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Loves and Loaves

by [seeleyboothfan](#)

Summary

Kurt and Rachel are enjoying their first year in New York City and are looking for a cheap but delicious place to eat breakfast and lunch at around their classes. When Rachel stumbles across Hot Cross Buns, she feels like this could be the place and tries to convince Kurt. Apparently all it takes is seeing the gorgeous boy who works there to convince Kurt that this is their place.

Chapter 1

"Kurt, let's go!" Rachel pulled her friend down the streets of New York City fast enough that he could barely stay upright. "I can tell. This will be our place, I know it."

"Just like you *knew* the last seven places were 'our place'?"

"Hush." Rachel smacked him lightly on the shoulder. "Trust me, Kurt. You give this place a chance and you'll be thanking me forever."

"Lifetime thanks for finding us a deli? You must be sure about this place."

"I am. Aha, here we are." Rachel made a 'ta-dah' gesture underneath the green awning that flapped lightly in the breeze. The name 'Hot Cross Buns' was embossed in gold along the awning. Kurt raised an eyebrow, but he didn't make a comment. Rachel opened the door and ushered Kurt inside.

The interior was surprisingly pleasant. It had a very homey feel to it. There were several comfy chairs on the left hand side of the building. The right side had several tables and chairs common to a deli. The walls were painted a warm goldenrod with the back wall a deep maroon.

The room was half full, customers lounging in chairs and involved in quiet conversation. An employee in a dark green apron cleaned up dishes from a recently emptied table, shooting a smile and a "Welcome to Hot Cross Buns!" their way. Her raven hair was pulled back in a high pony and her honey eyes shined with her smile. She was on the shorter side, her curves filling out her button up shirt nicely. The only other employee Kurt could see was taking orders behind the counter.

Rachel pulled Kurt towards the counter, babbling about what she was going to order. Kurt tuned out as soon as he was able to take in the boy who'd be taking their order. He looked to be quite a few inches shorter than Kurt, his black hair a curly mess mostly tamed by the Hot Cross Buns ball cap on his head. His honey eyes were almost completely hidden behind thick black rimmed glasses. He wore a green apron, similar to the girl Kurt had seen earlier, over a tight greyish button up shirt, a cheery pink bow tie topping the ensemble off. His name tag read "Hi, I'm Blaine" and a drawn on pink smiley face took up the rest of it.

When Blaine caught sight of Kurt and Rachel, he gave them a blinding smile. "Welcome to Hot Cross Buns! How can I help you today?"

Kurt simply blinked and tried to slow down his racing heart. Blaine was gorgeous, the nicest looking guy Kurt had seen in all of New York. He wasn't a Bradley Cooper intimidating attractive; Blaine was more of a subtle hotness. He had that nerdy adorableness going on with a hint of intensity lying somewhere just under the surface. He looked like the kind of guy that you could bring home to your parents, and that was not an insult like everyone seemed to think it was.

Rachel nudged Kurt. "Kurt, what are you going to get?"

"Huh?" Kurt turned to look at his friend. "I'm still thinking, why don't you order?"

Rachel's eyes narrowed. "I already did. You were totally zoning out there, I guess. Didn't know ordering food required that much brain power."

Kurt flushed. "I'm very particular with what I put into my body." He was proud of his comeback. He just hoped he hadn't been drooling a moment ago. He turned back to look at Blaine who was

giving him a sweet smile, not bothered at all with the wait. "What do you recommend?"

Blaine's eyes lit up even more than Kurt thought was possible. He seemed overly excited to be asked his opinion on something. "I love the California Club on Asiago Cheese. It has the sweetness of the avocado offset by the zest of the onion on the bread. I fry my bacon without oil, so it's less fattening and the turkey is sliced fresh. If you pair it with an apple and a strawberry smoothie, you'll be sure to leave here with a smile... and you'll return the next day, I guarantee it."

Kurt raised his eyebrow. "You can guarantee I'll enjoy it? You've never met me before, how are you so confident in my taste?"

Blaine smiled and looked Kurt up and down. "Let me guess: first year college student at a fashion school, just moved to New York from a small town, but ready to make a splash into the big city life. You have a cat at home where you two are roommates. You're conscious of the healthiness of your food, but you let yourself indulge a bit here and there."

Kurt felt his jaw drop and he rushed to close it. "How did you-"

"Don't question my mojo. I have very good instincts. Now, are your orders together or separate?"

"Separate, but I didn't order yet."

Blaine pouted. "I thought I'd convinced you to get the California Club meal."

Kurt sighed. "Fine, I'll give in just this once. If this meal doesn't meet my very high expectations, I'm not returning."

"I have no worries that you'll be gracing us with your lovely presence tomorrow morning. What are your names?"

"I'm Rachel, and this is Kurt." Rachel piped up from beside him.

Blaine nodded and jotted down their names on the order. "If you'd like to take a seat, I'll have Evie bring out your orders when they're ready." Blaine turned around and bent down to grab a blender from under the back counter.

"I get the name of this place now." Rachel commented. "Those are some hot buns."

Kurt followed Rachel's eyes to where they were trained on Blaine's generous backside. Kurt squeaked and smacked Rachel, his face turning crimson. Thankfully it didn't seem like Blaine heard them. Kurt pulled Rachel over to two comfy chairs that were angled toward each other and lowered themselves into them.

Rachel and Kurt were ten minutes into a very serious discussion about how they were going to stop McQueen, their cat, from scratching the couch when Evie, the girl that had been cleaning tables earlier, brought them their lunches. Underneath Kurt's plate, he spotted a receipt with the phrase "Have a sunshiney day! ~Blaine" scrawled at the bottom in pink pen. Kurt leaned over and saw Rachel's only had a smiley face at the bottom of hers. Kurt's heart swelled a bit as he realized Blaine had taken the time to write out a message for Kurt only.

He folded the receipt and slipped it into his wallet before Rachel would see it and comment on it. Kurt handed Evie his credit card and looked down at his lunch.

The sandwich looked and smelled delicious. The apple was a shiny red and the smoothie looked delectable. Kurt moaned as he bit into the sandwich; the moan was loud enough that Rachel side eyed him with a smirk and Kurt felt his cheeks redden further. Blaine had been absolutely right.

This sandwich was like heaven to his taste buds and the smoothie complimented it nicely. He smiled over at Blaine who returned his smile and gave him a cheery wink.

"As much as I hate to admit it, Rachel, you were right. This is our place."

End Notes:

This story came to me the other night and I couldn't get it out of my head. I have no idea how long this will be but I have an idea where it's going so the outline is pretty much done.

Took me a while to figure out a title. I think it's cute at some points and really freaking crappy at others.

Let me know what you think :)

Chapter 2

"Welcome to Hot Cross Buns, Kurt." Blaine greeted him the next morning. He looked even more beautiful than Kurt remembered. Today he wore a black polo shirt with a bright yellow bow tie. The baseball cap was gone today, his curls molded into gentle waves with what looked like mousse. His dark wash jeans were tight enough to give his thighs and ass definition, but not skin-tight.

Kurt couldn't stop the excited smile from growing on his face. "You remember my name?"

Blaine gave him a look of mock offense. "Of course I do. Your friend couldn't join you today?"

"Rachel had an early class, so it's just me. Your recommendations yesterday were perfect, so I'm going to heed your advice this morning, too. What is recommendation for breakfast?"

Blaine smiled wide enough that crinkles appeared next to his eyes. "I'm glad you enjoyed your meal yesterday. Hmmm..." Blaine looked Kurt up and down again and Kurt couldn't help but feel the power of his gaze running over him. He tried to hold back his flush. "Egg whites on ciabatta bread with half a grapefruit and a freshly squeezed orange juice."

"Sounds delicious." Kurt went to sit on one of the chairs near the fireplace and pulled out his sketch pad. He traced over his latest design fixing a flaw with the hem, humming along with the quiet music playing throughout the deli.

"Here you go." Kurt smiled up at Evie and took his plate from her. He grabbed his receipt, smiling at the "May your day be full of good luck ~Blaine" and handed the girl his money. He took a sip of his drink and sighed. He hadn't had orange juice this good since his mom had passed away. The sandwich was even better than his lunch yesterday and the grapefruit practically melted in his mouth. Kurt closed his eyes as he ate, savoring the taste as it sat on his tongue.

"Enjoying your breakfast?"

Kurt jumped at the voice coming from next to him. He was surprised to see Blaine dropping himself into the chair next to Kurt, a cup of coffee cradled in his right hand and a chocolate biscotti in his left. "I am, thank you."

"Will it bother you if I take my break here?"

Kurt shook his head. "Not at all." Blaine tipped his head back and gave a relaxed sigh. "Can I ask you something?"

Blaine turned his head to look at him. "Of course."

"How did you know so much about me yesterday?"

