that mini freak out the beginning of the year when he found Blaine kissing that guy he never saw again. It wasn't that he really had a problem with Blaine being gay; it would be a bit hippocratic of him if he did considering Kurt was his brother and all. No, it was just that Blaine wasn't so obvious as Kurt and it had surprised him to see Blaine getting his mack on with another guy. Also he'd never seen two dudes going at it so that was weird too, but not BAD weird, just different weird.

Finn snuck a glance over at Blaine. He was just staring out the window aimlessly. Still weird. Finn fiddled with the music until a song Blaine was ALWAYS singing in the shower came on. Blaine didn't even seem to notice. Finn sighed.

## **Chapter Thirteen**

The night before Finn and Blaine were meant to arrive Kurt stood in the shower with his razor and contemplated something he'd never had to think about before. He stared at his body hair.

Generally it really wasn't something he thought about. He didn't have to shave any part of himself if he didn't feel like it. The only reason he had the razor in the first place was because he hated arm pit hair. Occasionally he'd trim his pubic hair, but only when it was getting out of control and he couldn't stop thinking about how kinda gross it was. He'd never had a REASON to be standing there like he was now, contemplating what to do with his body. He'd never had anybody to maybe look at it.

But there he was, looking at one of the few places that had actually gotten hairy since puberty and he didn't know what to do. Would shaving it send the wrong message? Would he even be comfortable with Blaine getting close enough to find out?

Would he look even younger if he shaved it? They already had a decent sized age gap, would this make it worse?

Kurt pouted and shifted his weight to the other foot, thinking. He caught sight of his leg hair. He wasn't a really hairy guy, so he'd never bothered caring about his legs, should he now? Was that something he should do? Didn't only swimmers and ice skaters shave their legs?

Kurt shifted again. The water was starting to get cold now, he'd have to make up his mind.

Maybe he'd just shave a little around the area, make an outline and then trim it... Leave the legs, they weren't that hairy and he didn't want Blaine to think he hadn't hit puberty. His voice already made that a worry sometimes. His dad had taken him to a doctor the year before to ask if his voice would ever drop, it hadn't looked promising.

"Yeah." Kurt nodded as the water started getting cool. "Just a little manscaping."

Kurt was still at school when they got to Finn's house. Maybe that was for the better. Blaine still wasn't sure about this. He'd looked it up, they weren't doing anything wrong fooling around with each other. Kurt

was over the age of consent and their age gap was acceptable by the law. But having to look, it had scared him. He'd never had to worry about something like that before. Kurt was SO young.

Another thing Blaine had realized? He'd probably 'taken' Kurt's virginity. Not that the boy had complained or mentioned it, but, Blaine's stomach felt, he probably had. If Blaine was his first kiss and first date, he was DEFINITELY the first person to frot with Kurt.

Should he be doing this? Fooling around with a high school boy?

Blaine sighed.

"Mom said they set up the office with an air-mattress. They didn't want you to have to sleep on the couch for the whole time." Finn was saying as Blaine followed him up the stairs. "It'll be like having your own room." He opened a door at the end of the hall, just past Kurt's, and walked in. "See?"

"Yeah." Blaine smiled. It was a small room, only big enough for a desk and a couch really. Said couch had been pushed off to the side, the dents in the carpeting giving away its usual position, and an air-mattress had been put on the floor. It had sheets, a pillow, and a comforter already on top, like a real bed. "This is great, Finn." At least an air-mattress was more comfortable than the couch. This wouldn't be so bad. And he was close to Kurt. His was the only room that shared a wall.

"I'll just let you put stuff down. You hungry? I can make a good grilled cheese. I use the George Forman." Finn offered. He'd been really cheerily lately, like he was trying to help or something. Blaine didn't know what he was trying to help with.

"That'd be great, Finn. Thank you." Blaine was feeling a little hungry. He hadn't eaten breakfast, just downed some orange juice and forced Finn out of bed.

"Cool, dude." Finn smiled and then left, leaving the door open.

Blaine dumped his bag on the couch and sat down next to it. He'd brought a week's worth of clothes and then a few extra outfits for random occasions. He wondered what to do with them. There wasn't a closet in here, or any storage really. He'd have to live out of the suitcase for the entire time.

"Better than the living room by far though." Blaine mumbled to himself and then sighed. He eyed the air-mattress, slithered off the bed and flopped gently on it.

Something was... familiar. He buried his face in the pillow.

It smelled like Kurt.

Oh God, two weeks and he could already recognize Kurt's smell?

Blaine nuzzled into the pillow. Kurt's smell calmed his inner turmoil. He should just calm down and let things work out for themselves. Kurt hadn't mentioned any problems with what happened; in fact he'd seemed really happy and eager for it to happen again. Blaine should just chill. It was legal, it was mutual, it was... there.

He took in a deep breath full of Kurt smell. Comfort swam through him.

"Calm down." Mercedes laughed at him. "You're gonna jump out of your bones at this rate."

"He's coming back today." Kurt whispered quietly. "I can't help it."

"You've got it SO bad, boy." She smiled fondly.

"I can't help it." Kurt repeated. "I... I like him. And he likes me. That NEVER happens to me." Kurt sighed. "Excuse me for being happy."

"I won't excuse you." Mercedes shook her head. "You don't need to be excused for anything. I think it's cute really." She reached a hand out and petted Kurt's arm. "I like it when you're happy." There was something in her tone that he couldn't quite place.

Kurt smiled at her and stole another glance at the clock. Only one more hour and he'd be able to go home and see Blaine.

And Finn, too."

Blaine was better now and Finn had NO idea why. Why did people have to be so confusing? One minute Blaine's being all moody and depressed and the next he's bounding down the stairs and laughing at some joke Finn didn't understand.

Whatever made him better though, Finn was happy. Mopey Blaine wasn't fun at all.

"So what're we going to do for break? Any ideas?" Blaine asked as they ate their grilled cheese.

"Well..." Finn looked up so he could think better. "Burt wanted me to help in the shop a little, but he probably won't ask that now. 'Cause you're here and everything."

Blaine shook his head. "I don't want to impede on your family stuff Finn. I can just go back to my house in Westerville if it's gonna be a problem."

"No, dude." Finn shook his head. "We want you here. We just gotta figure out what to do." Finn shrugged. "Hey, maybe you could stay with Kurt when he gets home after school and I can go help Burt out in the afternoon?" It was a brilliant idea if he did say so himself. "'Cause you got along good with Kurt right?"

Blaine's triangle eyebrows shot up for a second, which was weird but whatever. Blaine's eyebrows sort of had their own mind. They fell back down and Blaine smiled. "Yeah, we do get along."

"Cool, then we'll see at dinner tonight if that's alright." Finn smiled. Sometimes he could be really smart, it made him happy. "You guys can talk about gay stuff. Kurt doesn't have anybody to do that with."

"True." Blaine nodded. "We could talk about that."

Then Blaine smiled like he did when he was tutoring Finn and he got something particularly hard right. It made Finn's smile brighter.

## Chapter Fourteen

When Kurt got home he had to stop himself from ripping the door open and treat it like a normal person would. He still came into the house a little too fast. Luckily there wasn't anyone to notice that. Finn's victorious yell floated down from upstairs. If the car in the driveway hadn't convinced him they were back, that certainly would have. Kurt practically leapt up the stairs. Finn's door was mostly closed, only open because somebody hadn't pulled it hard enough to make the metal latch go in. Kurt knocked.

"Come in." Finn called and Kurt pushed the door open.

There, on Finn's floor in front of the TV, was Blaine. Kurt smiled happily. "Hi." He said.

"Hey, Kurt." Finn said and Kurt realized he hadn't located his brother yet. His eyes had been immediately drawn to Blaine. Finn sat on his bed, still staring at the screen like he hadn't looked away. Blaine, on the other hand, was staring at Kurt.

"Finn." Kurt nodded. "How was the trip?" He didn't look away from Blaine. Maybe he could convince Blaine to get away from Finn silently. He wanted to kiss Blaine again.

"Good. Nothing bad happened." Finn answered. "Hey, when's Mom getting home again?"

"She'll be home in an hour." Kurt answered and tried the head nod thing he'd seen in a few movies, motioning towards the door behind him subtly. "Dad'll be home at six."

"Cool." Finn nodded and finally looked away from the screen as something blew up. "You wanna play, bro?"

"No, I have some homework to do." Kurt said before he thought better of it. If he stayed he could maybe sneakily touch Blaine. But now even Finn would be suspicious if he tried to change his mind. "Thanks anyway." With that he was out of excuses for being in Finn's room. He looked at Blaine again, making brief eye contact and then smiled. "Have fun."

"You too." Finn called as he left the room.

Kurt dropped his bag on his loveseat and sat on his bed gloomily. Blaine didn't look like he was going to follow him. Kurt pouted and looked at his laptop, still on his bed from his early morning need to Google things. There was this one magazine with a scarf knot on the cover that he really liked and he just hadn't been getting it to look right in the mirror. Kurt fingered said knot and sighed. It was a really great completion to his outfit, but now he'd been hot all day. For once the forced hot air in the school hadn't been ridiculous and all his classes had been decently warm. Not even one classroom had been freakishly cold while sharing a wall with a room that was freakishly hot.

He pulled the scarf off and smoothed out the creases. He could get up and hang it with his other scarves... or he could put it on his nightstand and play with his laptop and NOT get up.

Kurt put it on the nightstand and pulled the laptop to him.

He'd just opened a YouTube tab, intent on watching a few Gaga videos when there was a knock at his door. "Come in." He called distractedly. Telephone was always fun to watch, and there was Beyonce in that one too. They were like Thelma and Louise.

"Is this a bad time?" Blaine asked from the doorway and all things musical diva left Kurt's brain as he looked up at him.

"No," Kurt squeaked and pushed the laptop away so he could stand up.

Blaine was on him in an instant, mouth pressing hard against Kurt's. It made Kurt melt. His body relaxed and every nerve swirling inside of him that he'd resolutely ignored since the final bell at school quieted. Kurt's arms wrapped around Blaine's neck and pulled him in even closer as he opened his mouth to moan and let Blaine's tongue in.

Smooth tongues slid against each other and Kurt was euphoric. How could a tongue, of all things, feel so good? It was just this muscle in a mouth and... Blaine swirled his tongue around Kurt's and brain processing power died. Kurt moaned and his knees shook. His lungs were starting to hurt now.

Blaine thrust his tongue a few times and Kurt tried to moan but didn't have the air for it. All he could do instead was tremble and clutch at Blaine. His fingers dug into Blaine's hair and back.

Finally Blaine pulled away and Kurt sucked in a giant breath. "Hi." Kurt said dumbly and dropped his forehead to Blaine's shoulder.

"Hi." Blaine laughed. "How're you?"

"Happy." Kurt said dreamily.

"Me too." Blaine agreed and kissed Kurt's hairline. "Okay, I gotta go now, Finn thinks I'm in the bathroom." Kurt whined and his head shot up. "I'll talk to you later, Kurt." Blaine kissed him one last time, lingering a bit too long to be chaste and trailed his fingers down Kurt's face. "Promise."

Then he was out of Kurt's room and Kurt's heart was fluttering madly in his chest.

Blaine didn't really pay much attention to the video games he and Finn played for the rest of the day. Instead his mind was on soft lips and a strong tongue. He sighed and thought of Kurt's long, slender fingers digging into his skin. He'd been freaking out WAY too much lately, and it seemed like kissing Kurt was the perfect way to remedy that. Right then he couldn't feel less like he was going to lose it if he tried.

Finn's character blew him up accidentally and Blaine protested just so Finn would think he cared. Normally he would, not now.

At dinner Finn piled a massive amount of chicken on his plate and completely ignored the steamed broccoli. Carole rolled her eyes. "Finn, vegetables." Finn pouted but took them anyway. If she let him, Finn would be a carnivore to the core.

"How'd you do on finals?" Burt asked.

Finn nodded, chewing his chicken. Blaine smiled politely and said "Good."

"Good to hear." Burt nodded.

"Oh..." Finn said brightly and swallowed. "Burt, didn't you want me to help in the shop over break?"

Burt opened his mouth surprised. He'd probably forgotten all about that, Carole knew she had. She smiled; it was always nice when Finn surprised her. But Blaine was here, it would be really rude if they just left him in the house. Besides, even if he seemed like a good kid, trusting him alone in their house was a bit much. "What would you have Blaine do while you were gone helping, dear? I doubt he wants to hang out in the garage. Do you Blaine?"

The boy in question smiled a little and shook his head slowly. "No."

"I know, but we already worked out an idea if you still needed the help." Finn said. "Blaine and Kurt get along and I could go in to help when Kurt gets home."

Burt nodded. "Um... that would be alright I guess. I'd really only need you weekends and Fridays. Maybe a few other days that might get busy. Boys, are you alright with that?"

Kurt lit up, nodding almost too quickly. What was that about? He'd been acting a bit strange the past few days... "I don't have a problem with that." Kurt said. "Blaine's really cool. I wouldn't mind babysitting."

"Babysitting?" Blaine laughed. "I think I'd be the one babysitting you." He laughed and stuck his tongue out. Kurt blushed.

"So it'd be alright?" Finn asked.

"Do you need money, Finn?" Carole asked. She'd made him start paying his own gas bill when he got to college; maybe his funds were running low. She'd never seen him so eager to work before. Usually he liked to just laze around.

"No." Finn shook his head. "Well, maybe a little. But mostly I just wanna be busy. There's always so much to do at college, I kinda liked that."

Carole sighed fondly. Oh, her little boy was growing up.

After dinner Finn pulled him back upstairs to finish their video game marathon. It took an hour before the credits were rolling and they were out of things to do. "So now what?" Finn asked.

Blaine hummed. "I don't know. My eyes kinda hurt honestly."

"Me too." Finn sucked in a big breath. He looked at his laptop.

"Wanna just laptop?" Blaine offered. Finn nodded and pulled it towards himself gratefully. "Mine's in the guest room." Blaine said. "I'll go get it."

"Okay." Finn nodded.

Blaine got up and went to the door. He stopped in the doorway, a thought having occurred to him. "Actually, I think I'll go hang out with Kurt a little. Plan some stuff to do when you go help Mr. Hummel."

"Okay." Finn said. "That's probably a good idea."

"Yeah." Blaine nodded. "It is." With that he left the room, letting the door close behind him.

The upstairs hallway was simple. Finn and Kurt's rooms were directly across from each other and two more doors were down at the end of the hallway. The one of Finn's side was the bathroom; the one on Kurt's was the study where Blaine would be staying. Mr. and Mrs. Hummel's room was at the other end of the hallway on the other side of the stairs. Unless they came this way, there was no reason they would see anything happening in the rooms.

Blaine felt a little dirty thinking like that, like he was sneaking around.

He was, Blaine realized with a start. The hand he'd raised to knock on Kurt's door lowered without achieving its goal. That's exactly what was happening. He and Kurt, they were sneaking around...

It was a bit thrilling honestly. He'd never had to sneak around before. The first boy he'd gotten truly intimate with was in college last year, and he hadn't felt the need to be secretive. He'd just kicked Wes out and made sure David and his roommate were out before getting any kind of naked.

Blaine shook his head. It wasn't the time to be thinking of these things. Not when there was a boy on the other side of the door. Kurt wasn't waiting for him this time, but... Blaine felt a thrill of excitement go through him. Surprising the boy with some kisses would be just as fun as kissing him when he knew it was coming.

Blaine smiled gleefully and raised his hand once more to knock.

## Chapter Fifteen

Kurt couldn't do homework without music. Without the noise he couldn't concentrate easily. He didn't fully understand why that was, but it just worked that way. He never put it very loud, he didn't want to be distracted by the lyrics, but when Finn had moved in it had gotten a little louder than when he just lived with his dad. He'd also moved to headphones so he couldn't hear any little noise his step-brother made.

Unfortunately this meant he never heard knocks at the door. So when warm hands slid over his eyes, Kurt freaked out just a little. He gasped and grabbed the wrists of the person blinding him. "Hi, Kurt." Blaine's voice leaked through the headphones and Kurt relaxed, tension leaving him.

He let go of Blaine's wrists and pulled the earbuds out of his ears and Blaine's hands left his face. Kurt turned around in his chair to see him. "Hi." Kurt couldn't help but smile brightly. "How're you?"

"Good." Blaine answered. He was leaning against the back of Kurt's chair, arms braced on it to support him. "But I know what can make it better."

"Oh?" Kurt's heart sped up instantly. "What?"

"Hazard a guess." Blaine smirked, leaning even closer to Kurt's face. The way Kurt was turned around in the chair made it feel like Blaine was towering over him. His heart sped just a little more.

"Um... chocolate?" Kurt guessed coyly.

"Hmm," Blaine hummed. "Not quite." Then his mouth was on Kurt's, gently pressing warmth into his body. "More like vanilla chapstick."

"Oh, well... I'm not willing to share."

"Oh, then I guess I'll just have to find another way." Blaine smiled and kissed him again, reaching a hand up to gently cup Kurt's face. His tongue licked across Kurt's bottom lip quickly and then retreated back into his mouth. Teeth nipped at Kurt's lips, pleasurable pinpricks of pain that shot right through him. He moaned quietly, unable to stop the noise.

Blaine pulled away slowly. "Hey, Kurt."

"Hi." Kurt answered breathlessly. Blaine pecked him once more on the lips and then backed away completely. He ran a hand through his hair and sat down on the edge of Kurt's bed. Kurt had to turn the opposite way in his chair to continue looking at Blaine. He raised an eyebrow at the college boy.

"I just came to visit." Blaine said with a calm smile.

Kurt bit the inside of his lip and frowned. "Really? You just want to hang out?"

"Well yeah." Blaine shrugged and wriggled a little farther back on the bed, until the joint of his knee hit the edge of the bed. "I do think you're cool and all. I want us to be friends."

"Friends who kiss?" It was out of his mouth before he really thought anything about it.

Blaine rubbed the back of his neck, opened his mouth and then closed it. He looked down, away, for a few seconds. When he looked back up at Kurt he shrugged. "It sounds a bit bad like that, but... a little I guess."

Kurt looked away, his heart sinking a little.

"I mean... I like you, you KNOW I do. I just... the same reasons apply as before I came back. Just because we'll be having all this time now doesn't mean the same things won't be a problem again when I go back to school in a month. I... I don't want to do that to you, not for your first boyfriend."

"But you're okay with being my first friends with benefits?" Kurt asked, a bit of anger leaking into his tone.

"Kurt... if you don't want what I can offer, well, then I won't push myself on you. This is all up to you really. I've told you what I'm comfortable with, you can chose if that's acceptable to you or not." Blaine said. "It's really all we can do in this situation."

Kurt stared at the man... his very PRESENCE distracted Kurt, flooding his body with so many hormones he'd never experienced before. He bit his lip a little harder... Blaine was... he wasn't going to budge on this was he? Kurt looked away from him, picking up his pencil and spinning it absentmindedly.

He took a few deep breaths and tried to focus on the twirling of his pencil. It was harder when he was thinking about it.

"I need to think about it." Kurt said softly.

"That's alright." Blaine nodded once, the movement clear out of the corner of Kurt's eye. "Is it okay if I hang out in here still though? As much as I love Finn, it's a little much after a while."

"That's okay." Kurt said. "I'm doing homework though."

"I'll check out your books or something." Blaine shrugged. "If that's okay."

"It is." Kurt agreed. He looked up to see Blaine sliding off his bed and going for his books. He watched the way Blaine's clothes tighten as he squatted down. "Homework." He whispered to himself and forced his eyes back to his math. He put his earbuds back in and put the music back on.

The numbers swim across the page. Kurt took a deep breath, held it, then slowly let it out. He barely registered it when Blaine moved around behind him.

Blaine ended up laying on Kurt's bed reading Twilight for the sheer amusement it brings. He was a fan of romance, and could even recognize some good things in the book, but he had to admit, it was crappy. He laughed at some of the corny dialog and couldn't help exclaiming in annoyance when Bella went from 'oh he's glaring at me' to 'omg I LOVE him' without so much as ONE conversation.

Kurt didn't look up once. He made occasional frustrated squawks at his work and pouted at his calculator. Then he'd make a delighted and enlightened face and quickly scribble more things down on his paper almost furiously. He was equally as entertaining as the book.

He really was a good looking boy Blaine mused. His skin was really soft, and his eyes were beautiful. Blaine had felt how surprisingly firm his body was, he'd lost a lot of the baby fat he'd probably had. There were a few pictures around the house Blaine had found of young Kurt, he looked cute and adorable. But the boy in front of him, while those words were still applicable, was definitely grown up from that time. As young as he looked, he was definitely not as young as he seemed. Blaine kind of liked that. It was like a layer of innocent mystery Kurt probably wasn't even aware he possessed.

And now he sounded like a fawning thing akin to Bella Swan. Blaine couldn't contain his laugh at that one. He must have laughed louder than before, or maybe it was just that Kurt was done with his homework, but the boy looked up then. He slid the lid back on his calculator and pulled out his earbuds.

"Was I too loud?"

"No." Kurt shook his head. "I'm just done with this. It's eating my brain and I can't concentrate anymore." He stretched a little and it pulled the hem of his very stylish shirt up at the bottom just enough to bare a strip of skin. Blaine stared at it, entranced. Kurt let out a big sigh and then dropped his arms. "Are you reading Twilight?"

"Yes." Blaine answered frankly. Kurt owned it, he couldn't very well say anything about Blaine reading it.

"I forgot I had that." Kurt said, but he blushed. He most certainly had not forgotten.

"I don't believe you."

Kurt bit his lip adorable and shifted in his seat. "I... I might have a small, SMALL crush on Taylor Lautner."

Blaine laughed out loud, slumping against Kurt's pillows further. "Me too. He's hot." Kurt's eyes widened and Blaine suddenly remembered the exact number of boys Kurt had heard something like that comment from. "Anymore celebrity crushes?" Blaine asked to ease that tension. "I favor Jackson Rathbone myself, from those movies anyway."

Kurt smiled brightly then and got off his desk chair. He perched on the end of his own bed, looking at Blaine and leaning against his footboard. "He's too blond." Kurt offered.

"Eh," Blaine shrugged. "I like lighter hair, besides, I saw him in a few other things."

"He's in other stuff?"

"Yeah, he was in that Last Airbender movie. An episode of Criminal Minds too, that's how I found that show actually."

Kurt's eyes widened. "You watch it too?"

Blaine laughed. "Yeah, though I haven't watched all of it. I watched it with my friend Hannah and we decided that Reed was the cutest nerd alive and Morgan was the definition of 'beefcake'."

Kurt laughed and came a little closer, skooching up the bed. "Morgan is attractive."

"Very." Blaine agreed. "You never answered the question though, anymore celebrity crushes?"

Kurt bit his lip, scooted a little closer and said: "David Krumholtz. He was in 10 Things I Hate About You and he's the math guy on NUMB3RS. I love his hair."

"I don't know him... we should look him up and you can show me." Blaine offered. "I wanna see your tastes."

Kurt nodded slowly and then got up to get his laptop off his desk. When he came back he sat next to Blaine, resting against the headboard. Blaine watched Kurt rather than the laptop as the boy set it up. He only looked down from Kurt's rather nice neck when he pointed at the screen and told Blaine to look. "That's him."

"Oh, he's Bernard!" Blaine exclaimed. "He's the head elf in the first two Santa Clause movies with Tim Allen. I know him."

"I try not to think of that." Kurt pouted at him playfully. "He's got a bit of a big nose, but I still like him."

"He's cute, not my type but cute." Blaine agreed.

"He's better when he's jumping around all excited; I love when he does that." Kurt admitted. He seemed... relieved maybe, that he could finally have this type of conversation with someone Blaine noted. That he could be honest with something like this and not be judged, because Blaine UNDERSTOOD.

"Oh, speaking of jumping around all excited..." Blaine put his hands on the laptop, silently asking to be allowed to take it. "Look at Jackson Rathbone." He opened YouTube. "I like this video." Ugly Girl played and Kurt stared at the screen with an increasingly dismayed look.

"Okay, pick someone else to oogle." Kurt playfully shoved Blaine's shoulder. "Let's look at something else."

"Okay... how about... Johnny Depp, there's always love for Johnny Depp." Blaine offered. Kurt nodded and Blaine typed it into Google images.

They oohed and awed at pictures of him, eventually running into a really good Pirates one with Orlando Bloom and switching over to the latter. Despite Kurt's disinterest in doing so, Blaine eventually led them

to the Lord of the Rings, were he properly drooled over a dirty Viggo Mortenson. "I don't know what is about that man, but the dirtier he gets in this movie, the hotter he is." Blaine sighed happily.

"That's disgusting." Kurt rolled his eyes.

"But so true." Blaine said. "You have to admit it's true."

"I don't see the appeal of dirt, Blaine." Kurt persisted. Blaine pointed at several pictures of the man dirty.

"HOW can you not see it?" Blaine asked. "He's fucking HOT like that."

"He's dirty and sweaty and probably smells like a battlefield." Kurt deadpanned. "I don't want to be anywhere near that much body odor."

"Shh, he's just for looking." Blaine insisted and bumped Kurt a little. "Beauty of a movie, you don't have to smell it."

"Which is a good thing 98% of the time." Kurt agreed and bumped Blaine back.

"Exactly, so you can just appreciate how good he looks dirty without having to worry about anything else." Blaine bumped Kurt again and met resistance; Kurt was pushing back at the same time.

"But he's dirty." Kurt complained as he pushed, dropping a foot off the bed to gain leverage on the lip of the bed frame. Blaine did the same.

"So." Blaine moved the laptop off his lap as he pushed against Kurt harder. They rose off the bed a little, the strength of their legs the only thing holding them up. "Are you really doing this with me right now?"

"Yes...?" Kurt said and then broke down laughing, his chuckles sending pleasant vibrations through every part where they touched. "What are we doing?"

"Fighting for the right of rightness." Blaine proclaimed and straightened his leg more to off balance Kurt. "You will say I'm right."

"In your dreams college boy." Kurt answered and then it was war!

With one swift push Kurt sent Blaine off the bed, but Blaine was quick too. He landed well enough to launch himself back on the bed and on Kurt, pinning the younger boy to the mattress. "Say I'm right."

"Never." Kurt said and managed to flip them. Blaine had no idea how he ended up underneath Kurt, but he kind of liked being there.

Now was not the time however, now was the time for WINNING! He wrapped his legs around Kurt's hips and wrapped his arms around the boy's neck, making Kurt hold all his weight. Despite what Kurt might think, Blaine was the one more in control in this situation. There wasn't much moving Kurt could manage with Blaine hanging off him like a limpet.

"Damn." Kurt whined.

His arms trembled and Blaine pounced, dropping his legs, planting his feet and flipping Kurt off him. He followed, pinning Kurt's hips with his body weight and grabbing the boy's wrists. He brought one to his mouth and sucked a kiss on it. "I'm right, Kurt. I win and you know it."

Kurt's eyes rolled back in his head as Blaine sucked another kiss just below his wrist. "Okay." Kurt agreed and it was half a moan.

## **Chapter Sixteen**

Blaine's teeth grazed over Kurt's pulse and Kurt's hips bucked up. Suddenly Blaine was off him and Kurt whined at the loss of body heat. "Blaine." Kurt sat up.

"Kurt," He sat on the edge of Kurt's bed, one leg up so he could turn and face Kurt. "Did you decide what you want yet?"

Kurt opened his mouth and then let it close. "No."

Blaine nodded once. "Then no hips or kisses. I'm sorry I did that."

Kurt licked his lips. "So you're not going to kiss me at all?" Kurt's heart BEAT for Blaine's kisses, as lame and stupid as that sounded. When the college boy was around they were almost all he could think of. When Karofsky was harassing him, as he'd just began to do in earnest, they were all Kurt could think off. When he had to do that glee assignment about 'the future', they were all he could think of.

"Not unless you decide you want me too." Blaine said, but he was staring at Kurt's mouth. He ran his tongue over his lips again, watching the way Blaine's eyes followed the movement.

"Kiss me." Kurt ordered. "I want to know what I'd be missing."

"Kurt... you already know." Blaine said but he moved closer.

"I need a refresher." Kurt answered, encouraged by the look in Blaine's eye. "Kiss me."

And then their lips were together again and Blaine was leaning back, pulling Kurt on top of him. Blaine's strong legs lifted and folded, wrapping around Kurt's waist and setting butterflies off in the younger boy's chest. He hadn't had time to appreciate this position before, but now... his hips canted down and Blaine moaned. He couldn't move too much with Blaine hanging off him, but the little he could do Blaine didn't fight. Instead the man's kisses got fiercer, pulling Kurt harder against him.

Kurt's body felt too hot against Blaine's. Normally he wasn't one to complain about temperature, but this was just too extreme. He wanted something to alleviate the irritation, and backing away from Blaine wasn't an option. The man was too good with his mouth and Kurt wanted him too much. The want bubbled up in him, overflowing.

"Kurt..." Blaine whimpered as he pulled away from Kurt's mouth to start a trail of kisses up to Kurt's ear. Their hips were rocking together strongly now, the friction immobilizing all of Kurt's motor controls. He wanted clothes gone, but couldn't even begin to take his hands off Blaine to try.

Blaine and Kurt rocked together until the springs in their stomachs released and their pants were messy. Blaine gasped against the soft skin of Kurt's neck as he came. Kurt's fingers dug into Blaine's curls, pulling them all out of sorts.

"Blaine." Kurt whispered and his arms gave out, all of his weight falling gently onto Blaine and pinning him down.

Blaine wiggled a little to get comfortable and then pressed his lips to whatever part of Kurt was near his mouth. He felt so much calmer now, his head was clearer.

And he realized he really shouldn't have done that. He kissed Kurt one more time. "Did you pick something?"

Kurt nuzzled into Blaine's neck, clutching him tighter. "Why do I have to pick now?"

"You don't have to pick right this second, but before we do anything again. I... doing this without that kind of definition won't work for me, no matter how into you I am. I'll feel guilty every time, it's sort of coming on right now."

Kurt sighed and removed his face from Blaine's neck. "You should go then, if you regret me so much."

"I don't regret you." Blaine rolled his eyes. "I just... Kurt... you think of what we're doing as what exactly?"

Kurt blushed and pushed off Blaine completely, sitting up and squirming in his, no doubt uncomfortable, pants. "What do you mean?"

Blaine reached out and clasped Kurt's shoulder. "I mean, to you, are we having sex? Fooling around? Or what?"

Kurt blushed even more. He turned to look Blaine in the eye. "You don't think we're having sex?" His eyes were big and almost shocked. His pretty, pretty eyes.

"Kurt, don't think about me right now. Just answer the question. From your perspective, are we having sex or not?" Kurt nodded. "Thank you. Anyway, my point with all of this is that I DON'T want to just take that from you meaninglessly. I need you to understand what's happening and decide if you're okay with that, and I need you to tell me. I've offered you what I can, and now you need to tell me if you're comfortable having your firsts with a friend with benefits.

"I, in no way, regret you though. What we've done together, it makes me feel so good. I just don't want to continue, and risk feeling badly, if it's not something you're going to agree to. Do you understand?"

Kurt stared at him. "Why are you being considerate of me?" He seemed genuinely confused. "You could just take from me and you don't have to think about me at all. Why are you doing this to begin with? Nobody else thinks about what I want." The way that just rolled off Kurt's tongue without any thought made Blaine's heart constrict painfully.

"Kurt, I like you." He made sure he was looking Kurt in the eye as he said it. "I want to know you more. Can you just accept that I don't want you uncomfortable while that happens?"

Kurt took in a breath. "Okay."

They got cleaned up shortly after that, out of things to say to each other. Kurt spent longer than necessary in the bathroom looking at his body. He'd cleaned up and put his pajama pants on, but then he'd gotten caught by a flash of his face in the mirror. His lips looked swollen and there was a small red mark just at the juncture of his neck and shoulders. It would probably go away soon, judging by the amount of time it took the other marks to go away.

Kurt fingered the mark. It was a nice even red, a bit unlike his last bout of hickies. Those had ended up looking a bit like hives before they finished healing. This one though, it looked like it would just bruise a little and then heal. Heat flashed through him as he thought of the reason the mark was there. He was struck with the desire to acquire another.

"Except Blaine wants an answer." Kurt slumped against the sink. He peered into the mirror, locking eyes with himself. What did he want?

Phantom hands roamed down his sides, Blaine's hands. A shiver went through him. Being with Blaine felt SO good.

But... Blaine did have a point. He'd been about romance his entire life, was he really okay having all his firsts with someone he wasn't in love with? The phantom hands slid over his ass.

Kurt thought of what he'd told Mercedes. Despite the conversation with Blaine, and how clear it had been that Blaine wouldn't have considered what they did sex, Kurt still did. He wasn't a virgin anymore.

"So it doesn't matter." Kurt said to himself in the mirror, but it felt bad. "Okay... so maybe if I just hold some things back." That felt better. His stomach relaxed. What things to hold back?

Kurt hit a road block. He'd never been comfortable looking up sex things, he didn't know all the different types of things that could happen. Maybe he should have that conversation with Blaine then, so he could better figure out his limits.

Kurt sighed and looked back to the hickey. Then he opened the bathroom door that lead to his bedroom. Blaine had said he'd come back, he should be waiting.

## **Chapter Seventeen**

Kurt looked... different when he came out of the bathroom, calmer somehow, but more... jittery. Blaine honestly had no idea how to describe the look Kurt gave him when he came out. He sat at his desk chair and swiveled around to face Blaine, who had taken up residence on the boy's bed.

"So..." Blaine said to break the silence.

"I want to know more about... sex." Kurt said and his face turned redder than a tomato. "I don't know anything about it really. I tried watching THOSE movies, but it was horrible, so... I only know about the jokes and the stuff PG-13 doesn't take out. But even then, I really don't want to look at naked women so..."

He was rambling, and it was adorable. "Shh, Kurt. It's alright." He shut up. "Is there anything in particular you want to know?"

Kurt bit his lip. "I... I don't know. I'm not sure what there even is, so I don't know what to ask about."

"Well... why are you asking me to begin with? Why do you want to know?"

Kurt opened his mouth and then shut it. Blaine took a deep breath and held it. Being so patient was hard. He let the breath go. "I don't know how to set my limits."

"So... there's limits? Does that mean you're accepting my offer?" Blaine wanted to get that straight before he became Kurt's personal sex ed teacher. Was it going to be a practical lesson plan, or verbal?

Kurt nodded. "Yes."

"What kind of limits do you mean? Things you don't want to do with ANYONE? Or things you don't want to do with ME?" Blaine ignored the little bundle of hurt that poked at his heart when he said that. Kurt was still sixteen, any limits he wanted to set, Blaine wasn't about to touch them or argue with them.

"Both." Kurt confirmed and a bit of Blaine broke. A hot wave of possessiveness he wasn't supposed to feel. He hadn't realized how much he wanted Kurt until he couldn't have all of him.

"Okay." Blaine forced a smile. He'd get over this, he was just being childish. He just didn't want to share. But Kurt wasn't his to share or not, Kurt was his own being. He had no claim to the boy. "I'm assuming you know about the commonly talked about things, handjobs, blowjobs, anal. Of those three things, anything you don't want to do AT ALL? Anything you think is a maybe?"

Kurt's blush, if it was possible, deepened. "The last two... no to them." He murmured.

"Giving or receiving?" Blaine needed to know.

Kurt just shook his head. Guess that meant 'no' to both things.

"Well, there's still a lot we can do."

Kurt's eyes got huge. "Really? I thought that was it."

"No, dear, it really isn't." Blaine promised. Kurt's face turned curious under his monstrous blush.

Blaine came back from Kurt's room around eleven thirty, just as Finn was getting ready to lay in bed with his laptop and watch dirty movies he had secretly saved on his computer. Luckily he had enough practice minimizing the window before people saw it so Blaine didn't suspect a thing. Blaine looked kinda happy and that made Finn happy. "Had a good time with Kurt?" He asked. It was great that they got along. It made it so much easier on him.

"Yeah." Blaine nodded. "Are you going to bed?"

Finn smiled. "I'm tired from driving today. I don't do it that much unless it's the long trip down here or up to college." He faked a yawn for good measure. As much as he loved Blaine, he was lying on his stomach for a reason; he wanted the curly haired guy to go.

"Alright, let me just get my laptop." Blaine grabbed the computer off the floor. "G'night, Finn."

"Night, Blaine." Finn agreed. Once Blaine was out of his room he clicked the window back open and hit play.

Kurt's mind was blown. He'd toyed with the idea that maybe there was more... but... he shook his head. He really needed to get to sleep. Thinking about this at... almost 2:30 in the morning was not healthy. Especially since he had his glee assignment the next day.