Blaine's eyes twinkled. "You want to spoil the mystery? Well, I saw a sketch pad in your bag – that's something all of those in fashion keep on them at all times. Your age led me to believe you're in college. I saw white fur along the bottom of your pant legs just like people with cats have. You and Rachel didn't seem to be dating so I assumed you were friends. The roommates idea came from the fact you both had the same cat hair on your clothing and you were discussing finding 'your place'. You don't have the jaded city look, so I could safely assume you were from a small town. My brother likes to joke that I have a mind like Sherlock."

Kurt looked down at his outfit self consciously. He had no idea that he was telling so much of

himself by what he wore and what he carried. He wondered what his outfit said about him today. "Okay, I guess I can see how you'd come to those conclusions. How'd you know about what I'd like for lunch?"

"Ah. *That* is a secret I'll take to my grave." Blaine flashed a cheeky smile. He dipped the end of the biscotti into his coffee and brought it to his lips. Kurt was sort of fascinated about how he turned eating a hunk of food into something so sexy. Kurt absentmindedly took another bite of his grapefruit. He felt a piece of his grapefruit stick to the back of his throat and he started hacking, curling into himself as he struggled to take a normal breath. Blaine's eyes widened and he set down his drink, reaching over to run a soothing hand over Kurt's back. "Are you okay, Kurt?"

Kurt nodded, blinking quickly; his eyes had started watering when he'd been choking. "Piece went down the wrong tube." His voice was rough.

Blaine nodded. "Let me go grab you a cup of water."

"Oh, that's not necessary."

"Yes, it is. I can't have one of my newest customers almost choke to death and not have some water to soothe their throat. I'll be right back." Blaine hopped up and ran to the back, returning shortly with a small glass of water. "Drink slowly."

"Thank you." Kurt handed Blaine the glass back, giving him a tentative smile.

"You are most welcome. So, what sort of fashion are you going into? I'm thinking interior design or actual fashion design."

"Fashion design. I'd love to start my own line. I'm interning at Vogue Dot Com, actually."

"That's great! I don't go online much, but I do get the print version."

Kurt eyed him. "You read Vogue?"

Blaine put a hand to his chest. "I love Vogue. I think the designs are gorgeous and the pictures are always interesting to look at. If I am honest, I am quite the critic."

"Oh, me too." Kurt sniffed. "Sometimes those photographers don't know what they're doing because you can't tell what they're selling."

"Exactly! There was this picture where the model was clearly showing off her shoes but the ad was for perfume. What were they thinking?"

"Are you talking about that Chanel ad from last month?"

"Yes!"

They laughed together for a moment, each finishing up their food and drinks.

Blaine sighed. "This was a lot of fun. Unfortunately, my break is over. Will you be back tomorrow?"

Kurt nodded. "Rachel and I will be back tomorrow afternoon."

"Wonderful." Blaine smiled once more at Kurt and then turned to go back to the counter. Kurt let himself appreciate Blaine's ass for a moment more before standing up and bringing his plate to the trashcan.

End Notes:

I pulled as much knowledge from America's Next Top Model for their Vogue discussion because I know zero about fashion. I totally had a BBC Sherlock moment when I was having Blaine explain how he knew about Kurt, with zoom and writing in the air.

Thank you to everyone who read/reviewed/favorited. I'm really enjoying this story. There's quite a few twists to come that I'm excited about.

Chapter 3

"Welcome to Hot Cr- Hello, Kurt."

"Hello, Evie."

"You come alone for one day and you're on first name basis with the staff?" Rachel pouted.

"She has a name tag, so obviously I'd know her name. I'm not quite sure why she knows my name."

"Only because Blaine talks about you all the time." Evie commented as she walked past them, carrying a tray of food.

Rachel squealed and started smacking Kurt on the shoulder with both of her hands. "Oh my *god*, Kurt!"

"He probably has just been telling people about how I almost choked to death. He's probably straight."

"Yeah, 'cause straight guys write cutesy messages on your receipts. They also wear adorable little bow ties. They also look like they are an excited puppy when you let them recommend you lunch. They also totally-"

"All right, all right, enough."

Kurt hooked his arm through Rachel's and marched them both up to the counter, where Blaine stood, dreamy as ever. His face lit up when he spotted them. "Good afternoon, Kurt." He paused and his eyes squinted in concentration when he looked at Rachel.

"... Rachel." She supplied.

"Rachel. Sorry, I should have remembered."

Rachel smiled at him. "No problem. It's hard to remember the name of anyone who isn't a hot, young, single guy." She smirked. Blaine's face lit up bright red and Kurt spluttered next to her. "I'd like to order a veggie sandwich on a whole wheat bagel. Could I also get a large apple juice?"

Blaine had returned to a normal skin color by that time and gave her a small smile. "Of course." He looked over at Kurt who simply returned his stare. "What would you like, Kurt?"

"I thought you were going to pick again."

"Oh, right." Blaine raised a hand to his chin and pursed his lips. "How about a Pesto Caprese on an Asiago bagel? Side of kettle chips and a... diet coke."

"Pesto Caprese?"

"It has mozzarella, tomatoes, basil, and pesto with an olive oil vinaigrette. You'll love it, I'm sure."

"That sounds divine."

"I'll have your orders ready momentarily. Sit down, relax."

Kurt and Rachel walked to the two chairs they had designated as their seats. Thankfully they were

free today; they joked about pulling a How I Met Your Mother and kicking people out of the seats if they dared to try and take them.

"Here you are." Evie handed them their plates, Kurt hurriedly picking up his receipt and beaming at the "I hope your star shines bright ~Blaine" neatly scrawled at the bottom. A quick peek at Rachel's showed only a smiley face once more. After they paid for their meals, Rachel leaned over and snatched Kurt's receipt from him.

"Oh my *god*, that is so adorable. When are you going to ask him out?"

"What?! Rachel, there's still no proof he's gay. Or single for that matter. I'm not embarrassing myself in front of one of the nicest guys I've met who works at a deli I want to continue eating at."

"Fine." She bit into her sandwich and hummed in pleasure.

Kurt pulled his sandwich out of the wrapping and took a tentative bite. He groaned as the flavors brought about the image of an Italian diner. "Good god, this is delicious," he said around his mouthful. "He is a sandwich artist. If I could marry this sandwich I would."

"I don't think man-sandwich marriage is legal yet." The voice came from above him. Kurt jerked his head up to see Blaine leaning over both his and Rachel's chairs. He gave a startled squeak and nearly dropped his sandwich.

"You scared me." Kurt said breathlessly.

"It's my lunch break, so I thought I might join you."

"That's perfect timing, I actually have to head off to classes. You can keep Kurt company." Rachel said as she stood up and put her sandwich back into her bag.

"But Rachel, your class doesn't start until three."

"I want to warm up a bit before. I'll catch you after class. Bye, Blaine." She waved and flounced out the door. Kurt watched Rachel with mild disbelief before shaking his head and turning to Blaine.

"I guess this seat is free if you'd like to join me."

Blaine gave a relieved smile. "Thanks."

Kurt eyed Blaine's sandwich curiously. "What are you eating?"

"PB&J."

Kurt raised his eyebrow. "What are you, five?"

Blaine pouted. "You don't have to be a kid to enjoy peanut butter and jelly." He took a large bite of the sandwich and smiled. "It's like eating a piece of childhood... that sounded wrong. Forget I said that."

Kurt smiled. "As long as you ignore that I wanted to marry my sandwich."

"Deal." Blaine stuck out his hand. Kurt hesitated a moment and then reached out and shook it. Blaine's hands were warm and the perfect size for his own hand. They continued to shake a few seconds longer than normal before they pulled away and turned back to their sandwiches.

Blaine finished his sandwich first and when he bent forward to set the plate on the coffee table in

front of him, his back cracked loudly. Blaine groaned. "My body can feel the 30's creeping up on it."

"Thirties? Exactly how old are you?"

"Twenty-six. Why?"

Kurt felt his face pale. He had guessed Blaine to be early twenties at most. "You're much older than I thought."

"My brother and sister say that a lot. Evie said it's because I'm always so happy and upbeat. Coop says it's because I dress like a preteen." Blaine plucked at his bow tie.

"Wait, Evie's your sister?" Kurt glanced over at the girl. How could he have not noticed how similar they looked?

"Half-sister. My brother, Cooper, owns the deli and Evelyn and I run it. Coop came up with the name as a joke when he was three sheets to the wind, but Evie liked it, so it stuck. We built it five years ago."

"Wow, that's amazing! I feel so unimportant now. All I have to my name is that I graduated High School last year and got out of that cow town."

Blaine reached over and put his hand on Kurt's knee, which immediately warmed at the contact. "Don't downplay that. You had the courage to move to a new, huge, city to make your dreams come true. That's big."

"Yo, Blainey, get your perky little ass over here! Your lunch ended five minutes ago."

Kurt watched as a stunningly gorgeous man peeked his head out from the back area of the deli. He looked like Blaine twin, but older and taller, and his eyes a startling blue.

"Stop your hollering, Coop and let me say goodbye to my friend." Blaine yelled back. He gave Kurt a sheepish smile. "Sorry about that. I'll see you tomorrow?" His smile was shy.