Kurt groaned and rolled over, careful not to let his half hard cock come in contact with the bed. He'd be rutting against his sheet in no time if he did and then he'd either have to wash his underwear or get into it and take care not to get his sheets dirty. He'd gotten good at it the few times he'd actually had to indulge in masturbation; his sheets were a really good thread count.

Just thinking the word 'masturbation' helped cool him down. It was such a... not sexy word.

Not sexy at all.

Kurt moaned as his hand slipped down to the waistband of his pajamas. A voice in his head, a voice that sounded a lot like Blaine, whispered dirty sex words in his head. All the ones he'd said during their talk. Kurt didn't even know what half of them meant, but he knew that if he did them with Blaine he'd be naked.

Kurt bit his lip to keep in another moan at THAT visual. Blaine, naked. All that olive skin and dark hair and... whoa, Kurt didn't even know he found that sexy. His hand slipped lower, pushing his pants down. The cool, soft touch of his fingertips transformed into the warmer, more calloused touch of the boy he couldn't stop thinking about.

Blaine's hand yanked his pants down to his knees and Kurt kicked them off. The warm, calloused hand wrapped around the base of Kurt's cock and stopped, gripping loosely. Kurt whined. He wanted movement, but Imaginary Blaine wasn't going to give it to him. He whined again.

"Shh, Kurt, love, be quiet and still, I'll take care of you." Imaginary Blaine's breath was hot in Kurt's ear. His hand stroked once, still much too loose, but at least it was moving. Kurt huffed in relieve and ached to wrap his arms around a man who wasn't there. Instead he settled for gripping his thigh, kneading the soft flesh he found there and pretending it was Blaine's ass.

With that thought Kurt couldn't hold on to the teasing attitude and let his hand tighten around his cock. It was dry so he couldn't go that fast or hold too tight, but it felt fantastic anyway. Kurt's lip started to sting he was biting it so hard. He bit at his pillow instead. He'd regret that later when he found the teeth marks,

but right now he was more concerned with keeping quiet and the delicious friction his imagination was attributing to Blaine's hand.

The feelings Kurt was getting more and more familiar with was bubbling up in his stomach and his hand tightened reflexively. "Ow." He gasped. That fucking hurt. He reached a shaky hand out to his nightstand, searching for the body lotion he kept there. It was expensive and he didn't like using for anything but its intended purpose, but he was too close right now. He NEEDED this.

As he moved the hand on his thigh released and he realized he'd been digging his nails in, pinpricks of pain stung him. Kurt ignored it and put his hand back on his cock, running his now slick hand up and down a few times, letting his head fall back and a quiet gasp escape his throat.

Now that his hand was moving easier it got weirdly harder to imagine it was Blaine's hand, as if the roughness before had been adding to his imaginings. Kurt whined in annoyance as his orgasm, so close before, retreated. He wanted Blaine.

Intellectually he knew he could just sneak down the hallway to the boy in question, but he didn't want to look too desperate, he'd already gotten off with the guy once that day. Besides, with his pants off and his hand on his cock, Kurt was pretty sure he'd finish himself off soon. It was just annoying that soon was now farther away.

Kurt's free hand reached down to play with his balls and he stroked faster. As they rolled between his fingers Kurt's body began to tense. That felt SO good. He rolled them again and his fingers slipped a little, dipping down further. The hand on Kurt's cock tightened and sped just a fraction. Kurt's other hand slipped a bit more, of its own accord, and pressed just under his balls.

Kurt saw light as he came, biting his pillow harshly to keep the noise in.

## Chapter Eighteen

Waking up at noon probably wasn't the best way to entertain his guest, but Finn had a hard time waking up before then without an alarm clock on most days, so it really couldn't be helped. Unfortunately Blaine was a bit of an early riser, so when Finn woke the next day to find his friend on his laptop in the guest room and his stomach rumbling so loud Finn could hear it from the doorway, he felt really bad. He risked Kurt's wrath and used the George Forman to make some grilled cheese. He wasn't particularly good at cleaning it, and usually forgot to, but Blaine was hungry and too polite to just get food on his own.

"Sorry about that, dude. We can get you some, like, granola bars or something to keep in your room if you feel weird about raiding the kitchen." Finn offered. "I think my mom left me a list of errands she wants me to run anyway, and the grocery store is probably on the list. So if you wanna do that it wouldn't be out of the way or anything."

"That'd be really nice actually, Finn. I forgot to pack another bottle of hair gel and I'm almost out of mine." Blaine reached a hand up to touch his usual gel helmet gently.

"Cool." Finn smiled. This was good, he didn't have to worry anymore.

It wasn't all that often that Finn had such an absolutely amazing idea like he'd had that morning, but Blaine was grateful that he had. Now, not only did he have a way to eat while he waited for Finn to wake up, but he had a chance to go and buy lube and condoms without fear of it being noticed. Finn, bless his non-observant heart, wouldn't notice unless he actually SAW them, and if he did, he certainly WOULDN'T ask why Blaine needed them. (And if, on the remote chance Blaine was wrong about that, he could make up a lie. He was about 99.9% sure it would be unnecessary though.)

So while Finn went and picked up the food his mom wanted him to get, Blaine wandered off with the promise to meet him at check out. He walked quickly and grabbed two boxes of the first granola bar he could find and then sped to the contraceptive aisle.

And now he was stuck deliberating and almost out of time to do it. Kurt had SAID he didn't want to do oral or anal, so the lube and condoms might not even end up being necessary, but then again... Kurt was also a

blushing virgin (his opinion on that status notwithstanding at the moment) and probably had no idea what he liked. He might end up really liking everything he was so fearful of at the moment.

But he also just might not want to do that stuff with Blaine...

"Better safe than sorry." Blaine decided and grabbed a box of latex free condoms (in case Kurt was allergic) and a tube of his favorite lube. He glanced at his phone, no messages from Finn. "Good," Blaine sighed, if Finn hadn't texted he probably hadn't been through the checkout line yet, probably hadn't even gotten to it.

On the off chance he was wrong; Blaine almost sprinted to the front of the store and got on the self-checkout line. He hated buying condoms from a cashier, somehow it always felt like they were judging him.

Blaine was making sure the granola boxes completely obscured what else was in his bag when Finn called. "Hi."

"You through checkout yet?" Finn asked.

"Yeah." Blaine answered, holding in his relieved sigh. "Ready?"

"Just waiting on line, I'll be done soon. Register 6 if you wanna know."

"Thanks, Finn. I'll be right there." Blaine said and then hung up, ready to find his friend. He took one more look at his bag and then located register 6.

"You've been out of it all day, Kurt. What's up?" Mercedes asked and poked him in the side.

"Oh... um... nothing." Kurt shook his head.

"No, something's up. You've been even quieter than usual all day, and staring off into space like after Thanksgiving break..." She trailed off, her eyes getting big. "Oh my God! Are you... with that guy?"

Kurt turned bright red and nodded once.

"Kurt..." She gasped. "Oh my God."

"He's... he's really nice to me, Mercedes." Kurt insisted, ignoring how much it made him feel like a girl to be saying that.

"I don't think you'd let him anywhere near you, gay or not, if he wasn't, honey." She said and something about that... about the faith she seemed to have in him, made Kurt's heart flutter. "No I'm just... Are you guys dating now?"

"Uh... no." Kurt answered, hating how that made him sound. "We're... we talked about it and... well, he's RIGHT. Starting a relationship would be stupid right now, he's far away and..."

"So having sex with him is alright, but not going on a date?" She narrowed her eyes.

"It's not like that, we're...." Kurt shook his head and felt his anger spike. Who was she to question this? It wasn't HER life! It wasn't like he had that many viable options like she did! "I chose this Mercedes. It's not like he's forcing me to do anything. I'm doing it because I like it and because I... I really do think he'll stop if I tell him to." Kurt snapped.

"Alright, alright, don't get pissy with me." She laughed, treating it like a joke like she usual did when he got snippy. In all truth it made him madder, but it also made him aware of how futile the anger was, so he glued his mouth shut and didn't talk until he wasn't seething anymore.

While he tried to cool his jets Kurt thought about what he'd just said, about how he'd all but declared that he trusted Blaine. A soothing warmth, diametrically opposed to the hot flashes of anger he was feeling, bowled out from somewhere around his stomach as he thought about his curly haired... friend.

Friend... Well, they were friends. Or at least getting there, so... yeah, friend was the right label for Blaine, even if he was going to do so much more with this friend than any other. And he DID trust Blaine, he did... yeah. Blaine was... something about him made Kurt want to trust him.

"Hey, Lady Face!" Kurt rolled his eyes at the sound of Azimio's voice. What did he want? "You do the French project?" The large Neanderthal stopped in front of Kurt's table, not close enough to actually speak at an acceptable indoor volume, but close enough that he wouldn't have to yell across the entire lunch room to tell the bastard off.

"Yes." Kurt answered. He'd finished the French project they'd been assigned to do, and he'd done it without any help from the oaf in front of him. He fully intended to put that on the peer assessment sheet they would be given.

"Good." The jock nodded then he was off.

"You're not actually going to let him have credit for all your work, are you?" Mercedes asked.

"Of course not. I've left a note, all in French so the oaf can't read it should he ask to look at my paper, at the end explaining how he did no work at all and that I don't ever want to be forcibly partnered with him again." Kurt explained. "I'm not stupid."

"Good boy." She patted his shoulder and then flicked his ear gently. As usual she wanted to touch his hair. Apparently he had 'the softest hair ever', her words not his.

"Wanna go shopping this weekend?" He asked.

"With a sleep over, I haven't had you over in forever and my parents are starting to wonder if you dumped me and found a new best friend." She smiled.

"Tell your brother I'll kill him if he touches my moisturizers again and we have a deal, Ms. Jones." Kurt smiled.

## **Chapter Nineteen**

Finn couldn't be gone fast enough. He was barely out of the driveway before Kurt was diving at Blaine and kissing him, hard.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa." Blaine managed to get out as he was pushed roughly against the door and Kurt moved down to his slightly stubbly neck. Who the hell knew stub was so fucking attractive?

"Shh." Kurt hissed, sliding his hands to the front of Blaine's shirt in search of buttons. He made a little happy noise in the back of his throat when his fingers found snaps. "So smart." He ripped one open, satisfied with the popping noise.

"Slow down." Blaine huffed out and suddenly Kurt was being held, literally, at arm's length. Blaine took a deep breath, letting it out in a painfully sexy pant. "Slow down."

"But..." Kurt popped another snap hopefully.

"I know we agreed to do this, but... you don't have to jump me." Blaine shook his head. Then he rolled his eyes. "Damn, when do I ever have to *complain* about a hot boy throwing himself at me?" He mumbled half under his breath. "Just..." He started louder, "chill a second." Blaine's hands fell off Kurt's shoulders and he slipped away from between Kurt and the door.

"Why?" Kurt asked, exasperated, rolling his eyes. He'd been horny all fucking day, why the hell couldn't Blaine just let him... 'throw himself' at him?

"Because..." Blaine shook his head. "Just... at least let's go to a room first or something. I don't want to do anything in your entryway."

"Okay." Kurt nodded, that was reasonable at least. "Let's go to my room. I don't like air-mattresses." He reached out and grabbed Blaine's hand, pleased when the older boy didn't let it go.

Kurt practically ran up the stairs, and Blaine kept up, not letting go of his hand. The warm weight of it in Kurt's hand was sort of delicious, but not enough. He wanted Blaine on top of him, skin to skin.

When they got to his door he opened it and walked through, letting go of Blaine's hand and looking down to his clothes. He didn't want them ruined; he definitely should have worn something simpler. Distractedly he unbuckled his jacket while mentally going through his wardrobe for more appropriate attire that still looked good enough for him to go to school in.

"Kurt?" Blaine called, drawing Kurt's attention outwards again. What the hell was he doing? He could think about clothes later, now was the time to get OUT of them.

"Yes?" Kurt asked, moving to invade Blaine's space, backing the college boy slowly towards his bed.

"We didn't definitively decide what we're doing. You said you'd think about it and... CLEARLY you've thought about it. Care to fill me in?" Blaine asked, his voice rising and falling interestingly. He hadn't sounded quiet so flustered yesterday when they were having the most awkward sex talk ever. Kurt was surprised he was still this damn horny honestly.

"Well..." Kurt said and inched closer, making the shorter boy take a few steps back. "I was thinking we could just sorta wing it." Then he leaned in for a kiss, giving Blaine enough time to back away. Fuck, he loved kissing. It was SO good when he WANTED to do it.

"Oh... o... kay." Blaine stammered and then they were falling back on the bed and Blaine's hot hands were all over Kurt's chest, rucking up his shirt and spreading fire wherever they roamed.

Kurt moaned but sat up. Just because he was going to... do stuff, didn't mean he had to ruin his clothes. Carefully he finished unbuckling his shirt and threw it as carefully as he could towards his desk chair, silently congratulating himself when it landed almost neatly over the backrest. Blaine gasped below him and then Kurt was on his back, pushed down and backwards onto his bedspread.

"You're so hot." Blaine murmured and devoured Kurt's mouth. Forget 'flutter', that word was too weak to describe the absolute flurry of pleasure that washed through Kurt at those words. He'd heard Blaine say them a few times, but the gratification of hearing them when half naked was anything but lost on Kurt. He'd been a bit worried about being naked with Blaine but if the way Blaine's hard on was already pressing against his thigh was anything to go by, he didn't need to worry.

Blaine moved from Kurt's lips, trailing a wet line down to his neck and sucking where it met Kurt's shoulders. The rough slide of his shirt against Kurt's nipples was amazing. He moaned and whined at the same time, a breathless, high pitched noise. "Blaine."

"Kurt." Blaine returned, moving up to Kurt's ear and sucking the lobe between his teeth. He nipped gently. "Do you want my shirt off too?"

"YES!" Kurt moaned, thrusting his hips up against Blaine's harshly. Hopefully pants would be going this session as well. PLEASE let them go!

Blaine chuckled in his ear. "Okay, somebody's an eager beaver. It's alright, love." Blaine whispered in Kurt's ear and it sent another set of flurrying pleasure rushing through Kurt's veins. Blaine's warm hands trailed up and down Kurt's chest once before he twirled one around Kurt's bellybutton and then removed his hands entirely. Kurt whined and tried to sit up to get more contact. "Relax." Blaine chuckled and pushed Kurt back down gently with one hand. "One second, Kurt." He then reached behind him and pulled his shirt off by the collar, dropping it on the side of the bed. Only Kurt's instinctual worry for clothing items allowed him to note that fact. Otherwise he ignored everything but the sight of Blaine's chest.

Glorious. Fucking glorious. Yes he'd seen shirtless men, plenty of them actually, but... but none of them compared to Blaine. Because Blaine was on top of him, dick straining against his jeans, and Blaine's hands descending on either side of Kurt's head to support his weight as Blaine lowered his beautiful, naked chest down to Kurt's own. Kurt just about came when their skin met.

Instead he just gasped loudly and latched onto Blaine, digging his nails into Blaine's shoulder blades to keep him down. It was sort of like a hug, a hot, erotic hug, with rubbing crotches.

Because now that they were touching so much neither of them could seem to control the rocking of their hips. "Blaine." Kurt whimpered, closing his eyes and burying his face in Blaine's neck. This was so much, so fucking much.

"Kurt," Blaine kissed Kurt's abused ear and licked a light path around the shell. "My sexy boy."

"Blaine." Kurt gasped and latched onto Blaine tighter, sucking Blaine's neck into his mouth and running his teeth along the skin.

Blaine's hips rocked harder and Kurt was seeing stars, coming harder than he could ever remember. "Blaine, Blaine, Blaine." He gasped.

"Shh..." Blaine was stroking his hair gently, kissing his cheek, his eyes, all over his face. Finally his slightly chapped lips found Kurt's. His kiss was gentle, not asking for anything in return. Kurt licked Blaine's lip. "Kurt." Blaine pulled away to say. Then he flopped back, laying next to Kurt and breathing heavily.

Kurt took a few breaths of his own and then rolled onto his side to look at Blaine. He wasn't sure what their protocol was supposed to be for this. The last few times they'd... 'finished' there'd been a pressing reason for one of them to leave or something. They hadn't really talked about what to do. Tentatively Kurt reached out a hand to Blaine, needing to touch him somehow. Blaine didn't flinch away, instead arching into the touch a little. Encouraged Kurt trailed his hand from Blaine's pecs down to his belly button, following the path with his eyes eagerly.

Then he sat up. "You're still hard." He blurted out.

"Uh..." Blaine bit his lip.

"You weren't going to tell me?" Kurt glared at the older boy. Normally about now he'd start feeling gross in his pants, but... but Blaine didn't say anything!

"You seemed happy." Blaine shrugged, getting up on his elbows. "I didn't want to disturb you."

"Blaine." Kurt rolled his eyes. He put his hand back on Blaine's chest, pushing gently so he'd lie back down. The college boy raised his eyebrows but did it. Before he could talk himself out of it Kurt brought his hand down to the front of Blaine's pants, pushing against the bulge and stroking up.

"Ku..." Blaine grunted, an aborted attempt at Kurt's name on his lips. Kurt stroked again, more firmly. Blaine's cock felt... not much different than Kurt's with the layer of denim separating skin from skin. He wondered what the differences between them were, and how long it would be before he found out. He squeezed the bulge a bit roughly, pleased when it made Blaine emit a sound he'd never heard before, sort of a mix between a grunt and a scream. It was cool.

Blaine's fingers gripped the bedcover, scrunching it up more than Kurt would normally allow. But the face Blaine was making as Kurt rubbed him off more than made up for it. "Blaine," Kurt started.

"Kurt..." Blaine returned, not catching onto the question in Kurt's tone.

"Can you come for me?" Kurt asked hesitantly, squeezing Blaine harder than before. "Please?"

"Kurt!" Blaine seized, his entire body tensing and his eyes squeezing shut. "Kurt..." Blaine said again. Hotness leaked through the denim as Blaine began to relax, his cock pulsing strongly once, then twice. Kurt gasped. He'd just made a man come with his hand. He'd just FELT a man come!

Kurt laughed happily once and almost fell in his haste to kiss Blaine even more senseless. "I did it." Kurt grinned, kissing all over Blaine's face and neck and lips, tasting this beautiful man who let him do almost unspeakable things to him. "I did it." Kurt repeated and kissed Blaine's lips, not protesting at all when Blaine reached a hand up to keep him there, he didn't exactly want to leave.

## Chapter Twenty

He was so young. Sometimes Blaine could forget, but as he lay in bed and tried to sleep, playing the day's events over in his head, Blaine couldn't help but remember. Kurt had been SO excited over such a... almost TRIVIAL thing. So young, so inexperienced.

Kurt practically attacked him again the next day, forgoing shirts entirely and focusing on the button of Blaine's jeans. Blaine tried, he really did, it was valiant and everything the way he grabbed at Kurt's wrists and pulled his hands away, but apparently Kurt was stubborn and got what he wanted, because the next thing Blaine knew he was writhing on his back on Kurt's bed with his pants somewhere he couldn't remember and a soft as silk hand on his dick.

"Kurt..." Blaine moaned and Kurt tentatively squeezed. Kurt seemed to like that reaction, because he squeezed more confidently and stroked a firm hand up Blaine's cock. It was toe curling and intense and somehow even better than the full out sex he'd had before in his life. Fuck Kurt was so... HOT, it was kind of ridiculous how much he turned Blaine on. He didn't even have to DO anything really, just look at Blaine with that interested looking, the one that said he found Blaine fascinating, and Blaine turned into a hormonal mess unable to keep from touching EVERYWHERE.

He surged up, fisting a hand in Kurt's hair and fastening his mouth on the younger boy's, needing the contact. He worked his free hand between them, going for Kurt's pants. How the hell had they stayed on? Kurt tended towards tight clothes, he couldn't be comfortable. Kurt panted into his mouth, high and needy, when Blaine flicked the button open and pulled down the zipper. "Fucking hot."

"Blaine." Kurt moaned, detaching his mouth to rest his head on Blaine's shoulder. His grip on Blaine's dick faltered, his whole body shaking as Blaine reached into his underwear and finally touched him.

"You feel so good." Blaine murmured and turned his head to kiss any part of Kurt he could reach; just under his ear seemed to be the destination. Kurt shook even harder, his hand spasming almost uncomfortably on Blaine. Deciding to ignore that, Blaine stroked Kurt firmly, loving the way it made Kurt shiver.

"Bla..." Kurt choked out, shaking so hard, sweat coating his body. Blaine pumped again, squeezing the head extra firmly and circling his thumb around it a few times to see Kurt's reaction. Kurt's arms were shaking SO hard he could give the Flash a run for his money. Blaine stroked again, twisting his hand on the upstroke. Kurt collapsed against him, turned just enough that Blaine could keep going.

Blaine smirked and pushed the boy onto his back, not even caring that his own dick was now neglected. Kurt's REACTIONS! They were so... strong. It was so goddamn sexy how Kurt reacted to just the most basic of touches, so... fuck Blaine was getting off on this so HARD. He dipped his head to Kurt's neck and sucked to distract himself from how hot the boy below him was making him.

"Blaine, Blaine, Blaine." Kurt was sort of chanting and if that wasn't an ego boost Blaine couldn't identify one. He twisted again, in the way his second boyfriend had taught him and Kurt just about wailed, clutching Blaine so hard, digging his nails in. "Blaine, Blaine, Blaine." He chanted.

"Kurt." Blaine whined and pumped just a little faster. He'd started off dry but Kurt was leaking so much pre-come it was kind of ridiculous. "Fuck."

"Blaine." Kurt whined again and the tendons in his neck tightened, tensed and it was the first sign Blaine had for the come shooting over his hand in hot bursts. He sucked on a particularly prevalent tendon happily, finally letting his hips grind down into the soft pliant body below him. Kurt whined, wriggling away from Blaine's hand.

Kurt's pants, while hot, were not comfortable to grind against. It hurt more than pleased and Blaine flopped off. Kurt was panting, breathing so hard and it was so cute and hot and fuck it, Blaine needed to keep touching him. He rolled onto his side and reattached his mouth to Kurt's neck, running his clean hand up under Kurt's shirt and flicking a nipple. Kurt whined again but didn't do more than wriggle. Damn, even that was hot.

"Blaine." Kurt panted, reminiscent of the way he'd chanted. "Blaine?"

"What?" He asked, moving up to just below Kurt's ear, it was kind of delicious there.

"Can I touch you again?" Kurt asked hesitantly, like he was afraid Blaine would say no.

"Yes." Blaine said immediately, putting a kibosh to that stupid line of thought. Kurt could touch Blaine anytime he wanted, it seemed, and Blaine wouldn't stop him.

Kurt's hand shot to Blaine's cock, gripping it more gently than before, but much less hesitantly than before. "I love this." Kurt whispered and did the twisty thing Blaine had done to him before Blaine could think on that statement. Oh, Kurt was a quick study. He did it again and then rubbed his thumb just under the head. Blaine thrashed a little.

Then Kurt's other hand joined the party, rolling Blaine's balls and he was seeing fucking stars. "Kurt." Blaine moaned and Kurt moved his fingers lower, pressing against Blaine's perineum and how did Kurt even know about that spot and how the hell was Blaine still thinking? He was SOOO sensitive down there and Kurt was just blithely touching him and... he moaned loud and long, coming hard into Kurt's unsuspecting hand. "Kurt." Blaine sighed and relaxed completely against the mattress.

"I made you come." Kurt whispered but it didn't really sound like he was talking to Blaine per se. Kurt's mouth descended, capturing Blaine's lips and sucking gently. It was a nice kiss, gentle and lazy; the kind Blaine could happily spend an hour or two doing without caring a whit.

"You did." Blaine agreed and hooked a leg over Kurt's hip, pulling him in and kissing him a tad more deeply. In a minute they'd have to clean up, but until then they'd kiss, hopefully after too.

## **Chapter Twenty-One**

It was like a drug, or at least what Kurt imagined taking drugs would feel like. All he could think about was Blaine; or more specifically, Blaine's dick.

He thought about it in the shower in the morning before school, in his bed at night when everyone else was asleep, during the drive back from school, all of his last period study hall that he couldn't skip, during lunch when Mercedes and Rachel were discussing who would make a better Maureen, during glee when he was supposed to be listening to Mr. Schue's lesson of the week, when he was doing his homework... He thought about it A LOT.

It made him antsy and excited and a bit short on fuse length when he got home in the afternoons and waited for Finn to leave so he could attack Blaine and get to feel the older boy's dick between his fingers. He fucking DREAMED about it.

When the weekend came Kurt wanted to pull his hair out. His dad and step-mom and step-brother were all around, ALL THE TIME! He couldn't get a minute alone with Blaine, it was making him shake and...

And Kurt hadn't known he could get SO horny.

And not only was he a horny, shaky mess; it had only taken a few days for him to get that way. It was a bit humiliating. Luckily Kurt was sort of too horny and in need of a release from the tension to care.

They were in Finn's room; Kurt having snuck in under the pretense of spending time with his usually absent brother but really there to at least SEE Blaine. Finn and Blaine had convinced Kurt that playing Halo was a good idea (not at all) and the TV was emitting the appropriate death and explosion noises to Kurt's annoyance. If he wanted to hear destruction like this he'd watch the news. Still, it was better than being hold up in his room resisting the urge to curl a hand around his dick in broad daylight and try releasing some of the tension.

He stole a glance at Blaine and felt a spike of anger that the college boy seemed fine, PERFECTLY FINE! He was completely unaffected while Kurt sat there boiling in his hormones and struggling to keep himself from jumping on Blaine despite Finn's presence.

Finn's presence... Finn was... was getting up... "Bathroom." Finn's apologetic voice said as his lumbering PRESENCE stood and went to the door, twisted the knob, pulled, walked out, pulled the door sorta closed behind him.

Kurt broke.

Blaine, who had turned to him and opened his mouth, probably too speak, instead got said open mouth filled with Kurt's desperate tongue as the younger boy threw himself at him.

Kurt's hormones did a victory cheer and charged. Apparently they weren't warring with Kurt's self control, just readying for battle, because now it felt like the Calvary had been let loose and was galloping all over Blaine's body.

He couldn't get enough, couldn't let his hands stay in one place for more than a few second because there was always just another place he wanted to touch and feel and sink into his memory. He wanted this SO much.

In some awesome but horrifying feat of strength Blaine pulled him off and held him at arm's length. "Chill, you're gonna suck my tonsils out at this rate." He said and Kurt didn't even care how desperate it sounded that he whined. He strained forward against Blaine's hold on his upper arms, wanting to kiss him again. It was Sunday, he'd already gone an entire day, plus some hours, without touching Blaine and he hated this interruption.

"Blaine." He moaned and squirmed.

"Kurt..." Blaine shook his head. "Think about where we are. Your brother is about to come back in a minute. This isn't the time. I'll kiss you later, after dinner." He said sternly and that was NOT what Kurt wanted to hear. He thrashed and got an arm free. Blaine caught his wrist. "No, Kurt. Not right now." Blaine sounded older for the first time and that made Kurt stop. He'd known Blaine was older, even dwelled on it a few times. Sometimes it had even FELT like Blaine was older and not just somebody from a different high school. But this was the first time Blaine had SOUNDED older and made Kurt feel like a little kid.

It was the first time he'd scolded him Kurt realized, the first time Blaine had treated him like Kurt was younger than he was.

It hurt.

Kurt retracted his hand and sat back on his side of the room, turned away from Blaine.

"Kurt..." He sounded repentant, like an adult sounded when they realized they'd hurt the child's feelings. It made Kurt sick.

"I'm going back to my room." Kurt said, voice steady and lower than usual, and stood. "I'll see you at dinner."

He passed Finn on the way out, saying he was tired of video games as his excuse, and strode purposefully to his room. He locked the door when he closed it, ignoring the hotness in his eyes.

"Did you guys fight or something?" Finn asked and Blaine tore his eyes away from the still open door Kurt had left through.

Blaine opened his mouth to say no, but... "Yeah." He answered instead. "We did. I made him mad."

Finn nodded. "If you wanna talk to him I suggest later. He needs to cool off when he's mad like that." The tall boy shrugged and sat back down. He picked up his controller. "He'll be mad still, and he stewes on stuff like nobody's business, but he does better when you let him get all cold looking again. Makes him feel stronger I think."

Blaine blinked, surprised. "How do you know that?"

Finn shrugged. "I made him really mad once."

## **Chapter Twenty-Two**

Blaine knocked on Kurt's door early the next morning as he was getting ready for school.

"Come in, Dad." Kurt called. Blaine opened the door anyway.

"I'm not your dad; he left a few minutes ago." Blaine said as he took a few steps in. "Kurt,"

The boy in question whipped around at his vanity, a bottle of something or other in hand. "Blaine." He said, voice shocked. He dropped the bottle onto his carpeted floor and Blaine was happy it was closed. But then Kurt had raced into his bathroom and Blaine didn't care a whit about broken bottles. He followed the boy and knocked on his door.

"Kurt," He started. "Come out."

"No." Kurt's voice was muffled and higher pitched than usual. "Go away, I'm not ready to be seen yet."

Blaine held in a laugh, this was NOT the time. "Kurt, it's alright, I won't judge you badly or anything. Come out, we need to talk about yesterday."

"I'm still mad at you." Came Kurt's biting reply.

"I know, but I don't know WHY you're so mad at me. I'm sorry I stopped you yesterday, but it was necessary, you DO know that don't you?" Blaine leaned against the door, resting his weight solely on it.

Kurt didn't make any noise, not even a breath loud enough for Blaine to hear. "Kurt," He pleaded. "Talk to me."

Nothing.

"Kurt, I..." Blaine took a deep breath. He HATED what he was about to say. He really didn't want it to happen. "I think we should end this."

"What?" Kurt whined behind the door and suddenly Blaine found himself falling to the floor as the door opened. "What?" Kurt repeated, staring down at him with big eyes.

Blaine quickly got to his feet. "I'm sorry, Kurt." He sighed. "But if you... if it hurts you when we have to be practical then... I don't know. I don't want to hurt you, Kurt. I REALLY don't want too."

Kurt was gaping at him. Then he slapped him. Not hard, but with enough force that Blaine would be feeling it for a minute or too. "Fuck you." Kurt said. "We're having a fight, we don't have to end things because I need a little while to cool down and you need to never treat me like a child again. That's not how this works. It's ONE fight, that's all."

Blaine rubbed his jaw and cocked his head. "When did I treat you like a child?"

"Yesterday." Kurt answered, hands on his hips. "I didn't like it."

"When I pushed you off?" Blaine asked, still rubbing his jaw. It didn't hurt, he could just feel Kurt's phantom hand on his cheek still.

"Yes." Kurt nodded.

"Okay." Blaine nodded too. "Well, don't act like a child and I won't treat you like one." Blaine answered. "It's not your physical age that matters sometimes, Kurt. It's how you act. I could make you think I was seventeen just by playing it right, or I could pretend to be twenty five and you'd never know." He shrugged.

"I didn't act like a kid!" Kurt growled.

"You acted exactly like a kid. You weren't getting what you wanted so you whined and complained instead of listening to reason." Blaine answered. He cupped Kurt's cheek. "Try to think with a clear head whenever possible. Attacking me in your brother's room could have ended much worse, remember that."

Kurt deflated.

"Also, NEVER slap me again." Blaine found Kurt's eyes, staring into them as he said it. "Violence, no matter the force of it, is NEVER a good idea when you're angry. Do you understand? It doesn't matter if the person gets hurt or not, hitting them could still be called abuse."

Kurt's eyes widened. "I didn't..."

"Technically, some people would say you did. I'm not really one of those people, but I don't want you to ever get in a situation with somebody who is." Blaine pulled Kurt's face down and pressed a light kiss to his lips. "Understand?"

Kurt nodded.

Kurt was distracted that day, all he could think about was Blaine. And for once he wasn't thinking of the older boy sexually. Instead Kurt was focused on what he'd said about abuse. Were there really people out there who would consider his light tap abuse? Was that really a thing?

If it was, then what about all the times he'd been bullied. He'd been thrown into dumpsters and pushed, hard, into lockers. He'd called those things bullying, and something about that word didn't sound as serious as ABUSE. Was he being abused?

Karofsky passed him in the hallway, glaring. The bully had been going back and forth between only glaring and locker checks. It was like Karofsky couldn't make up his mind about the best way to deal with him. Was Karofsky abusing him?

He thought of all the times he'd been slushied. Yeah, that could blind him one day if it kept happening. He was being abused in school, but so was the rest of the glee club. True Kurt had a personal bully, but Rachel did too. Azimio LOVED to torment Rachel.

"Did you fix things with Kurt?" Finn asked. "Or do you need me to stay home so you two can avoid each other?"

"We're good I think." Blaine nodded. "It's alright, you can go." Kurt was due back soon, and Finn was holding his jumpsuit, ready to change for work. "I'll just wait for him downstairs." Blaine said and left the room so Finn could change.

It had been a week in the house, he was tired of it already. Maybe he could convince Kurt to take him somewhere.

Finn was already gone when Kurt got home, and Blaine was laying on the couch when he walked through the door. "Kurt." The older boy popped up to say. He rolled off the couch.

"Hi, Blaine." Kurt blushed looking at him. He ran up the stairs to put his messenger bag in his room. Blaine didn't follow.

"I thought you were still mad at me." Blaine said when Kurt reappeared downstairs.

"No." Kurt shook his head. "I'm not."

Blaine smiled. "Well, that's really good." He came closer and wrapped his arms around Kurt's waist. "REALLY good."

"Oh?" Kurt asked, but he had an idea where this was going and his heart was already starting to hammer wildly. "How good?"

"This good." Blaine reached up to him and kissed his mouth. Kurt's hormones exploded and he wrapped his own arms around Blaine's back.

Somehow they ended up on the floor, Kurt didn't know or care how. His brain power was more focused on the way Blaine was rocking up into him, their pants kicked down to their ankles or off, shirts rucked up. Kurt whined into Blaine mouth as he came.

Blaine kept rocking and Kurt kissed all over his face, finally stopping at his lips and trying his best to suck Blaine's tonsils out. When Blaine finally came Kurt watched with rapt fascination. Blaine made the most beautiful face.

When he stopped twitching Kurt nuzzled into Blaine's neck, enjoying the smell of him. "I think we should go out." Blaine said and Kurt's heart stopped for a second. "Well, let me rephrase; I think we should go other places, I'm getting sick of being in your house all the time. Not that your house isn't awesome, because it is, but after a week..." He trailed off and Kurt's heart started it's normal rhythm again. He was disappointed more than he'd thought he'd be, but Blaine wriggled beneath him, naked skin pressing against Kurt's, and he found it was worth it.

## **Chapter Twenty-Three**

They ended up at the Lima Bean. It was a nice little coffee place, not as good as the ones in Columbus, but alright. "It's so good to be out." Blaine sighed.

"Yeah." Kurt agreed a bit distractedly.

"How can I help you?" The barista asked.

"A grande non-fat mocha." Kurt ordered; the same as the last time they were in the coffee shop.

"And a medium drip for me." Blaine offered and dug out his wallet.

"That'll be six twenty eight." The barista rattled off.

Blaine held out his card immediately. He got frequent flyer miles every time he used this card, it was SO worth it.

"Blaine..." Kurt's voice was really quiet.

"What?" He turned to the younger boy to ask as his card was swiped.

"You just... you didn't have to do that." Kurt fluttered.

"Do what?" He made a face. Really, what did he do?

"Pay. For me." Kurt was turning red. God, it looked adorable.

"I wanted to." Blaine shrugged. "Come on," He took his receipt from the barista, "let's go get a table."

Blaine was so... confusing. He kept telling Kurt they weren't going to date, but then... the rest of the week made Kurt's head spin. When Kurt got home they'd make out and explore each other, not even making it to the bed sometimes. Blaine's body was just... Kurt had no words for how wonderful it felt to touch

another man like he was able to touch Blaine, and to be touched back in exactly the same way? It was amazing. Seriously, no words.

But then, after they'd finished, Blaine would beg to go somewhere, which usually ended up being the Lima Bean and they'd just... talk. Blaine was amazing, body AND personality. He talked about music all the time and agreed to a Project Runway marathon with him on the weekend. Blaine finally gave him an outlet for all the gay political things he'd never had the nerve to talk about with his straight friends. Blaine just kept offering up more and more reasons to hang around with each other, Kurt didn't even have to try.

But then, when he'd realize he was saying something that could be taken the wrong way, he was so quick to rephrase himself. He never seemed to notice when he was physically too close, just conversationally.

Today was one of those days, their second Friday together since they agreed on the deal. Blaine only had two more of them left and they were holed up in Kurt's room rocking against each other for all they were worth, shirts discarded by the door, pants thrown almost violently against the wall, underwear... somewhere. Blaine's hands were all over him, smoothing over every inch of reachable skin. "Kurt," he moaned into Kurt's ear.

He nipped the lobe and then began working his way down Kurt's neck. "So damn hot, I want to keep you in bed forever."

"Yes." Kurt sighed. That sounded so good. "Blaine." Kurt was gripping Blaine's hair tightly, pushing on his head every few seconds; he wanted Blaine's mouth lower, lower. Blaine followed Kurt's silent instruction.

"I wouldn't tie you up though." Blaine whispered into his clavicle. "I wouldn't have to; you'd just stay all by yourself." Kurt whined, pushed a little harder on Blaine head. Something different from the usual tightness was boiling in his stomach, he needed... something. "We'd never have to leave for anything, not even food. We could just stay here, forever, together in your bed."

"Blaine." Kurt whimpered, not even caring at the moment how it made him sound. He pushed Blaine's head down. The older boy sucked a spot right above his belly button and Kurt just about howled.

"Forever." Blaine whispered his voice so low and gravely and then his mouth was around the tip of Kurt's erection and Kurt shouted.

"Blaine!"

Then his mouth was gone and Kurt wanted to cry. "No, no, no." he whimpered. "Go back, go back, go back. Please," There were actually a few tears in the corner of his eyes; he dug his fingers in Blaine's hair.

"I... Well, I was going to apologize for breaking our rules but... Kurt, are you alright with this?"

"Go back." Kurt pleaded, frantically pushing on Blaine head. "Please."

"Okay." Blaine agreed easily, dipping his head back down and sucking Kurt back into his mouth. Kurt moaned louder than ever before.

"Blaine!" Kurt gasped and his hips rocketed up, further into the warmth of Blaine's mouth.

"Chill, Kurt." Blaine pulled off to say and laid an arm across his hips. Kurt barely heard him, his brain was completely gone. Blaine sucked him in again and Kurt whined, trying to push his hips again. He was so wrecked.

Blaine's tongue wrapped around the head of his cock, dug into the slit and then pressed into the underside. Then Blaine was bobbing up and down on Kurt's cock and Kurt was NOT going to make it. Blaine pulled off mostly and sucked hard at the head and Kurt screamed and came without any warning.

He was floating higher than he ever had before, laying on clouds that felt like tempurpedic mattresses topped in silk and it felt beautiful. He felt clean, like the freshest spring water was running all over his body and it wasn't cold at all.

Kurt opened his eyes to find Blaine hovering over his face. "Hi." He smiled; his beautiful face with the golden brown eyes and achingly tempting dark hair inches from Kurt's.

"Hi." Kurt murmured, surprised that his voice came out so hoarse when his entire body felt SO good.

Blaine leaned down, pressed the softest kiss to Kurt's tender lips. "You're beautiful." Blaine whispered on his mouth.

Kurt pealed his eyes open again, wondering vaguely when he closed them. There was a little bit of something on Blaine's cheek, a tiny speck of something that seemed huge to Kurt's disoriented mind. "You have something on your face." Kurt said mildly.

"I know." Blaine nodded. "You have a lot of come for somebody getting regular orgasms."

"What?" Kurt asked, confused.

"You got some on my face, lucky I like that." Blaine laughed quietly. He leaned back in, placing another kiss on Kurt's lips. "Are you back to earth yet?"

"Um..." Kurt blinked. Then it hit him, he just came on Blaine's face. "Oh fuck, I'm sorry."

"It's alright, Kurt. I told you I like it." Blaine shrugged, which was a bit impressive in his push up position. "Besides, I'm the one to be a bit sorry. I should have asked you before I did that. We agreed no oral and I went and did it anyway. And I kept saying those things," Blaine blushed. "I'm sorry they came out a bit creepy, I, apparently, get intense when I'm close."

Blaine rolled off him and Kurt whined, immediately rolling after the warmth of Blaine's body. He hooked a leg over Blaine's, dimly noticing that the older boy wasn't hard anymore. Kurt wondered when he came.

"It's okay." Kurt nuzzled. "I liked it, both things."

"I'll try to keep the dirty talk, well, INTENSE is a better word, anyway, I'll try to keep that to a minimum. It's a bad idea to say that stuff." The more Blaine talked the more it ruined Kurt's fabulous high.

"Shh, I'm tired. We'll talk later." Kurt shushed him and shifted closer and closer until Blaine wrapped an arm around him. "I set the alarm for four thirty."

"Okay." Blaine let go of a deep breath and his entire body relaxed.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

They didn't talk about it. Blaine hadn't fallen asleep at all and when Kurt woke up Blaine kissed him and begged to go out, as usual. He didn't want to talk about this; it was too... too much. As they dressed Blaine couldn't stop kissing Kurt, couldn't stop touching him. When Kurt was fully dressed again Blaine just wanted to rip all the boy's clothes off again and pin him to the bed. He didn't even just want to have sex either, he kind of LOVED cuddling with Kurt, it was so calming.

Blaine shook his head. This was not how he was supposed to think of Finn's little brother. He and Kurt had agreed that feelings were not a good idea.

Kurt ran a hand full of mouse through his hair, making his sex hair seem like it was purposeful. Blaine smiled gently at his boy, feelings washing through him.

That weekend Kurt went out with Mercedes both days, coming home only at night when his parents were home and he wasn't tempted to jump Blaine every second. Well, he was still tempted, his distaste at being potentially found out, however, was the stronger feeling.

When he WAS home, Blaine was all over him, touching him surreptitiously whenever they were close enough. On Saturday night, when they were watching the Project Runway marathon, Blaine kept sliding his hand midway up Kurt's thigh and rubbing his thumb against Kurt's inseam. Kurt kept glancing at Blaine out of the corner of his eye, but Blaine never seemed to notice he was doing it.

Monday couldn't have come fast enough, Finn couldn't have left sooner. Kurt came home before Finn left and the ten minutes between Kurt's arrival and Finn's departure were absolute torture. Blaine just wanted to throw his suitemate out the door and lock it behind the tall boy. Then he'd pin Kurt to the door and have his way with him. God, the weekend had been torture, legitimate torture.

When Finn was finally gone, with a dopy wave, Blaine grabbed Kurt and pressed him into the nearest hard surface, claiming the boy's mouth. His boy's mouth.

"Kurt." He moaned, clutching at Kurt's sides desperately. He wanted him SO much, SO SO much.

Kurt moaned right back and they ground against each other hard. When they came it was quick and rough and Blaine's legs gave out. They sunk down to the floor. As he caught his breath Blaine noticed they were in the kitchen and just had 'relations' against Kurt's fridge. Blaine moaned, his dick twitching and trying to get hard again.

It was too soon, but Blaine still needed to touch and kiss the boy next to him. He latched onto a spot low on Kurt's neck. Kurt tasted so good.

"You're frisky today." Kurt laughed and it was like bells.

"Your room, let's go to your room. I've been thinking about blowing you again all weekend." Blaine sucked harder on Kurt's neck, hoping Kurt would agree.

"Okay."

Blaine made Kurt come three times that day and it was glorious. Kurt panted and moaned when Blaine went down on him the first time that day, he practically screamed when Blaine did it again.

In between blowjobs Blaine just kept kissing him, lavishing attention on every available patch of skin. Kurt kind of felt like he was being worshiped, he never wanted it to end.

## **Chapter Twenty-Five**

Kurt was floating, the same way he'd been floating since that Blaine guy came back with Finn for the winter break, and it was a bit disconcerting to see her usually catty friend so dopily happy. However, Mercedes kind of liked the stupid grin he barely noticed adorning his face, it made her smile.

It also pained her just a little, because now that he was smiling so freely, she realized he hadn't been before. He'd slowly pulled away and stopped smiling and she hadn't even noticed, too caught up in herself and glee and everything else. How could she NOT have noticed?

Then Kurt would snap out of his happy, dopey, daydream mode long enough to make a bitchy comment or mock Rachel's clothing, and she'd realize his tone was missing the heat she'd become accustom too, turning more to the vaguely fond irritation he'd used when they'd first become friends. He'd changed, Mercedes realized, hardened, and he'd pushed her out, not that he'd let her in far to begin with. But now he was looser, too happy to keep up his usual demeanor.

"I have your Christmas present in my locker; want to do exchanges in glee?" Mercedes asked at lunch.

Kurt stopped eating, fork halfway to his mouth and turned to blink at her. "Um... okay." He said, his eyes were big, like he was surprised or something.

"I hope you like your gift." She winked and he blushed faintly. She counted it a win and turned back to her food.

Before the bell rang she shoulder bumped him and he squawked indignantly, bumping her back and turning a half hearted glare on her. Mercedes smiled, happy. She might have dropped the ball a little, but he was happy now and she'd noticed. Now she'd just remember to keep a look out and make sure he stayed that way.

"Don't do that dainty unwrapping thing like you did on your birthday, I want to see you rip the paper." Mercedes ordered as she handed over a slim box wrapped in pretty blue paper, the words 'Silver Bells' decorating it in silver script.

"I thought this was my present?" Kurt raised an eyebrow.

"It's my only request." She shrugged.

"Fine." Kurt fake sighed and ripped the paper. The box was a glove box, but it felt too heavy to actually have gloves in it, besides, he wasn't the biggest fan of gloves. Gloves required the right occasion and that didn't occur often. Also they were hard to work in. He preferred fingerless gloves over regular ones.

He opened the box. He gasped. "Mercedes."

"Thought you'd like it." She grinned.

"I love it." Kurt sighed happily and pulled out the scarf she'd gotten him. He wrapped it around his neck. It was so soft.

"Check under the tissue paper." She prompted and he did so. "Oh," He laughed. "You got me Sweeny Todd."

"It was the first thing I thought of when I saw that scarf. I think it's the stripes."

"Definitely." He agreed. He swooped down and got her present, holding it out for her. "And for you, Miss. Jones."

She ripped the paper off, much like he had, and crumpled it up. Kurt wanted to pick it up where she dropped it on the floor, but held off the urge for until she was done. She pulled the box open and went 'oooo'. "My favorite." She pulled out the perfume he'd gotten her.

"There's also a gift card, I couldn't remember what lotion you use and I didn't want to get the wrong thing." Kurt explained.

"Gimme a hug." She ordered and pulled him in. He didn't try to pull away, and didn't even realize that he would have a month ago.

Christmas was Saturday, and Tuesday was Kurt's last day of classes. That meant he'd been home when Blaine woke up. Kurt would be in the room right next to his, and Finn would be out until at least noon and then he'd probably go work for Burt and they'd have MORE time together.

Blaine nuzzled into his pillow. It didn't smell like Kurt anymore, but that was alright. Soon he'd be able to nuzzle into KURT, on Kurt's bed, in Kurt's room. He'd be surrounded by the boy and he'd never wanted to be around someone so much before. A spike of worry went through him, but happiness flooded it. He LIKED feeling like this, even if, somewhere deep in his mind, he was fretting over it.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

Finn thought Blaine's friendship with Kurt was kind of awesome. HE loved Blaine, in a strictly non-gay way of course, and Kurt was his brother. Kurt was probably still getting picked on just as much as last year, and there probably weren't any new out guys at school, so Finn was pretty proud of himself for bringing home a gay guy for Kurt to be friends with. From a few of the things he'd heard Blaine talking about with other gay guys, it was important for them to have other people to talk too.

So Finn begged more hours from Burt. His step-father didn't really need him that much at the shop in the beginning of the month, but after Finn explained that Blaine was really cool and could talk to Kurt about gay stuff, Burt was cool with it. Besides, Finn liked spending time with Burt; it was really cool to bond with him. Burt DID ask Finn if Blaine would try anything with Kurt, but Finn knew Blaine wouldn't. Blaine was too good of a guy to mess around with Kurt like that.

Finn woke up around noon as usual and rolled himself groggily out of bed Tuesday morning. He blearily made his way to the bathroom and turned the shower water on to wake himself up. After he had doused himself in enough water to make him human again, Finn dried off and went in search of food. He was halfway down the stairs when he remembered Kurt would be home.

Well, it's not so much he remembered as he heard his brother banging around in the kitchen.

"No, Blaine, don't TOUCH that!" Kurt's shrill voice was pretty loud.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Blaine sounded like he was going to die or something. Kurt was probably gonna kill him. Finn hurried up down the stairs and rounded the corner to the kitchen in time to see Kurt slapping Blaine's hand away from a tray of unbaked cookies.

"Morning, guys," Finn said brightly and they both jumped almost out of their skins. "Didn't mean to surprise you."

"Oh, Finn, you almost gave me a heart-attack." Blaine clutched at his chest.

"Don't say that." Kurt snapped. "Don't joke about something like that."

Blaine looked confused.

"Burt had a heart attack two years ago," Finn explained.

"And now we eat healthy in this house and we don't JOKE about HEART-ATTACKS." Kurt glared the cookie tray. Finn watched him jerk open the oven and practically throw the cookies in. "I don't even know why I'm allowing cookies in this house."

"It's Christmas, dude," Finn interjected before Blaine could say anything. As cool as Blaine was, and as much time as he'd been spending with Kurt recently, Finn still thought he had a better handle on his brother. "Do we have anything good for breakfast?"

"Same as yesterday." Kurt blinked at him.

Finn grinned.

"You want me to you something." Kurt blinked again.

Finn grinned wider. "Please."

Kurt sighed. "Fine, go in the living room or something though; you get in the way in here. Anything in particular you want?"

"Those pancake wrap things you made me this summer were awesome," Finn said hopefully.

"They're called crepes, Finn. Crepes."

"Please?"

"Fine." Kurt shooed him out of the kitchen, Blaine as well. "Do you want some, Blaine?"

"Yes, please." Blaine nodded.

"It'll probably be twenty minutes, go do... whatever you two do together."

"Yes, sir." Finn saluted him and grabbed Blaine's arm to pull the shorter boy out of Kurt's domain.

Kurt hadn't known how awkward it would be to be around Blaine with a chaperone, which was, essentially, what Finn was, even if the tall boy didn't know it.

Kurt had woken up early, still on his school schedule, only to find Blaine already awake and listening quietly to music in the office he was using as a room. They'd eaten some breakfast and then, after watching Blaine lick a stray bit of milk off his upper lip, Kurt had broken and dragged Blaine upstairs to his room and kissed pushed him into the bed. He'd kissed the older boy as senseless as he could manage, but Blaine was craftier than he thought. The older boy had outsmarted him, flipping them when Kurt was distracted so he was on top.

"So smart." Kurt had glared and Blaine had kissed it away. Then he'd shuffled down Kurt's body and Kurt didn't care anymore who was on top of who, Blaine's warm, wet, AMAZING mouth was descended on his dick for the fourth time and Kurt had to bite his arm to keep quiet.

He came almost violently and, while the release had left him sated, he was still worked up. He hadn't been able to relax until his hand was curled around Blaine's erection and Blaine was letting out aborted moans. "You're beautiful," Kurt had said, sucking a mark on Blaine's pec.

Blaine had come then, Kurt's name on his lips.

But now Finn was conscious and looking at them and just BEING! Kurt was almost afraid to even look at Blaine, he didn't want to jump the older boy in front of his brother. It felt like that weekend, but more now, stronger. Now he wanted more things.

He wanted to go down on Blaine.

Kurt had always thought oral sex was disgusting; pee comes out of that particular orifice. Penetrative sex was even more disturbing to think about, so he didn't. But now, after four blow jobs, Kurt kind of wanted to return the favor.

It was just... Blaine had looked SO pleased and... and TURNED ON by having a dick in his mouth. Kurt's dick. Would it be the same for Kurt if he went down on Blaine? He wanted to test it.

But he couldn't until Finn was gone.

He resisted the urge to grab his brother by the ear and throw him from the house.



## **Chapter Twenty-Seven**

Blaine sighed in relief when Finn left. Maybe he should buy Finn a better Christmas present; he was being a horrible friend wishing him gone like he was. Still, as Kurt smiled at him, Blaine couldn't feel too horrible about it. Kurt was just...

"My room?" Kurt asked in a quiet voice.

"Okay," Blaine agreed easily. Kurt stood somewhat nervously by the stairs, shifting slightly where he stood. He looked like something was on his mind. Blaine closed the distance between them and grasped Kurt's warm hand. "You alright?"

"I'm fine." Kurt nodded and his fingers wound around Blaine's.

As their fingers interlocked Blaine's heart skipped. He liked Kurt.

"C'mon." Kurt tugged on his hand and Blaine followed him blindly. His heart was in his throat. He liked Kurt.

He LIKED Kurt.

Somehow he was in Kurt's room, being pushed into the bed. Kurt's warm, hard body was holding him down and Kurt's soft lips were moving against his. Blaine moaned loudly, needy, into Kurt's mouth and found his hands gripping Kurt's biceps hard, fingers digging in harshly. "Kurt,"

"Blaine," Kurt returned and sucked Blaine's tongue into his mouth. Soft hands fluttered down Blaine's chest and started working at the button of his jeans. Blaine lifted his hips up to make it easier and found Kurt's hot groin in contact with his, they both groaned.

Then it was a flurry of movement Blaine's fuzzy brain couldn't comprehend. All he knew was that he was aching to touch this boy EVERYWHERE, like he'd never ached before. He WANTED Kurt more than he'd wanted anyone before in his life. Blaine moaned Kurt's name into the younger boy's skin.

"My Bla..." Kurt's voice hitched and he was attacking Blaine's mouth fiercely. Kurt's tongue invaded Blaine's mouth, lapping at his teeth and sampling the roof of his mouth.

Finally Blaine needed to breath and he broke away from the boy with a deep gasp. Kurt attacked the spot just bellow his ear. "I wanna blow you." Kurt panted harshly, wet breath curling around the top of Blaine's ear.

"What?" Blaine's brain was so clouded, full of lust and shock and... "What?"

"I wanna blow you," Kurt said and his voice was much less confident and seductive.

"You don't... just because I did you, you don't..." Blaine scrambled to throw his incoherent thoughts together, dread running a blade through his stomach. Kurt didn't have to do something he was uncomfortable with. "It's a limit."

"I want to," Kurt ducked his head and sucked on the spot he'd attacked. "I want to test my limits."

"You,"

"It has nothing to do with you doing it," Kurt promised and locked eyes with Blaine. "I just want to."

Blaine's heart ached at the same time his dick throbbed painfully. He found himself nodded. Kurt squeaked and grinned and attacked the spot behind Blaine's ear with renewed vigor.

Blaine was lost again in a haze of lust and feelings.

Kurt kissed his way down Blaine's naked chest, enjoying the hairs he found there. Before he saw Blaine naked for him he hadn't known chest hair would be such a big turn on for him, but now he craved the slight scratch of it against his own chest. He resisted the urge to nuzzle at the center of Blaine's chest and merely kissed there instead.

Blaine was more vocal than ever today, but less coherent. He was talking as much as usual, and Kurt would worry, but he was moaning and clutching harder at Kurt than he ever had before. It was kind of hot.

He dipped his tongue into Blaine's belly button, curious. Would he taste the 'lint' there that he'd feared so much as a child? A weirdly salty tang met his tongue and he decided it wasn't really worth it, even if Blaine's entire body tensed pleasantly when he did it.

Now there was pubic hair, hard and wiry and blacker than his own. Blaine's smell was ridiculously strong here, like it was the center of Blaine's scent. Once again Kurt had to resist the urge to nuzzle. Instead he changed direction and veered left to suck on one of Blaine's hip bones.

"KURT!" Blaine's entire body twitched when Kurt bit down gently.

"You taste good," Kurt said and laved his tongue over the abused hip. He lifted his head enough to get switch sides and do the other hip.

He was met with Blaine's straining cock. He'd never been face to ... 'face?' with a dick before. He'd touched his own, and Blaine's, many times, felt the contours and veins beneath his fingers, but he'd never SEEN them.

It was kind of... pretty/ugly. It was one of those things that were so ugly they were pretty, something he shouldn't think was beautiful, but his mouth watered a little just looking so his libido obviously didn't listen to sense.

Blaine's other hip forgotten Kurt wrapped a hand around the base of Blaine's cock, noting the strangeness of this new angle. He'd never held a cock from underneath like this before.

"Kurt, Kurt?" Blaine's body was shifting and Kurt looked up, locking eyes with Blaine.

Kurt opened his mouth to speak but moaned instead. Blaine lifted an eyebrow and his face formed a half smile. "I guess you're alright then?"

"Fine," Kurt gasped. "Just fine." Blaine nodded and sank back down, his cock shifting in Kurt's grip. A drop of precum dribbled out of the slit and onto Kurt's hand, automatically he bent to lick it off.

And that was all he needed to get started. He put his lips on the hard, soft length of Blaine and everything whited out. The only thing he knew was the cock between his lips.

Kurt knew he was gay, had no questions or qualms about it, but sometimes it was nice to have these reaffirming moments when he knew, beyond a question of a doubt, that he was gay. Sliding his lips up to dig his tongue into the slit of Blaine's cock was one of those reaffirming moments. He wanted this, forever.

As he opened his mouth and sunk down on Blaine for the first time his hearing returned to him and was filled with the sound of Blaine groaning loudly. The noise spurred him on and Kurt sucked a little on the head, testing it out. Blaine's noises went nuts. Somewhere in between the whimpers he heard his name, but it was the twitching of Blaine's hips that really got him. Blaine thought this was good.

Brimming with new found confidence Kurt sunk down another inch. Blaine was heavy on his tongue, but it was the most welcome weight. He pressed his tongue to the underside, smoothing it up the biggest vein he could find.

Blaine's hands found his shoulders and gripped tightly, nails digging in. The pain of it grounded him a little, brought more of his focus outwards. Blaine was twitching like mad, and making so much noise. Kurt wanted to go deeper, make Blaine feel as good as he felt when Blaine went down on him.

But the pain made his brain work and he knew that would be stupid. Instead he increased the suction of his lips and tried and experimental bob. Blaine cried out.

Kurt wondered vaguely if Blaine was a screamer.

Then images of Blaine bent almost in half with Kurt on top of him, holding his legs up by his ankles, filled Kurt's mind and he became aware of the ache between his own legs. Kurt moaned around Blaine's cock.

"Kurt, Kurt, Kurt," Blaine chanted.

He pulled off and licked up Blaine's cock. Once Blaine was out of his mouth he became aware of how much his jaw was hurting. He opened up again and sunk right back down, bringing his hand up to meet his lips. He wanted to go SO much deeper, but Blaine already felt huge in his mouth and he was thinking about how unsexy it would be to choke.

Kurt's free hand snaked down between his thighs and wrapped around his erection. Just the pressure of that made Kurt feel better, more able to focus.

"Close, I'm close," Blaine announced.

Kurt moaned around him, sinking down just a little deeper, letting Blaine's dick almost meet the soft pallet in the back of his mouth.

Suddenly Blaine's hands were in his hair and pulling him roughly off. "What? No," Kurt whined in protest, barely noticing the hoarseness of his own voice.

"I'm gonna come," Blaine said and then pulled Kurt's mouth down on his own. Kurt's hands tightened reflexively, squeezing both of their cocks. Blaine bucked up and came, gasping into Kurt's mouth.

Somehow Kurt managed to remember how to use both of his hands and stroked them both at the same time as Blaine came. Once he was whining and shifting his hips away Kurt removed his hand from Blaine and switched hands on himself.

"Close," Kurt whimpered.

Blaine's warm hand wrapped overtop of Kurt's and the other, still tangled in Kurt's hair, angled Kurt's mouth to his and invaded it with his tongue.

Kurt came hard.

Kurt almost fell asleep against him after they were done. Blaine watched his eyelids flutter closed and his chest slowly start expanding at a more normal rate.

He felt warm holding this boy, and not just physically. Blaine's insides felt warmer than he could ever remember feeling. He curled his arm around Kurt's shoulders tighter.

This was bad. So, so bad. Blaine kissed Kurt's temple and tried to push down the butterflies that made him feel.

Why was this so different from every other 'relationship' he'd had? Why did he want Kurt so much more than he should?

## **Chapter Twenty-Eight**

Blaine let Kurt pull him out of the house for a December 23rd mall run; he had to get all the Hummel's gifts anyway. "Give me two hours to find you something, don't try to find me," Blaine said to get the younger boy away.

"Oh, I haven't bought you anything either." Kurt's delectable tongue poked out of his mouth. "I'll call you when I'm done."

"Deal," Blaine said and they shook on it. Blaine's skin was still tingling when he couldn't see Kurt anymore.

Once he was alone Blaine collapsed on a bench next to an old man holding his wife's flowery, pink purse. He rubbed at his eyes and sighed heavily.

His skin was still tingling, and when he closed his eyes Kurt filled the black space of his eyelids. Blaine's heart jumped happily at the thought of the boy and Blaine groaned.

He'd never felt this way for someone, forget that it had only been a few weeks; he was already fonder of Kurt than he'd been of his last boyfriend. Blaine had gone out with that boy for four months, lost his virginity to him. But still, Kurt was deeper in his heart.

But why?

They weren't even dating! Sure they DID THINGS together, but they weren't dating. Dating involved going out and holding hands and flirting looks and stolen kisses AS WELL as the physical side of things they were so clearly exploring.

Blaine pinched the bridge of his nose hard and took a deep breath.

"Are you alright, son?" the old man interrupted Blaine's thoughts to ask.

"I'm fine," Blaine answered, "but thank you."

"The old man quirked an eyebrow but didn't say anything else. Instead he stood and an equally old woman met him. She took her purse and patted his arm. Blaine watched them walk away and smiled.

He got up off his bench and looked around for a store to start in. He had two hours to look for gifts, he should probably get that done before he worried more about his attachment to Kurt.

Kurt had no idea what to get the boy was sleeping with. He got a little thrill when he thought of it like that, a grown up thrill. He had a friend with benefits, and even if he didn't particularly like that term, what was more grown up than casual sex with the same person?

Still, now Kurt was left with the dilemma of what to buy for Blaine. He gravitated towards the music store, but he didn't know what music Blaine already had and he didn't want to buy him something he already had. Besides a CD didn't seem personal enough for somebody he'd been so intimate with.

Kurt's mouth still buzzed with the phantom feeling of Blaine on his tongue. He sighed happily, struck by a thought.

Blaine waited for Kurt in the food court, bag hidden in a regular 'Thank You' bag from the little convenience store next to the food court.

He'd gotten progressively more freaked out as he contemplated gifts, unsure what each thing would say. But then, as he'd been looking over the thing he ended up actually buying, he'd come to an epiphany.

He LIKED Kurt, more than any other boy he'd been with, but that was okay. Just because he enjoyed Kurt more didn't mean he couldn't continue to be as practical in their relationship as he had in all his others. It was impractical to get serious with Kurt, they would have to expend a lot of effort to see each other and Kurt was still in high school. Kurt, and Blaine, was still too young to think about serious. They were fine as they were.

Somehow his epiphany made Blaine feel simultaneously better and worse. He figured the worse came from his flair for drama, disappointed at his lack of indulgence.

## **Chapter Twenty-Nine**

When they got home everyone was already back and they couldn't do anything. Kurt held in his pout and threw himself into making sure everyone's presents were wrapped perfectly.

The next day Carole had off from work and begged Finn to stay home with her, instead Kurt went into the garage for the first time that month, leaving Blaine back at the house with his step-family. He, again, held in the stupid pouts.

Actually it was kind of nice to hang out with his dad all day; he hadn't done that in a while. And working in the garage, while not the best for his skin or hair, was something he did actually enjoy. Something about the satisfaction of finishing something he'd fixed with his own two hands never failed to get to him. He got the same feeling when he altered his own clothes.

"Kurt, can you get me the three eighths wrench?" Burt asked from beneath a car, just his feet sticking out.

Kurt fished out the right wrench and stuck his arm under the car so Burt could reach it. "You really need replacements for a few of these, Dad," Kurt said.

"I know, I know. I'll get to it in a little bit," Burt answered. "This was my first-"

"First full set, I know." Kurt rolled his eyes. "Just because it's old doesn't mean you can't update it. I'm not saying get rid of it, just retire it a little."

"I'll get to it, Kurt." Burt grunted under the car and Kurt bent to check on him. After the heart attack Kurt wasn't all that fond of letting him do physical labor, but he'd hired a new guy and Kurt and Carole were always on him about his health, so Kurt tried not to say anything. "I'm fine, Kurt, get," Burt said when he saw Kurt peeking. "Go do the touch ups for Mr. Ferguson, we'll go home when I'm done here."

"Alright," Kurt agreed and straightened.

Blaine most of the day trying not to get in the way of Hudson Mother/Son time, in fact, he used his time talking with his own mother. It was kind of ridiculously early where she was, but she'd always had a bit of insomnia, so she kept weird hours anyway, getting a hold of her wasn't entirely difficult.

"Oh, you're not in the house," was the first thing his mother said to him when their Skype connection stabilized. "Where are you?"

"I told you I went to Finn's house didn't I? I thought I did." Blaine sighed. "Anyway, how's your trip?"

"Oh, it's really good honey. Your father's getting so much work done, it's fabulous." She smiled a thousand watt smile he hadn't fully seen in a while. Stress brought her down easily, he was glad to see she wasn't experiencing a lot of it.

"That's great."

"What about you? How's Finn's house? Are they treating you alright?"

"They are." Blaine nodded. "They're really nice people, Mom. I think you guys would like them."

"We'll have to meet sometime then. I have to thank them for taking my baby over the holidays."

"You know I would have been fine by myself. I was alright that year I was seventeen."

His mom frowned. "You KNOW I don't like talking about that. I just wish you could have come with us."

"It's not your fault I wasn't in any condition to travel out of the country." Blaine rolled his eyes. He still kind of got mad sometimes when he thought about that. It would have been his first trip out of the country, a trip to the Caribbean with his parents over Christmas Break, but then he'd been too beat up to go on the plane comfortably and the tickets were too expensive to refund. He'd spent the week camped out on his couch almost on constant Skype with his mom. Unfortunately, seeing things through a computer screen wasn't the same.

Still, he'd managed the day alone, he would have figured it out this year if he had too.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore, it makes me unhappy," she told him flat out. "Anyway, on a happier note, I sent out all your presents yesterday. They should be in your school mailbox when you go back."

When you get them promise you'll Skype me before you tear into them, you're father and I love watching you open them."

"You guys didn't have to get me anything," Blaine said, but it felt like a bit of a lie. He LIKED it when his parents doted on him, he just didn't like them knowing how much.

"Of course I did, dear." She rolled her eyes and shook her head at him like it was obvious. "And we picked you up a few things here too; I think you'll like one in particular."

"Oh," Blaine said as a bolt of excitement ran through him. "Now I don't wanna wait, thanks Mom. You got me all excited."

She just laughed at him. "Glad I can still make you smile like that over something so simple." He just kept smiling for her.

Christmas dawned much the same as Thanksgiving had. Finn, usually a late sleeper, started pounding on his door at seven a.m. and barged in to yank the covers off him just to make sure he was awake. When he was satisfied Blaine was in the proper level of consciousness, he lumbered out to do the same to Kurt. Blaine groaned and resisted the urge to crawl back under his blankets; Finn would just come get him again. Seriously, the boy was too old for this.

Still, Blaine dragged himself up and ran a hand through his hair a few times until it was at least potentially decent looking. Then he zombie walked out into the hallway and down the stairs, heading straight for the coffee pot. Kurt was hovering over it, watching like he was waiting for it to become the next burning bush, and looking just as laid up as Blaine. He was kind of too cute like that, straight out of bed with his hair everywhere and a single-minded, sleep induced, determination for coffee guiding him. Blaine sidled up to him and leaned against the counter next to him, joining the staring contest with the coffee pot.

"Morning," Blaine said after a minute of Kurt not speaking. Kurt jumped a little, turning big, sleepy eyes to Blaine.

"Oh," he said and his voice was kind of scratchy from disuse, and EXTREMELY sexy. Only the hour kept Blaine's libido from reacting to that noise coming from Kurt. "I didn't see you."

"It's okay," Blaine assured him, returning his gaze to the coffee. "It's almost done."

"Just another minute," Kurt agreed. Sluggishly he reached for the coffee mugs and pulled two down. He got another two and the sugar on his next reach.

"Do you have cinnamon?" Blaine asked, blinking.

"Spice cabinet, left of the microwave." Kurt pointed it out and then sighed as the coffee maker beeped. While Kurt set about pouring the cups Blaine got the cinnamon out of the cabinet. He hadn't had coffee in the Hudmel house for a while, usually letting himself wake up naturally while he waited for Finn to get up, rendering the coffee unnecessary. That morning, however, Blaine was kind of yearning for it like he had back in high school.

Kurt wordlessly handed him a mug and then turned back to his own. Blaine watched long enough to see Kurt dump more chocolate syrup than was probably necessary in his coffee before he attended his own.

His first sip had just managed to reach his bloodstream when Burt and Carole stumbled into the kitchen. Kurt just pointed to the two steaming mugs waiting for them. Finn followed behind, much too chipper to be allowed, and got himself a glass of orange juice while the rest of the room woke up enough to function.

"I don't know why you woke Blaine up too, Finn." Carole broke the silence first. "You could have let him sleep."

"But I got him a present, and so did you and Burt, and I'm pretty sure Kurt got him something too. He should open them on Christmas morning," Finn told them like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Nobody tried to contest his logic. Instead the four of them drank a little more coffee and followed Burt's lead into the living room.

The tree, decorated by Kurt and Carole, was kind of beautiful and under it laid two small mountains of presents. They were colour coded, which Blaine kind of suspected to be Kurt's doing, and between them sat three presents of varying colours that, given Finn's statement in the kitchen, Blaine figured were probably for him. Carole proved him right a moment later.

Instead of going to them immediately Blaine sat on the couch. He wanted to watch the boys first.

Finn plopped himself on the floor right in front of the pile Carole said was his and began ripping into them like he was nine instead of nineteen. Kurt, on the other hand, picked up a tower and carried them to the

couch. He put them on the floor in front of where he sat and picked the first box up carefully, almost delicately beginning to tear the wrapper.

Finn was done ripping through his presents, mostly more clothes and a few video games, just as Kurt was finishing his tower. "I can help you finish off, Kurt." Finn said and it was kind of pathetic the way he was eyeing Kurt's presents.

"You will do no such thing." Kurt glared at him and managed to pick up the rest of his presents and get them away from Finn's puppy eyes. "They're mine."

"You can open my presents, Finn," Carole offered. "But wait 'till your brother's done."

Finn sighed. "It's alright, I'll just wait. You should open your own presents, Mom."

Carole just nodded. "Blaine, honey, why don't you open yours?"

"Okay," Blaine answered, put on the spot. He retrieved his trio of gifts and brought them back to the couch much as Kurt had done. Finn walked on his knees over to him so he could watch Blaine open the gift that was from him. "I, um... I hadn't known I'd be opening these now, so um... your guyses presents are upstairs in the guest room still, so... should I go get those first?"

"If you want to," Burt told him with a nod, watching his son open his gifts intently.

Blaine tried not to run up the stairs like a herd of horses, but he still felt like he was making the same amount of noise. When he returned Kurt had five more gifts to unwrap.

"So, I got this one for you guys as a thanks for letting me stay here. Especially for so long, so, um... thank you, again," Blaine said awkwardly and handed over the largest present, a decorative vase, to Carole.

"You didn't have to," she said.

"I wanted too," Blaine insisted.

"And Finn, this one's yours." He handed over the wrapped box containing the wireless X-Box controller he'd gotten Finn to replace the wire one he'd broken.

"Kurt," Blaine said, trying to get the boy's attention. Kurt looked up with a slow blink. "This one's for you." He held out the poster he'd gotten Kurt. It was a shirtless one of Taylor Lautner from the second Twilight movie. He watched Kurt open it, enjoying the blush that came to Kurt's face. The boy rolled it back up immediately, completely red.

"What'd you get, Kurt?" Finn asked as he struggled with opening the box.

"Nothing," Kurt squeaked and shook his head much too quickly.

"What's on the poster, Kurt?" Burt asked, smiling.

"Kurt?" Carole asked. Kurt just kept shaking his head, turning redder and redder. "Blaine?"

"Taylor Lautner," Blaine answered with a smirk. "Kurt has an actor crush."

Kurt hit him with the poster. "I'm taking your present back."

"No, you can't, I already have it." Blaine quickly located which one was from Kurt and dug his fingers into the sides so he could open it before Kurt reached for it.

Kurt didn't try to get it away from him, and Blaine kind of gasped when he saw the box so that was probably for the best, it would have went tumbling to the floor.

Reverently Blaine opened the box. Inside laid a plated silver harmonica that was absolutely beautiful. Blaine had been wanting one for so long, he'd just never went out and bought one. Now, thanks to Kurt, he had one.

He hugged the boy hard, luckily he remembered the rest of Kurt's family was in the room before he kissed Kurt like he so wanted to. "Thank you, I've always wanted one," Blaine said.

"You're welcome." Kurt blushed and looked down at his remaining presents.

Blaine left him to them and picked up his own remaining presents. He'd thank Kurt properly later for such a magnificent gift, probably around the same time he gave Kurt his REAL gift.