"Of course. Have a nice day."

"You too."

Kurt had a lot to think about on his walk home. He was crushing hard on a guy who, for one, may not even be gay, and two, was 8 years his senior. He sent a quick text to Rachel ("I know you didn't have class. Were you hoping I'd ask him out?" "Yes. Did you?" "No. We'll talk more when I get home.") before making his way back to his apartment.

End Notes:

Reenactment of the night Hot Cross Buns got its moniker:

Cooper: We Andersons are gifted with fine asses... assi... asseses?

Blaine: *chuckle* Your point?

Cooper: Our deli should reflect that.

Evie: So, what, Big Ass Sandwiches?

Blaine: That's awful.

Cooper: Naw. It should have Bun in the name. Get it? Like a pun.

Evie: Buns of Steel?

Blaine: AnderBuns?

Cooper: *singing* Hot Cross Buns. Hot Cross Buns. One a Penny-

Evie: Oh my god, Coop, you're a genius. Hot Cross Buns.

Also, I discovered a restaurant that fits my idea for Hot Cross Buns almost perfectly. I was asking a few of my readers about places that would have interesting sandwiches (since I have no knowledge of yummy original sandwiches) and one of my readers clued me into one – Bagel Beanery. If you have one near you, you should go. All the sandwiches in this story are from this restaurant, or at least the menu she sent me. Thanks, Sara :)

Chapter 4

Kurt sneezed into his handkerchief, wincing at how sore his nose already was. He reached with his other hand to pull open the door to Hot Cross Buns.

"Welcome to Hot- wow, Kurt you look awful." Evie sounded concerned.

"Just a cold." Kurt commented, wiping his nose again and walking to the counter.

When Kurt got to the counter, he didn't see Blaine. He looked around for a moment before noticing a "ring for service" sign on the counter next to a bell. He tapped it once and it gave a cheery ring.

"Be there in just a moment." Blaine's voice echoed from the kitchen. Thirty seconds later, Blaine emerged, wiping his hands on a paper towel which he tossed into the trash before looking up at Kurt. "Wow, Kurt, you look like death warmed over."

"Thanks." Kurt knew he sounded sarcastic, but the comments about how hideous he looked were annoying him. "Just get me some lunch and hold off on the comments, please."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to be an insult. Take a seat, I'll bring you something to eat right away."

Kurt walked over to the chair nearest the fireplace and curled his feet up underneath him. He sniffled pathetically, hating his cold with a passion.

"Will you accept this as an apology?" Blaine had walked up to him, holding out a steaming bowl of tomato soup and a grilled cheese sandwich. Kurt accepted the food gladly and began to dig in, nodding his thanks. "This is my favorite sick day meal."

"Mine too." Kurt commented between bites. "How much do I owe you?"

"I'll have Evie put together your receipt. You just sit and enjoy." Blaine patted his shoulder and walked back to the counter, greeting the next customer who had just walked into the deli. Kurt watched Blaine's interactions with the other customers as he finished his meal.

Blaine's smile never dampened and his energy seemed endless. His trim physique filled out the white polo shirt, yellow pants, and grey bow tie ensemble he was sporting today. Kurt really wished he had the guts to ask him out. His crush was growing by the day and led to Kurt having day dreams about what it would be like together. He'd been coming to the deli for three days now, but it already felt like they'd know each other forever.

Blaine understood Kurt like no one else and he made him feel like he was special. The day before, he and Rachel had talked extensively about "The Blaine Situation" as Rachel had titled it.

"Kurt, he's gorgeous, you can't deny that. Plus, he flirts with you all the time."

"That's not flirting. He's just being nice. You have to be nice in the service industry."

"He's never chosen my lunch for me. He's never written little love notes to me."

Kurt blushed. "They're not love notes."

*"Fine, but they **are** sweet. You're a great guy, Kurt. He'd be lucky to date you."*

Kurt smiled at Rachel. She could be nice if she put her mind to it. "Who wants to date an inexperienced kid who's almost a decade younger than them?"

"Maybe Blaine would. You'll never know if you don't go for it."

"I'll give it some thought. No promises, though."

"In the mean time, I'll give you two love birds as much alone time as I can. I'll just grab my meals to go for a while."

Kurt shook his head at the memory and dipped his sandwich into the creamy soup. Evie came over with a huge smile on her face and presented Kurt the receipt. Kurt started to pull out his wallet before he caught site of the bottom of it. Written in the typical pink ink was "On the house. Feel better soon ~Blaine" next to a picture of a box of tissues.

"You're the first person in five years we've given a free meal to, in case you were curious." Evie said, curling a lock of her hair around her finger.

"Really?" Kurt glanced over to Blaine who waved and smiled before continuing working. *Does this mean that he- no, I can't get my hopes up.* "I hope he doesn't get in trouble for that."

"In trouble? Sweetie, he owns a third of this place. There's no one that could get him in trouble except himself."

"Oh, right." *I still should find some way to repay him.* "That's really nice of you guys, thank you."

"No problem. You're feeling crappy, the least we can do is make you feel a little better. Take care, Kurt."

"You too."

Kurt finished his meal and brought it carefully over to the trash bins. He called out a goodbye to Blaine, his mind racing with ideas of what he could do to thank him.

End Notes:

Nothing is nicer than a bowl of delicious tomato soup and melt in your mouth grilled cheese when you're feeling crappy.

Kurt would never admit it, but he's put all his receipts with Blaine's notes in a page protector in the back of one of his fashion binders. If Rachel were ever to find it, she'd tease him mercilessly.

Can we all agree to just forget the Sadie Hawkins episode that was a complete disaster? Except for Darren's dance moves during No Scrubs. And his stupidly oblivious smile during Tina's song. And Dom/Trent getting a characterization for once and being fucking adorable. And then Joey fucking Richter during Baby Got Back (the only reason I didn't skip that stupid scene). Agreed? Agreed.

Chapter 5

"Watch where you're going!" Kurt yelled angrily as he dodged yet another business man not watching where he walked. He cradled his package to his chest, hoping nothing had gotten crushed when he'd been bumped into.

That was the one thing he hated most about New York... well, besides the exorbitant prices. He hated how no one here cared about anyone else and minded their own business. It was what drew him to Hot Cross Buns. Everyone there was so kind and they really seemed to care about you. It was why Kurt had stayed up until midnight last night making cookie dough from scratch and why he left class early today so that he could bake them. Because who doesn't love freshly baked cookies?

Kurt felt considerably better than yesterday and his nose had returned to its normal skin color. He was excited to see Blaine again and hoped the man would spend his break talking with Kurt again. He'd come to look forward to their conversations very much.

When he reached the deli, he shifted his tin of cookies to his left hand so that he could open the door with his right hand. The scent of coffee hit his now normally breathing nostrils and he smiled.

"Welcome to-"

"Hot Cross Buns." Kurt sing-songed back to Evie. "How are you doing today?"

"Good as always. You look much better."

"I *am* doing better."

Kurt made his way to the counter and paused when it was Cooper, not Blaine, taking orders.

"Hello, hot stuffs. How may we service you?" Cooper asked with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

Kurt felt his face burst with color. *Damn my pale skin.*

"Cooper!" Evie berated.

"What? I'm just being friendly."

Evie glared at him. "No, you're harassing our client."

"Where's Blaine?" Kurt asked, unsure whether he should address Cooper or Evie.

Cooper smirked. "Your boy toy is off today."

"He's not- we're not- I'm..." Kurt trailed off, flustered. "I just wanted to bring some cookies, to thank him for yesterday." Kurt held out his tin. "I guess I'll just leave them here." Kurt set the cookies down and made to leave. It was surprising how much it hurt to not be able to see Blaine today.

"Wait!" Evie called out. "Don't you want something to eat?" She was typing furiously on her phone, not even looking up at him.

"Not particularly."

"Blaine had wanted to try out a new sandwich on you today. He'd be sad to know you didn't want to try it."

Kurt paused. "Really?"

Evie nodded. She turned to Cooper. "Could you make him the Smokey Turkey Dijon?"

"One Firey Gobbler coming up." Cooper typed a few buttons on the register in front of him.

The thunderous sounds of footsteps sounded from above them. A frazzled Blaine came rushing out of a door Kurt assumed led to the apartment upstairs. His hair was a wild mess around his head, his glasses were askew on his face, and his robe was half tied around his pajama clad body. His feet were encased in slippers. "What's the emergency?" He sounded stuffed up, his nose a cherry red.

Evie giggled, simply nodding her head to where Kurt stood, flabbergasted.

"Kurt?" Blaine flushed and he made to tidy himself up, pulling his robe tighter about himself and brushed his hair out of his eyes.

"Kurt brought you cookies." Evie told him.

Blaine blinked at Kurt for a few moments before turning to his sister. "You said there was a life and death emergency."

"Ummmmm, yes. We solved it. Now that you're here you can keep Kurt company as he eats your new sandwich."

Blaine looked down at himself, all unkempt, and raised an eyebrow at her.