## Chapter Thirty

Much like Thanksgiving, Kurt spent most of the day puttering around in the kitchen with Carole while Blaine hung out in the living room with Finn and Burt, watching some sport Blaine was struggling to pay any attention too. He wanted to pull Kurt away from his step-mother, drag him upstairs, and devour his cock before he gave him his REAL present. He hadn't even been able to TELL Kurt that the poster was a gag gift before he was jumping into action to start prepping food. Apparently Kurt's house was the traditional meeting point for the Hummel's, and, Finn explained, since Carole was usually the host for the Hudson's, it kind of worked out perfectly.

Blaine was falling in and out of a light sleep on the couch, absolutely exhausted from his early wake up, by the time Kurt's grandparent's showed up. Kurt's grandpa disappeared into the kitchen while his grandma clapped her hands together in delight and plopped down next to Blaine on the couch. He fully snapped out of his dozing to find her playing with his hair.

"Hello," he said, trying to hold back how startled he was by her presence.

"Hello, dearie, I remember you from Thanksgiving. Come back to play with my boys?" She pulled lightly on one of his curls and gave him a smirk.

"Um, my parents are abroad." Blaine scooted away from her uncomfortable closeness.

"Ma, leave him alone," Burt said in a gruff voice.

"But he's pretty." She smiled at him again, but it wasn't as creepy this time. "You and my Kurt, you're so pretty. I love pretty children, they make this old woman's heart warm. Are you hungry, Pretty?"

"Um, not yet." Blaine shook his head. "My name's Blaine."

"Blaine, handsome name. Are you sure you're not hungry, Blaine. I could get my Kurt to bring you something. He does love to cook, just like his Pappy."

"I'm fine, thank you. I'm saving room for dinner," Blaine said. She pulled on one of his curls again, just as gently as before, and then smoothed a hand down his head. "Okay, you just tell me if you want anything, I'll help you."

"I will," Blaine promised. She hadn't paid him much attention last time, perhaps too hung up on Finn, who she was now scooting over to dote on. Blaine reached up a hand to pet his head, definitely a mess. "I'm just going to go get dressed." Burt nodded at him and he got up.

He was in the bathroom trying to tame the mess on his head when he heard somebody coming up the stairs. He waited, not letting his hopes get up, until he heard the familiar squeak of Kurt's door. Abandoning his hair for the moment he went to pop his head into the younger boy's room.

"Hey," he said and Kurt twirled around so quickly he had to throw a hand out to steady himself.

"Hey." Kurt's smile lit up his whole face.

Blaine entered the room, going right up to the boy and wrapping his arms around him. "I want to thank you properly later for my harmonica."

Kurt shivered delightfully against him. "I can live with that. Everyone will be in a food coma tonight."

"I probably will be too, but I'll still try." Blaine pulled back and pressed a kiss to Kurt's lips. "Also, I wanted to say my gift was actually a gag gift. I wanted to see your face when you got it."

Kurt scoffed and gripped his arm tighter, but he was smiling even brighter now. "Really?"

"Yeah," Blaine said. "Really." He pressed another kiss to Kurt's lips. "It's in the guest room. Wanna go get it real quick? Why are you up here anyway?"

"Oh, Pappy kicked me out. It's alright though, we're almost done. Just have the asparagus to do really. And then ham, but that just stays in the oven so you can't do anything to it anyway." Kurt shrugged. "And yes, I want my present." He bounced a little as he said it.

Blaine took his hand and led him to the guest room. "Sit please, and close your eyes."

Kurt giggled a little as he did as told, almost like he couldn't keep it in.

"I'm gonna count, you can open my eyes when I say the word 'open', alright?"

"Okay," Kurt said, nodding.

"Keep 'em closed!" Blaine stuck his tongue out even though Kurt couldn't see and rummaged around to find the gift. He pulled it out of his bag with a little 'aha!' and carefully placed it on Kurt's lap. He let his fingers circle the tops of Kurt's thighs and dipped them down a little to touch the inseam of Kurt's pajamas, enjoying the way it made Kurt squirm. "Okay, five, four, three, two, one... open!"

Kurt opened his eyes quickly and stared at the box in his lap. Blaine had taken the effort to open it already; he was kind of a terrible wrapper, so that the gift was already in Kurt's sight. "Oh," Kurt said softly. "It's beautiful."

"I thought you'd like it. I tried to get something that matched the swords in your room, but I couldn't really do it perfectly." Words came out of his mouth in time with the nerves bubbling in his stomach. He'd been hesitant to give this to Kurt in front of people, scared of what Kurt's reaction would be.

Kurt sprang up and wrapped his arms around Blaine's neck, pulling him in for a fierce kiss. "Thank you, I love it. I'll wear it today." Kurt kissed him between words, quick, dizzying presses of their lips. Blaine struggled to suck in a breath and only came up with a lungful of Kurt, it only served to make him dizzy. "Thank you," Kurt said again and finally pulled away. He attacked the box gracefully, gently pulling the brooch from it.

"I'm glad you like it," Blaine said laughingly.

"I LOVE accessories, Blaine, and this is a REALLY good one, I can tell quality. And that you got it to match my sai? That's amazing, so thoughtful. Really, I love it." Kurt petted the brooch carefully, testing the latch.

Blaine smiled at him and pulled him in for a kiss, longer than the pecks Kurt had given him before. "You're welcome, Kurt." He kissed him again, even longer and with tongue. Kurt moaned into his mouth, fingers flying up to twist into his hair. Suddenly Kurt's mouth turned hot against his own, another small moan escaping as Kurt curled his tongue against Blaine's. "Kurt..." Blaine gasped.

"Thank you so much. I've never had somebody like you before. I like this gift exchanging thing more than I thought," Kurt said as he pulled away, blushing like mad.

Blaine smirked at him and poked his nose. "You're too cute for your own good."

Kurt put on a fake little pout, just DARING Blaine to kiss it away. Not one to ignore such a blatant call for him, Blaine obliged. Kurt nipped at him, clacking his teeth petulantly. Blaine kissed him again, waiting for the smile. Only when his boy gave it to him did Blaine pull away, laughing at the vaguely dopey look on Kurt's face, it was adorable.

"I have to get ready, I've been up here too long anyway," Blaine said. "They'll start to get suspicious and come check on us."

"Okay," Kurt said. "One more kiss?" It was accompanied by a blush.

"I think I can manage that, hold on." Blaine pushed up his sleeves and cocked his head and narrowed his eyes. "Let's see... hmmm..." He very carefully, and very cheesily, sized Kurt up and took hold of his face. Kurt was laughing by the time Blaine actually kissed him.

"I'll see you downstairs, you dork." Kurt ruffled his hair.

"You're only getting away with that because I have to style it still," Blaine said with narrowed eyes. He did the 'I'm watching you' thing with his fingers and it earned another laugh out of Kurt. Then he went to the bathroom and somehow managed to get his hair right in five minutes. He kind of felt on top of the world.

Kurt cradled his new brooch in his palm carefully, admiring it in the light of his window. It was silver, with a black hilt curved into some twisted design, the box said it was Celtic, and it was gorgeous. He was SO glad it matched his planned outfit for the day well; otherwise he'd need to rearrange his entire outfit to match the brooch. He petted it gently, soaking in the beauty of it. Then he carefully laid it down and got dressed for the holiday. He styled his hair and checked his face for blemishes and then put the brooch on, not even caring that it created small holes in his jacket. The pin was VERY thin, but still really sturdy looking, it wouldn't do much damage. Pleased with himself, and MORE than pleased with Blaine, Kurt went back downstairs. While he'd been getting ready the rest of his family had arrived, as had Finn's.

It wasn't as awkward as Thanksgiving, when everything was new and he'd really been meeting them for the first since the wedding. Now he greeted them and could ask about how they were with an actual frame of reference for the last time he'd seen them. It was nice, much nicer than Thanksgiving. Kurt didn't even mind as much that it was different than last Christmas, his comfort level was higher and he was happier.

Blaine smiling at him from across the couch didn't hurt either.

They sat on either side of Finn for dinner, all three of them talking at length for the first time since the disastrous weekend Kurt tried to jump him.

"When are you guys going back anyway?" Kurt asked.

"Um, I think we decided on the Saturday before classes start, the eighth. That way Blaine and me can get set back up," Finn answered. Then he took a giant bite of ham.

"So you're here for about another two weeks?"

"Yeah." Blaine spoke as Finn labored to chew. He was grateful Finn had enough manners not to try and talk with his mouthful, that much ham wouldn't be hidden if he tried. "The dorms open back up on the Friday, so they'll definitely be able to take us. Hopefully the elevators won't be broken, I hate taking the stairs."

Finn swallowed greatly. "Me too."

"The stairs can't be that bad." Kurt rolled his eyes at the size Finn was cutting his next bite of meat.

"We live on the seventh floor, Kurt. It's a lot. If it was just the second floor, or hell even the FOURTH floor, I wouldn't mind taking the stairs, but seven is a lot, Kurt."

"Don't ever move to New York City then, you'll die." Kurt took a dainty bite of mashed potatoes. Blaine had to blink and think of something unsexy to stop imagining it as something else.

"I'd do it if I HAD too, but I wouldn't LIKE it," Blaine answered.

"Ugh, I'd never move out there, I'd get claustrophobic."

"It's my dream to go there you know, New York." Kurt got this far away look.

"Our boy's gonna be a star!" Kurt's grandmother cut in, surprising all three of them. "He cooks like his Pappy, sings like his mother, dances like me, and he's got his dad's good sense. My Kurt's gonna go places I

tell you, mark my words." She waved her spoon at them. "Isn't that right, Pappy?" She swatted her husband gently and he looked away from his conversation with Finn's Uncle Harry.

"Hmm?" He blinked owlishly at her. "Oh, yeah, you're right," he said distractedly. Then he turned back to his conversation as if he'd never been interrupted at all. Blaine kind of got the feeling it happened a lot.

"See, even Pappy agrees with me, Kurt." She reached across the table and patted Kurt's hand. Kurt smiled and blushed bright red under the praise.

"Hey, Marge," Carole said, getting the old woman's attention. "Could you tell me about..." Blaine tuned her out, looking back to Kurt. Carole was clearly saving them, a welcome intervention. Kurt was still blushing.

"You want to live in New York?" Blaine asked. When Kurt nodded his heart clenched, and he didn't know why.

## **Chapter Thirty-One**

After dinner all but the cleaners were kicked into the living room and settled in front of the TV. They chatted a little, but it wasn't long before Pappy began nodding off and Finn's Uncle Harry started to follow suit. Kurt poked Blaine's side gently, waking the older boy from his own light snooze, and whispered in his ear. "Wanna go upstairs?"

Blaine looked at him with wide eyes. "What about Finn?"

Kurt spared his brother a glance. He'd eaten more than he had at Thanksgiving, gorging on ham and bread and potatoes. Kurt watched as he snuggled into the couch cushions and let his eyes droop. "I think we'll be fine."

"Really?" Blaine's voice was incredulous, and there was something about the way he looked at Kurt that made him shiver.

Oh. Kurt shoulder bumped him. "I don't mean for THAT." He rolled his eyes. "I just mean to hang out." MAYBE they could make out a little bit, just a little. "You know, wait until dessert."

Blaine looked over to Finn one more time before nodding. They went up the stairs quickly and quietly. "Wanna watch a movie? Mercedes gave me Sweeny Todd," Kurt asked when they reached the top of the stairs.

Blaine shrugged and hummed a non-response and led the way to Kurt's room. He held the door open for him and ran a hand over Kurt's back as he walked in. "I've been wanted to touch you all day."

Kurt smiled to himself. "Let me put on a movie then, for cover."

Blaine's returning smile was brilliant.

Kurt honestly didn't pay attention to which movie he'd picked, only that he pressed play and settled down on his bed beside Blaine. Blaine was on him in seconds, kissing his lips and pressing a warm tongue to

Kurt's lips. Kurt opened his mouth easily, eager for the invasion. They didn't just make out anymore; it was kind of nice to just do this.

"Kurt," Blaine whispered against his mouth. "Kurt." He loved the way his name sounded when Blaine said it. Something about his tone, the somewhat desperate lilt of his voice, made Kurt shiver and pull the older boy in closer. Without any thought at all Kurt rolled so he was on top of Blaine and covering the older boy as entirely with his body as he could. Blaine's arms wrapped around his back and pulled him in tighter. "Kurt."

Kurt's breath was coming shorter, getting harder to pull into his lungs. He didn't want to need air anymore, just Blaine. Why couldn't he breathe Blaine in and just keep him there instead? "Blaine." He pulled off to catch his unfortunately necessary breath. When his eyes opened he saw Blaine staring at him intently. "Blaine?"

Blaine's arms tightened around him and pulled him back down for another kiss. Something felt off.

Something was boiling uneasily in the pit of his stomach. It didn't make him feel sick, so it wasn't from the food, but it was distracting and Blaine didn't want to think on it. Instead he kissed Kurt until they had to stop and try to make it look like they hadn't been making out.

They were watching some movie Blaine was trying and failing to pay attention to when Finn knocked on the door and told them it was time for dessert.

For the rest of the night Blaine kept looking at Kurt, couldn't keep his eyes off of the younger boy. For once he wasn't being led around by his dick, his libido was still. He just wanted to look at him. It kind of freaked him out, in a quiet way he pushed down with the uneasy feeling in his stomach.

To ignore it he talked with people, Finn's Aunt Kitty, Pappy, Burt, but his eyes kept going back to Kurt, and he kept trailing off in his conversations to join in with Kurt and Finn's. Even then he'd trail off and simply stare at Kurt until he realized he was doing it and quickly looked away, turning to start another conversation with somebody. The cycle continued. It was kind of exhausting.

## **Chapter Thirty-Two**

It was past ten when the last of Kurt's newly extended family finally left, and he was BEAT. He trudged up to his room and collapsed face first on his bed. When he finally lifted his head to look at his bedside clock it was almost eleven, he must have dozed off a little. With a yawn he dragged himself off his bed and to the bathroom to wash his face.

Finn was brushing his teeth when Kurt pushed the door the rest of the way open. "Hi," Finn said around his toothbrush.

"Hi," Kurt said around another yawn. "Almost done?"

"No." Finn shook his head. "You can have the sink though." He took a step back and out of the way.

"Thanks." Kurt stifled another yawn and turned the tap on cold, hopefully it would wake him up a little. The thought of Blaine's promised reward ran through his head briefly. He quickly washed his face, a little quicker than usual.

"I need to spit," Finn said as Kurt was rinsing his face off.

"Gimme a few more seconds." Kurt splashed water on his face once more and then reached for his special face towel. He backed out of the way. With a few pats to his face to get the most of the moisture off Kurt took the towel away. "Good night, Finn."

"G'night," Finn said and then spat. "Sleep tight."

"Thanks." Kurt gave him a pat on the back and left the bathroom.

He finished his moisturizing routine in his room and then lay back on his bed. If Blaine kept to his word he'd sneak in and they'd do... WHATEVER Blaine planned on, and Kurt didn't necessarily need to stay awake waiting for it.

He yawned and rolled over, burying his face in his pillow. Half of him wanted to stay awake and wait, the other half was already begging for sleep. He compromised by staying atop his blankets, even if that did make him a bit cold.

At some point he closed his eyes.

The sound of an alarm blaring by his ear woke him from a pleasant dream. He was being spooned by his future husband and they were new parents, tucked out and waiting for the baby monitor to go off and rouse them to work. In fact, he thought the alarm was the baby monitor for a few confused seconds upon waking.

There was a groan from behind him and Kurt stiffened, finally noticing the arm draped over his chest and tugging him tight against a warm body. "Five more minutes," Blaine said in a sleepy voice and Kurt relaxed. The older boy nuzzled into Kurt's neck and it made shivers run down his spine. He felt a little aroused, but mostly just content.

Moving as little as possible he fished Blaine's phone out from under the pillow where it was screeching and dismissed the alarm. His own phone was on the nightstand and too far to reach without moving.

"Three a.m." Kurt rolled his sleepy eyes and quickly decreased the brightness on Blaine's phone, that done he set a new alarm for seven a.m. His dad never went in early the day after a holiday and Carole had off. Nobody would be awake until at least nine.

He put Blaine's phone back under the pillow and snuggled back further into Blaine's arms. This was better than any sexual reward Blaine could come up with, MUCH better.

Kurt let his eyes drift shut again and let out a relaxing breath.

Blaine was lying in the most comfortable bed he'd ever been in and surrounded by a warm glow. Everything was light around him. He got out of bed and found himself in the kitchen of a familiar apartment he'd never seen before. A delicious smell was wafting and he turned to the stove where a tall figure stood with his back turned. Blaine felt a smile on his face and went to hug the figure from behind, hooking his head over the figure's strong shoulder despite the height difference. "What's cooking good looking?"

The figure laughed, high and musical. "Dork." The man ground his ass back against him, nothing arousing really, just comfortable. "Eggs, over easy like you guys like them."

"You spoil us, honey." Blaine kissed the back of his husband's neck. "I love you."

"Good morning to you too." He laughed. "Love, go get our daughter up, she can't be late to school again."

"She gets the late thing from you." Blaine kissed the nap of his husband's neck one more time before detaching.

Then he was in a bright room accented with a happy, mellowed out yellow and a little girl of about six years was stumbling around the room half asleep. "I'm up Papa, I promise," she said in a high voice and rubbed at her pretty light coloured eyes.

"So long as you're sure, Daddy has breakfast ready in five." Blaine rustled the little girl's hair and she narrowed those pretty eyes at him.

"Don't mess up my hair." She smoothed it back down.

His husband put a plate of food in front of him and then sat down on the other side of the table, beside their daughter. "Blaine, honey, can you get the door?" The doorbell was ringing loudly through the apartment. "There's somebody at the door, see who it is."

Blaine woke with a start, his phone going off under the pillow near his ear and a warm body wriggling against him. He wrenched his eyes open to see the back of Kurt's head in the early morning light.

He practically fell out of the bed trying to get away.

The movement woke Kurt up fully. "Blaine?"

"Kurt..."

"Come back to bed," Kurt mumbled, face mostly in the pillow. Then Kurt groaned and rolled onto his back, fished a hand under the pillow to retrieve Blaine's phone, and proceeded to squint almost angrily at the device. "Damn, and I was having such a nice dream."

Kurt sat up and held the phone out to Blaine. "I didn't have the heart to wake you when it went off the first time, so I set the alarm for later."

"I was going to..." He let his voice taper off, unsure what he was actually going to say. He took the phone from Kurt hesitantly and with a quiet thanks. "I'll just... um, I'll go to my room now. See you later?"

Kurt nodded and yawned. "You still owe me."

"Yeah." Blaine smiled fondly and ducked in for a kiss, ignoring Kurt's squeak and ensuing complaint about morning breath. "I'll see you later."

Blaine ducked out of the room as quietly as possible and tip toed to the room next store. Once he'd successfully closed the door he let out a relieved sigh. "That could have gone much worse." He rolled onto his air mattress and snuggled into his blankets and pillow.

He didn't fall asleep, merely stayed on the edge of consciousness, unable to truly rest when his bed felt so cold and lonely.

## Chapter Thirty-Three

It took another two days for everyone to go back to their normal schedules and for Blaine to FINALLY get some decent alone time with Kurt. They'd been making out later in the day after Blaine had woken up in Kurt's room when Finn had knocked on the door. Blaine had barely had enough time to roll under Kurt's bed before the tall boy came barging in, asking about a New Year's Eve party. They'd been too scared of being caught after that to try anything.

However, on the twenty eighth of December, at 1:28 pm, Finn Hudson's car door slammed shut just a tad too roughly and his engine roared into life. By 1:29 Kurt was thrown against the door and Blaine was devouring the younger boy's mouth. Kurt's hand shot up and twisted in his hair, pulling in the way he'd discovered made Blaine moan the loudest. They ground together, nearly coming right there pressed up against the door, but Blaine wanted to taste Kurt too badly to let that happen. With one last bruising kiss to Kurt's lips Blaine knelt and went to work on Kurt's zipper.

Kurt's fingers tightened in his hair and Blaine nearly lost it right there. "Kurt,"

"Come on, Blaine," Kurt urged.

Encouraged Blaine practically ripped open the front of Kurt's pants. He pulled Kurt's cock out and practically inhaled it in his eagerness to suck on it. He'd been thinking and thinking about Kurt in his mouth for days, fantasizing about it as he lay on his air mattress at night.

Blaine moaned at the taste and weight of Kurt in his mouth, cock hardening SO much. He'd always loved giving head, it was his FAVORITE thing to do in bed, but with Kurt he loved it even MORE. Kurt fit perfectly in his mouth, and he responded so well, gasping and twitching and digging his fingers into Blaine's scalp.

He worked Kurt over quickly, his eagerness overtaking his desire to drag this out. When Kurt came it was with a shout and a buckling of his knees. He slid to the floor right in front of Blaine and he wasted no time attacking the younger boy's mouth. Kurt moaned into his mouth and looped his arms over Blaine's shoulder, holding him in place weakly.

When Kurt finally pulled away to suck in a ragged breath he rested his head against the door. "I hope that wasn't my thank you for the harmonica, because you've already done that a lot."

Blaine choked on a laugh. "Since when are you so cheeky?" He nuzzled Kurt's cheek and kissed just behind Kurt's ear.

"Since you started sucking my brains out through my dick," Kurt answered and then promptly flushed bright red. He coughed awkwardly. Blaine laughed at him fondly.

"How about we go upstairs, we can try something else I've been thinking about if you want. Something we haven't done yet."

Kurt's eyes lit up, Blaine took it for a yes.

Blaine, Kurt noticed when they got to his room, was still hard, it kind of made Kurt's mouth water. He'd only managed to go down on Blaine that one time, he wanted to try again. There was something so intoxicating about being the one in control, the one bringing someone else to the brink and beyond. He kind of loved it.

"So what do you have planned?" Kurt asked and draped himself across his bed dramatically, getting the desired happy chuckle out of Blaine. The older boy climbed on the bed next to him and flopped down, snuggling into Kurt's pillow.

"Well, I remember our talk about different things we could do, do you?" Kurt nodded. "Well, I was wondering if your limits have changed or moved, have they?"

"Um..." Kurt blushed hotly. "I'm obviously okay with mouths now, I still don't want... I don't want the other thing."

"Okay, that's perfectly fine, don't worry about that at all." Blaine ran a sympathetic hand down Kurt's side. "Actually, I mostly figured that. Still, I'd like to try something I mentioned during our talk."

"What?" Kurt was almost afraid to ask. He'd blurred most of that talk out, too embarrassed to really retain anything. All he got when he thought of it was the shape of Blaine's mouth as he said dirty things.

"I'd like to try inter... between the thighs." Blaine's eyes lit up when he said it, beautiful.

"Thighs?"

"Yeah, remember, I told you about it..."

A vague memory of the topic came back, it had been right after the 'toy' discussion; actually Kurt was kind of impressed he hadn't passed out during that talk. Kurt nodded.

"Good, so I was thinking we could try that, if it's okay with you of course."

"Um..." Kurt's face flushed even hotter. Did Blaine want to fuck his thighs? Was that what he was telling him? Kurt snuck a glance at his thighs, they didn't look particularly fuckable, but, honestly, what did he know?

Without his permission his eyes focused in on Blaine's muscular thighs. The memory of what they looked like naked flashed in front of his eyes, then an image of his dick sliding between them. Kurt moaned.

"Kurt?" Blaine's hand cupped his cheek.

"Um..." Kurt mentally shook himself. "Who would... um, who's thighs?"

Blaine grinned. "Well, if you like the idea, and since it'd be your 'reward', you can choose which way we go. I'm perfectly fine with either way." Blaine was VIBRATING with happiness and excitement, visibly giddy with his perceived good idea.

Kurt kind of felt his OWN body shaking. Another image of his dick sliding between Blaine's thighs came to him, and with it came a flood of images. He'd been holding back these types of images the past few nights, too scared of letting them go too far, but now...

Blaine was on his back, mouth open for Kurt's tongue before he even knew he was moving.

"Well?" Blaine asked when Kurt moved to his neck.

"Your thighs." Kurt sucked hard on Blaine's neck. "How do we... how do we set up for this?"

"I can be on my stomach for one; it's the easiest position I can think of right now. Or on my hands and knees. Take your pick," Blaine answered. Then he pulled Kurt up to his mouth for another breath-stealing kiss.

## **Chapter Thirty-Four**

He got up and shucked off his clothes, watching out of the corner of his eye as Kurt did the same, and then he flopped onto his stomach for Kurt. As the younger boy settled next to him on the bed Blaine rolled onto his side so he could pull Kurt in for a kiss. "We'll need lube," Blaine said, pointing to Kurt's nightstand where'd he'd long ago stashed the lube, then he rolled back onto his stomach.

"Okay," Kurt said distractedly. Blaine looked over his shoulder to catch Kurt's eyes darting away from his ass, he held in the laugh, it would embarrass Kurt SO much.

Kurt leaned over him to get the lube out of the nightstand, naked body pressing gently against Blaine's backside. Blaine let his eyes drift shut, enjoying the warmth and closeness of the moment. Soon Kurt settled back on his haunches, letting one hand trail over Blaine's lower back.

"What do... Um, how do we do this?" Kurt asked.

Blaine took one more relaxing breath and then raised himself to his hands and knees. "Kneel behind me. I'll need my legs together, so straddle them."

"Okay," Kurt said and Blaine looked over in time to see him still nodding.

"I'll need some lube on my thighs, and you'll want some on your cock too. Do you want me to put it on me, or do you want to do it?"

Kurt gasped and threw a leg over Blaine's. The younger boy's hands found his back, sliding up and down a few times. Blaine heard an audible swallow. "I'll do it." Kurt's voice was barely a whisper, raspy with want.

He'd been starting to feel a little awkward as he was, but with that tone in Kurt's voice, Blaine's cock jumped. The loud popping of the lube bottle sounded in the room, followed by the sound of some squirting into Kurt's hand. "Um... it'll be a little cold I think."

"That's okay," Blaine said and wriggled his ass. Kurt gasped loudly behind him, one hand coming down to wrap tightly around his hip. "It'll warm up."

"Alright," Kurt said and swallowed audibly again. Kurt's other hand hovered near where Blaine's thighs were pressed together, radiating heat while he gathered his wits. It was kind of – interesting, Kurt hadn't been this nervous to try something in a while. Maybe he should just do it himself? Or maybe they could go back to something they already knew, Blaine certainly wouldn't mind giving Kurt another blowjob.

He was about to open his mouth and say something when Kurt's hand dove between Blaine's thighs, slicking up one of them easily. Kurt moaned, forehead colliding with Blaine's lower back. "Blaine, I didn't know a person could look so hot when I can't even see their face." The hand between his thighs rubbed up and down. Kurt dragged his fingers up to Blaine's balls and fondled them gently, drawing a loud moan out of Blaine, before switching to the opposite thigh, coating it with the rest of the lube.

Kurt was technically done now, but his hand stayed right where it was, rubbing up and down Blaine's thighs, making a U of it as he crossed over Blaine's balls repeatedly. The hand on Blaine's hip tightened more and more, until Kurt's fingers were sure to leave marks on his skin.

"I think it's good now, Kurt," Blaine finally said, his voice coming out as a croak. "PLEASE, Kurt."

Kurt kissed just above Blaine's tailbone, sucking just a little. It sent Blaine wild. Kurt pulled his hand away and went back for the lube. Blaine used the time Kurt was slicking himself up to press his thighs tighter together and brace his weight more comfortably on his forearms.

"I'm sure you can figure it out, but I've found it feels better when you put it near the top," Blaine advised.

Kurt loosened his vice grip on Blaine's hip and suddenly he wasn't touching Blaine anywhere. Blaine opened his mouth to protest, but Kurt's hands were soon back, surprising Blaine with their placement. Blaine moaned in a low voice as Kurt grabbed his ass, squeezing the cheeks he'd never REALLY touched before almost roughly before cupping them and running his thumbs in an arch close to his crack. Blaine's head fell against the pillow, breath suddenly ragged.

He'd barely ever been touched like that, and he LOVED it so much. Kurt's thumbs caressed him again, even daring to pull his cheeks apart slightly. Images and thoughts of Kurt fucking into him suddenly flooded Blaine's mind and made his mouth water. He'd never been fucked before. He'd never gotten past first base with his first boyfriend and his second hadn't been interested in topping. His singular one night stand had only been mutual blowjobs and he hadn't trusted Sebastian enough during their three month fling to do it.

But now, like he'd never experienced before, he could picture bottoming for someone realistically. Blaine was a bit floored to realize how much he trusted and liked Kurt.

Lost in thought he almost missed the shuffle of Kurt's knees as the boy got closer, close enough for Blaine to feel the body heat radiating off him. Then Kurt's right hand left his ass and presumably wrapped around Kurt's dick to hold it steady as the younger boy pressed his cock to the apex of Blaine's thighs.

The first thrust in left them both moaning MUCH too loudly for so little movement, however, neither of them cared. What was more important was the feel of Kurt's cock between Blaine's thighs, sliding through enough to rub Blaine's balls and slid partly up the underside of Blaine's cock.

Kurt's right hand came back, settling on Blaine's mid back, and then Kurt pulled out only to thrust back in. They moaned in unison. Kurt thrust again, and again, and again, until Blaine stopped trying to keep track and started melting into Kurt's bed. His arms were shaking with the effort to keep him up and his thighs were starting to burn with how tightly he needed to press them together.

Kurt's hitched cry, different from the moans of before, caught Blaine's attention when Kurt changed his angle and was suddenly able to thrust harder. It was beautiful, and Blaine kind of wished he could see the face that went with it.

Kurt's change in angle brought his cock more sharply in contact with Blaine's, increasing Blaine's pleasure as well. He found himself rocking back onto Kurt, wishing Kurt was INSIDE him. The thought made him choke on a moan and rock himself back harder. One of Kurt's hands hooked on Blaine's shoulder, his head coming down to rest between Blaine's shoulder blades. Kurt's other arm wrapped around Blaine's abdomen, clutching tightly.

Fingers dug into his skin, well manicured nails pressing perfect crescents into his skin. Kurt's fingernails always clawed at Blaine when the younger boy was getting close, and his face always got so flushed and the hinge in his jaw seemed to stop working well enough for Kurt to shut his mouth.

He couldn't see Kurt's face like this, all that met his eyes was a pillow.

He wanted to see Kurt's face. Blaine whined low in his throat as Kurt thrust harder and faster, almost abandoning his rhythm. Kurt was close and Blaine couldn't see his face. Like it had roots the thought dug into his brain and grew, fast and furious, taking over his thoughts ridiculously fast, until it was almost like

he was two people. One experienced the toe curling sensation of Kurt's thrusts, the other clawed at his skin and demanded he turn around and cling to Kurt so tight they'd never be apart again.

When Kurt finally came, mid thrust so his come painted the inside of Blaine thighs and some of his ass, Blaine's heart didn't know whether to sink or soar. Half of him was close to the edge, the other didn't care one bit about orgasming, merely interested in finding a way to crawl into Kurt's skin and live there forever.

Kurt collapsed against his back, draping himself all over Blaine so they were touching almost everywhere. It wasn't enough; he wanted to see Kurt's face. He didn't dare move though, afraid to lose even this contact.

Eventually though, Kurt found the will to move himself. As Kurt's skin left his he whined pitifully, heart aching in his chest. He guessed Kurt took pity on him or something, because the younger boy rolled him onto his back and snuggled into his side. "Did you come? Was that good for you?" Kurt asked, dragging fingers down Blaine's stomach and twirling them in his happy trail.

Blaine chanced a look down; he'd gone soft, ugly desperation curling in his stomach and ruining his hard on. "Yeah, I did." Blaine lied. "You were great." Kurt wiggled in satisfaction and snuggled further into Blaine's side. The action set loose the dam in Blaine's will; he wrapped his arms around his boy much too tightly.

Desperation ate at him, the suddenly clear urge to stay in that bed forever, wrapped up so tightly in his Kurt. HIS KURT. The possessive tone of his thoughts, the tone that had been building for a month, was perfectly clear now. There was a reason he couldn't stop his mouth for saying those intense things, a reason he couldn't stop touching Kurt even in public, a reason he had come to almost despise Finn's presence in the afternoons. He WANTED Kurt. He wanted his boy more than he'd wanted anyone before.

Blaine was a bit of an oblivious guy, he noticed big picture but was often lost on components, that coupled with his history of casual, non-serious relationships, he understood intellectually why it had taken him so long to see this. But... But how could he have mistake how STRONGLY he was drawn to this boy? How could he have missed this fierce feeling growing inside of him?

Kurt smushed his face into Blaine's neck, contently allowing Blaine to cling to him like a limpet.

He'd been leading this boy on, too scared to let him go and too stupid to hold him properly. Blaine tightened his arms just a bit more, relief at finally having a name for the feelings swirling inside him mixing with the confusion and anxiety over what he should do now.

"I'm sleepy now, Blaine. Wake me up later, I want to take you for coffee," Kurt mumbled against his chest.

Blaine closed his eyes and forced his thoughts away. Right then he had his boy in his arms, he could figure out what to do later, when he was alone on his air-mattress. "Sounds great, Kurt." Blaine struggled to grab Kurt's phone, the closest, off his nightstand without disturbing the boy. When he had achieved victory, even grabbing a few tissues to clean them up, he set an alarm for an hour, wiped away Kurt's come, and then rolled himself into the boy, determined to just hold onto Kurt as tight and as long as he could.

## **Chapter Thirty-Five**

(Facebook chat with Mercedes)

M: hey, haven't seen you in a while

K: I've been busy, holidays and all that. What about you? How was Christmas?

M: good. ma made a big deal about it as usual. anyway, you going to rachels new years eve party? shes tryin to convince her dads to let her make it a girls sleepover.

aka, you and me, maybe tina if mike doesnt claim her, and then the glee cheerios

K: Rachel's having a party? Is she trying to get sophomore year's glee club back together?

M: for a night yes. did she not tell you about it?

K: She must have forgotten. She assumes I can read her mind sometimes because we're both going to apply for NYADA next year. I'll have to go yell at her about it.

M: no doubt already contacted finn about it.

K: Agreed, none whatsoever.

M: so, you coming?

K: I guess I can be convinced to make an appearance.

M: bring that college boy of yours, ive been dyin to see him.

K: Hmm, I'll ask him about it. I'm sure Finn will either be ACHING to go, or running away from the idea like it was poisonous.

M: itll be interesting to see which it is. either way, bring the college boy.

K: I'll see.

M: good boy.

Blaine was clingy, something he'd never noticed about himself before, mostly because he'd never had anything like Kurt too cling too.

After his realization Blaine had locked himself in the guest room, laid out on the air-mattress, and forced himself to come up with something, ANYTHING.

He'd come up a bit horny and with a pathetic, waxing poetic, set of lyrics he couldn't even TRY to think about again without wanting to shoot himself in the foot.

When had he gotten so sappy? When did he turn into this THING that wanted to cling to Kurt's ever pore and never let go?

And why Kurt? Kurt wasn't that interesting surely. No more interesting that his first boyfriend, or his second, or his... WHATEVER the fling with Sebastian was labeled, Kurt wasn't more interesting that THAT guy. Seriously, Sebastian was, like, the CRAZIEST guy Blaine knew. He'd lived in PARIS, and he...

Didn't hold a God damned candle to Kurt. Kurt was... Kurt was witty and sweet, sarcastic and compassionate. Kurt had this great little sense of humor, the most AMAZING closet Blaine had ever seen in real life, and he came from this kind family. Kurt had the most beautiful face Blaine had seen in real life and the way he just lit up when he talked about music and Broadway made him even MORE beautiful. Somehow even just talking to Kurt over coffee was precious, made Blaine want to spend even more time with him and never stop.

Blaine had groaned into his pillow. HE WAS SO STUPID!

He had it BAD for this boy! This boy he was leaving a few days into the New Year's and probably wasn't going to see again. He lived NOWHERE near Lima and, now that the holidays were pretty much over, he had no normal reason to come visit, only to see Kurt.

Besides, he'd told Kurt when they'd started this – this FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS thing that he wouldn't date him. FUCK HE WAS SO STUPID!

"Way to just fuck with a guy's head and lead him on," Blaine growled to himself.

But now he was kind of stuck. If he suddenly decided, about four days before he was leaving, that he was PERFECTLY alright starting a relationship with Kurt, that wouldn't be fair. The whole being two hours apart thing wasn't ideal to begin with, and then there was the whole high school versus college thing.

But those things could be worked out, at the beginning he'd been using them as valid reasons (which they still kind of were), but he'd also not thought he'd develop REAL feelings for Kurt so it had been okay, logical, SMART. Now it just seemed dumb and like a HUGE douche move. Seriously, he'd asked a sixteen year old boy to be his friends with benefits for a month because he couldn't keep his LIBIDO in check and making a God damned car trip was too much fucking effort once school started again!

Blaine wanted to hit himself, his selfish, hormonally driven, bastard self.

Asking Kurt to just ignore how much of an asshat he'd been was asking too much of the boy now. He COULDN'T do this to Kurt. He couldn't just up and say 'will you be my boyfriend now? I know it'll be tough and long distance, but I'm a clingy bastard and I need to push my feelings all over you' without serious amounts of guilt. Kurt had agreed to the deal, however douchey it might have been and fucking with that now, so close to the end, wouldn't be a good idea.

As much as it pained him, the only way for he and Kurt to continue on good terms was to let it just end when he went back to college.

Besides, Kurt probably hadn't developed feelings for him the same way. Anything Kurt was feeling could most likely be chalked up to relieving all of his sexual tension. After all, Blaine had fancied himself in love with his second boyfriend for a good three months before he finally came down off the sex high and realized their relationship was just casual and convenient. Hell Blaine had even introduced him to his current, and long-term, boyfriend specifically hoping they'd date. IF Kurt felt anything, which was a big 'if' at this point, it most likely wasn't real.

Blaine kind of hoped his feelings weren't real either, but he knew they were.

"... and so Rachel's dads agreed to let everyone stay over in the basement because they didn't like the idea of everybody out driving so late, especially since so many people get drunk on New Year's and try to drive like idiots," Kurt said to his dad over dinner on December 30th.

"YOU won't be drinking will you?" Burt asked.

"No, of course not." Kurt screwed up his nose, remembering the April/Ms. Pillsbury incident the year before. "Rachel's dads ARE going out, they don't have any beer in the house. Mr. Leroy's allergic to grain." It was technically true, 100 percent true, it was just deceiving. While there was no beer in the Berry house, there was liquor. Kurt, however, had no intention of drinking any of it and he didn't want his dad to tell him he couldn't go.

"None?" Burt asked with narrowed eyes.

"None." Kurt nodded.

"Alright then, you guys can go."

Kurt grinned. Now he'd just need to convince Finn and Blaine that they couldn't drink. He chanced a look at the two older boys, Finn looked a bit distraught but Blaine didn't look unhappy. Kurt counted it all a win.

## **Chapter Thirty-Six**

Since it was his first New Year's away from his dad, Burt 'suggested' he come work in the shop for the day so they could have some 'bonding' time. Kurt mourned the lost time with Blaine, but he couldn't really tell his dad no so he could have sex with Finn's roommate. This was how he found himself holding a tire while his dad affixed it to a customer's car.

"You know I can hold it myself right? I do it every day you're not here." Burt gave him an unimpressed but slightly amused look.

Kurt rolled his eyes. "I don't like you lifting heavy things, so when I'm here I'll do it for you."

"It's a tire, kid," Burt said with a wry smile.

Kurt sighed loudly. "Still."

"Alright." Burt shrugged. "Thanks."

"You're welcome, Dad."

"Alright, got 'er." Burt gave a last pull on the wrench and then stood. He wiped his hands off on a rag in his pocket. "Time for lunch."

"I'll get it." Kurt WAS hungry, something about being in the shop always made him eat more than usual. Sometimes he imagined the smell of motor oil made his body react on its own as if he were smelling his favorite food. He remembered so many days being dropped off at the shop after school, curling up in his dad's office for a snack, and then waiting (and when he was big enough helping) around the shop until it was time to go home for dinner.

Kurt laid their lunch out on his dad's desk and then went to wash his hands. Burt was already digging into his whole wheat chicken sandwich by the time Kurt got in. He had a bottle of iced tea and a side of mango slices. Kurt approved.

Happily Kurt pulled out his own, matching, lunch and sat on the other side of Burt's desk.

"You know," Burt started after he'd finished his sandwich. "I feel a bit bad leaving you at home all the time with that Blaine kid. I know you said it was okay, but I still feel bad."

Kurt willed himself not to blush. "It IS fine, Dad. Blaine's... Blaine's cool." It was lame, but he couldn't think of anything witty right then, with the naughty truth staring him in the face.

"He seems like a good kid, the little I've got to know him." Burt nodded his head in agreement. "You've been happy too, which is always good to see. Finn says you guys talk about what it's like being gay. I know you've wanted somebody who gets that around. Still, I feel like we dumped him on you."

"No," Kurt protested, maybe a bit too loudly. "It's FINE. I... Dad, I LIKE having Blaine around. Finn's right, we DO talk about being gay. It's – nice." Kurt felt awkward the entire speech. It wasn't a lie; he and Blaine did talk about gay things, just another deception, similar to the party and its alcohol content discussion. "We're... we've become friends." The 'with benefits' went understandably unsaid.

Burt gave him an odd look, Kurt really hoped it wasn't one of those 'I'm seeing into your soul and past all your lies' looks his dad was kind of ridiculously good at. Kurt wanted to say more, but that would be like admitting his dad was right if Burt really WAS giving him one of those looks.

"Okay, so long as you're sure," Burt said and opened his container of mango slices.

"I am." Kurt tried to nod as nonchalantly as possible.

When the boys left for the party Burt's fingers starting to itch. He'd been busy, what with all the holiday emergencies and pre-vacation check-ups coming into the shop, so he hadn't really had much energy to watch the boy and his kid together, but – but Kurt's reaction today – Burt needed to check that out.

He'd watched them during dinner, saw the way that Blaine kid basically stared at Kurt all through the meal, only looking away when Kurt looked at him, and he knew SOMETHING was going on there. Still, Kurt hadn't told him about it, whatever IT was, so Burt wasn't supposed to know.

Finn said to trust the kid, but Burt was a protective guy, always had been, and he didn't know that Blaine kid enough to trust him. He couldn't just ASK Kurt though; Kurt wasn't a straight forward kind of guy. He

liked to play mind games and responded better when you attacked him gently and from the side so he couldn't even see it coming.

That Blaine kid was leaving in a few days, Burt didn't have the time to wheedle this out of Kurt, thus itchy fingers. Half an hour after they left Burt found himself outside the guest room door, fingers turning the knob.

The room wasn't a mess, that kind of surprised Burt. Kurt wasn't a normal kid, he'd inherited a combination of his mom's and Burt's need for cleanliness. Most kids didn't though, Finn especially, and were quite messy. NOT walking into a tornado gave the kid some brownie points in Burt's book.

Not enough to stop his snooping though.

He opened all the drawers and the small closet. Blaine didn't have anything stored in them. Damn, Burt wasn't going to snoop through the kid's suitcase; that was a whole new level of invasion.

He looked around the room some more, but the only incriminating thing he found was a box of granola bars. Frustrated Burt admitted defeat in this room and left.

Kurt's door was next, but Burt stopped before he opened the door. What was he looking to find? Used condoms in the trash can? Would he even be able to handle that if he did?

Did dudes even use condoms together? Nobody could get pregnant, so was it even a thing? A HORRIBLE, yet thankfully blurry, mental image of his kid with a guy popped into his head and Burt's grip on the doorknob tightened. Oh god, he could NOT handle the thought of his kid having sex.

Then another thought hit him, was it the two guys thing or the Kurt thing? Gross, gross 'my kid having sex' thought, but Burt tried to imagine Kurt with a girl.

He was probably going to squeeze the damn knob so hard it dented.

Strangely, although thoroughly grossed out, Burt was kind of pleased that the idea of Kurt with a girl was more revolting than the idea of him with a guy. It was the added aspect of Kurt not liking it, and potentially being coerced into it, that added that extra layer of revolution.

But the coercion thing came with the guy picture too.

Burt decided, right there and then, that he'd need to do probably the most awkward thing he'd ever experience as a father. It was time for the Sex Talk.

Finn had only dated Rachel for a few months before the whole Jesse St. James thing happened, and then, right when Finn realized he might like Rachel a bit more than he'd originally thought, he'd gotten his acceptance letter to OSU. He'd thought about maybe getting together with her anyway, but she was still all depressed from the Jesse St. Asshole thing and he didn't want to jump on her like she jumped on him after the whole Quinn thing.

He figured that once she started singing happy songs in glee again it'd be alright to ask her out. She didn't, not once, actually her songs got a lot sadder the closer Finn got to graduation. And she kept looking at him while she sang; it made him feel like he'd done something wrong.

Then he hadn't seen her all summer, only when Kurt brought her around really, and by then he thought he'd missed his chance. It was kind of depressing. The only GOOD thing that came out of the summer was Puck apologizing for what happened with Quinn and doing all that stuff so Finn would trust him again.

But Rachel had invited him to her party. She was still the weirdest girl he'd ever met, and kind of scary intense, but he liked that honestly. None of the college girls he met were intense like that. Finn kind of hoped this invitation meant he could ask her out now, so long as she wasn't going out with somebody else by now. Damn, she was probably going out with somebody. Finn REALLY hoped she wasn't.

## **Chapter Thirty-Seven**

Two minutes after they'd left the house Kurt got a frantic call from Rachel asking him to pick up some orange juice because, apparently, her dads loved it and she hadn't realized it was all gone. "You can't have a screwdriver without the screw!" she yelled into his ear through the phone. Kurt didn't argue.

Instead he merely poked at Finn until the older boy pulled into the parking lot of the nearest grocery store. "I have to go now, Rachel, I'm going in to buy it now."

"Okay, tell me when you've got it!" Her voice was shriller than usual, Kurt wondered if she'd already started drinking.

"I'll text you, I promise." Kurt rolled his eyes at Blaine and hung up with Rachel. Once he'd, mercifully, taken the phone from his ear he took a calming breath. "I need to go get some orange juice for her, I'll be right back."

"Do you want company?" Blaine asked, turned around in the passenger's seat, a hand shooting out and stopping short before the middle console. "I want some gum anyway."

"What do you need gum for, dude? Planning on kissing someone at midnight?" Finn elbowed Blaine playfully from the driver's seat. Kurt's heart leapt.

"Nah." Blaine's lips curled up in a playful smile pulling up the corners of his lips. "I just feel like I have garlic breath." Kurt's heart dropped. How stupid, he needed to stop being hopeful like that when Blaine said those noddos. "Yeah I know, pasta was kinda strong tonight, I loved it." Finn wriggled in his seat a little. "I'll just stay in the car though, keep it warm."

"Sounds good," Kurt said, eager to just get it over with. "Let's go, Blaine." He hopped out of the car. Blaine was following after him quickly

They made their way into the store quickly and quietly, Blaine trailing after Kurt's power-walk to the refrigerated section. He just needed to get the orange juice and then they could go. Oh, and pick up Blaine's stupid gum. They could do that at the counter though.

"Kurt," Blaine called and Kurt finally looked back to see Blaine literally jogging to catch up. "Kurt, slow down. What's the rush?"

A blush raced up Kurt's face and he stopped in his tracks. "Oh, um... sorry, I didn't know I was walking too fast." It was a lie; he'd sort of hoped he could leave Blaine in the dust.

"Well, slow down, Tiger." Blaine caught up to him and smiled the smile Kurt LOVED to kiss off him.

"Tiger?" Kurt quirked an eyebrow.

Blaine shrugged. "Trying it out. How'd it fair?" Kurt opened his mouth to answer but instead of words a squeak escaped him as Blaine gently took his hand and threaded their fingers together. "Kurt?" That STUPID, sexy smile lit the older boy's face.

Kurt sucked in a breath. "Terrible." But his face was hot and Blaine smiled triumphantly. Honestly Kurt didn't know how he felt about a nickname, but he was less concerned with what Blaine called him and more concerned with the way their hands were wrapped around each other.

"Well then, Tiger, we've got orange juice to buy."

"And gum," Kurt added automatically. Blaine rolled his eyes but nodded anyway. He tugged on Kurt's hand through their connection and suddenly they were moving again.

Blaine didn't let go of his hand all the way to the refrigerate section and back towards checkout. Actually Kurt was pretty sure Blaine wouldn't have let go until Kurt had to pull his wallet out to pay if a sickeningly familiar voice hadn't called out to him.

"Out with your new butt buddy, Lady Boy?" Azimio's voice was like a bucket of cold water; Kurt yanked his hand away from Blaine's as if the appendage suddenly stung. He whirled around to see Azimio and Karofsky in the self-checkout line holding two bottles of soda each.

Kurt took a step back involuntarily. Unluckily Azimio caught the movement and it made him laugh.

"Scared, Fairy?" The large Neanderthal smirked. "Kurt?" Blaine questioned from his side.

"Of course not, what would I have to be afraid of? Between the two of you you can't even string together an original insult." Kurt sneered, another, protective, instinct kicking in.

Azimio's eyes flashed and his nose flared, but Karofsky had a more interesting reaction. The large boy scowled and shifted the soda bottles in his hands. "Fucking fag." But something in his expression was different. Instead of the stunted anger Azimio always got when Kurt was somewhere he couldn't actively bully him, Karofsky looked almost scared. And something else, something - dark and strange but somehow familiar, it made Kurt's stomach curl unpleasantly.

"See, ORIGINAL." Kurt rolled his eyes and straightened his spine. "C'mon, Blaine." He wanted to tug Blaine's sleeve, but he didn't want to touch Blaine in front of these boys.

"Kurt, they're harassing you, you can't just take it," Blaine said to him fiercely, fixing the boys with a glare Kurt had never seen before.

"They're not going to do anything here." Kurt risked it and tugged Blaine's sleeve quickly. "Let's GO," he said more urgently. He just wanted out of here, even more than he had before. He didn't want to let his bullies ruin his first New Year's Eve party.

The house they went into was clean and well lit, beautiful in a sort of cold, yet still lived in way. It looked a bit like Blaine's house in that regard, but the feeling was different. There was a closeness in the picturesque rooms that Blaine's house just couldn't manage. His family loved from a distance.

A small brunette girl Blaine could only assume was Rachel met them at the door and pulled Kurt into a hug the younger boy was obviously slightly uncomfortable with and then practically threw him aside to stare up at Finn with the most intense expression Blaine had ever seen on a human being in person. She spared him a cursory glance and a polite smile before taking Finn's large hand and dragging him down the hall.

Blaine blinked after her. "She's..."

"Rachel Berry," Kurt supplied for him. "Really it's best to just describe her with her name, there are no other words." Kurt nodded sagely and then adjusted his hold on the gallon of orange juice Rachel hadn't even thought to notice. "I'll just go put this in the fridge downstairs. C'mon, the party awaits."

Blaine followed Kurt down a flight of steps and into the most interesting basement he'd ever been in. It was virtually a theatre, complete with a stage two steps off the ground and speakers. "Kurt." Blaine gulped. "This is more of her being Rachel Berry isn't it?"

Kurt took his last step down and looked up to where Blaine was caught still as he stared at the room. "Of course it is." Kurt held out his hand and Blaine's heart hammered suddenly.

He took Kurt's hand despite the little voice in his head telling him he shouldn't. He'd already ignored that voice in the grocery store, unable to fight the impulse to just TOUCH Kurt. \*Don't fuck with his head, Blaine!\* His mental chastising voice wasn't loud enough though, it was drowned out by the voice of Blaine's Want telling him to hold Kurt and never let go.

"So, where is everybody?" Blaine asked. The room was empty except for them, Finn, and Rachel.

"I got us here early so I could make sure Rachel's decorations weren't terrible." Kurt shrugged. "Everybody should start showing up soon, maybe twenty-thirty minutes?" Kurt looked at his watch and then nodded.

"Oh." Blaine pulled his hand from Kurt's reluctantly as the boy went to put the juice away. Finn was occupied with Rachel, but Blaine didn't know how long that would last. Damn, he wanted to be touching Kurt closed his eyes and shook his head briefly. He needed to stop being so clingy. It wasn't fair to Kurt. He couldn't change the rules now, so close to the end.

Kurt closed the fridge door, orange juice safely inside and leaving both hands free for Blaine to touch and grab and clenched his fists so he wouldn't reach out again to the boy.

## Chapter Thirty-Eight

Kurt was having a good time. Half an hour into the party Puck had arrived and, after seeing everyone's bored and sober faces, promptly threw away Rachel's STUPID drink tickets and broke into her dad's liquor cabinet. Within twenty minutes the party had picked up and Brittany had already stripped her sweater. When, another hour later, Kurt was finally tempted by Mercedes to take a drink, Brittany's shirt was gone.

Kurt's world was spinning slowly and pleasantly around him. He'd stopped at one drink, not at all eager for a repeat of the Bambi incident, and made sure that drink was more coke than rum, yet he still had a his buzz. It kind of made him want to sway.

Mercedes leaned against him, tired of laughing, and was clicking her tongue amusingly. "You're making a samba," Kurt told her.

She took her head off his shoulder and gave him a half smile. "Then we should dance."

Kurt's eyes widened; SUCH a good idea. "Yes!" He hopped up and helped his significantly drunker friend to her feet. "Dance Time!" he yelled and dragged Mercedes up onto the stage. Rachel was sitting in front of it, tucked under Finn's arm, and laughing. Kurt didn't think she'd mind him using her stage. Finn wouldn't either.

Finn. Kurt suddenly remembered Blaine. Where did Blaine go? Kurt spun around quickly searching for the curly headed boy. His eyes first landed on Brittany, down to her bra and shoeless, before moving on. Blaine wouldn't care about naked girl bodies.

Puck was wearing Zizies glasses and being circled by an angry Quinn. Tina was hanging off Mike and accidently flashing the room her panties. Santana was crying in the corner and yelling in Spanish. Where was Blaine?

AH! There he was, on the couch with Sam playing guitar. Kurt trotted off to meet him, completely missing the way Mercedes called after him. "BLAINE!" Kurt chirped and twirled before landing squarely between Sam and Blaine. "Blaine, there you are, I've been looking for you."

"Kurt." Blaine's smile was so pretty, why was it so pretty? It was unfair to be that pretty when smiling. Kurt looked stupid, especially since he couldn't make himself smile with teeth without looking like he was in pain.

Kurt reached a hand out to pet the boy with the pretty smile's knee. "You're playing guitar."

"I am," Blaine said with a nod.

The couch dipped and Kurt heard Mercedes say Sam's name. She was distracting Trouty Mouth for him so he could talk to his Blaine! Kurt sighed and made a note to thank her later. Then he scooted towards Blaine more. "I lost you."

"I went to the bathroom. When I got back you were singing with Rachel." Blaine shrugged. Oh, now Kurt remembered that. Oh, he had another drink then too... water but it tasted a bit funny. That was a while ago.

"How long ago?"

"About an hour and a half." Blaine put the guitar on the ground and his arms and lap were wide open, Kurt wanted to crawl into them. Instead he scooted closer so their legs were pressed together from hip to ankle.

"Too long." Kurt sighed and pressed their shoulders together. "I like this, you're all warm."

"I like it too," Blaine said and Kurt let his eyes fall shut. Being next to Blaine was so nice, even if they weren't kissing. Just touching felt so nice. "It'll be midnight soon, half an hour."

"Oh," Kurt said with another sigh. "Everybody kisses at New Year's. I never got to before."

Blaine stiffened next to him for a moment and then relaxed. One of Blaine's hands found Kurt's thigh mid-way up. "I haven't either. I was never with anybody at the right time."

No. Who would leave Blaine alone at midnight on New Year's? That was so stupid of them. Blaine had, like, the best lips of anybody. Kurt tipped his head back so he could see Blaine's pretty face; instead he got the side of Blaine's jaw. Still so pretty. "Do you wanna kiss me?"

Blaine shifted so he was looking into Kurt's eyes. Wow, so pretty and golden. They were like Twilight's were supposed to be, but prettier. So much prettier. Why was Blaine so damn pretty?

Blaine's breath fanned out over Kurt's face, soft and warm and SO, SO good. "I always want to kiss you," Blaine said.

It made Kurt blink. His brain was a bit foggy and his thoughts were loopy, but not so unfocused that he didn't take pause at that. If – if Blaine wanted to kiss him all the time why didn't he? Why didn't he just let them date so they COULD? Kurt pushed himself up and away so he could ask but, before he could open his mouth, Rachel's voice filled the room through her speakers.

"Who wants to pick a New Year's song?" she called to the room. "We need to pick something better than Auld Lang Syne, New Directions."

Nobody really responded so she repeated herself, louder. Kurt watched Finn pull himself off the ground and hop on stage. He'd wrapped an arm around Rachel's middle when Brittany called out a suggestion. Kurt rolled his eyes. If he never had to hear 'My Headband' again it would be too soon.

Blaine shifted next to him and Kurt's attention was pulled back to the pretty boy. So pretty. Kurt smiled at him serenely and wiggled so he was pressing closer to the older boy. "Love Shack!" Kurt yelled out to Rachel. He didn't really want to sing it, but he might as well play along.

Blaine had thought he was done with high school parties, but then Kurt had invited him to one and, rather than stay in the Hummel's house on New Year's with Kurt and Finn's parents, Blaine had jumped at the experience. His burning flame for Kurt also helped that decision along, a little.

Or a lot. Kurt was so – warm snuggled into his side, it was kind of throwing Blaine for a loop. He hadn't drank anything, determined not to doing anything stupid and so he could keep a watch on Kurt and Finn, and settled himself down on the couch after his bathroom trip. He'd thought for sure Kurt had forgotten him but then his boy had appeared at his side and it was all Blaine could do to keep his hands to himself. Touching Kurt just made him want the boy more. Fuck he was clingy!

"Ke\$ha!" the mostly naked blonde Blaine was pretty sure was named Brittany called out from atop a table. The raven haired girl who'd spent most of the night crying clung to the blonde's leg, face finally dry.

Rachel, tiny, HORRIBLY dressed spitfire, harshly vetoed the suggestion and encouraged more from her crowd. Blaine was pretty sure she already had a song picked out, she just wanted to make everyone think they had a choice. Blaine, for his part, really didn't give a shit. He just wanted the boy slowly curling closer into his side. The boy he couldn't stop imagining kissing at midnight.

Damn he wanted to kiss Kurt at midnight. He wanted to start the year off kissing this BEAUTIFUL boy and maybe never stop. No, DEFINITELY never stop. Kurt was so...

Blaine lost himself in his thoughts, imagining all the things he'd never let himself do, and lost track of time. He couldn't kiss Kurt at midnight, not with all these people around, not with Finn around. Finn still, somehow, hadn't figured them out yet, and Blaine wanted to keep it that way.

Guilt swam heavy in his stomach. Every once in a while Finn asked how he was getting along with Kurt and, necessarily, Blaine had to lie. He couldn't very well tell Kurt's protective older brother he was sleeping with the boy. Lying to Finn made him feel so dirty, and like what they were doing was wrong. But then he'd see Kurt and touch him and taste him and nothing else mattered.

ANOTHER FUCKING CLUE! He should have KNOWN! How had he let Kurt get so close and not even noticed?

"TEN!" Blaine jumped, there was counting around him. "NINE!"

Kurt wriggled at his side, pushing himself up. "EIGHT!" Suddenly Blaine could only see Kurt, nothing but his boy's beautiful face. "SEVEN!" Kurt's mouth moved with the word, breathless on his lips. The way his teeth caught his bottom lip made Blaine's breathing hitch. "SIX!" It looked like 'sex' on Kurt's lips and Blaine shuddered.

Kurt moved closer. "FIVE!" Or maybe that was Blaine moving closer, he couldn't tell. "FOUR!" Intoxicating, Kurt was intoxicating. "THREE!"

"I want to kiss you." Kurt whispered as everyone yelled the next number. Blaine could only hum.

"ONE!" The room yelled and then Blaine heard no more. The sound of nearly twenty people greeting the New Year was gone, replaced by the soft intake of Kurt's breath as their lips pressed together.

Blaine's hands shot up to grip Kurt's shoulders and his lips pressed closer. Kurt's mouth was so sweet. He could drown like this, caught up in this boy he wasn't supposed to feel things for.

Blaine's fingers tightened around Kurt's shoulders, wanting to keep him forever. His insides jerked. He was so needy; it would be embarrassing if he wasn't kissing Kurt.

Then it was embarrassing because Kurt's lips were gone and the younger boy was sprawled on the ground. Blaine blinked at him, confused.

"Oh, sorry, Kurt. I didn't mean to bump you," Mercedes cooed and slipped to the ground beside Kurt. Her hands reached out to pet him and Blaine's insides surged with jealousy so strong he had to clench his teeth to stop himself from yelling at her.

Kurt laughed and batted her hands away. The jealous thing inside Blaine did a victory dance at that. "I'm fine." He looked up at Blaine, eyelashes fluttering. "I'm perfectly fine."

## Chapter Thirty-Nine

They never did end up singing anything Kurt realized when he woke up the next morning. No one had wanted to sing Rachel's song, which Kurt hadn't caught the name off, and they couldn't agree on another one. He'd forgotten in the excitement of getting his first New Year's Eve kiss. It was magical.

Kurt sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He had two more days with Blaine, he should make them count. Maybe today he could bring Blaine out for breakfast. It wouldn't be that weird would it, to want to bring his friend out? Kurt REALLY hoped not.

He glanced in his mirror, ran a hand through his hair a few more times so it looked good-messy and then practically bounced down the hall to Blaine's room. He knocked but didn't get an answer. Still, they were INTIMATE; Kurt really couldn't walk in on anything that would embarrass the other boy. Happily Kurt opened the door only to find Blaine still asleep on his air-mattress and clutching a pillow like his life depended on it. Kurt was kind of jealous of that pillow. It felt so nice to be held by Blaine.

Blaine awoke the strange sensation of being thrown in the air. His equilibrium jumped up half a foot and he opened his eyes in time to have his face smushed into his pillow as he rolled down the hill his air-mattress had been configured into. A high voice like bells laughed at him as his roll was stopped by a solid object.

Blaine pulled his head off his pillow to see Kurt perched on the edge of his air-mattress, the cause of the disturbance. Kurt shifted his weight and Blaine slid a little further off his bed.

"Good morning, sleepy head." Kurt reached out and ruffled Blaine's hair, fingers catching in a knot and pulling gently.

"What time is it?" Blaine asked and then yawned hugely.

"Just after nine." Kurt's fingers were still in his hair, carding through the curls carefully. "C'mon, get up. I want to take you out for breakfast."

Blaine's eyes slid shut, Kurt's fingers felt so good in his hair. Whenever somebody touched his head it just felt so good. His mother teased him for liking to be pet.

"Blaine," Kurt tugged, a sharp point of just barely pain shooting down Blaine's spine. "Don't fall asleep on me."

"You woke me up," Blaine complained.

"Yes, so I could feed you. C'mon, get up." Kurt tugged again, less harshly, and bent to press a quick kiss to Blaine's forehead.

Blaine forced his eyes to open fully and then struggled to sit up. Kurt even helped him a little, pulling at his arms and wrapping an arm around Blaine's lower back once he was upright. "I thought you were the hung-over one. Shouldn't I be helping you?"

"I had a glass of water before I left Rachel's and then another two before I went to sleep." Kurt pressed another kiss to Blaine's forehead; it felt so nice and soft. If Blaine could wake up like this every morning he wouldn't even complain about the air-mattress dipping. "And I took some Advil. I'm fine. Last time I was drunk I learned my lesson." Kurt pressed his mouth to Blaine's temple before moving down to nuzzle behind Blaine's ear. Kurt was such a good cuddler.

"What did you do before?" Blaine's eyes slid shut again and a happy sigh escaped him. He tipped his head away a little to give Kurt more room.

Kurt took the invitation and pressed a kiss to Blaine's neck. "I might have thrown up on my OCD guidance counselor between third and fourth period." Kurt sucked lightly on the spot he was kissing. "And she might have had to go to the hospital for three antiseptic showers while I got my stomach pumped. Not my finest hour."

Blaine groaned in sympathy and tilted his head a little so Kurt could get his favorite spot. It was barely even sexual right now, just warm and comforting. Blaine would miss being this close to Kurt when he went back to college.

The thought was like a bucket of cold water, waking Blaine up and sending tension through every part of him. He was leaving the next day, and today was his last full day with the Hummels, with Kurt. Desperation clawed at him suddenly, bursting through his skin and shattering the warm, comfortable

mood Kurt's kisses had set. Blaine's lips ached for the boy and, without any thought; Blaine was kissing Kurt, invading his mouth roughly.

Kurt squeaked and unbalanced, falling onto his back on the floor, Blaine followed after. He needed the press of Kurt against him, needed to feel that reassurance. Oh, he had it so bad! He wanted SO MUCH!

He wanted to be surrounded by Kurt, wanted to drown in him. The ferocity of his want was scary actually, he'd never felt something so fiercely before. It wasn't enough to hold Kurt down; he wanted Kurt on top of him, all over him. Blaine rolled them so Kurt's weight was pushing him against the floor and holding him in place, soothing the sudden desperation in him.

Blaine wrapped his arms around Kurt, needing him impossibly closer. He'd never been so clingy before, never so entirely devoted to another person. He liked Kurt, he MORE the liked Kurt. Terror mingled with his desperation and Blaine clung tighter. If only he had this everything else would go away and he wouldn't have to worry.

The sound of pipes groaning as the shower across the hall turned on met their ears and Kurt pulled away quickly, detangling their limbs. Blaine felt actual tears spring to his eyes at the loss of him. Kurt was breathing heavily, a smile on his face. "We can't get carried away with people here, Blaine. You taught me that." He laughed, a breathy noise, and patted Blaine's knee gently. "How about you get ready and I'll meet you downstairs."

"Okay." Blaine forced the word out, hoping his feelings didn't leak out in his tone. He watched silently as Kurt picked himself up off the floor, straightened his pajamas, and then left. The door closed with a whisper behind him. "I'm in over my head."

## Chapter Forty

By the time Finn got out of the shower Kurt and Blaine had already left. His mom said they went for breakfast with this little smile on her face she always used to get when Finn was in elementary school and she was teasing him about the girl in his class that he liked. Actually, now that Finn thought about it, she'd been using that smile at dinner a lot lately. Finn's eyes widened, did she know about them too?

Frustration ran through him. How was he the last person to know? Rachel knew about it before he did and Finn LIVED with them! It took seeing them practically eating each other's face for him to even think something happened. Needless to say, only his leftover good mood from finally getting together with Rachel kept him from finding Blaine and ripping the guy's head off.

That WAS what he was supposed to do right? He certainly felt mad enough at Blaine to do it. Though he would probably regret it. Blaine was a really cool guy when he wasn't taking advantage of Finn's little brother. He, like, helped Finn with his homework and stuff. he even helped him figure out how to put all those cool things on Power points.

Okay, so he probably shouldn't rip Blaine's head off. He was DEFINITELY going to yell at him though. How dare he just do that to Kurt! Finn knew for a fact that Kurt had no idea what he was doing. In the summer, before Finn had gone to college, Kurt would bring him warm milk at night so they could have 'lady-chats' and complain of that very fact. Since there weren't any knew gay guys at McKinley, he'd checked with Rachel, Kurt should still be all innocent and stuff.

Blaine, on the other hand, was all experienced and stuff. As much as Finn didn't want to think about it, there was that one time he hadn't known he wasn't supposed to be home and Blaine was with that meerkat-y guy. He'd run out of there really quick, but he'd still heard them a little. He DIDN'T need to know Blaine's voice did that.

A thought hit him. That was a few weeks before Thanksgiving. When did Blaine and Kurt start their - thing? Did Blaine already cut it off with Meerkat Guy?

Okay, now Finn was a whole new level of mad.

Their last morning together alone Blaine broke all his rules. He held Kurt's hand the entire drive over and then hooked an ankle around Kurt's wehn they sat down in their booth. He gave the menu a few cursory glances before suggesting Kurt surprise him with something. A part of him thrilled at the idea of Kurt giving both their orders. It was a sneaky little thing that made Blaine feel even MORE like they were on a date. It was probably the wrong thing to do, but - but Blaine WANTED!

The sheer level of his want, now perfectly apparent to him after his discovery, was kind of terrifying. He'd never wanted someone so much. Even Sebastian, who Blaine had spent a good three months thinking was the hottest thing that ever happened in the universe, didn't hold a candle to what Kurt was doing to him. He'd had another dream. In this one he'd seen Kurt clearly the entire time as they moved around their apartment and helped their child, a son this time, with his homework. It was so ACHINGLY domesticated Blaine wanted to cry. He'd never really thought too hard on his future live, instead focusing on getting through school, and now all these images of domestic bliss were hounding him. Domestic bliss with Kurt in the starring role.

Blaine shook his head. He needed to stop thinking like this. They had RULES! Rules for this to be JUST friends with benefits. Rules HE had insisted on. He just need to pull his head out of the clouds and remember that. The next day he'd be going back to college and he probably wouldn't see Kurt again until it was time to move out and Finn's family came up to help.

Blaine's heart clenched at the thought of so long.

Burt was in a huff, and for once that wasn't amusing. Burt in a huff usually made her smile and want to pet his balding head. Now she wanted to hide all his power-tools so he couldn't stress-fix things that weren't broken. He'd managed to break the dryer at her old house last time she'd seen him so stressed. It probably wasn't a coincidence that he'd been worried about Kurt last time too.

"Burt, you need to relax. You're heart," Carole said and ran a soothing hand down his sleeve.

"My heart is fine." He grumbled low in his throat and slumped back against the couch. "I just don't know what to do about this. I'm going to talk to him about... I don't really know if he IS though."

Carole dropped her head on his shoulder. She wouldn't tell on Kurt. They thought they were so sneaky, but really they were SO obvious. Kurt had twice as much laundry these days and his sheets were in there more often than not. He hadn't said anything however and, since nether were in danger of getting

pregnant, she hadn't said anything to him. She HAD snooped a little and found the lube and condoms in his bedside drawer. When she'd looked the condoms were untouched but the lube was open. She'd been a bit alarmed until she'd noticed the print outs bellow the items. They were school worksheets all about the need for condoms and STD's. Kurt was a smart kid. If he knew about those things, he'd be safe. Satisfied she'd replaced everything carefully and left them to their own devices.

She wasn't Kurt's mother, she couldn't tell him what to do. She'd prefer it if he didn't sneak around with a boy he hardly knew, but Blaine seemed like a good enough kid. At least he wasn't some hooligan who would likely get Kurt into all sorts of bad things.

However, now that Burt had discovered them, Carole worried if she'd done the right thing. She was going to hold her silence. Burt would be so angry with her if he found out she'd already known, but still, the doubts were there.

## Chapter Forty-One

Blaine was touching more in public than he usually did, but Kurt didn't want to call him out on it in case it stopped, besides, Kurt was kind of preening under the attention. It felt so nice to be appreciated, especially in the way Blaine appreciated him. His voice was amazing and Kurt didn't doubt that even if he wasn't always appreciated the way he felt he should be. His taste in fashion was impeccable, and THAT was loudly appreciated by the girls any time one of them had a wardrobe crisis. He'd known immediately that Sam had dyed his hair, and he'd eventually gotten the truthfully dirty blond boy to admit it.

But Kurt had always had issues believing somebody would find him attractive. Blaine was, for this final point of Kurt's self esteem, so amazing. As Blaine hooked their ankles together at breakfast and made Kurt's heart flutter, he decided to take a metaphorical deep breath and bury the warm feelings Blaine inspired in him. In their place he'd flood a reservoirs worth of appreciation for the way Blaine finally convinced him he could be sexy and attractive. Blaine was leaving the next day, and he hadn't said anything about continuing their relationship after he left. It was best to let the hope die, it had been a foolish hope to begin with. Blaine was the first out guy Kurt had ever met (besides the Mistervs Berry) and it wasn't due to fall for him. Kurt would just have to wait, like he'd always planned, for New York to meet that man who would be 'the one'.

Kurt took a literal deep breath. Yeah, that's what he'd do. It was a good plan. Even if it made his heart hurt a little.

When the sound of Kurt's car coming to a halt in the driveway met their ears, Burt jumped up from his seat. His face was more worried than it had been before and just a bit angry. He'd been steaming too long and he was boiling. Immediately Carole jumped off the couch and grabbed his arm. Before he could figure out what she was going to do and steel himself against it, Carole pulled him away from the living room, through the kitchen, and shoved him in the garage.

"Carole!" He protested with a gruff yell.

"No," Carole narrowed her eyes at him, trying, probably in vain, to channel Kurt. "You're too angry to talk to him right now, you'll just yell at him. Remember what you told me when Finn and I moved in? Kurt doesn't respond well to yelling, he just snaps right back and everyone leaves angry." Burt deflated a little.

"So calm down before you try this. Besides, I don't think you should talk to Blaine yet. Find out what's happening from Kurt first before you go attacking that boy."

Burt grumbled but Carole knew he wouldn't do anything. "Why don't you go for a walk or something, honey?"

Burt took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Alright, I'll be back later." Carole followed him into the house to make sure all he did was grab his coat.