"Not down here." Evie scoffed. "We don't want to infect our patrons. Take him upstairs."

Cooper came out from the kitchen with the sandwich and he handed it to Kurt along with the tin of cookies. "Have fun, boys." He pushed them towards the stairs, smacking their butts to make them move faster.

Kurt and Blaine stumbled their way up the staircase, Kurt almost dropping the sandwich as his foot caught on the stair. He reached his other hand out and nearly groped Blaine's ass as he reached to hold onto something to keep upright. Instead, his hand swiped down Blaine's hip and thigh before catching the railing next to him.

Blaine peered back at him. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah." Kurt picked himself back up and continued up the stairs.

When they reached the landing, Kurt took a moment to look around him. They had walked into a living area that had a large couch, a love seat, and an armchair. The walls were a teal/gray combination that gave off a sense of calm. The place looked very lived in. There were pictures on nearly every surface of Cooper, Evie, and Blaine in all walks of life. There were books stacked on shelves and tables, most with the spines tattered and worn. There were five doorways around the room.

Blaine turned around to face Kurt and scratched the back of his neck. "I'm sorry about this. They've been acting really weirdly lately. I've been sneezing all morning, so I'm not the best company. You don't have to stay if you don't want. I can sneak you out the back; they'll be none the wiser."

Kurt shrugged. "I probably gave the cold to you in the first place. The least I can do is keep you company for a bit. I made you some cookies, would you like one?" Kurt held out the tin.

"Homemade cookies? I'd love one." He took Kurt's coat from him and set it on the chair. Blaine opened the tin up and smiled when he saw the contents. "Chocolate chip, my favorite. How did you know?" Blaine curled up on the right side of the couch and motioned for Kurt to sit next to him. Blaine pulled the blanket from next to him and placed it over their legs.

"You want to spoil the mystery?" Kurt threw Blaine's words from when they met back at him with a teasing smile. "It was the PB&J that tipped me off. You seem like a guy who enjoys the simpler things in life."

Blaine bit into a cookie and moaned. "The chocolate is still melty."

Kurt took a bite of his sandwich and made a similar noise. The sandwich overall was quite simple: turkey, monteray jack cheese, lettuce, and tomato, but there was a sweetness to it that gave it that extra something special. After taking a few bites, Kurt commented, "This is delicious. What makes it sweet?"

"The bagel is honey wheat and there's some honey dijon on it, too."

"I never think you can top the sandwiches that I'm eating, but somehow, you always do."

"It's always fun coming up with new things. This one I based off of you, actually." Blaine finished off the cookie and sucked his thumb and pointer fingers into his mouth, tongue swirling around the digits to collect the chocolate.

Kurt felt his throat go dry at the images that brought to his mind. He cleared his throat. "How so?"

"You are so smart and witty and then out of nowhere you do something so sweet. You are one of the most interesting people I've ever met." Blaine gave him a devastating smile, one that couldn't be dampened even by the sneezing fit that followed.

Kurt felt his heart race. "You are one of the most interesting people I've ever met, too. The way you put people at ease and bring a smile to their face... that's a gift. You make me feel like I've known you forever."

They smiled at each other a moment before Kurt broke his gaze, resuming eating his sandwich. He could feel Blaine looking at him, but he didn't have the courage to meet his eyes again. Blaine rearranged himself so that he facing Kurt more. "I was wondering-"

Kurt's phone beeped. He gave an apologetic smile to Blaine and pulled it out. The text from Rachel read: *Emergency. Charred your bed curtains. Come home soon.* Kurt's face paled.

"Is everything all right?"

Kurt shook his head. "Rachel started a fire at home... In my bed." Kurt stood up. "I'm sorry to run out so quickly, but I need to go check the damage."

"No apologies necessary. I'll show you out the back way so you don't get cornered by my family." Blaine stood up and walked over to him and handed him his coat. "Take care, Kurt. Oh, and thank you for the cookies."

"Thank you for the soup yesterday." He slipped his coat on and followed Blaine out one of the doors in the back of the apartment.

They waved to each other as they parted. Kurt walked quickly to his apartment, hoping beyond hope that his bed was still intact. He could always get new curtains, but a new bed was going to be expensive. When he reached the door, he put his hand into his jacket pocket for his apartment key and paused when he heard crinkling. He pulled out a scrap of paper, unfolding it carefully. It was a receipt for his sandwich today and, just like every other receipt, there was a note written in pink ink. "Always remember that you are special ~Blaine." He must have slipped it in his pocket when he gave Kurt the coat back. Kurt smiled and felt his heart skip a beat. *Yeah, I'm falling hard for him.*

End Notes:

Evie and Cooper are the nosiest and butt-in-iest people in the world. They have been trying to set Blaine up with a guy for years. They saw how Blaine reacts around Kurt and knew that this guy could be the one. Cooper came up to the apartment later that day with his hand over his eyes, commenting, "Let me know when you're presentable, so I don't have to see two naked guys getting it on." He got really sad when he realized Kurt was gone and there had been no shenanigans that had happened. He and Evie berated Blaine because they'd set it up perfectly for Kurt and Blaine to finally get together. Blaine commented that even if Kurt liked him that way, he wouldn't have wanted to make out with him when he was sick.

This just encouraged Cooper and Evie to be even more devious with their planning. Who knows what will happen next.

Chapter 6

"So, what'd Rachel do to your bed?" Blaine took another apple slice, dipped it in the caramel sauce, and chewed it slowly.

Kurt grimaced. "Her boyfriend was trying to be romantic and put candles all over the apartment. One was too near my bed and caught the curtain on fire. The room still smells smokey, but the curtain is salvageable."

Blaine nodded. "That's good."

"So, tell me more about you and Evie and Cooper. You said Evie's your half sister?" Kurt took a bite of his sandwich. It was a Baja Chicken sandwich today. It was a piece of grilled chicken paired with bacon, pepper jack cheese, lettuce and tomato. The special touch was the cilantro lime dressing. All of this was on a salsa pepper jack bagel. It almost tasted like a chicken taco, but it was even better.

"Cooper and I have the same mother and father. I've lived here in New York my whole life. When I was twelve, I came out. Dad was never the same after. About three months later, he and Mom got in a fight and he stormed out. Next time I saw him, he had a new wife and a 8 year old daughter, Evelyn."

Kurt frowned and reached out to squeeze his hand, giving a sympathetic smile. He and Blaine were up in the apartment above the deli again. Blaine had invited him up during his lunch break, saying that it was quieter and they could talk easier up there. Kurt had agreed quickly and helped carry their lunch supplies up the stairs. He blushed when Cooper winked at him and whispered, "Be safe," as they passed. Right now, they sat on the couch facing each other, sharing their lunches.

"Coop came up with the nickname 'Evie' for her. She bonded with me and Coop so quickly. Dad was pissed. He didn't want his families coming together. He'd given up on me and my brother and he wanted his new family to have nothing to do with us. Evie, Coop, and I emailed and called each other all the time. When Evie got old enough, she moved in with me and Coop. We opened the restaurant a year later and we've been here ever since."

"I'm sorry about your Dad, but I'm glad you three have each other."

"Yeah. It hurt a lot at first, his rejection, but I learned really quickly that I don't need anyone's approval but my own."

"Still, he was your Dad. He's supposed to love you unconditionally."

Blaine nodded. "What about you? What was your childhood like?"

"I grew up in Ohio. My mom died when I was 8."

Blaine's face fell. "I'm so sorry."

Kurt shook his head. "It's okay. My Dad and I got close after that. I came out when I was 15 and he said he knew since I was three." Kurt chuckled. "Asked for a pair of sensible heels for my birthday."

Blaine laughed with him.

"Dad remarried when I was 16 and I have a stepbrother, Finn. He's a big galoot, but he's sweet. My friend Rachel and I moved here to pursue our dreams, and I don't regret it. I just miss my Dad a lot. He was really my only friend when I was growing up. I worked at his tire shop my whole life."

"He owned a tire shop?"

Kurt nodded. "Hummel Tires and Lube."

"Your last name is Hummel?"

"Yeah, didn't I tell you?"

Blaine shook his head. "I never even thought to ask. My last name is Anderson, if you're curious."

"Blaine Anderson. Nice ring to it."

"Glad you approve of my name. I would hate to have to change it for you." Blaine winked at him.

"Oh hush." Kurt smiled fondly at him. They sat in content silence, eating more of their lunch. "I have a feature at a show for school this weekend. I have three extra tickets if you guys would like to come." Kurt nervously offered.

Blaine looked delighted. "That's amazing, Kurt. Congratulations! I'd love to go. I'll ask Coop and Evie later."

"Do you have a piece of paper? I'll write down the details for you." Blaine stood up and went in search of a notepad. When he returned, Kurt carefully wrote down the address and time of the show. "I'll bring the tickets tomorrow."

"So, what are you featuring at the show?"