Before they got out of the car Blaine risked giving Kurt a soft kiss. It would, potentially, be their last. He couldn't help himself. Kurt didn't protest, just pressed his lips back more firmly and then pulled back much too soon for Blaine's tastes. "We should go inside."

Finn was waiting with his door open for them to come home. After a quick call to Rachel he'd discovered the Blaine and Kurt thing was 'complicated' and he should talk to Kurt. Since Finn was kind of bad at these things, a prime example being the Quinn/Puck thing, Finn decided to take her advice and talk to Kurt first. THEN he'd yell at Blaine.

Kurt literally twirled into his bedroom, unaware that Finn's door was open and he could see him, and made Blaine laugh. "I'll talk to you in a few, I have to check my facebook, Mercedes said she has a bunch of pictures from last night," Kurt said and Finn saw Blaine nod outside his door.

"Alright, I'll be in my room." Blaine ran a hand down Kurt's arm and Finn narrowed his eyes. How had he not seen this?

Finn waited 'till he heard Blaine's door close before he pounced. Kurt didn't take intruders well so he actually knocked instead of bursting in like he would at college. Kurt opened the door looking level with Finn's chest like he was expecting someone shorter. The way he had to crane his head up to see Finn felt kind of good, like he was being intimidating. Intimidating was good for this conversation.

"Can I come in a minute. I have to talk to you a minute," Finn said as sternly and seriously as he could manage.

Kurt raised an eyebrow but stepped aside anyway. Finn walked in and turned around, however, by the time he was facing Kurt again, Kurt's expression had turned to amusement. "Is this about Rachel?" Kurt asked with a little smile on his face.

Finn blinked, thrown off. "Um, no..."

Kurt's questioning expression was back. "Okay then. What IS it about?"

Finn swallowed and steeled himself. "Are you doing something with Blaine?"

Kurt's whole face shut down. Finn didn't know faces could do that. "What is it to you if we are or aren't?" Kurt snapped. Which, Finn knew, actually meant yes. If it wasn't true Kurt wouldn't get upset. Kurt always got prickly when he was hiding something. Like when he was hiding his feelings for Finn and got all prickly with Rachel about it. Finn knew Kurt had stopped liking him when he and Rachel became friends. It was kind of nice to not have your future step-brother in love with you.

"So you are?" Finn asked, just to be sure. Kurt practically growled at him. Yup. True. "Kurt!"

"Finn, get out of my room, you have no right to say anything to me about this." Kurt's voice was doing that angry growly thing. It was one of the few times Finn could hear his voice and think, without a question, that he didn't sound like a girl.

"But Kurt, just... Blaine's all experienced with stuff like this. I don't want him to hurt you. You're my brother, I'm supposed to make sure you're alright." Finn sighed. "I haven't been doing a good job either. I rbought home the guy who's taking advantage of you."

Kurt rolled his eyes. "Okay, Finn. Two things. One, Blaine's not taking advantage of me in anyway. We both know what we're doing. You don't need to worry and you actually don't have any right to really. This is my life and, despite our familial status, that doesn't mean you can dictate that. Two, thank you for caring. You do an alright job helping. It's flattering that you want to protect me, you just don't need to."

"But," "No buts Finn. I'm fine, Blaine's fine. Don't worry about it." Kurt cut him off before he could even try speaking.

"Are you sure? Like, you're 100 percent positive you're alright and I don't need to kick Blaine's ass?" That's was older brothers were supposed to do.

"Finn, I told you, I'm perfectly fine. PLEASE don't hurt Blaine. If you hurt him, you'll hurt me, okay? Like how if somebody hurts Rachel it hurts you."

At the mention of Rachel's name Finn couldn't stop the smile that lit his face. He was still so HAPPY about what happened. He'd have to call her later to work out times to come home for the weekend, but that was okay. They would work it out. "I'd kick their asses if they touched her." Finn nodded. He hadn't done very well protecting her from bullies last year, but now he could. He just need her to tell him if anything bad happened.

"Exactly. So don't hurt Blaine." Kurt nodded once. "Now, I was kind of busy, do you think you could go back to your room or something."

Finn nodded and went to the door, but before he left he turned to ask one more question. "So, all those times you guys went to coffee and stuff, those were dates right?"

Kurt opened his mouth and then closed it again. He let out a breath. "Yes, they were."

Everything clicked for Finn then. He still needed to yell at Blaine, but not for taking advantage of Kurt anymore. Now he just needed to yell at him for not saying they were dating. Finn could deal with that. Blaine was a good guy after all. Actually Finn felt a bit bad for thinking Blaine could do that.

He still needed to yell at him though.

## Chapter Forty-Two

Blaine's heart kind of flipped. He'd heard the tail end of Finn's conversation with Kurt. All those times they'd had coffee, did Kurt really think those were dates? His heart fluttered madly. They could have been dates! If Blaine wasn't such an asshole those could have been the dates Kurt thought they were. Blaine could have said all those things he stopped himself from saying (yet another clue the oblivious wonder missed) and they could have held hands and touched each other more and... It made Blaine's chest ache to think of all the things he'd missed by being an asshole.

He slipped into the bathroom when Finn came out of Kurt's room, waited for the tall boy's door to close, and then went to Kurt's room. "Finn, I told you I was busy," Kurt called from within.

"It's Blaine."

"Oh." Blaine heard some shuffling from inside, the rustle of sheets, and then Kurt's soft footsteps across the room. The door opened to the most beautiful boy in existence. "Hey."

"Am I too early?" Blaine asked. It had barely been two minutes, he was DEFINITELY too early. But when he'd gotten to his room his heart had clenched and counting to ten while holding in a deep breath didn't help the same way it did when he was angry.

Kurt smiled, on teeth, and rolled his eyes cutely. "Yes, but you can still come in."

Blaine did a little victory dance in his head and barreled into Kurt's room. The door stayed open behind him, probably to appease Finn now that he knew about them.

Oh god Finn knew about them. And Blaine was going to spend two hours in the car alone with the tall boy. Blaine's heart spared a beat for fear.

"I heard you talking to Finn. The end at least." Blaine found himself saying.

Kurt groaned and rolled his eyes again, flopping back onto his bed. "I'm never looking at those pictures, Mercedes, the men in my life won't let me." Kurt groaned again and then looked at Blaine. "Yes and?"

"You said they were coffee dates," Blaine said.

"I couldn't tell him they weren't." Kurt rolled his eyes. "He's protective apparently. He thought you were taking advantage of me. I couldn't tell him the truth, he'd freak out and kill you. So i let him think we were dating."

Blaine's heart was getting SUCH a work out. This time it sped up as Blaine realized that he had, in fact, taken advantage of Kurt. He'd stolen all this boy's firsts because he was too horny and thinking with his second head to notice what he was doing. He'd ruined everything for Kurt. Everything!

"Good thinking." Blaine forced a smile on his face. He spent the rest of the morning in Kurt's room, berating himself for being such a fool.

When Burt came home from his walk he had a firm plan of action that, mercifully, didn't involve ripping that Blaine kid's balls off. Sure he wasn't exactly sure if anything was even happening, but - still.

No, first he needed to determine if that was the right thing to do. If Kurt and that Blaine kid were dating, well, he'd have to leave his son's first boyfriend alone.

But if they were dating, why hadn't Kurt told him?

Burt shook the thought. He needed to stick to the plan. He'd get Kurt alone after dinner, when he was the most tired and defenseless, and bring him out to the garage for their talk. He'd even decided to go pick up some pamphlets from the free clinic so he knew what he was talking about. Although, getting on the city bus with a stack of pamphlets about gay sex hadn't been the most fun experience.

Still, he was doing this for his boy. So long as Kurt was safe and happy, Burt was good.

He camped out in the garage to read the pamphlets, trying valiantly not to see Kurt doing any of this stuff in his head. If Kurt didn't have sex until Burt was dead it would be too soon. Kurt was his baby. He could still remember chaining the kids diapers and that month Kurt decided he hated all clothing and ran around the house naked. Burt could still remember how little Kurt looked next to his mom's casket, tears pouring down his face. Kurt was, and always would be, his little boy.

Around two in the afternoon, Kurt's hormones spiked and he had to cross his legs and pull his laptop closer so Blaine couldn't tell he was half hard. Blaine hadn't even been doing anything particularly sexy, just reading something online and running a hand over his styled hair. He'd also looked a bit morose if Kurt was being honest.

Blaine's mood and Kurt's open door combined in just the right way that Kurt only barely considered pulling Blaine on top of him to fix Kurt's problem.

Instead he spent a good ten minutes fantasizing about what he could do to Blaine. He had a minor hiccup when he remembered that the house was, and would stay, full until after Blaine had already left. However, since it was all fantasy, Kurt had immediately dismissed that idea.

Around three, when Kurt's hormones still hadn't calmed down and he had, in fact, become fully hard in his pants, Kurt decided that he wanted a last night with Blaine. If he had to sneak into Blaine's room in the middle of the night and fuck on an air-mattress, so be it.

When Carole called him down to help with dinner, Kurt's mind was made up. He was going to have sex with Blaine one last time, no matter what.

## Chapter Forty-Three

Carole debated warning Kurt about what Burt was doing in the garage, but decided against it. Burt wanted straight answers out of his son. If Kurt knew about it beforehand he'd have enough time to craft a lie. Not that Kurt was a particularly good liar. His lies tended to have too many details and, for all his prowess in the acting department, he always sounded guilty whenever he told one. Finn was the only one who readily believed Kurt when he lied. Still, even with this, Carole didn't want to give Kurt the time to practice his story. Burt deserved a better chance than that.

So instead they made diner with idle chit chat, discussing this and that until Kurt let slip that Finn was now dating Rachel Berry.

"The one you have over for sleepovers?" Carole questioned. "The one who wakes you up at five in the morning and makes you run around the neighborhood with her because we don't have an elliptical and she doesn't want to be out alone?"

"The very one." Kurt nodded. He wiped extra onion bits off the cutting board and reached for a tomato. Carole got him the serrated knife he would need for it. "They apparently decided to give dating a shot last night. Finn's been texting her all day. I'm sure he would have been over there if she didn't have to go visit her grandparents. I think it's Hiram's mom... I'm not sure though." Kurt thanked her for a knife with a nod of the head.

"My son is dating her now?" Rachel was better than Quinn, that was for sure. But Carole wondered if Finn could handle someone so driven. Quinn had been driven, but not in the same way Rachel was. Rachel was almost manic with her enthusiasm at times. She wondered what it said about Finn that he liked that in a woman.

"Yup. Rachel's very excited about it. She's been basically relaying me their entire conversation all day. It's actually annoying. She's happy though, and Finn's surprisingly good at talking to her. I usually have to tune her out much quicker." Kurt shrugged. Then he pulled a contemplative face. "Actually i think he's employing the tune out, tune in method. You let her start, get the gist of the beginning, tune out all the useless things she's saying about her own talent, and then tune back in when she gets tot he point. I do that sometimes, but I'm not very good at it. I usually tune out too long and she gets mad."

"Kurt," Carole interrupted. "You're doing what she does now."

Kurt narrowed his eyes at her. "I am not." Carole just smiled at him.

So her baby was dating Rachel Berry. At the very least that meant she'd be seeing more of him.

Burt was kind of grossed out, but he powered through. He'd always known that sex was technically kind of gross (think of the OTHER use for those body parts, not to mention all the sweating and fluids), but seeing all these pictures and illustrations and warnings about disease, it was pretty much all Burt could think about. HE kind of didn't want to have sex again, let alone talk to his son about it.

Diner was quiet. Blaine kind of got the feeling he was being stared at from all sides. Finn he expected, Burt's glare was unexpected and made him sweat. Even Carole was staring at him unnervingly. Blaine spent the meal trying not to look at any of them, ESPECIALLY Kurt. Kurt's stare was kind of heated.

So uncomfortable. Blaine shifted in his seat and picked at his whole wheat tortilla. This was the most awkward dinner he'd had in the Hudmel house.

"Hey, Kurt, can I talk to you a minute, bud?" His dad put a hand on his shoulder and something in Kurt's stomach dropped. That tone, nothing good ever came out of that tone.

"Sure," Kurt held back his urge to swallow nervously. He couldn't show fear.

No, wait, that rule didn't apply to his dad.

Wow, he was nervous suddenly. Wonder what this talk was about?

He followed Burt to the garage. As the door closed behind him Kurt finally gave into that swallowing impulse. His dad didn't want anybody else to hear whatever they were going to talk about. If it wasn't private they would have just talked in the living room or waited until the kitchen was empty. "So, you wanted to talk?" Kurt started, hoping the quaver in his voice wasn't that noticeable.

"Yeah," Burt said with a nod. He motioned to the lawn chairs already separated from the rest of their summer brethren and across from each other. Kurt sat, crossing one leg over the other automatically, and waited. Something in his stomach sank, his dad LOOKED more serious than usual.

"Alright, so, um... I kind of figured something out last night and I think we need to talk about it." Kurt's stomach DROPPED. Forget nervous fluttering, he no longer had the organ.

"What?" Kurt couldn't force more words out.

"You're growing up, as much as I don't want you too. And when you grow up things happen that you have to know about. So, we need to talk about it."

"Dad, what are you?"

"We need to have the Talk Kurt, as uncomfortable as it'll be for the both of us."

"No, Dad." Kurt shook his head quickly, blood rushing to his face.

"No, we need to do this. And we'll both be better men because of it." Burt nodded and rubbed at his head. "So, um... here." He pulled out something from under his chair. Kurt froze when he saw the cover of the top one. "I got you these at the free clinic. I want you to read them and then we can talk about what's in them. I already did so I'll know if you're just making it up, Kurt."

"Dad, we don't..."

"No, Kurt. You're growing up. And... and that Blaine kid. I know something's going on there. I don't know what, and I'm disappointed that you didn't tell me anything and I had to figure out by myself, but... Kurt, I just want you to be safe and do what's right for you. I don't want you throwing yourself around at the first guy who looks."

"Dad, I'm not." Kurt's voice squeaked horribly coming out of his throat. He'd never been so embarrassed before in his life.

"Cause you matter, Kurt. I don't know what'll happen in the future, but I need to make sure you can handle it. I haven't and that wasn't all that good of me. So... here." He thrust the pamphlets at Kurt, who took them with a beat red hand.

"Dad, I'm not... I'm not throwing myself around." Kurt said as steadily as he could manage. His voice still came out like Mickey Mouse on helium, but at least he'd said it. "I'm not."

Burt sighed. "I hope so. 'Cause I meant what I said. You matter, kid. I don't want you to ever doubt that."

Kurt nodded. "And... Blaine and I..." Kurt floundered, breath coming in pants. How in the world was he supposed to explain Blaine? How... He couldn't just... He WOULDN'T tell his dad that... "We went on a date - about a week ago. We weren't - before." Kurt's heart was pounding. He was lying. He HATED lying. And he was kind of bad at it. But... He and Blaine sort of went on dates, so that was kind of true. And for the other part...

Burt sighed again. "Alright, kid." He nodded once. "You can go. We'll talk about the pamphlets tomorrow."

"Okay," Kurt squeaked and ran as fast as he could.

## **Chapter Forty-Four**

"So, how'd it go? Kurt was running like a bat out of hell," Carole asked as Burt settled on the couch beside her.

"Apparently they just started dating." Burt sighed. He didn't catch Carole's questioning look. "The other part though, I think it went okay. He seemed to get it. We're going to finish up tomorrow after he's had a chance to do his homework."

Burt seemed calm for the first time all day, so Carole decided to just leave it for now. She'd confront Kurt about it tomorrow after the boys had left.

Kurt threw the hideous pamphlets in his bedside drawer so he wouldn't have to be touching them anymore. His dad READ them. Fuck!

Kurt dug out his laptop from under the comforter and pulled up YouTube so he could drown himself in old musical numbers that were TOTALLY PG. He couldn't handle anything more right then.

Blaine knocked on Kurt's door about ten minutes after he heard it close. Kurt came to the door slowly and opened it even slower, almost like he was afraid of who could be there. "Oh, Blaine." Kurt's smile was beautiful.

"Can I hang out in here for a bit. I don't think Finn'll want to talk to me right now." Kurt rolled his eyes good naturedly. "Okay, like I'd say no to your company." He stepped aside so Blaine could come in. "And I don't think Finn'll have a problem with you. I told him everything was fine."

Blaine decided to just let that one go for now. "Doing anything interesting?"

"Scrubbing an awkward father-son talk from my head with YouTube videos." Kurt shrugged and climbed back on his bed.

"Can I watch with you?" Blaine climbed next to Kurt without waiting for an answer. Kurt was so warm up close. He wanted to bury his nose in Kurt's hair and just hold him. SUCH a clingy bastard he was.

"Okay. I'm on 'Singing in the Rain' right now. Pick a favorite number."

"Easy, 'Make 'Em Laugh'. Appropriate for the moment, no?" Blaine wiggled a little closer to Kurt and reached out to adjust the angle of the screen as his excuse. The fear he'd been battling with before seemed to have calmed for now and all Blaine wanted was to be closer to this boy.

"Alright, I'll give it to you. I watched it awhile ago though." Kurt typed it into the search bar, clicked the appropriate purple hyperlink and expanded the video. Blaine let his head fall until it reached Kurt's shoulder. Kurt didn't tell him to move, so Blaine stayed there.

He didn't move until Kurt complained of his legs going to sleep and they had to shift onto their stomachs. When they'd settled that way Blaine was closer than strictly necessary and he couldn't help wriggling closer every minute or so. By the time they'd switched movies three times Blaine was pressed up against Kurt and resting his head on Kurt's elbow.

Blaine was a bigger cuddler than Kurt had originally thought. Faced with separation, and the supposed wrath of his step-brother, Blaine began to cling to him like a limpet. It was kind of nice, but also a bit annoying. Kurt didn't try to scoot away until Blaine got too close for comfort. Then he initiated a position switch or got up to use the bathroom or something. He liked Blaine a lot, especially the way he made Kurt feel, but he didn't need Blaine that close to him right now. It was hard enough know that it was the last night and APPARENTLY everyone in the freaking house knew they were together in some way. He didn't need Blaine hanging off him right now.

Blaine had decided they were just friends, he hadn't said differently, and Kurt wasn't about to push him on this. If he pushed... Well Kurt didn't know what would happen if he pushed and he wasn't ready to find out.

From Rachel: I missed you today, Finn.

From Rachel: Will you come back next weekend so I can see you?

From Rachel: Will you come back every weekend so i can see you?From Rachel: But I could come to you too sometimes. Because I know that me going to you is a good part of a relationship. We both have to share things.

From Rachel: OH! And Columbus has a decent enough theatre. We can go see shows. I'm going to look them up on my phone and see what's playing next.

From Rachel: And we can even catch some stuff at your theatre on campus. That would be really nice don't you think?

From Rachel: Of course they won't be as good as the ones in New York. But as I haven't actually managed to get my dads to agree to make a trip so we can see one, it'll be really worth it. And I'll be able to pick up some acting techniques. I can see what works in action! Oh, i love live theatre so much.

To Rachel: Hey, Rach, it's kind late. Can we talk tomorrow when I get back to my dorm? I'll even call you and everything.

From Rachel: Okay, go to sleep, Finn. I miss you.

To Rachel: I miss you too.

From Rachel: Are you going to yell at Kurt's beau tomorrow in the car? (I still can't believe you didn't know before their midnight kiss.) Should I wait until after that for the call? When will you call do you think?

To Rachel: Um... Yeah I'm going to yell at Blaine. (That's who you meant right?) And I don't know. When I get back. I'll definitely call you at seven if I haven't already. Is that cool?

From Rachel: Okay. That's fine. I just wanted to make sure everything's alright.

To Rachel: Yeah, I think they are. Um... I'll set the alarm on my phone so I don't forget, alright?

From Rachel: THIS IS WHY YOU'RE PERFECT! -Rachel Berry \* (Imagine it's gold)

To Rachel: :D Good night, Rach.

Burt came in to look at them no less than three times in the hour before ten.

What was stranger was Kurt's apparent ability to predict his father's presence. About a minute before Burt came, each time, Kurt pulled away from him. By the time Burt was at the door they were barely even touching at all.

After the second time it happened Kurt didn't even get up to re-close the door Burt had left open.

"Does he know something?" Blaine asked after Burt left the third time.

"No." Kurt said quickly and quietly. Then he typed Katy Perry into the search bar and Blaine forgot to question him about it.

## Chapter Forty-Five

Despite the Talk with his dad, Kurt still wanted to go through with his earlier plan. At eleven he sent Blaine away and did his moisturizing routine. Then, once he was all fresh and ready for bed, he pulled the lube out of his drawer and put it under his pillow. His hand caught the pamphlets while he was in there and - curiosity took hold. He'd only had Blaine talk to him about sex before. He looked at all the titles and picked the one that seemed least horrid to him, and then settled down in his bed to figure out if he could read it.

It was about five minutes before he finally dared to open it. Strangely,  
the one pamphlet that just had illustrations and a lot of non-scaring words. It honestly read more like a Cosmo article than the overly clinical theme he'd been expecting.

Actually, after he'd identified the three sections he needed to avoid at all costs, it was kind of alright. He hadn't known before that prostate stimulation was actually really pleasurable. Whenever he'd thought about anal all he could imagine what else that orifice was used for and he had to stop. But, apparently, it could be decently clean if done right.

Then he realized he was treating the pamphlets his dad gave him like sex tips and threw the thing back in his drawer and out of sight. He didn't need to think about that anymore.

He pulled up YouTube one more time, determined to put those thoughts out of his head. He needed to get it up for Blaine later, he wouldn't be able to if all he could think about was pamphlets.

Blaine was dead to the world asleep when his bedroom door opened and closed softly. He didn't hear the lock being engaged and he didn't hear the soft, easy footsteps coming up to his bed. In fact, Blaine didn't know anything was happening until he was being tipped off his air-mattress and a musical laugh was filling his ears.

"Wha?" he asked sleepily.

"Shh, you have to be quiet," Kurt said softly, warm breath sliding over Blaine's ear. "You didn't think I'd let you go without saying a proper farewell did you?"

Blaine's brain was still sleepy, he didn't understand. He simply repeated, "wha?"

Kurt chuckled at him and rolled him completely off the air-mattress. Before Blaine's brain could catch up to the move Kurt was straddling him, hot and heavy on his abdomen. Blaine's cock understood before he did.

Kurt groaned back against it. "That's right."

Then Blaine got it and it groaned hotly. Kurt leaned down and swallowed the noise with his mouth. "We have to be quiet. They already think something's up, I don't want them to find out exactly what."

Kurt ground back against Blaine's cock again before he could ask anything about that. And really, Blaine sort of didn't care. He reached up and wrapped his hand around the back of Kurt's neck to pull his boy in for another kiss.

The electric shock of Kurt's mouth against his own woke him. "I want you, Kurt," Blaine whispered.

"You can have me." Kurt kissed him quickly and then attacked his neck. Kurt's soft hands traced up under Blaine's pajama top. "I want you too."

"Take me," Blaine whined and forced his lethargic hands to start undressing Kurt.

Kurt was, for once, in something simple. It was so nice to push the soft fabric up and have nothing but Kurt's beautiful skin underneath it.

They were shirtless quickly, pressing their bare chests together with quiet moans. "Kurt," Blaine whined. He wrapped his arms tight around Kurt's back, want racing through him so strongly it felt like drowning. He'd never felt this before. It was thrilling and terrifying and Blaine didn't know what to do with it.

"Shh, it's okay," Kurt said quietly into his ear. "I've got you."

Blaine buried his face in Kurt's neck and kissed it gently, more a press of lips than a real kiss.

It fell to Kurt to divest them of pants. "I want to try the between-the-thighs thing again." Kurt gasped into Blaine's mouth when they were finally naked and pressing all over.

Blaine wanted it, SO BADLY, but the more desperate part of him didn't want to be in the same position as before. He didn't want to face away from Kurt, he wanted to SEE him, HOLD HIM.

"Kurt, I want to see you." Was all Blaine could say in protest.

"I was thinking about it, you can if you just lay down with your legs together fully." Kurt shifted until he was straddling Blaine's thighs again. "This way we can look at each other."

Blaine nodded quickly, pressing his legs together instantly.

"I have to lube you up first, silly," Kurt said and kissed his nose.

Blaine let out a breath laugh. He wanted to talk, but he was afraid of what might come out. He was sort of drowning in emotion and that had never happened to him before. He didn't know how to handle this.

Kurt got the lube from - somewhere and squeezed some into his palm. He warmed it before pressing his palms to the inside of Blaine's thighs as he knelt beside him.

"It's so soft here," Kurt said. "It's hot."

Blaine smiled at him and squeezed his thighs together to catch Kurt's hands. Kurt gave him a smoldering look in return and then slipped his hands further down Blaine's thighs until the tips of his fingers reached Blaine's ass. It made Blaine shudder pleasantly. Kurt could seriously touch his ass whenever he wanted.

"Thanks for the permission," Kurt said and pressed his fingers further. Blaine let out a too loud moan and his thighs fell open. "You want me to touch you." Kurt hummed and let his hands wander. Blaine pulled his knees to his chest so Kurt could explore more easily.

"Kurt." Blaine bit his lip to keep from saying more as Kurt's hot, soft hands cupped his ass cheeks.

"Blaine, you're sensitive down here aren't you?" Kurt asked and ran his thumbs over Blaine's crack, just over his hole. Kurt pushed his thumbs in more and Blaine whined. Kurt's mouth descended on Blaine's inner thigh, above where the lube had been spread. Blaine let out a noise that was MUCH too loud.

Apparently Kurt agreed because he pulled his mouth away and smoothed his hands up Blaine's outer thighs. "Enough of that for now." Kurt pulled Blaine's legs back against the floor and then threw his own over Blaine's body so he was straddling him again.

Blaine grabbed onto Kurt's shoulders and pulled him down for an invading kiss. "Kurt."

Kurt curled his fingers in Blaine's hair and pulled slightly, making Blaine moan again. "I'm going to miss this."

Blaine resolutely didn't say anything and instead latched onto Kurt's neck. He was afraid of the words fighting against his throat.

"Are you ready?" Kurt asked and Blaine nodded quickly. Kurt fisted himself a few more times, spreading lube onto his perfect cock, and then lined himself up. He needed to scoot a little farther back for it to work, but the height difference was just enough that they could still comfortably kiss.

Kurt pushed between Blaine's thighs, until his stomach came into contact with Blaine's cock. They both moaned at the feeling. Kurt thrust forward at the same time that Blaine strained up.

Soon they were lost in the movement. Sliding and thrusting against each other, pressing sloppy kisses to lips and faces and necks.

When Kurt shifted his weight onto one elbow and reached his other hand down to cup Blaine's ass Blaine nearly lost it. He felt so - secure when Kurt held him there. The eye of Blaine's emotional storm came upon him as Kurt kneaded the flesh under his hands and thrust strongly between Blaine's thighs.

"Kurt," Blaine whined when he couldn't hold his tongue any more. "Kurt, I want you. I want you so much."

Kurt shushed him with a kiss. Blaine came then, with Kurt all around him and pressing him into the floor. Kurt swallowed his moan, thrust quicker and more sporadically, until he too came.

Blaine clutched Kurt to him tightly, heart pounding and body locked. Kurt didn't try to make him let go for a long time.

## Chapter Forty-Six

It was three in the morning when Blaine finally fell far enough asleep for Kurt to roll him back onto his air-mattress and sneak out. He'd come prepared with some wet wipes to clean them up so they didn't need to turn any water on and potentially wake someone up, but he still felt kind of gross. When he got back to his room he cleaned himself off with more wet wipes until he felt clean and then got into his bed. As he was lying there he missed the heavy press of Blaine's body on him, crowding into his space and curling around him. If it wasn't so risky and so late already Kurt would have just stayed with Blaine. But then he thought of how many people in the house seemed to know at least SOMETHING was up with them and his desire to risk it lessened.

Kurt yawned and snuggled into his bed. He pulled a pillow to him so he could pretend it was Blaine.

No, not Blaine, his future boyfriend. And since Blaine said that wouldn't be him, it couldn't be Blaine.

No.

Kurt still imagined curly hair as he fell asleep.

Finn got up early the next day, apparently determined to make it back to college so he could call Rachel before she expected it and happily surprise her.

They still didn't make it out of the Hudmel house until after one. Still, it was a great effort on Finn's part and Blaine hoped Rachel appreciated it.

Kurt discreetly pulled him into his room before he left and kissed Blaine fiercely. Blaine clung to him, tried not to think about it being the last kiss, and poured as much feeling as he dared into the connection. They were both breathless when they had to pull away.

On the way out the door Kurt gave them both hugs, but Blaine's was a bit longer and a lot tighter, than Finn's had been. Blaine tried not to think about the fact that Burt, Carole, and Finn were all watching.

The door closed and everyone turned around to get out of the entryway. Kurt ran past his father so he didn't have to talk to him about this. He felt tears in his eyes but he refused to let them fall.

He didn't feel anything for Blaine, nothing at all.

This wasn't what it felt like for his heart to break.

Blaine put his phone in one of the bags they put in the trunk so he wouldn't be tempted to just text Kurt the entire ride to Columbus. With every mile they got farther away the more Blaine wanted to turn around.

They were quiet for most of the ride. It wasn't until they'd passed the halfway mark that Finn opened his mouth. Of course he asked about what Blaine wished he wouldn't. "So, you and Kurt."

"Um... Yeah," Blaine said.

"Rachel says you guys have been going out since you came home with me for Thanksgiving." Finn's voice harder than Blaine had ever heard it.

"No... we weren't." Blaine corrected quickly. At Thanksgiving they were just fooling around, they hadn't started things officially yet. "We just went on one date."

Finn nodded. "And so you really got together when you came to mine for Christmas break?"

"Yeah." Blaine nodded. He took a breath. Finn was probably going to boil over soon.

"Okay." Finn nodded one more time. Then he sucked in a breath. "Why didn't you guys just tell me? Or Burt or my mom? Why did you guys sneak around? You didn't have to do that. I like you Blaine, you're a cool guy. I wouldn't have killed you or anything for liking Kurt. Neither would Burt or my mom."

Blaine opened his mouth and then closed it again.

"You're my friend, dude. You're supposed to tell me things like this. Kurt told his friends. Actually, I had to find out from Rachel that something was happening at all!"

"How did you know?" Blaine asked.

"I saw you guys eating each other's faces on New Year's. Really, if you were trying to be sneaky that was really stupid of you. Though, I'm glad you guys were that stupid because, seriously, sneaking around was, like, the stupidest thing for you guys to do. I mean, what would have happened if my mom walked in on you guys making out or something? Or Burt?"

"Oh, I just realized I was helping you guys sneak around taking all those shifts at the garage. Blaine, when I told you to talk to Kurt about gay stuff I didn't mean this."

"Finn!" Blaine interrupted. "I'm SORRY we didn't tell you. I just - we weren't really sure for a little while and then... I didn't want you to get mad, exactly as you are right now. When we were sure about things it was kind of late to tell you. And we had a system that works and - we just didn't think of it," Blaine lied.

"Sure of things?" Finn asked. Uh-oh. Blaine smelled trouble. "Um, yes?"

"So you guys are, like, legit going out? I mean, I thought so after I talked with Kurt a little, but, just making sure. I mean, I thought you were going out with that Sebastian guy and you weren't. And Kurt's made stuff up in his head before. But you guys are going out now?"

Blaine opened his mouth to say 'no', to tell Finn that they'd decided not to try the long distance thing and they weren't REALLY that serious about each other so it was okay and no one was getting hurt. What ACTUALLY came out of his mouth was, "yes, we are."

The tension and coldness in the car, caused almost entirely by Finn's agitation and Blaine's reluctance, lifted. All that was left was the content rolling off Finn in waves. "Good, we can carpool back to Lima on weekends."

"Yeah, sounds great." Blaine forced a smile on his face and didn't say anything more.

## **Chapter Forty-Seven**

Since Kurt refused to come out of his room, to even open the door, for diner, Carole figured she could talk to him about the Blaine situation later, once he wasn't hiding from them.

The next day then. But then it was Tuesday and her schedule was insane. She didn't even get to see Burt until she trudged past him on her way to their bedroom and collapsed face first on their bed. She only had the energy to flick her shoes off, change into her pajamas, and lift the covers so she could roll beneath them.

Wednesday school restarted at McKinley and Kurt stayed after for glee practice and looked so utterly depressed when he returned that she didn't have the heart to have such a delicate discussion with him.

It wasn't until Thursday, when she had off and he came home looking at least a little less depressed that Carole decided she couldn't put the conversation off any longer. She'd gotten off the phone with Finn an hour before and he'd said to expect him home. He'd also said he was going to ask Blaine about coming back to see Kurt.

Yes, Carole nodded to herself, she needed to do this now.

She caught him after he'd put his backpack down and before he'd had the chance to run upstairs to his room. "Kurt, can I talk to you a minute?"

His expression didn't change so she knew he didn't guess what she wanted to discuss. He mumbled an 'okay' and settled himself down on the couch next to her.

"Honey, I meant to talk to you about this before, but timing didn't work out for it. However, I don't think I should put this off anymore. Now, normally I wouldn't really interfere with this, I know how important your relationship with your father is to the both of you and I don't want to meddle with that in any way. But, honey, I'm pretty sure you lied to your dad about what happened all last month, and I want to know why."

Kurt stared at her with big, surprised eyes. "Uh..." His mouth fell open in shock.

Carole gave him a warm smile. "I saw how often you did your sheets. I know that's not normal."

Kurt flushed completely red. "We... I..."

"Whatever it is, you can tell me." Carole wanted to pet him, but Kurt didn't always take well to physical contact. It was best to just leave him as he was for the moment.

"But I... You knew? How long did you know?" He seemed so utterly mortified.

"I figured it out after about a week." His eyes got impossibly wider. Maybe she should have said later, but, really, she was trying to make him be honest. Lying to him probably wouldn't help.

"So long - and you didn't tell - or ask about... Carole?" He swallowed roughly. If it wasn't such a serious topic his deer-in-the-headlights reaction would probably be hilarious. She could just picture him ten years younger after getting caught doing something he shouldn't have when he thought he was being so stealthy, that look of utter surprise plastered on his face. He was probably such an adorable child. She'd have to go looking for his baby books one of these days.

"It wasn't my place. I'm not your mother." Carole shrugged. "I might have married your dad and become your step-mom, but I'm not going to try and be a mother to you. I'd rather be your friend.

"And friends can tell each other things like this without fear. Unless you're doing something unsafe, I promise I won't tell your father if you don't want me too."

Something in him relaxed a little, but his eyes were still wide. "Promise?"

"Promise."

After Blaine left, Kurt kind of wanted to shut down. He spent the Tuesday before school restarted hiding in his bedroom and composing a thousand texts to Blaine that he didn't have the courage to send.

Then there was school and Rachel gushing about how Finn had called her everyday since New Year's, sometimes more than once, and that they texted almost constantly. She was so happy while Kurt felt so bad. He was happy for her of course, but he really couldn't handle hearing about it.

So he gravitated to Mercedes, but she'd never really been all that supportive of his relationship with Blaine. She didn't say it, in fact anything she DID say WAS supportive, but Kurt knew her heart wasn't in it. She was worried about him and the way things with Blaine had started and progressed, and that felt kind of good most days, but... He wanted to wallow.

Actually he wanted time to have stopped somewhere around mid-December and for Blaine to have never left.

Or for Blaine to have SAID something, ANYTHING, that changed the rules the way Kurt still wanted them changed.

But he hadn't, and Kurt had already put himself out there too much for him to risk it again. They'd been at a standstill on that front. And if Blaine even noticed, or cared, he hadn't mentioned it.

Kurt had nobody to talk about it. He'd gotten some comments from the rest of New Directions about their mid-night kiss, but a few words had gotten rid of most of them. He was alone to wallow.

Maybe that was why, when she asked, Kurt let everything, EVERYTHING, spill to Carole. He just wanted SOMEONE to talk too. And that someone ended up being his step-mom.

Thursday night he was terrified that she wouldn't keep her promise and would say something to his dad, but Burt didn't do anything differently than he would have before. He didn't say anything to Kurt, didn't even look at him funny. Everything was normal.

Normal sucked.

He didn't want normal. He wanted Blaine.

School started Tuesday and Blaine wanted to shoot himself in the head. Sitting through professors going over the syllabus was so boring, but he needed to be there so he wasn't dropped from any classes. He had to sit there and bare it.

He held his phone at all times, drafting texts to Kurt that he didn't send. He SHOULDN'T send them. He wasn't going to see Kurt again. If Finn asked about carpooling he'd make up an excuse, some project or meeting and he'd get out of it. Then, after a bit, he'd say they broke up. Something, anything so Finn wouldn't take him back to his house and he'd have to see Kurt.

It was kind of funny that he both wanted and didn't want to see Kurt again. Except for the part where it wasn't funny at all because it was just kind of sad and scary.