Kurt grew excited and his voice rose slightly in pitch. "It's a Spring Fashion show. My design was an outfit that can be worn by both men and women without a single change. My teacher complimented me on the innovative design. Said fashion houses would pay big bucks because they'd only have to produce one set of clothing for two vastly different clientele."

"I can't wait to see it. It means a lot that you'd invite us to something so important to you."

"You guys are the closest people I have to friends here. I see you guys more often than I see my classmates. You are so kind and you listen and take in everything I say as if it's the most important thing in the world. I really like hanging out with you."

"Maybe sometime we should get together outside the deli." Blaine lowered his gaze to his plate, picking at his food.

"What do you mean?" *Is he asking me on a date?*

Blaine fidgeted. "I'm not very good at this. I guess I'm trying to ask you out to dinner."

"You guess?"

Blaine raised his eyes to him, nervousness clouding his features. "We have such a big difference in ages. I'm just afraid you don't feel the same way as me, so I'm scared you'll reject me. I like you so much and I'd love to go out with you, but I just have this feeling like you'll say no. That I'm not good enough for you."

"I would never tell you that you're not good enough." Kurt reached out and held Blaine's hand. "I know there's a gap in our ages, but I feel like you and I are emotionally very similar."

"Are you saying I'm immature?" Blaine asked with a smile.

Kurt laughed. "Maybe I'm just really mature for my age. Seriously, though, if you're asking me out to dinner, I say yes. If you're not asking me out, then I'll ask you myself." Kurt squeezed Blaine's hand and smiled at him. "Blaine Anderson, will you go out to with me?"

Blaine smiled brightly at him. "Yes."

They stared at each other happily, hands clasped between them. Cooper came barging in, whooping when he saw them. Evie smacked him upside the head when she entered behind him with a "took you long enough!" directed at Kurt and Blaine.

When Blaine walked Kurt to the door a few moments later, he reached out and pulled him into a hug, arms wrapped tightly around him. He pressed his lips lightly to Kurt's cheek and gave him a parting smile before returning inside.

Kurt felt like he floated home. Kurt found another receipt in his pocket when he reached his stoop. The familiar handwriting read: "May you always achieve your dreams ~Blaine" Kurt brought it up to his heart and sighed. He had a date with Blaine Anderson and he was dangerously close to being madly in love with him after only knowing him a week. He planned on baking Rachel a delicious dinner tonight in thanks for finding Hot Cross Buns. He'd never have met Blaine if they'd never gone. He knew she'd hold this over him forever, but if he had Blaine, it didn't matter.

End Notes:

I've been with people who are ten years older than me but I feel like there's no difference in age at all. I'm a lot more mature than my age suggests and those people I know are a lot more carefree than other people their age. I feel like my Kurt and Blaine are the same way.

Just because I can't think of a good spot to put it in the story, a little explanation: Blaine's never been in a serious relationship. He's dated a few times, but it was never anything special. Kurt has still never been kissed (the Karofsky kiss never happened because Blaine hadn't convinced him to stand up for himself, so he never followed Karofsky and there was never a time where Karofsky could get Kurt alone).

One more chapter :)

Chapter 7

Another week passed. The fashion show went off without a hitch and a few design houses took down Kurt's information. Blaine, Cooper, Evie, and Rachel took him out to celebrate, all of them getting so wasted that they didn't remember the rest of the night. When they woke up all draped across each other over the deli apartment's floor, they just shook their heads and stumbled down to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee.

A few days later, Kurt and Blaine had their date. Kurt took him to his other favorite restaurant and they enjoyed a lovely evening together. As they made their way to Kurt's apartment, Blaine reached out and linked their hands together.

They commented on the show and musicals they saw advertised as they walked down the sidewalk. They both realized they hadn't been to see Book of Mormon, so they decided to wait for rush tickets the next day they had off and go together.

"Well, here we are." Kurt commented when they reached his building. They stood hand in hand and looked up at it. Kurt fidgeted with the hem of his coat and bit his lip. He wanted to ask Blaine inside, but he didn't want to seem too forward.

Blaine opened his mouth, but hesitated before he said, "What would you say if I told you I didn't want to let you go yet?" Blaine looked at him with curious eyes.

Kurt gave a relieved smile. "I'd say that I'd been planning on inviting you inside, but I couldn't figure out how to ask you."

"If you said that, I'd respond that I'd love to come inside."

"I love our hypothetical conversations." Kurt gave him a wide grin and opened the door to the building, an outstretched hand indicating Blaine should enter. They made their way up three flights of stairs and eventually they reached the apartment's door. Kurt fumbled with his keys for a moment and finally was able to unlock the door.

He watched as Blaine looked around. It was a studio apartment, but he and Rachel had made makeshift rooms out of curtains. Blaine smiled at the 'room' on the right. "I assume this is yours?" He pointed at the one set of curtains that was a foot shorter than the rest.

Kurt grimaced. "The only thing I could do to fix it was to rehem it shorter. I'm still not sure if I should rehem the rest or just go out and buy new ones."

"I'm sure whichever you choose will look great." Blaine continued to look around. The kitchen was rather nice and the decorations were classy. "Did you design this yourself?" He indicated the room.

Kurt nodded. "If you'd seen Rachel's room in Ohio, you'd realize why I didn't let her make any decisions on decorating here." Kurt shook his head. "My corneas still are burning from all the pink." Kurt shuddered.

Blaine frowned. "Pink's a great color."

"In moderation, yes. Let's sit down, I'll get us some drinks. Would you like a soda, water, or juice?"

"Water's fine, thank you." Blaine wandered over to the couch and sat down lightly. He picked up

the copy of Vogue laying on Kurt's coffee table and idly flipped through it. "How are things going at work?"

"It's going great. They heard about the show at school and they've asked to see my portfolio. They may want to feature me on the site." Kurt set down their drinks and joined him on the couch.

"That's great!" Blaine reached out and pulled Kurt into a hug. "I'm so proud of you," he breathed into Kurt's ear. When they pulled apart, they stared at each other a few moments before they giggled nervously and grabbed for their drinks. "I'm so glad you came to the deli." Blaine commented, finally looking back at Kurt.

"Me too. You are so special and I'm so happy I've gotten to know you."

"You mean so much to me." They shared a smile and sipped their drinks. Blaine sighed and leaned over, pressing his cheek to Kurt's shoulder, cuddling up into him. "Thank you for dinner. I've had more fun today than I've had in a long time."

Kurt rested his cheek atop Blaine's head. "Sometimes I feel like I'll wake up and this will have all been a dream. Then I realize there's no way I could have dreamed this into being. I love how unpredictable you are, but also how I know I can rely on you to be there when I need you."

Blaine stroked his finger over Kurt's palm and nodded his agreement. They stayed like that for what felt like hours, but was actually only a few minutes. Eventually, Kurt asked if Blaine wanted to watch a movie. They agreed on Chicago and, after putting the movie in, Kurt grabbed a blanket and they curled up together. Halfway through, Kurt felt himself nod off. Blaine was warm and his breathing lulled him into sleep.

They woke up to the noise of the DVD menu repeating itself. Kurt glanced over at the clock; they'd been asleep for nearly two hours. He softly shook Blaine awake from where he was curled up into Kurt's side.

"Blaine, you have to wake up."

Blaine groaned and pulled Kurt closer. "Five more minutes," he grumbled.

"Blaine, if you don't get up now, you won't get home until two A.M."

Blaine snorted and sat up straight, blinking the sleep from his eyes. Kurt smiled at him and brushed a wayward curl from his face. "Let me walk you down to the door." He helped Blaine stand up from the couch and they walked hand in hand to the door.

When they reached the exit of the building, Blaine reached for Kurt and pressed a kiss to his forehead before turning and walking to his own home. Kurt watched until he walked around the corner before turning to go back up to his apartment. Once he got inside, Kurt sank against the door with a happy sigh.

The next afternoon, he stopped by the deli to have lunch with Blaine, like he did every day. The line was long that day. Kurt waited patiently, sharing smiles with Blaine every few minutes. When it was finally his turn, Blaine handed over the register to Evie and took Kurt with him into the kitchen to prepare his sandwich specially.

As Kurt watched him work, he said, "I had a nice time last night."

Blaine smiled up at him. "Me too. Next time will be my treat." Blaine put the finishing touches on the sandwich and showed it to Kurt. "Voila. Another sandwich inspired by you. It's my special

Cranberry Chicken Salad with some toasted almonds on a honey wheat bagel. It's just like you: a little nutty and a little tart, but overall sweet."

"I can't tell if that was a compliment or an insult."

Blaine just smiled and handed him the sandwich. Underneath, like always, was his receipt. Today, the note had a heart on either side of the message. "You have the nicest smile ~Blaine" Kurt looked up at Blaine and reached out, pulling the man to him. He planted his lips on Blaine's, the man making a noise of surprise before quickly returning Kurt's kiss. Kurt could feel Blaine leaning up on his toes to keep the kiss strong, his hands gripping tightly to Kurt's shoulders. They pulled apart for a quick breath, their foreheads coming to rest together. "I don't know if this is too soon, but I'm falling in love with you."

"Who cares if it's too soon? We can't fight these feelings and I certainly don't want to. I'm content to spend my days falling even more in love with you."

"Good. I don't plan on letting you go anytime soon." Kurt pressed their lips together again, feeling Blaine's smile against his own.

Sometimes you find love in the most unexpected places. Something draws you to a person or a location; you get this feeling like, if you don't give it a chance, you'll regret it forever. Don't question your instincts or those little voices in your head. If you do, you may be missing out on that thing you've been waiting for your whole life. When life presents you the opportunity, take it. It may just be the best decision you've ever made.

End Notes:

This chapter was originally very very very short. Like, only a quarter the length of this. I read and reread it over the last couple days and felt awful that I was going to end the story on such a crummy note. Basically all it was, was a paragraph about their date and then the scene from the deli. It felt like I'd given up and just glossed over something I should have actually sat down and worked out.

At first I was tempted to write the celebration scene but I don't write drunk people well, so I figured the image of them all passed out together was enough. Kurt had the most comfortable position: He was laying cocooned in blankets with his head on a pillow from the couch. Cooper had his head nestled in Kurt's ass (which Blaine was quite upset about when he realized. Cooper just explained that it was the cushiest place he'd ever rested his head, maybe Blaine should try it sometime) and Evie was face planted in Rachel's stomach. Rachel in turn was curled up around Blaine's legs while Blaine was koala bear wrapped around Cooper's torso.

I still had a whole chapter to flesh out, so I finally got the inspiration to write the date scene and the post date scene and I think it turned out quite nice. I hope you all enjoyed it.

It's nice having a non-angsty story for once. It was hard because after nearly every line of dialogue, I'd found I'd written one of the characters smiling and it was really repetitive. They were always so goshdarn happy :)

Chapter 8

Inspiration hit me, so I had to write another epilogue. ENJOY!

"Nope. Nuh-uh. Not happening. Never." Kurt shook his head, arms crossed over his chest.

"*Please?*" He drew out the syllable.

"No."

"Oh, come on. Why not?"

"Because you'll spill the beans. It's called a 'surprise' because Blaine's not supposed to know about it." Evie said with a smile. "Sorry, Coop. I gotta side with Kurt on this. You can never keep secrets."

Cooper gave a dramatic sigh, his whole body deflating. "I've gotten better, though, right?"

"Within the last year, you managed to squeal about my 21st birthday party, Blaine's 30th birthday party, Kurt's 'getting a job at Vogue' party, Rachel's 'getting her first role on Broadway'--"

"Geez, I got it, lay off!" Cooper pouted, tossing himself on the couch.

Kurt reached out and ran a hand through the waves of hair atop Cooper's head. "Awwww, poor baby."

"I wouldn't tell Blaine about this. I know how important it is."

"How important what is?" Blaine asked, walking out of the bathroom, a cloud of steam billowing behind him. "What am I missing out on?" he asked, reaching up with his towel to dry his hair off.

"Do you have to walk around our house half naked?" Evie asked

Blaine reached down and wrapped his arms around Kurt's waist from behind, pressing a kiss to his neck, rubbing his freshly shaven cheek against Kurt's.

Kurt smiled. "I have no complaints."

"Of course *you* don't. Besides the fact that it's awkward seeing my brother naked, it'll just convince Coop to start doing it... again."

"I would still have no complaints." Kurt admitted.

Blaine squawked, retracting his arms from Kurt's waist. "Excuse me?"

"What?" Kurt asked. "You Andersons have the most beautiful gene pool in the world. You can't blame me for wanting to enjoy them."

Blaine walked over to his bedroom, Kurt following behind him. He entered the room just in time for Blaine to pull a shirt from the dresser in the corner.

Kurt whined. "No, don't get dressed. I haven't had time to enjoy the view yet."

Blaine's curly head popped through the neck hole, his arms scrambling to push through the sleeves. "Too bad. I bet you could get Coop to take his shirt off."

"I don't want anyone but you." Kurt said, his voice deeper than normal. He sauntered over to Blaine, hips swaying back and forth. Kurt smirked as he watched Blaine's eyes follow the movement. He smoothed his hands under Blaine's shirt at his waist, pulling the shirt up his torso. Blaine raised his arms above his head, helping Kurt remove his shirt.

Kurt tossed the shirt behind them. "Much better." He trailed his hands from where he rested them on Blaine's shoulders, down to his hips. "But I think you could look even nicer."

"How so?" Blaine asked, breath catching as Kurt pressed his lips to where his heart was beating wildly in his chest.

Kurt dragged his fingers through the trail of hair that lead from his belly button down under the towel wrapped around his waist. "You could always lose the towel."

Blaine started unbuttoning Kurt's shirt. "You do realize Coop and Evie are right outside. They'll probably listen at the door."

"You'll just have to be quiet, then." Kurt smirked, pulling apart Blaine's towel. He shimmied out of his pants and boxer briefs so quickly that he nearly tripped on them. He knelt down and smiled up at Blaine. "You may want to sit down for this."

Blaine fell heavily to the bed with a groan, gripping Kurt's hair at the nape of his neck, guiding his head to his cock which had been hard since they'd entered the room. Right before taking the head into his spit slicked lips, he blinked up at Blaine through his lashes. "I love you."

"Love you, too." Blaine replied and then gave a bit off groan as Kurt proceeded to give him one of the most amazing blow jobs he'd ever received. An embarrassingly short two minutes later, Kurt was wiping his mouth off on the back of his hand with a wicked smirk. Blaine flopped backwards onto the bed with a blissed out sigh.

Kurt crawled up onto the bed beside Blaine and curled up to his side. He craned his neck up and kissed him, tongue pressing into Blaine's mouth. Blaine moaned at the taste of his own come on his lover's tongue. Kurt jumped when his phone chirped from the pocket of his pants on the floor. He stood up and walked over to where they sat, bending over to rifle for his phone.

"That's a view I will never be tired of." Blaine slurred from the bed, giving him a lascivious smile.

Kurt returned his grin, unlocking his phone. "*Mission accomplished. ~Evie*" his phone read.

"I'm going to go make us some lunch." He pulled his pants on. "As soon as you have feeling in those legs, you should join me."

Blaine laughed, stretching his arms above him and crossing his arms behind his head. "What are you going to make?"

"It's a surprise." He pulled his shirt on. "You'll have to come out and see."

As soon as he exited the bedroom, he rushed over to the counter, heaving a sigh of relief when he saw that Evie had prepared everything perfectly. All the ingredients were lined up side by side. Kurt set to work preparing the sandwich, humming as he went.

He had just finished putting it together and was setting the plate on a tray when Blaine came out of the bedroom. "Something smells good. What do we have here?" he asked, sidling up to where Kurt stood at the counter. "Is that..."

"California Club on Asiago Cheese."

"This was the sandwich I made-"

"The day we met." Kurt confirmed.

Blaine gave him a bright smile. "That's so sweet, thank you."

"You're welcome." Kurt pushed the tray towards Blaine.

"You're not having one?" Blaine asked, grabbing the plate. Kurt shook his head. When Blaine lifted the plate, the receipt underneath was revealed. "What's this?" Blaine set his plate down and picked the receipt up. "Will you marry-" Blaine trailed off, letting the receipt fall to the tray.

"-me." Kurt finished. "Will you marry me?" Kurt bent down on one knee and pulled the ring box out of his pocket.

"Yes." Blaine breathed. "Of course, I will. Yes!"

"Whoo-hoo-hoooooo!" Cooper burst through the door, Rachel and Evie trailing after him with embarrassed smiles.

Kurt just shook his head. For better or worse, he'd become part of this wonderful family and he couldn't be happier.

End Notes:

I smacked myself when I realized I never followed through on the receipt with messages to its final conclusion. I hope you enjoyed this. I apologize for those waiting for my Along the 50 update, that will come as soon as I get some more inspiration to finish the chapter.

Chapter 9

Because I can't leave well enough alone - another mini epilogue from the story. Enjoy! PS, I broke the 10,000 word barrier in this story. Yay!

"What about this one?" Kurt turned the computer for Blaine to look at, the image of a one bedroom in Bushwick pulled up on the screen.

"Why are we looking at apartments, again?" Blaine asked, scrolling down the page and reading the details.

"Because, as much as I love your brother and sister, you and I have had zero alone time since we got married. Cooper has yet to understand the meaning of 'personal space' and 'private time'." It was true. Even on their wedding night, Cooper managed to interrupt them, 'accidentally' having obtained a copy of their hotel room key and barging in mid-coitus.

"But what about the deli?"

"This is only fifteen minutes away by subway. You'll just have to learn to get up earlier. You can always keep a few sets of clothes here for emergencies. I just really would like a place for just you and me... a home."

Blaine smiled at that. "That does sound nice. Can we afford it?" He scrolled down even farther, looking up the cost and included utilities.

Kurt nodded. "I've looked over our finances, and if we budget correctly, we can rent this apartment and not be living paycheck to paycheck. We will have to cut back on our splurges, though."