Blaine forced himself to pay attention to something he'd already heard too many times. And when that proved fruitless he looked around the room and made up personalities for all the people he didn't know and thought about who of the people he did know he should catch up with.

In his third class of the day, his only lecture hall this semester, he came across Sebastian sitting three rows and about forty seats to the left of him. Looking at the back of his head, one he hadn't seen his about three weeks before Thanksgiving, he decided Sebastian was someone he should catch up with.

Maybe being with another guy would get this Kurt fixation out of his system.

## **Chapter Forty-Eight**

Friday, after glee practice, a hand shot out of nowhere, grabbed his arm, and pulled him into the handicapped boy's bathroom completely devoid of anyone but one other person. Said person shoved him in and then locked the door, the click of the lock was loud in Kurt's ears.

After he gained his equilibrium Kurt spun around to face the person who had manhandled him.

Karofsky.

Kurt's heart started pounding double time.

"What do you want, Karof..."

"Shut up." Karofsky cut him off with a low yell. He took a step closer and Kurt instinctively moved back and away. "Did you tell that guy? The one you were with? Did you tell him?"

"Tell him what?" Kurt asked shakily, though he had an idea.

"That you kissed me!" Karofsky growled, though it was obvious he wanted to yell.

"No." Kurt shook his head quickly. He KNEW he'd gotten off too easily for knowing this about the jock. "I haven't told anyone. I wouldn't. I don't believe in outing."

"I'm not..." Karofsky cut himself off. "I'm not gay," he stage whispered angrily. "You can't out someone who's not gay."

"Either way." Kurt swallowed, taking another step back. Karofsky's bulk was more intimidating than it ever had been before. "I wouldn't ever say anything. I haven't so far. You'd know if I had."

Karofsky glared at him, anger and fear clear on his face. "I..."

"Why didn't you come to me about this before?" Kurt asked despite the way his heart raced. The question felt like poking a hungry bear, but he needed to know.

Karofsky huffed. "Because it didn't... I didn't... Because nothing happened!" He growled out. "If I didn't talk to you nothing happened!" He took a few angry steps towards Kurt, who instantly backed away until the wall stopped him, before he gave up and turned in a circle. "I didn't... I'm not..."

"Dave," Kurt said softly. "Whatever you're going through right now, that did happen. So... Um, I PROMISE I won't tell anyone. You know I haven't. I don't believe in outing people, especially someone who doesn't know for sure. So - yeah. Just... You can count on that." Now he felt like he was walking on a tight rope, and he didn't know if he could make the next step. His nerves were so WRECKED.

"I'M NOT GOING THROUGH ANYTHING!" Dave yelled. "I'm not UNSURE! I know I'm not... I'm not gay." His voice got quieter until he spoke until it was just above a whisper.

Kurt bit his lip, unsure what to do now. Dave didn't seem to want to hurt him, he seemed to be stuck on pulling his own hair out. "Okay, well... Okay."

Dave turned to him, eyes SO intense. "You, you MADE me... you sound like a fucking girl and the pants you wear and... IT'S YOUR FAULT!" Kurt swallowed again and tried to press himself into the wall more. Karofsky didn't come any closer though.

"You just... FUCK, Hummel." He spun in another circle and slammed his fist against the bathroom wall opposite Kurt.

"I..." Kurt didn't know what to say. "Have you... How long have you... um, thought that about me?"

Dave glared at him. He actually seemed close to tears. "I don't think ANYTHING about you, fag. Nothing except how unnatural you are. Fags like you don't deserve to be here."

Kurt was shaking, and he was trapped. He REALLY hoped Karofsky would stick to just yelling. He didn't think he could escape if it got physical, and he sure as HELL couldn't fight back. "Okay, okay." Kurt nodded quickly. "You don't think anything, I believe you."

He seemed to calm a little, enough that Kurt stopped actively pressing so hard against the wall as if it could swallow him up and leave him on the other side. "I don't." Dave spat.

Then there was silence. Silence Kurt didn't know what to do with. Dave was just there, in front of the locked door, steaming and casting these looks at him that Kurt couldn't read every few seconds.

Kurt had opened his mouth to maybe try to convince Dave to let him out when Dave surged forward and trapped Kurt against the wall. So close Kurt realized they were almost the same height, though Karofsky had several inches on him in width. Kurt leaned as far away from him as possible.

"Don't you even THINK about telling anybody about this." Karofsky growled, getting even closer to him. Kurt desperately wished the wall COULD swallow him.

"Never," Kurt said quickly, his voice higher pitched than he expected.

Karofsky pushed off the wall and away. "Go away. Go before I hurt you."

Kurt ran.

The door clicked shut softly, far from the bang he wanted. His heart was racing.

Kurt smelled GOOD. so good. He hadn't noticed that the last time he'd been so close to him.

And he didn't even smell like a girl. He smelled like a boy. And that fact was what was making his heart pound so hard.

He wanted to hit him. Wanted to hit him SO BAD. If he hurt him then it would just stop. It would all end and Dave wouldn't have to feel like this anymore.

Except... except it wouldn't. He'd thought that, after not seeing him all break, everything would be okay again. But then New Year's and Kurt had been with that guy and...

Jealousy was not something he was used to. Not this kind of jealousy anyway. It was so - strange. HE DIDN'T WANT IT!

Dave imagined punching Kurt, breaking that pretty nose and ruining his girly face.

It should have made him feel better, it had before sometimes. But now... Now all he could think of how sad he'd be if Kurt's face was ruined. He didn't want to hurt him, Kurt was too pretty.

Dave hit the wall again, angry at himself for feeling this way. He needed to stop! He just needed everything to stop!

His phone buzzed and Dave wiped at his face before he pulled it out. A text from Z asking about a video game tournament. Dave took a look at himself in the mirror, at the redness rimming his eyes and the tear tracks down his face.

To Z:

I can't, old man's making me help him clean up the christmas decorations from the yard.

He sighed and slipped his phone back in his pocket. Then he turned the sink on cold and bent to splash the water on his face.

## **Chapter Forty-Nine**

"Should we take your car or mine down for the weekend?" Finn asked as he came into Blaine's room. He was holding a wad of shirts, like he'd stopped in the middle of packing to come ask him this.

Blaine forced a sad smile on his face. "I can't this weekend actually. I have to meet up with my study group for Management. Our teacher assigned us this big project and we're getting a head start on it."

Finn frowned. "Can't it wait though? It's the first week of classes."

Blaine sighed heavily, acting disappointed. It wasn't that hard. A part of him was VERY disappointed that he was staying away from Kurt, but another part of him kept saying it was the right idea. "I know, but we've got this really crazy guy in our group who basically threatened us if we didn't show. It's tomorrow night too, so it completely ruins my weekend."

Finn sighed, but he still looked unhappy. "Alright, but next weekend for sure right?"

"Yeah." Blaine nodded and smiled.

"Alright." Then Finn disappeared back into his room. Blaine let out a sigh of relief mingled with legitimate disappointment.

"You don't have any such meeting do you?" Wes asked from his desk, apparently not as absorbed in his computer as Blaine had thought.

"Shut up, Wes." Blaine glared. He put his head phones back in and resolutely ignored the look Wes was giving him.

Blaine didn't come home with Finn that weekend, Kurt couldn't say he was surprised. He was, however, still VERY disappointed. Somewhere in the back of his mind he'd hoped. It felt silly though as Finn walked through the door alone. Silly and painful.

Kurt said a cursory hello to his brother and retreated to his room.

Carole came to him about an hour later. "So he's really not coming back then, honey?" She asked and sat on the edge of the bed he'd face flopped on.

Kurt rolled over and looked up at her. "No." His voice wavered more than he would ever admit to.

"Ah, Kurt." She sighed and reached out to pet his hair. For once he didn't mind that she would ruin it. It was already being ruined by his dramatics.

While Blaine had lied to Finn about the project, he hadn't lied about having plans on Saturday night. So at 8:30 he got in the shower and started putting himself together. He'd caught up with Sebastian after their lecture together and managed to convince the taller boy to go out with him on Saturday. Sebastian had given him that smirk Blaine found, admittedly, a little creepy, and told Blaine to meet him at the same club they used to go to at 10.

By 9:30 Blaine was ready to go, dressed in tight clothes and covered in both antiperspirant and cologne. Wes gave him a frown as he walked out, Blaine ignored him.

Sebastian was already inside when Blaine got to the club, grinding against some no-face he immediately left when Blaine got close enough to be seen. Sebastian was then on him like white on rice, getting much too close for comfort. Blaine plastered a smile on his face and let Sebastian's big hands grab his waist.

"Hey, Blaine." Sebastian's voice was low and breathy, curling around his ear. "Looking sexy tonight."

"You too," Blaine said, although he truthfully hadn't looked at Sebastian's outfit.

"I know." Sebastian's grin was evident in his voice without even looking. And he was apparently done talking, he spun Blaine around and settled his hands on Blaine's waist.

Blaine played the part, leaning back and shimmying his body against Sebastian's in time to the music. He closed his eyes and let the music fill his ears. He liked clubs, the music was loud and, if he chose too, he could get lost in it. The dancing, well, Blaine didn't really like club dancing but he could get used to it if he wanted too.

Sebastian's hands slid forward and down, coming to rest over the pockets of his pants, fingertips dangerously close to his cock. He wouldn't go any closer for a while Blaine knew, he was trying to tease.

Music pumped loudly and Blaine kept his eyes closed.

Soon Sebastian's possessive hands started to feel kind of nice, firm. Blaine let his head fall back against Sebastian's shoulder and reached an arm up to wrap around the taller boy's neck.

"Nu-uh," Sebastian said, his voice low and growly, and pulled away. The removal of his hands left Blaine cold. The taller boy circled Blaine and ran his hands all over Blaine's body. With the touching back Blaine let his eyes slip closed again and fell back into the music.

Sebastian's hands were everywhere, fleeting touches down his chest, firm strokes down his arms, dancing fingers over the waistband of his jeans. He felt possessed and important.

Sebastian always made him feel sexy, like his body was so hot only a few could tame it.

It was different to how Kurt made him feel. With Sebastian he was a raging fire, with Kurt he was held, contained.

Blaine's heart surged and he fell out of step with the music. Kurt.

Sebastian's fingers grazed over his ass.

Blaine jerked away roughly. "I'm sorry, I have to go." Blaine heard himself say. Then he was gone, running out into the cold January air and panting.

## **Chapter Fifty**

Saturday night Kurt got his first text from Blaine all week.

To Kurt: Clubs are SO not fun. You're not missing out on anything.

Kurt's heart had sped when he'd seen that Blaine had texted. Then the content of the text had been so -  
menial Kurt had the urge to throw his phone across the room. He only just barely refrained.

Instead he'd closed the message and put his phone on his nightstand, mind set on ignoring the text.

He didn't get another.

Finn was about 85% sure something was up. Kurt looked all sad and he wasn't texting all the time. When Finn was away from Rachel they texted all the time. They even texted more when they were FRIENDS than Kurt seemed to be texting Blaine.

Finn knew he wasn't the brightest bulb in the box, but really, something seemed wrong with this picture. He just didn't know what.

Carole decided he was too mopey on Sunday and made him get dressed for shopping. Kurt wasn't sure if it would work. Retail therapy was great for little things, but he'd tried it on bigger things and it just left with a bunch of useless stuff and a depleted bank account.

Then Carole offered to pay and Kurt decided it was worth a shot.

They spent most of the day wandering around the mall, Carole picking out things and Kurt vetoing them 4 out of 5 times. Then they had lunch at the Cheesecake Factory and Kurt indulged in his favorite desert.

"Can we go to the record store?" Kurt asked when they'd decided they were done with the mall and were bringing their purchases out to the car.

"Sure, honey." Carole patted his shoulder.

Kurt loved the record store. It was where he got all the music for glee that Mr. Schue didn't have. He played them on his grandma's old record player, a gift for his thirteenth birthday. Vinyl was nice, old fashion in a way Kurt really appreciated.

"I'll just let you look around on your own, god knows I don't know much about music." Carole laughed lightly and wandered off into a different corner of the store.

Left alone in his own domain Kurt relaxed. He loved Carole, he really did, but that much time with her was a bit much sometimes. That much time with ANYONE was a bit much.

Kurt shook his head and started flicking through the stacks.

To Sebastian: I'm sorry I ran out like that, suddenly I wasn't feeling that well.

From Sebastian: Whatever.

To Sebastian: If you want to try again I'm open for a take two.

From Sebastian: ::sigh:: Blaine, I'm a busy guy.

To Sebastian: I won't run out on you again, I PROMISE it was because I felt sick.

From Sebastian: I'm only doing this because you're hot naked. Alright.

From Sebastian: I'll be free next weekend maybe, not tonight. Talk to me Thursday and see what's up.

To Sebastian: Alright. Will do.

"Our next order comes in later int he week. Do you want me to add it to the order?" a somewhat bored, hipster looking, employee asked.

Kurt nodded. "Yes please." In his hands he held half of a set of albums, the second half. He'd like the beginning. Though who would buy JUST the beginning he didn't know.

"Alright, are you going to buy that today?" the employee asked and moved closer to the cash register.

"Yes," Kurt said. "Ring me up."

Every once in a while Wes would give him this weird look for about five seconds before he returned to his computer screen. After it happened about ten times Blaine finally asked what was up.

"Nothing," Wes said with a shrug.

"No, something's up. You're looking at me all weird," Blaine insisted. He gave Wes his best questioning look.

"Nothing, I swear," Wes repeated.

"Wes."

"I know nothing."

"Wes!" He TOTALLY knew something.

Wes swiveled in his chair to look at Blaine. "Blaine, I promise you that nothing is happening. If it was, you'd be the first to know."

"What?"

"Exactly." Wes winked and turned back to his computer.

Fucking cryptic roommate. Blaine threw a pillow at him for being annoying.

Kurt spent Sunday night listening to his new album and trying to ignore everything else.

Finn and Rachel came to knock on his door about diner but Kurt ignored them. When Carole came up to do the same thing he said he wasn't hungry.

When his dad came up he knocked, waited about four seconds, and then pushed the door open without express permission to do so. Normally Kurt would have yelled at him, but - depression kind of made him not care all that much.

"Hey, bud." Burt said and sat down on Kurt's bed next to him. It reminded Kurt of the way Carole had perched on his bed. "You've been off all week. Are you alright?"

Kurt rolled onto his back to look at the ceiling. It was easier to lie if he wasn't looking into the person he was lying too's eyes. "I'm just sad Blaine left." That part wasn't a lie.

"It's only been a week, kid. He'll come back. You said you guys were dating, right?"

"Yeah, we're dating. Two weeks," Kurt agreed. "I'm just sad that he's gone and he couldn't come back this weekend."

"Why was that anyway? I didn't ask before." Burt patted Kurt's calf in sympathy.

"He had a choir thing to go too. They're apparently starting up again for the new semester. They have meetings on Friday nights," Kurt lied. He'd spent all week crafting a lie for this very occasion, as much as he hoped not to need it. "He might not be able to make it back here very often because of it. I heard he's got this one person who's basically Hitler in it and he's got power. Kind of like Rachel but worse apparently. Although how you could get worse than a power hungry Rachel Berry I don't know."

There, the lie was in place. Now he just needed to make sure he didn't forget it.

Burt cleared his throat. "Alright. I'm sorry, kid. I hope you feel better soon."

"Me too." Kurt nodded.

His kid was lying. About WHAT, Burt wasn't entirely sure. But Kurt was definitely lying. That story he'd just told, it had WAY too many details, he hadn't been looking at Burt, and he'd been making those shifty eyes he always made when he was trying to keep something hidden. Kurt could hold things in, lie by omission, without a problem, but when asked a direct question all his ticks showed.

Burt sighed. He wondered if Carole knew anything about it.

## **Chaper Fifty-One**

When Finn came back he camped out on Blaine's desk chair and waited for the guy to come back. Kurt hadn't talked to him and he figured he'd have a better shot getting something out of Blaine. At the very least he wouldn't hit him if something wasn't to his liking.

Blaine wasn't the first one back to the room, Wes was. "Are you in here alone?"

Finn frowned. "Oh, uh, sorry if that's, like, creepy or something. I'm just waiting for Blaine. Something's weird with him and my little brother."

Wes hummed. "Oh, so that's who Kurt is, isn't it?"

Finn didn't remember talking about Kurt too Wes. Of the three people he lived with, Wes was the one he was least close too. "Yeah, how'd you know his name? Did Blaine mention it?"

"Yeah," Wes said. "In his sleep. I don't think he knows it, but he talks in his sleep sometimes. Lately he keeps saying that name. Actually I thought it was gibberish for a while, he's got terrible enunciation when he's asleep, but then I remembered your brother's name and he spoke a little clearer the other night so..." Wes shrugged. "I put two and two together."

"Do YOU happen to know what's up with them?" Finn asked, it was worth a shot. "I THINK they're dating, but they don't seem to talk to each other at all, not that I've noticed anyway."

"It's not place to tell you anything, Finn. And I'm just guessing really, you shouldn't take my word on it even if I DID tell you something." Wes shrugged again. Then he finally sat down at his own desk. "I'm going to do some homework now, you can stay if you want, you just have to be quiet."

"Okay," Finn said with a nod. He turned back around in his seat and turned the volume down on the phone ap he was playing.

On Monday Karofsky found him first thing in the morning at his locker, red slushie in hand. It was the first time in three months that Kurt had been slushied, he'd forgotten how much of a bitch slap from an iceberg it was.

And, to make matters worse, the backup clothes in his bag were three months old and two inches too short. He'd grown more than he'd thought in that time. Even his shirt felt too tight and small. He'd have to keep up with this better.

When he got home he took a shower immediately. As the warm water soaked down his spine he wondered what would happen on the Karofsky front. If it was just slushies he could deal. He'd pull out his lesser label clothing and leave the good stuff at home for a while just to be safe. Luckily the slushie hadn't gotten on his pants too bad and his shoes had been safe, those things had been his big ticket items for the day. He'd just stick to his brooches, they were easily washed.

Brooches.

His mind went to the BEAUTIFUL brooch Blaine had gotten him. He'd thought it meant that Blaine liked him, he'd been so excited about it. Of course Blaine hadn't SAID anything, and they were FRIENDS so he shouldn't have been thinking of it, but...

Friends. They weren't really friends though. Friends talked to each other. He hadn't spoke to Blaine in a week. The only communication he'd gotten was a throw away text, not even a conversation starter.

Maybe he should reach out? Blaine HAD said at the beginning that he wanted to be friends with Kurt and get to know him. That's even a reason they kept going on their non-date coffee dates.

A HORRIFYING thought bloomed in Kurt's mind. Maybe Blaine didn't contact him because he didn't like Kurt? He was just too polite and horny to tell him that before he left. Maybe the silence was Blaine's way of saying 'I thought we could be friends, but you're not really someone I'd like to know'?

Kurt groaned to himself. He was so STUPID! He'd been wallowing over a guy who potentially didn't even LIKE him as a person! Who potentially only wanted him out of some strange attraction to his body.

Kurt huffed. That was it. He wasn't going to do this to himself anymore. He wasn't going to just sit home and wait for Blaine to like him and come calling.

If Blaine didn't want to see him, he didn't have too. Kurt didn't want to see him either. They'd just live separate lives and Kurt wouldn't have to think of Blaine ever again.

Finally he agreed with Mercedes, Blaine wasn't good for him.

It was strange to see Wes and Finn alone in the same room.

It was even stranger to realize Finn was waiting for him. It meant Finn wanted to talk, and considering the last thing they'd spoken about, it could only concern Kurt. Blaine froze three steps into the room.

"Oh, you're back," Finn said.

"Hi, Blaine." Wes waved momentarily and then dipped his head back down to his notes.

"Um, Wes is all busy and stuff, so can we talk in my room? Oh, I need to talk to you." Finn fumbled over his words in his usual way.

Blaine swallowed but forced his face into a neutral, pleasant smile. "Sure."

They crossed through the bathroom into Finn's room where the tall boy sat on his bed. He then gestured at his desk and Blaine took that as his cue to sit. Hopefully this was just about classes.

"So, about Kurt," Finn said to start. Guess not, hopes dashed. "Are you guys alright? Like, are you having a fight or something? He was sad all weekend."

This was it, the perfect opening to 'break things off' with Kurt. Blaine even opened his mouth to say it. But, like with in the car a week prior, the words didn't come out. "No, we're fine. He's just sad I couldn't come visit."

Finn nodded but he didn't look appeased. "You sure?"

"Yeah, Finn." Blaine nodded. "Well, he might be mad at me." Blaine started. YES, here was his chance to say they're breaking up. "I told him I couldn't make next weekend either. My friend has a birthday." Total lie. No friend of his had a birthday. "It's the 21st and he's having a bunch of people over to his house for it. I promised him I'd go, like, a month ago. I can't back out now. It'd be so rude. Kurt said he understood though."

Finn was still nodding that same, unappeased way. "Who's birthday?"

"Casey. You don't know him. He's from back home." The lies came out of his mouth smoothly. If only the one he SHOULD tell came out!

Finn still didn't look like he believed him fully, but he didn't ask anymore questions. Instead he said 'alright' and stood up. "I'll see you later."

"Okay," Blaine said, then he left through the connected bathroom. He stopped there to take a deep breath and yell at himself for being stupid.

He pulled his phone out.

To Sebastian: I know it's early, but do you know if you'll be free yet? I'm planning my weekend.

About an hour later he got a reply.

From Sebastian: I GUESS I can squeeze you in on Sunday, since you seem so eager.

From Sebastian: Actually it'd probably be worth it to see you. You give great head.

## **Chapter Fifty-Two**

"Are you alright?" Mercedes asked him on Wednesday. "You look down."

"I'm fine." Kurt gave her a fake smile. "At least I will be."

She pet his arm gently. "You can talk to me about things that bother you."

"I know." Kurt nodded. He just wouldn't. He was fine. He'd decided it wasn't worth it to wallow over the Blaine thing anymore, he was just waiting for his feelings to catch up with his brain. Besides, he had a few more pressing things to worry about.

Like Karofsky. Before when he'd catch Karofsky staring at him the beefy boy kind of looked vaguely scared. Now he looked half-terrified, half-menacing. He'd pushed Kurt, HARD, into his locker earlier in the day. Kurt didn't know if the bullying would get worse or not. He really hoped not.

"Okay," Mercedes said.

Then Rachel decided whoever she was talking too was boring and turned to them. The conversation would have been over even if it hadn't already ended.

From Sebastian: Sunday, 11:00, my place. Come to come.

"I'm looking for a Kurt Hummel."

"This is he," Kurt said into his phone.

"Hi, this is Bill from J.C. Records. The album you ordered came in."

Excitement fluttered through him. "Alright, I'll be there around four thirty."

"Whatever." Then the line went dead.

It was the first thing he'd been excited about since Blaine left almost two weeks prior. Best Thursday Ever.

To Sebastian: I'll be there. Dress code?

"I think it's so admirable that you're so worried for your step-brother, Finn. It's heart warming. It speaks so much to your compassion. Compassion that we share." Rachel fluttered. She was on the phone with her BOYFRIEND. He COLLEGE boyfriend. And it was FINN. Just SO many good things.

"Yeah, Rach, that's really cool and all. But you didn't answer my question. Is he still acting weird?" Finn was so cute when he cared.

"No," Rachel said definitively. "He was smiling today and everything. I can ask though. It must be hard to be so intimate with someone and have them completely drop you. I'm glad that we never went through such a separation. It wasn't like that for us."

"Wait, what?"

"Our relationship isn't as tragic and doomed, but beautiful and everlasting! We'll have to accept drama as part of our lives of course, no good love is without it. But we will persevere!" Rachel said it all with a flourish. "Oh, my man, the bell rang. I have to go now, sweetie. I'll talk to you later."

"Wait, Rachel!" Unfortunately she never did hear what her love wanted to say.

From Sebastian: Naked. Strip on entry.

Kurt made it to the record store a little earlier than he'd told them and when he came in the guy behind the counter, Bill?, was busy so he just wandered a little.

If his life was a movie, this would be the part where it turned into a rom com. He wandered the rows a little, checking out the familiar titles and covers and then, right as he reached for one of his favorites, another hand did the same.

Kurt looked up to see a younger, more hipster flamboyant version of himself. Hipster Kurt, who soon introduced himself as Chandler, immediately gushed at him about the brooch he was wearing and the album they'd both reached for.

Chandler had A LOT of energy. A lot of energy he was TOTALLY content pushing on Kurt.

Kurt sort of froze at the initial shock of it, but then, after the willowy boy had expressed his love of Evita, Kurt calmed.

It was twenty minutes of this Chandler-shaped whirlwind before he remembered why he was in the store. By then the guy behind the counter wasn't busy. Kurt still didn't go to him. Chandler was... flirting. Obviously flirting, so clearly, obviously flirting that Kurt couldn't even TRY to say he was making it up in his head, and that felt so NICE.

Before he knew it Chandler was wiping out his phone and begging Kurt for his number so they could talk more. Bewildered and more than a little charmed Kurt gave it.

Chandler smiled brighter than the sun and sent a text so Kurt had his number. It was a cheesy pick up line. Like, REALLY cheesy. Kurt kind of didn't care. He just laughed and blushed and enjoyed it. Chandler wiggled a little and squeaked.

When Kurt finally left the store, the SECOND attempt (he'd forgotten his album on the first try), it was nearly six and his Dad had texted asking where he was. Chandler gave him an over enthusiastic hug before he left. "Wanna hang out this weekend? I have a ton of musicals and stuff we could watch," Chandler asked.

Kurt found himself agreeing.

"Rachel, I need to ask you a question and I need you to be COMPLETELY honest." Finn tried to make his voice sound as serious as possible.

"Okay, Finn," Rachel said, that rare calmness coming into her voice. It happened sometimes, more often now than the year before, her being calm.

Something was TOTALLY up, and both Blaine and Kurt were acting SO weird. Like, Blaine hadn't hung out with Finn AT ALL the last two weeks and he stayed holed up in his room with Wes. Usually Blaine came over to hang out with him or David sometimes. And that wasn't even all of it. Blaine had kind of been either mad or mopey since Winter Break. Finn had heard him yelling at Wes the day before, Blaine NEVER yelled at Wes. Wes would, like, kill him with his letter opener.

"I don't think Kurt has heard from Blaine since he went back to college," Rachel said. "But, shh, don't tell him I told you. Strictly speaking I'm not supposed to know. But he let me borrow his phone the other day

What did

for the internet and I might have snooped a little. There was only one text and no calls. You keep asking about it so I know you're worried, and he HAS been acting morbid."

Kurt would probably have a fit if he ever found out Rachel snooped like that. "I'm going to kill him."

"Finn, don't do anything until you're sure. OH! We can spy on them!"

"Um, I guess."

## **Chapter Fifty-Three**

Thursday his kid got home walking on a cloud. It was the happiest he'd seen him in a while. And since Burt was tired he decided to let this go for a bit. He could talk to Kurt tomorrow. They had family diner and Kurt hadn't missed one since the heart attack, Burt knew he'd be there and he'd plan to stay.

He let Kurt bask in whatever happiness he'd found for a bit.

Spying was difficult for Finn. He watched Blaine, but the guy didn't really seem to be doing anything incriminating.

Kurt texted all day Friday. Rachel was really pleased. Maybe He'd made amends with Blaine and everything was okay. He certainly looked happier than he'd been since school restarted.

When Kurt wasn't paying attention Rachel maneuvered herself into a seat behind Kurt so she could read over his shoulder.

From Chandler: You must have been Cleopatra in another life, you have a great asp.

It made him smile and bit at his lip to keep from laughing. After Kurt had admitted how much he'd liked the cheesy pickup lines the day before Chandler seemed content to bombard him with them.

To Chandler: What does that one even mean?

From Chandler: Replace the p with an s. Or, since an asp is a snake you can go somewhere else with it.

From Chandler: Your choice. ;)

Kurt blushed redder than he could remember.

Rachel couldn't read the text, but she saw who it was from. 'Chandler' was not 'Blaine'. Their text log was really long.

She needed to report this to Finn. She pulled out her own phone to do so.

To Chandler: You're gay too right? I read that right?

From Chandler: Very gay. I was born holding a rainbow flag and waving it in time to show tunes.

Finn came to ask him, half an hour before he left, if Blaine was sure that he couldn't come to visit Kurt.

"I'm sure," Blaine said with the same sad smile from the week before.

"Okay," Finn said. Something about the look he gave Blaine worried him.

"He thinks you're dating that Kurt guy." Wes was, as usual, at his desk doing something or other.

Blaine didn't know how to respond to that. He wasn't. He DEFINITELY wasn't. He just didn't know how to say that without sounding like a jackass.

And without it hurting some part of him he was trying desperately to ignore. He wanted his normal life back. The one where he didn't feel things so strongly.

From Chandler: You're going to NY right? We should totally go together! We'd make such an awesome sitcom! You could be my Monica!

"Yeah, it's the same guy he's been texting all day." Rachel nodded even though Finn couldn't see her through the phone. "I've been sitting behind him all glee and he hasn't noticed me looking once.

"Alright."

To Chandler: I'm free Sunday if you still wanted to hang out.

From Chandler: YAY! Where do you want to meet? ::does happy dance:

Friday Kurt was, once again, pulled into the disabled bathroom. He spun around quicker than before, fully expecting the boy looking back at him.

"What do you want, Karofsky? I haven't said anything."

"I know." Karofsky nodded once. "I'm just checking, making sure you know your place."

Kurt backed up instinctively, away from the threatening boy. His good mood from earlier was gone, replaced with something cold in the pit of his stomach. "You don't need to do this."

Karofsky glared at him. "I will end you if you do something stupid, don't forget that."

Kurt's eyes widened. What, EXACTLY, did Karofsky mean by 'end him'? Kurt could only hope he meant it the way Santana did whenever she said those words. However, the glint in Karofsky's eyes said something different, maybe.

"I TOLD you, not a word." Kurt said it as evenly as he could.

Karofsky moved away from the door, giving Kurt a clear shot for it. When he didn't move for a few seconds Kurt took a chance and bolted, Karofsky didn't stop him.

Even when he was scared he was pretty. Why was a boy so pretty? Why did he have to notice?

Dave slid down the wall to the floor. He needed help.

From Chandler: I hope you like cheese, I bought a cheese platter for our marathon!

Blaine took a deep breath and turned over in his bed. He needed to stop thinking.

He needed to stop thinking about KURT!

They had rules! And their time was over! If he could just let this go, get rid of this longing, then he'd be okay. His heart wouldn't hurt anymore and he'd be able to sleep better.

Let it go, just let it go.

## **Chapter Fifty-Four**

In a weird bought of serendipity, Finn got home before Kurt did and Burt was home before EITHER of them. Finn came into the house yelling Kurt's name, not even aware Burt was sitting on the couch.

"KURT! We need to talk!" Finn yelled up the stares.

"About what?" Burt asked.

The kid just about jumped out of his skin. "Oh, Burt I didn't see you there."

"What do you need to talk to Kurt about?" Maybe Finn knew what Kurt had been lying about. It DID involve his college roommate.

"Oh, uh, nothing." Finn smiled. Liar.

"Finn." Burt sighed.

Finn's shoulders fell. He trudged over and sat on the couch next to Burt. "Something's up with Kurt and Blaine. Neither of them will tell me anything though."

"So you see it too?" Burt nodded. Finn didn't know. Finn was right where he was. Maybe Carole? But why would Kurt tell Carole something he wasn't comfortable telling Burt?

"Yeah, not that I know what's going on."

"How about you let me take care of it, kid. Thanks for looking out for him though." He patted Finn's knee and this weight seemed to lift off his shoulders.

"Thanks, Burt. Let me know how it goes."

"Will do." If It was something Finn could know.

When Kurt came home finally he went straight up the stairs, dropped off his things, and then came down to make diner. He didn't even say hello to anyone.

By the time Carole got home Kurt was almost done with diner and Chandler had texted him no less than ten times. He was thoroughly cheered up by the last one.

After dinner Burt put a hand on Kurt's shoulder and told him Finn could clean up. Predictably Kurt squawked out a protest. "Finn, leave the pans for him," Burt said knowing that was what Kurt was worried about. He'd freaked out when Burt put a pan in the dishwasher once, he didn't want Finn to get yelled at.

"Can I talk to you a minute?"

Kurt blinked at him. "Sure."

Burt lead him to the garage, to the two chairs that were still set up from their last conversation. He had Kurt sit in the same chair.

"What is it, Dad?" Kurt's voice took on a note of worry.

"Well, it came to my attention that you might have been completely honest with me the last time we talked."

"Dad?" Kurt's expression froze, the same deer-caught-in-the-headlights he'd been using since he was three animating his face.

Burt rubbed his head. "You told me you were dating that boy, but he hasn't come around and you haven't been talking about him at all." Kurt opened his mouth but Burt cut him off. "And I know that story you gave me last week was bogus. Kurt you know I can tell when you're lying to me."

"I wasn't..."

"Kurt, lying MORE really won't help you here," Burt said. "What's really going on Kurt?"

Kurt deflated, sinking into his chair and letting his posture go. "Nothing."

"Kurt."

"No, I mean nothing's happening anymore." Kurt sighed. "We were - something, but then he went back to school and he hasn't talked to me since."

"Do you want to talk to him?"

"It's not that simple, Dad. It's... We decided it wasn't something serious and when he left he didn't say anything about changing that. So - that's where I am."

Burt felt a bit of anger spike in him. He narrowed his eyes. "Kurt, he wasn't using you was he?"

"No." Kurt shook his head quickly. "He wasn't. We... We were in agreement about everything."

"Then why did you lie?"

Kurt floundered for a few seconds. "It's embarrassing to tell you this."

"Tell me what?"

"About Blaine." Kurt widened his eyes and nodded a little, clearly not going to say anything specific.

Burt sighed. "Don't lie to me, kid. You can tell me anything. Anything. I hope you know that."

"Okay."

Wes went home for the weekend and left Blaine alone in the room. Even David had left to be with his girlfriend. Blaine HATED being alone. When he was alone he had nothing to do but think.

He threw himself into the little bit of work he'd accumulated during the work for most of Saturday and then went to dinner with Nick and Jeff.

Then Sunday he spent most of the day going between nervous and excited. Both feelings left his stomach in knots. He hadn't been with Sebastian in a long time. And he hadn't come in a while either, not considering how used to coming nearly every day during Winter Break.

Saturday was uneventful. Kurt spent most of it texting his friends. And Chandler. he spent most of the day texting Chandler.

Sunday at noon he got in his car and programmed Chandler's address into his GPS. He'd never gone over to someone's house after knowing them for such a short amount of time before, but he didn't feel any apprehension as he drove to North Lima. All he felt was a fluttering of nerves and the same underly sadness he'd yet to be able to shake.

At eight Blaine started getting ready. He took the most thorough shower he had in a few weeks and then set about gelling his hair. He liked having gel on at all times if possible, it made him feel more comfortable. He'd need comfort for his night with Sebastian.

Chandler greeted him with a warm, enthusiastic hug. He then proceeded to chatter a mile a minute about all the movies he had lined up for them to watch, with Kurt's input included of course. He pulled Kurt in and led him to his living room couch. As Kurt settled down he was grateful they hadn't went to Chandler's bedroom for their marathon. Kurt didn't think he could handle that.

"I'll go get the snacks," Chandler said when Kurt was seated and then disappeared into his kitchen.

11:00 pm found Blaine standing outside Sebastian's apartment door, hand poised to knock.

The excitement he'd been feeling for the last hour had just died a swift death, replaced by something he couldn't name. Something felt - off, and he had NO idea what it was.

His stomach was revolting and he suddenly wanted nothing more than to go back to his dorm and roll up in his comforters and sleep forever. He felt kind of like he was being stretched in a million directions and he didn't like it. If only it would stop and he could just - KNOCK ON THE GOD DAMNED DOOR!

Something cold and solid dropped in his stomach, a part of him, a part of indeterminable size, just DID NOT want him to knock. That part wanted something else.

Blaine was saved the decision to knock by the door swinging open. "Right on time," Sebastian said.

## **Chapter Fifty-Five**

"I love Madonna," Chandler said adoringly.

"Me too," Kurt agreed easily. He shifted so he was more comfortable on Chandler's couch.

"She's amazing." The reverence in his voice was clear, and it was the quietest Kurt had ever heard the other boy speak.

"We had a week at my school last year where the cheer coach played Madonna songs on the speakers all day. My friend and I even made a Vogue tribute video with her." It had been one of the few times Coach Sue and the glee club were on the same page.

Chandler tensed, paused the movie, and turned his entire body towards him. "PLEASE tell me I can watch that!"

A smile and laugh bubbled out of Kurt. "Sure, I just need a computer. We put it on YouTube."