Blaine put a hand to his bow tie and gasped. "You don't mean-"

"Blaine, sweetheart, you have 47 bow ties, I think you have enough. If you get any more, I'm going to start you on a twelve-step program."

"Fine. If I cut back on bow ties, you have to cut back on brooches."

Kurt's hand flew to his lapel where a flamingo head was currently pinned.

"You have enough of a variety of those that I swear you're trying to recreate Noah's Ark."

Kurt pouted, stroking his brooch. "Fine. We'll both have to make sacrifices. In the end, I know it will be worth it."

"Coop will be none too happy if we move out."

"I already talked to him about it and convinced him it was for the best."

Blaine raised his eyebrow. "How did you manage to convince him? I've spent years trying to talk him into letting me move out and he won't budge."

"I just have to pick up the shopping for the deli."

Blaine started chuckling. "Oh god, Kurt, you didn't!"

"What?" Kurt asked, confused as to why his husband was currently bent in half, guffawing.

"You're Coop's errand boy? Oh god, do you even know what you've gotten yourself into?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I used to be the errand boy, back when we first opened the shop. Coop used it to his full advantage. I don't think there was a single night that I got a full night's rest. He'd come up with the most random ingredients between the hours of midnight and two am that we simply *must* have for the shop and conveniently, there was a 24-hour grocery store right down the road. Oh god, Kurt, he's never going to let you see the end of it."

Kurt frowned. "He wouldn't do that, would he?" At that exact moment, his phone buzzed. He reached for it, unlocking it and seeing a text from Cooper. After reading it, he looked up at Blaine. "What the hell is a Beef Eye Fillet?"

Blaine snickered. "It's started. We haven't even moved, and he's started with the random ingredients." Blaine patted Kurt on the shoulder. "Good luck, honey."

His phone buzzed again. "Rocket Leaves? Is he making this stuff up?"

Blaine's only reply was continued laughter as he made his way down the stairs for his shift at the deli.

End Notes:

Kurt realized he had a problem with being addicted to brooches when he came home and Blaine was playing with them; Blaine had been in the middle of a dramatic scene where the hippo was eating the crocodile while the zebra watched on, thanking the hippo for taking on his arch nemesis. If Blaine hadn't looked so adorable, he would have yelled at him for turning his accessories into toys.

I'm not entirely sure how nice Bushwick is, but I'm lazy and needed a name of a place in New York, so I pulled it from Glee.

BTW, the two ingredients I listed are real. They make up this rare Australian Roast Beef Sandwich. I thought the ingredients sounded fake and that Beef Eye Fillet was actually cow eyeballs.

Chapter 10

"Cooper, I'm right here, you don't need to text me," Kurt grumbled, seeing the incoming text. Cooper just smirked at him. "Oh my god, you just sent me the most recent ingredient five minutes ago – of course I haven't purchased it yet! Also, when did you steal my phone?"

"Whatever do you mean by that?" Cooper asked, looking innocent, which meant he was very, very guilty.

"You're listed under 'Hott Stuffz' in my contact list."

Evie reached over and smacked Cooper upside the head.

"Ow! What did you do that for?" Cooper pouted, rubbing the back of his head, which was probably stinging.

Evie took another sip of her beer, glaring at him. "Do you remember the intervention we had a few months back? You promised you'd stop 'borrowing' our stuff, Coop!"

"Yeah, well you promised you'd stop hosting interventions. We even had an intervention *for* your interventions." He pointed at her, his voice raising in volume.

Rachel giggled into her beer. "You are the most dysfunctional people I know."

"Right?" Kurt asked. "No one believes me when I tell them just how insane this family can be. Right, B?"

Blaine, who was halfway into his second beer, blinked up at Kurt dazedly. "Did you know I was a butterfly when I was growing up?" If Blaine hadn't sounded so serious, Kurt would have laughed.

"Oh, really?"

Blaine nodded and sat up straighter. "Mom use to wrap me into my cocoon every night. I'd go through my metamorphosis while I slept, and when I'd wake up, I'd shed my cocoon and emerge to don my new outer layer of color and beauty."

Kurt just nodded, biting his lip to hold back his giggle. When Blaine was drunk and got on a roll, it was best to let him talk it though. Cooper sneakily pulled out his phone and filmed Blaine. Kurt knew he had hours of footage, 'blackmail' as Cooper called it.

"I guess the reason why I had to keep reverting back to a caterpillar every night was that I wasn't ready for the full transformation. Hey, Coop," Blaine looked over at his brother, whom lowered his phone and smiled brightly at him.

"Yeah, buddy?"

"Remember how you used to read me *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* every night?" Blaine turned back to Kurt. "There were these little holes, you know, in the leaves and fruit?" Kurt nodded. "One day I tried to stick my finger through those little holes-"

"Because we all know Blaine loves fingering 'little holes'." Cooper said, earning another smack from Evie.

Blaine didn't seem to have heard Cooper. "-and they got stuck and Coop said they'd have to cut off all my fingers. *I couldn't become a beautiful butterfly if I didn't have fingers, Kurt!*" Blaine sounded upset, his face falling. "Even after they got my fingers out of the book, I never was able to fully become a butterfly."

"Yes, you did."

"I did?" He looked up at Kurt, such a hopeful expression on my face.

Kurt nodded. "You're *my* beautiful butterfly," Kurt said, smiling fondly at him.

Rachel groaned. "If you two weren't so adorable, your sappiness would make me gag."

Blaine leaned onto Kurt's shoulder, nuzzling into his fingers which were carding through Blaine's curls. "You, know, without butterflies, the flowers would overpopulate the world because the bees cannot handle them on their own. The bees would spend all their time taking on the flowers and they wouldn't be able to make honey."

"And that would be tragic," Kurt said, pressing a kiss to the crown of his husband's head.

"It would! Without it, I couldn't make that sandwich you like so much. Even worse, we couldn't have had as much fun as we did that one night, you remember, that day you asked if you could pour honey on my-"

"*And* that's enough of that!" Kurt said, slapping a hand over Blaine's mouth. "If it's all right with you all, I think we're going to call it a night."

"No, stay, we want to hear all about your escapades with honey," Cooper said, popping open a top to another beer.

Kurt reached down and pulled Blaine up, sliding his shoulder under Blaine's armpit so that he could support him. He shook his head as he heard Blaine start humming a song from Madame Butterfly. The entire walk home, Blaine kept up a steady rant about Flight of the Bumblebees that somehow segued into a very detailed discussion of The Ant and the Grasshopper that kept him occupied until they made it to their stoop. Kurt was fiddling with the keys when his phone buzzed.

He propped Blaine up along the wall and rummaged for his phone. "*We need some Roquefort by tomorrow morning ~Hott Stuffz*"

Kurt groaned and pulled Blaine through the door, walking them slowly up the two flights of stairs to their apartment. After bundling Blaine up in bed ("Am I caterpillar again?" "Yes, sweetie, you're the most adorable caterpillar in the world") he pulled up a google search. He knew the name "Roquefort" was French but had no idea what it actually was. According to wikipedia, Roquefort was a Bleu Cheese made from Sheep's Milk, originally created in Southern France. What Cooper could possibly do with it, he was unsure.

After making sure Blaine was sleeping peacefully, he pulled his coat back on and made his way to the store. He managed to purchase the last of the Roquefort in stock, which Kurt was extremely grateful for. He already had to go to three different stores to find the rapeseed oil that Cooper had requested earlier in the night ("Do you mean 'grape seed oil'?" "That was not a typo, Kurt. I really need 'rapeseed oil'").

Just as Kurt was placing the cheese in their fridge, he got another text. "*Forgot to mention we need some crème fraiche. Thanks! ~Hott Stuffz*"

He sent back a quick response ("*Fresh Cream?*") to which Cooper responded "*That's the literal*

translation, yes, but it's actually a naturally soured rich cream. Thanks a bunch!"

Kurt sighed, the comfiness of Blaine and his bed calling to him – so close yet so far away. It was going to be a long night.

End Notes:

I like to think that, even after Kurt and Blaine moved out, they and Rachel still spend time with Cooper and Evie. This thing with Blaine ties back to the author's note in Chapter 11 and 12 of "Where There Once Was Love" where I said Blaine likes to ramble when he's drunk and Cooper films it for blackmail. I love Blaine's conversation out in the parking lot of Scandals when he was drunk because he seems like he'd be a deep thinking/philosophical drunk. I made Blaine like me in that I can get people to think I'm intelligent by continuing to ramble and string together the most weird things to make my point.

For example? I had to learn the medical acronyms for my work and the way I remember the ones for eyes (OU, OS, OD)? Oculus Dexter (OD) is the right eye and I think of the show Dexter... idk why. Oculus Sinister (OS) for the left eye is because Dexter does some sinister things. Oculus Uterque (OU) ... I tend not to remember that name because I have no crazy explanation for that one yet. But yeah, you get the picture.

Oh, the ingredients for this chapter? They sort of go with the Beef Eye Fillets and Rocket Leaves from last chapter. There's this odd rare roast beef sandwich recipe going around yahoo that has all these weird ingredients, so I just used those. I liked that some of the ingredients had French names so that I could pull on Kurt's knowledge of the language.

PS I heart the Hungry Caterpillar and Aesop's Fables, so I had to include both of them in this.

PPS Bonus points to those who can catch the How I Met Your Mother Reference in this.

Chapter 11

The moment you reread your story and realize you gave a character glasses in the first chapter and you had completely forgotten that... whoops. At least in the process of writing the middle chapters, I remembered and added them back in once. Wow, I also gave Kurt and Rachel a cat... I should have mentioned the cat when Rachel nearly burned down the apartment. Double whoops. I really have to proofread my stuff better.

Without further ado, another adventure in the Loaves 'verse

The quiet snuffling of Blaine's snores was the first thing Kurt heard as he blinked awake. He glanced over at their alarm clock, groaning when he spotted the time. He rolled over to face his husband, twining his arm around his body and nuzzling into his neck.

Blaine didn't stir, his mouth slack and his breath raspy in his throat. Kurt smiled at mess of curls atop Blaine's head, eyes following the drop of drool trailing out the corner of his mouth. Blaine's nose twitched in his sleep, his eyebrows furrowing. Kurt stroked his fingers across Blaine's scalp, pressing a kiss to his neck and shaking him slightly. "Wake up, B."

Blaine groaned, turning away from where Kurt was shaking him. Undeterred, Kurt continued to shake him. Blaine whined, peeking one eye open a millimeter. "Don' wanna," he mumbled.

"You have to be to work in an hour."

"That means I can sleep for another thirty," Blaine said, smiling and pulling the blanket up to his chin.

"No, it means you have thirty minutes to get the kids up and breakfast in their bellies before you have to leave for work."

Blaine huffed, finally opening both eyes and blinking at him blearily. "I thought you'd forget. Have mercy on your exhausted partner?"

"Like you had mercy on me yesterday?" Kurt asked, raising his eyebrow. "I had to be up at 4 in order to get Kaylee ready for dance class. I got dressed in the dark. I didn't notice until I was there that I had on blue pants and brown shoes!" Kurt knew his eyes were bugged out. "If any of my clients saw me, they'd have fired me on the spot!"

Blaine smiled at him. "My poor baby," he cooed, cupping Kurt's face in his hands and kissing him sweetly.

"Besides, they're biologically yours, so..."

"Oh, don't pull that card with me. You married into this family, so they're just as much my niece and nephew as yours." Blaine sighed and sat up, stretching his arms over his head. He grimaced and wiped at the dried spittle on his cheek. "Fine. I'll go get them up."

"Cooper keeps asking when we're going to have some of our own. He doesn't understand that all this babysitting he makes us do is essentially birth control for us."

"Right?" Kurt watched as Blaine pulled on his clothes, stumbling when he got his foot caught in

his pant leg, barely catching himself on their dresser, but not before his knee banged into one of the drawer handles. "Fuck," Blaine bit out, clutching his knee.

"Blaine! Language!"

Blaine grimaced. "They're sound asleep, they wouldn't have heard me. I imagine Coop can't hold his tongue around them, so I'm sure they've heard worse at home." Blaine pulled his glasses on and raked his fingers through his hair.

"That doesn't mean they have to hear it here, too."

Blaine managed to pull on the rest of his clothes without mishap. He leaned over and kissed Kurt on the forehead. "Nap. Enjoy your extra time off. Remember, we have a reservation for dinner tonight."

Kurt closed his eyes and let himself doze off. It seemed like he had barely drifted before he was jolted awake by something landing forcefully on his stomach. He felt his breath leave him in a rush. His eyes whipped open as a little voice screeched in his ear, "Unca Kur! Wake up!"

Kurt groaned, attempting to sit up under the weight of his three year old nephew. "Liam, we've talked about this. You can't just go around jumping on people."

He looked down to see the biggest and most sad puppy dog eyes. *Jesus Christ, this family has that look down pat.* "I sorry," Liam said, sticking his lower lip out.

Kurt sighed. "It's okay, buddy. Just remember that for next time." He ran his fingers through the boy's hair. He rubbed his other hand over his own stomach, grimacing at the soreness. "Was there something you needed?"

Liam nodded. "Unca Blay made beffest."

"Oh wow, breakfast? What'd he make?"

"Pancakes!" Liam said, a huge smile on his face.

"I guess I should get up right now if I want some, huh?"

Liam nodded, jumping off the bed and bounding out the door. Kurt stretched his arms above his head, wincing when he back popped. He made his way to the kitchen, a fond smile rising to his face as he saw both Liam and Kaylee on Blaine's lap, all three chowing down on large bites of pancakes. Liam's face was already covered with syrup.

"Good morning, guys," Kurt said, preparing a cup of coffee from the machine on the counter. "Are you excited to go to the zoo today?"

Kaylee nodded, bouncing up and down in Blaine's lap. "Uncle Blaine said we could go feed the goats at the petting zoo."

"Cool." Kurt took a tentative sip of the coffee, sighing as the taste rolled over his tongue. "I'm going to be at work all day, so I won't see you guys before you go home."

"Awwwwwww," Kaylee whined. She hopped off Blaine's lap and ran over to wrap her arms tightly around Kurt's legs. Kurt was extremely thankful he was still in his Pjs as he felt her sticky fingers twist into the fabric of his pants. "You'll miss the monkeys!"

"I get to see a monkey every day," Kurt said, trying desperately to get out of Kaylee's syrupy grip

before his pants got completely ruined.

"You do?" Kaylee asked, looking up at him in awe.

Kurt nodded. "Your Uncle Blaine is the biggest monkey of them all."

Blaine gasped, eyes flicking up to look at Kurt. "What?"

Liam giggled, reaching up and plucked at one of Blaine's ears, his syrup covered hands.
"Monkey!"

"I'm not a monkey!" Blaine pouted, scooping Kaylee back up onto his lap so that she could continue eating.

Kurt snickered and grabbed himself a plate, slinging a pancake on it. "B, the amount of things you climb on and over? You are most certainly a monkey." He sat down, cutting up his pancake and slathering it in strawberry jelly. "You guys are going to have so much fun at the zoo. If you guys are good, I heard Aunt Evie and Aunt Rachel are going to take you out for ice cream after."

Kaylee dropped her fork onto the plate, mouth falling open. "Ice cream?"

Liam scooped up his piece of pancake, placing it on his spoon and shoving it into his mouth, smearing more syrup over his face. "Can I get 'nilla?"

"Sure, buddy." Blaine mussed Liam's hair, pressing a kiss to his temple. "Let's get your hands and faces all cleaned off so that we can go get dressed."

The kids toddled off to the bathroom while Blaine picked up the plates and silverware and cleaned them off in the sink. Kurt took another sip of his coffee, eyes trained on his husband and how his jeans were stretched tightly over his ass. "Did I ever tell you the first thing Rachel said about you and your deli?"

Blaine looked at him over his shoulder. "I don't think so. What'd she say?"

Kurt smiled. "You'd been bent over and she commented how the name of the store was quite fitting."

Blaine raised his eyebrow. "I bet you didn't know that I heard her."

"You did?" Kurt asked, feeling his cheeks pinken.

Blaine nodded. "I was quite sad that you didn't agree with her. I thought we'd had quite a nice flirting thing going on."

"I didn't disagree with her, though. Tell the truth, you dressed up for me the next day, didn't you?"

Blaine looked sheepish. "Maybe. You had been so put together and gorgeous, I wanted to make an effort to look nice, too."

"If you must know the truth, I thought you were extremely attractive that first day. I love when you let your curls fly free. You looked adorable in your glasses and hat."

Blaine beamed. Just then, the kids came racing into the room. Blaine had barely enough time to dry his hands on the dish towel before he had two armfuls of children.

Blaine walked over to Kurt and gave him a small peck on the cheek. "Say goodbye to your Uncle Kurt."

"Bye!" Liam screeched, giving him a slobbery kiss on his nose.

"Bye," Kaylee echoed, gripping Kurt tightly around the neck.

"Bye, guys. Have fun!"

Kurt felt his heart swell at the image of his husband smiling down at two children who looked remarkably like him. They'd agreed that neither of them wanted children a few years back but would let themselves be open minded and rethink their decision if circumstances changed. It had been nice to have two other voices and personalities in their house these past few days but Kurt didn't know if he could handle it twenty four-seven. Maybe they could talk about it again after they both were out of work tonight.

End Notes:

I had wanted to try and fit in Evie, Rachel, and Coop's stories in this but it just didn't work. Cooper eventually met a nice girl and married her and had two kids. Evie's happily single, managing the store with Coop and Blaine. Rachel is too busy on Broadway to date but she dotes on Liam and Kaylee (named after two of my favorite Joss Whedon shows if you couldn't pick that out). Kurt's quite successful in the fashion industry. I hope you enjoyed!

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