"GENIUS! I'll be right back." Chandler popped off the couch. "Stay right there." He pushed air down as if it was Kurt's shoulders and that would keep the older boy on the couch. "Right back."

Chandler ran a bit oddly. Kurt wondered if that was what he looked like whenever he had to run laps with the other boys in gym class. He certainly FELT awkward.

True to his word Chandler was soon bounding down the stairs, laptop in hand. He plopped his blond self down on the couch closer to Kurt than strictly necessary. It felt nice, having another boy so close.

Chandler opened the laptop, awakened it, and then passed it over to Kurt so he could find and open the video. "Okay, so before I play this, you have to understand one thing."

"What?" Chandler asked perkily.

"We had the AV club shoot this and do our sound, we've got an in there, so it'll be A LOT better quality than anything else we have up. So, if after this you want to watch more of our videos, keep that in mind."

"You have MORE?" Chandler asked with sparkly eyes. "Move over Madonna, I wanna see Kurt Hummel."

Kurt laughed and pressed play.

"Come in, Blaine. I don't want to let the bugs in."

"It's the middle of winter," Blaine said. How many bugs could there be?

"Still, just get in here," Sebastian said impatiently and moved aside so Blaine could do just that.

Sebastian closed the door behind him and Blaine turned to look. Despite the 'dress code' Blaine had asked about, Sebastian was completely clothed. He even had layers.

A smarmy smirk appeared on Sebastian's face. Blaine was startled. Sebastian had smirked at him like that before and he'd found it arousing. What?

Sebastian took a few steps forward, STALKED forward, towards Blaine. "Looking good, short stuff." Sebastian purred. He reached Blaine, hands coming up to smooth over Blaine's shoulders. "I hope your ready, I think I want to take my time with you tonight."

Blaine's stomach clenched. "I'm thirsty," he blurted out.

Sebastian raised his eyebrows. "Then get something to drink." He retreated completely, dropping all contact with Blaine. He sighed a little. "I'll be in the bedroom."

"Okay." Blaine smiled weakly,

Sebastian retreated to his room, disappearing behind the dark wood door and leaving Blaine alone in the same apartment.

Blaine took a deep breath, shook his head, and went to the kitchen. He wasn't actually thirsty but he figured hydration was probably a good idea anyway. If Sebastian wanted this to last a while it was going to last a LONG time, the guy was a tease when he wanted too, and he REFUSED to let anyone else be in control of anything. His domineering was attractive.

So why wasn't Blaine half hard in anticipation? Why did being here in Sebastian's kitchen suddenly make his insides revolt?

Except... Except Blaine realized finally, this wasn't a new feeling. It wasn't something separate from the hurt he'd been feeling since he left... Since he left Kurt.

Kurt.

A sob fought it's way up Blaine's throat. God he just wanted Kurt.

Just Kurt.

Forever.

The tears in his eyes didn't fall, but he didn't pay them any mind. They weren't important. What was important was this revelation. He'd beat himself up before for not realizing how much he liked Kurt, but then he'd done the SAME GOD DAMNED THING AGAIN and ignored it.

Blaine sniffled, pushed himself off Sebastian's counter and went to the door. He'd never taken his shoes off so he didn't pause as he opened the door and stepped out into the cold air.

He climbed back into his car, still somewhat warm from his drive over, and pulled his phone out.

To Kurt: I'm SO SORRY! Can I still talk to you.

But he hesitated before he hit send. Kurt hadn't talked to him either. Maybe... Maybe he'd fucked up so much Kurt didn't want to talk to him anymore?

Technology was easy to ignore. Kurt could just easily ignore him. He'd ignored the one other text Blaine had allowed himself to send.

In person then. He'd just have to do this in person. If he failed... Well, if he failed then at least he'd know for sure and the heavy weight of 'what if' would lift.

In person.

"Your glee club is really talented," Chandler said. "Though I still think you should sing more. You're brilliant."

"Finally someone agrees." Kurt rolled his eyes, a smile on his face. "I'm constantly on Mr. Schue about that but he just really doesn't know what to do with me. He's like 'you like to sing girl songs, but your not a girl and you don't REALLY sing like one'." Kurt sighed. "Honestly I think he just skips me over because I'm too hard for him. Which, you know, I can be mad about but I don't think I can really do anything more about it."

Chandler sighed in sympathy at his side and wriggled a little closer. "Are there anymore of your performances up?"

"Maybe." Kurt pulled a face. "Our school's self proclaimed news reporter has a giant crush on Rachel Berry and I think he follows us into the auditorium every time the door opens. Let me check his blog site."

They DID find some more videos on Jacob Ben Israel's blog, but most of them focused heavily on Rachel, even when she wasn't singing, so it was a bit of a bust. And Jacob's mouth breathing over the audio was kind of disturbing.

"Do you want to get back to the movie or...?" Chandler shrugged.

"Um, sure." Kurt slid the laptop off his legs and put it on the coffee table. When he sat back up Chandler was even closer than before. Kurt was startled for a second before he forced himself to relax.

He LIKED Chandler, he was funny and energetic and TOTALLY appreciative of Kurt, but Kurt just... Something made him twinge a little when he sat back against the couch cushions with Chandler SO close.

The movie restarted but Kurt wasn't paying it any attention. His focus was on the way Chandler was shifting just a little, and then a little more and then Kurt heard his name come out of Chandler's mouth softly.

He turned to ask what he wanted and came face to face with him. "Can I kiss you?" Chandler asked softly.

Kurt froze, mouth dropping open just a little. Did he want...

"Okay."

Chandler's mouth was nothing like Blaine's and nothing like Karofsky's. Where Blaine clearly knew what he was doing no matter what the pressure and Karofsky had been forceful and desperate, Chandler kissed him softly and hesitantly. The abundance of energy he seemed to have for everything didn't translate into this.

Kurt thought, as Chandler pressed their lips together, that this might be the other boy's first kiss with a boy.

Dread filled him and he pulled away. He knew what it was like to have your first kiss taken away from you, and even if he'd consented to this, he still felt like he was stealing something precious from the younger boy.

Chandler's expression was dreamy and content. He didn't press for another kiss, just wrapped his arms around one of Kurt's and settled against his shoulder.

Kurt spent the rest of the day uneasy. He didn't know what to do.

Kissing the other boy, it made something CRYSTAL clear. No matter how much he was trying to push it away, Kurt wasn't over the Blaine thing. And it wasn't fair at all to do this to Chandler. Chandler who was sweet and energetic and did nothing wrong.

When Kurt left for the day he still didn't know what to do, he just knew he had to do it soon. He'd been lead on before, he didn't want to do it to someone else.

## **Chapter Fifty-Six**

Monday Blaine didn't have classes, neither did Finn or David, so Wes was the only one to see him start fretting right after breakfast and take shower that was almost an hour long. Wes was the one who saw Blaine practicing speeches under his breath in the mirror as he carefully styled his hair. Wes watched him shave with more precision than he'd done before.

Wes, however, didn't say anything until Blaine had been staring blankly into his closet for half an hour.

"Do you have a date?"

Blaine jumped and turned to Wes with big eyes, like he'd forgotten his roommate was there at all. "Oh, um... no."

"Then why are you staring at your closet like it holds all the answers in the world if only you could pick the right thing out of it and you only have one shot to do it right?"

Blaine blushed. Blaine didn't blush often, it just wasn't something he really did. But, at Wes' question, Blaine blushed BRIGHT red. "Oh, um..." He laughed humorlessly. "It kind of does."

Wes blinked at him, unimpressed. "Just pick something, Blaine! Sebastian's probably just going to rip it off you anyway."

Blaine laughed that same humorless little laugh. "I'm not dressing for Sebastian. I'm... Just not for Sebastian."

Wes was surprised. "Then who ARE you dressing for?"

Blaine blushed again, even brighter than before. He didn't open his mouth to answer though.

He didn't need too. This stupid smile spread on his face, this stupid LOVESTRUCK smile. Wes knew who that was for. "Kurt?"

Blaine nodded, quick and small movements of his head. "He doesn't know I'm coming today but... I've been a jackass and I want to try and make it right today."

Wes smiled softly. "Go for red, you look best in it."

Blaine looked at him like he'd just given him a rocket ship to the sun. In a way, Wes guessed he had.

Carole corned him when he came home Sunday night, followed him right up to his room. "You were out all day. And not with Rachel and Mercedes. Rachel came to see Finn and Mercedes called the house when you didn't answer your phone."

Kurt blinked and pulled his phone out to look at it. The battery was almost gone. It had been fully charged this morning. No less than fifteen texts also waited for him. "Huh, I guess I didn't have service at his house. I never did try to use my phone though."

"HIS house?" Carole asked. She sat herself down at his desk.

Kurt blushed and sat on his bed. "I went to a friends house today. He's a new friend. Chandler."

Carole nodded. "And this Chandler, is he gay?"

"Yeah," Kurt answered. The uneasy feeling in his stomach grew. He didn't know what to do about Chandler.

But maybe Carole would. She'd certainly lived enough to know.

"Um, Carole." Kurt started softly.

"Yes?"

"Um, Chandler kissed me today."

She smiled. "Did you like it?"

"I... I didn't DISLIKE it." It hadn't been a BAD kiss. He just - didn't want to kiss him again.

"Well, what was wrong? Is because you're still hurt about Blaine?"

"I still like him. I SHOULDN'T, he dropped me like a hot potato the second he was back at college, but... I still do. And Chandler... He's sweet, and I really like that but..."

"But he's not Blaine." Carole finished for him.

Kurt sighed. "Yeah. He's not Blaine." He shifted on his bed. "How do I tell Chandler that without, you know, TELLING him that and without hurting him."

"Well, it depends what kind of guy Chandler is." Carole shrugged. "Some guys can take a hint, others you need to be straight forward with. However, which ever way you think is best, don't use one of those 'it's not you, it's me' lines on him. It doesn't matter if it's true, if just sounds insincere and callous. Break it gently to him."

Kurt shifted again. "Okay."

"Anything else, Kurt."

"I just want him to come back."

"Would you take him back if he did?"

Kurt stopped. He hadn't thought of that before. If Blaine just came back would he be able to just start up the same as before?

WRONGNESS ran through him. He couldn't do it that way again. He'd rather be without Blaine than with him that way. He'd thought differently a month ago and now he was just sitting on his bed in pain and unable to enjoy the attentions of an admittedly good guy.

And those REASONS Blaine had given him, those reasons that had seemed so IMPORTANT and REASONABLE, they were utter CRAP. Kurt realized that now. Well, not utter crap, there was a little truth to them. But after a month getting to know each other all those reasons were kind of null and void.

If Blaine ever did come back, he'd have to come back groveling. He'd hurt him, hurt him a lot.

"No," Kurt answered Carole. "Not the same way. He'd have to be my boyfriend, and even then he'd have to prove to me I could trust him not to run away again."

Then Kurt sighed. "Not that he is coming back. He dropped me, he doesn't want me. He's made that perfectly clear. I was just - holiday fun." He felt kind of dirty calling it that.

"Kurt, don't say that about yourself."

"No, just... Carole, I'm tired. Can I just be alone, please?"

"Okay, sweetie." She came over to pat his shoulder reassuringly and then went to the door. She stopped there. "Just, whatever your thinking, i don't think you should doubt that Blaine liked you. The way you two were with each other, there's no doubt in my mind that he felt something for you."

The words felt hollow to him.

## **Chapter Fifty-Seven**

It took Burt a little while to mull it over and figure what EXACTLY Kurt was talking about when they'd had their talk, but, by Sunday night, Burt had a pretty decent idea.

He'd also figured out that Carole must know. After Kurt got home from wherever he'd been all day she went to talk to him, INSISTED that she be the one to do it. Now Burt might not notice things sometimes, he might not be able to take hints, but this one was pretty clear. His wife knew something.

And since she was easier to crack than Kurt most of the time, Burt decided to just flat out ask her as they were getting ready for bed that night.

"Kurt told you what exactly happened with that Blaine kid, didn't he?"

Carole paused mid brushstroke. She opened her mouth, closed it, and then sighed. She put her brush down on her dresser and sat on the bed next to him. "Yes, but I promised him I wouldn't tell you if he didn't want me too."

Burt groaned. "It's bad isn't it?"

Carole let out a soft groan of her own. "It's not TERRIBLE. Honestly it's a bit of a good learning experience. I wouldn't have wished it on him, but at least he's not permanently scared or anything."

"Carole what happened?"

She rolled her eyes. "Burt, I know you're his father and your worried, but I PROMISED him I wouldn't tell. It's only been a year, I don't want to lose his trust. He's finally telling me things."

"Rock and a hard place." Burt tipped his head back to look at the ceiling. "Just tell me one thing, if that kid ever shows up again, what should I do?"

"Honestly, let Kurt handle it." Out of the corner of his eye he saw her shrug. "What happened between them really wasn't that bad. Not ideal by any means, but it really could have been worse. Blaine seemed

like a good enough kid. If I'm right he'll prove it soon. If I'm not." He saw her shrug again. "If I'm not then we'll know that soon too."

"You know, all this talk doesn't make it any easier on me. I hate when he's mistreated." But it was so hard to get it out of him when he was. The kid was stubborn, something he'd got from his dad. The kid also had a tendency to bottle things up and not talk about them, also from his dear old dad. "I managed to pass all my worst qualities on to him."

"Burt, honey," Carole cooed and slid under the covers next to him. She rested her head on his shoulder. "I never met your first wife, but I know you, and Kurt? Kurt has got a lot of things from you, a lot more than you realize. Yes there's the bad, but there's a LOT of the good. The good outweighs the bad, honey."

Burt smiled softly. "Thank you," he said. He turned to kiss the top of her head.

"Any time."

Blaine was jittery the entire drive to Lima. He couldn't calm his speeding heart and he couldn't stop the way his hands beat out random rhythms against the steering wheel. "Please let him take me back."

Kurt hated Mondays. Mondays were the first day back to the hell known as High School AND Mondays had no glee. Something about Mr. Schue's agreement with Principle Figgins said that the teacher needed to man detention on Mondays. It sucked.

Kurt spent most of his home room trying to figure out how to 'break up' with Chandler. He considered texting it, but that seemed mean.

But texting was the primary way they communicated. They'd never ONCE called each other in their week of knowing each other and they'd only gotten together the one time. Maybe it wouldn't be so weird to do it in text form?

It still seemed cold though.

Finally, as lunch was drawing to a close, he decided it'd be best to do it in person.

To Chandler: Are you free to meet up in person some time this week? We need to talk.

Kurt hoped the last line was cliched enough to tip Chandler off to the reason.

From Chandler: Sure, I'm free tomorrow after school. Where do you wanna meet up? :D

Apparently not.

To Chandler: There's a coffee shop in between us, the Lima Bean? Do you know where that is?

From Chandler: Yeah. I LOVE coffee. Though my mom says I don't need it, wonder why?

To Chandler: Great, I'll meet you there around four then.

Kurt sincerely hoped Chandler didn't take this too hard.

Blaine arrived in Lima shortly after 1:00. He almost drove to the Hummel's house before he remembered Kurt would still be in school. He was too used to college already, he'd forgotten that high school still happened on Mondays.

Whatever. Finn talked about what high school he used to go to sometimes, and Blaine knew for a fact that he'd gone to the same one as Kurt. With a quick text to Wes, who was AMAZING at remembering all these types of things, Blaine had the name and the googled address. He map quested it and set off.

He found himself outside of a somewhat imposing, somewhat lackluster building. And inside that building was Kurt.

Somewhere.

Blaine had no idea where.

What if this wasn't the type of school that allowed visitors? Or that you needed an appointment for or...

No. Blaine shook his head. He couldn't let himself talk himself out of this. He needed to do this. He NEEDED too.

Blaine got out of his car and stalked up to the nearest door. It wasn't locked. "Success," Blaine murmured to himself.

He slipped inside the building, closing the door softly behind him.

Now what? He was in, but where was Kurt?

Blaine groaned, he really didn't have any way of doing this did he? Not without texting Kurt and possibly getting ignored and...

No. What did he JUST think about talking himself out of this?

Even though it was reluctant Blaine pulled out his phone.

To see a text from Wes.

From Wes:

knowing where the boy is.

Because you don't play

Now you're staring at your phone and wondering how I know you so well. The answer, my friend, is four years of boarding with you at Dalton combined with an additional one and a half years at college. I literally cannot know any more about you without being your boyfriend myself. And since I don't swing that way and you don't like Asians, we're out of luck on that front.

So, anyway, I did a little sleuthing for you (read texted Finn who texted his own high school lover) and found out that Kurt is currently sitting in his sixth period class, which is French, and that the room number is 206 A.

You can thank me later by leaving a sock on the door when you have him over, for once. I know WAY too much about your sex life already, and given the aforementioned boyfriend thing, I don't want to learn more.

Wes out.

To Wes: You're a jackass, but I love you. Thank you.

## **Chapter Fifty-Eight**

"Gleeks." Azimio snickered as he threw the slushie on Mercedes.

She closed her eyes in time, thanks to much practice, and immediately leaned over so it wouldn't get on her pants or shoes. Kurt saw the whole thing happen and cursed in his head.

"Honey, are you alright?" Kurt asked. She'd just gotten a new weave a little while ago, her mom was going to be so mad they if they had to get another one.

"Bathroom now," Mercedes ordered, hands coming up to paw at her head. Clearly she had the same concern.

"Come on." Kurt grabbed her arm and lead her to the nearest girls bathroom.

Mercedes' slushie clean up always took the longest of any of them, and it was entirely because of her hair. Before they even bothered with her clothing they had to make sure her hair didn't get ruined.

Kurt helped her the best he could until she sent him out to get her extra clothes from her locker. "You remember the combination?" she asked before he left.

"Yeah. I'll be right back."

"Thanks for helping."

"All I'm missing is French." Kurt shrugged. It WAS his favorite class, but it was also his easiest. Missing a day of it wouldn't do anything to hurt him.

He ran to her locker quickly and dialed the combination. Her locker was MUCH messier than his, like her car, but he was still able to find her extra clothes easily. With them in hand he closed the locker and began the run back. Unfortunately she'd been slushied pretty far from her locker so it was quite a trek.

And he had to sneak past his classroom, so he had to be sneaky. He could go another way, but it'd take him twice as long and standing around in slushied clothing was NEVER anywhere near fun.

He checked the door, made sure the teacher was turned, and made a quick dash past the door.

And ran right into another person.

Right into Blaine.

Kurt stared at him with wide eyes. "What?"

"Hi," Blaine said. "I - uh, was going to wait until your class ended but - I guess you're not in class."

"What are you doing here?" Kurt was in shock.

"I - um, I wanted to see you." Blaine licked his lips.

"I - I'm in school." Kurt blinked at him. What?

"Clearly." Blaine coughed to clear his throat. "Can we... Is it okay if we talk?"

Kurt's mouth was just hanging open, had been since he'd first seen the older boy. "But I... Mercedes..."

Blaine blinked and looked confused, then he seemed to notice the clothes Kurt still held. "Oh, you're in the middle of something. Um - I can wait?"

"Okay?" Kurt forced his mouth shut and forced his legs to move. He felt like Blaine was watching him.

The door to the girl's bathroom swung open easily. "Oh, there you are. What took you so long? Did you get stopped by Coach Sylvester?"

"No." Kurt shook his head. He handed the clothes over to her. "I'm just... Yeah, I'm gonna go, okay?"

"Sure, go on. I got this from here. Thanks." She gave him a weak smile with her newly clean face surrounded by her newly clean face. He guessed she'd managed to save the weave.

Silently Kurt went back out into the hallway. Blaine was still there. Kurt blinked. Still there.

"Blaine."

He came over, bouncing on his feet like an excited puppy. "Kurt." The way he smiled around Kurt's name sent shivers down Kurt's spine.

Kurt reached a tentative hand out and ran it down Blaine's arm. Solid. Real. There.

Suddenly anger bubbled up in him, overtaking the shock. Kurt felt his face twist into a sneer and his fingers itched to slap Blaine again. "What are you doing here?" This time he asked it with venom lacing every syllable.

Blaine's eyes widened and he took a step back. "I... Kurt can we talk? Please?"

"Why should I talk to you? I haven't seen nor heard from you in over two weeks. I don't owe you anything, Blaine."

"Just... Kurt, please?" The sound of his pleading broke a little of Kurt's anger, not all of it, but enough for him to agree.

"Okay, but not here. I'm supposed to be in class and you're not supposed to even be in the building." Kurt turned on his heel and stalked down the hall. He heard Blaine follow after him a beat later.

The bell rang as they got downstairs and the floodgates, also known as classrooms, opened. Students poured out like they physically could no longer fit inside such a stifling room. Kurt almost lost Blaine in the flood, but Blaine grabbed the strap of Kurt's bag so they were connected.

"Kurt! Oh good, he found you! Hello Blaine!" Rachel appeared next to them, smile bright on her face.

"You knew he was coming?" Kurt asked her with a glare.

A glare she ignored. "Of course I did. How else do you think he knew where to find you. I had to mass text all the glee girls to find you myself, but I sent it all back to Finn who sent it back to this Wes character who then sent it to Blaine. I love being part of chain messages sometimes, it's like a lovely game of telephone without the errors."

Kurt chose to ignore that. Instead he rolled his eyes and sped up so her short legs couldn't keep up.

"Kurt, why are we walking so fast?"

"So I can lose Rachel."

"Oh, well she's gone."

"She can pop up without warning. She's like a ninja sometimes. A little annoying, midget ninja. She's lucky I like her so much, otherwise I'd REALLY hate her."

Blaine made a noise behind him at that but didn't form any real words.

They were almost to the door when Kurt was wrenched away from him and he lost his grip on the strap.

"I told you not to say anything!" an angry/tearful male voice growled. Blaine spun around to see Kurt pressed against a row of lockers by a large, somewhat familiar looking, beefy jock. A few people in the hall had stopped to look, but most continued about their own business.

"I didn't!" Kurt's voice wasn't particularly loud, but Blaine still heard him. "I told you I wouldn't and I haven't."

The large, threatening, beefy jock did not seem appeased by this answer.

"Hey, get off him." Blaine heard himself calling. Then he was tearing one of Beefy's arms away from Kurt and pushing the large jock away.

Blaine was stronger than he looked, A LOT stronger, and he could box pretty well, but on a guy so much bigger than him he really didn't have a chance. Only the surprise of it got the guy away from Kurt.

"Blaine, stop," Kurt said softly. "Karofsky you're making a scene."

Beefy, who must have been Karofsky, didn't try to get near them again. He just glowered. "You keep quiet," he said menacingly to Kurt.

"I told you I wouldn't," Kurt responded smoothly. He was still pressed against the lockers the same way Karofsky had him positioned, but he didn't look scared or even angry. He just looked nervous and a bit pleading.

Karofsky narrowed his eyes and then turned quickly. He was lost in the crowds quickly.

"C'mon, Blaine," Kurt said softly, finally stepping away from the lockers.

Blaine waited until they were outside. "That was the same guy who made fun of you at New Year's wasn't it? That was the same guy?"

Kurt stopped and turned on him. "So what if it was?"

Blaine's anger coursed through him the same as it had that night. "You can't just let those guys walk all over you, Kurt! You can't just let them get away with bullying you!"

"It's my life, Blaine. I can do whatever I want." Kurt turned and walked angrily into the parking lot.

"You can't just stand there and let people hurt you, Kurt! That just leads to disaster and more pain! People don't learn if you let them walk all over you! They just think they can do it again and again and get away with it because you just keep letting them!"

"Shut up, Blaine!" Kurt shrilled.

"No, I don't want that to happen to you, Kurt. You shouldn't let it! Fight back!" Blaine was practically yelling now.

Kurt stopped and spun again, so fast Blaine nearly ran into him.

"How EXACTLY do you want me to fight back, Blaine? Do you want me to hit them? Do you want me to stoop to their level and bully them right back? Is that what you want? Because let me tell you something, that's not who I am. I am not a bullier and I REFUSE to do it. I've been there before, and it HURTS, I HATE it!" Kurt was right up in his face.

"Don't you DARE tell me how to deal with my own bullies, Blaine. You don't know anything about it. All you know is what you saw, and that's NOTHING compared to what it could have been."

"But, Kurt, he HURT you! You can't just..."

"SHUT UP about what I can and cannot do, Blaine! Like I said: You. Know. NOTHING about what's going on."

"They're bullies, Kurt. How much to them can their be?"

"You'd be fucking surprised, Blaine!" Kurt growled. "And, while we're on the topic of people hurting me, YOU are the biggest god damned offender. Of all the bullying I've went through what YOU did to me made me feel worse than all of it. What you did made me feel dirtier than all the names people have called me over the years.

"Because I thought you cared about me. I thought you were my friend! But no, you come for a month, use my body and lead me around with fancy words I was too god damned naive to see through, and then leave and never ONCE try to REALLY talk to me. All I get is a fucking THROW AWAY text that could have been to anyone. Anyone, Blaine.

"You said you liked me, you said you wanted to know me and be my friend. You did a REALLY SHITTY job of it. All you've caused me is pain and regret. That's worse than any bullying. I trusted you and you used me."

Blaine stared at him in open mouth shock. He didn't know what to say to any of this. It was all so...

True. It was all so true.

Kurt was sixteen, and not only that, he was an INNOCENT sixteen year old. Blaine should have never made the deal. He should have never even THOUGHT about treating Kurt so casually like he treated Sebastian. Sebastian at least knew what was going on, he knew how to separate his feelings and it wasn't anything special or precious to him.

And with Sebastian there had only been sex and the occasional civil conversation. He'd never treated Sebastian like a boyfriend.

He'd treated Kurt that way. They'd gone out, they'd had sex, they'd kissed and hugged and laughed together and... Blaine had done all those things with this innocent boy and the whole time said they weren't the way they acted.

He'd used him.

"I know," Blaine said defeatedly, his shoulders slumping forward. "I know."

Kurt's steam ran out at those words. "You know?"

"I know." Blaine nodded. "I was really horrible to you, at the end, at the beginning, the middle. I made a giant mess out of it. I have a reason, but it really just sounds like an excuse."

"I still want to hear it." Maybe it would make some of this make sense.

"I was scared of you, of how much I feel for you." Blaine shrugged again. "I've never even come close to feeling the way you made me feel with one glance. It's fucking terrifying to realize that the whole love at first sight thing is somewhat based in reality."

"Love at first..." Kurt's breath left him.

Blaine smiled weakly. "I REALLY liked you just by knowing you five minutes, Kurt. I liked you more than I'd liked any of my previous boyfriends and lovers and I'd only known you a day! It was ridiculous." A breathy laugh. "But then the whole month happened and I just couldn't keep myself away from you, so I hid behind these rules and reasons that sounded so logical to my fear and that you bought because you didn't know any better and then..."

"I fell for you, Kurt. I fell for you REALLY hard. It's why I'm here. I finally managed to pull my head out of my ass and I'm here to grovel and beg for you to forgive me. Because I know you felt the same. I KNOW it. You might hate me too much right now, and I'll have to deal with that if it's true, but I know you wanted it as much as I did, do. I pushed you away and I shouldn't have."

Kurt's heart was beating SO fast he didn't know how to deal with it. "You fell for me?" He was stuck on that. He'd heard the rest of the speech, but that part stuck out the most.

Blaine nodded. "Really hard. If you'll give me the chance, I want to go out with you. If I'm really lucky you'll even let me be your boyfriend." Blaine looked so hopeful.

Kurt exhaled shakily. "You have a LOT to make up to me," Kurt said. "And I mean a LOT, because you lead me on for a really long time. You didn't hid your feelings but still told me they didn't exist. You were, like, the fucking KING of mixed signals, Blaine."

"I know." Blaine grimaced.

"Okay, so long as we're clear on that." Kurt nodded to himself swiftly.

"Clear...?" Kurt cut him off with his mouth. Blaine moaned into it, warmth immediately coming up to wrap around Kurt's lower back. Kurt's arms wrapped around his shoulders, holding him tight.

This kiss felt right, better than any of his other kisses, with Blaine or otherwise. This kiss was full of promise.

## **Chapter Fifty-Nine: Epilogue**

From Chandler: We still on for the Top Model marathon?

To Chandler: Yup. Mercedes is very eager to tear down all your favorites, be warned.

From Chandler: I'm waiting for the same! See ya soon!

To Chandler: Oh, is it alright if I bring Blaine? His choir director let them out earlier than expected and he's on his way to my house right now. He'll be here all weekend and I haven't gotten to see him in two weeks.

From Chandler: OKAY! More the merrier. (Besides, you know how cute I think he is. Even if he's taken I'm MORE than fine having a hot gay man on my couch.)

To Chandler: Just don't forget the part about him being taken, Chandler. -.-

From Chandler: I'm teasing you, Kurt. (Mostly)

To Chandler: :P

Kurt opened the door at ten o'clock and Blaine encompassed him in a hug with a sigh of relief. "I missed you." He kissed the side of Kurt's neck and nuzzled his hair line.

Kurt laughed and pulled away. "Stop, you know I'm ticklish there." He pressed a kiss to Blaine's lips. "I missed you too, honey."

"I HATE my choir director sometimes." Blaine enveloped Kurt in another tight hug. He hadn't gotten his Kurt Cuddles in nearly two weeks, he was DYING without them.

"But she let you out early today, that has to count for something." Kurt sighed happily in Blaine's ear.

"Doesn't change the fact that she demanded we have practice on Saturday AND Sunday last weekend. Just because we couldn't meet until Friday again doesn't mean she should ruin our weekends." Blaine decided

to let Kurt go so they could shuffle into the house and Kurt could close the door. Once that was done, however, he latched right onto Kurt's arm again.

"Well it's alright now. We're together." Kurt pressed a kiss to the top of Blaine's head. "Oh, we're going to Chandler's tomorrow for a Top Model marathon."

Blaine groaned. "Okay, but I get Sunday all to myself. I don't want to share you on Sunday."

"That can be arranged." Kurt smiled at him and Blaine wiggled with happiness.

"Do I get to sleep in YOUR room tonight?" Blaine asked with a giant, hopeful smile.

"I wish, baby, but Dad'll check. He was really angry last time he caught us, I was barely able to convince him to let you come back over. He still hasn't forgiven you for the Christmas break thing."

"But that was THREE months ago!" Blaine protested.

"My dad's good at holding grudges where I'm concerned. You have NO idea what it took for him to like Finn again. And he was dating Finn's mom at the time."

"I think you should tell me that story, but not now, later." Blaine yawned.

"We can make out in my room for a little bit with the door open," Kurt suggested.

"See, this is why I love you. You have AMAZING ideas." Blaine smiled up at his boyfriend.

Kurt knew that Blaine didn't particularly like Chandler, but whatever, the boy was his friend and he'd taken the let down REALLY well. Like, they're still friends well. It was kind of amazing and it WOULD be nice to know someone other than Rachel in New York.

Blaine clung to him for most of the day, paying more attention to the whatever game it was he was playing with their hands than the TV. It was a really nice day.

Sunday the house was full so they couldn't get up to much sexually, but just laying together on Kurt's all day making out on and off was nice. The whole weekend seemed to want to be wrapped up in nice and tied with a perfect bow.

Until they went to dinner.

At dinner, as Kurt was holding Blaine's hand on top of the table, he saw Karofsky walked in. Kurt froze.

Since January Karofsky had backed off a lot, seemingly convinced that Kurt REALLY wasn't going to say anything after a solid month of intimidation. February had seen the jock downgrade to the occasional slushi (still more than before the INCIDENT) and a few locker shoves to 'keep him in his place'. March had been the same so far.

But the last time Karofsky had seen him with Blaine he'd freaked out and Kurt REALLY didn't want that to happen again.

He sat in his seat stiffly for the rest of the meal, watching Karofsky out of the corner of his eye. He was surprised to see Santana with him, but he REALLY didn't want to call attention to that just yet. He'd ask her about it later. Maybe.

It was only as they were leaving that the shit really hit the fan. Somehow Karofsky hadn't seen them the whole night and Blaine hadn't spotted the other boy. Blaine had asked a few times why he was so tense, but Kurt had mostly ignored the question.

However, as they were leaving Blaine saw Karofsky and it seemed to click in the older boy's head why Kurt was so tense. Before Kurt could pull him away Blaine stalked over to Karofsky and Santana's table.

Santana looked up at Blaine with her unimpressed gaze. "Excuse me, short stack, but I know you don't work here. Why in the hell are you at my table?"

Blaine ignored her, a bold move, and went straight for Karofsky. "I never got to yell at you before for what you did to Kurt."

"Blaine, drop it, let's go." Kurt pulled on the older boy's arm. "Don't cause a scene."

Karofsky ignored Blaine and looked right at Kurt, suddenly looking betrayed. "You... You said you wouldn't..."

"And I didn't." Kurt said quickly. "He's mad about what happened in January. Which is old news." He tugged Blaine's arm harder. "Blaine, let's go!" he hissed.

"But Kurt,"

"NOW!" Kurt hissed louder and yanked Blaine away roughly. He pushed Blaine away. "You can trust me, Dave." Then he pushed Blaine the rest of the way out of the restaurant, not caring at all if Blaine was fuming. He'd take care of that in the car.

"What the hell was that?" Santana asked him. "Why was my gay and his over gelled piece of man meat talking to you?"

"Nothing," Dave said quickly. He didn't need Santana knowing that someone else had figured him out, especially considering HOW Kurt had figured him out. "I have no idea why."

Santana didn't look convinced but for once she didn't push. "Alright, so as I was saying. You and me, we could be each others beards. I hate having a real boyfriend because they always want me to sleep with them, and rightfully so, this right here is hot, but I think you'd probably work out better for me. If we're together, no one'll ever suspect anything. I'll have a guy and you, you'll FINALLY have a girlfriend. Don't think the other guys on the team don't notice that. You've only gotten away with it so far because you SO CLEARLY hate Hummel and you look more likely to enjoy a little bush than me." She gave him a sarcastic smile. "So what do you say?"

"I'll do it." Fear spiked through him. He DID NOT need the other guys to talk about him behind his back. And it'd be great if his mom got off his back about it too. His dad was cool, but his mom was ALWAYS asking. "You have to meet my mom though, she won't believe me if you don't and I need her off my back. And you have to be nice."

"Aw, is wittle Davy a nice boy around his pawents?" she asked in this really condescending voice with a little pout on her face. He really had no idea how so many guys fell for her, she was so bitchy.

Then again, he assumed that most guys found her too hot to care. He REALLY wished he was one of those guys.

No. Instead he liked Hummel. The BOY. Dave glared at his salad. He HATED being gay. If FUCKING sucked.

And Hummel! Hummel just got to FLAUNT it everywhere. Sure Dave was his biggest bully, but he made sure nowadays not to hit him so hard and to only throw slushies on him on days he was wearing something simple looking. Simple for Hummel for anyway.

Actually, considering how much money all the clothes Dave had ruined on him cost, Dave was surprised Hummel hadn't just told the whole damn school he was gay already. On a whim one day he'd looked up the price of a McQueen jacket, his eyes had bugged out of his head. And Hummel talked about that McQueen guy ALL THE TIME. Ridiculous!

He and Blaine went to bed angry at each other. It was something Kurt felt really bad about. Around 2:00 he felt so bad he snuck out of his room to apologize. He found Blaine laying on his air-mattress and playing on his computer, headphone in his ears. Kurt carefully snuck up on him, lining himself up so he could easily lay on Blaine when he sunk down.

Blaine squeaked when Kurt's knees hit the air-mattress and then he relaxed as Kurt settled over him. Blaine paused his music and pulled out his headphones. "Hello."

"I'm sorry." Kurt kissed the back of Blaine's neck. "I don't like being angry at you."

"I'm sorry too." Blaine sighed. "I just get made when somebody hurts you, I don't like it."

"I don't either." Kurt shrugged and rolled off Blaine so he was next to him instead.

"Why do you let him do it then? Why?"

"It's a secret, and it's not mine to tell." Kurt shrugged again. "But let's not talk about that. I want to talk about how much I love you."

Blaine smiled at him. "Do you love me enough to have sex with me? I have a big test on Wednesday and a paper due tomorrow at midnight, I need to leave first thing in the morning when you go to school."

Kurt pouted. "Ah, I was looking forward to more cuddles." He kissed Blaine's nose. "Alright, but you have to be REALLY quiet. Last time Carole covered for us, but I don't want to make a habit of it."

"You can't fuck me then, I really can't help being loud when you fuck me." Blaine kissed Kurt softly. "We can do our tried and true between the thighs though, I can manage that quietly."

"Okay, but on your back today. I like to look at you."

"Good, I like you looking at me too." Blaine smiled at him. They rolled off the air-mattress and proceeded to make out.

It was still a good weekend, Kurt realized. Still perfect. Because he was with Blaine, and everything between them was solid and good. He kissed Blaine a little harder.

"I love you."

"I love you too."